

FOREST AND STREAM.

A Weekly Journal of the Rod and Gun.

ANGLING, SHOOTING, THE KENNEL, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY,
FISHCULTURE, YACHTING AND CANOEING,

AND THE

INCULCATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST
IN OUTDOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

ABATING THE MOSQUITO PLAGUE.

THE summer residents of Monmouth Beach, New Jersey, have this year accomplished a work of mosquito extermination which should have wide publicity because of the good results achieved and the practicability of putting into operation the same expedients in other mosquito-plagued places. Monmouth Beach is on the New Jersey coast, fifty miles from New York. It lies on a narrow peninsula between the ocean and the Shrewsbury River, and is the summer home of many New York business men, who have handsome summer residences there. Back of the beach there are great stretches of marsh land, which in the past have been the breeding grounds of billions of mosquitoes, and the plague of the insects has been a serious detriment to the enjoyment of life at Monmouth Beach. For several years the use of kerosene had been adopted, in the well-known method of oiling the stagnant waters where the mosquitoes bred, but while this had been attended with some beneficial results, the mosquito destruction had not been permanent, nor in any way adequate. This year it was resolved to undertake heroic measures which should do away with the breeding grounds. The Monmouth Beach Protective Association subscribed the necessary funds, and entrusted the undertaking to Mr. Eugene Winship, superintendent of the Monmouth Beach Country Club.

The plan adopted by Mr. Winship was to cut ditches through the salt marsh of Raccoon Island, which lies directly back of Monmouth Beach, and through the marsh land to the south of it along the Shrewsbury River, this being the territory in which, because of a constant stagnant water supply, mosquitoes multiplied, and whence they were borne by the wind to great distances. The entire territory was very carefully surveyed, and a system of ditches aggregating 70,000 feet in length was so laid out as to drain every pool and permit a circulation of tide water throughout the entire territory. A force of fifty men, equipped with long, narrow spades, was set to digging. The main ditches were so planned as to connect with the river, while the tributary ways led to and from the pools. If a pool was shallow it was dug deeper, in order that there might be a new flow into it and out from it with every recurring tide. Not only did these ditches drain the surface of the marsh, thus removing the breeding holes of the mosquitoes, but they admitted the killie fishes to every water part of the territory, and the hordes of fishes devoured the hordes of wigglers.

In carrying out this plan, Mr. Winship encountered some opposition from certain landowners, men who belong to that variety of the human species which reasons that what has been should be, and which is content to be bitten of mosquitoes as its forefathers were bitten before it. Such opposition, however, was speedily disarmed when Mr. Winship expressed a determination to put into operation the new mosquito law enacted by the New Jersey Legislature, which gives local authorities power to condemn mosquito breeding places as nuisances, which must be abated at the expense of the owner. Indeed, when the financial considerations involved were presented to the average property owner, he was quite ready to recognize the advantages of mosquito extermination as a favorable factor in the determining of the value of his real estate. On this phase of the subject, Mr. Winship said to a New York Herald reporter last April: "If the authorities in the various communities which are infested by the mosquito pest would look carefully into the matter, they would see that from many viewpoints it is to their interest to clear up the mosquito breeding grounds. They would thus not only be ridding their communities of the mosquitoes to a great extent, but the value of the near-by property, especially for summer residences, would be increased to an extent far in excess of the amount which would have to be expended in draining the marshes. It is difficult, of course, to say how much more valuable New Jersey property would become if there were no mosquitoes, but it is safe enough to estimate it at millions of dollars. Compared with this the amount which would have to be spent to do away with mosquitoes is insignificant."

The Monmouth Beach people spent in the enterprise some \$1,200, a sum about equal to what had already been expended in the kerosene warfare carried on during the preceding seasons, and which had afforded only temporary relief. This new system of ditches, it was reasoned, would be in the nature of a permanent improve-

ment. Once the ditches were dug, it would be required in the future to give only such attention as might be necessary to keep them clean of clumps of earth and tufts of grass, and open at the mouths where they debouched into the river; and all this could be done by one man at a very slight annual expense. The event has borne out the anticipation of the projectors. Under date of June 25, Mr. Winship writes us:

"The actual results we have obtained have been more than satisfactory. There is no doubt, in my mind, that ditching and draining, if properly executed, will exterminate the mosquito. Consequently I very earnestly recommend its adoption in any and all localities that are troubled with the pests."

What has been done in the case of Monmouth Beach might well be undertaken in other places where like conditions prevail. If the mosquito breeding grounds are in marsh land, the man with a spade may be employed to ditch them. If the breeding ground be a swamp or a stagnant pond, the work may be more arduous and expensive; but nevertheless will it be well worth the doing, to the end that human comfort may be enhanced and life made better worth the living. There is here a large and profitable field of labor for village improvement associations, suburban citizens' leagues, and individual property owners and philanthropists.

NEWFOUNDLAND CARIBOU.

IN FOREST AND STREAM of April 30, mention was made of a great slaughter of caribou on the Newfoundland coast, the number killed now being reported to be 2,200. In that note it was pointed out that the Newfoundland Government was likely to take some action in the matter, looking to the better protection of the caribou. Recently in the Newfoundland Legislature it was announced that a magistrate armed with special powers had been despatched to the scene of slaughter, with instructions to mete out punishment to the offenders to the full extent of the law. Sir Robert Bond, the Premier, intimated that the Government purposed to introduce a measure that would protect the caribou in future and prevent a recurrence of any such outrage. Caribou have been long most wastefully slaughtered in Newfoundland, and last winter it was a common sight to see carcasses piled up in front of the business places of local auctioneers, and the venison was sold all winter for a few cents a pound. Not many years ago a man sold a hundred carcasses to French fishermen for fish bait, and in some years more animals have been killed than could be eaten, so that the carcasses had to be thrown into the sea. It is hoped that the measure to be enacted by the Government will stop this waste, and that such action will ultimately be taken as will preserve the herds of caribou.

INDIANAPOLIS.

WHILE the Interstate Association's great annual event, the Grand American Handicap at Targets, held at Indianapolis last week, demonstrated that trapshooting is a good and approved national sport, it also demonstrated, contrary to preconceived opinions of many people, that it possesses spectacular features of intense interest to the better classes of society who seek wholesome diversion for its own sake.

The numerous spectators were gentlemen and ladies, well dressed, refined in deportment, and appreciative observers of the competition. The contestants were men who have useful parts in the affairs of life. Many of them were eminent in business, in politics, in the professional and social world, and in the world of finance. They were of the substantial classes who give stability and prestige to a nation.

With such a conspicuous success in the social phases of the shoot under the auspices of the Indianapolis Gun Club, the natural query is suggested as to why it was, so, and why some other clubs have not been equally successful in this respect. The answer is to be found in two distinct features of the club—the personnel and the grounds. It is an amateur association of gentlemen who are interested in trapshooting for sport's sake. The grounds are equipped to meet fully the demands of competition, and to insure the comfort of visitors. The latter feature is commonly neglected or omitted by many clubs. Well dressed ladies and gentlemen, who are accustomed to neatness, comfortable accommodations, and æsthetic sur-

roundings, will not patronize any sport which has not these essentials. The finest opera, lecture, or what not, would be a failure if the audience was provided with muddy standing room, crowded and jostled constantly by others, with obstructed view as a constant.

The Indianapolis Gun Club has set a standard concerning the essentials which make a tournament pleasant to the contestants and make it of interest to the public. The grounds were pleasant to look upon. There was plenty of room. Chairs and cool, open tents provided comfortable seats. Admission was by ticket without cost, but no objectionable people could enter. Of course, all clubs who hold tournaments cannot provide such commodious and well equipped grounds, nor can such clubs hope to gain the esteem and attention of the best people of society.

The club which aspires to secure the G. A. H. for 1905 will perforce have to be prepared to offer inducements equal to what the Indianapolis Gun Club provided in the way of grounds and equipment for the great event last week. The full success of the G. A. H. requires that its public features are important and merit recognition quite as much as the features which are purely competitive.

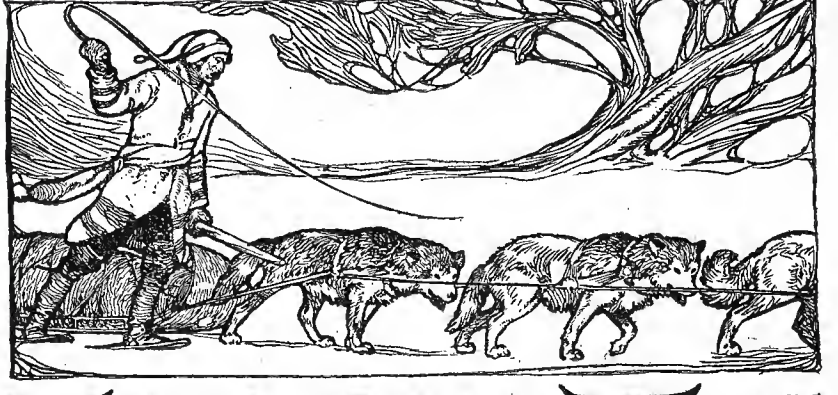
RUSSELL SAGE ON VACATIONS.

TO A recent vacation number of the Independent Russell Sage contributed an article on the "Injustice of Vacations," in which he wrote: "During the eighty-eight years of my career I have not once taken a vacation. I have never been an advocate of what some term the 'vacation habit.' When I was a boy the practice was not in vogue." He could not see anything legitimate in a vacation; clerks had no right to ask one; they were better off without it; a man ought so to love his work that he would not want a vacation. "If I had a thousand tongues," he declared, "I'd preach 'save time' with them all."

In the current number of the Independent the editors comment upon the ungracious way in which Mr. Sage's anti-vacation notions have been received by the press. The argument of a large proportion of the critics, they say, may be reduced to the following syllogism: "I want a vacation; Russell Sage does not want a vacation. Therefore, down with Russell Sage." Which will appear to most sensible men as simply carrying out the Scriptural injunction to answer a fool according to his folly.

For may it not be said that the unfavorable criticism and scant courtesy shown simply voiced the prompt popular recognition of the fact that a person who has never taken a vacation should be the last on earth to presume to pass judgment on those who do take vacations? What can this man, who has spent all his life accumulating money, know about vacations? and why should anyone ask him to write of something he shows himself so densely ignorant of? If advice were wanted about making a million, one might very well seek it of Russell Sage. But the fact is that there are multitudes interested in knowing where, when, and how they may achieve their vacation this summer, to one who is concerned to know how he might make a million, or who would care to make a million, if in the accumulation of it he converted himself into a money grubber incapacitated for enjoying the good things of the outdoor world, which calls to him with a thousand tongues to come out of the city streets and look upon the green fields, and thread the forest mazes, and cast his fly in the foaming rapids.

LIKE Boston, Chicago, Paris, and other cities, New York now has a refuge for the shelter of friendless dogs, decrepit horses, and other helpless domestic animals. The Bide-a-Wee Home has been established at Yonkers Park, adjoining the city, for the reception and care of such creatures. There is in connection a hospital for the dogs, and the horses are provided with shady pasture. As opportunities offer, permanent homes elsewhere are secured for the dogs. The institution is supported by subscription, and is under the direction of a board of New York women, whose names afford a guarantee that it will be well conducted. The Bide-a-Wee Home plan should be welcomed by owners of old dogs and old horses, who recognize that their pets have outlived their usefulness, yet who cannot bring themselves either to put them into other hands or to end their lives.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Concerning a Certain Idiosyncrasy of Anglers.

HERE in the Pennsylvania Alleghenies, with streams containing trout in greater or less quantities within a day's drive, the trout fisherman flourishes in all his glory, and the opening of the season for catching these speckled beauties is an event before which a presidential election or a war with Spain pales to insignificance. On this great day every angler starts out promptly.

To an outsider the most remarkable thing about the opening of the season is not the fish nor the fisherman, not the success nor failure of the trip, not even the size of the catch nor of the fish, but only the fact that yearly becomes more apparent, namely, when the season opens these lovers of the art *must* go a-fishing; that no amount of certainty that the trip will come to nothing—that conditions are such as to absolutely prohibit their catching any trout—can't keep them at home.

Being only a woman, with all the usual limitations of the sex, I can look at this matter only with a woman's eye, and this is the question that comes most frequently to my mind: If anglers go fishing to catch fish, as they undoubtedly do, despite the assertions of enthusiasts that this is not the great reason, why don't they go where it is most likely they will succeed? What can a day or a week matter, except as a passing disappointment? Why must they start on the minute? I am, of course, willing to admit that conditions here may have bred a different species of the genus angler than flourishes in less favored spots. Still, the question remains.

This is the way it goes every year. The season opens on the fifteenth of April. This is the actual season when trout may be legally caught. For enthusiasts, however, the real season, so far as enjoyment goes, begins about the first of February. Sometimes, in mild winters, it makes a hesitating start as early as the first of January. This is what might be termed the preparatory stage, and is absolutely indispensable to the proper appreciation of the real season when it does arrive. Among the anglers that I have had the most opportunity to observe, it is every year considered perfectly proper to discuss fishing—in a general and impersonal way—after the first of January; but no angler who has any regard for his reputation would think of making definite plans, of getting out his tackle—even to inspect it—or even of ordering his rubber boots, until after the first of February. Even then he rarely permits himself to speak with decision on the subject, realizing well, at this time, the chances that are against him. After the first of February, however, I have noticed the angler becomes bolder; talks openly of his intentions, plans his trips, considers his equipment, begins to hurry up his work, to save his money, and to show a deep-seated concern over the condition of the streams and of the weather generally. These trips, I have observed, are still sufficiently distant that he will invite everybody to go with him. Only acquaintances of very recent date, or those who have not profited by the experiences of the years gone by, place any dependence on these invitations.

Later on more aggravated symptoms appear, and rods, nets, and other tackle are brought out and overhauled. As March draws to a close, and the early days of April come, a state of nervous expectancy takes the place of the calm consideration of earlier days, and by the fifteenth of April the angler has talked and thought and dreamed himself into such a frame of mind that he can't stay at home if he tries, no matter, as I said, what the condition of the weather or of the streams, or what the chance may be of his catching trout. This fine frenzy, I am glad to say, soon wears off, and by the end of a few trips the angler becomes once more a rational man. But when the season opens—the minute it opens—the angler *must* go. Let me illustrate:

Recently there occurred a winter of such unusual severity that even an angler with his eyes fixed firmly ahead and all his other senses in a comatose condition, must have known that the ice was unusually heavy, the weather cold, and that we came up to the fifteenth of April nearly a month behind the usual condition of things. Indeed, reports were freely circulated, coming from seemingly reliable sources, that at various places where the early trout is wont to await the angler, they were blasting the logs out of the ice. But—did the anglers stay at home until it warmed up, the ice melted, and the much-sought-for trout came forth from his winter quarters? Not one of them. They started promptly at the time set. They found it cold—bitter cold. Ice froze every night. They caught nothing. The trout had not left the deep water where they had lain all winter, and had neither curiosity nor hunger to prompt them to investigate even the most tempting bait. Now, every angler knew how it would be before he started, but he couldn't stay at home.

Another year that I recall, conditions were different, but not a whit more encouraging. It was an early spring. That is, spring made a fine show of appearing early in March, came with a bound over night, as she sometimes does. The warm days she brought with her melted the snow and ice, and as a result the streams were very high all through March and April. Besides being warm, it rained a great deal. When the great day—the fifteenth of April—dawned, there was a six-foot flood in

the nearest creek, the old 'Sock; every stream in the State was out of bounds; it was raining hard, and had rained with heart-breaking persistency for three days and nights before. Did the trout fishermen go? Of course they went! Whole wagonloads of them went; young and old alike, with hearts like the hearts of boys. Weeks before they had set the hour for starting, and they *had* to go.

Another year another state of things existed. The weather had been all right, and the streams were in such a state that the fishermen's hopes ran high, and they were able to make their preparations with much quieter consciences than usual. The newspapers, even, vied with each other in reciting the admirable conditions, and the tremendous numbers of trout waiting to be caught. Now another difficulty arose in the particular group of anglers of whom I know most. One of the keenest of them all injured his leg; it seemed seriously hurt; he suffered intensely; his groans echoed through the house; the doctor was constantly required; he appeared entirely incapacitated. Such was the condition on the evening of the fourteenth. Did he go with the others? Go? Of course he went! He couldn't stay at home. At the usual hour, armed with crutches and canes, he swung himself out of the house, was pushed and pulled and hoisted into the wagon, and the party proceeded. I am obliged, in justice, to add that, although disabled, he did catch one trout from a boat tied to the bank!

Yet another year things were in even worse shape. Everybody was sick when the sacred fifteenth arrived, not only the anglers, but most of their families. One fisherman was just recovering from typhoid fever; another had coughed for six weeks; another had his entire family down with the measles, and a fourth possessed a new son, not yet three days old. Did they go a-fishing? Of course they went, every one of them. They *had* to go.

The only case that I know of that parallels this of the anglers, is furnished by a little old lady who lives up the street. She rents several small houses and oversees them most vigorously. On the first day of every March she invariably takes out and stores away for the summer all the cellar windows of every one of these houses. No matter what the weather, nor what the chances that everything in the cellar will freeze up, out these windows come on the first day of March. I presume she *has* to.

Several of the anglers have tried this same method with other things. For several years one of them planted his garden on the first day of April—so that he might have nothing on his mind when the great day came. Some times he even stuck his peas with brush. The second or third year proved late and cold and everything froze clear to the ground, and had to be replanted. He was even heard to assert that the pea-brush was so injured by the frost that it could not be used for the later crop. But he learned better, and gardened after that by the weather.

The same year he dug his potatoes and put away his celery on a convenient date in the early fall that he had settled upon as proper. This time it stayed warm. The celery rotted, every stalk of it, and the potatoes turned all shades of green and were good for nothing. In this case, also, he learned better, and put away his crops with strict reference to the weather thereafter. So I know that anglers *can* be reasonable.

I am, as I said, only a woman, but I know what the upshot would be if I said about Christmas time, "On the fifteenth of April I shall put away all of the family's winter underwear," and stuck to it, or made any other similar arrangement.

Of course, I am not going to deny that in following the apparently inflexible rule of the anglers concerning their behavior on the first of the season, sometimes things go well. The skies are sometimes the true April skies; the sun is warm, the water is right, the roads are good, the trout are where they should be, and in a proper frame of mind; the right man has charge of the boarding place, the lunch proves just the thing, and the anglers bring home trout—whole dish-pans full of trout—and their hearts are satisfied. Neither shall I deny that there may be exceptions to the aforementioned rule. In fact, a rumor was current in the neighborhood this spring of an angler—a real angler—who stayed at home of his own free will and dug garden the day the season opened, and it did not open on a Sunday, either. The angler in question is admitted to be well past seventy years, and it is not denied that this is the first opening he has missed since he was seventeen. None the less the rumor remains unverified, and I myself am sure, from my knowledge of the genus, that upon investigation it will prove untrue; that if said angler were able to dig garden, he did not dig it—he went a-fishing!

JUSTINA JOHNSON.

"L'Habitat"

NEW YORK, June 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of June 4 there appears a story by W. W. Brown, entitled, "L'Habitat." I take this opportunity of writing you a word in commendation of this sketch. Being a native of New England, and having enjoyed similar experiences, this story touched a responsive chord, and was read with interest. I shall look for more stories of this nature in future issues of your publication.

H. K. McCANN.

A Summer in Newfoundland.—II.

(Continued from page 520)

At nine o'clock, only two hours behind scheduled time, the train pulled out slowly from the wharf, and was soon speeding over the narrowest or narrow-gauge railroads, well on toward the Grand Codroy River. This stream is one of the largest and surest for big salmon anywhere on the island. It is also the most accessible from the continent, and is consequently the most fished. At that early date we learned that many of the best pools were already taken, and, sadly enough, that no less than fourteen sportsmen were camped along its banks. One of them—a gray-haired angler nearly eighty years of age—had killed his record fish, a 35-pounder, just as the train crossed the trestle. He was one of the old reliables, and had not missed a season on the Codroy for many years. He could always be found early each summer camped by his favorite pool; but this was the first time that the old man's strength had failed him when put to the test, for this time he had needed the assistance of his guides, one on either side propping him up as he handled the long two-handed rod. May all such old anglers live on to fish by the brightest rivers and the purest waters; may their last casts be strong and sturdy, and may they be rewarded by the finest and heaviest that the pool affords.

Once more the little engine starts with angry puffings, the wheels turn, and soon the Codroy, far behind, glistens in the distance like a thread of silver. It is a splendid river, and affords very early fishing, but we passed on, reluctantly leaving to the thirteen sportsmen and the old angler the enjoyment of their pools in peace; no doubt they are the better friends with us for so doing. A stream with too many people roaming along its banks is often more unsatisfactory than one with too few fish in its waters, but where all the pools are your own, and your camp-fire is the only one that shines out into the woods at night.

After passing Grand Codroy, the next stream large enough to warrant fish in respectable numbers or size is Crabb's Brook; while further on Little Barachois, Robinson's and Fischell's are just about as good as Crabb's. The latter is deep and wide at the mouth, and should yield an early run of salmon, at least in the lower reaches near the ocean. Fischell's is a beautiful brook, long and winding, with many pools; but unfortunately it is so narrow and shallow, especially at the sea, that the fish are late in running in, and during dry seasons many of the larger ones do not enter at all, but move on up the coast for deeper water. Robinson's is much the same, but contains more water, is deeper, and the pools are nearer together than in Fischell's. Flat Bay Brook, a few miles further up the coast, is a good stream, especially in the deep, broad pools near its mouth. The latter, however, is completely shut off from the open ocean by Sandy Point, and as a rule salmon do not ascend in any numbers until quite late in the season. Bottom, Main River, and Harry's Brooks are all first rate rivers, the former for trout, the latter, once famous for big salmon, still records the capture of several heavy fish each season. It has never been my good fortune to cast over the deep, dark waters of the Humber; flowing through rocky cañons and between high granite cliffs, it is unquestionably the grandest, most majestic river in Newfoundland. About forty miles from the coast a great fall prevents many of the fish from ascending further, and in the pool below first-class sport should be found. One gentleman whom I met on his way to the Humber, told me that this pool was so large as to require the use of a canoe or dory, but that it held many salmon, thirty-six falling to his rod in two weeks during the season of 1902.

The reader must not suppose that the streams named above are the only ones in Newfoundland, or that they contain more than a very small proportion of the total number of salmon. Two excellent rivers flow into Hawke's Bay on the northwest coast, while many of the southern waters, and the Exploits, lower Terra Nova, and Salmonier—the latter for small fish—are said to offer grand sport, although I have had no opportunity to verify the statement from my own personal experience. Of late years netting has been judiciously restricted at the mouth of the Gander; it is fished but little, and probably contains more and larger salmon than any other river on the island, with perhaps the possible exception of the Exploits.

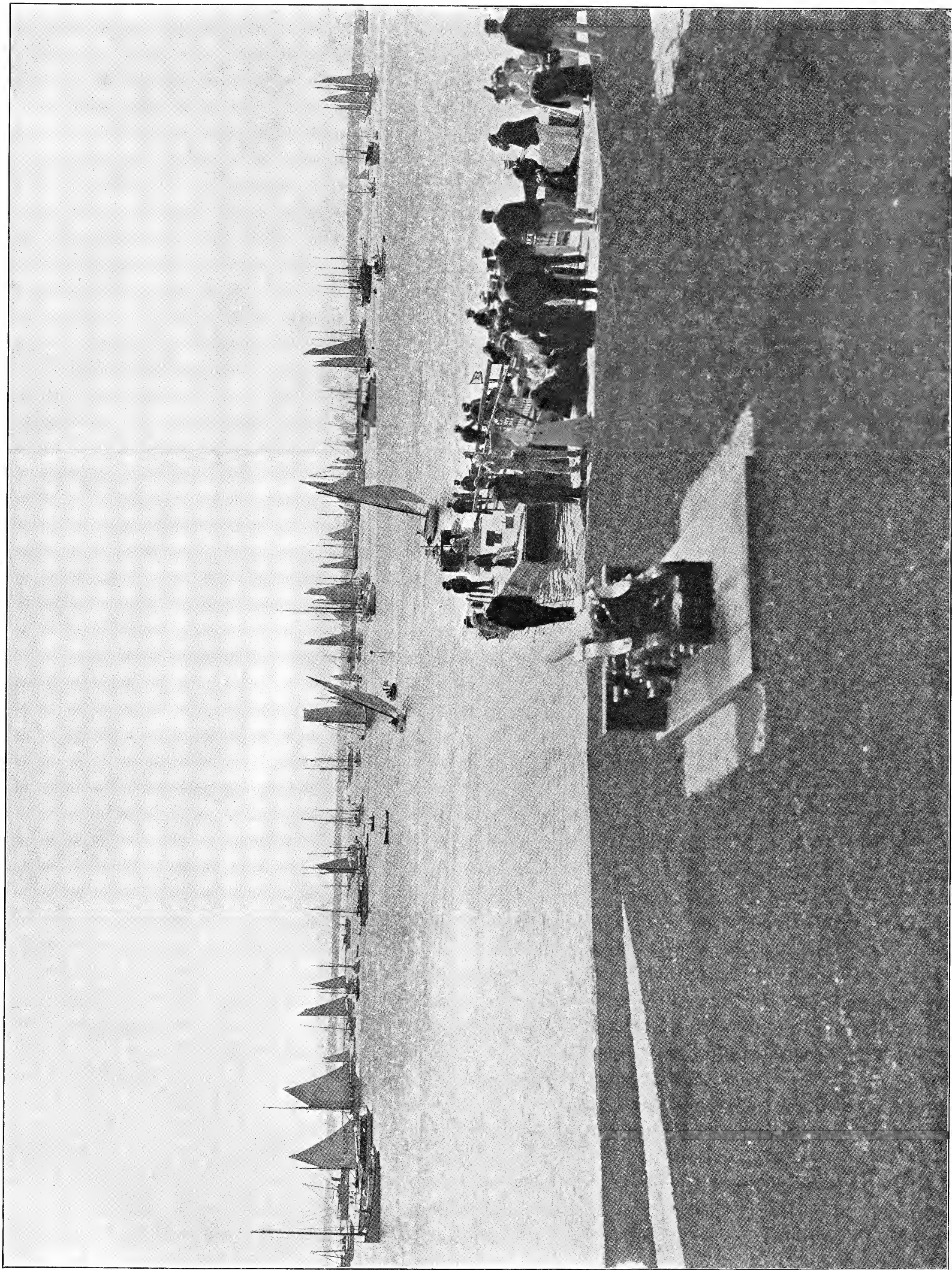
The sun had set and night was fast approaching when our train, squeaking loudly on the tracks as it rounded the last curve, drew up in front of a squalid log hut, which, as section house, marked our destination. It had been a long journey over the rails. At almost every brook sportsmen had been getting off, and it was with great satisfaction that we watched the train pull out, leaving only ourselves on the platform. William and Jim were there waiting, and a little in the rear John, the untried cook, a bashful youth of some twenty years, mentally sized up our appetites, as, doffing his cap, he awaited salutations. Old Jim, the head guide, was a quiet little man of about sixty, brown, sinewy, and accustomed to work of the hardest kind. He scorned the cod or hering fisheries as a means of livelihood, but had lived his life as a trapper among the hills of the interior, and, to use his own words, spent every winter since boyhood "a"



"WHERE THE MAPLE BENDS."
A Favorite Fishing Spot on the Maple River, Michigan.



"WHERE THE CURRENT QUICKENS."
A Bit of the Maple River, Michigan.



LARCHMONT HARBOR ON JULY FOURTH.

Photograph by James Burton.

furrin' in de hoods." A huge red beard completely concealed the lower half of the old man's face, while a straw hat, torn and battered, left us in ignorance of the rest of his physiognomy. That straw hat was certainly in the last days of the "sere and yellow leaf," but Jim was proud of it, none the less, for it was made by Dunlap, and the year before had even graced the head of a New York "sporter." William boasted pure French ancestors, but his swarthy complexion and greasy black hair savored strongly of a more humbler lineage. When I suggested the possibility of Indian origin, he quickly and emphatically showed his contempt for the entire race. The cook's clothes were covered with many variegated patches, while a pair of huge boots added to an appearance which was naturally grotesque. But aside from his garb, he betrayed no evidences of individuality whatever, always remaining just plain John, and strong as a horse and as willing a packer as ever carried a load, but as a cook he had missed his vocation. John could brew the bitterest tea, mix the toughest bread, and boil the soggiest dumplings that mortal man ever digested and survived; but after learning the proper proportion of American baking powder with section house flour, he rapidly improved, and we left him as proficient in the culinary art as the average Newfoundland cook—which is not saying a great deal.

Our brook was some twelve miles distant, to be reached by dory along the coast, and as it was already dark, we camped by the tracks to dream of the morrow—dreams such as only an angler knows—of pools filled with monster salmon and of great speckled trout chasing each other for the fly.

Daylight saw the party seated in two dilapidated dories, with outfit and provisions securely packed on spruce boughs in the stern, well up out of reach of the water, which leaked in little rivulets in from between the planks. The ocean, calm and placid as a pond, was so clear that objects far below appeared distinct against the white sands of the bottom. Great jagged rocks dotted the shore, and here and there their dark shapes loomed black above the surface of the sea. Long salmon and herring nets stretched at intervals far out from the beach, while numerous little black buoys indicated that "lobstering" was an industry extensively carried on. Occasionally a dirty little hut, perched at the head of a cove, marked the site of a "factory," where the lobsters are boiled, opened, packed in cans, and finally shipped to St. John's for export. Sea birds were not as frequent along the bluffs as I had expected, and only a few species were noticed. Common terns, it is true, were abundant; but aside from them, merely a few black-backed and herring gulls floating on the ocean, a flock of noisy crows in the spruces, a solitary raven stalking majestically on the sand, and high up among the clouds the plaintive whistle of a yellow-leg, varied the monotonous thumping of Jim's home-made oars, as the dories crawled slowly toward their destination.

It was a long, tedious day, and well toward evening when at last the boats turned in at a narrow fresh-water channel marking the river. The latter, Jim explained, was long and winding, drawing its waters from a series of unfrequented and unnamed ponds fifty miles back in the interior. Three excellent pools were situated close to the ocean; ten miles up stream six or seven more followed in quick succession for five miles, while still further on, some three days' tramp above the upper pools, the Grand Fall, which prevented the salmon from ascending, was the surest spot of all. Practically no rain had fallen since early May. Consequently, every stream in Newfoundland was dryer and shallower than customary at that time; and as I subsequently found to my sorrow, the whole summer proved one long, exasperating drought. In view of this condition of the water, our guide proposed a plan of attack which seemed wisely conceived, and sure of ultimate success, namely, to camp by the ocean until rain raised the water sufficiently to allow the salmon to enter the lower pools, then to follow the fish up stream and remain for a week at the upper pools, and finally to pack forty miles across the hills to the Grand Fall. This would carry me to the middle of August, and to the end of the salmon season, but it would leave me right in the heart of caribou country as fine as any in the colony, if not in the world.

The first day we fished persistently with great hopes, but without a rise; the second became a repetition of the first, and the third of the second, but with slightly moderated enthusiasm. All possible combinations of flies, coupled with the piscatorial skill of the entire party, failed utterly and completely. Thursday, the fourth day, proved a calm; not a breath stirred the water, and the three pools were calm and glassy; but not one fish could be seen, either lying on the white sands of the shoal or stemming the swift water by the pool's head, or lurking in the dark hole under the big rock. One thing was certain—there were no salmon. The salmon had not arrived; yet during all this time hundreds of fat sea trout were jumping in the brackish water below camp.

That evening, as we sat around the fire discussing the situation and the prospects for rain, an old man appeared, bearing in one hand some lobsters fresh from the factory, and in the other a great salmon just taken from the nets. The former could be purchased for five cents each, and they were purchased very quickly, too, as we had not tasted fish or meat for nearly a week. I fear, however, that I spoke rather harshly to the old man when he offered me his salmon at four cents a pound. To come a thousand miles for the very purpose of killing one, to fail, and then to have one dangled before your eyes, and that for sale, was certainly adding insult to injury. That old man never fully grasped the meaning of my explanation, and if asked could not to this very day tell why the two hungry fishermen refused to buy his fish. A Newfoundland fisherman never can thoroughly comprehend the sportsman's idea of sport. His hunting means packing meat for hungry mouths, and his fishing means hauling trawls and baiting cod hooks; perhaps he has a right to his opinion that "de sporters be a foolish people to come t' Newfoundland."

Early Friday morning, just at the turn of the rising tide, I stood kneedeep in the foam and cast out into the current for sea trout. Just where the surf broke and breakers swelled in at the river's narrow channel, was the place; and my very first cast was rewarded by a sharp tug as a good sized fish struck the dropper below the

surface. In a twinkling, Dugmore had unlimbered his big Graflex, focused it, and several times I heard its shutter fall with a snap before the trout finally succumbed and was brought to the landing-net. It was certainly a novel experience for the old rod, reared between the alder-grown banks of a fresh mountain brook away back in northern Jersey, and educated only by the splash and pull of a red-bellied, square-tailed *fontinalis*. But salt air and the brine of the sea seemed good for the little rod; the silvery fish rose prettily from beneath the foam, and the sport waxed fast and furious. Frequently, at critical moments, the camera would snap vigorously from somewhere in the rear; but after making half a dozen exposures, my friend could resist temptation no longer, and wading in waistdeep, dropped his flies upon the dancing waters. Nearly every cast meant a rise, but by no means did always mean another fish in the creel. For sea trout are tender of lip, possessing smaller mouths than their brothers of the inland ponds and brooks; a surging current rushed through the narrow channel like a mill-race; and besides, there were some big fellows lurking deep down among the eddies. They were educated fish, or perhaps had grown too old for idle play; at any rate they never frisked about upon the surface with smaller fry, but reserved all their antics until fast to a No. 6 hook. These large trout invariably struck the fly under water; but when once they did strike, it was with no uncertain intent, for they never missed. When aided by the strong rush of an incoming tide one of these heavy fish will sorely try the mettle of any four or even six-ounce rod ever made, for game and sturdy fighters they always prove. Hanging back and tugging at the line with a perseverance equal to that of the most obstinate black bass, when near the net they dive and pull and splash, darting, arrow-like, with the speed of a pike—but alas! they never jump. No sea trout that I ever caught displayed the dash and spirit, the frenzied rushes and wild, reckless leaps, of a grilse or ouananiche.

The sport continued until high water, and then ceased as suddenly as it had commenced; for with the first ebb of the tide the trout stopped their frolicking, and quietly slipped back into deeper waters of the sea. But we had enough, and our full share. Twenty-three fat fish glistened on the beach, while many smaller ones, released from the hook, again sported among the waves with their fellows—"sadder but wiser" trout.

Birds of many different species flitted through the bushes around camp or among the thick growth along the river banks. All were in full song, and displayed their brightest nuptial plumage, as it was the height of the breeding season. Not ten yards from the tent a pair of Wilson's warblers (*Wilsonia pusilla*) spent half their time feeding four noisy nestlings, and the other half scolding us for intruding upon the privacy of their home life. Ruby-crowned kinglets, chickadees and nuthatches, both white and red-breasted, roamed in bands through the spruces, while a pair of Hudsonian titmice (*Parus hudsonicus*) had just fledged a brood from an old stump near by. Fox sparrows (*Passerella iliaca*) and olive-backed thrushes (*H. ustulata swainsonii*) were nesting in the thickets, and we spent some time and not a little patience in photographing a contrary minded youngster of the former species. Of sparrows, the white-throated (*Zonotrichia albicollis*) was perhaps the most abundant, and its sweet, mournful whistle could be heard every morning and evening, or often broke the stillness of night. Robins and warblers were everywhere, and I never saw woodpeckers in greater numbers; at least five different species were observed, and a few miles up stream a pair of yellow-bellied (*Syphrapicus varius*) were seen busily engaged carrying grubs into a cavity in an old dead tree. I tapped at its base, placed my ear to the bark, and was rewarded by that sonorous chorus so well known to a lover of birds—a chorus of young woodpeckers. Almost every turn in the river sheltered a spotted sandpiper; and one little fellow, just hatched, disobeyed the warning note of his parents, betraying his presence by running swiftly over sand and pebbles. The camera shot him several times, and we finally left him, a little gray ball frozen stiff somewhere among the gravel. His protective coloration would have deceived far sharper eyes than our own, the eyes of owls and hawks and weasels; let us hope that in future it did.

Early Sunday morning came the welcome sound of raindrops pelted against the walls of the tent. It was only a shower, to be sure, but it helped; for the water was muddy, the river was rising very slowly, and by sundown flowed fully six inches higher than on the previous day. Now salmon would surely come in from the sea; they would run on to the upper pools, and we must move camp and follow them.

Trails of the Pathfinders.—XI.

Lewis and Clark (Continued).

By the end of August the explorers, having procured a number of horses, set to work to make saddles, cache their extra baggage, and set out for their journey north and west. The way led them over rough mountains, often without a trail. They were fortunate in having an old Indian as guide, but unfortunate in meeting much cold weather, and in finding the country barren of game. However, after two or three days of very difficult travel, they came upon a camp of friendly Indians, who fed them. These people professed to be an offshoot of the Tushepaw tribe, had plenty of horses, and generally were fairly well provided. They told them that down the great river was a large fall, near which lived white people, who supplied them with beads and brass wire. Not long after this they met the first Chopunnish, or Pierced-nose Indians, whom we know to-day as Nez Percés. They were friendly, and were treated as other tribes had been.

Although the explorers had had one satisfying meal, yet food was very scarce, and the Indians subsisted as best they might on the few salmon still remaining in the streams, which they shared with the white men. The privations suffered recently were making them weak; many were sick; and it was so necessary to husband their strength that Captain Clark determined to make the remaining journey by water. Canoes were built, and the thirty-eight horses were branded and turned over to three

Indians to care for until the explorers returned. Provisions for the trip were very difficult to obtain. On the morning of September 27 they started down Lewis river, without two of the Nez Percé chiefs who had promised to go with them. Indian encampments were numerous along the river, but food continued very scarce, and their only supply consisted of roots, which they got from the Indians. Later they bought some dogs from the Nez Percé for food, and were laughed at by the Indians, who did not eat dogs. The Nez Percé during summer and autumn occupied themselves in fishing for salmon and collecting roots and berries, while in winter they hunted the deer on snowshoes, and toward spring crossed the mountains to the Missouri for the purpose of trading for buffalo robes. They appeared very different from the kindly Shoshoni; they were selfish and avaricious, and expected a reward for every service, and a full price for every article they parted with.

Although it was now drawing toward mid-October, the weather continued warm. Progress down the stream was rapid, though more so in appearance than in reality, owing to the river's bends. On the bank of the stream, at a large Indian camp where they stopped October 11, a novel form of sweat-house was observed. Earth was banked up on three sides against a cut-bank at the river's edge, and the Indians, descending through the roof, which was covered with brush and earth, except for a small aperture, took down their hot stones and vessels of water, and bathed here.

A few days later one of the boats upset, and as this contained all their provisions, which got thoroughly wet and were spoiled, they were again suffering for food. Everywhere along the stream were seen fishing stations, established by the Indians, each station the property of different families, and which no one could use except members of that family. As they went on the navigation of the stream became worse, and at one place they were obliged to make a portage of three-quarters of a mile.

They were now approaching the camp of a different nation of Indians, who had been warned of the coming of the party by the two chiefs who had gone before, and now they began to receive visits from men who had come up the stream to satisfy the curiosity excited by the reports. When they reached the camp they were hospitably received, and the usual council was held, accompanied by distribution of presents and medals; and they obtained from the Indians some dogs, a few fish, and a little dried horse flesh. This was at the junction of the Lewis River and the Columbia; and the Indians, who called themselves Sokulks, seemed a mild and peaceable people, living in a state of comparative happiness. The men appeared to have but one wife, old age was respected, and the people were agreeable to deal with. Their support was largely fish, to which were added roots and the flesh of the antelope. They were chiefly canoe people, and possessed but few horses.

Here Captain Clark, while ascending the Columbia in a small canoe, first saw, besides the captured fish drying on scaffolds, "immense numbers of salmon strewn along the shore, or floating on the surface of the water." At the Indian villages that he passed he was hospitably received, and here first the sage grouse, called a "prairie cock, a bird of the pheasant kind, of about the size of a small turkey," was captured.

Proceeding down the Columbia a few days' journey, an interesting incident took place: "As Captain Clark arrived at the lower end of the rapid before any, except one of the small canoes, he sat down on a rock to wait for them, and, seeing a crane fly across the river, shot it, and it fell near him. Several Indians had been before this passing on the opposite side toward the rapids, and some who were then nearly in front of him, being either alarmed at his appearance or the report of the gun, fled to their homes. Captain Clark was afraid that these people had not yet heard that the white men were coming, and therefore, in order to allay their uneasiness before the rest of the party should arrive, he got into the small canoe with three men, rowed over toward the houses, and, while crossing, shot a duck, which fell into the water. As he approached no person was to be seen, except three men in the plains, and they, too, fled as he came near the shore. He landed in front of five houses close to each other, but no one appeared, and the doors, which were of mat, were closed. He went toward one of them with a pipe in his hand, and, pushing aside the mat, entered the lodge, where he found thirty-two persons, chiefly men and women, with a few children, all in the greatest consternation; some hanging down their heads, others crying and wringing their hands. He went up to them and shook hands with each one in the most friendly manner; but their apprehensions, which had for a moment subsided, revived on his taking out a burning-glass, as there was no roof to the house, and lighting his pipe. He then offered it to several of the men, and distributed among the women and children some small trinkets which he had with him, and gradually restored a degree of tranquility among them. Leaving this house, and directing each of his men to visit a house, he entered a second. Here he found the inmates more terrified than those in the first; but he succeeded in pacifying them, and afterward went into the other houses, where the men had been equally successful. Retiring from the houses, he seated himself on a rock, and beckoned to some of the men to come and smoke with him, but none of them ventured to join him till the canoes arrived with the two chiefs, who immediately explained our pacific intentions toward them. Soon after the interpreter's wife landed, and her presence dissipated all doubts of our being well disposed, since in this country no woman ever accompanies a war party; they therefore all came out, and seemed perfectly reconciled; nor could we, indeed, blame them for their terrors, which were perfectly natural. They told the two chiefs that they knew we were not men, for they had seen us fall from the clouds. In fact, unperceived by them, Captain Clark had shot the white crane, which they had seen fall just before he appeared to their eyes: the duck which he had killed also fell close by him, and as there were some clouds flying over at the moment, they connected the fall of the birds with his sudden appearance, and believed that he had himself actually dropped from the clouds, considering the noise of the rifle, which they had never heard before, the sound announcing so extraordinary an event. This belief was strengthened, when, on entering the room, he brought down fire from the heavens by means of his burn-

ing-glass. We soon convinced them, however, that we were merely mortals, and after one of our chiefs had explained our history and objects, we all smoked together in great harmony."

Below this, other Indian villages were passed, and there was more or less intercourse between the white men and the Indians. On the 20th an island was visited, one end of which was devoted to the burial of the dead. The passage down the river continued to be more or less interrupted by rapids and falls, about which they were obliged to make portages. All the Indians seemed to be friendly, and seemed also to be in great dread of the Snake Indians, with whom they were constantly at war.

Here is described the method of certain tribes of preparing fish, by drying, and pounding it fine, and then placing it in a basket, lined with skin of the salmon, and covering the top of the basket with skins. Fish prepared in this way would keep sound and sweet for years. It was an article of trade between these people and those further down the river, who eagerly purchased it. The preparation seems to have been the equivalent of the pemmican, made of flesh, and so extensively used on the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains.

The rapids which they constantly encountered greatly delayed them, and sometimes the contents of one or more boats were soaked by being upset, or by shipping water. Food was scarce, and they continued to purchase dogs for provisions. October 24, a change was noticed in the actions of the Indians, who seemed more suspicious than usual, and approached the travelers with more caution. This alarmed the two Indian chiefs who had come with them down the river, and they wished to leave the party and return to their own country. However, they were persuaded to remain two nights longer, since they had proved most useful in quieting the fears of the different tribes met with, and inspiring them with confidence in the white people.

A little later they met Indians, some of whom wore white men's clothing, said to have been traded with people further down the stream, and who had also a musket, a cutlass, and several brass kettles. A chief who had some white men's clothing, exhibited to the travelers, as trophies, fourteen dried forefingers, which he told them had belonged to enemies whom he had killed in fighting, to the southcast. At a burial place were deposited brass kettles and frying-pans, with holes in the bottoms. The making holes in these vessels, which were to contain liquid, was, of course, for the purpose of "killing" the vessel, that it might be useful to the spirit who was to use it in another life. Not very far below this they first met the wappato, a word now firmly established in the vernacular of the Northwest; it is the root of the plant *Sagittaria*, well known as an excellent food for human beings, and eagerly eaten by wildfowl. The Indians with whom the explorers now came in contact were troublesome mortals; very presuming, and disposed to take anything that was left about. They possessed still more articles of white men's manufacture, some having muskets and pistols. Below the mouth of the Coweliske River they found an Indian who spoke a few words of English, and he gave them the name of the principal person who traded with them—a Mr. Haley.

The river was now growing wider, there were great numbers of water fowl; and, on the afternoon of November 7, the fog suddenly cleared away, and they saw the ocean, the object of all their labors, the reward of all their anxiety. The weather was almost constantly rainy, and they were continually wet. There were numerous villages along the river, and these were to be avoided, because, like all Indian villages recently passed, they were terribly infested by fleas. Among the water fowl killed in this locality were a goose and two canvasback ducks. The sea was heavy in this mouth of the river, and the motion so great that several of the men became seasick. They landed in the bay, but the hills came down so steeply to the water's edge that there was no room for them to make a satisfactory camp, nor to secure the baggage above high water. However, they raised the baggage on poles, and spent a most uncomfortable night. For some days now they camped on the beach, wet, cold and comfortless, with nothing but dried fish to satisfy their hunger. Hunters sent out failed to bring in any game, but they bought a few fresh fish from the Indians. On the 15th of November, however, the sun came out, and they were able to dry their merchandise; and, the wind falling, they loaded their canoes, and after proceeding a short distance, found a sand beach, where they made a comfortable camp. This was in full view of the ocean, quite on the route traversed by the Indians, many of whom visited them; and there was more or less in the neighborhood, for the hunters brought in two deer, some geese and ducks, and a crane.

It was now almost winter, and the travelers began to look out for a place where they might build their winter camp. The Indians reported deer and elk reasonably abundant on the opposite side of the bay; but, on the other hand, the explorers wished to be near the ocean, that they might provide themselves with salt, and also for the chance of meeting some of the trading vessels, which were expected in the course of the next two or three months. The rain continued, and the hunters were unsuccessful. A diet of dried fish was making the men ill, and the prospects were not bright. However, on the 2d of December, one of the hunters killed an elk, the first taken on the west side of the Rocky Mountains; and we may imagine how much its flesh was enjoyed after the long diet of roots and fish. And now for some time deer and elk were killed in great abundance; but the continued wet weather caused much of the flesh to spoil. The Indians seemed to be taking a good many salmon—presumably in the salt water of the bay—and they had many berries.

The natives here were chiefly Clatsops, most of whom were kindly and cordial, reasonably hospitable and generous; but, at the same time, careful bargainers, and determined to get the worth of the goods which they desired to trade. The explorers found that blue beads were the most valuable trade articles, and that the Indians cared little for those of any other color,

except white; but even these were not highly valued in comparison with the blue beads.

Christmas and New Years passed, and in the first days of January there came the news that a whale had been cast up on the beach. All the Indians hurried to it; and, following them, went Captain Clark and some of the men, and with them Chabonneau and his wife, the latter extremely anxious to venture to the edge of the salt water, and to see the enormous "fish" which had come ashore. The skeleton of the whale measured 105 feet in length.

"While smoking with the Indians, Captain Clark was startled about 10 o'clock by a loud, shrill cry from the opposite village, on hearing which all the natives immediately started up to cross the creek, and the guide informed him that some one had been killed. On examination, one of our men was discovered to be absent, and a guard was despatched, who met him crossing the creek in great haste. An Indian belonging to another band, and who happened to be with the Killamucks that evening, had treated him with much kindness, and walked arm in arm with him to a tent, where our man found a Chinook squaw who was an old acquaintance. From the conversation and manner of the stranger, this woman discovered that his object was to murder the white man for the sake of the few articles on his person; and when he rose and pressed our man to go to another tent, where they would find something better to eat, she held McNeal by the blanket. Not knowing her object, he freed himself from her, and was going on with his pretended friend, when she ran out and gave a shriek which brought the men of the village over, and the stranger ran off before McNeal knew what had occasioned the alarm."

With a small load of blubber and oil, the party returned to the fort, where they found that game was still being killed, and endeavored to jerk some of it. Much is said in the journal about the various Indian tribes of the neighborhood, their method of hunting and fishing, their habitations, and their dress and implements. The canoes, and the skill in managing them, excited the unfeigned admiration of the white men; and the fact that such canoes could be constructed by people without axes, and armed only with a chisel, made of an old file, about an inch or an inch and a half in width, seemed to them very extraordinary. It was noted that some of the Indians, especially the women, appeared to tattoo the legs and arms; and on the arm of one woman was read the name, J. Bowman; perhaps some trader who had visited the locality. Among these people women were very well treated, and old age was highly respected.

GEO. BIRD GRINNELL.

Swimming and Life-Saving.

It has always struck me as curious that though Englishmen are so fond of all athletic sports—though yachting, boating, and fishing take so prominent a place among our sports and amusements—yet that we are such very bad swimmers. When at Cambridge I could never find anyone who would swim the half mile with me, and I doubt if there were twenty men at the University who could have swum half a mile. "Rather not, I get so pumped!" was the answer always made to my invitation. Yet there is no exercise which, when properly learnt, "pumps" one less or tires one less. After a five-mile race one's heart is not beating any faster than at the start, nor is one half so exhausted as after riding a bicycle up a steep hill.

I often talked with Captain Webb about his Channel swim, and he told me that even after swimming for twenty-two hours his muscles were not very tired, and that it was weariness he felt more than exhaustion. We used to swim for two hours together twice a week when we were both training for some race. He was a slow swimmer, but swam in excellent style, which means he wasted none of his strength, and when I knew him he never swam anything but the breast stroke. If I remember rightly he never was any good at any of the side strokes, and he certainly swam the Channel on his breast. The Channel may be crossed again, but it is not very likely, as several good swimmers have tried and been beaten. Except for the pleasure of having to look out the Hellespont in the map, Byron's swim (which is, I suppose, more or less an historical event, as it is alluded to by every distributor of swimming prizes who wishes to show his learning) should be forgotten, and never alluded to as a feat at all when compared with Webb's.

Men are "pumped" because so few care to learn to swim properly, and are content to flounder and splutter about, thinking, apparently, that the faster they move their arms and legs, never mind in what direction, the more magnificent their swimming.

Swimming is a question of balance, and that is why when once learnt it is never forgotten. The mistake in learning is that to avoid breathing in water boys put their heads too far back, and so keep their mouths too far above the surface. Nobody will ever swim well or with any ease till he has learnt that it is not necessary to carry his neck like a strangled giraffe. This strained attitude upsets the balance. You will see every good swimmer in the world swimming with his mouth under water till the arms separate, his body will thus be straight, very high in the water, and he will be balanced properly.

To learn to breathe properly means to learn to swim quickly and well. It is very simple; all that the tyro need remember is to breathe outward as his hands go forward, and to breathe inward directly his hands separate, which is the moment when his head is highest. I have found it useful, when teaching, to tell boys to "blow their hands from them" as a sort of *memoria technica* of the moment to breathe outward. I am sorry for lads whom I see learning to swim when they become apparently much distressed about the proper movement of their legs and arms, and much more sorely distressed really by the amount of bath water they are swallowing, of which the instructor takes no note, though the pupil does.

One word more about learning. It is important—very—that the hands in breast-stroke swimming should work in the same horizontal plane as the body, and not downward; working them downward is a waste of strength;

they are then only lifting the body out of, instead of propelling it through, the water. It is important that boys should be taught the breast stroke properly. All boys think they can swim quicker on their sides, because when on their sides they see the water pass by their faces, and fancy that they are going as fast as a torpedo catcher. But it is a mistake. The proper side stroke now adopted by all amateurs and professionals for racing is very different from what boys call "side stroke," and ought to be carefully learnt after a good breast stroke has been mastered. Nothing but a good breast stroke can save you in trouble, nor can you save a drowning man by any fancy swimming.

Now for the second part of my text. Can there be a more hideous danger than that of swimming up to rescue a drowning and struggling man, who, fighting for his life and in the agony of suffocation, will seize you and clutch you and take you with him to the bottom? Drowning men are said to clutch at a straw, but for choice they prefer something more substantial. Summer after summer we read the same old story of the rescuer being clutched and drowned and two lives lost, one of

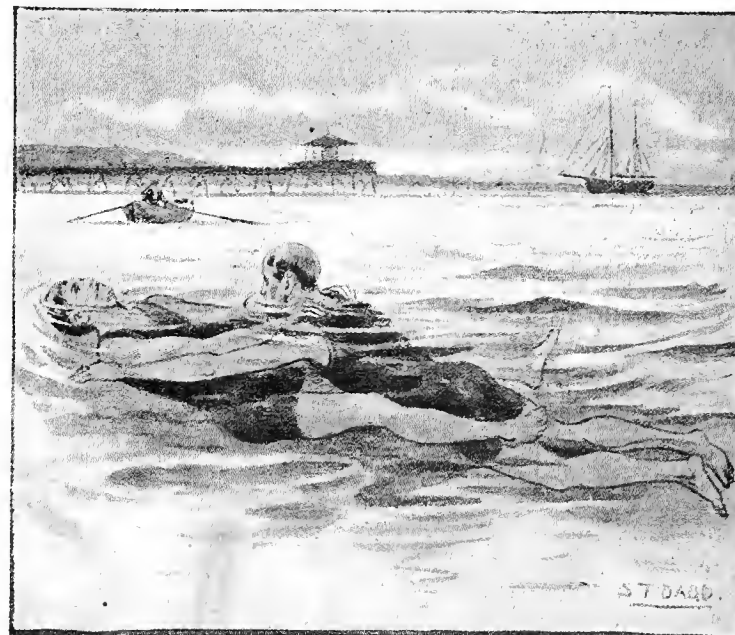


LOOSENING THE HOLD OF A GRAPPLER.

them certainly being that of a brave man. Yet it is a mere question of three or four hours' teaching and practice to enable anyone to rescue a drowning man with but very little danger to the rescuer.

It has been my painful duty to award the medals at the so-called life-saving competitions now taking place every summer at our public schools. Miserable and gloomy farces they are. A stuffed booby is pushed out about twenty yards into the water, and the boys jump in one after another and pull it to shore. The booby is then sunk, and the boys have to dive and bring it up, no directions being given how properly to do so. Anything more unlike what one has to do when confronted with the danger of rescuing a struggling man it is impossible to conceive, and I hope the day is not far distant when public school boys will be ashamed to accept a medal for such a silly competition.

When you swim up to a drowning man he will prob-



HELPING AN EXHAUSTED SWIMMER.

ably seize you by the wrists. If you turn your wrist round against his thumbs he cannot hold you for a second, and the fact of his losing his hold on you will probably swing him round, so that you can then catch hold of him properly and bring him to shore, swimming on your back.

My readers should be a little careful how they practice this, because if they try to hold on when the wrists are turned against their thumbs, the result may probably be dislocation.

It is not safe, however, to assume that the rescued man will remain quiet, nor will he, if any water splashes on his face; so the best way to hold him is to place your arms under his, and your hands on his chest. He cannot then turn round on you, and his head is higher out of water than when simply held by the head. If he seizes you by the head, which is the next most likely part to be grasped, you must put one arm behind his back, one hand under his chin, the arm behind pulls him toward you, the hand under the chin pushes his head backward and under water. He will let go of necessity. If he seizes you lower down you must put your knee up as high as it will go, and you can easily free yourself. All this is far easier to do than it is to describe, if only men will take the little trouble to learn.

If the drowning man has sunk, you will generally see by the bubbles in still water whereabouts he is. Dive

down, and be it noted that the common idea that you cannot open your eyes under water but must go down with them open is utter nonsense. Get the body across one knee, and a kick from the other leg will bring you and him to the surface. A man will not clutch or struggle if he has once sunk, but that is no reason for letting him sink. A man who has sunk is very nearly dead. Be it noted also that it is utter nonsense to say that a man "rises three times," and it is difficult to know how such a very common belief can be so widespread. If you determine to wait till your sunken man rises again you will have to wait till the Resurrection Day.

So far I have referred only to rescuing a struggling man fighting for his life and lost to all sense but his own danger; but it may happen to many of us to be swimming with a friend who gets cramp, or to soldiers to have to get a wounded comrade across a river. The ordinary mortal would try to swim with the injured man on his back, and would assuredly fail. But nothing can possibly be easier than to help another man who will keep quiet and has his wits about him. If he will turn on his back and place his hands on your shoulders, you can swim any distance with him without being in the least incommoded. I am sure no one will believe how easy this is till they have tried it.

No one can say he will never find himself in the dreadful position of seeing a fellow man drowning before his eyes. At the expense of a few hours given to learning how to save life and keep his own the position would not be so dreadful. Surely this is worth the expenditure of a little time and a very little trouble, and surely this knowledge might with advantage be given to our boys at our public and private schools. —Hon. Sydney Holland in *Badminton Magazine*.

Natural History.

The Naturalist of the St. Croix.

WHEN George A. Boardman passed away, some three and a half years ago, the Maine woods lost their chief interpreter, and the New Brunswick forests a familiar presence. Like Thoreau, this eminent naturalist knew all their haunts and by-ways; and for seventy years he studiously cultivated the acquaintance of their furred and feathered denizens until he came to know them all by sight and name, and gathered one of the largest private collections in ornithology and natural history of any citizen of this country. It has been well said that "the accuracy of his scientific knowledge was only exceeded by his noble character and beautiful life." No wonder that his appreciative friends and family did not rest until they had produced a fitting memorial of the good man and his valuable work. This has recently been brought out in the shape of an exquisite souvenir volume, edited by his nephew, Samuel Lane Boardman, of the University of Maine, and gratuitously distributed at the expense of the Boardman family to several hundred grateful beneficiaries, of whom the greater number are naturalists, or persons interested in natural history. A special edition of twenty-five copies, exquisitely bound in kid, and quaintly illustrated, was the personal gift of his second son, Albert J. Boardman, of the Gas Improvement Company, of Philadelphia. The memorial was exclusively a home product, intellectually and mechanically, and as a most creditable sample of the book maker's art, shows what can be done in Maine.

When our native-born school children are asked the question, "Who is the greatest general that ever lived?" they will invariably answer, "George Washington," because the name occurs to them first. For a like reason, Audubon has the first place among naturalists, and his

name will probably stand long after others more prominent are forgotten. But there are others of equal repute who are illustrious, and of these Mr. Boardman is perhaps foremost. His collections bear witness to his merits, and they are on view in the Parliament House in Fredericton, N. B., Canada. Few will have the temerity to dispute his precedence. The very extensive correspondence included in the St. Croix Memoirs not only lets the reader into his inner life and the systematic methods of his work, but it discloses his painstaking accuracy, indicates the advanced progress of his study, and introduces his co-workers and compeers by name, in England and America, showing their estimate of him by what they expect, say, and ask of him. Celebrity depends much upon the period, the place, and the occasion. Shooting stars excite a momentary admiration and wonder, but the glory of the planets is fixed.

It must not be inferred that Mr. Boardman's specimens represented the fauna of the St. Croix region alone. Mr. Boardman ranged far and wide—to Florida, South America, and the West Indies—year after year for decades, until he was able finally to present the almost representative fauna of eastern North America, with each species of bird in the variant plumage of sex and seasonal migration. And in the literature of ornithology and general natural history, his pen was his ready adjutant and constant co-efficient. His unpublished notes and essays would make a volume additional to what appears in the St. Croix souvenir, and all reliable. Prof. Spencer F. Baird, so long Chief of the Smithsonian Institution, declared that Boardman's contributions to the Institution were the only ones which needed no correction. Pioneer observer that he was, Mr. Boardman made his studies and recorded his observations upon birds of eastern North America before the present school of ornithologists had begun their work. He was the first to discover a number of species, and found the first nest and recorded the first nesting habits of many birds then little known to science. The author of the Memoirs has happily traced the progress of his discoveries with almost chronological exactness from the date of his maiden field work to his demise; and, it may be added, has given more accurate scientific lists of all the specimens in the collection, not only of the St. Croix region, but of Florida, where he spent no less than twenty winters. He was a persistent student of albinism and melanism, and had the largest collection of bird freaks in the country, covering no less than twenty-five different species of raptorial, game, and song birds.

In its issue of August 5, 1901, the *FOREST AND STREAM* published an extended sketch of Mr. Boardman, which it is easier to refer to than repeat here. Some things can be said here, however, which would hardly have answered then, while he was living. Suffice it to say that he was a naturalist of the old school, and employed the methods of the old field naturalists. He always shot his own birds, and was allowed to be one of the best wing shots in the country. His knowledge came by personal contact and association, while roughing it in the bush. He learned directly from Nature's self, and accepted the lessons thus acquired. He did not elaborate theories, and dawdle with auto-suggestions and new thought philosophies. He worked with his hands in Nature's workshop, and not, as the tendency of the present time is, to give up dealing directly with things, and take to thinking alone as the only dignified and respectable employment for professional men.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Chatham, N. J., has an abino robin, which has appeared for the second setson. The bird resembles the ordinary robin in size and form, but instead of the red breast it has a broad dash of white, while its wings and head are covered with feathers flecked with the same color in abundance.

A Cunning Scarecrow.

If the crow has a sense of humor (and despite his sable coat and solemn bearing, I am inclined to think he has), he must often laugh heartily at the figures which are erected with the object of scaring him. They are certainly ridiculous, and no crow with an ounce of sense or experience could mistake them for live men.

The mode of erection is generally this: A stake is set in the ground and a cross-piece nailed to it. On this is hung an old coat and possibly an attempt is made to clothe the nether extremity with a pair of trousers. Above is placed a battered hat, and there you are.

Now, this might have deceived a crow when the world was young, but it deceives him no longer. He is "on to it," he treats it with contempt; he laughs at it. I have heard him conferring with some of his fellows on a tree apropos of such a figure, and if ever a bird laughed it was he. "Haw! haw! haw!" shortly and derisively. There was really no mistaking it. Then he sailed down into the cornfield and began to pull up the grain under the very nose—beg pardon!—in the very shadow of the "sentinel."

It seems the farmers must think the crow has no powers of observation or deduction. But no, unfortunate men, they have only too much reason to think otherwise. The fact is, I believe, that they are deficient in art. They use their best efforts to represent a live man, but so unsuccessful are they that even a bird of the air is not deceived. However, they should not feel bad over this. If they lived in the city, they would know that many a more ambitious artist has essayed the feat with not much more success. But the feat is not impossible. If I did not find this out in the art galleries (at least those devoted to the exhibition of contemporaneous efforts), I found it out in a cornfield. Actually so; and glad am I to be able to bring tidings of joy to the farmers—the poor, long-suffering men. (I wish I could only raise all their mortgages and make the weather for them.)

A few weeks ago I was in the country, and strolling along a road I came upon a cornfield newly planted. I stopped to admire the tender green shoots just appearing above ground, when something in the middle of the field attracted my attention. "It cannot be a scarecrow," I commented; "it is a real man watching for a shot." The figure was semi-recumbent (like that of a man on a still-hunt), with no coat on and the shirt sleeves showing distinctly, while a gun was held in readiness to be raised to the shoulder. I gazed at the figure for some time, immovable there in the middle of the field, and I thought to myself, "What patience the man has. I guess he must be a fisherman, too." Then, as I continued to gaze, and there was still no movement, I began to grow suspicious; so, to satisfy my curiosity, I vaulted over the fence and started across the field.

When within twenty yards of the figure, I could not yet make up my mind whether it was alive or not. There was certainly no movement, but if the figure was alive the immobility might be explained by the intentness of watching. And as the back was turned toward me, and my footfall was noiseless in the soft clay, my approach, of course, had not been detected.

At length I came up with it and stopped short, struck to admiration. The figure was inanimate, and yet might have been said to breathe. I took off my hat to that work of art. The crows were flying about, or thieving, in neighboring fields, but never a crow came near that field. Again and again I contemplated the figure, with ever-growing admiration. "Such a brilliant conception," I soliloquized; "such vraisemblance—such a natural, suggestive pose; and the shirt sleeves—the last touch of genius!" Had I known where the artist lived, I should have gone there and then and paid him my sincere homage.

FRANK MOONAN.



Life in the Woods.—XII.

From Great to Small.

A HUNTER is usually a man of many resources, especially when in the woods, and this rule seemed to hold good in our party. So it came about that while in camp, and not engaged in the routine work of sawing wood and putting it under cover, or washing dishes, cooking, and carrying water, or mending clothes, cleaning guns, reloading ammunition, or writing letters, reading, or playing cards, someone was devising some other form of occupation. Bill and the Colonel, who were explorers in their way, had, in the course of their travels, discovered a wild cranberry marsh, and one day, after dinner, the entire crew went over to it. We found a big crop of berries, and in the course of a half hour or so had picked enough to last us nearly two weeks, so that throughout the remaining time of our hunt we did not lack for cranberry sauce. It was good, too. The wild berry is much smaller and of darker color than the cultivated product, but it has a much more tart, and in some respects a much better flavor than its civilized sister. They take quantities of sugar to make them palatable, but we had a large supply,

and enjoyed the wild berries to the fullest extent. We found, also, that the lakes around us were well stocked with fish. For one lake we constructed a scow from some boards we had brought in with us from the railroad station. On another there was an old boat which, though rather leaky, was made of some service, and for all the other lakes we built rafts. For the latter we cut light logs—cedar, when it was possible to obtain it—and these we fastened together by boring inch auger holes into them and fastening cross-pieces with wooden pins. The auger we took in with us for that express purpose, and an ax and a few wire nails were all that we needed in addition. At a deserted logging camp we found quite a quantity of wire which had come around the baled hay used for the horses, and this was also made use of for binding the logs together. Our boat was a simple affair, but so serviceable that we christened it the Dandy. Two side boards rounded off at both ends, two end pieces, and wide flooring laid crosswise, constituted the craft. To prevent leaking we made pitch from rosin and tallow, and poured it liberally all along the inside cracks. In this way we made a boat as staunch as could be desired, and one that did duty for a number of seasons. Our fishing tackle was primitive, for it consisted of poles cut from a neighboring thicket, a piece of strong line, and a hook

and sinker. Our plan was to catch our fish more by main force than to enjoy the delights of landing a big fish with light tackle. Most of the lake abounded with what in the West are called pickerel, and in the East pike, and at first most any kind of bait sufficed to tempt them. A piece of salt pork or venison or red squirrel would generally land a good string in a short time, and now and then, by standing on a raft and throwing a spoon far out in the lake, good sport could be had. The fish were not large, it being rare that we caught one over five pounds, but they seemed to be as fine for the table as any fish that swims. The meat was hard and juicy, and of a pink color like that of the salmon, a peculiarity I have never noticed in the same kind of fish caught in any other waters. In another small lake near camp there were nothing but perch, and with these the waters of the little body seemed to fairly swarm. Many a good fry we had of them, for, barring the bones, they seemed about as delicate to the palate as their larger brethren. We also made use of them for bait when the more aristocratic fish became tired of salt pork and venison. By the use of a large tin pail we could preserve the smaller fry alive, and by transporting them to some of the other lakes could keep them alive, in a hole dug along the shore, for a considerable length of time. When the lakes froze over

they were of especial benefit, for then we caught all of our fish by means of set lines, and for this live bait was found to be the very best. In the northern woods, in November, the cold weather is liable to come very suddenly, and the warm, sunny day may be succeeded in twenty-four hours by blasts almost as cold as those that come in midwinter, and which lock the lakes in their stony embrace without much ado. When such a time came, and the ice was strong, we would cut five or six holes, and, taking about twenty feet of line for each, we would attach a strong hook and a small perch, and lowering it about eight feet in the water, leave the remainder of the line looped up to a stick placed across the hole, and so arranged that the slack line would run out when pulled slightly, thus allowing the fish to take the bait and run a little way with it before feeling the strain of the line or the prick of the hook. We were very successful in this way, and usually had at least two or three fish on our lines, which were sufficient for our needs for two or three days. Some anglers will, of course, condemn this method, but there was sport in pulling the big fellows up through the ice, and so long as we caught no more than we needed to eat, criticism is not of much avail. Along the small streams, in which the country abounded, we found still more sport, for there was the home of the speckled trout. Though out of the season, we must plead guilty, and admit that now and then some disciple of that rare old Englishman would steal up and along the headwaters and occasionally provide us with as toothsome morsels as are ever served by the chef of the most famous restaurants. With venison, fish, and wild cranberries, together with potatoes, onions, pork and beans, bacon, tea, coffee, and the delicacies brought from home, we were able to set a pretty good table. But we had more than these; for, like some of the squatters, we lived a good deal on the resources of the country. In the thickets close to camp and along the creek bottoms were an abundance of partridges and rabbits, and it was very seldom that we did not have a supply of them hanging to the trees that stood by our camp. Generally they were bagged at the close of a day's hunt, when the tramp was almost finished. When near camp some of the experts were wont to elip the head from a rabbit or partridge when a good shot could be had, but those of us who were less proficient, preferred to use other means. Occasionally in the afternoon we would turn out for a rabbit hunt, during which we usually managed to have considerable sport. The rabbits were the large species half way between the little cottontail and the jack, and in the winter they turn pure white. Before a hound they will lead off well, and at times make almost as long turns as a fox, but when chased by a dog that will not follow very close or very long, or when jumped up from under a log by a person, they will only run a short distance. One day I know in a very short time we secured nine. The partridges were equally as easy prey, as oftentimes they ran along the ground, stopping every now and then or fluttered to an adjacent log and sat perfectly motionless. Some times with rapid flight they shot to the top of a tall tree. In such cases, unless their line of flight has been accurately marked, they are hard to locate, and when high up it takes a keen eye and steady nerves to bag them with a rifle. However, we always found them quite plenty, and in such condition that they made a delicate dish for the table.

This year we spent Thanksgiving in camp, and from the resources of the country we had venison, rabbit, partridge, fish, and wild cranberries—a bill of fare good enough for an emperor. Another form of amusement that was afforded us was trapping, and in this the Old Trapper was in his proper element; here he excelled; here he was undisputed authority. Here he could give us all pointers, and then have a goodly supply of lore left. Trapping is a fine art. It has a language of its own, and the one who follows it will, on the creek banks, shores of the lakes, and anywhere along the water, read things that to the average mortal are nothing to be noticed. The beaver, the otter, the martin, the mink, and the muskrat, have all abounded in this region, though the first two are now about extinct. Occasionally a few can be found in some isolated spot. At one time, near our camp, some beaver had a dam, but they were wary, and it was seldom that we caught a glimpse of any of them. They did most of their work at night, but on our approach—no matter how carefully it might be made—we would hear their quick alarm, and know that they had gone below. They seemed always to keep some one of the family on guard, and at the least suspicion of danger the sentinel makes a loud noise by slapping the water quickly with his broad tail, making a sound similar to that produced by striking the water with the side of a paddle. This is repeated several times, and answered from several different quarters; then all is silent. Late in the hunt they had their dam in nice shape. They had fallen some trees with the skill of the most expert woodsmen, some of them more than ten inches through, and they had fallen them, too, exactly where they were needed. They had fortified the dam, with stakes and brush, and had plastered it with mud until they succeeded in raising the water in the lake several feet. They had also cut large quantities of green wood, and sunk it in the water for their winter supply of food. It was at this point that the crafty Old Trapper commenced his operations. One afternoon he broke a small hole in the top of the dam and set a trap there, just under the water, and the next morning he had a monster of a beaver in it. After two or three days he repeated the operation and caught a smaller one. Then what was left of the family migrated to an adjacent lake, and there commenced their work anew, and this time unmolested, so far as we were concerned. One night, while watching a runaway up river, I thought I saw a sea serpent coming and disappearing in sections. My first inclination was to run back into the woods, and then my next thought was of my rifle and its nine shots, and I kept still. When the object neared me, I saw that the commotion was caused by two large black animals swimming, one right behind the other, and they kept diving under the water every few feet, only to reappear in a moment or two. I took aim and, when they were opposite to me, let go. One jumped out of the water to the opposite bank, and the other went under, and I saw neither again. I did not know what they were. At night, when I told of the occurrence, I found they were otter. The next day the Old Trapper

commenced operations on the river, and in a week's time he caught two magnificent specimens. He claimed they were the two I shot at, but I always thought I killed one of mine, but if I did we were never able to find it. The two he caught were black, glossy, and beautiful in appearance. When he came up to the trap, one of them was not dead, and it growled and spit at us like a monstrous cat. It showed great strength, and nearly escaped before we killed it. These, with twelve nice mink and some rats, completed the Old Trapper's string.

We punished a part of the day after our cranberry picking expedition, by shooting at a mark. We tried every firearm we had in camp, from a little skeleton-stock rifle up to two shotguns, which were used with buckshot by some of the party. Finally we came down to shooting squibs. This form of ammunition is excellent for some purposes. It is inexpensive and easily prepared. One man can reap a large number of shells in a short time, and he can cast in two hours or buy for a small sum enough round bullets to last for several hunts. The bullets, of course, must be of the same caliber as the rifle in which they are to be used. After the shell is capped, put in from 5 to 10 grains of powder, and if the shell is not bottle-necked, ram the ball in, and that is all that is necessary. If the shell is bottle-necked, put a little tallow on the ball after it is down, and that will hold it in place. These squibs make no noise to speak of, and yet they are very effective for short ranges. After exhausting the target business, we all went out to watch, but were unsuccessful, except that we all succeeded in working up a good appetite for supper. Before we retired that night, we were talking about watching for deer at evening, when the Colonel related the following:

"Late one afternoon the members of our party had gone out to watch on favorite grounds, while I remained in camp to more completely put in order some camp arrangements. This being completed sooner than I anticipated, and as the sun shone bright and warm for an October evening, the spirit seized me to take my rifle and quietly wend my way to what we called the valley trail, which I had discovered during the early part of the hunt, and there take a stand and watch for game. Seated on an old fallen tree, my attention was soon taken up with the antics of two red squirrels that were gamboling around the trees and in the leaves that surrounded me. I was thus occupied for some time, when suddenly it occurred to me that the deer trail was my main object. Looking up quickly, and along the direction the trail ran, I saw walking toward me a regular monarch of the forest, one with great antlers. The first move of my rifle brought him to a standstill, with head erect and eyes glistening in the evening's sun. It was but the work of a few seconds before a rifle ball went crashing through his shoulders, and there lay my first deer for that season, and a monster he certainly was. After bleeding and dressing him, I returned to camp, and in the joy of my success took the big dinner horn and blew such blasts that the entire party came hurrying in, expecting some bad news from the outside, but as my story was told them, up went a shout for my success."

Then we slept.

CAROLUS.

Massachusetts Fish and Game.

BOSTON, June 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose copy of the "Right of Search" law passed at the recent session of the Massachusetts Legislature. This measure was the one thing which the central committee urged upon members the past winter, and was included among the various recommendations of our commissioners in their report for 1902.

It is believed that it will aid the deputies in securing warrants in cases where search for game or fish is imperative. Although the bill as passed is not as drastic as that recommended by the commissioners, it embodies all that could be secured this year, and received the indorsement of the Committee on Fish and Game. The text follows:

Section 1. Any commissioner on fisheries and game, deputy commissioner on fisheries and game, member of the district police, or officer qualified to serve criminal process, may, with a warrant, search any boat, car, box, locker, crate or package, and any building, where he has reason to believe any game or fish taken or held in violation of law is to be found, and may seize any game or fish so taken or held, and any game or fish so taken or held shall be forfeited; provided, however, that this section shall not authorize entering a dwelling house, or apply to game or fish which is passing through this Commonwealth under authority of the laws of the United States.

Section 2. A court or justice authorized to issue warrants in criminal cases shall, upon complaint under oath that the complainant believes that any game or fish unlawfully taken or held is concealed in a particular place, other than a dwelling house, if satisfied that there is reasonable cause for such belief, issue a warrant to search therefor. The search warrant shall designate and describe the place to be searched and the articles for which search is to be made, and shall be directed to any officer named in Section 1 of this act, commanding him to search the place where the game or fish for which he is required to search is believed to be concealed, and to seize such game or fish.

That committee, to the regret of all who desired further protection of the lobster industry, turned down the recommendations of the Commission for the passage of a "lobster meat" bill similar to that of Maine, prohibiting the sale of the meat without the shell, and the bill requiring that lobster fishermen be required to secure from the board a permit allowing them to engage in the lobster fishing business, which could be revoked at any time in case they were caught violating any law for the protection of lobsters.

These moderate and salutary measures were defeated by the efforts of the fishermen, who do not seem to have the faculty of looking beyond the present.

When Captain Collins was asked before the committee why he had not recommended a close time, he replied that he was desirous of trying other measures before inflicting such hardship on the men dependent on lobster catching for a living.

The bills above referred to were unanimously recommended by the convention of commissioners held in Boston last summer, an account of which meeting appeared in the columns of *FOREST AND STREAM* at that time. So long as lobsters continue to become more and more scarce, and prices constantly mount higher and higher, the question of their preservation will remain one of universal public interest, and, like Banquo's ghost, "it will not down."

The work of the United States Commission in propa-

gating has accomplished something, but for all that, the problem of saving the crustaceans must as yet be recorded as unsolved.

The rigors of the past winter, while entailing great losses to bird life, have wrought some good in awakening an interest in providing food for our feathered friends. It has also stimulated hosts of sportsmen to make laudable efforts to replenish the covers of our State by restocking. As a result, several new clubs have already been organized which are destined to prove valuable auxiliaries in carrying forward the work in which our Commission are earnestly engaged. Your readers have been informed of the formation of the Middleboro Club, which had its origin in the efforts of sportsmen to save the quail of that region from starvation. Another new organization has been formed in Rockland, and last month a preliminary meeting of about thirty gentlemen was held in Reading, at which a committee was appointed to prepare a constitution and by-laws for a club of the sportsmen of Eastern Middlesex, embracing some half a dozen towns in the vicinity of Reading, including Wakefield, Stoneham, Lynnfield, etc.

In all probability some of our deer have perished during the winter, as well as our birds, for the reason that, owing to the deep snows, many have fallen a prey to dogs. The commissioners have received reports of a dozen or more veritable cases in which deer have been injured or killed by them. That dogs, unrestrained, are very destructive to deer requires no proof beyond ordinary observation, and the remedy rests mainly with their owners.

The commissioners have completed the work of distributing about 1,000,000 trout fry this spring, the number of applications for them and for fingerlings to be put out the coming fall being in excess of 360. It is expected that there will be not less than 90,000 fingerling trout when the time arrives for their distribution.

An increase of more than 25 per cent. in the output of pheasants and hares over that of last year is expected. Reports from several towns in the western counties show the good results of stocking the streams in years past, which are gratifying to the commissioners as well as the sportsmen.

Very good creels have been taken by the trout fishermen of Springfield, Pittsfield, and other cities and towns in the central and western sections of the State.

Some of your readers may not have heard of the beautiful gift recently received by Chairman Collins from the Department of Agriculture and Commerce of Japan. This consists of two very elegant Cloisonne vases, accompanied by a highly complimentary letter from the Japanese Minister at Washington, K. Takahira, in acknowledgment of his "courtesy in transmitting various reports, and for the assistance rendered in the education of Japanese students in matters relating to high sea fisheries."

CENTRAL.

Mr. Hallock Finds Game Plenty in Western Massachusetts.

PLAINFIELD, Mass., June 20.—I note this year a rejuvenescence of the beech trees in this section of Massachusetts where I am summering. For twenty years past there have been very few beech nuts, almost none, in this locality, although the trees are healthy and numerous, quantities of them standing in groves, samples of which measure from twelve inches to three feet in diameter. But now both old and young trees are well fruited. I send samples of burs herewith, which hold out a tempting promise to the partridges (ruffed grouse), deer, and squirrels. Sagacious persons who love hunting are banking heavily on an increase of game in these parts, especially for the coming year, and the signs are certainly encouraging. During the past week I have been doing considerable bush beating, keeping out several hours at a time, and ranging wide, and have flushed several broods of ruffed grouse able to fly a rod, besides crossing many deer paths much tracked up, and finding places where they have bedded in the ferns at the edge of the woods. Knowledge of the habits of these creatures enables one to find them without a dog, but they are in different places at different times of the day, and in varying weather. There ought to be good deer shooting in northwestern Massachusetts when the close time period expires. The annual report of the Fish and Game Commissioners for the current year publishes reports from forty localities in different parts of the State which speak of the rapid increase of deer. In many places they are becoming a nuisance. Drove of three to ten are seen together. One correspondent says he has seen as many as forty within the year.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Adirondack Deer and Elk.

BLUE MOUNTAIN LAKE, N. Y., June 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Deer signs are about as numerous as usual. The talk about the deer starving in great numbers last winter is certainly not true in this section. To-day I had a talk with our courteous and efficient game protector for Hamilton county, Mr. Robt. O. Nichols, of Indian Lake, and he told me that he traveled his territory last winter on snowshoes a great deal, and later, when the snow crust would bear up the deer, he traveled on that. He saw but very few dead deer—five to seven being the largest number in a long distance—while in one day he saw 138 live deer. His judgment is that game wintered well as a rule. However, he said he could not speak from personal knowledge of the Moose River region, nor of the country around Long Lake west. From both these sections come reports of many deer dead from starvation. If this be true, it merely indicates a great abundance of deer in those parts.

The elk seem to be thriving hereabouts. Recently a band of seven were seen in a cow pasture feeding among the cattle. Some of the residents here have a mistaken notion that the elk are driving out the deer. This cannot be, for the elk are too newly introduced, and are as yet too few in numbers to drive out the deer, either by fighting or by consuming their food. But another cause has undoubtedly operated against the deer. This place is practically surrounded by lumber camps, most of which are now in operation their third season. Leaving out of account whatever deer are eaten in these camps, the tendency is for the deer to retire to less disturbed por-

tions of the forest, while the elk, introduced from semi-domesticated herds on private preserves, are less shy of man. This, I think, explains for this section the less than usual observance of deer where that condition exists.

Present indications are that the season will be lighter than usual for the hotels, but the region maintains its unsurpassed loveliness. JUVENAL.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

New Jersey Imported Deer.

EGG HARBOR CITY, N. J., June 17.—The commissioners sent me seven deer, four Virginia and three English fallow. Two of the Virginia deer died soon after being liberated; they had been hurt while being caught. One buck of the English fallows was killed by a train on Easter Sunday night. This leaves only three. They were put six miles from here in the wilderness, but since about a month came right into the heart of this little city. They come right under the electric lights and enjoy the vege-

tables in the gardens. The buck is the most daring; the does do not venture in so far. Yesterday I had some reports that two young deer were seen with a doe; another man only saw the tracks of the young alongside of the old one.

The plan of the Board of Commissioners is to get these deer to mix with our native deer, which are quite numerous about seven miles from here, near Weymouth. We all hope that they will increase, and will stay off the railroad tracks.

JOHN SCHUSTER, JR.,
Warden for Atlantic County.



SEA AND RIVER FISHING

Fish Chat.

Is Salmon Culture a Failure?

AMONG the good things with which FOREST AND STREAM for June 11 was filled to overflowing, was one in which I was particularly interested, namely the article written by The Old Angler; so interested, in fact, that it has had its third reading, and I shall keep it by me for future reference.

While I agree with him fully in some of the points he has taken, and believe that unless sharp curtailment of privileges now enjoyed by netters, weir men, *et id omne genus*, is quickly brought about, the extirpation of the salmon in many of our rivers will as surely come as the night follows the day. I do not believe that his views in relation to the non-adviseability of the artificial propagation of fish are unqualifiedly correct, for I have watched its results in too many streams to be willing to relinquish the conviction that the method and practice are among the greatest achievements of the nineteenth century.

The stocking of streams artificially has, in great measure, brought back to them the noble fish which, by the shortsightedness and greed of man, had been practically exterminated in them, and that the salmon are not now abundant is not owing to the badness or worthlessness of the method of artificial propagation, but rather to the continuation of that reckless greed which had formerly depleted the streams. Now, I would have no controversy whatever with The Old Angler; I read everything he writes that is printed in FOREST AND STREAM with pleasure and profit, but my observations for a great many years have led me to believe that the artificial restocking of our rivers is not only feasible, but absolutely necessary.

Visible Results

Among our important Eastern rivers that have been restocked, I will occupy space to name but a half dozen, for they will suffice for my present needs. In the Merrimack River the Fish Commissioners of Massachusetts and New Hampshire have in years past liberated a considerable number of fry, which grew and flourished, descended to the sea and returned again, and are now living in the river, not in abundant numbers, it is true, but they are sufficiently plentiful to show that the planting has been a success. Before the fry were put out the salmon was, I believe, totally exterminated from that beautiful river.

In the Penobscot River in Maine almost exactly the same conditions obtain; salmon, which had year by year grown more and more scarce, have now become moderately plentiful, and the large fish which are now taken in the river, were no doubt originally among the fry that were in former years liberated by the commissioners.

In Port Medway River, in Nova Scotia, the story is the same. In Middle River, half way between Baddeck and Margaree in Cape Breton, in which stream twenty-five years ago not a salmon existed, is now so well stocked that the angler may, almost any day, get two or three good fish. That noble river, the Margaree, which has been netted and seined almost to desolation, affords annually a respectable yield of good sized fish which have in years past been put into that stream as fry.

Even the little Dunk River, in Prince Edward Island, in which a generation ago the capture of a salmon would scare an angler out of a year's growth, is now, I am informed, a fairly good salmon stream, it having been stocked artificially for several seasons.

If These Streams had not been Stocked.

Now, while it may be, and probably is, true, that The Old Angler is right when he states that the catch of salmon has lessened annually since the practice of artificial propagation began, it seems plain to me that the decline of the fishing is not attributable to the practice; for if no efforts had been made to keep up the stock, the catch would have lessened much more quickly than it has, and the occupation of netters and weir men would now be gone.

The Netters Get the Cream.

Now, as I have already stated, I agree fully with The Old Angler that the privileges now enjoyed by netters should be sharply curtailed, for this is a doctrine I have been preaching for upward of twenty-five years. I have lost no opportunity to put it forth, and I believe that

every one who is interested in the matter should spare no effort to bring it about.

In 1886 I stated in a public address, printed in part subsequently in "With Fly-Rod and Camera," that in such rivers as "the Penobscot and Margaree a few weir owners and netters are reaping a rich harvest from the work done by the commissioners, and the Government pays the bills. It is preposterous that a crop sown by the people should not be harvested for the benefit of the whole people. * * * I believe that since they reap the chief portion of the harvest, the netters should pay a liberal share of the expense of planting it, or else their privileges should be greatly curtailed. * * * Unless something is done, salmon will grow scarcer, no matter how many are planted."

A Howl Will Go Up.

Individual or spasmodic attempts to secure proper legislation will not be of much avail, and concerted efforts by the press and all who are interested in this important matter should be made, and speedily at that.

A number of years ago I attended a great many legislative hearings on matters pertaining to the fisheries, and when any attempt was made to curtail privileges that weir men and netters enjoyed, those men were out in force, and with an array of legal advisers that was almost overwhelming; the fight they waged against those who attempted to bring about a reform was bitter in the extreme, and a similar experience will be the outcome when an effort is made to save the salmon, to right what is now one of the most palpable of wrongs.

While it is not impossible that the American and Dominion Governments may be made to see the wisdom of repressive measures in salmon netting, it will require no little effort to bring this about, and such men as The Old Angler, who know the facts thoroughly, should gird on their armor and begin the good fight.

An Ever-Widening Market.

To one who is not familiar with the fact, the demands made by the ever-increasing market for fresh salmon are not well understood; there are such demands, and they are daily growing wider and wider, and to meet them the efforts of the netters and weir men will increase proportionately. But no matter how great the supply they secure may be, it will fall far short of the demand. I venture to say that the city of New York alone could consume, even at the existing high rates, every ounce of the catch of Atlantic salmon that is annually made, but only a small portion of it reaches that city. There are thousands of pounds sold in its markets for Penobscot salmon, which were never taken east of the Rockies, and a fresh caught fish with bright eyes and red gills is a rarity. As for the delicious fish taken in the waters of Nova Scotia, I doubt very much if many of them ever pass the limits of Boston, and there is no probability that this condition of things will improve. The main reliance of our consumers, therefore, will have to be placed, so far as fresh caught salmon are concerned, on the catch of the netters of the Baie des Chaleurs and the St. Lawrence, and that there is a probability that this supply will soon fail, there is not, in my mind, much doubt. As The Old Angler truly says, "We cannot eat our cake and have it, too;" and in order that there may be a future supply of salmon, we must curtail considerably the encroachments made upon the present one.

Keep up the Good Work.

But even if the netting of the fish is so restricted that the nets must be lifted five or six days in the week, the salmon that would ascend the rivers could not, by their natural method of procreation, keep the stock sufficiently large to withstand the drain made by the nets even if they are down only but one or two days in the seven, and it seems to me that the natural method should be supplemented by the artificial one, and that the hatcheries, instead of being closed, should be pushed to their utmost capacity, and that the various commissioners and other officials who have the matter in charge should have much more ample means than are now placed at their disposal, and increased power to secure the enforcement of proper restrictive laws.

What Netting Has Done.

The Old Angler has shown how the Western catch has been diminished by over-fishing, and we have had many

examples of its evil results on the Atlantic Coast. In the reports of the United States Commission will be found abundant evidence of the destructiveness of weirs, seines, pounds, etc., and I have quoted at considerable length in past issues of FOREST AND STREAM from the facts that have been given; but the fish that were captured were all species which breed in salt water, which have a greater range and more ample opportunities for reproduction than have those which are restricted in spawning to rivers. Now, if those marine species could be brought to such a near point to extirpation as to make fishing for them with hand-lines entirely futile in numerous places where such fishing was formerly the calling of a large class of men, we can easily see that a river-breeding species, if closely pursued, had but little chance for its life.

Connecticut Shad.

As an example of this I will cite but a single instance. A number of years ago—how many I cannot now say, for I have no memoranda by me—the Fish Commissioners of Massachusetts endeavored to stock the Connecticut River with shad. A large number of fry were put out, and the experiment proved so successful that the river teemed with the fish; they grew and waxed to a good size, descended the river to the sea, and returned again, and the prospect seemed good that the river should regain its value as a home for shad, for which it was in former days so famous. But the seines and weir owners at the mouth of the river and along its lower shores soon became alive to the presence of the fish, and their traps were set so thoroughly, and, I think, unrestrictedly, the fish were captured almost to the last fin. Massachusetts had the satisfaction of proving that the shad could be restored to the river, and paid the bills, but Connecticut netters and trap men reaped the harvest that had been sown.

Gut for Casting Lines.

In the issue of FOREST AND STREAM above noted, Mr. Chambers had some interesting jottings, particularly the **one relating to silk-worm gut and its preparation**. Some twenty-five years ago my father conceived the idea that he could secure a supply of superior silk-worm gut from our native worms. By great and persistent effort he succeeded in procuring a number of the larvæ of the great Cecropia moth, which he bred in captivity until his stock numbered, in the course of two or three years, over a thousand worms. To show how patiently he worked, I will state that his first year's supply numbered but five or six larvæ, which matured, spun their cocoons, completed their transformation, and emerged from their silken homes in the spring perfect moths. The sexes, fortunately, were about evenly divided; from these a supply of eggs was obtained which proved fertile, and his new stock of caterpillars numbered many hundreds. The larvæ of the Cecropia moth feed principally on oak and maple leaves, and an abundant supply of its food is therefore always to be obtained, which is not the case with ordinary Chinese silk worms, which require for food the leaves of the mulberry.

Raising Silk Worms.

He was very successful with his worms, and when he began his experiments in taking their silk supply he had an abundance of material at his disposal. Those great green larvæ were almost double the size of the Chinese or European worm, and their silk supply was consequently much greater than is that obtained from the other species.

His worms were immersed for twenty-four hours or more in vinegar, a portion having been put in strong cider vinegar, and the others in what is called white wine vinegar, which is, I think, made from acids and not from grape juice. From those which were placed in the cider vinegar he obtained a great number of strands of remarkably stout gut, many of which exceeded eighteen inches in length; nearly half of these were round throughout their entire length, but in the others there were flat sections extending sometimes half the length of the gut. The perfect strands were stretched and dried, and from some of them we tied some leaders, such as we had never before handled; the flat strands could never be utilized. He tried in a number of ways while the gut was soft and plastic to make the flattened portions round, but all his efforts were futile, and the gut was wasted.

Now, there was no apparent difference in the health

or condition of the worms; they were all perfectly developed, large and plump, and that one-half of the silk when drawn out should be flat could not be accounted for. My father believed the orifice through which the silk secretion was drawn was in some cases not opened to its full capacity, which caused the secretion to be squeezed flat in places.

On account of other pressing work, he was obliged to discontinue his silk-worm culture, and it now rests with future experimenters to ascertain whether or not a desirable gut may be obtained from the American worm. Anyone can carry on the work, for the worms are not at all uncommon in oak woods, and they may be easily kept in captivity, provided they have an abundant supply of food. If no caterpillars are found, one—by searching diligently among fallen oak leaves—may find two or three cocoons, which should be kept in a cool place through the winter; in the spring the moths will hatch, mate, and lay their eggs, from which in a short time minute larvae will be hatched.

How to Feed the Worms.

In caring for them, a simple outfit only is needed; on a bench or table set in a house room or shed, a board or plank is laid, in which a number of holes are made large enough to receive the bottoms of several bottles; a half dozen would be enough for quite a colony. The bottles are filled with cold water, and into them a small branch of oak or maple in full leaf is thrust, the space around the branch in the neck of the bottle being packed with cotton wool to prevent the worms from crawling into the water. Alternate bottles only should be used for the first feeding; that is to say, if six bottles are used, Nos. 1, 3, 5 only should hold the branches; the little worms are then placed on the leaves, and they immediately begin to feed. As soon as the leaves are devoured, bottles Nos. 2, 4, 6 should be utilized in the same manner, and the worms will quickly crawl from the denuded branches to the fresh ones, provided they touch. No other attention is necessary, except a moderate sprinkling of the leaves with clean, cold water once or twice a day. The caterpillars will grow rapidly, and when they are ready to spin their cocoons, will have attained a length of about four inches. At this period they will become restless, and seem apparently in search of a suitable place for their cocoons, and it is then they are in proper condition for immersion in vinegar.

EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

A Summary of a Good Time.

A MONTREAL correspondent sends us this concise story of an enjoyable outing in the Laurentian Hills country of Quebec, last autumn. It may at this time help some brother of the angle who is questioning where he shall put in the vacation that is "coming to him" this year. He writes:

The following describes a very pleasant outing of sixteen days among the lakes of the Shawiniga Fishing Club. We told our friends that we were going fishing; however, we armed ourselves with a shotgun and two rifles. The writer had the pleasure of seeing for the first time a moose and a caribou, which we left in the woods; we emptied a magazine rifle at the former, which made him run away, and he is probably, for all we know to the contrary, still running. As to the caribou, as luck would have it, we were not armed at the moment of his visit, and by the time we had acquired the shootin'-irons he had "scooted." We have come to the conclusion that it is useless going after big game with a shotgun and fishing-rod.

The trout was all that could be desired; in some spots the beauties took anything that was offered them; the Parmachenee-belle, however, held first place, with the scarlet-ibis a good second.

Leaving the lakes, we got into the Mattawan River, and there secured some 10-pound pike and 5-pound doré, with the new spoon bait; I do not know the name of it, but it zig-zags instead of revolving. This same bait took whitefish and trout. Other animals seen were lynx (wildcat), muskrat, and there were loons, ducks, partridges; we shot enough of the latter, going over the portages, to vary the "pot." Incidents of trip: Upsetting of a canoe in eight feet of water, owing to guide pushing us into a hornets' nest on a bough overhanging the water; and the killing of a snake whose bulging center excited our curiosity so much that we split him open, when out walked a live frog, which hopped away into the lake, all the same as if it had not been guilty of doing the "Jonah act." Weather delightful. No flies. Time of vacation, from the 5th to the 21st of September. Location, Laurentian Hills, northwest of Three Rivers, P. Q., Canada.

P. S.—The work of the industrious beaver was in evidence, the law prohibiting interfering with him. We discovered two lakes within 20 feet of each other; the water in one was 4½ feet higher, caused by a dam built by the ingenious creatures.

E. W. M.

A Napoleon of Fishing.

THE Springfield Republican relates that Napoleon Johnrow, of North Adams, Mass., went fishing for trout Sunday in the Warriner Brook, in Hawley. He got a lot of small trout, and got caught by Deputy Game Warden E. C. Hall, of Buckland, who had him before the district court. Charges for catching trout less than six inches in length and fishing on the Lord's day were preferred against him. To both he pleaded guilty, and was fined \$10 on the first count and \$5 on the second. Mr. Hall stated that he would be satisfied with a small fine in each count. Johnrow has a family of seven children. He proved a lively sprinter when discovered by the game warden, and led him a smart chase of ten rods or more before he could be overtaken. The trout undersized numbered 93, and some of them were no larger than the fingerlings placed in streams by game clubs. The effect of such convictions is wide reaching, for the reason that other offenders will take heed thereto and be more careful. In connection with Sunday fishing, the statement was made yesterday by a man of undoubted veracity that last Sunday a Greenfield man went out and caught seven pounds of trout.

The Waters Webster Fished.

THE members of the Massachusetts Association who were most active in the work of stocking the State with quail this year, were Messrs. Reed, Kimball and Dimick. Mr. Reed tells us that he managed to vary his work at this and other things by a little trout fishing in the old Websterian brooks in Cape Cod. We take the liberty of quoting his letter, and giving with it the photos he sends us:

"In my fishing," he writes, "I have had some pleasure, though on no afternoon have I taken more than seven;



A CAPE COD SUMMER HOME.

but in all I have taken 26 trout, weighing 30 pounds; only two were under ½ pound, and one beauty, taken only six rods above tidewater, weighed 3½ pounds. How old Daniel would have gloated over him; and how good he was to eat, boiled, with cream sauce.

"Mrs. Reed goes down to the Cape with me to-morrow to open, formally, our little house, and Teddy goes with



FROM THE COTTAGE PLAZZA OVERLOOKING TRIANGLE POINT.

us. Teddy is the smallest fox terrier you ever saw, but the spunkiest; he has licked every dog on Commonwealth avenue this winter, and now is ready for woodchucks. Last fall I trained him on quail and partridges, and he did very well, but would leave their tracks every time for a mouse or squirrel."

The picture of the Cape summer home shows Teddy in the foreground; the other is a view from the piazza over Triangle Pond.

Mr. Hughes Leads.

SEATTLE, June 20.—Encouraging reports are received from the different fishing grounds in Western Washington. Lake Cushman, Lake Crescent, and even Lake Washington, with its large stock of perch, have all produced good sport. Most of the rivers that flow into the Sound are getting better as the season advances, and fly-casting is taking the place of salmon egg killing.

One party got 156 trout in Cedar River last week, and William H. Finck took seventeen with a spoon near the old pumping station on Lake Washington. It is not safe, however, to judge general conditions by what Mr. Finck brings in. He has a faculty of making the fish bite when those in other boats are wondering what has become of the finny tribe.

The luckiest of the local anglers is Edwin Hughes, of the Butler Hotel. He has just returned from Lake Cushman, where he was the guest of A. H. Anderson. With a 4¼-ounce rod he killed a 6-pound Dolly Varden trout. The fight lasted for thirty-five minutes, and was about the most exciting experience of Mr. Hughes' life.

Last evening Mr. Hughes partook of an excellent dinner with wine trimmings at the expense of A. H. Anderson, the well-known local capitalist. Mr. Anderson is a veteran fisherman, and thought he would show his guest how the gamy trout of Lake Cushman and the wild-running Skokomish River are scientifically hooked. After Mr. Hughes had been duly armed with a sufficient supply of tackle to last him a year or so, including the frail 4¼-ounce rod, Mr. Anderson remarked in a casual manner: "Say, Hughes, I will bet you a bottle of wine that I beat you every day we fish."

"All right," replied Mr. Hughes, "it is a go." Now, Mr. Anderson has fished from one end of the country to the other, and is generally credited with about as much skill in luring the shy trout from his shady home under logs and overhanging banks as he is in figuring the total number of feet in a section of timber after casually walk-

ing through it. But he reckoned without his host when he made the bet with Mr. Hughes. Every night the count showed that Mr. Anderson was out a bottle of fizz. On the last day the big contest took place. Now, Mr. Anderson is a physical giant, while Mr. Hughes is rather frail.

"We will take the rapids in the Skokomish, below the lake," said Mr. Anderson. "It is a shame to take advantage of him," thought Mr. Anderson to himself, "but I must do something to regain my lost laurels."

In a frail canoe they shot down the river to the fishing ground. The water tumbled and foamed as it rushed along between and over the jagged rocks. In one place a big log, the remains of a fallen monarch, lay well out in the stream. With a swish the current swept over it, making the footing not only very insecure, but even dangerous.

On this danger spot Mr. Anderson camped, while Mr. Hughes, handicapped, sat in the canoe disconsolate. Luck favored Mr. Anderson from the first cast. With a twist of the wrist he landed a trout that weighed about a pound. Then another that tipped the scales a little more came swinging in. Mr. Hughes saw defeat staring him in the face, and gladly accepted the invitation of the Indian guide to shoot the rapids and try the sport at the second rushing of the waters.

As the canoe shot down the treacherous course, guided by the skillful hand of the Indian, Mr. Anderson smiled. He had Mr. Hughes on the hip for once in his life. Twelve beauties were in Mr. Anderson's creel when he saw the canoe coming slowly up the river.

"Got anything?" yelled Mr. Anderson. Mr. Hughes held up a 4-pound Dolly Varden.

"Who got it?"

"Allen, the guide," replied Mr. Hughes. Just then the canoe came up to where Mr. Anderson was standing, and to his amazement he saw a 6-pound Dolly Varden lying in the front end of the canoe with Mr. Hughes' fly in its mouth.

In his amazement Mr. Anderson forgot all about his twelve little trout, the largest of which weighed only one pound and a quarter. He was inclined to think that Allen had played a joke on him, but in a private conversation said that Mr. Hughes had killed the king of the stream after a fight lasting thirty-five minutes.

"When I made the cast," said Mr. Hughes, "I got a bite, and it seemed to me as if I had the Butler Hotel on the other end of the line."

It was an exciting time that Mr. Hughes and the guide had after running the first rapids. As they approached the second and came to the big black pool near the head of the swift water, Allen said to Mr. Hughes, "Cast in there."

No sooner had the delicate fly touched the surface than there was a rush, and the frail rod almost doubled up under the strain.

"Don't give him any slack," yelled the guide in excitement. Mr. Hughes was equal to the occasion, and held fast for the rush that was sure to come. Away went the monarch of the pool, and the reel clicked off the yards of line with a musical hum. Then Mr. Hughes took advantage of the first signs of slowing up to make the turn. Slowly he brought the monarch of the pool toward the canoe; then came another rush, and it was only by quick work that the hook was kept in his mouth. It was a glorious fight, but with each successive rush the struggles of the captive became weaker, and finally he was lifted in.

As the party went homeward, Mr. Anderson took off his hat to Mr. Hughes, with the remark: "Well, you wiped my eye every day; I acknowledge the corn."

The two trout were frozen in ice, brought to Seattle, and last evening aroused no end of curiosity and admiration.

PORTUS BAXTER.

Fish Mortalities in Massachusetts.

HEARING of the mortality of fish in the western part of the State this spring, Capt. Collins, chairman of the State Fish and Game Commission, sent out there Dr. George W. Field, formerly connected with the Institute of Technology, but now the biologist in the employ of the Commission. Dr. Field returned this afternoon, bringing a specimen of a dead pickerel, showing the cause of its death, and having in his possession the facts about the mortality among the fish, which will interest people of the locality and sportsmen all over the State. This pickerel, which has been slit along the belly so as to show its internal condition, has upon its liver a number of small, roundish white spots. These are the cysts in which are contained the worms which cause the death of the fish. It is the theory of Dr. Field that the fish swallows the eggs of the worm. They are hatched in the stomach, pass into the liver, and into the walls of the stomach, where they encyst themselves. There they grow to be from a quarter to half an inch long, and develop into a lively white worm. Then they eat their way into the cavity of the body, causing death. This probably happens in most cases early in May or in the early summer. This particular specimen was taken in Pontoosuc Lake in Pittsfield, and Dr. Field found the same trouble in Onota Lake and in Cheshire Lake. It is supposed to be spread widely in the lakes and streams of the State. Last year complaints of the same trouble came from Cape Ann. The species which are known to be affected in this way are pickerel, red perch, shiners, suckers, pout and roaches. The fish sinks to the bottom of the water when it dies. In about twenty-four hours the generation of gases in the body makes it float, and Dr. Field found one bunch of fifteen, another of three, another of four, and another of seven along the shore of the lake in about a half a mile. He rowed twice across the lake from about opposite the boat house of the Young Men's Christian Association, and found two pickerel, two red perch, and six shiners, and two which he could not distinguish, floating on the surface of the water. This spring there has been great mortality among the menhaden in Narragansett Bay. The other day Capt. Collins and Dr. Field went there and saw several of the fish, apparently in their death blindness, flying around on the surface of the water, seeming in much pain. This trouble is supposed to come from some germ disease, but the cause is not positively known. —Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

The Jewfish [in Virginia.

ST. LOUIS, June 23.—On August 18, 1903, Captain Payne caught in a pound net at Virginia Beach a jewfish, a fish which has not previously been recorded in Virginia waters. The fish is not uncommon on the Florida coast, and inhabits both coasts of tropical America from Florida and the Gulf of California southward to Brazil.

Another name for this species is *Guasa*, by which it is known in Cuba and other parts of the West Indies. The jewfish, or spotted jewfish, sometimes attains to a length of six feet, and is said to weigh as high as 400 pounds. It takes the hook readily, but is not noted for game qualities, and is not especially good to eat.

Mr. J. Lyman Babcock, who is in charge of the Virginia Fish and Game exhibit in the Forestry and Fish and Game Palace at the Universal Exposition, was informed by the fishermen that this fish is a kind of sea bass; so it is, in so far as it belongs to the sea bass family, but it is a giant in comparison with its family relations. The jewfish is a great deal more akin to the groupers than it is to the sea bass proper. It frequents the vicinity of rocks, and takes the hook very freely. The angler who takes a jewfish makes a great catch, although it can scarcely be said to offer much more excitement than a big codfish.

It seems rather singular that the recorded range of this fish should be amended as one result of the great Exposition; but the Virginia coast will doubtless furnish further surprises to the naturalist who will carefully examine its shores.

TARLETON H. BEAN.

A Fish Like a Dead Leaf.

IN a recent number of a periodical devoted to Ceylon and its environs, attention is called to a remarkable instance of protective mimicry in a Ceylon fish, known as sea bat (*Platax vespertilio*), which resembles a dead and decayed leaf. Dr. Willey, who records this example, had already had his attention directed to the matter by a correspondent, and subsequently saw with his own eyes an example of it.

He says: "I was walking along the reef in the company of a fisherman carrying a net, when he espied a small fish which he attempted to catch for me. I could not see what it was at first, but noticed that the man failed to bag it after several ineffectual attempts. The fish did not swim far away from the spot, but dodged about, baffling its pursuer. I approached and seized the net, whereupon I saw a yellow jak leaf gently and inertly sinking to the bottom. This is no unusual sight, and I was about to turn away, when the leaf righted itself and darted off. Efforts were redoubled, and the fish secured and sketched."

Dr. Willey adds: "When a fish has a leaf-shaped and leaf-colored body, and in addition the unique habit of toppling over and feigning death when pursued, it seems natural to conclude that it is a genuine example of protective resemblance."

To Keep Camp Provisions from Flies.

NEW YORK.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In Mr. Martin Hunter's very instructive contribution to FOREST AND STREAM for June 25, he speaks of keeping "blue flies" away from meat and fish by means of coverings of birch bark. By "blue flies" he probably means what we commonly call "blow flies," and if blue is past tense for blow, the flies will never get that far if the camper is aware of the little trick of suspending things about twenty feet above the ground. A very small block and tackle in one's outfit weighs only a few ounces, and this, carried up into the branches of any convenient tree, will serve to run even a saddle of venison above the level of fly-line, which seems to be about as definite a thing as timber-line. My old guide, Caribou Charley, made twenty feet his rule, but last summer I experimented with a series of lake trout, hung at distances varying from the ground level to twenty feet above, and found that the flies much preferred the ground level, gradually tapering in abundance up to about seven feet, and not a fly at ten feet. This was in Maine. There may be localities in which other species of flies will be less accommodating.

Sometimes when trees were not near camp, we have sunk meat and fish under water, in order to keep flies away, but the flavor usually ran down stream pretty fast.

ROBERT T. MORRIS.

Where the Maple Bends.

THE two views of the Maple River are from photographs which are sent to us by Mr. C. L. Lockwood, who is the General Passenger Agent of the Grand Rapids and Indiana Railway. We print the pictures simply to expose Mr. Lockwood's nefarious business, which is to separate husbands and fathers from their families, and send them packing off to the wilds of Michigan, where the Maple bends, and where several and sundry other trout and bass and grayling waters hold them in captivity. It may be that though our single purpose is to hold up to the light of day and the censure of mankind these business methods of Mr. Lockwood, our good intention may largely defeat itself, since it is just like a fisherman, when he sees a fishing picture of this kind, incontinently to desert his family and take to the woods. To do Mr. Lockwood justice, however, we may add that he rather encourages anglers to take wives and sisters along on these Michigan outings. In fact, the more the rest of the family sees of the pictured charms of Michigan, the less inclined are they to let the head of the house go off without them.

To Do the Carp Try Seals.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.—Your correspondent in a recent issue who seems rather to lament the fact that it is unlawful to take carp with seine or spear, may console himself with the reflection that even though it were not unlawful, he could accomplish little or nothing to rid his ponds and streams of the nuisance by those means.

Some years ago our water company got the carp fever, and put a lot of them into one of the lakes to purify (?) the water. They thrived amazingly, and grew to enormous size. Then it was discovered that they were be-

coming a great nuisance, and people were allowed to fish for them, only to find that they wouldn't be caught.

Some Italian fishermen were invited to take them out with their big nets, and, I think, tried it once. The next time they were invited they had to be paid to come. Then we got a net ourselves and fished vigorously, only to find that after the first one or two hauls we caught nothing, for as soon as the net got into shallow water and the carp couldn't get under it, they went out over it in shoals, and that idea had to be abandoned. Meantime they rooted around on the bottom of the lake like a drove of pigs, and kept the water constantly stirred up, so something had to be done. We next tried seals, which were caught outside the harbor and brought in, until we had of seals and sea-lions, I think, at one time nineteen. The seals seemed perfectly comfortable in the fresh water, and two little chaps born there thrived and grew as well as any seals, and became quite tame.

In the course of time they cleared the lake out so completely that they were in danger of starvation, so some were assisted to escape to the ocean, while the larger ones had to be shot. Now the carp are getting bad again, and a net seems just as useless as ever, but the keeper has an idea (don't know how much truth there may be in it) that the black bass in the lake are keeping the carp from increasing in numbers by eating all the small fry, and that the carp which are stirring up the mud are survivors of the last generation who escaped the seals—perhaps on account of their small size—and have since grown up, as all the fish that he has been able to drive into shallow water were large—but they went over the top of the net in the same old style. ***

Massachusetts Black Bass.

MASSACHUSETTS has repealed the law making a close season on black bass. The only law applying to black bass is contained in Sec. 70, Chap. 91, of the Revised Laws, which prohibits the taking, selling or having in possession, "with intent to sell, a black bass less than eight inches in length."

A well informed Boston correspondent writes us: "So far as I have met the people in visiting various towns and cities, the repeal of the act above cited has met with much objection. Those interested claim they knew nothing of what was being done, despite the advertisement of the bill, and keenly regret what has been done. If what has been said is any indication of a general feeling of dissatisfaction, then it is safe to assume that an attempt will be made next session of the Legislature to secure the re-enactment of protective laws for black bass."

Four Fish with One Hook.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A friend of mine has just told me of a funny incident which came under his notice while he was fishing at Black Rock yesterday for pike perch. He was fishing from the bank, and below him was some old fellow in a boat, who had been fishing in poor luck and had not caught a fish. He lost a hook on something which it caught in and then put on a new one. After a while he thought he had a bite, and put the strain on the pole, which was a cane one. When his hook reached the surface he found he was caught to a small rope. He took hold of the rope and pulled in a "squat" net, which had four blue pike in it, thus catching four fish while using only one hook.

DIXMONT.

Man Had No Hand in It.

CONSUL BENJ. H. RIDGELY writes from Nantes, France; "During the years 1902 and 1903 there was an almost complete failure of the French sardine catch, an industry of which the center of trade is Nantes. It now seems certain that the absence of sardines last year and the year before was due solely to the cold and boisterous spring. This spring, which has been a normal one up to date, finds the smaller variety of the famous little fish already on hand in abundance, and the packers look forward to an excellent catch."

This is only another instance of a fluctuating fish supply in which man had no part; it goes with the bluefish and mackerel ups and downs.

Good Fishing at Lake Dunmore, Vt.

BOSTON, June 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The fishing in Lake Dunmore is very good at present. A party of six spent three days at my cottage recently, and in the three days we caught 24 pickerel and bass, averaging 4 pounds apiece. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Eldric Eldridge, of Jamaica Plain; Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, of Lexington; and Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Stevens, Lexington, Mass.

E. C. S.

How Do You Preserve Minnows?

TOLEDO, O., June 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Can any of the readers of "our paper" give a practical and effective method of preserving minnows which will not interfere with their subsequent use for bait? Salted minnows are apt to become too hard and brittle, and while those on the market are good as far as they go, they do not go far enough. Then it occasionally happens in the fishing country that we have a surfeit of live minnows at times, but none at all at others. Suggestions thankfully received.

JAY BEEBE.

Death of Vaughan Snider.

WE regret to learn of the death of Vaughan Snider, editor of The Amateur Sportsman, and secretary of the M. T. Richardson Company, at his residence, this city, Sunday morning, June 19, after a short illness. Mr. Snider was born in Philadelphia, November 21, 1858. In his youth he learned the trade of a printer, and later occupied a position on the Crockery and Glass Journal. He was for several years foreman of the printing house of Gibb Brothers & Moran. He became editor of The Amateur Sportsman when that journal was purchased some years ago by the M. T. Richardson Company, and retained this position until his death.

Adirondack Fishing.

BLUE MOUNTAIN LAKE, New York, June 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your readers may be interested in hearing of Adirondack conditions, so I will speak of those things on which I am informed. Trout fishing in the streams and ponds has been unusually good. The leading merchant here tells me he never saw so many trout for sale as this spring. Many parties have been to one pond a few miles away, where brook trout abound—the average size being about 1/4 pound—and it is estimated that 700 pounds or over have been taken there. No very large fish are reported so far.

JUVENAL.

Cathance Lake.

COOPER, Maine, June 21.—At Cathance Lake this week, Mr. R. A. Roach and J. F. Harrington, of Boston, Mass., landed seven salmon that weighed 21 1/2 pounds, and eleven trout that ran from 1/2 to 3 pounds, and one that weighed 4 3/4 pounds. Senator McIsaac, of South Boston, got a good string of trout and salmon, one salmon weighing 5 pounds. Mr. Morgan, of Pembroke, had very good luck; he landed three trout that weighed 10 1/2 pounds, and two salmon 3 1/2 and 4 pounds each.

THOMAS DEEREY.

In Newfoundland.

Mr. L. F. BROWN, of this city, has gone salmon fishing in Newfoundland.

Mr. H. O. Wilbur, of Philadelphia, is spending his vacation on Newfoundland streams.

British Columbia Salmon.

THE Dominion Government has ordered that "the export for the purpose of canning or manufacture of fresh salmon captured in trap nets in the waters of British Columbia shall be prohibited."

Ever Tested It?

When the wind is in the north,
The skillful fisher goes not forth;
When the wind is in the east,
'Tis good for neither man nor beast;
When the wind is in the south,
It blows the flies in the fish's mouth;
When the wind is in the west,
Then it is the very best.

100 Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

97

WONDERFUL stories are often related of the loss of precious articles and their marvelous recovery, such as the dropping of a watch overboard while fishing, and later recovering it from the stomach of a pike; dissecting gold rings from the inwards of trout which snapped the glittering toy before it reached bottom; digging a set of false teeth, lost when bathing, from the stomach of a catfish, etc. But truth is stranger than fiction. Anybody who will can lie, but here is a true story of James H. Prentiss, of Ann Arbor, who while fishing at Zukey Lake lost the \$200 setting to his diamond ring. Hoping that the glitter might have attracted a bite from a pickerel, which grabs greedily for a flashing spoonhook, every fish caught was carefully dissected, and Prentiss had just about given up hope of beholding his \$200 sparkler again, when, as the last fish had been ripped up the front, behanged if the gem wasn't found wedged between two boards in the bottom of the boat.—Detroit Tribune.

Dog's Return Journey.

A REMARKABLE instance of a dog's love of home is reported from Cromlegh, Dunblane, Perthshire. A collie dog was given to Mr. Hunter of Herriotshall, Berwickshire, by his brother-in-law, Mr. Gilholm, of Cromlegh, and was sent by train to the borderland. The animal worked among the sheep for two days, and then suddenly disappeared. It afterwards turned up at its old home, having done the seventy miles' journey in forty hours.—London Telegraph.

The Out-of-Doors Man.

Give me a boat, a rod and a gun
When summer days are long,
Up where the creek comes winding down,
And you may have your life in town,
Your women, wine and song.

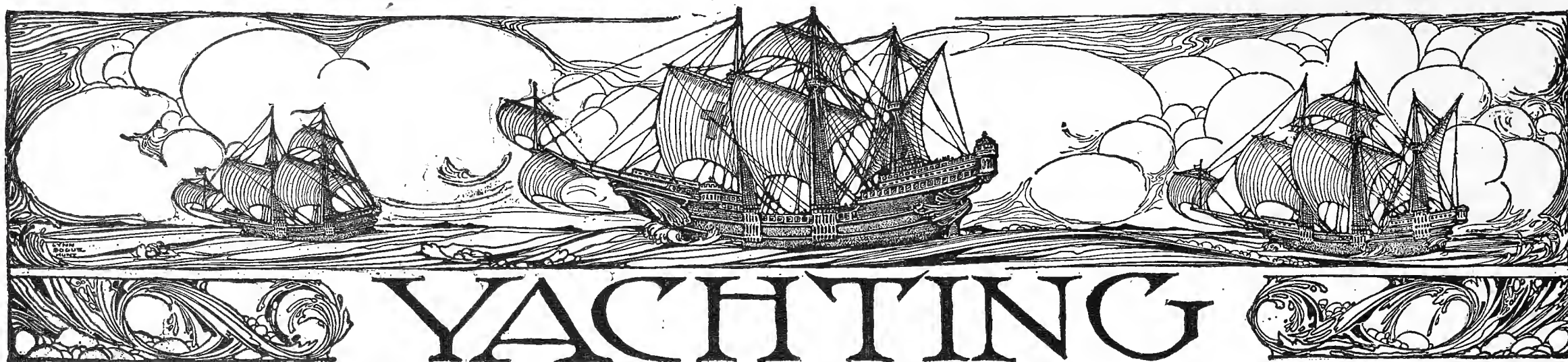
Give me a lonely, wooded walk,
Where feet have seldom trod,
And you may have your boulevards,
Cut paths and artificial yards
Laid out by rule and rod.

Give me an open blazing hearth,
A kitchen low and long;
A good old country dinner rare,
And you may have your hotel fare,
With its dyspeptic throng.

Give me a hard and horny grasp,
An honest, fearless eye,
A skin that's rough and weather-tanned,
And you may have the limpid hand
Of aristocracy.

—Joe Cone in the New York Sun.

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.



Brooklyn Y. C.

Bensonhurst, L. I.—Saturday, June 25.

Twenty-two boats started in the forty-seventh annual regatta of the Brooklyn Y. C., which was held on the afternoon of Saturday, June 25, over courses in Gravesend Bay. The race was also the first of five to count on the championship of the season among the clubs located on that body of water, which includes, besides the organization under whose auspices the regatta took place, the Atlantic and Bensonhurst Y. C.s, the Marine and Field Club and the New York C. C.

The leaders in the different classes were Bobtail, Bonito, Miss Judy, Beta, Kelpie and Martha M. Redwing and Sandpiper scored sailovers. Beta and Kelpie being of one-design classes are sure of victory. The other craft were competing on time allowance, according to the new rule of rating. A number of them have not been measured, and it was thus impossible to ascertain corrected times. It is thought, however, that the classes in which Bonito and Miss Judy led are the only ones in which boats finishing first may possibly not be the actual winners.

Competition for the association championship is on the point system, in which a craft gets one point for every opponent she defeats, and an additional point as a premium for starting and finishing the course. Sailovers count a point. No awards can be made until corrected figures are at hand.

A good S.W. breeze was blowing just before the start, making it advisable to send the yachts over the reverse courses, leaving all marks to port. Shortly after the last boat had gotten away, however, the wind shifted into the westward, making very little windward work for the boats in Classes P and under, which sailed the inside journey.

Classes M and N sailed twice over the new association course. They had reached to the Marine and Field Club mark and the one at Port Hamilton, from the start off the Brooklyn Y. C. anchorage. Windward work was necessary to bring them around Craven Shoal buoy. The next leg, to a stake boat off the Atlantic Y. C., was a reach, and the journey from there home a run. Instead of going out to Craven Shoal, the other boats went on a long reach across the bay from Port Hamilton to Sea Gate.

Bobtail, Bonito, Beta and Kelpie were excellently sailed, the first named leading Bagheera by 3m. and 46s. at the finish of the eleven mile struggle. The summaries:

Sloops—Class M—Start, 3:05.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Redwing, J. B. O'Donohue.....	4 46 30	1 41 30
Sloops—Class N—Start, 3:05.		
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach.....	4 44 27	1 39 27
Bagheera, Hendon Chubb.....	4 48 13	1 43 13
Era, E. H. M. Roehr.....	4 50 00	1 45 00
Sloops—Class P—Start, 3:10.		
Bonito, Haviland Brothers.....	4 19 08	1 09 08
Smoke, L. H. Dyer.....	4 21 55	1 11 55
Lizana, D. S. Wylie.....	4 23 26	1 13 26
Sloops—Class Q—Start, 3:15.		
Miss Judy, D. D. Allerton.....	4 29 24	1 14 24
Mary, Max Grunder.....	4 31 53	1 16 53
Ogeemah, Alfred Mackay.....	4 32 45	1 17 45
Wraith, Calvin Tompkins.....	4 33 28	1 18 28
Cicada, A. D. O'Neill.....	4 36 00	1 21 00
Trouble, W. A. Barstow.....	4 36 21	1 21 21
Sloops—Class R—Start, 3:15.		
Sandpiper, W. W. Redfern.....	4 40 40	1 25 40
Sloops—Class RR—Start, 3:20.		
Beta, Snedeker and Camp.....	4 50 34	1 30 34
Alpha, Holcombe and Howell.....	4 51 40	1 31 40
Delta, J. J. Mahoney.....	4 54 14	1 34 14
Gamma, A. H. Platt.....	4 58 39	1 38 39
Marine and Field Special—Start, 3:20.		
Kelpie, W. K. Brown.....	4 45 39	1 25 39
Jig-a-jig, W. A. Hutcheson.....	4 46 40	1 26 40
Catboats—Class V—Start, 3:25.		
Martha M., Richard Moore.....	4 49 48	1 24 48
Boozie, C. D. Durkee.....	4 50 51	1 25 51

Brooklyn Y. C. Ocean Race.

In case of threatening or stormy weather the committee reserve the right to postpone the start until the conditions are considered favorable for sailing the race.

Start.—At 10 A. M., from off the club house, Gravesend Bay, on July 2. Line between judges' boat and flagmark; to be crossed from E. to W. One gun. High water, Governor's Island, 10:55 A. M.

Starting Signals.—At 9:45 A. M., preparatory gun and hoisting of blue peter on judges' boat. At 9:55 A. M., second gun and hauling down of blue peter. At 10 A. M., starting gun and hoisting of club ensign.

Course.—The gun is used only to call attention to the signals. From starting line to and around Nantucket Shoal Light Vessel, leaving same on port hand, thence to a finishing line off the station of the Boston Y. C. in Marblehead Harbor, Massachusetts.

Yachts after crossing the starting line may put to sea by any channel, and may pass on either side of Fire Island Light Vessel and the whistling buoys off the Long Island coast.

After rounding the Nantucket Shoal Light Vessel, yachts may pass inside of any other light vessel or whistling buoys, or may pass into and through Nantucket or Vineyard Sound, or any of the channels leading into those bodies of water.

They may make harbor and anchor as often as they consider necessary. No time limit.

Finish.—The finish line will be drawn between the station house of the Boston Y. C. and a vessel anchored S.E. from the station in Marblehead Harbor.

During the day the mark vessel will fly the Brooklyn Y. C. burgee; at night it will hoist three red lights, vertical.

The Boston Y. C. station is on the west side of Marblehead Harbor, just beyond Stearn's yacht yard. It is a two-story shingled house, painted a light green.

Reporting Withdrawal.—If, owing to stress of weather, or for any other reason, a yacht withdraw from the race the committee earnestly requests the owner to at once notify them by wire of the yacht's arrival in port, so as to relieve any anxiety through the vessel's not reaching Marblehead.

Telegrams should be addressed to the Regatta Committee, Boston Y. C., Marblehead, Massachusetts.

Reporting at Finish.—At the finish the skipper must hail either the mark boat or house, and give name and number of his yacht, and also take and enter in the logbook the time of finishing.

Rounding the Lightship.—All yachts must report at Nantucket Lightship by passing close to it and giving their name or number. The number can be shown at night by burning a blue light under it. As soon as the watch on the light vessel have made out the number or name they will show a light at night or a flag by day to acknowledge it.

The skipper must take and enter in his logbook the time of rounding the lightship.

Log.—The navigating officer of the yacht must keep a log, in which is entered the course, distance, direction and force of wind, state of weather, etc.; also the time of passing objects and vessels. In case of any dispute or doubt as to the yacht having

made the course the log will be admitted as evidence. This log or copy must be handed to the Regatta Committee upon the yachts finishing the race.

Caution.—If the wind is strong, or if a heavy sea or swell is running, yachts, after rounding the lightship, should on no account attempt to cross the shoals, but keep to sea, not going to the west of 69 degrees 40 minutes until north of 41 degrees 30 minutes. At such times the rips on these shoals are very dangerous. There is a strong tide sweeping across these shoals, and at times a heavy breaking sea.

D. G. Whitlock, James A. Donnelly, Charles E. Allen, Regatta Committee.

Eighteen boats have been entered for the race. The entries follow:

Holy Smoke, sloop, R. M. Lewis.....	40.0
Ray II., sloop, G. R. Hawes.....	37.0
Little Khody, sloop, C. F. Tillinghast.....	34.6
Ulula, sloop, W. H. Winship.....	37.8
Fanshawe, yawl, F. Maier.....	35.6
Rough Rider, sloop, W. A. Maxwell.....	29.0
Bonita, sloop, Haviland Brothers.....	39.0
Squaw, sloop, H. J. Heath.....	34.9
Mopsa, cutter, F. C. Sullivan.....	35.9
Eumareir, sloop, E. K. Hill.....	36.0
Naomi, yawl, L. A. Schmalholz.....	36.0
Sea Bird, yawl, T. F. Day.....	25.6
Mignon, sloop, Dr. Joseph Fournier.....	36.6
Nymphia, sloop, Frederic R. Bogardus.....	32.6
Newasi, sloop, A. H. W. Johnson.....	38.6
Siren, sloop, C. F. Wigand.....	38.0
Emma C., yawl, Frank D. Perkins.....	38.0
Siren, sloop, A. Marshall and C. H. Madden.....	31.4

American Power Boat Association.

New York, Hudson River—Thursday, June 23.

The first of the three days' racing for the gold challenge cup, offered by the American Power Boat Association, began on June 23. The cup is rather a handsome piece and was designed by Mr. Paulding Farnham, and executed by Tiffany & Co. It would seem that the beauty and value of this trophy would have attracted enough owners of speedy power craft to make the races an unequalled success. This was hardly the case, however, as the starters were so few that the races were of little or no interest, and but few people took the trouble even to make the short trip to the attractive home of the Columbia Y. C., off which the contests were started.

The start on Thursday was to have been made at 2 P. M. At this hour only one boat, Standard, had shown up. So the start was delayed an hour.

A number of large and small steam yachts were anchored off the club house, and, as they were all dressed with flags, they added much to the scene. Before 3 o'clock, Water Lily and Fiat I. had materialized. At 3:05 the starting signal was given. Standard led over the line with Fiat next and Water Lily last. Water Lily managed to pass Fiat, although the latter hung on tenaciously. Standard was too much for her competitors and got away from them fast. About ten minutes after the start Fiat met with an accident and was forced to withdraw.

In the vicinity of 125th street Water Lily hit an obstruction, bending one of the blades of her propeller. This was most unfortunate, for, although the boat did not have much show of winning, still it hurt her chances. The course was from the starting line off the Columbia Y. C., sixteen knots straight away up the river to a mark off Piermont and return, a total distance of thirty-two knots.

Standard turned the outer mark at 3:53:40 and Water Lily rounded at 3:59:55. At this point Standard was leading by 6m. 15s. Standard increased her lead on the return to the finish line, and won the race by 5m. 24s. corrected time. Standard allowed 17m. 14s. to Water Lily, and 14m. 26s. to Fiat I.

The first half of the race the boats had a fair wind and tide, but on the home leg the fresh breeze made it harder going, as it kicked up quite a sea for Water Lily. Standard plowed along not minding the choppy water in the least and making big gains on her rival. Standard averaged 19.63 knots; Water Lily averaged 15.94 knots. Standard's elapsed time for the 32 knots was 1h. 37m. 48s.

The races are run on a point system, and, accordingly, Standard leads with 3 points, Water Lily 2 and Fiat I. 0. The summary:

First Race—Course, 32 miles—Start, 3:05.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Standard, C. C. Riotte.....	4 42 48	1 37 48	1 37 48
Water Lily, F. Seaman.....	5 06 26	2 00 26	1 43 12
Fiat, C. H. Tangeman.....	Did not finish.		

Friday, June 24.

In the second race for the association trophy, on Friday, there were but two starters, Standard and Water Lily. The day was even better for power boat racing than Thursday, as the water was not quite so rough on the last leg of the course.

The boats covered the same course as they did in yesterday's race. They had a fair tide for the first sixteen miles, while on the return they bucked the tide. The preparatory signal was given at 3:00, and five minutes later the boats started. Standard again crossed in the lead, although Water Lily was not far behind. Standard moved very fast and drew away from her competitor noticeably. Standard made better time than she did in Thursday's race. She rounded the mark at 3:50; Water Lily turned at 3:57:30.

It was a repetition of yesterday's race, for on the run home Standard continued to increase her lead. She beat Water Lily by 2m. 56s. Standard made better time over the course than she did in Thursday's race by 4m. 18s. The standing in points follows: Standard, 5; Water Lily, 3. Standard averaged 20:52 knots; Water Lily averaged 16:72 knots. The summary:

Second Race—Course, 32 Miles—Start, 3:05.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Standard, C. C. Riotte.....	4 38 30	1 33 30	1 33 30
Water Lily, F. Seaman.....	4 59 40	1 54 40	1 37 26

Saturday, June 25.

The third and last race of the series was held on Saturday, and Standard won again easily. The result of the race was a foregone conclusion, as Standard demonstrated her superiority over Water Lily in both of the previous contests.

Water Lily's owner, Mr. F. Seaman, protested Standard's measurement, but it is doubted if a remeasurement will make any change in the result of the match.

The boats covered the same course they went over on Thursday and Friday, the start being made off the house of the Columbia Y. C. The first mark was sixteen knots up the river off Piermont, thence back to the starting line.

The preparatory was given at 3 P. M., and at 3:05 the boats crossed almost abreast of one another. Standard soon moved into the lead, and, after a few minutes had elapsed, it was plain that, barring accidents, the race was hers. The boats were timed at the Piermont mark as follows: Standard, 3:52:43, and Water Lily, 4:03:31. Standard had gained 10m. 48s. on this leg.

The helmsman on Standard rounded the wrong mark, mistaking a fishing boat for the association's mark. The mistake was discovered in time, and the boat went on and rounded the right mark—this blunder cost Standard something over a minute.

On the return to the finish line Standard made better time, she finished at 4:39:21, and Water Lily at 5:03:26. Standard covered the first sixteen knots in 47m. 48s., and the last sixteen knots in 46m. 38s. Water Lily covered the first sixteen knots in 58m. 31s., and the last sixteen knots in 55m. 55s. Standard beat Water Lily 24m. 5s. elapsed time, and 6m. 51s. corrected time. Standard averaged 20.35 knots; Water Lily averaged 16.22 knots. The standing in points follows: Standard 7, Water Lily 4.

The deed of gift governing this cup states six months must elapse between the time a challenge is received and the races. It is very possible that this clause may be waived, so that other races might be held on Labor Day. The summary:

Third Race—Course, 32 Miles—Start, 3:05.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Standard, C. C. Riotte.....	4 39 21	1 34 21	1 34 21
Water Lily, F. Seaman.....	5 03 26	1 58 26	1 41 12

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

Oyster Bay, L. I.—Sunday, June 12.

Two raceabouts and three 15-footers sailed a race over course No. 10 on Sunday, June 12. The wind was light from the S.W. Owing to a squall from the N.W., the race was ended at the end of the first round. Natalie won in the raceabout class and Wee Wean beat Cayenne. The summary:

Raceabout Class—Start, 4:05.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Jolly Rogers, T. B. Bleeker.....	5 31 00	1 26 00
Natalie, F. G. Stewart.....	5 29 35	1 24 35

15ft. Class—Start, 4:10.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Cayenne, Colgate Hoyt.....	4 36 05	
Sabrina, C. W. Wetmore.....	Did not finish.	
Wee Wean, R. L. Cuthbert.....	4 36 00	

Saturday, June 25.

The thirty-fourth annual Corinthian race of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. was held on Saturday, June 25. It was an ideal day for a race, and a fresh W.S.W. breeze gave the thirty-eight starters an opportunity to see what they could do.

Weetamoe and Neola covered a twenty-three and a half mile course. The first leg was a reach, the second, a reach then a beat to the finish line. Weetamoe sailed a fine race and beat Neola by 3m. 2s. In Class M Spasm and Anotok were the only starters. This is the first time these boats have met this season. Anotok beat Spasm, something she did last season with great regularity. Alert, Mimosa and Nyke were the starters in Class N. Alert demonstrated her superiority over her two competitors by beating them easily. Snapper beat Firefly by a good margin in Class P. This was rather a surprise and makes one of the first breaks in Firefly's long list of first prizes.

Good racing was seen in the raceabout class, in which there were ten starters. At the end of the first round, Rascal was leading with but a few seconds to spare. Tartan pulled into the lead on the second round and finished a winner by 2m. 36s. Several protests were filed in this class, so the result of the race is still a question. Tartan was protested by Rascal, and The Kid was protested by Nathalie. The Leland challenge cup cannot be awarded in this class until the protests are decided.

In the Larchmont one-design class Dorothy won and Vaquero II. was second. Adelaide did not finish. Four of the Indian Harbor one-design boats started, and Owatonna finished first, with Kenoshi second. Wa Wa sailed over the wrong course. Sabrina made a good showing in the Seawanhaka one-design 15ft. class. Wee Wean finished second. Brownie fouled Cayenne and was disqualified. Plover beat her only competitor, Jebe, in Class R, and Scud easily defeated Why Not in Class W. The summary:

Class I—Sloops 60ft.—Start, 12:20.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Neola, George M. Pynchon.....	3 50 30	3 20 30
Weetamoe, H. F. Lippitt.....	3 47 28	3 17 28

Class M—Sloops 36ft.—Start, 12:25.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Spasm, E. B. King.....	3 38 52	3 13 52
Anotok, W. G. Brokaw.....	3 37 06	3 12 06

Class N—30-Footers—Start, 12:30.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Alert, James W. Alker.....	3 39 10	3 09 10
Mimosa, Trenor L. Park.....	3 45 07	3 15 07
Nike, V. I. Cumnock.....	3 41 06	3 11 06

Class P—25-Footers—Start, 12:40.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Snapper, F. S. Page.....	3 33 20	2 53 20
Firefly, G. P. Granberry.....	3 40 51	3 00 51

Raceabouts—Start, 12:35.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mystery, Johnson De Forest.....	3 21 26	2 46 20
Tartan, A. H. Pirie.....	3 17 42	2 42 42
Galatea, Anson Phelps Stokes.....	3 24 23	2 49 23
Hobo, Trenor L. Park.....	3 24 33	2 49 33
Cricketer, H. Willets.....	3 27 01	2 52 01
Rascal II., S. E. Hopkins.....	3 20 18	2 45 18
Nathale, F. G. Stewart.....	3 25 31	2 50 31
Jolly Roger, T. B. Bleeker.....	3 30 24	2 55 24
Scamp, W. Wood and J. R. Maxwell, Jr.....	3 29 14	2 54 14
The Kid, Oliver Harriman.....	3 25 07	2 50 07

Larchmont—One-Design—Start, 12:40.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Adelaide, J. Dwyer.....	Did not finish.	
Dorothy, L. G. Spence.....	3 32 26	2 52 26
Houri, J. H. Esser.....	3 41 09	3 01 09
Vaquero II., M. Marble.....	3 34 45	2 54 45

Class T—Start, 12:40.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Kenoshi, C. D. Mallory.....	2 54 16	2 14 16
Anawanda, E. C. Ray.....	4 06 55	3 26 55
Owatonna, G. Ludis, Jr.....	3 52 42	3 12 42
Wa Wa, J. E. Montelle.....	Sailed wrong course.	

Seawanhaka 15-Footers—Start, 12:45.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Chipmunk, W. S. Youngs.....	3 03 43	2 18 43
Nit, Burnet and Pavey.....	3 16 49	3 31 49
Sabrina, C. W. Wetmore.....	2 55 27	2 10 27
Wee Wean, R. L. Cuthbert.....	2 59 40	2 14 40
Brownie, R. W. Gibson.....	3 02 52	2 17 52
Cayenne, Colgate Hoyt.....	3 03 15	2 18 15
Bairn, Miss Matheson.....	3 04 44	2 19 44

Class R—Start, 12:50.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Plover, H. Place.....	3 04 02	2 14 02
Jebe, A. D. R. Brown.....	3 06 15	2 16 15

Class W—Start, 12:50.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Scud, D. Abbott.....	3 07 00	2 17 00
Why Not, W. Murdock.....	3 16 40	2 26 40

Manhasset Bay Challenge Cup Series.

Port Washington, Long Island Sound—Monday, June 27.

The first race of the series for the Manhasset Bay challenge cup was sailed on Monday, June 27. There were four starters, Alert, the defender, Mimosa, Nike, ex-Oiseau, and Bobtail. Mimosa won, Oiseau was second. Bobtail third, and Alert last. The race was a most unsatisfactory one over a windward and leeward course. The wind was light and variable, and all the boats, with the exception of Nike, led at some time during the race. A complete account of the races will appear in our next issue.

Corinthian Y. C.

Marblehead, Mass.—Saturday, June 25.

The first of the ocean races to be finished off Marblehead was that of the Corinthian Y. C., which was started off the club house Saturday evening, June 25. A severe thunder squall made it necessary to postpone the start for an hour, and for the greater part of the night the yachts sailed through more or less fog. The course was from Marblehead to the Isles of Shoals and return. From Thatcher's Island to the outer mark, both going out and returning there was a fairly good breeze, but from Thatcher's Island to Marblehead the air was fluky at all times. Even where the breeze was, it was streaky, so that it can only be said that the results depended more or less upon the fluky conditions. In Class A, Cossack won and led the whole fleet over the finish line. This was a natural win and was expected. In Class B, Sauquoit did the fastest sailing and had a big lead when Thatcher's Island was reached on the return home, but the flukes from this out caused her lead to be reduced, and although she finished first in her class, she lost on corrected time to Khalifa, which had also sailed a very good race. In the 22-footers, it was all Medric until the fluky conditions set in after Thatcher's Island was passed on the return home, and then she was forced to see first place go to Peri II., which had been miles behind her before. The summary:

Class A—Handicap.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cossack, H. A. Morse.....	13 41 00	13 41 00
Elaine, A. W. Chesterton.....	15 04 40	15 04 40
King Philip, C. P. Carson.....	15 58 40	15 17 40
Hydriat, D. D. G. Langland.....	16 28 45	15 31 45
Class B—Handicap.		
Khalifa, A. F. Tucker.....	15 13 02	12 50 02
Seboomook, B. A. Smith.....	14 13 19	13 31 19
Sentinel, G. H. Crawford.....	16 39 23	13 35 02
L'Aiglon, E. W. Hodgson.....	14 24 11	13 42 11
Jingo, G. B. Doane.....	14 59 10	13 52 10
Soubrette, R. D. Most.....	18 03 11	13 53 11
Sauquoit, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.....	13 55 12	13 55 12
Chewink IV., F. G. Macomber, Jr.....	13 53 45	13 53 45
Margaret, G. C. Vaughan.....	16 30 22	14 00 02
Sally VII., L. F. Percival.....	14 07 37	14 07 37
Carina II., H. S. Wheelock.....	16 40 43	14 10 43
Kewadin, T. W. Souther.....	17 05 00	14 18 00
Wasaka, S. R. Anthony.....	14 32 52	14 32 52
Early Dawn III., J. E. Doherty.....	14 58 25	14 33 23
Rowena, Stephen Bowen.....	17 03 27	14 33 27
Apache II., L. C. Wade.....	15 45 25	14 38 25
Cirrus, D. C. Roberts.....	17 53 47	15 06 00
Opah, W. C. Lewis.....	17 47 05	15 17 05
Polly, S. N. Brame.....	18 44 41	15 57 41
Kit, H. B. Whittier.....	17 25 00	16 02 00
Mattacheset, S. H. Eldridge.....	17 58 06	16 51 06
Class C—22-Footers.		
Peri II., George Lee.....	14 36 27	14 36 27
Setsu, Talbot and Lewis.....	14 39 35	14 39 35
Medric, H. H. White.....	14 40 28	14 40 28
Clotho, Cheney and Lanning.....	14 52 17	14 52 17
Warrior, S. C. Winsor.....	15 00 32	15 00 32
Urchin, John Greenough.....	15 01 25	15 01 25
Opitsah V., S. H. Foster.....	15 05 25	15 05 25
Athion, H. H. Walker.....	15 52 35	15 52 35

A club race of the Corinthian Y. C. was sailed off Marblehead on Saturday, June 25, in a moderate S.W. breeze. The 30-footers Chewink IV. and Sauquoit crossed the starting line almost together and sailed in company until the first mark was reached. On the windward leg Chewink IV. pulled out a lead on Sauquoit, which she held to the finish. In the 22-footers Peri II. turned the weather mark ahead, but Medric passed her on the next leg and held the lead to the finish. The eight 18-footers went over the starting line bunched. When half of the first leg had been covered Bat went into the lead and held it to the finish. In the first handicap class Carina II. won easily. In the second handicap class the 15-footers Tabasco, Jr. and Little Misery were the starters. Little Misery led until the windward leg, when Tabasco, Jr. went ahead and led to the finish. The summary:

30-Footers.		
Chewink IV., G. Macomber, Jr.....	2 05 35	2 05 35
Sauquoit, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.....	2 06 05	2 06 05
22-Footers.		
Medric, H. H. White.....	2 07 37	2 07 37
Peri II., George Lee.....	2 08 00	2 08 00
Opitsah V., S. H. and H. I. Foster.....	2 08 25	2 08 25
Setsu, Lewis and Talbot.....	2 08 50	2 08 50
Tayac, W. H. Joyce.....	2 09 52	2 09 52
18ft. Knockabouts.		
Bat, C. F. Adams 2d.....	1 16 10	1 16 10
Arrow II., E. A. Boardman.....	1 16 55	1 16 55
Boo Hoo, R. Boardman.....	1 18 17	1 18 17
Hayseed, H. L. Bowden.....	1 19 40	1 19 40
Privateer II., W. L. Carlton.....	1 22 12	1 22 12
Moslem II., B. D. Barker.....	1 22 42	1 22 42
Arbeeka H., F. H. Bowden.....	1 23 02	1 23 02
Hugi, Percy Chase.....	1 25 09	1 25 09
Raceabouts.		
Bagheera, R. C. Robbins.....	2 14 45	2 14 45
Runaway Girl, W. H. Tweed.....	2 18 35	2 18 35
Class A.		
Carina, H. S. Wheelock.....	1 26 30	1 26 30
Carmen, C. H. Jonson.....	1 36 47	1 28 08
Class C.		
Tabasco, Jr., H. H. Wiggin.....	1 38 55	1 38 55
Little Misery, A. P. Loring.....	1 41 30	1 41 30

White Bear Y. C.

White Bear Lake, Minn.—Saturday, June 11.

On Saturday, June 11, a nice full sail breeze was blowing at White Bear, not enough to make the men hang out to windward, but sufficient to cause an interesting race. The eight knot course, twice to Wildwood, was chosen by the committee for all the boats. They were sailed in four classes, the two new syndicate boats, the two old A boats, the new Bs. and the old Bs.

The syndicate boats Alpha, designed by Mower, and Beta, by Crowninshield, had been having several small trials, but this was their first real race. The former is being sailed by L. P. Ordway, the latter by C. M. Griggs. From the start Beta got the better, and gradually gained until the finish, over 7m. in the lead. Of the As, Seeress, manned by Evan Rees, was the first to cross the line, and gradually increased her lead until the run home from Wildwood. Then Moccasin passed her, and rounded the Dellwood buoy several seconds ahead. On the second half of the course, however, Seeress quickly overtook her opponent and finished a victor by 6 1/2 m.

The new Bs. started off in a bunch. At the center buoy Damfino, sailed by Dr. Owens, was in the lead, followed by Flycamaroo and Wanderer, sailed by Donald Taylor and Sam Ordway respectively. At Wildwood they were in the same order, but on the return to center Damfino did not set her spinnaker and was thus overtaken by Flycamaroo and Wanderer. The latter was the first to round the center buoy, and the race was finished in this order, Wanderer slightly increasing her lead. In the fourth class—the old Bs—Pluto, the White Bear champion of last year, was an easy victor.

During the following week the Alpha and Beta had several races. At first Beta had a little the better, for her sail was flatter and in a better condition. Therefore, it was decided to exchange the sails and try the two boats. When this was done, Alpha beat by a larger margin than her opponent had previously done. So far, however, it is difficult to tell which of the two boats is the better. Beta seems to make a slightly better showing off the wind, while Alpha will probably prove faster to windward with large waves. When Alpha had her baggy sail she had a race with the Seeress. Although Seeress won to windward, Alpha more than made up the distance off the wind.

Thursday, June 16.

On Thursday, June 16 the Minnetonka boat, Wihnja, arrived, and a firm, dable boat she appears to be in a heavy wind. She is a large scow with a considerable amount of freeboard and has her centerboard at a very great slant and pointed slightly inward. This boat was designed and built by Peterson, of Minnetonka, and is owned and sailed by the London Brothers.

Friday, June 17.

On Friday Beta, Gama and Wihnja sailed, in a good full sail breeze. Gama, designed and sailed by Dr. Welch, of St. Paul, put in a reef, and was badly beaten by Wihnja. Beta and Wihnja were about even.

Saturday, June 18.

The regular Saturday race, June 18, was especially interesting, on account of the fact that four new A boats participated—Alpha, Beta, Gama and Wihnja. There was a nice little S.E. wind blowing, only strong enough, however, for the six knot course—to Wildwood and return, then to center and return.

The first boats to start were the old As, Seeress and Moccasin. Seeress crossed the line first and gradually gained, winning at every turn, until the finish, when she was over 5m. in the lead.

The new A boats started close together in the following order: Alpha, Beta, Gama and Wihnja. The first leg was to windward, and Wihnja gradually gained until she had passed her three opponents. She was the first to round the center buoy, followed by Alpha, Beta and Gama. At Wildwood the boats were in the same position, Wihnja having a lead of 23s. She maintained this lead until the last leg, when Alpha overtook her and won by 48s. Beta finished third, a few seconds ahead of Gama.

The new Bs, eight in number, started at 3:30. At the end of the first leg Wanderer was leading, followed by Circe, Damfino, Robin Hood, Rambler, Flycamaroo, Young America and Wraith. On the next two legs few changes occurred, except that Rambler gained third position, and Wanderer increased her lead. On the last run home, Damfino caught and overtook Rambler and Circe, gaining second place. The following is the official time of the races, and the names of the skippers:

New A Boats.		
Alpha, L. P. Ordway.....	1 22 43	1 22 43
Wihnja, James London.....	1 23 27	1 23 27
Beta, C. M. Griggs.....	1 26 34	1 26 34
Gamma, Dr. Welch.....	1 26 50	1 26 50
Old A Boats.		
Seeress, Evan Rees.....	1 20 37	1 20 37
Moccasin, Clarence Fry.....	1 26 25	1 26 25
Class B (New) Boats.		
Wanderer, Jack Ordway.....	1 29 08	1 29 08
Damfino, Dr. Owens.....	1 33 14	1 33 14
Circe, Theo. Schulze.....	1 33 15	1 33 15
Rambler, William Skinner.....	1 34 36	1 34 36
Flycamaroo, Donald Taylor.....	1 34 45	1 34 45
Robin Hood, T. B. Murray.....	1 44 47	1 44 47
Young America, H. Pinska.....	1 48 52	1 48 52
Wraith, Fred Reid.....	1 53 19	1 53 19

In the trial races, soon to commence, the A boats, both old and new, will take part. There will be two races each day, the boats sailing in pairs, and the winners racing off.

The open regatta of the Pewaukee Y. C. was held on the 18th in a fair easterly wind. Allumac led at the start, with Dora, Elk, Mercury and Comet following closely, while the Defender, through an error, lost over a minute in crossing. On the first leg Allumac held her position, but was outfooted to windward by the Comet. The latter won the race while Defender was second and Dora third.

SAM G. ORDWAY.

Southern Y. C.

Lake Pontchartrain, New Orleans, La., June 18.

This day was a cup race event, a very popular mid-June annual fixture in the schedule of the Southern Y. C. The prizes contested for were the Baldwin cup for one-design cabin sloops, the Foster cup for one-design knockabouts and the Walker cup for all open sloops. This mixing of the big and little fellows of a division is not without its interesting side, as an opportunity is given to determine just how the give and take of the time allowance scale operates when stretched much farther than the generally accepted economic limits. The little fellows rarely have a chance to win no matter how big a bunch of allowance may be their portion.

The wind was very light at the start at 1:30 P. M., and for the greater part of the afternoon, not over five knots, increasing toward evening to eight knots. The course was ten miles, over the regular club triangle of five miles, twice around. Calypso, the Boston 25ft. waterline cabin sloop, sailing her second race in the south, was the center of attraction. She was sailing under much better circumstances than when she lost her first race, her condition being improved and her new owner having the sloop well in hand. The Burgess & Packard designed Ireak, Invader, was a sorry disappointment, it being a mystery how a boat with such a large spread of cloth could lag so far behind while being headed in the right direction, even if she was not particularly well handled. In this class Nydia and Agnes split tacks with the rest and went off hunting a fluke. They practically never got back, for they lost nearly a whole stake on the move. The old-timer Susie B was well sailed and she and the Calypso made an interesting contest of it for a time. Susie, with her large club topsail, finally got rather the best of a nip-and-tuck drifting match with the northern jib and mainsail sloop, and she was leading by a hundred yards and more when an eight to ten knot breeze sprung up for the finish of the course. Calypso immediately picked up her heels, and there was thereafter nothing on the course but the Hanley production. This gave southern yachtsmen their first chance to observe what an up-to-date, long-ended craft with great reserve power can do when the breeze is looking up a bit. Susie, in the increasing breeze, not only took down her topsail and outer jib, but tucked in a reef as well, while the harder it blew the faster and the better went Calypso.

In the one-design class of knockabouts of Mower design, the Sinner won handsily, she being most cleverly handled. For the Walker cup the only starters were the two Inland Lake Association importations, Kayoshk and Virgin, ex-Caroline. In the fluky drifting match on the first leg of the course, the former lost out and was never quite able to get to the front, although she did some phenomenal sailing up from the rear when she got her breeze. Kayoshk in one of the latest production of Jones & Laborde.

There was much regret that the Boston 25-footers Chewink III. did not get here for the Baldwin cup race, but she was delayed by the alterations to her bow, which had to be made so that she could measure in under the "45 per cent." rule of the southern clubs. The day she was expected to arrive here from New York she had not yet left Boston. Boats of the Calypso and Chewink size are growing popular here, and several others are being negotiated for by members of the Southern Y. C. The summary of the three cup races:

Baldwin Cup.		
Calypso, S. F. Heaslip.....	3 55 34	3 54 05
Susie B, A. M. Cooke & Co.....	4 13 48	4 13 48
Nydia, J. A. Rawlins.....	4 13 40	4 13 06
Invader, Palestine & Viguier.....	4 26 45	4 24 01
Agnes, Conrad & Co.....	4 34 00	4 34 00
Alpha Tau, Ernest Norman.....	4 48 22	4 46 03
Walker Cup.		
Virgin, U. J. Virgin.....	4 08 09	4 09 42
Kayoshk, Campbell Syndicate.....	4 09 32	4 09 32
Foster Cup.		
Sinner, Wuescher, Johnson & Co.....	4 15 14	4 15 14
Siren, Gore, Emmette & Co.....	4 33 30	4 33 30
Juanita, Prochaska & Cottman.....	4 54 25	4 54 25

L. D. SAMPSELL.

Beverly Y. C.

Buzzards' Bay, Mass.—Saturday, June 25.

In a reefing breeze from the S.W., a club race of the Beverly Y. C. was sailed in Buzzards' Bay on Saturday, June 25. In the 30ft. class Young Miss was the only starter, and she took a walkover. In the 21-footers Terrapin beat out the new Herreshoff boat, Illusion, on every point of sailing. In the new 18ft. class there were three starters, Jap winning by 46s. Ranso won easily in the 15ft. class. The summary:

30-Footers.		
Young Miss, D. L. Whittemore.....	1 48 20	1 48 20
21-Footers.		
Terrapin, L. S. Dabney.....	1 56 05	1 56 05
Illusion, C. M. Baker.....	2 01 00	2 01 00
18-Footers.		
Jap, George F. Gardiner, Jr.....	1 26 04	1 26 04
Hindoo, N. F. Emmons.....	1 26 30	1 26 30
Wizard, F. W. Sargent.....	1 31 00	1 31 00
15-Footers.		
Ranso, M. H. Richardson, Jr.....	1 09 51	1 09 51
Fiddler, Miss C. M. Dabney.....	1 11 02	1 11 02
Eaglet, R. L. Bacon.....	1 13 26	1 13 26
Seazer, Mrs. R. W. Emmons 2d.....	1 13 41	1 13 41
Fly, Miss C. M. Williams.....	1 16 04	1 16 04

Bristol Y. C.

Narragansett Bay, R. I.—Saturday, June 25.

The first open regatta of the Bristol Y. C. was sailed June 25, in a stiff southwester and a lumpy sea, that made out and out good racing in several classes. There were twenty-six starters, and twenty of them finished the course. Seldom has a better race been seen in Narragansett Bay than that put up by C. F. Tillinghast's Little Rhody, and the Priscilla, owned by W. S. Wood, of Fall River. It was a close scrap from start to finish, with much shrewd work on the part of both skippers, and the Priscilla crossed the line only two seconds ahead of Little Rhody, the latter winning on corrected time.

Another close race was between two 21ft. knockabouts, Eaglet and Oriana, in which Eaglet, sailed by a Providence girl, Miss Grosvenor, won by 5s., which was made nearly 3m. in corrected time.

The 30ft. cat Elizabeth won another first in her class, beating the Scott by nearly 5m. In the small launch class, N. G. Herreshoff, Jr.'s Neon repeated her performance at the Rhode Island Y. C. the week before and walked away from her rivals with nearly 11m. to spare.

Every yacht in the race carried a distinctive mark in the new racing pennant of the N. B. Y. R. A., flown from the main peak. The regatta committee consisted of Edward H. Tingey, Wallis E. Howe and Walter S. Almy. The winners were Little Rhody, Micaboo, Eaglet, Finnan Haddie, Elizabeth, Ina, Bother, Firefly and Neon.

The course for the larger boats was 11 nautical miles, for the smaller sailing craft 9 1/2 miles, and for the launches 4 1/4 miles. The summary:

30ft. Sloops—Start, 1:43.		
Little Rhody, C. F. Tillinghast.....	2 01 07	1 59 17
Priscilla, W. S. Wood.....	2 01 05	2 00 43
Ethelka, A. M. Reid.....	2 06 09	2 06 09
25ft. Sloops—Start, 1:46.		
Micaboo, W. R. Tillinghast.....	2 05 50	2 05 50
21ft. Sloops—Start, 1:49.		
Eaglet, Miss Grosvenor.....	2 12 24	2 09 13
Oriana, F. Pardee.....	2 12 29	2 12 06
Special Rig Class—Start, 1:55.		
Hayka, F. Harris.....	Did not finish.	Did not finish.
Tigress, H. Brasso.....	Did not finish.	Did not finish.
Finnan Haddie, P. De Wolf.....	3 39 30	3 39 30
30ft. Cats—Start, 2:00.		
Elizabeth, W. D. Wood.....	2 01 30	2 01 30
Scott, H. B. Scattergood.....	2 06 02	2 06 02
Mblem, G. E. Darling.....	2 07 07	2 07 07
25ft. Cats—Start, 2:03.		
Ina, N. C. Arnold.....	2 12 37	2 12 37
Nobska, W. J. Rooks.....	2 16 13	2 14 50
Constance, C. W. Stearns.....	Did not finish.	Did not finish.
21ft. Cats—Start, 2:06.		
Bother, C. O. Black.....	2 08 58	2 08 53
Caroline, C. M. McCloud.....	2 14 50	2 13 23
Launches—21ft. Waterline and over—Start, 1:55.		
Firefly, J. B. Mills.....	0 37 50	0 37 50
Ina, J. Wilkinson.....	0 41 17	0 41 17
Toot, J. W. Wall.....	0 41 29	0 41 29
Launches—Under 21ft. Waterline—Start, 2:00.		
Neon, N. G. Herreshoff, Jr.....	0 37 28	0 36 45
Regina, C. F. Olsen.....	0 47 25	0 47 25
May Girl, W. C. Wetherell.....	0 55 15	0 54 57

F. H. YOUNG.

Bayside Y. C.

Bayside, L. I.—Saturday, June 18.

The Bayside Y. C. held its first regatta on Saturday, June 18. There were eleven starters, and the race would have been a great success had it not been for the lightness of the breeze. The boats were to have sailed twice over a five mile course, but the race was stopped at the end of the first round.

The sloops were sent away at 2:35, and Ruby was the first to finish; first prize goes to Little Peter, however, as Ruby allows her 7m. time. Emma J. was the only one of the three starters in the catboat class to finish. Emma J. made the best time over the course.

In the one-design dory class Bunnie finished a winner. Seaweed was the only other boat to finish in this class, and she crossed the line ten minutes after Bunnie. The regatta committee consisted of C. S. Willis, Duncan Curry and J. Thomas Beck. The summaries:

Sloops—Start, 2:35.		
Ruby, Charles G. Myers.....	5 34 30	2 59 30
Little Peter, H. G. Weeks.....	5 32 10	2 57 10
Wonder, H. R. Stedick.....	5 35 00	3 00 00
Catboats—Start, 2:40.		
Emma J., G. Waldo Smith.....	5 30 00	2 50 00
Lacy, Lacy Dayton.....	Did not finish.	Did not finish.
Now Then, Todd Robbins.....	Did not finish.	Did not finish.
Dories—Start, 2:50.		
Bunnie, Leo Budd.....	4 26 00	2 33 00
Seaweed, J. P. Parett.....	4 36 00	2 46 00
Fore, James Cullin.....	Did not finish.	Did not finish.
Anowan III., J. D. Hill.....	Did not finish.	Did not finish.
Mystery, J. H. Lee.....	Did not finish.	Did not finish.

Riverton Y. C.

Riverton, N. J.—Saturday, June 18.

The second race of the Riverton Y. C. was sailed in a light and fluky breeze on Saturday, June 18. The cats and one-design boats covered a twelve mile course, and the mosquito boats and larks went nine miles. The summary:

Catboats—Start, 3:12.

Eastern Y. C.

Annual Regatta.

The annual regatta of the Eastern Y. C. will be sailed from Halfway Rock, off Marblehead, on Friday, July 15, at 11 A. M., unless unfavorable weather should necessitate postponement.

All matters connected with the regatta, unless otherwise specified, will be governed by the racing rules of the Eastern Y. C. Entries—Entries must be received in writing by the regatta committee at the club house, before 8 A. M. of the morning of the race, and must state the rig and ownership of the yacht, with its measurement under Eastern Y. C. rules. The committee may accept post entries, in its discretion.

The measurer of the club is Mr. Henry Taggard, 50 State street, Boston, Mass.

Each yacht must carry a racing number on each side of the mainsail, as near the center of the sail as is possible; yachts without numbers will be supplied by the committee on application at the club house.

Classes—Schooners.

- Class A—Over 90ft. rating measurement.
- Class B—Not over 90ft. and over 75ft. rating measurement.
- Class C—Not over 75ft. and over 64ft. rating measurement.
- Class D—Not over 64ft. and over 55ft. rating measurement.
- Class E—Not over 55ft. rating measurement.

Single-Masted Vessels and Yawls.

- Class F—Over 100ft. rating measurement.
- Class G—Not over 100ft. and over 82ft. rating measurement.
- Class H—Not over 82ft. and over 68ft. rating measurement.
- Class I—Not over 68ft. and over 57ft. rating measurement.
- Class J—Not over 57ft. and over 48ft. rating measurement.
- Class K—Not over 48ft. and over 40ft. rating measurement.
- Class L—Not over 40ft. rating measurement.

Prizes.—In each class there will be a prize for first if two or more yachts start in the class; a prize for second if four or more yachts start; and a prize for third if seven or more yachts start. The prizes will be silver. The Puritan cup will be awarded for the year to the yacht of the Eastern Y. C. making the best corrected time, on regular Eastern Y. C. allowances, over the course sailed by the larger yachts.

Cruising Trim—All yachts shall race in cruising trim; but no yacht under 40ft. waterline length need carry a boat.

Measurement and Allowances.—Special attention is called to the new rules for measurement and allowances.

Courses.—The starting line and finish line will be between a white flag on the committee steamer and a flag buoy anchored off Halfway Rock; in all starts leave the flag buoy on port, and at finish leave it on starboard.

The Eastern Y. C. turning buoy is a white 50ft. iron spar buoy with a white top, bearing a small black cage, placed 6 miles S.E. ½ S. from Halfway Rock.

One of the following courses, to be designated by a code flag to be hoisted on the committee steamer at 11 A. M. The lower flag will designate the course for D and E classes of schooners, and J, K and L classes of single-masted vessels and yawls; the upper flag for all other yachts.

C—From starting line to and around the turning buoy, leaving it on starboard; thence to and around Graves Whistling Buoy, leaving it on starboard; thence again to the turning buoy, leaving it on port; thence to the finish line. Allowance, 30½ miles.

D—From starting line, to and around the turning buoy, leaving it on starboard; thence to and around Boston Lightship, leaving it on starboard; thence again to the turning buoy, leaving it on port; thence to the finish line. Allowance, 26½ miles.

E—From starting line to and around the turning buoy, leaving it on port; thence to and around Eastern Point Whistling Buoy, leaving it on starboard; thence again to the turning buoy, leaving it on starboard; thence to the finish line. Allowance, 28 miles.

F—From starting line, to and around the turning buoy, leaving it on port; thence to and around Cape Ann Whistling Buoy, leaving it on starboard; thence again to the turning buoy, leaving it on starboard; thence to the finish line. Allowance, 38½ miles.

H—From starting line to and around Boston Lightship, leaving it on port; thence to and around the turning buoy, leaving it on starboard; thence again to and around Boston Lightship, leaving it on starboard; thence to the finish line. Allowance, 33½ miles.

Courses for D and E classes of schooners and J, K and L classes of single-masted vessels and yawls:

I—From starting line, to and around the turning buoy, leaving it on starboard; thence to and around Graves Whistling Buoy, leaving it on starboard; thence to the finish line. Allowance 23½ miles.

K—From starting line to and around Graves Whistling buoy, leaving it on port; thence to the finish line. Allowance, 23½ miles.

S—From starting line to and around the turning buoy, leaving it on starboard; thence to and around Boston Lightship, leaving it on starboard; thence to the finish line. Allowance 22½ miles.

T—From starting line to and around Boston Lightship, leaving it on port; thence to and around the turning buoy, leaving it on port; thence to the finish line. Allowance, 22½ miles.

V—From starting line to and around the turning buoy, leaving it on port; thence to and around Eastern Point Whistling Buoy, leaving it on port; thence leaving Kettle Island and S. E. Breaker Buoy on starboard, to the finish line. Allowance 20½ miles.

W—From starting line, leaving S. E. Breaker Buoy and Kettle Island on port, to and around Eastern Point Whistling Buoy, leaving it on starboard; thence to and around the turning buoy, leaving it on starboard; thence to the finish line. Allowance 20½ miles.

Diagrams of all the courses may be obtained at the club house. Signals.—If the first signal is delayed, the intervals will remain unchanged.

The official time may be had from the chronometer at the club house on the day of the race until 8:30 A. M.

Prior to all signals, the course letters, as above, will be hoisted on the committee steamer and will fly until all classes have started, except that if the committee decides to postpone the start, the letters will be lowered and code signal J hoisted, to cancel all previous signals.

At 11, preparatory, a gun will be fired or whistle blown, the club burgee lowered, and the blue peter set.

Five minutes after preparatory, warning, with gun or whistle, the blue peter will be lowered.

Ten minutes after preparatory, with gun or whistle, a red ball will be hoisted for the start of Classes A, B, F and G.

Fifteen minutes after preparatory, with gun or whistle, a second red ball will be hoisted for the start of Classes C, D, H and I.

Twenty minutes after preparatory, with gun or whistle, a third red ball will be hoisted for the start of Classes E, J, K and L.

Each division will be allowed two minutes for crossing the line. Code flag M will indicate "Race is declared off."

Henry Howard, Chairman, George Atkinson, Jr., Stephen W. Sleeper, Louis M. Clark, secretary, 50 Congress street, Boston, Regatta Committee E. Y. C.

Ocean Race.

The above programme of the annual regatta of the Eastern Y. C. is of importance to owners of yachts having already entered, or intending to enter the ocean race of the same club from New York to Marblehead, as all yachts sailing in the ocean race are invited to compete in the annual regatta.

It is the desire of the committee to announce once more that all entries for the ocean race must be received by the regatta committee at the Eastern Y. C., Marblehead, Mass., or by H. A. Morss, 110 State street, Boston, before 10 A. M., Friday, July 1, and must state the rig and ownership of the yacht with its measurement under Eastern or New York Y. C. rules. The committee may accept post entries in its discretion.

The regatta committee of the Eastern Y. C. has sent the following instructions to the officer in command of Nantucket Shoals Light Vessel for reporting the Eastern Y. C. ocean race:

This race will start from Sandy Hook, N. Y., on Wednesday, July 6, at 3 P. M. Under the most favorable conditions you may look for a speed of 12 knots for the largest boats; that is, except under exceptional conditions, you would not expect to see even the largest yachts pass your lightship before 7 A. M., Thursday, July 7; but the first arrival will probably be much later.

Immediately after the race has begun, we will telegraph you the number of yachts that have started, so that you will know when they have all passed.

You will take the number and time of each yacht as she rounds your light vessel and report the same by wireless at once to the Eastern Y. C., Marblehead, Mass.

You will also verify the wireless reports by a written report, to be sent to us at the earliest opportunity. If you obtain the name, as well as the number of a yacht, include this both in your wireless and written report.

Each yacht will carry her number on her mainsail; this may be seen during daylight. At night numbers will be shown by a system of night signals.

Each yacht will first show a Coston light, which will burn for about 45 seconds.

After this she will show successively two Roman candles, each having the same number of balls.

Then follows a complete table of night signals, providing numbers for eighty-eight yachts. The signals are ingeniously arranged by changing the colors of the Coston lights, and of the balls in the Roman candles, as the numbers go up. The instructions continue:

If a night signal is perfectly understood—that is, if you have counted the same number of balls from each of the two Roman candles—you will immediately answer by showing a white Coston light. If you do not make out the number, do not give the answering signal, and the number will be repeated by the yacht until you do answer.

We are sending you six dozen Coston lights and one holder, to be used by you in answering the above signals.

Do not hesitate to telegraph us at our expense if you require any additional information. We are also sending a copy of the A, B, C code which you may find of use if it is necessary to communicate with us, and which we will use if we find it necessary to communicate with you.

The work done by you will be of vital importance to the success of the race, as no yacht will be awarded a prize unless she has been reported by you as rounding your light vessel. By rounding we mean that each yacht must pass to the southward and eastward of your lightship.

New York Y. C.

Glen Cove, Long Island Sound—Tuesday, June 21.

The races for the Glen Cove cups were sailed on Tuesday, June 21, under the auspices of the New York Y. C. There were fewer starters in this event than there was in the New York Y. C.'s annual regatta on the Lower Bay. Neola, Weetamoe and Isolde were the starters in the cutter class, while Emerald and Katrina were the contestants in the schooner class. It was a most perfect day for the race, as a fresh W.S.W. breeze held true throughout the contest.

The start was made off Glen Cove. The first leg was N.E., ten miles to and around a mark near Stamford Light; the second leg was W.S.W. seven and a half miles to and around a mark off Parsonage Point; thence S. ½ W., four miles to the finish line, a distance of twenty-one and a half miles. The first leg was a run, the second a beat and the third a close reach. The tide was running flood.

The regatta committee, S. Nicholson Kane, Newbury D. Lawton and Oliver Cromwell, were on board Mr. J. L. B. Mott's fine steam yacht Candia.

The preparatory signal was given at 1 o'clock. The cutters were sent away at 1:15. Neola crossed a few seconds after the gun, with Weetamoe close behind. Isolde went over a minute later. Balloon jib topsails and spinnakers were broken out on all three boats. Emerald beat Katrina over the line. The boats were timed at the start as follows:

Neola	1 15 13	Emerald	1 21 17
Weetamoe	1 15 14	Katrina	1 22 50
Isolde	1 16 10		

The 36ft. sloop Spasm started, but withdrew at once, as Cymbra, the boat she was to have raced against, did not put in an appearance. The boats made good time on the run to the first mark. Neola pulled away from Weetamoe a little, and both these boats made gains on Isolde. Katrina has been fitted with an entire new suit of canvas, which sets well and accounted, in a measure, for the excellent showing she made.

At the first mark the boats were timed as follows:

Neola	2 28 37	Emerald	2 34 35
Weetamoe	2 29 15	Katrina	2 39 07
Isolde	2 36 07		

After rounding all stood off on the port tack. Weetamoe was the first to tack to starboard, and was soon followed by Neola. Isolde held her port tack some time longer. Neola had set her jib topsail soon after rounding, and Weetamoe, finding she was losing ground, did likewise. Isolde was doing so well under the Connecticut shore on the port tack that Katrina followed suit. The times at the second mark were:

Neola	3 43 19	Emerald	3 53 05
Weetamoe	3 44 52	Katrina	3 59 10
Isolde	3 51 22		

The wind had worked to the S.W., and it was a close reach to the finish line. The times taken at the finish follow:

Neola	4 07 10	Emerald	4 19 46
Weetamoe	4 07 54	Katrina	4 26 20
Isolde	4 16 04		

The summary:

	Schooners.		El'ps'd.	Corr't'd.
	Start.	Finish.		
Emerald, W. E. Iselin	1 21 17	4 19 46	2 58 29	2 58 29
Katrina, J. B. Ford	1 22 50	4 26 20	3 03 30	2 49 11

	Sloops.		El'ps'd.	Corr't'd.
	Start.	Finish.		
Neola, G. M. Pynchon	1 15 13	4 07 10	2 51 57	2 51 17
Weetamoe, H. F. Lippitt	1 15 14	4 07 54	2 52 40	2 52 16
Isolde, F. M. Hoyt	1 16 10	4 16 04	2 59 54	2 51 43

Emerald allowed Katrina 14m. 19s. Katrina wins by 9m. 18s. corrected time. Neola allowed Isolde 8m. 11s. Isolde wins by 14s.

Old Mill Y. C.

Jamaica Bay, L. I.—Sunday, June 19.

Twenty boats started in the club regatta of the Old Mill Y. C., sailed on Sunday, June 19. There was a good sailing breeze from the S., and the boats covered a triangular course. The first leg was a beat, the second a close reach and the third a run.

The catboat Diana, the launch Pet and the sloop Viola were alone in the respective class, none of their competitors starting. The winners were Pauline B., Amaranth, Naomi, Ben Hur and Free. The summary:

	Cabin Cats—Class F—Start, 12:25:40.		El'ps'd.	Corr't'd.
	Start.	Finish.		
Diana	1 44 29	1 44 29	1 19 49	

	Open Cats—Class G—Start, 12:32:40.		El'ps'd.	Corr't'd.
	Start.	Finish.		
Halyeon	1 54 45	1 54 45	1 22 05	
Pauline B.	1 42 24	1 42 24	1 09 44	
Bill Nye	1 50 42	1 50 42	1 18 06	
Gee Wiz	1 51 15	1 51 15	1 18 35	

	Open Cats—Class H—Start, 12:35:36.		El'ps'd.	Corr't'd.
	Start.	Finish.		
Amaranth	1 52 25	1 52 25	1 16 55	
Harry Minor	1 52 30	1 52 30	1 17 00	
Florence	1 54 30	1 54 30	1 19 00	

	Launches—Class M—Start, 12:45:30.		El'ps'd.	Corr't'd.
	Start.	Finish.		
Naomi	1 33 38	1 33 38	0 48 08	
Amaranth	1 37 46	1 37 46	0 52 16	

	Launches—Class N—Start, 12:47:10.		El'ps'd.	Corr't'd.
	Start.	Finish.		
Eagle	1 45 38	1 45 38	0 58 28	
Lottie M.	1 42 45	1 42 45	0 57 35	
Ben Hur	1 42 45	1 42 45	0 55 35	
Lou	Did not finish.			

	Sharpies—Class I—Start, 12:48:10.		El'ps'd.	Corr't'd.
	Start.	Finish.		
Alert	2 06 06	2 06 06	1 17 56	
Free	2 05 56	2 05 56	1 17 46	
Clyde	2 06 48	2 06 48	1 18 38	
Reliance	2 09 48	2 09 48	1 21 38	

New York A. C. Cruising Race.

New Rochelle to Block Island—Start, Saturday, June 25.

The boats which started in the race from New Rochelle to Block Island, on Saturday, June 25, finished early Sunday morning, the winner crossing the line at 2:10 A. M., making the run of 115 knots in sixteen hours. The race, which was the first of the long races scheduled for the season, was most interesting; and, although only six started, all finished in good time, considering the length of the course and the various types of boats entered. The New York Athletic Club, under whose auspices the race was given, added a yachting department to the club's attractions some years ago, but this is the first race it has ever held, and its success is due to the energy of its chairman, Mr. W. Rathborne.

The starters, which consisted of the sloops Possum, Saladin, Hanley and Penekese, and the yawls Escape and Adelaide, started from an imaginary line off Huckleberry Island, New Rochelle, at 10 o'clock on Saturday with a light westerly breeze, and kept well bunched until off Oyster Bay, when the wind veered to the southward. With the wind abeam, Possum and Hanley drew ahead and held their lead to the finish. The race between the other boats was very close all day, and the second

division had an even more exciting time of it. Saladin, Escape and Adelaide kept well together, with Escape always slightly in the lead. About 3 o'clock, when off Port Jefferson, the wind hauled more to the westward and came out strong, and the little boats with spinnakers and balloons set were tearing along in a smother of foam.

The wind held strong until off Orient, when it dropped almost to a calm, but the boats slipped through the Gut on the ebb tide about 10 P. M., within a few minutes of each other. From there until well east of Gardiner's Island, the wind came from all points of the compass, and a heavy easterly roll bothered the boats considerably. Toward morning the wind freshened again, and the time of finishing was as follows. Start, 10:10:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Possum	2 10 00	16 00 00
Hanley	2 25 00	16 15 00
Adelaide	4 00 00	17 50 00
Saladin	4 15 00	18 05 00
Escape	5 15 00	19 05 00
Penekese	5 30 00	19 20 00

As each boat took its own time, these figures, while very close, are not exact.

JAMES D. SPARKMAN.

British Letter.

In discussing the suitability of Kariad as a defender of the Cape May cup against the challenge of Ingomar, I had overlooked the fact that, according to the conditions which govern the race, the defending yacht must be that vessel which last won it. The Cape May cup has not been sailed for since 1893, when our present King—who was then Prince of Wales—successfully defended the trophy against Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll's Navahoe with his cutter Britannia. The famous old Watson cutter has finished her racing career many seasons ago, and has had her spars and canvas considerably reduced, so that it is out of the question to look to her to defend the cup. In default, therefore, it will go to Ingomar. The absurdity of a condition which binds the last winner of the cup to defend it when called upon—no matter how many years may have elapsed—will, it is to be hoped, cause a revision of the rules by the New York Y. C., if that body has the power to do so. Of course, it may be stated that, had the owner of any suitable British yacht been desirous of defending the cup, he could have sent in his challenge to the Royal Yacht Squadron, and if Britannia was not forthcoming, the cup would have been handed over to him by default, in which case Ingomar might have been given a run for her money. That is no doubt so, but it is more than probable that the conditions of the race have been forgotten by most people, as it is so long since the cup was in contest, and the awakening to the actual state of affairs has been a complete surprise to everybody. It is a matter for regret that Mr. Plant will not have anything to try his vessel against, for the course from the Needles round Cherbourg breakwater and back is a fine one for two-stickers, and it would anyhow have been a race. As it is, if Mr. Plant exercises his right to claim the cup in the absence of a defender, it will revert to the New York Y. C., who, with Mr. Plant, will regret as much as ourselves that the trophy should have gone back as the result of a bloodless victory.

The handicap class has this year lost two old favorites. One is Maid Marion, which is not fitted out, but has been replaced by White Heather; the other is the well-known yawl Namara. The latter vessel has recently passed under the French flag, she having become the property of the Marquis Gicquel des Touches. The absence of Maid Marion can scarcely be regretted, as she has been replaced by a larger and finer vessel, but Namara's defection is a loss which will be severely felt, as she was peculiarly the most desirable type of boat as a cruiser racer. Above water she was not a beauty by reason of her excessively high bulwarks; in fact, she was one of the least sightly vessels Watson ever turned out. She had a beautiful bottom, however, and possessed the true and proper characteristics of the ideal fast cruiser—speed, weatherliness, dryness, and comfort. She was built in 1894 for Mr. W. B. Paget, the present commodore of the Royal Victoria Y. C., and was raced by him for many years in the handicap class; both as a cutter and yawl, with considerable success. Her last owner was Mr. Douglas Eckford, who raced her last season, winning, among other trophies, the Albert cup at the regatta of the Royal Albert Y. C., Southsea. Namara sailed two very fine races on the two days of the Royal Albert regatta. A fresh wind prevailed on each day, and she showed conclusively that she was quite as fast as the Fife yawl Valdora, which was then in her first season, while Namara was in her tenth. Both boats are about the same size, any difference being in favor of the new boat. The fact is Namara is one of those wonderful vessels which keep their speed up year after year, of which Watson has turned out many in his time, and may be termed one of Watson's evergreens. She will be a great loss to us, and a great gain to the French cruising fleet.

E. H. KELLY.

Rhode Island Letter.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., June 25.—The Herreshoff shops at Bristol are about as dull now as they were last winter, when all hands were put on short time. The completion of the sloop Margaret the past week left work in the carpenter department very slack, and a number of hands have been laid off, including some mechanics who have been employed at the Herreshoffs for a dozen years or more. Enough mechanics are retained to carry on the repairs incident to summer work, but there is practically nothing doing in the building of new craft. Besides the laying off of some of the employees, the working week has been shortened by one day, making a week of 45 hours instead of 54 hours.

A fine new cruising and racing sloop was launched at the Herreshoff yard this week for Mr. Henry T. Sloane, of the New York Y. C. She is named the Margaret, and is 39ft. on the waterline, and has moderate overhangs. She has a commodious cabin and a large cockpit. The trim is mahogany throughout. The Margaret is a keel boat, with a pole mast, and her lines are similar to those of Cock Robin, launched at Herreshoffs a month ago for racing at Marblehead, Mass. On her trial spin Wednesday, Margaret proved to be a lively boat, especially fast on the wind and quick in stays. The sloop was inspected by her owner, who came on from New York with a party of friends on his auxiliary schooner Idler. The Idler draws about 14ft., and she ran on a shelving rock in Bristol harbor Friday morning, hung up by the stern

until the tide served early in the afternoon, when she slid off without sustaining any damage.

The new 30ft. racing and cruising cat, Wanderer III., owned by Messrs. Harvey J. and Dutee W. Flint, of the Edgewood Y. C., was launched at the Davis Bros.' shop at Warren, Friday, and was immediately rigged and put into trim for the season. She is a handsome craft, and has aroused considerable admiring comment among local yachtsmen. By next Saturday, when the first race of the season's series for the 30-footers for the Possner cup will be sailed at the Edgewood Y. C., she will probably be sufficiently tuned up to make a satisfactory showing.

A new proposition is being discussed by several of the owners of 30-footers, an ocean race for the class, to be sailed from the Edgewood club house to and around Block Island and return, a distance of 110 or 115 miles. The island lies 10 miles offshore, but is about 20 miles from Newport, so a race of this kind would give something over 50 miles of outside work, with about 60 miles of sailing in Narragansett Bay. It is thought that this would provide an excellent test of the all-round qualities of the big cats, and the race will probably be arranged in the near future, the start to be made some time near midnight on a Saturday night, in order that the outside work may be met by daylight. Two large and handsome silver cups have been reserved for prizes in case the race is arranged.

Fleet Captain Barlow, of the Rhode Island Y. C., has received a letter from Commodore Little, of the Shelter Island Y. C., with reference to the visit of the local fleet to that port during the annual cruise. The Sachem's Head fleet will also be at Shelter Island at that time, and an inter-club race has been arranged for the visitors by the Shelter Island Y. C. for July 27. On the following day the Sachem's Head fleet will accompany the Rhode Island fleet to Block Island, the run to be an interclub race, with a special club prize, in addition to the prizes for the winning boat in each class.

The speed launch Moyea, owned by Mr. L. O. Meacham, of Chicago, which has just been converted into a typical auto boat at F. S. Nock's shop at East Greenwich, where she was built last year, is ready to leave for her owner's summer home at Westbrook, Conn. She is to be used in coaching the Yale junior crew on the Thames next week by Mr. Meacham. Moyea now has a 15 horse-power Buffalo motor, and has developed a speed of 15.7 miles an hour.

Two Rhode Island Y. C. sloops—C. F. Tillinghast's Little Rhody and E. K. Hill's Eumarlia—are preparing for the Brooklyn Y. C. ocean race from New York to Marblehead next Saturday.

F. H. YOUNG.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

ISLAND HEIGHTS Y. C. SCHEDULE.—The regatta committee of the Island Heights (N. J.) Y. C. have arranged for the following races:

Saturday, July 2—Race for one-design class.
Monday, July 4—Race for the Mrs. Webb championship cup. Limited to boats enrolled in the I. H. Y. C., of racing length, under 20ft., the minimum classification to be 18ft. Corinthian crews. Entrance fee, \$1.
Saturday, July 9—Cruise down the Bay and dinner at Forked River.

Tuesday, July 12—Mixed club race. For sailboats of any description not over 20ft. racing length. Racing length to be obtained by adding the length over all and length of waterline and dividing by two. Entrance fee, 25 cents.

Thursday, July 14—Race for the ladies' championship cup. Limited to Barnegat sneak boxes, not over 18ft. over all; no time allowance. To be sailed and handled by lady members of the I. H. Y. C. only.

Saturday, July 16—The J. Willard Morgan cup race. Over a course on Barnegat Bay and Toms River. Open to catboats of Bay Head, Mantoloking, Seaside Park, and Island Heights Yacht Clubs. Boats to be not less than 20ft. nor more than 26ft. racing length. Corinthian crews. Number of boats limited to five from each club. Competing boats to be selected by the regatta committee.

Tuesday, July 19—Mixed club race.
Thursday, July 21—Race for the ladies' championship cup.

Saturday, July 23—Open sneak-box race. Open to sneak-boxes 20ft. and under over all measurement.

Tuesday, July 26—Mixed club race.
Thursday, July 28—Race for the ladies' championship cup.

Saturday, July 30—Annual open race. Open to yachts in any yacht club over 18ft. racing length. Racing length to be obtained by adding the length of waterline and length over all, and dividing by two. Entrance fee, \$2.

Tuesday, August 2—Mixed club race.
Thursday, August 4—Race for the ladies' championship cup.

Friday, Saturday and Sunday, August 5, 6, and 7—Annual cruise. Touching Beach Haven and Tuckerton.

Tuesday, August 9—Mixed club race.
Thursday, August 11—Race for ladies' championship cup.

Saturday, August 13—Sewell cup race, over Seaside Park Y. C. course. Boats to be cat-rigged, not less than 20ft. nor more than 26ft. racing length. Corinthian crews. Competing boats to be selected by the regatta committees.

Saturday, August 20—Race for one-design class.
Saturday, August 27—Cruise to Mantoloking and Bay Head. Bay Head open race, 1 P. M.

Saturday, September 3—Race for one-design class.
Monday, September 5, Labor Day—Annual race for club championship cup. Limited to yachts enrolled in I. H. Y. C. Racing length, 18ft. to 26ft. Corinthian crews. Entrance fee, \$1.

All races, unless otherwise mentioned, to be sailed over the courses of the Island Heights Y. C.
Measurer, T. Fernley Brooks; regatta committee—Thelwell R. Coggeshall, chairman; Edgar Freeman, Charles H. Stoutenburgh, Charles M. Pearce, Guy A. Luberg.

SEASIDE PARK Y. C.—The regatta committee of the

Seaside Park (N. J.) Y. C. have arranged the following racing programme:

July 2—Race for open yachts and dories.
July 4—Race for tuckahoes.
July 9—Race for cruisers and sneak-boxes.
July 16—Race for Morgan cup. Open to the yachts of Bay Head, Island Heights, and Seaside Park Yacht Clubs.
July 23—Race for open yachts and dories.
July 30—Race for cruisers and tuckahoes.

August 6—Race for ladies' cup. Open to yachts enrolled in the Seaside Park Y. C.

August 10—Race for Sewell cup. Open to yachts of the Bay Head, Island Heights and Seaside Park Y. C.

August 20—Race for open yachts and dories.

August 27—Race for power boats and sneak-boxes.

September 3—Open race for Corinthian yachts, clubs only.

September 10—Manhasset cup race. Open to yachts enrolled in the Seaside Park Y. C.

The winners of the dory class will be awarded the Johnson cup.

The races for mosquito craft will take place each Wednesday during the season.

Suitable prizes will be awarded in addition to the regular yacht club prizes. Championship pennants for each class.

THOMAS ALFRED VERNON DIES.—Thomas Alfred Vernon, Secretary of the Atlantic Y. C., died at his home in Brooklyn of paralysis on Thursday, June 23. Mr. Vernon had been closely identified with the affairs of the Atlantic Y. C.

INGOMAR WINS THE PRIZES AT KIEL.—The racing in the larger classes at Kiel began on June 24. The American schooner Ingomar won in her class, beating Meteor III; Iduna, Hamburg. Hamburg finished first, but won by 6m. on corrected time. Ingomar, beside winning the prize in her class, also won the Krupp memorial prize.

MARION PURCHASED BY SOUTHERN Y. C. MEMBERS.—Members of the Southern Y. C. have purchased during the past week the third sloop of last year's 25ft. restricted cabin class of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts. Calypso is already racing in the South, Chewink III. is on the way there, and the latest purchase is the fine mahogany-planked sloop, Marion, sold by Dr. E. W. Gehan, of Boston, to Oscar Wilson and Oscar Geron, of New Orleans, La. Marion is a very fast boat, and she is also a splendid cruiser, having made several voyages to Nova Scotia and return. She is 38ft. long on deck, 25ft. waterline, 11ft. 6in. beam, and draws less than 3ft. of water. She will be sailed to New York and then taken South by the Morgan line.

SHELTER ISLAND Y. C. SCHEDULE.—The regatta committee of the Shelter Island Y. C. has arranged the following racing schedule:

July 4—Special regatta, club members.
July 9—Special regatta, club members.
July 23—Women's regatta.
July 27—Visit of Rhode Island Y. C.
July 30—Special regatta club members.
August 6—Annual open regatta.
August 13—Reception to yachswomen.
August 19 and 20—Annual cruise.
August 27—Special regatta, club members.
September 3—Special regatta, club members.

Cups have been offered in different classes by Commodore Geo. F. Little, Rear-Commodore G. Trowbridge Hollister, Vice-Commodore Arthur C. Whitney, William Schickel, D. P. Hathaway.

COMMODORE PECK'S APPOINTMENTS.—Commodore Peck, of the Sachem's Head Y. C., has made appointments to his staff as follows: Chaplain, Rev. Royal W. Raymond; Fleet Surgeon, Forbes Hawkes, M.D.; Flag Lieutenant, George B. Ward.

The regatta committee announces the following dates for club races:

Season Point Races—July 4, 18, and August 8, 15, and 22.

Ladies' Race—August 1.

Annual Regatta—September 5.

Annual Cruise—July 25, 31.

Club races will be started at 10 A. M.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

June 26.—Zeltner's Morrisania Park.—German-American Shooting Society's shoot.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

At our regular meeting on June 19, the following scores were shot at 200yds., offhand, 25-ring target. Most of our members were attending the national shoot at Union Hill, so our attendance was small. Mr. Odell, Sr., visited the range and shot a few scores; the first for some years. He says the fever always returns to a man who is fond of shooting.

L O Odell.....	214	211	208	201	198
F Bruns.....	213	201	201	198	180
Hofmann.....	211	210	205	204	203
M H Odell, Sr.....	194	193	192	182	175

Presque Isle Rifle Club.

ERIE, Pa., June 20.—The club held their weekly shoot Saturday, June 18, making these scores:

J G Germann.....	28	74	73	225	J Bacon.....	72	67	63	202
W A Parker.....	78	71	70	219	J Hunter.....	52	51	46	159
J Sidham.....	79	69	69	217	W W Jordan.....	42	39	33	119
J Almeda.....	74	69	70	213	Tuttle (a visitor).....	59	56	50	165
A Mount.....	72	68	67	207					

J. A. Brooks.

Rifle Notes.

The daily press recounts that the Palma trophy has been shipped to the National Rifle Association of Great Britain by the National Rifle Association of America.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

July 1-2.—Brownwood, Tex.—West Texas Gun Club League tournament.
July 4.—Lawrence, Mass., Gun Club Independence Day tournament. Robert B. Parkhurst, Sec'y.
July 4.—Utica, N. Y.—Reverside Gun Club target tournament. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y.
July 4.—Brunswick, Me., Gun Club all-day target tournament. G. M. Wheeler, Sec'y.
July 4.—Richmond, Va.—East End Gun Club annual merchandise shoot. J. A. Anderson, Sec'y.
July 4.—Pittsfield, Mass., Rod and Gun Club all-day shoot. Harold S. Sidway, Sec'y.
July 4.—Buffalo, N. Y.—Infallible Gun Club amateur tournament. Added money; merchandise prizes. F. J. Person, Sec'y.
July 4.—Lexington, Ky.—Ashland Gun Club tournament and Blue Grass championship. Robert R. Skinner, Mgr.
July 4-6.—Memphis, Tenn., Gun Club tournament; \$600 added money and trophies. A. H. Frank, Mgr.
July 4-6.—Winona, Minn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Winona Sportsmen's Club. Oswald Leicht, Sec'y.
July 6-7.—Homer, Ill.—Homer and Ogden Gun Clubs' tournament.
*July 6-7.—Kane, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
July 8-9.—Wausau, Wis.—Wisconsin League of Gun Clubs' State tournament. H. G. McCrossen, Sec'y.
July 12-13.—Litchfield, Ill.—Consolidated Trapshooters' Congress.
July 12-14.—Denver, Colo.—Grand Western Handicap tournament.
July 12-14.—St. Paul, Minn., Rod and Gun Club amateur handicap tournament. J. L. D. Morrison, Sec'y-Mgr.
*July 13-14.—Scottsdale, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
July 19-20.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club midsummer shoot. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
July 19-22.—Cincinnati, O., Gun Club annual handicap; \$2,200 added money and guarantee purses. A. B. Heyl, Sec'y.
July 20-21.—Armada, Mich.—Tournament of the Eastern Michigan Gun Club; \$100 added. E. W. Sutton, Sec'y.
July 27-28.—Grand Forks, N. D.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Grand Forks Gun Club. W. M. Ferguson, Sec'y.
Aug. 9-10.—Litchfield, Ill.—Consolidated Trapshooters' Congress.
Aug. 9-10.—Raleigh, N. C.—North Carolina Trapshooters' Association tournament.
Aug. 9-10.—Birmingham, Ala.—Alabama tournament.
Aug. 9-12.—West Baden, Ind.—Indian tournament; \$1,000 added money.
*Aug. 10-11.—Bradenville, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
Aug. 10-12.—Brantford, Ont.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's fourth annual tournament. A. B. Cutcliffe, Sec'y.
Aug. 15-20.—Buffalo, N. Y.—New York State shoot.
Aug. 23-24.—Renovo, Pa.—Recreation Gun Club two-day target tournament. Geo. B. Dechant, Sec'y.
Aug. 24-25.—Hot Springs, S. D.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Hot Springs Gun Club. H. A. Gayhart, Sec'y.
*Aug. 25-26.—Tarentum, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
Sept. 5.—Auburn, N. Y.—Labor Day tournament. Knox and Knapp, Mgrs.
Sept. 5.—Springfield, Mass.—Fall tournament on Labor Day; \$25 added. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
*Sept. 6-7.—Irwin, Pa., Rod and Gun Club tournament.
*Sept. 14-15.—Ruffsdales, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
*Sept. 27-28.—Monessen, Pa., Gun Club.
*Oct. 4-5.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club.
*Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League tournaments. C. G. Grubb, Sec'y, Pittsburgh.

Analostan Gun Club.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The seventh weekly shoot of the Analostan Gun Club was held Thursday afternoon, June 23. The day was an ideal one for shooting, and high scores were made. Jos. H. Hunter, John Coleman and Francis Petrola were the top men, but a number of others pressed them closely for first honors.

Hereafter two shoots will be held each week: Tuesday and Saturday afternoons, until the season closes in September. On next Tuesday afternoon the members will commence a contest for the club prizes—a handsome gold medal donated by the Hunter Arms Co., and two silver cups. The shooters will be divided in classes A, B and C, according to their ability, and the winners each week will be handicapped. The prizes will be awarded to those who win them the most times during the season.

Much interest was manifested in the 25-target event shot during the afternoon, and the scores in that shoot are given in detail.

Following are the scores made during the afternoon: Duvall shot at 80, broke 59; Petrola, 75, 69; Allnutt 70, 56; Green 70, 44; J. H. Hunter 60, 58; Coleman 60, 56; Kennedy 60, 39; Miles Taylor 50, 43; Walters 50, 40; B. Wilson 40, 36; Craig 40, 33; C. S. Wilson 40, 34; Hogan 40, 30; Haven 40, 17; Brown 30, 25; Aukward 30, 23; Dr. Taylor 30, 22; Baker 30, 22; W. H. Hunter 30, 22; Koons 30, 22; Monroe 30, 15; Orrison 25, 20; Utz 20, 14; Wilhite 20, 18; Shoemaker 20, 17; Heintz 20, 16; Geo. Wise 20, 16.

Twenty-five target event: Heintz 20, Dr. Taylor 23, Coleman 25, Brown 22, Craig 20, C. S. Wilson 17, Orrison 18, Hogan 18, Petrola 23, Utz 14, Monroe 19, Koons 17, Aukward 17, B. Wilson 20, Wilhite 22, Shoemaker 21, Hitchcock 10, Haven 13, *Craig 21, *Heintz 22, Geo. Wise 22.

*Re-entry.

MILES TAYLOR, Sec'y.

Aquidneck Gun Club.

NEWPORT, R. I., June 25.—The main event at Wednesday's shoot was a match for the Povel cup at 50 targets, and under the good conditions prevailing some fine scores were made. Mr. Harold A. Peckham scored 46, which included straight scores in three or four events, and the last 25 straight. Bowler's 43 and Povel's 42 also show meritorious work; in fact, the greater part of the contestants totaled over the 70 per cent. mark.

On Monday the Canonchet Club, of Narragansett Pier, will celebrate the glorious Fourth with a shoot, on which occasion we hope to represent the club with at least two squads.

Targets:	10	15	10	15	Targets:	10	15	10	15	
H A Peckham.....	10	11	10	15	46	Mason.....	7	11	7	12
Bowler.....	7	14	10	12	43	Sands.....	8	10	8	10
Povel.....	7	12	19	14	42	Hamilton.....	4	4	3	7
Dring.....	4	14	9	12	39	Hammond.....	3	6	4	2
Alexander.....	8	11	7	12	38					

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y.—The appended scores were made at the regular bi-monthly shoot of the Ossining Gun Club. We have given up trying to account for slim attendances at shoots. There is one thing certain, there was no pleasure in shooting to-day with the thermometer at 95 degrees in the shade. Those who attended were either enthusiasts or fools, so we got together and let ourselves down easy by acknowledging the latter.

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25
C G Blanford.....	21	21	22	A L Burns.....	20	22	21
W S Smith.....	17						

C. G. B.

Ideal Gun Club.

THE Ideal Gun Club, of Bellevue, Ky., just "across the creek" from Cincinnati, held its regular shoot on June 19, only a few members taking part. A. W. du Bray, a visitor, made the high score, 47 out of 50. Other scores were: Yeatman 43, L. Gastright 43, Wellinger 41, Schaffer 39, Fisher 37, Louis 35.

BONASA.

Grand American Handicap.

THE fifth Grand American Handicap at Targets, held at Indianapolis, Ind., June 21-24, on the grounds of the Indianapolis Gun Club, eclipsed in magnitude and prestige all its predecessors.

The grounds, sixteen acres in extent and beautiful in the bright green of summer time, were perfectly equipped for this great event. Large, open tents, one at each of the five sets of traps, were plentifully supplied with camp chairs and afforded comfortably cool quarters for the spectators. Other tents were in place here and there in numbers sufficient to meet all requirements. An ice cream tent was close by the club house, while on the opposite side was a large dining tent. Again, some distance away from the club house was a large refreshment tent, where lemonade and other light beverages were dispensed to the thirsty groups incident to the hot days. The tents were all at comfortable distances from the club house and from each other, with a purpose to avoid crowding and congestion. The plan worked admirably. The spectators were distributed over the grounds. Notwithstanding the large number of people on the grounds each day, any one could walk freely about from one place to another without any jostling or delay.

Five sets of expert traps, arranged Sergeant system, was the target-throwing plant provided for the competition. They extended in a straight line in front of the club house and at right angles to it, No. 3 set of traps being directly in front of it, and this was the set used in the spectacular climax called "shooting off the ties." The contestants at the score faced toward the north, thus having a good light. The piazza and balcony of the club house afforded excellent places of rest and points of view to the spectators. The piazza was a favorite place and was thronged at all times, during the competition, with a fine array of ladies and gentlemen.

A specially competent crew of trappers served the traps, so that the traps in consequence were ready for action promptly when required. Their promptness and efficiency never flagged. Each set of traps had a pit, covered by a roof, which sloping gently upward, formed a screen only a few inches high, thus the targets, when in flight, had much the appearance of coming out of the ground. This feature enabled a shooter to catch sight of the targets quickly at the commencement of their flight; but with many of the contestants who were unaccustomed to such favorable conditions, this seeming advantage caused a shooting in quicker time without corresponding allowances in respect to the flight of the target for such time, and misses were not infrequent as a result. One hundred and twenty thousand targets were placed in the five pits before the competition began, and the supply was well maintained throughout. Thus there were no annoying delays while barrels were rolled to the traps, and there unheaded and unpacked, as is a common incident at some other tournaments.

In short, the competition, once started, had no delays at all. Once started, it ran along as smoothly as a perfect mechanism.

This tournament had a most active, hearty local support. The Indianapolis Gun Club was strongly in evidence, both in the competition and in material assistance to the management. The officers of the club were specially courteous and active in assisting. The president, Mr. W. T. Nash, Mr. W. B. Allen and Mr. J. W. Bell worked like beavers. Mr. Bell, who is the secretary, had charge of the ammunition supply, which was stored in a small building about 50 yds. from the club house. Any standard load of any manufacturer was there in stock. And any purchaser had to specify what he desired; that is to say, Mr. Bell or his assistant would not give any advice as to loads, even if asked for it. A large card, in a conspicuous place before the purchaser, bore, in large black letters, the following legend: "We are impartial as to what ammunition you use. Ask for what you want."

Mr. Nash, ever affable and obliging, was incessantly active in attending to the duties incident to his office of president. To his efficiency as an officer he adds a most pleasing and gracious personality. Between extending a hearty welcome to visiting sportsmen, giving information to the anxious inquirers, assisting the coming and speeding the parting guest, he had no idle moments. As an illustration of the careful preparation concerning details which had been observed by the officers of the Indianapolis Gun Club, one will be mentioned as a key to all the rest. Telegraph messages received in Indianapolis for any of the shooters were forthwith telephoned to the club house on the grounds and promptly delivered. If a shooter desired to send a telegram, the telephone in like manner was at his service. In passing it may be mentioned that the club is an amateur organization, and does not hold shoots for the sake of the treasury. Any moneys made are expended in improvement of the grounds and therefore accrue to the benefit of all concerned.

To the hero of many flawless tournaments, Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, more than praise is due. The shooters of America are indebted to him not only for managing a mammoth tournament without an error, but for the example of how a tournament should be run. Most tournaments, as to details, are a series of readjustments and most managers are actuated by a series of afterthoughts. There was none of those in this G. A. H. Everything was fully thought out and efficiently provided for in advance by Mr. Shaner. Having arranged a perfect working plan for the contestants, they were required, by him, to act their part promptly. They were notified that when their names were called out, they were duly notified to shoot or to get ready to shoot, as the case might be, and that any one who was not ready then to shoot with his squad would be disqualified. He meant what he said. The shooters learned that Mr. Shaner's rules were not mere abstract verbalisms. They imposed precisely what their words implied. A number of shooters who neglected to make their entries each day at the proper time as a consequence found that they could not make them at all. No personal plea or any other plea served to change the situation. The shooters had to live up to the rules or suffer the consequences. The G. A. H. would have been the greater by several entries had some over-deliberate applicants been permitted to enter after the entries were closed. No exception was made in favor of any one. Knowing this, each one fitted into his place with care. Each one had a fair, open field without fear or favor, but it devolved on each one to attend to his own interests in proper time and place, else the interest of others were violated if such neglect were ignored. But violations were not tolerated. Mr. Shaner offered a perfect working system of competition. The shooters, perforce, had to fit themselves to it. Consequently the competition from start to finish ran as smoothly as clock-work.

The class of contestants and spectators was of a high order. They were of the refined part of society. They were gentlemen and ladies, as could be observed at a glance. There were the same atmosphere of good breeding and nicety of deportment which obtain at a fashionable opera. The ladies honored the tournament with their presence in goodly numbers. It was a decorous, pleasant tournament in every particular.

The system enforced by Mr. Shaner at this tournament was truly ingenious. The total number of contestants in a handicap were divided into five sections. Each section was assigned to a set of traps, and thus became a unit. It is clear that the total divided thus could be much more expeditiously and accurately handled than it could as one body. Moreover, a much more perfect equity was established as to weather, light, waits, times of day, etc., besides saving much valuable time in keeping all the traps at work from start to finish. Under the prior system, one squad after another followed from No. 1 trap down the line of traps, thus imposing a long wait on those who were in the last squads, causing much inequality as to light, etc., and losing much time. Concerning the latter, when No. 1 squad started, four sets of traps were idle. Shooting at No. 2, three sets were idle. Shooting at No. 3, two sets were idle. Shooting at No. 2, one set was idle. Thus, while No. 1 squad at the start was shooting under the old system, when it shot at five sets of traps, ten more squads could have shot at the same time under the new system which starts each of the five sets at the same time. Mr. Shaner nevertheless was a busy man during the day. Aside from the perfection of the general plan, there were endless matters incident which required to be specially passed upon. He had no idle moments. The whole tournament ran so smoothly that it appeared easy, but arranging the preparatory work for a day's competition required the work of Mr. Shaner and his lieutenants till 1 o'clock in the morning of that day, or even later.

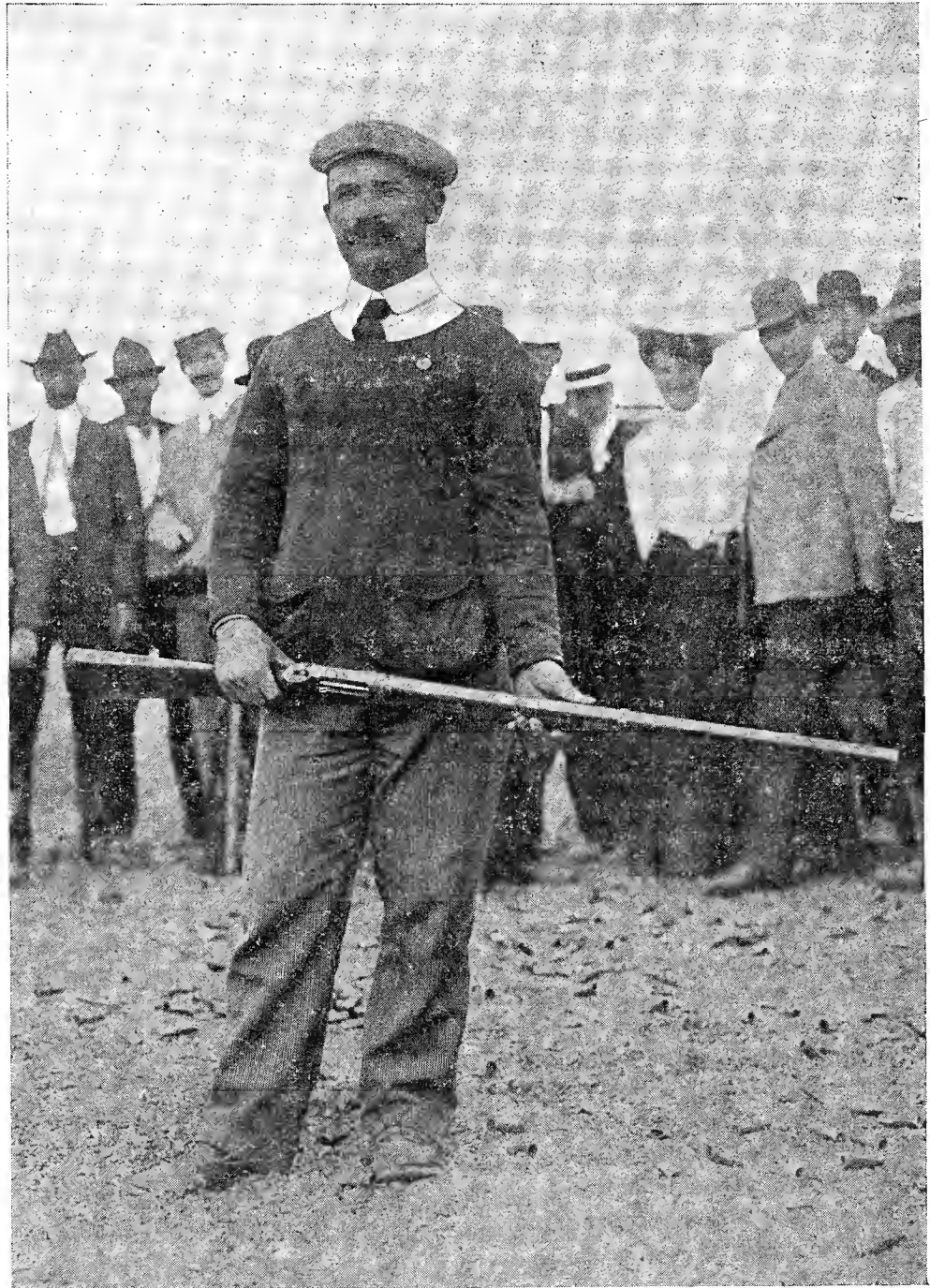
The assistant manager was Mr. Chas. A. North, Cleveland, O., who as an expert had charge of the traps, and gave his attention to squad hustling in general, and to any matters which tended to expedite competition.

Mr. Shaner's assistants, above mentioned, were all high class, educated men, and were remunerated accordingly. They were courteous, alert and energetic. They kept all the details promptly up to place. The squad hustlers were armed with megaphones, and while one squad was shooting, they called up the shooters whose turn it was and made ready the next squad, which lined up promptly in place as the preceding squad stepped from the firing points.

At each set of traps was a board which showed the number of squads in the section, their shooting and the number of the squad which was shooting. The squad having finished, the score board was reversed, and the score card of the next squad, which had been fastened on the back of the board, was thus in place in front. The filled score sheet was next removed from the back of the board, and the score sheet for the next squad was tacked in place, so that when the board was again turned, all would be ready for action as before.

The steady growth of the G. A. H. at Targets has been a remarkable feature.

In 1900 there were 74 entries. This was the first G. A. H. at Targets. It was won by Mr. R. O. Heikes, of Dayton, O., with the score of 91. By the way, there was much regret ex-



R. D. GUPTILL, AITKIN, MINN.
Winner G. A. H. at Targets, Indianapolis, 1904.

And in this connection Mr. Shaner was heard to remark that he had the ablest staff at Indianapolis that he ever had.

But the spontaneous praises bestowed on Mr. Shaner, and which were frequently uttered all through the tournament, were the best evidence of genuine appreciation. The general consensus of opinion was that in handling big tournaments, Mr. Shaner was without a peer. That he had an able staff of assistants, the following enumeration will show:

The cashier's office was in charge of Mr. Fred C. Whitney, of Des Moines, Ia. Mr. Whitney's skill in the cashier's office is as national and good as is Mr. Shaner's as manager. For keeping accurate account of all the intricacies incident to taking in entries and paying out winnings, with the great totals balancing nicely to a cent, Mr. Whitney has many times proved his worth, and has officiated in prior G. A. Handicaps.

The compiler of scores, Mr. J. K. Starr, of Philadelphia, has acted in the like capacity in G. A. Handicaps of several previous years, and has the skill and knowledge necessary to fill the office ably, notwithstanding the infinity of detail involved in it. He had an able assistant in Mr. H. S. Humphrey, of Indianapolis. This was Mr. Humphrey's first engagement with the Association, but not his first experience in matters of sport, he having been more actively identified with field trial clubs, of which he has been an officer and chief worker for a number of years past. The clerks to the compiler were Messrs. Maynard E. Allen and Coburn Allen, of Indianapolis, Ind.

The referees were as follows:

J. L. Hynier, Indianapolis, Ind., at No. 1 set.
Albert E. Ballweg, Indianapolis, Ind., at No. 2 set.
D. C. Morris, Indianapolis, Ind., at No. 3 set.
Matt Harris, Muncie, Ind., at No. 4 set.
J. E. Bombarger, Indianapolis, Ind., at No. 5 set.
The scorers were as follows:
Everett Shepherd, Indianapolis, Ind., at No. 1 set.
Clyde Osborne, Indianapolis, Ind., at No. 2 set.
George Kerr, Indianapolis, Ind., at No. 3 set.
Clen Forbis, Muncie, Ind., at No. 4 set.
Clen Duncan, Indianapolis, Ind., at No. 5 set.
The squad hustlers were as follows:
E. R. Holden, Indianapolis, Ind., at No. 1 set.
Edward Dark, Indianapolis, Ind., at No. 2 set.
J. A. Martin, Indianapolis, Ind., at No. 3 set.
J. L. Winston, West Baden, Ind., at No. 4 set.
M. W. Sowell, Indianapolis, Ind., at No. 5 set.

pressed at the absence of the "Daddy of Them All" at Indianapolis. He is convalescing slowly from the attack of fever from which he suffered recently, but was not strong enough to venture into such strenuous activity as pertains to the G. A. H. That he holds a large warm place in the hearts of the shooters was many times in evidence in the form of expressions of esteem, regret and sympathy.

In 1901 there were 75 entries, an increase of 4. Mr. E. C. Griffith, of Pascoag, R. I., won with a score of 95.

In 1902 there were 91 entries, a gain of 16 entries over the previous year. Mr. C. W. Floyd, of New York, won with a score of 94.

In 1903 the Handicap took a jump to 192 entries, of which 180 were starters. Mr. M. Diefenderfer won on a score of 94.

The background was the sky. The flat prairie land was as clear to shoot over as water. A full view of the target was had from the time it left the trap till shot at or till it fell. The targets were thrown a full 50 yds. While they looked easy, they were not so easy as they looked, as the scores will show.

The weather was of the delightful summertime. The temperature some of the time was intensely warm, but there was generally a breeze to convey comfort to the visitors. The light was clear, though at times there was a high glare from the sunshine which was not any benefit to weak or faulty eyes.

The street car company put on extra cars during the morning and evening hours when the traffic to and from the grounds was heaviest, and ran on half hour, instead of an hour, schedule. The six miles' ride was through a pleasant farming country when once the cars were outside the city, and was an agreeable part of the tournament.

The total number of targets thrown during the tournament was 152,300, truly an enormous aggregate.

Monday was not of the Interstate Association tournament, but it was a day of great and busy practice. Five 20-target events were shot, in which about 157 participated. Mr. J. L. D. Morrison made the extraordinary score of 99, while several scored 98, namely, C. W. Budd, J. Boa, J. A. R. Elliott, H. G. Taylor and J. W. Garrett. With this and the great scores in evidence at recent tournaments there was good ground for belief that the G. A. H. would be won this year on a straight score, but it was not to be.

June 21, First Day.

The programme of the first day provided ten events, each at 20 targets; \$25 added to each, entrance \$2. All events at un-

A C Connor	18	17	19	15	20	17	88
L A Cummings	18	20	19	19	20	20	98
E Faust	18	18	17	16	16	19	85
D D Gross	18	16	17	16	15	13	77
J W Gerlaugh	18	13	17	17	16	17	80
A M Hatcher	18	18	18	14	20	14	84
J E Hovey	18	12	13	13	13	13	25
A W Kirby	18	19	18	19	16	17	89
F D Kelsey	18	18	19	20	19	19	95
F H Lord	18	18	19	19	17	18	91
C D Linderman	18	16	19	15	18	14	82
J F Mallory	18	19	17	17	20	17	90
A P McDowell	18	18	19	18	16	16	87
H McMurchy	18	18	19	18	19	18	92
L E Parker	18	18	18	20	19	19	94
William Rennick	18	19	19	17	15	19	89
C F Reust	18	19	18	18	20	18	93
J T Skelly	18	12	18	18	17	18	83
A D Sperry	18	18	20	18	16	17	89
E D Pike	18	19	18	19	18	19	93
A S Tolsma	18	16	18	19	16	18	87
S M Van Allen	18	18	19	15	17	19	88
E S Windbigler	18	18	19	18	19	18	92
Dave Curran	18	19	19	18	16	20	92
F H Snow	18	18	20	18	20	17	93
F Legler	18	15	20	18	18	16	87
C W Phellis	18	19	16	19	19	17	90
George Volk	18	17	18	19	19	20	93
Ben Eick	18	17	18	20	20	19	94
O N Ford	18	16	18	20	19	20	93
J G Knowlton	18	16	14	9	12	19	70
John Skannal	18	20	14	19	18	18	94
J E Wright	18	19	17	17	19	19	91
M M Mayhew	18	19	16	15	17	19	86
J L Winston	18	17	19	17	20	19	90
F Burnham	17	19	18	15	16	19	87
O F Britton	17	20	17	18	19	19	93
G W Bancroft	17	17	15	15	16	15	77
E Brown	17	18	16	16	16	19	87
W B Jarvis	17	17	17	16	16	14	80
O A Felger	17	19	19	18	20	19	95
B F Scott	17	18	19	19	17	19	92
Dr T S Hudson	17	18	15	17	19	17	86
F L Keef	17	16	15	17	19	17	84
E E Neal	17	20	19	19	19	20	97
Ed Voris	17	19	17	17	17	19	89
Col J T Anthony	17	18	17	19	20	18	92
J O Ward	17	18	18	16	16	19	87
W Henderson	17	16	20	16	16	16	85
J A Jackson	17	20	20	16	19	17	92
J W Hightower	17	17	19	20	15	20	91
T F Norton	17	17	20	19	18	15	89
Chris Gottlieb	17	16	18	14	8	18	74
E H Tripp	17	17	18	15	20	18	88
A Gambel	17	19	20	18	17	19	93
L F Ahlers	17	16	16	17	16	20	85
C S Bahney	17	15	16	16	16	20	83
J E Cantelon	17	18	18	14	16	15	82
J J Farran	17	16	18	19	19	20	92
C C Fisher	17	18	18	17	19	19	91
H Pearce	17	17	20	18	19	20	94
Ben McMullen	17	18	17	14	15	20	87
S L Paxton	17	19	18	16	19	17	89
C T Rankin	17	15	13	16	14	17	75
R R Bennett	17	18	15	16	19	17	85
J W Pontefract	17	16	15	14	14	16	75
H W Glaffer	17	19	17	15	20	16	87
Geo Cochran	17	17	20	18	18	19	92
J F Calhoun	17	19	18	20	18	20	95
John Cooper	17	18	15	18	17	18	86
B Call	17	17	18	17	18	18	83
B E Dewey	17	20	18	17	19	19	93
H D Freeman	17	20	19	18	20	19	96
A Flinn	17	18	20	20	17	19	94
W G Harris	17	20	17	19	18	19	93
W R Huttenlock	17	14	17	16	19	15	81
W Harig	17	15	17	17	17	17	83
E W Holding	17	19	17	18	20	17	91
D A Hanagan	17	18	20	17	17	14	86
J W Johnston	17	18	18	18	19	18	91
D W King	17	19	19	18	17	18	91
C H Lay, Jr.	17	16	18	16	18	17	85
G S Lewis	17	18	19	19	18	20	94
J Michaelis	17	18	20	19	18	16	91
H S McClusky	17	15	15	16	17	12	75
J N Napier	17	15	19	17	18	18	87
T A Neal	17	15	18	16	14	16	78
F N Nichols	17	18	16	16	17	18	85
T H Parry	17	17	17	19	18	15	86
C H Peck	17	19	20	19	18	20	96
J T Park	17	18	18	19	19	19	93
A B Richardson	17	19	20	19	18	19	95
J S Reid	17	13	19	18	18	16	84
Wm Randall	17	18	16	18	18	18	88
H W Vietmeyer	17	14	16	18	19	17	84
W T S Vincent	17	14	10	14	12	13	63
R J West	17	20	17	15	16	18	86
G Ward	17	14	19	17	19	14	82
Wm Zea	17	13	17	17	18	17	82
J A Penn	17	17	19	18	18	19	91
C H Faust	17	15	16	17	15	17	80
G E Greiff	17	16	15	17	16	16	89
W L Hayes	17	18	16	18	14	20	86
R Bosley	17	19	20	18	18	19	92
H E Lupus	17	19	20	19	14	15	87
D S Daudt	17	16	15	14	13	16	74
H E Getchell	17	18	18	19	19	18	92
K P Johnson	17	16	18	15	17	18	84
E E Cook	17	17	16	16	14	15	78
A W Butler	16	18	15	14	15	16	78
J B Burmeister	16	18	15	18	14	16	81
F Caldwell	16	14	12	14	12	13	65
B Cole	16	17	18	19	15	19	88
H W Clay	16	20	20	19	20	19	98
E E DuPont	16	16	18	18	18	16	86
Eugene DuPont	16	16	16	17	16	16	80
Victor Dupont 2d	16	14	17	17	15	14	77
Victor Dupont, Jr.	16	17	14	15	15	16	77
Alexis DuPont	16	16	16	15	16	15	78
H J Donnelly	16	18	18	17	18	17	88
W M Eaton	16	18	19	18	17	17	89
J G Ewing	16	13	13	16	11	12	65
J W Farrell	16	15	16	14	17	18	80
M H Forbis	16	14	20	16	17	18	85
J A Flick	16	18	17	17	15	20	87
E N Gagg	16	20	18	19	18	19	94
D E Gregory	16	19	18	14	17	16	84
F A Godcharles	16	16	14	17	12	17	76
J T Henderson	16	20	17	18	17	20	92
E L Ham	16	17	20	16	14	19	86
A C Holmes	16	19	18	16	18	17	88
J T Herr	16	17	17	20	18	17	89
H Jeffries	16	20	18	19	19	20	96
J L Jones	16	13	13	13	12	12	64
James Lewis	16	16	20	17	15	18	86
J H Loshbough	16	17	20	19	18	18	92
C A Mullan	16	17	19	16	18	19	88
E H Moulton	16	19	19	13	20	19	93
Geo Miller	16	13	19	18	20	20	95
Gus Miller	16	18	18	17	20	17	90
B F McDaniels	16	16	16	16	15	15	78
A W McCully	16	18	18	16	16	15	83
Ab Newman	16	18	18	18	16	17	87
E Prago	16	19	19	19	18	20	95
W A McDaniels	16	18	19	20	16	14	87
Geo Premo	16	18	18	20	15	16	87
C O Prowse	16	18	19	19	20	19	95
J L Remiatte	16	16	14	16	18	14	78
W R Randall	16	17	20	19	16	17	89
J B Stipp	16	20	15	18	18	17	88
H Sayles	16	17	16	10	14	18	75
H A Snell	16	20	18	18	12	15	83
G W Schuler	16	14	13	17	10	16	70
A B Steele	16	19	18	18	20	19	95
H W Smithwick	16	18	17	17	15	17	84
A C Spencer	16	19	18	19	20	14	90
A W Sunderbruch	16	17	19	14	15	18	83
H W Anderson	16	20	14	17	18	16	85
C Stephens	16	17	19	19	18	18	89
R R Skinner	16	18	18	18	18	18	90
J A Seekatz	16	16	16	16	16	19	81
F H Schardt	16	19	17	14	16	19	85
W C Thomas	16	15	16	18	18	16	83
M E Taber	16	18	17	19	20	17	91
A Willerding	16	17	20	18	18	20	95
H L Williams	16	17	11	12	..

Ed Wertz	16	13	17	15	13	13	71
T R Wilkinson	16	19	18	18	17	19	91
J W Wands	16	17	19	18	17	18	89
C B Wiggins	19	19	19	19	19	19	95
L Willard	19	19	20	19	20	19	97
H Waters	16	17	18	18	19	18	90
W N Wise	16	18	19	20	19	17	93
J M Surprise	16	16	19	17	14	12	78
R J Lyle	16	15	17	16	18	17	83
A A Lamb	16	16	14	16	12	9	67
G D Ballard	16	18	17	16	17	15	83
A S Wykoff	16	16	16	15	18	16	81
W B Randall	16	12	12	13	12	16	65
G D Thompson	16	10	14	12	16	14	66
J H Cavanaugh	16	17	14	19	17	17	84
C E Henshaw	16	16	16	16	20	15	83
A Mølle	16	16	17	19	19	19	90
A H Hill	16	18	16	17	19	19	89
W D Thompson	16	18	15	17	14	14	78
W Webster	16	17	16	17	18	19	87
O Graf	16	17	18	18	20	18	91
J L Orr	16	19	17	18	19	18	91
W A Watkins	16	20	17	18	20	16	91
J Zea	16	13	18	19	18	15	83
H Stewart	16	14	16	14	17	13	74
W J Manning	16	18	19	20	16	18	91
H A Cook	16	18	15	20	19	19	91
O T Lewis	16	20	16	18	18	20	92
B Smith	16	16	19	11	17	17	80
S S Adams	16	15	13	19	11	14	72
T C Dilly	16	18	20	18	17	18	91
L G Deschler	16	15	16	16	16	13	76
C T Keck	15	16	16	16	16	11	75
J A McKelvey	15	19	17	19	19	20	94
L Pfeiffer	15	17	14	14	15	12	72
F T Sherwood	16	18	14	14	20	16	82
D Pohlar	15	17	14	19	16	16	82
J H Smiley	15	13	19	18	18	18	86
J Noel	15	18	18	14	19	19	88
Mrs N Bennett	14	14	14	15	16	15	74
Mrs N Burroughs	14	10	12	14	17	14	70

H Pearce.....	17	15	16	17	17	20	85
A B Richardson.....	17	18	19	15	18	18	88
J E Reid.....	17	19	16	16	17	15	83
C T Rankin.....	17	18	16	17	16	18	86
Wm. Randall.....	17	20	19	19	18	20	95
H W Smithwick.....	17	19	19	18	18	15	89
A C Spencer.....	17	17	17	15	15	17	81
A H Sunderbruch.....	17	14	15	17	17	15	78
E H Starr.....	17	17	16	17	17	17	84
E H Tripp.....	17	17	19	15	20	17	88
Ed. Voris.....	17	18	18	19	15	18	88
H W Vietmeyer.....	17	10	14	15	14	14	67
W T S Vincent.....	17	13	..	10	11	18	..
J O Ward.....	17	16	16	16	14	18	80
R J West.....	17	15	11	16	17	15	74
M Anderson.....	16	19	19	19	19	18	94
J Burmeister.....	16	10	10	17	14	18	69
A W Butler.....	16	15	18	19	16	15	83
J W Bell.....	16	18	9	17	13	15	72
Geo. Bowen.....	16	13	11
C Bellman.....	16	18	17	19	20	17	91
W F Booker, Jr.....	16	15	8	16	15	13	67
E H Bindley.....	16	15	16	13	14	16	74
F M Buckingham.....	16	18	17	14	19	18	86
H A Comstock.....	16	19	19	14	14	17	83
F Caldwell.....	16	13	15	12	16	13	69
Bayard Cole.....	16	18	19	17	17	17	88
W R Clark.....	16	20	20	17	16	19	92
W H Clay.....	16	15	20	19	17	18	89
Jas. Crawford.....	16	11	13	15	12	15	66
H J Donnelly.....	16	14	14	15	16	14	73
E E DuPont.....	16	16	18	15	18	17	83
Eugene DuPont.....	16	16	18	17	16	16	85
Victor DuPont.....	16	13	13	7	14	8	55
Victor DuPont, Jr.....	16	15	17	14	17	15	78
Alexis DuPont.....	16	15	17	13	14	17	77
W M Eaton.....	16	18	18	18	15	18	87
J G Ewing.....	16	14	16	13	14	15	72
J W Farrell.....	16	16	15	16	15	18	80
M H Forbes.....	16	16	20	18	15	14	83
J A Flick.....	16	18	17	19	18	19	91
J A Fagot.....	16	17	13	17	12	12	71
E N Gragg.....	16	18	19	17	14	17	85
B E Gregory.....	16	15	18	16	15	18	82
F A Godcharles.....	16	17	18	15	11	12	73
C T Henderson.....	16	18	18	16	17	16	85
E L Hann.....	16	19	19	18	18	19	93
J M Hirschy.....	16	18	19	16	14	18	85
A C Holmes.....	16	16	18	17	18	14	83
G T Herr.....	16	16	18	18	19	19	90
H Jeffries.....	16	18	17	18	20	19	92
J L Jones.....	16	20	16	17	15	18	86
J M Littler.....	16	12	18	13	15	10	68
J M Lilly.....	16	13	17	16	14	14	74
Jas Lewis.....	16	14	19	17	15	15	80
A B Lamme.....	16	19	16	16	13	17	81
E H Lieb.....	16	14	19	14	13	12	72
J H Loshbough.....	16	18	20	16	19	18	91
H S Lewis.....	16	18	18	17	17	15	85
C A Mullan.....	16	16	18	17	18	17	86
E H Moulton.....	16	17	19	18	15	14	77
Geo Miller.....	16	17	16	13	14	17	77
Gus Moller.....	16	17	17	15	17	17	83
Dr S H Moore.....	16	18	19	12	17	18	84
J R Morgan.....	16	12	16	12	13	12	65
B F McDaniels.....	16	14	15	12	13	11	65
W A McDaniels.....	16	16	18	18	15	14	81
A W McCulley.....	16	18	17	17	17	18	87
W T Nash.....	16	19	15	14	17	16	81
Ab Newman.....	16	15	19	16	18	18	86
C A Pfafflin.....	16	11	16	14	14	14	69
E Pragoff.....	16	18	18	19	19	17	91
G Fremo.....	16	18	18	17	17	18	88
C O Prowse.....	16	19	18	19	19	14	89
G A Powell.....	16	17	17	10	16	12	72
J L Remiatte.....	16	17	17	18	20	18	90
W R Randall.....	16	19	16	20	18	19	92
W C Roland.....	16	19	17	15	16	16	83
J B Stipp.....	16	16	19	16	20	19	90
H A Snell.....	16	12	19	15	15	16	77
A J Spinney.....	16	17	19	19	16	20	91
J A Sell.....	16	17	16	15	14	18	80
H Sayles.....	16	16	19	16	19	16	86
G W Schuler.....	16	13	12	15	12	18	70
F G Strong.....	16	14	17	14	14	15	74
A B Steele.....	16	17	18	15	14	19	83
F T Sherwood.....	16	16	16	18	17	18	85
C L Steffen.....	16	14	11	14	11	9	59
C Stephen.....	16	17	18	16	13	16	80
S S Saffold.....	16	16	19	18	15	18	86
R R Skinner.....	16	16	16	15	15	17	79
J A Seekatz.....	16	15	15	16	16	16	78
F H Sharp.....	16	19	18	18	19	19	93
W C Thomas.....	16	15	16	18	13	19	81
M E Taber.....	16	17	17	18	18	17	87
C M Townsend.....	16	17	18	16	18	19	88
J T Tully.....	16	11	15	16	14	15	71
T H Varnoy.....	16	11	13	10	9	17	59
AJ Willerding.....	16	19	19	17	17	16	88
E Werts.....	16	15	8	17	13	13	66
W A Wildhack.....	16	19	15	17	18	17	86
C R Wilkinson.....	16	18	18	18	20	19	93
J W Wands.....	16	18	18	19	16	17	88
W M Wise.....	16	17	19	19	18	15	88
M Wilson.....	16	20	17	15	17	18	87
W M Wile.....	16	16	17	15	14	16	78
A F Wilcox.....	16	15	14	17	17	15	78
Gus Habich.....	15	12	14	15	10	12	63
C T Keck.....	15	17	15	15	14	12	73
A H Long.....	15
J A McKelvey.....	15	20	16	17	17	19	89
L Pfeiffer.....	15	13	18	17	12	16	76
D Pohlar.....	15	17	15	19	17	15	83
J H Smiley.....	15	12	15	14	13	14	68
T P Smith.....	15	15	13	12	..	18	..
D L Watson.....	15	10	13	10	13	12	-58
A H Hill.....	16	14	20	17	19	14	84
S E King.....	16	18	18	18	19	16	89
C H Bomball.....	16	11	16	13	13	15	68
E Watkins.....	16	16	19	17	17	18	87
T E Hubby.....	19	17	19	17	19	18	90
R Kline.....	19	20	19	17	15	17	88
D Upton.....	19	19	20	17	18	19	93
J E Wright.....	18	18	18	20	19	17	92
J Skannal.....	18	19	19	17	17	15	87
Geo Volk.....	18	20	18	19	19	17	93
F H Snow.....	18	18	18	17	19	19	91
F Legler.....	18	19	18	17	18	18	90
O N Ford.....	18	15	19	16	17	18	85
M M Mayhew.....	18	15	16	16	..	17	..
J L Winston.....	19	18	19	16	18	16	87
Ben Eiek.....	18	18	18	19	18	18	91
J G Knowlton.....	18	15	16	17	13	16	77
B F Scott.....	17	20	18	20	17	19	94
W L Hayes.....	17	18	20	18	17	17	90
R Bosley.....	17	20	17	18	19	16	90
C E Cook.....	17	18	18	19	17	17	89
K P Johnson.....	17	16	19	16	16	18	85
H E Lupus.....	17	16	17	15	15	17	74
C R Stephens.....	17	19	15	18	18	17	87
H E Getchell.....	17	16	19	19	18	15	87
W A Zink.....	17	17	18	15	19	19	88
Joe Blistain.....	17	15	15	15	15	12	72
Fred Verbag.....	16	16	14	16	15	16	77
L G Deschler.....	16	16	15	14	13	18	76
T C Dille.....	16	14	19	17	12	15	77
O H Grau.....	16	19	18	17	17	19	90
Al. Harcourt.....	16	15	17	14	17	16	79
J M Surprise.....	16	15	18	19	17	17	86
R J Lyle.....	16	12	12	16	..	12	..
J L Orr.....	16	15	17	19	16	17	84
W Reese.....	16	16	19	17	15	18	85
Hugh Johnson.....	16	16	19	18	18	16	87
J H Cavanaugh.....	16	18	20	15	18	18	89
B Smith.....	16	16	15	8	16	11	76
W Webster.....	16	18	16	17	18	17	86
W A Watkins.....	16	16	18	15	13	16	78
P Spering.....	16	16	12	17	13	16	74
C E Henshaw.....	16	15	13	14	..
A Mollé.....	16	16	18	16	17	18	85
G D Ballard.....	16	15	17	17	19	18	86
Jno. Dea.....	16	20	16	18	20	16	90
W E Gordon.....	16	16	19	15	16	8	74
G M Kanouse.....	16	20	18	17	15	17	87
E B Norman.....	16	18	15	16	13	11	73
Mrs. Bennett.....	14	12	15	18	16	16	77
Mrs. Burrows.....	14	9	14	14	13	16	68

[illegible]

Besides winning the cup, Mr. Guptill won \$312, and the runner-up, Mr. Randall, received \$280. Those who broke 94 received \$171.60. They were: C. W. Budd, Burton Call, B. F. Seott, M. Anderson and J. R. Taylor.

F. Alkire, C. M. Powers, C. R. Wilkinson, E. D. Fulford, J. Michaelis, D. A. Upson, E. C. Griffith, E. L. Hann, Col. Anthony, O. F. Britton, E. Brown, Geo. Volk, O. A. Felger, J. S. Fanning, L. A. Cummings and F. H. Sharp broke 93 and received \$43.65 each.

G. P. McDowell, C. F. Reust, H. Jeffries, J. E. Wright, J. S. Boas, W. Huff, J. L. D. Morrison, R. S. Rhoads, J. F. Calhoun, M. R. Clark, and W. R. Randall broke 92 and received \$31.20 each.

F. D. Kelsey, H. M. McMurchy, J. W. Garrett, H. G. Taylor, W. D. Townsend, E. W. Holding, J. A. Flick, P. C. Ward, H. W. Anderson, F. H. Snow, H. Dunnell, Ben Eick, J. H. Loshbough, C. Bellman, E. Pragooff, A. J. Spinney and F. D. Ellett broke 91 and received \$29.35 each.

The total purse amounted to \$3,118.50.

June 24, Fourth Day.

The programme of the fourth day had five amateur 20-target events, entrance \$2; \$25 added, and the Consolation Handicap, open to all.

The conditions of the Consolation Handicap were as follows: 100 targets, unknown angles; \$7 entrance, targets included; handicaps 14 to 22yds.; high guns, not class shooting; \$100 added to the purse. Winners of money in the Grand American Handicap at Targets had 1yd. added to their handicaps, and non-winners of money in the Grand American Handicap at Targets went in 1yd. In addition to first money, the winner received a trophy, fifty dollars of the net purse being reserved to purchase same. Entries in these events were made before 5 P. M. Thursday, June 23. Penalty entries were not taken for these events.

Mr. W. H. Heer was high with a score of 98.

The handicap was divided into five events of 20 targets each, in manner similar to the prior handicaps. The winners and their winnings were as follows:

W. H. Hcer, 98, \$86.50; H. McMurchy, 97, \$77.85; H. Pearce, 96, \$63.20; A. C. Connor, Fred Gilbert, H. D. Freeman, J. F. Mallory, C. E. Spencer, F. V. Nichols, and B. Cole broke 95 and won \$38.70 each. C. R. Williamson, C. W. Phellis, H. D. Taylor and P. C. Ward broke 94 and won \$17.30 each. T. E. Hubby, O. N. Ford, C. S. Bahnney, C. O. Prowse, E. H. Storr, J. L. D. Morrison, T. H. Parry, Guy Burnside and A. P. McDowell broke 93 and won \$17.30 each. J. M. Hawkins, Ed Foust, Ed Brady, W. M. Eaton, J. W. Hightower, Lem Willard, Ed Rike, J. R. Taylor, H. Getchell, W. Webster, J. L. Remiatte, C. D. Linderman and C. O. Le Compte broke 92 and won \$10.60 each.

The Consolation Handicap had 163 contestants, a large tournament in itself. The scores, etc., follow:

	Yds.					Total.	
C M Powers.....	22	20	19	19	17	16	91
Fred Gilbert.....	21	18	19	20	19	19	95
W R Crosby.....	21	18	16	19	19	18	90
J W Garrett.....	21	17	19	18	13	18	85
E D Fulford.....	21	17	19	16	18	17	87
E C Griffith.....	21	19	18	16	19	18	90
J S Fanning.....	21	18	19	17	18	18	90
J A R Elliott.....	20	17	17	18	19	15	86
W H Heer.....	20	20	20	19	19	20	98
J R Taylor.....	20	18	18	19	17	20	92
W Huff.....	20	18	18	15	20	16	87
J L D Morrison.....	20	18	19	19	17	20	93
R D Guptill.....	20	19	17	18	19	16	89
C W Budd.....	20	15	16	17	20	18	86
G A Young.....	20	18	17	15	18	18	86
H Dunnill.....	20	19	16	18	17	19	89
F M Faurote.....	19	19	19	19	17	17	91
F D Alkire.....	19	19	19	15	16	18	87
C Spencer.....	19	20	19	17	20	19	95
C B Adams.....	19	17	18	19	17	20	91
H McMurchy.....	19	20	20	20	17	20	97
W D Townsend.....	19	17	19	17	19	19	91
J A Boa.....	20	11	16	17	16	17	77
C O Le Compte.....	19	18	17	19	19	19	92
H D Taylor.....	19	18	20	20	19	17	94
S J Squier.....	19	18	19	17	18	17	89
F D Kelsey.....	19	17	19	15	19	19	89
P C Ward.....	19	18	18	20	20	18	94
F H Snow.....	19	17	17	16	18	20	88
Ben Eick.....	19	18	17	20	19	17	91
F C Riehl.....	19	17	19	20	16	19	91
J M Hawkins.....	19	18	20	18	17	19	92
H Money.....	19	18	18	18	18	13	85
Fred Ellett.....	19	18	18	17	19	18	90
R Trimble.....	19	17	16	18	16	14	81
J E Wright.....	19	16	17	18	17	19	87
A P McDowell.....	19	20	18	16	19	20	93
G F Reust.....	19	16	17	18	16	19	86
F E Mallory.....	18	19	16	18	15	20	88
J R Graham.....	18	15	17	14	19	18	83
Ed. O'Brien.....	18	15	19	19	15	19	87
H W Anderson.....	18	11	16	13	13	17	70
I G Hubby.....	18	19	20	17	18	19	93
R S Rhoads.....	20	19	16	16	20	17	88
E W Holding.....	18	18	18	18	20	17	91
T B Wiggins.....	18	19	19	20	16	17	91
R L Picrce.....	18	18	18	17	17	17	87
R Kline.....	18	19	18	18	16	19	90
H Waters.....	18	19	18	16	16	18	80
T A Marshall.....	18	16	17	15	13	19	80
J Michaelis.....	18	15	18	18	16	15	82
C W Floyd.....	18	15	19	18	17	16	85
Col. Anthony.....	18	13	14	17	16	12	72
K Shepardson.....	18	16	17	14	18	16	81
M E Hensler.....	18	16	16	13	14	17	76
N Apgar.....	18	17	17	17	16	19	86
W M Randall.....	18	12	18	16	16	19	81
D Elliott.....	18	16	18	15	18	18	85
C A Felger.....	18	18	18	19	18	18	91
D A Upson.....	18	19	14	18	19	20	90
E Brown.....	18	17	19	16	12	15	79
L Willard.....	18	20	19	19	16	18	92
Geo. Roll.....	18	16	19	18	17	20	90
W Zea.....	16	20	19	18	15	17	89
J F Mallory.....	16	20	20	20	17	18	95
T H Clay.....	17	15	15	15	17	15	77
D Curran.....	17	16	13	18	17	19	88
Ed. Rike.....	17	20	19	16	20	17	92
F V Nichols.....	17	20	18	20	18	19	95
J T Skelly.....	17	18	16	16	17	19	86
D D Gross.....	17	19	18	15	17	17	86
H M Kirby.....	17	..	17	17	18	15	w
M E Atchinson.....	17	19	16	17	19	20	91
J L Head.....	17	18	19	16	17	18	88
W M Clayton.....	17	18	20	17	18	18	91
C R Wilkinson.....	17	19	18	19	18	20	94
H Cadwallader.....	17	17	20	17	17	18	89
J H Loshbough.....	17	19	19	16	18	16	88
O N Ford.....	17	20	19	17	19	18	93
A J Stauber.....	17	13	6	17	16	20	82
Ed Foust.....	17	20	19	17	19	17	92
F H Lord.....	17	19	18	17	17	15	86
Dr. Knowlton.....	17	20	15	17	12	12	76
S Van Allen.....	17	17	19	17	17	18	88
A M Hatcher.....	17	20	18	18	16	15	87
A J Spinney.....	17	18	16	16	13	16	79
A C Connor.....	17	17	20	19	20	19	95
Ed. Brady.....	17	19	18	17	19	10	92
J B Barto.....	17	18	19	16	17	17	87
Jno. A Flick.....	17	16	19	18	14	18	83
G W Lewis.....	17	20	18	14	20	17	87
H H Jeffers.....	17	13	13	16	15	16	w

W M Eaton.....	16	17	20	20	17	18	92
R J West.....	16	18	18	17	16	17	86
J W Pontefract.....	16	14	17	15	13	17	76
R R Bennett.....	16	15	17	13	13	13	71
H W Gleffer.....	16	17	14	18	18	10	85
H W Smithwick.....	16	17	16	18	16	18	80
J W Hightower.....	16	18	20	17	18	19	92
E H Storr.....	16	19	17	19	20	18	93
H D Freeman.....	16	19	20	19	19	18	95
C Gottlieb.....	16	20	18	16	16	16	86
A Flinn.....	16	17	17	18	18	17	87
T A Neal.....	16	17	16	15	19	14	81
J O Ward.....	16	20	18	19	16	18	91
T H Say, Jr.....	16	16	17	17	20	16	86
W Henderson.....	16	16	18	18	18	19	89
H W Victimcyer.....	16	16	16	12	17	19	80
E H Tripp.....	16	18	17	19	15	14	83
Geo Bancroft.....	16	18	19	15	19	20	91
C S Bahney.....	16	18	19	19	19	18	93
C S Lewis.....	16	18	18	17	18	16	87
A Gambell.....	16	18	17	17	18	15	85
C H Peck.....	16	19	14	16	19	16	84
Guy Ward.....	16	17	18	18	18	18	89
S L Paxton.....	16	18	17	18	19	18	90
H Pearce.....	16	19	20	20	19	18	96
T H Parry.....	16	19	19	19	17	19	93
C C Fisher.....	16	14	16	14	15	15	74
J E Reid.....	16	18	15	19	18	16	86
S B McCrory.....	16	20	20	15	14	11	80
D A Hanagan.....	16	17	19	18	19	15	88
D S Daudt.....	16	13	17	16	14	16	76
A Hayes.....	16	18	17	19	15	12	81
T Keefe.....	16	15	14	16	16	16	77
F Norton.....	16	14	19	18	17	15	83
H Getchell.....	16	20	19	19	15	19	92
E E Dewey.....	16	17	19	18	18	19	91
E E Neal.....	16	17	17	18	17	15	84
W B Jarvis.....	16	15	17	18	18	15	83
D W King.....	16	17	18	14	16	19	74
A H Sunderbruch.....	16	15	13	17	16	11	72
Ed Voris.....	16	19	19	15	18	19	90
G M Miller.....	15	15	14	18	11	17	80
T H Moulton.....	15	14	17	16	17	18	82
C B Lamme.....	15	18	17	18	16	17	86
J Burmeister.....	15	14	16	17	16	17	80
B T Cole.....	15	19	19	18	19	20	95
F Godcharles.....	15	18	16	13	16	18	81
H Johnson.....	15	18	17	19	19	16	89
J A Orr.....	15	16	14	..
Gus Moller.....	15	13	17	15	18	17	80
W H Clay.....	15	16	17	18	17	17	85
A W Butler.....	15	18	17	16	15	18	84
W F Booker.....	15	11	16	9	5	8	49
Wm Reese.....	15	15	16	17	17	14	79
C O Prowse.....	15	18	20	18	17	20	93
E E DuPont.....	15	17	15	18	18	19	87
Ed Werts.....	15	12	19	16	16	16	79
O Grau.....	15	17	17	18	20	17	89
J W Wands.....	15	19	20	17	19	15	90
S H Moore.....	15	17	16	14	13	15	75
S S Saffold.....	15	17	16	15	15	13	76
W Webster.....	15	19	19	17	19	18	82
J L Remiatte.....	15	18	19	18	20	17	92
J A Sell.....	15	12	15	..
Mrs Bennett.....	14	13	13	8	9	12	65
Mrs Burroughs.....	14	18	14	12	12	15	71
G Burnside.....	17	19	19	18	17	20	93
W Phellis.....	17	19	18	20	19	18	94
C E Parker.....	17	17	18	18	19	17	89
C D Linderman.....	17	19	19	18	19	17	92
E L Hann.....	17	16	18	14	17	18	83

The sweepstake events were as follows:

Targets:

M Powers.....	20	20	20	20	Total	
F Gilbert.....	19	18	19	20	96	
W R Crosby.....	20	19	18	17	92	
J W Garrett.....	17	20	17	19	20	93
E D Fulford.....	18	19	16	18	19	90
E C Griffith.....	20	18	20	19	17	94
J S Boa.....	20	18	19	20	18	95
J A R Elliott.....	18	18	18	13	14	81
J K Taylor.....	18	20	20	18	19	95
W H Heer.....	20	20	16	19	19	94
W Huff.....	19	19	19	19	18	95
J L D Morrison.....	19	15	19	18	20	91
R D Guptaill.....	20	19	20	18	19	96
R D Guptaill.....	19	18	18	18	20	93
C W Budd.....	19	16	18	16	19	83
G A Young.....	19	19	19	17	20	94
H Dunnill.....	18	18	16	17	20	83
F M Faurote.....	19	16	19	19	18	91
F D Alkire.....	18	17	18	18	17	88
C Spencer.....	18	19	17	17	19	90
T B Adams.....	17	20	19	18	18	92
H McMurchy.....	18	19	19	17	20	93
W D Townsend.....	19	19	18	19	14	89
J S Fanning.....	20	19	20	18	17	94
C O Le Compte.....	18	19	18	18	20	93
H D Taylor.....	20	20	17	19	19	95
L J Squier.....	18	17	20	16	15	86
F D Kelsey.....	18	19	17	18	18	90
P C Ward.....	18	19	18	18	19	92
F H Snow.....	17	18	20	18	20	93
Ben Eick.....	15	19	19	17	16	86
F C Riehl.....	19	18	18	17	20	92
J M Hawkins.....	16	18	18	17	18	87
H Money.....	18	15	15	13	17	78
F Ellett.....	15	17	19	18	18	87
R Trimble.....	20	17	18	16	17	83
J E Wright.....	20	20	14	20	18	92
A P McDowell.....	19	19	18	19	18	93
G F Reust.....	20	19	17	20	19	95
F E Mallory.....	15	19	18	17	16	85
J R Graham.....	19	20	18	18	17	92
Ed O'Brien.....	19	19	18	16	19	91
H W Anderson.....	19	18	17	16	13	83
T E Hubby.....	17	16	18	16	16	83
R S Rhoads.....	18	19	16	18	20	91
E W Holding.....	18	19	17	18	18	90
T B Wiggins.....	20	19	18	18	18	93
A L Pierce.....	17	18	18	19	18	90
R Klein.....	17	16	10	19	16	78
Wm Zea.....	18	18	17	18	17	83
T A Marshall.....	15	18	14	20	19	86
J Michaelis.....	17	17	19	19	16	88
C W Floyd.....	17	14	15	16	18	80
Col Anthony.....	19	16	16	18	17	86
K Shepardson.....	13	18	16	18	17	82
M E Hensler.....	16	18	16	15	17	82
N Apgar.....	18	19	14	19	16	86
W M Randall.....	19	19	14	14	19	85
D Elliott.....	16	15	17	14	14	76
O A Felger.....	18	18	18	18	17	89
D A Upson.....	15	18	18	19	18	88
E Brown.....	17	16	16	13	13	74
L Willard.....	17	18	17	19	17	88
Gco Roll.....	19	15	14	16	18	82
H Waters.....	16	19	17	18	15	85
J F Mallory.....	18	18	17	19	18	90
T H Clay.....	17	19	16	17	17	86
D Curran.....	15	18	15	19	20	87
Ed Rike.....	20	15	17	17	14	83
F K Nichols.....	18	17	17	18	17	87
J T Skelly.....	19	18	15	16	19	87
D D Gross.....	19	16	14	19	16	84
H M Kirby.....	19	16	17	15	16	83
M E Atchison.....	19	19	18	18	18	92
J L Head.....	17	17	14	18	18	88
W M Clayton.....	15	18	..	14	16	..
C R Wilkinson.....	15	18	15	20	19	87
H Cadwallader.....	15	19	14	18	17	83
J H Loshbough.....	16	16	18	16	18	84
O N Ford.....	16	17	18	19	17	87
A J Stauber.....	18	19	18	15	19	89
Ed Foust.....	18	16	18	15	19	86
F H Lord.....	15	16	15	16	16	78
Dr Knowlton.....	18	16	15	15	16	80
S Van Allen.....	18	16	17	15	16	82
A M Hatcher.....	19	20	20	15	20	94
A J Spinney.....	16	17	18	11	16	78
A C Connor.....	17	19	16	17	20	89
Ed Brady.....	18	17	17	19	20	91
J B Barto.....	18	16	20	18	19	91
J A Flick.....	19	17	19	17	18	90
G W Lewis.....	17	16	15	17	15	80
H H Jeffers.....	17	19	17	18	19	90
W M Eaton.....	18	16	13	13	15	80

R J West.....	17	17	18	17	16	85
J W Pontefract.....	14	15	17	17	16	79
R R Bennett.....	16	16	17	14	17	80
H W Gleffer.....	16	15	18	14	15	78
H W Smithwick.....	19	16	16	16	18	85
J W Hightower.....	19	17	17	16	17	86
E H Storr.....	18	19	19	15	18	89
H D Freeman.....	17	19	17	15	16	84
Chris Gottlieb.....	16	16	17	19	15	83
A Flinn.....	19	17	18	17	15	86
E A Neal.....	18	18	15	15	15	81
J O Ward.....	19	16	17	14	19	88
C H Say, Jr.....	20	18	18	18	16	90
W Henderson.....	18	16	18	19	19	90
H W Vietsmeyer.....	13	14	11	15	16	69
E H Tripp.....	13	19	19	12	13	76
Geo Bancroft.....	19	14	17	16	17	83
C S Bahney.....	18	17	17	16	16	84
G S Lewis.....	16	14	18	17	17	82
A Gambell.....	16	17	18	13	19	83
C H Peck.....	15	18	20	18	17	88
Guy Ward.....	17	19	15	16	18	85
S L Paxton.....	16	18	19	16	17	86
H Pearce.....	19	18	18	19	18	92
T H Parry.....	18	18	14	17	17	84
C C Fisher.....	15	20	16	14	18	83
J E Reid.....	18	17	20	17	20	92
S D McCrory.....	15	18	17	16
D A Hanagan.....	12	18	18	15	20	83
D S Daudt.....	17	17	18	16	20	88
W A Haycs.....	16	17	18	18	17	86
Fred Kcefe.....	16	15	13	14	17	75
T Norton.....	16	18	20	17	17	88
H Getchell.....	19	20	20	19	15	93
E E Neal.....	17	16	18	16	16	83
B E Dewey.....	17	19	17	17	16	86
W B Jarvis.....	17	18	19	15	15	84
D W King.....	17	18	17	16	17	85
A H Sunderbruch.....	14	17	17	18	13	79
Ed Voris.....	17	18	18	18	16	87
G M Miller.....	17	17	17	17	14	82
T H Moulton.....	13	18	17	18	15	81
C B Lamme.....	18	18	18	14	19	87
J Burmeister.....	12	15	14	14	16	71
B T Cole.....	17	20	19	15	17	88
F Godcharles.....	17	17	17	19	18	88
H Johnson.....	16	19	19	15	17	86
J A Low.....	19	17	17	20	16	89
Gus Moller.....	13	17	18	15	14	77
W H Clay.....	15	19	15	18	17	84
A W Butler.....	19	17	17	16	16	85
W F Baker.....	11	13	8	11	12	55
Wm Reese.....	16	16	12	17	13	74
C O Prowse.....	16	19	19	18	19	91
E E DuPont.....	15	15	15	17	20	82
Ed Weris.....	14	13	13	12	16	68
O Grau.....	15	14	19	19	16	84
J W Wands.....	15	18	12	15	16	76
Dr Moore.....	17	16	13	12	18	76
S S Saffold.....	16	15	17	15	17	80
W Webster.....	19	19	16	15	19	88
J L Renuatte.....	18	15	16	17	16	82
J A Sell.....	15	18	14	14	13	74
Mrs Bennett.....	13	14	11	12	12	62
Mrs Burroughs.....	15	8	14	15	15	67
G Burnside.....	18	20	17	14	15	84
C W Phellis.....	18	16	20	19	19	92
S E Parker.....	20	17	15	19	16	89
C D Linderman.....	16	18	17	18	17	86
E L Hann.....	16	16	18	17	17	84

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM goes to press on TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The Canonchet Gun Club has arranged to hold a shoot at Narragansett Pier, R. I., on July 4.

The total number of targets trapped at the G. A. H. at Indianapolis, last week, the time being four and one-half days, was 152,360.

Mr. Geo. B. Dechant, secretary, informs us that the Recreation Gun Club, Renovo, Pa., will hold a two-day target tournament on August 23-24.

It has been decided that Mr. Chas. North will have charge of the traps and give his skilful, energetic assistance as general expert at the Indian tournament, to be held at West Baden, Ind., August 9-12.

The Indianapolis Morning Star, concerning the shooting at Indianapolis, on the first day, June 21, of the G. A. H., presents some figuring as follows: "Forty-three thousand three hundred and eighty cracks at 5 cents per crack brought the total cost of the day's shooting up to \$2,169."

Mr. John S. Wright, manager of the Brooklyn Gun Club, announces a shoot for July 4, commencing at 2 o'clock P. M. There will be three prize events on the programme. To reach the grounds, take Kings County Elevated to Crescent street station, thence by hacks to the grounds on Kaiser's farm.

Mr. J. L. D. Morrison, of St. Paul, Minn., made high amateur average in the amateur events of the G. A. H. programme, at Indianapolis, last week, and also beat all the professionals for high average in the same events, leading Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, the highest professional, by one target.

There was a strong, widespread sentiment among the shooters at Indianapolis, in favor of holding it there next year. A petition in favor of Indianapolis, signed by nearly every sportsman present, was prepared for submission to the Interstate Association. There was a rumor that some other cities were interested in securing this great event.

Mr. E. J. Laughlin, secretary, writes us as follows: The Riverside Gun Club, of Utica, will hold a Jack Rabbit shoot on its grounds, foot of Meadow street, on July 4, commencing at 12:30 P. M. The programme will consist of seven 10-bird events, \$1 entrance in each, birds extra at one cent each. Three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Extra events, time permitting.

Mr. Fred C. Whitney, the cashier of the G. A. H. at Targets, last week at Indianapolis, notwithstanding his many busy moments taking in and distributing many thousands of dollars in cash, was the calmest, most imperturbable gentleman on the grounds. Dressed in spotlessly neat negligee apparel, he seemed to be comfortably cool in the hottest weather. Handling the cash, keeping trace of it through all the ramifications of percentages and winnings and bringing all the accounts out balanced to a cent, seemed to disturb him no more than a sweet shower disturbs a duck's back. As an expert in the cashier's office, Mr. Whitney has repeatedly proven his excellence.

Mr. W. R. Crosby, at the G. A. H. last week, was not in a state of mind for target breaking. For several weeks past, members of his family have been afflicted with fever, and consequently he was in a state of constant anxiety concerning their welfare. He was also worn by long vigils during weeks past. That he shot so well under the circumstances is marvellous.

Capt. James R. Malone, 2671 Pennsylvania avenue, Baltimore, Md., has announced his tenth annual summer tournament, to be held at one of Baltimore's new summer resorts, Love Point, August 3 and 5. The competition will be open to all. The programme will include both target and live-bird competitions. Mr. Malone will be pleased to send programmes to all who apply for them.

A rabbit foot, duly qualified as to grave yard domicile, midnight death and darkness, etc., seems to be of no avail in protecting the professional from the amateur in tournaments. While the rabbit feet are doubtlessly potent as charms in an exceedingly generally way, they seem to be charmless in G. A. H. in particular. The average amateur trapshooter seems to be too potent for the special rabbit tootsie wootsie.

The last live-bird match for the New Jersey State championship took place at Lake Denmark, N. J., on Saturday of last week, between Messrs. H. C. Koegel and T. W. Morfey. The birds were a good lot. Mr. Koegel won by a score of 23 to 22. This trophy will be associated with many well contested matches for its possession in the past, and it was won finally by one of New Jersey's most steady and skilful shooters.

The programme of the Buffalo Bill Gun Club tournament, to be held at North Platte, Neb., July 18-20, is a work of art. Thirty-four target events are provided for the three days. Targets thrown from 72ft. tower, will be a feature of several events. The events are at 15 and 20 targets, \$1.50 and \$2 entrance; \$5 and \$8 added. Event 22 on the second day will be at 50 targets, for Denver-Post trophy. Ship guns and shells, prepaid, to W. S. Dolson.

The five sets of traps at the G. A. H., at Indianapolis, Ind., last week, on Tuesday, boosted up several notches the records of target throwing in one day. The number thrown, 42,680, is likely to remain undisturbed in the realm of the superlative for a long while. Incidentally, the record is both a testimonial to the perfection of the traps, and the perfection of the Indianapolis Gun Club's equipment. The previous high record was that of Buffalo, in 1899, when about 33,000 were thrown in one day.

Messrs. Knox and Knapp, Auburn, N. Y., inform us that they will give a large tournament on Labor day, September 5. They will give added money. Targets at 1½ cent. In the last event, for all shooters who have shot the programme through, they will give a \$50 hammerless gun, no charge for targets or for gun. Those who have shot 80 per cent. in programme, 16yds.; 85 per cent., 17yds.; 90 per cent., 18yds.. Also a nice hammerless will be given in event No. 6, regular merchandise. Book programmes sent out August 15.

The ultima thule of industrial effort is sometimes colloquially expressed by the term, "He worked like a beaver," but a busy beaver in comparison with Mr. Elmer E. Shaner managing the Grand American Handicap at targets last week, would be an example of calm repose in comparison. And yet in ruling upon and arranging all the infinity and diversity of G. A. H. detail, Mr. Shaner never was flurried, never was at a loss as to what was the proper thing to do and how to do it, and, withal, he was never irritable or peevish.

Mr. Irby Bennett, president of the Interstate Association, was an ubiquitous and indefatigable worker at the G. A. H. at Targets last week. As the chief executive of the Association, he was ever graciously alert to its best interests. Thoroughly trained in business affairs, he also is an ideal of the suaviter in modo, fortiter in re. As a speech maker of fine presence, he shone forth at his best. His presentation speeches, incident to the delivery of the cups to the winners, abounded in felicitous, sportsmanlike sentiment, delivered with accuracy and elegance of diction.

The programme of the Duluth, Minn., Central Gun Club's tenth annual tournament sets forth that \$350 added money will be a feature of the competition. The dates are July 20 and 21. There are thirteen events each day, at 15, 20 and 25 targets. There are eight at 15 and four at 20 targets, \$1.50 and \$2 entrance. No. 13 on the first day is "the wolf" event, 25 targets, \$5 entrance, high guns, 60 and 40 per cent. On the second day, No. 13 is "the coyote," and has conditions similar to "the wolf." There are thirty high average prizes, ranging from \$20 to \$5. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Ship shells to J. W. Nelson, 5 Superior street. The competition is for amateurs. Sliding handicap. Moneys 40, 30, 20 and 10.

The Interstate Association have issued the programme of their tournament, to be given for the Grand Forks, N. D., Gun Club, July 27-28. The events are alike each day, eight at 15 and one at 20 targets, entrance \$1.50 and \$2, and added money \$15 and \$20. Total added money, \$310. Targets 2 cents. July 26 will be practice day. Grand Forks is situated on the Great Northern and Northern Pacific R. R. Rose system, 4, 3, 2 and 1. Mr. W. M. Ferguson is the secretary. Guns and ammunition marked and prepaid in owner's name, care of the Ferguson Sporting Goods Co., will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. Shooting will commence at 9 o'clock. The Ferguson Sporting Goods Co. event is open to manufacturers' agents only. It is at 50 targets, no entrance; prize Colts automatic pistol.

The Cincinnati Gun Club sets forth a bountiful variety of shooting in the programme of their tournament to be held July 19-22. For one apply to the secretary, A. B. Heyl, 1870 Madison road, Cincinnati. Guns and ammunition, prepaid, sent to the Peters Arms and Sporting Goods Co., 119 E. Fifth street; Powell & Clement Co., 418 Main street; The Roll-Crawford Brendamour Co., 28 E. Fifth street, and G. W. Schuler, 626 Vine street, will be delivered on the grounds free of charge, if received before 4 o'clock, July 16. Dinner served at club house, table d'hôte, 50 cents, a la Gambell. In added money and guaranteed purses, \$2,200 are offered. Competition is open to the world. Handicaps 14 to 23yds. for those who shoot over 85 per cent. The club superintendent, Mr. Arthur Gambell, famous as a skillful trapshooter and tournament manager, will manage the tournament.

BERNARD WATERS.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Emerald Gun Club.

New York.—Appended are the scores of the Emerald Gun Club shoot, held at Outwater's, Carlstadt, N. J., June 21. You will note that we shoot the January and February shoots of 1905. This ends our shooting year. Mr. Louis Colquitt won high average for the year. I will send you list of winners of average and point prizes after our annual meeting.

The club will probably have a few contests at targets the coming six months, at Capt. Dreyer's grounds at Bergen Beach, L. I. Capt. Dreyer and Capt. Rierson, at the shoot, gave the club \$10 in gold each, added to the general prizes, making a total of \$120 in cash, besides the valuable merchandise prizes usually in the club's prize list.

The old Emeralds were organized in 1881, and the old war horse, Dr. Hudson is the only charter member left, and is still in harness and looking for trouble. Our hats are off to him, metaphorically speaking, as the lamented Jacob Pentz would say, and may he shoot in the ranks of the Emerald Gun Club for many years to come in live-bird contests, whether it be in Pennsylvania or Kentucky in the future.

Ex-Presidents Regan and Joeger were among the interested spectators of our probably final shoot in the State of New Jersey.

The weather was warm. A good wind, blowing from 7 o'clock, made the birds outgoers. President May shot in good form, considering that business kept him away from the last four shoots. Catton shot well. A sweep was shot on the total of 20 birds. Schorty was first; second was divided between Koegel and Van Valkenburg; Catton was third alone:

	January, 1905.	February, 1905.
C Van Valkenburg, 28.....	2222222222-10	2222222220-9
H Koegel, 30.....	2221222212-10	2122111*12-9
F Kall, 25.....	100100*222-5	111*221202-8
L H Schortemeier, 32.....	2121212122-10	112121222-8
L Colquitt, 30.....	1212221*1-9	012112002-7
W Keim, 28.....	*111110111-8	01*2011110-6
Capt Dreyer, 28.....	1212202211-9	101210w
Tom Short, 28.....	2211022210-8	112221212-10
Al Schoverling, 30.....	1222122100-8	*0221202012-6
J Fischer, 28.....	0021122111-8	121111112-10
J Morrison, 28.....	0011001112-5	0121020110-6
J Whitley, 28.....	0122122110-8	111*121111-9
M Reterson, 28.....	1112112111-10	1002212111-8
J A Henry, 28.....	0101101010-6	*01010211-6
Dr Hudson, 28.....	1112121201-7	111*111222-9
W Catton, 28.....	1112121212-9	1021111222-9
P May, 28.....	111012*012-9	1210121120-8

Scorer, ex-President Joeger; referee, L. H. Schortemeier; trap-puller, Johnny Jones.

New Jersey State Championship.

Lake Denmark, N. J., June 25.—The contest for the New Jersey State championship between Messrs. H. C. Koegel and T. W. Morfey, to-day resulted in a victory for the former. Mr. Morfey had defended it several times successfully in recent months. To-day he was not in his usual good form. The birds a good lot.

Mr. Koegel is known as one of New Jersey's expert shooters, and has competed successfully many times heretofore at the traps. This is the last live-bird shoot in the State of New Jersey for the State championship, and the medal emblematic of it.

The expert in trapshooting matters, Mr. Frank E. Butler, acted as referee. The scores:

T W Morfey.....	1111022121*2111021111211-22
H C Koegel.....	02222222112202121222222-23

The match was followed by a \$5 sweepstake at 5 birds, the scores of which follow:

Ryhan.....	10110-3	Hinchman.....	10011-3
Colquitt.....	22221-5	Hassenger.....	22021-4
Koegel.....	21211-5	Class.....	02221-4
Morfey.....	11211-5	Fanning.....	12000-2

Montclair Gun Club.

Montclair, N. J., June 25.—But seven men were present to-day, many of the members having gone away for the summer.

Mr. Kendall was shooting in good form, and toward the close Mr. Cockefair showed considerable improvement, by that time having "got on" to his new gun. Mr. Batten also shows improvement over recent shooting. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25
Kendall.....	21	24	22	22	21	24	Holloway.....	18	12	11
Cockefair.....	17	16	20	24	22	22	Bush.....	12	17
Geo Batten.....	19	13	17	17	Hartshorne.....	11	8
Winslow.....	12	18							

EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

Independents Defeat Pattenburgs.

Pattenburg, N. J.—A Very interesting tournament took place at Pattenburg, June 18. About thirty shooters commenced shooting at 10 o'clock and kept it up fairly well all day. E. F. Markley made longest straight run, a straight 50 in the forenoon. The contest between the Independent Club, of Eaton, and the Pattenburg Club resulted in a defeat by 23 targets in the Independents' favor. Several visitors witnessed the events, as well as the match between the two clubs, which was very interesting, until one of the Pattenburgs made a break and went down to 13, and with a few differences of this kind, it put the Pattenburgs out of business. As the shoot was for the suppers, there seemed to be a larger gap than ever, and it looked at one time as if it would be impossible to get enough together to feed all hands; but after trying it for about fifteen minutes at Mr. Milbern's table, it was agreed that it would be useless to try to in any way consume all the tempting food he had prepared for the boys. All, well pleased, departed for their several towns and cities, hoping soon to meet again. Scores:

Independent—J. Pleiss 24, O. Skeds 19, J. E. Gunther 20, H. Snyder 21, W. Hahn 23, A. H. Maurer 22, J. E. Maurer 23, H. G. Miller 22, J. H. Heil 20, E. F. Markley 24; total 218.

Pattenburg—P. Rockafellow 23, Harry Gano 21, J. Warford 24, E. Wilson 23, R. Stamets 19, J. Williamson 13, A. E. Holbrook 18, L. Rupell 15, N. Stamets 21, H. L. Gano 18; total 195.

C. W. BONNELL, Sec'y.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI.—The shoot of the Cincinnati Gun Club, on June 25 was not so well attended as usual, although the weather was fine.

In a team match at 50 targets, 22yds. rise, shot on the same day, Gambell and Rhoads were defeated by T. H. Clay and Henderson.

Parker prize gun, 100 targets, handicap of added targets: Peters (20) 100, Herman (30) 100, Maynard (18) 100, Jack (30) 100, Kramer (40) 100, Lindsley (30) 100, Norris (30) 100, Ackley (35) 100, Roanoke (40) 100, Andrews (55) 100, Smith (60) 100, Block (18) 98, Williams (18) 98, Faran (18) 97, Gambell (10) 90, Medico (12) 88.

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A H	Damascus Barrels,	325.00
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B H	Damascus or Titanic Barrels,	225.00
	With Ejector, 10, 12, 14, 16, 20 and 28-Bore,	
C H	Bernard, Damascus or Titanic,	175.00
	With Ejector, 10, 12, 14, 16, 20 and 28-Bore,	
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	\$65.00 and \$50.00.	

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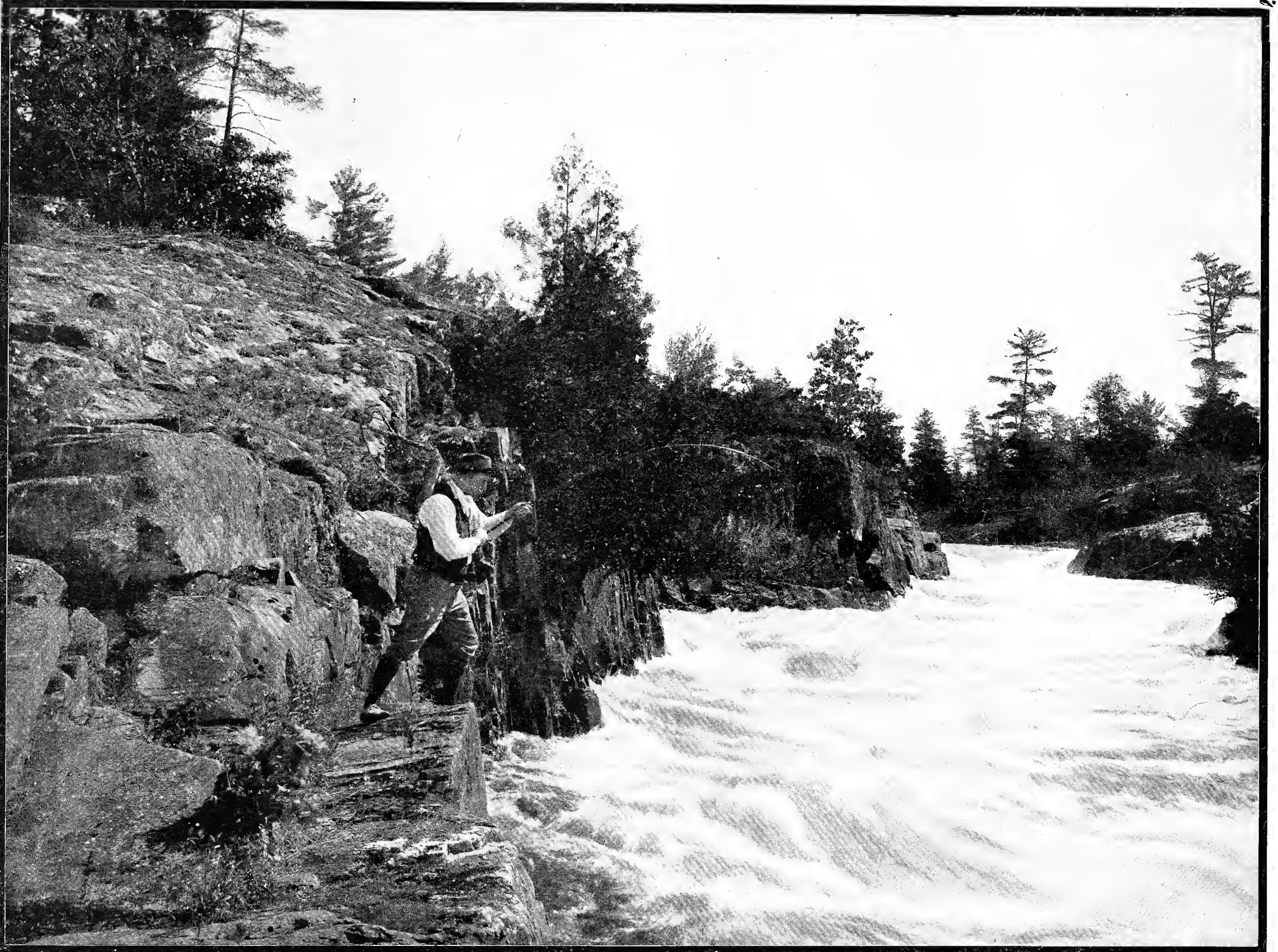
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Boston Gun Club.

Boston, Mass., June 22.—Just an even dozen shooters journeyed Vellingtonward to-day, and though a small attendance, it lacked nothing in enthusiasm.

While no grand American handicap was being shot, there was interest shown by all, the prize match seeming to have the attention first and then the team match, which proved the fun maker of the afternoon.

Capt. Frank vows that a rabbit's foot will bring him better luck next time, and is on the lookout for the largest one he can secure, as Bell is not going to monopolize all the winning teams if he can prevent it. Bell still intends to dig and promises nothing, except to see that his team is in A1 shape for the fray. Nothing would suit him better than to take another fall out of all comers.

Worthing ventured forth for his first match score to-day, and annexed a nice 23, which was just too good for the rest and came near pocketing the high average. It would have done so if he had left the 21yds. mark alone, which accounted for his 19, in the last event. But Charlie was always enthusiastic, and never could see anyone shoot, without his being in it, and conditions count nothing where he sums up the enjoyment. Woodruff and Co. were in the best of trim, too, high average being one of the honors bestowed upon them, and 22 in the prize match cutting out all told 17 and incidentally securing second place in the totals.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		
Targets:	15	15	10	15	15	10	15	25	20			
Frank, 19.....	9	9	8	12	10	7	9	11	15	11		.700
Bell, 20.....	11	10	7	10	14	8	10	11				.762
Mrs. Park, 18.....	12	9	7	10	12	4	10	12				.723
Woodruff, 17.....	11	11	10	13	15	7	9	14				.857
Worthing, 16.....	13	12	6	14	14	9	9	14	19			.846
Muldow, 16.....	8	12	7	9	12	7	9	9				.695
Bryant, 16.....	5	7	3	8	8	6	8	7	10			.456
Williams, 16.....	9	10	7	12	14	8	8	12				.762
McPhee, 16.....		5	4	13	4	4	8	13				.410
Burns, 16.....		8	10	12	7	9	14	17				.770
Baker, 16.....		9										.900
Firth, 16.....		6										.600

Prize event:

Worthing, 16.....	11111111101111111111111101—23
Bell, 20.....	11111111111111111111111111—22
Woodruff, 17.....	11111111111111111111111111—22
Williams, 16.....	11111111111111111111111111—22
Muldow, 16.....	00111111111111111111111111—19
Burns, 16.....	01111111111111111111111111—19
Frank, 19.....	11100010101111111111111111—17
McPhee, 16.....	11011111111111111111111111—17
Mrs. Park, 18.....	11101101111111111111111111—16
Bryant, 16.....	10011111111111111111111111—14

Team match:

Bell, Capt.....	10-11—21	Frank, Capt.....	9-11—20
Mrs. Park.....	10-12—22	Woodruff.....	9-14—23
Worthing.....	9-14—23	Burns.....	9-14—23
Williams.....	8-12—20	Muldow.....	9-9—18
Bryant.....	8-7-15—101	McPhee.....	4-8-12—96

Wise	9	12	16	14	20	22
Stevens	11	16	11	22	16	
Clouse	9	8	12	19	17	
P Sheaffer	5	11	8		20	
Shick					25	18
Yingling					22	21

No. 8 was for cup; No. 9 team race.

Team shoot:

Marysville—Wilson 22, Wise 22, Flurie 20; total 64.

Bloomfield—Magec 22, Barnett 23, Wolf 19; total 64.

Duncannon—Rife 17, Martin 19, Beck 9; total 45.

Sheaffer's Valley—Yingling 21, Shick 18, Stevens 16; total 45.

Picked up—Clouse 17, McClure 12, Sheaffer 20; total 49.

North Dakota State Shoot.

MINOT, N. D., June 15.—The North Dakota State tournament was held here last two days. The attendance was not large, as this town is the extreme northwestern limit of the towns having clubs. However, those present shot through both days, and all were well pleased with the entertainment furnished by the home club. Mr. Parker, the president, was the man for the place.

One of the many enjoyable features was the shooting at the traps by Mrs. C. H. Parker, and her scores were a surprise to all.

B. O. Seymour and H. C. Hirschy assisted the management, and Herman is a whole team in himself. Mr. Seymour was caught in the hotel fire and was not himself the first day, as his scores will show.

D. C. Rand, of Jamestown, won the high average for State men, closely followed by Gus Evander, with 270. Hirschy was the high amateur, though Seymour tied him the second day.

The championship medal was won by F. H. Sprague, of Grafton. The Simpson trophy fell to the lot of Capt. N. N. Main, of Condo. The Minot team won the State team trophy.

The next State shoot will be held at Grand Forks. G. E. Dies was elected President; R. W. Main, Vice-President; C. H. Parker, Second Vice-President; W. M. Furgeson, Secretary, and W. B. Wood, Treasurer. Scores:

	First Day.	Second Day.	Total.
A M McGahey.....	119	143	262
D C Rand.....	136	135	271
G Evander.....	140	130	270
H Steinke.....	118	119	237
C Clark.....	109	106	215
J H Stair.....	133	127	260
M M Furgeson.....	131	123	254
W B Wood.....	91	101	192
E C Cooper.....	120	108	228
H C Hirschy.....	143	133	276
F H Sprague.....	130	126	256
B O Seymour.....	108	133	241
C H Parker.....	133	116	249
G E Dies.....	130	134	264
A Schmidt.....	113	108	221
J Howard.....	116	118	234
C A Grow.....	125	111	236
T Moore.....	107	127	234
T McKay.....	130	112	242
O Davidson.....	135	132	267
Healers.....	71	99	170
Neary.....	119	106	225

The Acquahongas Win.

CASTLETON, Staten Island, June 22.—A three-cornered team match was shot at Castleton Corners on June 18 between the Castleton Gun Club, of Castleton Corners, Acquahonga Gun Club, of Tottenville, and the White Plains Gun Club, of White Plains, N. Y. Seven men to a team, 25 targets per man, thrown from magautrap. The home club gave a \$5 prize to the high gun. This was divided between Seawood, Joline and Wolfgang, who scored 23 each. The second match will take place at White Plains, some time in July.

Acquahonga Gun Club.

Joline	101011111111111111111111—23
Wolfgang	111110111111111111111111—23
Ellis	101101111111111111111111—22
Lovett	110110111111111111111111—19
C H Smith.....	101111111100010011011111—18
Hadkins	111111111111111111111111—22
Sprague	111101111111111111111111—21—148

White Plains Gun Club.

Dunning	010111111111111111111111—17
Gaul	001111000111110111111111—17
McAndlass	110111100100101010001010—13
Horton	011000110011111111111111—14
Carpenter	111111111111111111111111—22
Miller	100111111111111111111111—14
The Man Behind.....	111011001111111111111111—17—114

Castleton Gun Club.

G. Seawood.....	111011111111111111111111—23
Curry	101111111111111111111111—22
Howard	111101111111111111111111—20
Seofield	011111111111111111111111—19
J Housman	111101111111111111111111—21
G Smith	111110111111111111111111—22
E Housman	111100111111111111111111—19—146

Sweepstakes, 25 cents:													
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	10	10	10	10	Targets:	10	15	10	10	10	10
Carpenter	9	9	Rogers	7	..	5	8
Horton	5	6	G Smith	5	..	3	6	3	..
McAndlass	5	7	8	..	Joline	9	15	7	8	10	10
Seofield	9	10	9	7	8	7	G Seawood.....	9	8	7	8	6	5
Wier	4	..	9	7	Wolfgang	6	12	3	7	5	3
Howard	6	4	9	9	5	7	C Smith	7	..	2	..	8	7
Lovett	10	9	7	9	10	7	Ellis	10	11	9	9	9	6
J Housman.....	2	9	6	10	7	6	Dunning	5	7	..
Anderson	5	..	6	6	Gaul	4	4	..
Miller	6	5	Curry	8	6	7	9	4	8
E Housman	6	..	6	7	Hadkins	10	10
C H Smith.....	7	..	8	5	Sprague	7	8
							L. A. SCOFIELD.						

Somersville, Conn., Tournament.

THE Somersville, Conn., Gun Club will hold an all-day tournament on July 14 next. A good programme has been prepared for various events, covering in all 200 targets. Money will be divided by the Rose system. Three expert traps, set Sergeant system, will be used along with bluerock targets. Shooting will commence at 9:30 A. M. Grounds are situated on line of Somers and Enfield trolley, and cars leaving Thompsonville at 2 minutes past the hour, will run directly past the grounds. All shooters welcome and a good time is promised. An attraction to Connecticut shooters will be a 50-target race for State championship, in which the winner is guaranteed \$25; also other prizes will be given in this event if sufficient entries are received. This will be open to all amateurs at present residing in the State, and will be at 16yds. rise to all. No handicap of any kind. Shooters from outside the State will find an attractive programme outside this event. Grounds are finely situated for high scores. Lunch will be served on the grounds. For programmes address the secretary, A. M. Arnold, Somersville, Conn.

Norwich (Conn.) Shooting Club.

THERE was a small attendance at the practice shoot of the club held on Saturday afternoon, June 18, the best scores being made by Mr. Prest. The silver spoon contest resulted as follows: Prest 19, Ockford 18, Taft 16, Mitchell 15, Amberg 15, Aborn 14, Brown 14, McCord 12. For the ammunition ease: Aborn 9, Prest 9, Ockford 9, Taft 8, Mitchell 7, Amberg 6, Brown 6, McCord 5. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
Prest	24	22	22	24	19	23	134
Ockford	22	23	18	24	21	22	144
Taft	20	20	20	14	18		92
Mitchell	17	20	19	17			73
Brown	16	17					33
Amberg	15	14	18	18			65
Aborn	15	19	16	11			61
McCord	12	13					25

I. P. TAFT, Sec'y.

Taylor (Texas) Gun Club.

TAYLOR, Texas, June 16.—Eight of the target shooters were out at the Fair grounds to-day, and shot at 100 targets each. We are now getting ready for the big shoot to be held here in connection with the annual meet of the Fair Association, July 4, 5 and 6. Scores: Gilstrap 92, T. Hogen 89, F. Welch 86, B. Rome 84, A. Zizinia 83, A. Dabney 81, H. Eicholtz 80, Joe Pfeffer 76.

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

In the preliminary events of the Grand American Handicap, last week, J. A. R. Elliott, with his Winchester repeating shotgun and Winchester shells, broke 179 targets out of a possible 180. In the preliminary handicap, honors were even between S. H. Cummings and W. H. Clay, with scores of 98 out of 100. Mr. Cummings won the shoot-off. Both used Winchester factory loaded shells, and Mr. Cummings a Winchester repeating shotgun. In the Grand American Handicap, R. D. Guptill, using a Winchester repeating shotgun, and W. N. Randall, using Winchester factory loaded shells, tied with a score of 96 out of 100. Mr. Guptill won the shoot-off.

Tom Marshall, of Keithsburg, Ill., and everywhere else, stated, "I have won the G. A. H. twice with U. M. C. shells, and the unexcelled quality of the U. M. C. products appeals as strongly to the expert as they do to such amateurs as Mr. Diefenderfer, the last year's winner, and to Mr. Guptill, the plucky Minnesota shooter who took the highest honor in the shooting world last week."

Mr. R. D. Guptill and Mr. W. R. Randall, respectively the winner and the runner-up in the competition for the G. A. H., honors at Indianapolis last week, used Infalible powder.

New London (Ia.) Tournament.

NEW LONDON, Ia., June 17.—The ninth annual midsummer target tournament held by this club was surely a success, notwithstanding that the Illinois State tournament and a dozen others were in progress at the same time. There were several Illinois shooters here, which showed that they were not in sympathy with the Lincoln Club for setting same dates as that previously claimed by this club.

Weather hot and clear first day, and some of the shooters suffered with the heat; yet thirty-one shot through, and some good scores were made. Chas. Spencer, the St. Louis expert, laid it over Gilbert, and made 196 out of the 200. Guptil and Rambo, with 190 were high amateurs.

The invitation handicap had thirty entries, and Steege and Dr. Cook tied, each with 49. On the shoot-off Cook won his own trophy with 24. Garrett made long run, 72.

Second day opened up cloudy, and a steady shower continued well into the afternoon. When the programme was completed, the handicap had to be postponed. Gilbert came on strong and won with 194, while Guptil made another 190. John Peterson made longest run, and the well-known Waterloo, Ia., farmer came out the low man.

The shooting on the third day was tiresome, including 200 regular, the grand target handicap, the sympathy handicap, and the shoot-off for the 80 and 90 per cent. trophies.

Gilbert finished the programme high expert, with 195, Adams 189, Spencer 187; Jackson was high amateur, 194. Spencer had the experts going the first day, and with 127 straight now wears a gold ring that he may show you for the asking.

The grand target handicap brought out Dr. Winbigler, Burnside and Nichols, who tied on 49. The Doctor was shooting well and steady, and won the tie.

The trophy was a very handsome gold watch of an unusual design.

The sympathy handicap was a sharp contest, and when the smoke had cleared away it was Christman who got all but one of the 50, and landed a neat victory.

Kline got busy, and won the 90 per cent. trophy, a Marlin shotgun, with a straight score. Sperry borrowed one of the old reliable guns from the "old man," Gilbert, and by a run of 25 won out in the 80 per cent. class.

Tom Marshall fired a few shots and hastened away for the Illinois State shoot. Fine meals were served on the grounds by the ladies of the church. The new automatic trap used the second day worked very much as though it would be a "comer." Many of the shooters started off for the G. A. H.

Dr. Cook wishes it distinctly understood that his next shoot will be Oct. 18, 19 and 20, and all other clubs are notified not to encroach on his dates. The scores:

First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	196
Spencer	15	14	18	15	14	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	192
Gilbert	14	14	20	15	14	20	13	14	20	15	14	19	190
Guptil	15	15	18	14	14	20	14	14	19	13	14	20	190
Rambo	15	14	19	14	14	20	12	15	19	15	13	20	188
Jackson	14	15	18	14	15	18	14	15	19	13	14	19	188
Garrett	15	15	20	15	14	19	13	13	19	12	13	20	187
McDowell	14	14	20	13	15	18	13	15	17	14	15	19	187
Ridley	11	15	19	14	15	20	13	14	20	13	14	19	187
Ford	14	15	18	15	14	18	14	14	18	12	15	19	186
Adams	14	14	18	14	15	17	13	15	20	13	14	18	185
Peterson	13	14	20	15	13	19	11	15	19	15	12	18	184
Kline	14	14	18	14	13	20	15	13	17	13	14	18	183
Hoon	15	15	19	12	13	19	12	14	18	15	11	19	182
Burnside	12	14	19	15	14	16	14	14	19	15	9	20	181
Black	13	13	17	15	15	16	13	14	18	15	12	18	179
Storm	14	14	17	13	12	17	13	14	18	14	12	20	178
Dave	15	15	20	11	14	17	12	13	16	14	13	18	178
Wallace	12	13	15	12	12	19	11	14	18	14	11	19	178
Townsend	10	12	18	15	14	19	13	15	17	14	12	18	177
Brookman	12	13	20	13	13	18	14	10	19	13	13	19	177
Russell	12	13	16	11	14	20	15	13	17	12	15	19	177
Nichols	14	12	15	10	15	20	14	14	18	13	13	18	176
Sperry	12	14	17	14	15	18	14	15	17	12	13	15	176
Morrill	15	15	14	13	13	20	10	14	15	14	12	18	173
Foley	12	15	16	14	11	15	14	13	17	14	13	19	173
Ellett	13	13	16	13	14	20	13	14	16	12	11	17	172
Winbigler	13	10	15	15	13	15	13	14	16	14	15	16	169
Christman	12	10	18	11	10	16	10	14	17	14	14	19	165
Steege	13	13	16	12	12	15	12	14	14	12	10	20	163
Burmister	13	11	14	12	13	17	11	12	17	14	12	13	159
Cook	7	13	15	12	11	14	14	14	15	15	13	14	157
Halc	12	13	19	12	13	18	12	14	19	12	12	12	144
Marshall	14	15	20	12	13	19	13	12	12	12	12	12	105
Geng	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	83
J. Foley	14	13	14	11	13	16	11	11	11	11	11	11	81
Garden	8	7	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	31
Hamilton	8	7	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	15

Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	194
Gilbert	15	15	20	13	13	19	14	15	20	14	15	19	190
Guptil	15	14	19	13	13	19	13	15	19	15	14	19	188
Spencer	13	15	17	15	15	19	14	14	20	12	14	20	188
Adams	14	15	18	15	15	18	12	14	19	14	15	19	188
Storm	15	13	17	15	14	19	13	14	18	15	13	18	184
Bambo	15	14	17	15	15	18	15	14	19	11	12	19	184
Klein	12	15	17	15	18	12	15	19	15	12	18	18	181
Garrett	15	14	17	15	14	17	12	15	18	12	13	18	180
Burnside	15	13	18	12	12	19	14	15	14	14	13	19	178
Winbigler	15	12	15	13	15	19	14	12	18	12	14	19	178
Townsend	11	15	19	12	13	18	12	13	18	14	12	19	176
McDowell	14	14	18	14	13	18	14	15	17	12	12	15	176

Peterson	14	14	17	14	15	19	12	13	15	15	13	13	174
Hoon	15	14	16	14	15	19	13	11	16	10	11	17	171
Jackson	15	15	15	12	14	18	11	15	14	14	14	20	177
Sperry	13	14	15	14	12	19	15	13	15	14	15	17	176
Nichols	12	11	16	15	14	19	13	15	16	15	9	18	173
Foley	15	15	19	12	13	19	12	13	20	14	11	16	179
Dr. Cook	12	12	16	13	12	18	14	12	18	13	13	18	171
Russell	14	10	16	15	13	19	14	13	13	14	13	17	171
Crisman	14	13	13	11	12	16	11	14	16	14	15	18	171
Ridgley	11	15	19	12	11	19	10	13	17	14	11	17	169
Burmister	13	11	13	13	14	17	12	13	18	11	12	16	168
Brookman	14	14	13	13	15	17	13	13	15	10	11	14	167
Black	15	14	17	11	13	14	11	12	16	10	12	14	159
Steege	10	12	12	14	12	16	12	9	15	12	13	15	152
Wallace	14	15	16	12	9	16	11	13	17	15	9	15	152
Hall	14	14	17	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	144
Baxter	15	13	15	7	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	144
Wheeler	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	9
Rorshall	12	12	16	12	9	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	10
Dave	12	12	16	12	9	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	10
Gibson	12	12	16	14	12	19	11	11	11	11	11	11	10
Ellett	14	14	17	14	11	13	11	11	11	11	11	11	0

Third Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	195
Gilbert	15	15	19	15	15	19	15	14	20	14	14	20	194
Jackson	15	15	19	15	14	18	15	14	19	15	15	20	189
Adams	14	15	18	14	15	19	14	14	19	14	15	18	187
Ford	14	15	19	13	13	18	13	15	19	14	15	19	187
Spencer	15	14	19	15	14	19	14	14	19	13	14	18	187
Russell	13	15	19	14	13	20	11	14	18	14	15	20	186
Wallace	15	14	17	14	14	20	14	14	17	12	15	18	184
Foley	12	14	17	15	12	17	14	15	19	14	13	20	182
Sperry	13	14	15	15	12	20	15	15	19	13	15	17	183
Guptil	15	13	16	14	13	20	14	12	19	14	15	19	184
Ridgley	15	15	18	12	13	20	14	15	18	13	14	17	184
Hoon	13	15	17	13	12	18	15	14	20	12	13	18	180
Burnside	13	14	19	13	11	20	12	14	19	14	15	18	182
Klein	12	14	20	15	15	18	15	15	17	12	13	19	185
Peterson	14	13	18	13	14	17	14	13	19	15	12	20	184
Winbigler	13	13	20	12	15	17	13	15	19	14	15	19	180
Townsend	14	13	19	15	14	18	12	14	19	13	12	18	181
Rambo	14	12	19	14	15	19	14	14	17	14	14	17	182
Smith	13	13	20	15	14	14	14	12	15	14	11	17	173
Brookman	14	12	13	14	11	19	13	14	19	14	14	16	173
Burmister	14	13	15	13	11	18	11	14	20	12	12	18	171
Nichols	15	11	17	13	15	19	12	13	19	14	14	15	177
Black	11	14	18	11	17	13	13	16	12	14	15	18	171
Dr. Cook	13	14	18	15	13	19	12	12	18	12	11	16	173
Crisman	11	12	19	12	13	19	9	12	18	14	13	20	172
Steege	11	14	14	12	12	13	13	11	16	13	11	17	167
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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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• THE PALMA TROPHY.

IN the Shooting and Fishing of June 30, an editorial embodies a letter from Gen. Bird W. Spencer, President of the National Rifle Association of America, which purports to be a reply to an editorial published in *FOREST AND STREAM* of June 18, on the Palma Trophy unpleasantness. But it is not a reply, inasmuch as it evades the issue. In our rifle columns it is published in full.

In the first paragraph of this letter, Gen. Spencer states the reason, or another reason, for equipping the United States team with two sets of rifles. He asserts that "the British Association asked us to amend the rules allowing special barrels on rifles of private makers. We did not agree to this, but as the committee of the team captains had a right to make a change in the conditions, and as H. M. Pope offered to make the barrels used, the National Rifle Association thought that it would be just as well for the team to have with them a rifle with a barrel of a private maker; and in the event that the rules were changed they would have the barrels with them for use."

"In the event that the rules were changed they would have the barrels with them for use." But the rules were not changed. How, then, did the American team come to use these special barrels? By representing that they were of a newly adopted service pattern, and so came within the rule that rifles used in a match should be "in all respects of the pattern adopted and issued to the troops for service."

The rifles had eight grooves and an eight-inch twist. Were they at the date of the match in all respects of the pattern adopted and issued to the troops for service? The answer to this is the monosyllable "No" of Col. Phipps' letter quoted in our rifle columns.

Gen. Spencer writes: "There is very little use in discussing the subject as to whether the new U. S. service rifle, adopted June 19 [1903] contained an eight or a ten-inch twist." But in his letter to the British Association of March 7, Gen. Spencer as President of the National Rifle Association, stated that the rifles used by the American team contained one turn in eight inches, the same, he is quoted as alleging, as the present service arm of the United States. Was it the same as the present service arm of the United States? Col. Phipps answers "No."

However eager Gen. Spencer may be to avoid discussing this point, its discussion is well worth while. For this reason: When, as representing the United States, because it was an international event, the National Rifle Association entered into this competition, they owed it to the people of the United States to enter it with clean hands and straight, above-board methods. The more General Spencer writes for publication, the more clearly does it appear that the American team did not enter the competition with clean hands, and that their methods were far from straightforward.

Stripped of all the irrelevant sophisms and evasions concerning what Col. Bruce, the committee of captains, the British Association, et al., did not do, and the various contingencies appertaining to things which never happened, the whole issue rests on what the team did do. Did it or did it not violate the conditions governing the match? Did it use inadmissible rifles? Even Gen. Spencer, receding from his former declaration that the rifles corresponded with the new U. S. issued service rifles, now concedes that the rifles were irregular. And he seeks to justify that irregularity on the part of the Americans by saying: "It is well known that the British team shot with a rifle made by a private maker (in no wise a Government contractor), and they were exceedingly fine rifles, and were in no sense a service rifle." Accepting this statement, and assuming that, as between the American and British teams, the illegal rifles offset each other, what then was their status, under the rules, in relation to the Canadian, Natal, French, and Norwegian and Australian teams who came into the competition with clean hands? Did those other teams qualify as contestants and still have any rights which the British and Americans were in honor and honesty bound to respect? It is, indeed, a strange code of ethics which seeks to justify a wrong by alleging, as Gen. Spencer does, that someone else has perpetrated the same wrong. Gen. Spencer is mistaken if he indulges the notion that the American people will be satisfied with any such confession and avoidance as make up his latest declaration.

As competitors for the Trophy, the American team and the National Rifle Association, and General Spencer as

its President, representing America, were charged with maintaining the good name of this country for honor and fair play. Upon them was put the obligation which rests upon the officers of our army, as expressed by Secretary Taft in his address to the graduating class at West Point the other day, when he said: "One phase in your army life I would impress upon you—never depart from the pathway of honor." It would have been the better part for the Americans at Bisley last year to have upheld the credit of America, even if they had not won the Trophy. The Palma lost to-day may be regained to-morrow. The good name forfeited may be won again only when time shall have dulled men's memory of these men and their acts.

JOHN FANNIN.

ONE after another the old-time contributors of *FOREST AND STREAM* are passing over the Great Divide, leaving behind them groups of sorrowing friends and records of good deeds well performed.

John Fannin, long Curator of the Provincial Museum at Victoria, British Columbia, died June 20, 1904. He had long been failing and growing more feeble, and the end was not unexpected.

Mr. Fannin was born in the year 1839 in the backwoods of Kempville, Ont., where he passed his boyhood. From early life he was fond of the woods and wilds, and cared more for the lessons to be learned from the book of nature than for those taught in the country schools. By the time he had attained manhood, he was not only well acquainted with the ways of the birds and beasts of his native country, but was also a good practical woodsman.

In the year 1862 came the news of the discovery of gold in the wonderful Cariboo region, which drew to northern British Columbia so many old miners and young men who were wooing fortune. One of these was Mr. Fannin, who that year joined a party which proposed to make on foot the journey across the great plains and the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Coast. They left Fort Garry—now Winnipeg—which was then the last white settlement, and from there made their way over the vast unexplored Northwest. They crossed the Rocky Mountains at the Tete Jaune Pass, and proceeded down the west slope to a point near Fort George, on the Fraser River. The long journey had not been without dangers, difficulties, and hardships, but at last, after four months, it was safely completed, and the pioneers felt that now the fortunes that they longed for were really within their grasp.

In Mr. Fannin's judgment, the season was then too late to start in to the mines, and with five companions he proceeded to Fort Kamloops, on the Thompson River, which they reached October 11. The following spring he went to the mines, and cast in his lot with the gold seekers of Williams Creek, the richness of which made fortunes for many during the next two years. Mr. Fannin was not one of these, but nevertheless for nearly ten years he mined and prospected through the Province, coming out at last as poor as he had gone in.

All these journeyings, however, had given him a great knowledge of the Province, and on more than one occasion he was sent into the interior by the Government on exploring expeditions to acquire information on particular subjects.

About twenty-five years ago Mr. Fannin settled on the banks of the beautiful Burrard Inlet, about seven miles from the town of New Westminster. This was many years before the building of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, whose rails to-day pass almost over the spot on which Fannin's little shop and house used to stand. There were two or three other cabins near-by, and across the Inlet stood an Indian village, with whose dark-skinned inhabitants Mr. Fannin was on the best of terms. The waters swarmed with fish, and the woods with deer and grouse, while a few miles up the Inlet rose tall mountains where white goats and black bears abounded.

Mr. Fannin had always had a deep love for nature, and here he settled down and began its systematic study, though at first with little knowledge and almost without books. Here was a case of absolute self-help, for without assistance he taught himself most of the birds and mammals of the region. He was very fond of hunting, and a remarkable rifle shot; but if he hunted much, he observed more; and what he observed he remembered.

One of his closest friends was J. C. Hughes, who had long been a reader and correspondent of *FOREST AND*

STREAM, and through Mr. Hughes, more than twenty-five years ago, Mr. Fannin began to write. Subsequently some of the staff of the paper met and hunted with him, and were able to be of some little help to him. As time went on, his fame as a naturalist spread through British Columbia, and when, about sixteen years ago, the Provincial Museum was established at Victoria, Mr. Fannin was made its curator. Of the pride that he took in its collection, and the unselfish toil that he expended in increasing and perfecting them it is hardly necessary to speak. His services were heartily appreciated by the Government, which in 1895 sent him to Europe and to the United States to study the workings of modern museums.

Mr. Fannin was extremely well informed about the birds of British Columbia, and was always willing to put his great experience at the service of any bird lover. He published a list of the birds of British Columbia, and some years ago a new form of mountain sheep was named after him.

Personally Mr. Fannin was a man of the kindest nature; extremely quiet, yet with a keen wit and an appreciation of the humorous side of life which made him to those who knew him well, one of the dearest and most joyous of companions. He had a very wide acquaintance.

BIRDS AND THE ELEMENTS.

THE year from the spring of 1903 to the spring of 1904 was one of great destruction of wild birds in many portions of New England. The terrible drought of April and May of 1903 was followed by forest fires which ravished the Adirondack region, Maine, and other parts of New England, and these fires came at the height of the breeding season, and unquestionably destroyed the young of many mammals and the nests, eggs, and young of many birds. All this we have written of more than once. It has been suggested also that this terrible drought may in a number of cases have prevented certain birds, as swallows, from breeding because of the lack of mud with which to build their nests.

Early in June, however, came a change. After nearly two months, when the rainfall was far below the normal, followed a succession of rainstorms with easterly winds, fog, and low temperature, which absolutely reversed the conditions that had hitherto prevailed. In some portions of Massachusetts and Connecticut the rainfall for June was over 12 inches. In a few places it was only from 3 to 6 inches, but the average precipitation for the month in Massachusetts was 7.44 inches—greater than in any other New England State except Connecticut. These rains and the low temperature did much to destroy insect life, and so to reduce the food supply for insect-eating birds. The tremendous rainfall caused floods which overflowed the wide meadows which border many of the New England streams, drowning out all birds that had made their nests in such localities.

Details of this general bird destruction are given elsewhere in this week's *FOREST AND STREAM*. Here we have to speak chiefly of the mortality among the game. Of this the Bob White, or quail, probably suffered most. Massachusetts is near the northern limit of the bird's range, and it is frequently cut off by heavy, hard winters, necessitating a restocking, which restocking is generally done with birds from the South, which have little power of resistance to the New England winter, and so frequently in their turn succumb.

IN THE NORTH WOODS.

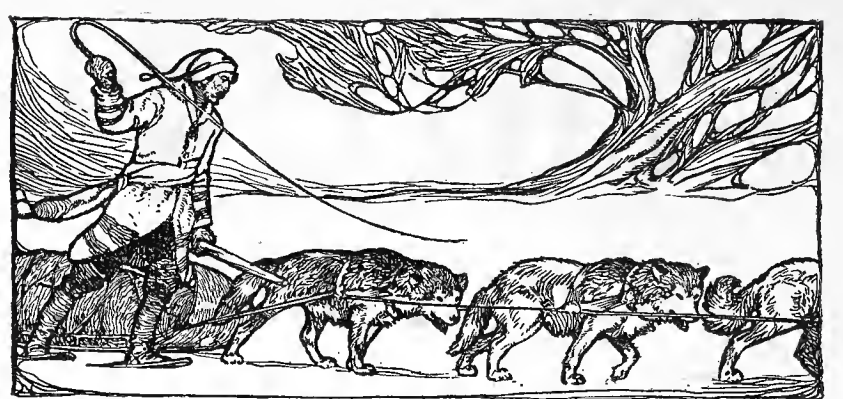
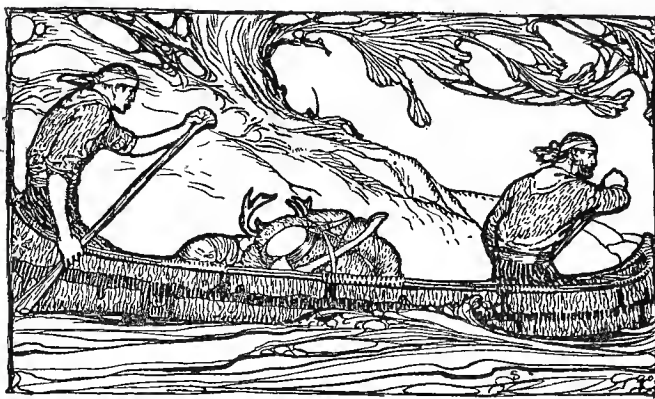
It is forbidden to kill deer in the Adirondacks in June.

Under such conditions, if a man in the Adirondacks in June should be mistaken for a deer, he would be safe from any hunter, because it would be unlawful for the hunter to shoot at the object thought to be a deer.

All this sounds reasonable; and it is so theoretically.

The actual fact, however, does not bear out the reasoning. Henry Prentice, a well-known character at Paul Smith's, was found dead in the woods the other day, and some time later a carpenter who works in the vicinity was arrested, and confessed that he had shot Prentice on Sunday morning, mistaking him for a deer. It is worthy of note that Prentice himself was deer hunting on this same Sunday morning.

It behooves June visitors in the Adirondacks to keep close to the hotels, and not get into the woods on a Sunday morning.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

The Is-pit-si Cavalry.

WHEN the American Fur Company wound up its affairs in 1865 and retired from business, many of the firm's old employes engaged in the Indian trade for themselves, or became wolfers and beaver trappers. Fort Benton was their headquarters. Each spring from far away St. Louis came a flotilla of steamboats loaded with goods, and later departed down stream, still more heavily loaded with bales of buffalo robes and furs. All through the long, hot summer the traders and wolfers loafed about the town, gambling, drinking, and dancing—those so inclined—the more staid ones simply idling away the time and impatiently counting the days until cold weather should again bring out the prime dark fur of the buffalo, the beaver, and the wolf. And when that time came, out they scattered over the broad plains, some with bull or mule trains, some with just a wagonload of goods drawn by four horses; others with one or two good saddle horses and a few pack animals. Out into the basin of the Judith, westward along the foot of the Rockies, north to the Marias and its tributaries, or east to the Bear's Paw and Little Rockies or the valley of Milk River, they followed the Indians and the vast herds of buffalo, to trade for robes or to poison wolves and trap beavers.

It was a hazardous life they led. The traders handled mainly "fire-water," and many a one lost his life at the hands of the warriors whom he had crazed with the potent spirits. The wolfers and trappers, by ones and twos making the round of their baits and traps, and always extremely cautious, were frequently ambushed or cut off from camp by some war party of a hostile tribe, and their bones soon bleached in the bright prairie sun. Yet the rewards were so great that they unhesitatingly took the risk; better a short life with plenty of money, they reasoned, than a long life of drudgery and penury.

It was in 1871 that a new enemy appeared in the field—an enemy whom the traders learned to dread far more than they did a whole camp of drink-crazed Indians. This was one Charles Hardin, a recently appointed United States Deputy Marshal, and the first one they had ever met or heard of who could not be bribed to allow them to carry on their unlawful business. North of Fort Benton to the as yet undetermined boundary of Canada, eastward for hundreds of miles, the very heart of the game country, was Indian land, and the Government had decreed that anyone who sold liquor to an Indian or was found with it in his possession in the Indian country, should have his property confiscated, and be fined and imprisoned. And this new marshal meant to enforce the law! Of course they could have killed and thus got rid of him; but rough as these men were, used to scenes of blood and quick to anger, all and each of them were above the taking of a white man's life except in defense of their own. In other words, they had an unwritten code of honor and morals—the frontiersman's code—which they respected and religiously followed. It was not wrong to sell Indians liquor, although the Government prohibited it; but it was wrong to cheat at cards, to lie, to steal another man's woman, and above all, to take the life of a fellow white man except in strict self-defense.

Healy & Hamilton—the same John Healy who was afterwards the sheriff of Chouteau county, Montana, for so many terms, and the man who has since carved out an immense fortune in Alaskan transportation, trade, and mining—this firm was the first to hit upon a plan whereby they could circumvent the obnoxious marshal. They went over into Canada and built a trading post at the junction of the St. Mary's and Belly rivers, which they later named Fort Whoop-up, as they had an immense trade, sold great quantities of liquor to the Indians, and "generally whooped things up." True, there was always the risk of the marshal catching their northbound liquor-laden teams before they could get safely into Canada; but then, one had to run some chances in any business.

One by one the other traders followed this firm's lead, and located in what is now the southern part of the Territory of Alberta, Canada. Kipp & Thomas built Fort Kipp, at the junction of the Belly and Old Man's rivers, and Fort Standoff up the Belly River some thirty miles. T. C. Power & Bro. also built a post near Fort Kipp, which was managed by a man named Williams. Up on High River, near the foot of the Rockies, were several traders and a number of wolfers and trappers.

For a time trade could not have been better, but along in the fall of 1873 the outlook for a good winter's business was not encouraging. There seemed to be as many buffalo as ever, and plenty of other game and fur, but the Indians—the Blackfeet, Bloods and Sir-eis—had become so badly dissipated that they no longer hunted with their old time vigor and enthusiasm. Having fewer and fewer robes to trade, but an ever-increasing and unquenchable thirst, they had been selling their horses for liquor until some lodges had parted with their last animal. Becoming quite desperate, some of the wilder element of the camps had murdered several wolfers and trappers and plundered their outfits. Something had to be done; a meeting was held by the High River men and an organization formed to suppress the sale of repeating rifles—66 model Winchesters—to the Indians. A well-known firm of traders—I. G. Baker & Co.—recommended this policy, and were the first to sign an agreement pledging themselves to observe the restriction decided upon under

penalty of the confiscation of their goods. Other traders in that vicinity also signed the paper, and then it was brought down to the Belly and Kootenay River country by a deputation of wolfers for the signatures of the remaining traders. Old Harry Taylor—peace to his ashes—was the leader of the crowd. He was better known as "Kah-moos"—The Thief—a name the Blackfeet had given him.

When the agreement was presented at Whoop-up, Healy read it and then handed it back to the deputation. "I shall not sign it," he said quietly. "I am here to trade, and have a large stock of Henry rifles on hand which I shall dispose of to any who want them, Indians or white."

"Johnny," said Taylor, "don't be hasty; this is no joking matter. At our meeting up on High River it was decided that any trader who refused to sign this paper should have his goods confiscated."

Healy smiled, and there were several present who knew what that smile meant. He always smiled grimly when his ire was aroused, albeit the steely glint in his eyes belied the smile.

"Kah-moos," he replied, "when your Is-pit-si cavalry are quite ready, come down and try your confiscation plan; we'll be here to receive you."

And thus it was that the organization got its name: Is-pit-si—e-tuk-tai in Blackfoot—is High River. Healy had dubbed them the "High" cavalry.

Kipp & Thomas, John Weatherwax, and Power & Bros.' trader, Williams, signed the agreement, but the cavalry returned home without the signature of Healy & Hamilton.

One day a number of Blood Indians came into the Power's post to trade. The women were laden with bundles of well tanned prime head and tail buffalo robes, which they unslung from their backs and unrolled with sighs of relief; ten or twelve robes were a heavy burden. Among other things, three of the Indians wished to purchase each a Henry carbine and two hundred rounds of cartridges. Williams was in despair. He dared not sell them, and the thought of losing thirty-six fine robes—a clear profit of something like \$175—was almost unbearable. "Well, well," he cried, walking back and forth and ruffling his hair. "Tell them," he finally said to his interpreter, "that I can't sell them any rifles or cartridges—that none of the traders will do so—so they had better buy something else—whiskey, blankets, grub, anything but guns."

"Very well," one of the Indians replied, when the trader's decision had been made known to them. "If you will not sell us the guns, we will not trade for anything. It is not far down to the next post (Healy & Hamilton's), where we can buy what we want."

John Forgey—"Long" John, one of Williams' employes—thought he saw a way to save the trade. "I didn't sign the agreement," he said to Williams, "so the Is-pit-si cavalry can't harm me. Charge my account with the guns and cartridges, and I'll trade for the robes, and later you can give me credit for the amount."

That seemed to Williams an easy way out of the dilemma; so the Indians got the guns, purchased besides some liquor and a lot of goods, and returned home well satisfied.

In less than a week, however, Williams was visited by another deputation from High River. "We hear," said Kah-moos, "that you have broken your agreement—that you have sold three Henry guns and some cartridges to the Bloods. How is it?"

"You are mistaken," Williams replied. "I have not sold a rifle, nor cartridges, either, to anyone since you were last here."

"But the Bloods have three new guns, which they say they purchased from you. How do you account for that?"

Before Williams could answer, Long John produced the ledger, opened at his account: "You will see," he said, pointing to the particular item, "that I am charged with three carbines and six hundred cartridges. Well, I sold them to the Bloods. I was not included in your agreement; I did not sign it, and I had a right to do so."

The members of the cavalry drew a little apart and discussed the case, and finally informed Williams that they considered him responsible for the actions of his employee. "Therefore," the leader concluded, "we contend that you have forfeited your goods. We will be down again to-morrow evening with our wagons and haul them away. In the meantime, be sure you don't cache anything; if you do, you may expect pretty rough treatment."

Williams was fairly distracted. After the cavalry rode away, he walked up and down the trade room, wringing his hands and bemoaning the fate which had enticed him into such a wild country and among such lawless men. "I have never liked the business," he said to Long John, "and I cannot stand it another hour. You may consider yourself in full charge here, for I am going to saddle my horse and start for Fort Benton at once."

Forgey refused to assume the responsibility, and suggested that if Williams really intended to leave, he had better try to get Healy to take charge until the firm could send someone out from Fort Benton. Williams agreed to this, and losing no time in saddling his horse, he started at once for Fort Benton, via Whoop-up, where he succeeded in getting Healy to take charge of the post. The firm dealt largely with T. C. Power & Bro., and Healy felt under obligations to help them out of a tight place.

Moreover, Healy was longing for a chance to meet the men who seemed to be running the country regardless of law or justice. He tried first, however, to induce Williams to return to his post, pointing out that it was the height of cowardice for a man to so abandon the important position his employers had given him. Williams would not listen to arguments nor reason, and suddenly realizing that he would likely be waylaid by a war party on the trail south, begged to be allowed to remain at Whoop-up until he could join some outfit going in.

"No, sir," Healy replied. "You either return to your place or you hit the trail out of here in five minutes. This post shelters no cowards."

So Williams went on south, and, to every one's surprise, he arrived safely at Fort Benton, not even seeing an Indian on the way. From Benton he took passage in a mackinaw for the "States," and never returned; the frontier was not the place for such as he.

Long John and the interpreter passed a restless evening and night, but early the next morning Healy drove up to the post and in his wagon was one of the Whoop-up guns—a mounted six-pounder brass cannon. There were a number of employes at Fort Whoop-up, but not one of them had accompanied him. Long John wondered what was to be the plan of defense, but he asked no questions as he helped unhitch the team and unload the cannon.

On each side of the trade room was a store room, one of which was still empty, as the winter's trade had but just commenced. Along the back wall of the empty one Healy and John built a bench, full length of the room, and this was the only article of furniture in it; one or two empty boxes, and anything else that would answer for a seat were taken out. The cannon was then heavily charged with a sackful of trade balls on top of the well rammed powder, and run in behind the high counter, and a hole of the proper size and height was cut in the partition, which allowed the gun to be trained so as to command the length of the bench. The hole was then covered with an old coat, carelessly hung over it.

"Sacre!" the interpreter exclaimed. "But it ees ze beautiful scheme; wiz one shot ze Is-pet-se cavalree will be potted, an' as ze dam Pied Noirs say, 'ak' ahk-si in-mot-stan'—eet will one gran' clean up be."

Long John was a youth in those days—a mere boy fresh from a peaceful Nebraska farm, and his eyes fairly bulged when he comprehended Healy's plan. "Mr. Healy, are you going to get those men to sit on that bench and then shoot that sackful of balls into 'em?" he asked.

"I am," Healy replied, "unless I can argue them out of attempting to loot this place. After I get them into the room and seated on the bench you are going to stand by the cannon, and if you hear me say, or begin to say, this sentence—'Gentlemen, since you will not listen to reason, you must take the consequences'—if you hear me begin that, you are to pull the string I have attached to the fuse, and fire the cannon. Do you savey?"

"Yes, sir," John replied, "I savey, and I'll sure pull the string. These here Is-pit-si cavalry are nothing but a gang of robbers, and they ought to be blown up."

"Right you are, boy; they're robbers, all right; yet, to do them justice, we must concede that they believe—really believe—they are doing the best thing they can to insure their safety."

About four o'clock the crowd arrived—twenty of them—some on horseback, some driving four-horse teams. It was easy to see that they were surprised and somewhat taken aback to find Healy in charge of the place, and to learn that Williams had left the country. It was a raw, cloudy day, and Healy invited them into the empty room, where a bright fire was burning in the open chimney-place.

"Well, boys," said he, "even if we do differ about some things, there is no reason why we should not have a little drink together, is there?" and he brought out a keg and a cup, which were passed around. One by one each man poured out what liquor he wanted, solemnly said, "How!" and swallowed it. And gradually, one by one, after warming before the fire-place, they naturally sauntered across the room and sat down on the long bench.

Then Healy began to talk, walking up and down before them, stopping now and then to emphasize a point in his argument. His main contention was that the very firm which had proposed the restriction in trading firearms and cartridges were taking robes and furs for them right along and giving the Indians orders on their southern post for the weapons, and that if an Indian really wanted a gun or cartridges, he did not mind a two hundred mile ride after them. Then he appealed to their pride. "You are all old-timers," he said. "You have roamed these western plains for years, and beat the Indians at their own game when they were as bad, and worse, than they are now, when more and better armed war parties were abroad. And are you going to have it said of you at this late day that you dared not go out to wolf and trap until you had bulldozed the traders and stopped the sale of arms to the Indians?"

"And if you should succeed in enforcing this restriction out here, and confiscate the goods in this post, what would your friends in Fort Benton think of you? Would you have any friends left there? Not one of you but has some time or other gone to the owners of these goods and purchased what you wanted from them on credit; many of you to-day owe the firm for your winter's outfit; they

have been good and liberal, and would you now repay their kindness by robbing them? As a friend, I beg you to consider this matter seriously; you have considered it from your point of view, now look at it from the other side."

He stopped speaking, and for a moment there was silence in the room. The interpreter, who had been standing in the doorway between the two rooms, softly stole out, a scared and trembling Frenchman. Long John stood grimly beside the cannon; his heart was beating furiously, and there was a choking sensation in his throat; he felt dizzy and faint, as he waited to hear the dreaded signal to fire the piece.

Old Kah-moos was the first to break the silence. "Out



FLORIDA COWBOYS.

of consideration to Power & Bro., fellows, I move that we overlook this matter and go home; giving fair warning, however, to those present and absent that we will not overlook another offense of the kind."

The others quickly agreed to this, and the keg again went the rounds, pipes were lit, conversation became general. As the crowd arose to depart, Healy asked them to step into the trade room and look behind the counter; they did so, and what they saw there caused them to look very solemn and thoughtful. They hadn't a word to say as they passed out and prepared to ride and drive away. Finally, however, Kah-moos burst out: "Johnny, old man, if we had refused to drop the matter, would that old cannon really have mowed us down, or was that a bluff you was runnin' in on us?"

"Ask Long John," he replied.

"I was just waitin' to hear him say the word," said John, "and then I was to touch her off."

Kah-moos dug the spurs into his horse, and away the party went. And that was the end of the Is-pit-si cavalry.

O'-MUK-E-TAI.

Florida Water Ways in Summer.

Up North River.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Florida, June 21.—The ordinary tourist thinks of Florida summertime as likely to be too hot for endurance, and this because he finds March so lovely and warm, and thinks to himself and says to everybody he meets, "If it is so warm in March, how hot must it be in June?" So figuring out the future by this rule of three, he hies himself home to frost and mud and all things disagreeable, instead of remaining through the balmy months of spring and early summer, to find the cool sea breeze



AFTER CRABS.

temper the air to a most delightful freshness, and to make sailing and bathing one long delight.

In any of these days take a sailboat, with tent and camping outfit, simple or elaborate as you may choose. You can be perfectly comfortable with the most simple, or you can luxuriate in the most elaborate. Your colored skipper will be both captain, mate, crew and cook, all in one; and you can sail away any fine morning certain of a good time, only to be measured by ones temperament and desires, for there will be no limit to opportunity. After carefully going over the cargo to see that nothing of camp equipage or of provisions or cooking utensils or tackle have been left behind, following more or less closely Hallock's list as to provisions (look up the old book), if you sail up North River, you will leave the

wharf with all sail spread, and soon the city and Fort Marion are left behind. Passing Grass Island as you turn into North River from the Matanzas, you leave at your right a reminder of the olden days in the battery on North Beach, from which Oglethorpe bombarded the fort in 1740. From this point, if you have been careful to time your trip with a favoring tide, it is all plain sailing, and passing Burton's Island you get a glimpse of the site of Fort Moosa, the outpost of old St. Augustine, from whence the alarm of an expected attack was sent to the garrison at the fort. On the other side of the river runs the long, narrow peninsula of the North Beach.

The result of the effort through legislation for the protection of birds of plumage is already apparent in the number of the great blue herons and the white egrets that rise from the marsh as we go sailing by, while many remain standing along the edge at their usual occupation of fish catching, refusing to be disturbed. Overhead the osprey sails back from his trip to the ocean with his dinner of fish in his talons. These birds must have a nice sense of taste, otherwise why should they fly across a river wriggling with fish, and fly sometimes for miles to reach the ocean before swooping down upon their prey? They may be real epicures, and disdain the sometimes muddy flavor of fish caught outside the sea.

So it may be a couple of hours have passed and we have sailed by the old plantation known as "Casa Cola," which, being translated, means the end house, as marking in the old time the limit of settlement, and at Sanchez Point come to where the river divides into two branches, one retaining the name North River, and the other Guano Creek, running nearly parallel to each other for many miles.

In the beautiful woods that cover a large extent of this territory may still be found some of the olive trees that flourished here when this, too, was a plantation of the olden time.

Two miles further sailing along the river, here heavily wooded to the water's edge with live and water oaks and cedar, with here and there a tall pine lifting its head high above its neighbors, we come to Shell Bluff, the house of Mr. Sabbate, sometimes occupied, then for long



CAMP WEBB.

months vacant. The house stands on the summit of a shell heap, one of those ancient dwelling places of which there are so many all along the Florida coast, and which may have been the dwelling place of men five thousand years ago.

The landscape has little changed since then, and standing now on its summit you look to the westward over the river and over the marsh beyond to the pine forest stretching itself away mile after mile. At the edge of the river, just opposite to where you are standing, is the house of the old hunter, Jim Ponce, whom I have seen cantering through the woods with the hounds in full cry after a deer, and his double-barreled muzzleloading gun at full cock lying across his saddle in front of him. He never touched the gun until his reckless pace brought him within shooting distance of the deer, and then apparently one motion stopped his horse and brought the gun to his shoulder, generally with fatal effect so far as the deer was concerned.

After our short and pleasant call on the folks at the Shell Bluff, still having ten miles to go, and anxious to keep on the rising tide, we sail away for the head of the river, where we expect to camp. We are quite careful now, as our skipper is not familiar with this upper part of the river, and banks which are often in the middle of the broad river are to be avoided. Of course, on a rising tide it is not so serious a matter as to run on one with a falling tide. But then there is more or less delay in any event, so a careful lookout is kept from the bow, and nothing more serious happens than the occasional touching bottom by the centerboard, which gives timely warning, and also tells the way out. As we sail away from Sabbate's, Piney Island looms in the distance five miles away, and we know we must sail around it, for it is really a peninsula. With a broad river and a tide still rising, we have little trouble in keeping clear of sandbanks. We make good time to and around Piney Island, and then some miles ahead see the thicket known as Cook's Hammock, and know that a few miles beyond that is the site for the camp.

With a good broad water almost to the head of this arm of the sea known as a river, we pitch our camp as evening shadows fall, and with plenty of wood for both fire and light, cook our evening meal. In such a camp and by such a fire, as nowhere else, can all the luxurious

repast known as "hog and hominy" with coffee, be thoroughly appreciated.

Here, with deep water coming up so near that bathing, fishing, and crabbing and oyster gathering are all well within the effort of even the most pronounced idler, the days of the camp pass, with excursions through wood paths and along old but little worn roads to the site of Fort Diego of the early days of Florida's settlement, and to Indian mounds, the remains of a far earlier habitation.

A punt with a pole gave us the opportunity to explore the river to its very head, and on this excursion we had the opportunity not often given of securing the picture of



SABBATE'S COTTAGE ON THE OLD SHELL BLUFF.

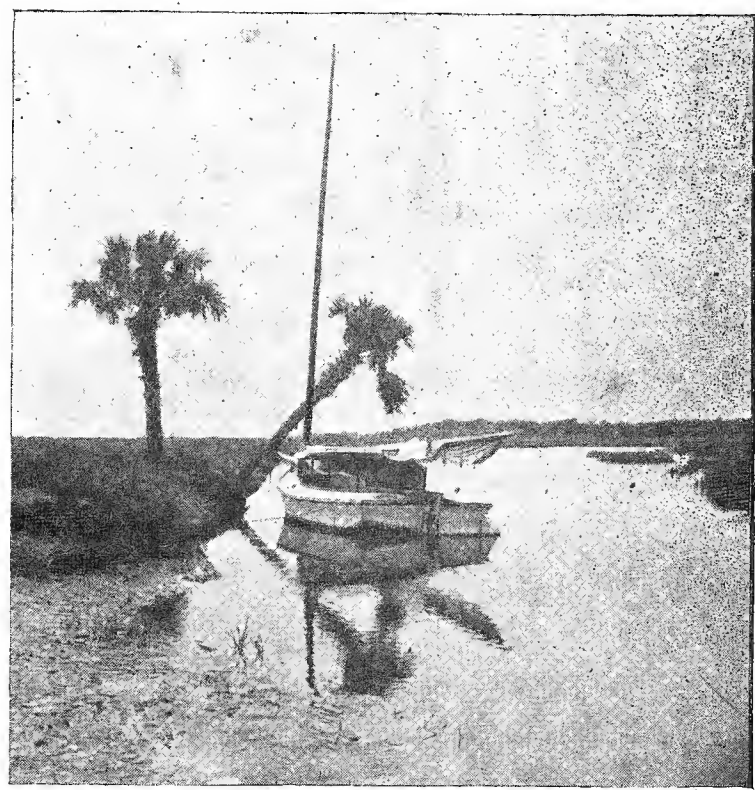
a herd of cattle being driven across the river by a number of cattlemen.

We were poling the punt up the headwaters of the river beyond the camp toward the bridge, when through the woods we saw an occasional horseman, and knew by the pistol-like cracking of the bullwhips that a round-up was close at hand. And sure enough, we soon heard the shouting, mingled with the cracking of the whips, as the cattle came out of the woods and plunged into the river, with the nine horsemen in rear and on either flank to keep them going, for in the deepest part of the river they had to swim. While we poled so as to aid the horsemen, we took several snap shots, one of which is shown with a group of the cattle and the horsemen in the distance.

After the cattle and horsemen had crossed the river, we poled on and passed under the bridge with but a scant space above us, although we bent close to the rail of the boat, and we poled on until we reached the very head of the river, the interlacing branches barring our further progress.

On our return to camp, the first exciting incident of the trip occurred, when Harry, as we approached the shore, in attempting to haul the boat to land by grasping an overhanging branch, and the twig giving way, suddenly disappeared in fifteen feet of water, leaving a hat floating as a reminder of his going down. He, however, reappeared; none the worse for a dipping, and was soon ashore with the rest of us.

Mr. S., to whom we are indebted for most of the pictures which illustrate this article, is an accomplished amateur in photography, and also an adept in making things comfortable about the camp, having been a camper-cut since boyhood; and this leads to just one word of moralizing. Let no one go on a camping trip who does



OUR YACHT AT CAMP LANDING.

not love it, or to whom it may possibly become a bore. Such a one inevitably affects the whole camp. But when everybody, skippers and all, are thoroughly in love with the life while it lasts, then for recreation, in its full sense and significance, there is nothing that can compare with it. It is well to take some literature with you, but it is hardly ever opened, as one finds little time for reading.

And so the days went by, until one morning found us with tent struck and put away on board, a hearty breakfast eaten, the smouldering embers of the camp-fire carefully extinguished, and the tide just at top of the flood, the sail was hoisted, and with a favoring tide we started on our homeward voyage. The wind was light but fair, and we gaily floated along with our westerly breeze growing lighter and lighter, until we reached the neighborhood

of Piney Island, when, the wind dying out, we drifted on a bar at the north of a marsh creek, and Harry and I were obliged to rig ourselves in Seminole costume and jump overboard and push the craft over the bar. Just then the wind shifted, coming out of the southeast, and we were able once more to get over the bar and into the river. We thought our trouble over, and donned our discarded clothing, but were scarcely abreast of Piney Island when we again ran aground, and again hastily assumed the Seminole costume and plunged overboard. Now, all who have tried it know the difference between running on a bank with a rising tide and trying the same involuntary experiment with a falling tide. The tide was rapidly falling, and we worked very quickly and got her off, but concluded to remain in Seminole garb (see Florida Guide Book) until we were sure we had passed the last sandbank likely to catch us. This experience was repeated five times, until, as we reached the familiar waters near Sabbate's shell bluff, we again appeared in civilized attire.

Our stop was brief at this place, so interesting to the archæologist, for from this shell heap an old trail leads across the peninsula to Guano Creek, and to a shell heap there, and then from the other side of that water a trail to two very high sand hills and thence to the ocean. It must also have been almost at this very point of the ocean beach that Ponce de Leon touched before going southward, and entering the harbor of the "Holy Cross," St. Augustine.

We had as one of the party the boy who asks questions, and it is always a good thing to have such a boy along, for a man otherwise is prone to forget those days of his youth when he himself was in the question asking age. The questions that do not occur to the ordinary boy are few, and I for one am glad they ask them, even if sometimes they seem somewhat irrelevant.

Our homeward trip was henceforth uneventful, but head winds delayed us until we met a rising tide to still further delay, so that our homeward trip was about three times as long in time as our outgoing. But we were in no hurry to bring so pleasant a voyage to a close.

We hark back to the nomadic life of our ancestors none too often in this strenuous age. It affords the best of all mental rests, and gives us again of that simpler life lived close to Nature and her heart.

Let us once in a while still listen to the "Call of the Wild." It will do us good. No one felt the force of this more than the editor, who couldn't go, having already stretched his vacation to the utmost, so he said. If this account gives him another twinge, we won't mind.

W.

A Summer in Newfoundland.—III.

(Continued from page 5)

It was a good six hours' tramp to the first pool, between high precipitous walls, over sharp, jagged rocks and moss-covered boulders; but by noon rods were again jointed, while the guides put up the tent, and John boiled the kettle. A Newfoundland never can be healthy or happy without he "biles de kettle" at every favorable opportunity. To him strong, bitter tea is a greater necessity than either bread or pork, and I have known old Jim to walk over forty miles rather than miss this beverage for the short period of five days at the end of a trip.

Lunch over, I smoked my head for a few moments over a moss smudge to dispel the last traces of a black fly, before adjusting the cheese cloth contrivance which fitted down over my cap. "De flies be cross," remarked William, but he had hardly finished the sentence, when a great splash down in the pool sent waves rippling and chasing each other over its surface, and we knew that a good sized salmon had leaped from the water. Dugmore ran for his camera, while I seized my rod, and wading in knee-deep, cast out into the current a small silver-doctor and a medium sized Jock-Scott. Twenty minutes without a rise; then another splash at the opposite end of the pool, and a bright, fresh-run fish leaped five feet clear of the water. I hastily changed my base of operations, and a few moments later he rose to the Jock-Scott—the first rise of the season. It was not the quick, savage rush of a trout or ouananiche, but the broad back and high dorsal fin slowly arched above the surface as he missed my fly by nearly a foot. Strange, is it not, that big salmon have such small bumps of locality? It is, however, a failing common to the species, and time and again I have killed a fish which previously had missed my flies several times by broad margins.

There are two different methods which anglers pursue after a salmon has struck at and missed the cast. One is to keep right on whipping the pool with increasing speed and vigor; another more conservative plan is to wait a bit and give the big fellow a chance to settle down and compose himself after his first failure. For no matter how delicate the leader, no matter how small the hook, or how deftly the latter is dropped upon the water, a heavy salmon will often wait ten or even fifteen minutes, or perhaps all day, before making a second attempt. In my experience the waiting method has proved the more successful; and accordingly I sat impatiently on a rock for a period which seemed fully ten minutes, although it was only four, all the while reproaching myself for striking so hastily at the first rise. For hooking a salmon, especially if the water be swift, is a very different matter from snubbing a trout or black bass. In fact, the former frequently hooks himself with no aid whatever from the angler; and it is very difficult for a trout fisherman to moderate his sudden strike, or refrain from quickly jerking his rod as the great silvery fish rolls over the flies. So, keeping this in mind, I waded again into the stream and cast out from shore. He rose with that same slow motion, and sucking in my fly beneath the surface, hooked himself—this time with a sharp tug at the doctor.

No man on paper ever did full justice to a salmon's powers, to his long rushes, and wild, erratic leaps. It was just forty-six minutes, one after another, of such thrilling movements as Henry Van Dyke so graphically describes in "Fisherman's Luck," with the big ouananiche at Grande Décharge. Dugmore, his face glued to the finder of the big-Graflex, was all around the pool at once, pressing the button at each critical moment as the fish leaped in the air. The latter we could plainly see in the

shallow pool, tail up, head down, slowly working back and forth, to and fro, among the rocks on bottom, vainly searching out some protecting cranny or sharp ledge on which to cut the leader. Every few moments a feeling of dreadful uncertainty would seize me as the fish shook his body rapidly from side to side in his efforts to tear out the hook. Those quick pulsating tugs at the line, known to angling lore as "jigging," are familiar to all salmon fishermen; with me they always produce a momentary feeling of paralysis around the heart. But that little No. 6 silver-doctor held well, and now those well known symptoms of exhaustion marked a fate that was soon to be sealed. His body rolled unsteadily, often belly upward in the water, his sharp dorsal fin cut the surface, and the broad tail flapped weakly enough as I reeled him in, and a moment later Jim's gaff threw him far up among the rocks on shore. It was the first salmon of the season, an even 10-pounder, and the whole party joined in mutual congratulations.

That was a good day, that first afternoon among the upper pools. I killed another slightly smaller in the steady water, and later my friend took two good sized fish in the pool above, while I snapped the camera at him. Another wise old fellow jumped clear of the brook, and up among the stones on shore, only to flounder back and escape, while a sixth, a heavy fish, tore down stream like a runaway locomotive, snapped my leader around a rock, and then rushed back, jumping several times with the hook still fast in his jaw.

Halcyon days were those among the upper pools. Warblers and titmice twittered among the spruces by day, and mosquitoes hummed us to sleep in the tent by night, but salmon were there in the brook only ten yards from camp; not many, 'tis true, for the latter still proved discouragingly low, but our score for the rest of the week was sixteen, and we were satisfied.

Every stream in Newfoundland—or, for that matter, in every land—is constantly changing from year to year, from month to month, even from day to day. The floods and freshets of early spring leave deep and lasting footprints in a river bed, in the sand and gravel of the bottom, in the contour of the beach, even high up on shore among bushes and tree trunks. Rocky points are torn away bodily and piled in confusion, as "gurry," and logs and huge ice cakes go crashing down the swollen torrent. Big boulders mysteriously change their positions from year to year; sandbars are often scooped up entire and deposited perhaps in some favorite pool, where every summer salmon have been lurking for generations past. And what of the salmon? Why, perchance, they have discovered a new and better pool, only a few rods further up, where they will lie each season for generations to come, just as contentedly as in the old home, now covered by an avalanche of sand and stones.

Three or four miles above camp, this is precisely what we found—a new pool in the shape of a circular basin, broad and shallow, scooped from the very river bed itself by the ice of previous spring freshets. It was well stocked with salmon, but so clear and transparent that only an odd one could be induced to strike; and, strange as it may seem, our luck was best during the midday hours. For four consecutive days not a fish rose before ten o'clock in the morning, and then merely in a half-hearted, listless way, only after endless casting and an infinite variety of flies had been tried. Of the latter, I trailed at least a dozen past the nose of one indifferent fish, finally inducing him to take the most unlikely one of all—a professor. At another time, after working for an hour over a reluctant salmon, he finally rose with a great swirl to a little Jock-Scott—the very fly with which I had started. A bright yellow-miller killed a good fish for Dugmore after the standard silver-doctor had been refused at least fifty times; and yet I am sure that not one in a thousand preferred a miller to a doctor or a black-dose or half a dozen others. Strange, is it not, that salmon are so peculiar in their moods and appetites? It almost seemed as if they rose more out of sheer spite than for any other reason; or perhaps it was just to get rid of us—rid of those odd little flies that skipped so boldly and tantalizingly over the glassy surface.

At the lower end of this new pool, called, in honor of its discoverer, William's Pool, was a rocky cove, and in the center of this cove a small fish of perhaps six pounds' weight lurked in the shadow of a flat rock. Every morning he was at his post; regularly he rose with no uncertain intent, and, feeling the prick of the hook, beat a hasty retreat to his rock. This continued for four mornings in succession; but that fish's life seemed to be guarded by a divine providence, for every time he escaped. Once he missed the fly entirely, and remained absolutely indifferent for the rest of the day; twice he was slightly pricked, and yet a fourth time he retired from the fray, leaving me minus a little No. 8 dusty-miller. Each time he appeared as eager as ever for the fly, and seemed to have completely forgotten the experience of the previous day; but finally, just as we were about to leave, I hooked the wily fish. Fast to a No. 8 silver-doctor, with a four-ounce trout rod at the other end, it seemed at least like a thirty-minute proposition, for the grilse was as gamy and acrobatic as any in the river. Small salmon are always more active jumpers than heavy fish, and this one proved no exception to the rule. I counted seven genuine leaps, and as many splashes on the surface, but then, in a final desperate rush, my grilse did something which salmon rarely attempt in the shallower Newfoundland rivers. It was a master move, a well planned strategy worthy of success, and it certainly deserved a fate nobler than that offered by the hot fat of a frying-pan. Leaping a sharp ledge of rock at the outlet of the pool, and then plunging down a slight fall, he wriggled along among the scattered boulders of a shoal, and finally gaining steady water, deliberately swam under a projecting bank, where, of course, the line caught in an overhanging alder and the hook tore loose. The maneuver had succeeded, and my grilse had escaped, for now the cast hung helplessly tangled in the bushes. So I reeled up my line and walked over to the alders for the purpose of detaching the flies; but on peering down, imagine my surprise to see Mr. Grilse calmly lying in the water, with his head poked in under the bank. He was still free, although in hiding, but a moment later Jim's gaff surprised him most unpleasantly.

Half a mile above camp, about thirty fish waited for

rain in the deep, dark waters of the Black Pool. I caught several on different days, but there was one of unusual interest, the largest of all, a veritable patriarch among salmon, that eluded all my efforts. Every day I used to watch him from the top of an overhanging boulder, always at his post lying far down among its black shadows. That fish had evidently run very early in the season, for his back was dark, and his sides a golden brown, while a broad crescent-shaped gash back of the head showed where a spear had struck and failed to kill. But all the wiles known to the gentle art, and all the flies in my book, were tried without success. Neither the feminine brilliancy of a Parmachenee-belle, nor the profound learning of a professor, nor the mystic charm of the infallible Jock-Scott, affected in the slightest degree his stolid indifference and candor. He was an educated fish, a fish possessing the discrimination born of a past experience, and only once, toward sundown, did he condescend to follow my fly, leaving a broad ripple in his wake. But it was merely a playful frolic, or perhaps he was making game of me. So at last, after four days of failure, I determined to try a bait. It was contrary to all angling traditions, and directly opposed to the experience of many experts, who tell us that a salmon will not eat in fresh water, but merely subsists upon his own fat, accumulated in salt water. Dr. Francis Day and other famous anglers have advanced the theory that a salmon rises to the fly merely through impulses of anger or in play. This theory certainly looks very plausible when, upon opening the fish, we usually find its stomach as empty as a pocket; and they always lose several pounds in weight after a few months' visit in fresh water. How can thirty or forty great salmon find sufficient sustenance for two or three weeks or even longer in a small, narrow pool not over four feet deep? Many facts seem to uphold the theory, but nevertheless there is nothing in it that would prevent a hungry fish from seizing a tempting bait if dangled before his nose. At the Grande Décharge, on the headwaters of the Saguenay, the ouananiche, a fish barely distinguishable from the sea salmon, will take a cricket or grasshopper with the utmost relish; and it has long been well known that the salmon of European waters often stoops to a baited hook.

So a small piece of trout was accordingly placed on a plain bare hook, and allowed to drift down with the current below the surface. Whirling around and around among the eddies, it safely passed the nose of my old friend, but a moment later, to my utter astonishment, the dainty morsel was eagerly seized by a 7-pounder, and the hook held. Later that fish paid the penalty of his indiscretion. Again and again I tried the experiment without success; but for once the theory was upset, and one fish in that pool, at least, fed in fresh water.

Since writing the above, the following letter appeared in FOREST AND STREAM, written by Mr. W. F. J. McCormick, of Biscayne Bay, Florida, a sportsman of broad knowledge and experience: "One thing I have learned conclusively and positively, and that is, that *Salmo salar*, the delicate aristocrat of the river, will stoop to bite at the plebeian worm, a piece of fish, or common pork. I took a 12-pound fresh-run fish on a bunch of worms, stood by and saw a 21-pounder killed with the same, and last Sunday I took an 8-pound grilse on a piece of pork. Does not that upset the pet theory of their refusing food in fresh water?" At the time Mr. McCormick was fishing in Newfoundland.

It would be a great pity for the bait-fisherman, with his "plebeian worms" and servile pork, to degrade the noble sport of fly-casting for salmon; and I sincerely hope that in the future no one will be more successful than were we, and that no trout or pork or grub or worm will ever again induce a salmon to rise in fresh water.

It was now high time to be starting for the interior and the falls. My friend had already departed, and was speeding along the rails toward the great land to the southward. The fishing season was nearing its close, for already salmon and grilse were commencing to change from a brilliant silver to a dark golden hue. Even the feathered songsters around camp realized the waning of summer, for their early morning choruses had ceased, and the birds now skulked furtively among the bushes awaiting the passing of the August moult. For truly August is a silent season among the song birds—a season of ill luck and weaknesses; of silent, solitary moping, only too often resulting in sickness or in death. During that brief period there is no surplus vitality for idle song; all their strength and vigor are required, for it is then that the old coat is discarded for a newer dress, another set of quills and pinions to be used on that long southern journey among the perils and dangers of the fall migration. So with some reluctance we left the big salmon still at his post among the shadows of the Black Pool, and shouldering our packs, started off on a three days' journey to the headwaters of the river—and the falls.

The Grand Fall is situated in the most delightful spot in which it has ever been my good fortune to pitch a camp. In the very center of a deep amphitheatre among surrounding hills, confined on all sides by almost perpendicular granite walls, the river winds tortuously through the narrow chasm, and then plunges in a cataract of foam and spray forty feet into a pool below. Here the waters, deep and black, swirl in great eddies between two parallel walls of rock.

About two o'clock on the afternoon of the third day, we wearily climbed the last hill below the falls, struggled through a mile or two of the thickest spruce tangle that ever tried a traveler's patience, and three hours later rested on the high boulders by the river's brink. Yes, salmon were there—a few, at any rate—down in the depths below; for almost immediately a doughty little grilse, springing into the air, launched himself ten feet up into the foam, and then fell back into the pool beneath us. From our elevated position he seemed small and slender, indeed, far too insignificant for such a task, but his failure was only the signal for another and yet another unsuccessfully to try the ascent. It proved too great an effort even for the prowess of a full-grown salmon, and during the next half hour several big fellows were washed down ignominiously among the rocks below whirled backward by tons of falling water. It was a plucky leap out into that torrent, that boiling cauldron of foam and spray, and must have sorely tried even a fish's nerves; but, nothing daunted, many of all sizes

ed to stem the flood, and not one succeeded. Accord-
Jim, no salmon in past times had ever achieved the
ction of ascending to the placid pools above, but
made little difference to the salmon, for all previous
res seemed to have been forgotten, or even inspired
to greater efforts to mount higher and yet higher in
search for better spawning grounds. Those fish
impelled by instincts which are strong—the instincts
thousand years—to stem the current regardless of
sequences, to push constantly onward and upward
ugh the perils of rapid and net and shoal alike, to
out the purest, clearest springs among the far away
sources. The whole scene was one dear to the heart
angler. It reminded me of the Grande Décharge of
St. John, where the mighty floods of the Mistassini,
Rapmouchouan and Peribonca pour down into the
re Saguenay. Only it was pictured on a smaller
less noisily boisterous, but far more refined in its
seclusion; an ideal spot for a solitary fisherman, and
e retreat for a hundred weary salmon.

oroughly tired after our long tramp across the hills,
was accomplished that first afternoon except pitch-
the tent a few yards from the pool, and placing a
e of spruce trunks across the stream some distance
to serve as a rude bridge. A combined dinner and
er was nearly ready; one kettle filled to the brim with
ad just commenced to bubble, while from under the
f another larger one exhaled the savory odors of a
stew. A side of smoked salmon impaled on a
r sizzled a few feet above the blaze, while off at one
the frying-pan, resting on a bed of embers, did its
to brown some slices of corn-meal mush. It was a
l repast for a hungry man, and we had just com-
ed to partake, when a sudden shrill scream echoed
somewhere along the face of the cliff, and a great
launched himself from a projecting crag, and with
ous flappings of his wings soared straight for camp.
circled around and around above our heads, I
distinguish the black cap and glossy blue back of a
b adult goshawk (*Accipiter atricapillus*), that rare,
e bird of falconry. Soon the more powerful female
her mate from another quarter, and together,
ping and darting past our faces, they awoke the
s of the mountains with angry screamings. Rarely
I witnessed such a display of bold daring in a bird,
ard such wild discordant cries. The big, clumsy
s are worried when their nest is approached, but
create a spectacle at very close range. Even the
courageous sparrow hawk, with his shrill *killy*,
killy, keeps at a respectful distance. But on a warm
evening just walk out into the orchard and stand
the old apple tree where the little screech owl has
ood, and you will feel the breath of his wings, and
ance score a scratch or so to boot. He utters no
ing note, no hoarse cries or rasping screams, but he
s swiftly and silently from among the black
ws. One spring evening some years ago a professor
walking contentedly along McCosh walk on the
eton campus with a lighted cigar held between his
when one of these birds suddenly swooped at the
knocking the latter to the pavement, while the
y professor quickened his steps in hasty retreat.
this hypothesis was advanced, and from it a theory
deduced: namely, that the light looked like a fire-
nd consequently that the joke was on the owl, not
e professor. But if they had known that a small
y, not ten yards away, contained four downy nest-
perhaps the laugh might have rung the other way,
erchance the wise old owl chuckled softly to herself.
at pair of goshawks had a nest a short distance
camp. It was concealed in a little niche on the
ndicular face of the cliff, with a sheer drop of a
and feet below it. Of course I did not attempt the
t, as it was impregnable; but I climbed within a
e of hundred feet, and could see two well grown
g perched on the rocks. A day or two later they
a lesson in flying, and from that time until our de-
re from the falls there was hardly a morning when
dult birds did not spend an hour swooping past the
and heaping maledictions upon the heads of the
ge beings who had invaded their domains.

WM. ARTHUR BABSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Value of Vacations.

ILADELPHIA, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your
ial in *FOREST AND STREAM* of July 2, entitled, "Rus-
Sage on Vacations," was enjoyed by me with keen
est, and I presume it was equally enjoyed by all
of your readers, for I do not believe that there is
f their number who believes that the true and total
of life consists in an incessant, exclusive struggle
ollars. To become a figure of national eminence as a
stent hoarder of money is not necessarily to become
ample for anyone to follow in the proper ideals of

u mention that, in his article on the "Injustice of
ions," he wrote: "During the eighty-eight years of
areer, I have not once taken a vacation. I have
been an advocate of what some term the 'vacation
' When I was a boy, the practice was not in vogue."
ght be observed that many other practices—such as
millionaire habit—were not in vogue eighty years ago,
ell as several sharp habits of finance which obtain
e present day, but as they rather favor Mr. Sage's
ial interests, he does not denounce them.

e attitude of Mr. Sage in the matter of vacations is
without its pathos. He is an extremely aged man,
ulti-millionaire, possessing wealth far beyond his
even if he lived a life of unbounded royal luxury.
a insatiable craving for money for its own sake, and
abits of mind and body fixed by the efforts of a
ne, he has come to believe sincerely that a vacation
e necessary, and that it is besides an injustice to the
yer whose employes take, or are given, a vacation.

the strictly materialistic and utilitarian point of
of Mr. Sage, he is in error. Let us examine what
vacation habit has directly and indirectly created.
e are in evidence the magnificent summer resorts in
orth, and the magnificent winter resorts of Florida
California and other places. Note the elaborate ar-
ments which the great railroads make to carry sum-

mer tourists, and much of those railroad earnings goes
into Mr. Sage's coffers. Note the mammoth ocean
steamers, known as "floating palaces," which are made
possible by the patronage of the tourists who are afflicted
with the vacation habit, and we have an example of the
world's progress, and a source whence comes a revenue
to cancel coupons stacked up in Mr. Sage's strong boxes.
To build those railroads, those palace cars, those floating
palaces, material was bought and workmen paid, and
therefore the money of those afflicted with the "vacation
habit" was put in circulation and conveyed prosperity and
pleasure to society at large. Moreover, it made possible
the payment of interest on money borrowed, which came
in welcome response to money loaned, which came in
unison with the life work and theme of Mr. Sage.

But there are other considerations than mere business
profits. Observe the color of returned health, the vivacity
of mind, the energy and courage of mind and body which
are a corollary of vigorous physical powers, displayed by
those who have had a proper vacation. After a vacation,
a man is a better workman and renders infinitely better
service to his employer due to consequent better physical
and mental condition, so that the short loss of time is
more than counterbalanced by the months of greater effi-
ciency. All people have not the iron constitution and
endurance of Mr. Sage, nor have all people the relentless
purpose of money-getting which leads one on in business
like to a famished wolf in pursuit of prey.

Throughout the ages, nature has indicated the need of
rest. Even the inanimate land must lie fallow betimes,
else it produces meagerly—that is taking a vaca-
tion. Even in ancient days, and in Scriptural days,
also, the seventh day, besides being devoted to worship,
was designated as a day of rest. It has been the best
judgment of the most enlightened nations that periods of
long exertion should be followed by a period of relaxa-
tion. In modern times the strain on mind and body is
greater than was ever known in the world's history. It is
an age of specialization. Men must know more and work
more than they did when Mr. Sage was a boy; hence the
conditions which were good eighty-eight years ago may
not be good now. Few of us would care now to wear
the hats and shoes of our great grandfathers.

On other matters the world has agreed from time im-
memorial. The school readers without fail have brief
stories of the miser's despicable nature. He is held up as
the superlative of all that is sordid and selfish. The plays
of a people heap contumely on a Shylock. The man
who preys on the industry or the necessities of a people,
living as a parasite on the misfortune of the individual
or the necessities incidental to the formative stages of a
country's progress, has always been detested. A man who
hoards money for its own sake, and who still has money
in amount far beyond his needs, is not a useful citizen.
Money is only of use when in circulation, or when saved
as a reasonable provision for the necessities of the future,
the accidents of life, or its decline.

In my opinion, Mr. Editor, a man whose mind is so
narrow that it is measured exclusively by the size of a
dollar, is not competent to give, on vacations, an opinion
which is worth a fig.

J. H. DARBY.

Mr. Scrooge and Mr. Sage.

From the Bookman for July.

WE have nothing to say editorially about Russell Sage's widely
quoted and discussed paper on "The Injustice of Vacations."
Mr. Sage certainly has a right to his opinions and to express them.
In our mind the only question is, "Has or has not Mr. Sage been
guilty of literary plagiarism?"

From Charles Dickens's "A Christmas Carol."

At length the hour of shutting
up the counting house arrived.
With an ill-will Scrooge dis-
mounted from his stool, and
tacitly admitted the fact to the
expectant clerk in the Tank, who
instantly snuffed his candle out,
and put on his hat.

"You'll want all day to-mor-
row, I suppose?" said Scrooge.

"If quite convenient, sir."

"It's not convenient," said

Scrooge, "and it's not fair. If

I was to stop half a crown for

it, you'd think yourself ill-used,

I'll be bound."

The clerk smiled faintly.

"And yet," said Scrooge, "you

don't think me ill-used when I

pay a day's wages for no work."

The clerk observed that it was

only once a year.

"A poor excuse for picking a

man's pocket every 25th of De-

cember," said Scrooge, button-

ing his great coat to the chin.

From Russell Sage's article in
the Independent.

Let us assume that an em-
ployer and his clerk made an
agreement to exchange just re-
muneration for reasonable ser-
vices, and each one keeps his
part of the agreement. Are they
not then quits? If there is any
obligation, I think it is on the
part of the clerk, who avails of
the credit, skill and organization
of the employer to learn a busi-
ness and advance himself along
a path which has already been
prepared for him. What right
has he, then, to demand or ex-
pect pay for two weeks' time, for
which he renders no equivalent,
not considering the serious in-
convenience to which he often
puts his employer?

Suppose we were to reverse
the conventional order of things,
and, instead of the clerk de-
manding two weeks' pay gratis,
the employer should demand two
weeks' work without pay as a
condition of retaining the clerk
in his employ. What a tremen-
dous howl would go up.

L'Habitat.

SPRINGFIELD, Vt., June 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:*
Born in the lofty Alps, in that part which bears the name
of Waldensian Valleys, I have been surprised, indeed, at
the beauty of the hills and valleys of Vermont. How I
would like to express my thoughts, especially after having
had the good fortune of spending many good times in that
very cabin which Colonel Brown has so well described,
and of which I would like to bring out what follows.

Colonel Brown gave a fine description of The Habitat,
but he is too modest to speak about the beautiful time
that guests have had there. If he has known how to ren-
der that shack so pretty, so interesting, so beneficial, he
has known, too, how to render it comfortable, not only
for gentlemen, but also for ladies.

There many a one, weary of the long city life, has found
not only rest, but a new spring of poetry and health, and
if we could read the hearts of those who have been there,
we could see not only how pleasant is the situation and
inviting is the cabin, but also how they have a sense of
thankfulness to those who have had so beautiful an
inspiration.

In the record book on the fire-place shelf one may see
how others have enjoyed their outing; and looking around
may realize how much more there is that one may enjoy.
There may be found silent, whispering, smiling, inspiring
Nature in all her beauty. There one may find, as I did,
the best recreation of mind and body; will feel the benefit
of the greatest and always true teacher—Nature.

Beautiful are thy hills, O, Vermont! and charming thy
small mountains; but within thy border other treasures
are hidden—those hearts that are building such retreats
not only for their own benefit, but also to help to make the
life of their fellow men happier.

In The Habitat I have spent many weeks that brought
to my mind my earlier life in my beautiful Alps. Many
times—although they are so different—I have compared
the St. Bernard refuge, built by the genius of Napoleon,
with this cabin. Here there is no dog to dig you out
from the avalanche and offer you the brandy he carries at
his collar; no monk to help you to go on the right side
of the other world; but if the St. Bernard refuge is there
to try to keep man from death, The Habitat is here to
give man health and life in this world. The St. Bernard
refuge is far from civilization, not only by illusion, but
by miles; the Vermont cabin is only three miles from the
hilly and pleasant Springfield, and in the nighttime one
may count many a light shining from the surrounding
farmhouses. The St. Bernard refuge extends its hands
of charity to the exhausted traveler, The Habitat a smil-
ing welcome to any human being that loves the beautiful
and good.

I remember many evenings, tired from a very hard
day's work, taking a walk to the shack for the night to
rest; and I recall one evening reaching there at eleven
o'clock and writing some of my thoughts:

*Oh, douce et simple cabane, tu es le séjour du bonheur
et de l'insouciance, le meilleur rétablissement pour les esprits
fatigués et faibles.*

R. H. ROSTAN.

Natural History.

A Study of Wrens.

EARLY one spring a few years ago two wren boxes
were set up in my rear yard, one on a pole near a large
apple tree, the other in a half decayed peach tree about
three feet from my study window. This was in a town
of northeastern Kansas. Though the house was right
in the midst of the residence portion of the city, it was
surrounded by a spacious yard, with plenty of tall trees,
and a small orchard in the rear. The boxes were pre-
pared early in the spring, so as to be ready for occupancy
when the house wrens should arrive from the South,
whither they had gone to spend the winter.

The doorways of the little apartments were purposely
made small enough to bar out the impudent English
sparrows, and therefore they and the wrens did not at
any time come into serious conflict. The sparrows flew
to the boxes, peered into the narrow doorways, perhaps
tried to gain admission, but in vain, then made off with a
series of resentful chirps, which were meant to express
their candid opinion of anyone who would treat them in
so paganish a way.

The latter part of April brought a pair of house wrens
to the premises—no doubt the same couple that had built
their nest the previous spring in one of the outbuildings.
Only a short time elapsed before they were diligently in-
specting the boxes; first scuttling over the exterior, ex-
amining every part with elaborate care to make sure
there was no trap about them; then slipping into the in-
terior and giving it a like thorough scrutiny. What in-
fluenced their choice I do not know, but presently they
selected the box in the peach tree, and went to work with
might and main to prepare themselves a domicile.

The female was an industrious worker. While her
spouse assisted her at intervals, most of his time had to
be given to song, perhaps for the purpose of cheering
his mate in her arduous toil. Whatever others may think
of it, I like the house wren's little sonatas, which roll
and gurgle in a rich tremolo from his palpitating throat,
causing him to quiver from beak tip to tail tip to produce
them. And then he is so lavish of his minstrelsy, keep-
ing it up from dawn to dusk! The female also sings, and
I must admit that I am unable to distinguish between her
roundels and those of her lord, though, as she is busy
with her housewifely duties, she has not so much time for
singing as he, but simply punctuates her work here and
there with a dash of music. Having placed a twig in its
proper place in the box, she may pause a moment on the
little porch and gurgle a happy tune before she darts
down for another timber.

This leads me to describe the architectural methods of
the little damc of the peach tree box. Madam wren al-
ways wants the cavity in which she erects her cottage
to be well filled up; she does not fancy a great big empty
room for enemies or ghosts to lurk in—at least, that is
the natural interpretation of her conduct.

Therefore, following the vogue of the species, the little
wren proceeded to carry twigs into the box. She found
the twigs on the ground, to which they had fallen from
the trees. The box was all of fourteen feet from the
ground, yet she would often fly almost straight up to the
little porch with a good-sized twig in her beak. How-
ever, her usual method was to fly up to a twig of the
tree, then to another, then to the box. Some of her ex-
ploits on the wing were interesting and a little surprising,
for she would often dart up toward the bottom of the
box, glide around the side, and alight on the top, thus
describing almost or quite a semi-circle; always, too,
with a twig in her bill.

She had a great time getting some of her timbers
through the tiny doorway. Of course they had to be
put in endwise, but some of them were long and crooked,
and in order to fly up with them she had to take them
as near the middle as possible, so that the ends would
balance; then when she would try to go in through the
narrow entrance, the twigs would catch at the sides.
There was always danger, too, of a long and heavy twig
—heavy for her—slipping from her hold on the little
veranda and falling to the ground. In spite of her ut-
most vigilance and skill, a twig would sometimes escape
her, and she would dart down after it like an animated
bullet.

It happened more than once that she was not able to
carry an obstinate twig with her into the box, especially
after the interior had been somewhat filled up; in which
case she would force one end in a short distance, then go
in herself and tug at the stick until it was pulled to its
desired place in the mound. If ever a bird made a slave

of herself in building a domicile, this little wren did, though, of course, it was what we would call "voluntary slavery." You may be sure her position in the industrial world was no sinecure. But she was cheery in it all, and would often stop a moment on her little portico and gurgle her sweet and rolling ditty.

There was work to be done on the inside of the box, too. Every twig had to be placed just right, just to suit the finical taste of the little housekeeper; for if you will lift the lid of a wren's box after the little ones have flown, you will find that the twigs are plaited and woven together in a wonderful way, to make a platform on which to build the nest of grass and down on the top.

It is too bad to have to report that all the little dame's sedulous toil had to go for naught—but such was the case, and for this reason: After she had carried in twigs for several days and was almost ready to begin the building of the nest proper, another female wren arrived on the scene, and, scorning the empty box by the apple tree, laid covetous eyes on the box already occupied by wren No. 1. Though all house wrens are almost the same size, the newcomer looked to be slightly larger than her predecessor. Then there was war in Wrenville for a while. The first wren made a gallant fight for her rights, but in spite of all she could do, the intruder would get into the box and play havoc with her timbers, scattering them with a vengeance that was amusing to see.

At such indignities wren No. 1 would fairly quiver with rage, darting about among the twigs of the tree or scuttling over the outside of the box, not daring to enter the doorway while her enemy was within. Strange to say, all her scolding was done by singing, a petulant quality being infused into the tones. Sometimes she would venture to the portico and peep into the door, but was invariably driven away by her masterful foe.

The contest was kept up for several days; then the first wren decided to give up the useless struggle, as her enemy was stronger than she, and content herself with second or Hobson's choice—that is, the box by the apple tree, which she proceeded to fill up with twigs.

And what about the interloper, wren No. 2? Well, the work done by her predecessor was not at all to her mind; she proceeded forthwith to throw out every twig, carrying it to the door and tossing it contemptuously to the ground. The box emptied of all its offensive material, she went to work at once to fill it up with twigs according to her own ideas, no doubt using many of the timbers that she had previously ejected with so much show of scorn.

Then an armistice was declared in wren-dom. So far as I could see, the wrens did not interfere with each other's household affairs, though there was no evidence of a neighborly feeling. Each succeeded in bringing out a brood of brown and barred copies of herself. But what about the mates of the two rival housekeepers? They were never seen in the neighborhood after the quarrel began—at least, not by myself. It was odd, too. Had they killed each other in the first battle? or had they both been caught by a predatory foe? or were they simply cowards and made off when they saw that fighting was the order of the day? Echo does not deign a reply.

A few general facts relative to the natural history of the house wren may prove of some interest at this point. Mr. Frank M. Chapman says that the name house wren has been thought to be a misnomer for our little friend, because these birds are found in the deep forests of the South, many miles from human habitations, during the winter. But the same is true of many other migratory birds which seek human society in their summer homes in the North, while the winter season in the South sees them in out-of-the-way haunts, where they are the impersonation of wildness itself.

Besides, Mr. Chapman has this to say of our wren: "He is just as much of a house wren in the South as in the North; you will find a pair in possession of every suitable dwelling. The difficulty is that in the winter there are more house wrens than there are houses; and, being of a somewhat irritable disposition, the house wren will not share his quarters with others of his kind. Late comers, therefore, who cannot get a snug nook about a house or outbuilding, are forced to resort to the woods.

"In summer, when they are spread over a much greater area, house wrens are very particular in their choice of haunts, and for this reason are locally distributed. Having selected a nesting site, they become much attached to it, and return to the same place year after year. It may be a bird-box, a crevice in a building, a hollow in an apple tree, or a hole in a fence rail; wherever it is, it is theirs, and they will fight for it against all comers."

The writer has gathered a few facts relative to the range of the house wren. In northeastern Kansas these wrens were so common that almost every country home had its pair, and many a place in the towns and cities was similarly favored, especially in the suburbs. In a rambling tour in Arkansas and Indian Territory I found none of these birds in the latter part of April and the first week of May, and the same was true at Neosho, Kansas; but when I went north to Hume, Mo., a village some forty or fifty miles south of Kansas City, I found the house wrens plentiful, taking the place of Bewick's wrens, which were seen in many places in the more southerly regions visited. The last-named birds were never seen by me in northeastern Kansas during a residence of five years and a half in that part of the State.

Note again: In the neighborhood of Springfield, O., where I lived for a number of years, I saw the house wren only a few times, and then in an old orchard, and never close to a human dwelling; but a pair of the sweet-voiced Bewick's wrens were to be seen near almost every country and suburban home. At my present home in northeastern Ohio—Canal Dover—neither the house wren nor his long-tailed congener is to be found, but the Carolina wren is the house wren here. His song can be heard from the middle of April to the first of August, and even later, in the residence portion of the town, where he and his mate rear their young.

Nor is that all. On the 12th of April, 1903, Bewick's wren was singing in a village of northern Indiana, not more than six or eight miles from the Michigan line, and on June 25 and 26 the house wrens were singing in Elkhart, Ind., which was about fourteen miles from the village just referred to. Both of these Indiana towns are considerably further north than my present home in Ohio, and it strikes me as strange that the summer range

of the house wren and Bewick's should be so much more northerly in the Hoosier State than in the Buckeye State. While I am not envious of my neighbors, it would be pleasant to have these agreeable birds for summer companions at my present home. Is it not odd, too, that Bewick's wren is not found in northeastern Kansas in the summer season, while in Indiana it goes as far north as the extreme northern part of the State? The northern boundary line of its summer range must be an exceedingly wavering one.

Returning to the house wren, it has been said that its name is a misnomer. So it is, to some extent; for, while this little bird is very partial to houses, I have more than once found it breeding in the woods in Kansas, and sometimes quite a distance from human dwellings. One of these woodland tenants had selected a hole in the under side of a dead limb for its nest. Like its urban relatives, it filled up the interior of the hollow with dead twigs, which were far from easy to handle in the circumstances, for whenever the little builder would fly to the branch below its doorway with a twig, it was compelled to wheel half way around as it flew up, catch itself with its claws at the under side of the log, and manipulate the twig until it could push it in endwise. Many a timber was recalcitrant, but the little architect went on the good old-fashioned principle, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." The western house wren, which I studied in Colorado, has the same inclination to live a secluded sylvan life when the mood seizes it.

It is fun to find the most acute and scientific bird students tripping now and then. No doubt some of our own mistakes are just as amusing to them. One of the best and most up-to-date scientific manuals published in this country declares that the Carolina wren does not care for the home of man; that "his wild nature demands the freedom of the forests." My observations lead me to differ from this statement, for in Missouri, Kansas, and eastern Ohio, I have more than once found him nesting in cosy nooks and corners about country homes, and even in somewhat thickly tenanted portions of town. While this is true of some individuals, others seek habitats in the wildest haunts they can find, proving that tastes differ in the wren world as well as in the human world.

LEANDER S. KEYSER.

Destruction of Birds by Storms.

REFERENCE has frequently been made to the cold storms of the winter of 1898 and 1899, which, extending as far south as South Carolina and Georgia, reached the winter home of many migrating birds and destroyed them in vast numbers. Such is one of many causes which may destroy bird life. It is the testimony of all field ornithologists that comparatively few migrating warblers were seen in New England in the spring of 1903 or of 1904. What the cause of the scarcity may be, no one seems to know.

The Fifty-first Annual Report of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture contains an extremely interesting paper on the destruction of birds by the elements in 1903 and 1904, by Mr. Edward Howe Forbush, ornithologist to the State Board of Agriculture. Mr. Forbush has gathered by correspondence and otherwise an amount of information concerning the weather conditions affecting bird life which is well worth consideration.

After the middle of April, 1903, but little rain of any importance fell until the 7th of June. "In the woods, meantime, the ground and its covering had become so dry that brush and forest fires which had broken out in many parts of New England spread rapidly, and in many cases escaped beyond control. They devastated large areas of wood and timber land, destroying also many isolated farmhouses and hamlets. * * * The amount of smoke and fine ashes suspended in the atmosphere caused so-called yellow days from June 3 to 7. The smoke was at times so dense in all the New England States as to obscure the stars at night, and during the day the sun appeared like a red ball in a yellow sky. The wind movement was light, and smoke hung like a pall over the country, while the odor of burning wood filled the air. Vast numbers of birds' nests and eggs and young must have been destroyed in these fires."

Beginning with June 8, however, the weather became cloudy and rainy, and so continued until the end of the month. During a part of this time the temperature was very low—under 50 degrees—and on only four days did it rise above 70 degrees. With this cold and rain there were high winds; branches were broken from trees, and birds' nests with eggs or young destroyed.

Following the heavy rains came floods; the Concord meadows were overflowed, as were some of the meadows of the Connecticut. The overflowing of the land, with the continuous rain and cold, removed the supply of insect food on which so many birds depend. All birds breeding on or near the ground in low land had their nests swept away, the young birds drowned, and their eggs destroyed. Red-winged blackbirds, bitterns, rails, and swamp sparrows, were among the chief sufferers. Undoubtedly large numbers of adult birds died from lack of food, the cold, and the pelting of the rain.

Circulars of inquiry into the damage were sent out to many correspondents, and the replies received were very interesting. One of the observers, Mr. Bailey, stated that the storms June 12 destroyed nearly all the nests of vireos, Baltimore orioles, and chipping sparrows within a mile of his home; while Mr. C. A. Reed declared that out of 21 nests that he had under observation, only one escaped destruction.

The loss of swallows, martins, and swifts in portions of Massachusetts was very great. In some localities the chimney swift appears to have been exterminated; while in others, the martins were almost all destroyed. From one great chimney, or stack, occupied by the swifts as a roosting place, three wheelbarrow loads of dead birds were removed after the storm of June 21. Mr. J. A. Farley reports the extermination of a colony of martins that he had established, and other similar cases are mentioned, the birds in many cases being much emaciated, and appearing to have starved to death. Many additional instances are cited with relation to all our common birds.

Following this unprecedented summer, came the bitter winter. Of the birds which winter in the north, those which seemed to have the easiest time were perhaps the

woodpeckers. Many people fed the birds, and so helped them through, but that there was a very unusual mortality due to the intense cold and the heavy snowfall, cannot be doubted. Mr. Forbush suggests the rearing of bird-like bluebirds and martins for the purpose of re-establishing colonies that have been extinguished. He calls attention also to the desirability of providing winter food and shelter for the birds, and points out how this may be done. Efforts in this direction are well worth making.

Do Foxes Climb Trees?

MICHIGAN CITY, Indiana.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This conundrum is especially intended for your Southern readers, because I have the assurance of a Southern guide that they do "down in Alabama."

I have seen dogs go up the trunk of a leaning tree, a Wm. Wells, of Green River, Wyoming, has some photographs showing dog and mountain lion face to face in the branches of a tree. In this case the tree had branches close to the ground, and the dog had scrambled up among them after his game until he found himself twenty feet or more from the ground.

I suggested to the above mentioned guide that probably the foxes he spoke of climbed trees in much the same manner, but he repudiated the necessity of any such aid, and said the foxes on that flat coast sometimes climb straight, limbless trunks. He had seen one in a sapling not more than four inches in diameter, and this feet from the ground, and had killed it. Asking how the fox climbed, not being built for the purpose, he said it lugged the trunk between the fore legs, and digging its claws of the hind feet into the bark, scrambled up.

R. M. and I were with this guide for several days in the month of March just past, camping on a nameless creek a few miles from the Gulf between Mobile and Pensacola, and he seemed to be a man who wished to tell only facts. He had been "North" once, as far as Lexington, Kentucky. Our amusement was fishing for bass, and to my surprise we caught both large and small-mouth. The guide had assured me that they had small-mouth bass there, but as I had always read that only large-mouth were found in Southern waters, I had not believed him, supposing he referred to some other fish. Besides, we caught "speckled trout," which are not trout at all, but weakfish of Northern waters, I am told, and "snappers" distinguished by a couple of tusks in the upper jaw, and large sunfish or "brim."

The guide killed a snake which he called a red-bellied moccasin, and said it was very poisonous. Can any of your readers tell me its true name? Could it have been a copperhead? It had a very blunt tail, a copper-colored belly, and markings on the back something like a rattlesnake.

There is one more question I have been intending to ask FOREST AND STREAM for two or three years—What was the route exactly of the overland stage coaches from the Platte to Salt Lake in the days immediately preceding the completion of the Union Pacific Railway? March, 1868, I went from Omaha to Cheyenne by rail, and there took a stagecoach for California, where I then lived. It was a pretty rough trip, and I have a vivid recollection of part of it, but I kept no notes, the names of places. Fort Bridger was on our route, and I remember that very well, but I believe there was no other settlement, except the company's stage station from Cheyenne to Salt Lake. I remember Rock Springs station, for the Indians drove off some stock there one hour after we left, as we learned by telegraph at the next station.

Can any one of your readers refer me to a book which gives a map of the old northern overland stage route, can anyone outline by the present counties of Wyoming about the route we took?

LEXDEN.

[Gray foxes (*Urocyon cinereo-argentatus*) commonly climb trees. Frequent instances of this habit have been published in FOREST AND STREAM.]

The old Oregon trail started from Independence, Mo., crossed the Kaw, went northwest until it struck the Platte, not far from Grand Island, followed up the Platte, up the North Fork, up the Sweetwater through South Pass, and then southwest to Fort Bridger. The later California trail went southwest from Fort Bridger to Salt Lake City, Ogden, westerly to Humboldt River to Humboldt Lake, and west across the Sierras, striking the Sacramento River about where the American River enters it. The modern (1868) stage road from Cheyenne west, probably followed substantially the surveyed line of the Union Pacific Railroad, through Fort Sand (Laramie City), Rawlins, Green River, and Fort Bridger.]

Rare North Carolina Birds.

DURING a recent ornithological trip in North Carolina Mr. T. Gilbert Pearson, well known as the secretary of the Audubon Society of North Carolina, made some interesting observations on water birds. Among other things, he found the American egret and the snowy heron breeding in limited numbers in the eastern portion of the State, and had the good fortune to find three water thrushes (*Anhinga anhinga*), this being the second record of their occurrence in North Carolina. Mr. Pearson made the first record for this species in that State six years ago this summer, when he was fortunate enough to secure a male bird, which flew from its nest of four eggs in a cypress tree on the margin of a lake.

A Dog's Grief.

BOSTON, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As a contribution to the list of recorded instances of grief in other emotions—in animals, let me give a single case:

When I was fourteen years old, our family removed from my birthplace in New Hampshire to Illinois. I had no brother, but I had had for years one faithful and passionately loved companion—my dog. We had grown together and had been well-nigh inseparable. The illness of several members of the family and the fact that the dog, which was quite large, had not been trained to familiarity of railway cars, or even to ride in a carriage made it impossible for him to be taken with us.

will not attempt any description of the almost heart-breaking sorrow of that parting. It was the greatest grief of my life up to that time, and remains in my memory as something most pathetic and pitiful.

It is beyond question that after we had gone, grief for my family very nearly killed my loving and faithful dog.

Day after day he would go out to the top of the hill to my old home and lie all day looking down the road which we had disappeared—waiting and watching for me—and only at nightfall coming back to the house, and creep with a groan under a sofa, whence no one could see him. He refused food, and lost flesh to such an extent that the friendly people who occupied the house and who had his suffering thought he would surely die. After months he left the old home to live with a boy in the neighborhood who had been my playmate, and who, doubtless, most suggested to my poor Watch his young master. My devoted dog "was not capable of mental pain," as I was not, and no one is.

C. H. AMES.

Squirrels and Mulberries.

WHILE on my way with a party to the Fair, as we were strolling along one of the avenues in Forest Park, I noticed ahead of us in a large mulberry tree a great commotion. The branches were alive with moving objects. I saw it was too early for robins, wax-wings, and other fruit-loving birds to have begun to flock, and what those moving objects were that made things so lively among the branches was a mystery to me, until I got near the tree, and then the whole matter was explained. Squirrels! Under the tree were many of the little fluffy tails gorging themselves upon the ripe fruit dislodged by the squirrels the limbs, and as the sweet morsels fell to the earth they were quickly rescued from between the grass roots. I thought the squirrels upon the ground were larger and older than those up the tree, repeated trips at various times to this tree educating them to the fact that one could fare quite as well without doing any climbing and scaling.

It was an interesting sight, and we had the machine stopped still to enable us to enjoy it. I don't know when I have seen birds thicker in a cherry tree than were those squirrels. And I tried to imagine what a clearing of the branches there would have been had a strenuous cat essayed to climb that tree! There would have been some tall

scrambling, and we no doubt would have been obliged to testify that gray squirrels can fly—when they have to.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

The Yellowstone Geysers.

A RESURVEY of thermal activity after a five-years' absence, convinces the writer that no appreciable diminution has taken place, either in the volume of hot water discharged or the force and energy displayed. Naturally with all this surface evidence of underground disturbance, the question is not infrequently asked if earthquakes occur in the Park, and since the catastrophes of Martinique and St. Vincent, such inquiries are made even more often than before. Earthquake shocks have been reported, but they are probably due to slight detonations near the surface, caused by the condensation of steam upon coming in contact with cool waters in underground chambers or channels, the explosions being heard for a distance of a mile or two, accompanied by more or less of a tremor. Within recent times there is no evidence of an earthquake in the sense of any real movement of the earth's crust, other than that noted at Silver Gate, which bears proof of considerable antiquity. The reason for this absence of earthquakes is to be found in the presence of so many natural safety valves, furnishing sufficient vents for pent-up steam.—Arnold Hague in Scribner's.

Eagle, Robin, Pelican.

BREWER, Maine.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A notice of a book on natural history which the publishers advertise is designed as a supplementary school reader for the fifth and sixth grades, contains the following:

"The eagle, Mr. Pearson tells us, can easily cover a distance of one hundred miles an hour. This statement of an eagle's speed of wing is a specimen of the many remarkable facts brought to light in this volume."

"In dry seasons, when robins cannot find ready-made mud to daub their nests with, they have been known to carry water in their beaks to a road, and there mix the mud for themselves."

"Into the pouch beneath the lower part of a brown pelican's bill the author once poured fifteen quarts of water, and it held them all."

If you think it worth while, will you ask the opinion of your subscribers regarding the accuracy of these state-

ments. As to robins carrying water to the road to mix mud, if they ever carried anything, they would carry the dirt to the water. But I have never seen any instance of their needing to do either.

MANLY HARDY.

Cat's Queer Nursing.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been much interested in the accounts of queer eating habits of certain cats. I have "had the pleasure of the acquaintance" of several cats with peculiar traits and habits. Our present house cat, and the pet of my children, is one of them. She has entire confidence in human beings; her confidence has never been abused, and she seems absolutely without fear of man. She was taken from her mother when a very small kitten, and fed and cared for by my children.

From the first she seemed to us to remember the act of nursing, and to want to draw nourishment in the way natural to a young kitten. She likes nothing better than to lie upon soft cloth and to gather a little bunch of it and suck it precisely as in the act of nursing—pressing the cloth with alternate movements of the fore feet, purring, and showing every evidence of earnest effort and expectation of reward. This she will do for long periods, and as sedulously now as when a little kitten. Every one remarks the seemingly pathetic character of the performance. Can any explanation of it be suggested?

C. H. AMES.

Currituckers say Ducks Smell.

CURRITUCK, N. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If you will accept at this late date some testimony to back up Mr. Cristadoro's duck smelling story, I have it to submit, on the authority of a score or so of old Currituck duck shooters.

It is a well-known fact at Currituck that mallards, black ducks, sprig-tails, green and blue-wing teal, gadwalls, spoonbills, and all kinds of ducks that do not dive for their food, can smell, and seem perfectly to distinguish the scent of a human being from other animals. The fact is that it is next to impossible to get any of these birds to come to decoys if the decoys are placed directly to leeward of one's blind or point. No good hunter in our sound ever thinks of doing so, if it is possible to avoid it. On the other hand, canvasbacks, redheads, blackheads, and other kinds of divers do not seem to possess this power.

MORE ANON.



Protection for Wildfowl.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., June 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* FOREST AND STREAM has already done so much for game preserving by insisting upon the principle "No game of game;" the United States Government has done much in the way of preserving the large game animals in the Yellowstone Park, and establishing game refuges in different parts of the West; and we have seen such success attend the efforts in New England to preserve quail, that I am anxious that something should be done for my game—the quail, wildfowl, plover, snipe, and other birds. I am particularly interested in the preservation of quail, but we will let that question pass for the present, because I think they will have to be taken care of by the different State governments.

It seems to have been found comparatively easy for the United States Government to undertake the preservation of the large animals—deer, buffalo, and elk—probably because they attract attention from the general public, are opposed to be wonderful and valuable, and are often the subjects of books and newspaper articles of romantic hunting adventures which amuse the ordinary reader. It is to my mind—and I think to most mature and experienced sportsmen—the game birds—quail, ducks, plover, snipe—are in many ways more important, afford more genuine sport to a larger number of people, and, if reared in numbers, would contribute more to the general health and happiness as well as to the wealth of every community. Even if the large animals were increased to the greatest number possible there would still be comparatively few who could afford to hunt them, and the number allowed to be killed would be considerably restricted. Game birds, moreover, can be preserved and multiplied in settled or other regions unsuited to the large animals.

I am not, of course, opposed to preserving the large animals. I am heartily in favor of it. Let us develop the animal and bird life of nature in every form. All I am attempting in writing this letter is to see if the interest and effort which has been so successful with the animals can be extended to the birds.

Little or nothing has been done to preserve the wildfowl, and I shall speak of these alone, because the methods that will preserve them apply equally well to the other birds. I am somewhat familiar with the duck-shooting resorts along the coast from New Jersey to North Carolina, and am free to say that any attempts at preservation have heretofore been a farce, and some of

them are worse than useless. The laws are seldom, if ever, enforced, and the few that are enforced are enforced in a way to do more harm than good.

I am aware that in some localities—notably on the coast of North Carolina—there has been a certain kind of very successful preserving. A club, owning a large tract of marsh, will appoint private wardens for that marsh during the season and carry out what is certainly a perfect instance of game preservation. That is to say, the marshes are faithfully guarded; no one but members of the club will fire a shot there during the season, and a hundred or a hundred and fifty bushels of corn will be scattered in the marsh to feed the ducks. The ducks being thus undisturbed, will resort to the marsh in great numbers, and the members of the club will have excellent shooting. I know of several clubs of this sort where two or three members have killed over a hundred ducks in a day, and I know of one club where the number killed by only about a dozen members in one season amount to 5,009.

But I do not call this real game preservation. It is simply building an ingenious trap to bring the few remaining ducks into a small, quiet space, make them tame, and slaughter them wholesale. The whole stretch of the Atlantic seaboard, the lakes, rivers, and other duck resorts of the far West, are left unpreserved, and shooting goes on indiscriminately. There is very little use in isolated duck preserving, either by individuals or by a single State.

Of what use would it be if Virginia alone really executed good game laws and preserved the ducks within her borders, while the indiscriminate shooting went on in all other States throughout the Union? The citizens of Virginia would say that their State was simply making a fool of itself and gaining nothing by it; and as a matter of fact, that is what the people in different localities always feel, namely, that there is no use in their executing their own laws and preserving wildfowl, so long as indiscriminate shooting is carried on throughout the rest of the country.

I have lost all faith in any preservation of the wildfowl by action in any one State. If we could get them all to agree to execute laws at the same time, something might be accomplished; but to attain such an agreement among the fifteen or twenty States which practically control the duck region, will be quite difficult; and yet we must solve that difficulty or turn the whole subject over to the general Government. The conditions of State government are all against wildfowl preservation. The State politi-

cians and the State officials are afraid of the classes who are interested in duck slaughter and the sale of ducks. The laws are never executed, and it is often difficult to get even good laws on the statute books.

North Carolina has been able to pass rather stringent laws regulating duck shooting by non-resident sportsmen who come into the State. But she has not been able to get on her statute books any laws restricting the shooting by her own native market-gunners. If I go to North Carolina to shoot, I am restricted to certain days in the week, and I can shoot only from blinds where my chances are extremely limited. But the native market-gunner can shoot from a battery with 250 or 300 decoys, with the best chances in his favor, and ship all of his game out of the State.

North Carolina has fortunately succeeded in passing a law preventing the shipping of quail out of the State, but so strong was the market-gunning interest that they did not dare to put on their statute books a law prohibiting the shipping of wildfowl out of the State; and everyone knows that if such a law were passed it could not be enforced.

It seems as if we would never be able to do anything to check the destruction which will soon exterminate all the wildfowl, unless we get the matter taken up by the United States Government, regulated by an act of Congress, which will be uniform throughout the whole country, and enforced by United States marshals and officials who are not afraid to execute laws, and have the full force of the general Government behind them.

I regret to say, however, that if there were now an act of Congress regulating the preservation of wildfowl throughout the United States, it would in all probability be held unconstitutional by the courts except in certain districts, like the Yellowstone Park, belonging to the National Government. Possibly eminent counsel might devise legislation of this sort that would not be unconstitutional, but at present I see no way of doing it. An amendment to the Constitution giving Congress jurisdiction for the preservation of wildfowl, or certain classes of game, will probably be necessary to accomplish our purpose. An amendment to the Constitution is difficult to obtain, but by no means impossible. We have obtained fifteen of them in the course of our history, and can obtain one more if we go about it in the right way.

We must make up our minds which is the better course—to obtain an amendment and Congressional legislation which would probably settle the question permanently, or obtain uniform laws and uniform execution of them in

twenty different States. In either case, we must have a large organization of sportsmen with a salaried secretary or other official, to work for us all the year round, and a good supply of money for expenses.

I suggest that all of the sportsmen in the country, together with other lovers of nature, members of Audubon Societies, and every individual that can be persuaded to come to our assistance, be organized into a great league or association, with small annual dues of from two to five dollars, according to the numbers we can obtain. We may be able to obtain such numbers that two dollars, or even one dollar, a year would be enough. We must then decide which course we shall pursue, the amendment or uniform State legislation. Having settled that question, we could hold annual meetings and distribute literature all over the country, and agitate the question in every newspaper in every county, and have members using their influence in every corner of the United States.

If we once got control of the situation, with uniform action throughout the great duck-shooting regions, we could, I think, very soon restore the wildfowl to the condition they were in sixty or seventy years ago. We could in the beginning declare every other year an off year, with no shooting at all, and I believe this would, in a very short time, produce an increase that would astonish everybody. We would soon not need any off years, but could shoot every year, under proper restrictions.

SYDNEY G. FISHER.

Don't Kill the Hedgehog.

ONE day in the autumn a fawn was with its mother enjoying a good feed of beechnuts, which were thick upon the ground. "Oh," said the fawn, as he ran his nose against a hedgehog quill that lay among the fallen leaves, "I do wish those fellows were not so careless in discarding their outer garments, and I for one am glad that my coat is not as coarse as theirs, stupid things that they are."

"Softly, softly, said the mother deer, "you should not speak so of one who is the best friend we have in all the forest. They help us to many a meal when starvation stares us in the face. If it were not for his rough coat, he would have but little protection against the pack of hounds that you remember live down by the edge of the clearing."

But the smarting of the fawn's nose put him in no mood to see much good in having a neighbor like the hedgehog.

It was not long before winter set in, the snow became deep, and day after day the poor deer had to travel over the same route from one end of the swamp to the other, until there was not another branch or bough that they could reach. They had become so weak they could not break new roads through the deep snow to find other feeding grounds. Then there came a day when the wind blew from the east, and that evening the rain came down in torrents; but before morning the thaw had turned to a cold which caused a hard crust to form over the deep snow. "Now," said the mother deer, "is our time to call on neighbor hedgehog, and see how he and his family have put in the winter."

Away up by the granite ledge they found that their neighbor had managed to keep a good path from his den out to the several hemlocks that stood in his front yard. They found him at work away up in the top of a tall hemlock, out on a limb as far as his weight would allow. Here he was, as busy as he could be, cutting off the tender boughs with his teeth and letting them drop to the ground; then he would descend and enjoy eating them; but he was always sure to cut off enough so that his neigh-

bors could have a feast as well as himself. Every day the deer made a visit to the hedgehog den for a feed, and he, being an industrious fellow, always had the table well supplied, and helped to keep the wolf from the door of his neighbor until spring.

That is why I don't kill hedgehogs.

BYRON E. COOL.

Adirondack Deer and Forests.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The note this week on Adirondack deer prompts me to send the inclosed letter from Frank Chase, an experienced and reliable guide, who has spent his whole life of sixty-five years in the woods. He wrote about April 1 from Newcomb, concerning the deer and the forests, and the relation of one to the other, in the Adirondacks.

J. B. PELLETT.

"My experience this winter in the woods has taught me that the deer where I have been trapping (and I have been a good many hundred miles on snowshoes) are all right. I have found only one dead one. That was a little stunted fawn. Some scamp had killed his mother when he was very young, and he had grown but little, if any. There was a crust then, and the snow being so deep, he could not get around to get food enough, so got weak and perished on one of the coldest days. But that is only one case, and it is very evident that if his mother had been left to nurse him for two or three months he would have had a constitution to carry him through the winter.

"Lumbering is a curse to the Adirondacks. It is opening up the forest so that the poor deer and other animals find little protection from the cold wintry winds and deep snows. It seems like desecration. There may be places where the forests are so devastated by lumbering that the deer congregate at the most sheltered place they can find to winter, and after eating everything within reach that is good for them to eat, are obliged to eat balsam and cedar, which they will not eat unless they are obliged to. This weakens them greatly, and perhaps there may be some places where deer have succumbed to the cold in that way. I don't believe there is any epidemic among them. If I could see some of those deer and the ground and surroundings where they were found dead, it would not take me long to trace out the cause.

"Deer dig down to the ground to get a little moss or grass or something of that sort, until the snow gets so deep or a crust prevents them. We don't usually have a crust that will bear up a deer until some times late in February. I have seen many deer wallowing with the snow clear up half way on their sides. Forty years ago they did not lumber as they do now. They only cut the spruce and other soft timber down to ten inches and over. The result was that in a few years you could hardly tell that it had been lumbered. The young trees that were left soon grew up large and thrifty; the old tops rotted down, so that the only indication left that it had been lumbered would be occasionally an old stump that a person might sometimes mistake for a deer. Now it is cut and slash everything as big as a man's arm. What isn't cut down is knocked down by the other trees falling. After it is opened up so, little cherries and underbrush spring up thicker than hair on a dog. This generation will not see it again in its original beauty, and I am not certain that the next will. Thus I see the beautiful forest that I love so well despoiled by the inroads of what some people call energy, progress, and civilization."

FRANK CHASE.

A Good Told Story.

SHERIFF COOK, of Tucson, Ariz., has in his possession a weapon which was probably used in the making of history in Arizona in the days of the '60s and '70s. It is a revolver of an old model Colt, and was found on the between Sentinel and Agua Caliente a few days ago. There were found, rudely engraved on the metal of the letters, "K. W." Six notches were filed on the side of the barrel. The conclusion was reached that the gun was a part of the armory of King Woolsey, whose stronghold at Agua Caliente was one of the best known places in territory. The old weapon was shown to Justice Burr who said that it recalled to him an incident in a tour of party of "tenderfeet" across the continent. There was a breakdown of a Southern Pacific train near Sentinel, there was no prospect of the train moving for several hours. The tourists exhausted all the means of amusement at their hands, and finally one proposed shooting a target. Half a dozen revolvers were collected, several empty soda, beer and other bottles, which were found lying around the station. The marksmen established a range at a distance from the train and popped away at the bottles for an hour or two. One of the tourists, but only one, succeeded in hitting a bottle now then, and he was recognized as the Dr. Carver of party.

An old man with flowing whiskers, attracted by the charge of firearms, rode up and sat on his horse observing the target practice. Whenever the "champion" took the old man would give a grunt expressive of contempt. Finally the champion turned to him and said, "Maybe you think you can shoot?" The old man, nothing, but, dismounting, he picked up a bottle, fastened a string about the bottom of it in such a manner that the bottle would hang inverted. The old man tied the string to the limb of a mesquite. He next took the cork of the bottle, and when the bottle had become stationary measured with his eyes a spot directly under the mouth of it. He placed a flat stone there, and put the cork of the bottle upside down, directly under the mouth of the bottle. Then the old man set the bottle swinging, and, walking away 30 yards, he estimated the position of the bottle made a calculation of the momentum. He drew a revolver and fired. The bottle fell, and one of the tourists and picked it up, corked.—Springfield Republican.

Trophies from Canada.

EAST HAMPTON, N. Y.—E. B. Muchmore has, displayed in his father's store, the mounted heads of a caribou a moose, which he shot last fall in Canada. They are prettiest heads that have been seen in the place, that of moose being an especially fine specimen. A tape stretched from the tips of the antlers marks 51 inches; it has twenty-nine points. The caribou head has thirty-five points.

Arrested for Boarding Wild Birds.

CHARGED with having live wild birds in her possession out of season, in violation of the State game laws, Mrs. Christiana Unger was arrested in New York city last week by State Game Warden John E. Overton. In conversation Mrs. Unger said she was having a hard struggle to keep from starvation, when a man from the West asked her to board the birds. Magistrate Whitman held her for trial.



The Chain Broken! On the Cars!

THE breaking of the chain is synonymous with the closing down of the lid of your desk. There's the rub. But once closed and on the cars with your face pointed toward camp and canoe, and all is well. Expectancy and anticipation fill your mind and crowd out business cares.

So turning things over to my son (and blessed is the man who has a son who can share the load), here I am flitting over the rails, bound north for Kobekiana Camp, with my rod-case stuffed with rods that have remained idle and unused for many moons on the attic shelf.

I am alone because old man Bassford has failed me at the last moment, and instead of alternately listening to his yarns and holding my sides, I am whiling away the time writing these few lines. I have just finished reading my beloved FOREST AND STREAM, and find that Mr. McCandless has taken the wind from my sails in describing the robber thrush levying toll from the industrious robin. I saw the sparrows holding up the robins in this same identical way, and had intended to "remark" on same in your columns.

Well, as the minutes pass by, I feel that I am nearing the end of the trail, and there is where the fisherman expects to "find things."

In the seat beside me is my weatherbeaten rod-case, plastered up with Maine stickers that awaken in my mind memories of days that are gone—days of thirty years ago, when I tramped the woods and enjoyed my first trout fishing. It shows wear and tear, and I am sorry to

say the shelf marks are too much in evidence upon its weatherbeaten surface.

I am carried back to my first heavy trout. I am out on old Moxie Pond, above the forks of the Kennebec. The boys have gone up stream, and I have taken the boat and gone out to try by myself. I make a cast—the fly disappears without a ripple—a tug, and snap! goes my split bamboo at the second joint below the tip; a clean break, and the line and tip fall upon the water. With a sigh I recover the line, pulling it in by hand, only to find that the fly was "sot," and the fish was still fast. I pull in hand over hand, as one would do when fishing with a hand-line for bluefish, and fortune favors me, for I land a fine 3-pound trout at my feet in the boat. I look at the break, and find the wood damp and spongy, and then I remember that my rod stood next a tree during the night, and that it rained great guns, nearly washing us out of our lean-to, and I reason to myself that bamboo rods were not made to stand all night in the rain and do good work the next day.

I pull up anchor and row back to camp, and with jack-knife and waxed silk I make repairs, using a supporting sliver of wood on each side of the break. It is not a neat looking job, but I figure it will hold, and I go out again for the mate of my first trout, and cast and strike, and although the rod, as it bends under the strain, is not akin to Hogarth's line of beauty, yet it holds. The fish is gamy to the last, and as the fight goes on I begin to lose confidence in my splice, and wonder if it will last. It does, and as I slip the net under the trout I draw a

long breath of relief. And I land another, and as I the camp-fire glimmer on the shore I quit and pull the shore and supper. That experience taught me to keep my rods out of the wet at night, and to take more than one rod on an extended trip.

Then again I am up on Greenwood Lake after bass. It is late in the season and cold. The guide snaps his fingers after drawing them from the minnow bucket, baiting the hook. We are fishing up and down the lake rock in front of the club house landing. The bass is hungry, and after my third or fourth fish, my reel becomes useless. The best I can do is to borrow a brass sinker—one of the kind that goes with rod, line, hooks, and sinker in a department store—all for 75 cents. But I port in a storm, and I fish on under difficulties, and I bass after bass. And I learn the lesson to not only take an extra rod, but reel as well.

I am going where there are bass—large-mouth, white-eyed pike, and maskinongé. I have not as yet reconciled my way of thinking of the large-mouth bass as well Dr. Henshall regards him. I have taken him only in warm lakes, and found him so slow and unresisting that I was cured of any desire to fish for him. But in the north country, where the water is cold and clear, I told he conducts himself differently, putting up a fine class fight. We shall see. I am told of a lake near camp alive with bass; not of a large size, however, greedy for a fly, and full of ginger. I am assured that three or four flies mean a rise to each fly. That with four-ounce rod there's fun galore. And before I le-

home I hunt for a four-ounce rod that I know I have among all the rest—and it is gone! Loaned and never returned.

Why will people borrow rods, and why will the owners of the rods loan them out? There are two things a man never should loan—his wife and his rod.

But what can a man do—sometimes? A neighbor calls and asks for a rod. He knows you have them, and he is not enough of a fisherman to understand how a man feels about loaning a rod. Well, you succumb. And the rod comes back. You look it over and find that the friendly services of a doorjamb has been brought into play to dis-joint the rod, and your ferrules are crushed. *Sacre bleu!* you say to yourself, and you send your rod to the repair-man. Then you resolve to become diplomatic, and invest in a fourth dozen split bamboo rods—"Three-jointed, hand-made, highest quality, to-day 79 cents each"—and these be your loaning rods in future.

The train is speeding along the headwaters of the Mississippi. We are nearing the land where white pine is king. Booms and dams are in evidence in the infantile Father of the Waters, and train loads of logs are being emptied into the streams to float down to Minneapolis. The lumber jack with his canvas turkey is in evidence—as is his inseparable companion, a great flask of whiskey hidden in some capacious pocket netherly situated about his person. A crowded lumber jack filled car makes you think of the Kentucky audience when asked by the slight-of-hand performer if any man present had a pint bottle of whiskey about him. For a second there was no response, when a spectator asked: "Wouldn't a quart bottle do?" An affirmative answer resulted in the instantaneous production—held high in the air—of a quart bottle to every man. So with the lumber jack.

Poor devils! They work and toil and slave at the hardest kind of work all winter, chopping and sawing waist-deep in snow and with the mercury at thirty below, and yet sweating in their shirt sleeves sometimes; to bed

fish at so much per diem are not very satisfactory; the salmon in them are generally few and far between. And so I have dropped the more noble fish and am getting all the sport I can out of black bass, striped bass, and squeteague."

"Squeteague!" I exclaimed, "that is rather a come down for you."

"Well, I don't compare the two fish," he replied, "but really there's a lot of sport to be had with weakfish, as they are commonly called, if they are of good size and biting freely."

My old friend was right, for one may obtain quite exciting sport with those gamy fish, and they are so get-at-able in numerous localities they may be justly called the most popular of all the salt-water game fishes. Good fishing localities we have all along the New Jersey coast, around Long and Staten Islands, and in the Sound along the shore almost everywhere up to Narragansett Bay and on to Cape Cod are numerous good feeding grounds on which the fish may be taken. New York anglers follow it enthusiastically from its first appearance in May until it leaves for the south in November. Around Staten Island it is taken in considerable numbers, and in many localities, such as, for example, Tottenville, Prince's Bay, Annandale, Richmond Valley, Rossville, South and Midland Beaches, at which last named place good fishing may now be had from the long pier, a boat being unnecessary at that point.

Habits of the Squeteague.

Although it is a common game fish all along the Atlantic Coast from Cape Cod to the Chesapeake, and even further south, its favorite localities seem to be Vineyard Sound, Narragansett and Buzzard's Bays, where the largest and most gamy specimens are now taken. While the average weight in a day's catch around Staten Island will not greatly exceed a pound, it would be considerably larger in fish taken in Vineyard Sound, such

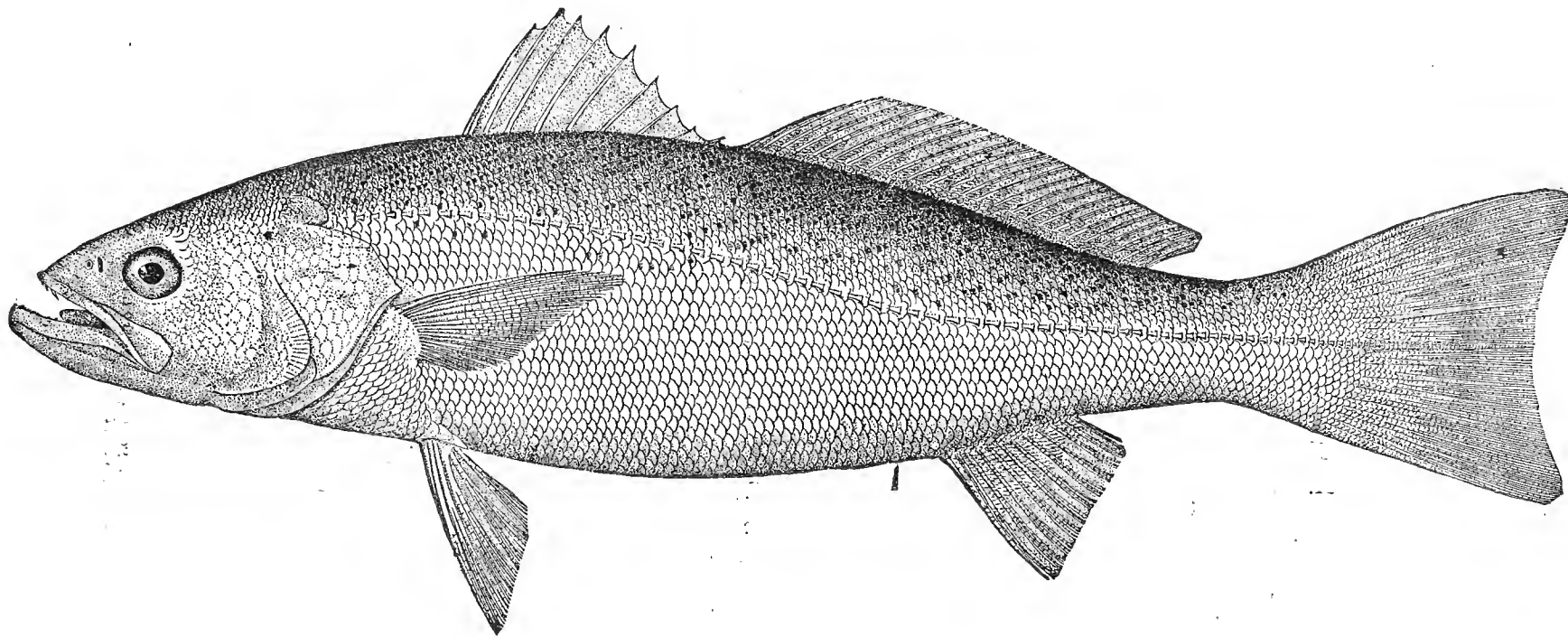
by many that this rig is the best, because it permits free play to the hooks. Feathered trolls * * * made strong with stout hooks and heavy, strong gimp, or wire snells, would be most killing among such coast fish as the Spanish mackerel, bluefish, and squeteague."

Phantom Minnows.

In my tackle kit are several phantom minnows which were imported a number of years ago from England; they are of precisely the same size and pattern as those which are used in trolling for salmon trout in some of the Irish lochs; they are made of thin aluminum, nickel or silver-plated, and differ from the ordinary phantom that is sold in this country in that they revolve more freely, and the hooks are so arranged above and below the minnow that they very rarely foul, and if a fish strikes, it never misses a hook. I tried them with the landlocked salmon in the deep water of Grand Lake, one of the Schoodic chain in Maine, and found them singularly successful. Subsequently I pitted them against squeteague in trolling in Vineyard Sound, and the avidity with which the fish seized them was astonishing. They revolved quite rapidly, even when the boat was moving at a slow rate of speed, and owing to their texture they were always as bright and silvery as a small herring. I do not know whether that make of minnow is now sold in our tackle stores, but if it is not, it would be good policy for the dealers to import some and keep them in stock, for they are greatly to be preferred to the soft, destructible ones that are commonly sold, which are continually fouling, and which will not revolve at a fair rate of speed unless the boat moves quite swiftly through the water.

Peculiarities of the Weakfish.

I have stated that, as a rule, the young flood tide up to three-quarters of the full is the best water for squeteague angling; of course those hand-line fishermen who anchor



THE SQUETEAGUE OR WEAKFISH.—From "Fishing Industries."

at dark, and up at the crow of the cock, and with his money coming to him when the break up of winter comes, he goes out into the world. One glass—the first glass—of whiskey is his undoing, and when he sobers up he is lucky to have the clothes on his back. But he has had a "good time," and he can earn more money, and he starts in at odd jobs until the snow falls, and he can go into camp once more.

We are making Brainerd when we stop for lunch, and then continue up to Pine River, where we take a stage and ride for twenty miles through the pine forests.

Already the fresh air blowing down from the pines gives one the appetite of youthful days—which is a very good sign that we can't arrive at Brainerd any too quickly for us now.

The headache and the chunk of lead at the base of my cranium already begin to leave me, and I feel it in my bones that a week from now I will return to my desk bronzed up and with energy and capacity for work of a trained athlete. And with everything pleasing in front of me, I'll close this letter.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

Fish Chat.

The Lively Squeteague.

"SALMON angling is royal sport," said an old friend to me a short time ago, "but I have been obliged to give it up, and for several reasons. In the first place, I'm too old; it's all right for the younger men, but when one reaches his seventieth birthday he can't do it; the spirit is willing, but the flesh is mighty weak. Fancy me racing down a river fast to a salmon who has taken it into his head to run from one pool to another, perhaps a half mile or more away. I don't think you could imagine me displaying such nimbleness and endurance as would be needed. I couldn't climb over the rocks and boulders half fast enough. I could fight a salmon in a good deep pool, all right, if I were in a canoe, or had a reasonably smooth shore to keep my footing on, but when it comes to the rough work I can't do it. Another reason why I have had to give up following old *Salmo salar* is because all the good rivers are leased, and at high prices, too; I used to have a one-third interest in a New Brunswick river—had it, in fact, for ten years—but when the lease finally ran out, we let it slide, for the reason that the netters around the mouth of the river got about all the fish. We did not, along the last part of it, kill enough to supply camp needs; lessees of rivers ought to be better protected than they are.

"Of course, one can always get on a salmon river somehow by paying for the privilege, and there are still a few streams that are open to the general angler, but my experience has been that those rivers on which you can

small ones as those which are common further south being rarely seen.

Methods of Angling.

Now, I suppose that every squeteague angler believes that his own method is the best, but that some must be better than others is shown by the fact that while the anglers in one boat may obtain from forty to sixty in a day's catch, those in another boat not thirty or even twenty rods distant consider themselves lucky if they get a dozen fish. Squeteague, like other game fish, have their caprices, and "there are days when they will and others when they won't" accept the bait, and in order to be really successful with them, the angler must study their peculiarities, not only in different seasons of the year, but also in different conditions of the weather and tides. We may set it down as a rule that for weakfish the young and half flood tides are the best in most localities, and the last half of the ebb tides are the poorest, but even that rule is governed by circumstances. There are localities, such as, for example, near the Orchard Shoal Light, about four miles off Staten Island, where the water, which is from fifteen to twenty feet in depth, rushes along in both flood and ebb tides almost with the speed of a salmon stream, which seems to be a favorite locality for good-sized squeteague, and they are there almost always ready to bite well in all conditions of the tide.

Baits.

One may anchor his boat there at the edge of a reef, and he will find that almost any bait goes; shrimp, flood worms, sand worms, a piece of quahog or clam or menhaden, and from the first of July on a bait of sheddar crab will prove a most captivating lure. The angler will also find that a No. 4 fluted spinner—Skinner's preferred—will do good work, the strong current carrying the spoon rapidly away from the boat, and causing it to revolve quickly. In such a locality I have found that the phantom minnow proved a very attractive lure, and even good success was had with an old Buell's spoon. In fact, as the squeteague is chiefly a surface-feeding fish and is almost always ready to seize anything in motion, nearly any trolling bait will answer to bring it to the landing net.

How to Rig Spinners.

Ordinarily in using the spinning bait, I have rarely employed a sinker for squeteague, but no matter what it was, I have found that at least two swivels were necessary to prevent fouling the hooks and kinking the line, and in addition to the use of these have availed myself in my more recent fishing of the hint given by Genio C. Scott in his "Fishing in American Waters," in which he says, in describing a spoon bait: "It is so arranged that different fly-hooks may be looped on by their wires at the joint" [above which the spoon revolves]; "it is supposed

their boats and throw out their lines, which are baited with pieces of clams, crabs, etc., do not pay very much attention to the tide. They have out sometimes three or four lines, and their catch is made up of blackfish or tautog, scup or porgies, sea bass and squeteague; they are not weakfish anglers pure and simple, and the niceties of the fishing are entirely ignored by them. But the angler who is out for squeteague with rod, reel, and light tackle, is obliged to study the conditions of the tide or he gets no fish.

I have found this to be the case in many localities in Buzzard's Bay; if I could reach my favorite fishing grounds just before the turn of the tide, my success was almost always assured. The fish were then hungry, and bit ravenously at anything in motion, and if my supply of shrimp ran short when the fish were biting freely, I found that a strip cut from the belly of one of my squeteague and tied to the shank of the hook à la striped bass bait, was quite successful as a lure. Ordinarily, however, one has his best success in Buzzard's Bay and Vineyard Sound, at any rate, by "chumming" with shrimp, and a goodly supply of these little crustaceans is necessary. While I have always made it a point to chum sparingly, I have, in order to keep the squeteague about my boat, used up my stock of nearly two quarts of shrimp, and been obliged to throw out as successors to them small handfuls of salt-water minnows or "mummy chows," as they are commonly called in those waters.

Exciting Sport.

I shall never forget the glorious sport I had at squeteague fishing on July 4, 1901. Our yacht was anchored just off a headland, two or three miles from Wareham, a locality which was, I believe, a favorite one with ex-President Cleveland, who was, and I think is still, an ardent follower of this gamy fish. We arrived on our fishing grounds at exactly the right moment, the young tide having just begun to move in. As soon as our tackle was rigged and hooks baited with a couple of shrimp, our skipper began chumming, throwing the shrimp not too sparingly on both sides of the boat, but at a good casting distance from it in order that the little crustaceans might not swim back to its protecting shelter, which they are very often inclined to do, they seeming to know instinctively that if they can get near the boat they will not be molested by their destroyers, the weakfish.

I always prefer to kill my fish on light tackle, the sport I obtain with it seems to me to be more genuine and exciting than that which is obtained with heavier. My rod on this occasion was a quite light split bamboo, an ordinary trout rod, in fact; but my reel contained 75 yards of new and rather heavy line, for your squeteague often makes quite long runs, and I wanted to be prepared for any emergency. My casting-line was a short salmon

leader, and I used a rather stout sroat hook, and with a single swan shot only for a sinker, as I intended to do my fishing near the surface. My two companions used heavier sinkers and floats, which they permitted to run astern of the boat with the tide, twenty or thirty yards. Whenever our skipper cast wide his chum, I dropped my bait among the shrimp as they fell into the water, and it was not long before I was fast to an elegant fish.

The squeteague is usually called a weakfish, but a four or five-pound "yellow fin" is far from being a weakling, and the fish that I had hooked was no exception to the rule, for his runs were gamy, his leaps above the surface of the water were of frequent occurrence, and the fight he gave me, although of not long duration, was as plucky as I could have desired. And what a beauty he was as he was lifted by the landing net into the boat! His gray-spotted sides, which were coated with a silvery sheen, were beautifully iridescent, and his abdomen, pectoral, ventral, and anal fins were of a golden yellow.

"Good!" exclaimed my friends, as the skipper held my prize aloft, "first fish for you," and it almost seemed as if I detected in their congratulations a slight tone of envy.

"You are fishing too deep," I replied, "you'll get nothing down there but scup and sculpin," and even as I spoke each of my friends pulled up one of the last named exceedingly unpopular fish. Fresh chum was then thrown broadcast, and it was not long before I was fast to another beautiful yellow-fin; and I had taken my fourth squeteague before my friends discarded their floats and heavy sinkers, and imitated me at surface fishing, when their luck turned, and both of them until the tide turned caught their fair share of fish.

The squeteague seemed to be "on their feed" that day, for they took our bait freely; they were all of good size, and very gamy, and we lost but few of the fish we hooked, which is not generally the case among anglers, for the weakfish has an exceedingly tender mouth, and unless it is handled carefully it is apt to eject the hook during one of its wild runs or leaps.

Squeteague no Match for Bluefish.

It is a matter of common observation that where bluefish are abundant, squeteague are scarce, and for the reason that they cannot withstand the murderous onslaughts of their savage neighbors. The squeteague is in itself a very rapacious fish; it never spares a smaller fish, and often eats to repletion, but before the attacks of bluefish it is as helpless as a mackerel or alewife, and when a school of them are overtaken by the marauders they are cut up without mercy.

Weakfish and striped bass of the same size will live in amity side by side, and one may capture both species with the same bait and from one boat; but nothing will fraternize with the bluefish, and he treats every other species with the same degree of ferocity, even devouring the humble scup, small flounders, and other bottom fish in the spring when more tempting food is not obtainable.

EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

Fish Scales as a Test of Age.

SCALES of ordinary fishes, when examined under a lense or microscope, are seen to present a number of fine concentric lines arranged round a central nucleus, the form assumed by these lines being in some cases subcircular, and in others more or less irregularly ellipsoidal. Such lines evidently indicate intervals of growth. More minute examination will reveal the existence of a small number of more pronounced lines, or rings, as they may be termed, which often include from thirty to forty of the finer lines. A German investigator, Dr. Hoffbauer, basing his observations on carp of which the ages were more or less exactly known, found that the number of these pronounced rings in the scales gave an exact index of the age of the fishes from which they were taken, these rings marking, in fact, the limits of the annual growth of the scales. Taking these data as a basis, Mr. J. S. Thomson, of the Marine Biological Station at Plymouth, has for some time been conducting observations and experiments, with a view to ascertain whether the same law does not hold good for marine fishes, the various representatives of the cod family (*Gadidae*) being selected for examination. The results of these observations are published in the April issue of the Journal of the Marine Biological Association, and are of great interest and importance, more especially from an economic point of view. The memoir is of a very elaborate nature, containing tables of measurements of thousands of scales of these fishes and the number of lines and rings they display, and being illustrated by figures of magnified specimens.

After referring to the probability that a law which is found to be constant in the case of fresh-water fishes would also probably obtain in marine groups, the author remarks that, even after allowing for variation, the statistics he has brought together afford strong cumulative proof that in the members of the cod tribe the growth of the scales is cyclical, or periodic, and that the pronounced rings formed in these structures are annual. It appears to be undoubted that the scales show a larger surface growth and a wider separation of the lines in summer than in winter, this being in all probability due to a difference in the general condition of the fish and its surroundings at the two seasons. An examination of three or four perfect scales taken from the median region of the flanks, near the lateral line, where their characteristic features are best displayed, will, it is submitted, in ninety-eight cases out of every hundred, be sufficient to afford a very close approximation of the age of the fish. In fishes of more than four or five years old the percentage of correct estimates would be somewhat less than that given above, but this is, fortunately, of but little importance, seeing that for economic purposes the chief requisite is to be able to ascertain the age of younger fish. Corroboration of the truth of Mr. Thomson's hypothesis is afforded by the fact that his results agree very closely with those obtained by workers who have calculated the age of fishes from totally different standpoints. Owing to the life conditions of fish kept in tanks and aquariums being so totally different from those existing in nature,

it is impossible to verify the hypothesis by observations on captive specimens, but it is suggested that much might be done by careful observations of the scales of marked fish before they are returned to the ocean.—London Field.

Fish and Fishing.

Good Fishing at the Grand Discharge.

THERE has been a great improvement during the last few days in the ouananiche fishing at the Grand Discharge of Lake St. John. When the first anglers of the season arrived there, two or three weeks ago, they found the water unusually high for the middle of June. Nevertheless there was reasonable sport even then, as was discovered by Mr. B. L. D'Aubigné, of London, England, who enjoyed his first experience with the ouananiche there, in company with Mr. Geo. E. Hart, of Waterbury, an old-time friend of the fresh-water salmon of Lake St. John. Mr. D'Aubigné has fished many of the salmon and sea trout waters of the United Kingdom, and, like Colonel Haggard, finds little, if any, differences between the ouananiche and the Scotch sea trout. Among other sportsmen who have just paid their first visit to Lake St. John waters, are Mr. H. A. DuVillard, of Providence, R. I.; Dr. A. Greenwood, of Boston; Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Ward, of San Antonio, Texas; Mr. A. C. Chase, of Syracuse, N. Y., and his son, Mr. W. B. Chase, of New York. The Messrs. Chase and Dr. Greenwood were among the earliest anglers of the season at the Grand Discharge. They found that the fish preferred rather large flies, and most of the members of the party enjoyed the exhilarating sport of playing a brace of ouananiche together on more than one occasion. Mr. Ward, who has done a great deal of angling for coarse sea and other fish is a strong advocate of the automatic reel, like the late Mr. Eugene McCarthy. Mr. D'Aubigné and Mr. DuVillard, on the other hand—both experienced anglers—quite scout the idea of its use, and point to the success of the great majority of ouananiche fishermen in killing their fish without any automatic aid, as proof that the skill which can thus land the leaping ouananiche may well dispense with the use of the automatic reel in the fight with other fish. The majority of the fish thus far killed this season in the Discharge run from about 1½ to 3½ pounds, but of course many larger ones have also been taken. Both the number of anglers at the Island House and the size of the catches have shown quite an increase during the last few days, the water having about resumed its ordinary summer level.

The reports from the salmon rivers are not quite so satisfactory, the run of the fish having been much later than was expected. Some of the streams, it is true, have not yet been heard from; others report that few fish except kelt have yet been seen in the rivers. There is no reason to imagine, however, that this means anything more than that the season will be later than usual. Senator Aldrich and Mr. Henry R. Reid passed through here the other day on their way to join Messrs. Ivers W. Adams and Dr. Heber Bishop on the Moisie, and Mr. Louis Cabot, of Boston, has gone down to the Grand River on the south shore.

When Anglers Foregather.

It is a far cry from Lake St. John to Santa Catalina, but the picturesque character of some of the fishing scenes about the latter locality were related a few evenings ago to a party of anglers sitting around the log fire in the big open grate of the Hotel Roberval in so vivid a manner by a gentleman who has had considerable experience there, that one could almost fancy himself upon the spot. From the time that Peter and his fellow fishermen drew in so heavy a draught of fishes that the net broke, down through the babblings of Walton and his traveling companions in the inn beneath the friendly shade of the thatched cottage, and up to our own time, the discussion of fish and fishing—vulgarily called the swapping of fish stories—has very naturally formed the subject of discussion wherever fishermen most do congregate. We were extremely fortunate at Lake St. John the other evening in having with us gentlemen who had fished in almost every quarter of the world, and what is more, who had eyes and knew how to use them, and the happy faculty of cleverly describing what they had seen. We were all very much interested in Mr. H. A. DuVillard's story of the fishing at Santa Catalina, for that capital understudy of the tuna, the albicore. Though the majority of the fish taken run from 25 to 30 pounds each in weight, he had seen five tons of the fish taken in half a day by a fleet of less than twenty boats. The hooks are baited, as a rule, with a large pickled sardine, and there are usually two lines from each boat. The fish are frequently as close together as the members of a school of mackerel, and with five boats out together, with two lines from each, Mr. DuVillard has seen each of the ten fishermen fast to a fish at the same time.

There is no great demand for the flesh of the albicore, ashore, but it is eagerly sought off Catalina by the sea lions which swarm about in schools of 150 or 200. When one of the albicore is thrown to the sea lions, they will often tear a piece out of its body before it reaches the water. The particular herd described by Mr. DuVillard was under the rule of one of its number, known to all the frequenters of the place at the time as "Big Ben." When Big Ben pressed his claims for a particular fish, none dare say him nay. Over the sea lions and their prey floated a flock of gulls, some of which in their strenuous struggles for food had their wings broken by the sea lions from whom they had endeavored to snatch a portion of their prey. The scene of such sanguinary combats is frequently reddened with blood. Yet in the thickest of the terrible struggle, divers, of the loon family, confident of their own alertness, may be seen cleaving the water and safely rising from it again with whatever fish food they may have succeeded in capturing.

A description of the albicore led to the very reasonable suggestion from another of the party that the fish must be almost, if not quite, identical with the striped bonito which he had captured with rod and line off the shores of Japan, and so, presently, we were carried around in imagination to the scene of mahseer fishing in India, and listened spellbound to an account of the first wild rushes of the largest of the carp family, to which the run of a salmon

can bear no comparison. It is quite a remarkable fact that though the mahseer, differing herein from most predatory fish, has no teeth at all in its soft, leathery mouth, yet the great muscular power of jaw with which it is furnished in lieu thereof enables it to exercise such a violent power of compression that its prey is stunned and squeezed lifeless at the moment of capture, and a spoon-bait, the size and thickness of an ordinary dessert spoon, is crumpled up by it like a piece of paper.

Spoon-bait and minnow fishing for salmon in Irish and Scotch rivers formed the topic of another story, and an English angler present refused to be convinced that the Canadian salmon, which is identically the same variety as that of British coastal streams, would not also take bait if it were properly offered him. It is considered to be a pretty well established fact in North America that *Salmo salar* will not take any kind of live bait in fresh water, yet none of the salmon fishermen present were in a position to assure the visitor that live bait had ever, to their knowledge, been carefully tried on Canadian salmon streams, and, as already recorded in these columns, Mr. W. F. McCormick is authority for the statement that he has caught the Atlantic salmon with worms in one of the rivers flowing into Hamilton Inlet.

Death of the Hon. G. W. Stephens.

Another old angler has crossed the River of Death near his fishing grounds. The Hon. George Washington Stephens was one of the foremost friends of fish and game protection in the Dominion of Canada. A wealthy real estate owner of Montreal, he had been a member of the Provincial Government, and breathed his last a few days ago, while driving out to his fishing camp at Lake au Clair, adjoining the preserves of Chas. S. Simpson, of New York, and of the St. Bernard Fish and Game Club. Mr. Stephens was well known to a number of American anglers who fish in Canada.

The Value of Salmon Fishing.

A friend of mine who is thoroughly well acquainted with the Restigouche River and its tributaries, and knows something about the prices paid for fishing rights, hazards the opinion that half a million of dollars would not suffice to buy up the salmon fishing of those famous waters. And yet well within the memory of men who still go a-fishing, the whole of these fishing rights were leased for \$150 a year. The increase in the value of salmon fishing waters in recent years has been something phenomenal. The shares of the Restigouche Salmon Club, which were originally \$1,000 each, are now worth at least \$10,000 apiece. The rod and line fishing of the Cascapedia was leased some ten or twelve years ago for \$100 a year. Now the annual rental is \$7,500. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been paid out by the Restigouche Salmon Club for fishing rights, in addition to those which it leases from the Government. It was in 1880 that the Restigouche Salmon Club purchased the property at Metapedia upon which its club house is situated. It cost \$31,000, and has a frontage of about a mile upon the Restigouche and the same upon the Metapedia, which here flows into it. A few years later they paid \$10,000 for a frontage of two additional miles upon the river, and then \$12,000 for a property on the New Brunswick side of the river, adjoining the Fraser or Metapedia property, which property had been secured as recently as 1884, for \$4,000, by Dr. Baxter, late chief medical purveyor of the United States Army. At different times since 1885 the club has acquired frontages on the Metapedia for about a mile on each side of the river, paying therefor about \$3,500. They paid \$25,000 in 1891 for Lord Mountstephens' property at the junction of the Metapedia and Causapsacal rivers. Four years later they paid \$35,000 for the Indian House property, which had cost the Messrs. S. and J. Wilmot, in 1880, only \$1,500, or an increase in value of some 2,300 per cent. in fifteen years. That this was by no means an isolated case, is shown by the fact that in 1894 they paid \$25,000 for the Patapedia pools, which had been purchased from the resident proprietors in 1882 for \$2,000. It may further be mentioned that Mr. McAndrew purchased fishing rights on the Restigouche, 17 miles from Metapedia, in 1883 for \$5,000, which he sold in 1896 for \$35,000 to the late Mr. Robert Goelt. The Sweeney and Sage properties at the mouth of the Upsalquitch were originally purchased from resident proprietors for about \$5,000, between 1880 and 1885. The Sweeney lots were sold in 1895 to Mr. Payne, of Cleveland, for \$35,000, and the late Mr. Sage obtained \$7,000 for only a part of his property from Mr. Clyde, of New York. It is freely stated that the Kedgwick pools and the waters immediately below them, which were bought a few years ago for \$7,000, would not now be sold for \$70,000, even if the offer was made.

There may be some speculations which pay better than some of these in salmon fishing rights have done, but if there are, I know nothing about them.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Burning of "Hollands."

BLUE MOUNTAIN LAKE, July 2.—Fire! Fire! F-i-r-e! This was the awful cry about 6 o'clock last night. A glance sufficed to locate the fire. A huge column of smoke was pouring forth and flames were already bursting from the roof of the long-time popular sportsmen's resort known as "Holland's." In a few minutes nearly every man in town was on the spot, and doing his best. Hotel guests and summer cottagers vied with residents and employees; but it was evident from the first that the hotel was doomed, and attention was given to saving as much furniture as possible. The flames made such rapid progress that the roof soon fell in, and speedily one floor followed another to the ground. Desperate efforts were made to save the adjacent hotel cottages, but they all went. No private property was burned. The hotel belonged to the Blue Mountain Lake Hotel Company, but as "Holland's" had won its popularity with generations of sportsmen and tourists, and hosts of these will learn of its destruction with unfeigned regret. That no one was injured is cause for thankfulness. But one suggestion forces itself to the front, namely, that every large summer hotel—no matter how far in the wilderness—should have an abundant supply of water available for fighting fire, a good equipment of ladders, buckets, and other fire apparatus, and well arranged fire escapes. Why should not these, as well as less important matters, be regulated by law?

JUVENAL.

Massachusetts Fish and Game.

Just Recognition of Merit.

Boston, July 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In my last letter I mentioned the gift of the Emperor of Japan to the chairman of the Massachusetts Commission. I have now to add other evidences of the great appreciation of Capt. Collins' work among those cognizant of it in foreign countries. Dr. Erenbaum, the celebrated biologist at Heligoland, Germany, on his way home from St. Louis, took a run on from New York for the sole purpose of paying his respects to the Captain. Among other distinguished visitors from abroad are Hon. Harrison Mudd, ex-Mayor of Grimsby, England, and Mr. Wm. Grant, member of the municipal government and a prominent citizen of that place; also Mr. T. Robinson, wife and daughter, of the same town, who were on their way to British Columbia to visit their married daughter. While it is well known that the work Chairman Collins had performed years ago in connection with the United States Commission was such as to make him generally known among those connected officially with the fisheries departments of European nations, the very elaborate and valuable reports of the Massachusetts Commission prepared by him each year since he became chairman of our State board, have been of such a character as to excite widespread interest and admiration. One marked feature of his last report is the pronounced fairness with which it deals with the results of the efforts of the board in fish-culture.

There is always a temptation before public servants in setting forth the results of their labors for the public good to claim too much, but in this instance, while showing by statistics some gain on previous years, the Captain confesses to a degree of disappointment with what has been accomplished. I will quote briefly from the report. On page 12 he says: "The results" [in raising fingerlings] "at the Hadley station has again been most disappointing;" and "it seemed impracticable to do more than was done in 1902" at the Sutton station. On page 18 he speaks of the hatcheries at Winchester and Adams "as only what may be called developing stations, where fish eggs may be taken in the eyed stage, hatched out and reared to the stage for distribution as fry." He expresses the opinion that these stations are not capable of being put to any other use than as "distributing points" for fry. To sum up in a single sentence, there remains only the hatchery at Sutton for the rearing of fingerling trout.

To all who have made a study of the subject, it has been known for years that the facilities for doing extensive work at Winchester were wholly inadequate, and now the stations at Hadley and Adams are brought under the ban of condemnation by the commissioners themselves, so far as pertains to the raising of fingerlings. Who is to blame for the selection of these localities? It is charitable to say those responsible only erred in judgment. At all events, we will "let the dead past bury its dead," and turn our eyes toward the future.

The courage and frankness with which the Captain states the actual conditions is worthy of high commendation. "Meantime," he says, "the hope is cherished that additional and adequate means for rearing fingerlings, which at least may supply what is lacking at Hadley, Adams, and Winchester, will ultimately be available to the Commission; * * * the necessity of meeting the public demand is too apparent to admit of question. To those who desire to see our streams abound in the gamiest and most beautiful of all fish, let me say there is work for you to do. That there are many localities where the waters are adapted to the rearing of fingerlings is a matter of absolute knowledge to the writer, and he believes there are within the limits of the State hundreds of such places which he has never seen." I venture the opinion, from a careful inspection of county and township maps, that it is feasible to so stock our streams and so facilitate the passage of fish to their spawning beds, as to multiply their numbers in the next five years more than ten fold. A law has been enacted the past winter giving the Commission authority to compel the building of fishways where they deem them necessary, and, thanks to Chairman Collins, the polluting of streams by sawdust has (almost) been brought to an end. There is much more in the portion of the report here referred to, the perusal of which will repay all trout fishermen.

New State Forester.

Boston, July 3.—Mr. Alfred Akerman was appointed by Governor Bates on Thursday to take charge of the forestry work of the State under the law passed last winter establishing that department. The appointee was graduated at the Georgia State University, studied forestry in Germany and at Yale, and has had experience in the employ of the United States Bureau of Forestry. For the past year he has been Assistant Professor of Forestry in the Yale School. It is understood that the friends of Mr. T. J. Borst, including several officers of the State Forestry Association, are much disappointed because of his failing to receive the appointment. Mr. Borst has been doing forestry work in the State with funds raised by leading members of the State Association for several years. The salary of the position is \$2,000, and the appropriation for carrying on the work the present year is \$5,000.

Good bluefishing is reported in Buzzard's Bay, and ex-President Cleveland has arrived to put in a week with Mr. Jefferson, who is rusticating at his Buttermilk Bay home, known as the Crow's Nest. Mr. Cleveland's family have taken possession of his new summer place at Sandwich, New Hampshire.

At Onset, Captain Edward Robinson one day this week brought in a bluefish that lacked but a few ounces of 16 pounds, said to be the largest that has been taken there for several years.

The residents of Barnstable are keeping a sharp lookout for seiners in the waters of Vineyard Sound.

Visitors at Cottage City are also having sport with the bluefish. Captain W. B. Dawson, with a party on board his launch, The Owl, took 20 handsome fish off Cape Pogue on Tuesday.

Of Massachusetts anglers who have been having fine sport in Maine, "their name is legion." For more than two weeks fly-fishing has been good. Mr. A. D. Thayer,

of Franklin, had his usual good luck at Kineo, from which place he has recently returned. Mr. E. S. Farmer, of Arlington, has been accustomed to pass much of the month of June on Maine lakes for several years. He recently had a long and hard fought battle with an 8-pound salmon at Moosehead, which lasted over two hours, and in which the boat was towed by the fish a distance of two miles. He found on landing him that he was hooked foul just behind the left gill. If any of your readers have had a similar experience they know what it means. At the close of the fight Mr. Farmer acknowledged the was just "done up."

Fishing at the Rangelcy Lakes for the past two weeks and more has been reported excellent, and among those who have taken several large fish is Mr. Cyrus A. Taft, of Whitinsville, well known to your numerous Massachusetts readers, and one of the men who always does his part in promoting the interests of sportsmen. He purchased three dozen quail which he liberated this spring in the vicinity of his town. He also took pains before leaving in the early winter for California to make provision for feeding the birds in his absence. I have a photograph of an ingenious arrangement of his for doing this which I hope to see reproduced in your paper for the benefit of others who are interested in works of charity and mercy toward the feathered creation.

Few anglers of either sex have won greater distinction in angling annals than that recently achieved by a Boston lady, Mrs. N. F. Cowles, who in one hour's fishing took an 8½-pound trout and an 8¼-pound salmon. Several other Boston ladies have had phenomenal success. Evidently men who practice the "gentle art" must look to their laurels.

Chairman Collins started yesterday morning for Kineo to speak before the Maine Sportsmen's Association, which convenes on Monday next.

CENTRAL.

In Colorado Streams.

DENVER, Colo., June 27.—Colorado weather has been so backward that it can be said the fishing season has only begun to open. Streams have been high, bank-full and muddy, and trout have been taking little else but worms. Last week, however, the willow-fly appeared upon the big waters of the Gunnison, and there has been something doing there since. Parson Thomas A. Uzzell, of Denver, came home with a week's catch last Saturday that averaged forty a day. Many of these were rainbows—if indeed they are rainbows—ranging from 2 to 4½ pounds each. He had very few that measured less than 12 inches. Parson Uzzell says the waters were almost "just right," and that the big fellows were about equally divided in their choice between the artificial fly and the willow-fly, now abundant upon the waters. Others in his party who enjoyed somewhat of the same sort of luck, were Harry Davis, W. J. Connaton, and Thomas R. Powell, all of Denver. They went to Iola.

John Montgomery, of Denver, is high line of all the Lyons anglers. Lyons is near-by, being only 55 miles north of the city. Out of the St. Vrain Mr. Montgomery last Saturday in four hours' time captured and kept an even two dozen rainbows, none of which was less than 12 inches long. None weighed less than one pound, and several went above three. A couple weighed four pounds even. The water is low and clear, and trout are avid for flies.

Judge D. C. Beaman, of Denver, goes up to Twin Lakes every Friday night, and returns laden with some truly lunkerish fellows every Monday morning. Twin Lakes was stocked with many Mackinaws some dozen years ago, and Judge Beaman and a half dozen others of the initiated go up there and kill half a dozen or so whenever they choose. The Judge's greatest catch was last week, when he came in with several, the heaviest of which weighed 13½ pounds, and measured 34 inches. He had four others, ranging from 7 to 10 pounds. They were taken on small trolling spoons.

For nearly angling the Platte Cañon is holding its own. Any fair fly-caster can take from 25 to 50 fair sized trout a day, and they have to weigh from half a pound up to several to be counted fair sized. F. T. Fester, of Denver, last Friday landed without net a 6-pound rainbow that gave him a pretty little ten-minute fight. This is the largest Platte Cañon catch so far this season, but the waters are high and the trout are not taking kindly to the fly, as they will later—say two or three weeks hence. Charles Carnehan, of Denver, last Saturday threw back everything less than 12 inches long, and came home with 24 mountain trout and rainbows from Platte Cañon that ran from 12 to 14 inches long. This is the record on the Platte for the season, but it will be eclipsed before the ensuing month rolls by.

The new Denver, Northwestern & Pacific Railroad, the "Moffat Short Line," has opened up a big field for the prowess of the angler and the "man behind the gun," be he after big or little game, feathered game or game with fur. The new road passed through a virgin country that has heretofore been inaccessible except to the hardest of hunters and gold prospectors. The showing of the streams made for the first time yesterday when a horde of anglers invaded the stillness of the forest, indicates that no better trout streams are to be found in the State. F. E. Shipley, a Denverite, killed 58 from Saturday afternoon to Sunday afternoon. The trout range from the legal size, 7 inches, up to 2 and 3½ pounds. Arthur Bush, also of Denver, and an expert with rod and fly, killed 29 of the same general run of those aforementioned. They are found in all sorts of little mountain streams that one may jump across, and not having been trained to know the danger of taking artificial flies, the avid trout simply fall over one another in their efforts to be first into the smoking frying-pan.

I note with pleasure, however, that the new road regards its trout streams as a valuable asset, and have already begun a crusade that insures plenty of good sport for years to come. Before the road pierced the mountains to any extent, the officials had arranged with the State and National hatcheries to work in conjunction for the protection and propagation of game fish. Last summer and thus far this spring these virgin waters have been stocked with over 600,000 fingerlings. They were placed in tributaries of the Fraser River, and are so protected by fallen underbrush that it is impossible to either

seine or dynamite them until they seek deeper waters.

The biggest trout reported killed in a meandering stream to date is credited to Mr. Carpenter, who keeps a sportsmen's lodge on the Gunnison called "Carpenter's." He killed a fine specimen of the *Salmo irideus* last Thursday, after a fight of less than ten minutes. The kill weighed 8½ pounds when taken from the water.

J. D. C.

The Principle of the Thing.

MICHIGAN CITY, Ind., June 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It seems to me that a paper which inculcates a high standard of morals in sportsmanship, as FOREST AND STREAM undoubtedly does, is counteracting its own influence in favor of the honorable observance of game and fish laws when it publishes without a word of censure or anything to indicate even mild disapproval, such a letter as that published in your issue of June 18, signed G. W. Cunningham.

Here is a person who writes as if an account of how he and his friend the Doctor disgraced the name of sportsman by violating the fish laws of Michigan while on a shooting trip to that State, in catching trout out of season, must be very delectable reading for FOREST AND STREAM subscribers. He indulges in a clumsy joke about the fish "all covered with pink spots" being chubs. "Pon my word they were chubs, and nothing else."

While thus engaged in illegal fishing the writer and his friend are seen by a man who comes along in a buggy, but who immediately turns about and drives toward Republic to inform the officers of the law, as they suppose. Probably the man was a subscriber to FOREST AND STREAM, for he evidently desired to have the laws enforced. It is nine miles to Republic, however, and your correspondent is not alarmed—he and his friend have plenty of time to enjoy their fish, and hide the heads and other evidences of guilt "under that wind-shaken spruce stump," and laugh in their sleeves at the futile efforts of the "citified young chap"—presumably a deputy game warden—who visits the camp next day, and is evidently looking for some incriminating evidence, which I, for one, heartily wish he had found.

There are many men who succumb to temptation and violate the game and fish laws occasionally, but not one worthy of being called a sportsman who will boast of it, and try to make a funny story of the incident.

The last paragraph of the letter brings the usual charge: "If they were looking for violators of the fish laws, they could find them most any day among their neighbors and friends."

That is the excuse one often hears, but in most cases the party making the charge has no evidence whatever to support it; and even if true, it is no excuse.

JOHN G. MOTT.

Jersey Coast Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, July 1.—The heavier bass are now running, and while not as numerous as they have frequently been, still each day produces results to some one or more of the patient fraternity. Mrs. Bruere, whom I mentioned as being of the enthusiastic order, for more than ten days held the record for the season at 33 pounds, a most astonishing feat performed by a woman in a boiling sea; and hooked and killed entirely by her own hand while casting from the beach. This is without parallel on our coast, and it is a question if the exploit will be duplicated in a decade. Still, I suppose we may expect anything out of the ordinary from the "new woman" when she goes fishing. I have many times known the strength of sturdy men to be pretty thoroughly exhausted before landing even much smaller specimens. There was much secret hope that the weight would not be exceeded, but to-day Uncle Billy Brumaker, with characteristic luck, stepped in with one of 34 pounds, followed shortly after with one of 23½ pounds. Among the many prizes that are annually offered by the fishing club, a Julius Vom Hofe high-grade reel is the one most coveted, while Seger each year donates a hand-made bass rod.

There was apparently a school of large bass at hand to-day, as eight large fish were hooked in rapid succession, and but three landed; whether the five that got away were the big ones or not must ever be conjectured, but if there was ever a game in which experience, coupled with a cool head and steady hand, was more essential than in bass fishing in the open surf, then I have yet to meet with it. Kingfish are most remarkably scarce; while the catches in the pound nets early in the season were liberal, but few have come within the angler's reach. The season is well advanced for them, and they should now be abundant.

Reports from Barnegat are not as yet reassuring; what fish are being taken, however, are fine in size. I contemplate a trip there over the Fourth, and will know more certainly the conditions existing.

LEONARD HULIT.

Planted Lake Trout.

KEENE, N. H., July 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reading my paper the other evening, I came across a notice which said, "report your luck to FOREST AND STREAM." Ten miles from here we have a small lake which some years ago was stocked with lake trout, but for some reason they were never fished for till May 2, when three of us, in less than three hours' fishing, took out seven which weighed 42 pounds 3 ounces. The following Thursday we caught seven more, which weighed 37 pounds 13 ounces. The next Tuesday I caught five, which weighed 38 pounds; in all 19 fish weighing 118 pounds in less than ten hours' fishing. Since then there have been about 100 caught, weighing from 2 to 11¾ pounds.

H. R. BEALE.

Staten Island Fishing.

THE past week has been a good one for salt-water anglers in Prince's Bay and at Great Kills very large catches have been made, some boats coming in with as many as 100 fish. The menhaden fishermen are catching more weakfish and bluefish than those that do it in a legal manner; they use the right kind of bait to make a successful catch, but are not caught themselves. ***

Some Camp-Fire Dont's.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Fire every summer plays havoc in our mountain forests, due, in most cases, to neglected camp-fires. By the exercise of reasonable care, much of this annual waste of timber could be prevented.

To aid in the work of prevention the Great Northern Railway Company is sending out to the press a short article, which is inclosed.

The question of forestry is one of the most important now before the country. Many States pay bounties for planting trees, and the general Government is beginning to give the matter of forestry the deep attention it deserves. A fire started from the camp of some careless hunter will do more damage in a day or two than a whole State can repair in years of time, labor, and expense.

Commissioner W. A. Richards, of the General Land Office, has issued circulars warning the public against carelessness, inasmuch as many fires start from neglected camp-fires, and makes the following requests:

1. Do not build a larger fire than you need.
2. Do not build your fires in dense masses of pine leaves, duff, and other combustible material, where the fire is sure to spread.
3. Do not build your fire against large logs, especially rotten logs, where it requires much more work and time to put the fire out than you are willing to expend, and where you are rarely quite certain that the fire is really and completely extinguished.
4. In windy weather and in dangerous places, dig a fire-hole, and clear off a place to secure your fire. You will save wood and trouble.
5. Every camp-fire should be completely put out before leaving the camp.
6. Do not build fires to clear off land, and for other similar purposes, without informing the nearest ranger or the supervisor, so that he may assist you.

F. I. WHITNEY.

On the Clam Flats.

BOSTON.—Joppa-by-the-Merrimac is an interesting place, and is noted for its sharps and flats, which yield a bountiful harvest of the most luscious clams in the sea, and for the most fascinating shell game in the world. A clammer, to be in good and regular standing, must pay the treasurer of Newburyport a license fee of \$5, which gives him the right to dig as many clams as the tides will allow, and which are carried to Boston and elsewhere by the express company in large quantities every morning.

The supply seems inexhaustible, and the more the clammer digs, the more clamorous is the clamor for more, and so the business gives employment to above 200 men, and sustains a large number of families besides. Their little weather-stained shanties line the edge of the flats just above high water mark.

Unlike all fish hogs, they do not grab everything they lay their mud-hooks on; the small clams are carefully sorted and returned to the mud to enjoy life, liberty, and

the pursuit of happiness, for a time, at least. Moreover, the flats are constantly being renewed and fertilized by river deposits, and are of such large area that the clambers are not compelled to dig over the same ground oftener than once a month or more.

J. C. H.

The Frog's Provender.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A friend and myself indulged in a frog hunt. We secured 80 beauties; my 40 dressed 12 pounds 8 ounces of legs. I have been a student of natural history for years, but while dressing those frogs learned more frog lore than years of reading and observation had developed. After removing the head of a frog as a humane act previous to amputation, I discovered feathers protruding from the throat. When the stomach was opened, we found a downy woodpecker that measured 10 inches from tip to tip, and 6 inches from end of bill to tip of tail. In another frog was the wing of a somewhat larger bird, species unrecognizable. In another a 3-inch bullhead. In others were crabs and water bugs, the bugs being hard-shelled and two sizes larger than a silver quarter. In another was a frog quite 4 inches long. I am wondering if the frog had climbed a tree and shaken the woodpecker out.

Did any of the FOREST AND STREAM family ever meet with a similar occurrence? If so, let them rise up at once and help me bear part of the burden, as people smile a broad smile when I tell my story.

A. A. PIATT, M.D.

Suspended Animation.

SOME years ago I remember having the temerity to tell a story of how, when I was but a little chap, I went into the kitchen one day and watching some frozen smelts "come to life" in a pan of water, and I was so heartily laughed at that I never repeated the story. Mr. Chambers' article in the issue of May 11 gives me courage. Now I reassert that I certainly did see those frozen smelts swim and show all signs of life after being in the tepid water for a short time.

I was in St. Louis last week, and met there one who for years had dealt largely in fish. He assured me that to his own knowledge bullheads frozen as stiff as a board, when put into water and thawed out had "come to," and showed all evidences of being live, up-to-date fish. He explained that dead fish frozen and live fish frozen are two different propositions. The former are dead for keeps, but the latter will "come to life" if given a chance.

I would like to hear from others on this subject of frozen fish "coming to."

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

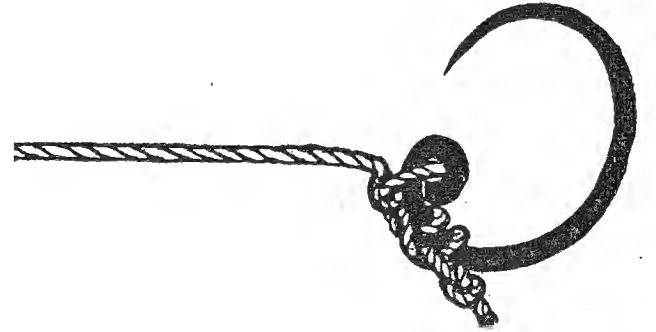
Teacher Proves Jonah Story.

PITTSBURG, Pa.—The largest Bible class in the city at the East Liberty Presbyterian church, is convinced that Jonah was swallowed by a whale and coughed up again. James I. Buchanan, bank president, and president of the

Pittsburg Orchestra, is teacher of the class. Eight years ago he read a story in a New Zealand paper to the effect that a seaman had been swallowed by a whale and spit out again alive. He questioned his cousin, George Garvis, who had sailed in New Zealand waters, on the story, who told him it was absolutely correct. Mr. Buchanan pasted the clipping in his Bible, and waited eight years before he got a chance to use it. The Jonah story was the subject of the last Sunday lesson. Mr. Buchanan said: "Every anti-believer in the whale story was brought to believe it on the strength of that newspaper clipping after having doubted the Bible story."

Native Hook from Rhodesia.

MR. FRANK H. KELLAND sends me from Northeastern Rhodesia a very curious native eyed fishhook used by the Waunga tribe (Bangweilo East). It is wonderfully good



temper, and the method of knotting the plaited line is interesting. A fish which swallowed a bait with this hook in it would never get away. The pull is direct on the point.—London Fishing Gazette.

100 Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

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WEST ORANGE, N. J.—Councilman Thomas Gannon returned yesterday from a fishing trip at the summer residence of Councilman-at-Large Simeon H. Rollinson, River Farm, Pine Brook. Mr. Gannon succeeded in landing a number of the fish, including a large carp. In cleaning the fish, Mr. Gannon was about to cast three hard lumps he excavated from the depths of the fish back into the water, when he noticed they bore a pinkish tint. He found on examination that they were three pearls, "resembling those found off the coast of India, in and around the Maldiva and Laccadive Islands." The pearls have been examined by a local jeweler, and have been declared to be fine stones.—New York Times.



White Bear Lake.

Preliminary Seawanhaka Trials.

THE preliminary Seawanhaka trials that were held June 20, 21 and 22, went off very successfully. The committee was very fortunate in having three days of first-class wind and practically no break-downs.

Six boats in all were entered for the trials; the only one from away being Wihuja, designed and built by Ande Peterson, of Minnetonka. She is a very powerful scow, being 8ft. 2in. beam and 38ft. over all, and proved to be a first-class boat and superior to all the others in a heavy wind. She was well sailed throughout the races, and it was a great pleasure to the White Bear men to meet old rivals after a long interval of indifference on the part of Minnetonka racing.

The crew of Wihuja during the trial was James Loudon, tiller; Gale Merrick, main sheet; Charles Chalmers, jib; and Hugh Loudon, fourth man.

In breezes under ten knots, Alpha and Beta showed better speed, but in anything above the larger and more powerful Wihuja was clearly the best. The other boats that took part in the races were Alpha, designed by C. D. Mower, and built by Gus Amundson. She was sailed by L. P. Ordway, with T. L. Wann at the main sheet, Jack Ordway, jib, and Sam Ordway, fourth man. The third was Beta, designed by B. B. Crowninshield, and built by J. O. Johnson. She was sailed by C. M. Griggs, with J. Johnson at the main sheet, Evan Rees, jib, and W. Murray. Seeress sailed the first day, but after that the Beta used her sail. Seeress was manned by Evan Rees, R. K. Armstrong, William Rees and A. L. Preston.

Moccasin was built and designed by Gus Amundson. She is owned by the Frye Brothers and sailed by Henry Frye, Robert Burns, Leslie Murray and Tom O'Regan. Gamma, designed by Dr. J. M. Welch and built by Dingle, was sailed by Dr. Welch, Leanitt

Corning, H. H. Merrill and Carl Schuneman.

Through unavoidable delay the large Crowninshield boat was not completed in time to take part in the preliminary races. She will be ready the first of the week and will be tried out against Wihuja and Alpha. Commencing on the 27th, the Oshkosh Club will hold similar trials for boats in that section. There will be at least four entries from Lake Winnebago and probably one or two from neighboring lakes, so that these trials should be very interesting. About July 5, the White Bear Club will ship down to Lake Winnebago two or three of the boats that have made the best showing here and try out individually against the boats that made the best showing in the Oshkosh trials. The principal reason for going to this additional trouble and expense is to have a chance to test out boats of different designs and power on the larger waters of Lake Winnebago.

JACK ORDWAY.

First Day, June 20.

In a 15-mile breeze the crack Minnetonka yacht won out in a double event over the White Bear boats in the first day's trials for the selection of a challenger for the Seawanhaka cup. Her victory is all the more notable from the fact that in the first race she broke the jaw of her gaff immediately after the start, and sent a man aloft to make temporary repairs while under full headway.

While the White Bear men are not seeking excuses, and for the most part are glad of the success of the Minnetonka boat, certain facts as to the condition of some of the local boats cannot be overlooked. In the first race Beta went out with a sail entirely too baggy for good work. Gamma was seriously troubled with her rudders and forced to withdraw after going two miles. Alpha broke her jib halliard in the second race while holding a position and was compelled to lay to, and her endeavor to race with the boats as they rounded the course the second time proved futile, for

the reason that the hasty repairs would not permit of even fair windward work.

The wind was blowing strong and squally from the W. It offered the right sort of test for the boats, and was just what the skippers were looking for. Two boats went out with one reef laid away, while the others went out full sail.

The arrangement of the day was decided upon and the boats were paired off as follows: Moccasin was to sail against Beta, Alpha against Gamma and Seeress against Wihuja. The judges' launch anchored at the starting line. Tarbox fired the preparatory gun at 2:10. Moccasin and Beta tried for position. Moccasin crossing 12s. after the starting gun, being 15s. ahead of Beta. The pressure of the wind on their sails showed itself immediately. Time and again they laid over until the lee rails were deep in the water.

Half way down to center Griggs overhauled Fry and the two raced down to the first mark together. They turned the buoy only 4s. apart, Moccasin leading by two boat lengths. Pinning sheets into the wind Moccasin increased her lead by several lengths, but it was not long before Griggs got his boat going to his liking and splitting tacks with Fry soon ran into the lead, which was held to the finish, beating Moccasin by 4m. and 42s.

Alpha and Gamma were started at 3:20. Gamma was not in position as the gun sounded, but Ordway waited for her. They crossed 2s. apart, with Gamma leading. They had gone less than a quarter of a mile before Ordway was seen to tear away from Dr. Welch. Gamma's rudders were entirely too small to keep the boat headed properly, and after going two miles Dr. Welch obtained the judges' consent to withdraw. Alpha continued her course, which she completed in 56m. and 36s.

Seeress and Wihuja were sent off at 3:25. Seeress misjudged the gun and was not in position when it sounded. Wihuja crossed 10s. after the gun and Seeress 20s. later. Seeress did not seem to gather her

usual speed, while Wihuja was only touching the high spots. On they went to center, Seeress footing better after she had traveled a quarter of a mile. Wihuja made the buoy in an even 6m., while it took Seeress 7m. On the beat to Clark street Loudon gained 20s. on Seeress and increased it 1m. and 9s. more on the two-mile run to Wildwood. Back to center Seeress began to close, and cut down the lead of the Minnetonka flyer 1m. and 6s., but lost 2s. on the fast reach home. Summary of races:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
First Division.		
Beta, C. M. Griggs.....	0 58 43	0 59 10
Moccasin, C. Fry.....	1 03 30	1 03 42
Second Division.		
Alpha, L. P. Ordway.....	0 56 04	0 56 36
Gamma, Dr. J. M. Welch.....	Did not finish.	
Third Division.		
Wihuja, J. Loudon.....	0 53 30	0 53 40
Seeress, E. Rces.....	0 54 55	0 55 25

The following table shows the actual elapsed time of each of the boats between each buoy, the distance between second and third buoys being two miles and the others one mile:

	1st buoy.	2d buoy.	3d buoy.	4th buoy.	5th buoy.
Beta.....	0 06 47	0 17 16	0 14 45	0 12 10	0 06 45
Moccasin.....	0 06 58	0 18 40	0 16 45	0 11 55	0 08 12
Alpha.....	0 06 08	0 16 48	0 14 52	0 10 55	0 07 21
Gamma.....	0 06 50	0 18 40			
Seeress.....	0 07 00	0 16 02	0 14 23	0 10 10	0 07 20
Wihuja.....	0 06 00	0 15 42	0 13 14	0 11 16	0 07 18

After a lay up of half an hour in which time Beta dressed herself in Seeress' mainsail and Wihuja used Gamma's gaff to replace her broken one, the winners in each of the divisions were sent down to Wildwood to start in an eight-mile race. The preparatory gun was fired at 4:39 and the starting gun 5m. later. The start was ragged, Alpha crossing 10s. after the gun, 6s. ahead of Beta and 40s. ahead of Wihuja. The latter did not suffer by her poor start, however, for she immediately sailed up to the others and the three boats were well together when Alpha's jib halliard gave way, which put her out of the race.

Wihuja bent down to her work in grand style, meeting the heavy puffs admirably and seeming to pull away from Beta every moment.

It was a long beat of two miles to the Clark street buoy, and Wihuja sailed it in 25m. and 28s., 2m. and 22s. ahead of Beta. The Minnetonka boat lost 1s. on the run back to Wildwood, but made a further gain of 57s. on the beat the second time up the lake, losing 46s. as the boats made their last run to the finishing line. Wihuja covered the 8-mile course in 1:17:40 actual time. Beta covered it in 1:20:12.

The race demonstrated that Wihuja was faster on windward work, but lost twice on running. The first beat she opened a lead of 2m. and 22s. on Beta, while the second beat she gained only 57s. Summaries:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Wihuja, J. Loudon.....	1 17 40	1 18 30
Beta, C. M. Griggs.....	1 20 12	1 20 28
Alpha, L. P. Ordway.....	Disabled.	

Here is the time between each leg:

	2 miles.	4 miles.	6 miles.	8 miles.
Wihuja.....	0 25 28	0 13 16	0 25 00	0 13 56
Beta.....	0 27 50	0 13 15	0 25 57	0 13 10

Judges, H. P. Clark, H. C. Drake; starter, Tarbox; timekeeper, Dresen.

Second Day, June 21.

It was a boat of another color that won the honors in the second day's trials of the Seawanhaka challengers on White Bear Tuesday afternoon. The Minnetonka boat tasted defeat twice yesterday, winning once. Alpha won all three of her races, and Beta won one and lost one. Moccasin and Gamma, although making a good showing, did not manage to win.

The wind had sheered around several points toward the N. from the day before, and was blowing decidedly squally, about 12 miles an hour when the boats tried for the first race. During the other two races it moderated considerably.

Yachting sharps, who had a strong leaning toward Wihuja after the Monday races, are not quite so sure of their choice since witnessing the trials yesterday. The White Bear boats showed improvement in form all around, and are nicely working into good racing shape.

So far, Wihuja seems to be the peer of the other fellows when the wind pipes, but in a moderate breeze they all have a chance with her, and in a light wind they can beat her.

Judging from the efforts of the White Bear Y. C. to construct a fleet of boats whose chief virtues are power, it is reasonable to believe that they were looking for a boat which will stand the strain of a heavy pressure and win out. There is not the slightest question of Wihuja's ability to stand up and to foot, yet the improved form which Alpha showed yesterday puts her bang up with the Minnetonka flyer and forces her into the reckoning.

The races yesterday were closer and of a more spectacular turn than those of the day before. In the first race Alpha sailed against Gamma and won. Beta sailed against Wihuja and Moccasin, the boats finishing as named.

In the second race Alpha sailed against Gamma and won. Beta sailed against Wihuja and Moccasin, the boats finishing as named.

In the second race Alpha sailed against Beta, and, after one of the most spirited contests ever witnessed on the lake, finished 1s. and 52s. in the lead. Wihuja beat Moccasin and Gamma.

In the third race Alpha, Wihuja and Gamma took part. Alpha finishing first, Gamma second and Wihuja third.

First Race Starts.

The preparatory gun for the first race was fired at 2:42. The course was laid out from a point on the S.W. part of Dellwood to Wildwood, a distance of 2 miles, with the first leg to leeward and the returning to windward. Alpha, Capt. Ordway, and Gamma, Capt. Welch, were the first to start. Alpha went over the line 10s. in the lead and showed the way down to Wildwood. They rounded the buoy 20s. apart, Welch having lost 10s. on the run down. Back into the wind

Alpha opened more water and made the 2 miles of windward work in 26m. and 17s., while it took Gamma 27m. and 58s.

Wihuja, Beta and Moccasin were entered in the next division. Wihuja set her spinnaker in the line-up and crossed the starting 2s. ahead of the gun and the judges called her back, requiring her to recross, which she did, losing 1m. and 36s. in doing so. Beta and Moccasin were well under way with spinnakers flying and shooting down on a straight line to the Wildwood mark. Wihuja set a hot chase after them and caught Moccasin before rounding Wildwood, but Beta increased her lead off the wind by 1m. and 5s. As the boats hauled into the wind Wihuja began to close on Beta and made up 1m. and 18s. Beta was too far away, however, for the Minnetonka boat to overtake her, and they finished in that order. Moccasin struggled on the windward leg and lost time. The summary:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
First Division.		
Alpha.....	0 45 12	0 45 27
Gamma.....	0 47 03	0 47 28
Second Division.		
Beta.....	0 41 41	0 41 47
Wihuja.....	0 41 28	0 43 34
Moccasin.....	0 44 04	0 44 26

On actual time Wihuja covered the course 13s. faster than Beta, but the official time gives the race to Beta by 1m. 17s.

The second race was sailed immediately after the first was finished. Alpha and Beta raced against each other, while Wihuja, Moccasin and Gamma brought up the other division. The course was the same as the previous one.

Alpha went over the line 7s. in front of Beta. Capt. Griggs overhauled Ordway on the run down the lake. As they brought down their spinnakers and hauled into the wind, the two old rivals fought it out for the windward berth. Time and again they forced each other until they threatened to run up high and dry on the south shore. Once it was Griggs to windward, the next time it would be Ordway. The luffing continued almost indefinitely, and the other boats which started 5m. later were rapidly catching up. Finally Ordway succeeded in pulling away and led to the finishing line. At the final buoy he was forced to make a short tack by reason of the judges' launch which anchored to the mark, having dragged the buoy slightly out of place. This lost Ordway at least 15s.

Wihuja, Moccasin and Gamma went off on almost even terms, and proved highly interesting to the finish. Down they went before the wind, all three abreast, their spinnakers off to starboard and their mainsails to port. Gamma rounded the buoy first, Wihuja next and Moccasin third, close together. Gamma opened up a considerable lead. The wind had moderated somewhat, and Dr. Welch was outpointing and outfooting the Loudon and Fry boats. This was true until the boats reached a point near the center buoy, when the wind grew stronger and the Wihuja surely and steadily crept up to the leader. She closed rapidly and, after a long port tack up the west shore of the peninsula, came about and crossed Gamma's bow.

Dr. Welch seemed to be partly to blame for Wihuja overtaking him. By previous good sailing he managed to creep up to Alpha and Beta, which had started 5m. ahead, and engaged with them in the fight for the windward position. He was at their mercy, however, for they were already to windward, and between the two of them Welch could not pick his way through. In the meantime Wihuja was fairly flying along, with no interference whatever. Summary of second race:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
First Division.		
Alpha.....	0 48 01	0 48 12
Beta.....	0 49 46	0 50 04
Second Division.		
Wihuja.....	0 42 38	0 43 15
Gamma.....	0 44 56	0 45 28
Moccasin.....	0 49 10	0 49 50

The third and best race of the day was sailed shortly after 5 o'clock, Alpha, Gamma and Wihuja starting. The course was 4 miles, from Dellwood to Wildwood and return. The wind at this time was blowing about 6 miles.

Third Day, June 22.

The races are practically completed so far as the trials on White Bear are concerned, and Wihuja will be sent to Oskosh, together with Alpha, where additional trials will be held between these two and the two other boats which the club is building and which have not thus far been placed in the water.

The Loudon brothers, who own Wihuja, formally turned their boat over to the special regatta committee of the White Bear Club late yesterday afternoon, and Beta will be sent to Minnetonka for their use until their boat is finally returned to them. The crew of Wihuja won the admiration and friendship of the local yachtsmen through the skillful handling of their craft in the races and their gentlemanly conduct while on shore.

The Loudon boat was not to share the honors of the day alone, for Alpha pinned a new feather to her hat by establishing a record for one knot, which she did on the close reach from Wildwood to center, covering the distance in 4m. and 56s., while Wihuja, which was leading her at the time, made it in 5m. and 34s. This record is apt to stand for some time, and is one which will require a strong wind and an exceptionally fast boat to beat. In nearly all her free work and reaches Alpha outsailed, or at least held her own, against Wihuja, while the Minnetonka boat proved her superiority on windward work.

The drawing for the line-up of the first race resulted as follows: Alpha was to sail against Gamma, and Moccasin was to sail the course alone. Alpha and Beta were sent off first, and to a good start stood away on a port tack to the island. Alpha was outpointing and outfooting Beta, and rounded the first mark 1m. and 10s. in the lead. The close haul to Wildwood saw no change in position, although Alpha increased her lead by 10s. Back to center Beta was making slight gains by reason of her balloon jib, but Ordway still showed a safe lead. At the center buoy they were

more than a hundred yards apart, Beta plunging and staggering under her heavy spread of canvas.

Griggs managed to keep her righted and showed some gains until she struck a new slant of wind to which her sails could not be adjusted quick enough, and capsized. Alpha did not finish the course.

Moccasin, starting on the second gun, was covering the course alone, while Wihuja and Gamma, which started 5m. later, were next to show. Wihuja never gave Dr. Welch's boat a chance to get near her, drawing away immediately after the start and opening a good sized lead to the first mark. The windward leg did not seem to trouble Wihuja in the least, and the harder the wind blew the better she liked it.

A minute and a half separated them at the center, but Gamma cut it down by 26s. on the haul to Wildwood, though she showed a big loss on the close reach to Clark street. Back to center it was give and take, with no apparent change in positions, and on the run home with spinnakers flying, Wihuja held Gamma down without a loss, crossing the line a winner by 2m. and 45s. Moccasin, in sailing alone, covered the course in 54m. and 21s., which was 4m. and 41s. slower than Wihuja's time.

In the next race Alpha and Wihuja paired off, Gamma and Moccasin, Alpha and Wihuja made the best start of the week, going over just as the gun sounded. They were both lapped together, with Wihuja to windward. They stood away on the port tack, but Wihuja, finding she could not keep her weather berth and pass Ordway, went about and split with Alpha. When they finally came together again on converging tacks, Wihuja's windward qualities had stood her well, and she crossed Alpha's bow with considerable to spare.

Alpha Makes Record.

To the first mark she increased it to 1m. and 18s., and adding 36s. more on the close haul to Wildwood. It was on the return from Wildwood to center that Alpha performed her record-breaking feat in her attempt to catch Wihuja, and she sailed the distance in 38s. better time than the Minnetonka crack. From center to Clark street she added 17s. more, but lost 18s. from Clark to center, and a like number on the spinnaker run home.

Moccasin succeeded in winning her first race in the trials by defeating Gamma in the second division. It was a nip-and-tuck affair for the whole distance, but Fry had the better of the argument after they rounded center, and maintained his advantage to the finish, winning by 31s.

This ended the racing of the series, and the special cup which was offered for the winner of the trials will now rest on a new pedestal in the club house of the Minnetonka Boat Club, which Wihuja represents. The summary of the day's racing follows:

First Race—First Division.

	Elapsed.
Alpha, L. P. Ordway.....	Did not finish.
Beta, C. M. Griggs.....	Capsized.

Second Division.

Moccasin, Henry Fry.....	0 54 21
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Third Division.

Wihuja, J. Loudon.....	0 49 40
Gamma, Dr. J. M. Welch.....	0 52 25

Second Race—First Division.

Wihuja, J. Loudon.....	0 49 56
Alpha, L. P. Ordway.....	0 51 35

Second Division.

Moccasin, Henry Fry.....	0 55 15
Gamma, Dr. J. M. Welch.....	0 55 46

Course, 6 miles; wind, maximum 20, minimum 12; judges, H. P. C. Clark and H. T. Drake; starter, Tarbox; timekeeper, Dresen.

Canarsie Y. C.

Jamaica Bay—Sunday, June 26.

THE Canarsie Y. C. held a race on Sunday, June 26. A good S. by W. breeze made the racing interesting. The boats raced for prizes offered by Commodore Northbridge, Vice-Commodore Lounsbury and Fleet Captain Fitzmaurice. On account of low water in the middle of the day, it was late when the race was started. Eleven yachts entered, and made up a fairly good sized fleet. The course was from off the club house to a flagged buoy off Canarsie Landing; thence through the breakwater to Main Channel; to a stakeboat near Spring Creek; to starting line. The boats covered the course twice. The winners were Mystery, Lassie, Klyo, Aurora, and Pauline. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sloops.			
Lassie.....	4 26 28	6 23 33	1 57 05
Cabin Cats.			
Win or Lose.....	4 35 00	6 30 40	1 55 40
Klyo.....	4 31 46	6 18 38	1 46 10
Kate.....	4 32 01	6 37 54	2 05 53
Open Cats—Over 20ft.			
Aurora.....	4 39 28	6 18 21	1 38 53
Undine.....	4 38 49	6 31 08	1 52 19
Siren.....	4 36 13		Disabled.
Open Cats—Under 20ft.			
Pauline.....	4 41 23	6 24 29	1 43 06
Vision.....	4 40 48	6 25 42	1 44 54
Launches.			
Mystery.....	4 21 21	5 29 33	1 08 12
Tuscarora.....	4 21 20	5 36 48	1 15 28

Shattemuc Yacht and Canoe Club.

Hudson River—Saturday, June 25.

THE third power boat race of the Shattemuc Y. and C. C. was held on the Hudson River, of Ossining, on Saturday, June 25. Sioux was first and Teddy second in Class E. Spry won in Class D.

The series cup winners are as follows: Class C—Senta, F. G. Mead, owner; Class D—Spry, H. M. Carpenter, owner; Class E—Sioux, L. H. Soule, owner.

The regatta committee was made up of Wm. M. Carpenter, chairman; W. E. Barlow and Robert T. Dennis.

The summary of the race held on June 25 follows:

	Class E—Start, 3:05.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Finish.			
Robin, Wm. M. Carpenter.....	4 14 50	1 09 50	1 09 50
Florence, Mezger & Dennis.....	4 15 20	1 10 20	1 10 20
Sioux, Louis H. Soule.....	4 12 38	1 07 38	1 01 50
Teddy, J. H. Carpenter.....	4 19 48	1 14 48	1 07 36
Isamy, A. B. Murray.....	4 24 00	1 19 00	1 09 54
—, L. K. Secor.....	4 20 32	1 15 32	1 07 38
Laura, J. E. Huber.....	4 27 25	1 22 25	1 08 07
—, H. B. Washburne.....	4 24 37	1 19 37	1 10 07
Class D—Start, 3:10.			
Getty, Morris Vail.....	4 46 12	1 36 12	1 36 12
Spry, H. M. Carpenter.....	4 43 41	1 33 41	1 31 23

Manhasset Bay Challenge Cup Races.

Port Washington—Long Island Sound.

The second series of races for the Manhasset Bay challenge cup commenced on Monday, June 27, and continued through the week. The cup was competed for last year for the first time, and the event was most successful. There were seven starters besides the defender, Alert, these boats representing a like number of clubs. The races awakened very general interest, and the series proved an unequalled success. Alert successfully defended the cup. She made such a good showing that she was again chosen to defend the trophy.

Fewer challenges were received this year, and the races did not awaken such widespread interest. This was not surprising, as it is decidedly an "off season" for yachting, and little or no interest is taken in the racing.

Bobtail and Nike (ex-Oiseau), two of the challengers, competed last year's races. Nike, then owned by Mr. Harry L. Maxwell, made the better showing of the two. She finished third in the series. Bobtail finished fourth. Alert, Nike and Bobtail were designed and built by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co. Nike is the oldest of the trio, and has been raced steadily and successfully ever since she came out. Alert and Bobtail were designed for special class racing at Bar Harbor.

Mimosa, a Crowninshield boat, was also in last year's races; she finished fifth in the series.

The following particulars regarding defender and challengers may prove of interest:

	O.A.	W.L.	B.	D.
Alert (C.B.), J. W. Alker.....	42	28	9.4	4
Mimosa (Keel), T. L. Park.....	39.6	25.6	9.3	6.6
Bobtail (C.B.), E. F. Luckenbach.....	40.4	26.4	9.3	4.3
Nike (Keel), V. I. Cumnock.....	42	25.4	10	6.6

Woglinde, a Crowninshield boat that was to have represented the Shelter Island Y. C., did not show up. Arrow, owned by Mr. T. R. Macy, was also to start, but her owner was unable to leave college to sail the boat in the races.

Messrs. Walter C. Kerr, W. Butler Duncan and Alexander E. Orr, Jr., were in charge of the races. Commodore A. H. Alker's steam yacht Florence was used as a committee boat.

First Day—Monday, June 27—First Race.

The first race, sailed over a windward and leeward course, on Monday, was hardly a satisfactory one, and Mimosa surprised every one by winning. She was considered less dangerous than any of the other competitors, but she has been immensely improved during the past winter by slight changes. Under the new rule she measures well down, and all the other boats had to give her time. Under the rule, Bobtail measures highest, and in consequence is scratch boat. Over a 16-mile course she has to allow Alert 33s., Nike 1m. 40s., and Mimosa 4m. 50s.

A good full sail N.W. breeze had been blowing all the morning, but as the day wore on it lost strength. The race committee anchored Florence off Horseshoe Harbor, making the starting line there. The course signalled was S.E. ½ S., 4 miles to and around the buoy off Bucks Point, in Hempstead Harbor.

It was a down-the-wind start, and at 1:25 the boats were sent away. Mimosa was first away, less than half a minute after the signal; Alert followed a few seconds later, then came Nike, Bobtail crossed last, nearly a minute after the signal. Alert was the first to set her spinnaker, which was broken out to port. Nike and Mimosa made the mistake of setting their spinnakers to starboard, and it was necessary for them to reset them to port. Bobtail's crew lost considerable time in breaking out their light sails. As soon as they were drawing this boat began to move along fast, and get out from under her competitors.

The wind at the start was N.W. ½ W., and had a strength of 6 to 7 miles; but from the time the boats started, kept losing strength. The tide was running ebb.

Bobtail drew ahead of Alert and Nike passed Mimosa. The boats gybed around the mark in the order named. The times for the first leg follow:

	Start, 1:25:	Outer Mark.	Elapsed.
Bobtail	2 09 25	0 44 25	
Alert	2 11 42	0 46 42	
Nike	2 13 41	0 48 41	
Mimosa	2 14 57	0 49 57	

Bobtail beat Alert 2m. 17s.; Nike, 4m. 16s.; Mimosa, 5m. 32s.

Sheets were gotten well down for the 4-mile beat, but the wind was so light that it was slow going. Bobtail and Nike took the starboard tack and stood inshore toward Motts Point. Mimosa went off luck hunting, an old trick of hers, and this time it worked. Alert made a gain on the windward work, for when she came together with Bobtail, she crossed her bows. The breeze was very puffy, and Alert was favored a little. Mimosa got a big lift by taking a long tack off to the eastward. She not only crossed Nike and Bobtail, but Alert as well, and took the lead of the fleet. She did not keep it for long, and Alert, helped by a favorite puff, pulled into the lead again. The wind had veered to the N. a little, and all the boats except Mimosa overstood the mark. The times for the windward leg follow:

	Outer Mark.	Home Mark.	Elapsed.
Alert	2 11 42	3 30 30	1 18 48
Mimosa	2 14 57	3 31 18	1 16 21
Bobtail	2 09 25	3 31 37	1 22 12
Nike	2 13 41	3 32 54	1 19 13

Mimosa beat Alert 2m. 27s.; Nike, 2m. 52s.; Bobtail 5m. 51s. Alert beat Bobtail 3m. 24s.; Nike, 25s.

The change in the wind made this leg a reach instead of a run, and ballooners were broken out. Bobtail again had an opportunity to show her light weather qualities, and pulled up with Alert. The other pair, Mimosa and Nike, were close together, a little further to the eastward. As the boats got over toward Hempstead they lost the breeze altogether, and for a time did not have steerage way. Bobtail had a nice lead when she rounded the mark. Mimosa was second, with Nike third and Alert last. The table for this leg follows:

	Home Mark.	Outer Mark.	Elapsed.
Bobtail	3 31 37	4 47 34	1 15 57
Mimosa	3 31 18	4 49 33	1 18 15
Nike	3 32 54	4 50 25	1 17 31
Alert	3 30 30	4 52 16	1 21 46

Bobtail beat Mimosa 2m. 18s.; Nike, 1m. 34s.; Alert 5m. 39s.

The boats were able to carry their ballooners to starboard, as the change of wind made it a reach. Even with light sails the boats were making but little headway. Another shift of the wind enabled the boats to set spinnakers and make better time. Bobtail was the first to finish, Mimosa next, Alert third and Nike last. All four finished within less than a minute of one another. The times over the last leg follow:

	Outer Mark.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Bobtail	4 47 34	6 00 56	1 13 22
Mimosa	4 49 33	6 01 10	1 11 17
Alert	4 52 16	6 02 33	1 09 17
Nike	4 50 25	6 01 40	1 11 15

Alert beat Nike 1m. 58s.; Mimosa, 2m. 20s.; Bobtail, 4m. 5s.

Although the results of the race were not satisfactory, it was seen that, with the amount of time Mimosa received from Bobtail and Alert, her chances of winning were very good.

The boats finished 25m. before the time limit of five hours expired.

The summary of the race follows:

	Start, 1:25	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Bobtail	6 00 56	4 35 56	4 35 56	
Mimosa	6 01 10	4 36 10	4 31 20	
Alert	6 01 33	4 36 33	4 36 00	
Nike	6 01 40	4 36 40	4 35 00	

Mimosa beat Nike on corrected time 3m. 40s.; Bobtail, 4m. 36s.; Alert, 4m. 40s. Bobtail beat Mimosa on elapsed time 14s.; Alert, 37s.; Nike, 44s.

Alert was sailed by Mr. Harry L. Maxwell, who handled her in an extremely clever manner.

Second Day—Tuesday, June 28.

The four contestants were unable to finish the race within the five-hour time limit on Tuesday, and the race was called off.

Third Day—Wednesday, June 29.

On Wednesday another attempt was made to sail the triangular race, but without success.

Fourth Day, Thursday, June 30—Second Race.

After two unsatisfactory racing days—so unsatisfactory in fact that the races were not finished on either occasion—the owners and crews of the four competing boats were losing interest. A fine sailing breeze revived the failing enthusiasm on Thursday, and the boats had a chance to show what they could do in a two-reach wind.

The race was over a 21½-mile triangular course, which was rather long, and the impression on all the boats was that 15 miles would have been ample. Over this course, Bobtail, the scratch boat, had to allow Alert 45s. and Mimosa 6m. 34s.

Bobtail, the light weather boat of the fleet, was badly beaten. She was sailed, however, very short handed, there being only two aboard beside the paid hand.

The morning was dull, and occasional showers made matters more uncomfortable. Still, there was a little air stirring from the S.W., which continued to increase until by noon there was a fine sailing breeze. The sun came out and the day turned out fine and clear, with conditions most satisfactory for racing.

The steam yacht Florence, with the regatta committee on board, took up her position off Execution and set course signals before 1 o'clock. The S.S.W. breeze was steadily gaining strength, and the contestants had all the sail they could swing to. The first leg was a reach to Matinicock buoy, a distance of 4½ miles.

The starting signal was heard at 1:25. Alert was nicely placed by Mr. Maxwell on the weather end of the line, but she went over a few seconds ahead of the signal. Alert was brought around quickly, and she recrossed, the last boat. Bobtail crossed first, Mimosa second, Nike third. Booms were eased off to port and ballooners were broken out. All the boats were carrying too much sail, three reefs would have been more comfortable and much better time would have been made. All four were steering very hard, and in the puffs they buried badly, even with sheets eased well off. Mimosa, with her fine ends and deep draft, was doing rather better than the rest.

Alert moved fast and soon made up the 30s. she lost at the start. She passed Bobtail to windward and Nike to leeward. Nike carried away her balloon jib sheet and soon her crew had that piece of canvas below decks. She went much better without it, and drew away from Mimosa. The other skippers made a great mistake by not taking in their ballooners when Nike doused hers. Alert was the next boat to take in her balloon, and she steered better and moved faster afterward.

Vicious puffs drew out of Hempstead Bay and laid the boats out badly, making it necessary to almost constantly slack off sheets in order to keep them on their course. Alert was the first to gybe around the Matinicock buoy. The time for the first reach follows:

	Start, 1:25:	First Mark.	Elapsed.
Alert	2 01 33	2 01 33	0 36 33
Bobtail	2 02 04	2 02 04	0 37 04
Nike	2 02 35	2 02 35	0 37 35
Mimosa	2 03 00	2 03 00	0 38 00

Alert beat Bobtail 31s.; Nike, 1m. 2s.; Mimosa, 1m. 27s.

It was a reach with booms to starboard to the next mark on Scotch Caps, a distance of 3¼ miles. Alert made a good gybe, although she was short one hand. Bobtail was the second boat around, and her working jib was substituted for her balloon. She did better after making the change. Mimosa's crew had great difficulty in trimming her balloon; in fact, the boat was brought almost up in the wind before it could be flattened. Bobtail closed up on Alert a little on this leg. The times for the second leg follow:

	First Mark.	Second Mark.	Elapsed.
Alert	2 01 33	2 27 00	0 25 27
Bobtail	2 02 44	2 27 51	0 25 47
Nike	2 02 35	2 29 07	0 26 32
Mimosa	2 03 00	2 29 13	0 26 13

Alert beat Bobtail 20s.; Nike, 1m. 5s.; Mimosa, 46s.

The third leg was a beat. It was a long and a short leg to the mark off Execution, a distance of 2½ miles. Alert made her big gains on the windward work, and although she did not carry her sail any better than the rest, she drew away very fast. Nike sprung her masthead ten minutes after rounding and was obliged to run under her jib into the American Y. C. at Milton Point. This was unfortunate, as she was going well and stood a good chance for second place. Mimosa made decided gains on Bobtail, which boat was not at her best, as the wind was rather too fresh for her. The times for the third leg follow:

	Second Mark.	Home Mark.	Elapsed.
Alert	2 27 00	3 01 48	0 34 48
Bobtail	2 27 51	3 06 19	0 38 28
Mimosa	2 29 13	3 07 28	0 38 07
Nike	2 29 07	Disabled.	

Alert beat Bobtail 3m. 40s.; Mimosa, 3m. 19s. Alert led Bobtail 4m. 31s., and Mimosa 5m. 32s. at the end of the first round.

With working jibs set in place of ballooners, the boats did better on the first leg of the second round. Even so, they had all they wanted of it in the hard puffs, and at times were pretty well smothered. Alert gained on Bobtail, while Mimosa closed up a little. The times at the first mark:

	Home Mark.	First Mark.	Elapsed.
Alert	3 01 48	3 35 30	0 33 42
Bobtail	3 06 19	3 40 48	0 34 29
Mimosa	3 07 20	3 42 07	0 34 47

Alert beat Bobtail 47s.; Mimosa, 1m. 5s. q

Mimosa made better time on the second leg than Alert did. Mimosa has never been considered dangerous in a breeze, but the form she was sailing in showed that a true line has never been gotten on her speed. The changes made in Mimosa have improved her under all conditions, and her owner is getting rather more out of her than he did last season. The wind had steadily increased as the day wore on, and it was blowing hard. Sheets were eased off until booms were in the water. The times for the second leg were:

	First Mark.	Second Mark.	Elapsed.
Alert	3 35 30	4 02 25	0 26 55
Bobtail	3 40 48	4 08 10	0 27 22
Mimosa	3 42 07	4 08 40	0 26 33

Mimosa beat Alert 22s.; Bobtail, 49s. Alert beat Bobtail 27s.

As soon as the boats were hauled on the wind again, Alert began to put open water between herself and her competitors. Mimosa moved along well and passed well to windward of Bobtail. The latter boat was dead. She could not carry her sail at all, and her mainsail was so far off that it had no drawing power. The times for the last leg were:

	Second Mark.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Alert	4 02 25	4 38 32	0 36 07
Mimosa	4 08 10	4 46 27	0 37 17
Bobtail	4 08 40	4 52 45	0 44 05

Alert beat Mimosa 2m. 10s.; Bobtail, 7m. 58s.

The next race will be sailed over a windward and leeward course on Tuesday, July 5.

The summary of the race follows:

	Start, 1:25:	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Alert	4 38 32	3 13 32	3 12 47	
Mimosa	4 46 27	3 21 27	3 14 53	
Bobtail	4 52 45	3 27 45	3 27 45	
Nike	Disabled.			

Alert beat Mimosa 7m. 55s. elapsed time, 2m. 6s. corrected time. Alert beat Bobtail, scratch, 14m. 13s.

Lakewood Y. C.

Lakewood, Lake Erie—Sunday, June 26.

The Lakewood Y. C. held the second race of the series on June 26. It was sailed over the club's regular course, which is a triangular one of 3 miles to the leg. The weather was ideal, with a fresh breeze from the N. W., blowing from 15 to 16 miles an hour. There was a short chop of a sea, but the wind held and the race was one of the prettiest ever sailed by the club.

In Class A, there were only two starters, Echota not being in commission, Rooster II. and Chloris being the contestants. The latter got away first through Rooster's anxiety to gain too much on the start by going over the line about 40s. ahead of the gun, when she had to return and recross. On the first leg, which was a windward one, it was nip-and-tuck between the two, but on the second leg, a broad reach, Chloris literally ran away from her smaller opponent and gained 4m. when she reached the second turn. On the run home she again increased her lead, finishing 6m. and 19s. ahead of Rooster.

Class B made a pretty race, and Suzanne, formerly of Boston, was the surprise of the day, finishing only 25s. after Orinda, a 30-footer. Class C got away in a bunch, only 35s. separating the first from the last. Following is the summary:

	Class A—Start, 9:40.	Finish.
Chloris	10 51 06	
Rooster II.	10 57 26	
	Class B—Start, 9:45.	
Orinda	11 06 05	
Suzanne	11 06 30	
Mona	11 13 53	
Ceylox	11 22 22	
Vinco	11 29 05	
Unique	11 46 41	
	Class C—Start, 9:50.	
Truant	11 24 25	
Daphne	11 28 55	
Myth	11 54 36	
Nadie	Did not finish.	
Wa Wa	Did not finish.	

C. W. SCHMIDT, JR.

American Y. C.

Milton Point, Long Island Sound—Friday, July 1.

The annual regatta of the American Y. C. was sailed on Friday, July 1, off Milton Point. There were nineteen starters, and all but one finished.

The starting line was off Scotch Caps buoy, the first mark was the buoy off Execution Light, thence to the Red Springs buoy and back to the starting line, a distance of 9½ miles. The 60-footers covered this course three times. Class M boats went over the triangle twice, while the balance of the starters went around once. A fresh S. S. W. breeze made the racing lively and close. The sixties were sent away at 12:40. The first leg was a beat. Weetamoe crossed in the weather berth, Neola was just astern, but a little to leeward. Neola was never able to get from under her opponent's lee, and Weetamoe finished a winner by 47s.

The old rivals, Spasm and Anoatok, were the only starters in Class M. Spasm got the best of the start, and at the end of the first round had a substantial lead. On the second round Anoatok was hindered by a tow, and the delay cost her considerable time. Even without this interference Spasm would have won.

As usual the best racing of the day was seen in the raceabout class, there were six starters. The Kid led over the starting line, but she was the fourth boat to finish. Tartan, ex-Lanal, won and Cricket was second.

Adelaide won in the Larchmont one-design class and Hourly was a good second. Gazabo won in Class R, as Scoot, her only competitor, did not finish. Wa Wa beat Kenoshi over a minute in the Indian Harbor one-design class.

The regatta committee was composed of N. De B. Parsons, Howard Willets, J. Howard Wainwright, J. R. Steers and Stuyvesant Wainwright. The summary follows:

	Sloops—60ft. Class—Start, 12:40—Course, 28½ Miles.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Weetamoe, H. F. Lippitt.....	4 30 46	3 50 46	
Neola, Geo. M. Pyncheon.....	4 31 33	3 51 33	
	Sloops—Class M—Start, 12:50—Course, 19 Miles.		
Anoatok, W. G. Brokaw.....	4 08 51	3 18 51	
Spasm, E. D. King.....	3 59 24	3 09 24	
	Raceabout Class—Start, 12:55—Course, 9½ Miles.		
Cricket, Howard Willets.....	2 37 18	1 42 18	
Rascal II., S. C. Hopkins.....	2 40 33	1 45 33	
Tartan, A. H. Pirie.....	2 36 42	1 41 42	
Hobo, Trenor L. Park.....	2 38 09	1 43 09	
Maryola, C. W. Allen.....	2 41 13	1 46 13	
The Kid, Oliver Harriman.....	2 38 40	1 43 40	
	Larchmont—21ft. Class—Start, 1:00—Course, 9½ Miles.		
Adelaide, J. J. Dwyer.....	3 09 06	2 09 06	
Dorothy, L. G. Spence.....	3 10 28	2 10 28	
Hourly, J. H. Esser.....	3 09 44	2 09 44	
Vaquero, J. M. Marble.....	3 11 00	2 11 00	

	Sloops—Class R—18 to 21ft. Racing Length—Start, 1:00—Course, 9½ Miles.		
Scoot, Morgan Cowperthwait.....	Did not finish.		
Gazabo, H. T. Vulte.....	3 09 32	2 09 32	
	Indian Harbor One-Design Class—Start, 1:00—Course, 9½ Miles.		
Kenoshi, C. F. Mallory.....	3 11 56	2 11 56	
Anawanda, Edwin C. Ray.....	3 13 18	2 13 18	
Wa Wa, J. E. Montells.....	3 10 49	2 10 49	

Saturday, July 2—Power Boat Races.

Saturday was anything but an ideal day for power boat racing, as the wind was heavy and the water rough. The day was not only marred by poor weather, but by a bad collision as well. The accident happened some time before the start. Vingt et Un and Water Lily were speeding around the starting line. Mr. C. M. Hamilton, who was steering Vingt et Un, did not see Water Lily until it was too late to avoid a collision, power was shut off and the motor reversed, but she punched a hole in her hull just forward of the motor. Vingt et Un's stern was also injured. Water Lily did not sink and was towed to the Milton Point Shinyard, where she will be repaired. Vingt et Un limped back to Larchmont.

Hard Boiled Egg, Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.'s boat, was caught broadside by the heavy wind, and to prevent being swept on Scotch Caps it was necessary to anchor.

The endurance race, scheduled to start at 10 A. M., was abandoned. In the afternoon there were four starters and only one class filled. The regatta committee decided to send the boats over a shorter course. The starting line was off Scotch Caps buoy, thence to and around Execution and back.

At 3:40 Suits Moi and Queen Bess, the two starters in Class C, were sent away. These boats actually covered the 7.2 knot course twice. Both are cabin boats. Queen Bess measures 34.65, and Suits Moi 33.30. Queen Bess allows Suits Moi 4m. 3s. At the finish Queen Bess led by 2m. 21s., so Suits Moi wins on corrected time by 1m. 42s.

Queen started in Class H, but had to give up after going part way over the course, as she had shipped a lot of water. In Class S, Dolphin II. was the only starter, but her steering gear gave out and she withdrew. The summary:

	Class C—Start, 3:40—Course, 14.4 Knots.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Suits Moi, G. M. Plympton.....	5 22 25	1 42 25	1 38 22	
Queen Bess, R. H. Stearns.....	5 20 04	1 40 04	1 40 04	

Class H—Start, 3:35.

Queen, J. J. Amory..... Did not finish.

Class S—Start, 3:35

leading to the outer mark, when Mblem got caught in stays on rounding the buoy, hanging there until Elizabeth secured a strong lead. Scott carried away a stay, which compelled her withdrawal, and Clara, the fifth contestant, was hopelessly outclassed.

The wind was W. to N.W., and one of the worst that local yachtsmen have had to contend with in a race in a long time. The boats were all under double reefs, and had all they could stagger under then at times, the afternoon being very squally. The percentage system of the Massachusetts Y. R. A. is used in scoring these races, the winner in each event being credited with 100, the second with 50, the third with 25 and all others that finish with 15, the final result being divided by the number of races. The other two races of the series will be sailed July 4 and 9. The summary, start 2:25, course 12 miles:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Elizabeth, W. D. Wood.....	4 56 55	2 32 55
Mblem, G. E. Darling.....	5 06 22	2 41 22
Wanderer III., H. J. and D. W. Flint.....	6 17 00	3 52 00
Scatt, H. B. Scattergood.....	Disabled.	
Clara, W. Bennis.....	Did not finish.	

F. H. YOUNG.

New Rochelle Y. C.

New Rochelle, Long Island Sound—Saturday, July 2.

The nineteenth annual regatta of the New Rochelle Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, July 2. The thirty-one boats that started in this event were furnished with the liveliest racing imaginable. The 60-footer Neola lost her mast on the windward leg, and it was only by great good luck that some of those on board were not badly hurt or killed. A few weeks ago an English racing cutter, Caprice by name, a boat of about Neola's size, lost her mast through a defective turnbuckle and her mate was drowned. Neola's case was different from Caprice's, in that it was not due to faulty or weak rigging. The mast buckled under the terrific strain and broke off some ten feet above the deck.

The race was sailed in a hard N. W. breeze. The sixties covered a 27 mile course. The start was off Echo Bay, thence to the busy off Lloyds Neck and return. Neola and Weetamoe were started at 12:05, the former led over the line, but the latter was close behind. Weetamoe had her spinnaker drawing first. They carried working topsails, but for the beat home they doused them. Weetamoe had improved her position and was in the weather berth when Neola lost her mast. Both boats were on the starboard tack off Milton Point, and they were heeled down so far the lee rails were hidden to view. Neola's mast went in a particularly hard puff. Weetamoe promptly went to Neola's assistance and, on finding that no one was hurt, finished the race. Neola is sort of a "hoodoo" and has had more than her share of ill luck since she came out.

The breeze was too much for Anotok, and Spasm gave her a very proper beating. This makes two straight wins for Spasm, something she has not done in a long time. Alert was the only starter in Class M, and she went over the course alone.

Mr. Harry Maxwell's new raceabout Tom Boy sailed her maiden race. She was designed by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane and is an improved Lanai. She is very long over all, measuring 37ft. The boat was not in racing condition and she did not finish. Tartan won handily in the raceabout class, Rascal II., the New Crownshield production, was second.

Ojibway was the only starter in the 25ft. sloop class and she did not finish. Vaquero won in the Larchmont one-design class, but she was protested by Hourri for sailing the wrong course. In class T, Jeebi beat Skip easily. Gazabo did not finish. Scoot was beaten by Plover in the 18ft. sloop class.

There were four starters in the Indian Harbor one-design class. Wa Wa beat Shoshone, the second boat, nearly 9m. Scud was the only boat to finish in the Hempstead Harbor one-design class.

Close racing was seen between the three Manhasset Bay one-design boats. Bab beat Chicadee 58s. and Arizona 1m. The summary:

Sloops—60ft. Class—Start, 12:05—Course 27 Miles.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Weetamoe, H. F. Lippitt.....	3 15 45	3 10 45
Neola, George M. Pynchon.....	Dismasted.	
Sloop—36ft. Class—Start, 12:10—Course 17½ Miles.		
Spasm, E. D. King.....	2 45 24	2 35 24
Anotok, W. G. Brokaw.....	2 58 09	2 48 09
Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 12:15—Course, 17½ Miles.		
Alert, J. W. Alker.....	2 58 20	2 40 20
Raceabout Class—Start, 12:20—Course, 17½ Miles.		
Tartan, A. H. Pirie.....	3 09 14	2 39 14
Rogue, A. B. Alley.....	3 22 30	3 02 30
Rascal II., S. C. Hopkins.....	3 15 55	2 55 55
Grasshopper, H. C. Fryer.....	3 26 04	3 06 04
Cricketer, H. Willets.....	3 17 28	2 57 28
Hobo, T. L. Park.....	3 23 16	3 03 16
Tom Boy, H. L. Maxwell.....	Did not finish.	
Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 12:25—Course, 17½ Miles.		
Ojibway, D. P. Morse.....	Did not finish.	
Larchmont 21ft. Class—Start, 12:25—Course 17½ Miles.		
Dorothy, L. G. Spence.....	Did not finish.	
Hourri, J. H. Esser.....	3 45 50	3 20 50
Adelaide, J. J. Dwyer.....	3 49 48	3 24 48
Vaquero, J. M. Marble.....	3 44 52	3 19 52
Sloops—Class T (21ft.)—Start, 12:30—Course, 8½ Miles.		
Gazabo, H. T. Vulte.....	Did not finish.	
Jeebi, A. D. R. Brown.....	2 03 44	1 33 44
Skip.....	2 08 52	1 38 52
Sloops—18ft. Class—Start, 12:35—Course, 8½ Miles.		
Plover, H. Place.....	2 01 17	1 26 17
Scoot, M. Cowperthwait.....	2 09 45	1 34 45
Indian Harbor One-Design Class—Start, 12:40—Course 8½ Miles.		
Kenoshi, C. D. Mallory.....	2 13 23	1 33 23
Anawanda, E. C. Ray.....	2 07 18	1 27 18
Wa Wa, J. Montells.....	1 57 14	1 17 14
Shoshone, George F. Dominick.....	2 06 08	1 26 08
Hempstead Harbor One-Design Class—Start, 12:45—Course 8½ Miles.		
Scud, D. Abbott.....	2 23 07	1 38 07
Why Not, W. Murdock.....	Did not finish.	
Manhasset Bay One-Design Class—Start, 12:35—Course, 8½ Miles.		
Bab, J. R. Hoyt.....	2 12 10	1 37 10
Arizona, G. M. Corry.....	2 13 10	1 38 10
Chicadee, J. P. Mohr.....	2 13 08	1 38 08

Vingt et Un—F. I. A. T. III. Match Races.

Larchmont, Long Island Sound.

First Race, Monday, June 27.

The first race between Vingt et Un and F. I. A. T. III. for the two thousand dollar gold cup was held on Monday, June 27. The trophy was subscribed for by Messrs. Smith & Mabley and Hollander & Tangeman, each firm putting up one thousand dollars. The cup, a production of Tiffany & Co., is of 18 karat gold, weighing 1,132 pennyweights. With the green onyx base it stands 20 inches high. The particulars of the two boats follow:

	L. W. L.	H. P.	Rating.
Vingt et Un, Smith & Mabley.....	39ft. 9in.	59.70	84.
F. I. A. T. III., Hollander & Tangeman.....	38ft. 4½in.	66.25	85.6

F. I. A. T. allows Vingt et Un ¾s. per mile, or 1m. 39s. over a 30-mile course.

Each of the firms interested in the event had boats built for the matches, and the races were run under the auspices of the Larchmont Y. C. The regatta committee were on board the tug Unique. A 15 mile triangular course was settled upon. After four hours of delay the boats were started at 2:30. As it turned out, neither one of the contestants had enough gasoline in their tanks to cover the course. Whether this was an oversight or purposely done with the idea of saving weight is not known. Whatever the reason was it resulted in making the race a farce. F. I. A. T. III. was first over the line, 1½s. after the signal, Vingt et Un crossed 30s. later. Vingt et Un closed up on her rival soon after the start and passed her before reaching the first mark, which was three miles from the starting line. F. I. A. T. III.'s gasoline gave out at the first mark, and she was out of the race. Mr. Claire Hamilton, who was in charge of the Vingt et Un, slowed his boat down when F. I. A. T. III. dropped out and jogged his boat over the balance of the course. Vingt et Un finished the first round at 3:39:07, having consumed 1h. 4m. 7s. in making the first 15 miles. The second round she made in even slower time, 1h. 58m. 40s. When Vingt et Un was within a few yards of the finishing line her gasoline gave out and the engine stopped, her headway, however, was sufficient to carry her across the line. The times were:

	Start.	1st Round	2d Round.
Vingt et Un.....	2 35 30	3 39 07	4 33 40
F. I. A. T. III.....	2 35 11	Did not finish.	

Second Race, Tuesday, June 28.

The second race between Vingt et Un and F. I. A. T. III. was held on Tuesday, June 28. A stormy E. breeze that made the water rough necessitated delaying the start until 5 P. M. By this time the wind had dropped considerably, and the water was smoother.

Vingt et Un beat F. I. A. T. III. 20m. 54s. elapsed time and 22m. 33s. corrected time. The course was 15 miles straight away and return. Vingt et Un pulled into the lead directly after the start and was never headed. The summary follows:

	Start.	Finish	Elapsed.
Vingt et Un.....	5 00 19	6 32 50	1 32 31
F. I. A. T. III.....	5 00 05	6 53 44	1 53 39

Vingt et Un averaged 19.46 knots, or 22.40 statute miles an hour, which is really remarkable going for a 75 horse-power boat of less than 40ft. length. The \$2,000 trophy goes to Vingt et Un.

Vingt et Un and her sister boat, which is equipped with a 150 Smith & Mabley engine, will be shipped to England at once. They will compete in the races for the Harmsworth cup, held on the Solent this month.

Brooklyn Y. C. Ocean Race.

Gravesend Bay, L. I., to Marblehead, Mass.

Start, Saturday, July 2.

Of the eighteen boats entered in the Brooklyn Y. C. ocean race, nine actually started. This was an excellent showing, and the promoters of the race are to be congratulated. They were indeed fortunate to get together so many boats whose owners were willing to undertake so long and strenuous a trip.

The race was suggested by Mr. Thomas Fleming Day, editor of our contemporary The Rudder. The details of the race were, however, arranged for by the Brooklyn Y. C., under whose auspices the contest is sailed. The first prize is an 100 guinea cup offered by Sir Thomas Lipton. Other substantial prizes will be awarded.

Nearly all the starters were in the harbor the night before the race, and the owners and crews of the respective boats assembled at the club house during the evening. All hands were most enthusiastic, and it would be difficult to find the world over a finer and more representative lot of amateur yachtsmen.

The race was open to boats of any rig of not more than 40ft. over all length. The time allowance was figured on over all length. Forty minutes to the foot was the amount finally decided upon. Newasi is the largest of the fleet and is the scratch boat. Sea Bird is the smallest and gets time from all the other craft. The following is a list of the starters:

	L.O.A.	H.M.
Newasi, sloop, A. H. W. Johnson, Larchmont, P.....	38.9	
Mignon, sloop, Dr. J. Fournier, Indian Harbor, W.....	36.25	1.46
Sea Bird, yawl, T. F. Day, Springfield, S.....	25.6	8.52
Eumareia, sloop, E. K. Hill, Rhode Island, L.....	36.25	1.46
Mopsa, sloop, F. C. & W. S. Sullivan, Harlem, M.....	35.15	2.30
Fanshawe, yawl, F. Maier, New Rochelle, V.....	36.3	1.44
Little Rhody, sloop, C. F. Tillinghast, R. I., X.....	34.66	2.49
Ray II., sloop, G. R. Hawes, Brooklyn, Z.....	37.25	.46
Siren, sloop, C. F. Wigand, Staten Island, A.....	38.	.36

The Rhode Island Y. C. is the only club represented by two boats. This speaks well for that organization. The crews of the different boats follow:

Newasi, A. H. W. Johnson owner, Charles D. Mower, Charles L. Perrin, Captain T. Chase and Tom Hansen, paid hand.

Siren, C. F. Wigand owner, F. D. Cadmus, P. B. Worthington, W. F. Bale and Hans Buthe, paid hand.

Ray II., G. R. Hawes owner, John W. Dunlap, George W. Robinson, Jack Robinson and H. Peterson, paid hand.

Fanshawe, F. Maier owner, L. D. Huntington, William Mills, Robert Bavier, Warren Shepard and John O. Johnson, paid hand.

Eumareia, E. K. Hill owner, Dwight B. Hill, Sumner Edwards, George Kinghead, Harold Freeman and H. Burr, paid hand.

Mignon, Dr. L. Fournier owner, Dr. J. S. Fulton, Dr. Van Saun, A. M. Duncan and F. C. Sypher, paid hand.

Mopsa, F. C. and W. S. Sullivan owners, John Wimmers, Dr. T. A. Martin, Ed. J. Martin.

Little Rhody, C. F. Tillinghast owner, George Owens, James H. Thurstan, Irving O. Hunt, S. Foster Hunt and George A. Fuller.

Sea Bird, T. F. Day owner, T. Bieling and L. Kent.

Saturday proved to be an ideal day for the start of the race. It was clear as a bell and a fresh N. W. breeze was blowing.

The regatta committee, composed of D. G. Whitlock, James A. Donnelly and Charles E. Allen, were on board Commodore Fontaine's flagship Sunshine. The starting line was directly off the club house.

The warning signal was given at 10:45, and ten minutes later the preparatory was heard. At 11 o'clock the boats were started.

"Larry" Huntington, at the wheel on the wholesome yawl Fanshawe, placed his boat nicely and she crossed first, a few seconds after the gun. Sea Bird was next, then came Little Rhody, Mopsa, Siren, Ray II. and Eumareia. Newasi was late in crossing, as was Mignon, which boat crossed 5m. after the gun. All the boats were well below their lines, as they were loaded down with extra gear and stores. The boats crossed on the starboard tack, all carrying full sail. Short tacks were made, and they worked around Norton's Point when sheets were eased and the eastward courses were laid.

When the boats passed Fire Island Light Little Rhody was leading, Sea Bird was second and Mopsa third. The other six boats were well bunched.

As we go to press, word is received from our Marblehead correspondent that Little Rhody finished at 9:48 Monday night. She took 58h. 48m. to cover the 330 miles. Newasi was the second boat to finish. She was timed at 12:40 Tuesday morning. She was 2h. 52m. behind Little Rhody. Ray II. was third.

Bayside Y. C.

Bayside, Long Island Sound—Saturday, July 2.

Over 200 members and guests of the Bayside Y. C. were on hand at the opening of the organization's new club house, on Saturday, July 2. The flag was hoisted by Commodore G. Waldo Smith at 3 o'clock.

At half past four the one-design dories sailed a race for the Dedication cup, a silver trophy presented by Mrs. Harry T. Weeks. The boats covered a 3½ mile windward and leeward course. The wind was N. W., and it blew hard throughout the race, so hard, in fact, that most of the starters had a nasty time of it. Bug and Fly took in so much water that their owners beached them. Bunnie won by 1m. 30s. The summary:

One-Design Dories—Start, 4:30.		
	Finish	Elapsed.
Bunnie, Leo Bugg.....	5 02 00	0 32 00
Mystery, J. H. Lee.....	5 03 30	0 33 30
No Name, C. J. Robert.....	5 05 10	0 35 10
Fore, James Cullin.....	5 06 55	0 36 55
Chip, C. T. Jackson.....	5 08 00	0 38 00
Peg Wee, J. P. Paretti.....	5 10 00	0 40 00
Bug, J. C. Hill.....	Withdrew.	
Fly, W. C. Van Antwerp.....	Withdrew.	

Morrisania Y. C.

College Point, L. I. Sound—Sunday, June 26.

THE contestants in Class B of the Morrisania Y. C., which were unable to finish on regatta day, resailed the race on Sunday, June 26. The boats were sent across the line at 11:55, running free, the wind being on the port quarter. Haydee got the lead by about two lengths, followed by Pinochle; Clytie bringing up the rear. They headed for Rikers Island, off of which they gybed and straightened their course for College Point. At a point between Hunt's and College Point buoy, the boats again changed their course, and headed for Fort Schuyler, then to Stepping Stone Lighthouse, Clytie in the meantime having gained the lead.

Gybing around the lighthouse, Pinochle carried away her spinnaker boom. Haydee at this time was far astern. When off Point View the boats encountered a heavy squall. They carried full sail, however, and the heavy blow just suiting Pinochle, she forged ahead of the Clytie, and crossed the line a winner. The summaries:

	Start, 11:55.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Pinochle.....	2 59 00	3 04 00	3 04 00	
Clytie.....	3 01 15	3 06 15	3 04 06	
Haydee.....	3 31 30	3 36 30	3 34 10	

Pinochle won by 6s.

Rhode Island Letter.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., July 2.—A special club regatta and "ladies' day" celebration has been announced by the Edgewood Y. C. for next Saturday, July 9, with an afternoon band concert and an evening hop at the club house. The regatta will include four classes for cats and two for launches, that of the 30ft. cats being the final race in the Possner cup series. The Edgewood Y. C. membership went above the 600 mark last week.

Sybarita, owned by Mr. W. Gould Brokaw, of New York, arrived at Newport this week from England, and has attracted much attention from yachtsmen as she lay at anchor in the harbor. She has a picked crew of English racing sailors, who are busy overhauling the vessel, and she will shortly leave for City Island to be made ready for racing. Sybarita was built for the late Whitaker Wright.

A racing sloop 30ft. on the waterline was built at the Herreshoff shops in Bristol several months ago for Mr. C. S. Eaton, a well-known Boston yachtsman. She was constructed on the moulds of Onward, owned by designer Chesbrough until last season. Desiring a larger boat, Mr. Eaton had the Cock Robin, a 39ft. waterline boat, built by the Herreshoffs, who took the 30-footer in trade. The latter has now been purchased by Mr. T. L. Park, of New York, who has named her Mimosa III. She is 47ft. over all, 30ft. waterline and 7ft. 6in. beam.

Mr. Harold Vanderbilt's cruising and racing sloop Trivia is being fitted out in readiness for a cruise when her owner returns from Europe, about Aug. 1. Trivia will go into commission at Bristol.

The event of the week at Bristol was the departure of the 22ft. sloop Little Rhody for New York Monday evening, to enter in the Brooklyn Y. C. ocean race to Marblehead, Mass. Her owner, Charles F. Tillinghast, is vice-commodore of the Bristol Y. C., and the members of the club gave him an elaborate send-off, presenting to him a club pennant to bring good luck in the race.

The Herreshoffs are building a 50ft. steam launch, which is nearly completed and which will have a speed of about 24 miles an hour.

Mr. H. D. Salisbury has just completed, at his Riverside shop, a neat little cabin launch for his brother, Mr. Irving A. Salisbury, of Providence. The launch is named Starling, and is 27ft. over all, 23ft. waterline and 9ft. beam, with an 8 horse-power Meade engine. She is finished throughout in oak, and has a 12ft. cabin, with full standing room and fitted with extension berths.

The Washington Park Boating Association has announced four more club regattas for the season, the dates being July 9, Aug. 6 and 20, and Sept. 5. In addition to these there will be a series of three special races for the 30ft. cats for the cup offered by Commodore Peirce.

F. H. YOUNG.

British Letter.

The accident which happened to one of the South Coast one-design boats a short while since while racing, whereby she lost her mast and her mate was knocked overboard and drowned, has once more raised the question as to the efficacy or desirability of rigging screws for setting up the rigging. It will be remembered that Shamrock III. lost her mast—and one of her crew—at Weymouth last year through a similar cause, and it is said by many people who are qualified to judge that rigging screws are not trustworthy unless they are of such a size as to make them exceedingly clumsy. Of course, nothing is so neat or shipshape looking as well finished gunmetal screws, and probably if sufficient care were taken to insure that the strain on them is evenly distributed, there would be far fewer accidents. Their chief danger lies in their simplicity and the ease with which they can be tightened with just a few turns. It is so easy to turn one more than its fellow, and thus practically throw the whole strain on one shroud. The wire rope may stand, but the screw will not—hence disaster. However, as screws are so light and neat, they will probably continue in vogue in spite of accidents, and the difficulty might be got over by making them of copper, phosphor bronze, or some such metal, the tensile strength of which is infinitely greater than that of gunmetal or steel. A very good plan for people who study efficiency more than looks, is to use instead of screws lanyards made of small, flexible steel wire rope. They can be rove very neatly, though not with such a finish as screw lanyards, but they are absolutely dependable. The only objection is that they hold more water if they get submerged.

The New Thames Y. C. stuck to their old course this year from Gravesend to the Mouse Lightship and back, the reason being presumably because their club house is at Gravesend, and it enables those of the members who do not go afloat to see, at any rate, the finish, besides being more convenient for those members who patronized the club steamer. It is a pity the club does not waive such considerations, in view of the fact that the course off Southend is a far better one, and that the traffic in the Thames in the neighborhood of Gravesend Beach becomes more congested every year. There is only one thing to be said in favor of the old course, and that is it enables the yachts to lie snug in Tulbury Docks. The course itself, however, is fluky and unsatisfactory, and should be discontinued.

There was a good entry for the time-honored races from the Nore to Dover of the Royal Thames Y. C. on June 11, and fast passages were made. With a leading wind over most of the course, the scratch boats—Bona and Tutty—in the handicap classes did not get a prize. The 52-footer quartette sailed an extremely close race, only 1m. 32s. separating them at the finish. The new boat Maymore was the winner. There will be an addition to the 52ft. class soon, for Mr. Paget is having alterations made to Viola. She has had a hollow mast fitted, her sail area reduced, and lead added to her keel. These alterations may, and will, no doubt, improve her, but it is doubtful if she will ever be able to do anything with the others.

E. H. KELLY.

Interlake Yachting Letter.

CLEVELAND, O., June 30.—The 21ft. class of Detroit leads all others this summer. The last of the five restricted boats was received last week. She was designed by Mr. Chas. L. Seabury, and has the earmarks of a comer. She is owned by Messrs. J. H. Smedley, Jr., and Northam Warren. She has been named Ventura. Mr. Cothrell, official measurer of the Columbia Y. C., of Chicago, who was called upon to measure the boat, says of her: "She is the boatiest boat of the lot." He further states her to be the most wholesome, without any attempt being made to infringe on the rules or the spirit thereof.

In the very first trial she looked up well, footed fast, reached splendidly, and ran well. She compared very favorably with the rest of the fleet, and it is safe to assume that when thoroughly tuned up will hold her own with any of the other boats in the class.

The new class is having considerable trouble, according to Measurer Cothrell, of Chicago, in that not one boat of the entire lot will meet the restrictions placed upon the class. Eyota, a Burgess & Packard design, with a bunch of reverse curves, etc., has settled so much that it is a grave question whether she will ever be allowed to participate in any of the races. The limit of the waterline is 21ft., and Eyota runs considerably over that now, while the probabilities are that she will approach 22ft. before she has finished. Another of the class is so long on the waterline that her builders have decided to substitute an aluminum centerboard and rudder in place of the iron one she originally carried. About a foot of her deadwood will have to be cut away, and then it is a question if she can make the class.

Another is two inches too long on deck, and so on through the fleet. The Seabury boat comes nearest approaching the class for which she was built. However, enthusiasm is rife, and most of the yachting interest of the Inter-Lake Association is centered in this class. Several preliminary races have been sailed, but to date Pirate, a Detroit creation, seems to have had the best of the argument. She was designed and built at Wyandotte, a suburb of Detroit, by Mr. Joe Pulliott, and is practically a copy of the Little Shamrock, a Small Bros. production. She went to Detroit from Chicago and won the cup hands down. Mr. E. L. Ford admired the type and style, and immediately contracted with Pulliott to build him a similar craft with some improvements. Her success so far justifies Mr. Ford's shrewdness and good judgment. In Chicago the interest seems to be lagging, and not a single boat has been built. One was built for Commodore Villas, of Milwaukee, which has been named Mendota. George R. Peare, owner of LaRita, twice-winner of the Lipton cup at Chicago, was refused a racing certificate on the grounds that LaRita was something over 2ft. too long on deck. The committee are very strict this season, and no new boats will be permitted to compete that do not meet all requirements governing the class. Not even can the spirit of the law be evaded. No new boats have been built for the class at Chicago this year, and there is some danger that some of the new boats may carry off the coveted trophy, which may explain, in a measure, the strict adherence to the rules. C. W. SCHMIDT, JR.

Erie Yacht Burned.

THE new yacht Tonkawa, Captain Bens, was destroyed by fire off Conneaut harbor, the first harbor west of Erie, on the night of the 30th of June. The Tonkawa and several of the larger yachts had started on a cruise up the lake, and while the boats were at anchor off Conneaut a tank of gasoline on the Tonkawa exploded, destroying the

boat. Captain Bens and his two guests, Wells and Widener, barely escaped with their lives, losing guns, clothing, and everything they had on the yacht.

They were lucky to have their tender towing astern at the time, and escaped in it.

The yacht was a new one built by the captain himself, and he feels his loss keenly. He valued the boat at \$1,000. CABIA BLANCO.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

MORICHES Y. C. RACING DATES.—The Moriches Y. C. has announced the following schedule:

Club regatta, Saturday, July 9—Two classes, AA and A, open only to members; helmsman must be amateur club member.

Annual cruise Saturday, July 30—Special orders for this event will be issued later.

Ladies' race, Wednesday, August 10—In two classes, AA and A, open to all; "one man only may be in crew, but he shall not touch the helm."

Special members' race, Saturday, August 20—In two classes, AA and A; helmsman and crew must all be amateurs.

Association regatta, Saturday, August 27—Open to members of organized yacht clubs of Great South and Shinnecock Bays.

Open race for Moriches boats, Labor Day, Monday, September 5—In one class; open to amateurs in East and Center Moriches. Under a resolution of the club the Memory, Dodo, and Esther are debarred from entry, this race being especially for the general utility catboat of east bay waters.

The dates of the associated clubs are:

Shinnecock Y. C.—Monday, July 4, club race; Saturday, July 23, club race; Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, August 4, 5, and 6, three days.

Association regatta—Friday, August 19, ladies' race.

Westhampton Country Club—Saturday, July 16, club race; Saturday, August 13, association race; Friday, July 29, ladies' race; Friday, August 26, ladies' race; Saturday, September 3, open race.

AUXILIARY YAWL DAILY LAUNCHED.—A few days ago the auxiliary yawl Daily was launched from the yard of the builder, W. P. Kirk, Toms River, N. J. The boat was designed by Mr. Henry J. Gielow for Mr. Robert Galloway, of Memphis, Tenn. She is 80ft. over all, 65ft. waterline, 17ft. 6in. breadth, and 3ft. draft. Daily has a long rig with a long base, and very short mast. She is equipped with a Graig engine of 25 horse-power, which will drive her about 8 miles an hour.

YAWL SYBARITA REACHES NEWPORT.—Mr. W. Gould Brokaw's British yawl Sybarita arrived at Newport on June 29; she was twenty-five days out from Southampton. She proceeded to City Island to fit out, reaching there on July 1.

NEW JERSEY BAYS BETTER BUOYED.—The yacht clubs along the Jersey coast from Bay Head south have taken up the job of staking out the bays and inlets, thoroughfares and channels, where Uncle Sam is too parsimonious to do it for the watermen, and have already begun the work. The matter has been discussed year after year by the amateur yachtsmen, and more or less has been done, but the staking will be more extensive and complete this year than before.

From Bay Head south to the mouth of Toms River has already been staked by the Bay Head and Mantoloking Clubs. From the mouth of Toms River to Sloop Sedge the Island Heights and Sea Side Park Clubs are doing the work. From Sloop Sedge to the Bonnet draw William J. Thompson, who runs the Harvey Cedars Hotel, has arranged for the staking. Beach Haven Y. C. has staked out the channel as far south as the Cedars, at Little Egg Harbor Light.

From Little Egg Harbor inlet to the Main Marsh Thoroughfare is a strip that no one has taken up, but it is expected that the Atlantic Y. C. will stand responsible for it, and also that the Ventnor and Chelsea Clubs will arrange for the thoroughfares back of Absecom Beach. The Ocean City Club will care for the waters of Great Harbor, and the new Cape May Club is expected to do as well for its waters.—Philadelphia Record.

RAINBOW TO GO IN COMMISSION.—The 70-footer Rainbow will be put in commission by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt at once. The boat is now at New London, and work has already commenced.

CAPE MAY CUP ARRIVES.—The Cape May cup, which was returned by the Royal Yacht Squadron to the New York Y. C., arrived in New York a few days ago.

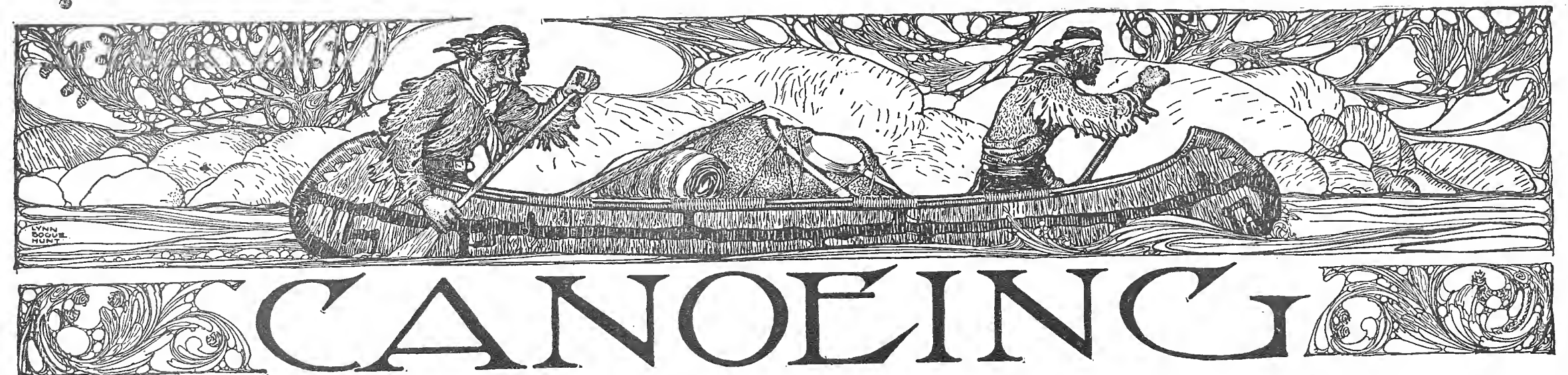
PALMETTO ON LONG CRUISE.—The cruising launch Palmetto, owned by Mr. T. I. Snider, of Cincinnati, arrived in Chicago a few days ago from New Orleans. After a stop at New Orleans the boat came on to Chicago by way of the Mississippi and Illinois rivers and the Illinois and Michigan Canal. Palmetto will continue her cruise down Lake Michigan, stopping at Milwaukee, Mackinaw Island and Sault Ste. Marie, thence down the lakes through the St. Lawrence River and back to New York.

AUGUSTIN MUNROE DEAD.—Augustin Munroe, an ex-commodore of the Larchmont Y. C., died at his home in Larchmont on Sunday, June 26. Mr. Munroe has been identified with yachting for the past twenty-five years. He became a member of the Larchmont Y. C. soon after it was organized. He was commodore in 1884-5, and since that time has been a trustee and chairman of the house committee. It was through his efforts and untiring devotion that the Larchmont Y. C. became the foremost racing club in this country, and the most prominent yachting or country organization on Long Island Sound. Mr. Munroe was a Mason of standing, and was a member of many clubs. The funeral took place on July 1, and the services were attended by a large number of yachtsmen and clubmen. The interment was at Woodlawn. He was forty-nine years old.

SCHOONER WAYWARD SOLD.—Colonel David E. Austen, of Brooklyn, has purchased the schooner Wayward from Mr. Frank W. Duryea.

SEAWANHAKA-CORINTHIAN Y. C. YEAR BOOK.—We have received a copy of the 1904 book of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. It is handsomely bound in blue leather.

CORINTHIAN Y. C. YEAR BOOK.—We are indebted to Mr. Everett Paine, secretary of the Corinthian Y. C., for a copy of the club book for 1904.



A. C. A. National Meet, Sugar Island, Thousand Islands, St. Lawrence River, August 5-19, 1904.

Officers of A. C. A., 1904.

Commodore—C. F. Wolters, 14 Main St. E., Rochester, N. Y.
Secretary-Treasurer—John Sears Wright, 519 West Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—L. C. Kretzmer, L. C. Schepp Building, New York.
Rear-Commodore—W. A. Furman, 846 Berkeley Ave., Trenton, N. J.
Purser—M. Ohlmeyer, Jr., 201 Palisade Ave., West Hoboken, N. J.
Executive Committee—H. L. Pollard, 133 Front St., New York; N. S. Hyatt, Ossining, N. Y.; H. C. Allen, 64 Prospect St., Trenton, N. J.
Board of Governors—R. J. Wilkin, 164 Montague St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Racing Board—H. L. Quick, Yonkers, N. Y.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

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Racing Board—Harry M. Stewart, 85 Main St., East, Rochester, N. Y.

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Rear-Commodore—H. M. S. Aiken, 45 Milk St., Boston, Mass.
Purser, Edw. B. Stearns, Manchester, N. H.
Executive Committee—B. F. Jacobs, Jr., West Medford, Mass.;

D. S. Pratt, Jr., Wellesley Hills, Mass.; Marcus Butler, Lawrence, Mass.; William W. Crosby, Woburn, Mass.
Board of Governors—Paul Butler, U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.
Racing Board—Paul Butler, U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.; H. D. Murphy, alternate.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Chas. W. McLean, 303 St. James St., Montreal, Canada.
Rear-Commodore—J. W. Sparrow, Toronto.
Purser—J. V. Nutter, Montreal, Canada.
Executive Committee—C. E. Britton, Gananoque, Ont.; Harry Page, Toronto.
Board of Governors—J. N. MacKendrick, Galt, Ont.
Racing Board—E. J. Minet, 125 Vitre St., Montreal, Canada.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Burton D. Munhall, care of Brooks Household Art Co., Cleveland, O.
Rear-Commodore—Chas. J. Stedman, National Lafayette Bank, Cincinnati, O.
Purser—Geo. A. Hall, care of Bank of Commerce, Cleveland, O.
Executive Committee—Thos. P. Eckert, 31 West Court St., Cincinnati, O.; Dr. H. L. Frost, 10 Howard St., Cleveland, O.
Board of Governors—Henry C. Morse, Peoria, Ill.

How to Join the A. C. A.

From Chapter I, Section 1, of the by-laws of the A. C. A.: "Application for membership shall be made to the Secretary, and shall be accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and by the sum of two dollars, one dollar as entrance fee and one dollar as dues for the current year, to be refunded in case of non-election of the applicant."

The Allegash Canoe Trip.

KNOWING no remedy for the fever that annually attacks a man just before the hunting season opens, other than a trip into the woods, a party of Boston sportsmen—H. E. Moore, H. B. Leighton, and G. H. Sperry—boarded the 9:45 train for Bangor, Me., on the evening of October 1, 1903, all in high spirits at the prospect of a canoe trip through the heart of Maine's best hunting region.

Arriving there the following morning, we procured a fair breakfast at the railroad station, and were soon on our way to Greenville. The foliage all through the Piscataquis Valley was grand; and standing on the car platform, inhaling the pure mountain air, one gets the first real taste of life in the woods.

Reaching Greenville at 2:30 A. M., we donned our hunting togs and sought our guides, who had supplies and provisions at the wharf in readiness for the steamer, which leaves for Kineo at 5 o'clock P. M. The guides were Algie Spearen, of Smyrna Mills; Will McKenny, of Patten, and Warden Cummings' son, Fred, of Houlton. The two first named have made the Allegash trip several times, and are thoroughly familiar with the entire country through which we passed, and experts with the paddle and pole. Cummings can cook as well as many pro-

professionals, and McKenny can build a bough bed that is as comfortable as a hair mattress. They are first-class men, and we take pleasure in recommending them to fellow sportsmen.

Moore carried a new .32 Winchester rifle, while Leighton and the writer were content to cling to their .30s—these rifles being heavy enough for any game that inhabits the Maine woods, and far superior to those of large caliber when weight and accuracy are considered.

We had three 18ft. canvas canoes, two light twilled duck wall tents, ten feet square, and each man carried a Phelps sleeping bag, sailor's bag also, in which were packed two pairs of heavy woolen socks, an extra set of woolen underwear, a sweater, and pair of moccasins, a small medicine case, well stocked; a small electric light, ammunition, cigars, pipes, and tobacco; brandy and whiskey (in case of illness), extra handkerchiefs, towels, and toilet articles, and a rubber army blanket and hot water bottle, both very necessary.

Our provisions consisted of flour, bacon, salt pork, lard, potatoes, onions, eggs, tea and coffee, sugar, salt, pepper, pickles, maple syrup, canned fruits, beans, baking powder, jelly, evaporated cream, candles, and matches. Also a gun cleaner and gun grease.

Everything being in readiness for our trip, we got dinner, then trailed around the town until time to board the steamer. The scenery on the lake was magnificent; the moon, bright and clear, lighted everything around us, and old Moosehead never looked more attractive. We reached Kineo at 7:30 P. M., and after supper took a stroll through the woods. Soon we heard a deer blow just ahead of us. We returned to the hotel at 10 o'clock, and after a smoke and a story from Leighton (both indispensable), retired for the night.

The morning of the third we boarded the steamer which left for the head of the lake at 8 o'clock, reaching Northeast Carry at 10. The weather was perfect; the air clear and crisp, and the foliage beautiful in its autumnal coloring. Our guides loaded our supplies upon a team which is kept here through the hunting season, and before noon we were ready to start down the West Branch waters. The Northeast Carry is two miles, for which there is a charge of one dollar for each canoe, including all luggage.

We lunched at Allen's house on the carry, then continued on, reaching Joe Smith's half-way house at 5 P. M. (where we stopped for the night), just eleven miles from where we put in canoes.

While waiting for supper, we sauntered out for a little prospecting, and had not gone one-half mile when we saw three deer. Returning at dusk, we partook of a fair meal, and retired early. The next morning, after settling with Smith (whose charge is \$1.50 for each man), we started for another day's trip. We passed a crew of lumbermen going down river with supplies; they were singing and apparently contented with their lot in life. But for them we would have been unable to continue our journey, as the river was the lowest it had been for years, rendering it impassable except for the channel they had dug for their bateaus.

At Pine Stream Falls it was very rocky, the drop from top to bottom being sixty feet in the half mile; but we got through without injuring our canoes, after which came dead water and good paddling to Chesuncook Lake, three miles away.

We passed five camping parties going down the West Branch, all having deer hanging in front of their camps.

Obtaining additional supplies at a store on the shore of Chesuncook, we started for Umbagog Stream. The wind blew a gale, the lake, being eighteen miles long, piled the breakers pretty high, but we got through all right, pulled our canoes on shore, and emptied the water they had shipped, then kept on through the meadows, a distance of six long, hard miles, but a splendid game country. While going through the latter place we saw a moose and two deer; also quantities of ducks. Our luggage being loaded upon a team, we started ahead, reaching Frank Smith's camps on the shore of Umbagog Lake, three miles distant, at 5:30 P. M. These camps are ideally located in the heart of the hunting country; everything is neat and comfortable as possible, and we were quite content to rest here over night. Soon after our arrival we saw a cow moose and calf in the water, about twenty feet from shore, and while eating supper a deer stalked past the window; and later, while strolling about the clearing, we saw six more deer in the potato-patch. The following morning at 5 o'clock, as we were leaving our tent, two deer jumped out not ten feet away, proving this to be quite a game region.

After a first-class breakfast, we settled Smith's bill, the charge being \$5 for each man's canoe and luggage, and \$1.50 apiece for board and lodging, then started ahead of team for Mud Pond, two miles away. We had but just left the yard, where two bucks jumped behind one of the camps. We were loth to leave this pleasant spot, so neat, inviting, and convenient to sportsmen, but our time was limited, so we jogged along, and on reaching our destination were greeted with the picture of a doe and her fawn feeding along the shore.

This pond is one and a half miles long, and one mile wide; it is well named, mud being a foot under water from one end to the other. The country, however, looks very promising for game. Upon the arrival of the team, we loaded our canoes and started for the opposite shore, where there is another two-mile carry; here everything has to be sacked, there being no team on this side.

We reached Chamberlain Lake at 11 A. M., and lunched on shore in a pouring rain; but soon after the sun was shining brightly, and we started in a fair wind for the dam at the foot of the lake, six miles away, reaching there at 1:30. The gates at the dam were opened, thus affording us plenty of water below the falls.

After carrying around the dam and quick water (twenty rods), we were soon on our way to Eagle Lake, two miles distant, reaching there at 3 o'clock. This lake is fourteen miles long and five across; is surrounded by ridges, and a great game country, and said to be the most picturesque of any in the State. At the head of the lake we saw a big bull moose wallowing around in the water, and after looking us over, he leisurely stalked off into the woods. It is a ten-mile paddle through the narrows to the foot, but the water was like a mirror, so we decided to make the distance before dark. After paddling about six miles, without the slightest warning the wind

suddenly arose and blew half a gale, showing how treacherous these lakes are at times. As we came into Eagle Lake, in the distance were seen Pleasant and Picket Mountains, under which are Harrow and Pleasant lakes, about five miles back of Churchill.

The waves dashed high over our canoes, but we worked like Trojans, and reached the narrows at dusk, and prepared for our first night in the open air. The guides pitched our tents in a little grove, and building a roaring fire, soon after had supper ready, which we heartily enjoyed, for we were hungry as wolves.

It was another beautiful moonlight night; so after a smoke, we jumped into a canoe and paddled along the shore for a mile, and heard a deer snort and blow as we passed. After enjoying the scenery for awhile, we returned to camp, and were soon in our sleeping bags.

We were out early the following morning of the sixth, and continued through Eagle Lake thoroughfare, two miles, to Churchill Lake. We saw two deer going through the deadwater. Keeping along the shore for two miles, we found a camp ground used by fishermen in the summer with tables, seats, and a fire-place, all in condition for immediate use; so we pitched our tents and decided to spend a day or two in this famous hunting country. Everything in shape and lunch over, each man, with his guide, shouldered his rifle and started for a hunt. Leighton saw the largest moose his guide had ever run across, with antlers spreading over five feet, another smaller one, and two deer, but failed to get a shot. Moore saw two deer, and heard a moose crashing through the woods a short distance away, but refused to be tempted. The writer saw two deer and shot a buck. Pretty good luck for three hours' hunting!

After supper we strolled along the shore for a while. The hunters' moon was again doing herself proud, and the night was beautiful. A cow moose called on the opposite shore, and kept it up well into the night.

We started the next morning of the seventh for another hunt; the weather was clear and warm as a June day; trout and togue were jumping from the water in all directions, some of which were very large.

We went up Pleasant Stream, but saw no game. It was cold, and the water had frozen over, so we came down stream and took an old tote road into Spider Lake, three miles back from Churchill. It was the most picturesque old logging road I ever tramped over. No wood has been cut for fourteen years, and it was great for deer.

Spider Lake is situated right under a ridge of low mountains, and Arbo and Libby have a set of camps here. During the day we saw altogether ten deer, and Moore got within seventy-five yards of a bull moose crossing to meet a cow, who stood on the opposite shore. Having what meat we needed, we agreed to shoot nothing except it carried a good set of horns, for deer were seen everywhere.

At 4 o'clock, Leighton and the writer went down the shore for a mile or two; seeing a clearing in the thick woods that had been used by some camping party, we sat down and got out our maps to trace our morning trips, when suddenly there was a blow close by, and looking up we saw a big buck deer, not twenty-five yards away; but before we could reach our guns he was off. Deer are certainly very plentiful all through this section.

Returning to camp, we proceeded to fill up on venison, broiled partidges, canned fruits, and other luxuries, and never was a dinner at the Touraine eaten with keener relish and enjoyment. Seated around the camp-fire a little later, pulling listlessly at our pipes, listening to the inevitable stories—some very good, others too ancient to be interesting—we were, at an early hour, glad to crawl into our sleeping bags laid on beds of fir boughs, and wondered where else a man could go to better rid himself of all business cares, and enjoy complete rest.

"While the soul is free as the mountain air,
And the heart in the bosom leaps,
The stars keep watch through the silent night,
As the man at the camp-fire sleeps."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Bishop Canoes.

THE late Nathaniel H. Bishop, one of the founders of the American Canoe Association, made several long and notable cruises in his day, some of which he reduced to writing and published. "The Voyage of the 'Paper Canoe,'" and "One Thousand Miles in a Sneak-box," are two of them.

The first was taken in a paper canoe, made by Waters & Sons, of Troy, N. Y., called the "Maria Theresa." In this he paddled and rowed down the Hudson River, then down the coast, on the inland waters to the Gulf of Mexico. The other was a Barnegat Bay sneak-box called, "The Centennial Republic." This he took through the Erie Canal, Allegheny, Ohio and Mississippi Rivers to the Gulf.

Mr. Bishop's executor, James C. Bishop, in writing to me under date of May 22, 1903, stated: "I have in my possession the paper canoe and sneak-box in which my uncle made the voyages he has described in his books, and it will give me great pleasure to present them to the A. C. A., if your association would care to have them."

After some considerable time, the boats were received and are now being cared for by the Brooklyn C. C. at their house at the foot of Twenty-eighth avenue, Brooklyn, Gravesend Bay, subject to disposition by the A. C. A.

The Association has no suitable place to care for these relics, and one, at least, is quite frail. It was suggested at the meeting of the executive committee at Rochester, N. Y., that they be presented to the American Museum of Natural History in New York City, to the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, or some other similar institution.

The American Museum, etc., will receive them "provided we could occasionally make use of them, if need be, on some of our scientific expeditions."

The matter has been referred to the board of governors, but as the vote is apt to be delayed and there may possibly be some difference of opinion, it has been suggested that the matter be laid before the members of the Association, so that a suggestion might be made

of a proper disposition to be determined upon, and I therefore beg to call the attention of the members to the matter.

Respectfully,

ROBERT J. WILKIN,
President Board of Governors, A. C. A.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 25.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

The Palma Trophy.

IN reply to a recent editorial in FOREST AND STREAM, Gen. Bird W. Spencer, president of the National Rifle Association, writes in Shooting and Fishing, as follows:

"As a matter of fact, the British Association asked us to amend the rules allowing special barrels on rifles of private makers. We did not agree to this; but as the committee of the team captains had the right to make a change in the conditions, and as H. M. Pope offered to make the barrels used, the National Rifle Association thought that it would be just as well for the team to have with them a rifle with a barrel of a private maker; and, in the event that the rule was changed, they would then have the barrels with them for use.

"The writer of the article either is ignorant of this fact or purposely avoids it. He lays great stress on 'why did we take along anything but the regular service rifle?' and he also admits that the British used special barrels. He quotes the old worn-out reason which has long since exploded, that they are service rifles as issued to the troops, because the Ordnance Department put some sort of a stamp on them. The stamping of the rifles by the Ordnance Department does not make them any more service rifles than they would be without the stamp.

Colonel Bruce knew this, and when he learned the British were going to shoot special rifles, should have brought his rifles to the front, and said: 'So are we going to use special rifles, and here are the ones we are going to shoot, and I move that the team captains modify the rules so that the British, the Canadians, the French and the Americans may all shoot with special barrels.' Had this been done there would never have been any controversy.

"It is well known that the British team shot with a rifle made by a private maker, in no wise a Government contractor, that they were exceedingly fine rifles, and were in no sense a service rifle.

"This is our whole case, and there is not the slightest doubt but the committee of captains would have authorized the use of the rifle with the Pope barrel had the question been brought up for action before the match.

"There is very little use in discussing the subject as to whether the new U. S. service rifles, adopted June 19, contained an 8 or a 10-inch twist. The fact is that 5,000 rifles were made with an 8-inch twist, and that the original new service rifle contained one turn in 8 inches. Later on this was changed to one turn in 10 inches, and the 5,000 rifles above referred to are stored at the present moment in the Springfield armory.

"The writer is, of course, in error when he says that the captains, jointly or singly, had no power to abrogate or add to the conditions governing the match; but this is probably attributable to his ignorance of the rules.

"It is regretted that so long a time was taken before replying to the letter from the National Rifle Association of Great Britain. The letter from Colonel Crosbie is dated Oct. 26, 1903, and probably reached us ten days or two weeks after that date; but the holiday season was just on, and it was a very difficult matter to get together a quorum of the executive committee of the National Rifle Association of America. We were unable to do that until after the holidays, but succeeded in getting them together on Jan. 19. At that meeting the president was instructed to reply to Colonel Crosbie's communication. Without attempting to conceal any of the facts, the president did not wish to send his letter off to England until it had been personally passed upon by each member of the executive committee, so that a copy was sent to each one and returned with his comments before the letter was sent abroad. This accounts for the delay in replying to the letter, which was unavoidable.

"The Pope barrels were taken along to England to meet a condition which was likely to arise, and which did arise; namely, that other teams would shoot with rifles not strictly of the service pattern."

English Comment on the Palma Trophy.

THE fact that the American National Rifle Association have decided to return the Palma trophy affords evidence that they recognize what was made clear to every one in this country when the correspondence relating to the matter was brought to public notice. The position that now arises has also its embarrassing aspects. The National Rifle Association of Great Britain have publicly stated that their recent action was not undertaken with a view to reverse the results of last year's match, but rather to clear up certain questions which, having been publicly raised, could not be ignored. A sporting trophy that reaches England under such circumstances is hardly likely, for many years to come, to carry much satisfaction in the possession, and it is difficult to say whether an American team would care to compete for it, with recent incidents still fresh in mind, unless there existed a virtual certainty of success. All things considered, it would be odds against an American team shooting under difficult conditions of light and wind such as were markedly absent during last year's match. To compete for the trophy and fail to gain possession of it would be an experience which few American rifle shots would care to face, since no one could prevent invidious comparisons from being drawn between the results in the two contests. Although we should like nothing better than to see the same team visit us next year and carry off the prize, we cannot help fearing that military rifle shooting in America over the longer distances has suffered a check which may go far to delay the resuscitation of interest for which so many have labored during the past few years, and that the Palma Centennial trophy will return to the same kind of oblivion which it suffered during the twelve years ending in 1900.—Field (London).

General Spencer is reported to have said that the American rifles were approved by the British National Rifle Association, and quotes the Shooting Times as having stated that "the entire matter of the American barrels had been gone into by a select committee of the British organization, and by its unanimous consent the American team had been permitted to use them." General Spencer is substantially correct, as in our issues of July 25 and Aug. 1, 1903, we stated that the subject of the American rifle had been discussed by a committee of the British Rifle Association, who had agreed to let the rifle pass. All that we can say is that our informant as to what had taken place was one of the very committee that debated the matter, and we have no reason to doubt his statement. The American rifle, and the fact that the British N. R. A. had permitted an infraction of the rules that governed the contest, was the talk of the camp at the time, and it was referred to by several contemporaries as well as ourselves; so it is idle to pretend ignorance of any irregularity in the match. In these circumstances the British N. R. A. made themselves not only ridiculous in asking for information so long after the event, but they also proved that they had not properly protected the interests of the competing teams, which included representatives from France, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Natal and Norway, as well as the United Kingdom and the United States. As far as we can judge, the only way out of the difficulty, and to render justice to all the teams that competed last year, is for the 1903 contest for the Palma trophy to be declared void.—Shooting Times.

The U. S. Service Rifle.

SPRINGFIELD ARMORY, Springfield, Mass., June 21.—Forest and Stream Publishing Co., 346 Broadway, New York City: Gentlemen—Your letter of the 15th inst. to the Secretary of War has been referred to me to answer the following questions, namely:

In June, 1903, were specifications for a United States service rifle, with eight grooves, and an 8-inch twist, approved and adopted by the United States Government?

If so, were any such rifles issued to the regular troops at any time in June, 1903, or subsequently?

Would a rifle with an 8-inch twist, and eight grooves, made by private makers, have been accepted by the United States Government in June, 1903, or afterward as service rifles?

To all of which I reply no. Respectfully,

FRANK H. PHIPPS,
Colonel Ord. Dept., U. S. A., Commanding.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Montclair Gun Club.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., July 4.—The Verona Gun Club paid a visit to the Montclair Gun Club to-day and shot a match, ten men on a side, 25 targets, unknown traps, unknown angles, loser to pay for the birds. The match resulted in a victory for the Montclair Club. Scores 180 to 162.

Event No. 3, 25-target match, prize a handsome field glass, the gift of Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales, was won by Mr. Hamilton, of the visiting team, with a score of 23.

In the contest for the Parker gun, Mr. Kendall broke 46 out of a possible 50; this gives him two scores of 47 each and one of 46.

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	25	10	25	Targets:	25	10	25
Boxall.....	17	6	20	Crane.....	17	9	..
W M Davenport.....	19	8	..	Cockfear.....	21	8	15
W E Davenport.....	18	6	22	G Howard.....	21	7	15
H Berry.....	16	10	..	Kendall.....	24	7	17
Hamilton.....	18	8	23	Winslow.....	14	5	..
Quimby.....	20	7	21	Dr Chatterling.....	11	3	..
Glaister.....	10	7	..	Fitch.....	20
Taylor.....	10	4	9	Holzderber.....	16	8	22
Kanouse.....	20	4	19	Holloway.....	14	6	20
Comter.....	14	4	..	Abercrombie.....	10
Gunther.....	22	9	..	EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

Jeannette Gun Club.

New York.—The Jeannette Gun Club held their regular shoot at Hudson County Driving Park, on July 1. The regular May shoot had not been finished on account of scarcity of birds in that month, and the sharpshooters' rifle festival had delayed the June shoot until to-day. The birds were very fast, with a stiff wind blowing, as the scores will attest. President Ehlen was here, there and everywhere to make the final contest a success.

The occasion was graced by one of our oldest ex-presidents, Capt. Disch, who is very near his allotted time, three-score years and ten, and he shot at the last bird, a fast one, and killed it in elegant style. The bird will be mounted by the club and presented to the old-timer.

Lots of excitement attended the team shoot, as owing to failing eyesight and dusk, President Ehlen had failed to score his first four birds. He had to kill to win for his side on the last bird. He was equal to the occasion, and down came the bird when near the boundary, fully 65 yds. from the shooter, with the first barrel. Then Bedlam broke loose, and some of the boys are shouting yet.

Schortemeier won in Class A, Brunie won Class B in the shoot-off, Gerdes won Class C.

	June.	May.
F Ehlen, 28.....	1100122000—5	1001100102—5
C Meyer, 30.....	2*10021121—7	1110221210—8
J P Rottman, 25.....	000*122111—6	..
J H Schortemeier, 32.....	2*0212*220—6	1222112211—10
C Interman, 28.....	112220121—8	..
H Pape, 28.....	1221102300—7	2111101121—9
C Steffens, 30.....	2212*01121—8	100111*121—7
J Mohrman, 28.....	20*1100*10—4	222112122—10
C Meyerdericks, 28.....	012*111021—7	2112201111—9
J Vagts, 28.....	22121*2111—9	..
J H Kroger, 30.....	2121112021—9	1012111112—9
N Brunie, 28.....	0*10001011—4	111222112—10
F Gerdes, 25.....	202101*122—7	0211120212—8
D Mohrman, 28.....	021112101*—7	..
*P Sweeney.....	22*1102121—8	..
W Sanders, 28.....	1*00201011—5	1111010101—7

*Guest.
Challenge medal contest, Mohrman won:

C Meyer, 30.....	121020221101120—11	Tie.
J Mohrman, 28.....	211011101021101—11	012*

Team contest, seven men on a side, 5 birds per man:
Kroeger 5, Schorty 4, Interman 4, Rohlis 4, H. Pape 4, W. Sanders 3, Ehlen 1; total 25.

Steffens 5, C Meyer 2, J. Mohrman 1, D. Mohrman 5, W. Brunie 4, Meyerdericks 4, Gerdes 3; total 24.
Capt. Disch, 28 yds., 1. The last bird.

Hell Gate Gun Club.

The Hell Gate Gun Club held their regular live bird contest at Outwater's on June 28. Though quite a wind helped the birds out when the first squad of five men were shooting, it died out later in the day. The birds had been fed too much, and were slow in getting away, therefore the scores were superior to the general average of the club.

This was a double event to-day, the club shooting for the months of August and September, and will probably finish out the year in another State, after the law goes in effect on July 4 in New Jersey, thus driving out of the State several hundred thousand dollars per year, and the abolishing of a wholesome sport. Another effect of this law—which, of course, was not considered—is the lesser demand there will be for fine guns. A shooter at the trap wants the best his money can buy. A sportsman who shoots in the field needs but a cylinder bore gun, be it a low grade arm of American manufacture or a cheap Belgian rattletrap. The artisans of our country who help make a fine gun will probably have less work in the future. And all because a few misguided fanatics can influence legislation to take the bread and butter out of the mouths of those farmer boys who make a few dollars occasionally by raising that barnyard fowl, the pigeon raised for shooting purposes.

	August Shoot	September Shoot.
Dr. Davis, 26.....	0012112102—7	1211110200—7
J A Belden, 28.....	1201112221—9	2002112201—7
P Garms, 28.....	1011010120—6	1022111112—9
J H Schortemeier, 30.....	121112*221—9	211112122—10
C Weber, 28.....	2111221122—10	121212101—9
C Gardella, 26.....	202111222*—8	1200111220—7
J Klenk, 28.....	1111021121—9	222121212—10
F Trostle, 28.....	1111111122—10	0212111201—8
J Schlicht, 28.....	2012122221—9	111121101—9
N G Wilson, 28.....	211*222122—9	111212212—10
J Shappert, 26.....	0111120010—6	2102111220—8
J Selg, 26.....	0120112011—7	0112210101—7
J Hughes, 26.....	1022111002—7	1112121212—10
E A Meckel, 28.....	1102210121—8	01121111*1—8
Phil Woolful, 28.....	1022221210—8	121112*211—9
J P Dannefelser, 28.....	1112011201—8	112121110—9
R Baudendistel, 28.....	1211010*11—7	111121121—10
J Kreeb, 28.....	0212121201—8	120010101*—5
J H Voss, 30.....	1111211221—10	111211122—10
J Wellbrock, 28.....	1220202010—6	2111212111—10

P Albert, 28.....	1122111211—10	1110211021—8
J Dougherty, 26.....	1122*00202—6	00012020*0—3
Fred Guy, 26.....	12220*1100—6	0111001112—7

L. H. SCHORTEMEIER.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., June 25.—The scores made at the shoot of the North River Gun Club to-day were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	25
Piercy.....	..	10	14	14	13	13	13	12	14	25
Richter.....	..	11	11	10	11	11	5	..	11	..
Truax.....	..	12	12	14	12	14	13	..	13	19
Eickhoff.....	7	5	12	10	13	11	10	..	11	17
Merrill.....	..	11	12	9	6	11	10	..	11	..
Staples.....	..	10	11	9	12	9	10
Leasenfeld.....	4	8	10	10	9	11
Schramm.....	..	9	9	10	11
Collins.....	4	10	7	5	4	..

JAS. R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

WESTERN TRAP.

It would appear that all the gun clubs of south Minnesota were afraid of the Lakefield boys, as it has been over a year since any challenge has been issued for the elegant Peters trophy, which they have held all that time. But there came a change at last, and the Fairmount boys, a three-man team, got out courage and went after them, and though scores were low, the good shooting of Church won out for the challengers. Shooting at 50 targets, Church, for the Fairmounts made 44, Bird 38, Hick 36; total 118. For Lakefield, Morrison made 42, Palmer 39, and Bisping 35; total 116.

The fourth tournament for the season for the Missouri League of Trapshooters will be held at Richmond, Mo., July 14.

It has been decided by the shooters and the board of directors of the Winnipeg, Man., Industrial Exhibition Association that a thorough, up-to-date shooting tournament will be held during the exhibition week. This will be welcomed by the extreme Northwest trapshooters. The shoots of the past have been good ones. The programme will be liberal, and good cash additions will be made. Many traveling representatives will attend, as a number of these good scatter gun men will be at Grand Forks, N. D., in attendance at the Interstate tournament the latter part of July.

Frank L. Carter, of Butte, seems to be entitled to the claim of all-round shot of Montana. His scores with pistol, rifle, long and short range, and then his shotgun record, such as 60 doubles, unknown angles, places him at the top all the many good Montana shots.

The Blue Label Gun Club, of Sioux City, Ia., have a challenge brewing, and soon the Journal Gun Club will hear from it.

Much interest is being worked up for the Duluth, Minn., tournament, to be held July 20 and 21. This is in the circuit of shoots, and many traveling men are expected to participate.

In Canada and at some points in the West the subject is being discussed as to a return to the old position of "gun below the elbow" for trapshooting.

Articles of incorporation of the Corner Rod and Gun Club have been recorded, which will enable the Ft. Wayne, Ind., Club to purchase a large tract of land and fix up a splendid shooting Park.

The Houghton, Mich., Gun and Rod Club has looked well to the future by obtaining and planting in the streams large consignments of fish fry.

At a recent meeting of the Gainesville Gun and Rod Club a set of rules was adopted governing the fish catch in the club's lake. Only five bass or perch can be taken by any member on same day, and on but three days of each week can fishing be indulged in.

William Clayton will surely be enabled to run the chartered car to Denver on the occasion of the Western Handicap, as his crowd is assured.

The Beaumont, Texas, Gun Club has been reorganized. J. F. Fisher is president; Antry Greer secretary. A tournament will be held and all Texas shooters will be invited.

The Consolidated Sportsmen's Association, of Grand Rapids, Mich., is much elated over the installation of a set of expert traps at the club grounds.

The officers of the McQueen Gun Club, of Menominee, Mich., are busy sending out programmes of the July 13 and 14 tournament. A cordial invitation to all, and the walking is good from hotel to shooting grounds. Plenty of added money, and then a boat ride, and a general good time is assured.

The Florence, Wis., Gun Club is getting well on in practice, and the members feel proud of the scores made by Dr. Hackings. He has made one run of 31 straight.

The date for the fourth shoot to be held by the Missouri League of Trapshooters, will be July 28.

The State championship shoot of Kentucky will be held Sept. 15 and 16 at Paducah, and the Paducah Gun Club shoot will occur on the two days following.

The Francisville, Ind., Gun Club announce a shoot for July 14, and Everett Brown will be the manager.

The Panama, Mo., shooters are getting anxious about that wine set, and are turning out very much better than formerly.

The Clarksville, Ia., Gun Club members are keeping up their practice, and are open for team shoots.

The weekly shoot held by the gun club at Panama, Mo., was the last contest for the wine set. James, with 85 out of a 100, proved the winner. The prize for the next month will be a shaving set.

The West Texas Gun Club League will hold their tournament at Comanche, Tex., July 14, 15 and 16, three days instead of two. There will be \$600 added and all shooters are invited. A good time is assured for all who attend.

The cigar makers' Blue Label Club were out June 26 at the grounds in Sioux City, Ia., and had a busy hour at the traps.

There were many shoots held throughout the West on the Fourth. Reports of same in next issue.

At the shoot held by the Palestine, Tex., Gun Club last week the record of the club was broken by W. P. Allen, who made 25 straight, and then 48 out of 50.

The Belleville, Ill., Gun Club held a meeting to transact business on June 26.

The Terre Haute, Ind., Gun Club members, after returning from Indianapolis, solved the problem as to why they did not make better scores by the excuse that targets were too easy, not thrown as hard as they had been accustomed to.

The members of the Superior, Wis., Gun Club held a shoot Monday that was interesting. Shinoe won the Bunker medal with 22 out of 25. Kennedy and Fulton were but one behind.

When the circuit of tournaments starts, at Winona, Minn., July 4, it will be a warm season from that time until Aug. 1. St. Paul and Duluth will both have large shoots. R. S. Guptill, the G. A. H. winner, and many traveling men will be present. There will be \$350 added money.

The Midway Rod and Gun Club, of Memphis, Tenn., will erect a \$2,500 club house at its home on big Lake Peters Island. The officers are P. H. Kelly, President; D. Striell, Vice-President; F. W. Borgoyne, Secretary; J. H. Hudson, Treasurer.

The Schmeltzer Shooting Park at Kansas City, will be used frequently during the year for tournament purposes.

The members composing the North Side Gun Club and those of the South Side, in the City of Lacrosse, Wis., will meet on Saturday for a friendly contest at targets with a view of awakening an interest and for the benefit of practice.

When Abe Frank reached Memphis he reported that the G. A. H. was the greatest ever held in the world.

During the Winona shoot, which Elmer Shaner will manage, there will be a club shoot for the Chronicle cup that Viroqua won last year, and has so successfully held ever since.

The Beaumont, Tex., Gun Club, will hold weekly shoots during the remainder of the season. The races will be at 50 targets, with an entrance fee of 75 cents.

Shooting was quiet in the West the past two weeks, as so many shooters were off at the G. A. H.—and many of them had that tired feeling when they reached home.

Keep your eye on the Arkansas State shoot. Don't forget that only residents of the State can shoot for cash, prizes, etc.

The Earlington, Ky., Gun Club will hold a tournament on dates to be selected between July 10 and 15. Many of the good shots of the State will be in attendance.

The Missouri shooters are waking up. Last week at Memphis there were shooters present from Quincy, Ill., and Bonaparte, Ia. The Quincy men, Geise and Zimmerman, tied in the team shoots, while Page, of Bonaparte, Ia., made high score for the day.

Last Sunday was a busy day at the Kansas City Blue River Shooting Park. George Stockwell shot for the Jones trophy and scored 82 to P. Frank's 73 out of 100 targets. In an open shoot for same trophy at 50 targets, John Greninger won with 48. The final shoot for this trophy will be held this month, all the previous winners coming together for a final disposition.

The first shoot held by the Beaumont, Tex., Gun Club brought out as winner James K. Tooke, whose score of 46 out of 50 blue-rocks was very good.

Shooters at Houston, Tex., that have enthusiasm are out for the open air, having pitched tents at Sylvan Beach. The name chosen will be Open Game Club. There will be a prize shoot and same will be open to all, whether members or otherwise. The charter members are F. Fendly, F. Backenstein, B. Douglas, G. Crousk, M. Danley, P. Gallagher, P. Riley and A. Van Ropper.

Shooting for the Hunter Arms Co. trophy at Duluth, the high score went to Warren, with 24 out of 25. Wilson won the Day medal. Bob on the second trial, won the Ponton & White trophy.

The third annual tournament of the Northern Gun Club was held at Antigo, Wis., June 29. The high score was made by Heer, 146; Le Compte 139, Lord 129. High amateur, Paul Brown, of Rhinelander, 129; A. Mollie, Antigo, 129; Bennett, Ironwood, 128. The Hoffman House cup went to Mollie.

The regular shoot of the Bridge City Gun Club, of Logansport, Ind., found Whitesell at the front, as at 50 targets he made 41.

He Knew.—"You must visit our new country club," said the suburbanite. "The grounds are beautiful; the golf links superb. You won't find such scenery elsewhere." On entering, the grounds the first thing that strikes your eye—"I know," interrupted the city man, "A golf ball."—Philadelphia Press.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Those "Newspaper Laws."

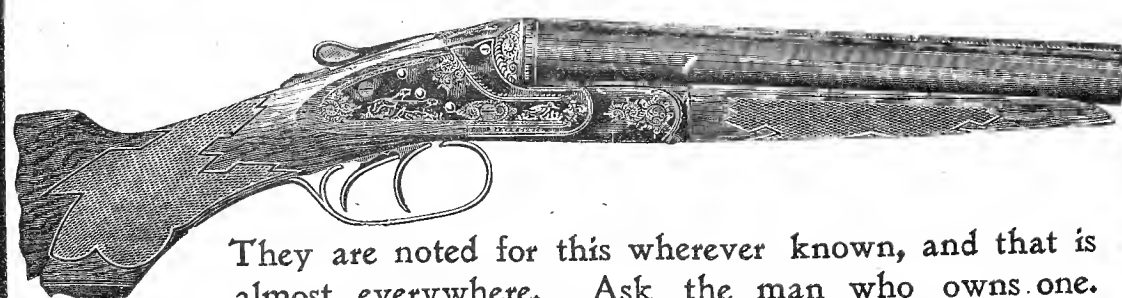
AN important ruling in regard to what are known as "newspaper laws" has been made. These so-called laws provide that subscribers to newspapers are liable for the price thereof unless they give express notice to discontinue, or when they give notice to discontinue without paying arrearages, or when they refuse to take papers from the office, and that the publisher of a newspaper can have any one arrested for fraud who takes a paper and refuses to pay for it, and that it is an unlawful act to allow a subscription account to run on for six months or a year and a half and then tell the postmaster to mark it "refused" or send the editor a notice to discontinue the paper.

The Post Office Department has time and again informed parties making inquiries, and the public generally, that there are no such laws. The ruling now made is to the effect that a publisher who makes a demand for payment of the subscription price of his paper through the mails, accompanied by a threat of enforcing such pretended laws in case the demand is not complied with, may be prosecuted for attempting to obtain money under false pretenses, provided he knows that such so-called laws have no existence as laws, or decisions of the courts.

Concerning Proctor's.

"The Magic Kettle" has proved a most sensational attraction at Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre, where it will remain for a longer run. There is something peculiarly appealing to the present time in the thought of the intense cold created by the contents in the mystic kettle, which freezes everything plunged into the boiling liquid within, and not the least attractive feature of the performance is the distribution of ice cream, made in sight of the audience in a chafing dish. In securing the Magic Kettle, Mr. Proctor has shown his customary enterprise, and is making appeal to his audiences with the very newest idea in magic, which will crowd the house for some weeks to come; but the Magic Kettle is but a single feature of the excellent vaudeville show one may always count upon seeing at this charming theatre. More than ever at the present time has it become a rendezvous of the visitors to the shopping district. They here find an opportunity to rest and refresh themselves before proceeding uptown or to the ferries.

The wildfowler knows very well that without good decoys he is not likely to get good shooting. How often have we all of us seen cunning ducks, headed straight to the decoys, suddenly become suspicious and flare or veer, not to be called back by any means. The decoys manufactured by W. J. Mason, of Detroit, Mich., have made their way among duck shooters by merit. We have seen them and they are lifelike and good. Persons intending to enlarge their stock of decoys should write him for a catalogue.

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MY TRAP SCORES

A pocket trap score book, containing 50 pages of score sheets and the Interstate Association Rules for target and live bird shooting, and for shooting under the Sergeant System. The cover bears the title "My Trap Scores," and the pages, in number and form, are arranged to make a complete record of the shooter's doings at the traps. The pages are ruled to make a record of the place, date, weather conditions, number of traps, number of shooters, gun and load used, events, etc. The score sheets are ruled for 25 targets. Bound in leather. Price, 50 cents.

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No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

SKYLARKS ON LONG ISLAND.

WE asked Mr. Wilmot Townsend to investigate the truth of a report that European skylarks were to be found on the meadows at Rugby, which is a section of Brooklyn, and so within the limits of Greater New York, and his report is printed in our Natural History columns to-day. He found the birds, and has given explicit directions for others who may wish to see and hear them. We have at various times recorded the presence of the skylark at different points on Long Island on the outskirts of Brooklyn; these records run back ten or fifteen years, and presumably the Rugby larks are descendants from birds which were introduced from England many years ago.

A friend of Mr. Townsend, who spent his boyhood near Flatbush, Brooklyn, relates that there, sixty years ago, he used to hear the skylarks and watch them in their song flights. There are records of a skylark importation as far back as the middle of the last century. In the year 1846, Thomas Woodcock, the president of the Natural History Society, of Brooklyn, brought over from England many specimens of the field birds of that country, together with a large number of eggs, which, on their receipt here, were placed in the nests of our own warblers, and in the ensuing season goldfinches, linnets, bullfinches, skylarks, and English sparrows were seen at Greenwood, in the suburbs of Brooklyn, and at the Wallabout, another suburb, a colony of the English skylarks was successfully established, and wintered two seasons. In the spring of 1847 there was printed in the Brooklyn Advertiser a poem written by R. W. Hugh, who was an associate of Wm. Henry Herbert (Frank Forester), in the instruction of youth at the Rev. R. T. Huddnot's school at Bloomingdale. The poem, revised by Frank Forester, was in the nature of a "humble appeal of a colony of British skylarks to the sportsmen of New York and Brooklyn, sung at the Wallabout on the 1st of May, 1847, ten minutes before sunrise." It must have been a queer race of sportsmen in 1847, if they needed the persuasion of poetic appeals to withhold their shot from the caroling lark, although in these degenerate days there is a small army of hoodlum shooters going out from our cities for whose game bags the skylarks would be most acceptable tidbits.

AUDUBON AND SQUIRREL BARKING.

IN one of those sketches of American frontier life which are interspersed through the "Ornithological Biographies," and have a historical importance quite independent of ornithology, Audubon describes the killing of squirrels by Daniel Boone by a method called "barking." The feat was so to aim as to strike the bark of the tree under the squirrel, and by the concussion to kill the game. The story has been accepted for generations, but now a skeptic has arisen to question it. The doubter's own grotesque ignorance of rifles and squirrels and rifle shooting squirrels is so manifest in what he writes that he clearly is no "authority" to whom much attention need be given. It is to be noted that Audubon's account of squirrel barking is not the mere retelling of something he had heard; he explicitly states that he was an eyewitness of Boone's squirrel barking, just as he describes it; and that subsequently he saw the same feat performed by others. It is incredible that Audubon should have incorporated into his great work this story of squirrel barking as a deliberate piece of fiction, or if he had not seen it done, or at least had not seen something which he believed to have been the thing described.

IT JUST HAPPENED SO.

THERE were noted in these columns not long ago sundry coincidences which were typical of those so often observed by all of us in various fields of life. Here is another one not unworthy of record: The papers of Monday of this week contained an announcement that the Spanish General Toral, who commanded the garrison at Santiago when that place surrendered to the Americans, died in a lunatic asylum at Madrid on July 10. And in another column of the same page it was told that on the same day, at Medina-Sidonia, Admiral Cervera was presented by some American with a testimonial of gratitude for his conduct at Santiago in caring for Lieut. Hobson and the American sailors after the sinking of the Merrimac.

PAINS AND PENALTIES.

IN the old days, when a hunter took venison in the King's forest contrary to the laws made and provided, they put out his eyes or cut off his hands or feet or other members, to the end that the taking of the King's game might be discouraged. It proved, however, as with all like unseemly and inordinate penalties, that the ultra rigorous law did not accomplish its purpose.

Writing from Nebraska, Mr. A. D. McCandless tells that the law of that State, which declares forfeit the gun and ammunition and dog of a shooter who violates the game law, has been held by the courts to be unconstitutional because it confiscates property without due process of law. On the other hand, a New York statute declaring forfeit as public nuisances fishing nets in certain inland waters and authorizing their summary destruction by the fish wardens, has been held to be constitutional by the United States Supreme Court.

It is nevertheless, as Mr. McCandless well says, a grave error to overdo the severity of a penalty attaching to what the community is prone to regard as a venial offense, and under certain circumstances a forfeiture of gun, dog, and ammunition might be considered a punishment that did not fit the crime. It makes a difference, too, who the culprit may be. A jury of his neighbors would be loth to find guilty with such a penalty a neighbor who might violate the law, whereas they would with eagerness condemn a stranger who was intent upon carrying his booty illicitly out of the State. There is usually a cheerful willingness to punish the foreigner, and these non-resident game laws make foreigners of us all when we stray beyond the confines of our own State.

THE PERILS OF ANGLING.

ON Thursday of last week two Chicago boys were digging angleworms in an alley preparatory to a fishing excursion. A fallen telephone wire interfered with the quest of bait, and intending to push it to one side, one of the boys grasped it. The wire was a live one. When the boy screamed, his companion seized him, to pull him away. Both were shocked, and both died on the way to the hospital.

On Jamaica Bay, a favorite fishing ground of New York city, a fisherman in a boat off Barren Island got a tremendous bite, jumped up in his boat to play the fish, was hauled overboard, and disappeared beneath the flood. Companions dived for him, and after a strenuous time got him back in the boat, unconscious, and rowed him to the shore, where a physician revived him by artificial respiration, and sent him off to the hospital. The fish, which is described as at least half a dozen feet long, and having the appearance of a shark, was last seen heading for the inlet, towing line, rod, hook and sinker.

The next day, in the same waters, a lone fisherman in his boat off Canarsie, after long and patient waiting for a bite, had a tug on his line, and was seen to jump up and begin excitedly to haul in hand over hand, when he lost his balance, toppled into the water, disappeared, and has not been seen since.

THE DRUM OF THE DRUMFISH.

THE drum of the drumfish has in it something of the weirdness and mystery of a marsh bird's croak in the darkness, and the cry of the catfish is, under favoring surroundings, positively uncanny. To the observations in another column many other experiences and records might be added. William Elliott says in his "North Carolina Sports," that in the waters of Port Royal and Beaufort in calm weather and in the afternoon, which is a favorite time for drumming, the drum might be heard at a distance of several hundred yards from the river. His explanation of the phenomena was that "it is the universal passion alone that gives them utterance," a view shared by George Brown Goode, who suggested that as the sound is heard especially in the breeding season, it "is doubtless the signal by which the fish call to their mates." This is a theory which should sustain and soothe the weary drum fisher waiting for a bite, and getting only the poor satisfaction of hearing the drum in the water beneath him. If it be a lure, it may bring another within the attraction of his bait.

There are circumstances, however, under which the voices of fishes may be a very real distress. Silas

Stearns once confessed that the grunting of the catfish when many were present was very annoying to him, and he passed more than one wakeful night from hearing it on the southern coast when the fish were swimming under his boat.

The drumming of the squeteague has been studied at the Marine Biological Laboratory at Woods Hole, Mass., by Prof. R. W. Tower, of Brown University, and these conclusions are given in the Bulletin of the United States Fish Commission:

1. There is in the squeteague a special drumming muscle, lying between the abdominal muscles and the peritoneum, and extending the entire length of the abdomen on either side of the median line.
2. The muscle fibres are very short, and run at right angles to the long axis of the muscle.
3. The muscle is in close relation with the large swim-bladder, and by its rapid contractions produces a drumming sound, with the aid of the tense bladder, which acts as a sounding-board.
4. This muscle exists only in the males, and only the males are able to drum.

PUBLIC FISH IN PRIVATE PRESERVES.

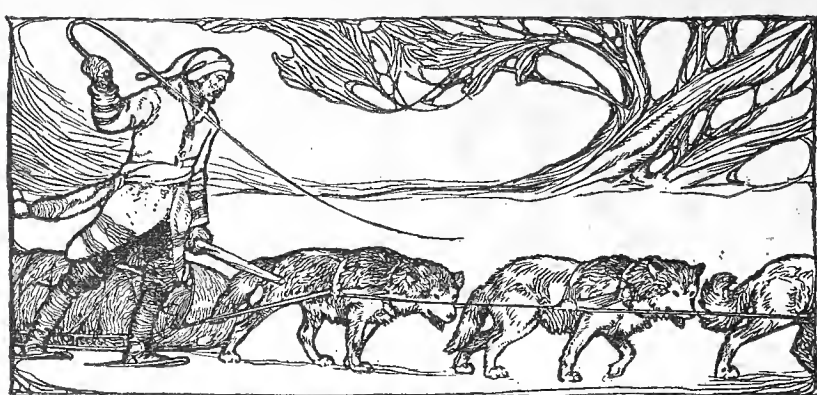
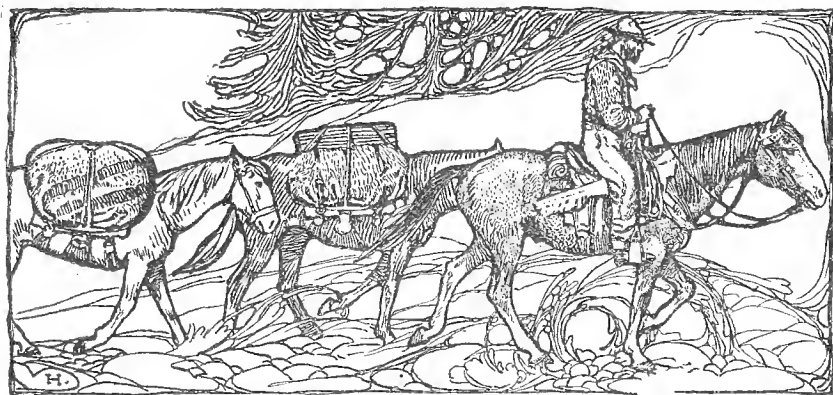
THE long contested Lamora-Rockefeller fishing trespass suit has been decided by the Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court, and the finding is what was predicted in these columns when the case was in the lower courts.

The circumstances in brief were these: Mr. William Rockefeller acquired certain lands in the Adirondacks, the waters upon which had been stocked with trout by the State. Before coming into the possession of Mr. Rockefeller the waters had been open to the public, and Oliver Lamora, an Adirondack guide and fisherman, had been accustomed to fish in them. Under the new ownership he maintained that he was entitled to continue to fish, because the waters had been stocked by the State, and an old law had declared that water so stocked should be free to the public. Mr. Rockefeller contested the claim and prosecuted Lamora for trespass. The justice's court and the county court acquitted Lamora. The case was eventually appealed to the Appellate Division, in whose decision is involved a declaration of the principle that the waters of a private preserve are not open to the public, even if they have been stocked with fish from the public hatcheries. This is presumably good law, and it assuredly is good sense. Public fish should not be put into private waters; and the commissioners should do their best to confine fry distribution to public waters; but the opening of private waters stocked by the State is not a remedy the courts will sustain.

ANTS AND SAINT.

THE cotton boll weevil threatens the Southern States with the loss of half the cotton crop, whose annual value is \$500,000,000. The Agricultural Department has found in Guatemala an ant which is believed to be an enemy of the boll weevil able to cope with the plague. Having sent agents to the home country of the ants, the Department proposes to introduce colonies of them into Texas experimentally, to study their ways under the new surroundings. Texas regards the proposal with alarm. It is apprehensive that the introduced ant may prove to be itself only a new and terrible pest.

In earlier days these insect plagues were treated in a fashion at once simpler and more efficacious. For instance, when in the year 1584, the inhabitants of the Province of Havana could no longer endure the ravages of the ants, the Cabildo—that is to say, the chapter of the diocese—concluded that a remedy would be found in the putting away of the delinquent patron saint, and installing a new one in his place. Accordingly, an election having been held by the chapter to this effect, the bishop conferred upon San Marcial the dignity of patron, agreeing to celebrate his *fiesta* and to keep his day yearly on the condition of his interceding for the extermination of the hormigas and vivijaguas. The saint, it is to be concluded, was pleased graciously to accept the conditions, and faithfully kept his part of the bargain, and did his insecticidal stunt, for the hormigas and vivijaguas ceased to trouble and San Marcial is still revered and loved, and his *fiesta* is celebrated, though not with the old-time vim, for Cuba is now a republic, and republics are ungrateful,



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

The Passing of Outlaw Jake.

THE settlement of Goughville is a pre-eminently law-abiding one, and consists of about six deacons, four justices of the peace, two ministers of sorts, and some four or five hundred ordinary citizens. It is situated thirty miles from a railway, the inhabitants are all farmers, or interested in farming, and the only other thing they take any stock in is religion. Mr. Cripps chose this modern Garden of Eden as an abode when he found that the game warden of the Province of New Brunswick were "after him." The "Guvvillers," as they are commonly termed by people who do not claim Goughville for their place of birth, cared very little for the fact that Mr. Cripps and the authorities of the neighboring Province had fallen out; but when Mr. Cripps supplemented his income by the manufacture and sale of "white-eye," public sentiment was aroused, and the result was an information against him for killing moose in close season, and having the same in possession. I was perfectly cognizant of the fact that Mr. Cripps had been informed on for no reason other than that he was selling whiskey, and that the deacon who laid the information had no more sympathy with the game law than Mr. Cripps had, but I had received "letters commendatory" or the reverse from a confrere across the line, and I considered that the sooner the man was out of X— county, the better it would be for the game.

The open season commences on the 15th of September. On the night of the 14th I visited the Cripps domicile, in company with a deputy sheriff of X— county, and a constable. We captured Mr. Cripps, two carcasses of moose meat, two fresh hides, and a number of new moose snares. The justice of the peace who issued the warrant "soaked" the defendant for all he was worth, and in default of payment, sent him to jail for the longest term the law allowed.

I was agreeably surprised to find the authorities and myself of one mind for once. As a rule, it was hard work to get a conviction for a breach of the game laws, but in this instance I consider the culprit got all he deserved. The reader may ask, why was he not indicted for selling liquor without a license? The answer is that the inspector of license had a number of valuable Jersey cows, and a pound or two of paris green would have squared any outstanding grudge, with a large balance on Mr. Cripps' side. I had no cows, and no house to be burnt, and as far as any fear of physical violence went, I could have taken Cripps by the scruff of the neck and the seat of the pants and "fired" him out of the window.

When the sheriff arrested him, he also levied on his goods and chattels to satisfy an outstanding judgment. Apart from the moose meat, which was of course contraband, there was about ten dollars' worth of furniture, an old Snider rifle, a few rusty traps, and a black setter dog. I purchased the dog for fifty cents at sheriff's sale. My motive for doing so was a remark one of the bystanders let fall, "That there dog's no manner of use; Cripps never let him run a bird, and if he saw one, he would only sit down and look at it." Cripps remarked, after we had the handcuffs on him, "If only old Jake had been loose, there would have been fun for you fellows." I took no stock in the remark at the time. Two days after the sale of the outlaw's goods, I received a telegram from the game warden, who had written me about Cripps before: "Buy Cripps' dog for me if possible; hear owner is in trouble; will write." I wired back, "Have already bought him for myself. Sorry." My friend answered: "Congratulate you on having the best dog that ever ran on Tantamar marsh."

I regarded this as a bit of gentle sarcasm; but when I had had the beast a fortnight, I found there was more truth than poetry in my friend's wire. To make a long story short, I shot over Jake all that season, and refused a hundred dollars for him. When the winter came, I accepted an invitation to go South with an American I had shot with, and Jake went with us. He did as well on quail as he had done on ruffed grouse, cock, and snipe; he was a good retriever, and his nose was perfect. Every now and then, when I read the report of some prize winner and his achievements, I noticed that his grand-dam or grand-sire was by Outlaw Jake. There was one thing about the old fellow I didn't like—he was as cross as two bears if anyone came near me when he was around. I had to "whale him" on more than one occasion for this; finally I considered that I had knocked the nonsense out of him.

I went home in March. The weather was perfect in South Carolina then, but when the steamer put into Halifax a raging blizzard was blowing, the trains were blocked, and it was ten below zero. Jake and I made our way to the hotel, and on the following day we returned to Goughville. I think the old dog rather enjoyed the thirty-mile scamper after the sleigh, and the sensation of feeling snow under his pads once more. I found that Mr. Cripps had served his sentence out, and that he had left the county, for which I was truly thankful.

For two years I shot over old Jake, and each year he did better work. I raised a number of pups from him, and sold them at a good price. Then I moved away from Goughville, rather to my regret, as the woodcock shooting there was superb, and I had had it all to myself.

This was in the days when breechloaders were scarce, hammerless guns unknown, and smokeless powder an

unheard of thing. Woodcock were known as mud-hens, and when my housekeeper was asked where I was, at any time in the months of September and October, when I wasn't moose hunting or looking up snares, her reply would be, "He's gan a-mud-hennin." Alas! those blissful days have passed; the Guvvillers have found out the commercial value of the mud-hen, and the utility of the setter in pursuing it. The bird-dog that hunted and treed partridges, is extinct in the land, and woodcock will soon be extinct, too, unless pot-hunters and game hogs can be restrained.

Both cock and snipe were numerous in my new district; so were sportsmen, and it was my habit to take a week or so every fall on the old ground. Our covers were later—say from October 10 to November 20. Now, while I was at Goughville, I had made the acquaintance of one Tommy Fergusson, a member of Her Majesty's Inland Revenue Department. Mr. Fergusson, whose duties often took him to the woods in pursuit of the illicit still, had given me valuable information, as to moose snares, on more than one occasion, on the understanding that I should reciprocate in the matter of "moonshining." As the merry moonshiner often replenishes his larder with moose meat, and preferred to snare the game to calling or creeping it, I was glad to drive a bargain with Tommy. He was a man who not only understood his work, and loved it, but he was admirably fitted for it physically. Over six feet in height, big and strong in proportion, and plucky as a bulldog, he did more to break up illicit distillation than any two men in his branch of the service. When he turned up at my new place of abode, five hundred miles from Goughville, and registered at the hotel I boarded at as "Mr. John Smith," I concluded that he would prefer to maintain his incognito; so I passed him in the hall and did not recognize him. When he was introduced to me later on by the landlord, I found out that he was interested in nickel mines, and required a man who knew the woods to show him round. Nickel was the fashion in those days, the Sudbury works were at their zenith, and every rock that looked out of the common was supposed to be nickel ore.

In the privacy of his own apartment, Tommy confided to me that he had just run down a still of unusual size, and that the capture of the parties operating it would mean the conviction of several large firms who were buying their product. The "pot" was located in an abandoned cook-house, a mile from the nearest road, the operators were one Silas McDorman, late of Judique, in Cape Breton, and a small man whose name was not known. McDorman was a giant; he did all the hard work for the concern Tommy was after. He lugged in the molasses from which the alcohol was made, and later on backed out the finished product to the store of the worthy patriarch, who forwarded it to its destination on the schooner Rechabite.

By what means the Department of Inland Revenue gained this information, I am unable to say; anyway they had it, and Tommy Fergusson was detailed to capture still, moonshiners, and the Rechabite at any cost. He had a supreme contempt for the ordinary constable, and one of the Provincial force had been detailed to assist him. He had been given *carte blanche* in the selection of his other help, and he wished me to form one of the party. As I had nothing particular to do at the time, I had no objection, especially as there might be a little money in the racket. The time to act had not arrived, and for some days Tommy and I hunted for nickel, and incidentally for partridges. We found none of the nickel and plenty of the birds. We avoided the old cook-house, which had been erected by a now bankrupt mining company. The entrance to the road which led to it was barred by a trespass notice; the property, consisting of about five hundred acres, was "in law," and there was no possibility of approaching it without being seen. A more ideal place for moonshining could hardly be imagined. The cook-house was provided with water from a spring some distance away; the fuel supply was unlimited, and no one other than a constable or peace officer had any right to intrude. Alcohol, at the time I speak of, was worth \$3.50 a gallon in Canada (it is worth nearly \$5 now), and Tommy estimated that our friends were turning out nearly 300 gallons a month, which meant a loss of over \$900 a month to Her Majesty's revenues from this one still. We met McDorman once or twice when we were buying stuff at the store he left his alcohol at. Of course we took no notice of him, nor he of us. Though he did not know Tommy Fergusson, Tommy knew him, having arrested him some years previously for handling "white-eye." On that occasion Silas had "squealed," and in consequence got off with a nominal sentence. Tommy had grown a beard since then, consequently he was not recognized.

After we had passed several days shooting partridges, and incidentally watching the cook-house through our glasses, the Provincial constable turned up. He had been working on the other end of the line.

What passed between the two officers, I am unable to say, but the night after Provincial Chief Constable Bright's arrival, Tommy told me to get ready for a coup. "Getting ready" meant putting my coat and hat on, taking a good stick in my hand, and stepping into the express wagon, driven by a local constable, in which we hoped to bring back our prisoners.

It may seem strange that we took no firearms. As a matter of fact, Tommy had a .44 vest-pocket derringer,

and Mr. Bright had a revolver of sorts. We drove about four miles, and had almost arrived at the road to the abandoned mine, when my dog Jake came in sight; he had evidently escaped from the stable I kept him in, and followed the team. "Never mind the dog," said Tommy, when his friend growled out an oath, "he's as good as a man any time, and knows every word you say to him." I spoke to Jake and he fell in behind the wagon, where he remained until we reached the spot where we intended to get out. The driver was to give us ten minutes' start, then follow us at a walk, and—we hoped—reach the cook-house just as we had our birds bagged.

It was a quiet fall night, warm and damp, with very little moon. We made our way along the disused road, Jake keeping close to heel, until we arrived at the mine. An abandoned gold mine is perhaps the most forlorn looking place on earth. The piles of rock, the rotten derricks, and half ruined shanties look dismal enough by day, but they are ten times worse by night. The cook-house, a two and a half story building in good repair, stood close to one of the dumps, and in the shadow of that and the shaft-house we were enabled to get within thirty feet of it. No light came from the windows, which were closely shuttered. As we stood for a moment in the shadow I caught a whiff of a sour, pungent smell, and noticed a spark or two drift upward from the chimney of the silent house. "Malt as well as molasses," murmured Tommy. "Wonder where they got it, or if they made it. We'll soon know, anyhow." A pile of poles lay near; Tommy selected a medium sized one, which the three of us took up. Advancing to within ten feet of the door, he called on the inmates of the house to "Open in the Queen's name," and without waiting for them to reply, the impromptu battering ram crashed against the panels. The door went down at the first shock; we dropped our pole and rushed in. The house was full of steam, and the same acrid smell we had noticed outside pervaded the place, only in a tenfold degree.

McDorman met us as soon as we entered. He had a broadax in his hand, and looked as if he meant to use it. "Better drop that ax, and come along with a whole skin, Silas," said Mr. Bright. "There are four of us here besides the dog, and a few more outside." The big Scotchman hesitated for an instant, then he surrendered.

"Where's that little snake that works with you?" asked Bright, when he had handcuffed McDorman.

"He's upstairs, ill in bed, if he is still alive," was the reply.

Leaving the prisoner in Bright's care we ran up the staircase. The dog had preceded us a moment before. The bedroom door was open, a fairly comfortable bed was in one corner of the room, a table stood by it, with an oil lamp and some medicine bottles on it. On the bed lay an under-sized man, partly dressed, on whom Jake was fawning and slobbering with all his might.

"Sammy Cripps, by all that's holy," said the officer. "I thought you were across the line, Sammy."

As he spoke the dog dropped from the bed and wheeled round. I am tolerably well acquainted with the facial expression of all kinds of dogs, and I can truthfully say that I never saw a dog's face change from ecstasy to utter fury in such a brief time.

"Look out for the dog, Tommy!" I cried.

"Never mind the dog—it's the man I'm after," he replied. "Samuel Cripps, I arrest you in the Queen's name. It's no use to sham sick."

As he said this, he took a step toward the bed. Jake uttered a sound more like a roar than a bark, and launched his fifty odd pounds of weight at the excise-man's throat like a bolt from a catapult. Fergusson was a man of more than ordinary strength, but he was taken by surprise, lost his balance, and in an instant he was on his back, with Jake tearing at his throat. The lamp went out, and I could hear Bright, in the hall below, shouting to me to shoot the assailant.

It was impossible for me to catch the dog, he refused to heed my frantic shouts, and I had no matches. Then came a flash, a smothered report, and an odor of singed fur; Jake rolled over on his side, and Fergusson staggered to his feet. The sick man managed to find the match-box, and struck a light. I picked up the lamp which had been upset; there was some oil in it, though the chimney was broken. Jake lay motionless on the floor, the blood running from a bullet wound in his side; Fergusson, covered with blood, struggled to his feet, clutching at his neck, from which the blood was streaming.

The local constable had arrived by this time; Bright left his prisoner with him and came upstairs. I have a fair knowledge of emergency surgery, and with Bright's aid I bandaged the wounded man with strips of torn up sheeting. He was too badly torn to go back to town, so it was hurriedly arranged that Fergusson and I should remain in charge of the house until Bright could convey his prisoner to the jail and return with a surgeon. McDorman's bed was in the next room to Cripps'; we carried the excise-man in and laid him on the bunk. Then the team drove off with the prisoner on board, and I was left alone with the sick man, my wounded friend, and the dog. Cripps told me where to find some brandy, and I gave Fergusson a drink. Then I sat by him for nearly half an hour, when I heard a low whine. "Let me have another cartridge, Fergusson," I said. "That dog has come to life again, and I want to put an end to his misery." Fergusson replied that he hadn't another car-

tridge about him. Then I heard Cripps calling me by name. I left Fergusson, and entered the next room. Jake had dragged himself across the floor to the bedside—his back was broken by the pistol shot—and he lay there licking his former master's hand.

"For God's sake give the dog a drink of water and put him on the bed beside me. I didn't set him on none of you men. He was always that way from a pup."

I went down and got the water, the dog drank all I gave him, and allowed himself to be lifted on to the bed without protest. Cripps placed his thin arms round the black setter's neck and kissed his nose.

I went back to Fergusson, who was feeling very weak from loss of blood, and remained with him until the team returned with the doctor and Bright. The doctor examined the exciseman's wounds, and pronounced them serious. For nearly an hour he worked at them. When he had finished, I suggested he should go in and take a look at the sick moonshiner. I borrowed Bright's revolver at the same time, intending to put an end to poor Jake's sufferings. Dog and man lay motionless on the bed; the man's arms were still round the dog's neck. The doctor lifted up one hand and let it fall. "Dead," he said, "and the dog's dead, too." The derringer bullet had cut one of the intercostal arteries, and the dog had bled to death internally.

At the inquest, an autopsy showed that Cripps had died from heart-failure, following an attack of pneumonia. We were exonerated from all blame, and the outlaw and his dog received decent burial. Fergusson was an invalid for some weeks—in fact, he came very near dying from his injuries. The seizure was one of the most important he ever made; numerous respectable firms were interested in the "pot" we seized, and though McDorman only got two years for his share in the business, the department was some thousands of dollars the richer by our night's work. I received a check for \$200 for my services, with an intimation that there was more to be earned if I wished to.

These events happened many years ago. The dog I am now shooting over is an old one; he is good enough in his way, but he can't hold a candle to his great-grandfather, old Outlaw Jake. EDMUND F. L. JENNER.

NOVA SCOTIA.

A Summer in Newfoundland.—IV.

(Continued from page 9)

EARLY the next morning I took my stand high up on a rocky platform overlooking the pool. It was the only spot from which a cast could be made, but for such a purpose it was one of the finest spots in Newfoundland, if not in the world. Forty feet below flowed the river, eddying along through the narrow chasm for thirty yards, and every foot of it could be reached from my elevated position.

The sun was bright that morning, and its rays lit up the sombre depths to such an extent that I could see clearly some forty or fifty salmon massed in a great school lying like logs far down among the rocks of the bottom. A dozen more were lazily basking in the sun's warmth but a few inches below the surface, and occasionally one would swim around and around among the eddies, as if restless from his long imprisonment; and these active fish that swam near the surface were the very fish that jumped at my fly almost as soon as it touched the water. Not once did I succeed in enticing a salmon from below, although there was not an hour in the day when half a hundred of the loggy fellows did not see a silver doctor skipping innocently above them, or drifting down past their very noses. So futile were all early efforts in trying to persuade these bottom fish that later it was entirely despaired of, and no casting was done unless a salmon appeared circling around in the current. It was fishing of a very different nature from that at the lower pools; no icy water to wade, or sharp rocks to cut your boots; no weary casting, endless and uncertain, over pools which might contain a fish and then might not. It was fishing without work—angling that was definite and certain, depending more upon the eyesight than upon any skill in casting a fly.

Gaff in hand stood Jim, thirty feet below me, in a little niche on the face of the wall; and the moment a salmon rose from below he called lustily to camp for "d. sporter," or if I happened to be already stationed on the rock above, a few well-directed casts with a single fly usually resulted the right way. But not only was the method of fishing totally different from that required in the shallow waters further down stream, but the salmon when hooked acted in a different way. They were prone to be sulky, and after striking they usually sank like rocks to the bottom, where they remained without budging for some fifteen or twenty minutes, trying to tire me out. But after this introductory loginess had passed off they entered into the spirit of the game with zeal, running just as far, and leaping fully as often, as any killed nearer the coast.

One day, when trying for sea trout in the very swiftest of the current, where salmon rarely lurk, I took, in quick succession, three fish which played as gamely and jumped as frequently as the liveliest grilse in the river—but no livelier. They were long and slender, three or four pounds in weight, and at first I mistook them for small sea salmon. But after a careful comparison with one of the latter, their deeply lunate tails and large pectoral, dorsal and adipose fins, together with other distinguishing peculiarities, proved their identity beyond a doubt as ouananiche, the little fresh-water salmon of the inland lakes and rivers, probably washed down over the falls from the ponds above. Ouananiche seems to be the usually accepted orthography of the word, pronounced whon-an-iche or whan-an-iche by the Montagnais and French habitants of upper Quebec. At all events, that spelling seems to possess a prior literary and historical claim for accuracy to either wininiche, ouananesh, winaniche, or any of the fifteen or twenty anglicized corruptions of the word. According to a letter reprinted by E. T. D. Chambers in his delightful account of "The Ouananiche in its Canadian Environment," the oldest book of the Montagnais Mission, written by a Jesuit missionary some two hundred and fifty years ago, spells the name oua-na-niche. Neither William nor Jim had ever heard of such a fish as a landlocked—or, more properly speaking, a fresh-water—salmon (for in many localities it is confined to the fresh water merely by choice, not by

necessity), and although they both informed me that small salmon did inhabit some of the interior lakes, yet their dull fishermen's intellects were lacking in sufficient acuteness to investigate, or even to question the possibility that such fish never migrated to the ocean. The Newfoundland guides whom I have questioned concerning this fish, and who knew it sufficiently to distinguish it from its salt-water brother, pronounced the name win-in-iche or whin-in-iche, although none that I ever met were conversant enough with the letters of the alphabet to write the word on paper or spell it correctly. But after all, the name is of ancient Indian origin, a name of the Montagnais, taught to the early French pioneers of the continent, and merely an introduction into the animal nomenclature of Newfoundland. Ouananiche, however, is not the only Indian name which has been tortured by the spelling and pronunciation of to-day. There are many such; but of all perhaps the most glaring illustration of modern corruption we find in the many misnomers applied to the giant pike of the northern lakes and rivers. At the present time probably no creature in America—unless it be the cougar—is saddled by more titles philologically incorrect as those applied to *Esox nobilior*. Mascalonge, muskellunge, muskellonge, maskinonge, plain lunge, and half a score more, have been adopted indiscriminately by different writers. The derivation of the word mascalonge, it is true, has been explained as originating in the old French phrase masque allonge (long face), and it seems a possible explanation for the appearance of an l or ll in the name. According to the best authority, however, *Esox nobilior* was the Indian mashk kinongé (deformed or bad pike), because it really was kinongé or great northern pike. It is a pity that so many of the old Indian names have been changed or translated into meaningless equivalents—names used by the aborigines centuries before the white man ever paddled a canoe or cast a fly over the broad rivers of Canada. For ages past the giant pike and the little fresh-water salmon have helped to nourish entire villages of hungry Montagnais; and many times as the eager fisherman pulled in his line and unhooked the struggling quarry, to him it was nothing more nor less than a mashkinongé or a ouananiche.

Contrary to the generally accepted belief, the fresh-water salmon is by no means confined in its geographical distribution to the vicinity of Lake St. John and the Hudson's Bay region, but occurs in at least four different localities throughout Maine, probably in New Brunswick, and according to such excellent authority as Mr. A. P. Low, over the whole eastern watershed of the Labrador Peninsula. In Newfoundland the ouananiche is found irregularly in many localities, but as yet no systematic effort has clearly defined the limits of its distribution. During the hunting season of 1902, when camped on the shore of George's Pond, I saw several good sized fish break water in the southern cove, but no attempt was made to take them with the fly. Some days later, however, a number of smaller ones were taken in Butt's Brook, which is a tributary of George's Pond, and a few succumbed to the fly at the inlet of Terra Nova Lake. In fact, the whole Terra Nova system contains fish which are undoubtedly ouananiche, as a great fall nearer the coast prevents sea salmon from ascending to the ponds and upper reaches of the river. I have seen them jumping in Cross Pond near the west coast, and although I have never fished Red Indian Lake, have been informed by good authority that its waters abound in ouananiche, while a few have been taken in Gander Lake and the upper Exploits. Mr. Arthur Winter, a man thoroughly familiar with the Newfoundland interior, has killed them on the Gambo, while James Howley, of the Government Survey, writes me that they occur in many of the interior lakes, whose waters ultimately empty into the ocean.

Cooking at the falls required far less culinary skill than in those days of luxury when camped by the ocean we dined regularly on lobsters and doughnuts, oatmeal with real milk, or eggs, codfish, and fried cakes. In the absence of John, William had been promoted from the menial position of packer to the distinction of cook and packer combined; and under his care our daily menu certainly gained in originality what it lacked in variety. Salmon the inevitable was always the *pièce de résistance* three times a day; and just how to cook it so that it would taste as little as possible like salmon was an imperative order issued to William. He boiled it, "skivered" it, roasted it in the ashes, fried it with roe; or perhaps we enjoyed it salted and smoked, or just plain smoked without the salting, and each time we heaved sighs of relief when our duty was done and the plates emptied. Over four weeks of fresh salmon—ninety meals of it—produce a wonderful craving of the appetite for something else; anything, in fact, provided it is not a fish with pink flesh. For breakfast we usually sat down to a repast of bread, tea, oatmeal and salmon. This was varied at dinner time by substituting rice for oatmeal, coffee for tea, salmon served in a different style, and a smoke for dessert; while in the evening hot biscuits were added at the expense of the rice, while a couple of roes were relished as luxuries. Anyone who has ever tried real prime salmon roe when the eggs are as large as small peas and as hard as pig nuts, will rarely repeat the experiment unless, perhaps, as a substitute for the fish itself. But the berries out on the barrens were fast ripening, and Newfoundland is truly an island which produces numerous kinds in great profusion. Old Jim ate quantities without stopping to consider either their species, size, color, or degree of ripeness, and repeatedly informed me that "dey wuz all good, not a pizen berry on de country;" and he was right, as far as their edibility was concerned. But it does not always follow that a pretty berry, when tried, is found pleasant to the taste, or that its non-poisonous qualities recommend it to the palate, and many possessed no more flavor than a raw potato. There was a small species of cranberry, insipid and tasteless, which in places literally carpeted the hills with red; while raspberries flourished in profusion along the river banks. Huckleberry bushes covered acres of the open country, but as yet the fruit was green and unfit for use. The prize of the lot, however, proved the "bake apple." Just why it is called bake apple I do not know, as it resembles in no way an apple, growing much the same as a low bush blackberry; but I do know that it is small, about the size of a cherry, soft as a persimmon, yellow as a buttercup, and possesses a delicious flavor, different from that of any existing fruit. Occasionally

our repasts were varied by a dish at which the cook excelled—a hare stew, simmered for hours over a slow fire. Those varying hares were easy to catch, and a couple of salmon line snares set in a runway at sundown usually captured at least one during the night. They were very abundant on the smaller barrens, where thick cover afforded good protection, but alas! so, too, were the lynxes, or "links," as the word stands in the Newfoundland vernacular, and only too often we saw the result of a sad woodland tragedy, the remains of a poor bunny surrounded by the tracks of some prowling feline marauder. A fat young hare makes a very appetizing meal for a hungry man, but three of the five which William served up from time to time were old bucks, and an old buck possesses about as much flavor as a dry birch chip.

There is one dish, however, at which the Newfoundlanders are an expert hand, and that is baking "skiver" bread. It is his favorite way of cooking it; a method so simple and yet so well adapted to practical use that I will explain it in detail. A hard wood limb two feet long and some three inches in diameter is shaved down on each side until it looks like the blade of a short double-edged broadsword. This is accordingly sharpened at each end, one of which is stuck in the ground at the proper distance from a bed of glowing embers, and then the "skiver" is complete. Your dough is ready on a piece of clean birch bark. It is rolled out into a long, thin loaf, then stretched further out until it looks not unlike a white cotton rope, and finally is wound spirally around the stick in a single layer, the edges being allowed to overlap. Now your bread is ready for the fire, and during the next twenty minutes the position of the stick should be changed several times to insure against burning, until the latter is finally drawn forth and the baking is completed. It is a queer, misshapen loaf, the one that you hold in your hand, not unlike a laterally compressed cornucopia, or perhaps it might be termed a scabbard of bread; but it tastes good, and the long pocket-like interior may be filled with meat or jam, thus forming a very convenient and serviceable sandwich.

The fifth day of my stay at the fall commenced with a light drizzling rain. It augured well for future good luck, for at that time the river contained little more than a foot of water, and in many places merely trickled down between the stones. For over a month I had waited and hoped in vain for the arrival of a really decent rain—for a shower, a thunderstorm—anything, in fact, that would rile the water and raise it sufficiently to bring the salmon, scattered over a stretch of thirty miles, to their final destination. And I was not alone in my hopes and disappointments, for during July there were many anglers in Newfoundland who could tell a similar tale—a tale of glaring sunlight shining down on clear, glassy pools, filled with fish absolutely indifferent to the fly. But at last a real storm was approaching. William had predicted one regularly every day for a month, and Jim "knewed it wuz a-comin' fur more'n a fortnight past."

Soon heavier raindrops were pelting the sides of my tent. The breeze freshened, it shifted to the east, and black clouds rolled in over the sky. All day great gusts of wind swept the open barrens in a constantly increasing gale, which shrieked through the walls of the narrow cañon, sending spruces and great branches crashing down the torrent and over the rocks. The water was rising rapidly above. The river was coming up to meet it as swiftly from below. By evening the sound of the falls had changed to a thundering roar, silencing our voices, as spray and foam and branches swept over the brink and down into the pool below. It was a terrible night, that—terrible for the little people of the woods. Beavers and muskrats were flooded from their burrows, and the young song sparrows in their nest by the river bank were washed down along with the debris. It was bad for the tired fish, slowly working their way up stream, to be caught in a shallow pool, and worse for the brood of half-grown shelldrakes that lived in the calm water below the rapids. But my salmon were safe; far down in the deep pool below, twenty feet beneath the turmoil on the surface, they sensibly hugged bottom, waiting for wind and water to subside. For two days the rain poured down steadily; every puddle became a pond, and every rivulet a rushing torrent. My little bridge of spruce trunks was eighteen inches below the surface. Even our familiar friends, the jays, had quite deserted our camp. Not until evening of the third day did the water commence to subside. On the morning of the fourth day I stood again on my rock, and cast out into the dark turbulent flood below. The river had fallen nearly a foot, but the wind still blew from the east, and all efforts to obtain a rise were in vain.

Early on Friday the sun once again peeped in at the tent's flap, and the top of my bridge appeared high and dry above the current of the brook. It was to be my last day at the falls, and it was with mixed feelings of hope and uncertainty that I again took my stand by the big boulder and peered over its edge for a last look. What a sight awaited me! At last the salmon had come; not the meager store of fish I had watched so often, but dozens of brown backs close together, arranged in serried ranks. Rocks on the bottom of the pool were obscured by them, large and small alike, little three-pound grilse, and great heavy spawners, some bruised and battered by the rocks, others marked by a white line back of the head where they had struggled in the meshes of the nets. I watched them for some time in silence, without making a cast. One especially interested me. We were already old friends. It was the same fish which had baffled all my efforts a fortnight before, twenty miles nearer the ocean, for he had the same crescent-shaped gash on his back. What a wonderfully powerful instinct it must be that drives the salmon, with little or no sustenance, so many miles, by so many perils, up such a dangerous pathway; but here they all were, at last safely harbored at the end of their journey. Soon several of the fish became restless, and one slowly rising to the surface circled lazily about among the eddies. Then I knew that he was mine, and hardly five minutes had elapsed before the reel hummed merrily as he coursed up and down the pool fast to a Jock-Scott. It was not a gamy fish, probably still tired from the arduous swim up stream, and in thirty minutes eight pounds of fat flesh were strung upon the scaffold in the smoke-house, drying for future use.

The sun was now well up and at least twenty salmon some inches below the surface swung around and around in the swirl. Two were hooked in quick succession, but

were allowed to escape the gaff, as they were only grilse of light weight. Still the endless procession continued at the head of the pool. The fish were becoming restless, and hardly a minute passed when one or more did not venture a leap out into the fall. Another of nine pounds was landed; an eight-pounder, aided by the current, fought for forty-three minutes before he finally succumbed to the gaff, and still a third ran my line clear to the end and escaped with that faithful little Jock-Scott which had landed eleven salmon. It was impossible to follow a fish if he chose to run down stream, as my ledge was narrow and only about five yards long. Leaning out as far over the brink as I dared, a good strong pressure on the rod usually turned a retreating salmon before he reached the end of my hundred yards of line, but not always, for, although the majority preferred to fight it out in the deep water of the pool, occasionally one would tear down stream toward the shallows, break my leader, and escape.

Again and again I cast a well-frayed silver-doctor far out from the rocky wall, but the salmon were evidently frightened, as they had vanished from the surface. Gradually increasing the length of my cast, a good seventy feet of line were soon flying well over toward the opposite shore; when suddenly, with a mighty upward rush a great silvery bar vaulted into the air and crossed the stream with one succession of mad leaps. This was no grilse or youngster, but the very master of the pool himself. Soon he became sulky, and resorted to that old trick known so well and used so frequently by salmon when hooked in swift water, and for full twenty minutes allowed the current to press his body against the surface of a perpendicular rock. But a few well aimed stones aroused him from his reveries, and then, back and forth, up and down, for half an hour more. It was certainly the best fish of the season, and the gamiest salmon of the year. But he was tiring slowly, very slowly, and already the broad tail flapped spasmodically and his high dorsal fin rose clear above the surface. William stood ready, gaff in hand; by a dexterous movement he drove it through the shining body, and with a broad grin and a joyous shout held it up for my inspection, calling at the same time, "Good fish, sir; you have great pleasure today." But alas! it was too late. One glance was enough. It was the big salmon, my old companion of the Black Pool. The scar on his back stood out more vividly than ever, and his glassy eyes stared at me almost reproachfully as he hung limp and motionless from the hook of the gaff. To voluntarily come so far, to escape successfully the dangers of the nets, to travel through so many perils, and that with a ghastly spear wound, and then to fight so bravely all in vain, seemed like a hard fate indeed for the noble fish.

The fishing was over and we had enough. I reeled up my line, recrossed the narrow bridge, and when dinner came had little appetite for my old friend of the early summer. So we buried him untouched, far from his home in the sea, under a boulder by the side of the river, where rocky walls stand as monuments, and the music of the waters is never silent. That was the last cast made at the falls, for leaves were turning, and the birds were starting southward, and caribou stags with full-grown antlers were waiting further back among the hills.

We had followed the salmon all the way up from the ocean; had watched him in fair weather and in foul, through bad luck and good. We had seen him gradually change from a plump, fresh-run fish to a thin but powerful fighter, and from a brilliant silver to a dark burnished gold; and now we leave him at the end of his journey, still strong and active—the king of American river fishes.

WM. ARTHUR BABSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Natural History.

English Skylarks at Rugby, L. I.

WHERE the rush of a breeze sets the meadow grass a-quiver, where the daisies and brown-eyed Susans dodge and dance and hide their bright faces among the nodding heads of timothy and clover—there I find the skylarks. These charming songsters have established a colony in the vicinity of Flatbush, and surely this little Britisher's love of mother country has influenced his choice of locality, for the place is known as Rugby.

Strolling knee-deep through a waving sea of grass, I note the scattered blooms of familiar wild flowers—butter-and-eggs, wild carrot, buttercup, aster, and, skirting the borders of every field, now in long lush beds, now in irregular clumps, the sweet clover, so dear to colonial housewives, bows and bends under the caress of the soft airs that carry its fragrance far and near.

As I pause in my slow pacing to look about, and absorb the quiet beauty of my surroundings, there is a quick flutter of little wings, as, with a burst of song, a small, dun-colored bird flushes within a few yards of where I stand. For fifty feet or so he mounts almost perpendicularly, then, facing the breeze, up, up, up, he goes, in a succession of short flutterings, till at about 300 feet above me he hovers sparrow-hawk fashion, the while he pours out his little soul in rapturous song. Not for an instant from his first spring into flight has his music ceased, and still, as he poises on trembling wings, the notes gush from his swelling throat in ecstasy, a medley of musical clippings that seem to crowd each other for utterance. After a minute or so of this musical delirium, there appears to ensue a calmer mood, and I notice the song pulsates with a richer, more flute-like quality; there is a mellowness now that was lacking at first. Presently the trembling wings are still and rigid, held at their full extent, the small tail, with its white feather at either side, is spread like a miniature fan, and slowly the little fellow floats down among the waving grass, his music ceasing the instant he reaches its cover.

I have observed altogether some thirty of these soaring larks, and in no instance did I see the spiral ascent made. This may be owing to the fact that on every visit I made with them there was a fresh breeze blowing. Invariably the birds went almost straight into the air for the first fifty feet, then in a long swinging slant till the desired elevation was attained. In their descent they appeared an

exact facsimile of the little Japanese bird kites, so popular with us a few years past. I presume the spiral ascent we read of in the English prints is made in calm weather, hence I failed to observe it.

The above description is the usual procedure of the skylark when soaring in song, though now and again the descent is more rapid, till, within forty or fifty feet of the meadow, the bird will fold its wings close, and drop like a plummet, swiftly and silently from sight, in the grass.

While on the ground in the thick cover of the fields, the skylark has a little song that begins exactly like that of our dainty white-throat sparrow. Tu! tu! tu! it rings out over the meadows, and involuntarily you listen for the well known white-throat refrain after the first three notes that rise in the scale in precisely similar pitch and fashion, but no, a rapidly uttered weet! weet! weet! weet! succeeds. Where several of the larks are near-by, this little song, or rather call—for it seems to voice an inquiry—is frequently repeated, and should you have the good fortune to see the lark as he stands upon a clod of earth, or in a semi-open space where the grass is thinned out, you will notice a pause after the last weet, as though he awaited a reply. Occasionally he will repeat this call before running off on his restless search for food among the grass stalks. Should you chance upon him perched atop of a fence post, or on some low bush, you may see him throw back his head, as though to fix his eyes on the heavens, and while the little throat swells to the music in his heart, you hear tu-tu-tu-trrrrrr-tweet, tweet, tweet, tit, tit, tit, we, we, wee-al! wee-al! wee-eee! I have heard this sung by several individuals, always as given above. Over and over again it is repeated for minutes at a time; then a swift plunge to the grass and silence, till again the little call—tu, tu, tu, weet, weet, weet, weet. Of course the reader must realize the impossibility of properly rendering bird songs into words, but the above description will give a fair idea—a fair phonetic idea—of the skylark's varied music, apart from his soaring song, which is for me perfectly impossible to describe in words that will convey any just conception of its varied sweetness. The exquisite soaring song is continuous; seemingly the bird never pauses for breath till he returns to earth again. I timed one individual who was in the air for five and one-half minutes, and he sang continuously during the whole of his trip aloft.

Since it consorts with our own beloved meadowlark, hobnobbing day by day with the ubiquitous teeter snipe that nest near-by, it is not at all surprising that one should recognize their familiar notes in the repertoire of this unique and inimitable though tiny songster. I use the word tiny advisedly, for though nearly similar in size with our song sparrow, still it is a tiny frame to carry such a flood of melody as the skylark pours forth. Such a sweet jumble of familiar bird songs as he utters would seem to indicate a retentive memory, and considerable power of mimicry. He seems to be telling all he knows up there in the blue sky, and surely the billowy white clouds that sail over him must catch the echo of his song. One thing is certain, he only tells pleasant things; his sweet notes are sufficient evidence of this. WILMOT TOWNSEND.

Rugby is a part of Brooklyn. Mr. Townsend sends these specific directions for going to hear the skylarks: Take Church avenue car to Rugby. Get off at East 92d street and walk east. I found the skylark in greater numbers between East 92d and East 95th streets and Avenues A and J. The avenues run north and south, and the streets east and west, and while the birds may be found scattered about in the immediate area, they seemed to show up about twice the number in the localities I give above.

Fish that have Voices.

IN "At Last," the ever-entertaining story of his visit to the West Indies, Charles Kingsley writes of the unusual fishes of the Island of Trinidad:

Our night, as often happens in the tropics, was not altogether undisturbed; for shortly after I had become unconscious of the chorus of toads and cicadas, my hammock came down by the head. Then I was woke by a sudden bark close outside, exactly like that of a clucking fox; but as the dogs did not reply or give chase, I presumed it to be the cry of a bird, possibly a little owl. Next there rushed down the mountain a storm of wind and rain, which made the cocoa leaves flap and creak and rattle against the gable of the house, and set every door and window banging, till they were caught and brought to reason. And between the howls of the wind I became aware of a strange noise from seaward—a booming, or rather humming, most like that which a locomotive sometimes makes when blowing off steam. It was faint and distant, but deep and strong enough to set one guessing its cause. The sea beating into caves seemed, at first, the simplest answer. But the water was so still on our side of the island that I could barely hear the lap of the ripple on the shingle twenty yards off, and the nearest surf was a mile or two away, over a mountain a thousand feet high. So puzzling vainly, I fell asleep, to awake, in the gray dawn, to the prettiest idyllic picture, through the half-open door, of two kids dancing on a stone at the foot of a coconut tree, with a background of sea and dark rocks.

As we went to bathe we heard again, in perfect calm, the same mysterious booming sound, and were assured by those who ought to have known, that it came from under the water, and was most probably made by none other than the famous musical or drum fish, of whom one had heard, and hardly believed, much in past years.

Mr. Joseph, author of the "History of Trinidad," from which I have so often quoted, reports that the first time he heard this singular fish was on board a schooner at anchor off Chaguaramas.

"Immediately under the vessel I heard a deep and not unpleasant sound, similar to those one might imagine to proceed from a thousand Æolian harps; this ceased, and deep twanging notes succeeded; these gradually swelled into an uninterrupted stream of singular sounds like the booming of a number of Chinese gongs under the water; to these succeeded notes that had a faint resemblance to a wild chorus of a hundred human voices singing out of tune in deep bass."

"In White's 'Voyage to Cochin China,' adds Mr. Joseph, 'there is as good a description of this, or a similar submarine concert, as mere words can convey;

this the voyager heard in the Eastern seas. He was told the singers were a flat kind of fish; he, however, did not see them. 'Might not this fish,' he asks, 'or one resembling it in vocal qualities, have given rise to the fable of the sirens?'"

It might, certainly, if the fact be true. Moreover, Mr. Joseph does not seem to be aware that the old Spanish Conquistadores had a myth that music was to be heard in this very Gulf of Paria, and that at certain seasons the nymphs and tritons assembled therein, and with ravishing strains sang their watery loves. The story of the music has been usually treated as a mere sailor's fable, and the sirens and tritons supposed to be mere stupid manatis, or sea-cows, coming in as they do still now and then to browse on mangrove shoots and turtle-grass; but if the story of the music be true, the myth may have had a double root.

Meanwhile, I see Hardwicke's "Science Gossip" for March gives an extract from a letter of M. O. de Thoron, communicated by him to the Académie des Sciences, December, 1861, which confirms Mr. Joseph's story. He asserts that in the Bay of Pailon, in Esmeraldas, Ecuador, i. e., on the Pacific Coast, and also up more than one of the rivers, he has heard a similar sound, attributed by the natives to a fish which they call "the siren" or "musico." At first, he says, he thought it was produced by a fly or hornet of extraordinary size; but afterward, having advanced a little further, he heard a multitude of different voices, which harmonized together, imitating a church organ to great perfection. The good people of Trinidad believe that the fish which makes this noise is the trumpet fish or fistularia—a beast strange enough in shape to be credited with strange actions; but ichthyologists say positively no; that the noise (at least along the coast of the United States) is made by a pogonias, a fish somewhat like a great bearded perch, and cousin of the maigre of the Mediterranean, which is accused of making a similar purring or grunting noise, which can be heard from a depth of one hundred and twenty feet, and guides the fishermen to their whereabouts.

How the noise is made is a question. Cuvier was of opinion that it was made by the air-bladder, though he could not explain how; but the truth, if truth it be, seems stranger still. These fish, it seems, have strong bony palates and throat teeth for crushing shells and crabs, and make this wonderful noise simply by grinding their teeth together.

I vouch for nothing, save that I heard this strange humming more than once. As for the cause of it, I can only say, as was said of yore, that "I hold it for rashness to determine aught amid such fertility of nature's wonders."

From the Literary Digest.

FISHES are not generally credited with the power of vocal utterance, but there is plenty of evidence to show that some of them can make noises, musical or otherwise, that presumably come from the mouth, although the source and manner of production of the sounds appears, in most cases, never to have been investigated scientifically. In La Nature (Paris, May 14), M. Henri Coupin gives us some of this evidence, much of which comes from travelers of repute. He says:

"The expression 'dumb as a fish' is not perfectly exact. Although it is true that the great majority of fish do not seek to enter into competition with operatic tenors, there are a few that can make sounds whose utility is not very well understood.

"Prayer relates that one night when he was on the Pontinac, the largest river on the west coast of Borneo, he heard very distinct music, sometimes low, sometimes high, sometimes distant, sometimes near. It came from the depths like the song of the sirens, sometimes resounding like a powerful organ, sometimes like a sweet and harmonious Æolian harp. A diver hears this music much more clearly and perceives that it comes from several distinct voices. This music, so the natives declare, is produced by fish.

"The same fact had already been told by Humboldt. 'Being,' he says, 'in the South Sea, about seven o'clock in the evening, the whole party was frightened by an extraordinary noise that resembled the beating of drums in the open air. It was at first thought that this noise was produced by the wind, but soon it was heard clearly alongside the ship, chiefly forward. It resembled the noise of boiling water, when the bubbles burst. Then it was feared that the ship had sprung a leak, but the noise extended successively to all parts of the vessel, and about 9 P. M. it ceased entirely.'

"Lieut. John White, of the United States Navy, reports that when in the mouth of the Cambodia River he and his party heard extraordinary sounds around the ship. They were like a mixture of the bass notes of an organ, the ringing of bells, the guttural cries of a huge bullfrog, and noises that seemed to come from an enormous harp. They seemed to shake the very vessel. These noises increased, and finally formed a universal chorus on both sides of the ship and along its entire length. As the party ascended the river, the sounds weakened and then ceased entirely. The interpreter told them that the cause was a shoal of fish of flat oval form which had the power of adhering strongly to various bodies by the mouth.

"The Pogonias, or Drumfish, which inhabit the Atlantic Coast of the New World, also make noises that are often heard at great distances. * * * It is thought—but this is not certain—that the noise is produced by rubbing the pharyngeal teeth together.

"In the fresh water of the Rio Mataje and the Rio del Molino are found musical fish which, because of this peculiarity, are called by the natives by the name of 'musicos.' During an exploration in the Bay of Pailon, in the northern part of the republic of Ecuador, says M. Thoron, 'I skirted a shore at sunset. All at once a strange sound, extremely low and prolonged, was heard around me. I thought at first that it was an extraordinarily large insect or bee, but, seeing nothing, I asked of my oarsman whence the noise came. He answered that it was a fish that sang thus. Some call them sirens, and others musicos. Advancing a little further, I heard a multitude of different voices that imitated perfectly the lower and middle tones of a church organ, heard outside the building, as in the church porch. The concert began about sunset, and continued several hours, the executants not being

disturbed by the presence of men, but not showing themselves at the surface of the water.

"Another traveler, Le Mesle, describes a concert of singing fishes in his 'Journey to Cambodia.' 'Each one of the executants,' he says, 'emits, as in Russian music, only a single note—full, long, and grave—a sound like that of an ophicleide. These make up a most extraordinary ensemble; each executant plays a unique air in a different key. The tones arise everywhere—before, behind, in the boat, and the water in which they are produced gives them a peculiar quality of tone. The author of this melancholy melody is a fish with a large, flat head * * * reaching sometimes 1 to 1½ meters in length. The natives call it Machovian. It is greenish, spotted, with silvery belly, and has short antennae on the snout.'

"We also have a talking-fish—the *grondin* [red gurnet], well known to naturalists as having a sort of feet, and to cooks as excellent eating. When it is taken from the water, it makes a noise more or less loud, which has given it its name [from the French *gronder*, to growl or snarl]. This sound is certainly produced by the passage of the gas from the swimming-bladder, which the fish can compress at will. 'A learned Marseilles naturalist,' says H. E. Sauvage, 'conceived the idea of profiting by this aptitude of singing-fish, and he placed at the bottom of the water, in captivity in nets, male gurnets for the purpose of attracting fishes of the opposite sex. * * * The attempt was reasonably successful, but it requires much patience, and this kind of fishing would probably suit only a small number of amateurs.'

"Several other kinds of fish are able to sing, but their identity is not certain in many cases. The *dorée* [John Dory], or fish of St. Peter, manifests its presence at low tide by a sort of clucking that has given it the name of 'water-chicken.' A *baliste* [trigger-fish] gives out plaintive and melancholy sounds, like the creaking of a wagon wheel. A *pristipome* imitates exactly the quack of a duck. Even the tunny can thrust its head out of water and sing in a voice that recalls a crying infant."

The Frog's Provender.

NEW YORK, July 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am glad to follow Dr. Piatt's injunction to rise up and testify in the matter of the food devoured by frogs. My remarks will not be long, but I trust they will be to the point.

Many years ago when collecting birds in southern New England, I shot on the salt marshes a swallow, which fell

in a shallow pool in the marsh. My brother, who happened to be standing near the pool, saw the bird fall, and saw a huge bullfrog make two or three sprawling leaps over the mud and through the water, and swallow the bird. When I came up, the head of the bullfrog still remained above water with the wings of the swallow sticking out of the corners of his mouth.

Recently a story was told me by a friend who resides at Flushing L. I., of certain happenings on a neighbor's place.

This neighbor has some water inclosed, in which he keeps some domesticated wildfowl, and not long ago the opportunity occurring to purchase five gigantic bullfrogs, he introduced them into the water.

This spring, as it seemed a possibility that some of his wild duck could breed, an effort was made to get rid of the frogs, for fear they might injure the ducklings, and three of them were killed, but the other two could not be found. Some time in May a female pintail duck came off with three young ones, which after two or three days disappeared, and were not seen again. A day or two after their disappearance, the missing bullfrogs were seen and killed and in their stomachs were found the remains of the little pintails. I fancy that there is nothing living that a bullfrog will not eat.

G. B. G.

The Zoological Society's New Mammals.

It may not be generally known that at the New York Zoological Park there are a pair of European bison purchased from the Prince of Plees, having been bred in his forest in Silesia.

These animals are about five years old, and are doing well. They are believed to be the first of the kind ever received in America.

The Aquarium has recently received a pair of manatees from Lake Worth, Fla. The larger of the two is 3½ feet long. This is larger than the one which died at the Aquarium a few months ago.

The fine lioness Cleopatra recently gave birth to a litter of cubs, the number of which is not as yet known. It is thought that there are at least three, and perhaps more. Cleopatra is the mother of another fine litter of young lions now almost half grown. Lion breeding promises to be an industry of some importance at the New York Zoological Park, where, if we recollect aright, there are now eight young lions, all strong and healthy, and about the size of a good big St. Bernard dog.

Frog's Food, Suspended Animation.

BUFFALO, N. Y., July 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The two articles, "The Frog's Provender," by Dr. Piatt, and "Suspended Animation," by Charles Cristadoro, remind me of two incidents coming under these head lines. The first happened when I was a boy, on the Indian River, this State. I was making a collection of birds, and one day my brother shot a spotted sandpiper from the boat; it fell into the water and before we could get to it a large bullfrog had swallowed all but part of one wing, and was making frantic efforts to get under water with it, but was easily captured, and the frog's legs were eaten.

Mr. Cristadoro is not the only one who has been laughed at for telling frozen fish stories, but I keep on telling mine, and here it goes again: Two years ago last winter I walked down to the lake shore one noon and bought a string of blue pike from one of the many fishermen coming in from out on the ice, where they make their living during the time the lake is frozen over. I took these fish, which were frozen hard, to my office, and put them out on the window sill. At night when I went home they were put in water to thaw out, and in a few minutes showed unmistakable signs of life. I think they would have lived had they had sufficient quantity of water.

WILFRED P. DAVISON.

Bird Notes from the Zoological Park.

ORNITHOLOGISTS will be interested in the contributions to the last Zoological Bulletin—July, 1904—by Mr. C. William Beebe, Curator of Birds in the Society's park. Mr. Beebe has this year found breeding in the park Lawrence's warbler (*Helminthophila lawrencei*, Herrick), of which only twelve specimens have been recorded. This is the first instance known of the breeding of this species.

Mr. Beebe also gives a very interesting illustrated article on the hatching and rearing of certain sea birds. Having brought back from the Virginia coast some eggs to be used in the study of embryology, Mr. Beebe finding on his arrival that the eggs were still alive, put them in an incubator, where they hatched. These birds were common tern, black skimmer, laughing gull and green heron. The detail of Mr. Beebe's observation is well worth reading.

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.



American Big Game in its Haunts.*

THE Boone and Crockett Club is an organization well known to most sportsmen, and this book is the fourth of its important publications. The three others—"American Big-Game Hunting," "Hunting in Many Lands," and "Trail and Camp-Fire"—have all appeared within the last ten or twelve years, and have had a wide currency, not only among big-game hunters, but also among foresters, and generally among those persons who are interested in making the wisest use of the natural products that our country affords.

The Boone and Crockett Club has had a creditable share in many worthy operations that have taken place since its founding. Largely through the influence of its members an efficient law was passed governing the Yellowstone Park. It has had not a little to do with the growth of a wholesome public sentiment in the United States with regard to the forest preservation and planting, and one of its members has long been United States Forester. It had much to do with bringing into existence the New York Zoological Society, and practically everything to do with the growth and influence of that Society, which now operates what is probably the finest zoological park in the world, as well as the New York Aquarium.

The Boone and Crockett Club was founded in December, 1887, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt having suggested the idea of a club of big-game hunters at a dinner given to a few friends in his New York home in December of that year. Since the club began the publication of its books, he has been on the editorial committee, and it is only from this volume that his name has been omitted as one of the editors. It is fitting, then, that this fourth volume of the Club's publications should open with a sketch of the President—so brief that it is little more than a catalogue of the things that he has done, without any comment on them. The frontispiece of the volume is the best photograph of the President that we have seen.

The opening sketch is followed by a splendid account from the President's own pen of his trip in the spring of 1903 to certain "Wilderness Reserves," of which he writes. Of these, the Yellowstone National Park is by far the most important, because of its great size, and because for a number of years it has been efficiently protected against poachers by the United States troops. "The Park is an object lesson showing very clearly what complete game pro-

tection will do to perpetuate species, and Mr. Roosevelt's account of what he has seen there is so convincing that all who read it and appreciate the importance of preserving our large mammals must become advocates of the forest reserve game refuge system." Mr. Roosevelt's article is full of spirit and feeling, and he throws himself into the scenes which surround him in these reserves with the same earnestness and energy that mark all his actions. His chapters are very fully illustrated with photographs of bears and sheep and elk and antelope and deers and bison and small birds—pictures which might well make Mr. Wailian sigh with envy. The closing paragraph of the article is an earnest plea for game protection—as good a one as perhaps was ever written: "Surely our people do not understand even yet the rich heritage that is theirs. There can be nothing more beautiful than the Yosemite, its groves of giant sequoias and redwoods, the cañon of the Colorado, the cañon of the Yellowstone, the three Tetons; and the representatives of the people should see to it that they are preserved for the people forever, with their majestic beauty all unmarred."

In a very entertaining chapter on the "Zoology of North American Big Game," Mr. Arthur Erwin Brown, eminent as a zoologist, and well known as the secretary of the Philadelphia Zoological Society, answers the question, "What is the difference between the bison and the buffalo, and which is the American animal?" and in doing so gives us a very full, and at the same time simple, statement as to the relationships of most species of North American big game. The paper is full of information which to most of us is absolutely new, but its perusal will give the reader a clear view of the salient characteristics of these North American species, with many suggestions as to where they came from.

Under the general head, "Big-Game Shooting in Alaska," Mr. James H. Kidder has written five very interesting chapters, many of them abounding in thrilling adventure, which will delight the heart of the big-game hunter. He tells of "Bear Hunting on Kadiak Island," "Bear Hunting on the Alaska Peninsula," "My Big Bear of Shuyak," "The White Sheep of Kenai Peninsula," and "Hunting the Giant Moose." Nor does Mr. Kidder tell us merely of hunting, for in reading his fascinating pages we learn much of the life in the far north, its hardships, and its pleasures. This is one of the things that came under Mr. Kidder's observation:

"The bear had fed well out into the meadow, not far from a small clump of trees. In order to reach this clump of trees, Blake and Ivan were obliged to wade quite a deep stream and had removed their clothes. Unfortunately, my friend carelessly left his coat, in the pocket of

which was all the extra cartridges of his and Ivan's rifles.

"I saw them reach the clump of trees and then turned the glasses on the bear. At the first shot he sprang back in surprise, while Blake's bullet went high. The bear now located the shot, and began a quick retreat to the woods, when one of my friend's bullets struck him, rolling him over. He instantly regained his feet, and continued making for cover, walking slowly and looking back over his shoulder all the while. Blake now fired another shot, and again the bear was apparently badly hit. He moved at such a slow pace that I thought he had surely received a mortal wound.

"Entirely against orders, Ivan now shot three times in quick succession, hitting the bear with one shot in the hind leg, his other shots being misses. Blake now rushed after the bear with his hunter following some fifty yards behind, and approached to within ten steps, when he fired his last cartridge, hitting the bear hard. The bear fell upon its head, but once more regaining its feet, continued toward the woods. At this point Ivan fired his last cartridge, but missed. The bear continued for several steps, while the two hunters stood with empty rifles watching. Suddenly, quick as a flash, he swung around upon his hind legs and gave one spring after Blake, who, not understanding his Aleut's shouts not to run, started across the marsh with the bear in close pursuit. At every step the bear was gaining, and Ivan, appreciating that unless the bear's attention was distracted, my friend would soon be pulled down, began waving his arms and shouting at the top of his voice, in order to attract the bear's attention from Blake. The latter saw that his hunter was standing firm, and taking in the situation, suddenly stopped. The bear charged to within a few feet of the two men, but when he saw their determined stand, paused, and swinging his head from side to side, watched them for some seconds, apparently undecided whether to charge home or leave them. Then he turned, and looking back over his shoulder, made slowly for the woods.

"This bear while charging had his head stretched forward, ears flat, and teeth clinched, with his lips drawn well back and his eyes glaring. I am convinced that it was only Ivan's great presence of mind which prevented a most serious accident."

Dr. W. Lord Smith's contribution to this book treats also of Alaska, for he writes of "The Kadiak Bear and its Home."

Mr. George Bird Grinnell contributes a generous chapter on the "Mountain Sheep and Its Range," Mr. Henry Fairfield Osborn one on the "Preservation of Our Wild Animals," recently published in the FOREST AND STREAM; while Mr. Madison Grant, secretary alike of the Zoologi-

*American Big Game in its Haunts. The Book of the Boone and Crockett Club. Editor, George Bird Grinnell. New York: Forest and Stream Publishing Co. Cloth, illustrated, pp. 497. Price, \$2.50.

cal Society and of the Boone and Crockett Club, has an interesting chapter on the "Distribution of the Moose." Mr. Alden Sampson, who last year was sent to the Pacific Coast as the game preserve expert of the Biological Survey, reports on the general subject of creating game refuges, describes much of the country passed through, and gives his views as to how these refuges should be established.

Brief memoranda by Paul J. Dashiell, and by Mr. John H. Prentice, describe illustrations from Canada and India.

Editorial articles treat of "Big-Game Refuges," "The Forest Reserves of North America"—not merely of the United States, but of Canada as well—and in an appendix is given a report by Mr. E. W. Nelson, of the Biological Survey, who was asked by the Club to report on the Black Mesa Forest Reserve, and its Availability as a Game Preserve. This report deserves especial mention as being a model of what such a report should be.

The usual Constitution and By-laws, and list of officers and members of the Boone and Crockett Club close the volume.

There are forty-six illustrations, and it is perhaps not too much to say that there never has appeared a volume so completely and beautifully illustrated with types of game covering so wide a range, and in view of the size and beauty of the volume, we shall be surprised if it does not have a very wide circulation.

Squirrel Barkers and Myth Busters.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Steam, electricity, X-rays, and other concomitants of modern life and progress, do not have the effect of strengthening our faith in the beliefs of earlier times. The iconoclast has long been abroad in the land; he has shattered the hoopsnake, and permanently knocked the apple off the head of William Tell's small boy; aided by women's craze for wearing feathers—which has destroyed most of the eagles in the land—he has shown that these rapacious birds no longer carry off children playing in the dooryards of their mountain homes. The packs of wolves which in our childish days constantly swept over the frozen steppes of Russia in the wake of sledges loaded with large families of small children, which one by one were dropped overboard to delay the ravaging horde, no longer exist. No subject is sacred to the myth buster, and—what is worse—he finds people who listen to, and papers which print, the arguments that he writes, proving—at least to his own satisfaction—that some venerable tradition in which we have always had implicit faith is without foundation. He might be called a trust buster instead of a myth buster, for he takes away our trust in things long revered as true.

For near a hundred years the American people have believed that the old-time riflemen of the South and West were great shots, and that among the feats which they used to perform with that arm was "barking" squirrels. The squirrel is a small animal; the rifle ball, with its rotary motion and great speed, necessarily tears a large hole. A squirrel hit in the body with a rifle ball would be ruined for eating.

Recently an anonymous myth buster has bobbed up to the surface, and in the columns of the *New York Evening Post* denies in substance that this practice of squirrel-barking ever existed.

Somewhere the myth buster has come across a quotation from Audubon's vivid sketch of "Kentucky Sports," published originally in the "Ornithological Biographies," and quotes it as follows:

"I first witnessed this manner of procuring squirrels while near the town of Frankfort, Kentucky. The performer was the celebrated Daniel Boone. We walked out together and followed the rocky margins of the Kentucky River, until we reached a piece of flat land, thickly covered with black walnuts, oaks, and hickories. As the general mast was a very good one that year, squirrels were seen gamboling on every tree around us. Boone pointed to one of the animals, which had observed us, and was crouched on a branch about fifty paces distant, and bade me mark well where the ball should hit. He raised his piece gradually until the bead or sight of the barrel was brought in a line with the spot he intended to hit. The whip-like report resounded through the woods and along the hills in repeated echoes. Judge of my surprise when I perceived that the ball had hit the piece of bark immediately underneath the squirrel, and shivered it into splinters, the concussion produced by which had killed the animal and sent it whirling through the air, as if it had been blown up by the explosion of a powder magazine. Boone kept up his firing, and before many hours had elapsed he had procured as many squirrels as he wished. Since that first interview with the veteran Boone I have seen many other individuals perform the same feat."

Apparently this myth buster has never heard of "Audubon the naturalist"—the American woodsman, the great student and painter of American birds—or if he has heard the name, he is wholly unfamiliar with his writings. He speaks of Audubon as "an unnamed writer," and denounces his account as "a flawless finished fib." Yet for more than two generations scientific men in every land have accepted the observations of Audubon the naturalist as absolutely trustworthy, and it remains for this anonymous person, who knows so little of his subject that he cannot name the author of one of the best accounts of it, to attempt to throw doubt on the writings of a great man.

In order to satisfy himself that squirrels could not be "barked," the myth buster started out with an old Winchester .44-40 to try to do it himself, and this is what happened:

"My first subject was a gray squirrel lying along the limb of a California oak. My weapon carried the old Winchester .44-40 cartridge, containing a heavier bullet and more powerful charge of powder than Daniel Boone used in his Kentucky rifle. The shock imparted by the .44 would be many times greater than that given by the small-bore projectile of the earlier day. The distance was less than ten yards, and therefore no remarkable skill was required to place the bullet where I wanted it. I took very careful aim, and when I fired the bullet carried away a piece of bark from under the squirrel's belly, and plowed a furrow across the limb without touching the fur.

"Did the squirrel go whirling into the air? Not any. He uttered a startled squeak and ran a few feet further along the limb. The next time I knocked the bark from under his forefeet to give him the full benefit of the shock, whereupon he whisked to another limb and began scolding at me for disturbing him. The third shot was aimed to strike under his hind feet, but the bullet glanced a trifle and passed through a leg, and then, of course, I had to kill the squirrel.

"First I put a .44 bullet through the animal's body. He went up into a crotch and showed only a part of his head, and the next shot carried away the front of his skull and a part of his brains. He ran up to one of the higher limbs and out to the very end, where he clung, chattering and bleeding, in such a position that I could not get a shot at him until I drove him back by throwing clods and sticks into the tree. The squirrel made his way back along the limb and down the trunk to the ground, where I had to finish him with a stick.

"Subsequent experiments in the same line were invariably failures, and I never have found a truthful man who would say that he ever performed or saw anyone perform the Daniel Boone feat successfully."

Certainly our myth buster has demonstrated beyond any question that "barking" squirrels is something that he could not do. It would seem also as if he had drawn somewhat on his imagination. The average rifleman would say that a .44 caliber rifle bullet put through a squirrel's body would cut the squirrel in two, and the divided fragments would not be able to run actively about a tree, to be shot at a few times more, and then to be driven out of the tree with sticks and stones, and finally to be pounded to death on the ground with a club. No, this myth buster could not "bark" squirrels, and not being able to do it himself, ponderously declares that no one else can. But what about those men of ancient days who used the long rifle, and who, we are told, drove nails and snuffed candles, as well as "barked" squirrels. Did they do it, or did they not? I believe that they did.

Surely it is not yet too late now to learn something about the practice. If it has entirely passed out of use, there must still be some who have done it, or have seen it done, or whose fathers have told them about doing it. Have your readers any knowledge of this matter? Surely down in the Southwest there must be men who know something about it. Let us hear from them.

RIFLEMAN.

New York Cold Storage Case.

WYMORE, Nebraska, June 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I have read with interest the majority opinion of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York, in the cold storage cases, as well as the dissenting opinion of Judge McLaughlin. As is usual in cases in which a dissenting opinion is filed, the best reasoning and the authorities sustain the dissenting opinion.

But I predict that the conclusions reached by the majority of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court will be affirmed by the Court of Appeals.

In the first place, the majority opinion does not hold the statute unconstitutional. If I understand it, the court simply holds that it was not the intention of the Legislature to make game brought into the State at a time when it could be legally done, and which was kept in cold storage beyond that time, subject to the penalties of the statute. It was a question of construction of the statute only.

Where the punishment inflicted and the penalties attached, are so out of proportion to the magnitude of the offense, we may always expect the courts to so construe the law as to avoid the infliction of these unreasonable penalties. I have no doubt that if the infliction of these penalties could not be avoided in any other way, the Court of Appeals of the State of New York would hold the statute unconstitutional.

It is a very close question whether the State can by law say that the mere having in possession of game killed and purchased without the State and brought into the State at a time when it could be legally done, and kept in cold storage until after the open season, is a crime; and any law to that effect, having attached to it such penalties as are attached to the New York statute, will never be enforced by the courts, and the sooner those in favor of game protection by law find this out the better. We have had some legislation of that kind in this State. The Legislature of 1901, in amending the game law of this State, passed a law providing that when persons were found violating the game laws, or hunting or fishing without license or permit, that "all guns, ammunition, dogs, blinds, and decoys, and any and all fishing tackle, etc.," should be forfeited, taken and sold, etc. On April 21, this year, this section of the law was held unconstitutional by our Supreme Court.

In the Nebraska case it was held that this was depriving the individual of his property without due process of law, and while the principle involved in the two cases is not the same, I cite it to show with what jealous care the courts protect property rights.

No law, in my judgment, that goes further than to inflict a fine and costs, and a commitment until the fine and costs are paid, will ever be enforced to protect our game; and I am firmly of the opinion that the courts of last resort in all the States will uphold a statute so drawn.

A. D. McCANDLESS.

In Quebec.

MANSONVILLE, Quebec, July 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: We receive favorable reports from all through the country in this vicinity concerning the broods of young ruffed grouse. We have personally seen within the past few days young grouse that were over half grown. Deer are also seen every few days, sometimes quite near the farm buildings. Mink are very numerous along our trout streams; several of the farmer boys have the young that they are rearing for pets. Some good catches of trout have been made in this vicinity. Last evening we made a good catch, and had at least one that would tip the beam at the pound notch. Foxes are said to be scarce, but when the frosts arrive they will come down from the mountains and give sport to the boys who love to hunt them.

STANSTEAD.

The Proper Way to Cook a Loon.

URI LAMPREY is a mighty hunter, and although a good shot and generous with his birds, yet there were always more willing mouths open than there were birds in the bag to fill them. A persistent son of the old sod never gave Mr. Lamprey much peace because of his constant and persistent opportunity for "jist wan little woid duck."

So a pair of loons fell one day to Lamprey's gun, and he thought of the "illigant" loon stew Mike would be making with them. And Mike got them, and reported in due course.

"What the devil kind of ducks were them yez be after giving me? They tuk us—me and the missus—four days to pick the blathering birds. I think the fithers were glued to them, that I do. And the cooking of them! Mrs. Maloney said the best way to tinder a wild goose was to parboil it. And we've used up near a cord of wood a-bilin' of them, and if I didn't know that they once had fithers on their backs, I'd say they were made of mahogany, sure enough."

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

A Public Enemy.

"THERE is a great fascination in tracking and shooting big game, a fascination that wants a certain amount of checking, or the sportsman degenerates into a common butcher. Excessive slaughter is, in my opinion, one of the most selfish of crimes; for though man has an hereditary interest in the wild creatures of the world it is an entailed, not an absolute, interest, and it is his bounden duty to remember and guard the interests of his successors. He who exterminates all the game on an estate deprives his descendants of one of the chief pleasures of possession. On a private estate the mischief may not be irreparable; on a public one (the waste places of the world at large), it certainly is. Therefore, the man who would not be considered a public enemy ought to shoot, however remote the hunting ground, with moderation. There are others to come after him; and a world denuded of wild creatures would be a spoiled world."—Paul Fountain.

The Changed Village of the Plain.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where simple peace and plenty used to reign,
I sought you out last week, with faith implicit
In your integrity to pay a visit,
To see those bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, where I and Willie Green
Used play around when we were passing green,
Before these many years had come between.
How weary had I waited for the day
When city toil would let me break away
For long enough to be a boy once more!
That day has come and gone, and I am sore.

Along your streets the summer trolley heaves,
And copper wires have stripped your trees of leaves;
One only master dares to tread your grass—
The company supplying you with gas.
No more the gleaming brook reflects the sun;
Of factories I counted twenty-one,
That choke the stream with sewage to the brim
And foul the pool where none may longer swim.
Amid the lanes that sheltered me, a child,
The hollow-sounding auto rushes wild.
The street pianos play where bluebirds sang,
And hucksters' bells unmitigated clang.

Sweet smiling village! from your outskirts' hem
Your sports are not all fled. A pair of them
Came strolling up, with manner bold and free,
And tried to work a bunco game on me.
While there I stood, from sordid thoughts remote,
A politician tried to buy my vote;
And when my tavern bill I chanced to view
I knew no more till doctors brought me to.

Sweet, simple Auburn! in about an hour
I caught a train with all my might and power.
And when I think, within my city bound,
Of how much change the years have wrought around,
The memory turns me dizzy in the brain
And fills me with a sharp and shooting pain.
—Newark News.

Nessmuk.

I hail thee, Nessmuk, for the lofty tone,
Yet simple grace, that marks thy poetry!
True forester thou art, and still to be,
Even in happier fields than thou hast known.
Thus, in glad visions, glimpses am I shown
Of groves delectable—"preserves" for thee—
Tanged but by friends of thine—I name thee three:—
First, Chaucer, with his bald old pate, new-grown
With changeless laurel; next in Lincoln-green,
Gold-belted, bowed and bugled, Robin Hood;
And next, Ike Walton, patient and serene;
These three, O Nessmuk, gathered hunter-wise,
Are camped on hither slopes of Paradise
To hail thee first and greet thee, as they should.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

Books Received.

The Mystic Mid-Region. The Deserts of the Southwest, by Arthur J. Burdick, 237 pages, 54 illustrations. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price \$2 net.

The Romance of Piscator. By Henry Wysham Lanier. With a frontispiece by Wm. Balfour Ker. Cloth. Illustrated. 227 pages. New York: Henry Holt & Co. Price \$1.25.

The Automobile Industry. By Geoffrey de Holden-Stone. Cloth. 223 pages. Many illustrations. Methuen & Co., London.

Gunpowder and Ammunition; their Origin and Progress. By Lieut.-Col. Henry W. L. Hime, late Royal Artillery. Cloth. 256 pages. Price \$3.50. Longmans, Green & Co.

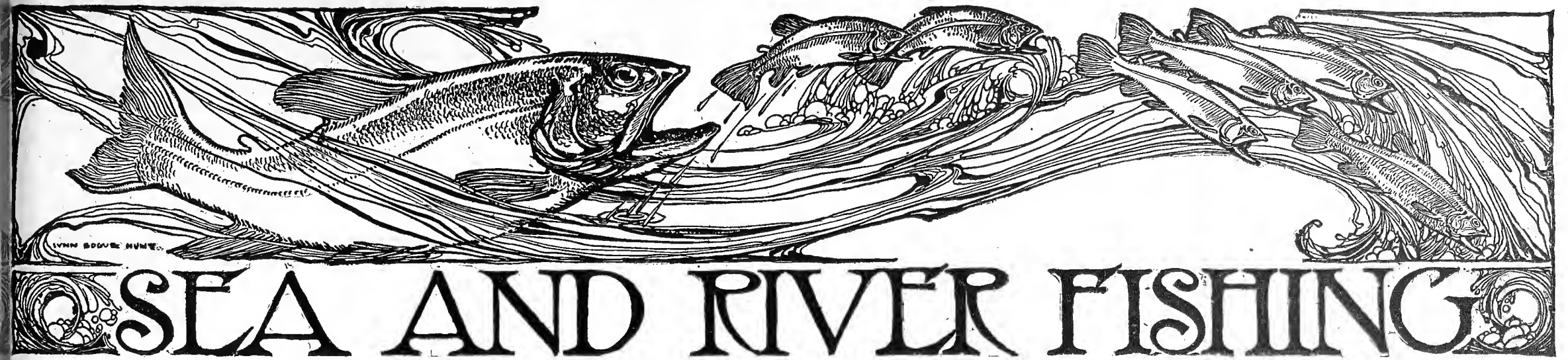
Sport and Travel in the North Land of Canada. By David T. Hanbury. Illustrated. Colored plates, maps; 318 pages. Macmillan. Price \$4.50 net.

Great Golfers; their Methods at a Glance. By Geo. W. Beldam, with contributions by Harold H. Hilton, J. H. Taylor, James Braid, Alex. Herd, Harry Vardon. Illustrated by 268 action-photographs. 481 pages. Macmillan. Price \$3.50 net.

Bog-Trotting for Orchids. By Grace Breylock Niles; 310 pages. Many full-page plates, colored and uncolored. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price \$2.50.

Around the Caribbean and Across Panama. By Francis C. Nicholas, Ph.D. Illustrated with maps and half-tones from rare photographs; 373 pages. H. M. Caldwell Company. Price \$2.

Field Book of Wild Birds and Their Music. A description of the character of music of birds, intended to assist in the identification of species common to the eastern United States. By F. Schuyler Mathews. With numerous colored illustrations and complete musical notations of bird song; 262 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price \$2.



From Stillwater Camp.

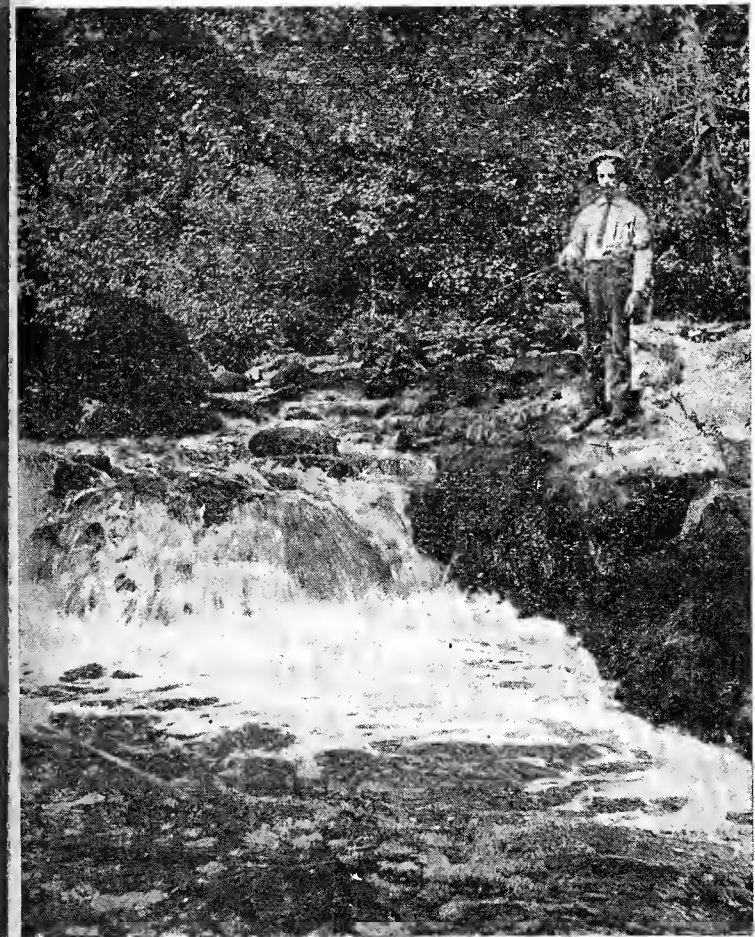
JERSEY CITY, July 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We were the happy recipient of a nice mess of mountain trout from the game reserve of St. Lawrence county, New York, being a small part of the result of the skill of Dr. Geo. J. Hornung and his wife. Dr. Hornung, you will remember, is a member of the Wells-Bird Reserve Game Association, and we were with him at Stillwater Camp during the deer season last fall. The fine head of a five-point buck graces the rooms of the Sit-down Club in Jersey City, and is a trophy of the doctor's skill. The doctor and his wife spent a week on the reserve in June, and they had fine fishing. It is a question who caught the most trout, the doctor or his estimable wife. Mrs. Hornung enters into all the outdoor sports of her athletic husband with the vim and intelligence of no novice; she can throw a fly, handle a Winchester, or paddle a canoe with the best amateur.

Mr. Spear, president of St. Lawrence County Bank, and one of the incorporators of the preserve, has recently added 10,000 more acres to the game preserve, making some 40,000 acres in all, abounding in deer and the finest of trout brooks. We saw few grouse.

Dr. Hornung knows not only how to lure the fish to his reel, but also the secret of preserving them. His rule is, of course, disemboweling (this often on the brook), being careful never to sever the head or let the body touch water. Place the fish on leaves or moss or a cloth, then on or near ice, and in this way they will keep for days. Upon coming home, wash the fish and wipe dry, and they will be found to be firm and of full flavor, reminding one of the babbling brook and balsam groves of the distant woods.

When we were sojourning in the early sixties on the Beaver Meadows of Warren county, New York, Mrs. Jacobstaff had a way of capturing trout for breakfast of mornings when her husband was at work, and when a successful catch of big ones would appear, say 1 or 1½ pounds, she would put in a shallow pan in rich cream and bake, and they were delicious. She much preferred good sweet oil to butter for the frying-pan. Is there anything in the wide vocabulary of the culinary department equal to a fresh fontinalis properly presented?

Young Geo. Hornung—a true chip of the old block—



WHERE THE BIG ONES HIDE.

left for the preserve on his vacation last week to remain a few months; Mrs. Hornung will follow with her daughter and younger son during the present month for the summer in camp, and the doctor will be on hand in October, when the deer season opens. They will all have a good time, we opine. James O'Brien, the able and reliable guide of the second camp, will attend with grace and efficiency to the wants of Mrs. H., while the old veteran, Arven Eastman, will see that the genial doctor does not want for one shot or more if necessary at the fleeing cervus.

We know that Jacobstaff will receive his quota of the rich result of the outing.

One of the photographs shows a canoe built by Mr. Rushton, of Canton, who is a member of the Stillwater Club. The club has some fifteen of these canoes of Rushton build, and they are good ones. Mr. Rushton's latest

canoes are the Adirondack Boy and the Adirondack Girl; light as thistle-blows, they draw but two inches of water. JACOBSTAFF.

Salmon Culture in America.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of July 2, under the heading "Fish Chat," your intelligent contributor, Mr. Edward A. Samuels, pays some rather doubtful compliments to the writer. While stating that he "would have no controversy whatever with The Old Angler," he endeavors, by hearsay evidence to throw doubt on the statements made by him from his own personal knowledge, and from the most authentic documents, namely, the Blue Books of the Fisheries Department of Canada and the Reports of the State Commissioners of New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine.

Mr. Samuels is a charming writer, as all can testify who have enjoyed his fascinating book, "With Fly-Rod and Camera," and his numerous contributions to your columns. He is master of a fine descriptive style, and writes of angling as one who pursues a fine art and appreciates and enjoys all its surroundings. He is a true woodsman, and is familiar with the blackened timber of our forests, with our smoky Indians, our racing streams with their right-angled log-jams, their bars of sun-warmed shingle, and the click of shod canoe-poles, and he knows the difference between a couch of new-pulled hemlock and one of coarser and less fragrant spruce.

In most things connected with sport, The Old Angler is ready to defer to his younger brother; but on the subject of salmon culture in the Dominion of Canada and in the Northern States, he thinks he may, without arrogance, claim that he has had superior opportunities of knowing the facts, and has devoted more time and attention to their study, not as mere dilettantism, but as a matter of official duty.

While I fully share Mr. Samuels' disinclination to enter into any personal controversy, I am very desirous that real facts, and not mere loose hearsay reports, should guide the judgment of those who have been "led to believe that the artificial stocking of our rivers is not only feasible, but absolutely necessary." Therefore I am induced to state the facts in all the cases cited by Mr. Samuels under the head "visible results."

In the case of the Merrimac River, in which the fish commissioners of Massachusetts and New Hampshire have planted so many hundred thousands of salmon fry, there is not, so far as I can find from the reports of these commissioners, a particle of evidence to show that the few fish now occasionally seen in that river are the progeny of the fry planted. Ever since the dams were made passable to salmon, a few have ascended from the estuary. The late Professor Spencer F. Baird assured the writer that salmon were never "totally exterminated from that river," and he expressed the strongest hopes that artificial culture would restore its stock; at that time I fully shared these hopes. Thirty years have since passed, and so far as can be learned from the commissioners' reports, no practical results have been produced. The estuary yields no salmon to the net fisherman, nor does its upper waters yield any to the angler. These reports are easily obtainable by Mr. Samuels or by any one who wishes to know the truth. To these I commend their careful study.

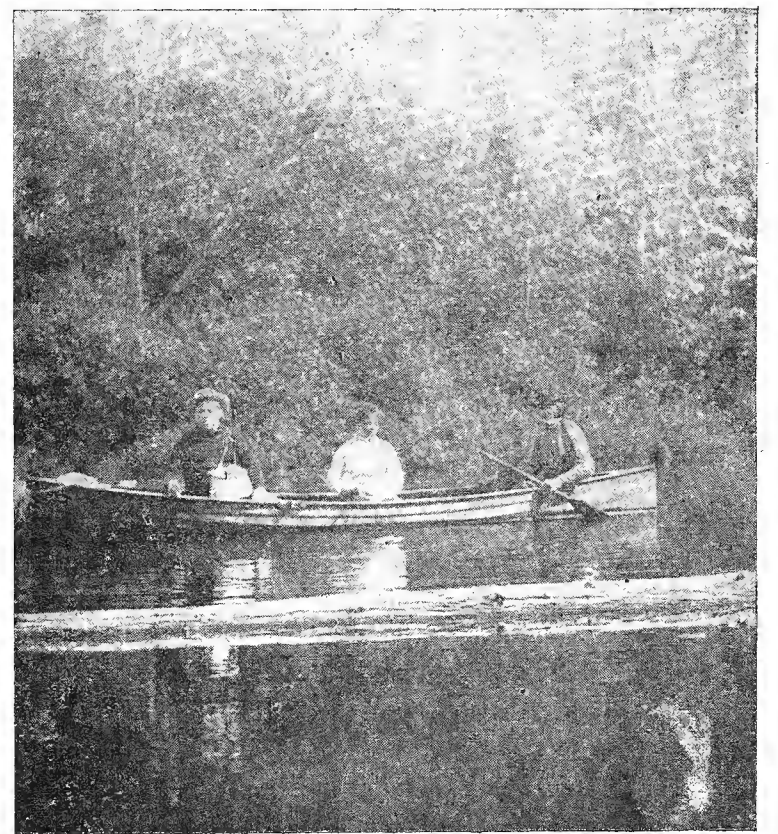
In the Penobscot River, in Maine, the conditions never were "almost exactly the same" as obtained in the Merrimac. Ever since salmon fishing in the estuary and mouth of the Merrimac ceased to be profitable, a very considerable annual catch has been made in the lower reaches of the Penobscot. Thirty years ago the writer pointed out to the late Commissioner Stillwell that nothing but excessive fishing in these lower reaches prevented the upper waters from giving good sport to the angler. Since the brush weirs and nets have been reduced, larger numbers of fish have reached the upper waters, and from their progeny, not from the small number of fry planted, has the stock increased. But even now, with all the experience of the past to guide them, the commissioners still allow excessive netting, and angling is allowed from April until September. There is not a particle of evidence that the increased stock came from the fry planted, while there is almost absolute demonstration that to the clearing out of the brush weirs and to the reduced netting is the improvement due.

Of Port Medway, Middle River, and Margaree, in Nova Scotia, the writer can speak with more confidence, for these rivers and all others in that Province came under his immediate observation in the course of his official duties. In Port Medway there were more salmon taken illegally in 1870 than were legally taken in 1902, and I am wholly unable to understand what Mr. Samuels means to convey by the words "the story is the same" applied to this river. Surely he does not believe that salmon were ever "nearly exterminated" in Port Medway! It is quite true that before confederation, when the Nova Scotia law was very loosely enforced, but few salmon got up the poorly constructed fishways in the dams, and that many of them that reached their spawning places were speared by Indians. When the Dominion fishing laws were enforced, and local guardians appointed, the dams were made more

easily passable, and wholesale slaughter below them was stopped. To better protection much more than to the insignificant number of fry planted, is due the preservation of this fine river. But the fact remains that the annual catches show a steady decrease, while the contrary should be the case if the planted fry reached maturity and propagated.

I do not know on what authority Mr. Samuels makes the statement that twenty-five years ago not a salmon existed in Middle River; but I do know that when I last visited it officially, twenty-six years ago, I had fresh salmon for breakfast and dinner, which the warden told me was caught in the mouth of the river, about a mile distant. In all probability more fish ascend the river since the law has been better enforced; but there is not the slightest proof that the paltry number of fry planted in it has had anything to do with the improved angling which Mr. Samuels reports. On that occasion I also visited the Margaree in Cape Breton. At that time it was, indeed, netted, speared and seined to desolation; but so great was the stock even then that not a year has passed since when fair angling was not found in some of its splendid pools. Perhaps no river in the Dominion can be named that owes its preservation from total destruction entirely to the protection the enforcement of the fishing laws has afforded. It is also the only river I know in which salmon are now as plentiful as they were forty years ago, and yet the total number of fry turned into it is absolutely insignificant—about equal in number to the ova of fifty mature fish.

Mr. Samuels' mention of Dunk River in P. E. Island is most unfortunate. He must be wholly unacquainted with the facts, which are the exact opposite of those he gives. Forty years ago Dunk River had a fair stock of salmon for so small a stream. So far from anglers being "scared out of a year's growth by the capture of a salmon in its waters," they resorted to it for the express purpose of being "scared," and were very seldom disappointed. In 1880, when the island had the Minister of Marine and Fishing in the person of the late James C. Pope, a salmon hatchery was established on Dunk River, which still had its small stock of salmon. This hatchery was operated eight years, and 6,145,000 fry were planted in its waters. So far from any increase in the number of fish resulting, the record shows an astonishing decrease. In the sixth year of its operation ova sufficient to produce 1,100,000 fry were procured. In the seventh year but 500,000 fry were produced, and in the eighth year but 400,000. The parent salmon were becoming so scarce and so difficult to procure that the hatchery was abandoned. If, as Mr. Samuels informs us, it has since become a fairly good



ON THE DEADWATER OF DE GRASSE RIVER.

salmon stream, the fact goes far to show that the fish will do better without any artificial assistance beyond reasonable protection.

The only semblance of argument put forward by Mr. Samuels is contained in the paragraph headed, "If these streams had not been stocked?" and that is so purely negative as to be worthless. He writes: "Now, while it may be, and probably is, true that The Old Angler is right when he states that the catch of salmon has lessened annually since the practice of artificial propagation began" [the evidence of this was given by figures from the Blue Books of the Department of Fisheries], "it seems plain to me that the decline is not attributable to the practice; but if no efforts had been made to keep up the stock, the catch would have lessened much more quickly than it has." In all that The Old Angler has written on this subject, not a word can be found which conveys the idea

that he attributed the decrease in the catch to the hatching houses, although he has indubitable facts in his possession which, in some cases, point very straight to this conclusion. Dunk River furnishes some of these facts, and Grand Lake Stream in Maine others, to which I would direct Mr. Samuels' special attention. The writer's contention has been that if half the expenditure the hatching houses have entailed had been devoted to the reduction of excessive fishing, longer close time, and careful protection of the fish on the spawning grounds, better results would now be visible than any the hatcheries have produced.

Against Mr. Samuels' negative argument above, which the context shows was drawn principally from hearsay, not from his own knowledge, The Old Angler would state the following facts: Under his personal direction "eyed ova" from the Restigouche house have been transferred to the Miramichi and St. John houses, there hatched and planted in these rivers; but never has a Restigouche grilse or salmon been caught in either. Under his personal direction salmon fry from the Restigouche house were, for several seasons in succession, planted in the Nepesiguit, but never has a Restigouche fish been taken from its waters. Under his personal direction salmon fry from the Miramichi house have been planted in the Richibucto and Shediac rivers, but a Miramichi salmon has never been caught in either. Under his direction have salmon fry from the St. John house been planted in Skiff Lake in Canterbury, but never has a *Salmo salar* been caught in its waters, though landlocked salmon (ouananiche) are plentiful there. Under his personal direction ova from River Philip in Nova Scotia were transported to the Miramichi house, hatched there, and planted in the Northwest Branch, but a River Philip salmon has never been caught in Miramichi waters. Since his retirement from the fisheries service, planting salmon from the various hatching houses has gone steadily on, but no evidence of any practical results can be found after careful inquiry among the fishing officers of the Province.

I commend the consideration of these facts to Mr. Samuels and to all who are interested in the question. If he or any reader of this letter can produce facts that tell a different story, no one will be more pleased to read them than

THE OLD ANGLER.

Playing a Musky to the Gallery.

It was at Wrenan's Lake, up near the Leach Lake Reservation. The day was already spent, the sun sinking in a sea of golden glory, leaving the lake now to revel in a mass of blues and purples that came with the twilight in this northern country. The day had been so calm that luck proved poor, and all the boats were in and the ladies and gentlemen, to the number of twenty-five, were in the camp dining room at their supper.

Around the bend (without the accompaniment of iron-shod canoe-poles) came Mr. G. and his son, Walter, the guide propelling the boat slowly along the deep water offshore. They had thrown out their heavy spoons, hoping against hope of a musky. Within a hundred yards of the landing stage, the unexpected happened, a maskinongé that weighed, when landed, 29 pounds, and measured a good 4 feet, struck the spoon of the elder Mr. G. Away went the fish for deep water, striking a high C on the reel and keeping it up for a run of fifty feet or more, only to come to the surface and fly into the air like a catapult. With a splash that sent the flying water in a wide circle, it took an extended run straight in line for the landing stage. This was a fortunate omen, for this was a fish that would dodge the gaff and needed a rifle ball to prepare him for safe landing. To the right and left, now deep down, now out of the water, the monster fish made his play. Mr. G. was not over certain of his tackle, and at the first signs of the fish remaining still in the water and submitting to being towed, instead of performing that office himself, Walter began to work the boat toward the landing stage, and sent up a shout for "Help! A rifle!" that brought every diner from the table, some with napkins tucked in their necks and others carrying them trailing in their hands. The cry of "help" portended nothing less than a drowning accident, and naturally the tables were instantly deserted.

The landing stage was at once a rendezvous for a chattering, excited group of men and women, their presence starting the nervous fish to fresh attempts at freedom. Up he went into the air, and from a dozen throats came as many different kinds of volunteered advice as to the proper thing to do. And amid the din and confusion Walter yelled, "Won't someone get a rifle?" Now, Mr. G. naturally was more or less concerned as to landing the fish, and with a group of guides on the landing stage watching every move, Walter was on his mettle. So far all had gone well, and the fish was well in hand, and by the time the man with the gun had arrived it was once more quiet. The man who handled the rifle became at once violently attacked by the maskinongé fever. The first shot barked the skin off the maskinongé's nose, and set him going once more. He leaped and dived in a staccato sort of a way, a kind of rag-time fish performance, and the man with the magazine full of shells began to pump. He followed the movements of the fish as one would follow a blue-wing teal coming down wind, or rather the flight of an English snipe, and considering that the maskinongé was on one side of the boat one minute and on the other the next, the bullets began to whiz about Walter's ears, and Mr. G. began to duck. Pandemonium reigned. Those on the dock kept shouting advice, the women folks got hysterical, and the guides roared with laughter over the Wild West piscatorial circus, Walter and Mr. G. Sr. and Jr. yelling at the top of their voices to the rifleman to "let up." But he was too excited to do anything but pump that magazine and pull the trigger every time the musky showed his head above water.

One bullet went through the guide's oar and another through the bow of the boat, and then Walter commenced some choice lumber-jack profanity which, for the sake of the ladies, fortunately—on account of the excitement—fell on deaf ears. Mr. G. and his son yelling at the marksman at the top of their voices, ducked low in the boat, Mr. G. Sr. being equally divided in the fear of losing his life and the fish at one and the same time.

It must be remembered that all this happened on the Fourth of July, and certainly was giving the guests a

touch of the noise and bustle of the town carried into the forests primeval. A lucky shot—or perhaps to put it better, the musky swam into the zone of fire and caught a ball in his head, and forthwith rolled on his side, exposing his ivory belly to the gaze of the beholders, and when the white flag appeared the sharpshooter desisted, and throwing his hat well back from his perspiring brow, struck an attitude of expectant praise and congratulation! The ladies and gentlemen cheered as Walter now gaffed the comatose fish and the guides slapped their thighs and roared only as a group of hardy woodsmen can on occasions. Walter was white as a sheet, and beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead, for he no doubt felt as one who had been through a shrapnel fire, and took a long breath to satisfy himself that he was yet sound of body and limb and still lived. Mr. G. and his son allowed their feelings of exultation to replace those of bodily fear from which they had so recently suffered.

But it was a glorious victory, and with Walter carrying the glistening monster upon his back, the procession started up the steps to the lawn in front of the camp, where the fish was officially and ceremoniously weighed and measured.

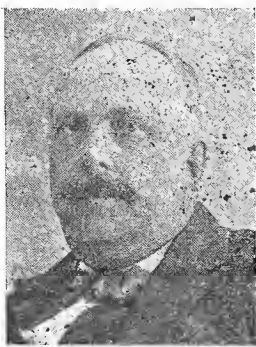
And then Walter joined the guides, and the battle was fought all over again, and when Mr. G. took his seat at the table he was plied with questions and showered with congratulations, Mr. C., the marksman, receiving no small part of the attention because of his wonderful marksmanship.

The fish was expressed to a taxidermist, and in due course he replied that it had safely arrived and would be mounted in his best possible manner, but as to its being a maskinongé—no! It was neither a pickerel, a great northern pike, nor a maskinongé—it was a jack salmon! Now won't Mr. Hallock or The Old Angler or Mr. Samuels or Dr. Henshall arise and tell us something about jack salmon that look like maskinongé—but are not maskinongé?

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

ST. PAUL, Minn., July 6.

Newfoundland Notes.



L. F. BROWN.

ST. JOHN'S, Newfoundland, July 5.
—Editor *Forest and Stream*: Many readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* will remember an interesting discussion on Kipling's "Red Gods" which ran through several impressions last fall. Mr. L. F. Brown, widely known to readers of sporting journals as a graphic and prolific writer of descriptions of the fish and fishing haunts of nearly the whole continent, started the "conflagration" by a criticism of his on Kipling's poem. Your correspondent took a hand in

with the bigger fellows and tried to kill off the plucky little bunch of fighters led by the redoubtable L. F. Imagine my surprise the other day, when, responding to a telephone call from the railway depot, I heard: "L. F. Brown, you know. You remember the Red Gods discussion last year in which you took a hand? Well, I'd like to shake with you." A few minutes after we were "shaking." I expected to find a lanky, atrabilious cynic; and behold, here was a fat, jovial, big-hearted, good-natured looking fellow, chock full of fun and interesting experiences. Only for my feelings of loyalty to the gallant band led by Mr. M. Hardy and the venerable Old Angler, I fear I would have been tempted to forswear my allegiance to Kipling. Mr. Brown talks as interestingly as he writes, and my main regret was that his stay was so short. He is accompanied by Doctor Doty, of New York, and both gentlemen are obeying the behests of the red gods, and are now seeking "the chosen waters, where the sea trout's jumping crazy for the fly." They left for Salmonier that evening, and as very good reports come from there the last few days, it is to be hoped that Mr. Brown will get some fish and the doctor some photos, for which he is equipped with no less than three cameras of various sizes. After they leave Salmonier they intend visiting Gambo and Red Indian Lake, and if *FOREST AND STREAM* does not get some interesting illustrated notes from these places at an early date, I am much mistaken.

I send you herewith a few clippings that may be of interest to your stay-at-home readers.

W. J. CARROLL.

Fish and Fishing.

The Alarming Scarcity of Salmon.

THERE is an alarming scarcity of salmon in Canadian waters this year. In only a few of the rivers, so far, has there been anything like the usual sport for anglers. Mr. Adams and Dr. Heber Bishop, of Boston, were fortunate in having good sport early in the season on the Moisie; but owing to the large volume of water and the numerous pools in this river, it is difficult to imagine a scarcity of fish there. In many of the smaller streams the fishing has almost entirely failed. Particularly has this been the case on the Mistassini and the Riviere a la Truite. Last year Mr. Charles Stewart Davison, and in former years Dr. Henry Van Dyke enjoyed splendid fishing on the latter mentioned river. This summer it has dwindled down almost to the dimensions of a brook. The same thing is true of the Mistassini, on the same coast. Mr. Bayard Dominick, the New York broker, and his friends, who were fishing it, gave it up for a bad job some time ago, and left for home in the last week of June. Whether or not the fishing would improve with heavy rains sufficient to materially raise the level of the rivers, it is difficult to say, though there are those who believe that there must yet be a very large though late run of fish. That the scarcity of fish is really the cause of the wretchedly poor fishing this season is shown by the fact that the catch of the net fishermen has fallen off equally with that of the anglers. In many instances it has been very much less than half the catch of last year. Many of the Quebec market dealers are quite short of their supply of salmon, and prices are at least fifty per cent. higher than usual

at this time of the year. Should there be no later big run of fish, we may have to accept the distressing story that the salmon of the North Atlantic, in common with other forms of fish life, are really suffering an alarming decrease in numbers as a result of the depredations of the swarms of dogfish which infest the coasts. There is certainly good cause for the cry of alarm which comes from the fishermen of both the Maine coasts and those of the Maritime Provinces of the Dominion, as to the destructiveness of these pests.

Something Like the Marston Trout.

Not many days ago I was shown a very handsome lot of trout that had been taken for specimens of the beautiful variety named by Professor Garman for Mr. Marston, of London, England. There were several dozen fish in the lot, averaging from half a pound to three-quarters of a pound each in weight. In their long and somewhat narrow shape, and still more in their gorgeous coloring, they certainly resembled very closely the *Salvelinus oguassamaronii*. The deep red splash of coloring along the lower part of the body was present, and very much brighter than that which adorns the ordinary fontinalis, even when attired in his richest livery at the approach of the spawning season. But there the resemblance ceased, at least so far as outward appearances go. An examination of the fin rays showed that they did not correspond with the description given by Garman, and moreover the caudal fin lacked the distinguishing emarginate characteristic of the Marston char. Everybody knows that difference of coloring, especially in the salmonide, does not prove a distinct variety. Yet both the shape and coloring of these trout were so different from those of the ordinary fontinalis that I have been wondering since whether they may not have belonged to one of the many Alpine varieties which are undoubtedly represented in Northern Canada, and have come to regret that I did not make a more careful examination of them when the opportunity presented itself. I saw the fish in the depths of the forest, too far away from civilization to be able to bring the specimens out of the woods in a fresh condition, especially in the absence of both ice and alcohol, and the only opportunity I had for comparative study of them was a copy of the fin formula of the Marston trout which I carry with me when fishing, hoping some time to secure the further specimens of the fish which are so much desired both by Mr. Titcomb and Professor Garman. I satisfied myself that the fish were not of this variety, and that was all. I am sorry to say that it did not even occur to me at the time to make a memorandum of the fin rays of these beautiful fish. They were captured in a small lake not far from Lake Eternity, a large body of water forming the headwaters of the Eternity River, which in its turn flows into the Saguenay at Eternity Bay, between the far-famed Capes Trinity and Eternity. These fish would not look at the ordinary large trout flies used for speckled brook trout in Canadian waters. Mr. D'Aubigné, of London, England, to whose rod they fell, killed them upon small brown flies, next size to midges, tied upon No. 13 to No. 15 hooks, and with a casting-line that was nearly as fine as a gossamer thread. This successful fishing was done upon a clear, bright day in the latter part of June, when the uneducated trout in the neighboring lakes would not look at an ordinary fly, and were only to be taken with a troll. May not this experience suggest that success awaits the use of smaller flies and the practice of dry fly-fishing in American waters in those midsummer months in which the clear chalk streams of Britain are made to yield good sport to the dry fly-fishermen of that country?

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Salmon of the Moisie.

FRIDAY evening, July 1, as Mr. J. B. Goodhue, of Derby Line, Vt., a genial sportsman, and I were on the cars coming from the Sherbrooke, Quebec, tournament, we bumped up against an old and dear friend I had not seen for nearly, if not quite, three decades of years, Dr. Heber Bishop, of Boston, the champion American moose hunter, and a genial all-around sportsman and good fellow.

The doctor had with him Mr. Walter Adams, of Boston. They were on their way back from a most successful and record-breaking salmon fishing trip on the Moisie River on the Labrador coast. This river is owned by Mr. Ivers W. Adams, of Boston, and is without question one of the best salmon rivers in the world. The salmon are numerous, and rival in size those of the celebrated Cascapedia. At the Moisie the doctor was one of a party composed of Hon. Ivers W. Adams, Walter Adams, B. F. Dutton, and Harry W. Reed, all of Boston, and Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island. They fished the river from June 13 to the 21st, eight days, and their total catch was 184 salmon that weighed 4,438 pounds, an average of over 341 pounds each. Dr. Bishop's individual score was 31 fish that weighed 731 pounds; this is truly a record breaker. This river empties into the north shore of the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, well up north of latitude 50 degrees, and during their stay there the temperature ranged from 28 to 53 degrees, and the mean temperature of the water in the river was 38 degrees.

While Father Time has silvered the locks of the doctor somewhat, his love for fun is as keen as it was over a quarter of a century ago. He had not forgotten many of the little sporting incidents that happened during the days of our early friendship, nor how we taught him how to cast his first fly; neither had he forgotten the airs that my then young son, now a clergyman, played on the violin; he not only whistled them for us, but he added a few variations and cadenzas as embellishments.

He and Mr. Adams had in the express car a box containing half a dozen fine fish, packed in snow, which they found in the ravines near the river. Nothing would do but that box must be opened, and one of the salmon—a 24-pounder—was taken out and presented to Mr. Goodhue and myself, with positive instructions to present a good slice of it to the "Reverend," who duly received and appreciated it, remarking that the Lord loved a cheerful salmon fisher, and "blessed be the donor, for he hath given much and expected nothing in return."

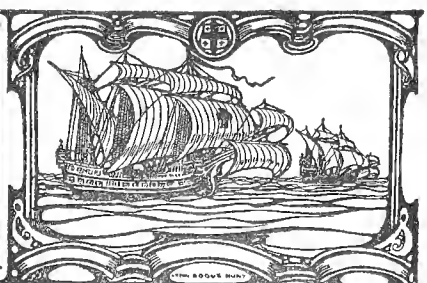
There was a certain fish—a 230-pound sturgeon—that they did not bring home with them, and "thereby hangs a tale." The rope slipped off its tail and it departed with the tide, etc.

STANSTEAD.

MANSONVILLE, Quebec, July 5.



YACHTING



Brooklyn Y. C. Ocean Race.

BY CHARLES D. MOWER.

THE ocean race under the auspices of the Brooklyn Y. C. for a five hundred dollar trophy offered by Sir Thomas Lipton, proved an unqualified success in every respect, as the management of the affair was excellent, a good fleet of boats started, and the weather conditions were so favorable that the boats made a record run which probably will not be equalled for a long time, if ever, by a yacht of less than 40ft. over all length. With the exception of about five hours of calm on Sunday evening, the yachts had a strong breeze throughout the run, and were able to carry spinnakers nearly all the time with absolutely no head winds or fog. While the entries were passed by the committee as eligible cruisers, the boats widely varied in type, as there were some of the old style deep narrow cutters, others of less draft and more beam, and boats of more modern type like the yawl Fanshawe, a fine cruiser with moderate overhangs and large accommodations. The modern fast cruiser of the knockabout type was represented by Little Rhody, a boat fast enough to race successfully, and yet a craft which could not consistently be barred out by the committee. Still another type was seen in Newasi, a Gardiner-designed sloop, with narrow beam and long fine ends carrying a double head rig. The smallest boat of all was the little yawl Sea Bird, owned by Mr. Thomas Fleming Day, the originator of the race. The system of time allowance used was an arbitrary allowance of 40m. per foot of over all measurement, and this made Newasi the scratch boat, though she was one of the smallest of the fleet in actual size and tonnage. Of the eighteen entries, the actual starters were as follows:

Sloops.—Newasi, Larchmont Y. C., A. H. W. Johnson, owner; Mignon, Indian Harbor Y. C., Dr. J. Fournier, owner; Eumareia, Rhode Island Y. C., E. K. Hill owner; Mopsa, Harlem Y. C., F. C. Sullivan, owner; Little Rhody, Rhode Island Y. C., C. F. Tillinghast, owner; Ray II., Brooklyn Y. C., G. R. Hawes, owner.

Yawls.—Fanshawe, New Rochelle Y. C., F. Maier, owner; Sea Bird, Springfield Y. C., T. F. Day, owner.

The boats were manned by amateurs, with one professional allowed.

The contestants all reached the Gravesend Bay anchorage before the day set for the start, and were most hospitably cared for by the Brooklyn Y. C. Saturday morning all hands were busy making final preparations for the start, for there were, as usual, many things to be done at the last moment. The committee went through the fleet in the club launch to inspect the different entries, and passed their final approval that the boats met all requirements, were eligible and fit to start, then went on board Commodore Fontaine's flagship Sunshine, which was anchored off the club grounds to give the starting signals.

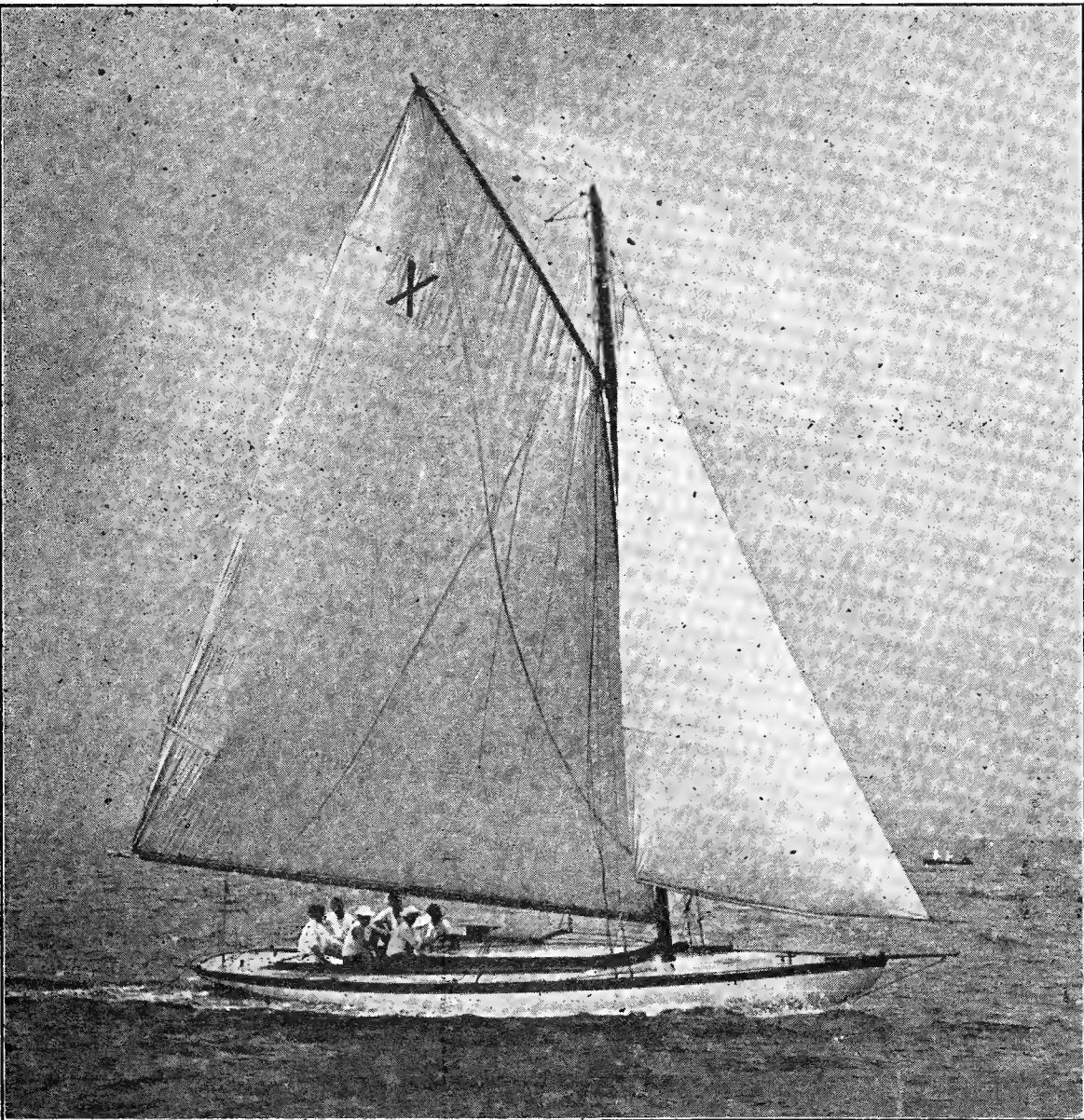
At 10:45 the preparatory signal was given, then the warning gun, and at 11 o'clock the signal for the start. A fine northwesterly breeze was blowing of sufficient weight to call for a single reef on some of the boats, and to make things lively for all hands. The work for position before the start was interesting, and resulted in the yawl Fanshawe getting away first, with Sea Bird second;

good work for the two yawls. Then came Little Rhody, Mopsa, Siren, Ray II., and Eumareia, in the order named. Newasi was late, about three minutes behind the gun, and Mignon was last over. All crossed on the starboard tack, then, with a long leg and a short one, beat out to Norton's Point. Little Rhody went at once into first place, while Newasi lost but little time working through the fleet and passing all except Little Rhody. After clearing Norton's Point, booms were squared off and spinnakers quickly set for the run to the eastward. The fleet made a very pretty picture running off before the freshening breeze, with spinnakers and balloon jibs drawing, Little Rhody leading, and Sea Bird, carrying her picturesque square sail, bringing up the rear of the procession. A course of E. by S. took the fleet to the Rockaway Inlet buoy, which was passed at noon by the leaders, and patent logs were set by many of the skippers to test their accuracy for the known distance between the Rockaway buoy and the Fire Island lightship.

Off the wind in a good breeze there was but little change in the positions of the boats, as all were making good speed. Little Rhody held her lead, and passed the Fire Island lightship at 4:50, with Newasi second, only 7m. astern, and Fanshawe and Ray II. not far behind her. The fresh breeze had raised a fair sea, and on several of the boats its effect was felt by some members of the crew. The wind increased somewhat toward sunset, and light sails were taken in on many of the boats. Little Rhody simply changed the big spinnaker she carried through the afternoon for a smaller one, while Newasi took in all light sails and tucked a single reef down in her mainsail. Darkness soon shut the boats out from one another's sight, and the crews gave the strictest attention to their own craft. The night was a beautiful one, as the stars came out wonderfully clear and breeze held true. At about ten o'clock the moon rose up out of the sea, and as it rose slowly and grandly in the cloudless sky, its light made the stars gradually lose their brightness. After the moon had risen, many of the boats set their light sails again, and carried them for the rest of the night. As dawn came and the light became stronger, those in Newasi first saw a sloop on their starboard quarter carrying spinnaker and topsail, which proved to be Ray II., off on the weather quarter another sail was made out to be the yawl Fanshawe, while back on the horizon were sails which could not be made out, but ahead nothing could be seen of Little Rhody, as she had been driven hard all night, and had increased her lead decidedly. As soon as light sails were set on Newasi she drew away from the two boats which had nearly caught her in the night. Through the forenoon the wind increased, and the sea became very heavy and reefs were tied in on many of the boats. Little Rhody at one time had three reefs tied down, but as she seemed to carry three reefs but little better than she had a single, her nery crew decided to put the whole mainsail on her, and make her lug it. Newasi was driving wildly along with spinnaker, balloon jib and topsail set over a single reefed mainsail, and was fairly tearing through the water. The balloon jib was straining till it seemed as if the pressure of wind must burst it, and mainsail and topsail both drawing finely. The spinnaker was sheeted well forward, and when the extra heavy puffs came, the pole would lift and the sail belly out and go up like a huge kite. The man who was stationed out on the

spinnaker pole to hold it down, had a most exciting position, as the seas were now so large that the boat would climb up to the crest and then rush down into the hollow of the next with the speed of an auto boat, and if she yawed a bit, the end of the main boom would dip and drag through the seas, while the spinnaker went up till the man on the boom seemed miles above the water. Looking forward he would see the bow go down till the bowsprit carved its way through solid water, and the forward deck was awash. Then looking aft he saw the huge following seas, with their crests breaking and a white path of foam in the yacht's wake. As the wind was increasing, it became a question of how long the yacht could be driven, and of how long the sails would stand the strain, and at last the order came to "take in the spinnaker." It was no easy work to get the big kite in, as the 25ft. pole was rigged without lifts and outhaul, but the crew made good work of it, and the sail was soon safely down on deck. Next the topsail came down, and with the boat rolling about it was no easy job even for the "human fly," as the masthead man was nicknamed, to go aloft and get the lashings off the heel of the pole. With the kites off, she went along easier, but the skipper, wishing to take no chances on losing his spars, ordered a second reef in the mainsail. It was necessary to lower the sail to do this, so a gaff trysail was set and carried for a while, and this allowed both Ray II. and Fanshawe to come up and pass Newasi.

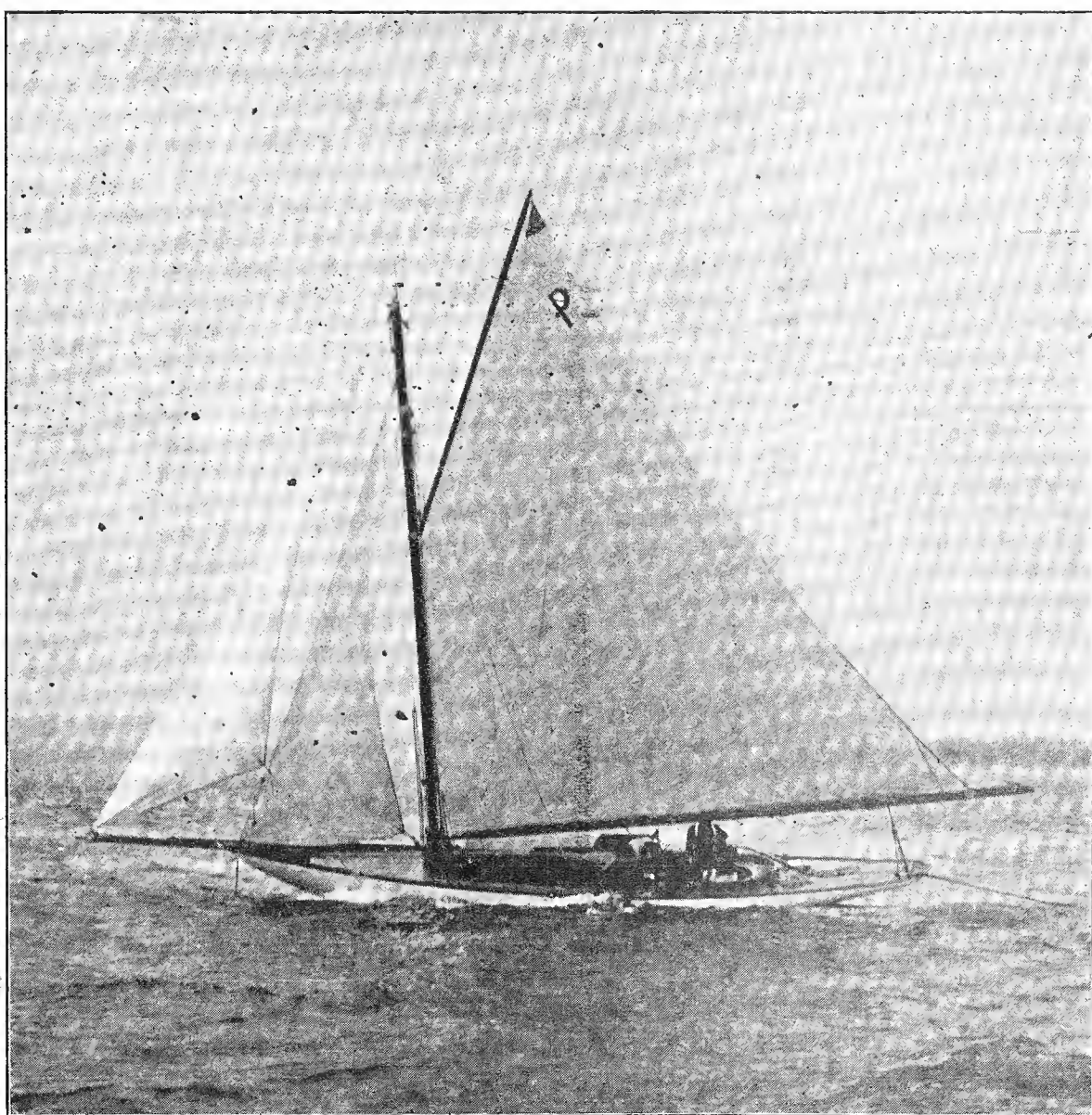
As the wind seemed now to be moderating a little, the mainsail was again hoisted, with only a single reef, and the light sails set again. Fanshawe was soon passed, but Ray II. led a longer chase, and it was some time before Newasi regained her lost second place. At about 4:30 on Sunday afternoon Little Rhody was sighted coming out from in toward shore, where she had spoken a fisherman, and gotten the course and distance to the lightship. At about six o'clock, Newasi sighted the lightship, almost dead ahead on the course she had steered since leaving Fire Island lightship, and at 6:30 was within a short distance of the light vessel, when the wind died out completely, and left all hands becalmed. Little Rhody got near enough to speak the lightship at 7 o'clock, then drifted out with the tide, and at eleven caught a little breeze and worked back to it again. Newasi, catching the same breeze, came up and hailed the lightship at 11:30. Fanshawe and Ray II. were not far astern, as they, too, got the light air which had sprung up after lying becalmed for about five hours. Before starting from Gravesend Bay the question of crossing the shoals was discussed, and it was decided that all should go completely outside of all the shoals, but later this decision was reversed, and Newasi was not notified, so after passing the lightship, she stood off to the eastward for nearly twenty miles, while the others all stood north straight across the shoals. When daylight came Newasi was well offshore with a very light air, while the other boats were in under Sankaty Head on Nantucket with a good breeze off the shore and a favoring tide. When the breeze came Newasi was far behind the others, though at the time her crew, supposing the other boats had come outside of the shoals as agreed, thought they were still in second place, and were dumbfounded when in the afternoon, off Nauset, Ray II. was made out ahead. Off the Highlands Newasi passed Ray II. for the third time during the race, and



LITTLE RHODY.

Winner of the one hundred guinea cup in the Brooklyn Y. C. ocean race.

Photos by James Burton, New York.



NEWASI.

Winner of second prize in the Brooklyn Y. C. ocean race.

courses were laid for Marblehead after passing the whistling buoy off the Highlands. The wind was strong from the SW. crossing Massachusetts Bay, but Little Rhody kept on her balloon jib and carried it to the finish. Newasi, about three hours astern of Ray II., went across under her three lower sails, while Ray II., when last seen by Newasi, was staggering along under lower sails, top-sail and flying jib. The yawl Fanshawe was in second place, having done fine work up the Cape shore, but her navigator mistook the lights on Thatcher's Island for the Baker's Island lights, and she ran far off her course, and was obliged to lay to until daylight before she got her bearings. The run across the Bay from Provincetown to Marblehead was most exciting, as the wind was heavy and the sea was high enough to break on the highest crests. Many of the amateur skippers and crews doubtless recalled Mr. Connelly's excellent tales in "Out of Gloucester," and imagined themselves second Tommy Olesons as they drove their craft along with all the sail they could stagger to.

It was necessary to keep a sharp lookout for other vessels, and to locate and identify the lights along the shore. As the night was beautifully clear, this would have been very easy had it not been for the many fires and fireworks on shore in celebration of the glorious Fourth. Minot's was the first light to be picked up, and this was unmistakable, as it flashed its one-four-three. Boston light could also be seen, and soon the bright twin lights on Thatcher's were in plain sight. Baker's twin lights, one above the other, were next seen, and then Marblehead light, this somewhat hard to distinguish from the electric lights on shore close by it.

Little Rhody finished off the Boston Y. C. house in Marblehead harbor at 9:38 P. M., on July 4, having made the total run of 330 miles in 58h. 42m., which is wonderfully fast time for so small a yacht to make on an ocean course. Newasi was second to finish at 12:40 A. M., July 5, 2h. and 50m. behind Little Rhody, and Ray II. found her way into the harbor some three hours later than Newasi. Fanshawe and Mignon arrived the next forenoon, after having explored the islands between Thatcher's and Marblehead, while Sea Bird, which had dropped just far enough behind to miss all the luck of wind and weather, finished on the evening of the 6th.

After the race was over, the owner of Ray II. protested Little Rhody and Newasi, claiming that they were racing craft and should not have been allowed to enter. He, of course, claimed that his own boat, Ray II., which, through the mistake of Fanshawe and Mignon in missing the rocky entrance to Marblehead harbor in the night, had finished third, was an ideal cruising craft, and had undisputable claim to the Lipton Cup. It is difficult to see how Mr. Hawes' claims can be allowed, as both boats he protests were inspected and passed by the committee in charge before the start of the race.

Little Rhody, the winner, was built by the Chase Pulley Company, at Providence, from a design by Mr. George Owen, for Mr. C. F. Tillinghast. She is 34ft. 6in. over all, 22ft. waterline, 8ft. 6in. beam, 5ft. 6in. draft, and carries 650 sq. ft. of sail in jib and mainsail rig.

Newasi was designed by William Gardiner, and built by Gilbert Smith at Patchogue in 1898, for her present owner, Mr. A. H. W. Johnson, of the Larchmont, Atlantic, and Manhasset Bay Yacht Clubs. She is 38ft. 8in. over all, 25ft. waterline, 8ft. 4in. beam, 6ft. draft, and is a pole-masted sloop with double head rig. Ray II. is owned by G. R. Hawes, of the Brooklyn Y. C., and was built by J. P. Smith at Nyack in 1903. Lloyds' Register gives her length over all as 40ft., waterline 29ft. 7in., breadth 12ft. 3in., and draft 3ft. 8in.

Little Rhody wins the hundred guinea cup offered by Sir Thomas Lipton, Newasi the handsome marine painting offered by Mr. Warren Sheppard, and Ray II. the fine marine clock given by the Rudder Publishing Company.

Canarsie Y. C.

Jamaica Bay, Long Island—Saturday, July 9.

THE Canarsie Y. C. held a race on Saturday, July 9. The event was open to boats enrolled in clubs belonging to the Jamaica Bay Y. R. A., and there were seventeen starters. The breeze was fresh from the S.E., and the boats went three times over a 3 1/2 mile triangular course, making a total distance of 10 miles.

Win or Lose and Undine had not been measured, so their corrected times could not be figured. The summary:

Sloops.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Yank, Charles Dhuy.....	6 25 29	2 23 44	2 23 44
Lassie, Fletcher Brothers.....	6 00 50	1 59 25	1 55 37
Cabin Cats.			
Diana, H. B. Beyer.....	6 10 50	2 04 25	1 50 31
Klyo, A. Brooks.....	6 04 36	1 57 12	1 57 12
Win or Lose, H. Sparr.....	6 10 52	2 03 37
Open Cats—20 to 25ft.			
Pauline B., J. H. Rogers.....	6 04 37	1 53 32	1 53 32
So So, B. I. Hicks.....	Did not finish.
Meteor, W. G. Herx.....	Did not finish.
Ariel, W. P. Hewlett.....	6 05 54	1 52 29	1 48 39
Rival, W. A. Bonnell.....	6 09 09	1 58 20	1 54 18
Undine, Charles Doudera.....	6 09 13	1 47 02
Open Cats—Under 20ft.			
Vision, C. B. Fitzmaurice.....	6 15 51	1 59 57
Pauline, Frank James.....	6 15 25	1 59 12
Ripple, J. H. Samson.....	6 19 02	2 04 22
Alert, Albert Kobel.....	6 19 49	2 03 38
Launches.			
Mystery, A. P. Dunlay.....	Did not go over course.
Naomi, Charles Otto.....	5 20 15	1 24 35

Beverly Y. C.

Delaware River—Saturday, July 2.

THE Beverly Y. C. held the second race of the season on Saturday, July 2. A fresh N. W. breeze held throughout the race. The catboats sailed three times over a four-mile course, while the Larks covered it twice.

The catboats were sent away at 3:40, and the five starters got away well together. Caroline II. broke down on the first leg and Fiona won easily.

In the Larks, No. 1 led all over the course and won by the narrow margin of 12s. The summary:

Catboats—Start 3:20.	
Fiona, John Perkins.....	5 14 48
Sea Gull, L. C. Cook.....	5 17 15
Gertrude, G. W. Holloway.....	5 21 00
Priscilla, C. C. Clarkson.....	5 23 18
Caroline, C. C. Rianhard.....	Disabled.
Larks—Start, 3:25.	
No. 1, Wilson Hall.....	4 52 04
No. 3, J. Taylor.....	4 52 16
No. 4, Edwin Cortright.....	4 54 14
No. 2, Herbert Taylor.....	Withdraw.

Southern Gulf Coast Y. A. Circuit.

Pass Christian (Miss.) Y. C.—Monday, July 4.

THE first of the six regattas of the racing circuit of the Southern Gulf Coast Yachting Association was held at Pass Christian, Miss., on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, on Monday, July 4. The circuit comprises a series of races, each club in the Association taking its turn, there being a regatta every week until the wind-up at the Southern Y. C. at New Orleans, the date this year being Saturday, August 6. There are cruising races arranged from point-to-point, and a well mapped out itinerary extending over the entire six weeks in which the regattas are stretched out. The racing courses, with the exception of those of the Mobile and Southern Y. C.s, are out on the Gulf Coast in the 100-mile stretch between these two places, so that the short distance makes it convenient for members of the various crews to come and go from time to time, and as there are many who cannot stay away from business for the entire six weeks, the crews are changing more or less and many yachtsmen are afforded a chance for a few days upon the water; yet with all this it is rare that any of the vessels are short handed. The racing course of the Mobile Y. C. is on Mobile Bay, and that of the Southern Y. C. on Lake Pontchartrain, both being mere arms of the Gulf of Mexico.

The Fourth of July this year afforded glorious weather for a yacht race. The afternoon was bright and cool and the racing yachts were hurried twice around the 5-mile triangular course of the Pass Christian Y. C. to the tune of a merry 10-knot breeze, and the water was not over lumpy, that is, for yachts of a larger size, some of the mosquito fleet finding it a little too boisterous to start at all and others withdrawing on the first round. The fast racing machine Virgin, ex-Caroline, late of the Inland Lake Y. A., the entry of the Bay-Waveland Y. C. for the Association championship cup for boats of the Seawanhaka cup class type, carried away her mast during the preliminary work before the race, and Urania, champion of these Class A scows last season, was also unfortunate enough to be disabled; she carried away her gaff jaws. Gladiola, ex-Galatea, sprang a leak and withdrew. The two remaining freaks of this class, Kayoshk and Moki, sailed a grand race and they made the fastest time around the course, the former the best by 2m.

The cabin 25-footer Calypso, sometime champion of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, lead the fleet in grand style over the entire course, and she was 2 miles ahead of her nearest competitor at the finish. It was Calypso weather, just such a day of which tradition will tell of this great heavy-weather craft having been a heroine many times and oft. This event marked the dropping from this class to the one below of the Boston designed freak Invader, two previous unsuccessful races having been enough. She won in the smaller class of cabin sloops, beating the hitherto almost invincible Nydia. In the one-design class of knockabouts of Mower design, the Sinner won handily. The next event takes place at the Bay-Waveland Y. C., Bay St. Louis, Miss., Saturday July 9. Summary of Pass Christian Y. C. races:

Cabin Sloops over 30ft. Rating.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Calypso	1 31 03	1 29 34
Susie B.	1 44 54	1 44 54
Picayune	Withdraw.
Cabin Sloops under 30ft. Rating.		
Invader	1 39 44	1 39 44
Nydia	1 48 23	1 46 23
Alpha Tau	2 06 33	1 59 28
One-Design Knockabouts.		
Sinner	1 54 22	1 54 22
Juanita	2 02 21	2 02 21
Siren	2 07 12	2 07 12
Association Championship Cup Class—Sloops.		
Kayoshk, Southern Y. C. entry.....	1 28 35	1 28 35
Moki, Gulfport Y. C. entry.....	1 30 52	1 29 12
Gladiola, Pass Christian Y. C. entry	Disabled.
Open Sloops, 22ft. and over.		
Katherine	2 13 35	2 13 35
Folly	Withdraw.
Model Catboats.		
Chiliktah	2 02 05	2 02 05
Mohawk	2 07 37	2 06 47
Open Sloops—Racing Machines.		
Huzzy	2 05 55	2 05 50
Reliance II.	2 03 55	2 02 50
Virginia	Withdraw.
Cammie D.	Withdraw.
Dream	Withdraw.
Special Class, over 19ft.		
Althea	2 07 41	2 07 41
Special Class, under 19ft.		
Mamie E.	2 09 40	2 09 40
L. D. SAMPSELL.		

Corinthian Y. C.

Marblehead, Mass.—Saturday, July 2.

A CLUB championship race of the Corinthian Y. C. was sailed off Marblehead on Saturday, July 2, in a stiff W. to N. W. breeze. The wind was very strong in the puffs and a few accidents resulted. In the 30ft. class Chewink IV. and Sauquoit had a close tussle until the leeward mark was reached, when the Chewink IV., much the stiffer of the two, drew gradually away. On the windward leg Sauquoit's throat halliards parted and she was out of it. The 22-footers went away well bunched, Opitsah V. taking the lead at the first mark. Medric caught her on the next leg and held first place to the finish. Opitsah's bowsprit was carried away on the beat in, and she was taken in tow. In the 18-footers Bat led all around the course, closely pressed by Arrow. Carina II. was the winner in the first handicap class, and Suzanne had practically a sailover in the second handicap class. The summary:

30-Footers.	
Chewink IV., F. G. Macomber, Jr.....	Elapsed.
Sauquoit, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.....	1 44 20
22-Footers.	
Medric, H. H. White.....	1 55 05
Peri II., George Lee.....	2 00 24
Setsu, Talbot and Lewis.....	2 01 44
Opitsah V., S. H. and H. I. Foster.....	Disabled.
18ft. Knockabouts.	
Bat, C. F. Adams, 2d.....	1 03 52
Arrow, E. A. Boardman.....	1 04 25
Arbeka II., F. P. Bowden.....	1 04 49
Boo Hoo, R. Boardman.....	1 06 24
Privateer II., Alden and Carlton.....	1 06 42
Moslem II., B. D. Barker.....	1 09 27
Fritter, A. P. Loring.....	1 19 29
Fudge, C. H. W. Foster.....	1 10 25
Hugi, A. E. Chase.....	1 10 50
Hayseed, H. L. Bowden.....	Disabled.
Class A—Handicap.	
Carina II., C. B. and H. S. Wheelock.....	1 52 20
Rowena, Stephen Bowen.....	2 03 45
Khalifa, R. F. Tucker.....	Disabled.
Class B—Handicap.	
Suzanne, Frank Brewster.....	1 06 17
Carmen, C. Johnston.....	Withdraw.

Monday, July 4.

In a perfect sailing breeze, with a smooth sea, the invitation race of the Corinthian Y. C. was sailed on Monday, July 4. Fifty-two yachts competed, which is the largest attendance at any race this season in Massachusetts Bay. In the 30ft. class Chewink IV. took the lead soon after the start and held it all over the course. In the 22-footers Warrior got the start, but Peri II. went into the lead before the first mark was passed and stayed there throughout the race. In this class Opitsah V. went from last place at the start to second place at the finish. The summary:

30-Footers.	
Chewink IV., F. G. Macomber, Jr.....	Elapsed.
Sauquoit, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.....	1 33 28
Wasaka, S. Reed Anthony.....	1 34 09
22-Footers.	
Peri II., George Lee.....	1 40 52
Opitsah V., S. H. and H. J. Foster.....	1 41 29
Clotho, Cheney and Lanning.....	1 42 03
Setsu, Talbot and Lewis.....	1 43 20

Medric, H. H. White.....	1 43 35
Urchin, John Greenough.....	1 45 10
Tayac, W. H. Joyce.....	1 46 00
Warrior, S. C. Winsor.....	1 46 40
Ashton, H. H. Walker.....	1 46 50

18-Footers.

Boo Hoo, Reginald Boardman.....	1 37 48
Moslem II., B. D. Barker.....	1 37 56
Bat, C. F. Adams, 2d.....	1 38 13
Fudge, C. H. W. Foster.....	1 39 47
Mirage II., J. W. Olmstead.....	1 40 00
Privateer II., Alden and Carlton.....	1 40 08
Hayseed, H. L. Bowden.....	1 40 30
Arrow, E. A. Boardman.....	1 40 43
Otter, A. D. Irving.....	1 40 50
Fritter, A. P. Loring.....	1 40 55
Arbeka II., F. P. Bowden.....	1 41 06
Bonito, G. H. Wightman.....	1 41 18
Aladdin, Keith Brothers.....	1 41 28
Aspinquid II., C. M. Foster.....	1 41 55
Hugi, A. E. Chase.....	1 42 20
Dorchen, A. W. Finley.....	1 42 31
Napier, B. S. Permar.....	1 43 05
Humbag, Cole and Bacon.....	1 43 31

Class A—Handicap.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dorel, G. L. Batchelder.....	1 41 50	1 41 50
L'Aiglon, E. W. Hodgson.....	1 43 10	1 42 09
Khalifa, R. E. Tucker.....	1 43 47	1 42 46
Al Kyris, A. M. Moody.....	1 43 52	1 42 51
Opah, W. C. Lewis.....	1 52 33	1 46 36
Carina II., H. S. Wheelock.....	1 55 10	1 49 03
Rowena, Stephen Bowen.....	1 55 56	1 49 49

Class B—Handicap.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Grimgo, W. H. Brown.....	1 33 45	1 32 49
Scapegoat, W. P. Keyes.....	1 34 44	1 33 48
Baggarah, R. C. Robbins.....	1 34 21	1 34 21
Suzanne, Frank Brewster.....	1 36 13	1 35 17
Widow, H. D. Friend.....	1 41 30	1 35 52
Tunipoo, C. A. Cooley.....	1 36 03	1 36 03
Carmen, C. H. Johnson.....	1 41 12	1 36 31
Soubrette, R. D. Moot.....	1 45 03	1 39 25

Class C—Handicap.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vera II., H. Lundberg.....	1 41 25	1 40 24
Nereid, F. L. Woods.....	1 43 25	1 43 25
Belugo, G. T. Francis.....	1 46 58	1 46 58
Tartar, W. P. Quincer.....	1 55 00	1 49 56
Coon, E. D. Quincer.....	2 07 40	2 04 37
Leon, Miss Wainwright.....	2 18 00	2 07 51
Muleykeli, Miss Faben.....	2 17 07	2 10 01

Eastern Y. C.

Marblehead, Mass.—Saturday, July 2.

THE first of the series of special open races of the Eastern Y. C. was sailed off Marblehead on Saturday, July 2, in a whole-sail S.W. breeze. In Class L—E. Y. C., Wasaka led on the windward leg, but on the spinnaker run Chewink IV. went into the lead and remained there to the finish. Sauquoit, which was third at the weather mark, went into second place and held it. In the 22-footers Medric got the start, but Opitsah V., by holding close to the shore, went into first place on the windward leg and led all around the course, with Peri II. a good second. The 18-footers went across the starting line closely bunched, but on the windward leg Bat pulled out a lead and was never headed. The summary:

Class L—E. Y. C.

	Elapsed.
Chewink IV., F. G. Macomber, Jr.....	1 31 50
Sauquoit, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.....	1 33 19
Wasaka, S. Reed Anthony.....	1 33 43
Khalifa, R. F. Tucker.....	1 38 52

Class E—22-Footers.

	Elapsed.
Opitsah V., S. H. and H. I. Foster.....	1 36 58
Peri II., George Lee.....	1 38 02
Clotho, Cheney and Lanning.....	1 38 46
Medric, H. H. White.....	Disabled.

Class I—18-Footers.

	Elapsed.
Bat, C. F. Adams, 2d.....	1 44 15
Boo Hoo, Reginald Boardman.....	1 46 04
Arbeka II., F. P. Bowden.....	1 48 49
Arrow, E. A. Boardman.....	1 49 01
Privateer II., Alden and Carlton.....	1 49 43
Aspinquid II., C. M. Foster.....	1 50 07
Mirage II., J. W. Olmstead.....	1 50 31
Bonito, W. H. Wightman.....	1 50 54
Fritter, W. C. Loring, Jr.....	1 51 17
Aladdin, Keith Brothers.....	1 52 35
Otter, A. D. Irving.....	1 52 55
Fudge, C. H. Foster.....	Withdraw.

Monday, July 4.

Under the most favorable conditions the second special open race of the Eastern Y. C. was sailed Monday, July 4. In the 30ft. class the three new boats had for competitors, the old Y. R. A. 30-footer Meemer and Dorel, formerly the 30-footer Spalpeen. Meemer got the start, but Wasaka and Chewink IV. soon passed her. Wasaka and Chewink IV. had a hard tussle all over the course, Wasaka leading all the way. Meemer was third boat at the finish. In the 22-footers Medric got the best of the start and led all over the course. A close contest for second place was won by Opitsah V. by 4s. In the 18ft. class, Bat, as usual, pulled out a lead on the windward leg and was never headed. The summary:

Class L.

	Elapsed.
Wasaka, S. Reed Anthony.....	1 22 19
Chewink IV., F. G. Macomber, Jr.....	1 22 40
Meemer, R. C. Nikerson.....	1 23 09
Sauquoit, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.....	1 24 42
Dorel, G. L. Batchelder.....	1 25 48

22-Footers.

	Elapsed.
Medric, H. H. White.....	1 31 02
Opitsah V., S. H. and H. I. Foster.....	1 35 15
Setsu, Talbot and Lewis.....	1 35 19
Urchin, John Greenough.....	1 35 27
Clotho, Cheney and Lanning.....	1 35 48
Peri II., George Lee.....	1 38 50
Garrior, S. C. Winsor.....	1 43 45
Tayac, W. H. Joyce.....	Disabled.

18ft. Knockabouts.

	Elapsed.
Bat, C. F. Adams, 2d.....	1 40 53
Hayseed, H. L. Bowden.....	1 41 43
Arrow, E. A. Boardman.....	1 41 45
Boo Hoo, R. Boardman.....	1 41 47
Arbeka II., F. P. Bowden.....	1 41 55
Bonito, G. H. Wightman.....	1 45 57
Moslem II., B. D. Barker.....	1 46 02
Dorchen, A. W. Finley.....	1 46 39
Otter, A. D. Irving.....	1 46 59
Mirage II., J. W. Olmstead.....	1 46 55
Aspinquid II., C. M. Foster.....	1 47 15
Aladdin, Keith Brothers.....	1 50 05
Privateer II., Alden and Carlton.....	1 51 45
Hugi, A. E. Chase.....	Disabled.

Beverly Y. C.

Buzzards' Bay—Saturday, July 2.

THE first Corinthian race of the Beverly Club was sailed in Buzzards' Bay on Saturday, July 2, in a S. W. gale. Many of the yachts were half filled with water when they reached the finish line, and one of the 15-footers, Fly, sailed by Miss C. M. Williams, was capsized. In the 30ft. class Young Miss got the start and won easily. In the 21-footers Terrapin took the lead at the start and came home first by a long margin. This was also the case with Jap in the 18-footers. In the fourth class cats Maori won a very close race from Howard. In the 15ft. class, Teaser, sailed by Mrs. R. W. Emmons, 2d, got the best of the start and was more than a mile ahead on the last leg. Teaser was near Fly, when the latter capsized, and Mrs. Emmons at once went to Miss Williams' assistance. In spite of this interruption Teaser won by 29s. The summary:

30-Footers.

	Elapsed.
Young Miss, D. L. Whittemore.....	1 48 14
Pontiac, J. A. Beebe.....	1 49 04

21-Footers.

Terrapin, L. S. Dabney.....	1 17 43
Illusion, C. M. Baker.....	1 23 15
Hybrid, Joshua Crane Jr.....	1 48 22

18-Footers.

Jap, Geo. P. Gardner, Jr.....	1 12 01
Hindoo, N. F. Emmons.....	1 35 38

Fourth Class Cats.

Maori, W. S. Whiting, Jr.....	1 08 00
Howard, H. O. Miller.....	1 08 46

15-Footers.

Teaser, Mrs. R. W. Emmons.....	1 24 08
Ranzo, M. H. Richardson.....	1 24 37
Jub Jub, Howard Stockton.....	Withdrew.
Fly, Miss C. M. Williams.....	Withdrew.

Monday, July 4.

An open sweepstake race of the Beverly Y. C. was sailed on Monday, July 4, in a two-reef, S. W. breeze. In the 21-footers, Radiant made her first appearance and won out from Terrapin by nearly 5m. In the 18-footers Jap had things all her own way. In the fourth class cats, Howard won a good race with Allison II. a close second. In the 15-footers Ranzo won out from Teaser by a little over 1m. The summary:

21-Footers.

	Elapsed.
Radiant, Mrs. C. M. Baker.....	1 55 47
Terrapin, L. S. Dabney.....	1 59 02
Illusion, C. M. Baker.....	2 05 26

18-Footers.

Jap, George P. Gardner.....	1 24 53
Hindoo, N. E. Emmons.....	1 32 22
Wizard, F. W. Sargent.....	Withdrew.

Fourth Class Cats.

Howard, H. O. Miller.....	1 33 18
Allison II., Stewart McLeod.....	1 33 39
Kricker, W. S. Jameson.....	1 34 04

15-Footers.

Ranzo, M. H. Richardson, Jr.....	1 10 45
Teaser, Mrs. R. W. Emmons, 2d.....	1 11 56
Jub Jub, Howard Stockton.....	1 12 10
Fiddler, Miss C. M. Dabney.....	1 12 50
Fly, Miss C. M. Williams.....	1 14 00
Flickamarro, the Misses Emmons.....	1 16 32

Saturday, July 9.

A club race of the Beverly Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, July 9, in a light S. E. breeze. In the 30-footers Pontiac got the start, but Young Miss soon passed her and led by a small margin all over the course. In the 21-footers Hybrid got a good start, but lost her centerboard soon after. Quakeress went into first place and held it to the finish. In the 18-footers Hindoo won out by over 1m. Allison II. took the lead soon after the start of the fourth class cats and held it to the finish. Catspaw won by over 2m. in the 15-footers. The summary:

30-Footers.

	Elapsed.
Young Miss, D. L. Whittemore.....	2 12 18
Pontiac, J. A. Beebe.....	2 12 45

21-Footers.

Quakeress, W. F. Harrison.....	2 37 42
Illusion, C. M. Baker.....	2 39 47
Terrapin, L. S. Dabney.....	2 40 00
Hybrid, Joshua Crane, Jr.....	Withdrew.

18-Footers.

Hindoo, N. F. Emmons.....	2 33 11
Jap, George P. Gardner.....	2 34 19
Wizard, F. W. Sargent.....	2 36 57

Fourth Class Cats.

Allison II., Stewart McLeod.....	2 37 23
Kricker, W. F. Jameson.....	2 39 23
Maori, W. S. Whiting.....	2 41 09
Howard, H. O. Miller.....	2 45 00

15-Footers.

Catspaw, S. D. Warren.....	1 16 19
Teaser, Mrs. R. W. Emmons, 2d.....	1 18 53
Fiddler, Miss C. M. Dabney.....	1 19 04
Ranzo, M. H. Richardson, Jr.....	1 20 24
Vim, D. Sargent.....	1 20 32
Jub Jub, Howard Stockton.....	1 22 34
Flickamaroo, the Misses Emmons.....	1 25 26

Jamaica Bay Y. C.

Rockaway Beach, Jamaica Bay—Monday, July 4.

ON Monday, July 4, an Association race was held under the auspices of the Jamaica Bay Y. C. Five clubs belong to the Association, namely the Jamaica Bay, Canarsie, Old Mill, Bergen Beach, and Bayswater yacht clubs, all of which were represented in Monday's race.

A reefing S. breeze made the racing close and interesting. Ten classes filled. Some of the starters found the wind too heavy and withdrew. In Class K, H. C. Miner capsized.

The start was made off the Jamaica Bay Y. C. house. Courses for Classes A to G, inclusive, and O to X, inclusive: From starting line to the red can buoy in Rockaway Inlet; thence to a stake boat in Broad Channel; thence to starting line and sailed once over. Course for Classes H, J, and K: From starting line to the spar buoy off Block House Point; thence to a stakeboat in Broad Channel; thence to starting line and repeat. Course for Classes L, M, and special raceabout class: From starting line to a stakeboat in Beach Channel below Seaside; thence to a mark boat in Broad Channel; thence to starting line, and sailed over three times.

The winners in the different classes were Marion, Diana, Aurora, Florence, Alert, Josephine, M. E. W., Naomi, Ben Hur and Paula.

The summary follows:

Class C—Cabin Sloops—20ft. and Under 30ft.—Start, 2:04.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ianthe.....	4 04 55	2 00 55	1 56 17
Marion.....	3 44 14	1 40 14	1 40 14
Baby Roger.....	Did not finish.		
Emma L.....	Did not finish.		
Wilbur B.....	Did not finish.		

Class H—Cabin Cats—Under 25ft.—Start, 2:14.

Diana.....	4 44 00	2 30 00	2 30 00
Lizzie Green.....	Did not finish.		

Class K—Open Cats—20ft. and Under 25—Start, 2:18.

Pauline B.....	Did not finish.		
Mavourreen.....	Disabled.		
Aurora.....	4 09 34	1 51 34	1 51 26
Ariel.....	4 14 33	1 56 33	1 56 33
H. C. Minor.....	Capized.		
Haleyon.....	Did not finish.		
Evelyn S.....	Did not finish.		

Class L—Open Cats—17ft. and Under 20ft.—Start, 2:20.

Florence.....	4 16 50	1 56 50	1 56 50
Doctor.....	Did not finish.		
Folly.....	Did not finish.		

Class M—Open Cats Under 17ft.—Start, 2:22.

Alert.....	5 03 43	2 41 43	2 41 43
Free.....	Did not finish.		
Clyde.....	Did not finish.		

Charlie D.....Did not finish.

Lester.....Did not finish.

Class O—Launches, 30ft. and Over—Start, 2:24.

Arastra.....	3 33 58	1 09 58	...
Josephine.....	3 09 28	0 55 28	...
Joppa.....	Disabled.		

Class S—Launches—25ft. and Under—Start, 2:26.

M E W.....	2 26 00	4 03 16	1 37 16
Eckford.....	Did not finish.		

Class T—Launches—20ft. and Under 30ft.—Start, 2:28.

Naomi.....	3 49 46	1 21 46	...
Amaranth.....	Did not finish.		
Utowana.....	Did not finish.		

Class V—Launches—15ft. and Under 20ft.—Start, 2:30.

Rcn Hur.....	4 14 13	1 44 13	...
Lottie M.....	4 25 52	1 55 52	...

Special Raceabout Class.

Paula.....	Not timed.		
Mae Louise.....	Did not finish.		
Minerva.....	Did not finish.		
Ripple.....	Did not finish.		

New York Y. C.

Glen Cove, Long Island Sound—Friday, July 8.

THE New York Y. C. held its first race for yachts too small for enrollment on Friday, July 8. This event was open to club members and their friends, and was a decided innovation. It is believed by all to be a good idea, however, for the racing of to-day is done by small boats, and should be encouraged.

The race was not a great success when the number of starters is considered. This is most unfortunate, for now that a step has been taken in the right direction by the regatta committee, they should be properly supported.

Four classes filled, and the eleven starters all were sent over an 11½-mile course. The first leg was 4½ miles N.E., the second 3 miles W. by N. ½ N., and the third leg was 4 miles S. by W. The wind was E. N. E. The first leg was a beat, the second a run and the third a reach.

The preparatory was given at 2:30, and 10 minutes later Alert and Mimosa started. Alert, handled by Commodore A. K. Alker, crossed 31s. after the signal. It was not a one-gun start, so Mr. T. L. Park took his time in sending Mimosa over. She crossed 1m. 19s. after the signal. Alert showed Mimosa the way to the weather mark. In fact she led all over the course, and was never in danger of losing the race.

The wind was fluky and veered around in a most exasperating manner. When the larger boats were nearing the second mark the wind let up to such an extent that the balance of the race was hardly more than a drift.

Una and Galatea were started at 2:45. Una led over the line and was never headed. She left Galatea so easily that the racing was without interest.

Tomboy led the raceabouts over the starting line at 2:50. Hobo, Idler and Cricket followed in the order named. Cricket pointed high and moved fast, and soon worked from last place into the lead. Cricket worked away from Tomboy steadily, and won by nearly 10m. Idler was third, being far behind Tomboy. Hobo withdrew.

In the third class sloops the starters were Kenoshi, Owatonna and Bairn. The two former belong to the Indian Harbor one-design boats, and the latter is one of the Seawanhaka one-design 15-footers. After rounding the first mark, the regatta committee notified the owners to return to the finish line, as there was not wind enough for them to cover the course. This was done, but the boats were unable to finish within half an hour after sunset, which is the time limit. Kenosha led while the race lasted.

The regatta committee, composed of Messrs. S. Nicholson Kane, Newbury D. Lawton, and Oliver E. Cromwell, with Frank Bowne Jones acting, were on board the tug Unique. The summary follows:

Sloops—First Class—27 to 38ft. Rating—Start, 2:40.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Alert, A. H. Alker.....	5 18 13	2 37 42
Mimosa III., T. L. Park.....	5 24 50	2 43 00

Sloops—Second Class—22 to 27ft. Rating—Start, 2:45.

Galatea, Anson Phelps Stokes.....	6 45 52	4 00 04
Una, W. Butler Duncan, Jr.....	6 06 04	3 20 27

Raceabout Class—Start, 2:50.

Idler, O'Donnell Iselin.....	7 09 08	4 18 54
Tomboy, H. L. Maxwell.....	6 53 28	4 02 15
Hobo, T. L. Park.....	Did not finish.	
Cricket, H. Willetts.....	6 43 19	3 52 30

Sloops—Third Class—18 to 22ft. Rating—Start, 2:55.

Kenoshi, Charles Mallory.....	Did not finish.	
Bairn, H. M. Mathewson.....	Did not finish.	
Owatonna, George Sander, Jr.....	Did not finish.	

Duxbury Y. C.

Duxbury, Mass.—Saturday, July 2.

A CLUB race of the Duxbury Y. C. was sailed in Duxbury Bay on Saturday, July 2, in a strong S. W. breeze. In the 18ft. class Kittiwake IV. won easily. In the handicap class, Mr. W. T. Whitman was dragged overboard by the main sheet. As You Like It was leading at the time, but went to the assistance of Mr. Whitman and rescued him after considerable difficulty. Neither of the yachts finished, but the prize was awarded to As You Like It. The summary:

18ft. Knockabouts.

Kittiwake V., H. M. Jones.....	1 51 40
Menace, J. H. Hunt.....	1 53 00
Again, L. B. Goodspeed.....	1 53 15
Domino, C. C. Clapp.....	2 00 40
Osprey, A. R. Train.....	Withdrew.

Monday, July 4.

A ladies' day race of the Duxbury Y. C. was sailed Monday, July 4, in a stiff S. W. breeze. Menace won easily in the 18ft. class, the only one to fill. The summary:

	Elapsed.
Menace, H. H. Hunt.....	1 41 40
Kittiwake V., H. M. Jones.....	1 43 50
Again, L. B. Goodspeed.....	1 47 05
Domino, C. C. Clapp.....	1 49 15
Osprey, A. R. Train.....	1 50 25

Saturday, July 9.

A special race of the Duxbury Club was sailed on Saturday, July 9, in which Menace won handily. The summary:

	Elapsed.
Menace, J. H. Hunt.....	2 15 35
Aspinquid II., C. M. Foster.....	2 17 33
Miladi II., F. R. Adams.....	2 18 16
Again, L. B. Goodspeed.....	2 21 15
Kittiwake, F. O. Wadsworth.....	2 27 25
Osprey, A. R. Train.....	2 28 50

Larchmont Y. C.

Larchmont, Long Island Sound—Monday, July 4.

THE twenty-fifth annual regatta of the Larchmont Y. C. was sailed on Monday, July 4, in a fresh S. W. breeze. Although the list of starters was small when compared with that of previous years, still the racing in the classes that filled was good. Strange to say, no schooners started, and the largest single sticker to go over the course was the 51-footer Altair.

In the morning there was but little air stirring. Soon after 11 o'clock, however, a nice breeze struck in from the S. W., and the regatta committee, finding it was going to hold, decided to start the race at noon.

Boats in Class K and M sailed twice over an 11-mile triangle. This first leg was E. 4 miles, the second S. W. 4 miles and the third N. N. W. 3 miles. The first leg was a broad reach, the second a beat and the third a broad reach, so broad in fact, that some of the boats were able to carry spinnakers.

At 12:15 boats in Classes K and M started, and the starters crossed in the following order: Spasm, Anokatok, Mimosa III., Altair and Tern. The cutter Altair and the yawl Tern were alone in their respective classes, both took sailovers, and the regatta committee stopped Tern at the end of the first round.

Mimosa III., a new Herreshoff production, owned by Mr. Trenor L. Park, had no trouble in beating Spasm and Anokatok. Mimosa III. is almost identical to Onward, a well-known Herres-

hoff boat. She was built for Mr. C. S. Eaton this spring, and is 47ft. over all, 30ft. waterline and 7ft. 6in. breadth. This was her maiden race and she beat Spasm 4m. 27s. Spasm beat Anokatok 8m. 19s.

Alert, Bobtail and Mimosa were the starters in Class N, they started in the order named. Alert had a big lead on her competitors at the end of the first round and won easily. The raceabouts was the only class that made a good showing in so far as the number of starters was concerned. Ten boats started. Tartan and Tom Boy were in a class by themselves, and in all probability Tartan would have won had she not broken her throat halliards on the windward work on the second round. Tom Boy beat Rascal II., the second boat, by over 1m. Hobo was third. In Class P, Una had no trouble in beating Miss Judy. Snapper, the third boat to start, did not finish. Vaquero won in the Larchmont one-design class. Adelaide was second.

Only two of the Indian Harbor raceabouts started. Kenoshi won, but she was protested by Anawanda. The race in Class Q lay between Gazabo and Jeebi, as Skip did not finish. Gazabo won easily.

Ace, one of the New Rochelle one-design boats, started against Scoot and Plover in Clas R for sloops. Ace beat Plover and Scoot did not finish.

Of the four starters in the Manhasset Bay one-design class, Bab had the best of it and won easily. Pup was second. The regatta committee was composed of Messrs. Charles P. Tower, chairman; T. S. J. Flint and Howell C. Perrin. The summary follows:

Class K—Sloops, 51ft.—Start, 12:15—Course, 22 Miles.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Altair, Cord Meyer, Jr.....	3 11 49	2 56 49

Class M—Sloops, 36ft.—Start, 12:15—Course, 22 Miles.

Mimosa III., Trenor L. Park.....	3 39 31	3 24 31
Spasm, E. D. King.....	3 43 58	3 28 58
Anokatok, W. G. Brokaw.....	3 52 17	3 37 17

Class M—Yawls—Start, 12:15—Course, 22 Miles.

Tern, John Hyslop.....	2 11 43	1 56 43
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Class N—30-Footers—Start, 12:20—Course, 20 Miles.

Alert, James W. Alker.....	4 04 22	3 44 22
Bobtail, Edgar F. Luckenbach.....	Did not finish.	
Mimosa, Trenor L. Park.....	4 07 22	3 47 22

Raceabouts—Start, 12:25—Course, 11 Miles.

Tom Boy, H. L. Maxwell.....	2 31 46	2 06 40
Tartan, A. H. Pirie.....	Did not finish.	
Rascal II., S. C. Hopkins.....	2 32 50	2 07 50
Hobo, Trenor L. Park.....	2 33 50	2 08 50
Rogue, A. Bryan Alley.....	2 36 38	2 11 38
Cricket, Howard Willetts.....	2 35 27	2 10 27
The Kid, Oliver Harriman.....	2 37 43	2 12 43
Maryola, C. W. Allen.....	2 39 09	2 14 09
Grasshopper, H. C. Pryor.....	2 39 12	2 14 12
Idler, O'Donnell Iselin.....	2 42 17	2 17 17

Class P—Sloops, 25ft.—Start, 12:30—Course, 11 Miles.

Snapper, L. H. Page.....	Did not finish.	
Una, W. Butler Duncan, Jr.....	2 41 16	2 11 13
Miss Judy, D. D. Allerton.....	2 49 43	2 17 43

Larchmont 21-Footers—Start, 12:30—Course, 11 Miles.

Adelaide, J. J. Dwyer.....	2 49 17	2 19 17
Houri, J. H. Esser.....	2 53 19	2 23 19
Vaquero, J. M. Marble.....	2 48 02	2 18 02
Dorothy, L. G. Spence.....	Did not finish.	

Indian Harbor Knockabouts—Start, 12:35—Course, 11 Miles.

Kenoshi, C. D. Mallory.....	3 03 53	2 28 53
Anawanda, E. C. Ray.....	3 05 01	2 30 01

Class Q—Sloops, 25ft.—Start, 12:40—Course, 11 Miles.

Gazabo, H. T. Vulte.....	3 21 46	2 41 46
Jeebi, A. D. R. Brown.....	3 24 08	2 44 08
Skip, C. D. Pinckney.....	Did not finish.	

Class R—Sloops, 18ft.—Start, 12:40—Course, 11 Miles.

Plover, H. Place.....	3 25 49	2 45 49
Scoot, M. Cowperthwait.....	Did not finish.	
Ace, Miss A. Bavier.....	3 23 35	2 43 35

Manhasset Bay Raceabouts—Start, 12:40—Course 11 Miles.

Manhasset Bay Challenge Cup Series.

Port Washington, Long Island Sound.

Fifth Day—Tuesday, July 5—Third Race.

The third and last race of the series was sailed on Tuesday. The series had been prolonged to such an extent by calm weather, that less interest was taken and only two boats competed in the last event—Alert and Mimosa. Although Alert won the race easily, Mimosa gets the cup on points. The other two challengers, Nike and Bobtail, did not start. The former did not put in an appearance. The latter was on hand, and why the boat did not at least cross the starting line is a mystery.

Mr. Alexander M. Orr, Jr., was the only one of the race committee on the steam yacht Florence, and he was in charge of the match. The race was over a windward and leeward course and a fresh S. W. wind held throughout. The start was made off red and black buoy off Execution, thence to and around the red spar buoy off Parsonage Point and return—a distance of 9½ miles which was covered twice, making a total distance of 18½ miles. Mimosa was sailed by her owner, Mr. T. L. Park, while Alert was handled by Mr. Herman Duryea.

The boats were started at 1:55, and Alert led over the line. It was a run to the first mark with spinnakers to starboard. Mimosa proved the better boat on this point of sailing and led Alert 15s. at the Parsonage Point mark. On the beat back to the starting line Alert demonstrated her superiority on windward work and passed Mimosa on her weather. From that time on Alert was never headed and, barring accidents, could not lose. The times at the end of the first round were: Alert, 3:44:38; Mimosa, 3:44:58. Alert was leading by 15s.

On the first leg of the second round Alert increased her lead and widened the gap between herself and Mimosa. At the leeward mark on the second round the times were: Alert, 4:24:15; Mimosa, 4:25:56. Alert was leading by 1m. and 41s.

The wind freshened on the last leg, and Alert, sailing in nice shape, left Mimosa fast. Alert allowed Mimosa 4m. 53s. Alert beat Mimosa 9m. 50s. elapsed time, and 4m. 29s. corrected time. The summary follows:

	30-Footers—Start, 1:55.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Alert	5 27 11	2 32 11	3 32 11	
Mimosa	4 36 31	3 41 31	3 36 38	

On the point system Mimosa wins the cup. By this plan each boat gets a point for starting and one for every boat she defeats. With only two starters in the last event it was obviously impossible to prevent Mimosa from winning the cup on points. The standing in points of the four boats follow:

	Points.
Mimosa, Trenor L. Park, American.....	8
Alert, James W. Alker, Manhasset Bay.....	7
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach, Atlantic.....	4
Nike, Victor I. Cumnoch, Seawanhaka-Corinthian.....	3

The cup now is in the hands of the American Y. C., and it will be defended by that organization next season in races that must take place, according to the condition, between June 15 and September 15.

Boston Y. C.

Marblehead, Mass.—Saturday, July 9.

The first of the Marblehead series of races of the Boston Y. C. was sailed off the Marblehead station of the club on Saturday, July 9, in a wholsail, S. E. breeze. In the 30-footers Chewink IV. led from the start. In the 22-footers Clotho got the start, but Medric took the lead at the first mark and was never headed. Clotho was second around the course, with Opitsah V. third. In the 18-footers, the boats went over the line in a bunch. Bat soon went into the lead and finished in her usual place. In the first handicap class, Jingo, a 25-footer, and Opitsah III., an old Y. R. A. 21-footer, both beat out the Buzzards' Bay 30 footer, Mashnee, on elapsed time. Scapegoat led around the course easily in the second handicap class, but Widow took first place on corrected time. The summary:

	Class C—30-Footers.	Elapsed.
Chewink IV., F. G. Macomber, Jr.....	1 32 29	
Sauquoit, T. R. Lothrop, Jr.....	1 33 44	
Wasaka, S. Reed Anthony.....	1 35 45	

	Class E—22-Footers.	Elapsed.
Medric, H. H. White.....	1 39 02	
Clotho, Cheney and Lanning.....	1 39 22	
Opitsah V., S. H. Foster.....	1 40 30	
Setsu, Talbot and Lewis.....	1 50 07	
Pari II., George Lee.....	Disabled.	

	Class I—18-Footers.	Elapsed.
Bat, C. F. Adams 2d.....	1 49 36	
Hayseed, H. L. Bowden.....	1 50 12	
Boo Hoo, Reginald Boardman.....	1 50 19	
Fudge, C. H. W. Foster.....	1 51 28	
Otter, A. D. Irving.....	1 52 24	
Mirage II., J. W. Olmstead.....	1 52 31	
Arbeka II., F. P. Bowden.....	1 52 42	
Napier, B. S. Permar.....	1 52 53	
Pritter, W. C. Loring, Jr.....	1 56 23	
Alladin, Keith Brothers.....	1 57 03	
Privateer II., Alden and Carlton.....	1 57 19	
Dorchen, A. W. Finlay.....	Withdraw.	

	Class T—15-Footers.	Elapsed.
Vera II., H. Lundberg.....	1 56 20	
Little Misery, A. P. Loring, Jr.....	2 09 09	

	First Handicap Class.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Jingo, G. B. Doane.....	1 40 54	1 33 50	
Opitsah, W. F. Whitney.....	1 43 52	1 34 47	
Thelema, A. C. Jones.....	1 46 47	1 37 42	
Mashnee, J. F. Whitney.....	1 44 07	1 44 07	

	Second Handicap Class.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Widow, H. W. Friend.....	1 58 38	1 47 33	
Aspenet, E. W. Remick.....	1 56 48	1 47 56	
Tumpoo, C. A. Cooley.....	1 51 54	1 49 44	
Clarita, Walter Burgess.....	1 54 08	1 49 42	
Scapegoat, W. P. Keyes.....	1 51 03	1 51 08	

Indian Harbor Y. C.

Greenwich, Long Island Sound—Monday, July 4.

A heavy S. W. wind, accompanied by a nasty sea, spoiled the power boat races held by the Indian Harbor Y. C. on Monday, July 4. The feature of the event was to have been the racing between Shooting Star, Vingt et Un and Challenger. The boats were not built for racing in rough water, and the conditions were so unfavorable that Shooting Star and Challenger withdrew.

The three cabin boats, Allure, Queen Bess and Suis Moi, raced in the morning. These boats covered a 10-mile course. The start was made off the club house, thence to and around Little and Great Captain's Islands and back to the starting line. Suis Moi won on corrected time. As a result of a protest made by the owner of Queen Bess, the winning boat will be remeasured.

A number of the automobile boats, entered for the race, did not start on account of the rough water. Of the three starters in this class Challenger was the scratch boat. Over a 15 mile course Vingt et Un received 7m. 26s. and Shooting Star 21m. 7s. Challenger and Vingt et Un are the American entries for the Harmsworth cup, which will be raced for on July 30 on the Solent. Both boats were designed by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane and are almost identical in design. Vingt et Un is equipped with a 75 horse-power Smith & Mabley engine, while Challenger is fitted with an engine of the same make of 150 horse-power. Challenger was handled by Mr. Clinton H. Crane, and Mr. Claire M. Hamilton steered Vingt et Un.

Vingt et Un led over the starting line, Shooting Star was a few feet behind, Challenger was last. The water was so rough that the boats were smothered, and in order to prevent their filling, the motors were slowed down. Vingt et Un steered erratically in the seaway, being of such light draft she was hard to control. Shooting Star and Challenger withdrew at the end of the first round, leaving Vingt et Un to finish alone.

In the open launch class Lucia and Scooter were the only starters. These boats covered a 5 mile course. Lucia won, but was protested by Scooter for covering the wrong course. The regatta committee was made up of Messrs. Frank Bowne Jones, chairman; Charles E. Simms and Charles E. McManus.

The summary follows:

	Cabin Motor Boats—Course, 10 Knots.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Allure, Alex Stein.....	12 01 03	12 55 36	0 54 32	0 54 32	
Queen Bess, R. H. Stearns.....	11 39 02	12 52 23	1 13 20	0 50 17	
Suis Moi, G. Plympton.....	11 36 03	12 51 05	1 15 02	0 48 59	

	Automobile Boats—Start, 2:50—Course, 15 Knots.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Challenger, Smith & Mabley.....	Did not finish.			
Vingt et Un, Smith & Mabley.....	3 56 44	1 06 44	1 06 44	
Shooting Star, H. A. Lozier, Jr.....	Did not finish.			

	Open Launches—Start, 4:15—Course, 5 Knots.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Lucia, A. L. Menendez.....	5 18 30	1 03 30	1 03 30	
Scooter, A. J. McManus.....	5 05 00	0 50 00	0 50 00	

Edgewood Y. C.

Narragansett Bay, R. I.—Monday, July 4.

The second and third races in the series of three for the Possner cup of the Edgewood Y. C. for 30ft. cats were sailed on the afternoons of Monday, July 4, and Saturday, July 9. Both races were taken by the Mblem, which gives her owner, George E. Darling, possession of the trophy for a year, or permanently, if he wins next season's series with Mblem.

In Monday's race there was a spanking two-reef breeze from the S. The strain broke the Clara's headstay on the third round, and the boat withdrew. The same mishap befell Elizabeth, which was in second place at the time; but after dropping sail for about 10m. and tightening things up a bit, she went on after the others and succeeded in finishing third. It was Mblem's race almost from the start, and the affair became a procession. Mblem winning by 10m., about the same margin by which she was defeated by Elizabeth in the first race of the series.

Saturday, July 9.

In the third and final race on Saturday there was another procession, Mblem taking the lead again soon after the start, and the relative positions of the boats being practically unchanged to the finish. Mblem won by 3m., Elizabeth taking second place, with Scott a close third. Wanderer III. made a poor showing in all three races. She had been launched only a week at the time of the first race, and there had been no opportunity to give her a tuning up. She behaved badly, steering hard, on Monday, and finished at the tail end of the procession, over 15m. behind the winner. Mr. B. B. Crowninshield, her designer, advised moving the mast forward, and this was done, the step being shifted about 8in. This gave her a better balance, having less sail outboard aft, and she handled rather better Saturday, but still lacked the speed and finished 13m. behind Mblem, in a light wind. She needs more changes of some kind, evidently, and the Flint brothers hope to get her tuned up very soon.

The standing of the 30-footers at the conclusion of the series, according to the Massachusetts Bay Y. R. A. percentage system, was as follows: Mblem, 83 1-3; Elizabeth, 58 1-3; Scott 25; Wanderer III., 13 1-3; Clara, 5.

The Saturday race was also a special club regatta, and there were four other classes besides the 30-footers. The wind was very light at the start, but freshened considerably later in the afternoon, and the boats made fairly good time. The winners were Nobska, Marguerite, Shadow and Gee Gee. The summaries of the two days' races are as follows:

Monday, July 4.

	Second Possner Cup Race—Start, 2:25—Course, 11 Miles.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mblem, G. E. Darling.....	4 36 45	2 11 45	
Scatt, H. B. Scattergood.....	4 46 50	2 21 50	
Elizabeth, W. D. Wood.....	4 50 12	2 25 12	
Wanderer III., H. J. & D. W. Flint.....	4 52 28	2 27 28	
Clara, W. Benns.....	Disabled.		

Saturday, July 9.

	First Class—30ft. Cats—Possner Cup—Start, 2:30—Course, 11 Miles.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mblem.....	4 51 10	2 21 10	
Elizabeth.....	4 54 11	2 24 11	
Scatt.....	4 55 44	2 25 44	
Wanderer III.....	5 04 38	2 34 38	
Clara.....	5 10 47	2 40 47	

	Second Class—25ft. Cats—Start, 2:32—Course 11 Miles.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Nobska, W. J. Rooks.....	4 57 11	2 25 11	2 25 11	
Ina, N. C. Arnold.....	4 59 45	2 27 45	2 27 06	
Mae Hope, D. C. Stranger.....	5 10 02	2 38 02	2 34 36	

	Third Class—21ft. Cats—Start, 2:34—Course, 11 Miles.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Marguerite, J. D. Peck.....	5 04 31	2 30 31	
Rival No. 1, C. S. Mays.....	Did not finish.		

	Fourth Class—Special Cats—Start, 2:38—Course, 11 Miles.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Shadow, E. R. Johnson.....	5 38 07	3 00 07	
Sybil, J. H. Caton.....	6 38 00	4 00 00	

	Fifth Class—Launches—Start, 2:52—Course, 11 Miles.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Gee Gee, D. Knight.....	4 31 28	1 39 28	1 38 00
Dart, A. F. Blackburn.....	4 31 45	1 39 45	1 39 45
Mabel, C. H. Daggett.....	5 00 24	2 08 24	2 02 09

F. H. Young.

Riverton Y. C.

Riverton, Delaware River—Monday, July 4.

The fortieth annual regatta of the Riverton Y. C. was sailed on July 4. A fresh S.W. breeze gave the boats all the wind they wanted. The boats covered triangular courses.

The preparatory was given at 10:30, and the catboats were sent away 5m. later. Carolyn II. had a long lead, but broke down on the third leg, and withdrew. Sea Gull won, beating Fiona by a few seconds.

In the one-design class A. G. Cook, in No. 1, took the lead at the start and held it for the first half of the race, but H. McIlvaine Biddle passed him on the third leg and led the fleet home.

In the afternoon the races for power boats were held. Clarence Godschalk in his automobile boat, Nada, after chasing J. H. Basley's launch, Red Devil, once round the course, overhauled her, and in the second leg won out easily.

The summary:

	Catboats—Start, 10:35.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sea Gull, S. A. Cook.....	12 30 15	1 55 15	
Tiona, J. Perkins.....	12 31 58	1 56 58	
Priscilla, P. C. Clarkson.....	12 30 10	2 03 00	
Carolyn, H. C. Rianhard.....	Disabled.		

	One-Design Boats—Start, 10:40.	Finish.	Elapsed.
No. 3, H. MacIlvaine Biddle.....	12 18 35	1 38 35	
No. 1, Abbie Cook.....	12 19 43	1 39 43	
No. 7, E. W. Crittenden.....	12 21 53	1 41 53	
No. 8, Charles M. Biddle.....	12 25 18	1 45 18	
No. 6, J. H. Ruse and J. H. Hillman.....	12 27 22	1 47 22	
No. 2, Dr. C. S. Mills.....	12 28 08	1 48 08	
No. 5, T. W. Radell.....	Withdraw.		
No. 4, J. W. Hamer.....	Withdraw.		

	Jib and Mainsail Boats—Start, 10:40.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Dorothea, Somerville Solomon.....	12 27 21	1 47 28	
Pumpkin, J. W. Frismuth, Jr.....	Capsized.		

	Mosquito Boats—Start, 10:42:10.	Finish.	Elapsed.
No. 14, Walnut Boys.....	12 03 00	1 21 00	
No. 15, E. B. Howell.....	12 11 15	1 29 15	
No. 16, H. H. Cook.....	Capsized.		

	Launches—Start, 3:19.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Nada, Clarence Godschalk.....	4 18 30	0 59 30	
Standard, Esber.....	4 35 18	1 16 18	
Red Devil, Balsley.....	Did not finish.		
Spark, Haines.....	Did not finish.		

Bensonhurst Y. C.

Bensonhurst, L. I.—Saturday, July 9.

ONE of the best open regattas of the season was given by the Bensonhurst Y. C. on Saturday, July 9, over courses in Gravesend Bay. Twenty-six boats started, all but two of which finished. The winners were Maydic (ex-Umbria), Bobtail, Lizana, Ogeemah, Cayuga and Martha M. Corrected times were not figured out because of a lack of measurements of some of the racers. As near as can be determined without the final data, however, the boats getting first honors in classes where time is allowed were as stated above. Beta and Kelpie, sailing in one-design classes, were sure winners.

A fine S. E. breeze blew throughout the race. The boats in Class M went out to Old Orchard Shoal and returned from the start off Ulmer Park leaving all marks to starboard. This made a 12-mile course, over which Maydic signalled her first appearance of the year by handily defeating Vivian II and Redwing. She was 5m. and 36s. in the lead at the finish. The boats had a reach both ways.

In the class for 30-footers, Bobtail led Bagheera at the finish

by 2m. and 53s. The course gave the boats a reach to the mark off the Atlantic Y. C., a spinnaker run to Craven Shoal buoy and another reach to Port Hamilton. Then came a close hauled board to the stake boat off the Marine and Field Club and good windward work to the start. The journey was sailed twice, making an aggregate distance of about 9 miles.

The other starters sailed the same course, with the exception that the second leg led from the Atlantic Y. C. directly across the bay to Port Hamilton instead of out to Craven Shoal buoy. This was a run with spinnakers set to starboard. Among the smaller craft Lizana did fine work in Class P, defeating Bonita, a boat brought down from one of the higher classes by the new rule, by 1m. and 27s. elapsed time. The fight in the catboat class was very close and exciting, Martha M. winning out only just before the finish. The race was sailed with very few flukes and was a success in every way. The summary:

	Sloops—Class M—Start, 3:05.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Maydic, ex-Umbria, W. H. Childs.....	4 58 44	1 53 44	
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon.....	5 04 20	1 59 20	
Redwing, J. B. O'Donohue.....	5 09 34	2 04 34	
Bonnie Kate, A. C. Bellows.....	Did not finish.		

	Sloops—Class N—Start, 3:05.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach.....	4 36 47	1 31 47	
Bagheera, Hendon Chubb.....	4 39 40	1 34 40	
Era, ex-Vivian, E. H. M. Roehr.....	4 41 00	1 36 00	

	Sloops—Class P—Start, 3:10.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Lizana, D. S. Wylie.....	4 35 28	1 25 28	
Bonito, Haviland Bros.....	4 36 55	1 26 55	
Indian, H. F. Menton.....	5 00 35	1 50 35	

	Sloops—Class Q—Start, 3:15.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mary, Max Grundner.....	4 43 14	1 28 14	
Ogeemah, Alfred Mackay.....	4 46 08	1 31 08	
Wraith, Calvin Tompkins.....	4 49 59	1 34 59	
Cicada, A. D. O'Neill.....	4 50 00	1 35 00	
Careless, F. J. Havens.....	4 53 28	1 38 28	

	Sloops—Class R—Special—Start, 4:18.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Cayuga, Elmer Cunningham.....	5 14 25	0 56 25	
Trio, C. H. Clayton.....	5 16 32	0 58 32	

	Sloops—Class RR—Start, 3:20.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Beta, Snedeker & Camp.....	4 58 13	1 38 13	
Gamma, A. H. Platt.....	5 07 35	1 47 35	

	Marine and Field Special—Start, 3:20.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Kelpie, W. K. Brown.....	4 59 55	1 39 55	
Esperance, T. A. Hamilton.....	5 01 45	1 41 45	
Jig-a-Jig, W. A. Hutcheson.....	Did not finish.		

	Catboats—Class V—Start, 3:25.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Martha M., Richard Moore.....	5 01 17	1 36 17	
Colleen, W. S. Remmey.....	5 02 17	1 37 17	
Boozie, C. D. Durkee.....	5 03 17	1 38 17	
Orient, Richard Rummell.....	5 04 58	1 39 58	

Riverside Y. C.

Riverside, Long Island Sound—Saturday, July 9.

THE sixteenth annual regatta of the Riverside Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, July 9. A fresh S.E. breeze made the racing in the five classes that filled conclusive. There were twenty starters, and all the boats finished.

The sloop Mimosa III. and the yawl Memory sailed a match race over an 18-mile course. Mimosa beat Memory 13m. 39s.

The six raceabouts that started covered a 14½ mile course. Tartan beat Idler, the second boat, 5m. 15s.

The three sloops in the 25ft. class also covered a 14½-mile course. Robin Hood finished first, but she had to allow Firefly 4m. 44s., and she lost the race on corrected time.

In the Larchmont one-design class Dorothy won easily. Adelaide got second place, beating Vaquero 16s.

Wawa won in the Indian Harbor one-sign

Erie Yacht Club.

Erie, Pa.—Monday, July 4.

The club held its first race for the season on July 4. The boats were started in classes, the first class starting at 9:30 A. M. and each class following at intervals of 3m. All boats had to be sailed by their owner or a member of the club and could start either from a mooring or its anchorage, as preferred. A prize was given to one boat in each class.

The next race will be sailed next Saturday, July 9.

This race to-day was sailed in what the Washington Weather Bureau told us was a "southwest storm," but while there was a high wind, there was not too much of it.

Several of the big boats were missing; they had gone up the lake to hunt races at Detroit. The first class was taken by Flora; time 1.21. Viking, Nameless and Morrita sailed in the next class. Nameless came in an easy winner. Kingfisher and Caprice were in the next class; Kingfisher won in it. Zephyr ran away from Phyllis in the fourth class race. Turtle did the same to Mingo in the fifth class, and the boats that should have sailed in the sixth class were missing—gone up the lake to hunt races away from home.

Another of the fleet that was missing to-day was the unfortunate Tonkawa that burned at Conneaut on the night of June 30. She should have given a good account of herself from her looks, but never had a chance to try.

CABIA BLANCO.

Rhode Island Letter.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., July 9.—The most important racing event in general on this side of the water during the past week has been the one of special interest to Rhode Island yachtsmen, as a matter of course. Not a man or a woman in this State that takes pleasure in sailing and that keeps somewhat in touch with leading events in yachting circles, but that felt pride and satisfaction in the announcement that Little Rhody had won the Brooklyn Y. C. ocean race from New York to Marblehead, Mass., and had captured the 100 guinea trophy offered by Sir Thomas Lipton. Members of the Bristol Y. C., of which Capt. Charles F. Tillinghast is vice-commodore, and which club the little craft represented in the ocean race, when they heard the news early Tuesday morning, promptly went out and attached a new broom to the Little Rhody's vacant mooring buoy in front of the club house and decorated the affair with red, white and blue bunting. All the colors were run up on the club house, and the members immediately began to prepare for some sort of a suitable reception in honor of their victorious vice-commodore. This took place at the club house this (Saturday) evening, and was a gala affair, taking the form of a congratulatory reception and a banquet. There was a very large attendance of members and invited guests, a number of speeches of congratulation were made, and the complimentary things said of Little Rhody, her owner and her crew, were without number. Capt. Tillinghast responded by thanking his fellow club members for their expression of appreciation, and in lieu of a set speech, he read to them the official log of the Little Rhody during the memorable race. This was the most appropriate feature that could have been introduced at such an affair, and it was received with enthusiasm. The log will be kept among the club's most cherished possessions.

Scarcely second to the pride felt by Bristol Y. C. members in Little Rhody's achievement was the general satisfaction expressed by members of the Rhode Island Y. C., in which the winning craft is also enrolled. In fact, every one in the State who is interested in yachting, was gratified by the boat's victory. The result was in every sense a victory for Rhode Island, and peculiarly so, for not only does the boat bear the nickname of the State, but she was designed by George Owen, of Toronto, Canada, who was born in and lived in Providence all his life until within the past two or three years. She was built by Rhode Island men in the shops of the Chase Pulley Company, in this city, and she was manned by a crew of Rhode Island amateur yachtsmen. It was a triumph of Rhode Island designing, building and seamanship; perhaps especially the latter, as a few errors in navigation might have lost the race for Capt. Tillinghast, for the skill of some of his competitors is unquestioned.

The crew of Little Rhody in the race comprised Capt. Tillinghast, Mr. George Owen, her designer, and Messrs. James H. Thurston, Irving O. Hunt, George A. Fuller and S. Foster Hunt, the last named being the navigator, a graduate last month of Brown University, where he took a course in marine engineering and navigation.

Little Rhody beat Newasi, the second boat, by 2h. 52m. actual time, and by 5h. 41m. corrected time.

Little Rhody was built last spring, and had already achieved some fame for speed before she started on the ocean race, having defeated Pricilla, one of the fastest sloops on Narragansett Bay, a boat built purely for racing, in one of the closest and most exciting contests ever seen in these waters. Little Rhody, moreover, notwithstanding the criticism that may have been passed upon her by prejudiced observers, is a stoutly constructed and extremely able boat, the aim of her designer being to produce an entirely seaworthy cruiser.

After this 330 mile test in the open Atlantic, Capt. Tillinghast is satisfied with her cruising qualities, and says that he would be willing to take her anywhere along the Atlantic coast within a reasonable distance of the land, and is convinced that she would stand any weather test that would permit any of her recent competitors to pass through unscathed.

Little Rhody is 34ft. 6in. over all; 21ft. 9in. waterline; 8ft. 6in. beam, and 5ft. 6in. draft. She is a pole mast, sloop-rigged, keel boat, with about 3000lbs. of outside ballast. The frame and floorings are of white oak, and her planking is double, being of cedar inside, with an outer skin of hard pine. The cockpit is water-tight, and is double-planked with white oak. The fastenings are all of bronze, brass and copper. The cabin trunk is moderate, affording comfortable head room below. The after end of the cabin and the companion hatch are of mahogany, and the finish below is in buttternut. On the ocean race Little Rhody carried the full cruising equipment and supplies, as provided in the rules, and in addition to the ordinary working sails, she carried two spinnakers, a balloon jib, a storm jib, a small topsail and a storm trysail.

F. H. YOUNG.

British Letter.

THE seventh race for the German Emperor's cup from Dover to Heligoland, which was started on June 18, has been chiefly remarkable for three things. Firstly, it was this year turned into an international race instead of being, as hitherto, confined to British yachts only; secondly, it was sailed in much faster time than any previous contest; and lastly, the handicapping was in some cases so extraordinary that the match would have been quite conspicuous for that reason alone. The American schooner Ingomar was placed—and rightly so—at the scratch, but the amount of time she was called upon to give some of the others was out of all reason. For instance, it is impossible to conceive the kind of conditions under which she could allow such a fine vessel as Brynhild as much as five hours, or Bona two and a half. Bona was not considered to fulfill the description of a bona fide cruiser, so she was not allowed to start. Had she been in the race, however, there is but little doubt that she would have been very close to Ingomar at the finish, as most of the course was sailed under spinnakers. It is doubtless a very difficult task to handicap such a scratch lot of vessels as take part annually in this particular race, but it would surely not be very difficult to improve upon the allowances that were drawn up for this year's match. Like Brynhild, the winner Valdora was in receipt of a ridiculous amount of time—no less than seven and a quarter hours—from Ingomar, for a straightaway course of 310 miles; but what can be said with regard to Valdora's allowances to such old stagers as Nicandra (formerly Vandura), Fiona, and Vol-au-vent! Take Valdora and Fiona, for instance. The former is one of Fife's latest and best fast cruisers, built only last year, while the Fiona is the old Fawn o' Fairlie, designed and built by Fife's father nearly forty years ago. Yet the old boat received only 35 min-

utes from the smart, up-to-date yawl, equal to about 1 minute in 9 miles. In point of fact, with everything in favor of the slow boats, Valdora was able to beat Fiona nearly 2 hours, and what she would have done with her had there been any turning to windward, or even close reaching, goodness only knows. Fourteen boats started, representing four nations, Great Britain supplying eleven and America, France, and Germany one each. The breeze was light at the start, but freshened the following morning and strengthened up to the finish. There was a good deal of sea and Brynhild broke her spinnaker boom about noon on the 19th. As it was a hollow spar, it could not be spliced, and she had to do half the course without a running sail. This, of course, accounts for a good deal of Ingomar's big lead at the finishing line, for Ingomar was not many miles ahead of Brynhild when the yawl broke her spinnaker boom. The race showed beyond all doubt that Ingomar is a very fast vessel, and she has given further proof of her speed at Cuxhaven and Kiel, while she carries her large sprad of canvas nobly. It is indeed a pity that the Fife schooner Cicely has not been fitted out to meet her, for no other schooner of her size on this side can show anything like sufficient speed to give her a race.

On June 21 there was a regatta at the mouth of the Elbe under the flag of the Norddeutscher Regatta Verein. A fresh northwesterly breeze was blowing, and the big schooners could only carry sharp headed topsails. Four vessels started in the big schooner class, Meteor III., Iduna, Hamburg (ex-Rainbow), and Ingomar. They had a beat down the river of about twelve miles in short tacks, and a run back to Cuxhaven. Ingomar fairly dressed down the fleet in the wind jamming, but did not observe signals which were made to shorten the course, and lost about a quarter of an hour through standing on too far, she being then about a mile to windward of Meteor. It was a most creditable performance in such a strong wind and with such a nasty wash in the river, and it was unfortunate that the racing instructions had not been more carefully read. As it was, Meteor of course won. Hamburg should have made a much better show on such a day, but she is not well sailed or handled and is a very different boat to what she was when she belonged to the late Mr. C. R. Orr Ewing, for whom she was built in 1898, and though at times she gives evidence of greater speed than either Meteor or Ingomar, she can do nothing when laid on a wind, and suffers from inferior handling in other ways.

Kiel Week began, as far as the big boats were concerned, on June 24, when the same four schooners made up the big class. They had a reach to the first mark of about 16 miles, a beat of 8 miles to the second, and a run home. Meteor and Hamburg led Ingomar in the reach, but in the beat Ingomar passed Hamburg and met Meteor, which was on the port tack. Meteor tried to cross Ingomar, which had to come round to avoid a collision. A protest flag was the result, and the German Emperor's vessel at once gave up. It seems an extraordinary thing for an old hand like Parker to be caught napping over such an elementary breach of the rules. On this occasion Ingomar fairly beat the bigger boats to windward, as she did on the Elbe, and she arrived at the line only 10 seconds astern of Hamburg. Ingomar saved her time on Meteor on June 26, and again on June 28 in the race from Kiel to Eckernförde, although it appears that on the last date she was somewhat favored toward the finish by the wind freeing her. However, Mr. Plant has won three first prizes out of four starts in German waters, and his vessel would undoubtedly have won the fourth—that is, the race at Cuxhaven—had the signals for a shortened course been seen, and as all four matches have been sailed in fresh to strong winds against bigger vessels than his own, he has every reason to be satisfied with Ingomar's performance.

Kiel regatta this year has been specially interesting and successful, owing to the additional *éclat* given it by the visit of King Edward VII. and the presence of the two monarchs at the beautiful port during the racing. The Germans are able to muster an immense quantity of yachts at this function, but they make the mistake of splitting them up into too many classes—as many as thirteen or fourteen—with the result that in many there is only one entry, and sails over are frequent. The yawl Orion, formerly the German Emperor's Meteor II., was kept in a class by herself, whereas she might have been run with Brynhild, Navahoe, Comet, etc. Clare has also had to sail over more than once, and so has the new Fife schooner, Susanne.

While there has been so much going on in the Baltic, racing at home has been on the quiet side. On the Solent the usual number of small races have been taking place, and on the Clyde the principal clubs have had their usual handicap matches and small class races, but at neither place has the sport been up to the level of former years. Bona has had one race with Messrs. Connell's new 65-footer Zinita, but it was a paltry, fluky day, each yacht getting the best of the luck in turn, and Zinita having it at the finish, winning easily. For the Clyde Fortnight, Bona, Zinita, Carina, and the new Gosport cutter, Merry-maid, will provide the big class handicaps, and the 52-footers will be there also, while the usual local classes, including the new restricted 30ft. class, will turn up in force. The attractions of Kiel, however, have shown the Clyde Fortnight of much of its pristine glory, and British yacht owners will do well to give more patronage to the sport in their own waters in the future, unless they wish to see the Clyde racing overtaken by the fate which has pretty nearly ruined the Irish fixtures.

E. H. KELLY.

Model Yacht Races.

THE Brooklyn Model Y. C. was invited by the Atlantic Y. C. to participate in their Fourth of July programme, and hold a race for second class model yachts off the club house at Sea Gate. The invitation was accepted, and six yachts and their skiffs were taken down there. After passing a very pleasant day and being entertained at dinner by the Atlantic Club, the race was started at 5 P. M. The wind was very high; in fact, too high for good sport. Five yachts, however, started, and two finished, the others coming to grief one way or another. The usual rules and time allowances were waived. The course was a quarter mile to leeward and return, twice around.

Mr. William Gray was first over the finish line, with

Mr. John Pelly second; Mr. John Fifer would have won the race, owing to Mr. Pelly coming to grief and having to fix up, but his yacht lost her hatch, and was filled by a sea. Now that model yacht sailing has been recognized by the Atlantic club, we hope the other large clubs will fall into line and give to this most interesting and instructive sport their support. A model yacht sailing department would be an advantage and a source of great interest to any of them, and give to their younger non-yacht-owning element something to interest them besides tennis and piazza amusements.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

NEW YORK Y. C. CRUISE.—The squadron will rendezvous at Glen Cove on Thursday, August 11; captains will report on board the flagship at 4:30 P. M. The programme for the cruise, weather permitting, will be as follows:

Friday, August 12.—Squadron run, Glen Cove to Morris Cove.

Saturday, August 13.—Squadron run, Morris Cove to New London.

Sunday, August 14.—At New London.

Monday, August 15.—Squadron run, New London to Newport.

Tuesday, August 16.—Squadron run, Newport to Vineyard Haven.

Wednesday, August 17.—Squadron run, Vineyard Haven to Newport.

Thursday, August 18.—At Newport, 10:30 A. M., races for the Owl and Game Cock colors; 2 P. M., special races for motor boats and for yachts too small for enrollment.

Friday, August 19.—At Newport; Astor cup races. In the evening the squadron will illuminate.

The preparatory signal for squadron runs will be two guns fired in rapid succession by the flagship, and the display at the foretopmast head of the code letter P over the signal indicating the next port. The start will be made promptly one hour later from a line previously established by the regatta committee, at which time the preparatory signal will be hauled down. The regatta committee will issue instructions for the runs from port to port, and for the other racing events. The Commodore's cups will be sailed for during the cruise. Captains are requested to supply their vessels with N. Y. Y. C. night signals. Captains and their guests will be welcome on board the flagship at all times. Particular attention is invited to the routine published in the club book.



NEW ROCHELLE Y. C. SPECIAL OPEN RACE.—The New Rochelle Y. C. will hold a special open race on July 30 from New Rochelle to Stratford Shoal and return. The race is open to cruising yachts of any rig. The contestants must not measure over 40ft. on deck, and must be enrolled in a recognized yacht club.

Yachts built to any special racing class, or that are used solely for racing, or yachts having bulb keel or metal fin, are barred. No restriction on sails carried, except that the lower canvas must be that used by the yacht when cruising. Yachts must be sailed throughout entire race by Corinthian helmsmen.

Time allowance will be given according to length ascertained by adding half of the overhang to the load waterline.

Entries will be received by G. P. Granbery, chairman of the regatta committee, at 114 E. 14th street, New York, up to noon of July 28. The committee reserves the right to reject entries of any yachts not considered eligible to race as cruisers.

The start will be made at 3:10 P. M., indicated by a red ball hoisted on committee boat and gun fired. Preparatory gun will be fired and Blue Peter hoisted on committee boat at 3 P. M.

The course will be from starting line off Echo Bay between committee boat and a mark boat flying the club flag, to and around Stratford Shoal, leaving same to port in rounding, keeping on channel side of all Government buoys, and returning to starting line. In the absence of the judges' boat at the line at finish of race, the yachts are requested to take their own time as they pass the mark boat. Should the race finish during the night, the mark boat will display two white lights hung vertically.

A silver cup has been presented by Mr. Lawrence Dunham, and will be awarded to the winning yacht immediately after the finish of the race.



PHILADELPHIA CORINTHIAN Y. C. CRUISE.—The fleet of the Corinthian Y. C. will rendezvous for the annual cruise at Glen Cove, Long Island, N. Y., on the afternoon of Friday, July 29, 1904. A meeting of captains will be held on board the flagship at 8:30 P. M. The routine and rules contained in the club manual will be observed during the cruise. Squadron runs: Prizes have been offered for port to port runs for yachts in cruising trim, and when four or more start, a second prize to be awarded. The commodore has offered a cup to the yacht in each class winning on corrected time the greatest number of runs.

Saturday, July 30.—Glen Cove to Oyster Bay.

Sunday, July 31.—Fleet to remain at anchor at Oyster Bay.

Monday, August 1.—Oyster Bay to Morris Cove.

Tuesday, August 2.—Morris Cove to Shelter Island.

Wednesday, August 3.—Shelter Island to New London.

Thursday, August 4.—Fleet to remain at anchor. Gig and dinghy races for yachts' crews, and races for small boats belonging to yachts of the fleet, will be held in the afternoon. Entries to be made to the fleet captain.

Friday, August 5.—New London to Newport.

Saturday, August 6.—Disband.

Captains intending to join the cruise will kindly notify the fleet captain, No. 511 Bullitt Building, Philadelphia, at as early a date as possible.

The commodore particularly requests that as large a number of yachts will participate in the cruise as possible, as there are handsome prizes offered for all runs in all classes. By order of the commodore, Charles H. Brock, fleet captain.

Smith's Falls C. C.

ENTER the Rideau River at Kingston, Ontario; pass for sixty miles through a bewilderingly entrancing succession of river and lake, and the voyager arrives at the pretty, active little Canada town of Smith's Falls, of about six thousand inhabitants, and the home of the Smith's Falls C. C. Sixty miles further along the same route or about one hundred and twenty miles from Kingston, lies Ottawa, the capital city of the Dominion. Between Kingston and Smith's Falls this waterway consists of a chain of twelve beautiful lakes, connected by charming bits of winding river. The river portions are made navigable for boats of 110 ft. in length and 6 ft. draft, by a system of locks built in the early part of last century by British military engineers. The quaint, strongly-built stone lock-houses, loop-holed for musketry, remind us that this was once looked upon as an important military waterway.

The lakes vary in depth from forty to three hundred feet; gamy bass are plentiful, and in the cool recesses



Home of the Smith's Falls Canoe Club.

of the greater depths lurk goodly numbers of portly salmon trout. Ten, twelve, and even fifteen-pounders are by no means rare. To the canoeist the Rideau Route is a region of pure delight; to the angler-canoeist, an earthly paradise.

The people of Smith's Falls are fully alive to the charms of this playground at their doors, and the shores of the Rideau are thickly dotted with the pretty cottages which constitute the homes of many of them in vacation times.

Curiously enough, until recently the large fleet of river craft in Smith's Falls contained very few canoes, but the owners of these few were enthusiastic champions of the craft whose graceful lines allow its entrance into Nature's most idyllic scenes with no impairment of the harmony of the picture.

Not until 1901 did there exist in the town any organization for the purpose of furthering aquatic sports or bringing together in a social way the devotees of the paddle. A few energetic paddlers set to work to organize, and at a meeting held April 1, 1901, launched the Smith's Falls C. C., electing the following officers: Hon. Com., Senator F. T. Frost; Hon. Vice-Com., F. Weber Ashe; Com., J. R. Lavall, M. P.; Vice-Com., R. J. Brodie;

Mr. W. E. Mills was elected to fill this vacancy. Before the opening of the season the club was deprived of the services of their energetic and capable captain, Mr. E. I. Scott, who removed to engage in business in Sault Ste. Marie. Mr. Scott was looked upon as "the father of the club," had been foremost in everything pertaining to its welfare, and his loss was keenly felt, indeed. Mr. S. W. Gilroy was elected as club captain in Mr. Scott's place, and when the river opened up the boys started their second season's work, having now purchased a new and up-to-date war-canoe. They also went in for singles, doubles and fours, using cruising canoes, as none of the members as yet owned a purely racing craft.

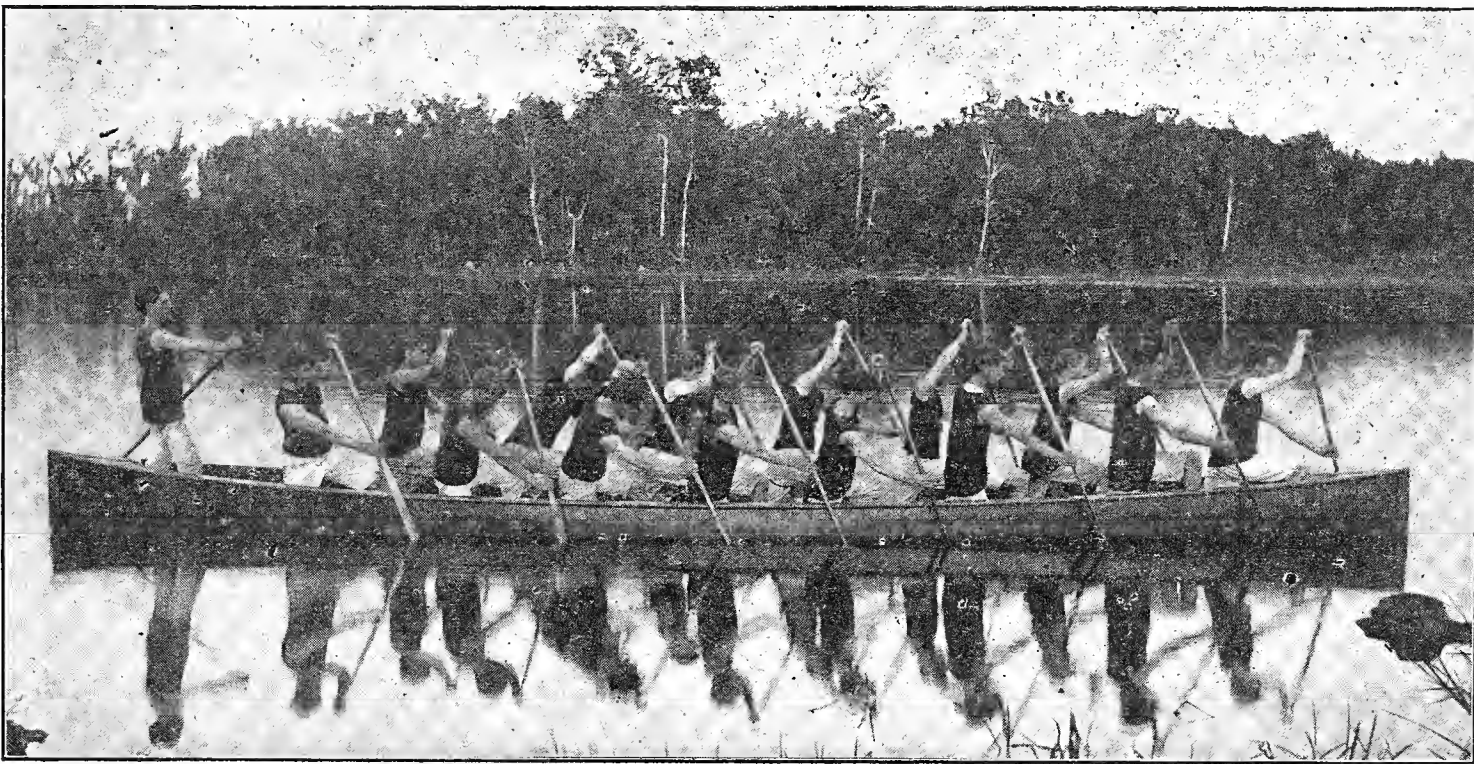
That they practiced faithfully and well is evidenced by their record at the big meet of the A. C. A. North Division, held at the Mississippi Lake, Carleton Place, on June 28 and 29. There was an immense list of entries in all events. The following clubs sent large representative contingents: Grand Trunk Boating Club, of Montreal; Toronto C. C.; Y. M. C. A., of Brockville; Bohemian C. C., of Brockville; Britannia C. C., St. Lambert's C. C., Carleton Place C. C., Lachine C. C., Smith's Falls C. C. At this time the Smith's Falls C. C. had existed for only fourteen months. Yet in competition with eight other crews, composed largely of veteran canoeists, they won the mile championship after a terrific race in record time. They also took second place in the half-mile war-canoe race with a turn, for the Carleton Place trophy, being beaten only by a few feet by the renowned Grand Trunks. Second place in the green fours, and the half-mile singles also fell to the lot of members of the club—a satisfactory record for these young and untried paddlers, in view of the fact that the course on the Mississippi Lake was very rough, so much so that several races had to be cancelled by the regatta committee, as canoe after canoe was swamped as rapidly as launched. The Smith's Falls practice course is a winding stretch of river as smooth as a mill pond, and rough water was an entirely new problem for them.

Training was resumed with the intention of attending the international meet at Cape Cod, but finding it impossible to make satisfactory arrangements with the railroads for transportation of men and canoes, the trip was abandoned. Instead they attended the Canadian Canoe Association meet at Britannia Bay, Ottawa, but with a crew trained for mile distance only, failed to land the C. C. A. championship race, which is a half-mile event.

Early in 1903 the executive committee began an active campaign to produce a suitable home for the Club, the lack of which had proved to be a very serious obstacle to keeping up interest in the organization. Too much praise cannot be given to the active paddlers who had stuck loyally to their work under most trying conditions. Their old quarters did not provide even space for lockers, to say nothing of rubbing tables. Their faithful trainer, Mr. Geo. Russell, worked under great disadvantages, but his enthusiasm never flagged.

The surmounting of so many obstacles, and the successful struggle against unfavorable financial conditions, have solidified the organization and created an *esprit de corps* which is perhaps the most favorable asset of the club today.

The new club house was completed and formally opened on Labor Day, September 7, 1903. It is a modest, inexpensive structure, but admirably designed for the wants of the club, utility and comfort being the first con-



SMITH'S FALLS' WAR CANOE.

Captain, E. I. Scott; Sec'y-Treas., Murray Lister. Some forty-five members were enrolled the first season. A second-hand war-canoe was purchased from the Ottawa C. C., and Club Captain E. I. Scott undertook the work of coaching a crew for the C. C. A. meet to be held at Brockville, on the St. Lawrence, that year. A cheap boat house was acquired for the housing of the canoe, and these very modest and inadequate quarters continued to be the home of the canoe club until the end of last season, 1903.

The war-canoe crew with their out-of-date boat and their lack of experience did not, of course, dream of winning any prizes at their first appearance in a race, but with that spirit of genuine sportsmanship which has happily characterized the members of the club from the beginning, they wanted "to get into the game," and were quite satisfied with their performance at Brockville in 1901, although they did not win any prizes. They were getting experience which was to help them out in their next season.

At the annual meeting in March, 1902, Mr. Murray Lister resigned the office of secretary-treasurer, which he had filled to the greatest satisfaction of the members.

siderations. On the morning that the splendid flag presented by Commodore J. R. Lavall, was first flung to the breeze, the building committee received many congratulations from the crowd of interested members and friends who inspected the new home of the club.

In the afternoon a very successful regatta was held, and in the evening some three hundred guests attended the first dance of the club. The entire day was a huge success, and was, indeed, a red-letter day in the brief history of the S. F. C. C.

A large proportion of the cost of the club house has already been paid, chiefly through the sale of life memberships. The future looks very bright. Already plans for the coming season have been made. Afternoon and evening regattas, moonlight runs by the club fleet, war-canoe cruises to Oliver's Ferry, nine miles distant; "camp-fires," illuminated flotillas, bonnet hops, etc., have taken form. The club at present owns three 30 ft. war-canoes and two 20 ft. fours. The number of pleasure canoes owned by members is large and steadily increasing.

The growth of this club is an object lesson to very many towns situated similarly to Smith's Falls, as regards population and location. Its success has not been brought

about through the energy and large financial assistance of two or three members, but is directly due to the unselfish loyalty of the rank and file of the organization. The fees have been kept as low as possible; every gentlemanly young fellow is welcomed to membership. A spirit of manly sportsmanship, whether in victory or defeat, has been inculcated and steadily fostered by the guiding spirits, and as a result the club is winning a high place in the affection and respect of the citizens at large, who take a pride in it as a representative local athletic association. An auxiliary force of the greatest value is provided by the lady friends of members. Their devotion to the interests of the club has been unbounded from the first.

At present the club has a membership of 112, and a large increase is this year looked for. Mr. W. E. Mills, the popular and indefatigable secretary of the club, will be pleased to give any desired information to those interested in the formation of a club, or for the providing of inexpensive quarters along the lines of the S. F. C. C.

This season the executive will make a supreme effort to bring within the fold every lover of the canoe, whether he be a keen racing man, intent only on the winning of cups and trophies, or a nature-loving enthusiast, whose delight is in narrow, winding, tree-hung channels, water-lilies, purple iris, or the brooding moonlit silence of the beautiful Rideau.

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Presque Isle Rifle Club.

Erie, Pa., June 25.—Only six of the club members were present to-day, but they did some good work. Scores:

W A Parker.....	77 75 72—224	J Almeda	73 71 70—214
J A Ackermann.....	76 75 68—219	J Bacon	70 70 70—210
J Stidham	72 72 72—216	G E Shafer.....	74 70 65—209

July 2.—The club held a very successful shoot to-day, though a rather high west wind blew all afternoon. Scores:

J F Germann.....	83 76 75—234	J Bacon	72 55 65—202
A Mount	83 74 70—227	E D Allen.....	69 68 63—200
J Stidham	78 74 62—214	W W Jordan.....	44 39 35—118
J Almeda	72 68 68—208		

CABIA BLANCO.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

*July 13-14.—Scottsdale, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
 July 19-20.—Shamokin, Pa., Gun Club midsummer shoot. S. C. Yocum, Sec'y.
 July 19-22.—Cincinnati, O., Gun Club annual handicap; \$2,200 added money and guarantee purses. A. B. Heyl, Sec'y.
 July 20-21.—Armada, Mich.—Tournament of the Eastern Michigan Gun Club; \$100 added. E. W. Sutton, Sec'y.
 July 21.—Rockville, Conn.—Fourth Consolidated Gun Club of Connecticut tournament. F. Elliott Metcalf, Sec'y.
 July 27-28.—Grand Forks, N. D.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Grand Forks Gun Club. W. M. Ferguson, Sec'y.
 July 29-30.—Newport, R. I.—Aquidneck Gun Club two-day tournament. J. S. Coggeshall, Sec'y.
 Aug. 9-10.—Litchfield, Ill.—Consolidated Trapshooters' Congress.
 Aug. 9-10.—Raleigh, N. C.—North Carolina Trapshooters' Association tournament.
 Aug. 9-10.—Birmingham, Ala.—Alabama tournament.
 Aug. 9-12.—West Baden, Ind.—Indian tournament; \$1,000 added money.
 *Aug. 10-11.—Bradenville, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
 Aug. 11-12.—Olean, N. Y., Gun Club two-day tournament. B. D. Nobles, Sec'y.
 Aug. 10-12.—Brantford, Ont.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's fourth annual tournament. A. B. Cutcliffe, Sec'y.
 Aug. 15-20.—Buffalo, N. Y.—New York State shoot.
 Aug. 23-24.—Chattanooga, Tenn.—Target tournament of the Mountaineer Gun Club; \$200 added. S. B. Lowe, Sec'y.
 Aug. 23-24.—Renovo, Pa.—Recreation Gun Club two-day target tournament. Geo. B. Dechant, Sec'y.
 Aug. 24-25.—Hot Springs, S. D.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Hot Springs Gun Club. H. A. Gayhart, Sec'y.
 *Aug. 25-26.—Tarentum, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
 Sept. 5.—Auburn, N. Y.—Labor Day tournament. Knox and Knapp, Mgrs.
 Sept. 5.—Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club fourth annual Labor Day tournament. C. G. Blandford, Capt.
 Sept. 5.—Dover, N. H., Sportsmen's Association annual Labor Day tournament. D. W. Hallam, Sec'y.
 Sept. 5.—Springfield, Mass.—Fall tournament on Labor Day; \$25 added. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
 *Sept. 6-7.—Irwin, Pa., Rod and Gun Club tournament.
 *Sept. 14-15.—Ruffsedale, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
 *Sept. 27-28.—Monessen, Pa., Gun Club.
 *Oct. 4-5.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club.
 Nov. 13.—St. Louis Mo.—World's Fair shoot; live birds and targets. Alec D. Mermod, Mgr., 620 Locust street.
 *Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League tournaments. C. G. Grubb, Sec'y, Pittsburg.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM goes to press on TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The secretary, B. D. Nobles, informs us that the Olean, N. Y., Gun Club will hold a two-day tournament Aug. 11-12.

The New York Athletic Club has resumed its target shooting at Travers Island. Shoots will be held every Saturday hereafter.

In a contest for the English Hotel cup, on the grounds of the Indianapolis Gun Club, July 9, between Messrs. Michaelis and Britton, the former won by a score of 93 to 89. Mr. Hugh Clark, of Wabash, Ind., has challenged the winner.

The Dover, N. H., Sportsmen's Association announces their annual Labor Day tournament, to be held on Sept. 5. Mr. D. W. Hallam is the secretary.

In the main event of the Sheepshead Bay, L. I., Gun Club shoot on June 9, 50 targets, eleven contestants, Mr. L. H. Schortemeier was high with the crack-a-jack score of 48.

Mr. S. B. Lowe, secretary, informs us that the Mountaineers' Gun Club, of Chattanooga, have fixed upon Aug. 23-24 for their annual target tournament. Of added money, he mentions that there will be \$200.

A correspondent informs us that the Rochester, N. Y., Rod and Gun Club will begin a new series of handicaps in a week or two for an elegant silver loving cup donated by the Hunter Arms Co., the event to be called the L. C. Smith handicap.

Mr. John S. Wright, manager of the Brooklyn, L. I., Gun Club, announces a prize shoot for Saturday of this week on the club grounds at Kaiser's farm. Take Kings County Elevated to Crescent street station, thence by hack to the grounds.

Keep in mind that there is a special rate to Cincinnati, for the benefit of annual meeting of the Grand Lodge, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, July 15-23. The trapshooters who will attend the Cincinnati tournament can derive the benefit of this rate. Consult your ticket agent for particulars.

Mr. C. G. Blandford, eminent as a skillful shooter and industrious worker in his club's interests, informs us that the regular club shoots will be discontinued for the summer. The Labor Day tournament of the Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club, Sept. 5, will be the commencement of the fall and winter practice.

The first annual tournament of the Awosting Gun Club, of New Paltz, N. Y., is fixed to take place on July 15. Nine of the programme events are at 15 targets, \$1.30 entrance. The third event is for merchandise prizes, 25 targets, \$1.50 entrance. Shooting commences at 11 o'clock. Targets, 2 cents. The competition is for amateurs. The secretary is Mr. G. C. Layton, New Paltz, N. Y.

The third monthly shoot for the Peters silver cup, will be held under the auspices of the Shrewsbury, Pa., Gun Club, on July 21, commencing at 9:30. The programme consists of twelve events, of which ten are at 15 and two at 25 targets, \$1.05 and \$1.75 entrance. Competition is open to all amateurs. High and low amateur averages, \$3 and \$2. Ship shells to the secretary, Mr. W. H. Myers.

At the W. P. T. S. L. at Kane, Pa., July 6-7, Mr. L. J. Squier was high on the first day with 171 out of 175. Mr. Chas. Irwin was second, 164; third, Mr. E. D. Fulford, 163; fourth, Mr. A. Sizer, 161. On the second day, Messrs. Squier and Fulford tied on 167 out of 175; second, Mr. B. D. Nobles, 160; third, Messrs. Irwin, Sizer, Garland, Hart and Millen, 159; fourth, Mr. Brown. Mr. Squier made a run of 118. The five-man team race was won by the Kane team with 92.

At the tournament of the Interstate Association, given for the Winona, Minn., Sportsmen's Club, July 4-6, high average for the three days was made by Mr. C. O. Le Compte, 473 out of 495. Mr. L. E. Parker was second with 470, and Mr. J. L. D. Morrison was third with 465. The Winona team won the La Crosse Chronicle cup, defeating teams of Viroqua, La Crosse and Sparta. Mr. H. C. Hirschy added new fame to his name by skillfully managing the cashier's office.

The secretary, Mr. F. E. Metcalf, Rockville, Conn., informs us that the fourth Consolidated Gun Club tournament will be held at Rockville on July 21. Apply to him for programme. Competition will begin at 9 o'clock. There will be nine events at 10, four at 15 and two at 20 targets, entrance 65 cents, \$1.22 and \$2.30. Targets 1½ cent. The eleventh event will be an eleven-man team race at 20 targets; the competing clubs are New Haven, Hartford, Willimantic, Rockville, Manchester and Waterbury.

The secretary, Mr. Edward F. Markley, writes us that "the Independent Gun Club, of Easton, Pa., will shoot a ten-man team race, 25 targets per man, with the Lehigh Rod and Gun Club, of Bethlehem, Pa., at the latter's grounds at Rittersville, Pa., July 16. The Independent has one match in their favor and one against them with this club, so the outcome of this match will be of great interest to the shooters in this vicinity, as the Independents think their team is the best in this section of the State."

The Aquidneck Gun Club, of Newport, R. I., have fixed upon July 20 and 30, instead of on one day, July 30, as previously announced. A change of programme has been made also. There are nine programme events for the first day, and ten for the second day, at 15 and 20 targets, \$1.05 and \$1.40 entrance. The jack rabbit system will be given a trial. Guns and ammunition shipped, prepaid, care of the secretary, Mr. J. S. Coggeshall, 32 Church street, will be delivered on the grounds. High amateur prizes will be given. On the second day, events 5, 6 and 7—total 50 targets—will constitute a five-man team race.

Mr. James R. Malone, the manager, 2671 Pennsylvania avenue, Baltimore, Md., informs us that the programme of his four-day tournament, Aug. 2-5, will be sent to applicants. Aug. 2, commencing at 4 P. M., will be devoted to practice events, of which there are eight at 10 and 15 targets, 50 and 75 cents entrance. The programme of the second and fourth day is similar: twelve events, of which eight are at 15 and four at 20 targets; \$1.30 and \$1.40 entrance; \$3 added to each event. The third day has a live-bird programme of three events, as follows: No. 1, 5 birds, \$3, moneys 60 and 40. No. 2, 10 birds, \$5, moneys 60 and 40; a gold badge to winner. No. 3, the Love Point Handicap, 20 birds, \$10, three moneys, 50, 30 and 20, and silver cup to the winner. Sweeps are open to amateurs, but the cups and badges are for amateur competition. Competition commences at 10 o'clock. Targets 2 cents. Those who wish may shoot for targets. Each day high average to experts, \$3 and \$2. Shells obtainable on the grounds. Handicaps, birds, 24 to 33yds.; targets, 16 to 20yds. No targets will be thrown over 50yds. Rose system, 5, 3, 2, 1. Guns and ammunition, prepaid and marked in owner's name, care J. Fell Legg, Love Point, Md., will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. For the live-bird championship trophy and the gold badge, the entrance is price of birds.

BERNARD WATERS.

Tanawadeh Outing Club.

NEW YORK.—On the afternoon and evening of July 10 the Tanawadeh Outing Club, of New York, entertained a delegation of members of the Union Sportsman's Club—of Brooklyn at the former's new club house, recently erected at Pelham Bay, N. Y. The building was elaborately decorated for the occasion with flags of all nations, as well as club banners. Festoons of the club colors of the two organizations (crimson and white for the U. S. C., and sky blue and marine for the T. O. C.) appeared conspicuously. Supper was served on the veranda of the club house at 6:30, President Reilly, of the entertaining club, presiding. Later, when cigars were lighted, appropriate toasts were drunk, stories of the rod and gun told and favorite songs sung. Numerous lighted Japanese lanterns, hung completely around the veranda, made a very pleasing effect.

The following members were present: Of the Tanawadeh Outing Club—President F. James Reilly, Vice-President J. Frank Case, Secretary Harry V. Radford, Frank W. Norris, Jr., Charles U. Stepath. Of the Union Sportsman's Club—President William E. Tufts, Secretary Louis W. Dumont, Treasurer James Harper, William E. Dalton, Charles Lodge, Reginald Palmer.

A return shooting contest, including rifle, pistol and shotgun events, has been arranged between the two clubs, and will occur at Homewood, L. I., on July 16. The last interclub shooting match, which was held at Scarsdale, N. Y., in November, was won by the Tanawadeh Outing Club, the trophy being a handsome Japanese bronze statue of a deer and fawn, which at present graces their club house at Pelham Bay.

Dover Sportsmen's Association.

DOVER, N. H., July 9.—It was certainly a beautiful day for our annual Fourth of July contest at targets, and as a consequence good shooting was done by some of our members, who were all native sons, no out-of-town clubs being represented. The scores were as follows:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Per Cent.
Corson	115	103	90
N Wentworth	100	87	87
E Wentworth	90	90	78
Stevens	115	89	77
Beard	75	57	77
Hallam	115	77	67
Fisher	95	65	68
White	100	65	65
Durgin	100	64	64
Mitchell	50	32	64
Hammond	50	25	50
Sowerby	50	23	46
Jones	50	21	42
Roberts	25	12	..
Warren	15	7	..
Abrams	15	6	..
Kelly	25	11	..
Haughey	25	6	..

Team match 25 targets:

Corson 24, Stevens 21, Beard 21, White 18, Fisher 15; total 99.

E. Wentworth 22, Hallam 20, N. C. Wentworth 19, Durgin 16, Mitchell 16; total 93.

Practice shoot, Saturday, July 9:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Per Cent.
Hallam	50	42	84
Stevens	60	47	78
White	80	56	70
Fisher	70	49	70
Durgin	60	43	70
N Wentworth	50	31	62
Jones	70	34	49

D. W. HALLAM, Sec'y.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—The following are the scores in the final contest for the Watson cup, held July 4, at Rochester Rod and Gun Club grounds. Mr. R. J. Shoemaker, the winner, is a new shooter, having had less than a year's experience, and when the handicap committee arranged the handicaps he was rated at 60 per cent., but he shot exactly 80 per cent. throughout the series, having a walkaway; in fact, he was the only one to finish, as the other contestants had no show, and one by one dropped out.

The final scores follow:

	Brk.	Hdcp.	Tot'l.		Brk.	Hdcp.	Tot'l.
Norton	19	4	23	Shoemaker	22	8	30
Kershner	24	1	25	Donovan	16	4	20
Welles	19	4	23				

Mr. Shoemaker's scores for the series: 28, 25, 31, 31, 28, 26, 25, 30—224, shooting at 25 targets each time, and having his handicap of 8 allowance added.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., July 9.—At the regular bi-monthly shoot of the Ossining Gun Club to-day, but a few events were shot. The best shooting was done by E. F. Ball, who got 23 and 21 out of 25. Bedell succeeded in getting 10 straight in one event, while the best Ward, Stebbins and Blandford could do was 9 out of 10. The regular shoots will be discontinued during the balance of the summer.

Our Labor Day tournament, Sept. 5, will mark the beginning of the fall and winter practice shoots.

C. G. BLANDFORD, Capt.

New York Athletic Club.

TRAVERS ISLAND, N. Y., July 11.—Shooting by the N. Y. A. C. has been at a standstill for a month, but the shooters cannot refrain much longer, as they are turning out one by one. Scores of July 2 follow.

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25
F W Perkins	18	20	17	M L Archer	12
Miss Horneck	16	18	19	Dr Kolb	7
C M Day	18				

Scores of July 9:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
F W Perkins	17	17	19	23	18	20	18	J Woodhouse	12	9	23	16	
L T Duryea	17	18	17	20	20	13	..	Miss Horn'ck	8	14	
G E Greiff	20	23	22	24	23								

St. Paul Rod and Gun Club.

ST. PAUL ROD AND GUN CLUB's regular club shoot, held July 2, had scores as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	15	25	25	25	25	25	15	70	63
Morrison	15	12	13	23	120	107
Wilkinson	13	11	12	25	23	23	150	102
Arthur	12	8	12	18	17	16	5	14	..	55	44
Novotny	13	11	..	20	95	79
Cat	12	13	14	19	21	15	7
Copy	7	15	100	71
Costello	10	9	10	12	16	14	..	50	28
Bentz	5	8	..	15	70	26
Low	5	3	3	15	70	23
McDer	3	8	2	10	60	29
Beals	5	4	5	15	60	54
Lindgreen	4	7	8	15	105	70
Bazille	7	8	11	18	21	..	5	70	43
McLaren	6	11	12	14	125	66
Allgauer	9	6	8	23	20	95	72
Irie	11	11	11	21	18	70	63
Bancroft	13	13	15	22	75	64
Pleiss	10	12	11	21	120	81
Perry	..	12	9	18	11	19	..	12	..	25	20
Bakeman	20

Trophy shoot, bird allowance: Morrison (0) 23, Wilkinson (1)

25, Arthur (4) 22, F. Novotny (2) 22, Cat (0) 19, Perry (2) 18, Pleiss (2) 23, Bazille (3) 20, Irie (2) 23, Allgauer (3) 5, McLaren (5) 19, Bentz (8) 23, Frankel (9) 22, McDermott (11) 21, Bakeman (4) 24.

Wilkinson broke 25 straight and won.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., July 4.—Event 1 was for a toilet set. Messrs. Welles and Remsen tied on 25 with a handicap allowance, and the toss up was won by Remsen. Scores: H. S. Welles (4) 25, Leon Goetter (9) 24, H. W. Dreyer (9) 19, G. A. Remsen (7) 25, Davis (9) 21, Brown (9) 22, C. F. Cooper (10) 22, H. J. Montanus (8) 22.

No. 2, for a fish rod: H. S. Welles (4) 24, Leon Goetter (9) 25, H. W. Dreyer (10) 19, Winter 25, C. F. Cooper 20, H. J. Montanus (8) 25, Grinnell, Jr., (10) 24, Davis (9) 25, G. A. Remsen (4) 23.

Shoot-off, 15 targets: Goetter (5) 12, Winter (5) 13, Montanus (4) 12, Davis (5) 13.

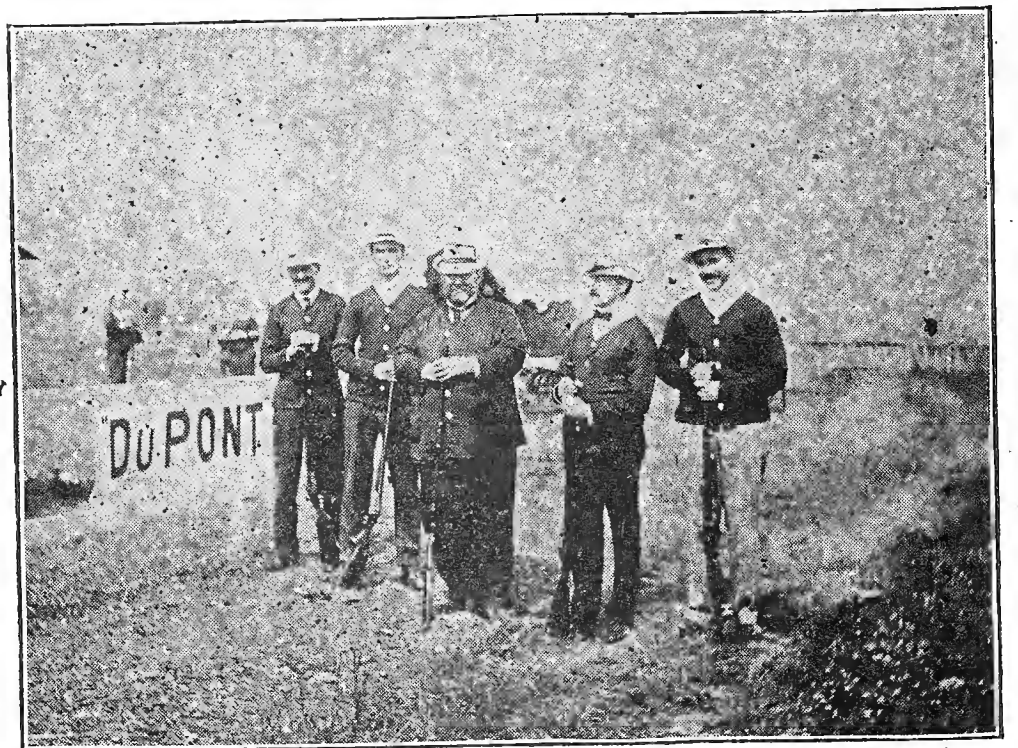
Second shoot-off: Winter 0, Water 6, Davis 7.

Event No. 3, a compass was the prize: H. S. Welles (4) 19, L. Goetter (9) 22, H. W. Dreyer (4) 21, G. A. Remsen (4) 21, Davis (9) 25, Brown (9) 17, C. F. Cooper (10) 21, H. J. Montanus (8) 22.

Sheepshead Bay Gun Club.

Sheepshead Bay, L. I., July 7.—The preliminary was at 25 targets, in which Mr. Geo. Kelly was high with 23.

The main event was at 50 targets, and was won by Mr. L. H. Schortemeier, with the excellent score of 48. He made a run of 34 in this event. The scores were as follows: Schortemeier 48, R. Dede 23, H. Kracke 26, C. Cooper 21, H. J. Montanus 35, Capt.



DUPONT SQUAD.

The Dupont Squad shot through the entire programme of the Grand American Handicap, 1904. Reading from left to right: Victor du Pont, 3d; Eugene du Pont, Victor du Pont Jr., Alexis du Pont, Eugene E. du Pont.

Dreyer 33, Ira McKane 26, Dr. Goubeaud 27, E. Voorhies 33, H. Bergen 27, G. Kelly 42.

Five pairs: E. Voorhies 6, Kelly 4, Dreyer 4, Schorty 7, McKane 5.

Team shoot, 25 targets. Dede's team won.

Kracke	..	11	Dede	..	14
Schorty	..	23	Kelly	..	22
Voorhies	..	18	Montanus	..	18
Bergen	..	19	Goubeaud	..	15
Cooper	..	14-85	Dreyer	..	19-88

Team shoot, 25 targets. Kracke's team won:

Kracke	..	15	Dede	..	18
Schorty	..	24	Kelly	..	21
Voorhies	..	18	Montanus	..	17
Bergen	..	18	Goubeaud	..	12
Cooper	..	10-86	Dreyer	..	17-85

IN NEW JERSEY.

ENGLEWOOD, N. J., July 6.—Inclosed please find scores of shoot of the Pleasure Gun Club, of Englewood, N. J., held on the Fourth of July. The club had a very pleasant day at the trap and entertained a number of visitors. Everything went off smoothly and everybody pronounced the day well spent.

The fourth event, which was a merchandise prize event, resulted in a tie for first honors; on the shoot-off Van Buskirk won handily.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	15	15	20	25	15	15	25	5
Richter	8	11	14	19	11	12	22	..
Eichoff	10	11	17	19	13	13	19	3
Monahan	7	7	10	10	..	11
Malloy	11	11	15	14	..	7	..	1
Van Buskirk	11	12	13	20	11	13	18	..
F Westervelt	11	13	15	11	10	..	20	..
Harlan	12	20	9	8	14	..
C Ruch	9	13	8	6
Townsend	7	12	..	2
C Westervelt	7	..	13	12	2
Wescott	6	6
Graham	6	6	..	2
L Ruch	8
J Westervelt	..	3
E A Haring	12
Hill	4	3
J Marsh	..	3

Shoot-off fourth event: Van Buskirk 19, Harlan 16.

C. J. WESTERVELT, Sec'y.

Montclair Gun Club.

Montclair, N. J., July 9.—But eight men faced the traps to-day. Messrs. Kendall and Moffett made the highest scores. Mr. Moffett broke 47 out of 50 in the contest for the Parker gun. Mr. Kendall broke over 80 per cent. This means something on the grounds of this club, as targets are thrown at all possible angles, and as swiftly as possible.

Events:	1	2	3	4</
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WESTERN TRAP.

Homer—Ogden Tournament.

If managers of gun clubs would listen to Paul North as to the proper handling of one trap or one set of traps there would be a saving in conducting shoots; so here we find that a magatrap and a Leggett were both in motion, and that with only seventeen shooters present. At the Illinois State shoot three traps were kept going all three days, at a big expense to the management, when two would have been ample.

The weather was not the best; there was rain the first day and then dark clouds the second day.

The home shooters were well represented, and three shot all the events.

Fred Gilbert came on and made a fine showing, losing but 19 out of 450 shots. So Chas. Wiggins proved a stiff proposition by lining out all save 30. Jim Head was scoring a straight now and then.

Leslie Standish came in for due praise for the way he handled the cashier's office. Scores:

July 6, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	Shot	Broke.
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	at.	
Wiggins	14	19	13	16	14	18	14	17	13	16	15	19	15	225	203
Gilbert	14	19	15	19	14	20	13	20	12	18	13	20	15	225	212
Head	11	17	15	18	12	13	14	13	12	16	14	20	14	225	194
Johnson	11	16	11	13	11	12	17	10	7	10	19	210	156
McKinley	10	13	11	17	15	17	11	12	10	15	14	15	15	225	175
Lamme	14	15	7	13	13	20	14	15	13	11	13	17	..	210	165
Haws	10	15	12	15	10	13	9	13	8	11	11	13	11	225	151
Dawson	15	15	12	14	13	18	12	13	8	11	14	14	13	225	172
Waxfield	9	12	13	17	12	11	10	..	11	11	155	107
Gere	12	14	11	16	11	16	11	15	12	15	10	12	14	225	170
Hefley	11	15	15	15	13	14	13	13	9	11	11	15	14	225	169
Helton	8	12	8	7	65	35
Van Gundy	9	15	12	13	14	16	12	120	91
O Percival	8	8	6	50	22
J Percival	11	14	9	50	34
Kirby	8	6	11	9	70	34
Hartman	12	16	14	50	42

July 7, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	Shot	Broke.
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	at.	
Wiggins	14	19	13	20	15	20	14	19	14	20	15	225	219
Gilbert	14	20	15	19	15	20	14	19	14	15	20	15	..	225	219
Head	15	17	14	19	12	20	13	17	13	17	15	19	13	225	204
Dawson	12	17	14	19	13	19	10	15	10	17	14	16	14	225	190
McKinley	14	18	13	19	13	16	13	14	17	12	18	11	..	225	192
Hefley	12	18	10	19	15	14	12	17	15	20	11	17	13	225	193
Haws	11	16	11	15	12	19	10	7	10	14	12	15	10	225	162
Helton	11	12	9	50	32
Kiningham	11	11	8	14	12	14	14	18	13	16	12	17	..	210	160
Brosnan	..	6	10	14	9	70	39
Cory	11	16	15	16	14	19	14	17	15	15	13	210	180
Muchmore	12	13	12	15	13	13	9	11	13	13	14	11	..	190	136
Williams	7	12	8	10	10	80	47
Squiers	13	11	18	11	15	12	105	80
Hartman	12	15	15	12

In Other Places.

The Greenfield, Mich., Gun Club has been in existence for some two years, and yet the secretary states that the scores have never been published in the sporting press. That this may not continue to be true, I hand you scores made July 4 at 25 targets: Borr 15, Miller 19, Monnier 21, Cabot 11, Cranston 16, Houghton 15, Hantz 24, Bohling 13. Second event: Borr 19, Miller 23, Monnier 20, Cabot 15, Bobian 4, Besoncom 17, Houghton 17, Hantz 25, Smith 3, Hawthorn 23, Grace 12, Bohling 15.

A new gun club has been formed at Washington, Ind. There are few there with experience as mad pie smashers, yet they will improve.

The Le Mars, Ia., Gun Club members did not come out on the morning of the 5th with headaches, so they got together to the number of fourteen for their regular practice day.

The Mexia, Tex., Gun Club held a handicap shoot, July 4, and there were thirty shooters present, those who shot through being: Jackson, 20yds., 130, broke 119; Bennett 130, 118; Story, 18yds., 130, 112; Dr. Watson, 17yds., 130, 112. All others 16yds., and 130 targets: Kendrick 100, Caldwell 102, Dr. Jackson 96, McCorkle 94, Karner 90, Stevens 89. The club will hold a four days' tournament. July 26 will be the opening day.

It will interest Indiana shooters to learn that the old Bedford Club has taken on new life. The club, in order to help along the celebration of the Fourth, held a tournament.

At Grand Rapids, Wis., the gun club has some enthusiastic members, so there was a goodly number out on July 3 to practice.

The shooters at Florence, Wis., are very similar in feelings to those of all other, as 'tis the expectation of improvement that causes the try-again. On July 4 the scores were at 25 targets: Threman 18, Swanson 8, Hackings 21, Magsman 15, Johnson 12, Peterson 13, Evans 4, Guyharoway 6.

The Trenton, O., Gun Club held a nice shoot July 4. Several of the Hamilton Gun Club made a visit. Wind was high and weather not the best. The mingling with good shots will be a stimulus to the beginner at all times.

The shoot at the Ennis, Tex., Gun Club grounds on July 4 was a hot one. Dave Curran won the cups for both Texas championships from O. F. Dunkerly in the first event, the score being: Curran 88, Dunkerly 87. In the second Curran 93, Dunkerly 91. Curran has won the amateur championship now six times.

The Ennis, Tex., Gun Club will hold a tournament July 27 and 28. \$200 added money. Ed Fain will send out programmes and give all information desired.

On Aug. 3 there will be a tournament at New Berlin, O. For programmes address John L. Schlitz, secretary.

The Houston, Minn., Gun Club shot a match with Wicota Gun Club July 3 and won, 145 to 121. Then on July 4 another, and this time lost by three targets. The score was 107 to 104, in favor of Wicota.

The first tournament given by the Rossville, Ga., Gun Club, July 6, was a great success, as shooters from surrounding cities were present to help things along. The weather was bad. It rained part of the day. Of those who shot through, P. B. Plumber with 93 per cent. was high man, and then next came O'Connell, the well-known Chattanooga shot, with 84½ per cent. At the close of the regular programme there was a special event, with a handicap target allowance, for a handsome silver loving cup. In the end W. O. Burks, with a handicap of 5, came off with the cup after a tie and two tie shoot-offs. The Rossville club has not been in existence over a year, and yet there are some good shots among the members, some of whom will give the Mountaineers a run for their white alley when the Aug. 23 and 24 tournament is held by the latter club.

Kalamazoo, Mich., trap enthusiasts are getting ready for a big shoot to be held in August. Shooting is surely advancing in the celery town, as one good shoot has already been held, which bespeaks another. This shoot will no doubt be circled with that of Grand Rapids, which possibly may prove a mistake in judgment on the part of the managers.

The shoot at Sterling, Ill., was postponed for a week owing to very threatening weather.

There was an exciting shoot at Hillsboro, Ill., Club grounds, July 1. Emery Thompson and Longwell tied on a 50 target race, and also on second 25, and it was drawn out to the eighteenth round before decided.

Beaumont, Tex., Gun Club boasts of such fine grounds and altogether up-to-date appurtenances that the officers have made special requests for the lady friends of the shooters to attend, and many of those who have some knowledge of firearms will be induced to try smashing targets. A late hour has been set, so the sun's rays will not interfere.

The historical and beautiful grounds of the Springfield, Ill., Gun Club were open on July 4, and all lovers of target shooting were invited to be present. This is one of the grounds to which the Interstate Association has been directed as most suitable for the purpose of holding the G. A. H.

After the Grand Western Handicap shall have been held this week at Denver, there is a prospect that the Denver Trap Club will move their shooting paraphernalia to the Overland Park.

There will be more than one big shoot on in the West during this week. Menominee, Denver and St. Paul expect large gatherings of the clans.

The Superior Gun Club did not shoot on the Fourth, as on the 3d the whole club participated in a shoot given by the Duluth Club. Both clubs will unite, and all hope to get well up in the

target busting line by the time the shoot is held in Duluth on July 21 and 22.

The Owatana Gun Club, of Minneapolis, held a shoot July 1. The trophy shoot at 20 targets found the scores thus: Britt 17, Waddell 13, Saulpaugh 17, Nyquist 10, Rest 4, Overman 3, Stephan 14.

There will be a newly incorporated gun club at Seattle, Wash., with the title Swuomish Gun Club.

The shoots held by the combined cities near Jamesville, Wis., are growing more popular weekly. July 2 there were twenty present from Beloit, Fort Atkinson, Milton and from Chicago. Jamesville surely has taken on the "shooting boom" for the 1904 season.

The Menominee, Mich., trap shots held an informal practice shoot July 4, with a view to get into good practice for the big shoot that comes off this week.

John Avery, near Burlington, Ia., a one-time famous local shot with both the rifle and the shotgun, has broken into the game again, and on July 4 and 5 held a shoot at his farm, where all were made welcome.

Freeport, Ill., once so famous as a trapshooting center, that targets were bought by the carload, has had an awakening, and the reports that shooting is fairly regular there this season. There was shooting at the club grounds on July 4.

Without the usual Texas wind the Fort Worth Gun Club members held their shoot Saturday last with Dr. Frazier, a winner of high average with 60 out of 75. Then there were Childress and Tiller with only one less. The club has a large membership, and though there was not much spirit at the start, many names are being enrolled.

The trapshooting interests have been more advanced than any other one thing by the advent of the trolley car, and especially the interurban. Hundreds of clubs now have their grounds miles out in the country, and many accommodate more than one town on same grounds. It is a good thing to locate on some farm or where no one can possibly be annoyed.

The Peters Cartridge Company appreciate the efforts of the newly organized gun clubs and are not slow to offer assistance. One of the latest is that of a cup donated to the Fargo, N. D., Gun Club. C. L. Fargo says it is handsome, and suitable handicaps will be adjusted to become its possessor.

Gene Parker, of Minneapolis, Minn., not only won the trophies at the late gun club shoot, but he made some wonderful strides at the Winona Interstate shoot. While Mrs. Johnson beat her husband, she did not come up to Parker in the medal events.

The El Paso, Tex., Gun Club members were last week engaged in getting their eye on the targets from the handicap distances, and their scores were low. A welcome visitor was Lieut. Farnham, who was taking his first lesson in the art of wing shooting.

Mr. Clayton, of Kansas City, Mo., has won about all the trophies that are open for competition in the Missouri valley. His last effort brought him the Pigeon Wing trophy with the fine score of 47 out of 50 live birds, beating out A. C. Holmes, who scored 44. He also successfully defended the Elliott target trophy, getting 90 on the Elliott handicap. There will be a hot race when the next Pigeon Wing trophy is up, as Mr. Clayton will have for his opponent that very good Kansas shot, Ed O'Brien.

Capt. Autrey Green again won the medal put up by the Beaumont, Tex., Gun Club. This time with 44 out of 50. Tyrell, Jr., made 43, J. M. Fisher 42, J. K. Took 41. Much enthusiasm was stirred up over the contest.

Though late in the season, the Lamar, Mo., Gun Club has started out by electing officers, thus: E. L. Moore, President; C. A. Lockwood, Vice-President; O. T. McAdow, Secretary; A. M. McCrea, Captain.

When the gentlemen who follow the pleasant game of trapshooting meet in Duluth, July 20 and 21, they will find the Commercial Club thrown open to themselves and all their friends. Yes, there will be a good time at the head of the lakes.

There was a bluerock tournament held at Hoquiam, Wash., on July 2. The programme included a team shoot for the championship.

Whitmore and Schaberlee were the best shots contesting at the Pastime Gun Club grounds in Detroit, Mich., on last Sunday, as each broke 20 out of 25 bluerocks. In the merchandise shoot it was Tristram who won Class A, Schaberlee Class B, and Weise Class D.

The monthly shoot given by the Fort Worth Gun Club was a winner, so far as real merit was concerned. Each one received a prize, and drew by lots. Each was compelled to open the prize before the crowd. One drew a pair of corsets, and others, ladies' hose; then babies' shoes, liver pills. There was shooting and fun enough for the glorious Fourth.

The Knoxville, Tenn., Club has a shoot now and then. One of the amusements of the South is that of shooting matches on the Fourth, so a few hundred people turned out at this historic town to witness some target smashing. Frank Hall won a coat with 41 out of 50; Curtis a stick pin with 40; Thomas Eldridge won a box of cigars for the best score by an outsider.

Northern Illinois has had an awakening in the target shooting line. Last Saturday at Aurora J. Van Burton won the loving cup by defeating Guy Conde. There will be a match shoot held soon between a team of five men each from the towns of Batavia and De Kalb. There will be two matches, one in De Kalb and the other in Aurora.

Ohio Trap.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

The Cincinnati Gun Club held a special holiday shot on July 4. Nineteen shooters took part. J. Penn, a former secretary of the club, being high gun with 183 out of 200.

July 9 was a fair day for shooting, partially cloudy and with a fresh breeze, which did not, however, affect the flight of the targets to any extent. Twenty shooters entered the contest for the Parker prize gun, and some good scores were made. Medico was high gun in actual breaks with 91. Harold Money is spending a few days here as the guest of Supt. Gambell. He was at the grounds to-day and in the main event broke 92.

Ackley starts next week for his outing with rod and reel in the North. Gambell, Pfeiffer, Pohlar, Osterfeld and a few others are going to Camp Dennison next week to open their summer camp and get things in order for the season.

Parker prize gun shoot, 100 targets, handicap of added targets: Medico (12) 100, Harig (40) 100, Pohlar (35) 100, Lindsley (25) 100, Faran (18) 100, Maynard (18) 100, Roll (19) 100, Peters (20) 100, Davies (23) 100, Pfeiffer (40) 100, Jack (30) 100, Kramer (40) 100, Herman (30) 100, Hobart (40) 100, Smith (60) 100, Williams (18) 100, Norris (30) 100, Money 92, Gambell 83, Redwoss (25) 80.

Money and Gambell did not compete. At the Rohrer's Island Gun Club shoot, Dayton, O., July 7, Geo. C. Rohrer and C. F. Miller tied for the medal on 22. It required two shoot-offs to decide the winner, Rohrer breaking 15 out of 18 shot at to Miller's 14 out of 15. The club will hold an all-day shoot next Wednesday, with a barbecue feast for dinner. All Miami Valley shooters with their families are invited to be present.

At the Greenville, O., Gun Club shoot, July 4, the attendance was quite good and the day fittingly celebrated. The club will hold its regular shoots every Monday from now until the open season on quail begins. In the medal event to-day Kirby and Johns were high with 25 each. In the special events McCaughey was high gun with 34 out of 40. Baker second with 31.

The tournament of the Springfield, O., Gun Club held on July 4 was a big success, twenty-three shooters taking part. Henderson was high gun with 104 out of 128; Snyder second with 101, and Watkins third with 100.

The holiday shoot of the Riverside Gun Club, Columbus, O., on July 4, was well attended. There were three events at 10, two at 15 and two at 25. Darby did the best work, missing but 2 out of 75, going straight in a 10 and a 15 target event, and breaking 24 in each of the 25-target events.

Aquidneck Gun Club.

Newport, R. I.—The main event at Wednesday's shoot, July 6, was the semi-monthly race for the Powell cup, which brought forth some splendid scores on the part of the eight contestants present, more than half the totals showing more than 80 per cent. average. Bowler, making a poor start by dropping three in his first string, finished out with 46, for which he will have the privilege of toeing the 17yd. mark at the next shoot, two weeks hence. The scores:

Targets: The score				Targets:					
	10	15	10	15		10	15	10	15
Bowler	7	15	9	15	H Peckham, 17..	7	11	8	14
Alexander	9	13	10	13	Mason	7	11	8	12
Dring	9	12	8	14	Hamilton	4	12	7	14
Powell	8	12	9	13	Coggeshall	7	12	6	8

Recreation Rod and Gun Club.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va.—The Recreation Rod and Gun Club, of this city, held its fourteenth regular weekly shoot at Recreation Park, on Thursday, July 7, and while the shooting was above the average, the attendance was light, owing to the fact that our "independence special" occurred on Monday. The shooting was good, considering the fact that the day was showery and windy, at times blowing almost a gale. The scores:

First event, miss-and-out: Cobun 4, Jacobs 18, Price 18, Sivey 6, White 17, Dawson 2.

President's cup, handicap, sliding handicap:

Price	21	17	Dawson	19	14
Club prizes, classes A, B and C, 25 targets:			Cobun 15, Jacobs 23,		
Price 23, Sivey 19, White 20, Dawson 18,				19	11
Club team races:					

Club prizes, classes A, B and C, 25 targets: Cobun 15, Jacobs 23, Price 23, Sivey 19, White 20, Dawson 18.

Club team races:

Targets:	60	30	30	Targets:	60	30	30
Price's team	50	28	25	Jacob's team	47	26	27

President Bennett S. White broke the club record for this year on consecutive breaks by running out 31 without a miss.

Price's average for the day, shooting through a programme of 195 bluerocks, was 89.1 per cent.; Jacobs, 84.5 per cent.; White, 80.0 per cent.

ELMER F. JACOBS, Sec'y-Treas.

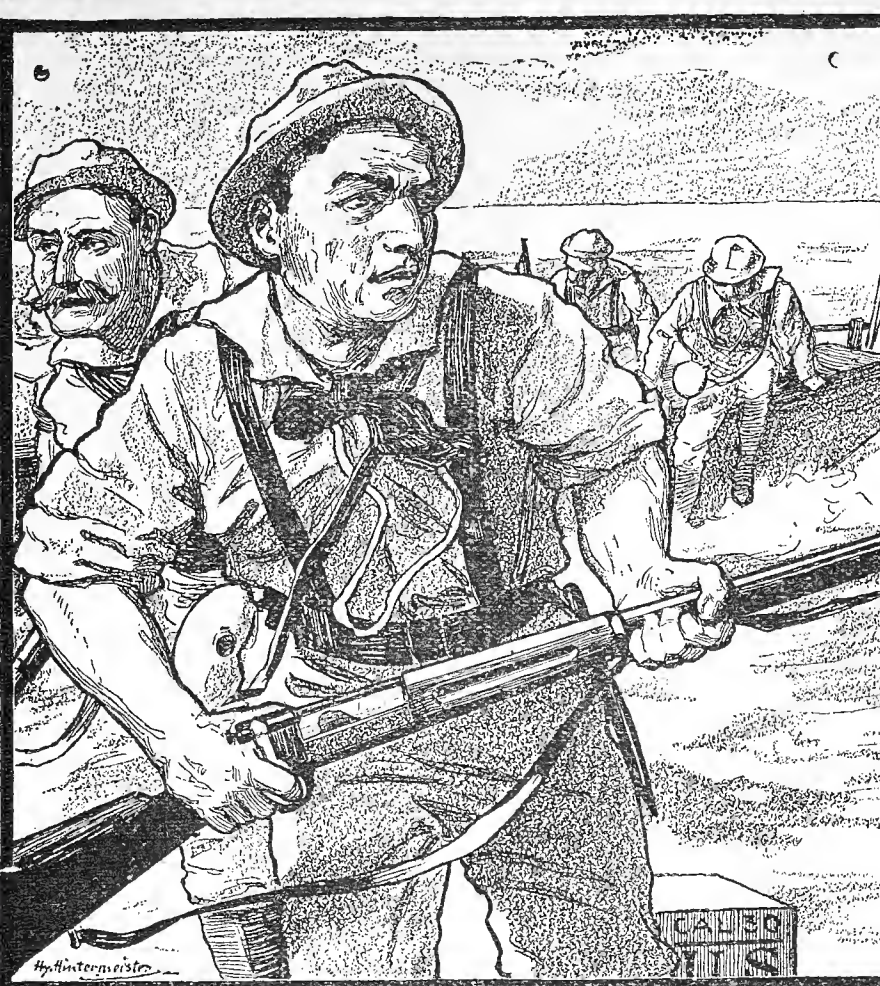
MORGANTOWN, W. VA., July 8.—The secretary-treasurer of our club has handed me the scores of our regular weekly shoot on June 30 to forward to you. I wish to add a few words by way of explanation. The value of the president's cup is \$25, and is shot for weekly under handicap conditions. The first time a contestant shoots for the cup he shoots at 20 targets, and at every subsequent shoot he shoots at from 17 to 29 targets, according to his percentage in this event the previous week, the percentage being always figured on a basis of 20. The contestant winning the greatest number of times during the season of thirty shoots wins the cup.

In event No. 3 the prize up was a League of American Sportsmen gold badge. This badge was shot for under a sliding handicap. Each contestant got as many extra targets to shoot at as he missed in the original event of 20 targets, with one allowed as broke for every three missed.

All the members of the club are classified according to their percentage for the season of 1903, into classes A, B and C. To each class is allotted a prize. To Class A, a Henshall model Bristol rod; to Class B, a Stevens target pistol; to Class C, a sole leather shell case. These prizes go to the contestants who, in the club prize event of 25 targets, make the greatest gain in percentage over their last year's percentage. The club also has up a championship medal for 1904. This medal is won each week by the man making the highest percentage, who shoots through the programme for that day. The man winning it the greatest number of times during the season to be final possessor. Scores:

First event, 10 targets, practice: Dawson 10, Sivey 8, Cobun 9, Jacobs 8, Price 9, Deussenberry 7, Geo. Miller 6, White 7.

Second event, President's cup, handicap, President White, donor; Deussenberry was winner for the week: Dawson



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The National Gun Club.

FRENCH LICK SPRINGS, Ind.—It was indeed a jolly and enthusiastic lot of sportsmen and their wives and friends who left Indianapolis, the scene of the last and greatest Grand American Handicap at Targets, for French Lick Springs on Saturday, June 25, to take part in the tournament of the National Gun Club, June 28 to July 1, at that famous resort.

President John M. Lilly had arranged for a special car to leave Indianapolis at 4:45 P. M., and the following are those to take advantage of this comfortable manner of making the journey: John M. Lilly, president of the National Gun Club, his wife and daughter, Miss Conway Lilly; Mr. and Mrs. H. McHolloway, J. A. R. Elliott, Fred Gilbert, C. F. Reust, of Oklahoma; J. L. Head, Jack Fanning, Tom A. Marshall and daughter, Miss Maud; Mrs. E. H. Tripp, Col. J. T. Anthony, Chauncey M. Powers, Frank C. Riehl, A. C. Barrell, Geo. T. Little and Guy Burnside.

Saturday at Indianapolis had been a very warm and uncomfortable day, and bid fair to be anything but a pleasant one upon which to travel, but as the train left the depot, a terrific storm broke and the downfall of rain served to cool the atmosphere as well as to allay the dust of travel. The play of lightning, accompanied by the terrific peals of thunder, gave to those students of nature, aboard the train an opportunity to enjoy old dame nature in her worst mood. However, by the time the train arrived at French Lick, all signs of the storm had disappeared, and, upon entering that magnificent palace, the French Lick Hotel, ablaze with electricity and swarming with a gay crowd of guests assembled from the four quarters of the globe, and where a warm supper awaited the hungry travelers, not a one of the party but was glad he or she had made the trip, with an opportunity for the shooters to rest over a quiet Sunday from the trying experiences of the big Grand American Handicap at Indianapolis.

Sunday was a most beautiful day, and was enjoyed by the members of the party as best suited their various tastes. Some walked about the beautiful grounds, some rode horseback, some of the Indian tribe took the electric car over to West Baden to have a look at the grounds where the Indians are to have their annual tournament in August, and others spent the day in quiet rest in and about the hotel.

The evening trains augmented the crowd by bringing in Will K. Park, Ernest H. Tripp and W. R. Crosby.

On Monday, the 27th, a number of 25-bird races were shot by those already at the hotel, the scores of which follow. This day also brought in Capt. John W. Cooper and wife and daughter, Marguerite, of Indianapolis; Dr. O. F. Britton and wife, of the same city, and C. S. Bahney, of Carthage, Mo.

June 28, First Day.

There is no more beautiful or comfortable spot on the globe to hold a tournament than French Lick Springs, and just why this attraction, with \$500 in cash and a beautiful championship cup donated by that prince of good fellows, Tom Taggart, and the money to go only to amateurs, did not draw a larger crowd of the latter is beyond the comprehension of the writer. It really seems that the amateurs of the country had not studied the programme of this tournament, or if they had they did not fully realize and appreciate the treat in store for them and provided by Messrs. Lilly and Taggart.

The shooting grounds are about five minutes' walk from the hotel, and while the background was not of the best, yet every comfort in the way of seats and shade had been provided by the management, and what a relief at noon time to suspend the shooting and repair to the hotel for an excellent dinner and an hour's chat upon its wide verandas, instead of having, as is usual at tournaments, a hand-out of some kind in a 7 by 9 tent.

The handicapping committee having met just before the opening of the programme and arranged the different handicaps of the contestants, the programme was soon carried out in the most pleasant manner, with Mr. Chauncey M. Powers, the world renowned amateur, leading the procession with 191 breaks out of 200 shot at from the 20yd. mark. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Broke.
Dr. J. Knowlton, 16.....	15	17	18	19	19	19	15	19	16	17	174.
L. Ballard, 16.....	20	12	20	17	18	17	17	15	18	17	172
J. W. Cooper, 16.....	18	18	16	17	13	18	16	16	19	18	169
Col Anthony, 17.....	13	18	17	17	16	17	16	18	18	19	169
Partington, 17.....	17	16	18	20	19	16	18	18	17	18	177
E. H. Tripp, 17.....	12	16	15	12	12	19	17	14	17	18	152
T. Neal, 17.....	16	17	16	17	16	17	15	17	15	13	159
H. Kirby, 17.....	18	18	16	15	13	16	18	14	19	17	164
C. S. Bahney, 17.....	18	18	16	18	15	17	16	19	17	20	174
G. Burnside, 17.....	19	17	16	19	11	18	20	17	19	18	174
T. Marshall, 18.....	18	19	19	18	18	19	19	19	16	18	184
J. L. Head, 18.....	11	18	16	16	17	14	16	16	18	18	160
C. F. Reust, 18.....	18	13	17	16	16	19	19	17	14	20	169
F. C. Riehl, 19.....	18	19	14	17	17	17	19	19	17	20	177
Ed Rike, 18.....	18	16	16	18	15	19	18	19	19	18	176
J. A. R. Elliott, 20.....	17	16	18	18	15	20	18	20	19	20	181
J. Fanning, 19.....	19	18	18	17	18	19	19	18	19	18	184
Chan Powers, 20.....	18	20	20	19	16	20	19	19	20	20	191
W. R. Crosby, 21.....	15	20	19	17	18	17	19	20	19	20	184
F. Gilbert, 21.....	19	19	18	17	19	19	20	18	19	19	186
H. C. Warner, 16.....	14	19	13	14	18	17	16	17	18	17	178
Geo. Ballard, 16.....	19	19	18	19	20	17	16	17	18	17	186

June 29, Second Day.

A storm had raged during the night previous to this day, but President Lilly was again favored with National Gun Club weather and the day was a beautiful one, the programme being carried out without a hitch of any kind. The crowd had begun to get acquainted with the guests of the hotel, and the guests of the hotel had just begun to realize that they were watching the world's greatest shotgun artists, and further, to realize that this crowd of artists could enliven a resort just a little better and in as genteel a manner as could be imagined.

After the close of the programme and the splendid supper, the wide auditorium of the hotel, ablaze with electric lights and adorned by the beautiful faces and gowns of the ladies, was given over to the guests for dancing to the music of the splendid orchestra. But not until President Lilly had made a brief address to the guests, setting forth some of the points of interest regarding the contest, and Miss Maud Marshall had entertained

with a song in her own inimitable and sweet manner to the delight of all present.

The scores herewith appended show that Mr. C. M. Powers again led from the 20yd. mark with 193 breaks out of 200 shot at, with Crosby and Fanning close behind with 191 and 190 respectively. It was at the close of this day that interest began to center in the contest for the National Gun Club's championship of 100 targets, all from 16yds. The five 20-bird races as follows constituted this race: Event No. 10 of the first day and events 9 and 10 of the second and third days. At the close of this the second day it was seen that Frank C. Riehl was in the lead with 60 straight breaks, Crosby having made 20 straight in the first day and dropping only one in the 40 of this day, was but one behind, and Chan. Powers, with the same score to his credit in the same place. Jack Fanning, who had dropped two in his first race on Tuesday, was coming along easy with 40 straight on Wednesday, but with the lead Riehl, Powers and Crosby had, it did not appear that Chief Bull Seal even had a look in, while Fred Gilbert, with 5 to the bad, was considered out of the race. The scores for this day are:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Broke.
L. Ballard, 16.....	16	16	17	19	19	19	17	18	18	18	177
J. K. Knowlton, 16.....	18	18	18	18	19	16	16	19	20	17	179
J. W. Cooper, 16.....	19	18	16	19	18	19	19	17	19	18	182
Col Anthony, 16.....	18	18	19	18	18	19	19	17	15	18	179
Partington, 17.....	18	18	14	14	13	18	16	17	15	17	158
T. Neal, 16.....	14	18	17	17	18	17	18	19	18	19	175
H. Kirby, 17.....	17	14	17	19	17	16	14	18	18	20	170
C. S. Bahney, 17.....	17	14	17	19	17	19	19	19	20	19	186
G. Burnside, 17.....	18	15	18	20	19	19	19	20	17	19	172
Ed Rike, 18.....	18	16	17	16	14	16	19	20	17	20	177
J. L. Head, 18.....	16	16	18	13	18	20	19	17	16	20	181
C. Reust, 17.....	17	19	17	18	19	19	19	17	16	20	181
F. Riehl, 19.....	16	18	17	16	18	20	18	19	20	19	182
T. Marshall, 18.....	19	18	17	17	19	20	20	20	19	19	186
J. A. R. Elliott, 20.....	18	17	18	18	20	19	16	17	19	15	177
J. Fanning, 19.....	20	20	15	19	20	17	20	19	20	20	190
C. Powers, 20.....	19	18	20	19	20	19	19	20	19	20	193
W. Crosby, 21.....	19	18	19	20	19	19	18	20	19	19	191
F. Gilbert, 21.....	20	20	17	19	17	19	18	19	19	19	187
H. C. Warner, 16.....	12	14	15	13	15	13	15	17	16	15	155
G. Ballard, 17.....	14	20	17	19	17	18	17	16	17	18	173
Ed Speece, 16.....	18	19	18	16	17	17	15	17	14	18	169

June 30, Third Day.

During the night another storm had raged, but the morning broke bright and pleasant, and the shooting was resumed with slight changes by the handicapping committee, placing Mr. Powers back on the 21yd. mark, with Crosby; Gilbert and Tom Marshall back to 19; Guy Burnside, who had been shooting strong, back to 18, and Jack Fanning, who had been showing remarkable form, from 19 back to 20, alongside Jim Elliott.

It remained for Ernest H. Tripp, who had been called away for the second day, to lead the bunch on this the third day, with 189 breaks out of 200. Mr. Tripp shot from 17yds., which goes to show what this great amateur can do when he lays aside his fun-making and tries to shoot. Crosby was second, with Chan. Powers third, with 185 and Jack Fanning coming strong with 184. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Broke.
L. Ballard, 18.....	19	19	19	18	19	19	17	18	18	18	184
J. W. Cooper, 16.....	19	19	20	17	19	19	15	18	18	18	182
Col Anthony, 16.....	17	17	20	18	19	16	17	17	16	19	178
Partington, 17.....	16	17	19	17	19	18	18	11	17	20	180
Speece, 16.....	18	17	18	17	19	19	19	19	19	19	89
T. Neal, 16.....	14	15	17	14	16	17	17	16	13	18	157
Dr. Knowlton, 16.....	18	15	14	20	16	18	18	18	16	17	169
C. Reust, 17.....	18	19	18	18	19	16	17	18	14	19	178
H. Kirby, 17.....	16	20	19	19	17	16	16	17	17	17	157
C. S. Bahney, 18.....	15	15	18	17	17	17	13	16	17	14	158
Ed Rike, 18.....	17	17	17	17	18	18	18	17	20	19	177
J. L. Head, 18.....	19	17	18	15	17	18	19	19	20	19	181
G. Burnside, 18.....	18	19	18	18	16	18	18	20	19	19	184
F. Riehl, 18.....	17	19	20	15	19	18	18	20	20	17	184
T. Marshall, 18.....	18	17	16	16	18	18	15	20	19	19	176
J. A. R. Elliott, 20.....	14	15	19	19	19	18	16	18	18	18	174
J. Fanning, 20.....	17	17	20	19	17	18	18	19	19	20	184
C. Powers, 21.....	14	20	19	17	20	19	19	19	19	18	185
Crosby, 21.....	19	19	19	17	17	19	18	20	19	19	186
Gilbert, 21.....	16	15	18	17	17	17	20	18	19	19	178
E. Tripp, 17.....	19	20	18	19	20	17	19	16	19	20	189
T. Taggart, 16.....	18	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	34
Al Brown, 16.....	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	63
Warner, 16.....	16	15	17	17	19	16	17	19	16	18	83

It was on this day that the championship of the National Gun Club was decided, and such a finish has perhaps never been witnessed in a similar contest in this or any other country. As Frank Riehl, who had 60 straight to his credit at the close of the third 20, blew out his fourth 20 in splendid time and manner, every one conceded him the cup with only 20 more to shoot at, as Crosby and Powers had dropped each one in their fourth 20, leaving them 2 to the bad, and Fanning had also dropped one, leaving him three behind. But it is right here that the uncertainty of the shotgun game was demonstrated. Every one wanted Frank Riehl to break his last 20 straight, as he had made such a magnificent run of 80, and Frank was surely anxious to please his friends, as well as to well represent his company. In fact, it seems that over-anxiety for the time being put Frank apparently out of the running, and seemed to lose him a splendid championship, which he had in his grasp, for he slipped 3 in his last 20, going out with the very creditable score of 97 out of 100, which ought to win anywhere, but which did not seem so good after breaking his first 80. With two such world-beaters as Chan Powers and Billy Crosby, now each 1 to the good and only 20 to shoot at, it appeared that one of them would certainly go out with 98 and win. Again was the uncertainty of the game demonstrated when Powers lost 2 early in the race, going out with 96. Crosby was shooting the race of his life, and with but 4 yet to go and the 16 blown into dust, Frank Riehl walked out toward the score to congratulate the great shot upon his splendid finish. But the finish was not yet, as Billy's seventeenth target made an elusive duck, and the score was a tie between Crosby and Riehl, with 97. Right here the spectators and contestants were treated to another surprise, for

when the talk begun to go about that the tie would be shot off at 50 targets, one Jack Fanning sent a boy to the hotel for more shells. No one had been watching the little Bull Seal, but he had evidently been watching himself, for with two misses in the first 20, he had lost but one in his last 80 and was also a tie. Right here it was conceded by all present that Fanning was in the tie, and the way he had been shooting, he was in it up to his eyes, too, all of which will be shown by the result. Just as these three artists were called to the score, another storm broke, and the wind began to play havoc with the flight of the targets. In the first 25 Frank Riehl lost his 22d, while Fanning and Crosby went 25 straight. But in the second 25 Crosby lost his 1st, or 26th of the race; Fanning his 7th or 32d of the race, while "Old Chief Piasa," Frank Riehl, blew off the 25, making a finish for the three of 49 each. The excitement and interest was intense, and every one felt glad about Frank Riehl, for he was still in the fight and growing stronger every shot. Crosby, that greatest of all match and tie shooters, certainly had the hardest proposition of his life before him to shoot out Riehl and Fanning the way they were both shooting, and the experts present almost to a man conceded to Fanning the victory, account of his perfect time. As the storm continued to rage, Mr. Lilly announced that the tie would be shot off at 25 targets, and at it these three giants of the shooting world went again. Riehl and Fanning seemed determined to make this a win, as each scored 25 straight, while Crosby, drawing for his third and 20th targets two low targets, which in the very poor light it was almost impossible to see either of them, scored only 23, putting him out of the tie. Again the spectators cheered the game fight being put up by Riehl and Fanning, as they were called to the score to shoot another string of 25, with heavy clouds fleeting across the sky and lowering every minute. It was indeed a trying race for both the contestants, and Frank Riehl won out by 2 birds, losing only his 14th in the last string of 25, making him a grand total of 98 out of the 100 in the shoot-off after a 97 in the original. Truly a score he may point to with pride, so long as he lives. Fanning, whose shooting was phenomenal, got the hardest kind of a draw, losing his 10th, 15th and 19th in the last string, finishing with 95 out of the 100 in the shoot-off. Riehl broke 67 straight in the ties.

In the evening, before a splendid audience, President Lilly, in a neat speech, setting forth the aims and purposes of the National Gun Club, the incentives in a sportsman's mind which causes him to participate in this sport, and in which he paid a great tribute to the pastime and its followers, called upon Captain Marshall, of the All-American team for a little story of the team's trip abroad and its victories, to which the Captain responded in his own way, winning much applause for himself and the victorious Americans. President Lilly then presented Mr. Riehl the beautiful trophy emblematic of the championship of the National Gun Club, and which was the gift of the French Lick Hotel Company. Frank had gained favor with the assembled company as a shooter, but it was in his reply that he gained the admiration and respect of all present. The writer has never listened to a more modest and intelligent reply made by a victorious shooter to a presentation speech. Would that the world was full of Frank Riehls. The scores in the shoot-off follow:

Cup race shoot-off:

Riehl.....	49	25	24	—98
Crosby.....	49	23	—92	
Fanning.....	49	25	22	—96

July 1, Fourth Day.

Again we were treated to a splendid day, and interest centered in the 100-bird handicap, to which the Hotel Company had graciously added \$50 in cash. Jack Fanning won first money on a score of 96; Chan Powers second with 95, and Fred Gilbert third with 94, while W. R. Crosby and your humble servant finished just outside the money with 93. This race comprised the last 100 birds, or the last five races on the programme. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Broke.
Cooper.....	15	15	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	81
Neal.....	17	15	16	17	17	15	11	15	14	18	163
Bahney.....	15	13	16	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	82
Speece.....	17	19	19	19	20	19	19	19	19	19	94
Warner.....	16	18	15	17	17	17	17	18	19	19	173
Abbot.....	14	14	20	17	19	19	19	19	19	19	84
Partington.....	16	18	16	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	86
Ballard.....	18	19	19	19	18	16	17	17	17	17	126
Anthony.....	16	17	16	14	20	19	19	19	19	19	83
Elliott.....	18	20	17	19	19	17	18	20	17	18	183
Marshall.....	19	16	18	19	18	17	19	18	18	17	179
Head.....	19	19	17	17	18	18	19	19	19	18	183
Burnside.....	18	18	19	20	19	18	18	18	20	18	186
Tripp.....	16	15	18	19	13	14	16	15	16	17	159
Fanning.....	20	18	17	19	20	18	20	20	20	18	190
Powers.....	18	19	18	19	19	20	18	19	18	18	188
Crosby.....	20	18	18	19	19	20	17	18	19	19	189
Gilbert.....	19	19	17	19	20	19	18	20	18	18	188
Brown.....	14	11	11	11	12	12	16	16	16	16	64

The French Lick Hotel Company generously added \$50 to be divided among the five high guns, which was won as follows: C. M. Powers, first with 757 out of 800 shot at; Crosby, second with 750; Fanning third with 748; Gilbert fourth with 739, and Guy Burnside fifth with 730.

Thus ended a most enjoyable event, and on Friday night and Saturday morning the shooting crowd wended their several ways to the great regret of the hotel guests, as they had certainly furnished amusement and entertainment for all, and certainly to their own regret, for the French Lick Hotel Company, Tom Taggart and John M. Lilly certainly know what to do for their friends.

J. L. HEAD.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at Four-Mile House, Reading Road, July 3. Conditions,

Sherbrooke Gun Club.

SHERBROOKE, Quebec, is well named, when it is called Canada's "Progressive City," and its gun club is one of its many live institutions. The members of this club are mostly active business gentlemen who take to this kind of sport, that of trap-shooting, as a pleasant and healthful recreation.

This club's shooting park is by trolley line within easy access of the business part of the city. They have a comfortable club house with a magatrap and expert traps, etc. The background, while not perfect, is better than the average found on similar grounds, the only serious objection is that a couple of fine elms are in range of the left quartering targets. It would be a sacrifice to cut these noble trees down, though the pepping that they must receive during practice days must make life a burden for them.

Dominion Day, July 1, is the date for this club's annual tournament, and the one held there last Friday, though not large in attendance, was a very enjoyable one, as the day was perfect and the general arrangements were all that could be desired.

The trade was represented by J. H. Cameron, E. G. White and N. P. Leach. The club's secretary, Mr. C. H. Foss, with the assistance of Mr. Cameron, attended to the duties of the cashier's office. Mr. Bray, Jr., was official scorer, and Mr. Leach was umpire of the team shoot between the Montreal and Sherbrooke Clubs.

All present had a royal good time, that is, with one single exception, that of the writer, who was a little off. We had a new gun and a several years' accumulation of old shells of all kinds of loads which were not conducive to making good scores. These facts were seemingly taken advantage of by our younger competitors, who proceeded to, figuratively speaking, smite us on the hip, jawbone, stomach, in fact, they walked all over us, to our discomfort. They took our money, that is, the cashier did, as we paid for our targets and received no discount for the pick-ups; and when we borrowed some good loads and ran up a respectable score, the young pencil-pusher of a scorer, by mistake, marked down our duck eggs in the place of our breaks, which made our score look mighty small, I can tell you. Then, again, that staid, respectable old gentleman of a Montreal grocer, who we should be able to beat with any kind of a load, must get frisky and start off at a record-breaking pace which left us so far behind that we weren't within "hollering distance."

When we compare our scores with those made by the other shooters, we feel that they must have a prejudice against us, and such being the case, we feel perfectly justified in withdrawing our name from the list and remain by ourselves in congenial company—Ta-ta.

The ninth event was the team event, which we give first place. Five-men team, 20 targets each, \$10 entrance: Montreal team—McDuff 18, Redman 15, Dumont 16, Landriault 16, N. Candlish 16; total, 85. Sherbrooke team—Thompson 18, Craig 19, Bray 19, Goodhue 16, Foss 13; total, 85.

The following events do not include those of the merchandise contests which were for twenty-one prizes, some of which were quite valuable:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	10	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	148	.822
Heney	5	12	17	13	18	9	17	13	14	17	13	14	148	.822
McDuff	8	11	19	15	18	15	19	13	15	19	13	14	165	.911
Hamilton	7	10	18	12	17	13	17	9	14	15	13	14	161	.883
Thompson	9	15	19	12	16	12	17	13	12	15	13	14	153	.850
White	10	13	18	15	17	10	18	14	14	17	14	14	161	.883
Craig	9	13	16	13	16	13	16	14	13	20	15	15	158	.877
Redman	10	10	17	14	18	14	14	14	13	19	13	14	146	.811
Dumont	9	13	17	15	14	14	14	13	14	19	13	14	154	.855
Landriault	8	10	17	13	17	14	19	14	13	19	14	14	158	.877
Boswell	6	9	16	11	11	12	11	7
Montambault	4	4
Pepin	5	13	14	13	19	9	16
Lewis	3	12
N. Candlish	6	12	17	12	16	13	17	10
Capt. Panet	6
Bishop	4	5	8
Galbraith	8	9	17	14	11	17
Bray	9	15	19	14	19	13	20	15	14	18	12	16	168	.933
Goodhue	10	11	16	12	18	12	18	8	12	16	13	14	146	.811
Grindstone	9	9	15	14	16	12
M. D. Thompson
Bullard	6
Howard
Clark
Foss

STANSTEAD.

Ashland Gun Club.

LEXINGTON, Ky., July 4.—That the Kentucky Trapshooters' League made no mistake when they decided to accept the invitation of the Ashland Gun Club to hold the annual shoot for the Blue Grass championship at targets was demonstrated yesterday, when the local club handled the shoot in a most satisfactory manner. The park had been put in almost perfect order, the traps worked splendidly, the dinner served free to the shooters and their friends was characteristic of Kentucky hospitality. For the first time in the history of target tournaments in Kentucky, the shooting began promptly on schedule time and the entire programme of 250 targets was finished before dark.

There were twelve events on the programme, eight at 15 and four at 20 targets, \$1.50 and \$2 entrance, and a thirteenth at 50 targets for the Blue Grass championship and a sterling silver loving cup to become the property of the winner. Anyone living in the counties in the Blue Grass Circuit and not manufacturers' agents were eligible to competition in the championship event; entrance, \$2.50.

The smoothness with which every event was shot was due largely to the efficient work of manager Robert R. Skinner, who has few equals and no superior in this line. The squads were handled with an ease unusual to a big tournament by the management, the traps being under the direct supervision of Mr. Jeff Harp, the office being attended to by Mr. John Gilbert, who officiated as cashier. Mr. G. T. Little tabulating the scores. Messrs. George Offutt and A. D. Skinner were referee and scorer at traps No. 1, while Messrs. K. G. Pullian and George K. Graves filled these positions at the second section, or traps No. 2.

Messrs. Howard Curry and Frank Van Deren, who are respectively president and vice-president of the club, had charge of the dinner and refreshments, and they fully sustained their reputation as exponents of genuine Kentucky hospitality. Mr. Wilson P. Strader mixed with the crowd and saw to it that every guest of the club had no dull moments.

In the championship event there were twenty-two entries. Messrs. J. H. Kemper and John Williams, of Mt. Sterling, and Mr. Woolfolk Henderson, of Lexington, tied with a score of 45.

In the shoot-off at 25 targets, Mr. Kemper won with a score of 23, each of his opponents going out with 22. Mr. Kemper thus for the second time won the championship of the Blue Grass, he winning it in 1903 at Mt. Sterling, Ky., with a score of 48.

The beautiful cup, emblematic of the much-coveted honor, was given by the Ashland Gun Club, in whose behalf the secretary, Mr. George K. Graves, presented it with a neat little speech to Mr. Kemper, who gracefully received it and responded by tossing over not a few nice bouquets to the hospitable reception and splendid management of the Ashland Gun Club, every visiting shooter applauding his remarks.

The high professional average was won by Mr. Ralph Trimble, scoring 191 out of 200. High amateur average was won by Mr. T. H. Clay, Jr., of Austerlitz, Ky., with a score of 189 out of 200, Mr. Woolfolk Henderson second.

More than 8,000 targets were trapped during the day, which in itself speaks volumes for the capacity of the local club, its efficient management, as well as for the growing popularity of target shooting with Kentuckians.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	* Shot	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	50
R Trimble	15	12	18	14	12	19	14	13	20	15	13	18	200	193
T H Clay, Jr.	15	13	18	15	14	19	13	17	14	14	18	41	250	224
W Henderson	14	11	17	14	13	16	13	19	15	12	19	45	250	221
J William	14	13	17	13	11	17	13	14	16	15	14	20	250	220
J O Ward	10	15	19	14	14	19	11	14	16	13	10	20	250	219
J H Kemper	13	14	16	10	12	17	10	13	17	12	13	14	250	206
V K Dodge	14	12	19	13	13	16	12	17	10	13	19	40	250	210
S S Penney	8	11	16	11	12	15	11	12	13	11	15	40	250	188
J Hazelrigg	12	12	15	11	8	12	10	10	12	13	12	36	250	169
H M Kirby	11	14	16	14	12	17	13	14	16	13	20	39	250	212
Jeff Harp	5	8	10	9	9	10	6	9	10	10	9	36	250	149
John Dae	12	18	18	12	13	11	12	14	12	12	17	38	250	201
E H Sellers	8	11	13	9	11	12	12	12	13	8	19	38	235	172
John Osborne	11	14	18	13	7	18	11	14	16	10	11	...	180	153
R H Smith	5	5	14	190	115
J R Betts	9	9	16	11	8	15	8	9	11	150	96
J McMeekin	8	10	17	9	13	11	100	68
P Johnston	7	7	11	100	63
R R Skinner	12	8	12	40	100
H C Brown	8	10	18	100	68
J Crumbaugh	7	4	6
H Curry	4	7	12
H Milward	6	6	7
F Corbin
R D Norwood
A L Hamilton
W Van Deren
W P Strader
Porter Smith
J Gilchrist
John Harp
H Harp
T Satterwhite
E P Perry
C Rush
F Van Deren
C Woodford
G Woolfolk

Brunswick Gun Club.

BRUNSWICK, Me.—The Fourth of July tournament of the Brunswick Gun Club has gone into history as one of the most enjoyable ever held in Maine. It was run off over a set of five expert traps, known traps and unknown angles. Thirty-five names made the entry list, and twenty-one shot the entire programme.

Much credit is due Mr. C. Whitmore, the president, for the pleasant manner in which the shoot was conducted. He had looked after the smallest details, and had everything, as the saying goes, "all smooth." Mr. E. B. Thompson helped the secretary in the office throughout the day, and as the trap boys and others came up for their pay at the close of the programme, Tommie was heard to say, "What do I get? It seems I ought to get as much as a trap boy." And he got it, but not in cash. Don't ask him about it.

The trade was represented by Mr. E. B. Thompson and Mr. T. Haze Keller.

All were pleased to see the veteran of Wellington win high average. When Mr. Dickey holds another tournament you will see some Brunswick boys in attendance.

The high wind knocked all high scores. Up would go a shooter on one event and break straight, on the next drop five or six. But all tried for a good time, regardless of scores. The Brunswick club wishes especially to thank Mr. Dickey and Mr. Allison for attending, and trust that they can come again at some future time.

The eleventh event was shot one man up, less than 80 per cent. at 16yds. rise, 80 to 87 at 19yds. rise, over 87 per cent., 22yds. Percentage taken from the preceding events. Dickey was the only one to grace the 22yd. mark, and in the high wind cuffed out 17. Very few had to go back to 19yds, even the primer class predominating at 16yds., and Johnnie Bell was in it.

The purse in this event was \$10.50. Scott, of Auburn, Me., got first, with 23, which gave him \$4; Darton, of Portland, and Bartlett, of Brookline, Mass., scored 22 each, and got \$2.40 each. Bell, of Somerville, Mass., came third with 21 and got \$1.60.

O. R. Dickey got \$7 for first high average for entire programme. Hunnewell, of Auburn, second high, with \$5, and third high average was divided by Billy Darton, of Portland, and Harry Snow, of Auburn, \$1.50 each.

On the Whitmore special, to members of Brunswick Club only, Dunning got first money, \$5; Foster came second and got \$3; Wheeler third and got \$2.

It was the aim of the Brunswick boys to give everybody a good time, and it is hoped they did.

time, and it is hoped they did.												Shot	Broke.	Av.
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	at.		
Dickey	14	13	15	15	14	13	11	15	12	12	17	175	151	86.2
Hunnewell	13	15	13	13	12	12	13	14	11	13	20	175	149	85.1
W B Darton....	14	15	11	14	13	12	13	11	9	13	22	175	147	84.0
Snow	13	15	13	13	15	13	11	12	11	18	17	175	147	84.0
Geo Darton....	15	9	12	12	15	12	11	14	11	11	19	175	141	80.5
Allison	12	12	12	10	10	14	13	13	13	12	20	175	141	80.5
Rich	13	13	12	13	12	12	12	11	13	10	19	175	140	80.0
Hunt	13	11	13	10	14	14	13	11	13	8	..	150	120	80.0
C Hall	12	12	12	45	36	80.0
Bartlett	13	10	12	13	13	12	12	13	10	10	22	175	140	80.0
Dunning	12	13	11	12	11	13	11	13	14	13	16	175	139	79.4
Scott	11	13	10	13	13	15	11	10	10	9	23	175	138	78.8
Foster	11	15	14	15	9	14	9	13	9	9	16	175	134	76.5
Bell	10	13	12	9	10	14	11	11	11	11	21	175	133	76.0
Libby	10	11	10	15	13	10	9	11	8	12	13	175	132	75.4

H Keller	13	13	12	13	10	10	11	11	'8	12	17	175	130	74.0
Strout	9	10	10	12	14	75	55	73.3
McMurray	11	10	12	9	13	12	11	8	13	10	18	175	127	72.5
Chapell	8	10	13	9	12	13	12	13	8	..	135	98	72.5
Huntington	10	12	8	10	12	11	13	105	76	72.3
Wheeler	10	10	13	10	11	9	12	11	9	11	17	175	123	70.2
A Hall	12	10	13	8	60	43	70.1
Childs	8	11	14	10	12	10	9	11	10	10	17	175	122	69.7
C Whitmore	12	13	11	7	12	11	8	11	9	16	17	175	121	69.1
S Whitmore	11	14	11	9	10	9	10	11	9	13	14	175	121	69.1
Webber	8	13	12	9	11	11	9	14	8	8	..	150	103	68.6
Scribner	10	8	10	10	13	13	11	12	8	11	13	175	119	68.0
Atkinson	9	12	11	10	9	75	51	68.0
Goud	9	9	10	45	28	62.2
Collins	10	11	11	5	9	75	46	61.3
Sumner	8	8	10	9	60	35	58.3
Lancaster	8	10	7	45	25	55.5
Thompson	9	10	10	9	9	10	11	10	5	..	135	73	54.0
Clason	10	8	12	8	4	4	5	105	51	48.5
Curtis	7	6	6	4	9	10	..	90	42	46.6

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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THE "DEVIL-WAGON."

WITHOUT a doubt the automobile, as a means of transportation, is a permanency, for it has a special fitness in the transportation of freight or passengers in the traffic of the great cities.

The horse, in city traffic, suffers seriously in comparison with it. It is swifter, more powerful and economical than horses are, and, from a sanitary point of view, it has the further advantage of being incomparably more desirable.

The use of automobiles, for both business and pleasure, is multiplying with astonishing rapidity in the cities. The demand is constantly increasing. The world's manufacturing resources in this relation are taxed to their utmost limit of production. In particular, France and Germany, as manufacturers and exporters of automobiles, find special favor in the eye of American purchasers, and are enriched accordingly by many thousands of American dollars. The domestic manufacturers vie with the foreign in the competition to secure the profitable American patronage.

When properly used, the automobile has all the essentials of a public benefaction. It has no inherent malevolent properties which are harmful to society. But, as commonly used in the city streets by reckless drivers, it is largely a public nuisance, and a public menace.

The average chauffeur runs his machine with an utter disregard of the rights and safety of pedestrians, and with but little regard for vehicles drawn by horses. And yet oftentimes the chauffeur is blameless, inasmuch as, if he is a servant, he must obey the commands of his employer.

The common appellation of "devil-wagon," as applied to the automobile, has a peculiar appropriateness. A demon and his wagon turned loose among a people would not display more heartless indifference to their peace of mind or safety of person than does the average chauffeur. Any day, in New York, one can witness the driving of heavy automobiles at high speed, and the consequent scattering of men, women, and children at the cross walks, with a most contemptuous disregard of their comfort or safety, not to say rights.

The automobilist acts as if he had a proprietary right to the streets, and as if all others were on them by his tolerance. He habitually and contemptuously violates the municipal ordinance regulating the speed of vehicles. Of the many violators of the speed regulations, but few are arrested.

When arrested, the average automobile owner is imperturbably unconcerned as to what the judge thinks of the matter, calmly denies having violated the speed laws in the slightest degree, and by the hocus-pocus of delays and pettifogging, either succeeds in discrediting the testimony of the law officers, or in having the case dismissed.

The automobile is the toy of the wealthy. In the eye of the law there seems to be a vast difference between the fast driving of a horse by an ordinary citizen and the fast driving of an automobile by a millionaire. If it so happens that the offending automobilist is fined for violating the speed laws, he views the matter merely as an unpleasant incident of his ride. The fine, at the most, does not disturb him in the least. It imposes no punishment. He presents the same contumacious deportment regardless of the fine. He runs his machine to suit his own pleasure.

The speed ordinances were designed mainly for the regulation of vehicles drawn by horses. The punishments which they imposed were quite sufficient as deterrents on the people at large. The automobilists are a wealthy class to whom those fines and penalties are nothing. They are representative of wealth, power, and "pull," therefore they seem to have certain immunities not accorded to the humble law breaker. The hostility manifested in many sections of New York toward automobilists by the throwing of missiles, is a logical outcome of the law's inadequacy.

On this point, Judge R. C. Cornell, of New York, is quoted in the Evening Telegram as follows: "In saying in court the other day that a man who shot at a reckless chauffeur would be perfectly justified, I do not consider I was making an intemperate statement."

And on the inefficiency of the law he is quoted as saying:

The present law is absolutely inadequate to cope with the evil.

Fines are of no avail, because the majority of the automobilists are rich men. Of late the law has been taken out of the hands of the magistrates, so that now all we can do is to hold violators of the speed limit for the Court of General Sessions.

I think the only remedy is to give the owners of machines a taste of punishment. The poor chauffeurs too often are made scapegoats for their masters. If the owners were sentenced to a few nights on a hard cot in a cell, with bread and water, I believe the evil would soon be remedied.

The worst offenders, I think, are the nouveaux riches—persons who have suddenly become wealthy. They have never owned fast horses, have no conception of speed, and are incapable of handling a fast automobile. It is these people, whose heads have been turned, that override the public rights.

It is a strange situation, indeed, where the newly rich or the old rich have an immunity from punishment not vouchsafed to the new poor nor the old poor.

TO STUDY THE GOLDEN TROUT.

ONE of the most interesting of the American trout, and perhaps the most beautiful of them all, is the golden trout of Mount Whitney. The species, so far as known, is native only to a few mountain streams high up on the Sierras, and from some of these it has been transferred to other streams running into the Kern Valley.

For a number of years we have heard of an increasing scarcity of this beautiful fish, and reports have reached the Bureau of Fisheries that the golden trout is in danger of extermination. The matter has again been brought up recently, and Mr. Stewart Edward White, the author, has called attention to this danger. Still more lately the President has taken up the subject, and addressed a letter to the Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, asking that inquiry be made to learn what should be done for the preservation of this species.

In compliance with the President's request, Fish Commissioner Bowers is sending out a party to the Mt. Whitney region to learn as much as possible about the golden trout. Dr. B. W. Everman will have charge of the party, and will be accompanied by a number of other scientific men who are interested in some aspects of the trout's life. It is believed that if a few specimens of this fish can be transferred to a Government hatchery and there artificially propagated, the danger to the species will cease to exist.

A NEW JERSEY GAME PRESERVE.

AFTER reviewing the unsatisfactory results of stocking water with fishes brought from the Great Lakes, the New Jersey commissioners express a conviction that instead of expending more funds in this direction, they might more profitably undertake the establishment of a State game preserve where native and imported species might have a secure refuge, and whence the covers of the State at large might be stocked.

This proposition, whether or not put into effect at the expense of any other work of the commission, is most sensible. The State game preserve, if only it be as well taken care of as are private preserves, will in large measure solve the problem of a perpetuated game supply.

SNAP SHOTS.

DR. JOS. KALBFUS, secretary of the Pennsylvania Board of Game Commissioners, has created something of a sensation by charging that agents of the Carnegie Institute, under cover of collecting birds for the museum of that institution, were conducting an extensive traffic in song bird skins, of which there were said to be in the museum 40,000 of those of Pennsylvania birds and 20,000 of those of birds from other States. The existence of the skins and the bird traffic itself, so far as the Carnegie Institute is concerned, was denied by Dr. W. J. Holland of the museum. The charge is now under investigation, and pending the result of the inquiry, comment may be withheld.

There is a broad tendency to guard and restrict very rigorously the killing of birds "for scientific purposes." The conditions are much harder than they were for the ambitious young scientist. In New York, for instance, the last Legislature enacted that applicants for license to collect birds for scientific purposes should qualify in a bond of \$200 for faithful observance of the law. This is only one manifestation of the growth of the idea of bird protection, which is one of the conspicuous popular move-

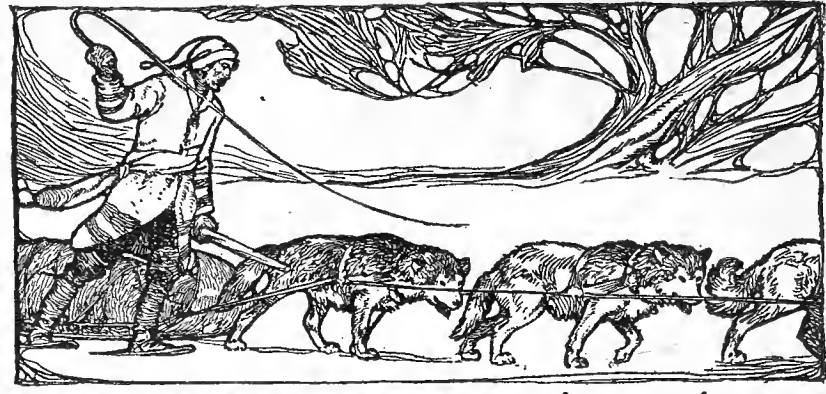
ments of the day. The sentiment has reached Mexico. Consul W. W. Canada writes from Vera Cruz that an agitation has been on foot looking to the passage of a law to prevent the wanton destruction of birds throughout this country; a proposed law has already been presented to the Government by the Association for the Protection of Birds, and it is confidently expected that it will meet the approval of the Executive. This law is intended to prevent the killing of certain classes of birds useful to the agriculturist. Other kinds, such as, for instance, game birds, may be killed only at stated periods of the year. All birds of prey, and others destructive to the interests of the farmer, may be killed at any time and by anybody. Such a law, if rigidly enforced, adds Consul Canada, cannot fail to be of great benefit to the people of the United States, as, for instance, in the case of migratory birds that winter in Mexico, or even further south, and that return to the north in the proper season if not killed off in the meantime.

It is reported that San Francisco is to have a beautiful aquarium—perhaps the finest in the world. The news comes from a San Francisco dispatch, which states that Mr. Lloyd Tevis purposes to build for the public use in San Francisco, as a memorial of his father, an aquarium which shall cost between \$3,000,000 and \$4,000,000. It is to be built in the Golden Gate Park, to whose attractions it will very greatly add.

WE shall leave it to Mr. Kelly and Rifleman to determine for themselves the burning question of whether, in writing of Daniel Boone and the squirrels he did or did not bark, they should use their own names, pen-names, or no names. In a general way, however, it may be said that in writing for FOREST AND STREAM one may do so over his own name or over a pseudonym with perfect propriety; and he is not to be criticised if he prefers anonymity. No one thinks the less of a writer, or gives less consideration to what he writes, because his signature is a pseudonym. In support of this we might cite a hundred pen-names, past and present, which have become as household words in the homes to which this journal finds its way.

OLD JOHN ESQUEMELING, whose racy history of the "Buccaneers" was as calculated to make pirate as Walton's "Angler" is to make fishermen, thought it incumbent upon him in his preface to warn his readers, lest they should be enticed by his chapters into taking up the profession of piracy, that it was dangerous business, and that most of those who were engaged in it found themselves of a sudden precipitated into another world. We recur from time to time to the perils of angling, not to deter from participation in this most delightful of pastimes, but that the sagacious reader of such examples may be warned by the fate of others to avoid the hazards, mishaps, and casualties which have been their undoing. For as a rule the perils are not inherent in the art of angling, but are attendant upon it only as a result of the frailty of human nature. Of this class, for instance, were the cases of the two salt-water fishermen cited last week who stood up in their boats to play a fish, one of them being drowned, and the other with difficulty rescued and resuscitated. Fishing from a small boat is perfectly safe, as the experience of millions testifies, provided only that ordinary prudence be exercised, and that the fisherman does not do some "fool thing."

A distressing case of fishing fatality is reported from Tortugas, Fla., and the pity of it is that it was all so avoidable if only the ordinary rules of conduct in a small boat at sea had been observed. The captain of a collier at the United States coaling station at Tortugas, his wife and daughter and two marines were in a dinghy off the reef fishing. In a lull in the sport, the captain, "a very jolly man" and "a very large man," reached over and playfully tickled his wife, "a very large woman." The wife jumped, the boat went over, and wife, husband and daughter were drowned. What makes the melancholy incident the more worthy of note is that the captain, "a man over six feet tall, weighing over 200 pounds, and a magnificent specimen of the American sailor," could not swim.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

A Summer in Newfoundland.—V.

(Continued from page 48)

THE caribou is the hardest and most widely distributed of the deer family throughout northern North America. Extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, his range is as wide as the continent itself, and stretches from eastern Newfoundland westward to the extremity of the Alaskan Peninsula. Bounded on the south by the United States, and on the north by the ice-bound Arctic Sea, his home is the grandest and wildest wilderness in the world. Whether on the great treeless desert of barren ground west of Hudson Bay, or among the dense forests of Quebec, or high up in the mountainous plateaus of British Columbia, or on the low bogs and marshes of Newfoundland, he is always a restless roving wanderer, always changing his home. Few of us have ever witnessed "la foule," the great fall migration of barren ground caribou, when tens of thousands of the animals travel from the vast tundras of Arctic America southward across the barren lands to the protection of the forests. The other well defined group, comprising the woodland caribou, has been divided by scientists into a number of species closely correlating with their geographical distribution. The theory that an infinite number of variations in nature should be followed by an infinite number of names is proving very useful in this case, for we now have at least five separate species with a possibility of a few more. The Newfoundland variety, *Rangifer terra-nova* Bangs, differs but slightly from that found in eastern Canada known as *R. caribou* Gmelin. The former is unquestionably a lighter colored animal, and is usually accredited with larger size, both in body and antlers; but specimens of *R. caribou* have been recorded fully as heavy as any from Newfoundland, while very fine sets of antlers have been secured from New Brunswick and Quebec. However, the antlers of *R. terra-nova* average much larger and heavier than those of *R. caribou*, and to-day the proportion of really good heads to inferior ones is very small in New Brunswick. Whether this greater massiveness and wider spread of the Newfoundland antlers are due to the fact that the colony is only partially wooded and contains many thousand square miles devoid of forest growth, or whether the better pasturage and warmer winters in the island are responsible for it, are merely questions for speculation. But it is a fact, none the less, that in Newfoundland the heads average superior to the thin, narrow-spread antlers of eastern Canada.

To be able to hunt any animal successfully, is merely to thoroughly understand its habits and mode of living. We know that all antlered game will act similarly under certain conditions, for there is no deer in America that will not seek safety in flight when the wind brings to his nostrils the scent of a human being. But we also know that each species has its own individual characteristics, and its own well marked peculiarities. Each has its preferences for particular localities, either wooded, barren or mountainous; each prefers certain kinds of grass, browse or moss, and each chooses different times for resting, traveling, sleeping or feeding; while all individuals conform pretty generally to the habits of the species. The man who has studied and knows well the habits of one particular moose or caribou, has a pretty general knowledge of all the moose or caribou in that particular locality, and such a man should prove the successful hunter. Of course, all animals have their own separate peculiarities or individualities, and especially is this noticeable when under domestication or in captivity; but in the woods, nature's laws are strict, and centuries of inherited habit have developed instincts which are strong and binding, and which must be obeyed in a successful struggle for existence. The caribou is perhaps the most individual member of the deer family in North America, and the least understood. He has none of the suspicious shyness of the white-tail; no sneaking quietly along back trails, or skulking under windfalls; no peering furtively from under the shadow of the alders, or "friezing" in his bed as you unconsciously pass by. He is an unsuspicious animal, and his stolid indifference is frequently mistaken for boldness. Often a band will stand stupidly gazing at the intruder while the latter shoots them down. But once fully aroused to the danger—once the telltale scent has reached their nostrils—no deer ever traveled half as far or rushed as madly onward. Once fairly started, no time is spent on doubling trails or backward glances; it is one blind, headlong dash for miles across the barrens. In the forests of New Brunswick moose come down every night to feed around the pond where lumbermen have worked and smoked all day. In the south deer may be jumped from your very doorstep, and only trot off a few rods before they forget all about it. But the wanderer of the northland loves to be alone, and shuns the habitations of men.

How marked is the contrast in the habits of the deer, moose, and caribou. During summertime, in Maine and New Brunswick, the former two may be seen in great numbers. Living around the edges of ponds and rivers, among the spruces and balsams and alder tangles, they come out at intervals to stand neck-deep in the water, while at night they crop the lily-pads and succulent grasses growing on the bottom. It is no unusual sight in July to see two or three bull moose standing shoulder-deep in the muck, with heads completely submerged be-

neath the surface, as they pluck young tender shoots from below. In fly-time deer and moose are semi-aquatic, but go to the same spot in October or November with your rifle, and where is the game? Tracks are there, it is true, for the sign is like that in a cattle-yard, but where are the bucks and bulls? Not around the water, but high up among the maples and birches of the hardwood ridges. With the caribou of Newfoundland, the reverse holds true. During the warmer months they are difficult to find during the daytime, and seek the seclusion of the thickest forest growth. Coming out at sundown they rarely roam far from the woods, and I have never seen one feeding in a pond. One will frequently walk around the edge of a lake or bog hole as if for exercise, and should the beach be broad and sandy, it will be found a favorite lounging place for large stags during the twilight and early morning hours. Such a spot, if regularly used by the animals, will prove the very finest watching place for early fall hunting during August, for at that time the caribou have not assembled on the highlands. The does and young stags, it is true, make excursions to the barrens every evening, returning to the woods usually by eight or nine o'clock in the morning, but the heavy old stags, with their short, thick legs and ponderous bodies, are lazy, and heartily dislike all such arduous work. In September, however, when moose and deer are difficult to locate, then the caribou stags are preparing to leave the forests and travel out into the open country. Little spruces are torn up bodily; the alders hang in tatters where big fellows rub their antlers, and before the middle of the month, hard and polished, they are brandished before the eyes of admiring does. The latter, with fawns and yearlings, have been waiting on the open country for a week or two; but now autumn has come and the barrens are dotted here and there with little herds and companies grazing about, the heavy old stags lazily bringing up the rear. This is the time for the man with a gun, and neither earlier nor later; antlers are peeled, and the fat venison, still untainted by the rut, is in prime condition. It is the merest murder to kill a stag during the rutting season in October, after which, in November, they are poor, thin creatures at best, while in December no trophies are carried on their heads.

The following paragraph contains the gist of an article written for FOREST AND STREAM last winter, which was intended to explain the game situation and hunting methods employed at present in the colony.

Nine-tenths of the people who go to Newfoundland are successful; the other tenth usually miss. For the large majority, however, real success exists only as far as the procuring of heads is concerned. Of course, if the ambition and desire of the sportsman is merely to get antlers the easiest possible way, the present method of taking game will strongly appeal to him—a method involving much killing but very little hunting. For a description of such sport, let the reader try the last few chapters of S. T. Davis' book entitled, "Caribou Shooting in Newfoundland." There are many men who go regularly every fall to the eastern end of Grand Lake or the vicinity of Howley and the Topsails, and return laden with spoils, well satisfied that they are real big-game hunters. The genuine sportsman, however, the man who places the killing after the hunting, who enjoys the stalking more than the shooting, whose success is only appreciated after a week or fortnight of hard tramping over a rough country, will hardly care for caribou hunting in Newfoundland as it is practiced at present. For, to use a phrase which I have often heard returning sportsmen apply to it, it is "not unlike shooting cows in a barnyard." I do not wish, however, to condemn the game of Newfoundland merely because it is too plentiful to afford good sport; such a situation would create a strange anomaly, indeed; but I deplore the present method of migration shooting compared with any other possible one.

If the reader will glance at a map of the colony, he will see on its western coast a long, narrow peninsula stretching one hundred and fifty miles northward to the Straits of Belle Isle and the southern extremity of Labrador. In this great tract thousands of caribou spend the summer months, and when the first autumn frosts commence to nip the vegetation they begin to move slowly southward. A very few undoubtedly spend the entire winter in the north, as shed antlers have often been found well up toward the Straits; but the great majority being migratory are compelled to cross the railroad track at the narrow base of this peninsula on their southern journey. During late September, October, and well into November, an almost continuous stream of the animals traverse the comparatively small area around Sandy Pond and Howley, and it is to such places as these that the majority of sportsmen repair. A camp is put up a few miles from the railroad track or on the shore of a neighboring pond, where the "deer," as the Newfoundlanders term them, are known to cross in numbers. Near-by the hunter takes his stand on the top of some neighboring hill or knoll, and waits for caribou to come along, scanning the barrens with field glasses, and choosing the head he desires. In the height of the season, forty or fifty are often in sight at once; the stags are thoroughly examined, the size of their antlers noted, and the one possessing the finest is accordingly singled out and shot. No particular skill is required to approach within one hundred or even fifty yards of his game, pro-

vided the hunter observes that cardinal rule, "keep well to leeward." Should the animal be approaching along a lead or runway, the sportsman's fire is reserved until he is absolutely certain to hit the mark. Even concealment is often unnecessary, for a caribou cannot, or at any rate does not, discriminate between a bush and a man at two hundred yards, provided the latter remains motionless. But even should he be detected, a good standing shot may generally be obtained while the animal stares stupidly at the intruder. During the rutting season the Government wisely prohibits all shooting whatever, as any would be the merest slaughter. At that time stags become very bold. With swollen necks and protruding tongues, they travel day and night; eating little or nothing, they soon become thin and poor, with hindquarters shrunk to half their natural size. Some years ago, when there was no close season, many an old stag met his death by means of a very simple deception practiced by the guide. The latter merely walked in a stooping posture, through bushes high enough to conceal his legs, with a pair of antlers held aloft. A dry branch of the proper shape was easier to obtain, and often answered the purpose just as well.

This method of having the game walk up almost within sight of his tent, will neither appeal to nor satisfy the man who wants real hunting. Dr. Paul Van Dyke tried it three years ago, and found it rather unsatisfactory. He tells me that the next time he goes to Newfoundland it will not be for migration shooting. Percy Selous, the famous African hunter, writes in The Wide World magazine of about a year ago that he was disgusted with the hunting methods employed at Howley, and for real sport took a trip to John's Pond, forty miles up the Terra Nova River.

Hitherto the prevalent notion among sportsmen has been that all the caribou migrate southward every autumn, returning the following spring; and they are right, to a certain extent. The deer do move south in the fall, but by no means do they all travel northward at the close of winter. The whole central and southern exterior, comprising one-half the area of the island, contains the year around vast numbers of non-migratory animals, or those which have lost the instinct to migrate. This great wilderness, almost unknown to sportsmen, is the permanent home of thousands of caribou which, never having seen the railroad, have consequently escaped the murderous fusillade at Grand Lake. And it is in the interior that the very finest heads are to be procured at the present time. The reason for this is obvious; herds which are accustomed to regularly cross the railroad track, have been examined with the glasses, and sorted over so often during the last ten years that many of the real old stags have long since fallen. It is true, small deer are still very abundant at Grand Lake, but the migration hunter after seeing twenty, thirty, or perhaps a hundred caribou every day of his trip, is surprised at the very small proportion of good heads.

One gentleman who recently returned from the island, counted 160 in ten days, only four of which proved worthy of a shot. Another saw eighty stags alone, to say nothing of does and fawns, yet he secured but one large head; he is a good shot, too. A third, Mr. Edward W. Scudder, of Newark, N. J., saw a large quantity of deer between Grand and Red Indian lakes, and he reports the proportion of old stags to be about one to forty or fifty.

These sportsmen, with many others whom I could name, hunted in September before the migration was well under way. Later in the "second season," during the latter part of October and early November, big stags are more in evidence, and easier to secure. But during any season there is no doubt that the grand old patriarchs—the forty and fifty-pointers—are not nearly as abundant as some years ago.

On the other hand, men who have penetrated into the interior report the proportion of good heads to be much greater than along the line of the railroad. Professor Thompson, of Princeton, secured three very fine sets of antlers with little difficulty; Percy Selous, hunting in the Terra Nova country, secured four; and in 1902, accompanied by Frank and Nevin Sayre, of South Bethlehem, Pa., I made a trip into the Middle Ridge region south of the Southwest Gander. In eighteen days we saw only about eighty caribou, as it was during late August and early September, before they had collected on the open country, but sixteen were well antlered stags, and we returned with our full quota. On our way in we met William M. Prest, of Boston, who had been hunting at Island Pond. He carried three first-rate sets, and saw several big fellows that escaped.

It is then to this vast central region—over twenty thousand square miles in extent, a country of unknown lakes and streams, of broad open barrens and rolling hills—that the sportsman is asked to direct his attention. At the falls I was already well within its boundaries, and in the heart of a first-rate caribou region, but the smoke and noise of a week had driven them from the immediate vicinity of the camp, so we decided to push on further into the interior, toward a range of hills that loomed up on the eastern horizon.

On the morning before the storm Jim had packed out a load of smoked salmon to the settlements, and as it was at least a five days' journey there and back, could hardly be expected to return before the morrow. Besides, the moss and "tucks" were saturated, and neither

makes the easiest kind of a carpet over which to tramp. It sounds very enticing in the railroad guide book when we read of "a delightful walk over the moss," but should the latter in places be nearly a foot thick, and as full of water as a wet sponge, fifteen or twenty miles with a fifty-pound pack create no very pleasant anticipations in the mind of a packer. With Jim we awaited a fresh supply of tea, "baccy," and baking powder, a few more trout flies, and my rifle, which had been left at his home on our way in, as being wholly superfluous while salmon fishing.

So William proposed pushing on that day to Andrew's Pond, some ten miles to the eastward, where caribou were always plentiful, and the brook trout had never seen the colors of an artificial fly. He carried the heavier pack, firmly secured after the Indian fashion with a tump line across his forehead, but I carried Jim's loose-locked muzzleloading shotgun with about eight loads of buckshot and exactly eleven caps. It was an old historic heirloom, and had killed hundreds of beaver in its day; but now, merely a worn out relic of the past, loose and rickety, and always guaranteed to do damage at either end. Vast barrens covered with rank wet moss stretched out before us, crossed and recrossed by well-worn deer leads, each trending in a different direction. Some of these runways were a good two feet deep and filled to the brim with muddy rain water; others, faintly discernible in the grass, showed fresh sign made the previous night. Once an old hen ptarmigan and her brood of nearly grown chicks, flushed with a noisy whirr from beneath our feet; but with this single exception, not a creature stirred over the desolate expanse.

It was well toward four o'clock when, rounding a great mass of boulders, the welcome sight of water greeted our eyes far below in the valley, and two hours later, emerging from the woods, we stood upon the shore of Andrew's Pond. Here occurred the most exasperating experience as a sportsman that it has ever been my misfortune to endure, and I will relate it in all its details. The pond was over a mile in length, surrounded on all sides by a thick, almost impenetrable, tangle of stunted spruce and balsam. At one end a gradually receding shore sloped down gently to the water's edge in a beach of white, hard sand a few yards wide and a quarter of a mile in length—just such a spot as caribou choose for an evening stroll. This beach was divided at its center into two separate stretches by the inlet of the pond, a stream some thirty yards wide; and the whole shore was covered with broad, cloven tracks, showing that more than one animal wandered by daily between sunset and dawn. A shotgun is hardly a dignified weapon for the pursuit of such noble game as caribou, and for such a purpose it is justly tabooed by sportsmen; but that particular evening William and I did not pose as sportsmen, but were content as pot-hunters pure and simple.

WILLIAM ARTHUR BABSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Grape Vine Telegraph.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We would often wonder how our Indians always managed to find out all that had happened, or was going to happen, as soon as we knew it ourselves—often before even we knew it. We dubbed their source of information the "grapevine telegraph."

About 1877 Dull Knife's band of northern Cheyennes were sent from Camp Robinson, Nebraska, to join the southern Cheyennes at the Darlington Agency (Fort Reno) in the Indian Territory. They were never contented there, the climate was killing them, they said; and they had tried to go north again several times, but had always been driven back, and all through the summer of 1878 we were looking for them to make another attempt to go.

There were only two troops of cavalry at Reno to hold about 5,000 Indians here, and we had to watch these Indians closely. In the fall, about the first of October, I think it was, I was down at Fort Sill with two wagons after a load of lime, and was in camp below the post, when one morning just at daylight old Stumbling Bear, a Kiowa chief, paid the camp a visit. He was no doubt looking for his breakfast, as he would not go over one hundred miles out of his way at any time to bring me news. He never had had much use for me since the time several years before this when I had lined up a party of men I had out with his band to shoot him for disobeying my orders. Coming into camp after the usual "How," he said: "Mebbe so, Cheyennes go," pointing north. They had left late the afternoon before.

We had a telegraph line here, a single wire that we had put up ourselves; it ran from Gainesville, Texas, through Sill and Reno up to Fort Supply.

I went up to the office right-away and found the operator, an enlisted man, fast asleep. He had not heard from Reno since noon yesterday, he told me. "Going to his key while he was dressing, I began to call for 'R,' our signal at Reno, but could not get an answer. Then the operator took his key and continued to call, but he got no answer either. I thought I knew what was wrong. That operator at Reno belonged to our troop, and he was no doubt out after Indians now."

After a while we got a reply. "Someone who could telegraph had been hunted up." He was another telegrapher like myself—a slow one. After he had made several attempts at it, he told us that the Cheyennes had gone at last, and that our troop had followed them. There was not much more than half a troop there, thirty men, to follow anything; the rest of us were scattered all over the country on details just like mine, and the other troop dare not be sent also; if it had been sent, then other Indians, Cheyennes and Arapahoes, would have lost no time in going upon a raid to Kansas also.

The northern Cheyennes went clear across western Kansas, leaving a trail of fire and blood behind them, and were finally rounded up at Camp Robinson. The troop got in ahead of them once, and in the fight that followed lost one man, the blacksmith, but did not stop the Indians; they kept on burning ranches and killing settlers. The troop brought these Indians back, though, all except Dull Knife, he was kept up there a prisoner, and a new chief, Standing Elk, brought the band back. It took them about ten days to go up, and nearly as many weeks to come back again.

It is about seventy miles from Reno to Sill; some Indian rode his pony these seventy miles between dark and some time before daylight next morning and brought this news here. Some southern Cheyenne chief had sent him, with the expectation that the Kiowas would go out next, then the others here at Darlington would go.

CABIA BLANCO.

Nine Thousand Feet Above the Sea.

GARDNERVILLE, Nevada, July 4.—Editor Forest and Stream: Can it be possible on this glorious Fourth of July that anybody in Uncle Sam's vast domain is sweltering in heat or wishing for a cake of ice on which they may sit? Are any sick, or is life a burden or monotonous to any? I presume so; but it hardly seems possible viewed from this peak of the Sierra Nevadas. As I write the temperature suggests early spring. Vast banks of snow many feet deep lie close to camp, lending a freshness and vigorous life to this glorious atmosphere utterly indescribable. Are you sick or tired? Do you imagine you feel old age creeping over? Does the thought now intrude that after all your hopes and efforts, life is likely to prove a failure, and happiness and contentment as far away as when you began life's battle? If so, take the writer's advice and follow his example; pack your grip and also that of the partner of all your joys and sorrows; bid farewell to business for an indefinite period; say to care and worry, "Go to thunder!" and to ambition, "Get thee behind me, Satan, what canst thou avail me if I sacrifice health and strength and happiness and only grasp thee on the brink of the grave?" Then resolutely climb the highest peak of these grand old mountains; higher and yet higher, until you feel a new life entering in at your nostrils and vibrating through every fiber of your being; and there, where perpetual snow-banks gleam in the summer's sun, and countless flowers bloom between those banks of white, you pitch your camp, in an atmosphere so pure and surroundings so peaceful and healthful that the most hopeless invalid must feel a new life and fresh hope stealing over him.

In an atmosphere so pure as this, fresh meat will hang for weeks without tainting.

One can see from these snow-capped peaks range after range of rugged mountains, with beautiful and fertile valleys between. Lake Tahoe, although many miles distant, seems almost at our feet. The Sacramento Valley, although two hundred miles away, can be plainly seen; and it is said that on a clear day Salt Lake City and the Great Salt Lake, six hundred miles distant, can be seen from one of these peaks.

This is the season for fish in these mountain streams and lakes. He who has not wandered along the banks of a leaping, bubbling mountain stream, and felt the ecstatic chills chase up and down the spine as a splendid fish makes his grand rush, and the reel sings and the rod bends—he who has not felt these joys has failed to taste of some of the most exquisite thrills that man can feel.

Not far from where I write a beautiful little lake nestles in the mountain tops several hundred feet higher than Lake Tahoe, and is alive with speckled trout. Our mountain streams are stocked with a variety of trout which are peculiar to these mountains. They are a little larger than the eastern speckled trout, which they resemble very much in shape and general appearance, but lack the red spots. They are a very gamey fish, more so, if possible, than our eastern trout. In my next I will write of the game in these mountains.

Mrs. Thomas and I came here some months ago from Delaware in hope of regaining lost health, and the result has been more than could be expected. We live in an open tent, and have discontinued the use of medicine. I will be pleased to answer any questions concerning this country, its game, or other resources.

S. H. THOMAS.

Trails of the Pathfinders.—XII.

Lewis and Clark.

(Concluded from page 6.)

THE winter was spent chiefly in procuring food, and in observing the natives, and the geography of the neighboring country, and the expedition has not expected to leave their permanent camp, Fort Clatsop, before the first of April. By the first of March, however, the elk, on which they chiefly depended for food, had moved away to ascend the mountains, and their trade goods being almost exhausted, they were now too poor to purchase food from the Indians. It was evident that they must start back up the river, in the hope of there finding food, and must reach the point where they had left their horses before the Indians there should have moved off across the mountains or dispersed over the country.

During the winter they had worked hard at dressing skins, so that they were now well clad; and had besides three or four hundred pairs of moccasins. They still had also 140 pounds of powder and about twice that weight of lead, enough to carry them back.

On the 23d of March, therefore, after giving certificates to some of the Indian chiefs, and leaving tacked up on one of their cabins a notice of their successful crossing of the continent, and their start back, they took leave of the Indians, and set out in two canoes up the Columbia. As they passed along they at first found little difficulty in securing provisions from the acquaintances they had made while descending the river; and besides this, the hunters killed some game. Before long, however, they began to meet Indians coming down the river who informed them that they had been driven from the Great Rapids by lack of provisions, their winter store of dried fish having become exhausted, and the salmon not being expected for a month or more. This was dismal news to people who were ascending the river in the hope of obtaining provisions, but there was nothing for them to do except to keep on, living on the country as well as they could, trying to reach the place where they had left their horses before the Indians should have departed. Their hunters succeeded in killing some deer and elk on the south side of the river, though there seemed to be no game on the north. Besides that, the deer killed were so extremely thin in flesh that it hardly seemed worth while to bring them into camp.

Many of the Indians still stood in great fear of the "medicine" of the white men; and Captain Clark, returning from a short exploring trip, saw an example of this: "On entering one of the apartments of the house, Captain Clark offered several articles to the Indians in exchange for wappatoo; but they appeared sullen and ill-humored, and refused to give him any. He therefore sat down by the fire opposite to the men, and, drawing a portfire match from his pocket, threw a small piece of it into the flames; at the same time he took out his pocket compass, and by means of a magnet which happened to be in his inkhorn, made the needle turn round very briskly. The match immediately took fire, and burned violently, on which the Indians, terrified at this strange exhibition, brought a quantity of wappatoo and laid it at his feet, begging him to put out the bad fire; while an old woman continued to speak with great vehemence, as if praying and imploring protection. After receiving the roots, Captain Clark put up the compass, and, as the match went out of itself, tranquillity was restored, though the women and children still sought refuge in their beds and behind the men. He now paid them for what he had used, and, after lighting his pipe and smoking with them, continued down the river."

The hunters still were killing some game, but it was so thin as to be unfit for use; six deer and an elk were left in the timber, while two deer and a bear were brought in. The wappatoo was now largely the food of all the Indians; the bulb, which grows in all the ponds of the interior, is gathered by the women, who, standing in deep water, feel about in the mud for the roots of the plant, and detach the bulbs with their toes; these rise to the surface and are thrown into the canoe. The roots are like a small potato, and are light and very nutritious.

A few days later they obtained from the Indians the skin of a "sheep" (mountain goat), which is described so that there is no doubt about the identification. The hunters also killed three black-tailed deer. Near Sepulcher Rock, a burial place for the surrounding tribes, Captain Clark crossed the river in the endeavor to purchase a few horses, by which they might transport their baggage and some provisions across the mountains, but in this he was unsuccessful. However, some Indians were met, who promised a little later to meet them and furnish some horses. At the foot of the Great Narrows four were purchased to assist in carrying the baggage and the outfit over the portage.

The Indians at the upper end were rejoicing over the catching of the first salmon; and they were so good-natured that they sold the white men four more horses for two kettles, which reduced the stock of kettles to one. There was a good deal of trouble here from thefts by the Indians, and from their practice of trading articles and then returning and giving back the price that they had received and demanding articles that had been traded. So annoying did this become, that Captain Clark declared to the Indians in council assembled that the next man caught stealing would be shot; and a little bit later he was obliged to threaten to burn the village. At last, however, they got away, with ten horses, and proceeding up the river secured a few others. By this time they had exhausted pretty much all their trade goods, and the capacity to buy was about at an end. The Indian tribes that they were passing now did not seem to be particularly friendly, and held themselves aloof; but a chief of the Walla Wallahs, whom they met a little later, treated them most hospitably, and in striking contrast to the people that they had lately seen. This chief presented Captain Clark with a fine horse, and received in return a sword, one hundred balls, some powder, and some other small presents. The chief helped them cross the river in his canoes, and they camped on the Columbia, at the mouth of the Walla Wallah River. They now possessed twenty-three horses, and on the whole were in pretty good shape, except that they had but little food, and had nothing left which they could trade for food. About the first of May they met a party of Indians, consisting of one of the chiefs of the Nez Percés who had gone down Lewis River with them the previous year, and had been of great service to them, and who, hearing that they were returning, had come to meet them with ten young men. They were now out of provisions, but at an Indian camp not far off managed to obtain two lean dogs and some roots. As they went on they learned that most of the Nez Percés were scattered out gathering spring roots, but the Indian in whose charge their horses had been left was not far away.

At this point the explorers were applied to by the two or three persons who were ill, and their simple treatment benefiting the Indians, their fame greatly increased. The white men were careful to give the Indians only harmless medicine, trying to assist nature rather than to do anything that was radical. The Indians who had been benefited gave material evidence of their gratitude. Since they had been on the Columbia River the Indians had made great fun of the white men because they ate dogs, and it was just after their experience in doctoring, but at another village, that "an Indian standing by, and looking with great derision at our eating dogs' flesh, threw a poor half-starved puppy almost into Captain Lewis's plate, laughing heartily at the humor of it. Captain Lewis took up the animal and flung it back with great force into the fellow's face, and seizing his tomahawk, threatened to cut him down if he dared to repeat such insolence. He immediately withdrew, apparently much mortified, and we continued our dog repast very quietly." Continuing their journey, they were again applied to for medical advice and assistance, but declined to practice without remuneration. One or two small operations were performed; and a woman who had been treated, declaring the next day that she felt much better, her husband brought up a horse, which they at once killed.

Having crossed the river, on the advice of the Indians that more game was to be found, they kept on their way, and the day after the hunters brought in four deer, which, with the remains of the horse, gave them for the moment an abundant supply of food. Here they met Twisted Hair, in whose charge they had left their horses, who told them that, owing to the care that he had taken of their horses, he had been obliged to quarrel with other chiefs, who were jealous with him, and that finally he had given up the care of the horses, which were now scattered. They soon recovered twenty-one of their horses—most of which were in good condition—a part of their

saddles, and some powder and lead, which had been put in the cache with them. The Indians gave them two fat young horses for food, asking nothing in return, and the hospitality and generosity of these Indians made a great impression on the white men, who were now disposed to treat them with a great deal more courtesy and consideration than had been their custom. Captain Lewis at this meeting is quite enthusiastic about these Chopunnish Indians, whom he describes as industrious, cleanly, and generous—a report quite different from that made on the way down the river.

At the village where they camped May 11, the Indians lived in a single house, one hundred and fifty feet long, built of sticks, straw and dried grass. It contained about twenty-four fires, about double that number of families, and might muster, perhaps, one hundred fighting men. The difficulty of talking to these Indians was great, for Captains Lewis and Clark were obliged to speak in English to one of the men, who translated this in French to Chabonneau, who interpreted to his wife in Minnetari, she told it in Shoshoni to a young Shoshoni prisoner, who finally explained it to the Nez Percés in their own tongue. After the council was over, the wonders of the compass, the spyglass, the magnet, the watch, and the air-gun were all shown to the Indians. Here they were obliged also to do a good deal of doctoring, and finally another council was held, at which it was agreed by the Indians to follow the advice of Captains Lewis and Clark. Presents were made by the Indians to the whites; and to each chief was given a flag, a pound of powder, and fifty balls; and the same to the young men who had presented horses to them. They also paid the man who had charge of their horses, in part, agreeing with him to give the balance so soon as the remainder of the horses were brought in.

On the 14th of May they crossed the river and made a camp, where they purposed to wait until the snow had melted in the mountains. The hunters killed two bears and some small game, much of which they gave to the Indians, to whom it was a great treat, since they seldom had a taste of flesh. Many patients continued to be brought to them whom they doctored, and with some success.

Early in June they began to make preparations to cross the mountains, though the Indians told them it would be impossible to do this before about the first of July. They were now well provided with animals, each man having a good riding horse, with a second horse for a pack, and some loose horses to be used in case of accident, or for food. The salmon had not yet come up the river. They started on the 15th of June in a rain, and on the way found three deer, which their hunters had killed. They soon began to climb the mountains, and before long found themselves traveling over hard snow, which bore up their horses well, but it was evident that the journey would be too long to make, since for several days' travel there would be no food for the animals. So they were obliged to turn back and wait for the warmer weather.

Two men who had been sent back to the Indian village to hurry up the Indians who had promised to cross the mountains with them, and make peace with the Indians on the Upper Missouri, returned with three Indians, who agreed to go with the party to the falls of the Missouri in consideration of receiving two guns. They pushed along over the mountains, usually keeping on the divide, to head all streams and not cross any running water. The country was completely covered with snow. On the 26th of June they camped high up on the mountains, where there was good food for the horses. The traveling was pleasant, the snow hard. Their provisions had now about given out, however, except that they still had some roots; but now and then a deer was killed, which kept them from absolute starvation.

By July 1 they had reached a country where game was quite abundant, deer, elk and big-horn being plenty in the neighborhood. It was determined to divide the party, and to cover more country on the return than they had when coming out. Captain Lewis, with nine men, was to go to the Falls of the Missouri, leave three men there to prepare carts for transporting baggage and canoes across the portage, and with the remaining six to ascend Maria's River and explore the country there. The remainder of the party were to go to the head of the Jefferson River, where nine men under Sergeant Ordway should descend it with the canoes. Captain Clark's party was to go to the Yellowstone, there build canoes, and go down that river with seven men; while Sergeant Pryor, with two others, should take the horses overland to the Mandans; and thence go north to the British posts on the Assinaboine, and induce Mr. Henry to persuade some of the Sioux chiefs to go with him to Washington. This plan was carried out.

Captain Lewis's party kept on their way until they reached Dearborn River; but before they got to it they saw signs of buffalo, and even had glimpses of the game. They were now in a good game country, and made rapid progress, and before long found themselves at their old station, White Bear Island. During the flood of the river the water had entered their cache and spoiled much of their property. They had much trouble here with lost horses, and one of their men, riding suddenly upon a bear, his horse wheeled and threw him, and the bear drove him up into a tree, where he was kept all day.

Captain Lewis now started to explore the Maria's River, and, pushing his way up it, almost reached the foot of the Rocky Mountains. Here they met a band of Indians, who stated that they were Gros Ventres of the prairie, or, as Lewis and Clark put it, Minnetari of Fort de Prairie; and who, after some hesitation, appeared to be friendly enough, and smoked with Captain Lewis. They expressed themselves as willing to be at peace with the Indians across the mountains, but said that those Indians had lately killed a number of their relations. However, white men and Indians came together, but Captain Lewis kept a very close watch, fearing that the Indians would steal his horses. This did not happen, but on the following day, July 27, the Indians seized the rifles of four of the party. As soon as Fields and his brother saw the Indian running off with their two rifles they pursued him, and overtaking him, stabbed him through the heart with a knife. The other guns were recovered without killing any of the Indians; but as they were trying to drive off the horses, Captain Lewis ordered the men to follow up the main party, who were driving the horses, and shoot them. He himself ran after two other Indians,

who were driving away another bunch of horses, and so nearly overtook them that they left twelve of their own animals, but continued to drive off one belonging to the white men. Captain Lewis had now run as far as he could, and calling to the Indians several times that unless they gave up the horse he would shoot, he finally did so, and killed an Indian. The other men now began to come up, having recovered a considerable number of the horses; they had lost one of their own horses and captured four belonging to the Indians. They now retreated down the river with the horses that they had, but took nothing from the Indians' camp.

These Indians were probably not Gros Ventres, as stated in the Lewis and Clark journal. Precisely the same story was told me fifteen or twenty years ago by the oldest Indian in the Blackfoot camp, as having happened on Birch Creek, a branch of the Maria's. The Indian killed by Fields was named Side Hill Calf, and the aged man who related the story said that he was a boy with the Indian war party.

Captain Lewis, believing that they would be promptly pursued by a much larger party of Indians and attacked, at once began a retreat. The Indian horses which had been captured proved good ones, the plains were level, and they rode hard for more than eighty miles, only stopping twice to kill a buffalo and to rest their horses. They stopped at two o'clock in the morning, and at daylight started on again, and at last when they reached the Missouri they heard the report of a gun, and then others, and before long had the satisfaction of seeing their friends going down the river. They landed, and Captain Lewis's party, after turning loose the horses, embarked, with the baggage, and kept on down the stream. Before long they met Sergeants Gass and Willard, who were bringing down horses from the falls, and now the whole party had come together, except Captain Clark's outfit, which had gone down the Yellowstone.

The journey down the Missouri was quickly made, and at the mouth of the Yellowstone a note was found from Captain Clark, who had gone on before them. Not far below this Captain Lewis, while hunting elk on a willow grove sandbar, was shot in the thigh by his companion, Cruzatte, who apparently mistook him for an elk, he being clad in buckskin. At first Captain Lewis thought that they had been attacked by Indians, but no signs of Indians being found, the conclusion that Cruzatte had shot him, apparently by mistake, seemed inevitable. On August 12 they met Captain Clark's party, whose adventures had been much less startling than theirs. His party had started up Wisdom River, on the west side of the mountains, and crossing over to the head of the Jefferson, had passed through a beautiful country—the Beaverhead—very lovely in its surroundings, with fertile soil, and abounding in game.

Most of the party had gone down the river in canoes, but a few men had been left on the land to drive down the horses. A part of these, under Sergeant Ordway, kept on down the river, while at the mouth of the Madison, Captain Clark, with ten men and the wife and child of Chabonneau, taking the fifty horses, crossed over to go to the Yellowstone and descend it. When they reached the Yellowstone, they followed it down for some little time, through a country abounding in buffalo, deer and elk. Very likely they would have gone on further but for an accident to one of the men, who was so badly hurt that he could not sit on his horse. Small timber being found, canoes were constructed, which were lashed together and loaded preparatory to setting out. While all this was being done, twenty-four of their horses disappeared, and a little search showed a piece of rope and a moccasin, which made it clear that the horses had been run off by the Indians. Sergeant Pryor, with two men, was ordered to take the remaining horses down the river to the mouth of the Bighorn, where they should be crossed, and from here he was to take them to the Mandans. The canoes which went on down the river passed various streams, and at one point came upon what appeared to have been a medicine lodge of the Blackfeet. At a stream to which they gave the name of Horse Creek, they found Pryor with his animals. He had had much trouble in driving the horses, since, as many of them had been used by the Indians in hunting buffalo, whenever they saw a bunch of buffalo they would set off in pursuit and surround them. To prevent this, Sergeant Pryor was obliged to send one man ahead of the horse herd to drive away the buffalo.

From the top of Pompey's Pillar Captain Clark had a wide and beautiful prospect over the country, dotted everywhere by herds of buffalo, elk, and wolves. Bighorn were abundant here and further down the stream, and the noise of the buffalo—for this was now the rutting season—was continuous. The large herds of elk were so gentle that they might be approached within twenty paces without being alarmed. The abundance of buffalo was so great that the travelers were in great fear, either that they would come into their camp at night and destroy their boats by trampling on them, or that the herds, which were constantly crossing the river, would upset the boats. Bears, also, were very abundant, and quite as fierce as they had been on the Missouri. Captain Clark killed one, the largest female that they had seen, and so old that the canine teeth had been worn quite smooth. Mosquitoes here were terribly abundant; several times, it is said, they lighted on the rifle barrels in such numbers that it was impossible to take sight.

On August 8 they were joined by Sergeant Pryor and his men, who had no horses; every one of them had been taken off the second day after they left the party by Indians. They followed them for a short distance, but without overtaking them; and finally coming back to the river, built two rowboats, in which they came down the stream with the utmost safety and comfort. On the 11th of August they met two trappers, who had left Illinois in the summer of 1804, and had spent the following winter with the Tetons, where they had robbed and swindled a French trader out of all his goods. They told Captain Clark that the Mandans and Minnetaries were at war with the Arikaras, and had killed two of them; and also that the Assinaboines were at war with the Mandans, news which could not have been very pleasing to the explorers, whose efforts on their way up the river had been so strong for peace.

The party having come together on August 12, they kept on down the river, and two days later reached the village of the Mandans. Here they had protracted coun-

cils with the Mandans and Minnetaries, and tried hard to persuade some of them to go on with them to Washington. Colter applied to the commanding officers for permission to join the two trappers who had come down the river to this point, and he was accordingly discharged, supplied with powder and lead, and a number of other articles which might be useful to him. The next day he started back up the river. What Colter's subsequent adventures were is well known to anyone who has followed the course of early exploration in the West. Colter's Hell, if we recollect right, was perhaps the first name ever applied to the geyser basins of the Yellowstone Park.

Though the Mandans and Minnetaries were friendly and hospitable as possible, and gave them great stores of corn, none of the principal men would consent to go to Washington. They promised, however, to be more attentive to the requests of the white men, to keep peace with their neighbors, and were greatly pleased and proud of the gift to the chief of the Minnetaries, Le Borgne, of the swivel, for which Captain Clark no longer had any use, as it could not be discharged from the canoes on which they were traveling. Here, too, they discharged their interpreter, Chabonneau, who wished to remain with his wife and child. One of the chiefs, Big White, consented, with his wife and child, to accompany the white men. Before the expedition finally left the village there was a last talk with the Indians, who sent word to the Arikaras by Captain Clark, inviting them to come up and meet them; that they really desired peace with the Arikaras, but that they could place no dependence on anything that the Sioux might say.

Keeping on down the river, they found game plenty, and the mosquitoes troublesome. At the Arikara village they were well received, and found there a camp of Cheyennes, also friendly. The Rees expressed willingness to follow the advice that Captain Clark had given them, but made many excuses for the failure to follow their counsels of the year before. The Cheyenne chief invited the white men to his lodge, and Captain Clark presented a medal to the chief, to that individual's great alarm, for he feared that it was medicine, and might in some way harm him. The Cheyennes are described as friendly and well-disposed, though shy. The trip down the river was unmarked by adventure. Enormous quantities of buffalo were seen, and on the 30th of August they came upon a party of Teton Sioux, under a chief called Black Bull. Other Sioux were seen, and on September 3 they came to the trading post of a Mr. James Airs, who presented each of the party with as much tobacco as he could use for the rest of the voyage, and also gave them a barrel of flour. Below the mouth of the Big Sioux River they passed Floyd's grave, which they found had been opened. Two days later they passed the trading post of one of the Choteau, and a little later the Platte; and at last, on September 20, reached the little village of La Charette. On September 23 they reached St. Louis, and went on shore, where they received "a most hearty and hospitable welcome from the whole village."

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

Concerning Taking Vacations.

WYMORE, Nebraska, July 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* After reading some of the communications in *FOREST AND STREAM* lately on the subject of "Vacations," I am pleasantly reminded of a little story I once heard, which ran about as follows:

In a small western city there once lived a man by the name of Jones, called by his acquaintances "Old Jones," who was very wealthy. The amount of his wealth could only be surmised, as he kept his business entirely to himself.

In the course of time he died, and speculation was rife as to the amount of property he left.

Then another citizen by the name of Smith said he could find out how much property old Jones had left, because Judge Brown was a friend of his, and the Judge had written old Jones' will. So Smith called upon Judge Brown, and after some preliminaries, he said: "By the way, Judge, you wrote old Jones' will, did you not?"

Judge Brown then said, "Yes, sir, I wrote the will." Then Smith said: "Well, Judge, how much did the old man leave?"

And the Judge said, "Oh, he left all he had."

A. D. McCANDLESS.

Natural History.

The Frog's Provender.

OSSINING, N. Y., July 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of July 16, I notice articles on the food of frogs and suspended animation in fishes, both of which I can corroborate. Among other articles of diet I have found inside large frogs numerous crawfish, a few small turtles, not quite as large as a silver half dollar, a fish (probably a chub) nearly as long as the body of the frog that had swallowed it, and a sandpiper.

One summer while occupying a cottage on Rainbow Lake in the Adirondacks, I became personally acquainted with two batrachians. The acquaintance was formed through the medium of a slender white float which I had whittled out of a pine stick. While fishing at the boat landing for sunfish the float was kept constantly in motion by the fish nibbling at the bait. Soon I noticed a frog approaching the float by swimming under water, rising to the surface to take observations, and again advancing. When within about a foot of the float, he sprang, seized it, and endeavored to swim away with it. This was repeated two or three times, until froggie became disgusted, when he dived and disappeared. Next day he repeated his visit, and by drawing the float in I lured him to within four or five feet of the landing. I then immersed my hand in the water, leaving the ends of the fingers about half an inch above the surface, and waving them quickly about. After a few seconds he made a spring, seized my thumb, and shook it viciously. After trying this a few times, he allowed me to place my hand under him and raise him a few inches above the surface, where he would sit contentedly. Next day another frog

appeared and attempted to approach the float, but frog No. 1, with a savage rush, chased him away.

Not long after this one of our party shot a red squirrel, and his skin (turned inside out) was thrown into the water. Soon a number of sunfish were pulling it about, and that was the signal for frog No. 1. This time he approached boldly on the surface, caught hold of the moving skin, shook it, pushed it with his forefeet, and endeavored to swim away with it. After a few ineffectual efforts to swallow it, he abandoned it and disappeared. I have known frogs to snap at worms, red flannel, artificial flies, bare hooks, and lead sinkers, and I believe they will endeavor to swallow any moving object that comes within their reach, and that is not too large.

Turtles and frogs are very much attached to each other, and if opportunity offers, it is only the question of size as to which shall occupy the outside position, and which shall be strictly in it.

Regarding suspended animation in fishes, I have seen catfish which had been speared through the ice, frozen stiff, left in that condition over night, and on being thawed out in cold water swim around, apparently little the worse for their treatment.

EDWARD F. BALL.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., July 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of the 16th inst., I notice with interest G. B. G.'s note on the frog's provender. In substantiation I cite the following, which might prove interesting to some of your readers. Along back in the '60s, an acquaintance of mine resided at West Hills, just back of Huntington, L. I., on the old Cold Spring Harbor road. Opposite his pasture lot was an old pond, where his cattle watered and his ducklings took their first lessons (and generally their last) in aquatic accomplishments. Through this pond ran an old division post and rail fence, the bottom rails of which were partly submerged, leaving the upper surface above water exposed to the sunlight. Here during the greater part of the day the frogs—great green fellows, with voices like fog-horns—could be seen basking in the sun. One day as I passed on my way to shoot woodcock, I noticed a fine brood of ducklings sporting in the water, and as I gazed a ripple appeared, and a duckling disappeared beneath the surface and did not return. Shortly after another frog mounted the rail, looking pretty self-satisfied. Two more ducklings disappeared, and a little later two more frogs as big as good sized kittens mounted the rail. I moved around the pond so as to get a raking fire on the rail, which held ten big frogs; I raised my gun—a 12-gauge muzzleloader—pulled into them, and got nine of them. Smith, who had witnessed the performance, came running out, crying, "Soak it to 'em, Doc. Consarn them critters! So them's the fellers I been raisin' ducks fur!" Just then a big frog paddled up on the rail, Smith's 10-gauge went "ka-souse," and Spangles went to the bottom like a deep sea lead. We fished them out later and their hindlegs, nicely browned in pork fat, were certainly a delicacy; and why shouldn't they have been, considering the nature of their diet?

G. W. BEATTY, M.D.

Tenacity of Insect Life.

My attention was called the other day to an instance of extreme tenacity of life in an insect. I saw a long, slender, very active insect rambling over the inside of the wire window screen in my room, evidently trying to get out. The creature was fully an inch long, the greater part of that length being undoubtedly devoted to digestive purposes, and attached by a very slender articulation to the chest or the upper section of the insect. I have never made any study of entomology, and cannot identify this creature. It had a number of long, slender legs, and long, gauzy wings. It was only a common, everyday summer insect, a specimen of one of the numerous species that are hovering about constantly in warm weather, and adding anything but pleasure to human existence.

Well, I didn't want the insect in my room, and taking up the stick of a burned match I watched my opportunity and drew the end of the stick across the creature just at the point of articulation, and cut it in two. I expected to kill the insect at once. The lower and main portion of its body fell to the window-sill, but, to my surprise, the remaining part of the insect went ahead flitting over the window screen just as if nothing had happened. I waited some time to see what would take place, and then, to put an end to the mutilated creature, I drew the match stick again across its body just back of its wings, cutting it again in two, but the upper part, now consisting of nothing but its shoulders, if an insect can be said to have shoulders, head, wings, and perhaps a pair of legs, kept on flitting over the screen as lively as ever.

My heart smote me. I was sorry for the poor thing, if it was only a troublesome summer fly. I desired to kill it, not torture or mangle it. Finally I was compelled to grind what remained of it to powder before life was extinct. I thought it a remarkable case of tenacity of life, and I have thought since that it was perhaps worth making a note of, as a slight contribution to the general stock of knowledge of natural history.

T. J. CHAPMAN.

Ducks Can Smell—and so Can Bears.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again," Coahoma to the contrary on the duck smelling proposition notwithstanding. They think so at Currituck and as well down on the east coast, where they fix their decoys and blinds so as to carry the least scent to the ducks. However, we will not revert to Limburger, but turn to pleasanter things.

Silver-tips—synonymous with the grizzly of the vulgus—and black bears do not play peaceably in the same yard; at least they frequently disagree, from what I can understand from a friend, when they meet at the trysting place of the Yellowstone bears, the garbage-pile back of the hotel.

Down the hill comes a shambling black *Ursus*, sniffing the good things among the refuse and sails in. With his nose deep into the Lord knows what, and smeared to his eyes, he lifts his head, gives a grunt, and shambles up a near-by tree, hugging it, and looking all the world as if his hide had been tacked up to dry. The cause—a pair of young silver-tip cubs now coming on the scene. The black bear sizes them up, and with a disdainful sniff descends the tree with much scratching of the bark, and

again sails into the mass of refuse and pays no attention to the rooting cubs not far away. Many minutes have not elapsed before black bruin lifts his smeared snout high in the air, and with a grunt of rage he hikes the other way—not climbing a tree this time—as only a scared bear can, as six immense silver-tips emerge from the woods into plain sight. Evidently that *Americanus* could smell more than one odor at the same time, and knew how to distinguish.

I can't keep bringing in this Limburger, but I knew of a case where the boys "had it in" for a German sportsman, and how they saw to it that when going quail shooting his dogs, before starting, got a piece of Limburger deftly wrapped in a wad of rye bread. The theory was that it would ruin the nose of the dogs for the day, and as the man was a good shot and had good dogs and shot over a good quail country and never brought home more than half a dozen, the boys said their theory held good in practice. And this leads me to ask myself the question as to what would have happened had that big black bear been reveling in a stray piece of Limburger and had failed to smell anything else? How could he smell anything else? What would have happened had that herd of gigantic silver-tips advanced upon him unawares? The Roman arena with its wild animal fights would not have been in it; but I am afraid it would have been all up for the black one, unless he could have found a friendly tree at hand.

As it is a rule of the Park to invite no such hostile encounters, I hope the keeper may take warning and see that in all cases refuse Limburger be not thrown on the garbage heap, but be cached good and deep, and thus may all trouble be avoided.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

Whippoorwill, Night-hawk, Bullbat.

OLCONA, Pa.—The following incident prompts me to ask, Are not the night-hawk and the whippoorwill one and the same? Something over twenty years ago, while seated with a comrade in the doorway of a northern Pennsylvania lumber camp, our attention was attracted by an unusual number of night-hawks foraging for their evening meal, just between sunset and dusk. The main flock drifted to a distant part of the valley, but a few remained to flit and dart almost directly over the camp. Suddenly one of the number dropped, with that unmistakable whizzing of the wings mentioned by Nuttall, alighted on a plank at our feet, and at once began piping his troubles in that oft-repeated whippoorwill. This he continued at intervals for fully five minutes before flying away, and in full view where even his eyes and every marking upon him were distinctly visible.

E. D. L.

BERRYVILLE, Va.—I would like to have the oft-discussed argument decided. Is the bullbat, so familiar to us here in the valley of Virginia, identical with the whippoorwill so often found in low places and near water? Rarely are the plaintive notes of the whippoorwill heard here, and yet there are hundreds of bullbats seen darting in all directions during the entire summer, whereas near the Potomac and Chesapeake Bay the cry of the whippoorwill is heard incessantly.

E. A. L.

[Bullbat and night-hawk (*Chordeiles virginianus*) are one species; whippoorwill (*Antrostomus vociferus*) another. The two birds are easily distinguished if held in the hand, but if seen flying at a distance a practiced eye would be required to say which was which. Why does E. D. L. think that the bird which gave the whippoorwill call was a night-hawk?]

That Nursing Kitten.

WYMORE, Nebraska, July 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was interested at once in the story of Mr. C. H. Ames in regard to the queer nursing habits of his kitten, and I think I can help him out. The kitten is afflicted with the disease which may be described as wind-sucking. A horse afflicted in this way is called a stumpsucker. The disease among horses is quite destructive in Pennsylvania, but almost unknown in Nebraska, because we have no stumps.

Speaking of stumps, reminds me of a visit I took to an uncle of mine in Iowa when I was a boy. I spent some weeks there, and one day I went to Van Meter to mill, with a neighbor boy. Van Meter was on Coon River, west of Des Moines, and to reach it we had to go through a great deal of timber. There was an old settler in the neighborhood by the name of Stump, who owned several pieces of that timber. As we passed from one place to another on our road, the boy with whom I was riding told me the names of the owners of the various places; and finally coming to a piece of land from which the timber had all been cut and the stumps left standing, I asked the boy whose land it was, and he said, "This is old Stump's timber." Thinking he was getting off a pun at my expense, I swatted him at the butt of his right ear, and just then the board that we were using for a seat slipped off the wagon box at his end and dropped him into the bottom of the wagon, and naturally let me fall on top; and I soon realized that it was a good thing that the seat dropped at his end instead of mine, as he proved to be one of those erratic creatures who don't know when they are licked.

A. D. MCCANDLESS.

Colors of Birds in Captivity.

ALL keepers of avaries or zoological gardens know how difficult it is to keep fresh and bright the color of brilliantly plumaged birds. Those which are generally red in color are the most easily affected by captivity, and there is no more familiar example of this than is offered by the flamingoes or the scarlet ibises seen in our zoological parks.

A recent article of some length in the London Field discusses this question and instances a great number of birds in which changes take place in captivity.

We have always supposed that the change in color in case of the flamingo was due to the lack, in captivity, of some food which the wild birds commonly eat; and, indeed, no more than this appears to be known by the writer of the article in question, who suspects that live food or natural food has much to do with the retention of their color by birds of high plumage.

Can Quail Move their Eggs?

MCCONNELLSBURG, Pa., July 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish to submit the following for the consideration of your readers.

Yesterday morning, July 14, while Mr. Dan F. Trout, of Willow Home farm, just on the edge of our town, was engaged in mowing clover, his machine passed over a quail's nest containing sixteen eggs. The old bird flew away uninjured, after going through the usual performance to entice him away from the nest. He dismounted from the machine, counted the eggs, and carefully placed some hay over the nest in such a way as to protect it from the sight of crows. Then he marked the place with a stick and did not return until 2 P. M., when he found but eleven eggs left in the nest.

He carefully removed one of the eggs and broke it, finding within a young quail just formed. At about 5 o'clock P. M. he again returned to the nest and found but two eggs remaining, and saw two old birds rise from the stubble close by and fly away.

At 7 P. M., upon visiting the nest, the eggs had all been removed; no broken shells whatever remained in the nest, and as Mr. Trout had "kept an eye" in the direction of the nest all day, he is positive that no crows could have carried away the eggs or destroyed them.

It is very evident to me that the heads of this quail family carried those eggs away to a place of safety, but I submit the facts to you and your readers, knowing full well that the matter will be settled even beyond the faintest shadow of a doubt.

LESLIE W. SEYLAR.

Migrations of Martins.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va.—A well known local sportsman, Capt. Joe R. Miller, is asking the question, "Where do the martins go?" It is said that there are only two known places in the world which they inhabit—the United States and China. They are never seen to migrate from one locality to another. They are said to leave the Southern States at the same time they do in the North, and when they have left one locality in the fall they apparently leave the whole of the United States and are seen no more until the next season, and what the Captain wants to know is, where do they go? Anyone giving an answer to this query will have the thanks of those interested. The Captain has a pet theory of his own in regard to the matter, which we will withhold until some other light is given.

EMERSON CARNEY.

[Martin is a generic term applied to several species of the swallow family. We have house martins and sand martins, the name martin apparently being derived from the German *martern*, to torment, and presumably referring to the pugnacious disposition of swallows, and their readiness to attack and drive away the larger birds which venture near their homes. Our house martin goes south in winter, and is found in Mexico; the Cuban martin is found in Florida and Cuba, while another form inhabits southern Mexico, Central America, and northern South America.]

A Mephitic Alignment.

AN occasional correspondent, Wm. B. Boardman, of Minneapolis, is fond of natural history, as his distinguished father was. "The other day," he writes, "I saw a funny sight while out riding with my family. Just on the edge of Fort Snelling we surprised a litter of four skunks in a little opening about fifty feet from the road. When they heard us they all got in a row, facing us, with their tails high in the air. I regretted exceedingly that I did not have a camera along so as to take a snapshot at them, as they would have made a unique picture." Fortunate, perhaps, that they did not take a snapshot at him! When an essence peddler gets his range finder in position, he is ready for action.

100 Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

99

JOHN BIDDLE, of Mine Hill, N. J., caught in Budd's Lake, on Sunday, July 11, a 12-pound pickerel, in the stomach of which was found a watch stolen from her three years ago.

The Biddle home was robbed of all the jewelry in it by a burglar, who, when caught, said that he had rowed out into the middle of Budd's Lake and dumped the stuff overboard. He was convicted and sentenced, but none of the plunder was recovered until the watch was so strangely restored to Mrs. Biddle. She thinks of fishing every day to see if she cannot recover the rest of her jewelry.

DR. CHARLES RICHEL, a French statistician, estimates the number of men who died in the wars waged by Christian nations during the last century to be 14,600,000. The estimate is made up as follows: Napoleonic wars, 8,000,000; Crimean war, 300,000; Italian war, 300,000; American Civil War, 500,000; Franco-German war, 800,000; Russo-Turkish war, 400,000; civil wars in South America, 500,000; various colonial expeditions in India, Algeria, Mexico, Tonquin, Abyssinia, South Africa, and Madagascar, 3,000,000.

"American Big Game in its Haunts."

Commenting on the new volume of the Boone and Crockett Club's book, the New York Evening Post says: "President Roosevelt contributes the first chapter, which is on 'Wilderness Reserves,' and tells of his visit a year ago to Yellowstone and Yosemite Parks, and the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. He writes of the abundance of game in the Yellowstone, their apparent indifference to human beings. The President is certainly enough of a huntsman to know whereof he speaks. His description of the beauties of the Yosemite and his final appeal: 'There can be nothing in the world more beautiful than the Yosemite, its groves of giant sequoias and redwoods, the Cañon of the Colorado, the three Teton; and the representatives of the people should see to it that they are preserved for the people forever, with their majestic beauty all unmarred—should not pass unheeded.'



Barking Squirrels.

PORTLAND, Indiana.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Rifleman asks if your readers have "any knowledge of this matter." His inquiry has the ring of sincerity, and merits an answer in kind.

I have several times written of this section of the country, as to its native timber, etc., but I realize that as the years flit by new readers pick up *FOREST AND STREAM*, and the old story may well become a twice told tale and not suffer in the telling.

Fifty years ago eastern Indiana was a forest of oak, ash, hickory, and elm principally. Burr-oaks—some of them five feet in diameter and fifty feet to the first limb, with shellbark hickory, and elms were found on the black soil flats; white-oaks, red-oaks, hickories, ash, beech, and a variety of other timbers covered the clay upland.

Squirrels were abundant, for the hickories, oaks, beeches, buck-eyes, and lins furnished food, and from about 1862 to 1872 I shot more squirrels than any other boy in my neighborhood. I traded a watch for an Ideal squirrel rifle. My father's deer rifle carried too much lead to suit me. The muzzle of my gun came to a level with my shoulder when loading, and my height was about 5 feet 9 inches. It was full stocked and the molds ran, I think, 80 balls to the pound. While it was my custom to shoot at the side of a squirrel's head, I did, on occasion, shoot them through the body. These were usually old squirrels that thought themselves hidden when they could not see me.

Many and many a time have I drawn a fine bead on the upper edge of the limb directly under a squirrel's throat, and at the crack of my rifle the squirrel would be thrown a foot or more above the limb and fall to the earth dead, while a barkless white spot on the limb showed where the ball struck. This could not be done when the limb was either too large or too small. If too large, the ball glanced upward into the squirrel; and I found it a good plan, when shooting at long range at a squirrel on a large limb, or on the trunk of a tree, to aim between the squirrel and the tree, providing the animal lay close to the tree. When the limb was too small, the rifle ball might shatter the limb and the force of the explosion go downward and not jar the squirrel enough to injure it. The barked squirrels that I examined had a lump in the throat, but I never took the trouble when dressing them to diagnose the immediate cause of death. G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am the "anonymous" villain who stirred up your correspondent Rifleman, by nefariously trying to bust his trust in the Daniel Boone legend. Your correspondent seems to have fine scorn for anonymous writers, and therefore it may be presumed that Rifleman is his full and proper name.

My anonymity was accidental. The article on "Squirrel Barking" in the Evening Post was signed with my full name, but the signature was dropped by accident in the make-up. Shooting and Fishing reprinted the article over my signature, giving credit, however, to the wrong journal.

Rifleman's personal sarcasms are not relevant to the main question, and I need not waste space in emulation of his style of controversy. It amuses or pleases him, no doubt, to regard me as a very ignorant person, and it does not hurt me. But when he intimates that I invented my account of the shooting of a squirrel with several .44 bullets—revolver, not rifle, by the way—I must assure him seriously that he is in error. The facts are precisely as I stated them.

My purpose, as any attentive reader would have seen, was not to discredit the marksmanship of Daniel Boone. There is no reason to doubt that Boone could drive a nail, snuff a candle, or knock the bark from under a squirrel with a bullet. But I doubt that the shock given by the bark knocked off by a bullet is sufficient to kill a squirrel, and I give the results of actual tests to justify my doubt.

I accept Audubon as authority on the color, form, and habits of birds, but I do not feel bound to accept all that he wrote as gospel truth. Perhaps he romanced a little, like some naturalists of these days. I reserve the privilege of taking a liberal portion of salt with his tale of the man who was lost in the Everglades, for instance. It is true that the magazine writer who used Audubon's description of Boone's shooting did not name the writer, and that I failed to recognize it, not being able to carry all that I ever read in my head, ready for instant use.

As quoted in the magazine, the story goes further than the account given in the "Life of Audubon." In the Life the feat of barking a squirrel is explained as "hitting the bark close to a squirrel's hiding place, to drive him into view," or words to that effect. According to that version, Audubon saw one squirrel killed by the shock. The magazine writer has Boone keep up the firing for several hours, and procure "as many squirrels as he wished."

Of course Rifleman may believe anything he chooses to. I would not, if I could, deprive him of the consolation of faith in all the fairy tales written about shooting. But I have heard many men tell of seeing things done which never were done, and I am unable to believe all the stories.

A very popular writer and lecturer on animals relates as of personal experience and observation many remarkable things concerning wolves, deer, bears, foxes, dogs, rabbits, and birds, and the world is full of Rifleman who believe that the eminent naturalist has seen all that he describes. I don't. In fact, I know absolutely the contrary, for I told him some of the stories which he has adopted as his own, and I know where he got others. They are good stories, and they sound better told in his way. It is a privilege of literary art to confiscate good stuff and give it an air of verisimilitude by making it a part of the author's own experience. That is, so it appears.

There is a queer kink in the Audubon-Boone business which the editor of *FOREST AND STREAM*—or perhaps Rifleman, who appears to have the books handy—may be able to straighten. I have only the "Life of Audubon" at hand, and that is hopeless in the matter of dates. Daniel Boone emigrated from Kentucky to Missouri in 1795, when Audubon was yet a schoolboy in France. The "Life" seems to put Audubon in Kentucky somewhere between 1812 and 1820, when Boone was anywhere from 77 to 85 years of age and a resident of Missouri. How, then, did Audubon "make frequent hunting trips" with Boone in Kentucky, and how did he have his "first interview with Boone" near Frankfort? Boone died in 1820 at the age of 85, in Missouri. Was his eyesight unimpaired up to the day of his death?

After untangling the Boone dates, I would be pleased to hear from Rifleman on other points of my myth-busting screed. Does he believe that Morgan's men, running, could hit squirrels at 300 yards, as Professor John Fiske, another great writer, solemnly avers? Does he insist on the absolute veracity of eminent writers on South Africa, who say they have repeatedly seen mounted Boers kill running antelope at 1,000 yards? What does he think of Natty Bumppo's feat of tossing two potatoes in the air and putting one bullet through both? How about shooting at an ax-blade in front and cutting off the head of a chicken behind with the rebounding bullet? Does Rifleman know by experience what angle a lead bullet takes in the rebound from a smooth steel surface?

I am not quite so skeptical as the man who said: "I believe mighty little that I see, and nothing that I hear," but I don't take rifle stories or hunting yarns wholly on faith.

ALLEN KELLY,
Ex-Captain California Sharpshooters.

NEW YORK.

McCONNELLSVILLE, Pa., July 15.—I wish to express my appreciation of last week's copy of *FOREST AND STREAM*. I think it the best copy for a long time. I was glad, indeed, to see the genial face of L. F. Brown, whose "Musings" I have missed of late, but hope he will continue to muse, and let the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* hear from him.

Rifleman hit the spot in his article on "Squirrel Barkers and Myth Busters." If the aforementioned myth buster can be found, and still does not believe in squirrel barking, let him take a trip down here into the wilds of Fulton county, and I will agree to find him plenty of natives to do the trick to his entire satisfaction.

LESLIE W. SEYLAIR.

Quail in a San Francisco Park.

NEVER did pictured assassination of Cock Robin create more horror in any nursery than was occasioned in Police Judge Conlan's courtroom when the stiffened carcass of a quail was passed up yesterday to the bench for inspection and then registered as Exhibit A in the case of Joseph Ferrari, charged with wilfully slaughtering the bird in Golden Gate Park. His Honor and all other true sportsmen present shuddered as they viewed the corpse and listened to the testimony for the prosecution.

It was Policeman J. H. Kavanaugh who pressed the charge. While patrolling the park he chanced to glance adown the bosky dell, and there he saw the defendant deliberately wring the neck of the feathered treasure and then thrust it into his coat pocket. To arrest him was the work of a moment, and to haul him to prison consumed no more time than was absolutely unavoidable.

Ferrari, who is a produce dealer, pleaded that he was acting a Samaritan part, instead of that of a cold-blooded poacher, when the patrolman collared him. A large dog of unknown ownership had chased and captured the bird, Ferrari said, and was proceeding to pluck the feathers from it when he (Ferrari) went to the rescue and drove away the quadruped, took the captive, then feebly panting, in his hands and had put it in his pocket to restore its breath, when the hand of the law fell heavily upon his shoulder. He denied the neck-wrangling.

Sharp questioning from the bench shook up Mr. Ferrari's defense until it was a very rickety structure, indeed, and as he was pronounced guilty as charged and promptly fined \$100, satisfaction was reflected on every face in the chamber except his own.

"To kill quail out of season is reprehensible, even when they are running wild," quoth the judge, "but to slaughter the birds that are preserved in Golden Gate Park is vandalism as well."

Clerk "Jack" Rice was overheard remarking to Bailiff

Laws that while he had not much use for British institutions as a whole, he thought that the anti-poaching statutes of that effete nation might be copied into the California Criminal Code without disfiguring it.

Mr. Ferrari got nothing but humiliation in return for the \$100 he paid into court. Possession of the remains of his victim was denied him, so he cannot have even the poor satisfaction of subjecting them to taxidermic art and preserving them as a souvenir of the most indiscreet act of his life.—San Francisco Call, July 1.

Game About Fort Yellowstone.

TRAVEL in the Yellowstone Park has begun again, and promises to be heavy this year. Visitors to that beautiful region will probably see more game than in previous years, for the animals that have spent the winter and spring about Fort Yellowstone seem loath to wander away into the high mountains, as is usually their custom, and about the 20th of June three mountain sheep were seen close to the road between the Mammoth Hot Springs and Gardiner. This is very unusual for the time of the year, but owing to the fact that more and more care is constantly being exercised to prevent the general grazing of stock on the reservation, there is now good grass where for a number of years there has been little or none. If the game is undisturbed and has abundant food it may very well remain on the lower lands until the flies drive it up to the peaks.

The domestic buffalo herd near Fort Yellowstone is flourishing wonderfully, and the total number of animals is now thirty-nine; eleven calves have been born this spring, and one wild calf—a female—captured, so that the increase in calves is twelve, with a possibility of two or three more. In other words, in two years Major Pitcher's herd has almost doubled in numbers. This is extremely encouraging, and is the best possible testimonial to the wisdom and judgment with which the herd has been handled.

This domestic herd was not started a moment too soon, for there is little prospect of any increase in the wild herd. They have hidden themselves in a section which is quite unsuited to them, and within the year at least six have perished from starvation. Last winter the snowfall on their range near Pelican Creek was very deep, and a stack of hay which Major Pitcher had put up for them was covered so completely that it could not be located even by the Government scouts when they went in to try to capture wild calves.

Rensselaer County Club.

WEST SAND LAKE, N. Y., July 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual report of the Rensselaer County Rod and Gun Club shows a continuation of the good work undertaken by the members, and so efficiently and successfully carried out by the officers and the general committees. President J. R. McLaren writes in their annual report:

At the request of the Legislative Committee, Senator Barnes introduced a bill prohibiting the sale of trout caught in the streams of Rensselaer county, which was passed in the Senate, introduced and passed in the Assembly by Assemblyman Stevens, and was signed and made a law by the Governor, April 13, 1904. The uniform fall shooting laws passed by previous Legislatures have given good satisfaction, and it is conceded by competent authorities that no county of the State has better laws for the protection of fish and game than our own.

It is known that deer have increased in number during the last year.

Last September and October, at a considerable expense, efforts were made to prevent the illegal snaring and selling of partridge, and through the efforts of Protector Ferguson and members of the club, three convictions were made and fines collected, aggregating \$187.45.

Fourteen shipments of fish were received and planted, as follows: Rainbow trout, 5,000 fingerlings; brown trout 5,000 fingerlings, 1,000 yearlings; brook trout, 5,000 fingerlings, 1,000 yearlings; lake trout, 5,000 fingerlings, 2,000 yearlings.

At the request of the club the town boards of the following towns have requested the Forest, Fish and Game Commission to close the following streams, which have been stocked with trout: Schodack, branch of Moordenerkill, Poestenkill Fly Creek, Sand Lake, Geirhardt and Uline or Bowman brooks. The request has been granted and the streams closed for a term of years from May 1, 1904.

A goodly number of large rainbow and brown trout have been caught the past spring, showing that these varieties are adapted to our waters. Eight Mongolian pheasants were received in April.

The secretary's report shows that regular meetings have been held on the first Tuesday of each month. Forty-eight new members have been added. The receipts aggregated \$104.50; disbursements \$12.40; balance in the treasury June 1, \$32.40.

A close season was, at the request of our club, made on deer in our county by the Legislature of 1903 for five years. Within the last week it has been brought to my notice that deer have been seen in thickly settled farming communities in several different localities in the county.

J. R. McLAREN, President.

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.



Days on the Gunnison.

"Tis sweet to love,
But, oh, how bitter
To love a girl
And then not git 'er."

MEN love often and recover from their amatory lacerations; but show me the man who has hung, and played, and lost a ten-pound trout, and I will wager my last pound of Colorado radium against a bunch of rusty horse-nails that secret melancholy will prey upon his damask cheek till the Great White Horse gallops off with him into the untried regions of the Illimitable Unknown. I have suffered thus; I have felt the feel of the lusty beauty at the other end of the silken snare; have trembled with ill-concealed emotion as I fought to turn my headstrong quarry in his fierce floundering amid the foamy waters of the noble Gunnison; I have sat in my great weakness upon a friendly smoothworn stone and wept salty tears as I reeled my cast in to find that my carefully tested O'Shaughnessy was become straight as a hairpin. I have buttonholed sympathetic friends and told them circumstantially "just how it happened," and I have been grievously pained to see a look of incredulity play upon their features, for few, even in this region, where big fishes are the rule, care to swallow a ten-pound trout on one man's estimate. I regret to say that I had no opportunity to weigh him.

I played such a monster last summer—rather should I say he played me. And, if my readers will pardon the digression, I would like to ask if they do not recall at some time in their fishing career having encountered a saucy fellow who simply got caught just because he was too full of daring. There is a legend along the banks of the Gunnison that when a tenderfoot catches a big one it is simply due to the "won't-take-a-dare" spirit of the graceful, well-fed fellows who lay wagers and take turns at seeing who can come closest to taking the bait off without getting pricked. I personally believe this to be the case. You have seen small boys in skating time try who will do the most daring stunts on the thin ice, have you not? Guess I did my share of reckless stunts in youth; it was more good luck than anything else that saved me from a watery grave. Same way with the big, overgrown lunkers that inhabit the deep waters of the Gunnison. They are never hungry; they get their bellies too easily. But they are so full of life, and their lives are so full of excitement, that the things which round out the joy of ordinary trouts become stale and flat to them. Born dare-devils, afraid of nothing; the very appearance of danger arouses them to action. Cast in a dozen of the most tempting unhooked minnows and they are spurned with contempt. But just you draw a well concealed hook within thirty feet of the lair of a big lord of the deep pools and he takes it as a stricture upon his personal courage as well as skill in skinning hooks. It's foolish, this daring, but it is very like the foolishness of his air-breathing brother who stakes his all, his life as well, on a single throw of the dice. Once an Indian prince, becoming attached to a brave man of the mountain tribes, offered him a large estate, many golden pieces and slaves to do his bidding if he would only promise to come and live in the city and dwell in peace. "But, master," said the wild man, "I may go and seek the tiger in his lair sometimes?" "No," said this great lord, "I love you; I want you to live to be old and die in peace." "Nay, lord," said this man of the forest, "peace and gold and slaves are well, but I love excitement better, even though some day a tiger shall smash my head and suck my blood," and he returned to his cave in the mountains. Thus it seems to me do the Gunnison trout reckon.

I lost my trout last summer; lost him after seeing the iridescent flash of his silvery belly in the falling twilight; lost him after feeling the fullness of his great strength in mad rushes to escape; lost him after I had exultantly exclaimed to myself, "He is mine, mine, mine!" lost him because I had never before angled for fish that "took to the tall grass." I have angled some and fished a good deal in most accessible parts of the United States and Canada; killed big striped bass with trout tackle; brought ferocious bluefish to gaff with four-ounce rod after a fight of thirty minutes; had come to think myself anything but a tenderfoot.

But when my Gunnison friend left the stream and started up the steep banks of the river due north, covering six feet at a bound, I lost my grip on things and my dream was shattered.

The desire of my life had been to try the big waters of the Gunnison. Last August the opportunity came. The latter part of September is best for angling in the Gunnison; then the waters are at about their lowest; they are clear as crystal and the temperature is not above 60 degrees. October is also an excellent period, and Judge J. M. McDougal, who has a personal acquaintance with every big pool within miles of Gunnison, continues the sport away into November. Only one road leads to Gunnison—the Rio Grande; it takes somewhat better than a night to cover the distance

from Denver. Upon the advice of a friend in Gunnison I hired me a room and arranged to take my meals at one of the several really good restaurants in the town. The early bird catches the worm; the early angler the trout, and he who endeavors to breakfast at a hotel always arrives on the fishing ground too late for the cream of angling. And a true angler so likes to linger into the shadows that blend the dusk with darkness that he is like as not to return to his hotel just in time to either get nothing at all or to find everything soggy and cold. That, at any rate, is the run of things in Colorado. Gunnison cooks excel in the preparation of early trout breakfasts and late ditto suppers; never did one of them demur, even when I dragged myself off my wheel, wet, and cold, and hungry, away after Old Sol had tucked his auburn head under the impossible gray-and-red hills of the occident.

Furthermore and also, the best sport commences after twilight and continues long beyond the hour when one may lawfully cast his flies or draw his minnows. I think I may safely say that it is useless to spend time casting flies until the rays of the sun have grown far aslant and beam more with red than gold.

But about the big fellow I lost. It was in a deep pool just below a pretty wooden bridge. Heavy teams had crossed and recrossed till the impudent fellows had grown not to mind at all. At infrequent intervals one could see a whopping big one emerge from the shades of the dark pool, turn his fat side so as to reflect for an instant the rays of the sun, and then glide back into the darkness of the silent waters. But stand and cast ever so long, ever so carefully, one was never rewarded by a single rise. There were half dozen of them; I came to know them well. Exclusive, they were, swimming deep down whenever seen. The smaller fry, of which there are myriads, seemed to sport nearer the surface. I soon exhausted both fly book and patience. I got down on my belly and crawled to the bank from a distance of a hundred yards, and cast so that not even the shadow of my tip should fall upon the water. Truly, they were a foxy bunch; versed most deeply in the arts of the angler; immune, I called them, along with other adjectives not so polite. There they were—five, seven and ten-pounders—big of girth and strong of loin, each in his own particular lair, headed up stream and ready to snap up the smallest fly, or bug, or worm that the friendly waters swept athwart their domicile.

I quickly exhausted all my fish lore and thought with bitterness of the remark of a native who ventured the information that "you won't catch nawthin' in a hen's aige if you wear them dude clothes," the dude clothes aforesaid being a duck coat that has seen service, lo, these fifteen years, duck breeches that have forgotten all the legends of their youth, a battered homespun cap whose pristine colors have long since departed, and a pair of mountain boots—distinctly new. I love my old fishing togs and would not part from them for twice their value in new ones. They become sacred the older they grow. The difficulty with the shoes was their predecessors had simply "cashed in," making new ones a necessity. Old clothes and old shoes, like old and tried friends, are too valuable to be discarded for the new and untried.

My vacation was to be a week, and already three days were gone. Anglers all about me were taking thirty and fifty small fry daily on the fly. I might have done so myself, but I was after a "big one." One whose pelt I could stuff and hang up in my den and begin my story with: "That? Oh! that was one I caught down Gunnison way in the summer of 1903," and so on. So this afternoon I caught me two big grasshoppers—dandies, they were, and led me a chase—and allowed one of them to float unannexed down the pool. There was a rush, a swirl, the waters opened and la cigale disappeared. The second, I attached to the most invisible of leaders. He was big, very strong, and made desperate efforts to recover the land. Certainly his struggles must have exasperated my friends, watching him from below, but they were "cagy." Not a rise. A shot took him to the bottom; same luck. Finally he stiffened and died of suffocation. Truly, I was up against the real thing.

"Say, my friend, ye hev no mo' chanst to hook one o' them 'ere old hunkers then I has ter walk a tight rope."

My accoster was so much the worse for libations that it was even difficult for him to keep on the bridge. He was not an equilibrist; that was plain. Night was coming on, I was "cussin' mad" and full of disappointment. Carefully attaching a splendid royal-coachman to a nine-foot salmon leader, I determined to cast that pool till the water was hot with friction. I doubt if I ever cast so faultlessly; my fly came floating down through the air like a snow drop; not a particle of drag; and the moonlight added a beauty to the scene that was both mystical and charming. I recovered my good temper—replaced it with determination. The jagged comb of the distant peaks were silhouetted against the red-flecked sky, the busy mosquitoes were out in numbers, and my friend, the lame engineer up on the bridge, was indulging in sarcasm at my expense.

"Cut it out; let's go home," he adjured.

"One more cast," said I, discouraged.

It was faultless; away floated the bunch of feathers and barb; fifty feet away it settled on the water like a snow drop. That is why I prefer a lance rod; one can not cast as far, but the delivery is much better. I had drawn the fly almost its limit. (Reader, dear, do not question my veracity: some things are indelible; coming face to face with death is one, face to face with a ten-pounder is another), then the waters broke into a white foam. There was no warning. It was like the bursting of an unannounced hurricane. My lancewood bent and doubled like a willow switch; something leapt three or four feet into the air and broke for the depths of the pool.

"Oh, lord, he's a big one!" exclaimed my lame engineer in his excitement, shoving the hot bowl of his pipe into his mouth. He stood on the bridge and stumped his wooden leg excitedly, meanwhile shouting directions and encouragement to me.

I am up to my neck in business; too busy to talk; just set my teeth and watch my wand curve as it has curved never before. I remember I am proud of its action; remember that a thousand thoughts flash through my head instantaneously; elation is the regnant feeling; also confidence. No fear of my tackle; there is none better, that I knew. My one concern is, "Is that hook well set? Will it hold?" That is the burden of my prayer. Another lunge by my frantic friend, and I conclude that only by exercise of utmost care shall we become closer, if not better, friends. Here he goes up stream, tugging like a vicious bull, literally trying to smash the whole tackle. Such strength, such determination, such magnificent rushes! 'Tis like nothing I have ever tackled before. I have seen bucking bronchos—seen them "weave," and "sunfish," and throw somersaults, lie down on their riders, even try to chew them up with sharp teeth, but the fighting of a broncho "outlaw" is as an evening zephyr contrasted with the quick, fierce action of a Gunnison steelhead. My quarry's turns are so sudden, so unexpected, that I can think of no contrast.

Up the swift stream he rushes, my silken line cutting white lightning-like zigzags on the black waters. No use trying to turn him. I find myself wondering if he intends taking the whole line; he suddenly concludes he has gone far enough and doubles, coming down stream like a cannon ball. My quadruplex responds gleefully, beautifully. He fails to get a foot of slack. My heart sings a song of joy. Enraged at his impotence the big fellow darts a full four feet into the fading sunset, scattering a miniature shower of opalescent pearls over the black pool. On striking the surface he again darts away, tugging like a young ox. My drag makes a noise like the song of a summer locust. Now he has headed down stream, down among the big boulders that stick up frightfully high and jagged-like, and I, in my vanity, try to turn him. But the whirling spool burns my thumb, which I use for a brake. I do not heed the pain till long afterward. I must, I will stop him, I mutter subconsciously. My willowy wand bends nearly double. I give up, I look for the crash, when lo! my friend turns back and comes charging toward me like a fiend possessed. He leaps a clean three feet from his element, and describes a perfect parabola in the glowing sun-tints. I am bewildered at his staying power, astonished at his fierce resistance.

There is never a sparring for time, no taking of measures, no sulking at the bottom—only action, and more action. Never have I seen such wild rushes, such terrific, smashing work—crowded into so short a space of time. Not a moment of supineness—all brilliant battling. Twice does he journey to the head of the pool; twice do I turn him. His efforts to reach the dangerous rocky ground at the lower end are no more successful.

I begin to feel the thrill of the conqueror, to think my noble quarry is marked for my own, that soon I shall be reeling him inshore. I mentally select a convenient beaching place and begin to work my way toward it—inch at a time. Surely he must be exhausted with all this masterful battling. I feel easy at last, and say things to my pretty rod. Now I lead my handsome catch toward me—slowly. 'Tis nearly dark; I cannot see even his outline in the water, but he is large and oh! so heavy. He comes—unwillingly, it is true—but he comes, fighting stubbornly for each inch lost. He is spent, finished, conquered—not another leap left in him.

"Bully," yells my friend on the bridge, preparing to join me. "You have him now; reel in. I'll help you."

I look up, my attention is distracted, I hesitate for a moment, I relax a single pound of pressure on my butt; there is a rush, a whirling sound, as of quail taking to wing, and my captive shoots straight up the almost perpendicular bank, fully six feet from the water's edge. As he rolls back into his native element, something causes me to realize that he has won—not I. That one unguarded moment has cost me the biggest and best catch of my life.

Listlessly I reel in, down upon a big stone I sink, and am thankful that the darkness covers the tears coursing unbidden down my cheeks. My heart flutters, I am spent with excitement. He of the wooden leg says words intended to be consolatory. But they console not.

The remainder of my stay is uneventful. I get my share of small fry, and my Denver friends are well provided for. But never another strike from a "big one."

When I returned from Gunnison this fall I shall dangle the scalp of one of those old lunkers from my belt or know the reason why. I have been studying the Gunnison "rainbows," and the more I study them the more I am convinced they are not rainbow trout. Judge McDougal, who has given the matter much study, says they are nothing more nor less than *Salmo irideus*, steelhead salmon of the Shasta in California. Without going into the merits of the case, which would spin this paper out entirely too much, allow me to say, that I have killed several rainbows since coming to Colorado (one a seven-pounder in the North Platte, where they are reputed to be great fighters), and the difference between a Gunnison rainbow and the other kind is the same difference one would expect between a gentle coach dog and a full blood bulldog. I would respectfully refer those seeking technical information on this subject to Judge McDougal, of Gunnison. The latter says that long before rainbows, which are rather sluggish fighters, were introduced into the waters of the State the Gunnison teemed with these ferocious fellows. Then they all suddenly disappeared from causes never explained, reappearing later and quite as inexplicably.

Comparing the rainbow with the native of the Mongaup or the Neversink, in Sullivan County, N. Y., is an affront to the latter. There is more steam and ginger in a one-and-a-half pounder taken from the latter streams than in a four or six-pounder of the rainbow variety. The native Coloradoan, or mountain trout, is a game little fellow; he fights viciously; the Gunnison teems with millions of these, and they rise to fly quite readily. One may fill his creel to the legal limit any afternoon.

But it is of the Shasta trout or steelhead that I write. The natives will tell you they prefer live bait. Many strangers try for them with fly, but truth to tell, very few are taken in that manner.

"You just throw away your time with flies," said one of the oldest and best guides in the town. "Some of the best anglers here will tell you they take their big ones with fly; it is absolutely untrue in nine cases out of ten. Occasionally I have taken a big fish with fly. But it was when angling for small fry, and the thing occurs so infrequently that it may be called an accident. The fly is all right for two and three-pounders—but when you get into the heavyweight class you want live bait, good tackle and a knowledge of what to do when you get an engagement. I am not surprised at your losing your big one—guess he'd have played the same trick on me, too. But come back next September, bring a pair of wading breeches, a good minnow tackle, and you shall have the greatest sport in the world. Personally I, too, prefer fly-casting, but if you want the heavyweights, you must use the lure they will take. If you want to be dead swell and get no run for your money, use flies." This man confesses to having killed eight or ten trout in a single day's work that would fill a sugar sack and tip the scales at eighty or ninety pounds. Dividing his catch among a number of wealthy clients, the latter manufactured pleasant little stories to take back home with the stuffed skin. Dead fish tell no tales.

If you are going to fish the Gunnison, brother angler, your reel should hold forty yards of the best enamel line; it should be capable of very rapid work, because these fish are quick fighters, probably the quickest and trickiest on earth. Most Coloradoans advocate a bamboo rod of eight or ten ounces and ten feet long. On that point I differ, though nearly every angler tells me that anything but bamboo will perish quickly, on account of our dry climate. Doubtless most cheap woods do soon perish here, but I have a willow affair of selected DiGama and lancewood that is as good to-day as when it was first made. It has stood the test of four years of Colorado climate, and is still perfect. It is a Mitchell, a most beautiful creation, weighs less than five ounces, and is six inches short of ten feet.

Your leader should be of a strength equal to the best Bangor salmon, mist colored. Much depends on the care with which the leader is prepared. Join two such three-foot leaders in the center with a swivel. Attach your leader to the line with another swivel. Avoid anything cheap. To save thirty cents you may lose a ten-pound Jim Jeffries of the Gunnison. You will require leaden shots of varying weight, according to the velocity of the water in which you are casting, to carry your bait beneath the surface. The shot should be placed just above the middle swivel. This arrangement allows the minnow to twist around or whirl in the water when trolled; the swivel prevents kinking or snarling.

Don't try to economize on hooks; use an O'Shaughnessy, a Pennell or a Sproat. No. 00 prove most satisfactory. In baiting it is absolutely essential that no part of the hook shall show outside the minnow, therefore, the shank should be not more than half an inch long above the bend.

You may wish to try the fly; these should be mounted on No. 2 hooks, same as above named. A dozen each of plain coachman, with junglecock wings; gray-hackle, with peacock body; gray-hackle, with cream yellow body; dusty-miller, silver-doctor, Alexandria, will be sufficient. The best are none too good or strong. During some parts of the day the fly may be the killer; experience will decide this.

Such men as Judge McDougal, Mrs. McDougal—who was high line last summer, with an eleven-pounder to her credit—and Guide Thompson, only cover two or three pools in a day's fishing. "Pick out a good pool and stay by it till you have learned what the fish will take," is a good motto. You will find at the bottom of one pool a covering of small, smooth and nearly round boulders, well polished. Such pools are the best,

Somewhere through the length of all pools a narrow, deep channel extends. In this trough lie the large ones, watching many yards up stream for their prey. This channel is usually some distance below the head of the pool where the current flows swiftly. One must wade frequently till the water takes him under the armpits before reaching the "striking point," which is usually at the head of the trough. Again, one must frequently plant himself in very swift water at the head of the pool, where few but heavy-weights can hold their footing. But it is absolutely essential that one place himself in position to make a faultless cast of from 35 to 45 feet, easily covering the striking point. Make as little display of waving arms as possible. Cast as far distant as you can, and after each cast move a short step into new ground. It is waste of time to repeat faultless casts over the same spot. These wary fellows, lying in the deepest waters, make long runs of many feet to strike, returning at once to their lairs when hooked. They will not strike fly or minnow at their quarters. The gaudiest fly passed in the most faultless manner before one of these old stagers will not tempt him. Rub his nose with the swellest minnow, and he will treat it with contempt. These trout are well fed—never hungry. They are daring, dashing, full of sport, seemingly bent on outwitting each other in athletic prowess. They seldom come near the surface, even when enticed with natural flies or minnows thrown upon the water. But begin to cast, and you need not be surprised to see one jump three feet out of the water, and twice or thrice that distance across it. Many believe it is the love of sport alone that leads them to strike. For myself, I am convinced they make wagers among themselves to see who will do the most reckless stunts, knowing full well that inside each live bait there lurks a barbed hook, which may mean death to him who fails to "make good" and take the bait off.

Having encased yourself in wading breeches and taken an advantageous position up stream you feel your way carefully by faultlessly casting over every foot of the approach. If you make a kill, do not fail to start at the beginning and go all over again.

The ideal minnow is four inches long, two inches in girth, and is far best if "bleached." An old sock half filled with ice will "bleach" them in a few hours—make them look discolored and spotted. Run the hook down the mouth into the maw, bringing the point out through the thick part of the minnow's back in front of the dorsal fin. Hooked thus the minnow will stand out straight when thrown into the water and the shank of the hook is completely hidden. In case large minnows are not to be had, two, or even three, small ones may be used instead, putting the first on as directed and sliding it up the snell. Bring the hook out through the back of the last, slip the first down and run the hook through it. Often a big fellow will take the bunch thus made up more avidly than he would a single minnow. Kinder seems to think it is a new game for his special delectation. But sometimes he seems to divine the trick, and the way he shaves those little minnows off without touching the hook would lead one to suppose he carried a safety "razzer" in his vest pocket. If he does this twice, don't be discouraged, don't swear, but change your tactics. Hook the first and second minnow on just as before. Now take a very small minnow and string it on the hook just as you would an angleworm. Be sure to conceal the point of the hook completely within the tail, and slip the others down. Now try again. If he proves adept at this style of grafting be of good cheer, and think what an old "lunker" he will prove to be when he finally flops on the sand at your feet. Now, put on the largest minnow you have, take the eye of the last trout you have killed, imbed the point of the hook in it, slip the minnow down to the eye, and think of Bruce and the spider. Strike him good and hard—if you can—if you can't, recollect that a soft answer turneth away wrath.

Minnow-casting is a more difficult art than fly-casting. And after learning to cast scientifically, you must acquire the art of keeping your lure under the water close to the bottom. At times it is best to bring it to the surface, then drop it down again, but always void allowing it to hang on the boulders. Keep the minnow moving at the bottom with a dodging-like motion. Those who have fished for big small-mouth bass in the Shenandoah know what this means.

Long casts are necessary. In order to achieve them, retrieve your line in the left hand in loops of about two feet each. When you make your cast, the line will glide off your hand easily and rapidly, running through the guides smoothly. Cast the minnow with an underhand throw or pitch. If you are with a person who understands the art, watch him fifteen minutes, and then go in with the determination to do or die. You won't die. The cast should be made with little splash or injury to the minnow, and no alarm to the fish. Until this thing is well understood, minnow fishing is an expensive luxury. It is easy to throw away minnows unless they are properly cast. A half hour's experience is worth more than a month's book study. But any bright fellow can get the "hang of the thing" in a little while. After that practice is the only requisite. Its kinder like making love—awful hard the first time, but so easy when you know how.

Each time you cast let out a little more line, till you have reached the limit of your capacity to cast faultlessly. Above all things, avoid trying to cast your line directly off the reel by means of the weight of the minnow. Your reel is almost certain to overrun, and should a big one strike at this juncture—as often will happen—it will be crash and smash, and you will wonder how you came to "cash in" so soon. If you want to enjoy the sport and get all that is "coming to you," you should be able to lay your minnow on the water with precision and silence at least forty feet away. Some experts can even do better than this. Often it is unnecessary to cast your minnow—the current does the work after you launch the bait. This is where you can get directly up the stream and let your minnow drift down. By "sawing" the waters right and left you can readily cover the ground at least a hundred feet away. Some experts claim that they can kill a trout to a minnow on the average and lose no tackle during an entire season, save when the reel has fouled the line or the line has become looped, preventing passage through the guides.

Always keep four or five feet of slack line in the left hand, and when you get a strike, give your victim this slack in a hurry. Your rod should be kept at almost perpendicular up to the point of a strike, but the moment you receive telegraphic notice that there is "something doing," drop your rod from perpendicular to horizontal, thus making no resistance. This is the critical point. Your friend in the water makes a rush for his lair, throwing open the vent at the gills and causing the water to carry the minnow down to the swallowing point. If you let him have his own way just at this juncture, he will swallow both bait and hook. It is important that you make no resistance at this point. After he has swallowed, all you have to do is to "set" your hook well in the maw and then keep a clear head. Once a big one is well hooked, it takes very little experience to make an easy landing. Keep the rod at the butt almost perpendicular at all times; don't allow it to lean either backward or forward. Should you be compelled to make a horizontal pull at times, keep your butt at right angles to the fish. Whenever he becomes quiet for a moment, just you hold steady, and all the time keep your eye on the spot you have selected for beaching him. At every opportunity get a little nearer to this point, and when the time comes for decisive action, back away from the water fifteen or twenty feet. When you have him at the edge, lying on his side, do not relax. That would be fatal—to your hopes. Keep a tight line on him, and reel up as fast as you can. Walk nearer, and when he begins another of his struggles for life your taut line will cause him to "walk out on dry land just like he had feet." A landing net is a distinct disadvantage—often causes loss. Under no circumstances try to land your fish by taking hold of the line. Your hand offers so much resistance that he easily tears the hook out and escapes. But a flexible rod offers only sufficient resistance to keep the hook well set and prevent your catch from returning to his native element.

Do not hug the delusion that you will have a fight of half an hour when you hook a big one. It will most likely be a fight of five to ten minutes, but it will seem like a certain benedict's description of married life—a very long period. "Huh!" says someone, "six minutes!" Yes, and it will be the liveliest six minutes since you had that heart-to-heart interview with dad and a barrel hoop in the basement. It isn't a really long time, but it seems so, you know. When two real fire-eating athletes go at each other hammer-and-tongs, it is a good fight, but inevitably they are "all in" in short order. So, too, with the king of the Gunnison waters. Either he is yours inside of ten minutes or you are his'n.

A word about the selection of pools. A beautiful Indian maiden in quest of a husband was once told that she might walk through a cornfield and select an ear of maize. According as she selected the corn would her husband be worthy or unworthy. Well, she passed carloads of full, ripe ears, and finally selected a little, worm-eaten nubbin that a Rocky Mountain jackass would have elevated his upper lip over. So of the man who tries to cover too much ground in a day. Select a nice inviting pool and give the inhabitants all you have in the way of inducements to do business, till you get them interested. Sooner or later you will find what they want. Then give it to them. You may spend an hour before you get a strike. Devote your entire time to three or four pools. There are more old timers in either of them than you will take in a year. They will respond about as well in one pool as in another; the difficulty you will find is in getting acquainted. Kinder pet 'em, rub your bait across their noses, and shave their whiskers with your leader. They don't care for strangers—particularly tenderfeet—but once get 'em coming your way and they will furnish you the sport of your life. Once you persuade one to try conclusions with you, it's a sure thing others will follow.

In conclusion let me admonish you that if you have struck your quarry in the lower jaw he will run off to some spot and at the bottom will shake violently and rub against the stones; if in the nose, he will make some violent breaks out in rough water, but will come to shore soon and easily; if in the roof of the mouth, he will go skywards, and lunge and pitch, roll on top of the water, and cut all other antics imaginable, finally breaking the hook off at the barb, most likely; if through or behind the lobe in the corner of the mouth, he will give you the hardest fight of your life, and stay a long way off from you longer than if you had struck him in any other place; when you think he is coming ashore all right he will cast his weather eye at you and go for deep water again and again; but be patient, as you are sure of your hold, and he will submit after a while. With a little experience one can tell in a few seconds after the strike just where the hook is planted, with the exception that it takes longer to determine in bait-fishing whether you have him in the corner of the mouth or down in the maw. He will give up much sooner in the latter event.

DILWORTH CHOATE.

Miss Sullivan's Big Fish.

THE Buffalo Evening News of July 12 reports that Mr. W. P. Dawson sends us the paper: A half hour's battle between a frail young girl and a monster maskinongé was witnessed by at least a score of people yesterday afternoon on the Niagara River off the foot of Ontario Street. Nineteen-year-old Lillian Sullivan and William Goss, an old-time river man, were trolling for maskinongé in about the middle of the Niagara, between Mutz Bros' boat house and the head of Strawberry Island. Miss Sullivan said, "Stop rowing, Bill, I'm snagged," and a second later cried: "Pull, Bill, pull! I'm not snagged; I have got a strike!"

"Oh, quit your fooling," said Bill, "and let out some line or you'll be pulled overboard."

"No, no," said Miss Sullivan, "I'm not fooling. I tell you, Bill, I have got a strike!"

Bill looked at the girl. He saw by the way the line was running through her hands that she had a sure enough strike, and thought that she must have hooked a young whale. Bill always knows just what to do in an emergency. He rowed gently or strong as the occasion required. He realized that there was a big fish on Miss Sullivan's hook, and endeavored to guide the boat so the

strain on the line would be equal at all times. To give the line any slack would be taking chances of losing the fish; to pull too strong would break the line or pull Miss Sullivan overboard. But Bill knew his little book. After playing for perhaps ten minutes the maskinongé broke water. It was then seen that it was a monster fish.

Other boats gathered around and volunteered all kinds of advice. One man said, "Let me shoot him." Others, "Pull him on shore and beach him," and one man with a minnow net wanted to do the trick with that. But Bill was cool, and told everybody to keep away and give him a chance to play the fish to tire it out. This Bill knew from experience was the best way. When the 'longe broke water three or four times and didn't shake the hook from its mouth, Bill knew he had it hooked good and fast, and the only chance of its getting away was to break the line or pull Miss Sullivan overboard.

After the maskinongé had been played for about thirty minutes, it showed signs of quitting. On Bill's advice, Miss Sullivan began to pull the fish toward the boat so that Bill could gaff it. But, like all of its kin, it was game, and when near enough to see the boat, took a splurge, and was gone again with thirty or forty feet of the line. Unfortunately for the 'longe, Miss Sullivan's feet got tangled up in the line. Had it not been for Bill she would perhaps have gone overboard, so fierce was the fish's rush for liberty. But after this, his final struggle, Miss Sullivan, with the assistance of Bill, pulled the maskinongé close alongside and lifted it into the boat. It was the largest maskinongé of the season, weighing 47¾ pounds.

Fish Chat.

Gamy Pollock.

A YEAR or more ago I gave in FOREST AND STREAM an account of a day's sport. I once had among the pollock, which fish, twenty or thirty years since, were, and for aught I know, still are, abundant in the harbor of Eastport, Me., and thence out to Grand Manan.

That was my first experience with this gamy salt-water species, and the sport I had was, I considered, well worth recording, partly because the story might prove interesting to some of my brother anglers, but chiefly that it might serve as a reminder to those who are taking their outings at the seaside that there is a fish which is pretty abundant all along the Atlantic Coast, from Cape Cod to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and which gives as good sport when handled with rod and reel as can be desired. The account that I then gave of the habits of the fish was so full, I will not dwell on them here, except in a general way.

Distribution of the Fish.

The distribution of the pollock is very wide, it being one of the most common species in European waters, as well as those of our Atlantic Coast, and it ranks second only to the cod in importance in the sea fisheries, or if not second it is a close third, the haddock outstripping it.

Merits of the Pollock.

While its economical value is well established, its merits as a game fish are not generally well known, but I find that anglers are becoming acquainted with them along our shores, particularly in Maine and Nova Scotia, in whose bays and estuaries the fish congregate in very great numbers.

I have recently had an opportunity to renew my acquaintance with the pollock, and I found it just as lively and full of fight as I remembered it as being thirty years ago. I was taking an outing at the quaint little town of Lockport, N. S., whose inhabitants depend for a livelihood almost entirely on the harvests they gather from the sea. Of course I soon became acquainted with all the anglers in the place—and by anglers I mean those who handle the rod and reel—and quickly learned that as the season for tidal or sea trout had passed, those fish having ascended the rivers where they will remain until their spawn is cast in the autumn, the sportsmen were depending largely on the pollock for recreation, and I was invited to join them as often as I desired.

That I gladly accepted their invitations goes without saying, and I found them to be capital fellows, and worthy disciples of good old Izaak Walton. The most sportsmanlike method of angling for pollock that was practiced was by casting the fly out into the surf from the rocky ledges which cover a long promontory south of the town, and bordering the inner harbor, the most successful fly being the red ibis.

Casting the Fly from Cliffs.

In casting the fly from those high standing places one needed to be constantly on the alert, for the breakers were always carrying the lure among the rock weeds which grew luxuriantly among the ledges. While one can put out a longer line from such high points, he cannot always put and move his fly as he would wish, and pollock angling is therefore, under such conditions, not an easy matter. It is practiced, however, all along the cliffs of Wales and Scotland, and Maine anglers are becoming versed in the method along the rocky shores of that State. As a rule, the pollock thus taken are not large, their average length not exceeding a foot, although occasionally good sized fish accept the fly, but on light tackle even these small fish give as exciting play in the heavy surges of the dashing breakers as would the most plucky sea trout.

One of my friends insists upon it that all salt-water fish give better sport, pound for pound, than do any of the fresh-water species, declaring, as an example, that an 8-pound Rangeley trout can easily be handled and landed with tackle that a bluefish or striped bass of similar weight would smash in a very short time. He is a gentleman of very great experience, and his assertion ought to carry weight.

The pollock taken from those cliffs never leaped above the surface of the water, but they often made long runs out into the surf, and rarely came to the landing net without a most determined and protracted struggle.

Pollock in Deeper Water.

I also found that no little sport was to be had in angling from a boat, the favorite locality being near the lighthouse at the entrance of the harbor. The boat was anchored in about four fathoms of water, and the hooks were baited with pieces of clam and herring, preferably the latter. The pollock were of good size and very gamy, and as they took the bait near the surface of the water, one did not have to stretch his imagination very much to fancy he was among some lively sea trout.

As I did not care very much for the bait fishing—it seemed much like pottering—I removed my bait hooks and substituted for them a short leader, to which were attached a red ibis and a silver-doctor fly, and with these I had quite exciting sport for an hour or two until the tide turned, when, as if by magic, the fish disappeared, and we were obliged to pull up anchor and return to the shore.

I wish someone would explain why it is that squeteague and other sea fishes bite more freely on the flood tide, and why they decline all lures after it has fairly begun to ebb.

Peculiarly Marked Trout.

A curious story comes to the New York Sun from its Lachine, P. I., correspondent concerning the identification of a number of trout by their markings. A brief summary of the story is as follows:

A handsome lot of trout which were lying in a pan of ice in an office window in Montreal excited the admiration of all lookers-on. Among these was an elderly gentleman, who, on carefully examining them, accused the owner of the fish of poaching them from his private property, one of several lakes he owned among the Laurentian hills, basing his charge upon the coloration of the trout. The accusation was indignantly denied by the angler, who declared that the fish were taken in another lake, and to prove his statement he brought a number of witnesses, who substantially corroborated all he said; but greatly to their surprise, the owner of the lake also brought his witnesses, who all asserted that the fish were taken from his water, among them being an inhabitant of the district in which the lake was situated, who unhesitatingly identified them by certain peculiar markings as having been taken from the lake in question. The matter was warmly discussed at considerably length, but was finally settled amicably.

Thirty-two Varieties of Trout.

The correspondent further states that during the discussion the owner of the lake boasted of being able to distinguish between thirty-two different kinds of trout taken from as many separate stretches of water, and that a gentleman from New York who was recently investigating the fishing in the Laurentides was much astonished when he was shown the great difference between the trout taken in several lakes, each lake seeming to have a special variety indigenous to it, and the fish therein would not tolerate the introduction of any other trout.

Quarrelsome Trout.

As an illustration of this fact, the writer says: "The trout themselves appreciate these differences. An American gentleman who greatly admired the violet spots upon the flanks of the trout in a friend's lake, was much pleased when his friend's little son brought him a dozen fine specimens of the coveted fish in a pail of water. As they were quite vigorous, they were quietly turned out into his own lake. There was a commotion in the water soon afterward. Presumably the regular inhabitants objected to the visitors, for the next morning they were found dead at the shallow edge of the water, their bodies bearing signs of warfare."

The whole story seems rather strange, particularly that portion of it which relates to the introduction of the young fish into water not their own; they were presumably young fish, since there was a dozen in a pail of water, but that they should show "signs of warfare," and finally find their way upon the beach to die in peace one can hardly believe; for, as a general thing, when a large trout succeeds in capturing a smaller one he pouches it without any waste of time. Furthermore, that there are thirty-two distinctly marked varieties of trout in as many Laurentides lakes is almost as incredible. So far as I have been able to discover, we have but one *S. fontinalis*, and I have handled the fish upwards of fifty years, having taken them not only in the trout waters of many of the States, but also in all the Provinces of the Dominion, and have even creeled some from the Laurentides lakes above named, and have never been able to discover such peculiarities of markings and coloration as would be necessary to constitute a distinct variety.

Variouly Marked Trout in the Same Lake.

In fact, I have taken a number of trout in any one lake, each of which was marked more or less differently from the others. Every angler in the Rangeleys or other similar chains of lakes has had the same experience, one of his catch perhaps being dingy, almost of a dirty gray color, with quite obscure markings; another may be of silvery brightness, and the next having almost the beautiful high coloration of the autumnal fish.

In Lake Edward, P. I., where the trout are generally as highly colored as they are in any waters, one often takes a sombre gray or dirty brown colored fish, and in his creel he will have all shades of coloration, the bright-hued ones predominating, of course. One has a similar experience in fishing a mountain stream, some of his fish being almost as silvery as a fresh-run sea trout, and others, taken not three rods distant, bearing most beautiful hues. The Lachine correspondent, in treating of the varieties of coloration of trout, very truly observes: "No one attempts very seriously to reason why it is so, for the clear, soft water has every appearance of being alike in all the lakes, the vegetable growths are the same, and food conditions vary but little," and I shall not attempt to here. And yet a number of facts have passed under my observation which, in a way, seem to bear out the statements the correspondent has made.

Coloration of Brook Trout.

For example: There is a mountain stream which empties into the Androscoggin River near Gilead, Me.,

called the "Wild River." It takes its rise far away among the mountains of New Hampshire. I have fished that picturesque stream many times with a great deal of pleasure, for I almost always was able to fill my creel, and the trout were most beautiful fish, being almost as silvery white as a sea trout, but marked in every other way like the typical *fontinalis*. Emptying into that river is a good sized mountain brook, which one may follow with pleasure and profit a half dozen miles or more; the trout that live in its sparkling waters are almost invariably high colored. Why the fish in these two streams are so dissimilar we cannot say, for the water in both is practically the same, and their rocky bottoms contain no sediment or decaying vegetation whatever. Another example: Between the two lower of the Rangeley Lakes, which are connected by a stream of considerable size called the "Rapid River," is a large pond a mile or so in length, and a half mile in breadth, which is called the "Pond in the River." The fish that make that pond their permanent home are nearly always highly colored, and in form they are what might almost be called "hump-backed;" that is to say, their backs, instead of being almost straight as they are in trout ordinarily, are arched very considerably upward; their rich coloration and peculiar form are so entirely characteristic of the fish that if you take a number of them and an old-time angler sees them, he will invariably say, "Ah, you got those trout in the Pond in the River, didn't you?" Now, the trout from the lake above pass freely up and down the river into and out of the pond, and they live in amity and peace with the others, neither being as combative as those described by the Lachine writer, but I doubt very much if they mate with the others, and the old race seems to be perpetuated in all its peculiarities of form.

Another example: In the great Brook Pool in the Margaree River, Cape Breton, you will take trout of every conceivable markings and coloration, from the silvery white of the fresh-run fish to the yellow and brown of those which have been in the river a long time. While in the large pool, known as "Solomon's Cellar," every fish is most brilliantly colored even in mid-summer, and the pool is on a stream which empties into the Margaree less than a mile from the other.

Another example of the diversity of coloration and I am done. Four or five miles from Malpeque, P. E. I., is a pond which contains great numbers of trout. I never took one there that weighed over a pound, and they are not particularly gamy, although they come to the fly with the greatest avidity. Now, if you take a dozen of the fish at one end of the pond you will find that all of them are bright and handsomely colored, while an equal number caught at the other end will be of a dirty gray color, their backs and the upper portions of their sides being almost black. Why these fish should differ so in one not very large pond we can only conjecture, but the fact is there beyond dispute.

A friend who was on one occasion fishing with me there, suggested that a certain number of the trout schooled by themselves in given localities, and that their coloration was affected by certain vegetable growths or by pigments absorbed by mineral deposits. That theory may be correct, but why all the trout did not absorb that pigment is a puzzle.

EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

John Haney and the Man from Creede.

DENVER, Colo., July 9.—The past week has been a disappointing one for the angler. Too much rain; the streams are far and away too high and muddy. There are a few notable exceptions, among them the catch of young Oscar Brinker in Platte Cañon. He displayed a beautiful German trout of 6 pounds which he killed with that best of all flies for Colorado waters—the royal-coachman. Captain Jack Harris, whose name carries with it the aroma of borderland days, comes up from Dallas, Texas, once a year and angles along the cool and inviting places of the Platte. Friday his industry was rewarded by a catch of five, whose total weight placed him pretty close to the limit for a day—25 pounds.

A. B. Mauff, a Denver alderman, and John E. Willard, a railroad man, therefore beyond cavil on the score of veracity, tell me the following. I can readily believe it, since some years ago, on Jackson River, Virginia, I successfully landed a full-grown mallard by means of a back cast, after an exciting fight of several minutes, in which a brindle dog and an irate farmer figured largely.

"Jacob Housman was casting for trout in the Gunnison on July 4 at Iola. It was late in the afternoon—dusk, in fact, was falling fast, and the ubiquitous bullbat or night-hawk was swirling and swooping up and down in search of winged prey. Mr. Housman almost jerked his arm out of socket just as he had completed a back cast and started to cast again. Recovering himself he was surprised to see his tackle go soaring into the air straight in the wake of a bullbat. He yelled for assistance and carefully played his catch until it was finally landed. The strange part of the tale is that the bat had been hooked in the mouth, showing that the catch had apparently not been an accident, but was due to design of the feathered quarry, who had deliberately taken the fluttering bit of feather." In the case of my duck in Virginia, the hook had accidentally whipped into the under part of its neck.

One of my correspondents at Bailey, in Platte Cañon, who is far better grounded in common sense than orthography, sends me the following:

"Yours of 24th inst at Hand. I hav not bin in Bailey mutch this seeson; but was tryin my luck at fishin a cupple of times. 1st time, in one and one-half hurs, my catche was 20 trout, weight 11½ pounds, largest 2 pounds; second catch, ½ hour, 7 trout, largest 2½ pounds.

"I think there is good fishin in this cannon, but the fishermen must not go & look to see if the fish is there before he cast his Hook well bated. and not keep his rod on the fly all the time, but kept out of sight, as our trout has no eyebrows and can see up."

It might be well for many of those who have not studied the habits of the wary speckled ones to bear this physical imperfection in mind when approaching likely pools.

Reports from the Big Laramie in Wyoming are encour-

aging. Dr. P. V. Carlin, of Denver, is just back with a glowing account of encounters with many big ones. He also backed up his yarns with material exhibits in the shape of a trout dinner Thursday night. Several of the exhibits tipped the scale at 5 and 6 pounds. Dr. Carlin was accompanied by a number of Denver business men, but I was unable to get their names. All report excellent fishing both up and down the Laramie a distance of 25 miles either way from Laramie City.

It is regrettable that the mining interests of the State clash so frequently with the interest of the sportsman; and it is doubly regrettable that in such cases the sportsman is the one to suffer. This time it is the pollution of the Rio Grande River in San Luis Valley, one of the finest trout streams of the entire West. Mining men are filling the main stream with mill tailings at Creede, and reports say that trout are dying off rapidly. The sport at Wagon Wheel Gap, where I had hoped to spend the summer vacation, is practically ruined by the pollution, and only the south fork of the river remains for the pleasure of the health seeker. Reports have it that the mine owners are doing their work openly, probably due to the supineness of the State officials, whose commercial instinct far outweighs anything else.

Here is a story told me by Charley Sloat, general agent of the Rock Island at Denver. Of course it is true. John Haney is the owner of a ranch on the Rio Grande. He is a pioneer and has been in possession of his land for thirty years. He owns both sides of the stream a distance of six miles, and pending adverse decision by the Supreme Court of the State, holds that he owns all the fishing rights pertaining. Haney is a characteristic Westerner—rawboned, bronzed of skin, snow white of beard and eyebrow. A dead shot, quick at resentment, simple as a baby, hospitable as a Southerner, and just as jealous of his rights. A few days ago a saloon man from Creede ventured on the Haney preserves without as much as saying "by your leave." When Haney came upon the man of ginslings and highballs the latter was busy reeling in one of the big ones for which Haney's waters are noted.

"Get out yourself," was the rejoinder of the Creede man to Haney's salutation. "No, it ain't your land. I did not ask you, and I ain't going to ask you nothing. If you don't like it you can go to h— or any other old place. Don't bother me; this is my busy day. Who are you, anyway, you old chuffe-headed jimplecute you?"

"Get off," said Haney, from across the stream. "Go chase yourself," said the funny man from Creede. Haney's rifle snapped spitefully, and the Creede man's rod fell to the ground, cut off at the butt.

"Say, you blithering old idiot, you, the next time you come to Creede I'll punch your head off your shoulders for you. Just you remember that, will you?"

Haney scratched his head thoughtfully a moment, and delivered himself thus: "I guess my scrapping days are about over, but if you are itching for a fisticuff, I can accommodate you. There is a bridge a half mile above here. Just walk along the bank till you come to it. I will wait for you, and when you get there you can begin your contract of punching my head, and get it through before you go back to Creede—if you ever do go back."

But the Creede man did not accept. J. D. C.

Fishes' Provender.

I do not see why Dr. Piatt should feel nervous over his story about a frog climbing a tree and devouring the woodpecker, feathers and all, that he found in the frog's gullet.

Up at Woman's Lake they told me of a 38-pound maskinongé caught with the leg of a duck—a full-grown green-head mallard—sticking out of its mouth! Now, what excuse had this musky for striking at a spoon? It certainly could not have been hungry, for besides this full-grown mallard they found a 3-pound wall-eyed pike and a 2-pound bass in its "in'ards."

Now, this takes me back to the question of why a maskinongé bites at a spoon. I am, from my late experience, inclined to think that, like a salmon rising to a gaudy fly, it does so either out of pure fun or out of resentment. Now, here's my experience. When I reached Kahekona Camp, I found that the bass were biting very poorly, those taken showing a presence of spawn in their sacks. So it was fair to assume that the fish were yet on the spawning beds. I tried them a day with a fly, but with poor success, and laying aside my fly-rod I rigged up my bass-rod, and for a week, day in and day out, worked the bars and maskinongé weed beds through rain and shine, with no results. I did get some strikes, but they were of a kind that set me thinking. Certainly my lure gave evidence of contact, and momentarily the rod bowed to the tension, but it was but a fleeting strike. Now, here's the way I figured it, namely, that working a bar or weed bed say a dozen times to and fro, the fish, exasperated to the limit, would butt at the shining, gaudy intruder over its domains as a bull would butt at a fence. In doing so, perhaps the hook would scrape the snout of the fish and make the strike, such as it was.

Maskinongé shed their teeth as deer shed their horns, and when teething, so to speak, I presume they go through a forced hungry period. The fish caught at Woman's Lake July 4, a description of the landing of which I have just sent you, I understand its teeth were in process of shedding.

Well, the fact stands that from 7 A. M. until dark, with perhaps a couple of hours for an *al fresco* lunch under the trees at noon, I patrolled these bars and weed beds with a perseverance worthy of a better cause and better luck. However, I was so delighted with the fresh air, the warm sun, the clouds and trees and birds innumerable in the young second growth springing up where the pines once stood, that I took my luck good-naturedly. So much so that faithful Peter nearly rowed his arms off to get me that maskinongé. I presume he thought me some strange being—a sort of piscatorial Mark Tapley—and he was bound to have me get something because I neither complained or damned my luck, but actually seemed as greatly delighted with the situation as if I had landed daily a 50-pound fresh water wolf.

He did not have much confidence in my landing a fish on my light lancewood rod and tackle, as he saw nothing as a rule but steel rods, and I think he was patiently waiting to see what would happen if I struck a big one. "May

be," he said, "it will take you all night to land him, but I'll stay with you if it takes until sunrise." Peter is a Dane, and when young enlisted in the Russian army and was at the siege of Plevna when Kourapatkin—the same, I expect, who is now facing the Japs in Manchuria—won the day. I listened by the hour to his graphic description of his army experiences, especially as to the taking of Plevna.

Yet Peter was not a talkative guide, and I presume I made him talk. And that reminds me of a story. A lawyer came to camp one night and as he stepped upon the stage greeted the camp manager in this style: "Mr. So and So, I have come up here to rest my weary brain, and I want to know if you can give me a guide who will not talk. I did not come up here for social ends with my guide; I have come up here to fish and rest my tired brain." And the manager, selecting one of the best and, if anything, the most taciturn guide in the camp, told him as to the desires of the man with the tired brain. "I'll row the—the gentleman," and what the outcome of the trip was I never learned, for the guide never told.

Now to get back to what a maskinongé will do out of hunger or deviltry. I saw a pair of wood ducks leisurely skimming the water's edge, when out of the weeds sprang a maskinongé, striking at, but missing, his feathered quarry. It was a fish fully four feet long, and I plead guilty to regretting that he did not strike his duck. I think there would have been an exhibition of fin and feather had the fish "sot" his teeth well into the leg of that duck. Feathers would have flown surely, and the outcome no man knows. One night when up at Lake Ida on the Great Northern Railroad up in Douglass county, I was being rowed toward the camp. It was between nine and ten o'clock, and we were late because we had fished until dark at the upper end of the lake. There was no moon, and no sounds disturbed the evening calm but the splash of the oars and the ripple of the water against the bow of the boat. Out of the stillness came a frightful quacking of a flock of ducks offshore as they noisily left the water. A swish and a dripping of water for a moment, and then a boom! as the heavy body struck the water, and all was silence again. The ducks may or may not one and all have escaped with a whole skin, but one thing was certain, some gigantic northern pike or pickerel was hunting for his supper, and thought he would vary his bill of fare from whitefish to raw ducks. So after all that full-grown mallard that was swallowed by the 38-pound maskinongé may have had some truth in it.

Just one more on Peter and I'll quit. They made him deputy game warden. He was new at the work. He had been cautioned particularly as to moose poachers. One day he heard the horn of a moose caller at noon, and away he went on a still-hunt for that poacher. Again at dark he heard the same call and on he kept, faithfully searching for the miscreant. At sunrise after a careful survey of the woods, he, in the distance, heard that same moose caller plying his nefarious trade. It was the most baffling pursuit he ever took up. Three days and nights did he dodge through the pines and underbrush in the slashings, but to no avail. At evening he came up to the lumber camp, and when waiting for the supper at the camp he saw the cookee come out from his shack and blow a long wailing blast on his dinner horn. Peter had at last found his moose poacher. CHARLES CRISTADORO.

Fish Stocking in New Jersey.

From the Annual Report of the Board of Fish and Game Commissioners of New Jersey.

IT is now nearly a decade ago since the work of stocking the waters of the State with fish not indigenous to them was begun with some system. As far as the angling fraternity was interested, the ponds of the State some fifty years ago were divided into "pickerel ponds" and "perch ponds." The former also included pike, for no attention was paid to the difference between pike and pickerel. Although some of our larger lakes and streams contained both pickerel, pike and perch, there were many ponds which contained only the one variety, in addition, of course, to the sunfish, catfish, and the different varieties of small fish generally designated as "bait." Perhaps the first stocking that was done in New Jersey was the planting of pickerel in perch ponds, and of perch in pickerel ponds. The success of this is at the present day attested by hundreds of the smaller sheets of water in the State. Next came the black bass. Residents of New Jersey in territory adjacent to that of New York had heard of the gamey qualities of the two varieties of the bass and there was naturally a desire to see what these fish would do in New Jersey. According to statements made by residents along the shores of Greenwood Lake, that large body of water was originally stocked with fifteen black bass, seven of the small-mouthed variety and eight of the large-mouthed. Five years afterward Greenwood Lake afforded the best black bass fishing ever known there. It will be conceded that the early attempts at stocking in New Jersey met with gratifying success.

The work of stocking our streams and ponds with adult fish from the Great Lakes has been in progress for nearly a decade; time can only tell whether it has been a success; in the opinion of a great many people time should have told so long ago. Judged by the results of the introduction of the pickerel and black bass, the attempted introduction of pike, perch, channel catfish, calico bass, crappies, and other fish from the west has been anything but a success. Although there is ample evidence to show that some of the fish have multiplied, they have not done so at the rate the pickerel and bass did. Your Commissioners have done all that can be expected of them. We bring the fish here, but we cannot compel them to propagate. Nor do we believe that a persistence in this work would be warrantable at the present time, both in view of the doubtfulness of the experiment and the fact that our efforts can be directed in other ways less attended by experiment. If the fish brought on from the Great Lakes had found our waters as suitable to them as did the black bass, they would have testified so in a very decided manner, just as did the bass in Greenwood Lake a few years after their introduction. There are instances in fish distribution where the introduced spe-

cies did not assert itself until many years after their first introduction; it is to be hoped that this will be the case in New Jersey, but the slight chance of the eventuation of this proposition does not, in our opinion, constitute a valid argument in favor of a continuance of bringing fish on from the west.

Why has the introduction of the fish from the west not been attended with more marked success? That question may, perhaps, be answered in the future, when fishculture shall have made more progress than it has at present; to-day it is unanswerable. There may be something in our water agreeable to the indigenous fish and the black bass but repugnant to the introduced species; the latter may find the food in our water foreign to them, or there may be enemies in our water destructive to the emigrants; in any one of these or many other events, the introduced fish fail to multiply even if their own existence were continued to the ordinary span of their lives. Persistent attempts at the introduction of fish which decline to multiply here would be injudicious. (It has been suggested that perhaps an addition to the food supply of our fish might be advisable.) The origin of the sustenance of fish is in the fertility of the soil under the water. It is this soil which produces the vegetation in the water; on this vegetation thrive the minute forms of animal life on which the small fish feed and these smaller fish are necessary for food to the larger. If one link in this chain is broken, all fails, and science has not advanced far enough to indicate what can be done in the case of such failure. The farmer, no matter how well versed he may be in agriculture, cannot tell you how it is that one year he has an abundant apple crop and the next year not enough for pies for his own family; still the farmer has the trees, the soil and all the surroundings before him; in the water its surface frequently constitutes an impenetrable veil, a veil at least which science has so far failed to lift.

The axiom in fishculture which is so frequently lost sight of is that a water's ability to produce fish is in direct proportion to the food supply in it. A farmer who has a pasture field in which ten sheep and their progeny can find sustenance for the season would be considered foolish if he were to place five hundred sheep there; still this is just what some people imagine the Fish and Game Commissioners should do; if 100 fish do not find food in a certain water, put in 1,000; if these 1,000 starve, put in 5,000. Attempts at the distribution of what is commonly called baitfish have been made before. The fresh water herring, so abundant in Lake Hopatcong, are also found in many other large bodies of water, and attempts have been made to place them in other waters. We know of no single instance in which such attempt was successful in the measure we hoped for. In some instances the herring multiplied until, for lack of food, they were picked up dead in large winnows along the shore; they found the new water suitable to their domestic arrangements, but they and their progeny devoured all the food and by doing so not only destroyed themselves but also the other baitfish, and as a natural consequence, the larger fish. In other cases the herring were never heard of, just as was the case with the attempted introduction of the fresh water smelts in Greenwood Lake and other waters of this State, an attempt which was made by the Fish and Game Commissioners some seven or eight years ago. Although in the large waters of Maine, the State Commissioners do not introduce salmon, trout, and other of the nobler kind of game fish until the fresh water smelt of both the large and small varieties have been well established, their introduction in the waters of New Jersey proved an absolute failure. Any interference whatever with the admirable balance which nature has established in the animal kingdom is more apt to lead to failure or mischief than to success.

There is, however, no reason why the distribution of the black bass, the pickerel, the pike and the perch should not be continued. The State's supply of these fish has been drawn from the Delaware and Raritan Canal and the taking of these fish from this water served the double purpose of continuing their lives and placing them in water where their presence would be of value to the public. If left in the canal they would be destroyed by the wheels at Trenton; if removed, they infuse fresh blood into the same kind of fish found in other waters. This, however, occupies comparatively little time and for a limited period each year.

A New Jersey State Preserve.

From the Annual Report of the Board of Fish and Game Commissioners.

THE time and money which will be left at the disposition of the Commissioners and wardens by the abandonment or curtailment of the introduction of fish from the Great Lakes we feel may be used with better results in looking after the supply of game, and this is not a question of experiment.

The ever-increasing population of the State, with the proportionate increase in the number of gunners and the continual reduction of the territory available for the propagation of game, have rendered legislation of a more and more restrictive character absolutely necessary. But the time is coming when even the most drastic of prohibitive measures will not meet the requirements and our game may be exterminated, no matter how short the open season may be. It is time we looked for replenishment in some other direction, and the only method we can suggest is the establishment of game refuges in the State. At a first glance this proposition may seem a little too near akin to the establishment of preserves, something the people of New Jersey would not take kindly to, but we believe that a plan might be devised by which the public may have all the benefits arising from preserves without any of the objectionable features. New Jersey, populous as it is, is a State admirably adapted to the preservation of indigenous fauna, for hundreds of acres of wild land may be found within an hour's ride of the great cities of New York and Philadelphia.

The first matter to be considered in the establishment of a game refuge is the probable cost. This need not necessarily be large, and your Commission has no

intention of applying for an additional appropriation for the purpose, feeling confident that the time and labor saved from trips out west after fish will be sufficient to give the matter of game refuge a trial. We have no doubt that a large enough area of well-watered woodland can be secured in New Jersey at a low annual rental for the establishment of at least one refuge. A lease for five years, with the privilege of purchase, would involve an inconsiderable outlay of money and would be sufficient to test the availability of the project. The number of our wardens is sufficient to provide for the care necessary to be taken of such refuge; the artificial propagation of some of the fauna is a matter of exact science and what has been done profitably by individuals can be done in a like manner by the State.

The first purpose which such a refuge would serve would be the prevention of the extermination of our native birds. Absolute prohibition from shooting or tramping would, of course, be requisite to success, and this could be attended by the wardens placed in charge. The instinct of all kinds of game is to seek places of security. It is the experience of all who have gunned on territory adjoining large preserves that when they once get a shot, say at a bevy of quail, the birds will at once betake themselves to the preserved territory, knowing that they are secure from molestation there.

In this way we would have a place where quail, ruffed grouse and hare might always be found, and from which the surplus of the quail and rabbits, at least, might be transplanted to other parts of the State, in addition to the good gunning to be found in the immediate vicinity of the refuge. If any of the foreign species of hare recently introduced in this country can be acclimated here the best opportunity therefor would be afforded by such a place of refuge and absolute security.

An advantage which would accrue to the benefit of the angler would be the more extensive distribution of trout. It is well known that by the artificial propagation of trout as high as ninety-five per cent. of the eggs have been brought to maturity, whereas if left to their natural resources it is a question whether even five per cent. of the eggs would develop into fish. Thousands of dollars have been expended in New Jersey for the distribution of fingerling trout, and the larger part of this sum of money has gone as a profit to the owners of private hatcheries. All this might be saved, and that with an increase in the number of trout to be distributed. Small hatcheries have been established in numerous places all over the country. The cost of establishing and maintaining a small hatchery, amply sufficient for all the demands of the streams of New Jersey, would cost but little more than the sums now annually expended in the purchase of trout from the hatcheries, and give the State a full supply.

But by far the greatest benefit reasonably to be expected from the establishment of a game refuge would be the introduction into the State, for the benefit of the public, of the Asiatic pheasant. Three kinds of pheasants, the English, the ring-necked, and the Mongolian, have been established in various parts of this country in latitudes as high as that of New Jersey. Our native grouse is becoming scarce, and we know of no bird at all suitable to take its place other than the Asiatic pheasant. This has been done elsewhere and there is no reason why it should not be done in New Jersey.

An attempt of this kind was made in New Jersey a number of years ago and proved a failure, but this can be readily accounted for. The State purchased considerable numbers of the ring-necked pheasants and distributed them in various parts of the State. There was no law whatever prohibiting the destruction and possession of this bird. A measure was passed by the Legislature prohibiting their killing for three years, but it was vetoed by the governor, as it was only a part of a general measure, some features of which did not meet the approval of the executive. Consequently, the measure, with the good as well as the objectionable provisions, was vetoed. This gave gunners and others a full year in which not only to shoot, but to trap the pheasants. In no place were the birds secure, and, consequently, it is rather a matter of surprise that some were found as long as three and four years after their liberation. In addition to this, the fact must be considered that the birds were more or less of a domesticated nature, having been bred and reared in confinement.

Despite all these disadvantages, reports were received from several places in the State indicating that the birds did well the first year, and that their progeny showed nearly all the wildness of our native grouse.

By the establishment of a game refuge the cost of these birds would be materially reduced. Immediately before the breeding season the market price of these birds ranges from \$4 to \$6 a pair, and they are frequently difficult of procurement even at the higher figure. The hens are prolific in the laying of eggs, and although the best method of developing them is still by placing them under common barnyard fowl, it has been shown by ample evidence that the birds will develop their own eggs if not interfered with. At any rate, we see no reason why on a State game refuge we should not accomplish what it done every year on the large preserves in this and other States. The rearing of the birds can be accomplished by following the rules laid down in books written by men who have devoted their lives to the subject, and is attended with very little difficulty. In preserves in New Jersey as many as 10,000 and 20,000 birds have been reared in a season, and that with the attendance of men far less in number than the corps of our wardens. By far the larger proportion of these birds invariably remain within the boundaries of the preserve where they are reared, so that in the case of the State game refuge only the second generation, partaking more of a wild nature than the first, might be used for the purpose of distribution to other parts of the State.

Of the three kinds of Asiatic pheasants the preference undoubtedly would be given to the ring-necked variety. On the preserves in New Jersey the English bird is preferred, but this is due to the fact that it is less liable to stray away from the place of its rearing,

and because it is not so hard a flyer, thus forming an easier mark for the gunner. A law prohibiting the killing of English birds altogether would be on injustice to the owners of these preserves, and such a law, as far as the pheasants to be reared on the State game refuge are concerned, would be an absolute necessity.

In some of the western States the Mongolian bird has done well, and it would cost very little to try an experiment with a few of these birds, although their characteristic tendency in the west has been to travel many miles away from home. The ring-necked, although also given to roaming, but to a far more limited extent, would probably prove the better bird for the needs of New Jersey. A law prohibiting the killing of ring-necked and Mongolian pheasants for a term of years would do no injury to any person, for there are none of these birds at present in the State, and such a law would be absolutely necessary to the successful establishment of a game refuge.

The Monarch of the Pool.

He was Monarch of the Pool, king of trout, and emperor of the domains he specially regarded as his. He was an autocrat, and, like autocrats, he was despotic. His slightest wish was law, and on occasions when recalcitrancy showed itself, he always found means of enforcing obedience. Among his trout subjects he was feared and hated. It must, however, be admitted that these were far from numerous. On the slightest offense, and, indeed, on no offense at all, he ate them up. The consequences of aquatic depopulation were in no wise dreaded by him.

Time was when he was rather a nonentity in the trout community. Full of young life and juvenile propensities, he had sported over the sandy bottom, and in and out among the boulders that littered the bottom of the Pool. His sportive faculties not infrequently roused the wrath of the older and more sedate members of the community. These, being older, were, of course, very much larger than he was, and he knew that such chastisement as they would inflict would at once put an end to his earthly, or rather watery, career. Such, indeed, had been the fate of several of his playfellows. After having been duly punished for delinquencies from proper decorum, they had formed a toothsome repast to the austere enforcers of law and order. Once or twice the future Monarch had run narrow escapes of suffering the same fate, but he always managed to betake himself to some narrow interstices between the boulders, where he knew his enemies could not penetrate. Such attentions were the bane and terror of his life, and solemnly did he vow if ever he attained the full maturity of trouthood to exact a dire revenge.

Gradually he found himself growing in size and strength, and just by way of training for the after eventualities of life, he commenced practicing attacks on the smaller fry, such as he had once been himself. As he swallowed up these he found his own proportions perceptibly swell, and in order to obtain a speedier vengeance on his persecutors, he became their most active oppressor. Soon he attained a size which rendered him comparatively immune from unwelcome attentions, and this enabled him to unrestrainedly vent his vengeance upon those who were in the least degree smaller and weaker than himself. Eventually the dominion of the Pool rested with him and another two, and as the powers of all three were about equal, they prudently avoided attacking each other. At last one of these was foolish enough to swallow the lure of an expert angler, while the second fell prey to a wandering otter, and thus the Monarch of the Pool attained supreme sway.

He proved a very jealous monarch. Thoughts of the possibility of having to share his rule with another were always present in his mind. To prevent this, and, at the same time augment his strength, he devoured every trout of any considerable size that ventured within the precincts of the Pool. Nor were the smaller fry intact from his inroads; but these found safety in his own previous tactics, and bitterly did he now curse the interstices which had formerly stood him in such good stead.

All this while, however, he had to guard against the machinations of another enemy, and that was man. The tempting lures and baits with which he had been plied had oftener than once almost proved his undoing. When a very small trout, indeed, he had seized what appeared to him to be a very toothsome, gaudy fly, and been landed on *terra firma*. Luckily for him the kindly angler felt that his basket would be disgraced by the presence of so small a specimen as he then was, and he was thrown back into the water. This perilous adventure ever after made him chary of flies, and it was only after careful observation that he ventured to add them to his menu. Again, while nibbling at a nice succulent worm he had received a sharp wound, and later, while attacking a minnow, his jaws had been severely lacerated. So shrewd did he become from these experiences that to ordinary human artifice he was absolutely invulnerable. As the fame of his proportions spread, so, in like ratio, did the ambition to prove his undoing. In angling circles nothing but the "big trout" was spoken of, and he was plied with lures of every description, from the clumsiest to the most highly finished, by peer and peasant alike. But the Monarch regarded these attempts with silent scorn; the experiences he had already undergone safe-guarded him against similar perils.

It was while his fame was at its zenith that Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson appeared on the scene. They had come down from London on piscatorial holiday bent, and each provided with a brand new outfit of the costliest and best quality. No one could have been more innocent of all knowledge of the art of "Old Isaac" than were those three. They had never angled before; indeed, it is questionable if they had ever seen a trout, yet they came down filled with visions of well-filled baskets. They put up at the best hotel in the neighborhood, and, of course, were soon made aware of the existence of the Monarch of the Pool.

What they were told filled their bosoms with ambition, and next morning they sallied forth in high hopes to commence their attack upon the grim old autocrat. All three reached the Pool, and all three commenced operations simultaneously. They maintained their positions

throughout the whole day, but we refrain from inflicting upon the reader the description of their operations; suffice it to say they afforded unbounded merriment and amusement to a party of peasants at work in an adjoining field. For several days they resumed their attack, but with no better result, and their ardor becoming somewhat damped, they turned their attention to less renowned members of the finny species. Still success failed to attend their efforts, and having for more than a week returned to the hotel with empty baskets they were subjected to a good deal of banter by other anglers; while, as far as the Monarch was concerned, they were ruled entirely out of the running.

At last they began to return with several small trout in their baskets. These they were supposed to have caught with rod and line; but such was not the case. As a matter of fact, a schoolboy had initiated them into that primitive form of angling known as "gudding," or catching the trout under stones and banks by means of their hands alone. At first they were rather fearful the trout would bite their fingers; but on this they were reassured by their juvenile instructor. Henceforth they might have been seen wandering on the banks of secluded streamlets, divested of coat and hat, with shirt sleeves rolled up to the shoulders, plunging their arms into the water in search of the shy and retiring trout.

"Hang it all! Let's rusticate a little," said Brown, as the trio again found themselves by the Pool, after having spent the earlier part of the day in "guddling."

"What do you mean?" queried Jones.

"Why, dress and cook some of the trout we have caught for lunch," was the reply.

The proposal was unanimously accepted. Brown proceeded to gut and clean the fish; Jones made a fire out of dry twigs which he collected; while Robinson proceeded to construct an improvised grill out of some pieces of wire that lay handy.

Soon the freshly caught trout were twisting themselves into circles on the grill placed over the glowing embers, and several burnt fingers evidenced the difficulty experienced in turning them. At last they were declared "ready," and lunch commenced. The grilled trout were pronounced splendid, but owing to the primitive method of cooking there was much waste, and Robinson, who sat facing the Pool, threw fins, tails, and burnt parts into the water.

The Monarch who lay visible and almost stationary on the sandy bottom, saw these particles invade his domains. To him their appearance was altogether new. He eyed them critically. That they were edible seemed apparent, but were they simply another machination of his arch-enemy, man? No, he thought not. After a good deal of close observation and consideration, he at last ventured to appropriate a piece. Evidently he found it very good, for he ventured on another, and, gradually getting bolder, he gobbled up the pieces as fast as they were thrown in the water.

Robinson at last noticed this. "See," he said, "the big fellow is swallowing up the refuse as fast as it's thrown into the water."

"Probably he prefers trout cooked to trout raw," rejoined Jones.

"Stop," said Brown, "let's put a hook inside a piece."

The proposal was at once adopted, and a hook was carefully concealed inside a small piece of fish. A sufficient length of line was drawn out, and the bait thrown into the water. His suspicions lulled by his previous experiences, the Monarch at once swallowed the piece of trout as he had done the others. Brown seized the rod, and found the "big trout" firmly attached.

But the Monarch showed fight, and success certainly appeared to favor him. Brown had no idea of running a fish, but simply hauled with might and main. Rod or tackle were in imminent danger of breaking; in fact, had they not been of the very best quality, they must have done so under the strain to which they were subjected.

"You blockhead! do you want to break your tackle, and lose the trout after hookin' him? Gie me the rod, and I'll land him for ye," sounded the rough voice of a rustic, who, happening to pass at the time, saw what had occurred and what was likely to ensue.

Brown prudently handed the rustic the rod, and after a quarter of an hour's excellent sport, the Monarch caved in, and was drawn unresistingly to the side. All three dived at him with their respective landing-nets, and, fortunately, in one of them he was enmeshed, amid the uncomplimentary epithets of the expert rustic.

The jubilation of Brown, Jones, and Robinson was only equalled by that of the small trout in the Pool, who were thus relieved of the iron rule of their autocratic despot. A handsome donation silenced for a time the volubility of the friendly rustic, and the worthy trio became the heroes of the hour. Next day they departed, bearing with them the remains of the defunct Monarch, to have them preserved as tangible evidence of their prowess as anglers. Verily, ignorance and luck sometimes succeed where knowledge and skill signally fail. In proof of this, if any is required, we need only quote the case of the "Monarch of the Pool."—Tom Buidh in *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* (London).

Altered Fishing in the Hudson.

OSSINING, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Reading at different times of the pollution of streams in different parts of the country, I would ask for an explanation through your paper of the reasons for the altered condition of the Hudson River at this place from a fisherman's viewpoint. Twenty years ago it was no uncommon thing for parties to strike into schools of weakfish here, often as many as twenty being caught on a single tide. Striped bass were also plentiful then, and flukes were not uncommon. I can remember playing "hookey" from Sunday school once twenty years ago, and of course the docks along the river front were the attraction. It was early in September and altogether too fine a day for Sunday school. I walked out on "Pete" Smith's dock and absent minded picked up a bamboo pole which had been thrown down by some tired fisherman. There was a piece of stout twine for a line and a common ringed hook, on which was hooked a strip of well dried moss bunker. It was not an inviting Sunday meal, and as I whipped it off the end of the dock I was not prepared for the sudden

shock which nearly pulled me overboard. I tugged and pulled and yanked, and the old pole nearly bent double, but the fish more than held his own. Two fellows ran up to help me, but "Pete" Smith—long may he wave!—said, "Let the boy alone, he can handle him," and up he came over my head and far back on the dock. As he struck, the hook pulled out straight and the fish was loose, making great leaps for the water. "Geel!" I thought, "supposin' he gets away?" Sunday clothes and all I made a wild jump and landed on the fish.

I saved him all right, and when the smoke cleared away I had a bluefish weighing $2\frac{3}{4}$ pounds plump. I did not dare take him home. I got separated from the scales which rubbed off in the scuffle, and went home, conscious that the afternoon had been well spent. When my father passed the dock entrance the next day, "Pete" Smith had the fish there for him all nicely cleaned and he "gave away" my fishing experience of the previous day. But "Daddy" didn't care much, and made me tell him all about it again.

Two years ago quite a number of weakfish were caught here. When the run first started, probably a half dozen were caught on lines. Within three days numbers were lying, or rather floating, on their sides on the surface, gasping, and were easily scooped from boats. There were formerly miles of fine oyster beds opposite Ossining on the flats; now there is nothing but beds of shells. Shad and bass were caught by the ton twenty years ago, and many families made good living with their seines and gill nets. They have long since abandoned their seines, and the seine "crabs" are rotted from disuse.

We have the choice of two things: to believe either the fish are being caught for the market in such numbers that the demand and supply is greater than the natural production, or chemical waste and gas-house tar are polluting the waters of our noble river to such an extent that it is habitable only to such river fish as perch, catfish, and eels. Without fish the Hudson becomes a weary waste of water.

CHAS. G. BLANDFORD.

Santa Catalina Tuna Club.

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND.—In consequence of the unqualified success of the rod-and-reel tournament of the Tuna Club in former years, in the interests of the higher standard of sport, and the protection of the game fishes of Southern California, the Club will give an open tournament from May 1 to October 1, 1904, inclusive. The object is to encourage the use of rod-and-reel tackle in taking the large game fishes of these waters, and in every way to elevate the sport to the highest standard.

The only restrictions are the rules of the Tuna Club that rods and reels must be used and that rods must not be less than six feet nine inches in length, the tip of which must not weigh more than sixteen ounces. By "tip" is meant all that portion of the rod from reel seat to end of rod. The line must not exceed twenty-four threads or strands, and be capable of sustaining a dead weight of not more than forty-eight pounds. All anglers must bring his or her fish to gaff unaided, and the fish must be reeled in—a broken rod either before or after gaffing disqualifies the angler. The tournament is open to amateurs only, professional boatmen, those engaged in allied industries on the island, and members of their families being barred, except as in special class I.

THE PRESENT HOLDERS OF CUPS AND RECORDS ARE:

Largest Tuna.		Pounds.
C. F. Holder, Pasadena, Cal., season 1899.....	183	
Col. C. P. Morehouse, Pasadena, season 1900.....	251	
Mrs. E. N. Dickenson.....	216	
F. S. Schenck, Brooklyn, N. Y., season 1901.....	158	
F. V. Rider, Avalon, season 1901.....	158	
John E. Sterns, Los Angeles, season 1902.....	197	
H. E. Smith, season 1903.....	94	
B. F. Alden, season 1903.....	94	
Black Sea Bass.		
F. V. Rider, Avalon, season 1898.....	327	
T. S. Manning, Avalon, season 1899.....	372	
F. S. Schenck, Brooklyn, N. Y., season 1900.....	384	
A. C. Thompson, Pomona, season 1901.....	384	
H. T. Kendall, Pasadena, season 1902.....	419	
Edw. Llewellyn.....	425	
Largest Yellowtail.		
F. V. Rider, Avalon, season 1898.....	41	
F. S. Gerrish, Jacksonville, Fla., season 1899.....	37	
R. F. Stocking, Los Angeles, season 1900.....	48	
T. S. Manning, season 1901.....	33	
Dr. Trowbridge, Fresno, season 1902.....	47 $\frac{1}{2}$	
F. P. Newport, season 1903.....	46	

Prizes.

CLASS A—LEAPING TUNA.

Special silver cup, donated by Montgomery Bros., Los Angeles, for largest tuna, which becomes property of angler holding record for three successive years from present season.

For exceeding the Club record, rod and reel, donated by Edward Vom Hofe.

For the largest tuna of the season other than the above, *Tuna Club gold medal; Banning cup. A special gold button will be given to the angler taking the largest tuna of the season. Should two anglers succeed in breaking the present record, a gold button will be given for each fish.

For the second largest tuna of the season, other than the above, a silver-mounted rod offered by James McDonald.

For the smallest tuna, booby prize.

CLASS B—BLACK SEA BASS.

For exceeding the cup record, *Tufts-Lyon Arms Co. silver cup; *Rider Macomber gold medal and extra silver-mounted rod.

For the largest black sea bass, other than the above, silver-mounted rod.

For the smallest black sea bass of the season, booby prize.

CLASS C—WHITE SEA BASS.

For the largest of the season, angler's tackle box.

For the second largest, gaff.

CLASS D—YELLOWTAIL.

For the largest yellowtail of the season, *John F. Francis, gold medal and silver-mounted rod.

For the second largest fish, gaff.

CLASS E—ALBACORE.

For the largest fish of the season, silver-mounted rod.

CLASS F—ROCK BASS.

For the largest fish of the season, Vom Hofe line dryer.

CLASS G—SHEEPSHEAD.

For the largest fish of the season, angler's pipe.

CLASS H—WHITEFISH.

For the largest fish of the season, gaff.

CLASS I—PROFESSIONAL BOATMEN.

For the best equipped launch, four horse-power or over, rods, reels, lines, gaff, and general comfort to be considered, silver-mounted rod.

For the best equipped launch under four horse-power, with or without engine, rods, reels, lines, etc., to be considered, silver-mounted rod.

For the boatman of the angler taking the first tuna of the tournament season, silver-mounted rod.

All the catches made with the view of competing for prizes must be reported at once to some member of the weighing committee, or a member of the board of directors of the club, and weighed in his presence and posted. All fish must be brought to the Club scales and weighed thereon. No allowance will be made for shrinkage.

In fishing for any fish during the tournament season, there shall be only one rod and reel used at a time for each angler occupying a boat. The using, casting, or handling of one in any way by the boatman shall disqualify the angler. This rule shall not apply to baiting the hook.

The board of directors and weighing committee comprise: T. S. Manning, E. L. Doran, F. V. Rider, John Cline, W. H. Bunham, A. W. Barrett, E. N. Dickerson.

*These prizes are perpetual property of the club, the names of the anglers being engraved thereon.

Big Trout in the Adirondacks.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I inclose clipping from the Tribune of June 25, in which my old friend, H. H. Thompson, of Passaic, N. J., tells of some large lake trout taken from Piseco Lake by Mr. William N. Courtney, one of which weighed $39\frac{1}{4}$ pounds, and another, taken by a Mr. Yost, weighing $36\frac{3}{4}$ pounds. Mr. Thompson writes:

"You printed last week an item from Glens Falls, N. Y., relating the capture by J. Ben Hart in one of the Saranac lakes of a lake trout weighing $31\frac{3}{4}$ pounds, and measuring 42 inches; claimed by the fishermen of that section to have been the largest specimen ever known to have been caught in Adirondack waters. Knowing that much bigger trout had been taken from Lakes Pleasant and Piseco, I wrote to the postmaster at Piseco for definite information. The result is a letter from William N. Courtney, Camp Courtney, Spruce Lake, N. Y., who sends me a photograph of a trout caught by himself in Piseco Lake, weighing $39\frac{1}{4}$ pounds, and measuring $45\frac{3}{4}$ inches. He says, 'There are many caught here of 34 and 35 pounds' weight. A Mr. Yost caught one on May 20, 1898, weighing $36\frac{3}{4}$ pounds.' Waubeck is distanced, so far as the size of the lake trout is concerned. Mr. Hart will have to gird up his loins and try again."

Of course I recognize the fact that the fisherman telling the last story has the advantage. I do not pretend to be a fisherman, much less an angler, but I want to remind H. H. T. of a lake trout taken from Millsite Lake, some five or six miles from this place, which weighed $42\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. This was fifty-three or fifty-four years ago. I was then clerking in a store here, and succeeded Mr. Thompson in that position in 1849. The fish was brought to the store in a wheelbarrow by Mr. Schnyder Soper, who had caught it, and I weighed it on the same scales that Mr. Thompson had weighed many a tub (I might say tons) of butter on; and he cannot deny that the scales were correct; I weighed the fish.

Mr. Thompson will also acknowledge that Millsite Lake, although small—less than three miles in length—is famous for other large fish, for within the past month I have received a letter from him saying that the largest large-mouth black bass he ever boated was taken from this lake and weighed 8 pounds.

Mr. Thompson has probably taken more maskinongé and black bass from the waters in this vicinity than any other man now living.

J. L. DAVISON.

THERESA, N. Y., July 16.

The Aggravating Ning Ning.

TO THE notes given in our last issue on fishes which have voices—and some of them having voices use them to the pestering of mankind—add this bit from Mary Kingsley's "Fishing in West Africa," being a chapter from "West African Studies" reprinted in the *Woodcraft Magazine* for October, 1901:

"Then there is that deeply trying creature the Ning Ning fish, who, when you are in some rivers in fresh water and want to have a quiet night's rest, just as you have tucked in your mosquito bar carefully and successfully, comes alongside and serenades you, until you have to get up and throw things at it with a prophetic feeling, amply supported by subsequent experience, that hordes of mosquitoes are busily esconcing themselves inside your mosquito bar. What makes the Ning Ning—it is called after its idiotic song—so maddening is that it never seems to be where you have thrown the things at it. You could swear it was close to the bow of the canoe when you shied that empty soda-water bottle or that ball of your precious india-rubber at it, but instantly comes 'ning, ning, ning,' from the stern of the canoe. It is a ventriloquist, or goes about in shoals, I do not know which, for the latter and easier explanation seems debarred by their not singing in chorus; the performance is undoubtedly a solo; anyone experienced in this fish soon finds out that it is not driven away or destroyed by an artillery of missiles, but merely lies low until its victim has got under his mosquito curtain, and resettled his mosquito palaver—and then back it comes with its 'ning, ning.'

"A similar affliction is the salt-water drumfish, with its 'bum-bum.' Loanda Harbor abounds with these, and so does Chiloango. In the bright moonlight nights I have looked overside and seen these fish in a wreath around the canoe, with their silly noses against the side, 'bum-bumming' away; whether they admire the canoe, or whether they want it to come on and fight it out, I do not know, because my knowledge of the different kinds of fishes, and of their internal affairs, is derived from Dr. Günther's great work, and that contains no section on ichthyological psychology."

The Kennel.

Sporting Dogs in England and America.

THE bare relation of the deeds of English dogs does not assist Americans one bit more than the records of sport and field trials written in America for Americans instruct Englishmen of the merits or demerits of cousin Jonathan's dogs. Possibly the differences are greater than we have been led to think. Their variations from original types are not nearly the whole, for, we, too, have been varying our sorts after the manner of our own fancies, and the directions we have taken have been dissimilar to those taken across the Atlantic. Generally there have been good reasons for both variations; what those are will assist at a perfect understanding of the status and character of American sporting dogs as compared with ours now and with ours formerly.

There is no necessity for, even if there exists a possibility of, going back to the beginning of things in the Southern States of the Union. It was, we know, greatly indebted to Spain for its planters in its early history, and it may be that the poor cousins of the Dons introduced the dogs of the country direct from Spain. Georgia is full of Spanish-looking pointers. It is, in fact, the weed of the country, for where you do not see nigger dogs you see pointers, some of them remarkably high bred in appearance, and few of them exhibiting traces of cross breeding; but there is one weed throughout the South that grows even more luxuriously than the pointers. These are nigger dogs, that are as plentiful as cur dogs of the sheepdog order in this country; but the nigger dogs are nearly all near relations of the hound. Mostly they are black and tan, and so also are the treasured American foxhounds. These latter hounds, both pure and impure, have a wonderful resemblance to English bloodhounds of fifty years ago, before the loose skin craze set in and altered the character, if it left the type unchanged. As a traveler rode through the Southern States—that is, the slave States of the anti-unpleasantness period—and found in each the same character of nigger cur, and saw how much family likeness there was between them and the black and tan foxhounds of the South, an irresistible impression was created that here were the true descendants of those bloodhounds that were used to catch runaway niggers. It is quite natural to suppose that the planters themselves would use the same hounds for both purposes of sport and business, or at least the same breeds, and it is not less so to assume that the freed nigger would hasten to possess himself of that which was once beyond his reach, and, besides, aroused his terror. The negroes are all hunters; they hunt "cotton tails" by day, and 'coons by night, and their nigger dogs assist in both occupations. Not only are these dogs in appearance like the hounds of the country, but their cry is so similar that it has been known of the master of a pack that he rode five miles after some of them, believing all the time that he was riding to his own hounds.

It will be observed from the above statement that the cry of hounds in the rough woodlands of the south is very important, for without the music it would often, if not generally, be impossible to discover which way the hounds had gone. With the exception of bloodhounds, the writer has never heard such mellow, deep voices as the southern hounds of America possess. It is the fashion for Englishmen, and some Americans, to believe that English hounds are the best in the world, but the southern gentlemen will have none of them. They say, with a certain amount of truth, that these importations have got "no noses." This is, comparatively speaking, likely enough, for generations of hurry by huntsman, field and hounds have taught the latter only to run scent that they can run fairly fast, whereas the American hounds can start work as late as noon, and trail a fox to its kennel. That is how they find every fox they hunt, and probably few of the greatest believers in the modern foxhound would hold the opinion that he could trail a fox to its kennel ten hours after it had passed.

These long-eared hounds not only have the color of bloodhounds, but also many of their characteristics. They seem to run for the sport of hunting, and not to be very particular about killing; they do not get their hackles up as English hounds do when they are running for blood. In this they resemble bloodhounds, just as they do in their cold hunting qualities, in their color and markings, in their ears, and in their voices. Maybe they are collaterals from Spanish ancestry and have not descended from our bloodhounds at all, but if that be so the likeness is quite remarkable after so many years. In appearance how do they differ from bloodhounds? Only in this, that they are more on the leg, have much less weight to carry, have far better necks and shoulders, and better loins. These are qualities that can be bred in by selection in a very few generations, or lost, as in our bloodhound, in as few by making selections for other virtues. Bloodhound crosses upon harriers or foxhounds would not bring out anything like these native hounds. The ears, for instance, are a distinctive feature, quite as much so as they are in the bloodhounds themselves; and their heads, although much lighter, are those of small bloodhounds, and not the shorter and squarer heads of harriers and foxhounds.

The system of hunting there is very different from ours. The first thing to strike one is that the whipper-in is absent. Each man who has anything to do with hounds uses a horn, that is for the purpose of letting hounds know which way the huntsmen (for there are more than one) are drawing. Riot hardly exists, because there is nothing to attract hounds' attention except foxes, red or gray, wolves, black and white, and caotes (a small kind of wolf); any of these they may hunt—first come, first served. Probably a deer would be treated in the same way, and in the winter there are no domestic animals in the fields and woods, ex-

cept an occasional sounter of pigs: animals that can take care of themselves and fear nothing on four legs.

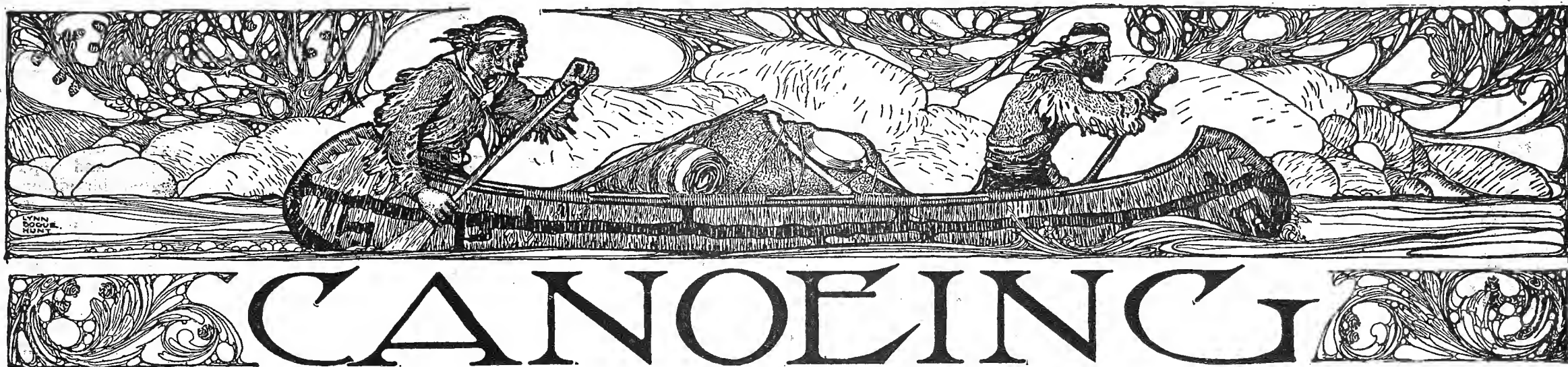
But although these hounds can go fast, and it is said last forever, they never appear in a great hurry, and it is not believed that they could get through a crowd of horsemen such as constitute the Leicestershire fields. There are stories of forty mile points after the gray wolf, and of how these long runs end by the loss of some hounds that never return to kennel. The idea is that the hounds tail out, and the wolf, being more than master of a single hound, kills them one by one as they come up to him. But although not in these very long runs, yet in most cases single horses can generally live with hounds, and that implies that the pace cannot be, on the average, very much more than it is with us over fairly long distances. Often, though, there is no jumping to be done, and we all know how much the jumping takes out of a horse's galloping and staying powers over a heavily fenced country. But if there are no fences there are wash-outs, that is, dry water course beds, the banks of which may be a sheer 100 feet or more. That these obstacles stop hounds as much as horses may be true; but probably the hound can always go where his quarry has led, and certainly the horses, although as clever as cats, cannot. They get up with a rush and a scramble in places, but not wherever a fox can go. Once there was a splendid hunter following

a bit of a screw up one of these inclines. The screw got up, but the hunter, just too wide for the passage, jammed himself between the solid earth on both sides and could not move either way until willing hands and nails scratched away the sandy clay and released him. Taking all these circumstances into account, it seems that the American foxhounds, although vastly more sensitive of nose, are not as fast as Belvoir blood, certainly not for short spurts; on the other hand, as they go on hunting at pretty much the same pace, whether scent is very fresh and good or growing cold, it would be unwise to say that they do not cover a long run in less time than the Leicestershire packs.

The South is the only part of America fit for hunting in the winter to English ideas. What hunting is possible on Long Island in a normal New York winter is not known to the writer, but as the whole country is buried under a foot or more of snow for several months each year, hunting must be done in those months in difficulties, if at all. Mr. Foxhall Keene has taken over some of the choicest English foxhound blood, but the verdict of Americans in that northern hunt is that they have been partly a failure. However, as Mr. Keene has been re-elected master for the coming season there probably is some promise of better success with the English hounds. But in the South they will not have them, nor even crosses from them. Nothing in that country seems to thrive if it has to carry weight, and our foxhound, in comparison

to theirs, is a stout, big-boned animal—a cart horse by comparison to their racing lines. It is the same with all animals bred there; even the men are small and wiry, but never, or hardly ever, robust. In the north they have big setters and pointers; in the south these dogs, like the cows, are little things; but for things so small they have powers beyond the conception of most Englishmen. Whether it is the summer heat that makes things remain small, or whether it is the atmosphere itself that is not good enough to support large frames in great exertion, is unknown to the writer, but he is sure that puppies he took for six months old were twelve months, and that maturity arrives slowly to the canine races of the south.

In comparing hounds and setters and pointers with our English dogs it is first necessary to compare the dogs of the north and south, for there are vastly greater differences in climate in America than there are between England and Scotland. Those who have experience of such things know that no dog taken from north Britain to south can do its best, whereas the English dog in Scotland generally beats its previous best. Only at the English Setter Club Trials on April 20 and 21 this year we saw slugs of the beautiful Wednesday turned into racing machines by the cold, cutting wind of Thursday. It is always so, and this fact makes comparisons between English and American pointers and setters far more difficult than might be supposed.—Field (London).



A. C. A. National Meet, Sugar Island, Thousand Islands, St. Lawrence River, August 5-19, 1904.

The Allegash Canoe Trip.

(Concluded from page 40.)

ON the morning of the eighth, after a hastily prepared breakfast, we broke camp and started for Umsaskis Lake, twelve miles distant. Going through the thoroughfare at the foot of the lake, we saw three deer, but as yet no good heads, and having plenty of meat, did not shoot.

Arriving at Chase's Carry at ten o'clock, the guides sacked our luggage around the quiet water, a distance of 1½ miles. There were lots of rocks, and it was bad paddling, so we left our canoes and followed a trail through the woods for a mile and a half. It was a beautiful woody road, and we enjoyed the tramp.

At noon we lunched on the bank of the Allegash River. By this time it had grown much colder, was cloudy, and felt like snow, which fell slightly a little later in the day. The banks of the river are thickly overhung with fir trees, the current is very strong below the carry, and we had a delightful trip to Umsaskis, which we reached at 4 P. M. This lake is surrounded by higher ridges than others we had passed through, and to the writer is one of the most attractive of any seen thus far. Arbo and Libby's camps, situated on the right shore, were open, so we made our headquarters there. While the guides were preparing supper, we walked up on the ridge back of the camp. Following an old tote road not half a mile away, we jumped a buck with a splendid set of horns. Moore was a little ahead, and right in line with the animal, so we did not dare shoot, and before getting another chance his lordship plunged into the thicket and disappeared. On our way back we saw plenty of partridges.

On the morning of the ninth, each man shouldered his rifle, and by 6:30 had started to hunt; the writer saw five deer, but no large heads. Returning to camp at 2 o'clock for lunch, I sat looking out on the lake, when I spied a buck walking leisurely along the shore not far from camp. Snatching my rifle, I ran down and selected a secluded spot to watch him, and was scarcely seated when the deer jumped three feet out of water, turned, and reaching deep water, began to swim for the opposite shore. A second later, much to my surprise, a rifle shot rang out; jumping into a canoe, I paddled out to head him off. Leighton stood on the shore yelling not to shoot, as he had already sent two bullets into him, and had afterwards tracked him for a mile, the trail leading finally to the lake. We turned the buck in toward the shore, and Leighton dropped him.

He had an odd set of horns, but perfectly matched, and was a prize. When Moore returned to camp, he also had a nice buck, and had seen a moose in the water; he lost a fine opportunity for a picture, having left his camera in camp. Twenty-two deer, a moose, and a score of partridges was the day's record.

We all assumed an air of unusual dignity on the evening of this day, having gotten rid of a week's growth of whiskers. Had a good supper of venison, corn-bread, preserves, etc., and later (in celebration of the shave) indulged in cigars for a change, telling stories in the meantime, for which Leighton still wears the belt.

We were routed out at three o'clock the next morning, and at five were on the hunting grounds at the head of the lake. It was pretty dark, but the deer were out feeding among the alders all along the shore, proving the early morning to be the very best time for hunting.

Seeing no very large heads, Algie and I went ashore

and followed a tote road for three miles, finally coming to a set of deserted old lumber camps. In the yard, with just his head showing, his body being hidden behind the camp, stood a deer with a fine set of horns, but in a twinkling he was out of sight, having gotten our scent. Not ten yards further down stood a large doe, but we had meat enough.

We lunched in one of the camps, and watched for awhile, but nothing now appeared, so we started back. This place is tracked over in every direction—deer signs everywhere. Saw two deer on our way out, and shot a buck and six partridges.

The leaves at this time of year are very noisy, and the young firs along both sides of the road are so thick that once they are started, it is almost impossible to obtain a good shot at game.

We got back shortly after noon. Leighton had shot another nice buck; since morning we had seen sixteen deer. The rest of the day we took it easy. The night was clear and bright, but a little colder. We sat around the camp-fire eating our supper with such enjoyment as only those who have been there can understand.

"The glad fire cracks in the piny wood,
And the bacon fries in the pan;
The soul of the coffee in fragrant steam
Floats out of the old tin can."

The following morning we were out before five o'clock, and upon comparing notes, when we reached camp again, found we had seen nineteen deer and a moose. We were actually tired looking at game, so arranged to break camp the next day and continue on to Musquacook dead waters. We were well on our way at six o'clock. It is five miles to the foot of Umsaskis, and six more through Long Lake to quick water. At 11:30 we lunched on the shore of the Allegash once more. It was cold and raw, sweaters and gloves becoming a necessity for the first time. A good fire soon thawed us out, and lunch over, we again started, and were glad at this time to see it snowing a little, as about four inches of it would afford us great still-hunting.

It was quick water all the way to Musquacook Stream, but if the lumbermen had not picked a channel, it would have been rocky going, as the waters were getting very low, not having had rain for two months.

It is useless to undertake this trip without a guide who is thoroughly familiar with canoeing and running rapids, for when seemingly in the channel a rock suddenly looms up ahead that would tear a hole in one's canoe in short order; but by snubbing sharply with a pole, trouble is averted.

We reached Musquacook dead water at four o'clock, and camped in a sheltered spot under some tall firs. It is eight miles from dead water at the foot of Long Lake to Round Pond, and one and a half miles across the foot of the latter. This pond is great for game; the feeding grounds at the head and foot are ideal places for moose and deer; in fact, every foot of country from Mud Lake to Five Finger Brook abounds in game.

The guides proceeded to get things in readiness for the night, while the writer shouldered his rifle and followed an old tote road for a mile along the shore, and sat down where a good view of the river could be obtained. A ridge loomed up on the opposite shore, and directly at the base was a long stretch of feeding ground. I had been sitting there about fifteen minutes, when there was a loud crashing in the alders, and soon after two large bull

moose walked into view not fifty yards away. One had a splendid set of antlers, the other a fair head. It was interesting to watch them look carefully up and down the river for fully five minutes before venturing into the water. Had it been a few days later, one of the heads would have accompanied us to Boston.

After watching for ten minutes I started back to the tenting grounds, and had gone barely forty rods when a splashing in the water attracted my attention, and there, with head half hidden, stood two more moose feeding on the roots of lily-pads.

Reaching camp, we found the tents up, with nice beds of fir balsam. A roaring fire and the odor of tea and venison in the broiler, were extremely inviting. We revelled in the happiness of camp life as we gathered around the embers for supper, and enjoyed our dessert of smoke and story-telling. (Leighton still ahead.)

After dinner a visitor called who was camping just above us, and he proved to be Wilber Sutherland, who guided the writer eight years ago at Big Fish Lake. I was glad to meet him, and after talking over old times for a while, we went down with him to call on the people he was guiding—two very pleasant gentlemen from Paterson, N. J.

Seated around the fire later on, our party compared notes with the following result: Eight deer and four bull moose had been seen since morning, and two deer were in the water not a stone's throw from our camp in the early evening.

At three the next morning the guides heard two moose out in the river. This is the very best game region we have yet seen, but we concluded not to remain until after the fifteenth for a moose, so started through the dead water, a distance of three miles, then on to Allegash Falls, where we lunched.

We were lucky enough to find a team here hauling supplies for the lumbermen, and for \$2 the driver hauled all our luggage around the falls. At 4:30 we reached Twin Brook, and camped for the night, having covered twenty-two miles since morning. We saw but one deer, having passed the best game country.

All hands were tired, and after supper and a quiet smoke, we turned in early. The next morning (October 9) we breakfasted, and by five o'clock were again on our way. The weather was chilly, and the fog hung low over the river, but by eight it cleared, and the rest of the day was fine for canoeing. Coming into the St. John River, we found it very low and rocky, and had a hard time dragging our canoes. Nigger Rip rapids were the toughest proposition we had thus far encountered, but we finally pulled through after puncturing our canoes in several places. Next came Rankin rapids, and here we fairly bowled along; the waters were literally boiling, affording sufficient excitement to keep the blood tingling in our veins.

Moore's guide caught his pole under a rock, jumped over the side of the canoe, and grabbing the latter, pulled out his pole and leaped back. It was quick work, and saved them from being capsized. This shows that one must have an experienced canoeist on such a trip. At Michu rapids the water runs swiftly, but it is extremely rocky, and we got another bump, which made our canoe leak.

As one leaves the Allegash River, he is impressed with the scenery on both sides of the St. John. Great ridges rise from five to eight hundred feet, and little French settlements are scattered along the river six or seven

miles apart, each with a small clearing surrounded by dense woods. These people seem to be happy and contented; the speak good English, and are exceedingly polite, the little boys raising their hats when we addressed them.

St. Francis is the first settlement of any size; then comes Conner's just below on the Canada side, where we lunched on the banks of the river, having covered twenty miles since daylight. From here to Fort Kent the scenery is quite as attractive as at any part of our trip. More farms in the wilderness, cattle and sheep grazing on the sides of the mountains, and farmers getting in their hay that had long since been stacked, all greatly interested us.

At 4:30 we saw Fort Kent in the distance, which, by the way, is quite a busy place, and situated on the border between New Brunswick and Maine. We had paddled hard all day, covering over thirty miles, and were glad to reach a settlement once more. It was quite cold as we walked up to the hotel, and seemed more like winter.

After supper we held a consultation. Moore decided to go into Cummings' camps at Squaw Lake the next morning, and Leighton and the writer to take the morning train for Bangor, put in a day there, and go on to Boston Saturday, the 17th, thus ending one of the pleasantest trips we have yet taken in Maine.

New Brunswick has many more moose; Newfoundland

is a great caribou country, but for deer and the greatest variety of game, Maine leads them all. Here, also, one enjoys the purest air and the grandest scenery. Aside from the hunting, are the pleasures of camp life, the beauty of ever-changing foliage in early fall, and the many opportunities to become proficient with the camera.

As we journeyed homeward, light hearted and vigorous from our trip, our thoughts still dwelt on the words of the hunter-poet:

"The smoke of the camp-fire drifts away
On the breast of the wintry air,
And the heart beats light, while the mind is free
From the talons of clinging care."

G. HARRY SPERRY.

BROOKLINE, Mass.

New York Canoe Club.

Bensonhurst, L. I.

THE New York C. C. held handicap record sailing events for open and decked craft over courses in Gravesend Bay, on Saturday, July 9. Weather conditions were favorable for good sport. E. J. Wright won in the class for open canoes, and F. C. Moore in the one for decked craft. The first named boats went twice over a 1½ mile triangular course. The decked canoe did the distance three times. The summary:

July 4.

Record sailing, 17x42 decked canoes; start, 11:25; 3 miles. Postponed from July 2:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
F. C. Moore.....	12 03	0 37 03	0 37 03
Kenneth Rea.....	12 10 26	0 45 26	0 44 26
D. B. Goodsell.....	12 04 40	0 39 40	0 39 40

Record sailing, 16x30 open canoes; start, 11:30; 3 miles. Postponed from July 2:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
C. T. Speidel.....	12 15 26	0 45 26	0 44 56
B. V. R. Speidel.....	Did not finish.		
R. S. Hawthorne.....	Did not finish.		
A. M. Poole.....	12 19 28	0 49 28	0 48 58
Schoonmaker.....	Did not finish.		
C. B. Vaux.....	12 17 29	0 47 29	0 46 59
O. H. Sawyer.....	Did not finish.		
G. E. Ashby.....	Did not finish.		

July 9.

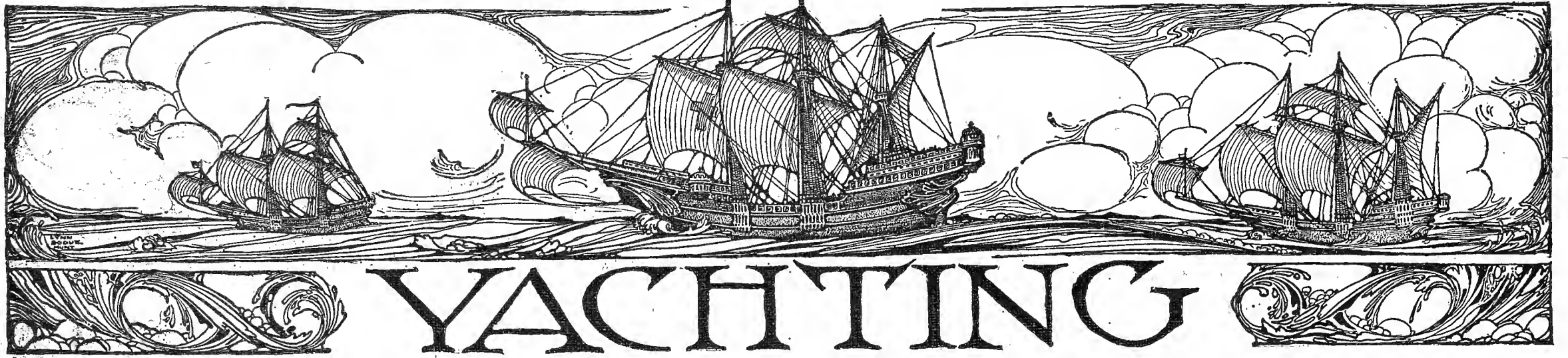
Record sailing, decked canoes; start, 3:37; 4½ miles. Course triangular, ½ mile legs; wind light, S.W.:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Az 1z, 16x30, F. C. Moore.....	4 34 50	1 01 50	1 01 50
Roe, 17x42, D. B. Goodsell.....	4 41 00	1 08 00	1 08 00
Buzzard II., 17x42, Kenneth Rea.....	4 48 35	1 15 35	1 14 35

Record sailing, 16x30 open canoes; start, 3:22; 3 miles:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
A. M. Poole.....	4 18 50	0 56 50	0 56 20
C. F. Speidel.....	4 19 30	0 57 30	0 57 00
E. J. Wright.....	4 15 55	0 53 55	0 52 55
W. Carmalt.....	4 24 30	1 02 30	1 00 30
J. M. Dean.....	4 23 05	1 01 05	0 56 05
O. H. Sawyer.....	4 28 30	1 06 30	1 00 30

Next record race, Saturday, July 23. J. K. HAND, Clerk.



St. Paul Letter.

ON June 30, Delta, the larger Crowninshield model, was completed, and therefore a second series of races began between her and Wihnja, the winner of the former trials. In her former races Wihnja had so greatly surpassed her opponents that there was small expectation that she would prove a loser. The original Minnetonka crew, which manned Wihnja in the former trials, had been asked to come and take charge of her again. A good heavy breeze was blowing from 12 to 15 miles an hour.

The first race began at 2:50, Delta being sailed by L. P. Ordway and Wihnja by the Louder brothers. For this race a short course of 4 knots was selected, from home to center, to Wildwood and return. The boats got off well together, and on the run to center remained side by side, Delta rounding 6s. ahead.

On the spinnaker run the boats proved about equal. Delta rounded 12s. in the lead and started off on the port tack. On the entire windward leg Delta gradually increased her lead, winning on every tack, and rounded the center buoy, 50s. ahead.

Wihnja seemed to point better, but was steadily out-footed. On the run home, as on the other runs, it was an even thing, and both boats were fairly flying along. Delta finished 47s. ahead. The time of the races was as follows:

Delta, L. P. Ordway.....	0 34 47
Wihnja, J. Londen.....	0 35 34

The second race was sailed at 3:59 over the same course. The wind had increased to 20 miles an hour, and both boats were forced to take in a reef. The judges had Delta start 8s. behind, but on the first leg she passed her opponent to windward and rounded 8s. ahead. Delta continued to gain before the wind, and was 17s. ahead at the Wildwood buoy. On the windward leg the Minnetonka boat did not do so well. Delta fairly ran away from her, and at the center buoy was leading by 1m. 28s. On the last leg she slightly increased this lead. The times were:

Delta, L. P. Ordway.....	0 27 10
Wihnja, J. Londen.....	0 28 51

After this race a storm came and the third race was postponed until 6:20. The wind had gone down to about 7m. an hour; but it freshened toward the end of the race. In this final contest the Minnetonka sailors asked Mr. C. M. Griggs to sail their boat, as they wished to get as much out of her as possible.

At center buoy Delta had a lead of 31s., and at Wildwood had increased this to 48s. On the windward leg Mr. Griggs made up about half this distance, owing to the fact that he was the first to get the advantage of a freshening breeze. On the run home Delta increased her lead by 6s., winning by 30s.

After these races the owner of Wihnja decided that there was no use in sending their boat to Oshkosh to compete in the final trials, as Delta was manifestly faster in every breeze. She was therefore shipped back to Minnetonka.

Delta will be sent to Montreal, and Alpha has been shipped to Oshkosh to compete with Sigma, the new Jones & Laborer boat, built for the syndicate. This latter boat has proved very fast, and has beaten the two fastest Oshkosh boats, Alberta and Oshkosh. If Sigma can beat Alpha as much as Delta has done, she may be sent to Lake St. Louis likewise, and the two boats, Delta and Sigma, will fight it out there.

Saturday, July 2.

The regular Saturday race afforded good sport for yachtsmen. A moderately light and very variable wind was blowing. The Class A boats, consisting of Seeress and Moccasin, started at 3:05. As usual, Seeress won, steadily gaining through the entire course.

Alpha and Delta began their struggle next. This race was of especial interest, as all wished to see how the sturdy Delta would do against Alpha in a moderate wind. Mr. Griggs sailed Delta, and Mr. Ordway sailed Alpha. The former got the advantage at the start, and at the end of the first leg to windward was leading by 1m. 30s. On the two following legs she increased her lead, and was 2m. ahead on the return to center. On the second round Delta gradually gained, winning by 4m.

At 3:15 Class B, now consisting of ten boats, started. At center buoy Robin Hood, followed by Wanderer, and Ipsilon, the new name for the Owens boat, was well in the lead. Until the second time around the three first boats remained in this order, while the rest kept changing their positions. On the windward leg to center the second time around, Robin Hood and Wanderer left the rest of the fleet far behind. At the finish Robin Hood was 1m. 18s. ahead of Wanderer, and Pluto, the third boat, followed 7m. behind Wanderer.

In the old B class, Monedo won by nearly 2m. The times were:

Seeress, Evan Rees.....	1 17 42
Mccasin, C. Fry.....	1 21 22

Syndicate Boats.

Delta, C. M. Griggs.....	1 14 20
Alpha, L. P. Ordway.....	1 13 20

Class B—New.

Robin Hood, L. Murray.....	1 23 56
Wanderer, S. Ordway.....	1 25 14
Pluto, L. Howard.....	1 32 23
Flycamaroo, Don Taylor.....	1 33 44
Circe, Theo. Schulze.....	1 34 46
Ipsilon, Dr. Owens.....	1 36 53
Rambler, Wm. Skinner.....	1 39 53

Wraith, Mr. Clarkson.....	1 43 12
Piqua, F. Daniels.....	1 43 40

Class B—Old.

Monedo, S. Shepard.....	1 31 39
Neola, Mr. Savage.....	1 33 27
Avis, Mr. Ring.....	1 38 03
Spindrift, L. Gedney.....	1 41 08

Monday, July 4.

The White Bear Y. C. had a busy day on the Fourth, for there was a morning race of 4 knots at 11 and an 8-knot race in the afternoon at 3. A good full sail breeze was blowing about 12 miles an hour in the morning, which gradually increased in the afternoon. In Class A the old and new boats mixed in one class, making the races more interesting. The contestants were Seeress, Moccasin, Alpha and Delta. The boats were well bunched on the run to center, Seeress reaching the mark first, Alpha second and Delta third.

On the windward leg Delta soon wrested the lead from Seeress, and kept ahead until the finish, when she won by 55s.

The Class B boats, old and new, had a so-called seamanship contest. They started off with a reef, and when the signal was given let it out. Again, at the signal, they took in a reef, and again let it out. The boats started off well together, but Wanderer and Robin Hood soon pulled out of the bunch. Halfway to center, Wanderer was favored with a freshening breeze, and got a good lead. She steadily increased this until the finish, when she was 4m. in the lead. The times were:

Delta, C. M. Griggs.....	0 32 45
Alpha, L. P. Ordway.....	0 34 21
Seeress, Evan Rees.....	0 53 40
Moccasin, C. Fry.....	0 37 20

Class B—Old and New.

Wanderer, J. Ordway.....	0 38 02
Robin Hood, L. Murray.....	0 42 00
Pluto, L. Howard.....	0 42 52
Avis, Ring.....	0 43 50
Flycamaroo, D. Taylor.....	0 43 04
Circe, Schulze.....	0 43 12
Young America H. Pinsky.....	0 44 27
Piqua, F. Daniels.....	0 48 35
Ipsilon, Dr. Owens.....	Did not finish.

In the afternoon Alpha, Seeress and Moccasin raced in Class A. At center, Alpha was ahead, followed closely by Seeress. She maintained this lead throughout the entire race, slightly gaining on nearly every leg, and finished 1m. 23s. ahead. Her time was the shortest made during the season. In Class B, new, Wanderer was the first to gain center buoy, with her opponents in close pursuit. She maintained her lead until the finish, ending 2m. 31s. ahead. Summary:

Alpha, L. P. Ordway.....	1 01 47
Seeress, Evan Rees.....	1 03 08
Moccasin, C. Fry.....	1 07 08

Class B—New.

Wanderer, S. Ordway.....	1 06 55
Pluto, Howard.....	1 09 26
Ipsilon, F. M. Owens.....	1 09 48
Flycamaroo, Don Taylor.....	1 11 51
Young America, Pinsky.....	1 12 22
Circe, Schulze.....	1 13 55
Robin Hood, F. F. Murray.....	1 13 59
Rambler, W. Skinner.....	1 14 45
Piqua, Forrest Daniels.....	1 22 01

Class B—Old.

Monedo, Sam Shepard.....	1 13 00
Neola, Savage.....	1 17 08
Avis, Ring.....	1 20 54

As Alpha was not officially entered with Class A boats, the races both in the morning and afternoon go to the credit of Seeress in this class against Moccasin. This gives Seeress seven straight races and the championship for the season of 1904. Seeress also won the championship last year.

Bensonhurst Y. C.

Bensonhurst, L. I.—Saturday, July 16.

THE second regatta to count on the championship of Gravesend Bay was given on the afternoon of Saturday, July 16, under the auspices of the Bensonhurst Y. C. Twenty-three craft started. The winners were Maydic, Bagheera, Bonito, Miss Judy, Beta and Martha M. Kelpie scored a sailover.

A fine S. breeze was blowing at the start, and many of the smaller boats found it advisable to reef. The wind gradually petered out, however, until just before the finish more than half of the fleet were becalmed with not more than a quarter of a mile to go to end the journey. This listless finish spoiled the race as a medium of showing the relative merits of the different contenders.

Class M and N boats had windward work from the start off Ulmer Park to the stake boat off the Atlantic Y. C. and a reach with booms to starboard on the second leg to Craven Shoal buoy. Then came a spinnaker run to Fort Hamilton mark, a reach to the Marine and Field Club and a close hauled board home. This

distance was covered twice and aggregated 10 nautical miles. The other starters went straight across the bay from the Atlantic Y. C. to Fort Hamilton. It was a run on the first. A shift of the breeze to the southward made it a reach on the second. The smaller boats covered about 8 miles.

One of the features of the race was the fine work of Maydic (ex-Umbra). She is a craft of desirable type in every way, with fine cruising accommodations, etc., and yet led the Herreshoff creations, Vivian II. and Redwing, while the breeze held steady, by a margin much greater than the time she would have had to allow them. When the wind failed, she simply walked away. There was good entry in Class Q, in which the new Hand boat, Miss Judy, beat Oggemah by only 2s. corrected time. The summaries follow:

Sloops—Class M—Start, 3:05.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Maydic, W. H. Childs.....	5 07 33	2 02 33	2 02 33
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon.....	5 55 43	2 50 43	2 48 55
Redwing, J. B. O'Donohue.....	5 57 54	2 52 54	2 50 58

Sloops—Class N—Start, 3:05.

Bagheera, Hendon Chubb.....	5 31 54	2 26 54	2 25 12
Era, E. H. M. Roehr.....	5 49 01	2 44 01	2 43 54
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach.....	Did not finish.		

Sloops—Class P—Start, 3:10.

Bonito, Haviland Bros.....	5 04 10	1 54 10	1 52 03
Smoke, L. H. Dyer.....	5 05 55	1 56 55	1 56 55
Lizana, D. S. Wylie.....	5 10 53	2 00 53	1 57 53

Sloops—Class Q—Start, 3:15.

Miss Judy, D. D. Allerton.....	5 13 08	1 58 08	1 58 08
Oggemah, Alfred Mackay.....	5 19 23	2 04 23	1 58 10
Mary, Max Grundner.....	5 16 08	2 01 08	2 00 29
Wraith, Calvin Tompkins.....	5 50 42	2 35 42	2 13 38
Trouble, W. A. Barstow.....	5 49 25	2 34 25	2 34 23
Cicada, A. D. O'Neil.....	6 03 12	2 48 12	2 45 52

Sloops—Class RR—Start, 3:20.

Beta, Snedeker and Camp.....	6 26 55	2 06 55
Gamma, A. H. Platt.....	Did not finish.		

Marine and Field Special—Start, 3:20.

Kelpie, W. K. Brown.....	5 55 29	2 35 29
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Catboats—Class V—Start, 3:25.

Martha M., Richard Moore.....	5 46 30	2 21 30
Colleen, W. F. Remmey.....	5 45 18	2 20 18
Rascal, D. J. Whitlock.....	5 50 20	2 25 20
Orient, Richard Rummel.....	Not timed.		
Boozie, C. D. Durkee.....	Did not finish.		

Southern Gulf Coast Y. A.

Waveland, Bay St. Louis, Mississippi Sound.—Saturday, July 19.

THE second event in the racing circuit of the Southern Gulf Coast Yachting Association was sailed under the auspices of the Bay-Waveland Y. C., over its 5-mile triangular (10 miles in all) course off the twin resorts of Waveland and Bay St. Louis, Miss., on July 9.

The Bay-Waveland Y. C. was well favored in a day for a yachting event, the afternoon of which, in particular, was bright and breezy—a typical sample of Mexican Gulf Coast summer weather. At the start of the races at 1 P. M. the wind was S.W., about 5 knots, and this increased to an 8 to 10-knot breeze, with a westerly shift for the second round of the course.

In the cabin sloops of 30-rating, Calypso sailed a grand race and won easily, she being too much in the kind of weather for the two old local craft. The second of the three Y. R. A., Mass., 25ft. cabin sloops purchased south this season, Marion, made her first appearance on a Gulf coast course, but she did not race. Her topsides, coaming and cabin, of bright, polished mahogany, made her appear very handsome. In the second class of cabin sloops the new local-built racer Invader showed gratifying improvement in form, the result of tuning up—smoothing up—and she sailed a much faster race than her competitor, Nydia, but she was debarred from taking the cash prize of \$60 for the class, owing to fouling the home stake. Moki, late of the Neenah (Wis.) Y. C., capsized, but she was righted in about 9m. and continued on in the race, finishing third in the class of Seawanhaka cup boats. The winner in this class, Kayoshk, sailed an excellent race, starting behind the larger vessels and going to the front and leading the fleet at the finish. There seemed to be too much wind for Virgin, ex-Caroline.

The large prizes offered for these southern races is worth noting, the purse for the Calypso class being \$80 in this event, and those of the other classes being graded downward according to size, the smallest sized craft getting \$20. The view at one of these Gulf of Mexico regattas cannot probably be surpassed in beauty anywhere; the fleet of upward of half a hundred racing boats, the many sail and power yachts and working vessels, chartered for the day, with gay parties, the crowded club house, out from the shore and brightly decorated, as are the villas along the bank, and the concourse of people lining the beach all help to make a scene of rare beauty. The summary:

Schooners.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Queen of the Fleet.....	2 17 41	2 14 11
Ruthie.....	2 24 28	2 23 43
Intrepid.....	2 24 06	2 24 00

Cabin Sloops—Over 30ft.		
Calypso	1 58 12	1 55 52
Susie B.	2 14 15	2 13 21
Picayune	Withdrew.	
Cabin Sloops—Under 30ft.		
Invader (Fouled stake boat)	2 08 38	2 08 38
Nydia	2 14 15	2 12 15
Knockabouts—One-Design.		
Sinner	2 24 26	2 24 26
Siren	2 38 08	2 38 08
Open Sloops—Model, 22ft. and over.		
Trouble	2 31 34	2 31 14
Violetta	2 32 25	2 32 25
Georgia May	Withdrew.	
Open Sloops—Model, under 22ft.		
Gladiola	2 16 42	2 16 42
Racing Machine Sloops—18ft. and over.		
Kayoshk	1 54 12	1 54 12
Virgin	1 59 46	1 59 02
Moki	2 13 04	2 13 04
Minnehaha	Withdrew.	
Kathrine	2 53 02	2 52 58
Racing Machine Sloops—Under 18ft.		
Huzzy	2 39 52	2 39 12
Reliance	2 48 53	2 47 13
Gertie	Withdrew.	
Mystic	Withdrew.	
Dream	Withdrew.	
Model Cats—Over 20ft.		
Chiliktah	2 27 26	2 27 26
Model Cats—Under 20ft.		
Mohawk	2 39 50	2 39 50
Racing Cats—17ft. and under 20ft.		
Mamie E.	3 59 20	3 38 18
Noretta L.	Disqualified.	
Racing Cats—Under 17ft.		
Althea H.	2 38 20	2 38 20
Tramp	Withdrew.	
Ivory Soap	Withdrew.	
	L. D. SAMPSELL.	

Larchmont Y. C. Race Meet.

Larchmont, Long Island Sound—Saturday, July 16.

THE first of the six races, given during "race week," was held on Saturday, July 16. The wind was light from the S.W., but the day was clear and there was a good number of starters—forty-nine to be exact. During the afternoon nasty looking clouds began piling up, but they proved to be rain rather than wind clouds, and those on the different boats only suffered a wetting.

The two bronze boats met for the first time since Neola lost her mast two weeks ago in the New Rochelle Y. C. race. These boats covered a 15-mile triangle twice, making a total distance of 30 miles.

The regatta committee were on the tug Unique, and the preparatory was given at noon exactly. Ten minutes later the sixties were sent away. They crossed almost together, Neola having a slight advantage. Booms were eased off to port and jib top-sails were broken out for the reach to the first mark, 7½ miles off to the eastward. Weetamoo soon worked into the lead and showed Neola the way all around the course. Weetamoo won by 5m. 57s.

Aspirant and Effort made their appearance in the 43ft. class for the first time this season. Aspirant started in the Eastern Y. C. ocean race, but withdrew. The 43-footers were started at 12:15. Aspirant got the better of the start and led all over the course, winning by 8m. 27s. The yawls in Class M also started at 12:15. There were three boats in this class. Tern showed a rare turn of speed and romped away from her rivals, until she got so far ahead the race lost its interest. Zenobia and Memory, both rather well matched under the prevailing conditions, fought it out for second place. Memory won by over a minute. Spasm, with a new suit of Laphorne & Ratsey canvas, demonstrated what she was capable of when at her best. Her two competitors in Class M were Anotok and Mimosa III. She surprised everyone by beating Mimosa III. by minutes. Mimosa III. defeated Anotok.

In Class N, Alert had an easy time with her three contenders. Nike (ex-Oiseau) was a poor second. The 43-footers and boats in Classes M and N sailed twice over an 11-mile triangle. Boats in Class P sailed once over the 11-mile triangle. There were three starters, and all of them were built for and formerly raced in the raceabout class. Una defeated Rogue by over 3m. Snapper was last.

In Class Q Jeebi gave Gazabo a very bad beating. Skip, the other starter in this class, was the only boat that started in the race that did not finish. Phil Howard's one-design New Rochelle boat, Caper, sailed in Class R against Plover. Caper won by over 4m. Dorothy had the best of it in the Larchmont one-design class and won out by over a minute. Hourly got second prize, and Vaquero II. was third.

The raceabout class had the largest number of starters. The nine starters all got over the starting line within 25s., and at the finish less than 6m. separated the first and the last boat. Mr. Maxwell had Tomboy sailing in good trim for the first time, and she beat Tartan, her most formidable competitor, by the narrow margin of 8s. The racing in this class was of the best and never lost its keenness from start to finish.

Wa Wa, cleverly sailed by Mr. Frank Bowne Jones, won easily in the Indian Harbor one-design class. Kenoshi was second. Arizona beat Pup, the second boat, by a wide margin in the Manhasset Bay one-design class.

Three of the Bridgeport Y. C. 18ft. knockabouts sailed in one class, and Miss Modesty got first prize. Mirage was second. Scud was alone in the Hempstead Harbor one-design class and took a sailover. This was the only class that did not fill. In the Lark class Skidoo won easily. The summary:

Sloops—Class I—Start, 12:10—Course, 30 Miles.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Neola, G. M. Pyncheon	5 09 14	4 59 14
Weetamoo, H. F. Lippitt	5 03 17	4 53 17
Sloops—43ft. Class—Start, 12:15—Course, 22 Miles.		
Effort, F. M. Smith	3 55 07	3 40 07
Aspirant, W. and A. Hanan	3 46 40	3 31 40
Yawls—Class M—Start, 12:15—Course, 22 Miles.		
Tern, John Hyslop	4 56 48	4 41 48
Zenobia, H. W. Eaton	5 22 20	5 07 20
Memory, H. A. Raborg	5 21 14	5 06 14
Sloops—Class M—Start, 12:15—Course, 22 Miles.		
Spasm, E. D. King	4 26 15	4 11 15
Anotok, W. G. Brokaw	4 37 32	4 22 32
Mimosa III., T. L. Park	4 35 02	4 20 02
Sloops—Class N—Start, 12:20—Course, 22 Miles.		
Alert, J. W. Alker	4 30 55	4 10 55
Chewink, Evans Dick	4 51 49	4 31 49
Adelaide, P. H. Ade	5 28 03	5 08 03
Nike, V. I. Cumnock	4 44 44	4 24 44
Sloops—Class P—Start, 12:30—Course, 11 Miles.		
Snapper, F. H. Page	3 18 53	2 48 53
Una, W. B. Duncan, Jr.	3 06 18	2 36 18
Rogue, A. B. Alley	3 09 55	2 39 55
Sloops—Class Q—Start, 12:46—Course, 11 Miles.		
Jeebi, A. D. Brown	4 00 17	3 20 17
Gazabo, H. T. Vulte	4 12 54	3 32 54
Skip, H. Pinkney	Did not finish.	
Sloops—Class R—Start, 12:40—Course, 11 Miles.		
Plover, H. C. Place	3 53 51	2 13 51
Caper, P. L. Howard	3 49 02	2 09 02
Larchmont 21-Footers—Start, 12:30—Course, 11 Miles.		
Adelaide, J. J. Dwyer	3 22 39	2 52 39
Hourly, J. H. Esser	3 15 41	2 45 41
Dorothy, L. G. Spence	3 14 29	2 44 29
Vaquero II., J. H. Marble	3 17 39	2 47 39
Raceabouts—Start, 12:25—Course, 11 Miles.		
Rascal II., S. C. Hopkins	3 00 37	2 35 37
Crickit, H. Willets	3 02 29	2 37 29
Hobo, T. L. Park	3 05 03	2 40 03
Galatea, A. P. Stokes	3 04 58	2 39 58
Busy Bee, R. T. Wainwright	3 13 25	2 38 25
Tartan, A. H. Pirie	3 14 23	2 34 43
The Kid, O. Harriman	3 04 13	2 39 13
Tomboy, H. L. Maxwell	2 59 35	2 34 35
Idler, O. D. Iselin	3 13 25	2 38 25

Indian Harbor Knockabouts—Start, 12:35—Course, 11 Miles.		
Owatonna, G. Lauder, Jr.	3 51 58	3 16 58
Anawanda, E. C. Ray	3 45 22	3 10 22
Kenoshi, C. D. Mallory	3 35 21	3 00 21
Wa Wa, J. E. Mantells	3 32 01	2 57 01
Manhasset Bay One-Design Class—Start, 12:40—Course, 11 Miles.		
Chiehoike, J. P. Mohr	4 50 54	4 10 54
Arizona, G. A. Corry	4 20 06	3 40 06
Pup, T. W. Ratsey	4 30 50	3 50 50
18-ft. Knockabouts—Start, 12:35—Course, 11 Miles.		
Miss Modesty, C. B. Seeley	3 25 09	2 50 09
Question, N. W. Bishop	3 29 51	2 54 51
Mirage, J. P. Bartram	3 28 10	2 53 10
Hempstead Harbor Class—Start, 12:45—Course, 11 Miles.		
Scud, D. Abbott	4 49 04	4 04 04
Pelham Bay Larks—Start, 12:45—Course, 5½ Miles.		
Skidoo, M. S. Davies	2 36 41	1 51 41
Yellow Jacket, G. B. Robinson, Jr.	2 46 15	2 01 15
Flirt, David Carri	2 46 35	2 01 35

Hartford Y. C. Cruising Race.

A CRUISES' race will be sailed over a special 100-mile course on July 28, 1904, wind and weather permitting. Race will be open to cruising sailing yachts enrolled in any recognized yacht club. Race will be sailed under the rules of the Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound, except as hereinafter modified, and subject to the following special conditions and instructions:

The committee reserves the right to reject any entry which, in their opinion, is not a bona fide cabin cruising yacht. Yachts with auxiliary power, otherwise coming within the terms of the race, may qualify by removing the screw propeller.

There will be two classes:

Class A, for boats over 36ft. long in over all measurement and not more than 56ft. long in over all measurement.

Class B, for boats 36ft. in over all measurement and under and not more than 25ft. long on the load water line.

Class A.—Time allowance will be given according to the Y. R. A. tables, on a distance of 100 nautical miles and based on sailing length under the present Y. R. A. measurement rule.

Class B.—There will be no time allowance in this class.

Class A.—Number and character of crew will be governed by the Y. R. A. provisions for a yacht of the 36ft. class.

Class B.—Crew limited to five men. Only one

permitted.

The starting and finishing line will be indicated by or other mark at one end, and a white burgee displayed at the race committee's boat at the other end. The committee boat will be anchored about 500 feet seaward from the seaward end of Fenwick Pier, and the mark boat about 200 feet southwesterly of the committee boat, placed so that the starting line will be at right angles to the course.

The course will be from the starting line in a generally E.S.E. direction to and around Block Island, 60 nautical miles, more or less, leaving the island on the port hand; thence in a generally W.N.W. direction to the finishing line, 40 nautical miles, more or less.

Any channel may be taken going or coming.

Starting signals will be given as follows:

Preparatory—blue peter—3 P. M., July 28, 1904.

Class A—one red ball—3:10 P. M.

Class B—one blue ball—3:15 P. M.

Each starting signal will be raised five minutes before start, and will be dropped at the expiration of the starting interval. Attention to the raising of the blue peter and lowering of starting signals will be called by gun or whistle from the committee boat.

Class A.—Twenty-five hours from and after preparatory signal.

Class B.—Twenty-seven hours from and after preparatory signal.

A boat not finishing within time limit will be considered as not having finished.

A silver cup will be given to the winner in each class, and where three or more yachts start in a class a second prize will be given, where five or more start a third prize will be given, and where eight or more, a fourth prize. All starts must be made with the bona fide intention of finishing.

Class A.—Sails permitted in 36ft. class under Y. R. A. rules.

Class B.—Only the following sails, or any of them, will be permitted: Mainsail, jib, storm-jib, trysail, forestaysail; and in case where, in the judgment of the committee, a yacht's rig is so designed that a topsail and baby jib-topsail can be effectively carried to windward in a whalesail breeze, these sails may, by special permission, be carried in addition.

No other sails than those permitted to be carried may be on board a yacht during the race.

Yachts will start in cruising trim and must have on board provisions, water, lights, anchors and other necessary cruising equipment sufficient for the purpose of a cruise of three days duration. Dinghies need not be carried, but life preservers sufficient for the crew carried must be on board.

Yachts of both classes will rendezvous in the Connecticut River at the club anchorage at 11 A. M., July 28, for inspection by the committee. All entries will be contingent upon the result of this inspection.

Owners of yachts and their Corinthian crews who may desire sleeping accommodations at the club house are requested to communicate at an early date with the chairman of the race committee. A table d'hôte dinner will be served at the club house between 6 and 9 P. M. on Wednesday, July 27, and on Friday, 29th.

A member of the race committee will stand by at the anchorage for the purpose of assigning berths and of assisting visiting yachts, between 4 and 6 P. M. on Wednesday, July 27, and 9 and 11 A. M. on Thursday, July 28.

Entries must be made out on the special blanks furnished for this race, which may be obtained of the chairman of the race committee, J. E. Stewart, P. O. Box 846, Hartford, Conn. Entries must be received by the committee at least 72 hours before the preparatory signal.

Special numbers will be provided for this race, but night signals filling the requirements of the next section must be provided by the owner of each yacht.

Yachts passing the eastern harbor of Block Island during daylight will pass close enough for their numbers to be made out from the committee boat. Yachts passing the eastern harbor of Block Island during the hours of darkness will burn a white flare light until answered by a similar light from the committee boat. Yachts of Class A will then burn a red flare light signifying their class, and raise from the deck to the full height of 7 feet and lower to the deck a white light once for each unit in their racing number.

Class B will signify during darkness exactly as in Class A, except that they will omit the red flare light.

As soon as a yacht has signalled to the committee boat her intention to show her number, every other yacht must wait until the signal has been given before signifying her intention to signal.

Hartford Y. C.

Fenwick, Long Island Sound—Saturday, July 2.

On Saturday, July 2, the Hartford Y. C. held a long distance power boat race, and there were eighteen starters. The wind was strong and the water rough. The course was from Hartford to Fenwick, a distance of 46.06 statute miles, or 40 knots. The race committee was made up of E. W. Way, F. A. Law, C. A. Goodwin, A. E. Chappell and J. McFayden. The summary follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Guess, P. J. Johnson	10 06 30	5 18 30	7 12 00
Columbia, E. H. Fahy	10 55 00	5 21 45	6 26 45
Comet, F. M. Ellsworth	10 58 07	5 21 10	6 23 03
Imogene, Winter & Schmidt	11 10 23	5 28 43	6 18 20
Chic, George Farrow	11 35 17	5 28 40	5 53 23
Silver Star, H. M. Luther	11 33 58	5 45 07	6 10 09
Lox, A. D. Coffin	12 14 31	5 37 15	5 23 44
Mascot, Tomlinson & Hagenow	11 49 02	5 54 22	6 05 20
Coyote, A. B. Tucker	11 19 15	6 11 30	4 52 15
Volonel, Buckley & Davidson	12 54 50	6 28 30	5 33 40
Dot, W. C. Clark	12 32 52	6 10 03	5 37 11
Jessie F., J. F. Foster	11 12 34	6 15 10	5 02 36
River Bird, R. L. Markham	11 43 32	5 51 16	4 07 44
Caprice, Way & Reed	11 38 02	6 02 12	4 24 10
Gray & Prior	11 29 54	6 21 29	4 51 35
Buffalo, Saunders & Smith	6 15 00	9 30 00	3 15 00

Monday, July 4.

The ninth annual regatta of the Hartford Y. C. was sailed on Monday, July 4. There were fifteen starters. The wind was S.W. and strong, and the sea choppy. The sail yachts covered a 10-mile course, while the power boats covered a 9-mile course.

No time allowance was given in the 25ft. class by agreement of the owners. Procyon won and Neeche was second.

In the 21ft. class Red Jacket won, and Nez Perce won in the special class.

The race committee, J. E. Stewart, A. E. Chappell and John McFayden. The summary:

25ft. Class—Start, 2:05—Course, 10 Miles.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Procyon, C. A. & F. S. Goodwin	3 43 50	1 38 45
Neeche, R. H. & W. S. Shutz	3 44 18	1 39 13
Folly, H. L. Maeklein	4 04 40	1 59 35
Sigma, Gerald W. Hart	4 19 16	1 49 16
21ft. Class—Start, 2:30—Course 10 Miles.		
Red Jacket, M. A. Potter	4 14 08	1 44 08
Lobster, T. H. Smith	4 33 59	2 03 59
Special Class—Start, 2:20—Course, 10 Miles.		
Nez Perce, Chas. Templeman	4 16 30	1 56 30
Alice	4 23 43	2 03 43

Dory Class—Start, 2:25.		
	Start.	Finish.
J. B. Moore	3 08 05	0 43 05
F. R. Cooley	3 11 45	0 46 45
R. B. Buckley	Did not finish.	

Special Dory Class—Start, 2:35.		
	Start.	Finish.
Sca Gull, Philip Roberts	3 40 30	1 05 30
	3 42 10	1 07 10

Power Boats—Course 9 Miles.		
	Start.	Finish.
Caprice, Way & Reid	1 34 30	2 45 19
Lox, A. D. Coffin	1 42 15	3 03 43

Washington Park B. A.

Narragansett Bay, R. I.—July 16.

THE first of the three races for 30ft. cats for the cup offered by Commodore Peirce, of the Washington Park Boating Association, was sailed Saturday afternoon, July 16, in a stiff S.E. breeze, that made good racing. Mr. Walter D. Wood's Elizabeth again came to the front, getting the better of Mr. G. E. Darling's Mblem, which had walkovers in the last two races of the class, those for the Possner cup of the Edgewood Y. C.

Elizabeth carried full sail, while Mblem went through with a reef, and Scatt put in two reefs soon after the start. Elizabeth had a handicap of nearly 4m. at the start, owing to the putting in the reef.

Elizabeth carried away the jaws of her gaff a minute after crossing the start line and was handicapped by five or six minutes in repairing the break.

The course was a triangular one, sailed three times around, a distance of about 12 miles. This, with the S. wind, gave a broad and a close-hauled reach and a run, with no windward work. The other two races in the series are scheduled for the succeeding Saturdays. The summary, start, 2:55:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Elizabeth, W. D. Wood	5 13 15	2 13 15
Mblem, G. E. Darling	5 20 55	2 25 55
Clara, W. J. Bennis	5 40 25	2 45 25
Scatt, H. B. Scattergood	5 48 05	2 53 05
	F. H. YOUNG.	

Atlantic Y. C.

Sea Gate, L. I.—Saturday, July 16.

DESPITE conditions of the most favorable nature only three motor boats came to the line in the events of the Atlantic Y. C. on Saturday afternoon, July 16, for unusually good prizes, offered by Commodore Harrison B. Moore. At a late hour the club launch was pressed into service, making four starters in all in a race held under the rules and sanction of the American Power Boat Association. The race was in charge of Harry J. Gielow.

Nada and the club launch went once over the 10-knot course, which led from the start off Sea Gate up through the Narrows to and around the bell buoy off Robins Reef Light and return. Vingt et Un and Nokomis covered the distance twice. The former made

Rhode Island Letter.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., July 16.—The Chase Pulley Company, of this city, has just completed an unusually handsome auto-boat for its own use in demonstration, from designs by Mr. Charles F. Herreshoff, of New York. It is believed to be the first auto-boat designed entire—hull, engine, and all—by one man. The boat has been named Vision, and was designed for a speed of 24 miles an hour. The engine, built from Mr. Herreshoff's own plans, is a 40 horse-power motor, and has a number of patented improvements especially adapted for a craft of this type. It is said to weigh less per horse-power and to be more compact than any motor in the world. The propeller is a two-bladed affair about two feet in diameter, and is situated aft of the rudder. The boat has three small cockpits, with a 12ft. turtle deck forward. The stern is of the canoe model. The dimensions of Vision are: 40ft. over all, 37ft. 6in. waterline, 4ft. beam, and 8in. draft. Despite her very narrow beam, there is nothing freakish in her model, the bilges being extremely full, and the lines drawn out easily forward and aft. The freeboard is very high, especially at the bow. The boat is double-planked in mahogany, finished bright, and is an unusually handsome boat. The construction, both of hull and engine, is substantial, being designed to stand wear and tear for some years.

At the same shop an auxiliary sloop, *Buccaneer*, has just been finished for Prof. A. Laurence Lowell, of Harvard, from designs by Messrs. Burgess & Packard, of Boston. She was designed for a cruiser, but has lines that indicate a good turn of speed. The overhangs are of good length, and the counters are flat. She is fitted with an auxiliary motor of the De Dion-Bouton type, 4½ horse-power, located under the cockpit and has a sail spread of 1,130 square feet. *Buccaneer's* dimensions are: 43ft. 6in. over all, 26ft. waterline, 12ft. beam, and 2ft. 9in. draft.

The Newport 30-footers started their season this week, and three sweepstake races were sailed in Narragansett Bay. Three of the fast Herreshoff boats participated—*Carolina*, Mr. Pembroke Jones; *Raccoon*, Mr. J. R. Drexel; and *Breeze*, Mr. W. G. Roelker, Jr. In the first race, Wednesday, *Carolina*, sailed by Mr. Herman B. Duryea, won, defeating *Raccoon*, sailed by Mr. Reginald Brooks, by 32s., and *Breeze* by nearly 2m. *Breeze* won the second race, sailed Thursday, by nearly 6m., and on Friday *Carolina*, sailed by her owner, Mr. Jones, defeated *Breeze* by 26s., *Raccoon* withdrawing.

It is understood in Bristol that matters are shaped to a degree where there is no doubt that the Herreshoffs will build a new schooner-yacht for the German Emperor that will be a duplicate of *Ingomar*. The craft will be begun next December, and is to be finished in season to cross the Atlantic early in the spring. The construction material is all that is needed to begin work after the order is placed, as all the molds and patterns of *Ingomar* were preserved at the shop when that schooner was built last year.

The old Cup defender *Volunteer* was a visitor at Bristol last Wednesday evening, leaving early the following morning.

Captain L. H. Tillinghast, formerly sailing master of the schooner *Esperanza* (the original *Ingomar*), has sold his sloop *Diamond* to Thomas Dillon and son of Auburn. *Diamond* was formerly a crack racing craft, having won twenty-one first prizes and three seconds in twenty-four starts, and winning the Harvey J. Flint challenge cup for three consecutive seasons, thus securing permanent possession. *Diamond* is an old boat, but was entirely rebuilt about three years ago.

Vice-Commodore Church's sloop *Rufina*, of the Rhode Island Y. C., has been fitted with a pole-mast and new sails, in place of the tall rig and topmast heretofore carried.

The annual cruise of the Rhode Island Y. C. starts next Saturday, and the itinerary will be as follows:

Saturday, July 23—Squadron rendezvous in Newport harbor in the evening.

Sunday—Run to Stonington.

Monday—Run to Watch Hill. Dinner, dance, and fireworks at Watch Hill House in the evening.

Tuesday—Run to Shelter Island.

Wednesday—Joint regatta, Rhode Island, Shelter Island, and Sachem's Head Yacht Clubs.

Thursday—Joint run with Sachem's Head squadron to Block Island. Dance at Hygeia Hotel in evening.

Friday—Lay at Block Island. Dinner and entertainment at Hygeia Hotel in the evening.

Saturday—Run to either Newport or Bristol.

Sunday, July 31—Club bake at Potter's Cove, and end of cruise. F. H. YOUNG.

An Ocean Racer on the Ways.

PORT JEFFERSON, L. I., June 16.—The famous yacht *Vesta*, the real winner of the first great Transatlantic ocean race in 1867, is on Mather & Woods' ways, being changed from a centerboard to a keel yacht. On the ways the graceful craft shows all her fine lines, and elicits a flood of recollections from the old sea captains who have cast anchor in the port, and they exchange interesting reminiscences of her.

"David Carll built her in 1866," one leads off, "at City Island for one of the Lorillards—Pierre, I think—and she was, I suppose, the best built and best appointed yacht in commission up to that time. There had been a deal of chaffing of yachtsmen as 'fair weather sailors' by deep sea skippers, and in 1866 the owners of the *Vesta* and of another crack yacht, the *Fleetwing*, arranged for an ocean race between the two yachts from Sandy Hook to the Needles, and in the dead of winter, to show the sea-going qualities of the vessels and their crews. James Gordon Bennett owned a yacht, the *Henrietta*, that he thought could whip anything afloat, and he persuaded the two principals to let her come in at \$30,000 a side, the winner to take all.

"Those were the flush times just after the war, and there were thousands of men in New York, and, in fact, the country over, with money to burn, consequently betting on the three little game-cocks when the race was announced was something fearful to see. The very audacity of the thing tickled the popular fancy, and there never was an event in sporting circles that aroused such widespread interest and enthusiasm as did this. The *Herald* fanned the flame with columns of stuff—it was

a great advertisement for that paper—and the other journals followed suit. My ship was lying in New York at the time, and I well remember the excitement the day the racers sailed. Each had been overhauled in the most thorough manner; every man in the crew was picked, and to further stimulate his zeal was promised a certain percentage of the stakes if his boat won—enough to make him comfortable for life. It was a cold, raw January day, with the wind nor'west and blowing half a gale that heeled the yachts over until you could see the green copper on their bottoms. Very few ever expected to hear of their safe arrival on the other side. In fact, bets were offered and accepted as freely on their never making land as on the winning boat. I should really like to know how much money was staked on both propositions.

"Well, sir, from the day they disappeared into the cold gray haze of the ocean off Sandy Hook until they made land on the other side—sixteen days—not a word of the racers came out of the deep; nor did they sight each other; yet all raised the Needles within about two hours of one another. Storm after storm beset them on the voyage, and as their captains held on every stitch of canvas they could carry, they were half under water most of the time. The *Henrietta* lost several men, and the *Fleetwing* one, but the *Vesta* never parted a rope yarn. The *Vesta* actually sighted land first, but through an error of her navigator she made it too far to the eastward, and had to beat back twelve miles, which gave the race and the \$90,000 to the *Fleetwing*."

The later history of the *Vesta* is interesting. After many vicissitudes she was purchased by the Rev. Father Dougherty, of the Catholic Protectory, in New York, as a school ship for his boys. But the project was abandoned after a time, and he sold the *Vesta* to Major Frederick Ackerman, of the Atlantic Y. C., who had her rebuilt at Hawkins' yard in Port Jefferson. During his ownership she has won several of the Atlantic Y. C. races. This season she has been changed to a keel boat, as before remarked, and thoroughly overhauled and refitted, and has been leased to Mr. Shillito, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

SALES.—Mr. Henry A. Bishop, N. Y. Y. C., has chartered the auxiliary schooner *Planet* from Dr. A. L. Ranney, of this city, through the agency of Stanley M. Seaman, New York. The same agency has also sold the speed launch *Reliance* for C. Oliver Iselin, Esq., to Mr. A. C. Stratford, Jersey City, N. J. Dr. Stephen Peabody, New Haven, Conn., has purchased the cruising catboat *Hobo*.

COMBINED FLEETS OF SEAWANHAKA AND PHILADELPHIA CORINTHIAN Y. C.'S TO CRUISE.—On Saturday, July 30, and Sunday, July 31, 1904, the fleet of the Philadelphia Corinthian Y. C. are to be the guests of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. at Oyster Bay. A reception will be held on the flagship *Aloha* on Saturday afternoon, followed by a dance at the club house in the evening. On Sunday divine service will be held on the flagship at 11 A. M. The flag officers of the Philadelphia Corinthian Y. C. and the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. have arranged that the S. C. Y. C. boats accompany their fleet from Oyster Bay eastward for a few days.

POWER YACHT ZORAYDA SOLD.—Mr. W. Ryerson Kismam, Bay Shore, N. Y., has sold his 60ft. power yacht *Zorayda* to Mr. E. Barnett, of New York city, through the agency of Stanley M. Seaman, New York. The same agency has also sold for Mr. W. N. Bavie, New Rochelle Y. C., his knockabout *Knave* to Mr. E. Hope Norton, of New York city.

CHEWINK III. REACHES NEW ORLEANS.—The Massachusetts Y. R. A. restricted 25ft. class cabin sloop *Chewink III.* arrived on the Morgan Line steamer at New Orleans Thursday, July 15. Her new owners are very much pleased with her appearance. She will sail her first race in the South at Biloxi, Miss., Saturday, July 23.

BRITISH SCHOONER ELMINA ARRIVES.—The British schooner *Elmina* arrived at New York on July 12, fourteen days out from San Juan. She is owned by Mr. William Exshaw, and she flies the flag of the Royal Thames Y. C. *Elmina* left England last February, and since that time has been cruising in the Mediterranean and the West Indies.

HARTFORD Y. C. RACES.—Three special races will be sailed over the Hartford Y. C. courses at Fenwick, Conn., on July 23, August 20, and September 3, respectively. The preparatory signal will be given at 2 P. M., wind and weather permitting. The races will be sailed under the rules of the Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound. They will be open to yachts enrolled in any recognized yacht club. Entries must be made in writing by the owner or his representative at least forty-eight hours before each race to J. E. Stewart, chairman race committee, P. O. Box 846, Hartford, Conn. Prizes are offered in the following classes where one or more boats start in a class: Sloops, 36, 30, 25, 21 and 18 foot racing length; Seawanhaka knockabouts; special class; one-design classes.

Yachting Fixtures for 1904.

Members of race committees, and secretaries, will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future.

JULY.

20. Larchmont, race week, Larchmont.
20. Eastern, cruise to Islesboro.
21. Larchmont, race week, Larchmont.
21. Eastern, cruise to Bass Harbor.
22. Larchmont, race week, Larchmont.
22. Eastern, cruise to Bar Harbor.
23. Corinthian, club race, Marblehead.
23. Larchmont, race week ends, Larchmont.
23. Hartford, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., special, Fenwick.
23. Manhasset Bay, power boats, Manhasset Bay.
25. Eastern, regatta at Bar Harbor.
27. Boston, Mass. Y. R. A., Hull.
28. Boston, midsummer series, M. Y. R. A., Hull.
29. Quincy, Mass. Y. R. A., Hull.
30. Boston, midsummer series, M. Y. R. A., Hull.
30. Indian Harbor, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., annual, Greenwich.
30. Atlantic, power boats, Sea Gate.
30. Eastern, power boats, Marblehead.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

The Palma Trophy.

THE Council of the National Rifle Association of Great Britain met at Bisley on Tuesday of last week and formulated a reply to the recent letter of the National Rifle Association of America, dealing with the return of the Palma trophy, as follows:

"Bisley Camp, July 12, 1904.

"Sirs—I am directed by my Council to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of June 18 and report the safe arrival of the Palma trophy. I am further instructed to say that they accept the resolution passed at the meeting of your executive committee, which accompanied your letter, as a generous admission that the rifles used by the American team did not conform with the conditions of the match, and that by returning the trophy, it is their intention that the match of 1903 should be regarded as null and void.

"It is a matter of regret for my Council that the rifles in question were not officially submitted, in accordance with his instructions, by the captain of the American team to the captains of the other competing teams at their meeting previous to the match, a view of the material difference which is now known to exist between the rifles used by the American team and those issued to United States troops it would not have been possible under the conditions of the match for the former to have been allowed to be used in the competition, and thus the unfortunate discussion which has since taken place would have been avoided.

"My Council having in previous correspondence disavowed any wish to reverse the result of the match, or claim the trophy, are consequently unable to accept it as accredited winners for 1903, but they are prepared to act as its custodians provisionally and pending any future arrangements which may be made in connection with another match.

"I am to inform you that the Council of the National Rifle Association are unanimously in accord with the American committee as to the importance, in the interest of international rifle shooting, of terminating the correspondence regarding this controversy as speedily as possible.

"I am desired to point out that one medallion of the trophy is deficient. This will doubtless follow.

(Signed) "C. R. CROSSE, "Lieut-Col., Sec'y National Rifle Assn."

It will be noticed that, in courteous but clear terms, the Council coolly takes for granted that the American team violated the conditions of the match at Bisley last year, notwithstanding that the National Rifle Association of America placed itself on record by resolution at its recent meeting as ratifying all the statements made by General Spencer in a letter of March 7, 1904, to the N. R. A. of Great Britain, wherein he, in substance, held that the rifles in question were service rifles.

In the "Report of the National Rifle Association of America" for 1903, there is a reprint (page 54) of an article taken from the "Volunteer Service Gazette," of England, and credited to "The well-known English rifle expert, Mr. R. L. Tipples." From it we take the following excerpt:

"The contest is popularly supposed to show which are the best rifles and the best men. In some senses it does; but not so completely and clearly as the general public supposes.

"Although fired with the 'national arm of each country,' the specifications were not in all particulars strictly followed. The British shot strictly with rifles inspected and passed by a Government viewer, as in all respects identical with the Government-made rifles. They used exactly the weapons and appliances always allowed at Bisley for Service rifle competitions. The rifling was absolutely identical with Government pattern. The Americans used a rifle which in action and general construction is of Government pattern, but in the really vital matter of the rifling is of entirely different construction. It is not the Krag-Jorgensen barrel, but a special Stevens-Pope barrel."

By the publication of the foregoing in its report for 1903 without any demur, it would seem as if the N. R. A. of A. had given it their official approval.

Ladies Shooting for Charity.

ONE of the great attractions of the Victoria Hospital Charity Bazaar, at the Royal Albert Hall, London, the other day, was the miniature Bisley, conducted by Messrs. Walter Winans and H. Claude Hay, and which proved not only a great attraction but a distinct success, and the interest exhibited in the shooting was far greater by the ladies than by the men, and their average scores much better. The givers of prizes were Messrs. Winans and Hay, the Union Metallic Cartridge Co., and the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.

At the close of the shooting on Thursday afternoon it was found that four ladies had tied for the first prize, the diamond and sapphire bracelet, with scores of 23 each out of a possible 25. The shooting of these ties was witnessed with great interest, and eventually the first prize went to Mrs. Strachey; the second, a diamond brooch, to Miss S. Graham; the third, a diamond lace pin, to Mrs. Henry Tatc, and the fourth, a miniature rifle to Miss Parsbury.

In addition to the above, excellent scores were made by the Countess of Scarborough, the Countess of Coventry, Lady C. Stewart Richardson, Lady Barbara Smith, Lady Mabel Smith, Lady Barrington, Lady Oranmore and Browne, Lady Sophie Scott, the Hon. Cicely Drummond, the Hon. D. Sturt, and many other ladies.

Taking into consideration that the position in the shooting was standing, the above scores must be considered most excellent.

Mr. Walter Winans was indefatigable in his exertions to promote the shooting, and his coaching and assistance was greatly appreciated by a large number of ladies, who probably would not have shot if it had not been for his encouragement.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

- July 20-21.—Charlottesville, Va.—University of Virginia Gun Club tournament.
- July 20-21.—Ann Arbor, Mich.—Tournament of the Eastern Michigan Gun Club; \$100 added. E. W. Sutton, Sec'y.
- July 21.—Rockville, Conn.—Fourth Consolidated Gun Club of Connecticut tournament. F. Elliott Metcalf, Sec'y.
- July 25.—Olney, Ill.—Gun Club tournament.
- July 26-29.—Mexico, Tex.—Gun Club tournament.
- July 27.—Norwich, Conn.—Shooting Club target tournament. I. P. Taft, Sec'y.
- July 27.—Sandusky, O.—Gun Club tournament.
- July 27-28.—Avon, N. Y.—Gun Club tournament. Jay Greene, Sec'y.
- July 27-28.—Grand Forks, N. D.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Grand Forks Gun Club. W. M. Ferguson, Sec'y.
- July 28.—Richmond, Mo.—Missouri League of Trapshooters.
- July 29-30.—Newport, R. I.—Aquidneck Gun Club two-day tournament. J. S. Coggeshall, Sec'y.
- July 30.—Chicago, Ill.—Gun Club tournament.
- Aug. 2-5.—Love Point, Md.—Malone's summer tournament; targets and live birds and added money. Capt. James R. Malone, Mgr., 2671 Pennsylvania avenue, Baltimore.
- Aug. 9-10.—Litchfield, Ill.—Consolidated Trapshooters' Congress.
- Aug. 9-10.—Raleigh, N. C.—North Carolina Trapshooters' Association tournament.
- Aug. 9-10.—Birmingham, Ala.—Alabama tournament.
- Aug. 9-12.—West Baden, Ind.—Indian tournament; \$1,000 added money.
- Aug. 10-11.—Allentown, Pa.—Two-day target tournament at Duck Farm Hotel. C. F. Kramlich, Mgr.
- Aug. 10-11.—Rolling Fork, Miss.—Gun Club tournament.
- *Aug. 10-11.—Bradenville, Pa.—Rod and Gun Club.
- Aug. 10-12.—Little Rock, Ark.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association tournament. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y.
- Aug. 11-12.—Olean, N. Y.—Gun Club two-day tournament. B. D. Nobles, Sec'y.
- Aug. 10-12.—Brantford, Ont.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's fourth annual tournament. A. B. Cutcliffe, Sec'y.

Messrs. Sears and Sanders were visitors.

W. P. T. S. L. at Scottdale.

SCOTSDALE, Pa., July 15.—The shoot of the Western Pennsylvania Trapsshooters' League and the Westmoreland County League was held at Scottdale, Pa., July 13 and 14, on the grounds of the Scottdale, Pa., Gun Club.

This club was favored with the best of weather, as both days were ideal ones for shooting. The jack rabbit system of divisions of money was used, and met with general approval.

The summer vacations of a good many shooters was accountable for the slim attendance. The trade was represented by Messrs. L. J. Squier, E. D. Fulford, H. C. Watson and H. P. Fessenden.

High average first day went to E. D. Fulford, with 168 out of 175; second, A. B. Kelly, of Scottdale, Pa., with 164; third, J. F. Calhoun, of McKeesport, Pa., with 162; and fourth, L. J. Squier, with 160.

High average second day was also made by E. D. Fulford, with 168 out of 175; second, L. J. Squier, with 166; third, R. S. Deniker, of Ruffsdales, Pa., with 161; and fourth, R. R. Rahn, of Pittsburgh, Pa., with 156.

General average resulted as follows: E. D. Fulford, first, with 336 out of 350; second, L. J. Squier, with 326; third, A. B. Kelly, with 319, and fourth, R. S. Deniker, with 307.

The Westmoreland county, Pa., team race brought out three teams of five men each, and resulted in a tie between Derry and Ligonier, each getting 208 out of 250 shot at, and Scottdale finishing with 200 breaks.

July 13, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	20	15	15	15	15	20	127	
Yahner	6	11	10	13	12	15	9	10	12	10	129	
Chain	13	12	14	15	14	12	10	14	15	18	149	
Lowe	9	10	9	10	14	15	9	15	14	11	123	
Denny	12	9	10	12	11	16	9	12	10	13	132	
Hines	11	8	14	10	12	13	12	90	
Deniker	9	12	12	13	12	18	14	14	9	15	146	
D D Carroll	13	13	14	11	14	18	10	13	14	13	151	
A B Kelly	13	15	15	13	12	19	15	14	14	14	164	
J M Smith	10	12	10	11	12	18	15	10	12	13	140	
Kromer	10	9	8	10	6	16	6	11	7	7	100	
Fulford	14	15	15	14	13	19	15	14	15	15	168	
Squier	15	13	15	15	10	19	14	14	14	14	160	
Best	11	10	11	13	14	17	12	14	15	13	147	
Stewart	15	11	12	13	13	17	10	15	12	...	118	
Hackett	13	10	14	14	12	18	12	13	119	
Myers	13	12	12	10	13	16	12	10	98	
George	11	11	13	13	20	12	105	
West	11	14	13	15	13	20	14	13	14	19	159	
Kuntz	13	11	11	13	13	16	13	12	102	
Fishell	4	3	5	12	
Calhoun	13	12	15	14	15	20	14	14	13	19	162	
Cochran	14	14	13	13	15	17	13	14	14	13	140	
Loughrey	7	15	11	10	11	12	83	
Knippel	8	7	9	...	24	

Team race, first day, events 5, 6 and 7:

Best	Derry Team.	Chain	Score
Stewart	14 17 12—43	Carroll	14 18 10—42
Hackett	13 17 10—40	Hines	10 12 13—35—200
Kuntz	12 18 12—42	Ligonier Team.	
Myers	13 16 13—42	Denny	11 16 9—36
Yahner	13 16 12—41—208	Deniker	12 18 14—44
Kelly	12 15 9—36	Smith	12 18 15—45
	12 19 15—46	George	13 20 12—45
		Lowe	14 15 9—38—208

July 14, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	20	15	15	15	15	20	168	
Fulford	13	14	15	15	18	14	15	14	14	1	520	
Squier	13	15	15	12	15	19	14	15	14	14	166	
Deniker	13	14	15	14	14	15	11	13	15	14	161	
D N Carroll	14	12	13	13	11	19	11	14	13	13	150	
A B Kelly	13	14	15	14	14	17	14	14	14	12	155	
Yahner	12	12	11	10	12	16	13	12	10	11	131	
Chain	11	13	11	19	13	16	13	8	11	13	135	
Kromer	9	12	11	14	14	17	12	13	13	14	145	
Hesselfinger	12	12	12	12	13	12	13	86	
Pontefract	11	11	11	12	10	15	14	11	12	11	132	
Rahn	12	15	13	11	15	17	13	15	14	15	156	
Springer	12	11	11	14	48	

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., July 7.—After several weeks' intermission, during which time the club house, traps and other equipment have been moved and new grounds been put in shape, this club began shooting again to-day, this being the regular monthly club shoot. We now have grounds easy of access, and which for background and other advantages are hard to equal. In addition to the magatrap, we are putting in a rapid-fire trap, and are using circular platforms built to standard regulations. If, in case it is necessary to put in more traps to handle a big tournament, we have plenty of room to do it. The grounds can be reached from central part of city within five minutes by two trolley lines, and are but a minute's walk from either line at Grand avenue junction. Strangers coming to our future shoots will have no trouble in finding grounds, as landing direct to grounds, and all conductors know where to let you off.

The scores made to-day, with exception of Traver's in cup event, were not of a very high order, owing, perhaps to strange grounds, and lack of practice.

The contest for the Peters shells was a better race than that for the cup, as scores will show. We shoot every Thursday, and visiting sportsmen are cordially welcomed.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25	25
Marshall	16	...	17	Rhoades	14	20	21	16	15	
Du Bois	16	12	Traver	16	17	21	18	19	
Perkins	15	16	14	13	Hans	...	15	20	...	12	
Snyder	17	18	15							

Club cup:							
	Broke.	Hdp.	Tot'l.		Broke.	Hdp.	Tot'l.
Rhoades	14	5	19	Rhoades	13	5	18
Hans	16	5	21	Hans	18	5	23
Traver	24	1	25	Traver	21	1	22
Du Bois	15	7	22	Du Bois	17	7	24
Perkins	17	3	20	Perkins	19	3	22
Briggs	14	6	20	Briggs	12	6	18
Snyder	18	3	21	Snyder	18	3	21
Marshall	13	6	19	Marshall	18	6	24

Peters contest:
Du Bois won shoot off.

July 14.—A series of contests for a medal that must be won five times to own, was begun to-day. The medal, which is a beautiful one, was presented to the club by Mrs. Condit, widow of the late Max Condit, who for years was captain of this club. After shooting off a tie with Smith, Winans won the medal to-day. In the merchandise event Marshall and Winans tied on full scores, and upon tossing a coin, Marshall chose heads and was the lucky man.

The boys were agreeably surprised to-day when Smith and Sisson appeared on the grounds with gun and shells. Pat has been taking a rest for a couple of months, while Sisson shot to-day for the first time in several years; his work, considering, was fairly good, too. Traver and Hans will attend the shoot of the Cincinnati Gun Club next week.

Shot at.		Broke.		Shot at.		Broke.	
Tallman	70	61	Sisson	85	34		
Traver	155	113	Hans	140	85		
Perkins	115	92	Dub	55	27		
Marshall	110	74	Yates	35	20		
Winans	50	39	Borst	25	3		
Smith	100	70					

Condit medal:

	Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.		Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.
Traver	17	1	18	Winans	20	6	25
Tallman	23	1	24	Smith	20	6	25
Perkins	21	2	23	Sisson	11	7	18
Marshall	14	6	20	Hans	12	4	16

Merchandise event, 1,000 Peters shells:

Traver	16	1	17	Smith	16	6	22
Perkins	16	2	18	Sisson	11	7	18
Marshall	21	6	25	Hans	18	4	22
Winans	19	6	25				

Ohio Trap.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O.—The attendance on July 16 was larger than usual, many coming out to get a try at the traps before the tournament. The day was hot, and the shade of the veranda was very acceptable to the boys when not at the traps.

The grounds have taken on their tournament array. Tents dot the lawn, and the fences and buildings are decorated with the cards and advertising matter of the gun and ammunition houses. Nothing was lacking but the crowd, and that will be here next week. For the first time in several weeks R. Trimble was present, and was one of the high men, acquiring the high average habit, as he was top man at Sistersville W. Va., on July 14, missing only 7 targets out of 200.

The contest in the cash prize series was postponed, and in its place a 50-target race was shot, in addition to practice events. Ahlers, Trimble and See tied for first on 46. The scores: Ahlers 46, R. Trimble 46, See 46, Peters 44, Falk 42, Maynard 42, Pfeiffer 41, King 41, Roll 41, J. A. Steinman 40, Stickels 40, Medico 40, Bercau 40, Williams 39, Herman 37, Gambell 36, J. C. Steinman 35, Jack 35, Lindsley 33, Davies 31, Hobart 30, Joe H. 28, Smith 27, Andrews 13.

The Hamilton (O.) Gun Club held its ninth trophy shoot of the season on July 14. Ten members took part. Wesley was high, with 43. Other scores were: Parker 41, Atherton 41, Stickels 39, Shumaker 39, E. D. C. 39, Smith 38, Link 35, Mrs. Ayres 35, Steinman 29. At the conclusion of the trophy match a team race was shot at 25 targets per man, resulting in a victory for the Atherton team by a score of 98 to 91. Atherton 21, Link 20, Mrs. Ayres 19, Jones 19, Smith 19; total, 98. Stickels 21, Shumaker 19, Wesley 18, Steinman 17, Parker 16; total, 91.

The Springfield (O.) Gun Club held its regular shoot on July 9, the attendance being about the average. In addition to the two medal events, 50 targets were shot at in events of 25, 15 and

Henry 22, Eshelman 20, Gicker 20, Barr 20, Matz 21, Essick 22, Miles 19, Melcher 18, George 19, Wilson 11, Shultz 19, Dietrich 21. Shoot-off for badge, 25 targets: Gerhart 21, Walter 24, Henry 19, Essick 19, Dietrich 23.

Auburn, Pa., July 15.—The Mill Gunning Club again defeated the Auburn Gunning Club in the second monthly shoot. Each man shot at 15 targets. Scores:

Mill team—Morrison 15, P. Sowers 9, Miller 9, Sowers 7, Moyer 13, Swartz 8, Wildermuth 11, G. Fleisher 11; total 83. Auburn Gunning Club—J. Moyer 8, H. Mellon 5, Geisenheimer 15, C. Sowers 8, D. Sowers 7, W. Staller 8, Fred Sowers 8, D. Berger 9; total 68.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., July 9.—The Wilkes-Barre Lace Weavers' Club to-day defeated the Ashley Gun Club in a target match by a score of 88 to 78, but they lost the live-bird match by a score of 11 to 10. The contestants were to shoot at 10 birds each, but the consignments of pigeons failed to reach here, and only three birds each could be had. The scores in the clay target match were:

Ashley—Wallace 16, Rummage 7, West 11, Evans 17, Smith 9, Conrad 4, Miller 14; total 78.

Lace Weavers' Club—J. Neimeyer 13, Johnson 19, Moore 12, Willard 7, W. Neimeyer 11, Sheekard 10, Dolan 16; total 88. DUSTER.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Fairview Gun Club.

FAIRVIEW, N. J., July 4.—The scores made at the shoot of the Fairview Gun Club to-day, are appended:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
Dods	19
F Butler	21	19	23	21



THE MANAGEMENT AND STAFF—G. A. H. AT INDIANAPOLIS, 1904.

10 each. Watkins was high man for the day with 87 out of 100, and also won the Wilson trophy with a score of 24. Henderson won the Young handicap trophy after shooting off a tie on 22 with Strong.

The tournament of the Toledo Consolidated Gun Club, held on July 10, was attended by shooters from several other cities, among them Columbus, Findlay, Fayette, Oakharbor, Sylvania and Genoa. The weather was fine, and some good scores were made. Valk, of Toledo, was high gun with 147 out of 160; Buchanan, of Columbus, second, with 145; Lang, of Findlay, third, with 142, and Madison, of Oakharbor, fourth, with 141.

The Rohrer's Island Gun Club, of Dayton, held a barbecue picnic and an all-day shoot on July 13. The weather was perfect, and a large crowd attended. Not an unpleasant incident marred the pleasure of the occasion. The committee of arrangements consisted of J. Schaerf, President; W. E. Kettle, Secretary; Joe Hohm, Treasurer; C. F. Miller, P. Hanauer and Chas. Smyth, and to these gentlemen is due the praise for the perfect manner in which all details were carried out and for the success of the affair. It was a day of fine sport from the time the first target was thrown at 9 A. M. until the sun disappeared behind the Soldiers' Home hill. The wives and children also enjoyed the day. A plentiful and substantial lunch was served free to everybody all day. The medal event had a record entry of twenty-six and of these fifteen qualified by breaking 25 or better.

The tie was shot off in classes, Lindemuth, Dr. Arthur and Buttlr withdrawing. Sirran, Cook, G. Donohue, Sigrist and Wentz, having the same handicap, shot off at 14 targets each. All tied on 10 and shot off, miss and out, Cook breaking 4 and remaining in, the others dropped out. Achey, Hohm and Oswald shot off at 12 targets each, Hohm dropped out and Oswald and Achey shot off, miss and out, Oswald breaking 3 and staying in. Lockwood, Miller, J. W. and Engle shot off at 10 targets each, Engle dropping out. Lockwood, Miller, Oswald, J. W. and Cook then shot off the final at 5 targets each. Cook and J. W. broke 2 and 4 respectively and dropped out, the others tied on straight scores. Again they shot at 5 each, and all broke straight. Then came the finish, miss and out, Lockwood winning with 5, Oswald and Miller 4 each. This was the most hotly contested shoot in the history of the club.

Trap Around Reading.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., July 8.—A live-pigeon shooting match was held here between Harry Showers and William Boehmer, prominent local wing shots. The men shot at 9 birds each for \$100 a side. Showers won, grassing 4 birds to his opponent's 3.

Pottsville, Pa., July 7.—On the grounds of the Pottsville Game and Fish Protective Association, this afternoon there was a shooting tournament at which 1,500 targets were used.

In a 100-bird event, Prothonotary Samuel Gore defeated Lamar Lawrence by a score of 71 to 70.

At 85 targets: Clyde G. Allan broke 64; John Raring 57, William Beck 54, Ed Dow 53, and George Charles 42.

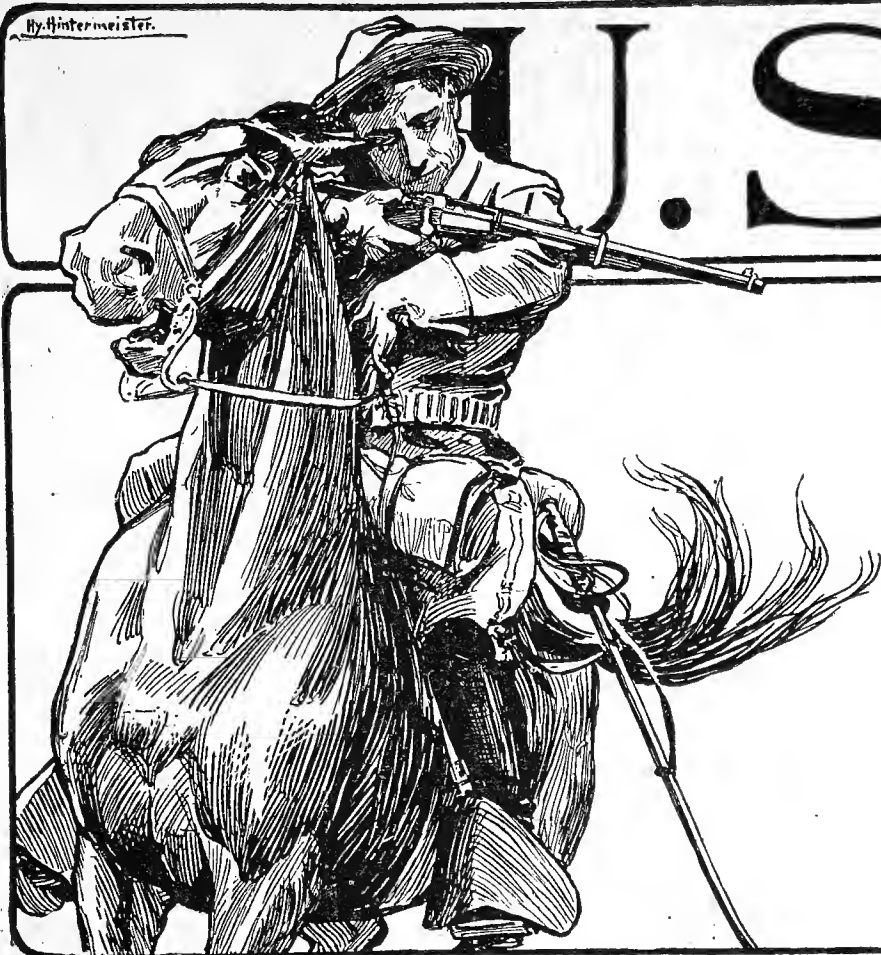
Carlisle, Pa., July 9.—The Carlisle Gun Club held their shoot this afternoon at the grounds. The attendance was small. James Porter, of this city, won the club medal shoot. Messrs. Appar and Squier, two trades representatives, were the guests of the Carlisle Gun Club members.

Reading, Pa., July 16.—The South End Gun Club held its regular monthly shoot to-day, on the grounds on Boyer's Island, opposite side of the river below the Bingaman street bridge.

It was the ninth of a series of twelve shoots for the gold medal, which was won by Walter for the second time. He tied with Gerhart, Henry, Essick and Dietrich on 21, and in the shoot-off at 25 targets broke 24 and won. Frank Gerhart has also won the medal twice, and several other members have a single claim to it. There are still three shoots, and the contest is exciting.

The scores were as follows:
Badge shoot, 25 targets: Gerhart 22, Ball 20, Walter 22, Yost 21,

Con Sedore	16	14	18	17	17	17	16	17	17	..	19
Smith	17	13	16
F Butler	22
Chris Sedore	14	16	..	19	18	22
H Pate	..	14	14	19
J Pate	..	14
F Lawrence	..	14
Sauer	..	12
Untemeier	17
C H Sedore	14
C Von Lengerke	9
R MacLeese	16	17	15	21
T Hall	16	..	16
Gillie	23	21	21	21	21	23	22	..
Everett	15	12	8	12
Thourot	17	..	13
Williamson	13	..	18	18	..	13
G Piercy	12	11	15
H G Brink	25	..	19	22	25	24	..
L R Piercy	14
	21	..



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Wisconsin State Tournament.

370, 333; Lord 370, 333, Kaufman 370, 330; Vietmeyer 370, 326;
 Melius 370, 321; Seymour 370, 316; Fulton 370, 317; Schultz 370,
 315; Yahr 370, 312; Vandriend 370, 301; J. E. Hamilton 355, 255;
 Ford 355, 309; Jussen 295, 260; Foster 145, 96; Bruce 370: 259;
 Gropper 370: 267; Reardon 370, 290; Brazelton 275, 211; Horn 330,
 273; Schubring 235, 167; Guttner 370, 282; Kane 370, 280; Ham-
 mersmith 370: 299; Voght 315, 251; Nolan 315, 247; Denges 235, 165;
 Stierer 370, 286; Keel 330, 248; Browne 355, 293; Nelson 245, 168;
 Sipes 285, 176; Roessler 355, 289; Canfield 370, 297; Anderson 200,
 153; Earle 195, 159; Peterson 355, 265; G. S. Hamilton, Jr., 330, 255;
 McCrossen 305, 224; Mason 230, 168; Ducky 90, 69; Renke 105, 50;
 Bulton 280, 202; Kickbusch 175, 129; Masters 370, 171; Darling 255,
 191; Babcock 280, 248; Marsh 255, 173; Lutterman 190, 139.

Central Illinois Trapsshooters' Tournament.

The scores:

July 12, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	15	20	20	15	15	20	20	15	20	Broke.
J Head, 18.....	14	12	18	18	15	15	18	19	15	18	162
W Huff, 19.....	14	14	20	20	15	14	18	18	12	17	162
L A Cummings, 18.....	14	14	18	19	13	14	19	20	13	17	161
Clay, 17.....	14	15	17	19	13	14	19	20	13	17	161
Powers, 19.....	13	15	18	20	11	14	19	13	13	19	160
C G Spencer, 19.....	14	14	18	19	13	15	19	19	12	15	159
Craig, 17.....	14	15	17	18	11	13	18	15	13	18	157
Lewis, 17.....	12	14	17	18	15	13	19	17	15	17	157
Hall, 17.....	11	12	17	18	14	13	19	20	15	17	156
Cottrell, 16.....	15	13	19	16	14	11	19	17	13	19	156
Van Gundy, 16.....	12	14	19	17	14	13	16	17	11	19	152
Kellar, 17.....	14	13	18	17	15	13	19	10	14	16	149
Snell, 16.....	13	13	19	15	14	13	15	17	15	14	148
Geo Post, 16.....	12	9	14	20	9	12	20	18	14	19	147
Lawrence, 16.....	13	11	15	15	11	14	20	13	12	18	147
Groves, 16.....	13	13	17	18	12	11	18	12	12	18	144
Wycoff, 16.....	13	11	17	16	14	13	15	13	13	17	142
Caldwell, 6.....	14	12	16	16	14	10	16	16	14	14	142
Pfeiffer, 16.....	12	11	17	16	13	12	18	18	9	12	138
Thompson, 15.....	11	11	16	17	11	14	15	16	11	14	136
McGill, 16.....	8	7	17	20	11	11	15	13	14	15	131
Robt Davis, 16.....	13	11	17	14	13	13	13	15	9	12	130
T Ruff, 16.....	..	15	18	17	12	14	18	18	13	19	144
Zahn, 16.....	..	12	16	17	12	12	19	17	13	16	134
Allen, 16.....	13	12	14	12	13	9	14

[illegible]

July 13, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	15	20	20	15	15	20	20	15	20	Bro
Head, 18	15	14	19	19	11	14	20	19	15	20	161
Spencer, 19	14	13	18	18	14	14	18	19	14	19	169
Hall, 17	13	13	18	18	14	14	18	19	14	18	158
Powers, 19	13	13	20	16	13	12	18	18	15	20	158
Cottrell, 16	13	12	19	19	15	13	20	19	12	16	157
Snell, 16	13	13	17	20	13	14	18	19	14	16	157
Clay, 17	14	12	19	19	14	15	16	18	12	17	156
Huff, 19	13	13	18	19	13	13	15	17	14	20	155
Van Gundy, 16	13	13	17	17	13	13	17	19	14	17	153
Cummings, 18	13	15	19	15	13	13	18	16	12	16	150
Keller, 17	15	14	19	14	13	10	20	17	12	16	150
Caldwell, 16	13	12	15	17	14	11	20	16	13	18	148
Groves, 16	14	13	17	16	13	11	18	15	15	16	143
Craig, 17	14	12	18	17	14	13	17	18	10	13	146
Davis, 16	14	13	13	14	12	14	18	15	15	18	146
Montgomery, 16	11	11	17	16	12	10	15	17	14	17	143
Crawford, 16	11	11	16	18	12	12	18	17	12	14	143
Post, 16	15	14	16	14	10	14	11	13	13	17	137
Lawrence, 16	14	8	12	18	10	12	18	18	14	13	137
Zahn, 16	9	11	17	18	11	11	18	16	11	14	130
Deterville, 16	11	11	11	11	14	9	17	17	14	15	130
M. H. Gilbert, 15	10	13	19	13	11	11	11	11	11	11	58

Averages: Head shot at 350, broke 328, Spencer 320, Huff 318, Powers 318, Clay 317, Hall 315, Caldwell 314, Cummings 311, Snodgrass 305.

Denver Tournament.

THE SCORES.

July 12, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	20	15	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	Bro
Hirschy	14	14	18	15	10	20	15	14	17	14	15	20	187
King, Jr.	13	15	18	15	11	20	14	13	19	14	12	19	182
Budd	15	15	18	13	13	18	13	15	20	15	12	18	182
Riehl	14	14	14	11	11	17	13	14	18	14	14	20	174
Gilbert	14	15	18	15	14	19	15	14	20	15	15	20	194
Skelly	11	9	16	11	12	17	11	13	15	12	13	20	166
Shaw	1	13	17	11	15	16
Pickett	11	12	16	13	11	18	13	12	18	15	12	20	177
Besser	14	12	19	14	13	17	13	14	19	15	13	17	180
Heirgood	11	10	12	8	12	18	14	8	14	9	9	16	144
Garrett	13	14	20	14	11	19	11	15	18	15	13	18	183
Lane	15	15	19	11	15	19	15	14	17	15	14	20	188
Rohrer	15	14	19	15	13	19	14	14	17	15	12	18	189
Siever	13	15	19	15	14	19	13	15	18	14	15	19	189
G Maxwell	14	13	17	14	13	19	14	15	19	13	13	16	188
J Maxwell	13	14	17	15	14	18	15	13	17	15	13	17	179
O'Brien	14	15	18	15	13	20	15	15	19	13	13	16	180
Cunningham	12	14	16	13	13	19	15	15	18	13	12	20	180
Gottlieb	11	14	19	14	14	16	14	14	16	13	11	16	176
Buddison	13	10	13	11	11	17	13	13	15	12	11	16	152
Jones	14	14	19	14	14	19	15	14	16	13	13	16	183
Allen	11	13	17	13	13	15	14	14	13	11	14	19	177
Moffett	11	14	16	13	13	18	14	13	18	14	15	19	178
Showner	11	13	17	13	15	18	12	15	19	12	14	17	163
Beggs	12	9	15	9	11	17	12	12	13	13	13	17	163
Huddleston	11	15	18	15	13	18	15	15	18	13	14	19	184
Radford	10	15	18	12	11	18	13	15	17	15	13	17	173
Goodwin	13	13	15	15	13	18	12	13	18	11	11	19	177
Anderson	14	14	18	14	15	18	14	14	19	14	15	18	187
McKenzie	13	12	18	14	13	17	10	11	12	12	12	18	161
Youngman	15	14	19	14	14	20	12	13	19	14	15	20	190
Murray	12	14	16	13	10	17	14	14	18	15	11	16	170
Caldwell	11	13	18	12	10	16	12	11	17	12	11	12	158
Holland	9	9	13	9	7	16	4	9	6	6	9	14	111
Gallup	7	11	16	9	10	16
Clayton	12	14	19	14	14	19	12	15	17	15	14	19	184
Tipton	11	11	17	13	13	17	14	14	17	12	15	19	173
Stone	12	15	17	14	13	20	15	13	17	14	17	17	179
Waddington	14	13	18	15	14	19	15	14	19	15	15	19	190
Campbell	14	13	16	15	11	19	14	15	19	13	15	17	187
Miller	8	10	19	14	11	20	13	13	17	14	13	18	171
McGee	15	15	19	15	13	20	14	14	16	14	14	19	188
Randall	13	13	15	12	12	18	14	14	18	13	14	19	177
Hill	13	13	19	14	14	19	12	12	13	14	12	15	170
Thiele	10	12	13	15	14	10	14	12	13	17	..

July 13, Second Day.

The Colorado championship was won by Mann after a shoot-out with six others.

Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	15	20	Broke.
Hirschy	13	15	17	14	12	19	13	15	16	15	182
Plank	13	14	20	15	14	19	14	15	19	14	180
Heirgood	11	9	14	8	10	13	12	10	14	12	141
Beire	13	14	19	13	11	18	13	14	19	13	177
King	12	14	18	15	14	12	11	13	17	15	128
Budd	15	14	14	15	13	18	15	13	18	13	179
Riehl	14	13	18	12	15	16	15	13	18	15	149
Garrett	13	15	19	15	15	19	15	20	15	15	20
Lawton	13	15	17	15	15	20	13	15	19	14	18
Rohrer	15	13	17	12	13	19	15	14	19	14	18
Sievers	13	15	19	15	13	19	13	13	18	15	19
Mann	15	14	19	13	8	18	13	14	18	13	17
Geo Maxwell	15	15	17	15	16	13	15	20	12	15	19
Jones	13	14	18	13	13	17	15	13	17	14	14
Mackey	15	13	18	13	14	19	14	15	18	13	14
Gilbert	14	14	29	15	15	20	13	15	18	13	15
Cunningham	15	14	18	14	14	19	13	14	20	13	11
Gottlieb	12	14	18	14	12	16	15	14	18	14	13
O'Brien	15	15	18	15	14	18	12	13	18	9	13
Skelley	11	15	18	14	13	18	12	9	16	9	14
Allen	12	14	17	12	15	18	11	13	18	12	11
Moffett	13	14	20	15	14	18	14	14	18	12	13
Showner	15	14	18	13	18	18	14	14	19	13	17
Beggs	12	8	15	12	12	13	9	8	13	10	13
Hudleson	13	12	19	12	13	15	12	13	16	13	9
Radford	12	13	17	15	14	12	11	12	17	14	13
Gooden	14	13	18	12	13	16	13	14	19	13	15
Anderson	15	15	20	10	14	19	14	13	19	12	14
McKenzie	14	11	19	13	12	16	13	9	17	12	15
Youngman	15	13	18	15	15	18	14	12	19	14	14
Biddeson	15	13	19	13	12	16	15	14	17	14	12
Murray	12	14	16	12	13	17	11	12	18	11	15
Caldwell	13	14	16	13	12	18	13	11	16	12	12
Fairmer	11	9	14	10	10	10	7	6	11	10	9
Thiele	12	10	17	12
Clayton	15	13	20	14	15	19	15	15	20	15	12
Tipton	11	13	15	15	8	16	10	13	17	14	12
Stone	14	15	19	15	13	10	11	15	18	14	11
McCee	14	13	19	14	13	20	14	15	17	14	14
Waddington	15	14	16	13	12	17	15	15	18	13	20
Miller	14	14	15	12	13	17	15	12	19	15	14
Razec	15	13	19	11	13	20	15	14	17	15	13
Randall	14	13	18	14	13	17	12	13	17	17	13
Hill	14	15	14	12	13	17	12	15	13	15	12
Gallup	14	14	13	13	11	14	11	10	.	.	.
Gray	10	10	17	11
Devore						

At Other Places.

At Kalamazoo, Mich., Saturday last, Fred Keefe won the first of the series for the Hunter Arms Co. medal. Weekly shoots will

When Jack Fanning was last heard from he was "fanning"

himself in Little Rock, Ark., and incidentally smashing a few targets with the gun club.

A gun club was organized last week at Alvin, Tex., and L. B. Carson was chosen president, with T. C. Edwards secretary.

The last shoot held by the Billingham, Wash., Gun Club was well attended. There were over twenty-five members present. In a team shoot, the home team won over Vancouver, B. C., by just one target.

The Mallory family were in it at the last Ohio Valley shoot. Roy won the handicap on a straight 25, while J. F. won high general average.

A Wisconsin enthusiast, calling attention to the various traveling men who will be in attendance at their tournament, says all the men mentioned can shoot for hours without missing a shot.

An up-to-date gun club was started last week at Shelbyville, Tenn. The officers elected were: R. Sandusky, President; L. Pressgrove, Vice-President; Jas. C. Tine, Secretary. The ministers of the town were all elected honorary members.

Dr. Gropper, one of the best trapshoots of Milwaukee, Wis., is laid up with a broken ankle, caused by a fall.

The McLean County Rod and Gun Club, Bloomington, Ill., held their weekly shoot last Tuesday. Many new members have been added and shooting will be on the increase in the vicinity of Bloomington.

At the regular shoot at Owensboro, Ky., T. R. Morton won the medal for the second time. Rain spoiled the attendance. At 50 targets, Morton, with a handicap, was straight. Brown 48, Lewis 44, Renton 43.

Last Friday afternoon, when the Adrian, Mich., boys were out T. Metakas shot at 50 targets, scored 4. He says that next time they will be all broken, as he will use a six-barrel shotgun.

There will be something doing in the shooting world at Salt Lake. Drs. M. R. Stewart and J. M. Dart have started to organize and push a gun club. All the first class appointments will be placed on the shooting grounds.

During a shoot held last week at Great Bend, Kans., Mr. Paxton won the cup permanently, yet he very generously donated it to the club. These generous sportsmen are the ones who keep the game going.

Jim Skelly stopped in Kansas City on his way to Denver, and he and Dr. Planck tied up in a 100-target race with 94. Other scores were: Stone 93, Leavel 90, Forest 88, D. Elliott 86, Erhart 84, Vaugh 82.

Paducah, Ky., Gun Club boys are getting busy on their fall shoot. There will be two shoots combined, that of the Kentucky State and the gun club. They will, however, be held on different days. There will be a new money plan adopted.

When Elmer E. Shaner lands at Grand Forks, N. D., for the Interstate tournament he will find Hale, Cooper, Ferguson, Dreis, Wells, Parker, Seymour, all true blue sports. They are noted for cordial and generous entertainment of all who are guests of their gun club.

Des Moines, Ia., has hopes of regaining its former prestige as a shooting center. It is just the place for the State tournament. Watch 'em next year.

Way out in Aberdeen, S. D., the trapshoots are not idle. A match between said city and Bath showed Aberdeen two to the good. Several sweeps were shot on Saturday, with varying results.

Tom Lang, Findlay, O., crack shot, was a participant at the Cincinnati tournament held this week. Possibly he did not shoot a borrowed gun.

When the Crawfordville, Ind., Club held their holiday shoot, the honor for high score went to A. Thomas, of Linden.

Another old-time gun club has been resurrected. This time it is Huntsville, Mo. A merchandise shoot with some fifty prizes was held last week and proved a success.

Warrenton, Mo., Gun Club shot a match last week with the St. Charles Club and won by the small margin of two targets. A return match will be held at Warrenton in the near future.

In the Southern States the Fourth of July is not celebrated with the same spirit that is shown by the Northern people; hence there is no interference on the general celebration line with the holding of tournaments. Hence it becomes a pleasant privilege to write up the successful shoot held at Memphis, Tenn., July 4. The attractions offered, such as \$500 in cash and trophies galore, calls forth the Mississippi Valley shooters as well as a mingling with them of many of the traveling men. The sun shines warm in this part of the country, so that when Billy Crosby found that there was an umbrella offered for high average, he tried to win same, and in so doing put up the score of his life. Shooting three days, 200 each day, score 195, 197 and 199. Then Chas. Spencer and Jack Fanning had a merry race for second, Jack landing by just one "little saucer." This was not accomplished with good weather conditions, as an unpleasant rainy day was experienced on the first day. Yet shooting did not stop for same. The two following days were fair ones, and the shooting was accordingly good. The feature of the first day was the team shoot between Memphis and Shreveport, or a picked five men from that locality. Shooting at 100 targets each, Memphis won easily with 19 to the good, thus. For Memphis: Frank 95, Poston 97, Brady 92, Joiner 83, Canale 85; total 452. Shreveport: Bosley 95, Skannal 92, Mercer 91, Bryan 84, Brazeale 71; total 433. On the second day the Scimitor cup race and the last 500 of the team race furnished excitement in plenty. Fletcher won a most sensational race after tying with Mercer, the Shreveport crack, on 98 out of the 100. They both made 24 out of 25 in the first shoot-off, but on the second Mercer fell to 22, and the Birmingham great amateur carried away the cup amid much excitement. Hundreds of the townspeople came out to witness the results of the team race, and the unexpected happened, as with a starter of 19 to the good, the home team was badly beaten. All the Memphis team fell down, while the Louisianians held up regularly. Scores: Shreveport—Bosley 92, Skannal 90, Mercer 89, Bryan 82, Brazeale 87; total 440. Memphis—Frank 89, Poston 89, Brady 79, Canale 77, Joiner 73; total 408. With lovely warm weather, the last day was ushered in, and the shooting was good. High amateur average fell to the steady shot, P. C. Ward, with a total of 560 to Fletcher's 557, Mercer 553, Frank 549; for each of which there was a prize.

ONLY twenty-five shooters faced the trap at the National Gun Club tournament when Lilly said, "All ready; let her go," and half of these were traveling men. The attendance should be a lesson to all who manage shoots, inasmuch as the selection of dates following immediately after another shoot, is the greatest mistake that can be made. In this case there had been two weeks' previous shooting, all the surrounding States had held State shoots, and the shooters had spent two weeks from their homes and business and the attractions of even Mr. Lilly's and Tom Taggart's \$500 did not draw the shooters. There are many shooters who do not care to pay \$3 per day for hotel, nor do they wish to carry Tuxedo coats with them and go on dress parade each evening. To these let me suggest that there are boarding houses and hotels in plenty that make \$1, \$1.50 and \$2 rates. You can shoot, enjoy the water, breathe the pure air, climb the mountains, just the same as though you put up at the French Lick hostelry. No

doubt many do not understand this, and this is written with a view of putting all the amateurs on to the hotel accommodations and surroundings so that there may be no hesitancy on part of all who may desire to attend the Indian shoot, as the chances for cheap living are just the same at West Baden.

Watson Park Gun Club.

WATSON'S PARK, Chicago, July 9.—Shogren and Barto made high score in the first event with 24 each. Young made high score in the second event with 15. Shogren made high score in the third event with 23 at the 19yd. mark.

The 25s in the first event won a point in the handicap. The first column contains the scores actually made; the second the targets missed, and a like number to be shot at as a handicap; the third, the number broke of handicap, and one to be added for every 3 missed.

Event 2 was at 15 targets, high guns.

Event 3 was a distance handicap at 25 targets:

Events:	1	2	3
Shogren	24	1	25
Barto	24	1	25
Hanagan	22	4	11
Young	17	10	25
S. Mitten	20	6	4
Gillispie	15	13	9
Hess	19	8	7
Gilles	18	9	16
Schroeder	17
Steenberg	15	13	7
Skinner

Mr. Schroeder was a visitor.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, July 16.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the fifth trophy shoot of the second series. Thomas won Class A trophy on 24; Keck won Class B on 20. No Class C shooters present. In the cup shoot, which followed, Thomas, Dr. Shaw and Hathaway tied for Class A trophy on 22, and in the shoot-off at 5 pairs, Hathaway won by going straight.

The day was hot and windy, and the shooting was difficult and very few good scores were made. The attendance was just about our regular average of thirty shooters. Two applications for membership were received, bringing our waiting list up to ten.

Cup shoot:

Richards	00011001111111	10 10 11 11 11—18
Johnson	01011111101010	00 01 01 11 11—16
Young	11111011101010	11 11 01 01 10—19
Thomas	11111011101011	11 11 10 11 11—22
Hibbard	10001011111111	11 00 00 10 00—14
Dr. Meek	01111011101101	11 11 10 10 11—20
Snyder	11000011010111	10 10 10 10 00—23
Porter	11111101101111	10 11 00 10 10—13
Eaton	10101001110010	00 00 00 10 10—16
McDonald	11111101101011	00 01 00 11 00—9
Cook	01101010010100	00 00 11 10 11—11
Kennicott	10100001110011	00 11 11 10 11—22
Dr. Shaw	11111011111110	01 00 11 00 10—8
Lanigan	11000001100000	01 10 11 11 10—22
Hathaway	11111111111110	10 11 11 10 10—19
McKinnon	10111111101011	01 11 11 10 10—18
Birkland, Jr.	01110111010011	00 11 11 11 00—18
C. Einfeldt	10111111011101	00 00 00 01 15—
Morris	10101001010101	10 11 11 01 01—10
T. Smedes	11100001101111	01 00 11 00 11—11
Bull	00101010001001	01 00 11 00 11—11

Trophy shoot: Richards 21, Johnson 11, Young 20, Thomas 24, Hibbard 16, Dr. Meek 15, Snyder 11, Keck 20, Porter 12, Eaton 16, McDonald 18, Cook 15, Kennicott 5, Dr. Shaw 19, Lanigan 14, Hathaway 21, McKinnon 19, Birkland, Jr., 12, C. Einfeldt 17, Morris 18, T. S. Smedes 23, A. Smedes 8.

DR. J. W. MEEK.

W. P. T. S. L. at Kane.

KANE, Pa., July 9.—The Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League shoot at Kane, Pa., July 6 and 7 was quite a success, barring the fact that the attendance was not up to expectation, as only thirty-one shooters faced the trape on the first day and thirty-two on the second day.

Shooters were present from Pittsburg, Du Bois, Sheffield, Mt. Alto, St. Mary's, and Blairsville, Pa.; also Olean, N. Y.

High average for the first day went to L. J. Squier, breaking 171 out of 175; second, Mr. Chas. Irwin, of Pittsburg, Pa., with 165; third, Mr. E. D. Fulford, with 163, and fourth, Mr. A. Sizer, of Kane, with 161.

High average for the second day was a tie between Mr. L. J. Squier and Mr. E. D. Fulford, each getting 167 out of 175; second, Mr. B. D. Nobles, of Olean, N. Y., with 160; third, a tie on 159 between Mr. Irwin, of Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Sizer, of Kane, Pa.; Mr. Garland, of Blairsville, Pa.; Mr. Hart, of Buffalo, N. Y., and Mr. Millen, of Du Bois, Pa.; and fourth, Mr. Brown, of Kane, Pa., with 158.

General average for the shoot resulted as follows: Mr. L. J. Squier first, with 338 out of 350; second, Mr. E. D. Fulford, with 330; third, Mr. Chas. Irwin, with 323, and fourth, Mr. A. Sizer, with 320.

A continuous run was made of 118 by Mr. L. J. Squier; Mr. L. B. Fleming a run of 71, and Mr. Sizer a run of 56.

The trade was represented by L. J. Squier, E. D. Fulford, H. C. Watson and H. B. Fessenden.

The race for the Kane Sporting Goods Co. cup was decided on the second day. This event calls for 25 targets a man, four men to a team, and was won by the Kane, Pa., team with a score of 92 out of 100. Du Bois, Pa., team was second with 90, and Sheffield, Pa., team third with 85.

July 6, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Broke.
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	171
Squier	15	19	14	19	15	20	14	20	15	20	171
Irwin	14	17	14	20	15	18	13	20	14	19	164
Fulford	14	20	13	19	15	19	15	17	13	18	163
Brown	13	18	15	18	13	16	15	18	15	19	160
Sizer	14	18	13	19	11	20	15	20	13	18	161
Fleming	10	17	13	20	15	20	13	18	12	19	157
Nobles	12	18	10	18	14	17	15	19	14	17	154
Pontefract	12	17	12	14	15	18	14	19	11	19	151
Garland	11	17	12	19	14	18	13	17	12	20	153

Hart	14	15	11	18	13	19	14	19	14	18	155
Farnum	10	19	11	18	14	14	14	19	14	17	150
Williams	13	13	14	15	14	18	14	17	12	16	146
Wilson	12	18	12	18	13	17	11	17	13	13	144
Sheldon	8	14	10	20	14	15	15	12	17	12	139
Nittrow	11	16	7	19	11	19	10	17	11	19	140
Coleman	10	16	9	14	9	13	10	15	10	17	123
Dailey	9	14	4	16	9	16	6	13	8	11	106
Geary	5	14	9	10	9	14	9	94
Gillis	18	11	16	45
Anderson	13	19	..	32
Goodwin	10	9	11	30
Jones	12	18	..	30
Larson	16	10	26
Barido	12	13	..	25
Mullhought	10	16	..	26
Speer	9	14	..	23
Black	5	9	..	14
Brooder	8	8

July 7, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	Broke
Squier	15	20	15	19	13	18	15	20	14	18	167
Fulford	15	20	14	19	12	19	15	19	15	19	167
Nobles	15	17	14	19	13	17	12	19	14	20	160
Irwin	14	18	13	19	12	18	15	18	14	18	159
Sizer	15	18	14	16	14	18	13	18	15	18	159
Garland	15	17	14	19	11	19	15	20	13	16	159
Hart	14	18	14	15	14	20	15	18	13	18	159
Millen	13	17	13	20	15	19	12	16	15	19	159
Brown	14	17	15	17	14	19	13	18	13	18	158
Hull	12	17	15	18	14	19	15	18	13	16	157
Guinzburg	13	17	13	17	14	17	12	19	14	19	155
Fleming	14	18	9	17	13	20	15	16	14	17	153
Pontefract	12	18	11	18	14	18	13	17	15	17	153
Sheldon	9	14	14	19	12	20	10	18	14	18	148
Farnum	12	16	14	15	11	16	15	17	12	19	147
Nittrow	13	18	14	16	13	16	14	13	12	13	142
Gildersleeve	11	16	10	18	12	17	12	17	14	15	142
Sullivan	15	19	15	14	13	18	15	19	11	..	139
Wilson	12	15	12	13	13	18	11	17	10	17	138
Dailey	11	15	9	11	10	10	9	8	7	10	100
Sheck	..	12	12	16	6	..	10	13	12	..	81
Gilson	..	10	7	15	12	14	8	13	13	..	92
Curtin	..	15	10	12	..	9	..	9	12	67	
Ellis	..	16	14	18	13	16	..	18	12	..	107
Jones	..	16	14	19	11	18	17	12	107
Lynn	..	18	11	17	13	15	..	15	14	..	103
Cleff	..	8	17	13	17	9	18	12	94
Pryor	11	11	17	12	11	18	80

Shoot for cup, 25 targets:
Kane team—Nobles 24, Brown 23, Sizer 23, Sheldon 22; total 92.
Du Bois team—Guinzburg 24, Sullivan 23, Wolfe 22, Millen 21; total 90.
Sheffield team—Gildersleeve 21, Ellis 22, Jones 22, Lynn 20; total 85.
H. P. F.

Grand Crescent Gun Club.

WATSON'S PARK, Chicago, July 10.—The first events, 25 targets, had a handicap of targets equal to the number missed, these to be shot at, and one more added for every three missed. In this event column 1 is the actual score; column 2, handicap; 3, added; 4, total.

Event 2 was at 25 targets, high guns.

Event 3 was at 25 targets, distance handicap:

Events:	1	2	3	4
Wiensberg	22	3	1	25
Deal	22	3	1	25
White	22	3	1	25
Geo. Eck	23	2	..	25
Ford	21	4	1	3
Willard	22	3	1	3
Weber	20	5	1	4
Adams	22	3	1	2
Perry	18	7	2	4
Johnson	25
Engstrom	21	4	1	3
Notter	20
Meyer	10
Hess

The 25s won point on handicap.

Johnson was high gun in first event with 25 straight. Geo. Eck was high gun in second event with 25 straight. Johnson was high gun in third event, with 25 straight.

It was a perfectly still day, just suitable for big scores, and there were plenty of them. Johnson made two straight scores of 25, and Geo. Eck made one 25.

SHOTGUN.

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE

At the W. P. T. S. League tournament at Kane, Pa., July 6-7, Mr. Chas. Irwin, of Pittsburg, Pa., won the amateur average for the two days, using a Winchester gun and shells.

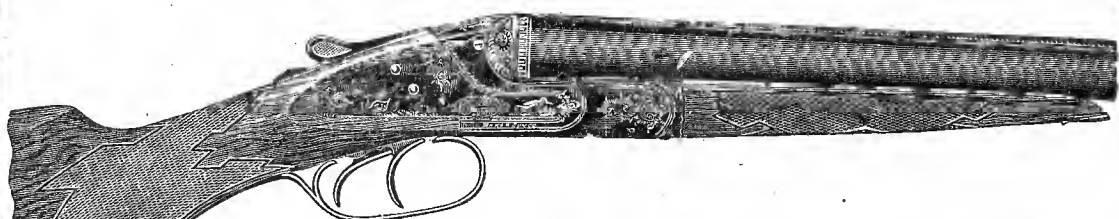
New Advertisements.

The new automatic trap, for throwing artificial targets in numbers, just brought out by the Tribune Trap and Target Co., of Erie, Pa., has an active interest for every trapshooter in the land. The Tribune Trap throws targets at any and all angles; throws targets fast, slow and at any elevation, and never clogs. From the cuts and descriptions that we have seen of it, it appears to be a marvel of mechanical skill. The booklet published by the company is ready for distribution, and will be sent on at request.

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THE WILD DUCK SUPPLY.

FOR a long time the State and Federal Governments have been taking a hand in the propagation and distribution of fish, and in recent years some efforts have been made to rear and distribute game, but this last is an operation much slower and more difficult than fish propagation. Yet no one can tell what may come of experiments in this direction, and such experiments should be encouraged, since money spent to increase our game or fish supply is well spent.

The State can purchase deer or pheasants and turn them out in parks and preserve them from injury by gunners, but it cannot be sure that they will not be killed by the winter or by vermin or suffer from a thousand other ills. On the other hand the examples of the Yellowstone Park, the Austin Corbin Park, and many other properly guarded preserves show that where game is protected from outside attacks, there is every prospect of success.

There is a growing tendency now in the various States to set aside reserves where wild creatures shall be protected. Massachusetts has established several such preserves; so have California, Michigan, Minnesota, New York, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, and Wyoming. Two or three other States have reserves devoted to forestry or to other uses, but they are small. Canada has set apart a great number of timber reserves similar in many respects to our United States forest reserves, and while on these reserves the killing of wild things is to some extent limited, there is, we believe, no such absolute protection as is found in the United States Yellowstone Park or other national parks of this country.

It would undoubtedly be a wise action for each one of the United States to set aside within its borders some area, greater or less, which would at all times be protected. If such tracts were put in the charge of a game keeper, were protected by statute, and were reasonably looked after in the matter of providing food and shelter in winter, there is no doubt that each one of them would before long become a center from which might flow out a never ceasing supply of game.

About fifty years ago something of this kind was attempted by private enterprise on the borders of Chautauqua Lake, the largest of the inland waters of western New York. At that time and earlier, Mr. Geo. Irwin, a nature lover residing near Mayville, N. Y., made a systematic effort, extending first and last over thirty years, to domesticate several species of wild duck. Chautauqua Lake was at that time frequented by a multitude of ducks, among which were all those which still occur on the shores of Lake Erie; several species of geese and swans also visited it, and many other sorts of waterfowl bred along its shores, which were then clothed with deep forests of beech, poplar, and chestnut.

For the purpose of attempting the domestication of as many of these sorts of birds as could conveniently be obtained, a small area of about an acre, situated at the very edge of the lake, was selected as a breeding ground. The choice was made with special reference to the vegetation growing within the inclosure, which should furnish alike food and shelter. Sheds and nesting places of different sorts were put up within the inclosure, and the first birds put into it were young ducks, caught alive, or just hatched from eggs taken from the wild birds' nests.

Of the species experimented with, the mallard, dusky duck, and blue-winged teal were the most abundant; but pintails and swans also bred in the inclosure, migrating south in the autumn, but returning in spring to take up their homes here to breed again, and again to make their southward journey. While a considerable number of the birds reared here were allowed freedom, migrated, and returned again to breed again, others were captured, transferred to a barnyard, and kept in captivity, finally developing into domestic fowls which could hardly be known as having wild origin. The species which took most easily to domestication were the mallard, the dusky duck, and the Canada goose. Mr. Irwin was especially successful in rearing wood ducks, and his account of the habits of the bird is very interesting. These experiments were brought to an end by the building of a branch railroad through the place where they were being conducted, and so far as we know they have never been resumed.

Their apparent success, however, suggests what might be done in a State reserve, or what might be done by individual effort on almost any body of water, provided the

land owners about it would agree to protect it during the season of breeding. We understand that something of this sort is taking place in Jefferson county, New York, where for a number of years now there has been no shooting of the birds in spring. It would be interesting to learn to-day whether black ducks and blue-winged teal are breeding this year on Long Island as they certainly have bred in past years.

Few occupations, we think, could be more interesting or attractive, for one who has the time to devote to it, than breeding our native wildfowl in domestication. This can be done, and has been done, and requires little more than a breeding stock, and thereafter reasonable attention to protect the young birds from vermin. The late Fred Mather was at different times and places successful in this matter; a resident of Long Island, and an eminent artist of Boston have also bred wildfowl on a large scale. A number of zoological gardens have regularly reared fowl, and only this summer broods of young Canada geese, mallards, dusky ducks, and other wild species were to be seen in the Gardens of the New York Zoological Society of this city.

There is abundant reason to think, therefore, that systematic and faithful effort by Government officials in the way of rearing wildfowl would be rewarded by abundant success, and we are disposed to think that it is by efforts in this direction on State reserves that the increase in our wildfowl so eloquently pleaded for a few weeks ago by Mr. Sydney Fisher may be hoped for.

If the spring shooting of wildfowl should generally be abandoned throughout North America, and reservations should be established where the birds might breed in safety, long steps would have been taken toward the renewing of the old time abundance of wildfowl which most of us have thought was gone forever.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR PHILANTHROPY.

RATIONAL recreation is a cure-all for numerous ills of life, physical, mental, and moral. Body, brain and spirit require it. If deprived of it, they balk, break down, or develop in some irrational direction. As a social organization, a community, we are coming to recognize this more clearly, and to give expression to our recognition of it by providing more frequent holidays, more public parks, more children's playgrounds, and various other means of diversion. Every such opportunity for harmless recreation of the young makes for good citizenship. The State can well afford to pay increased attention to providing means of healthy outdoor sport for the boys of to-day who are to be the citizens of to-morrow.

A seriously complicated problem, and one which is ever with us in the large cities, is what to do with our young men on Sunday. It is a problem which is restricted for its solution to the actual conditions as they exist, not to any theoretical assumption of what might be or ought to be. An incessant conflict is waged between the young people who want to play ball and other people who demand that Sabbath quiet shall not be broken by ball games. The ball players are frequently taken into court in prosecutions set on foot usually by representatives of the churches. Such a case came up in Brooklyn the past week, when, on complaint of the pastor of a Methodist-Episcopal church, a number of boys were arrested for having played baseball on Sunday in the vicinity of the church. The defendants were discharged by city magistrate James G. Tighe, who drew a distinction between public sports and pastimes, and held that the defendants were not liable under the code, inasmuch as they had been playing simply for the sake of the game, and not for any revenue from gate receipts. The magistrate said:

If the American boy is offered a proper outlet for his pent-up and surplus energy, he can be trusted to respect and obey the law in his youth, and manhood will find him a good, law-abiding citizen. In my thirty years' experience in criminal law, I have found the playing of harmless games on Sundays by our boys and young men conduces to good order, and that repose of the community in the highest degree, and this has been the experience of our police captains in charge of the precincts within whose bounds these games are played. Corner loafing has within those precincts ceased to exist, and without some vent of this description, all the mischievous and vicious tendencies of young men and boys would be called into active play, and as a result we would have rioting, disorder and all kinds of drunkenness and gambling, and I know by reports that those conditions do not exist in the precincts wherein these play grounds are situated, and I believe it would be a good thing for the city to establish, under police control, public playgrounds where sports and pastimes of this kind could be indulged in.

Such a statement from such authority is deserving of very serious attention and very careful consideration.

The town itself offers no place suitable for baseball on Sunday. The game is boisterously noisy, and the courts to the contrary notwithstanding, is nothing short of a public nuisance. The dweller in the town is entitled to his Sabbath quiet and repose in the fullest measure attainable; and it is an imposition and often an outrage to subject a neighborhood to the uproar of a Sunday game of baseball. There are numerous available sites readily accessible from every large city where the game might be played without so imposing upon other people who prefer the day of rest without the hullabaloo of the ball ground.

Now that the country is well supplied with library buildings, some practical philanthropist might wisely provide in the suburbs of the large cities recreation fields for the free use of the boys of the town, under necessary restrictions which might readily be framed.

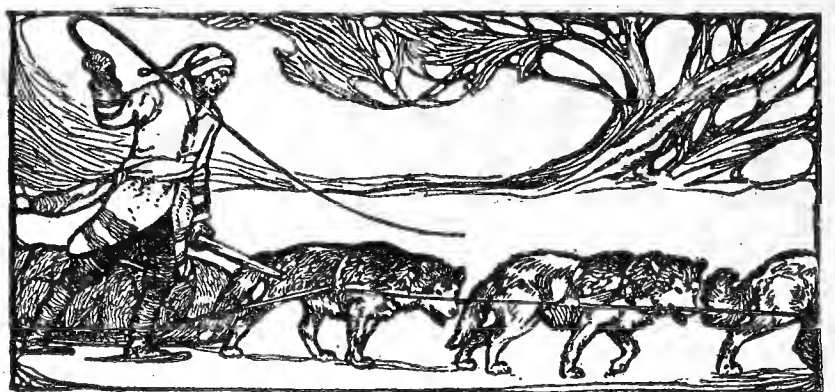
SQUIRREL BARKING.

THE discussion of the squirrel question has collected enough barked limbs to supply a camp-fire. The evidence adduced to demonstrate the possibility of barking is conclusive, and we may consider the question settled.

The abundance of the testimony to squirrel barking by correspondents who have done the feat themselves, or who know others who have done it, may be a surprise to some who, while not skeptical about the practice of barking in the old days, have been wont to regard it as a part of the art of shooting that had long since passed out of vogue. To bark a squirrel requires an exactness of aim and a steadiness of holding which are nowadays not so commonly developed as they were under the conditions which once existed, when the man of the woods had to know how to shoot, and to shoot well, or go hungry. The necessities of the time and the extended actual practice of shooting for subsistence, developed a degree of skill among the frontier shooters for meat which your modern marksman may well envy but rarely hope to attain for himself. And as we become less expert ourselves, the less credulous are we of the stories of what the men of an earlier day could do with their old-fashioned arms. The fine art of rifle shooting—that is to say, actual shooting at game in the woods—has sadly deteriorated since the times of Boone and Crockett. The game itself has gone. The substitution of the repeater for the single shot has made the shooter less careful and even reckless in delivering his shot, and the old opportunities of the men in the woods who had "all the time there was" to hunt the game with deliberation and sure shooting, are very different from those of the average big-game hunter of to-day, who, even in the woods, cannot wholly free himself from the dominating spirit of hurry and impatience so characteristic of our modern social system.

The cut of Davy Crockett's rifle illustrates a typical arm of precision of a squirrel-barking generation. The old arm was sent to us some years ago for exhibition, and afterward was shown in the FOREST AND STREAM's exhibit at the World's Fair. The rifle at that time belonged to Col. "Bob" Crockett, a grandson of the hero of the Alamo; by him it was bequeathed to John W. Crockett, Secretary of State of Arkansas, who has placed it on exhibition in his office in the State Capitol. The rifle was originally a flint-lock, with a 46-inch barrel, afterwards reduced to 40½ inches. It takes thirty-two balls to the pound. It was made at a cost of \$250 by Constable, a famous maker of his time. The rifle was presented to Crockett soon after his second election to Congress in 1829 by some of his admiring Whig friends of Philadelphia. In the top of the octagonal barrel, in letters of gold, is the inscription: "Presented by the Young Men of Philadelphia to the Hon. David Crockett, of Tennessee." In smaller letters, near the muzzle, are Crockett's famous words, "Go ahead."

THAT is not an altogether pleasing picture of the American angler which Mr. Bastedo gives us in his explanation of why the Ontario authorities have found it necessary to put a license upon the visitor who fishes in St. Lawrence River waters. Heretofore angling in that territory has been free. It was a freedom which has been abused, and for the new restrictions the fishermen have no one to blame but themselves.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

A Summer in Newfoundland.—VI.

(Continued from page 67)

FAT venison we wanted, wanted it badly. Good, juicy ribs, and steaks, and marrow bones are wonderfully appetizing after a diet of salmon, and the possibility that the game might carry but mediocre antlers, never occurred to me—nor did I care whether it did or not. The breeze was light but favorable, and just by the bank of the inlet was a choice spot for watching. Nothing, however, appeared for two hours but clouds of black flies, and never have I felt them more wicked and all-pervading than during the first hour of that evening at Andrew's Pond. We had retired a few yards back from the water, to boil a kettle of tea and rest for the night, when a splash away up shore caused William hastily to smother a newly lighted fire, while I ran down to the pond. He was coming quickly, an old white-necked stag, well antlered, splashing along at a rapid trot. He had reached the opposite side of the outlet almost before I had time to press a couple of caps down over the nipples; but the distance was too great for the rickety old gun, and we wanted those fat quarters badly.

Boldly wading in, the water soon reached his withers, and a moment later the stag stood knee deep on my side of the stream. He stood motionless, gazing intently into the bushes, for already the scent of smoke had reached his nostrils. Two discharges in quick succession; the cheap black powder roared like a cannon and dense clouds of smoke almost concealed the caribou, as the latter reeled backward into deeper water. "You hit un," yelled William, and together we rushed out on the sand spit, only to see our stag floundering about in four feet of icy water. He seemed paralyzed and struggled helplessly and aimlessly around in circles. The wound was evidently mortal, and he would probably die in a few minutes; but load again we must and put him out of misery as speedily as possible. Accordingly, I handed William the gun and ramrod for the purpose of recharging, as he was more familiar with muzzleloaders and knew just how much powder the well-worn barrels would stand. In doing so, however, the screw was unfortunately broken from the end of the ramrod with two or three inches of wood; but at the time this seemed merely a trivial mishap, as the animal appeared to be weakening fast and about to give up. William rammed vigorously for seconds before returning the piece, and then, placing a cap on the left nipple, whispered, "Shoot dat un first." So I walked out knee-deep into the stream and, taking aim at the stag not ten yards away, pulled the trigger—and only the cap snapped. Another and another were tried with the same result. Even a few grains of powder placed in the touch-hole as primer brought no response.

Something was wrong, and the load must be drawn. So hastily taking off my coat, I drew out the safety pin which fastened my money in its inside pocket, bent it, tore a strip from my flannel shirt, and spent fully ten minutes in lashing it securely to the end of the rod, and drawing both loads. But imagine my utter astonishment and chagrin when twenty-four harmless buckshot—two full loads—rolled from the left barrel, while a good handful of coarse-grained powder fell from the right. Fully twelve minutes had elapsed since firing the first shot, and all this time my stag had been floundering helplessly in the water, the blood visibly trickling from six or seven small bullet holes a little high in the shoulder. But he was slowly reviving with a truly wonderful recuperative power, and now stood in the shallows on the opposite side, still in easy range but only ten feet from the thickest alder tangle that ever bordered a stream. One barrel was hastily reloaded, and just as he entered the bushes I took a good true sight on his side, pulled the trigger, and the gun "blew" or hung fire, the charge passing completely astern.

It was too late. Darkness had fallen and a thick night fog hung heavy over the bushes. I did not reproach the guide for his unexcusable carelessness in loading the gun, for he was already on the verge of breaking down. Rain fell heavily all night long and, soaked to the skin, we sat and shivered in silence.

Well, we never saw that stag again; but the pity of it all was, that the great beast lay dead somewhere back among the spruces, and now his bones are bleaching white and his flesh has become the prey of bears and foxes. That was a sad experience; probably no hunter ever recorded one more harrowing or more truly exasperating in all its details, and I relate it with great reluctance, as it is not a tale which a sportsman would care to exploit before the public. But the blunder serves a purpose and teaches a lesson.

No animal is dead, merely because it has fallen to the crack of the rifle, and experience has often proved that the wise hunter is the man who hurries forward for a finishing shot. Of course, when tracking in the snow this rule is not so imperative, for then even a slightly wounded animal may be followed with ease; but when the woods are wet and leaves are on the trees a blood trail is very difficult to follow. Especially is this true should the game be wounded by a mushroom bullet

from a small caliber rifle, which, although powerful enough, frequently lacks in its projectile sufficient weight, and consequently loses greatly in momentum and striking energy.

A .30-30 is a very deadly weapon if well handled; but within my experience, at least, its bullets have rarely penetrated competently through the body of an animal as large as a caribou. The single hole of entry is small, very small, often clotting with blood within an hour, and then the trail ceases. For this reason, many of the old New Brunswick woodsmen, among them such notable characters as Henry Braithwaite and William Carson, of Boiestown, are reluctant to enter the woods with a man who carries a .30-30. Carson told me last September that during the season of 1901, five bull moose, all wounded with the above named rifle, escaped to die in the woods, and his party came out without a head.

Some years ago a friend of mine took a long shot at a buck, standing on the shore of Beaver Pond in the Adirondacks. The latter was fully 200 yards away and collapsed in a heap at the report of the .38 Winchester. "You broke his back, all right," remarked the guide; but, fortunately, we put all steam on the paddles and, before reaching the spot, our buck was again on his feet waiting for a second shot. Later, when skinning the animal, but one bullet hole could be found, and it was some time, and only after a very careful examination, that the mystery of the first shot was finally explained. The lead never even cut the skin, but had merely stunned the deer by striking the base of one antler an inch or two above the skull; and it is safe to say that, had we not plied the paddles vigorously, my friend would have lost the fine head which now adorns his study wall. A Brooklyn physician whom I met in Newfoundland related a less successful experience with a bull moose back upon the headwaters of the Little Southwest Miramichi in New Brunswick. He had wounded the bull severely with two bullets from a high power rifle, and as the great brute stood broadside at one hundred yards, brought him down with a third well-directed shot. The doctor left his moose crashing around among the bushes, apparently in the last throes of death, and returned to camp for ax and skinning knife. Half an hour later the bull had departed for parts unknown, and was never seen again.

No, no animal is dead until it has ceased to breathe, and it is as imprudent as it is illogical to proceed on any other assumption.

The effect of bullet wounds on big game of such great vitality and strength as bear or moose is also a subject of much general misapprehension among laymen. A vital spot must be reached, and when it is, death or helplessness is sure to result. No one at any distance—except, perhaps, an expert—would be foolish enough to aim at the head or spine of an animal, although a bullet in either of these places would result in immediate and total collapse. Never but once have I seen a caribou drop without stepping out of his foot-prints, and that was two years ago, when a young friend who accompanied me to Newfoundland aimed at the shoulder and struck the brain of a stag at seventy yards with a .30-40 Winchester. The tyro usually aims at the very center of the animal, or else at the horns, and plants his bullet, if at all, through the latter's stomach or intestines, which is about as good as a miss. Directly back of the shoulder and low down, or head on in the chest, or quartering through the body so that the lungs are reached, are all vital spots, and a sure, speedy death. Great care should be exercised when shooting for the shoulder not to aim too high, as such a wound merely results in a temporary paralysis, similar to that which affected the stag at Andrew's Pond. To completely disable an animal is just as certain as a mortal wound, but less humane; and both shoulders or hips broken, although rarely occurring, are sure shots. Occasionally, in the case of moose and deer, but quite frequently with the clumsy, thick-set caribou, a leg broken well up becomes a disabling shot, especially if the animal be an old and heavy stag. Last year I shattered the thigh of a large stag with a .303 Savage expanding bullet, and the animal never moved ten yards after the bone was broken; had it been a white-tailed deer he might have escaped. At the time I was surprised at the caribou's apparent inability to leave the spot, and remarked the same to my guide, Robert Stroud, a man who has shot "deer" ever since he could carry a gun, and he replied that it was not infrequent in the case of a leg broken well up. During the great midwinter hunt of the Newfoundlanders, when thousands of the animals are killed for their meat, Stroud always does his share of the work on the open plains back of Alexander Bay, and he has had ample opportunity to follow up hundreds of wounded animals. Sad it is, that the fishermen are so poorly equipped with modern firearms; their heavy muzzleloaders are charged with nails, slugs, and buckshot, indiscriminately, and when a volley is fired into a herd of fleeing caribou, only a comparative few of the wounded animals fall at the first discharge.

To brand all hunting whatever as cruel and degenerate, is of course, as Theodore Roosevelt aptly remarks, "merely a bit of unhealthy sentimentalism;" but as long as game is to be killed, it is the hunter's duty to aim straight, and be sure of a vital spot; and after all has

been said, the surest place, if fairly exposed, is low down back of the fore-shoulder. We sportsmen want dead animals quickly killed and not maimed or wounded ones dying by themselves days or weeks after being hurt, for the game resources of this land, or any land, are not sufficient to warrant inaccurate, careless shooting, and poor crippled creatures struggling off into the woods to die. A slight wound is worse than a clear miss; and no man has any business in the woods with a rifle in his hands who cannot place his shots within a ten-inch circle at, at least, a hundred yards.

Perhaps less depends on the particular make or style of a rifle than upon the man behind it; but, nevertheless, any gun ever made is none too good, none too accurate or powerful, and a choice should be given careful consideration. During the last half century wonderful progress has been made in the development of the military and sporting rifle. In no field of modern industry have the brains of industry and the trained skill of the artisan been applied more effectively than to implements of war. The quaint picturesqueness of such characters as Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett would be strangely marred if they were pictured armed with a rifle of to-day; and old Leatherstocking's simple mind would be sadly perturbed at the passing of the buckskin pouch, the powder-horn, and "la longue carbine" of the early *courriers du bois*—those quaint, stalwart figures of our early history. Yes, the long-barreled, muzzleloading smooth-bore has truly become a relic of the past; but from it have been evolved weapons of wonderful accuracy at long range, and terrific shocking power. Each new year produces its latest patents and improvements, and almost within the year a weapon has been placed upon the market that will shoot in quick succession five 300-grain soft-nosed bullets at an individual muzzle velocity of over 2,000 foot seconds, with a striking energy of about 3,500 foot pounds.

For nearly ten years articles have appeared in our sporting magazines which, if collected, would fill dozens of volumes, all bearing upon the relative merits of large vs. small caliber high power rifles for hunting purposes; but still the discussion continues, in some localities as vehemently as ever, and still it will continue just so long as success is achieved by the advocates of either weapon. We constantly hear the opinion of the man who has shot a few deer or a couple of moose with a .30-30 or .303, but he is in no better position to decide the controversy than many men who have done the same with a .45. A .22 caliber has been known to kill a deer, and will do it again, while a .50 smooth-bore is as deadly on rabbits as it is on bear. Only men of long and wide experience in the woods, or better still, a well compiled comparative table of authentic data citing thousands of instances, are competent to decide the most effective caliber and load under all conditions. No one would think of shooting prongbuck at great distances on the plains with the heavy, slow-flying ball of an elephant gun; nor would a sportsman of any experience expect to use a double-barreled express rifle on the white goats or bighorn of the Rocky Mountains. On the other hand, our small bore, flat trajectory rifles of to-day would prove, and have proved, inadequate and unserviceable for the big game of India or Africa. They are not adapted to close range shooting in the jungles, where great momentum and terrific shocking power are essential, and they never were intended for such work. But after all has been said, there can truly be no "very best rifle"—one which is superior to any other on all animals under all conditions; and the man who boldly proclaims his .30-30 or another who heralds his .45-90 as "the best gun on the market," must be men either of very narrow practical experience, or very shallow mental depth.

I was glad to leave Andrew's Pond, and so was William glad of a chance to forget any lurking memories of that sandy beach by the inlet, and the long rainy night which followed our experience with the stag. So early next morning we pushed on toward an unnamed lake, some ten miles to the eastward, which, by courtesy, I will call Sand Pond.

It has been said of General Sheridan that once, when passing through the dry, arid regions of Texas, he made this remark: "If I owned hell and Texas, I would sell Texas and live in hell." Evidently the general had never traveled the Newfoundland interior during fly-time, for if he had held a fee simple of the barren ground between Andrew's and Sand Ponds, he might have thrown it in along with Texas, and paid a few dollars to boot. Stretching out before us lay over a hundred square miles of the most desolate, wibegone country that God ever created; endless marshes soaked with water, and naked hills seamed and scarred by winter's ice. Little clumps of stunted, half-starved spruces gleaned a meagre sustenance from the scanty soil. The climate seemed as mild as that of Maine, but vegetation and flora were of the sub-arctic zone. The sun blazing down burned as readily as on Cape Cod, but a few patches of crusted snow still filled the deeper fissures of the highlands. A terrible winter would soon hold those vast wastes in its icy grasp. "Tucks" were everywhere, and anyone who has never traveled through them has yet in store an experience equally demoralizing upon clothes and temper. Just imagine yourself tramping over a ridge covered with short, crisp moss. It is like a velvet carpet, and a good three-

mile gait rapidly lessens the distance to camp. Suddenly the texture of the carpet changes, and its color from a light gray to a beautiful dark green hue. You step on it, innocently enough, and immediately sink to your waist in a dense tangle of scrubby spruce. You cannot pass through it, you cannot walk on top; and unless a friendly "deer" lead lends its assistance, a long detour will be necessary. Then you are in the "tucks."

I once missed a fine chance at a bear all due to these infernal "tucks." He was on a huckleberry barren near "Ole Christoph's" Pond, sleek and black, wholly unconscious of my presence. Half a mile away across the valley I watched him through the glasses for some time, slowly slouching along, busily engaged with the berries, and occasionally overturning a stone in search for the succulent ants that lurked beneath. The wind was favorable, and the bear was gradually working his way in a circle to a point where a successful stalk could be made. So pumping a cartridge into the chamber I prepared for a long crawl over the moss. A hundred yards went well, but then, alas! a hundred rods of impenetrable spruce growth stretched out ahead, and the best chance of a summer was lost. That bear still roots with satisfaction among the ant hills, and safely roams the country back of Christoph's Pond, but no safer is he than when I stood upon the edge of the tucks and watched his fine black pelt disappear over the ridge on the other side.

The sun stood, by this time, high in the heavens, a good time for a rest, and an excellent opportunity for boiling the kettle. So while William cut down a supply of wood for the fire, I brought out an old envelope and jotted down some notes on the birds observed during the last few days.

Bird life throughout the interior is just as different from that near the coast as are the species found at the coast different from our well-known friends of the Middle States. The nature and topography of the inland country are not favorable to the sustenance of many species, but the few which do occur may be counted upon with some degree of frequency and regularity. Crows, ravens, thrushes, and foxsparrows, were seen very infrequently, while no terns were recorded at all. On the other hand, horned larks (*Otocoris alpestris*), and pipits (*Anthus pensilvanicus*), ptarmigan (*Lagopus lagopus allemi*), and Canada geese (*Branta canadensis*) were abundant on the barrens, while nearly every pond sheltered its brood of sheldrakes (*Merganser americanus*), and a pair of loons (*Gavia imber*) or herring gulls (*Larus argentatus smithsonianus*). The latter were just commencing to depart for the ocean, and had already diminished considerably in numbers since our arrival at the falls. Every patch of forest contained its full quota of titmice, nuthatches, and jays of both species, although *Perisoreus canadensis* appeared to be the much more abundant of the two. Great horned owls (*Bubo virginianus*) were observed on several occasions silently flapping over the wet marshes; bald eagles twice, and once I saw a single individual of those rare nomadic wanderers, the Bohemian waxwings (*Ampelis garrulus*). I tried my best to secure a specimen of the horned owl of Newfoundland for purposes of identification, as the birds seemed quite dark in coloration, approaching more closely *B. v. saturatus* of Labrador and the north than *B. virginianus* of eastern United States and lower Canada, but Jim's old seal gun, loaded with buckshot, made but a poor substitute for a collecting gun, and all my efforts were futile.

Sand Pond, nestling in a valley among surrounding hills, one end a bog, the other shrouded in sombre forest gloom, is a typical pond of the Newfoundland interior. Already many does and small deer had left the protecting thickets and could be seen wandering about over the barrens above the lake; but old stags, tardy as usual, were still scarce on the open country. At that time they should be sought around low swamps and heavily wooded river bottoms, and great precaution should be exercised in pitching a camp. No fire was lit that first night at Sand Pond, as the fresh sign along shore showed that we were in the heart of an excellent stag country. It was rather cold, and perhaps we were foolish, but anyone who has hunted caribou before they have commenced to travel will thoroughly understand the reason of our extraordinary care. The man who goes to Grand Lake or Kitty's Brook after September 10 can live in luxury in a permanent home camp and at night enjoy the warmth of the largest fire, for then the deer have commenced to move from place to place, and one that was ten miles away at sunrise might well, toward evening, almost stumble upon the tent. Previous to that time, however, sportsmen can permit themselves no such luxurious comforts, for then the caribou are living quiet and seclusive in their summer home, and then a heavy stag rarely travels half a mile from his bed. Absolute silence, small fire, infrequent chopping, and, above all, no unnecessary tramping the country, are all cardinal rules to be followed; and the man who hunts little and looks much is the one who will prove fortunate. The man who has finished his breakfast before daylight will be more successful than the one who tumbles out of his sleeping bag at six o'clock; and the guide who rests during the midday heat and then watches long after sundown is a wiser hunter than the one who searches industriously all day long and then returns to camp to finish his supper by daylight. The old maxim, "Early and late are the times to wait," was never truer than when hunting "deer" in the early autumn. Such hunting is the acme of sportsmanship, and demands in a high degree the trained skill and quiet, stealthy tread of the still-hunter.

It is difficult to understand just why the unfortunate misnomers "stag" and "deer" have been applied to the caribou by the Newfoundlanders. A caribou bull is an animal totally different in every respect from the stag of the Scotch Highlands or the historic Rot Hirsch of the forests of Germany. But a certain reluctance to invent new names for new animals has always characterized colonists in a strange land, and it is evident that the early Scotch and English settlers in Newfoundland were no exception to the usual rule. To them the caribou has always been a deer, and a deer it will always remain. Our own early pioneers were just as reluctant and conservative in their choice, selecting names for American game totally inappropriate and often scientifically inaccurate as well. Thus they christened our wapiti, which is closely allied to the European stag, elk, a name as mis-

leading as it is incorrect, for the true elk is the prototype of the American moose throughout the boreal forests of the eastern hemisphere, and it represents an entirely different genus from the wapiti. The Indian cougar was ignored for the more familiar and conservative mountain lion; yet the great cat is distinctively an animal of the new world. Our beautiful redbreasted thrush became known to the settlers under the same name as the diminutive European robin, while in localities our ruffed grouse became a pheasant. The white-tailed deer was called red deer, after its English cousin; the extraordinary antelope of the West became a white goat; the prong-buck of the plains for a hundred years has posed as an antelope; while the grand old bison of the past indigenous to American soil, an animal which was born and bred and then died on our western prairies, has passed into history as the buffalo.

Sad indeed it is that a European nomenclature has been saddled upon American animals. But we still retain a few names thoroughly western in their origin and significance, and such words as moose, coyote, and maskinongé, carcajou, musquash, ouananiche, and caribou, will stand as perpetual monuments to the aboriginal Indian long after the latter has vanished from the broad land that was once his own.

Early next morning William and I sat by a little barren at the foot of the pond, waiting for the sun to rise. A thick white mist hung heavy on the water, and an all-pervading icy dampness penetrated to the very marrow. Over on the opposite shore a solitary doe was dimly discernible through the fog, and a few moments later her well grown fawn emerging from the bushes, frisked and frolicked by her side. Across the outlet, not fifty yards from where we sat, was a beaver house, or, more properly speaking, a beaver hole, at the mouth of which a great heap of brush had been piled by the industrious animal. There he lived a lonely life in solitary confinement, apart from all friends and neighbors of his race; for search, as later we did, no other beavers were discovered at Sand Pond. For half an hour nothing worthy of a shot appeared on the beach; so moving back a few hundred yards, we took our stand on a little eminence, from the summit of which a view of the surrounding country could be obtained. The mist was gradually dissipated by the sun's bright rays, and soon broad, well-worn deer leads could be seen stretching out, crossing each other in every direction. It must have been about six o'clock when William suddenly gripped my arm like a vise, and pointing across the barrens whispered, "Look! Dere's a stag over yonder." I followed the direction of his finger, and sure enough, far down along the slope, a caribou was slowly clambering up the trail which turned off only one hundred yards from the base of our knoll. Yes, he was coming, slowly but surely, up the lead. Now I can plainly see the shaggy white neck and broad palmations of his antlers. He stops a moment to crop a mouth full of moss from beside the runway, and stands erect watching the doe and fawn across the pond. Perhaps she once belonged to his harem and still remembers those fierce battles and hoarse challenges of the previous autumn. Proudly tossing his head, he quickens his pace to a fast walk. Now I can see the vapor from his nostrils rising like a white cloud in the frosty air. Nearer and nearer, wholly unconscious of our presence; I draw the sights on his broad gray chest; a quick flash; a loud report, and the stag crouches, trembling in every fibre, but then rushes onward with headlong bounds. The rifle cracks again, and he totters, stumbles, and falls in a heap. We rush down the hill with all possible dispatch, but it is unnecessary, for before us on the moss he lies dead upon his side, truly the noblest, the proudest creature of the northern wilderness.

What a strangely powerful instinct it must be that drives the hunter to commit such a deed! Yet here we are, William and I, exchanging mutual congratulations and shaking hands over the prostrate form of the quarry.

WILLIAM ARTHUR BABSON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

On the Amazon.

UNITED STATES CONSUL AYME writes from Para, Brazil, of conditions obtaining on the Amazon: "The reports of my immediate predecessor in office were of such a nature as to inspire the belief that there existed many opportunities for the investment, by Americans, of moderate amounts of capital in various lines. I despair of finding language strong enough to express the utter and absolute hopelessness of success that awaits any of them unhappy enough to attempt to make even a bare living on the banks of the mighty Amazon. The Amazon River may be divided into three parts: The lower Amazon, extending as far as Manaos, where the Rio Negro flows into it, a distance of about 900 miles; the upper Amazon, from Manaos to Iquitos, near the Peruvian boundary, a distance of perhaps 1,800 miles, and the Peruvian Amazon region, with navigable rivers for a distance of 1,600 miles and more. This amazing river system, which empties into the Atlantic, through a series of mouths 180 miles wide, more than twice as much water as the Mississippi carries in flood, and which stains the ocean for a distance of 600 miles, lies in a broad, flat valley, elevated but a few inches above flood level, with an inclination of only about one foot in five miles. This valley, almost always flooded, is covered with vast forests, in which at sparse intervals are found occasional heaves and hard-wood trees of some value. This valley, at least thirty miles wide, has a swift, very deep river running through it, with a breadth of from two to six miles. The thick forest growing up out of the water forms the so-called 'banks.' Here and there are patches of slightly elevated ground on which Indian huts are erected. To make this huge river and to sustain the growth of the vast matted forest, rain—much rain—is needed, and it is a fact that more rain falls in this region than in any other of like extent in the world. As one sails or steams up the great river there are seen occasional patches of green, level vegetation, for all the world like wondrously fertile meadows, and it is not difficult to imagine great flocks of cattle feeding on them, until the sight of a capybara or tapir more than knee-deep

in the green ooze informs one of the real consistency of that tempting and solid-looking meadow; it is little better than a swamp.

"In these extraordinary forests there are found some of the most beautiful and valuable woods in the world, as well as fruits, nuts, oils, balsams, and gums, but—and this but is unsurmountable—they are found as rarely as diamonds in the gravel or gold nuggets in the streams. There is a false impression existing that rubber trees, ebony, rosewood, and all the rest are found in great groves or clusters, like our pine or oak forests. The fact is that these trees are solitary. When two of them are only a quarter of a mile apart (and remember that the quarter-mile is not open space, but thick-matted, almost impenetrable swamp forest) they are considered close together; if they are a mile apart they are not considered to be very far distant from each other. Nor does this huge forest produce any great quantity of food for human beings. The staple articles of food for the dweller on the Amazon is dried pirarucu, a huge, fat river fish, and 'farinha,' the starch of the manioc root."

A Hail from the Gulf Coast.

TARPON SPRINGS, Florida, June 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The winter visitors are all gone. The launches all snug in their sheds. The town has settled into its summer quiet, and we old-timers have nothing to do but go fishing.

And we rather like it. It is so pleasant to be able to take a quiet paddle on the river without keeping one eye over our shoulder on the lookout for a steam launch, or to do a little trolling without a naphtha launch running across our wake and reeling up our line at the wrong end. To be sure, power boats are all very nice in their way, but I am glad their way does not last the year round. But I did not mean to make my short letter an escape valve, for I started in to congratulate you on the grand paper you are making. It's getting better all the time. My neighbor "Kelpie" (who I think you know as one of the "Kingfishers"), remarked to me to-day how pleased everybody was with the "Trails of the Pathfinders." Yes, FOREST AND STREAM is a grand paper, a paper no one need fear to put in the hands of his boys, or his girls, either, for that matter. One thing I like in FOREST AND STREAM, it does not soil its pages with politics. May it live long and prosper.

I notice from the New York papers that you are having some warm weather up there. Better come to Florida and cool off. Seated here at the north window of my little den I am writing in comfort. Just clear of my window stands a red cedar; in the boughs of the cedar are a mockingbird mother and her four young. The old lady is trying to persuade them to fly. Whether they are doubtful of their own ability or are afraid of their surroundings is uncertain, but they are making a great fuss.

We have more birds here than ever before. Mockers, cardinals, and jays are the most in evidence; while the Tallahassee vine or the hibiscus bush can almost always show a ruby-throat. In a walk of less than five miles the other day I started an even dozen coveys of quail.

Fishing is not so good; there is too much grass in the river. Tarpon are plentiful, but one soon tires of catching tarpon; it is too much like work. Soon the redfish will strike in the river, and then the fun will begin; there is more fun in landing a medium sized redfish than the biggest tarpon.

TARPON.

Natural History.

Bullfrogs and Bitterns.

SOME observations on "The Frog's Provender," noted in your issue of last week, have recalled many pleasant memories of boyhood days spent among the ponds of Sullivan county, New York, and at last have satisfactorily explained what for years remained a mystery.

Fifteen years ago I owned an aquarium, at least we called it an aquarium, such a one as probably many FOREST AND STREAM readers owned when they were boys. It was merely an old discarded bath tub sunk in the ground, but imprisoned within its walls lived a truly wonderful assortment of little creatures. There were salamanders that crawled around among the pebbles on the bottom, in company with crayfish, snails, and small, black, red-spotted turtles. Three tiny water snakes entrenched themselves at one end of the sloping beach, while at the other, just as far away as possible, were half a dozen little brook frogs, just learning to use their newly acquired legs. Out in the water swam minnows, tadpoles, sunfish and whirl-a-gig bugs, all living in harmonious contentment. Occasionally, however, one of the tadpoles mysteriously disappeared, and, coincident with the catastrophe, a snake would be seen to increase materially his girth, but, aside from these little tragedies, peace and quiet reigned supreme; until one day—an evil day—when I placed in the tub one of those huge pond bullfrogs. The first to vanish were the little frogs and tadpoles, and by the end of ten days not a salamander was left, and only one lone snake. The fishes lasted well, and only after many days did the last sunfish finally disappear from the tub. But the old fellow must have struck a snag when he tried a diet of turtle shells or crayfish, or perhaps it was remorse for his former companions; for one morning we found him in the water, his ponderous white stomach extended to its fullest extent, lying flat on his back—dead—and so ended our aquarium.

That there is little of the epicure about the frog, I think that we will all agree; but when it comes to gluttony, pure and simple, I give the palm without a murmur to the American bittern (*Botaurus lentiginosus*). Many curious things does the skin collector find in the stomachs or gizzards of birds, but I never heard of anything that would beat this: (1) Fragments of a mouse, partially digested; (2) three small sunfish and a pickerel, two inches long; (3) remains of a frog, four

inches long; (4) a full-grown star-nosed mole, intact with hardly a rumple on his fur. I found the above collection in the stomach of a bittern, shot at Princeton some years ago by Prof. W. E. D. Scott. The bird was mounted, and is at present, I believe, in the university collection. WM. ARTHUR BABSON.

The Skylarks at Rugby.

WHEN I read in *FOREST AND STREAM* that there were English skylarks within easy reach of New York, I rubbed my eyes and asked myself if the news could be true. However, I was determined to find out for myself, and so lost no time in making my way to Rugby, where, sure enough, I found the little brown enchanters singing away as though they were on their native heath.

There is something which appeals strongly to the imagination in the translation of this classic singer of the old world to the new. To think that the music beloved and celebrated of Chaucer and Shakespeare and Shelley should now be ours to hear under our own sky!

In regard to that music I am quite sure we have nothing native to compare with it—be it said without any abatement of patriotism. The mellow notes of the thrush echoing through a wood on a calm summer's evening are fine, and finer still are the thrills of the mockingbird under the moon, but the song of the lark up among the clouds has something positively celestial in it. And I mean by that that the utter joy expressed seems rather to be of heaven than earth.

It will be interesting to note if the song will undergo any change in the bird's new habitat. Your correspondent, Mr. Wilmot Townsend, thought he detected some imitations of our native songsters, and I thought so, too; also, I thought that there was an acceleration of the time, but substantially the song was the same as that which I had heard beyond the sea.

So devoted to his art is the little minstrel that he is given to springing up at any hour of the day (even when the sun is broiling hot, as I proved), but his best efforts are reserved for morning and evening. Just as the sun peeps above the horizon he brushes the dew from the grass and mounts up with his loudest, most joyous strains. Referring to this habit of his, Shakespeare wrote:

"When merry larks are plowmen's clocks."

His evening song is calmer—more suave and flute-like, although, judging by his actions, the bird appears to be

worked up into a perfect frenzy. Shelley, his other great poetic celebrator, alluding to this, wrote:

"In the golden lightening
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun."

Did space permit, it would be well worth while to introduce here the whole of Shelley's ode, which is undoubtedly the best appreciation of the lark in the English language.

There is a certain mystery about the appearance of the birds in such numbers at Rugby. Where have they been hiding away during past summers, and especially how have they survived our terrible winters? Is it possible that they have acquired, or are acquiring, the migratory habit, and are erratic in their comings and goings? However this may be, there is now strong ground to hope that they have been securely acclimatized.

It is not likely that the present denizens of the meads of Rugby will be allowed to remain long in possession, for the "improver" is around. Soon those beautiful green and ruby-tinted meads will give place to long rows of modern suburban "villas;" the air will resound with the cries of street vendors instead of the notes of the lark, and Philistia will rejoice.

I should record that during my visits out there I never saw a soul except those who were being whirled by on a neighboring trolley line. Thought I, a little bitterly, if only a find of gold instead of skylarks had been made, what a crush and weltering of humanity there would be here! And yet the finding of those skylarks was of infinitely more consequence than would have been the finding of a gold mine. I say that in all seriousness. For a day will come (it may be remote, but it will come), when the average American citizen will think that to make money, eat big dinners, and wear fine clothes is not the only object worthy of a man, and then the skylark will be hailed and esteemed as one of our most precious possessions.

FRANK MOONAN.

NEW YORK, July 21.

A Captive Eagle in Boston.

A SOUTH BOSTON woman who heard a mysterious noise at a window the other day, found perched on the blinds and wildly flapping its wings, a young eagle. She managed alone and unaided to secure the bird, and to immure him in an improvised cage, where he is gradually becoming reconciled to captivity and mutton.

A Quail Thinning Out Theory.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Several shooters in this vicinity are under the impression that a brood of quail which have survived the shooting season and the rigors of winter, should be broken up and thinned out before the breeding season or they will not breed. Is there any foundation in fact for such a ridiculous contention?

R. L. E.

MASSACHUSETTS.

[The belief quoted by our correspondent is widespread, but we know of no evidence to support it. The theory, we believe, is based on the assumption that the quail, being very pugnacious, the males of any brood are likely to fight all through the mating season, and so the operations of reproduction to be interfered with. On the other hand, we have heard the belief expressed that the birds simply continue in a flock and apparently have no wish to breed, remaining together all through the summer. It is supposed that where a country is shot over, the males, being the strongest and most vigorous of the brood, will first take to flight, and so will be first killed. There will thus be a dearth of males, and each male will secure a mate without fighting for her. Have any of our readers evidence tending to establish such a supposition? Even if the theory were founded on fact, we do not see what remedy the gunners have. The law says that quail shall not be killed between certain dates, and we conceive that there can be no exception to this law.]

Bull Elk Sees Town Sights.

SEATTLE, July 12.—A big bull elk paraded the main streets of Port Angeles the other day, and after chasing around until he had worked up a nice sweat, jumped into the salt water and regaled himself with a swim across the narrow arm of the Sound from the sand pits to the mainland.

The inhabitants of Port Angeles were surprised to see the elk so friendly and unafraid, for not for twenty years before had an elk—of the four-footed kind—been so sociable and friendly. A number of small boys tried to make up to the visitor from the forest, but he was rather proud and offish, and continued his inspection of the streets of the city alone.

Game Warden Harry Daniels, of Clallam county, cannot help but feel a little proud of the occurrence. To him the visit of the elk means that the game protection under his supervision is a great success. Daniels says the game is more plentiful in Clallam county now than for the last fifteen years.—San Francisco Call.



Squirrel Barking.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I am much gratified, and I confess somewhat elated, that my shooting at a noise in the brush went so straight to the mark. For—to drop shooting metaphor—it was beyond my wildest anticipation that the author of the squirrel-barking article should so speedily have been put on the defensive by what I wrote. I admire Captain Kelly's frank declaration of himself as an ambitious would-be myth buster. However, while assuring him of my most distinguished consideration, I will, with your permission and his indulgence, retain to the bitter end as my own signature the name of Rifleman. It can make no difference to Captain Kelly or your readers who I am, since I do not profess to speak as a sharpshooter, nor to have had any personal experience in barking squirrels. The issue is not between Mr. Kelly and Rifleman, but between Mr. Kelly and Audubon. For after all what does the whole thing amount to but this:

Audubon says that he saw Boone bark squirrels.

Kelly says that he has tried to bark squirrels and could not do it.

Therefore Audubon did not see Boone bark squirrels. What a delicious *non sequitur* that is.

Your correspondent appears himself to recognize the weakness of this argument, for now he would dispose of the whole matter by questioning Audubon's veracity. The naturalist records that he saw Daniel Boone in Kentucky. Put on the defensive, Captain Kelly pleads an alibi for Boone. I have not at hand any other authority to show where Boone was or was not at any specified time, but Audubon is good enough authority for me as to this particular point. Audubon says that he saw Boone in Kentucky. That always has done for me, and it does now. I believe that he did see Boone when he says he saw him. If Captain Allen Kelly is to destroy our faith in "squirrel barking," he must do it by good and sufficient proofs; if he is willing to go on record as accusing Audubon the naturalist of uttering a "flawless finished fib" when he describes something that he has seen, he must give us the evidence to sustain the charge. The burden of proof is on him.

It will not do for Captain Kelly to throw doubt on the naturalists of other days by making light of the romantic school of pseudo-naturalists with which we are now all so familiar. As a rule the men of the nineteenth century

set down the things they saw. They were chiefly gatherers of facts, and did not broadly generalize. The romantic school of to-day is built on very different lines. One of its members runs off of doors and sees a bird or an animal do something, and with that as a text, he gives free range to his imagination and writes a book in which he makes a goose or a swallow very little—if any—lower than the angels. Worse than that, they call themselves "naturalists," something which causes the true naturalist to pluck out his hair by handfuls, and to wonder how anybody can believe these advertising romancers.

It is a little difficult to reply definitely to Captain Kelly's letter, for it contains a good deal that is extraneous, and that has no particular bearing on the point at issue. I do not think, for example, that it would be possible for anyone to bark a squirrel with a .44 caliber revolver. I do not think one could commonly hit close enough to the spot.

If Captain Kelly wishes my individual views as to the report that the Boers commonly killed antelope at a thousand yards, or that Morgan's men hit squirrels at 300 yards, I will give them readily. Neither would be possible, in my opinion, except with a rifle fitted with telescopic sights, and even then the feat could be performed but seldom. On the other hand, I can conceive that Natty Bumppo might quite frequently send a rifle ball through two potatoes thrown in the air, provided he had someone to throw them in such manner as to give him a fair chance to do this.

I have shot a rifle a few times myself, and have seen rifle balls do very curious things.

I am interested and gratified to see that two correspondents have come forward to show that squirrel-barking is not yet wholly a lost art.

RIFLEMAN.

WYMORE, Nebraska, July 18.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: I was very much interested in the article on "Squirrel Barkers and Myth Busters," by Rifleman in the current number of *FOREST AND STREAM*. While the myth buster, according to his own story, is not worthy of notice, still he questions the veracity of Audubon, and for that reason should receive attention. In my reading I have always been struck with the fact that those who have studied the birds and woods of America have uniformly found Audubon to have been correct in his descriptions, and truthful in his statements. But Audubon never described the barking of a squirrel by

shooting the bark from under its belly, or under its forefeet, or under its hindfeet. To bark a squirrel, the shot must pass directly under the heart; and that it can be done, and was a common thing fifty years ago, can be testified to by hundreds of men now living. I have seen it done many times.

Those who attended the last Grand American Handicap at Live Birds at Kansas City, will remember one of the contestants, R. W. Cool, from Aledo, Illinois. He was described in *FOREST AND STREAM* at the time as a very deliberate old man, and was one of the ten men who scored up on the last morning to shoot off the tie, and went out on a bird dead out of bounds. I have seen R. W. Cool bark a squirrel many times; and I have seen his father, Jacob Cool, do the same thing dozens of times. There was a man—Robert Woods—living at Aledo in the winter of 1862-3, and I believe he is still there. On pleasant days that winter he hunted squirrels in the timber south of our house, and I generally followed him, and saw him bark dozens of squirrels, and at that time I was past thirteen years of age, and could kill a squirrel without a stick. My father used a long Kentucky rifle, and frequently hunted squirrels, and I have seen bunches of squirrels brought home by him of which one-half did not show a bullet mark. They were barked. I never barked a squirrel myself, because, from the time I was thirteen until I was twenty-three, I did all my shooting between the handles of a plow, and after that time I used a shotgun.

Dr. H. A. Given, of this city, can testify to the barking of squirrels, and can give the names of many men now living in Illinois who did it, and saw it done, many times. Squirrels do not always lie in a tree in a position so that they can be barked, and when I was a boy these were shot through the head, and when a bullet "carried away the front of his skull and a part of his brains" he always came down, but of course that was a long time ago.

Jacob B. Lininger, of this city, is another man who can testify to the barking of squirrels being a common practice when he was a young man. He lived at Peru, on the Illinois River, from 1846 to 1870, and killed more deer with the rifle than any other man in that part of the State, and continued to kill deer in Nebraska after he left Illinois. When I first knew him, twenty-five years ago, he was an expert with the long rifle, and within the past few years I have seen him do fine work with a shotgun in the field. He says the barking of squirrels required no

such expert work with the rifle as did the shooting of deer on the run, or wild turkeys on the wing. He says marksmanship is a thing of the past, because all fixed ammunition is overloaded. The old Kentucky rifle shot a ball no larger than a buckshot, and when laid in the palm of the hand this ball was covered with powder, and that constituted a proper charge, and when the gun was fired, it did not jump out of your hands or kick you.

A. D. McCANDLESS.

HOPE, Kansas.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the July 16 number of your paper, I read the article on squirrel barkers by Rifleman. I have heard about barking squirrels since I can remember, and as soon as I read the piece I showed it to my father, who is nearing the three score and ten limit, and he says he has done it himself many times and has seen it done hundreds of times. He used one of the old style rifles, 52 balls to the pound. Not only have I his testimony, but that of two other men in town who are past the sixty year mark, and who have been hunters from boys, and who to-day can shoot with any of the young men; both say they have done it and seen it done hundreds of times. My father was born and raised in Michigan; one of the others is from Ohio, and the other is from Illinois. The one from Illinois is sixty-six years old next month, and he says, "If he don't believe it, let him come out here and I will take him out and show him. I have done it before and I can do it to-day." And they all tell me it was almost a disgrace for a man not to shoot a squirrel through the head. Now, I have known these men for years, and consider them all truthful men, and if the myth buster does not believe it, he can come out and be shown.

O. H. PEASE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Can squirrels be barked or not? They can. Fifty years ago the average farmer's boy with his squirrel rifle thought nothing of killing them in that way. I have often done it, and with the rifle I then had could still do it, though my hand shakes more now than it did then.

My rifle carried a ball weighing about 80 to the pound; I used it on deer and squirrels, and have shot both within less than fifteen miles of the preserve limits of Allegheny City, Pa. The only deer to be found in all that country now are in the public parks.

When I did not want the squirrels, I would not kill them. If I did not want them, I would wait until I had got one out on a small limb of a tree, then try to hit the limb he sat on a foot away from him. It would send him tumbling down every time, but did not seem to hurt him.

I was across on the Peninsula, a strip of timber that shuts in Erie harbor from the lake, one day last summer, and had two half-grown boys with me. One of these boys had just been given a new Stevens rifle, and he was anxious to try it on about everything that had life in it.

The most of these small caliber rifles won't hurt anything badly when a ball fired out of them does hit it; but these Stevens rifles shoot wicked. I have put a ball out of one of them through two dry one-inch hemlock planks, and nearly through the third plank.

A few Sundays ago a boy who was shooting sparrows with one of these rifles just beyond the city limits, put a ball into the leg of a man who was at least 100 yards away from him when he did it. The man had to go to the hospital, while the boy was taken to the Mayor's office, where, after his gun had been confiscated, he was let go.

I had been trying the gun carried by the boy I had with me to-day on mud turtles that had crawled up on driftwood to sun themselves, and found that I could hit one of them nearly every time. While we were scrambling through the timber in the strip of woods we ran across a large gray squirrel, which was on the ground under a tree when we first saw him.

The boy was about to shoot when I stopped him, telling him that the law was on that squirrel just now. He must not be shot. The squirrel ran up the tree as soon as he saw us, and while we stood watching him he ran out on a small limb an inch or two in diameter, and sat there chattering at us. He was about forty feet above the ground.

"Now, the law forbids me shooting that squirrel," I said to the boy, "but it says nothing about me searing him to death. Watch me and see how I do it."

Taking the rifle I took aim at the limb he sat on, a foot away from him and toward the tree trunk, fired, and missed; then firing again, I hit this time, and the squirrel dropped. The boy was about to rush over and pick him up, but I stopped him. I knew that the squirrel was not hurt badly, only stunned; he was not hurt as badly as the boy would have been if he had made an attempt to pick him up. The squirrel lay there a minute then got up and made tracks to his tree again. He had not been hurt at all; he was only waiting to see if we were going to do any more shooting.

CABIA BLANCO.

CANTON, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been much interested in the barking squirrels discussion in your journal, and while I do not consider it safe to make any positive assertions on account of the doubt that may be thrown on one's veracity for so doing, I wish to say a word about the matter.

When I was a young man of eighteen or twenty, I conceived that a rifle was the only scientific firearm to use on squirrels, and I had also read of Daniel Boone and his exploits in barking the frisky little fellows. I spent a good deal of time and ammunition in attempting to duplicate his performances in that line, and twice, to my distinct recollection, I succeeded in securing a squirrel without a mark of the bullet on him.

Now, mind you, I don't say that they were barked as Boone did it, but that they died very shortly after I touched the trigger of the rifle aimed in their direction, and in each case there was a little fresh bullet mark on the limb just under the place where their necks had been. They may have died of apoplexy or heart disease or indigestion; but they died, and in my ignorance I had always supposed that I was the cause of their death, not knowing at the time that they could not be killed in that way.

However, I am very glad that this discussion has come up, for I should probably have gone down to my grave, otherwise, thinking I was almost as good a shot as Daniel

Boone, and it is a mighty bad thing for a man to be conceited and know it all.

J. W. PARSONS.

CLARKSDALE, Miss.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your correspondent, Rifleman, quotes an unnamed "Myth Buster," who discredits all the records on the subject of "barking" squirrels, by old-time hunters with old-time rifles. The said "Myth Buster" undertakes to demolish what he calls a myth, by reciting his own experience in his effort to perform the feat of "squirrel barking."

This seeking after knowledge at first hands was certainly commendable in the Myth Buster; but he should have taken a guide along to show him a squirrel. It is evident that the animal experimented on by Myth Buster was not a squirrel. Most probably it was a cat, one of the nine-lives variety; or possibly a raccoon. First he "barked" his animal in a variety of ways, then sent a .44 Winchester bullet through its hind leg, then its body, then shot away part of its skull and brains, and finally "chucked" it out of the tree and clubbed it to death. No squirrel that ever grew hair could have stood half the treatment that this animal got.

The writer once shot at a squirrel in a small tree with a Colts .38 caliber pistol. The squirrel jumped to the ground, ran a few steps, and with a gasp or two was dead. On examination it was found that the bullet had cut a track through the hair across the abdomen, without breaking the skin. There was no limb to "bark" in this case, as the squirrel was among the twigs of a pine sapling.

Within the memory of the writer the type of rifle in universal use for sporting purposes, was the old-fashioned "Kentucky" rifle. The present type of long range repeating rifle had never been heard of. The "Kentucky" rifle had a long, heavy, octagonal barrel, with a deep shoulder socket in the stock. There was a silvered bead on the muzzle end, and an open hind sight, both fine.

There were still a few flintlock rifles then in use, and many old ones that had been converted to percussion locks, while most were of more modern make. The caliber was generally small, and was expressed in terms of the number of balls to the pound, as 40, or 60, or 80, to the pound. The balls were spherical, and moulded by the hunter himself, the neck being cut off with a pocket knife.

The powder used was very fine grained, and a common way to measure the charge was to place the bullet in the palm of the hand and pour the powder on it slowly until the bullet was just covered. After pouring the charge into the rifle a small square patch of cotton goods was laid over the muzzle, the bullet placed in the center and pressed down with the thumb, after which it was rammed home with a long, slim, hickory rod, that fitted into thimbles on the under side of the barrel, or was thrust down between the barrel and stock, when the stock extended up to the muzzle.

An important feature of these old-time rifles, that had much to do with the accurate shooting done with them, was the set trigger. There were two triggers, the hind one being first pulled to set the other on edge. In shooting the rifle, at the instant when the sight was in the right place, the merest touch of the trigger with the end of the finger set it off. These details are doubtless familiar to your readers, but the younger generation of the FOREST AND STREAM family are probably strangers to the old "Kentucky" rifle.

The writer, in his boyhood, has attended country shooting matches, where the prizes were not turkeys, as in the matches attended by Sam Lovell and Uncle Lisha, where the distance was measured in rods instead of yards; but a beef usually afforded the prizes that were shot for. There were five prizes in the beef, beginning with the choice of hind quarters, down to the hide as the fifth choice.

The distances were 40 yards off-hand, or 60 yards with a rest. The targets had a cross mark made in the center with a pencil, and the winners had to knock out the cross, or come very near it.

In squirrel hunting I do not remember any hunters who made a practice of barking squirrels, though I have heard it alluded to as one manner of killing them. It was not considered sportsmanlike to hit them anywhere except in the head, and that was too tempting a target to aim anywhere else.

When the Civil War ended, this writer, then scarcely more than a lad in age, but with a big bunch of experience on hand, returned home and found the family "refugeeing" in the country. Food, money, and ammunition were very scarce. There were plenty of squirrels in the woods not far from the house. Using shotguns was too expensive in ammunition; but there were a couple of old-fashioned rifles about the house that had escaped the exigencies of the war and the eyes of the raiders, and the family larder was often dependent for meat upon the prowess of a younger brother and myself, among the squirrels with these old rifles.

The subject of scarcity of ammunition calls to mind, that when the writer came out of Port Hudson, Louisiana, in 1863, after a six weeks' siege, a prisoner on parole by the grace of General Banks, he carried home a tin canteen that had been filled with powder by emptying rifle cartridges into it, together with a quota of musket caps mingled with the powder. A piece of corn-cob was driven tightly into the mouth of the canteen and broken square off, around which some molasses was smeared. This innocent-looking canteen passed General Banks' sentinels without exciting suspicion, and was the means of much good sport in the woods and fields in the few months' interval before the prisoner on parole had to report for duty again after being exchanged.

COAHOMA.

Life in the Woods.—XIII.

Some Queer Things.

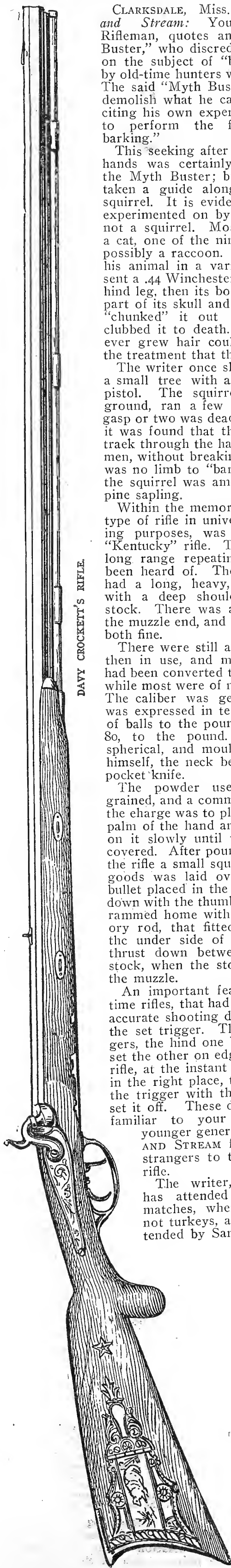
ON another day we hunted some, but without any luck, and later carried in some more deer. That evening the talk turned on queer experiences in the woods, and among the narratives were the following:

The Colonel for some reason drifted to the subject of dreams, and said that from the time he first began hunting in the North Woods dreams had had quite an influence with himself and his companions for the reason that a great many of them came true. Oftentimes, he said, the first salutation in the morning would be, "Well, what did you dream last night?" "Who is to shoot a deer to-day?" Sometimes the reply would go around, "Nothing dreamed last night." At other times, "I had a dream," would be the answer, and then it would be told to the company. For instance, S. B. dreamed one night of seeing a large buck at the Norway choppings. He was a large, peculiar looking deer, with big, broad antlers, homely and very old looking, and, according to the dream, the Buckeye shot him. As evening approached, the Buckeye, happening near the identical spot, posted himself for the evening's watch. Just as the twilight began to disappear, a large buck made his appearance among the Norways, and a moment later was the Buckeye's game. An examination proved him to be identical with S. B.'s dream. On returning to camp the Buckeye asked S. B. to describe again the place and deer, which he did, even to the most unimportant detail, all the time not knowing that just such a deer had been shot at just such a place.

Another member of the party told how before he left home he had a dream about as follows: It seemed that he had been very successful in the hunt, killing two of the largest deer, and that the day he secured the last one he brought the heart in and laid it with three others all in a row on a log in front of the camp. The two from his big deer headed the procession, and as he stood looking at them, up came S. B., softly behind him, and putting his hand on his shoulder said: "I am proud of you." This dream he did not relate to any of the members of the party, but told the folks at home of it, and, in fact, had forgotten all about it until the day it was fulfilled exactly as he had dreamed it in every particular.

The Colonel also related another odd experience. He had just been telling about the buck dream and continued by saying: "On the same hunt when we were about to break camp at Echo Lake, and were carrying some things down to the river, S. B. was making a drive, and it was near the place where he had killed two deer when we first came in; I was on the runway watching. Pretty soon I saw two deer passing through the woods slowly. I fired quickly and the deer disappeared. Upon going up to where I saw them, I found signs that showed that one of them was badly wounded. Presently both John and S. B. came up and showing them the blood, I left them to go on and look up the deer while I started back to the river. They soon came up to it, and after killing and dressing it, they dragged it out to the road. By that time I was returning and happened to meet them just as they struck the road. It proved to be a doe with horns, and in all of the experience of our party it is the only horned doe that has ever been seen. It has also proved to be the only doe with horns that has ever been killed in that part of the State. Later on an account of the killing of this doe was published in a sporting paper, and it developed the fact that up to that time only two instances in addition to this one were known among hunters where a doe with horns had been shot."

About this time someone asked if anyone present had ever known of a wounded deer attacking a person. Bill said that the nearest incident he had ever known to such a thing happened in the fall of 1887. In his own language this is the way it occurred: "Two companions, Louis and Brad, and I were hunting in the woods of northern Michigan, and we had been out all day at this particular time without having had any success; that is, we got no deer up to three o'clock, and were hunting toward camp. We came to a large cedar swamp which I knew was a good place for deer, as there were some small islands in it which were high and dry. So I told Louis and Brad to go around to a certain place and stand while I went in on the opposite side to try and drive some deer to them. I had not got into the swamp very far when I heard some deer start and run right toward the place where I had told my companions to stand. Sure enough they



went, for shortly I heard Louis's gun crack. That made me feel good, for I knew there were three or four deer running ahead of me, and when I heard the shot I expected they would get two or more, as my friend Brad was one of the best shots in the woods. But after the gun cracked, Louis began to let out the most outlandish yells you ever heard, and to shoot and yell for full two minutes at a time. I thought he must be surrounded by wildcats, and that they were all pitching on him, for he fired more than ten shots and let out more than fifty yells that made the woods ring. I hastened through the swamp as fast as I could to his relief. When I got on dry land and in sight of the place where I had told him to stand, there, or not far from there, I saw a large buck lying on the ground with his feet under him and my friend Louis standing about eight feet away and right straight behind the deer. Brad was about the same distance from the buck, but directly in front of me. When I saw this, maybe I wasn't mad, and maybe I didn't abuse Louis for making such an uproar and letting the other deer get away without even seeing them. I did abuse him in no mild language for about three minutes, when all of a sudden the deer jumped up, turned right about, and, with his head down, made for Louis. Louis had his gun in his hand, but seemed to forget that, and dodged behind a small hemlock tree and began to reach for limbs, but he could not climb on account of the foot-wear he had on. Just then the deer's head struck the tree, one horn going on each side of it, and at that moment Brad yelled to Louis: "Why don't you shoot him?" Brad could not shoot without firing directly at Louis. That seemed to fetch Louis to his senses, for he raised his gun, took no aim, for the muzzle was not more than a foot from the buck's head, and fired, the ball finishing him. If you ever saw a live corpse, Louis was one at that time, for Brad and I had to extend ourselves and brace him up. We had nothing but hunters' soothing syrup with us, but with some labor and more syrup we fixed him up all right. When I saw he was in the land of the living, I had to scold him some more for yelling so when he first saw the deer. He must have fired at first without aiming, for the deer was not more than fifty feet from him, and he barely put the bullet through the top of the buck's neck; in fact, just enough to paralyze the neck, so that he could not guide his head; consequently he was getting up and falling down in a vain attempt to get away, with Louis after him, shooting and yelling, but never hitting him in all the fracas until after he found he could not climb the tree. We finally got Louis and the deer into camp, and there was not a happier man in the woods that night than Louis."

Louis, who was present, denied the tree-climbing part of the story, but the boys said that Bill's account was the one that went, and so it goes.

While hunting on the Poplar River one fall we had an old hound with us. He was very old and very slow, but a good dog, and one whose fame as a fox hunter extended over several counties. The old fellow would go out nearly every day and take a run after a deer, so that before long the game seemed to get used to him, and did not pay much attention to his bellowing. One day Doc and I got in rather early, and while we were eating our dinner we heard the old dog howling off south of us, and apparently making our way. We grabbed our guns and put off to a runway that crossed the creek about a quarter of a mile from our camp. At first it seemed as if the old fellow was coming right to us, but finally he ceased barking and nothing was heard of him; so after about thirty minutes we began to talk about going back to camp. Finally Doc shot a red squirrel with a "squib." Doc sat on a log skinning his squirrel, and I stood on the runway, the stock of my rifle resting on the ground and the muzzle in my left hand. With my right hand and the head of a pin I was engaged in scratching out some rust that had formed in the muzzle. This was fully half an hour after the dog had stopped giving tongue. All at once I heard Doc make a queer sort of noise, and looking up, I saw a spike horn buck about one leap away coming straight at me at top speed. The next moment he would land on top of me, and crouching down I let a yell out of me like a freshman at a college football game, at the same time endeavoring to get my gun to my shoulder. I expected to be flattened out, but I wasn't. That deer while in the air twisted himself half round and striking the ground at right angles to me, bounded off unhurt, although a perfect fusillade of shots followed him. We never touched him. I looked like a sheep, while Doc rolled off his log and almost had hysterics laughing at the funny movements I went through trying to dodge that deer, while I kicked to think I didn't get a half dozen balls through him. About half an hour later the old hound came along on his track, but we caught the dog and went to camp.

Some of the boys were inclined to doubt my statement that the deer turned while in the air, and said I imagined it, but the Colonel said he did not doubt it, for he had seen them go through such motions himself. He related how at one time, while hunting with the same dog, a buck just started by the old fellow came trotting up from a creek bottom, and was passing only eight rods in front of him. Just as he passed a big pine tree, at the roots of which lay the top of another pine which had been broken off by the wind, a companion who was with the Colonel, bleated to stop the deer and to get a good standing shot. Instead of stopping, as was expected, the old fellow jumped backwards behind the tree top and ran off at full speed, keeping himself so well behind the cover that they never got a shot.

Another member of the party, as his contribution, told about finding, near the Spread Eagle Lake, the bodies of two bucks, apparently not long dead, which, while fighting, had interlocked their horns in such a way that they could not be disengaged. Both animals were covered with wounds, and for rods around the ground was all torn up and covered with blood and hair. Evidently they had a long fight, and had lived for some little time after they had become fastened together, for both were quite poor. The horns were cut from the heads, and so tightly were they interlaced that up to this time no one has been able to get them apart without breaking them. During the same hunt, the Buckeye came across two bucks which had been fighting. Both were so badly

used up that they could not get away, and he had no difficulty in shooting them. They had been at it a long time, and evidences of a desperate struggle were on all sides. They were unequal in size, but the smaller fellow evidently—probably on account of his quickness—seemed to have the best of it, as he had more strength left and showed fewer wounds. On this same hunt also the Buckeye killed two deer with one shot, a doe and a fawn, which stood side by side when he fired. This caused Bill to remark that he had done the same thing. He was standing on the edge of a chopping and saw a buck walk out in plain sight. He took careful aim and fired. Down went the buck, when what was his surprise to see the legs of a deer some twenty rods further on kicking in the air. An examination showed that the ball which had broken the back of the buck had also knocked down a doe, which stood in the same line, but which Bill had never seen at all.

"Speaking of strange shots," said S. B., "and the way a deer hangs to life, reminds me of an experience of mine on these same grounds some years ago. The Buckeye and myself were out one day when he fired three quick shots at a deer running. The animal went on for nearly twenty rods as if unhurt, and then fell dead. Before we went up to it he said: 'I'll bet I put every ball through her shoulders.' We hurried up, and looking the deer over found every bullet had hit her forequarters; but what was more surprising, on dressing her we found every ball had passed through her heart, literally tearing it to shreds. One ball had passed through as the deer approached him, one when it was squarely opposite him, and one after it was a little past him, and yet that deer went twenty rods before it fell."

Someone remarking how queer it was that a deer could get through a swamp or windfall or all kinds of bad places, developed the fact that one of the party, while hunting near the "Gorge" one day, saw some fresh blood on the snow. Not knowing of anyone hunting in that vicinity, he followed the track back and found a place where the deer, in attempting to come down a steep ledge, had slipped, and in the fall had caught one of its front legs under a rock, seemingly breaking it below the knee. He followed the deer for some distance, and caught sight of it two or three times, but was unable to get a shot.

But the climax of descriptions that night was the account of a buck which, chased by hounds at an early hour, ran into Ashland, Wis., a city of some 10,000 inhabitants, and took right down the main street. Finally it ran into the yard of a small house, through the open door, upstairs, and into a back room. The hook and ladder company of the fire department turned out to catch it, but while they were making their plans, the deer jumped through the closed window from the second story and broke two of its legs. It was then killed. The animal was about three years old, was a good sized buck, and evidently had been run a long time by the hounds, which were following close behind.

CAROLUS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Confiscating Sportsmen's Guns.

WYMORE, Nebraska, July 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your editorial entitled, "Pains and Penalties," in your issue of July 16, you seem to take the position that there is a conflict between the New York courts, or the Supreme Court of the United States, and the Supreme Court of Nebraska, on the question of the right of the State to take and destroy property found in use in violation of the game laws. If that is the position you take, I think you are mistaken. As I read the cases, there is no conflict. Judge Letton, who wrote the opinion in the Nebraska case, cites the New York case, and distinguishes between the two. In the New York case, the nets could only be used for an unlawful purpose, and the State under its police power could declare them a public nuisance, and authorize their destruction. The Nebraska court holds, "but if property, of a nature innocent in itself and susceptible of a beneficial use, has been used for an unlawful purpose, a statutory provision subjecting it to summary forfeiture to the State as a penalty or punishment for the wrongful use, without affording the owner thereof opportunity for a hearing, deprives him of his property without due process of law."

This distinction is so clearly pointed out, by Judge Letton, in the Nebraska case, and the whole subject so ably discussed, that I take the liberty of sending you the opinion in full, without further comment.

A. D. McCANDLESS.

The Opinion.

Letton, C. On the 3d day of August, 1902, P. E. McKillip, D. B. McMahon and W. E. Harvey were engaged in hunting prairie chickens in Boone county, in violation of the game law of 1901, using three shot-guns. The deputy game warden, Harry L. McConnell, seized the three shotguns while they were so engaged in hunting prairie chickens. P. E. McKillip was the owner of the guns, and the guns were valued at the sum of seventy-five dollars. McKillip brought an action of replevin against the defendant deputy game warden for the possession of the guns. The case was tried to the district court upon an agreed statement of facts, substantially as above stated. The court found for the plaintiff, and rendered judgment accordingly. The defendant brings error to this court.

The game warden claims the right to hold the guns under authority of Section 3 Article III., Chap. 31, Comp. St. 1901, which is as follows:

All guns, ammunition, dogs, blinds and decoys, and any and all fishing tackle in actual use by any person or persons while hunting or fishing in this State without license or permit, when such license or permit is required by this act, shall be forfeited to the State; and it is made the duty of the Commissioner and every officer charged with the enforcement of this act, to seize, sell or dispose of the same in the manner provided for the sale or disposition of property on execution, and to pay over the proceeds thereof to the county treasury for the use of the school fund.

He contends that the statute authorizing game wardens to seize and forfeit to the State all guns in actual use by persons hunting in violation of the game law is a valid exercise of the police power of the State, while

the defendant in error contends that the aforesaid statutory provision violates the provisions of the fourteenth amendment of the Constitution of the United States, which declares, "nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws," and of Section 3, Article I., of the Constitution of the State of Nebraska, which provides that no person shall be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law. The protection of wild animals suited for the purpose of food from indiscriminate slaughter by hunters has been the object of legislation from the most ancient times. The theory upon which the lawmaking power assumes to act is that all wild game belongs to the State in its sovereign capacity as a trustee for the whole of the public, and that consequently the State may, as a proper exercise of its police power, adopt such rules and regulations with reference to its preservation, and such penalties with reference to a violation of such regulations, as are necessary to accomplish the end desired—the preservation to the people of the State of the pleasure, sport and profit derived from the hunting, pursuit and capture of the wild animals living therein. In this case the defendant in error, McKillip, admits that it is within the power of the State, in the just exercise of its police powers, to prohibit the killing of fish and game at certain seasons of the year, but denies that it has the right to take his property from him and confiscate it to the State without giving him his day in court. He contends that the police power in regard to the confiscation of guns, dogs, blinds, decoys and fishing tackle is upon exactly the same footing as the police power in regard to the regulation of the sale of intoxicating liquors, and that, since before liquors which have been seized are destroyed there must be a judicial determination by a court as to whether the owner was engaged in unlawfully selling or keeping for sale intoxicating liquors, so there must be as to his property. He further contends that since the statute contains no provisions for determining whether the property was liable to condemnation for the criminal acts of those who had it in their possession, and since it merely authorized the game warden to seize the property without warrant or process, to condemn it without proof, and to sell it as upon execution, it deprives the defendant of the property rights which are guaranteed to him by the Constitution.

The laws of the State of New York declare that any net or other means or device for taking fish found in the waters of the State, in violation of the laws for the protection of fish, is a public nuisance, and authorized game constables to destroy such nets. Certain nets were seized and destroyed, and an action being brought against the officers for their value under these provisions, the Court of Appeals of the State of New York held that the declaration by the Legislature that the nets or other devices found in the waters of the State are a public nuisance is a valid exercise of the legislative power, and that the further provision requiring the destruction of such nets, such destruction being an incident of the power of abatement of the nuisance, and not a forfeiture inflicted as a penalty of the owner, is not in violation of the constitutional prohibition of taking property without due process of law, but further held that that part of the act authorizing the destruction of nets found upon the shore was unconstitutional, since nets not found in the waters are not a nuisance per se. A writ of error being sued out to the Supreme Court of the United States from this judgment, that court affirmed the judgment of the Supreme Court of New York, and says (Mr. Justice Brown delivering the opinion): "The main, and only real, difficulty connected with the action in question, is in its declaration that any net, etc., maintained in violation of the law for the protection of fisheries, is to be treated as a public nuisance, and may be abated and summarily destroyed by any person; and it shall be the duty of each and every protector aforesaid and every game constable, to seize, remove and forthwith destroy the same." The Legislature, however, undoubtedly possessed the power, not only to prohibit fishing by nets in these waters, but to make it a criminal offense, and to take such measures as were reasonable and necessary to prevent such offenses in the future. It certainly could not do this more effectually than by destroying the means of the offense. * * * In this case there can be no doubt of the right of the Legislature to authorize judicial proceedings to be taken for the condemnation of the nets in question, and their sale or destruction by process of law. Congress has assumed this power, in a large number of cases, by authorizing the condemnation of property which has been made use of for the purpose of defrauding the revenue. Examples of this are vessels illegally registered or owned, or employed in smuggling or other illegal traffic, distilleries or breweries illegally carried on or operated, and buildings standing upon or near the boundary line between the United States and another country, and used as depots for smuggling goods. In all these cases, however, the forfeiture was decreed by judicial proceeding. But where the property is of little value, and its use for the illegal purpose is clear, the Legislature may declare it to be a nuisance, and subject to summary abatement. Instances of this are the power to kill diseased cattle, to pull down houses in the paths of conflagrations, the destruction of decayed fruit or fish or unwholesome meats, of infected clothing, obscene books, or pictures, or instruments which can only be used for illegal purposes. While the Legislature has no right arbitrarily to declare that to be a nuisance which is clearly not so, a good deal must be left to its discretion in that regard, and, if the object to be accomplished is conducive to the public interests, it may exercise a large liberty of choice in the means employed."

The State of Wisconsin has an act, substantially the same as that of New York, providing for the protection of fish, and authorizing the destruction of nets, declaring the same to be public nuisances. In the case of Bittenhaus vs. Johnston, 92 Wis. 588, 66 N. W. 805, 32 L. R. A. 380, the validity of this provision came before the Supreme Court of Wisconsin. The court says

It has been repeatedly said that neither the fourteenth amendment "nor any other amendment to the Constitution of the United States" was designed to interfere with the power of a State, sometimes termed its police power, to prescribe regulations to promote the health, peace, morals, education, or good order of the people, and to legislate so as to increase the industries of the State, develop its resources, and add to its wealth and prosperity." The court further says: "The plaintiff, having voluntarily put the nets to an unlawful use, which made them public nuisances under the statute, is in no position to recover damages from the defendants for having, as public officials, obeyed the law in abating the nuisance by seizing and destroying the nets. Of course, the plaintiff had his right of action to determine whether the nets were or were not in such unlawful use. We must hold that the plaintiff has not been deprived of his property without due process of law."

No case has been brought to our attention in which a court has construed a statute which provides for the seizure, forfeiture to the State, and sale of property of the kind involved in this case which has been used in violation of the game laws. As a rule, the statutes have declared nets and like devices which can only be used in violation of law to be public nuisances, and provided for their abatement by their destruction by public officers. The distinction between nets, which under the laws of the States providing for their destruction can only be used for an unlawful purpose, and firearms, which under the laws of this and other States may be used for many other purposes, innocent and lawful in their nature, is clearly apparent, and has been recognized by our Legislature in the act under consideration. In Section 1, Article III, of this act, the Legislature of this State has provided:

Every net, seine, trap, explosive, poisonous or stupefying substance or device used or intended for use in taking or killing game or fish in violation of this act, is hereby declared to be a public nuisance and may be abated and summarily destroyed by any person, and it shall be the duty of every such officer authorized to enforce this act to seize and summarily destroy the same, and no prosecution or suit shall be maintained for such destruction; provided, that nothing in this division shall be construed as authorizing the seizure or destruction of firearms, except as hereinafter provided.

The provisions of this section as to nets and like devices are substantially the same as those contained in the game laws of New York and Wisconsin heretofore referred to, and with the conclusion of these courts with reference to laws of like nature we have no fault to find. But there is a broad distinction between this section and Section 3, under which the plaintiff in error justifies. The Legislature has not declared a gun to be a public nuisance, and has not ordered its destruction as an abatement of the same. The seizure of the property provided for by this section is evidently intended not only to put it out of the power of the offending person to carry on the destruction of game by depriving him of the implement of destruction, but also to operate as a penalty or punishment for an unlawful act committed by him. It is of the nature of a common-law forfeiture of goods upon conviction of a crime. In *Ieck vs. Anerson*, 57 Cal. 251, it appeared that the plaintiff had rented certain boats and nets to a Chinese sherman, and that the property was used in violation of a statute of the State which provided that "all nets, seines, fishing tackle, boats and other implements used in catching or taking fish in violation of the provisions of this chapter" shall be forfeited or may be seized by a peace officer of the county or his assistant and may be by him destroyed or sold at public auction, upon notice posted in the county for five days. The court held that so much of the statute as authorized the property to be sold without judicial proceedings was unconstitutional and void. It will be noticed that boats were included which were susceptible of a lawful use.

Varden vs. Mount, 78 Ky. 86, 39 Am. Rep. 208, was an action to recover the value of certain hogs. The town ordinance provided that it was the duty of the town marshal to take up the hogs running at large upon the streets, to advertise them for three days, and to offer them at public sale to the highest bidder, and, after paying the expenses thereof, to pay over to the rightful owner the balance, if any. The court held "the right to forfeit should not be extended beyond impounding the hogs. When that is done the necessity for summary and precipitate action ceases, and judicial proceedings looking to forfeiture may then properly begin, and that the ordinance was unconstitutional."

Lowry vs. Reinwater, 70 Mo. 152, was an action to recover the value of a dining table. The defendant pleaded that he was a member of the Board of Police Commissioners of the city of St. Louis, and that under the statute it was his duty, when he had knowledge that there was a prohibited gaming table kept or used in the city of St. Louis, to issue a warrant directing some officer of the police force to seize and bring before him such gaming table, and made it his duty to cause the same to be publicly destroyed by burning or otherwise. These provisions were held unconstitutional and void.

In *Lawton vs. Steele*, 119 N. Y. 226, the Supreme Court of New York was of the opinion that it was only because the nets found in the water were a public nuisance that they might be destroyed, and that if the destruction of the nets was intended as a penalty it was unconstitutional, and also that nets not actually found in the water could not be seized. "But," says the court, "the Legislature could not go further. It could not decree the destruction or forfeiture of property, used so as to constitute a nuisance, as a punishment of the wrong, nor even, we think, to prevent a future illegal use of the property, it not being a nuisance per se, and appoint officers to execute its mandate. The plain reason is that due process of law requires a hearing and trial before punishment, or before forfeiture of property can be adjudged for the owner's misconduct. Such legislation would be a plain usurpation by the Legislature of judicial powers, and, under guise of exercising the power of summary abatement of nuisances, the Legislature cannot take into its own hands the enforcement of the criminal or quasi crim-

inal law." When the same case reached the Supreme Court of the United States, while the majority of the court held that the law in question was a valid exercise of the police power, Chief Justice Fuller, with whom concurred Mr. Justice Brown and Mr. Justice Field, filed a dissenting opinion, in which he says: "The police power rests upon necessity and the right of self-protection; but private property cannot be arbitrarily invaded under the mere guise of police regulation, nor forfeited for the alleged violation of law by its owner, nor destroyed by way of penalty inflicted upon him, without opportunity to be heard."

In *Sentell vs. New Orleans & Carrollton Railroad Com.*, 166 U. S. 698, it is said by Justice Brown: "But in determining what is due process of law, we are bound to consider the nature of the property, the necessity for its sacrifice, and the extent to which it has heretofore been regarded as within the police power. So far as property is inoffensive or harmless, it can only be condemned or destroyed by legal proceedings, with due notice to the owner; but so far as it is dangerous to the safety or health of the community, due process of law may authorize its summary destruction."

In *Colon vs. Lisk*, 153 N. Y. 188, a later case than *Lawton vs. Steele*, a statute providing that every vessel unlawfully used in interfering with oysters planted in the waters of the State may be seized by the game protectors, and upon six days' notice a justice might take evidence, and, if found to be so engaged, the vessel should be ordered sold, and the proceeds paid to the Commissioners of Fisheries, Game and Forestry, was held unconstitutional, the court saying: "It is to be observed, in passing, that the use for which vessels and fixtures may be forfeited under this act does not constitute a nuisance, either at common law or under this or any other statute. Nor is the property itself a nuisance. Hence it is obvious that the validity of this act cannot be maintained upon the ground that either the act or the property is a public nuisance, and, consequently, that the Legislature had the power to authorize its abatement."

In *C. B. & Q. R. Co. vs. State*, 47 Neb. 549, this court held: "The Legislature cannot, under the guise of a police regulation, arbitrarily invade private property or personal rights, but it must appear to the court, when such regulation is called in question, that there is a clear and real connection between the assumed purpose of the law and its actual provisions."

There is a clear and marked distinction between that species of property which can only be used for an illegal purpose, and which therefore may be declared a nuisance and summarily abated, and that which is innocent in its ordinary and proper use, and which only becomes illegal when used for an unlawful purpose. We know of no principle of law which justifies the seizure of property, innocent in itself, its forfeiture, and the transfer of the right of property in the same from one person to another as a punishment for crime, without the right of a hearing upon the guilt or innocence of the person charged before the forfeiture takes effect. If the property seized by a game keeper or warden were a public nuisance, such as provided for in Section 1, he had the right under the duties of his office at common law to abate the same without judicial process or proceeding, and the great weight of authority is to the effect that such common-law rights have not been abrogated or set aside by the provisions of the Constitution; but if the property is of such a nature that, though innocent in itself and susceptible of a beneficial use, it has been perverted to an unlawful use, and is subject to forfeiture to the State as a penalty, no person has a right to deprive the owner of his property summarily, without affording opportunity for a hearing and without due process of law. The usual course of proceedings in such case has been either, as an admiralty and revenue proceedings, to seize the property, libel the same in a court of competent jurisdiction, and have it condemned by that court, or, as in criminal matters, to arrest the offender, and to provide that upon his conviction the forfeiture of the property to which the offender's guilt has been imputed, and to which the penalty attaches, should take place. These have been the methods of procedure for centuries. No other has been pointed out to us in the brief of the plaintiff in error. We are therefore constrained to the opinion that, in so far as the section under consideration provides for the seizure, forfeiture, and transfer of title to property without a hearing upon the guilt or innocence of its owner, it violates the constitutional provisions. Whether or not a forfeiture can be provided for as a punishment for crime under our Constitution is a question not raised or decided in this case.

We recommend that the judgment of the district court be affirmed.

Nova Scotia as a Game Country.

SOUTH BROOKFIELD, Queens County, Nova Scotia, July 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: In looking over and reading different sporting magazines and papers published both in the United States and Canada, I often see long articles and stories about the hunting of big game in Maine, New Brunswick, and parts of Canada, but very seldom anything about what is done in Nova Scotia, where there is plenty of game and lots of it got by your American sportsmen who visit those parts where the game is.

The only reason that I can account for it is that those who do come here and have such good luck are afraid to say anything about it for fear it would encourage too many others to come (as they expect to come here again), and are afraid it might interfere with them in having a good time. We have plenty of big game here, and the counties of Lunenburg, Queens, Shelburne, Yarmouth, and Digby are noted for their good sporting grounds. Moose are often seen quite near the farmers' homes, and occasionally you will see one feeding on the meadows as you are passing along on the train. We have plenty and as good guides as can be found in any part of the Province. I wish to give you the names of a few close at hand: W. S. Crooker, James B. McLeod, Herbert L. Spidle, and I. Pitman Smith, all of whom are

thoroughly acquainted with the hunting grounds for big game.

We have good railway facilities, so that a sportsman can almost be landed in a moose yard. However, it is only a matter of a few hours after leaving the train when his guide can have him on the hunting grounds, almost surrounded with good game. In addition to the moose, we have bears, quite plenty some seasons; wildcats we have in abundance; foxes are also quite numerous. The license fee now is only \$30 for moose, and includes any of the game named above, and the sportsman can take the heads, antlers, and as much of the meat as he likes home with him.

The trout and salmon fishing has been extra good this season. Trout especially have been very plenty. I hope, after the season opens, to be able to give you a good account of the work so as to let your readers know what is to be had in regard to game here, as there are now quite a number of sportsmen trying to engage guides, and I expect to see good results.

GEORGE SEAMAN.

A Turkey Story.

THERE are turkey stories as well as fish stories, if anyone should ask you, and N. P. Bullock (Dock) tells the following, and vows that it is true:

A few days ago he was not far from Doehead, near the old race track back of the Sessum field, when he saw ahead of him two wild turkey gobblers fighting. Mr. Bullock stepped out into the bushes and crept along till he was opposite the fighting fowls. So intent were they in their contest that he was not heard. With a stealthy step he advanced till he was almost upon them, and then he made a spring and caught the two by the neck, one in each hand.

Then ensued a battle between man and bird. With wings and feet the latter fought, scratching Mr. Bullock's arms and tearing his clothing. With much difficulty one bird was carried to the ground, where its head was crushed by the man's foot, while the other maintained its desperate scratching with feet and striking with wing. The first one disposed of the other soon fell an easy victim.

Mr. Bullock says that he had no idea how strong a turkey was before. The two turkeys were grown gobblers with beards nearly three inches long.—Tarboro (N. C.) Southerner.

Watch Compass.

ADELPHIA, N. J.—Get the number of hours from midnight, divide by two and point the hour at the sun so that the shadow of a match or lead pencil falls directly across the center of the watch; 12 o'clock will be north, 6 south, 9 west, and 3 east. Suppose it is 9 A. M.; number of hours from midnight is 9; one-half is 4½; point 4:30 at the sun so the shadow of a match or lead pencil fall across center of watch, and 12 is north, 6 south, 3 east, and 9 west. Suppose it is 6 P. M.; number of hours from midnight, 18; one-half, 9; point 9 at sun and 12 is north, 6 south, 3 east, and 9 west.

Also when the sun is hidden on a cloudy day, take a lead pencil or stick that is well sharpened and place it on the thumb nail. By looking closely you will see a faint shadow which will give you a very good idea of the direction of the sun, and may be useful to one lost on a cloudy day.

C. L. BERGE.

July Woodcock.

SAYRE, Pa.—So far as reports are concerned, one may accept the fact that fewer woodcock have been shot during July than for some years past. The same old grounds have been worked out, and the usual conditions have prevailed, but the birds have simply failed to exist. It is a great pity that Pennsylvania should permit the infant woodcock to be destroyed at a season when the fledglings should have the ample protection required.

M. CHILL.

100 Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

100

FORT LAUDERDALE, July 4.—About ten miles out from Fort Lauderdale the dead body of a man was found by L. H. Bryan and W. H. Brantly, while out hunting in the Everglades on the second.

The skeleton showed that the man had been dead about two years, as he had two guns with him, one a shotgun, the other a rifle, both of which were rusty.

It is supposed that he was a hunter who went out in the glades to hunt alligators or otters, but either got sick and started to walk in or was bitten by a snake and died there alone.

There have been several panthers seen in and around there, and some think that he might have been caught by one, but as all his clothes were gone and seemingly no bones broken, it is very difficult to determine what was the cause of his death.

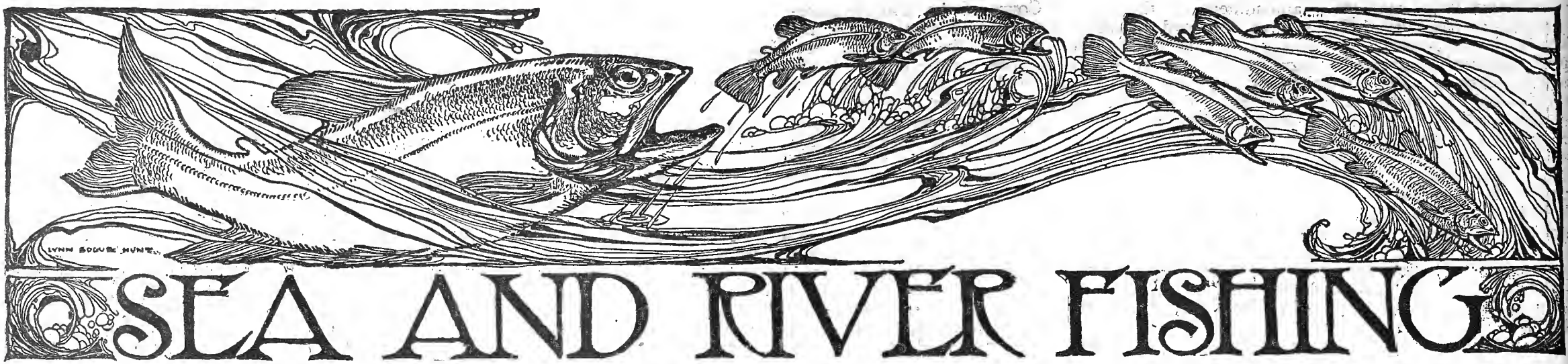
As no one has been missed from here, it is impossible for anyone to tell who the victim was.—Florida Times-Union.

Nor long since, in a Mississippi court, a colored man sued a neighbor for damages for killing his dog. Col. M., defendant's lawyer, called "Sam" Parker, a negro, to prove that the dog was a worthless cur for whose destruction no damage ought to be recovered.

"Sam, did you ever know this dog?" Col. M. asked. "Yes, sah, I wer' pussonally acquainted wid dat dog." "Well, tell the jury what sort of dog he was," said Col. M.

"He wer' a big yaller dog." "What was he good for?" Col. M. asked. "Well, he wouldn't hunt; he wouldn't do gyard duty; he jes' lay 'round an' eat. Dat make 'em call him w'at dey did."

"Well, sir, what did they call him?" asked Col. M. "Dey called him 'Lawyer,' sah."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.



Fish Chat.

A Grand Game Fish.

ALTHOUGH there still remains much to be learned regarding the habits of that magnificent game fish, the striped bass, it is unquestionably the greatest favorite among salt-water anglers of all the species found on the Atlantic Coast. It may lack in a measure the great popularity of the squeteague, or weakfish, as it is called by many anglers, but with those who delight in battling with a fish that possesses the greatest strength and activity, the bass will hold its own against all comers. Genio C. Scott, in his "Fishing in American Waters," in treating of this species, truly says:

"Nearly every American angler of a tidal river regards the striped bass as the fish par excellence to be angled for. * * * It is great game when weighing anywhere from ten to thirty pounds. In muscular power the bass equals the salmon, but it lacks the caudal power for leaping which is so palpable in the form of the salmon back of its adipose fin, including the crescent-shaped tail."

In its distribution it ranges from Georgia northward all along the Atlantic Coast as far east as northern points of Nova Scotia, and in many localities of the Gulf of St. Lawrence it is more or less abundant, the Miramichi River, which empties into the Baie des Chaleurs, being, so far as I know, its western limit on that shore, the fish entering that river in great numbers in the autumn and remaining there until the following spring. From New Jersey southward it is popularly known as the "rock fish," but elsewhere it is recognized by its proper title, the striped sea bass.

Characteristics of the Bass.

And what a beauty it is! Its sides covered with silvery sheen, through which its stripes of black appear like the warp of a beautiful fabric, the woof of which is yet to be woven; the brilliancy of its colors, which is at its height when the fish is in full activity in its ocean home, is dimmed very considerably after it has entered the fresh or brackish water of rivers and ponds, and it also loses a share of the gaminess it possesses in its marine home.

Scientific Angling.

The perfection of bass angling is attained only by the angler who, by reason of long experience and practice, is enabled with rod and reel to cast his menhaden-baited hook from his standing place upon the surf-beaten cliffs or rocky shore afar into the ever throbbing waves.

My experience with this glorious fish has been varied, and has been acquired in many localities, and as I recall the incidents of more than one hard fought battle, my fingers involuntarily clutch at rod and reel, and I can in fancy behold the beautiful silvery sides of a vigorous fish that has taken my lure and is darting with almost electric speed through the briny deep. There is no other angling that compares with it so far as fierce and strenuous resistance from the fish is concerned, except, possibly, that which is enjoyed in the great rivers by the salmon fishermen; between the methods of angling for these two fish there is hardly any comparison, for the conditions under which they are pursued are diametrically opposite.

Salmon vs. Bass Angling.

The salmon rivers are almost always picturesque, and their forest-covered shores from which come the songs of birds and the perfume of thousands of fragrant wild flowers, appeal to all there is of the æsthetic in the nature of the angler, the ever-varying mood of the water, from the dashing, foaming rapids to the comparative tranquillity of the deep, broad pools, also add their charms, and it is all these, together with the peculiar characteristics of the fish, which make salmon angling one of the most royal of sports.

The angler for striped bass casts his lure amid different surroundings; the vigorous sea breezes full of life-giving ozone wafts to his ears no songs of bird; he hears only the roaring of the tumultuous surf, and sees nothing before him but a broad expanse of ever restless water. I am referring only to those anglers who follow the bass in the most approved methods, still-fishing from boats being different in every way. It is true that the latter practice is very popular, perhaps more so than is the other, but the fish average much smaller in size, and consequently do not furnish anything like as grand sport.

It is very true that a two or three-pound bass on light tackle gives good play, and when the fish are biting freely they furnish an exhilarating recreation that often becomes quite exciting; but think of what a battle a twenty-pounder puts up! His strength is something wonderful, and his stubbornness and endurance are almost beyond compare; his long and rapid runs are excelled by those of no other fish, and had he the saltatory powers possessed by the salmon, he would unquestionably be crowned the king of American game fish,

My fortune has never been so beneficent as to permit me to take one of these that exceeded thirty pounds in weight, and I have often envied those anglers who can boast of their forty and fifty-pound bass; those must have given a battle royal, indeed; but what would the struggle be with a hundred-pound fish, such as is spoken of in Mr. Scott's book on angling?

An Exciting Contest.

As I recall the incidents of many a hard fought contest, the recollection of an encounter I once had with an eighteen-pound fish comes back to memory most vividly, and it seems to me now it was among the proudest achievements ever vouchsafed me with rod and reel. I was fishing for tautog at Eastern Point, Gloucester, Mass., that bold and rocky cliff upon which the surf dashes, oftentimes with a roar like thunder. My tackle was not well adapted to the capture of so large a fish, and I have often wondered at my success in saving him. My rod was a pretty stiff bait rod, such as I often used in tautog fishing, which at that time was very satisfactory at that place; it was of good lancewood throughout; fortunately for me, this was many years ago before the split bamboo came into general use, but I would not dare to pit it against an eighteen-pound bass nowadays. Luckily I had my salmon reel and a hundred yards of line, or I could never have withstood the fierce runs my fish made before he was conquered. My bait was a small crab, such as is usually used in tautog fishing, and I had given it a long cast out beyond the dashing surf. As I was withdrawing it, I felt a strong tug at my line quite different from the bite of a tautog, which, no matter how large the fish may be, is at first rather perfunctory. By tautog I mean that species taken off Staten Island, Long Island, and in the Sound, commonly called the blackfish, and when the first dash was made, as I struck the hook well home, I saw at once that I was fast to one of my old favorites, and a good one at that. For a good half hour I literally had my hands full with that fish, for the rod was not heavy enough to permit me to check him very severely in his wild runs, and I was so unfortunate as to have only a small shelf on the rock to stand on, upon which the wild surf, that increased in volume with the strong breeze that was blowing, dashed with such force as to throw the spray completely over me in drenching showers. The runs that fish was able to make were wild ones, indeed, and they caused my old salmon reel to sing vociferously. Down deep in the water he ranged far and wide, and had he leaped above the surface, as would a salmon, the excitement of the struggle would have been greatly increased; for I hold that it is the leaping fish which furnishes the most exciting sport, and many of my brother anglers will no doubt agree with me that if the salmon, grilse, ouaniche, or other landlocked species of salmonidæ, always fought doggedly below the surface of the water, a large share of the sport that is derived from their pursuit would be lost.

Leaping Fish give the best Sport.

This view of the matter I expressed to a gentleman in New York a few weeks ago, who is probably one of the most expert and experienced striped bass anglers in America, and he agreed with me, practically declaring that the greatest sport was to be had with the barracuda, a salt-water species that attains a weight of twenty or thirty pounds or more, and which, notwithstanding that size, leaps so frequently after it has taken the hook that it seems to be out of the water fully as much as it is beneath the surface. I never had any experience with that fish whatever; in fact, I do not remember ever having seen it. My bass was a very strong, vigorous fish, and I soon became convinced that, providing the hook held, my only chance for success in landing him would come solely after a protracted struggle, and protracted it was, indeed; the minutes seemed to lengthen into hours before he relaxed his efforts and slowly came to the surface, where, after a few faltering struggles, he remained upon his side, offering but a feeble resistance to my efforts to reel in my line. At that moment the question came to my mind how I was to land him, for I was alone, and my landing net, even if I could use it and handle him, too, would not be large enough to encircle him; there was nobody in sight or hearing, but I wanted to save that fish if I possibly could; and so clambering along the rock in the midst of the drenching surf, I led my captive gently and cautiously, keeping him away from the rock weed which grew abundantly from those ledges, until I reached a depression or basin whose edge was but a little above the waves, and into this, taking advantage of a comber upon whose crest the captive lay, I dragged the bass; but even then he nearly regained his freedom, for as he landed in the shallow basin the hook sprang from his mouth, and to save him I was forced to throw myself upon him bodily, and seizing him by the gills, I held him securely until he was conquered. Ah, what a beauty he was, and what a monster he seemed beside the pair of three-pound tautog that I had taken a short time before!

Baits and Methods of Using Them.

Now, to cast the bait with rod and reel requires no small degree of patience; it is not in every hour of the day that big bass are to be found, and the angler is sometimes forced to cast his lure throughout a whole tide before it is accepted, and not only this, most of the good localities from which such casting can be made are pretty generally preempted by such clubs as the Cuttyhunk, etc., with whom bass angling has become what might be termed a fine art. The general angler, therefore, is obliged to pursue his sport from a boat, and, fortunately for him, there are very many localities where success may be had.

On more than one occasion I have enjoyed in a very high degree the exhilarating sport that I obtained in trolling for bass with squid, artificial minnows, and even a spinning spoon. It is almost always a free biting fish, and takes the bait with considerable vigor as it moves through the water behind a yacht or sailboat. While it is not as fierce a fighter as the bluefish, when it is hooked on the troll it gives very lively play, and if the fish are reasonably abundant, two or three rods in the boat—and I greatly prefer the use of the rod to the hand-line—will be kept pretty busily employed.

I have also had no little sport in still-fishing from a boat that was anchored in a tideway or over a reef or near a rocky shore, the bait used being a piece of lobster or shedder crab, a small sand eel, and when smaller fish were running, shrimp or minnow bait proved very successful. But although these methods creeded the largest number of fish, they averaged rather small in size, and were not much more gamy than the squeteague, even if they did display as much vigor as that fish usually shows. And not only that, my preference has always been for the use of the rod and reel in casting; still-bait-fishing being, as a general thing, rather pottering and tedious sport. It is true, there are hundreds who enjoy it, and many of them, perhaps, would not care to do so even if they had the opportunity to cast from surf-beaten shores; they would not enjoy a sport which entails a very considerable amount of hard work.

More than once have I been on the rocks casting, hour after hour, without obtaining a single fish, and whole days even have sometimes been blank; but when a good fish was struck and successfully played and landed, I felt very much more than repaid for the labor I had expended.

In Fresh Water.

The striped bass, unlike the bluefish, squeteague, and a number of other marine species, leave the salt water for brackish estuaries of rivers, even ascending the latter sometimes for a considerable distance to lakes or ponds where they spawn and pass the winter in a state of semi-hibernation; there are many localities on the coast where the bass have entered the fresh water and taken up permanent homes in them; but after they have become thus domiciled, they lose much of their beautiful metallic lustre, and the gaminess which they display in their ocean homes.

I have a friend who has taken with rod and line a considerable number of these fish in fresh water; using smelts or minnows for bait, and he declares that they are sluggish in the highest degree, being not nearly as strong and lively as an ordinary codfish, as he expressed it.

While ordinarily they leave the fresh water in the spring and return to the ocean, they are obliged, in some instances, by the action of the elements, to remain during the entire summer and ensuing fall and winter away from their natural habitats.

At Little Harbor, which is ten or twelve miles distant from the quaint little town of Lockeport, Nova Scotia—which town I would say for the benefit of visiting anglers, is reached by steamer from Boston to Yarmouth, rail from Yarmouth to Barrington, and thence by stage through Shelbourne and a very picturesque country to Lockeport—is a lake two or three miles in length, and about a mile or more in breadth; its water is brackish, owing to its very near proximity to the sea. Between this lake and the harbor there is annually cast up in the spring by the high tides a barrier of sand, which very often effectually dams the water of the lake. During the fierce storms of autumn, the tide beats with resistless force upon this barrier, sweeping it away, so that the bass have free ingress to the quiet waters within, and they take advantage of this opportunity, entering the peaceful haven in very great numbers and remaining there through the winter. In the early spring the tides again throw up another barrier which remains throughout the summer unless the water in the lake by reason of heavy freshets rises high enough to force an opening through the sandbar. Through this opening a river of considerable size carries the water into the bay, and by means of this channel the bass escape; few, if any, remaining in the lake during the summer.

Landlocked Bass.

But if the water in the lake is not high enough in the spring to break through the sandy dam, the fish remain

landlocked throughout the summer. When in this condition they do not take bait very freely, for there seems to be an abundance of food, such as smelts, young bass, and minnows, in the lake, and they rarely come to the fly, although a sportsman occasionally takes one with that lure.

Last summer they were landlocked during the entire season, and some of the people in the neighborhood captured a considerable number of very large fish in the shoal water below the lake where the bass were endeavoring to escape to the sea, the large fish ranging in weight all the way from eighteen to thirty pounds.

The water in the lake rose very high during the freshets of last May, forcing a deep, broad opening in the sandy barrier through which the bass freely passed into the salt water; so completely was it denuded of fish that during a recent visit to it after careful and persistent efforts with flies, trolling spoons, and phantom minnows, I failed to discover a single bass.

Mr. Scott, in his book on angling, in speaking of this habit of the bass, states that a number of years ago the ponds formed by the back water of the Seconnet River were so full of striped bass that the fish were discovered by their dorsal fins in the ice, where they had been frozen by too close packing. The ice was cut, and hundreds of cartloads were pitched out with forks and taken to market.

EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

Fish and Fishing.

Salmon, Ouananiche and Trout.

MANY mixed baskets of fish have been reported by anglers from time to time, and both in Europe and in America I have fished waters that yielded half a dozen or more varieties, such as are sought by anglers. In Britain, of course, sportsmen go a-fishing for species that American anglers—spoiled by the abundance of the grandest of game fishes—would not look at, and if by accident they should find their flies or bait taken by coarse fish, they would simply throw them back into the water in disgust.

Perch, ruffe, pike, chub, gudgeon and eels have all come to my creel out of one small stream within half a dozen miles of Izaak Walton's birthplace, and I can call to mind long morning walks and many patient hours spent in the often vain endeavor to entice two-pound chub, such as in northern Canada will often persist, in the most aggravating manner, in rising to one's trout flies when they are not wanted.

Mixed bags of game fish are frequent in this country. In the maskinongé waters of Canada, it is by no means uncommon to take bass, maskinongé and whitefish in the same lake or river, and sometimes there are also trout to be had there, for a time at least. Trolling in Lake St. John will often produce a mixed bag of pike and ouananiche, and in some parts of the lake, and especially in the rivers flowing into it, I have taken ouananiche, trout, pike and doré or pike-perch, in the same day's fishing. Salmon and trout make a mixed bag by no means to be despised in the later part of the salmon season, when the fresh-run sea trout are in the salmon pool, though it is extremely annoying to have one's salmon flies destroyed by the hard biting and ferocious trout, and a salmon pool spoilt for the remainder of the evening when one is angling for the larger fish. Even when the water is clear, it is not always very easy, unless one is exceedingly watchful, to snatch his salmon fly off the pool before it can be seized by a four or five-pound trout, for in fishing for salmon, it is customary to let the fly sink a little beneath the surface of the water, and when one is all intent upon watching the newly cast fly, a big trout may easily dart up and seize it in quicker time than the average angler requires, under such circumstances, to withdraw his lure. In its proper place this sea-trout fishing is by no means to be despised, and I know several salmon fishermen who make it a point to spend a few days in the estuary of their river, enjoying it.

Some of the salmon fishermen whose rivers are on the north shore of the St. Lawrence have been able to make a mixed bag of the three gamest of the game fishes of fresh water—salmon, ouananiche and trout. I know that the ouananiche run in some of these streams, as well as in several of the Newfoundland rivers. I have just heard of the capture of some in the Eternity, a tributary of the Saguenay, flowing into Eternity Bay.

Salmon fishermen who can get good ouananiche and trout fishing this year are, as a rule, taking it, for not many of them are doing much in the way of salmon fishing. Friends of mine who fished the Trinity have returned home and reported killing only a little over thirty fish, though the score of the river is usually over a hundred. The fish were fairly plentiful in this stream, but the condition of the water was wrong almost all the season. In some of the smaller rivers, the water was exceptionally low and the fish very few and difficult to rise. From the Miramichi and other New Brunswick rivers come the same story of very poor fishing. On the Marguerite, the fishermen cast steadily for nearly three weeks without doing scarcely anything. Hardly ever before have the pools of this river shown up so badly as this year. The higher tributaries of the Saguenay have not done much better. I am by no means sure, however, that notwithstanding the lateness of the season, there may not be better salmon fishing yet than any that has been this season. It was not till about the 8th of July that the first salmon of the season showed up in the mouths of the rivers at Ha! Ha! Bay. In the Eternity River, nearly a week later, the fish had only ascended two miles from the mouth of the stream. The first fish had only reached the Bridge Pool, four miles higher up the river, on the 16th inst. I have a letter before me, written upon that date, which brings the tidings that the water is in excellent shape, and that rains have raised the river considerably. It is because I am under the impression that the condition of the water in other rivers has similarly improved, and that there will be a later run of fish in them in consequence, that I anticipate better fishing before the season ends.

Other Fishing Good.

The reports from the trout fishermen are as good as those from the salmon anglers are bad. Ex-Senator Edmunds has gone home from a very successful visit to the preserves of the Metabetchouan Fish and Game Club between Quebec and Lake St. John. Mr. Edmunds was accompanied by General Henry, U. S. Consul at Quebec, who killed the biggest trout, one of nearly two pounds in weight, which was taken on the fly nearly opposite to the club house at Kiskisink. The largest number of fish were taken in the Metabetchouan River.

Exceptionally good trout fishing is also reported both from Lake Kenogami and also from some of the smaller lakes south of it as well as in the Boivin River. A party of American anglers made a heavy catch of trout here in the first week of July, notwithstanding that the weather was very hot.

From the Grand Discharge good reports of ouananiche fishing continue to arrive. Recent rains came just in time to prevent the water growing hot and low. Anglers have not yet found it necessary to descend the Discharge for good fishing beyond the pools at the foot of the Grand Chute, formerly known as Griffiths'.

When Trout Will Not Feed.

Observation convinced me long ago, and subsequent experience has justified the conviction, that there are times when trout, no matter how plentiful they may be, will not take a lure at all, being entirely off the feed. A case in point occurred to me only a few weeks ago. At the mouth of a large lake where I was fishing is a disused dam. In the outlet immediately below it is a clear pool containing hundreds of brook trout of various sizes, from three-quarters of a pound down to fingerlings. The pool is too far from civilization to be much fished. Not half a dozen people visit it in the course of a year. I fished it three evenings in succession. On both the first and the third evenings I had wonderful sport. No matter what fly was offered, the fish took it freely, and after returning to the water nearly two dozen small trout on each occasion, I took back to camp, for supper and breakfast, over a dozen good fish. The water was so clear on both occasions that the fish could always be seen rising to the fly. Nor were they at all shy, but would rise almost at my very feet. On the second evening there were apparently as many fish in the pool as on both the preceding and succeeding evenings. The weather was apparently as favorable for fishing as on either of the other two nights. The fish were wonderfully active, but apparently in no way frightened. They were simply playful, swimming gaily about the pool, rising to the surface and then descending, without apparently sucking in any surface food but just stirring a ripple upon the water. Never a fly would they take, however. I changed the cast nearly a dozen times, but all to no avail. Generally they took no notice of the flies at all. Sometimes, however, they would rise to examine them, but not one of them took the lure at all. I tried bait, but it was of avail. One little fellow, which was returned to the water, took it, and that was all. It was impossible to account for such a failure. The fish were there, but apparently they were not hungry and would not feed. I took no more precautions in approaching the pool upon the two nights when I was so successful, than I did upon the blank evening. Had the fish appeared frightened, I should have come to the conclusion at once that the pool had been recently disturbed by some trout-eating animal or bird; but on the contrary the fish appeared perfectly at their ease. It was a puzzle and must remain so, I suppose, but it is by no means the first one of its kind that has occurred to me. Very often the fish would rise all around the flies without touching them.

Canadian Government and the Dogfish.

At last the Dominion Government has been spurred into action in the matter of the dogfish scourge, by the bitter reports of the doings of these pests. The Hon. Raymond Prefontaine, Minister of Fisheries, has announced in Parliament in reply to a question made a few days ago, that the government will subsidize an industry for the purpose of rendering down the fish for their oil, and to make fertilizers of the refuse. Further details of the government measure are not yet forthcoming, but it is hoped that the subsidy will be sufficiently large to insure the success of the industry, without which it cannot be maintained. It is claimed that joint action will be necessary on the part of the American Government if any great result is to be achieved in the matter.

Heavy on the Line.

Colonel Scott, of Roberval, was one of a party engaged in discussing fishing of various kinds the other day. Speaking of the resisting power of different fishes, the Colonel described the desperate time he once had bringing in his line with something of great resistance at the other end. He could not imagine until the fish came in sight what he had hooked. Then it transpired that he had caught an enormous eel of some six feet in length, which, in endeavoring to wriggle itself off his hook, had only succeeded in twining itself about until it had caught its tail upon one of the Colonel's other hooks. Hooked by both head and tail, the big eel thus formed a great loop in the water, and accounted for the resistance it was able to offer to the angler's efforts.

Soles and Heels.

The son of the former Governor-General tells of an experience which occurred to him. Entering a London restaurant, with a well-known wit, he inquired what fish were upon the menu that day. "Soles and heels," was the reply. "But we cannot eat shoe leather, you know!" replied the wag.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

St. Lawrence River Angling.

TORONTO, July 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This season a fee of \$5 a rod is required from all Americans fishing on this side of the boundary line who are stopping at American hotels, and who merely cross for the day's fishing, returning at night; and also from those who visit Canadian waters upon their yachts, having obtained their supplies at American ports. Where they obtain their supplies at Canadian ports, the fee is not exacted. We had thought of putting up the fee to \$10 a rod, but it will remain at \$5 for the present year.

Permits for the St. Lawrence and tributary waters may be obtained from the following persons: D. Cattinach, Wolfe Island; W. H. Godwin, Kingston; John Driscoll, D'Arcy; G. M. Beecher, Brockville; W. Craig, Glenburnie; O. V. Goulette, Gananoque; F. Williams, Rockport; W. H. Shaver, Prescott; J. R. Gibson, Mallorytown; J. C. Judd, Morton; John Roddick, Lyndhurst; I. Blondin, Cornwall; or from the department direct.

We are spending thousands of dollars in the protection of our St. Lawrence fisheries, and where Americans enjoy this fishing, and are contributing nothing to the support of our institutions, we have thought it proper that they should pay this small fee.

We are prohibiting the sale and exportation of bass, maskinongé, and speckled trout, but the Americans returning with their catch, I am informed, dispose of these, or give them to the guides, who sell them. This, of course, we have no power to prevent, though I have from time to time taken up the matter with the American authorities with a view to the adoption of a similar law on their side.

With regard to the St. Lawrence, it is said that American yachts will come into our waters with as many as ten or fifteen rowboats in tow, will fish all day and pay no regard whatever to our regulations as to the number that may be caught or the size thereof, and that if a boat happens to contain two or three parties who are not fishing, the person fishing will continue until he takes the legal complement, as if each person were fishing; and in this way will take as many as forty, fifty, and even sixty bass in a day. Our regulations provide that eight bass only can be taken by any one person in a day.

I remember reading an article in *FOREST AND STREAM* a year or two ago, over the name of Mr. Wolcott, in which he said that the guides had found the business very profitable, as they received the majority of the bass taken, which they sold, "one of them having made several hundreds of dollars from this source this summer." Only recently I have been informed that bass from Canadian waters have been openly peddled in the streets of Clayton and Alexandria Bay.

We have been obliged this year to require Americans who are stopping at our hotels, and who desire to take home with them a sample of their catch, to take out an angling permit. The fee, however, for this permit is nominal, \$1 only being charged. The legal catch of two days may be taken home, but must be accompanied by the angler, and a coupon will be furnished, which must be placed upon the box. We had found that parties fishing here were in the habit of sending home their catch every few days, and these were sold, and in this way they realized their expenses. Tons of fish were thus disposed of.

A. T. BASTEDO,
Deputy Commissioner.

In Colorado Waters.

DENVER, Colo., July 22.—Anglers all over the State are highly elated at the decision of Judge Theron Stevens of the Seventh Judicial District Court, who makes the sweeping declaration that all meandering streams of the State are the property of the people, who have absolute right to fish them so long as they confine themselves to the bed of the stream.

The decision is the outgrowth of a suit brought by Alonzo Hartman, of Gunnison, against Geo. Trezize, who persisted in taking fish from a stretch of the Gunnison some six miles long which the aforesaid Mr. Hartman had fenced in and claimed to own. The merits of his claim were not gone into, Judge Stevens deciding that no trespass had been committed, and that none can be committed so long as the angler confined himself "within the banks of the stream." His decision is based upon a statutory law reading: "The water of every natural stream not heretofore appropriated within the State is hereby declared to be the property of the people, and the same is dedicated to the use of the people of the State, subject to appropriation as heretofore provided."

Fish Commissioner J. M. Woodard thinks the decision will stand the test of the higher courts, and says it will result in throwing open hundreds of miles of fine fishing territory heretofore zealously and jealously guarded from the public, in many cases without a shadow of legal right. He cited as a case in point one owner of a fishing camp on the Gunnison who bought three-fourths mile of land on that grandest of trout streams, but fenced in four miles, and allows none but such as become his guests at \$3 a day to invade the grounds.

The Rio Grande Railroad is running its cheap weekly summer excursions to all points on the Gunnison, and every fishing camp in that favored section is well patronized. Since the willow fly disappeared two weeks ago, the fat old lunkers have become more than epicurean in their tastes, and refuse every thing but the little stone fly, which abounds in myriads, and its prototype, the ginger grill, on No. 10 and No. 12 hooks, or even No. 14. They are also beginning to take notice of the blue grill midge. It is great fun, but doubly delicate work to play and kill five and eight-pounders on such frail tackle. One Denver gentleman who is too modest to look at his name in print, killed three seven-pounders, one six-pounder, and two five-pounders with this first named fly. Pretty fair day's work, eh? But, strange to say, no one has so far captured a ten-pounder from a running stream.

For near-by fishing, Billy Welsh's camp, four miles north of Lyons, on the St. Vrain, fifty-five miles from Denver, makes the best showing. G. Gordon Pickett came down last Monday morning with nineteen which ran from ten to twelve inches. Their weight wavered between three-fourths and one pound.

Good reports come to me from Strontia Springs, Mill Gulch, South Platte, Baileys, Estabrook, and Buffalo, all on Platte Cañon, and two or three hours' ride from this city. Catches of from twenty to thirty are of frequent occurrence, and the saucy rainbows are now striking with great avidity.

In contradistinction to catches of one, two and three score, is the catch of Judge D. C. Beaman, who came down from Twin Lakes last Monday morning with four Mackinaws as the result of two days' work. He had 'em in a sugar sack. In a burst of confidence he told a friend—a local judge—of his fine sport, and the latter put Fish Commissioner Woodard next to the fact that the sack contained forty-three pounds of trout, or eighteen pounds over the limit. Warden Woodard, who has caused a number of prominent (?) citizens to be heavily fined for taking over the limit and under sized trout this season, entered into the spirit of the prank and managed to keep the sun-bronzed and youthful old sportsman on Uneasy street for half an hour. Not until he had explained that his catch was the result of two days' work and the efforts of two seasoned old anglers, did the jokers desist.

Judge Beaman, Tyson S. Dines, and the latter's fourteen-year-old son, Courtland, spent a couple of weeks at Aransas Pass, Texas, among the tarpons. Mr. Dines scored three kills—6 feet 2 inches, 5 feet 10 inches, and 5 feet 6 inches. Judge Beaman's best was 5 feet 3 inches, one somewhat smaller, and a 75-pound jewfish. Young Courtland Dines killed 115 sea trout, and all came back with a bronze that would fill an Indian's heart with envy.

J. D. C.

The Red Trout.

MANSONVILLE Que., July 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I notice that in my article on "Salmon of the Moisie" that you make them average "over 341 pounds each," while my type-written copy plainly reads "over 24 pounds each."

Referring to the red trout, *S. oguassa marstonii*, mentioned by Mr. Chambers in your issue of the 16th inst., we believe that we were the first to call attention to these fish. See Hallock's Sportsmen's Gazetteer, where we mention catching them in Coon's Pond, a small mountain lake some 18 miles north from this village. We have recently made some fine catches of the same fish in Sugar Loaf Mountain Pond, seven miles from here. They average about one-third of a pound each, though two-pound specimens have been taken. We have also taken them from a few deep lakes of cold water north of Montreal, but have taken none over ¾ pound in weight. We formerly called them the "forked-tailed trout," as their tail is quite as forked as that of the common black sucker, and they spawn after the ice takes in all of the lakes where we have found them.

A farmer quite near here has two albino crows which are pure white, with perhaps a slight tinge of a yellowish cast, and are very tame.

Some boys who recently visited the top of Sugar Loaf Mountain, which is very steep and precipitous in most places, found on its very top where a couple of sheep had been eaten, as their wool and bones were scattered around under some small spruces. What animal would be likely to carry them up there, over a mile from a pasture where sheep are kept? There are a few bears in the vicinity and an occasional panther.

STANSTEAD.

Susquehanna River Angling Notes.

SAYRE, Pa., July 22.—Excellent bass fishing is now being enjoyed by the devotees of this branch of angling. At Wyalusing, where the waters of the Susquehanna flow deep and wide, the bass have been biting freely, and many fine baskets of black bass have been taken. There is a breadth of water and a beauty of environment at Wyalusing which serve to please and satisfy the most exacting angler. The excellent bass fishing afforded by the Susquehanna is not confined, however, to Wyalusing. Beginning at Rummelfield and continuing past Wyalusing to Standing Stone, the fishing is unexcelled. Between Athens and Towanda some nice catches of black bass have been reported during the past fortnight. Reports also indicate that between Sayre and Owego, and for some miles beyond the latter village, the Susquehanna is furnishing the bass fisherman good sport.

The question has recently been brought up, if the carp now inhabiting the Susquehanna at points toward the source of the river will not increase and eventually ruin the bass fishing. At Unadilla, N. Y., the other day, a citizen of the village took a 30-pound carp from the Susquehanna, and at various points in that section of country the river fishermen have taken a large number of carp, and it is the consensus of opinion that the "mud grovelers" are increasing rapidly, and promise to infest the length of the noble river famed from primitive days for its bass fishing. While it is contended by many well-informed people that this danger is more apparent than real, the fact is nevertheless true that the carp pest has practically destroyed many waters where the natural conditions were fully as inimical to the development of the fish as they are said to be in the Susquehanna. Moreover, to rid these waters of the pest is a far different problem than that connected with eliminating it from a body of water which may be emptied at any time the owner or public may elect.

Between Sayre and Owego some excellent pike, both in respect to size and flavor, are being caught. Locally these pike are known as yellow bass, but they are every inch a pike, and they give the angler, as a rule, a smart turn of sport.

M. CHILL.

Uniform Laws for New York and Ontario.

THE New York Legislature adopted a resolution providing for a joint committee from the Assembly and Senate, who with the Commissioner of Forest, Fish and Game, are authorized to negotiate with the State of Vermont and the Province of Ontario, in relation to the adoption by the governments having jurisdiction over the waters of Lake Champlain of a uniform plan of fish protection in the lake; and with the Province of Ontario for a uniform plan of fish protection in the waters of Lake Ontario and the rivers forming a boundary between New York and Ontario.

The committee will consist of Senators Spencer G. Pruyn, of Upper Jay, Essex county; Thos. H. Cullen, of Brooklyn; Assemblymen H. Wallace Knapp, of Mooers, Clinton county, and Willis A. Reeve, of Patchogue, Suffolk county, together with the Forest, Fish and Game Commissioner. It is very likely that the Commissioner will designate Mr. J. Warren Pond, the Chief Protector, to act in his place on the committee. The committee is to make its report by January 1, 1905.

Weakfish in the Hudson.

OSSINING, N. Y., July 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Since my communication to you about the scarcity of salt-water fish in the Hudson, in which I attributed the present dearth to changed conditions of the water owing to the presence of gas tar and chemical waste, we have had the finest run of weakfish here that has been seen for many a year. Dozens of messes have been caught within the last two weeks of ten and over which would average 2½ pounds. I was out on the 23d to try my luck, but an east wind prevailed which had evidently driven them off into deep water. Twenty-six boats were on the reef and oyster beds, but only two of them got any weakfish, seven to one boat and three to another. These fish are likely to stay here all summer unless we have a long rainy spell. While rowing in I came through a patch of gas house oil from our local manufactory which would cover a dozen acres, and in the whole expanse not a fish flipped through the nasty blanket which covered their play ground.

C. G. BLANDFORD.

Sunapee Fish are Puzzlers.

SUNAPEE LAKE, N. H., June 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: We have spent three seasons on Sunapee Lake, N. H. The lake is swarming with large fish which can be seen at spawning time. We are not expert fishermen in fresh water, and this lake especially puzzles the average. Could you suggest some way to try? We thought to try gold fish. If you care to give this your attention, you will please a constant reader, and also possibly open up fishing in one of the finest lakes in the East. How about baiting a place, and what with? I would like an answer on this water specially, as we imagine it differs from any others, having no inlet, and the Sunapee trout is reputed to be the only specimen of its kind. W. C. R.

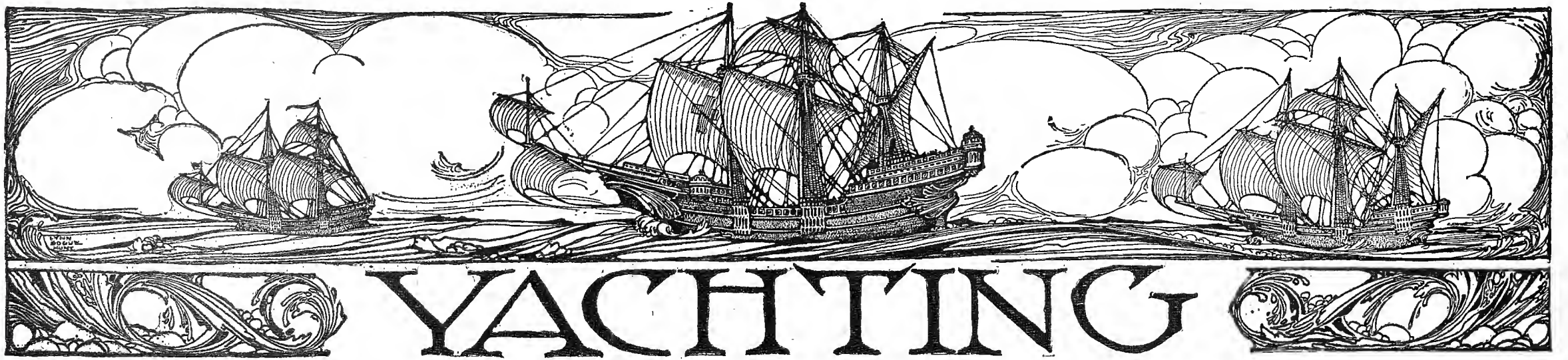
"Pike," "Jack Salmon."

BUFFALO, N. Y., July 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I have just finished reading Charles Cristadoro's account of "Playing a Musky to the Gallery." He says the taxidermist who mounted the fish called it a jack salmon. In some sections of the country the wall-eyed pike is called jack salmon, but I never heard that name applied in Wisconsin. But how could anyone confuse a wall-eyed pike with a member of the pike family? They are so entirely different in structure. The two dorsal fins on the wall-eyed pike would alone mark the difference.

Jackfish is a name sometimes applied to the common pike (*Esox lucius*). Speaking of local names of fishes, it is very noticeable along the Niagara what a strong hold they have on the local fishermen. I have had many arguments with them over the names they give to the wall-eyed pike. They will not be convinced that blue pike, yellow pike, and gray pike are different names for the same species—wall-eyed pike. The latter term is almost never used along the river here.

DIXMONT.

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Larchmont Y. C. Race Week.

Larchmont, Long Island Sound—Monday, July 18.

THE racing on Monday was not very satisfactory. The skippers and crews of the thirty-four boats that started had a long, tiresome day.

The start was made just after noon, and at that time there was a very fair sailing breeze from the N.W. It soon lost its strength, however, and the boats encountered many calm spots.

The preparatory was given at noon, and five minutes later the two boats in Class I were sent away. Weetamoe crossed in the lead. Neola was close behind. Mr. Henry F. Lippitt handled his own boat, Weetamoe, while Mr. Wilmer Hanan was in charge of Neola. The course for the "sixties" was from the starting line to a mark in Hempstead, thence to the easterly mark and back to the starting line, a distance of 15 miles. This triangle was to have been covered twice, but owing to the fickleness of the wind, the boats were stopped at the end of the first round. Neola worked into the lead, and at the second mark had a lead of over half a minute. The first and second legs were reaches, and the third was a beat. On the windward leg the two skippers' skill was given a sore test, as the wind was very light, and the progress necessarily slow. When near the finish Weetamoe was brought up in the wind as if to tack, and Neola was brought about at once. Weetamoe filled away again, and through this move was able to cross Neola's bow, and won the race by 1m. 13s.

Boats in Class M were the next largest craft to start, and they got away at 12:15. There were three starters, and Anotok, sailed by Mr. Hazen Morse, showed up to better advantage than she has at any other time this season. These covered an 11-mile triangle twice. Spasm and Mimosa III, had a luffing match on the first leg, and Anotok, having no interference, opened up a good lead. At the end of the first round she was leading by 3m., and Spasm was 1m. 22s. ahead of Mimosa III. On the second round Anotok increased her lead, and won by nearly half an hour. Spasm finished over 10m. ahead of Mimosa III.

In Class N, Alert had only one competitor, Chewink, which boat she beat easily. At the end of the first round Alert led by 6m. 24s. Chewink cut down this lead on the second round, but Alert won by over 4m. These boats sailed twice over the 11-mile triangle.

At 12:25 the seven starters in the raceabout class got away. They went over an 11-mile course. At the end of the first round the Kid was leading; Hobo was second, Tartan third and Rascal fourth. On the second round the positions were changed. Rascal worked into first place and won by 3m. 31s. The Kid was second and Hobo was third.

The Larchmont one-design boats covered the 5½-mile triangle twice, and Hourai won from Dorothy with nearly 3m. to spare. Vaquero II. was third.

The racing between Una and Rogue was fairly close, although Una had a shade the better of the contest throughout. She won by 1m. 33s.

In Class Q, Snapper secured the lead, which she increased throughout the race, and won by a large margin.

Of the three 18ft. knockabouts Miss Modesty had the best of it, and finding the conditions to her liking, beat Mirage, the second boat, with ease.

Wa Wa had things pretty much her own way in the Indian Harbor one-design class, and at the finish was leading by over 5m. Anawanda was a poor third.

Skip won in Class R. Ace beat Caper in the New Rochelle one-design class. Arizona had an easy time beating Chichiocker in the Manhasset Bay one-design class. The summary:

Sloops—Class I—Course 15 Miles—Start, 12:05.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Weetamoe, H. F. Lippitt.....	3 12 54	3 07 54
Neola, G. M. Pynchon.....	3 14 07	3 09 07
Sloops—Class M—Course 22 Miles—Start 12:15.		
Spasm, E. D. King.....	5 49 03	5 34 03
Anotok, W. G. Brokaw.....	5 50 30	5 05 30
Mimosa III, T. L. Park.....	5 59 10	5 44 10
Sloops—Class N—Course 22 Miles—Start 12:20.		
Alert, J. W. Alker.....	6 00 11	5 40 11
Chewink II, E. R. Dick.....	6 04 18	5 44 18
Raceabouts—Course 11 Miles—Start 12:25.		
Rascal II, S. C. Hopkins.....	3 35 41	3 10 41
Hobo, T. L. Park.....	3 39 34	3 14 34
Busy Bee, R. T. Wainwright.....	3 44 12	3 19 12
Tartan, A. H. Pirie.....	3 41 54	3 16 54
The Kid, O. Harriman.....	3 39 12	3 14 12

Tomboy, H. L. Maxwell.....	3 41 05	3 16 05
Idler, O'D. Iselin.....	3 40 01	3 21 01

Larchmont One-Design Class—Course 11 Miles—Start, 12:30.		
Adelaide, J. J. Dwyer.....	3 55 35	3 25 35
Hourai, J. H. Esser.....	3 46 33	3 16 33
Dorothy, L. G. Spence.....	3 49 06	3 19 06
Vaquero II, J. H. Marble.....	3 53 04	3 23 04

Sloops—Class P—Course 11 Miles—Start, 12:30.		
Rogue, A. B. Alley.....	3 44 11	3 14 11
Una, W. B. Duncan, Jr.....	3 42 38	3 12 38

Sloops—Class Q—Course 11 Miles—Start 12:30.		
Firefly, G. P. Granberry.....	4 04 53	3 34 53
Snapper, F. H. Page.....	3 55 12	3 25 12

Bridgeport 18ft. Knockabouts—Course 11 Miles—Start, 12:35.		
Miss Modesty, C. B. Seelcy.....	4 08 30	3 33 30
Question, N. W. Bishop.....	4 21 08	3 46 08
Mirage, J. P. Bartram.....	4 14 58	3 39 58

Indian Harbor One-Design Class—Course 11 Miles—Start, 12:35.		
Anawanda, E. C. Ray.....	4 43 18	4 13 18
Kenoshi, C. D. Mallory.....	4 22 21	3 47 21
Wa Wa, J. E. Montells.....	4 16 50	3 41 50

Sloops—Class R—Course 11 Miles—Start, 12:35.		
Skip, C. M. Pinkney.....	4 50 54	4 15 54
Gazabo, H. L. Vulte.....	4 56 27	4 21 27
New Rochelle One-Design Class—Course 11 Miles—Start, 12:40.		
Ace, Anna Bavier.....	4 46 13	4 06 13
Caper, P. L. Howard.....	4 53 11	4 13 11
Manhasset Bay One-Design Class—Course 11 Miles—Start, 12:40.		
Chichiocker, J. P. Mohr.....	5 24 09	4 44 09
Arizona, G. A. Corry.....	5 08 11	4 28 11

Tuesday, July 19.

The launch and gig races and the water sports were held on Tuesday, the third day of "race week." All the events on the programme, which was an elaborate one, were well contested. Ladies were admitted to the club house and the grounds, and the whole affair was brilliant and successful. In the evening the grounds were illuminated.

The results of the launch and gig races and the water sports follow:

Naphtha Launches Over 21ft.			
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Alcacieenne.....	2 30 27	3 05 00	0 34 33
Vergemere.....	2 30 23	2 59 26	0 29 03
Sidonya.....	2 30 21	3 03 55	0 33 34
Alco Vapor Launches Under 21ft.			
Idalla.....	2 30 48	3 02 38	0 31 50
Naphtha Launches Under 21ft.			
Crusader II.....	2 45 53	3 23 13	0 37 20
Atlantic.....	2 45 14	3 18 48	0 33 34
Normona.....	2 45 25	3 23 17	0 37 52
Gas Engine Launches Under 21ft.			
Elsa II.....	3 15 18	3 50 59	0 35 41
Cachelot.....	3 15 22	3 51 01	0 35 39
Cara II.....	3 15 33	4 00 53	0 45 20

Four-oared gigs for the Hen and Chicken colors: Won by Katrina.

Pair-oared gigs for Dauntless colors: Won by Isolde; Crusader II. second, Weetamoe third, Alcacieenne fourth, Corinthia fifth, The Kid sixth, Hauoli seventh, Muriel eighth, Idalia ninth, Zara tenth.

Dinghies for Execution colors: Won by Cara II.; Hauoli second. Fifteen starters.

Swimming, 75yds., scratch: Won by C. M. Daniels; L. B. Goodwin second. Time, 52 1-5s.

Tub race: Won by Harold Warren; Butler Whiting second. Time 1m. 54s.

Swimming race, 300yds., scratch: Won by E. H. Adams. Time, 5m. 2 1-5s. F. A. Wenck second; time 5m. 13s.

Swimming race, 75yds., for boys, scratch: Won by C. M. Daniels; J. Crane second. Time, 52 3-5s.

Tilting contest: Won by H. T. Vulte.

Fancy diving: Won by F. A. Wenck; W. W. Swann second.

Obstacle canoe race: Won by W. W. Swann; H. T. Vulte second.

Water polo: Won by black team; Van Cleef, Beecroft, Grif-fing, Beechnoir, Bogart, Pallen. Score 1 goal to 0.

Wednesday, July 20.

Wednesday's race proved to be the best of the week. A fresh N.W. breeze held true throughout the day. With the wind from this quarter the water was smooth, and fast time was made by the boats over the several courses. The winners were Isolde, Weetamoe, Aspirant, Anokatok, Memory, Alert, Adelaide, Tartan, Una, Dorothy, Miss Modesty, Wa Wa, Gazabo, Scoot, Capar, Arizona, and Skidoo.

The larger boats went over a 10 1/2-mile triangle. The first leg was E.N.E., 3 miles, the second S. 3/4 miles, and the third leg N.W. 3/4 miles. The first leg was a close reach; the second was a run with spinnakers to starboard, and the last leg was a beat.

Boats in the special class and Class A covered this course three times, a distance of 3 3/4 miles. Boats in classes L, M, and N went over the course twice, a distance of 2 1/2 miles. All the other starters, with the exception of the Pelham Bay larks, covered a 1 1/2-mile course.

In the special class the starters were the cutter Isolde and the schooner Katrina. Isolde allowed Katrina 1m. 27s. Isolde was thoroughly at home in the strong breeze, and showed Katrina the way over the course, and won by nearly half an hour.

It was found necessary to withdraw Neola from the contest, as some of her rigging showed signs of weakness, and a fine race was spoiled in Class A.

Aspirant and Effort raced under a special allowance agreed upon by the owners of the respective boats. Aspirant allowed Effort 4m. 30s.. The former managed to save her time, and won by 26s. corrected time.

Chewink II. sailed in Class M, making four starters. Spasm broke her gaff, which put her out of the running, and Mimosa III. withdrew. Anokatok and Chewink II. were the only ones left, and the former had no trouble winning.

In Class M, for yawls, Memory, sailed by her former owner, Mr. R. N. Bavier, got all there was out of her and won handily. Tern was second, and this boat gave Sakana, the third starter, a bad beating.

Alert and Nike were the only contenders in Class N. Nike sailed a good race, and pushed Alert hard for first place. Alert won by 1m. 16s.

Adelaide had no competitor in the C. F. Herreshoff one-design class, and she took a sailover.

The ten starters in the raceabout class afforded fine sport. Tartan managed to win after a close race. Tomboy sprung her mast, and although she finished, she could not be driven. Maryola made the best showing so far this season, and got second place. Hobo was third.

Snapper sailed in Class P against Una and Rogue. She carried away her bowsprit in one of the strong puffs, and withdrew. Una again defeated Rogue easily.

The racing between Hourly and Adelaide for second place in the Larchmont one-design class was interesting. Hourly finally finished second. Dorothy won easily in this class.

Miss Modesty won again in the 18ft. knockabout class. Mirage was second.

In the Indian Harbor one-design class Owatonna was the only one of the four starters that did not finish. Wa Wa was placed first and Kenoshi was second.

There were three starters in Class Q. Gazabo got first prize, as she was the only one of the trio to finish.

Scoot took a sailover in Class R.

Capar turned tables on Ace and won out in the New Rochelle one-design class.

Arizona won in the Manhasset Bay one-design class, and Skidoo won in the lark class. The summary:

Class I—Sloops—Start, 12:05—Course 3 1/4 Miles.			
	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Neola, G. W. Pyncheon.....	Did not finish.		
Weetamoe, H. F. Lippitt.....	4 17 26	4 17 26	
Match Race—Mixed Rig—Start 12:10—Course 3 1/4 Miles.			
Katrina, schr., J. B. Ford.....	4 32 23	4 30 56	
Isolde, sloop, F. M. Hoyt.....	4 16 01	4 16 01	
Class L—Sloops—Match Race—Start 12:10—Course 2 1/2 Miles.			
Aspirant, A. & W. Hanan.....	3 07 19	3 07 19	
Effort, F. M. Smith.....	3 12 17	3 07 47	
Sloops—Class M—Course 2 1 1/2 Miles—Start, 12:15.			
Spasm, E. D. King.....	Disabled.		
Anokatok, W. G. Brokaw.....	3 43 45	3 28 45	
Mimosa III., T. L. Park.....	Did not finish.		
Chewink II., E. R. Dick.....	3 56 49	3 41 49	
Yawls—Class M—Course 2 1 1/2 Miles—Start, 12:15.			
Tern, John Hyslop.....	3 57 59	3 42 59	
Memory, H. M. Raborg.....	3 53 08	3 38 08	
Sakana, A. B. McCreery.....	4 08 27	3 53 27	
Sloops—Class N—Course 2 1 1/2 Miles—Start 12:20.			
Alert, James W. Alker.....	3 57 04	3 37 04	
Nike, Victor I. Cumnock.....	3 53 20	3 38 20	
C. F. Herreshoff One-Design Class—Course, 2 1 1/2 Miles—Start 12:20.			
Adelaide, P. H. Adee.....	4 21 43	4 01 43	
Raceabouts—Course 10 1/2 Miles—Start 12:25.			
Tomboy, H. L. Maxwell.....	2 55 31	2 30 31	
Maryola, C. W. Allen.....	2 51 59	2 27 59	
Cricket, Howard Willetts.....	2 52 32	2 28 32	
Hobo, Trenor L. Park.....	2 52 38	2 28 38	
Tartan, A. H. Pirie.....	2 46 17	2 21 17	
Rascal II., S. C. Hopkins.....	2 55 57	2 30 57	
Galatea, Anson Phelps Stokes.....	2 55 48	2 30 48	
Idler, O'D. Iselin.....	2 54 13	2 29 13	
Busy Bee, Richard T. Wainwright.....	2 56 46	2 31 46	
The Kid, Oliver Harriman, Jr.....	2 57 42	2 32 42	
Class P—Course 10 1/2 Miles—Start, 12:30.			
Una, W. Butler Duncan, Jr.....	2 59 56	2 34 56	
Snapper, Francis H. Page.....	Did not finish.		
Rogue, A. Bryan Alley.....	3 06 13	2 41 13	
Larchmont One-Design Class—Course 10 1/2 Miles—Start 12:30.			
Adelaide, J. J. Dwyer.....	2 06 39	2 41 39	
Hourly, J. H. Esser.....	3 06 01	2 41 01	
Vaquero II., J. M. Marble.....	3 08 27	2 43 27	
Dorothy, L. G. Spence.....	3 59 55	2 34 55	
Bridgeport 18ft. Knockabouts—Course 10 1/2 Miles—Start, 12:35.			
Miss Modesty, C. B. Seeley.....	3 10 20	2 35 20	
Mirage, J. Percy Bertram.....	3 17 13	2 42 13	
Question, M. W. Bishop.....	3 19 33	2 44 33	
Indian Harbor One-Design Class—Course 10 1/2 Miles—Start 12:35.			
Wa Wa, James E. Montells.....	3 13 04	2 38 04	
Kenoshi, C. D. Mallory.....	3 18 44	2 43 44	
Anawanda, Edwin C. Ray.....	3 21 18	2 46 18	
Owatonna, George Lander, Jr.....	Did not finish.		
Class Q—Course 10 1/2 Miles—Start, 12:40.			
Gazabo, H. T. Vulte.....	3 32 11	2 52 11	
Skip, C. M. Pinckney.....	Did not finish.		
Luto II., Frank P. Currier.....	Did not finish.		
Class R—Course, 10 1/2 Miles—Start, 12:40.			
Scoot, Morgan Cowperthwait.....	3 51 09	3 11 09	

New Rochelle One-Design Class—Course 10 1/2 Miles—Start 12:40.			
Ace, Miss Anna Boylen.....	3 34 29	2 54 39	
Capar, P. L. Howard.....	3 30 15	2 50 15	
Manhasset Bay One-Design Class—Course 10 1/2 Miles—Start 12:40.			
Arizona, G. A. Cory.....	3 35 20	2 55 20	
Chickioker, John P. Morgan.....	3 38 07	2 58 07	
Wister, Dunstan Farnham.....	3 45 32	3 05 32	
Pup, T. W. Ratsey.....	3 46 52	3 06 52	
Pelham Bay Larks—Course 5 1/4 Miles—Start, 12:45.			
Skidoo, M. St. G. Davies.....	2 27 15	1 42 15	
Yellow Jacket, G. B. Robinson.....	Did not finish.		

Thursday, July 21.

Forty boats started in Thursday's contest, but out of that number only eleven were able to finish, due to the lightness of the wind. The time limit was up at 7:53, and at that time most of the boats were drifting around without steerageway.

The start was made as usual at noon, and at that hour there was a light S.W. breeze. Wind from this quarter generally holds during the summer afternoon, but it failed this time. However, before the wind gave out entirely, most of the craft had been once over their respective triangles. About 3 o'clock a little northerly breeze struck in, and the boats were sent around a second time. This proved a mistake, for the breeze did not last, and the entire fleet was soon becalmed.

Rear-Commodore Fred M. Hoyt offered a cup for auxiliaries. Vergemere and Atlantic started, but were forced to abandon the race, and resorted to steam power in order to get back to their anchorages.

Even in the classes where the boats finished, the results were not conclusive, for the racing was eminently unsatisfactory.

Weetamoe beat Neola by about 50m.

Vaquero was the only one of the three starters in the Larchmont one-design class to finish.

Tartan won in the raceabout; Rascal II. finished second and Maryola was third.

Una was beaten for the first time this season, by Rogue in Class P. The summaries:

Auxiliaries—Course 25 1/2 Miles—Start 12:55.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Atlantic, W. Marshall.....	Did not finish.		
Vergemere, A. C. Bostwick.....	Did not finish.		
Sloops—Class I—Course 15 Miles—Start, 12:05.			
Weetamoe, H. F. Lippitt.....	5 34 02	5 29 02	
Neola, G. M. Pyncheon.....	6 25 00	6 20 00	
Sloops—Class L—Course 22 Miles—Start 12:10.			
Aspirant, A. & W. Hanan.....	Did not finish.		
Effort, F. M. Smith.....	Did not finish.		
Sloops—Class M—Course 22 Miles—Start, 12:15.			
Spasm, E. D. King.....	Did not finish.		
Anokatok, W. G. Brokaw.....	Did not finish.		
Mimosa III., T. L. Park.....	Withdrew.		
Chewink II., E. R. Dick.....	Did not finish.		
Sloops—Class N—Course 22 Miles—Start 12:20.			
Alert, J. W. Alker.....	Did not finish.		
Nike, V. I. Cumnock.....	Did not finish.		
Sloops—Class P—Course 11 Miles—Start, 12:30.			
Firefly, G. P. Granberry.....	Did not finish.		
Snapper, F. H. Page.....	Did not finish.		
Larchmont One-Design Class—Course 11 Miles—Start 12:30.			
Hourly, J. H. Esser.....	Did not finish.		
Dorothy, L. G. Spence.....	Did not finish.		
Vaquero II., J. H. Marble.....	6 42 35	6 12 35	
Raceabouts—Course 11 Miles—Start, 12:25.			
Rascal II., S. C. Hopkins.....	6 38 18	6 13 18	
Cricket, H. Willetts.....	7 31 59	7 06 51	
Tobo, T. L. Park.....	7 30 56	7 05 56	
Maryola, C. W. Allen.....	6 38 19	6 13 19	
Busy Bee, R. T. Wainwright.....	Did not finish.		
Tartan, A. H. Pirie.....	6 35 01	6 10 01	
The Kid, O. Harriman.....	6 43 32	6 18 32	
Galatea, A. P. Stokes.....	Did not finish.		
Idler, O'D. Iselin.....	Did not finish.		
Sloops—Class P—Course 11 Miles—Start, 12:30.			
Una, W. B. Duncan, Jr.....	6 47 31	6 17 31	
Rogue, A. B. Alley.....	6 28 39	5 58 39	
Indian Harbor One-Design Class—Course 11 Miles—Start 12:35.			
Wa Wa, J. E. Montells.....	Did not finish.		
Anawanda, E. C. Ray.....	Did not finish.		
Kenoshi, C. D. Mallory.....	Did not finish.		
Owatonna, G. Lander, Jr.....	Did not finish.		
Bridgeport 18ft. Knockabout Class—Course 11 Miles—Start 12:35.			
Miss Modesty, C. B. Seeley.....	Did not finish.		
Question, N. W. Bishop.....	Did not finish.		
Mirage, J. P. Bartram.....	Did not finish.		
Class R—Course 11 Miles—Start, 12:40.			
Scoot, M. Cowperthwait.....	Did not finish.		
Skip, H. Pinkney.....	Did not finish.		
Manhasset Bay One-Design Class—Course 11 Miles—Start 12:40.			
Arizona, G. A. Cory.....	Did not finish.		
Chickioker, J. P. Morgan.....	Did not finish.		
Wister, Dunstan Farnum.....	Did not finish.		

Friday, July 22.

The thirty-nine boats that started in Friday's race had plenty of wind to give them the liveliest kind of racing. The breeze was fresh from the E., and there was quite a jump of a sea on. During the afternoon a heavy rain squall worked itself off the Long Island shore and gave those on the boats a wetting. However, anything was preferable to the fluky conditions of Thursday.

Weetamoe and Neola were started at 11:35. They crossed the line abreast of one another, with Weetamoe in the weather berth. It was a beat to the first mark, and Neola managed to get out from under her opponent's lee. Weetamoe was first around the weather mark, and led around the second leg, which was a run, and the third leg, which was a reach. At the end of the first round Weetamoe led by 41s. On the second round Neola cut down Weetamoe's lead, but was unable to catch up with her. Weetamoe won by 19s. These boats sailed twice over a 15-mile triangle.

The next largest boats in the race were Aspirant and Effort. These craft sailed twice over an 11-mile triangle. The owners of the two boats agreed that Aspirant should allow Effort 5m. over the course. At the end of the first round Aspirant led by 4m. 8s. On the second round she increased this lead and won by 52s.

In Class M, Mimosa III. seemed to find again the speed she showed in her maiden race, for she won easily. Spasm was second and Anokatok was third. Chewink led over the starting line, but was soon passed by her rivals. At the end of the first round Spasm was pushing Mimosa III. hard for first place. The latter boat opened up a substantial lead on the second round.

The usual order of things underwent a change in Class N, and Bagherra, which boat made her first appearance in the Sound races this season, won. Nike was second and Alert last. Alert and Nike got in a luffing match, and when they finally straightened out on their course again, Bagherra had such a long lead she could not be overtaken.

The raceabouts started in a bunch, with Rascal II. in the lead, followed by Cricket, The Kid and Hobo, as named. Tartan worked into first place and won, The Kid being second and Hobo third.

Una managed to defeat Rogue again by over a minute in Class P.

Snapper and Firefly were specially matched, and the former won by over 3m.

Dorothy took another first in the Larchmont one-design class. Hourly was second.

In the Indian Harbor one-design class, Wa Wa won again. Kenoshi was second. Miss Modesty again beat Question and Mirage in the 18ft. knockabout class. The summary:

Sloops—Class I—Course 30 Miles—Start, 11:35.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Weetamoe, H. F. Lippitt.....	4 18 48	4 43 48	
Neola, George M. Pyncheon.....	4 19 07	4 44 07	
Sloops—Class L—Course 22 Miles—Start, 11:40.			
Aspirant, A. & W. Hanan.....	3 07 33	3 27 33	
Effort, F. M. Smith.....	3 13 25	3 33 25	
Sloops—Class M—Course 22 Miles—Start 11:45.			
Spasm, E. D. King.....	3 31 32	3 46 32	
Anokatok, W. G. Brokaw.....	3 33 35	3 48 35	
Mimosa III., T. L. Park.....	3 29 51	3 44 51	
Chewink, F. R. Dick.....	3 44 09	3 49 09	
Sloops—Class N—Course 22 Miles—Start, 11:50.			
Nike, V. I. Cumnock.....	3 51 55	4 01 55	
Alert, J. W. Alker.....	3 52 18	4 02 18	
Bagherra, Hendon Chubb.....	3 46 52	3 56 52	
Raceabout Class—Course 11 Miles—Start 11:55.			
Pascal II., S. C. Hopkins.....	2 11 56	2 16 56	
Cricket, H. Willetts.....	2 13 35	2 18 35	

The Kid, O. Harriman.....	2 08 05	2 13 05
Hobo, T. L. Park.....	2 11 24	2 16 24
Tartan, Allen Pirie.....	2 06 20	2 11 20
Busy Bee, R. T. Wainwright.....	2 12 14	2 17 14
Idler, O'D. Iselin.....	2 13 48	2 18 48
Tomboy, Harry Maxwell.....	2 12 33	2 17 33
Sloops—Class P—Course 11 Miles—Start 12:00.		
Rogue, A. B. Alley.....	2 19 48	2 19 48
Una, W. Butler Duncan, Jr.....	2 18 38	2 18 38
Sloops—Class P—Special—Course 11 Miles—Start, 12:00.		
Snapper, F. H. Page.....	2 25 09	2 25 09
Firefly, G. P. Granberry.....	2 28 43	2 28 43
Larchmont One-Design Class—Course 11 Miles—Start, 12:00.		
Vaquero II., J. H. Marble.....	2 25 12	2 25 12
Dorothy, L. G. Spence.....	2 22 08	2 22 08
Hourly, J. H. Esser.....	2 24 34	2 24 34
Indian Harbor One-Design Class—Start, 12:05—Course 11 Miles.		
Kenoshi, C. D. Mallory.....	2 43 50	2 38 50
Wa Wa, J. E. Montells.....	2 43 10	2 38 10
Anawanda, E. C. Ray.....	2 44 03	2 39 03
Owatonna, George Lander, Jr.....	2 45 53	2 40 53
Bridgeport 18ft. Knockabout Class—Course 11 Miles—Start, 12:05.		
Miss Modesty, C. B. Seeley.....	2 33 29	2 28 29
Question, N. W. Bishop.....	2 37 13	2 32 13
Mirage, J. P. Bartram.....	2 34 44	2 28 44
Manhasset Bay One-Design Class—Course 11 Miles—Start 12:10.		
Arizona, George A. Cory.....	3 03 24	2 53 24

Southern Gulf Coast Y. A. Circuit.

Mobile Y. C., Point Clear, Mobile Bay, Ala.—Saturday July 16.

The third of the six regattas of the racing circuit of the Southern Gulf Yachting Association to take place was that of the Mobile Y. C. over that club's triangular 5-mile course, which was sailed twice, or 10 miles in all. There was, as usual along this coast in summer time, a glorious 8 to 10 knot S.W. breeze. There was a large gathering of pleasure boats and excursion steamers in attendance, but the entries of yachts in the various classes was rather disappointing. Calypso, Invader and Katherine, all sloops, had sailovers in their respective classes. The small number of entries is accounted for from the fact that Mobile has not as yet been struck by the revival in the sport so noticeable farther to the westward on the coast and from the distance from the other clubs being so great. The next racing point in the series is at Biloxi, Miss., Saturday, July 23. The summary:

Cabin Sloops—Over 30ft. Rating.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Calypso	1 53 01
Cabin Sloops—Under 30ft. Rating.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Invader	1 55 39
Open Sloops.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Katherine	2 36 40
Racing Machines—Association Cup Class.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Kayoshk, Southern Y. C. entry.....	1 51 44	1 51 44
Virgin, Bay-Waveland Y. C. entry.....	1 53 15	1 57 31
Moki, Gulfport Y. C. entry.....	2 05 12	2 05 12
Catboats—19 to 24ft.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sophia A.....	2 18 29	2 18 29
Amorita	2 41 34	2 38 04
Josie M.....	2 42 21	2 38 41
Hill Billic.....	2 43 07	2 39 27
Those	Withdrew.
Catboats—Under 19ft.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
San Toy	2 57 47
Kathleen	3 11 19
Palmetto Special Catboat Class.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gretna Girl	1 29 12
P. Y. C.	1 29 20
Edna May	1 32 10
Poison	1 32 25
Tommy W.....	1 37 32
Myrtle	1 41 58
Irish Lad	1 49 47
Argument	1 51 14
L. D. SAMPSELL.		

Bensonhurst Y. C.

Bensonhurst, L. I.—Saturday, July 23.

The first of three handicap races for Bensonhurst Y. C. boats occurred on the afternoon of Saturday, July 23, over courses in Gravesend Bay. Ogeemah, scratch boat, easily carried off the honors in the sloop class, while Martha M. won the laurels among the catboats. Thirteen craft started and finished the race, sailing in two divisions according to rig, for cups presented by Commodore Arthur C. Bellows.

Handicaps were determined by the committee, past performances and other features effecting speed being taken into consideration. In the sloop class Ogeemah allowed Esperance and Dorothea 5m. each for the 8-mile course. Quinque got 7m.; India, Trio and Limit, 10m. each. Colleen was scratch among the catboats. She allowed Rosalie 7m.; Beth, 10m.; Orient, 2m., and Martha M., 30s.

The boats went twice over the regular association course, leaving all marks to starboard. In the light N. breeze blowing it was a run to the mark off Sea Gate, a reach with booms to port to Fort Hamilton, another reach to the Marine and Field Club mark and a close reach to the start off Ulmer Park. Ogeemah sailed very fast and finished long before the others. Martha M. was the second craft to end the race, the light air being much to her liking. The next handicap event for Bensonhurst boats is scheduled for August 6. The summaries follow:

Sloops—Mixed Class—Start, 3:15.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ogeemah, Alfred Mackay.....	4 52 06	1 37 06	1 37 06
Cayuga, H. E. Cunningham.....	5 17 05	2 02 05	1 52 05
Indian, H. F. Menton.....	5 19 13	2 04 13	1 54 13
Esperance, T. A. Hamilton.....	5 17 02	2 02 20	1 57 02
Trio, Clarence H. Clayton.....	5 29 43	2 14 43	2 04 43
Dorothea, C. J. Dingens.....	5 30 00	2 15 00	2 10 00
Limit, Geo. C. Alyea.....	5 38 46	2 23 46	2 13 46
Quinque, McTighe and Knowles.....	5 41 40	2 26 40	2 19 40
Catboats—Mixed Class—Start, 3:20.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Martha M., Richard Moore.....	5 05 18	1 45 18	1 44 48
Colleen, W. F. Remmey.....	5 11 43	1 51 43	1 51 43
Orient, Richard Rummell.....	5 24 27	2 04 27	2 02 27
Rosalie, W. F. Bolles.....	5 37 43	2 11 43	2 03 43
Beth, H. F. Eggert.....	5 43 03	2 23 03	2 13 03

Rosalie started 6m. after gun. Her actual elapsed time was taken.

Atlantic Y. C.

Sea Gate, L. I.—Saturday, July 23.

EDGAR F. LUCKENBACH's Herreshoff 30-footer, Bobtail, won the second race for the Havens challenge cup, which occurred at the Atlantic Y. C. on the afternoon of Saturday, July 23. Bobtail was also the victor in the initial contest for the trophy, which was held on June 11. Under the conditions governing the cup, another victory before September 30 will give Bobtail permanent possession of the trophy, which becomes the property of the owner winning three races in any one season. W. H. Childs has challenged for the cup with his sloop Maydic (ex-Umbra). The date of the race will be decided later.

Eight craft started in the contest. There was a light breeze from the N. when the boats were sent away in one class on time allowance, according to measurement under the new rule. Vivian II. was scratch boat. She allowed Redwing 8s.; Bobtail, 3m. 38s.; Era, 3m. 45s.; Lizana, 14m.; Trouble, 15m. 48s.; Mary, 16m. 34s., and Wrath, 20m. 50s. The boats went twice over a 5-mile quadrilateral. It was a reach to Craven Shoal buoy, from the start off Sea Gate, with booms to port. Windward work brought the racers to the Fort Hamilton stake boat. A close reach with booms to starboard led to the Ulmer Park buoy. The journey from there home was a spinnaker run.

Bobtail assumed a lead at the beginning and was never headed. She defeated Vivian II., her nearest competitor, by 6m. and 52s. corrected time, and 3m. and 14s. elapsed time. During a greater part of the race the breeze was fickle and shifting. This caused a number of the starters to make showings inconsistent with past performances. The challenge cup is open for competition to Atlantic Y. C. boats in Classes M and under, and was offered this year by Rear-Commodore Edward B. Havens. The summaries:

Sloops—Mixed Class—Start, 3:00.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach.....	4 56 34	1 56 34	1 52 56
Vivian II., L. E. Vernon.....	4 59 48	1 59 48	1 59 48
Lizana, D. L. Wylie.....	5 14 44	2 14 44	2 00 44
Mary, Max Grunder.....	5 19 17	2 19 17	2 02 43
Wrath, Calvin Tompkins.....	5 26 51	2 26 51	2 06 01
Era, E. H. M. Roehr.....	5 12 14	2 12 14	2 08 29
Trouble, W. A. Barstow.....	5 25 21	2 25 21	2 09 33
Redwing, J. B. O'Donahue.....	5 11 20	2 11 20	2 11 20

Manhasset Bay Y. C.

Port Washington, Long Island Sound.—Saturday, July 23.

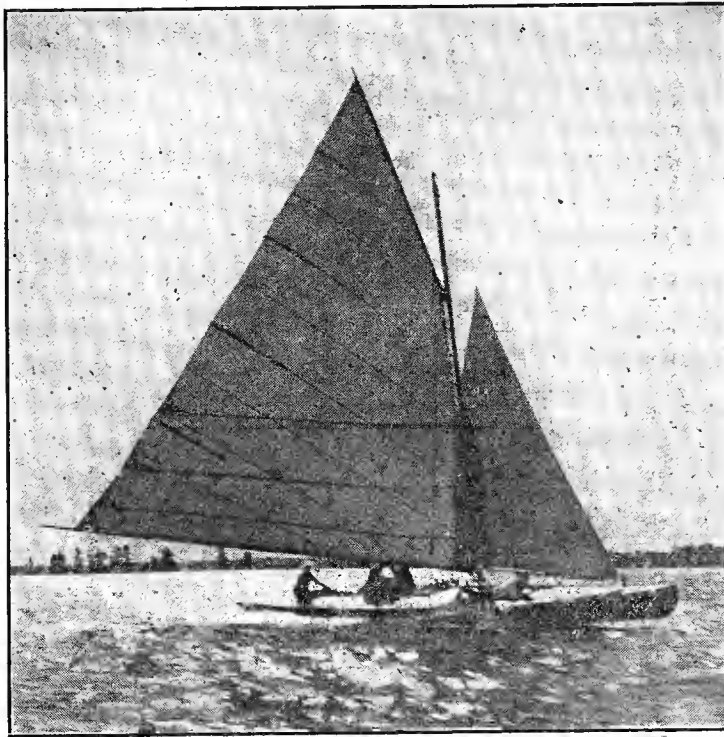
ONLY six boats started in the power boat races given by the Manhasset Bay Y. C. on Saturday, July 23. The strong breeze and lumpy water prevented some of the boats entered from starting. Miss Swift did not have a competitor, but she made the best time, covering a 12½-mile course in 57m. 21s. The summary:

Class A—Start, 3:35—Course, 12½ Miles.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Miss Swift, Robert Jacob.....	4 32 21	0 57 21
Class B—Start, 3:35—Course, 12½ Miles.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ardis, R. M. Haddock.....	4 51 56	1 11 26
Dolphin, E. M. Graef.....	5 04 47	1 24 47
Class C—Start, 3:45—Course, 6½ Miles.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Express, G. T. Wilson.....	4 27 69	0 42 59
Suis Moi, G. M. Plympton.....	4 31 49	0 46 49
Midge	4 41 10	0 56 10

Seawanhaka Cup Defenders.

THE Seawanhaka cup races on Lake St. Louis will be held on August 4, 5, 6, and then again on the 7th, and perhaps the 8th, unless three races decide which side takes the cup, which is not likely, when two such clubs as the Royal St. Lawrence and White Bear Yacht Clubs come together.

The competing boats in the Royal St. Lawrence trial races are not so numerous as those which have taken part in the White Bear trials. Two new boats have been built—Noorna, owned by Mr. Huntley Drummond, and Æolus II., by Mr. George Slaughter. Thorella II., Commodore Finley's 1903 cup defender, is also competing, and though she has probably sailed more than any other boat on the lake, as well as cruising



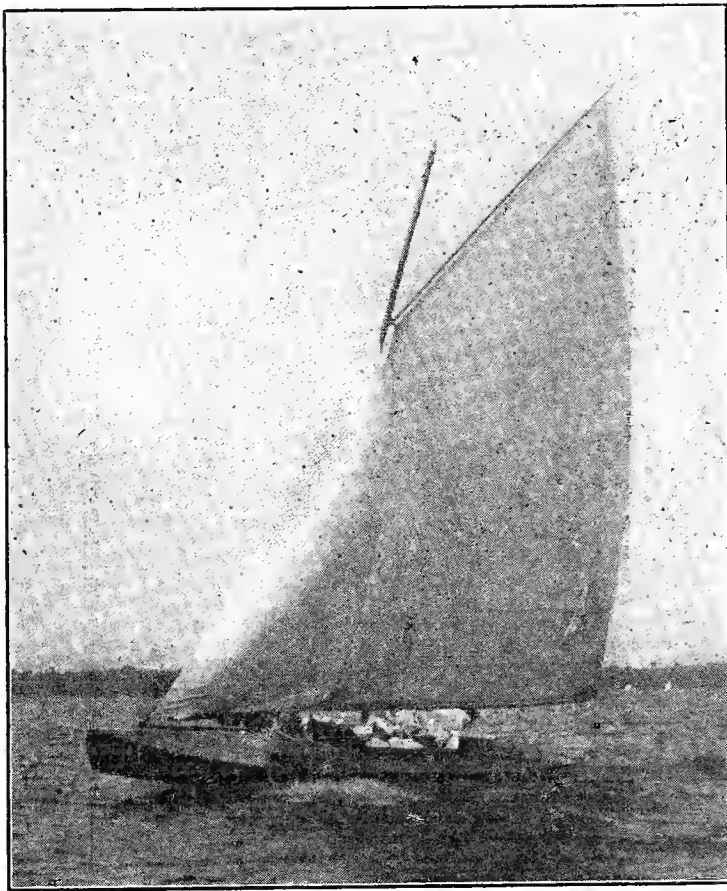
ÆOLUS II.

Owned by Geo. Slaughter. Built for defense of Seawanhaka Cup.

through the Thousand Islands last year, yet, with Mr. Charles Routh at the tiller, she still makes the judges chuckle when the elapsed time is taken in races sailed by the three boats, and the best of it is that her weather is every weather, which makes the ideal racer. Nature is so hard to depend on.

Both Noorna (which was launched first) and Æolus II. have similar dimensions to Thorella II., whose length on the waterline is 22ft. 7in., and over all length 36ft. 9in., with a beam of 8ft. 6in., which practically corresponds to that of Noorna, while Æolus II. has only 8ft. 4in. beam.

Noorna, though having almost the same midship section as Thorella II., has perhaps a trifle easier turn to her bilge, and the deck lines look much fuller forward. She has considerably more sheer at her bow, and this,



NOORNA.

Owned by Huntley Drummond. Seawanhaka Cup Defender.

while it does not give her the racey appearance of Thorella II., will doubtless make her a drier boat to sail on. Her waterlines also look much fuller forward than the older boat, and she should show very easy diagonals, giving her speed in reaching. She is fitted with double rudders and bilge boards. The latter, instead of being hung on a sling pin, are let down vertically, thereby doing away with the long open slot, which is necessitated by the dagger boards.

Æolus II., while narrower than her sister, has a harder turn to the bilge and still fuller deck lines, and will probably show as much power as, and be an easier boat to drive than, Noorna. In moderate weather she should show great speed, and if powerful enough to carry her canvas in a blow to windward, will be a hard boat to beat. Like Noorna, she has double rudders, but her bilge boards are of the regular dagger type. The rig of both the new boats is exactly similar to Thorella II., and the sails are working out nicely.

A new feature of both boats is the fact that light

winches are used to work the peak and throat halliards, which does away with gear on deck.

Of course it is difficult to tell as yet the result of the trials, but there is every probability of the new boats proving themselves better than Thorella II., and are certainly very handsome looking boats, being beautifully stained and highly polished, and with perfect fitting sails of a very delicate creamy tint, it can be imagined that they present a pretty sight, and add lustre to the laurels already won in the past by their designer, Mr. Fred Shearwood.

Noorna has been chosen to defend the Seawanhaka cup. Out of three trial races sailed on Saturday, July 23, Noorna won two and Thorella won one.

Morgan Cup Race.

Island Heights, N. J.—Saturday, July 16.

THE second annual race for the J. Willard Morgan cup was sailed under the auspices of the Island Heights Y. C., on Barnegat Bay, on Saturday, July 16. The race is open to catboats of Bay Head, Mantoloking, Seaside Park and Island Heights Y. C.s. Boats were to be not less than 20ft. nor more than 26ft. racing length. Corinthian crews and number of boats limited to five from each club. The following particulars regarding the several contestants are interesting:

	Allowance.
Empress, W. M. Stevenson, Seaside Park.....	0 08 50
Nemo, D. H. Adams, Seaside Park.....	Scratch
Vagabond, F. W. Thacher, Seaside Park.....	0 00 34
Hummer, Bay Head.....	0 01 18
Romp, Bay Head.....	0 01 54
Pastime, Bay Head.....	0 01 48
Mina, J. A. Vansant, Island Heights.....	0 05 12
Boquet, W. Patterson, Island Heights.....	0 03 40
Mary E., Leon Goble, Island Heights.....	0 06 40
Miss Bob White, F. A. Downe, Island Heights.....	0 03 47
Edith, T. F. Brooks, Island Heights.....	0 04 15

The boats covered a 13-mile triangular course. At the time of the start the tide was running ebb, and the breeze was fresh from the S. Later the wind hauled to the W. and the boats encountered a nasty squall accompanied by drenching rain. Mina was first over the starting line, 14s. after the gun, but her rudder got jammed on the first leg and she dropped from first place. Miss Bob White carried away her throat halliard block in the squall and withdrew. Empress, holder of the Sewell cup, withdrew on the second leg of the course. Boquet shook out her reefs before the squall struck and in consequence had to luff continually during the heavy puffs, losing much time. Hummer won the race handily. Romp was second and Mary E. third. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Hummer	1 36 47	3 45 41	2 08 54	2 07 36
Romp	1 35 23	3 47 48	2 12 25	2 10 31
Mary E.	1 37 04	3 54 53	2 17 49	2 11 06
Pastime	1 35 55	3 49 27	2 13 32	2 11 44
Boquet	1 39 02	3 57 59	2 18 57	2 15 17
Mina	1 35 14	4 01 21	2 26 06	2 20 54
Vagabond	1 36 30	3 59 56	2 23 26	2 22 52
Edith	1 35 46	4 05 17	2 29 31	2 25 16
Miss Bob White.....	1 35 21	Disabled.
Empress	1 35 34	Withdrew.
Nemo	1 35 53	Did not finish.

Beverly Y. C.

Wing's Neck, Buzzard's Bay—Saturday, July 16.

THE Beverly Y. C. sailed its third Corinthian race of the season from the club house on Wing's Neck, July 16, in a strong S.W. wind. The list of entries, considering the severity of the weather, was good. Eighteen started. Mr. Charles Whittemore acted as judge.

The 30-footers were sent to Bow Bells and back; the 18-footers and fourth class cats, to Bird Island and back, and the one-design 15-footers were given an inside course over to the buoy off Morhan's Rock and back, twice around.

Mr. Crane's new Hybrid again broke down, meeting with the same disaster she did a week ago. Although she had a new and heavier centerboard, it doubled under her very shortly after the start, making it absolutely impossible for the boat to go on. In this class, Illusion, Mr. Baker's new Herreshoff boat, also withdrew. The old champion Terrapin, in the strong wind, succeeded in beating the much older Quakeress. The race between the two was close. The time of all the boats in detail is given below:

30-Footers	Elapsed.
Young Miss, D. L. Whittemore.....	1 41 03
Pontiac, F. A. Beebe.....	1 43 16
Anita, R. F. Crane.....	1 45 54
21-Footers.	Elapsed.
Terrapin, L. S. Dabney.....	1 44 34
Quakeress, W. F. Harrison.....	1 45 06
Illusion, G. M. Baker.....	Withdrew.
Hybrid, Joshua Crane, Jr.....	Withdrew.
18-Footers.	Elapsed.
Jap, Geo. P. Gardner, Jr.....	1 17 50
Hindoo, N. F. Emmons.....	1 18 41
Wizard, F. W. Sargent.....	1 23 41
18ft. Cats.	Elapsed.
Krieker, W. M. Jameson.....	1 18 53
Maori, A. S. Whitney.....	1 22 35
Allison, 2d, S. B. McLeod.....	1 25 35
15-Footers.	Elapsed.
Ranzo, W. H. Richardson, Jr.....	1 12 39
Fiddler, Miss C. M. Dabney.....	1 15 52
Flickamaroo, Miss E. B. Emmons.....	1 16 10
Teazer, Mrs. R. W. Emmons.....	1 17 08
Jub Jub, Howard Stockton.....	1 17 52

Westhampton Country Club.

Westhampton, L. I.—Saturday, July 16.

EIGHTEEN boats started in the race given by the Westhampton Country Club on Saturday, July 16. At the start the wind was fresh from the S.W., but lost its strength later on in the day. Laurele, a Class B boat, upset at the start. In Class AA, Memory, was first; Spalpeen, W. S. Crevy, second. In Class A, Edna, G. P. Sandborn, was first; Sybil, Robert Gair, Jr., second, and Melody, James Crowell, third. In Class B, Lass, C. DeHarte, was first; Fleetwing, E. B. Reynolds, second, and Charon, John Lynn, third. First and second prizes of silver cups and challenge cups in Classes A and B were awarded. The summary:

Class AA—Start, 2:30.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Melody	4 14 50	1 44 49	1 44 49
Spalpeen	4 52 50	1 52 50	1 49 44
Adelaide	4 25 10	1 55 20	1 51 28
Tiger Lily	4 23 42	1 55 42	1 49 50
Class A—Start 2:32.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Edna	4 21 03	1 49 03	1 49 03
Sybil	4 21 48	1 49 48	1 49 48
Idlewild	4 25 04	1 53 08	1 51 17
Melody	4 25 15	1 53 15	1 51 04
Class B—Start, 2:34.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Halcyon	4 35 47	2 01 47	2 01 47
Brinilda	4 31 08	1 57 08	1 57 08
Lorna	4 28 52	1 54 52	1 56 39
Hironda	4 43 42	2 01 42	1 59 16
Lady Margaret	4 32 39	1 58 39	1 58 36
Enigma	4 35 13	2 01 13	1 59 08
*Fleetwing	4 36 25	2 00 25	2 00 25
*Charon	4 43 59	2 07 59	2 07 59
*Lass	4 35 42	1 59 42	1 59 42

*Started at 2:36.

Erie Y. C.

THE boats had a very fair wind for their race on Saturday, July 16, and made splendid time. In the 30ft. class, Una won; time, 1:34:20; Nameless came in second. In the 25ft. class Mingo won in 1:32:30; Turtle's time was 1:35:35. In the 20ft. class Flora won in 1:37:10; Zephyr, her competitor, withdrew.

The time made to-day is about the best that will probably be made this summer.

CARLA BLANCO.

Eastern Yacht Club Cruise.

BAR HARBOR, July 23.—In a heavy rainstorm, with plenty of wind from the eastward and a proportionate amount of fog, the fleet of the Eastern Y. C. entered Bar Harbor this afternoon, after completing all of the squadron runs in the most successful cruise the club has had for many years. All through the cruise the racing was good, and the yachts stuck together well. Yachts that were obliged, for any reason, to stay out of a racing run, went along as soon as possible to the next port, and joined in the fun again. About twenty-five yachts in the harbor to-night is the result of this great interest. The regatta committee has worked hard to make this cruise, as well as other events held by the club this season, a success, and their labors have been rewarded. It may not seem that twenty-five yachts is a large number, but it must be remembered that this is an off year in yachting, especially in the racing of large sailing yachts, and the Eastern Y. C. is much to be congratulated on the showing it has made all around.

Those who joined in the cruise have been more than repaid for their enthusiasm, for they have had an opportunity of cruising along the finest coast in the country, in among beautiful islands, and in reaches where the wind is generally fair. Many of those who participated in the squadron runs have never cruised along this ground before, and they have been much impressed with the waters through which they have sailed. Fog held the fleet up one day at Peak's Island, but this very fog was responsible for probably the most remarkable squadron run that has ever been made. With the exception of calms, which were not very provoking, the aforesaid fog, and the rainstorm on the last day's run, the weather was good. Even in the fog, calm and rain, the fleet played in luck, for it seemed that something always turned up to help them along.

Good fortune attended the cruise from the very start. From a dead calm all the morning scheduled for the first squadron run, from Marblehead to Gloucester, the breeze increased until it was blowing at the rate of about nine miles an hour shortly before two. The starting line was formed between Lighthouse Point, on Marblehead Neck and Fort Sewall, on the town side. This gave an excellent view of the yachts to people who had flocked to both places. Conditions were perfect, with clear weather and a light southerly breeze blowing. There was just enough life to the water to make picturesque racing.

The preparatory whistle was blown at three, and a warning signal was given five minutes later. Then the different divisions started at intervals of five minutes. Sloops of classes J, K, and L were sent away first, so that they would have an opportunity of finishing as near as possible to the largest yachts. Then the divisions increased in size, the large schooners of classes A, B, and C starting last. Good starts were in order all around. The sloops, all of which came under the rating of class L, went over the line well bunched, breaking out balloons as they crossed, and making the most beautiful picture imaginable. Meemer, always around on time, got the start in this class. In the second division came the schooners of classes D and E, and the sloops of classes H and I. These schooners did not get away quite as quickly as the first division, and two of them crossed after the handicap time had expired. Athene of class H, and the Wasp of class I, were the sloop starters in this division. Wasp went up into the H class, and took time allowance from Athene. Athene was the first to get away, with a very good start, while Wasp got away some seconds later. As the first leg was a reach, however, it can hardly be said that Wasp did not have a good position.

The start of the day was in the big schooner division, which comprised classes A, B and C, all racing as one class. No finer schooner start has been seen in many years than the one made by these great sail carriers. Corona was well timed for the start, crossing the line only a few seconds after the whistle. The others were maneuvering close to the Fort Sewall shore, and in the limited space their enormous sail spread showed up in exaggerating comparison. As they wore ship, heeling to the press of canvas as they turned slowly, they looked positively beautiful. It is little wonder that old yachtsmen wish for the days of the big schooner racing, after witnessing such a sight. Emerald, Constellation, and Constance crossed the line after Corona, in the order named, within a very few seconds of each other, while Chanticleer was close behind, luffing out to get the windward berth. All broke out balloon jib topsails as they crossed the line, and they traveled on the reach to Halfway Rock under a 9-mile breeze, as though they were things animate.

From Halfway Rock a straight course was laid to Gloucester harbor. The big schooners soon caught up with the smaller classes, and the next smallest division, in turn, caught up with those smaller. A falling in the breeze, however, soon after they had squared away for Gloucester, gave the little fellows a chance of keeping up. In fact, the conditions were so fluky that the streaks in the wind were responsible for leading positions in some cases. Under such conditions size told immensely, and the big Constellation was leading the fleet as it passed in by Norman's Woe. Athene led Wasp by a good margin, but not enough to save her handicap. Agatha led the schooners of classes D and E from the start, having been handled well in the fluky breeze. The sloops of class L were led by Heron, but Dorel had time allowance enough to get first on the bookkeeping end of the game.

A pleasant evening was spent in Gloucester harbor. A vaudeville entertainment was given on board Mr. Charles Hayden's steam yacht Aria, which was attended by about 100 members and guests. A slight-of-hand performance was the feature of the evening, but the performer, although skillful, did not give any examples of how a tailender could be made to appear first on the summary sheet. Some of the yachtsmen visited the city, where, according to Saturday night custom, the streets were illuminated with many colored lights and a band kept moving from place to place, followed by those interested in the music and also by small boys who had distinct views of other noises which were not always in tune. This feature, instituted by the business men of

Gloucester, no doubt puzzled many of the visiting yachtsmen.

An early start was planned for the next run from Gloucester to the Isles of Shoals, but as there was a lack of breeze, it was not until eleven when the preparatory whistle was blown. Fluky conditions governed the part of this run as far as Cape Ann, almost continuously, and from there to White Island whistling buoy, where the finish line was drawn, the squadron had a very light southerly breeze. It was on this run that Emerald had the honor of being the first yacht in, the run being made in very slow time. Athene again lost to Wasp on time allowance, and Puritan lost to Hope Leslie by the same reason. Mira was a newcomer in the smaller division of sloops, racing in one class with the class L yachts. She led the class to the finish line, but lost to the 22-footer Medric on time allowance. Very little life was evident on the islands, and most of the yachtsmen retired very early, the fleet being in complete silence, save for the ringing of bells by the watches at ten o'clock.

The following morning broke clear in the little harbor of Gosport, and although there was evidence of some haze away to the eastward, there was probably none who thought that evening would see the finish of one of the most remarkable squadron runs that has ever been made. The run was from off Appledore Island to Peak's Island, the finish being off Portland Head. Everybody was out early, and the preparatory whistle was blown at nine. All the classes got away well, and were going along at a lively clip, with the wind southeast, when the fog commenced to roll in, lightly at first, but increasing in thickness. When they were about half way from the Isles of Shoals to Boone Island, the fog came in in thick rolls. From this time to the finish no one, not even those competing in the race, knew what the yachts were doing. For about thirty-eight miles they raced in the fog without seeing anything. The committee boat, anchored 600 feet from Portland Head, could not distinguish the light-house from the time she anchored. Corona was the first vessel in the fleet to make her appearance, and she could not be made out until she was within fifty feet away and headed straight for the committee boat. Some of the finishes were very close in every class. Athene on this run was able to give Wasp her time allowance and have over an hour to spare besides. Agatha sailed a great race in classes D and E, schooners, leading all the way. Mira and Heron sailed very close in the sloop class. Mira was over a minute ahead on elapsed time, but lost to Heron on corrected time. The best part of the race was that every one of the eighteen starters was accounted for and all but two crossed the finish line.

It was so thick that the yachts had to anchor as best they could. Some went up into Portland inner harbor, some anchored in Diamond Island roads, others off Peak's Island, and a few off House Island. The fog was so thick in the morning that it was decided to postpone the next run for a day. The committee boat went about among the fleet and towed the scattered yachts all over to the anchorage off Peak's Island. Many of the yachtsmen visited the Gem Theater, a summer playhouse on Peak's Island, where a light comedy was enjoyed more or less. There was also an entertainment at the Peak's Island House which attracted some. The crews enjoyed themselves, with the natives and summer visitors, by watching the arrivals and departures of the Portland boats.

As one day had been lost on the schedule by forced stay at Peak's Island, the programme for the next run was changed, the terminus being made off Whitehead, at the entrance to Mussel Ridge channel and Seal Harbor. It was understood that the yachts should proceed to Gilky's Harbor, Islesboro, as soon as possible, so that a good part of the proposed day might be spent at the latter place. This gave a racing run of fifty-one miles, the longest of any during the cruise. There was very little that was interesting at the start. The wind was so light that the yachts had to be towed out, and when they started they were between a south-southwest wind and a wind off the shore blowing north-northwest. The result was that they were in a greasy spot, and the start was chiefly noticeable for the great number of handicaps. Most of the yachts got into the northwest breeze after a time, and went along well, but when they were off Junk of Pork Island the wind left them again, and they were in the doldrums until two, when most of the fleet was about four miles to the eastward of Halfway Rock. Then gradually all hands got the breeze north-northwest with some strength, and a smooth sea, and they made fast time to the finish, Corona leading the fleet in. Hope Leslie won in classes D and E, schooners, and Athene finished far enough ahead of Wasp to give the time allowance, but she had only 20 seconds to spare. Mira again led the small sloops, and Dorel again took first on corrected time.

The fleet anchored in Gilky's Harbor the next day, all being in before noon. There was thus an opportunity of spending considerable time at Islesboro. Those who went ashore also had an opportunity of absorbing considerable Islesboro dust into their lungs and clothes. It may not always follow, but Islesboro on this particular occasion was far more beautiful when viewed from the harbor than it was on shore.

On Friday, July 22, the squadron raced from Dark Harbor to Bartlett's Narrows. This was the most beautiful run of the whole cruise through Eggemoggin Reach and up Blue Hill Bay. The beauties of this cruising ground, with its wealth of wild nature, cannot be exaggerated. The start was made at eleven, and the yachts covered the twenty-seven miles in fair time. They had a reach for the best part of the way, losing the wind for a little time off Cape Bennett. Corona and Emerald had a hot tussle as far as this point, but when the breeze came in again, Corona passed Emerald, which had got the start and had been leading, and led the fleet all the rest of the way in to the finish. Puritan led in classes D and E, schooners, but lost on time allowance to Hope Leslie. Mira led again in the small sloops, and this time she saved her allowance. The fleet anchored in Great Cove, a bay in Bartlett's Island. It is a beautiful little harbor, surrounded by the great Blue Hills, with rock-bound, forest-covered islands all around it. It is completely landlocked, and one could not imagine a better place to run to in bad weather, if one only knew it was

there and how to get in. The masts of the tallest schooners were completely hidden when only a short distance away. In spite of its beauties, it was a very lonely place on this occasion, for there was not another vessel at anchor, except the yachts, and there was no place on shore at which one could find amusement. Perhaps it was the proper place on that night, however, for every one was tired and the quiet of the place and the cool air afforded excellent opportunities for sleeping.

That night there was a big ring around the moon, and there was more or less spindrift to the westward. The moon barometer did not fail in its prediction, for generous quantities of rain fell during the night, and rain was still falling when day broke. The wind was easterly, and it was decidedly cold. The preparatory whistle was blown at ten, at which time there was a stiff breeze blowing about east by south. The sloops of class L found this so strong that none of them cared to carry topsails except Vandal, a small edition of the old sloop Puritan, which carried hers without any difficulty. The starts were particularly good in all classes, the yachts crossing within seconds of each other, and in one instance two crossed together, Dorel and Cossack, in class L, sloops. These two had a hot contest all over the course of 25½ miles to the bell buoy off Egg Rock, the smaller yacht sailing a great race. She stuck to Cossack like glue, and won easily on time allowance. Puritan, the last starter in classes D and E, schooners, took the lead off Placentia Island and was across the finish line first, but lost to Agatha on time allowance. In this class there was a hot start between Agatha and Hope Leslie, in which Agatha gained the advantage. The best starts of the cruise were seen in the big schooners. Constance was looking for the weather berth before the start, and Emerald and Corona went up to contest it with her. Neither could luff the Constance out, and Corona gave them a dose of backwind before wearing for the line. Corona was too soon, however, and had to return, taking the full two minutes. In the meantime Chanticleer went across the starting line first, with Emerald on her weather quarter. Constance, which had held up to windward, now came down and blanketed Emerald, which was placed in a pocket by this move, as she took back wind from Chanticleer. They reached to the end of Black Island, where the wind came in east-northeast, with great quantities of rain. Chanticleer had been leading to this point, but on the beat to Baker Island Corona went up and passed her, leading to the finish. After finishing off Egg Rock whistling buoy, the yachts passed into the harbor and anchored. It was a miserable afternoon and evening, and Sunday, the day off before the special Bar Harbor invitation race, was gloomy with rain and fog. The following is the official summary of all the squadron runs:

Annual cruise, 1904, Saturday, July 16.—Marblehead to Gloucester; wind, S.W. by S.; preparatory, 3 P. M.; distance, 9¾ miles; tide, 2 hours ebb.

Third Division—Sloops and Yawls—Classes J, K and L—Start, 10m. after Preparatory.					
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Cossack	3 10 59	4 53 33	1 42 34	1 42 34	
Heron	3 11 24	4 54 44	1 43 20	1 40 33	
Chewink IV.	3 10 52	4 53 29	1 42 37	1 41 28	
Waska	3 12 00	5 01 04	1 49 04	1 47 55	
Meemer	3 10 13	5 12 37	2 02 24	2 00 56	
Katonah	3 12 00	Not timed.			
Louise	3 10 38	4 53 16	1 42 38	1 41 27	
Dorel	3 11 20	4 59 19	1 47 59	1 40 21	
Haleyson	3 11 13	5 11 26	2 00 13	...	

Dorel wins.
Special Class for Boats less than 30ft. Rating Measurement.

Matkah					
Matkah	3 12 00	5 21 26	2 09 26	...	
Second Division—Schooners—Classes D and E—Start, 15m. after Preparatory.					
Puritan	3 15 50	4 53 51	1 38 01	1 38 01	
Hope Leslie	3 16 05	4 49 10	1 33 05	1 25 01	
Undercliff	3 17 00	4 54 27	1 37 27	1 32 16	
Agatha	3 15 33	4 44 40	1 29 07	1 22 49	
Winnebago	3 17 00	5 23 50	2 06 50	1 43 07	

Agatha wins.					
Second Division—Sloops and Yawls—Classes H and I.					
Athene	3 15 16	4 42 32	1 27 16	1 27 16	
Wasp	3 15 50	4 46 29	1 30 39	1 22 32	

Wasp wins.
First Division—Schooners—Classes A, B and C—Start, 20m. after Preparatory.

Constellation					
Constellation	3 20 46	4 37 09	1 16 23	...	
Corona	3 20 17	4 43 11	1 22 54	...	
Chanticleer	3 21 07	4 37 45	1 16 38	...	
Emerald	3 20 35	4 39 40	1 19 05	...	
Constance	3 20 50	4 58 14	1 37 24	...	

Annual cruise, 1904, Sunday, July 17.—Gloucester to Isles of Shoals; wind, E.S.E.; preparatory, 11 A. M.; distance, 27¼ miles; tide, 2 hours flood.

Third Division—Sloops and Yawls—Classes J, K and L—Start, 10m. after Preparatory.					
Mira	11 12 00	5 23 03	6 11 03	6 11 03	
Cossack	11 10 10	5 23 22	6 13 12	6 04 23	
Heron	11 10 31	5 12 47	6 11 16	5 54 38	
Meemer	11 10 08	5 28 17	6 18 09	6 05 13	
Louise	11 10 25	5 42 08	6 31 43	6 18 47	
Dorel	11 10 33	5 41 38	6 31 05	6 00 56	
Medric	11 10 19	5 45 52	6 35 33	6 00 42	
Matkah	11 10 40	6 41 13	7 30 33	...	

Heron wins.
Second Division—Schooners—Classes D and E—Start, 15m. after Preparatory.

Puritan					
Puritan	11 15 35	5 16 48	6 01 13	6 01 13	
Hope Leslie	11 15 40	5 10 28	5 54 48	5 32 14	
Undercliff	11 17 00	5 36 42	6 19 42	6 05 13	
Agatha	11 15 43	5 15 43	6 00 00	5 42 24	
Winnebago	11 15 45	6 58 42	7 42 57	6 36 45	

Hope Leslie wins.					
Second Division—Sloops and Yawls—Classes H and I.					
Athene	11 16 03	4 44 38	5 28 35	5 28 35	
Wasp	11 16 25	4 57 26	5 41 01	5 18 23	

Wasp wins.
First Division—Schooners—Classes A, B and C—Start, 20m. after Preparatory.

Constellation					
Constellation	11 20 37	4 37 28	5 16 51	...	
Corona	11 21 57	4 21 27	4 59 30	...	
Chanticleer	11 22 00	4 37 43	5 15 43	...	
Emerald	Did not start.				
Constance	11 20 44	4 55 17	5 34 33	...	

Annual cruise, 1904, Monday, July 18.—Isles of Shoals to Peak's Island; wind, S.E.; preparatory, 9 A. M.; distance, 43 miles; tide, 1 hour flood.

Third Division—Sloops and Yawls—Classes J, K and L—Start, 10m. after Preparatory.					
Mira	9 11 09	4 41 50	7 30 41	7 30 41	
Cossack	9 12 00	5 25 30	8 13 30	7 59 57	
Heron	9 11 54	4 43 49	7 31 55	7 05 40	
Katonah	9 12 00	Not timed.			
Louise	9 12 00	5 07 15	7 55 15	7 34 50	
Dorel	9 10 48	7 07 53	9 57 05	9 09 30	
Medric	9 10 33	Withdraw.			

Heron wins.
Second Division—Schooners—Classes D and E—Start, 15m. after Preparatory.

Puritan					
Puritan	9 17 00	4 29 33	7 12 33	7 12 33	
Hope Leslie	9 17 00	4 38 13	7 21 13	6 45 36	
Undercliff	9 17 00	6 42 06	9 25 00	9 02 14	

Agatha	9 16 50	4 25 24	7 08 34	6 41 38
Agatha wins.				
Second Division—Sloops and Yawls—Classes H and I.				
Athene	9 16 37	3 53 00	6 36 23	6 36 23
Wasp	9 17 00	5 29 43	8 12 43	7 36 59
Athene wins.				

First Division—Schooners—Classes A, B and C—Start, 20m. after Preparatory.				
Constellation	9 21 10	3 37 35	6 16 25
Corona	9 21 11	3 25 39	6 04 28
Chanticleer	9 21 39	4 06 14	6 38 35
Emerald	9 22 00	3 59 52	6 37 52
Constance	9 20 32	3 50 15	6 29 43
Corona wins.				

Annual cruise, 1904, Wednesday, July 20.—Peak's Island to Seal Harbor; wind, N.N.W.; preparatory, 9:30 A. M.; distance, 51 miles; tide, ebb.

Third Division—Sloops and Yawls—Classes J, K and L—Start, 10m. after Preparatory.				
Mira	9 42 00	7 12 56	9 30 56	9 30 56
Cossack	9 40 29	7 14 31	9 34 02	9 17 58
Heron	9 42 00	7 33 00	9 51 00	9 19 52
Katonah	9 42 00	Did not finish.
Louise	9 42 00	7 36 03	9 54 03	9 29 51
Dorel	9 41 49	7 52 04	1 10 15	9 13 49
Dorel wins.				

Second Division—Schooners—Classes D and E—Start, 15m. after Preparatory.				
Undercliff	9 47 00	Did not finish.
Hope Leslie	9 47 00	6 47 42	9 00 42	8 45 35
Agatha	9 47 00	6 59 47	9 12 47	9 07 57
Hope Leslie wins.				

Second Division—Sloops and Yawls—Classes H and I.				
Athene	9 47 00	6 10 45	8 23 45	8 23 45
Wasp	9 46 30	6 52 57	9 06 27	8 24 05
Athene wins.				

First Division—Schooners—Classes A, B and C—Start, 20m. after Preparatory.				
Constellation	9 52 00	5 47 42	7 55 42
Corona	9 51 21	5 33 49	7 42 28
Chanticleer	9 52 00	6 00 39	8 08 39
Emerald	9 52 00	5 50 47	7 58 47
Constance	9 52 00	6 02 22	8 10 22

Annual cruise, 1904, Friday, July 22.—Islesboro to Bartlett's Narrows; wind, S.S.W.; preparatory, 11 A. M.; distance, 27 miles; tide, 4 hours ebb.

Third Division—Sloops and Yawls—Classes J, K and L—Start, 10m. after Preparatory.				
Mira	11 11 03	3 09 58	3 58 55	3 58 55
Cossack	11 11 39	3 21 52	4 10 13	4 01 43
Heron	11 10 33	3 17 33	4 07 00	3 50 31
Louise	11 10 46	3 29 45	4 18 59	4 06 10
Dorel	11 11 20	3 21 10	4 09 50	3 39 57
Dorel wins.				

Second Division—Schooners—Classes D and E—Start, 15m. after Preparatory.				
Puritan	11 15 54	2 55 38	3 39 44	3 39 44
Hope Leslie	11 17 00	3 12 12	3 55 12	3 32 50
Agatha	11 16 08	3 06 57	3 50 49	3 33 54
Hope Leslie wins.				

First Division—Schooners—Classes A, B and C—Start, 20m. after Preparatory.				
Corona	11 21 28	2 37 35	3 16 07	3 16 07
Chanticleer	11 21 01	2 38 22	3 17 21	3 11 31
Emerald	11 20 51	2 44 35	3 23 44	3 19 48
Constance	11 22 00	3 00 37	3 38 37
Chanticleer wins.				

Annual cruise, 1904, Saturday, July 23.—Bartlett's Narrows to Bar Harbor; wind, E. by S.; preparatory, 10 A. M.; distance, 25½ miles; tide, 3 hours ebb.

Third Division—Sloops and Yawls—Classes J, K and L—Start, 10m. after Preparatory.				
Cossack	10 10 40	2 34 54	4 24 14	4 24 14
Heron	10 10 30	2 36 57	4 26 27	4 18 55
Louise	10 11 49	Did not finish.
Dorel	10 10 40	2 36 18	4 25 38	4 05 27
Vandal	10 12 00	2 40 22	4 28 22
Dorel wins, subject to measurement of Vandal.				

Second Division—Schooners—Classes D and E—Start, 15m. after Preparatory.				
Puritan	10 16 23	2 01 30	3 45 07	3 45 07
Hope Leslie	10 15 36	2 33 12	4 17 36	3 56 29
Agatha	10 15 37	2 12 57	3 57 20	3 41 21
Agatha wins.				

First Division—Schooners—Classes A, B and C—Start, 20m. after Preparatory.				
Corona	10 22 00	1 38 01	3 16 01	3 16 01
Chanticleer	10 20 19	1 47 10	3 26 51	3 21 21
Emerald	10 20 24	1 51 25	3 31 01	3 27 18
Constance	10 20 22	1 52 01	3 31 39
Corona wins.				

British Letter.

Ingomar's Performances Abroad.

AFTER the hard breezes which had prevailed during the Dover-Heligoland race, the regatta at Cuxhaven on the Elbe and the first three days at Kiel, it was a welcome change to find a pleasant summer breeze and bright sunshine for the return match from Eckernförde to Kiel on June 29. His Majesty King Edward VII. had given a magnificent gold cup, value 2,000 guineas, to be sailed for by the schooners, and a fleet of eight fine vessels competed for this trophy. Three of them—Meteor, Iduna (ex-Yampa), and Ingomar—were of American design and construction, and the remaining five—Hamburg, Adela, Evelyn, Clara, and Susanne—are British-built vessels. It was the best turn out of schooners that has been seen for many a day, and it is unfortunate that paltry and fluky winds should have robbed the match of much of its interest. The new Fife schooner Susanne proved the winner, and she would probably have won in any case, but she had the assistance of a big lift at mid-day, when the leading boats were becalmed, and flaws and catpaws prevailed until 5:30 P. M., when quite a nice breeze sprang up, and brought them to a finish. Susanne won the King's cup with 18m. to spare, and Iduna saved her time from Ingomar for second prize, the latter getting third, and Adela fourth. The course was just over fifty miles.

All the cutters and yawls were classed together, Orion—ex-Meteor II.—being scratch boat. Nine started in this class, which had their gun one hour after the schooners, but so fluky was the weather that Brynhild picked up a slant and actually arrived at Kiel 20m. ahead of Meteor, the first boat in of the schooners. Brynhild was an easy winner in her class.

On July 1 the racing fleet sailed a series of races from Kiel to Travemünde, the bigger vessels going round the Island of Fehmarn, a distance of 78 miles, and the small fry passing inside the island, thus cutting off several miles. Neither Meteor nor Iduna hoisted racing colors, so Ingomar's sole opponent was Hamburg, and in the light summer breezes and calms which were the order of the day, she beat the old Rainbow by an hour and a quarter. It was a dreary race, for they started at 8 A. M. and Ingomar did not cross the winning line until after 9 P. M. It was a pity that all the big vessels were not classed together in a handicap. There were only eleven altogether, and they were cut up into six classes, with the result that three boats had a sail over; Navahoe had

only the old Comet (ex-Thistle) for an opponent, while Orion, Clara, and Susanne were without competitors. It was a great day for American boats. Ingomar and Navahoe won in their respective classes, and the Crowninshield boat, Swan, was first of all the smaller classes to arrive at Travemünde, and was actually third boat home. It must be remembered, however, that she started at 6 A. M., or two hours before the big class, and that she came through Fehmarn Sound, which cuts off about 20 miles.

The last of the German regattas was sailed in Lübeck Bay on July 3. Meteor and Iduna were not in the list, so Ingomar had Hamburg only for opponent. Clara and Susanne made up the smaller schooner class, while Orion, Navahoe, Comet, Valdora, and Kommodore were split into three classes. It was a fluky day, the only breeze there was coming toward the end of the racing. Ingomar led Hamburg right round the course, and won easily. Orion, Navahoe, and Valdora each took a first prize, and Susanne came in ahead of Clara.

The form displayed by Ingomar throughout the whole of the regatta has been most exemplary. She was by far the stiffest of all the schooners, in spite of her enormous sail spread, and her sailing is fresh breezes was beyond reproach. In light weather she appeared to be a very speedy vessel, also, but she did not always have the best of luck, as every light wind day was more or less fluky. Still, enough was seen of her sailing to make it clear that she is a very dangerous vessel in all weathers, and probably the only schooner that can hold her on time allowance is the Fife-designed Susanne, and that would only be in very fine weather. Ingomar has sailed one race in British waters, the occasion being the Deal regatta of the Royal Temple Y. C., on July 14. The match was a handicap, and her opponents included such fine boats as White Heather, Therese, Valdora, Tutty, Rosamond, and Creole. The weather was so paltry, however, that the course had to be shortened to 16 miles. Mr. Plant's vessel ghosted along so well in the fickle airs that she was an easy winner, but too much store must not be set by this victory, because the Deal course is notoriously fluky in light airs, and the leading boat at such times often gets the best of the luck.

The Clyde Fortnight has been productive of some fair sport, though the absence of big vessels deprived the event of that degree of magnificence which the presence of a fleet of stately vessels always produces. On the opening day the 52ft. race was the principal item on the programme, but the following day, July 1, Bona and the new 65-footer, Zinita, joined issue, and they were subsequently reinforced by the new Nicholson fast cruiser, Merrymaid, and the old 40-rater, Carina. Bona was quite out of form on the first day, and Zinita finished less than 6m. astern of her, although the match was sailed in a fresh wind and plenty of sea. Bona turned the tables on Zinita the following day, and both boats beat Merrymaid and Carina. As a result of the first week's racing, Bona and Zinita each won two first prizes, and Merrymaid scored first honors once. The 52-footers had two more races than the bigger boats, or six in all, with the result that Moyana, Maymon, and Lucida won two first prizes each, and Camellia one. The racing between them was very keen and exciting, and was far more interesting than would have been the case had any one boat shown conclusive superiority over the rest. There was quite a large muster in the handicap for yachts not exceeding 60 rating, and the racing between the Clyde 20-ton one-design class, the 36-footers Falcon and Barabel, and the new 30ft. restricted Clyde class was of a high standard. Of course the little length class boats were very much in evidence, and had it not been for the absence of nearly all the big handicap boats the racing would have been worthy of even the Clyde.

The regatta of the Royal Temple Y. C. at Ramsgate and Deal has just been brought to a conclusion, and has once more given proof of the increasing popularity of the fixture. The club has this year doubled its accommodation for members at Ramsgate by taking over the house on the west cliff next to the house which they have used as a club for the past seven years, and making the two houses into one. This move was made necessary on account of the ever-increasing membership of the club and the enhanced importance of its annual regatta, which brings many visitors into the club from the competing yachts at regatta time.

E. H. KELLY.

A Letter from Mr. Hawes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just returned from Marblehead on board my sloop yacht Ray II., which was the first boat of the genuine cruisers to cross the finish line in the Lipton cup ocean race from Sandy Hook to Marblehead Harbor, and find awaiting me a letter from Sir Thomas Lipton, which will be of general interest, as it fully sustains the position which I have always taken with respect to cruising yachts versus racing machines. The letter is as follows:

"CITY ROAD, London, E. C., July 12, 1904.—My Dear Mr. Hawes:—I duly received your favor of the 28th ult., with inclosure, which I have perused with much interest and pleasure, and I was very glad indeed to notice since receiving your letter that Ray II. made so good a show in the race. I am very grateful, indeed, to you for your kindly references both in your letter and the matter sent to the Sun, and I beg you will accept my warmest thanks. I trust at some not far distant time I may have the pleasure of meeting you and of thanking you in person for your courtesy. I can indorse all you say about encouraging the building of a healthier type of boat, and I am glad to know that your speedy little craft is one of that class. With renewed thanks and best wishes,

"Yours faithfully,

"(Signed) THOMAS J. LIPTON."

In order to correct some misapprehension which has arisen in certain quarters, I would like to add a few words of explanation with regard to the protest which has been filed against awarding any prize to either Little Rhody or Newasi. Both of these yachts were built for racing, not cruising, and an inspection of them would clearly demonstrate that they were not eligible. In fact, the entry of Little Rhody was rejected by the committee on the ground that she was a racing machine. I was

therefore astonished when I found her at anchor off the Brooklyn Y. C. on Friday, July 1, evidently prepared to start in the race the following morning. I at once protested against both Little Rhody and Newasi, and stated that I would withdraw my boat, Ray II., as the published conditions of the race declared only "bona fide cruisers" could compete. I was assured, however, that these two entries had been accepted only "provisionally," and that if it should be determined that they were racing machines they would be barred out of the contest. Relying upon this assurance, I started in the race, and my boat Ray II. was the first of the cruisers to finish. In all justice and fairness she is entitled therefore to the first prize, or Lipton cup, the second prize going to the yawl Fanshawe, and the third to the sloop Mignon.

It further appeared after the race was over that both the protested yachts had violated the sailing directions by having on board professionals who assisted in sailing and navigating the craft, in addition to the one regular sailor allowed on each. As soon as the racing committee, composed of three gentlemen of ability and integrity, in whom I have the utmost confidence, are ready to take up the matter, I and the captains of the other protesting yachts will present ample proofs by affidavits, photographs, and oral testimony, showing that neither of the protested yachts is entitled to any of the prizes, but that the same should be awarded in the order above set forth.

I may also say that these protests have been made not for the purpose of securing a trophy, but solely in the interest of the noble sport of yachting, to prevent an award to boats not entitled to same, and to encourage Corinthian sailors of "bona fide cruisers" by securing to them the fruits of their hard earned victory.

GILBERT RAY HAWES.

Little Rhody Awarded Lipton Cup.

A MEETING of the Regatta Committee of the Brooklyn Y. C. was held Thursday, July 21, and after carefully considering the protest made by Mr. Gilbert Ray Hawes, it was unanimously decided to award the Lipton cup to the Little Rhody, C. F. Tillinghast, owner, for the reason that she had fully complied with the conditions and sailing directions in the ocean race from New York to Marblehead, Mass., which started July 2, 1904.

The cup will be formally presented at the club house early in August, and all those who participated in the race, with their friends, will be invited to attend.

In regard to Mr. Hawes' protest against the Newasi, the committee have asked for a statement from the owner, and until complete evidence is obtained, will not be able yet to award the second and third prizes. Regatta Committee—D. G. Whitlock, chairman; J. A. Donnelly, and V. H. Kimmelman, Charles A. Kelly, Secretary.

The following letter has been sent to the owner of Little Rhody by D. W. Whitlock, chairman of the race committee:

BROOKLYN N. Y., July 22, 1904.

Captain Charles F. Tillinghast, Vice-Commodore Bristol Y. C., Bristol, R. I.

DEAR SIR—I am very pleased to inform you that the regatta committee of the Brooklyn Y. C. declines to entertain the protest entered by Mr. G. R. Hawes against Little Rhody, and, therefore, the Sir Thomas Lipton cup has been awarded to you for finishing first in the ocean race of the Brooklyn Y. C. from New York to Marblehead. I take this opportunity at the same time to congratulate you on the splendid showing made by Little Rhody in this race, and you and all the members of your crew are deserving of the greatest credit for the way you pushed forward your boat at all times.

There will be a formal presentation of this cup, together with the other prizes, at the club house of the Brooklyn Y. C. some time during the month of August, and we hope you and your crew will find it convenient to be present. You will receive formal notice of this later.

It is our intention to exhibit this cup before presentation in some prominent show window in both New York city and Brooklyn before the same passes from our control.

Yours sincerely,

D. G. WHITLOCK,

Chairman Regatta Committee of the Brooklyn Y. C.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

CHRISTABEL ARRIVES.—The English steam yacht Christabel, now under charter to Mr. Adrian C. Iselin, Jr., reached New York on Saturday, July 23, from Cowes via St. Michael's.

YAWL POSSUM SOLD.—Mr. Albert L. Pope, of New York city, has purchased the auxiliary yawl Possum from Mr. Ad. Erdman, New York, through the agency of Stanley M. Seaman. Possum is 44ft. over all and 31ft. waterline. She was built in 1899 by L. D. Huntington, Jr., New Rochelle, N. Y.

N. Y. Y. C. YEAR BOOK.—We are indebted to Mr. George A. Cormack, secretary of the New York Y. C., for a copy of the Year Book for 1904. The book is handsomely bound in red waterproof leather, and is far more complete than ever before.

KNICKERBOCKER Y. C. CRUISE.—The programme of the Knickerbocker Y. C. cruise is as follows:

Saturday, August 6—Captains and guests will meet on board flagship at 9 P. M.

Sunday, August 7—Informal run to Black Rock.

Monday, August 8—First squadron run, Black Rock to Thimble Islands. Fireworks in the evening.

Tuesday, August 9—Remain at Thimble Islands. Dress ship, gig races, swimming matches, and general events. Hop in the evening.

Wednesday, August 10—Second squadron run, Thimble Islands to Shelter Island.

Thursday, August 11—Remain at anchor and dress ship. Inspection of the fleet by the commodore and his staff.

Friday, August 12—Third squadron run, Shelter Island to Thimble Islands.

Saturday, August 13—Captains and guests will meet on board flagship at 9 A. M. Fleet will disband.



RECENT SALES.—Messrs. Macconnell & Cook have made the following sales: Gasolene launch Canoga, owned by Mr. M. A. Heath, to Mr. John H. Petermann, of Charleston, S. C.; gasolene launch Loretta, owned by A. C. D. Wilson, of Trenton, N. J., to Mr. Stevenson Taylor, of this city; sloop yacht Nomad, owned by Mr. Charles L. Morrison, of this city, to Willis L. Sawyer, of New York. Chartered the schooner yacht Uncas, owned by Mr. James E. Weir, Jr., to Mr. Walter R. Herrick.

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.—Saturday, July 23. SEVEN boats of the Seawanhaka 15ft. one-design class and three of the raceabout class raced on Saturday, July 23. The breeze was fresh from the E.N.E., and the boats covered inside triangular courses. The 15-footers were all sailed by women, and Bairn won by 1m. 53s. Wee Wean was second, and Imp was third. The prize in this class was a silver cup offered by Rear Commodore Frank S. Hastings. Mystery won in the raceabout class, and Nathalie was second. The summary:

15ft. Class—Start, 3:10—Course, 13 Miles.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Bairn, Miss Van Matheson.....	5 03 22	1 53 22
Wee Wean, Mrs. D. W. Burnham.....	5 05 15	1 55 22
Imp, Miss Agnes Laudon.....	5 05 29	1 55 29
Fly, Miss Christine Roosevelt.....	5 05 46	1 55 46
Sabrina, Mrs. George Bullock.....	5 08 00	1 58 00
Nit, Mrs. Charles A. Sherman.....	5 10 44	2 00 44
Chipmunk, Miss May Young.....	5 11 20	2 01 20
Raceabout Class—Start, 3:20—Course, 13 Miles.		
Mystery, Johnston De Forest.....	4 59 31	1 39 31
Nathalie, F. G. Stewart.....	5 01 05	1 41 05
Jolly Roger, T. B. Blecher.....	5 02 55	1 42 55

Bergen Beach Y. C.

Bergen Beach, L. I.—Saturday, July 23. THERE were nine starters in the race for cups offered by Commodore Fuller on July 23. The winners were Jennie Lee, Baby Roger, Ariel and Margaret. The boats sailed twice over a course from the club house at Bergen Beach to a stake boat off Canarsie; then through the main channel to the red spar buoy and return to the starting point. This made the first leg a beat to windward, the second a close reach, the third a run and the fourth a broad reach. The judges were F. E. Eagle, W. L. Allen and R. Fritsche. The summary follows:

Launches—Start, 3:30.		
Jennie Lee, R. O. Sidney.....	4 32 36	1 02 36
Gracie, C. H. Green.....	Did not finish.	
Sloops—Class B—Start, 3:35.		
Baby Roger, George Boehm.....	5 12 01	1 35 05
Marion, W. C. E. Pens.....	5 11 48	1 36 48
Open Cats—Class D—Start, 3:45.		
Rival, W. A. Bonnell.....	5 19 35	1 35 04
Ariel, W. P. Hewlett.....	5 14 50	1 29 50
Open Cats—Class E—Start, 3:50.		
Doctor, George H. Hopper.....	5 28 11	1 38 11
Coquette, Mr. Pearsall.....	5 37 00	1 43 30
Margaret, E. D. Fisher.....	5 31 37	1 35 07

Chicago Y. C. Cruising Race.

THE longest cruising race, for the largest prizes ever given in the west, will be sailed on Aug. 3 by the Chicago Y. C. from Chicago to Mackinac. Besides silver cups to the winners in each of the schooner, sloop and yawl classes and a prize for the best kept log-book, offered by the Chicago Y. C., the Mackinac Y. C. has hung up a purse of \$1,000 in gold to be divided among the winners. The course is 331 miles in length, 1 mile longer than the New York Y. C.'s course from Sandy Hook to Marblehead. The start will be at 5 P. M., Aug. 3. Vessel captains are requested to note the names of any yachts they may encounter en route, and report name and location to the Chicago Y. C. by telegraph, charges collect. Yachts will fly their signal flags by day. The interest in the race is so general that the course of many passenger steamers will be changed to give their patrons a view of the race. The following yachts have entered: Schooners—Mistral, Dwight Lawrence; Hawthorne, John McConnell, Geo. O. Clinch, and Charles E. Fox; Alice, Ogden McClurg and H. H. Wait. Sloops—Vanenna, Wm. F. Cameron; Vencador, Fred A. Price; Siren, Alex Stewart, Murdock MacLeod and F. J. Canty. Yawls—Nahma, Fleet Capt Campbell and Dr. Elliott Carpenter; Arcadia, Rear Commodore Wm. L. Baum and Alex Robertson; Tannis, Jno. B. Berryman; Naiad, Fayette F. Soule, Chas. E. Soule, Jr., and Fred W. Hill; Windward, Paul Springer. Yawls Navarre, of the Milwaukee Y. C., Coloma, of the Macatawa Y. C., and the sloop Neva, of the Columbia Y. C., are also entered.

Canoeing.

To Amend A. C. A. Constitution.

To the Members of the American Canoe Association. GENTLEMEN—I hereby give notice that at the executive meeting, to be held at Sugar Island in August, I shall move to amend Article VI., Section 1, line 5, of the Constitution, page 8 of the 1904 Year Book, to read: "The officers of the Association, with the Executive Committees of the several divisions, shall constitute the Executive Committee of the Association."

This section always read as I wish to amend it until the amendments were passed at the meeting last August, and I believe if the Executive Committee is cut down to ten men, with the Commodore and Secretary-Treasurer, it will lessen the interest of just that number of men who were cut out of the committee, and whose presence at the executive meetings in October helps to enthrall them, and through them their fellow members at home.

JOHN S. WRIGHT,
Secretary-Treasurer.

American Canoe Association.

To A. C. A. Members:

In order to accommodate members wishing to come to camp early, arrangements have been made to have caterer begin serving meals Saturday, July 30.

Any member intending to be in camp before August 5 wishing tents, cots, etc., should notify at once H. W. Breitenstein, chairman of Camp Site Committee, 511 Market street, Pittsburg, Pa. Orders after July 28 should be addressed care of A. C. A. Camp, Sugar Island, Clayton, N. Y.

C. F. WOLTERS,
Commodore.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

The National Rifle Association.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The British Rifle Association consents to act as custodian of the Palma trophy until it shall be shot for again, but does not receive it on behalf of any team that competed in the match of 1903, when the Americans won it by confessedly unfair means. The incident may be considered closed between the British and American associations, but for the credit of American riflemen it should not be regarded as closed, as between the honorable members of our National Association and the officers responsible for the scandal.

I notice that the editor of Outing denounces the course of the British Association as "thoroughly discreditable" and "despicable," and gives a pretended resumé of the Palma trophy controversy, which is grotesquely at variance with fact. He says:

"Truth is that the American team was actually nearer the spirit of the contest than the Englishmen, for the rifle used by them was the one that had been newly adopted by the United States Government, but not yet issued."

Nothing could be further from the truth, unless it be this other assertion of Mr. Whitney's, that "the American Government, notorious in its disregard of its riflemen, could not be aroused to enough interest in the match to hurry its Washington circumlocution office into 'viewing' the rifle taken by our team."

Let us keep the record straight. The British Association never protested the result of the match of 1903. When it was published in this country that the American team used a rifle very different from the service arm, the British Association politely asked the American Association for an explanation. Gen. Spencer, president of the American Association, explained that the American barrels, although of private make, "conformed strictly in rifling to Government specifications." The explanation was accepted and the incident was declared closed. Subsequently the British Association received proof that Gen. Spencer's statement was untrue, and members remarked that it was impossible to have further relations with the American Association. No communication was made officially, the resulting controversy being carried on by the newspapers, and the officers of the American Association.

Gen. Spencer reiterated his statement through the columns of the Evening Post and otherwise, and the Post obtained from the maker of the American barrels, H. M. Pope, a signed statement proving that the rifling differed radically from the United States service arm, and did not conform in any particular to Government specifications. The service rifle has four grooves and 10in. twist. The Pope barrel has eight grooves and 8in. twist, and only half the depth of the military grooves. In other important particulars the Pope system is vastly superior to the military rifling, as riflemen know.

Moreover, there was published in the FOREST AND STREAM a communication from Col. Frank H. Phipps, Ord. Dept., U. S. A., Commanding, in which it was specifically stated that no rifle of an 8in. twist and eight grooves had ever been issued, or ever approved by the Government, down to so late a date as June 21, 1904.

The nub of this whole business is that an absolutely untrue statement was made by the president of the American Association, and "ratified" by the executive committee in the very resolutions of June 11, withdrawing the Palma trophy from competition this year and returning it to the British Association. If the statement were true, no conceivable reason could exist for returning the trophy. Instead of being an honorable way out, the action of the executive committee only rubs in the disgrace brought upon our National Rifle Association by tricksters and quibblers.

The reason why members of the Association, who understand thoroughly the situation, submit to being misrepresented by these "ratifiers" of falsehood and tacit confessions of trickery is that the National Rifle Association is sustained largely by New Jersey, and Gen. Spencer and his confederates are New Jersey militia officers with a pull.

The controversy is ended officially, but let us not be deluded into the notion that the return of the Palma trophy to England, accompanied by a reassertion of statements proved to be untrue, re-establishes our National Rifle Association in the respect of honorable sportsmen. Nothing short of reorganization can do that.

NEW YORK, July 18.

ALLEN KELLY.

Indoor .22 Caliber Rifle League of the U. S.

FOR years the small-bore rifle shooters of this country have been planning to hold a national championship rifle shoot, and at last it seems that a way has been found to hold such a shoot.

The Iroquois Rifle Club, of Pittsburg, about a year ago appointed a committee of ten to find ways and means of holding a championship tournament at their club. This committee applied for a charter with which they could incorporate rifle clubs of the .22 caliber into a league, and this charter has been granted.

The name of this league is the Indoor Twenty-two Caliber Rifle League of the United States, and its object is to advance the art of rifle shooting and to hold annual championship contests.

The Iroquois Rifle Club, being the originator of this league, will hold the first shoot. For this purpose they are prepared to hold the largest indoor rifle contest ever held in this country, their prizes will be very liberal, so that if a man in California wins he can pay all his expenses and still have money left. On the championship event alone, \$1,000 in cash prizes will be divided.

President Roosevelt will be asked to fire the first shot in the tournament, and from his active interest in the rifle, it is probable that he will come. The shoot will be held in the first part of October.

The cost of becoming a member of the league is very small, and it is composed of both active members, which are clubs, and associate members, who are individuals.

The place where the shoot will be held is the largest rifle club house in the United States, having five 75ft. ranges and all the modern improvements for handling a large crowd of contestants.

The officers of the league are: President, Henry Sperling; Vice-President, R. R. Bennett; Secretary and Treasurer, J. H. Dimling; Corresponding Secretary, Karl W. Zoeller. Board of Directors: E. C. Reed, A. J. Huebner, Chas. G. Grubb, C. C. Hofmeister, Walter Reibling, George Foerster.

Application for membership blanks to be made to Karl W. Zoeller, in care of the Iroquois Rifle Club, 1710 Jane street, Pittsburg, Pa.

Concerning the foregoing, the membership qualifications are as follows:

Active members: Initiation \$5; \$2 per year dues. Associate members: Initiation \$1; 50 cents per year dues.

(a) Active membership shall consist of regularly organized rifle clubs, who shall, at a meeting held during the annual tournament, elect officers and choose place of next tournament, either in person or by proxy; each active member entitled to three votes.

(b) Associate members shall consist of individuals who shall enjoy all privileges of the league, with the exception of voting.

(c) Clubs or individuals, upon written application and payment of dues and initiation fee, shall become members of the league, if favorably approved by the president and secretary; application to be made on blanks furnished by the league.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, at Four-Mile House, Reading road, July 17. Conditions: 200yds., offhand at the 25-ring target. Payne was champion for the day with the good score of 227. Hasenzahl was high on the honor with 66 points. The annual election of officers was held to-day, and the following members were elected to fill the several offices: President, H. C. Roberts; Vice-President, J. Hofman; Secretary, A. Drube; Treasurer, H. H. Uckotter; Captain, Mat. Gindele; Lieutenant, E. D. Payne.

The annual prize shoot of this Association will take place on Sept. 25; open to all. Mr. Topf, one of our genial old members, was accorded a hearty welcome into our midst to-day by all present. He has had quite a protracted spell of illness, and his presence had quite a cheering effect upon the boys.

Payne	227	225	221	219	218	Lux	203	201	194	194	193
Nestler	223	221	215	210	210	Freitag	202	196	194	192	188
Hasenzahl	216	214	213	206	203	Drube	200	183	158
Odell	215	207	205	202	200	Trounstein	176	173
Roberts	211	209	208	205	205	Uckotter	198	193	191	184	175
Hoffman	209	207	205	195	182						

Interstate Shooting Tournament.

THE programme of the interstate shooting tournament of the National Rifle Association of America and the New Jersey State Rifle Association, to be held at Sea Girt, N. J., Sept. 1-10, provides events for rifle, pistol and revolver. The order of events is as follows:

First Day, Thursday, Sept. 1.—10 A. M., opening of meeting; 3 P. M., inspectors' match; 1 to 6 P. M., the Seabury and Spencer matches will be open; short and mid-range individual matches all day.

Second Day, Friday, Sept. 2.—9 A. M., 200yd. stage Columbia trophy match; 1 P. M., 500yd. stage Columbia trophy match; 1 to 6 P. M., the Seabury and Spencer matches will be open. Short and mid-range individual matches all day.

Third Day, Saturday, Sept. 3.—9 A. M., carbine team match; 10 A. M., veteran organization; 1 P. M. Wimbledon cup match; 2 P. M., all-comers' revolver squadded competition, No. 27. Short and mid-range individual matches all day.

Fourth Day, Sunday, Sept. 4.—11 A. M., divine service.

Fifth Day, Monday, Sept. 5, Labor Day.—9 A. M., cadet team match; also revolver team match; 1 P. M., interclub match; 1 to 6 P. M., the Seabury and Spencer matches will be open. Short and mid-range individual matches all day.

Sixth Day, Tuesday, Sept. 6.—9 A. M., 200yd. stage regimental match; 2 P. M., 600yd. stage regimental match; 1 to 6 P. M., the Seabury and Spencer matches will be open.

Seventh Day, Wednesday, Sept. 7.—9 A. M., company team match; 12:30 P. M., Leech cup match. Short and mid-range individual matches all day.

Eighth Day, Thursday, Sept. 8.—9 A. M., first stage, 200 and 600yds. Dryden trophy match; 2 P. M., second stage, 1,000yds., Dryden trophy match. Short ranges open during the afternoon.

Ninth Day, Friday, Sept. 9.—9 A. M., regimental skirmish match; 3 P. M., company, tyro, match. All individual matches open after skirmish match.

Tenth Day, Saturday, Sept. 10.—The long ranges will not be open previous to the shooting of the president's match; 9 A. M., first stage of president's match, 200, 300, 500 and 600 yards. The second stage will follow without intermission. 5 P. M., "cease firing."

Continuous matches will be open on the 200 and 300yd. ranges after the president's match is completed on those ranges. The same rule will apply to the 500 and 600yd. ranges.

The above order may be changed by the executive officer. In case of a change being made due notice of same will be posted on the bulletin board.

Rules and regulations governing the competitions, and blank forms for entries, may be secured by addressing Lieut. Albert S. Jones, Post-Adjutant, Sea Girt, N. J.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

- July 27.—Norwich, Conn., Shooting Club target tournament. I. P. Taft, Sec'y.
- July 27.—Sandusky, O., Gun Club tournament.
- July 27-28.—Avon, N. Y., Gun Club tournament. Jay Greene, Sec'y.
- July 27-28.—Grand Forks, N. D.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Grand Forks Gun Club. W. M. Ferguson, Sec'y.
- July 28.—Richmond, Mo.—Missouri League of Trapshooters.
- July 28-30.—Newport, R. I.—Aquidneck Gun Club two-day tournament. J. S. Coggeshall, Sec'y.
- July 30.—Chicago, Ill., Gun Club tournament.
- Aug. 2-5.—Love Point, Md.—Malone's summer tournament; targets and live birds and added money. Capt. James R. Malone, Mgr., 2671 Pennsylvania avenue, Baltimore.
- Aug. 4-5.—Fairmont, Minn., Gun Club tournament.
- Aug. 9-10.—Litchfield, Ill.—Consolidated Trapshooters' Congress.
- Aug. 9-10.—Birmingham, Ala.—Alabama tournament.
- Aug. 9-12.—West Baden, Ind.—Indian tournament; \$1,000 added money.
- Aug. 10-11.—Allentown, Pa.—Two-day target tournament at Duck Farm Hotel. C. E. Kramlich, Mgr.
- Aug. 10-11.—Rolling Fork, Miss., Gun Club tournament.
- *Aug. 10-11.—Bradenville, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
- Aug. 10-12.—Little Rock, Ark.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association tournament. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y.
- Aug. 11-12.—Olean, N. Y., Gun Club two-day tournament. B. D. Nobles, Sec'y.
- Aug. 10-12.—Brantford, Ont.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's fourth annual tournament. A. B. Cutcliffe, Sec'y.
- Aug. 15-20.—Buffalo, N. Y.—New York State shoot.
- Aug. 15-17.—Detroit, Mich.—Michigan Trapshooters' League. Jacob Klein, Sec'y.
- Aug. 23-24.—Chattanooga, Tenn.—Target tournament of the Mountaineer Gun Club; \$200 added. S. B. Lowe, Sec'y.
- Aug. 23-24.—Raleigh, N. C.—North Carolina Trapshooters' Association tournament.
- Aug. 23-24.—Renovo, Pa.—Recreation Gun Club two-day target tournament. Geo. B. Dechant, Sec'y.
- Aug. 24-25.—Hot Springs, S. D.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Hot Springs Gun Club. H. A. Gayhart, Sec'y.
- *Aug. 25-26.—Tarentum, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
- Aug. 24-26.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Consolidated Sportsmen's Association tournament. A. B. Richmond, Sec'y.
- Aug. 30-31.—Traverse City, Mich., Rod and Gun Club tournament. W. A. Murrel, Sec'y.
- Sept. 5.—Lowell, Mass., Rod and Gun Club Labor Day tournament. E. J. Burns, Sec'y.
- Sept. 5.—Auburn, N. Y.—Labor Day tournament. Knox and Knapp, Mgrs.
- Sept. 5.—Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club fourth annual Labor Day tournament. C. G. Blandford, Capt.
- Sept. 5.—Dover, N. H., Sportsmen's Association annual Labor Day tournament. D. W. Hallam, Sec'y.
- Sept. 5.—Springfield, Mass.—Fall tournament on Labor Day; \$25 added. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
- Sept. 5-7.—Richmond, Va.—Tournament of Virginia Trapshooters' Association. W. A. Hammond, Sec'y.
- *Sept. 6-7.—Irwin, Pa., Rod and Gun Club tournament.
- Sept. 6-7.—Litchfield, Ill.—Consolidated Trapshooters' Congress tournament. L. A. Cummings, Sec'y, Bunker Hill, Ill.
- Sept. 9-11.—Chicago, Ill., Trapshooters' tournament. E. B. Shogren, Sec'y.
- *Sept. 14-15.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
- Sept. 14-15.—St. Louis, Mo.—Afro-American Handicap. T. H. Cohron, Sec'y, Pleasant Hill, Mo.
- Sept. 22.—Moberly, Mo.—Missouri League of Trapshooters.
- *Sept. 27-28.—Monessen, Pa., Gun Club.
- Sept. 28-29.—Concordia, Kans.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Concordia Gun Club. L. S. Myers, Sec'y, Elmer E. Shaner, Mgr.
- *Oct. 4-5.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club.
- Oct. 18-19.—Litchfield, Ill.—Consolidated Trapshooters' Congress.
- Oct. 18-20.—New London, Ia., Gun Club tournament. Dr. E. C. Cook, Sec'y.
- Nov. 1-3.—St. Louis Mo.—World's Fair shoot; live birds and targets. Alec D. Mermod, Mgr., 620 Locust street.
- *Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League tournaments. C. G. Grubb, Sec'y, Pittsburg.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM goes to press on TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The date of the North Carolina Trapshooters' Association tournament has been changed from Aug. 9-10 to Aug. 23-24.

The County Gentleman (England) presents the following interesting information, at a juncture when the prices of meat are onward and upward: "In hot weather we are advised to eat little meat. But do we eat much at any time compared with the true meat-eating races, such as the peons of the plains of La Plata or the cowboys of the North American prairies? Mr. Fountain says of the latter: 'There is no air like the prairie air, no tonic to compare to it. It is a common thing for a man to eat a dozen pounds of meat in a day (some eat twenty pounds) and feel the better for it. I have experienced that life on the prairies increases a man's strength twenty or thirty per cent. You soon feel as if there were no limit to your physical powers. You feel that to lift an ox would entail but a trifling exertion of muscular power, and the saying 'O king, live forever!' loses its eastern exaggeration in your estimation.'"

L. A. SCORFIELD, Sec'y C. G. C.

	Regular Programme										Post Trophy
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	Yds. 25 25	
Gilbert	13	15	20	15	14	19	15	15	20	21.. 25 23 48	
Riehl	14	14	20	14	15	20	15	13	20	21.. 23 22 45	
Garrett	13	15	20	15	15	20	15	14	19	21.. 25 22 47	

Sievers	15	15	19	14	13	20	14	15	19	144	19.23	22	45
Townsend	13	14	15	15	10	15	15	15	18	130	18.18	20	38
King	13	15	19	12	13	18	14	14	20	138	21.20	21	41
Plank	13	15	18	14	14	20	15	15	20	144	21.20	20	40
Blevins	13	15	19	13	14	20	13	14	19	141	18.24	23	47
Carter	13	11	12	8	13	17	13	16	16	128	18.17	19	36
Starkey	11	13	17	11	16	16.21	17	38
Campbell	14	15	17	13	12	20	14	15	19	139	18.21	22	43
Miller	12	15	19	14	15	15	14	15	18	133	18.22	16	38
Schroeder	14	14	19	15	13	17	15	12	18	137	18.21	23	44
Bray	15	13	15	15	13	19	14	13	20	137	18.21	24	45
Diefenderfer	13	15	19	14	14	19	14	15	20	143	19.20	24	44
Waddington	14	14	19	15	14	19	14	15	19	143	19.24	23	47
Maxwell	14	14	19	12	15	20	14	15	20	143	18.22	24	46
Thorp	13	13	17	13	15	17	13	12	18	130	16.20	23	43
Biglow	14	15	17	14	14	20	15	13	18	140
J Weitz	13	12	18	13	14	19	15	13	18	135	16.23	24	47
Beiser	14	12	16	12	13	19	15	15	20	136	19.21	15	36
Dolson	10	12	16	14	13	16
Winko	11	14	16	12	10	16	11	9	18	117
Hardy	11	13	19	13	17.19	20	39
Scapp	...	15	7
Heimouth	17	16.21	24	45

Averages for three days: Gilbert 437, Riehl 431, Diefenderfer 427, Plank 425, Sievers 423, Bray 414, Garrett 414, Campbell 413, King 409, Miller 404, Weitz 399, Schroeder 399, Beiser 396, Carter 392, Thorpe 388, Townsend 370, Winko 308.

Great Western Handicap.

(Concluded from page 83.)

Denver, Colo., July 16.—The third day wound up the target programme, which led up to the big event. The scores made gave the committee foundation for allotting the handicaps.

On the shooting form, John Garrett was the favorite, while A. J. Lawton, also of Colorado Springs; Wm. Clayton, of Kansas City, and Chas. Younkman, of Denver, were close up.

One Fritz Gilbert did a little stunt on Thursday. Being placed on the 22yd. mark, he got pretty much foxy and smashed up 83 mud pies for a world's record. He missed but 21 out of 600 from the 22yd. mark. Hirschy came second and Budd third among the experts.

Among the amateurs, there was, as before-mentioned, Garrett, Clayton, Lawton and Younkman at the top.

The scores for Thursday:

Targets	15	15	20	15	20	15	15	25	15	20	Broke.
Hirschy	14	13	20	15	19	14	15	18	13	15	186
Plank	13	14	19	14	15	20	15	18	13	18	188
Hairgood	11	12	16	11	14	16	15	12	17	14	171
Bieser	15	13	17	15	13	19	13	18	14	15	183
King	15	13	17	13	14	19	14	12	16	13	148
Budd	15	12	19	15	14	18	15	19	11	14	186
Riehl	12	15	20	14	15	20	14	15	15	13	193
Garrett	14	13	20	15	13	20	14	13	16	13	184
Lawton	14	12	19	12	15	19	14	13	19	14	187
Rohrer	14	13	18	13	14	19	15	14	15	17	181
Sievers	13	15	19	14	13	17	14	13	19	14	181
Mann	13	13	18	15	13	16	14	14	16	12	178
G Maxwell	14	14	18	11	13	17	15	12	16	11	167
Jones	13	14	20	14	13	17	14	14	18	14	177
Mackie	13	13	17	14	13	18	13	12	14	14	167
Gilbert	15	14	20	14	15	19	15	15	20	15	194
Cunningham	11	13	17	12	14	17	12	9	17	14	166
Gottlieb	12	11	20	13	14	19	11	13	18	11	172
O'Brien	15	15	13	13	20	12	13	17	15	13	179
S Kelly	10	13	16	11	12	19	11	12	15	9	164
Allen	14	12	15	11	12	17	12	11	19	14	165
Moffatt	14	15	18	15	13	16	10	12	19	13	174
Shawver	14	15	19	14	15	20	15	14	19	14	191
Beggs	12	12	15	14	14	17	13	14	17	13	170
Hudelson	14	14	17	14	12	18	15	13	19	13	178
Clayton	13	14	19	10	15	20	15	13	19	15	186
McGee	14	12	16	12	11	18	14	11	19	10	167
Younkman	13	14	20	14	15	18	15	13	17	13	180
Anderson	12	15	12	13	16	14	12	15	12	13	166
Waddington	14	15	19	15	14	20	15	15	20	12	191
Randall	14	14	19	13	14	19	13	14	19	13	185
Tolman	12	14	16	12	13	19	13	13	18	15	177
Razee	15	11	11	13	15	18	11	8
Tipton	12	10	19	14	11	19	11	13	18	13	168
Miller	13	14	19	13	15	18	11	10	15	11	169
Hill	15	12	17	14	14	19	14	15	9	10	171
Murray	12	12	16	12	13	19	11	12	15	12	161
Campbell	12	15	20	15	15	17	13	14	17	15	186
Caldwell	11	12	18	14	14	17	12	14	18	12	172
Gooden	13	15	19	15	14	20	13	12	19	12	182
Billy Burrow	8	9	15	10	11	15	7	11	16	7	130
Beebe	12	10	15	12	10	11	8	6	18	11	143
Harvey	12	10	11	9	9	13	10	13	19	13	142
Devore	10	13	13	15	13	19	14	13
McKenzie	15	13	18	13	14	20	13	11	15	12	172
Canotto
F Stone
Johnson
J Maxwell
Dorsey
Hoffman

The leaders in the average for the three days were:

Experts.	First Day.	Second Day.	Third day.	Total.
Fred Gilbert	194	191	194	579
H C Hirschy	186	182	186	554
C W Budd	185	178	180	550
Amateurs.	181	196	184	561
J W Garrett	184	191	186	561
A F Lawton	189	188	181	558
C Younkman	190	186	180	556

Friday saw the close of the week's pleasurable outing, with perfect weather and a great crowd of spectators though only forty shooters took part.

The day was of the made-to-order kind; just a little breeze occasionally that was a welcome relief from the hot sun's rays.

The scores herewith, while showing a total of 200, include three matches. First 50, the Coyd Park cup; second 50, the Lefever gun, and the last 100 the handicap.

The first events found Plank shooting strong, and he won the Lefever gun after a tie with McGee, in which the Kansas City man relinquished his right.

The handicap was started at 2:30, with the professionals shooting for averages only, and with the understanding that the highest amateur was to win.

The surprise of the contest was the poor shooting of Garrett, yet 21yds. was a long distance for him. He stated before the shoot started that he was not up to form.

The first round of 20 wound up with only Budd and Anderson straight. Plank lost 2, George Maxwell, 3, Plank did not get going until his last 40, which he went straight, and thus a total of 94. Maxwell, with only one hand, duplicated the above, and with a 20 on the second round, finished with 94, a remarkable score. With Anderson it was different. He lost but 2 out of first 60, then 4 out of last 40, and thus a tie.

Old man Budd was in a class by himself with 93. Lawton was the only 92, and Gilbert with 91. Hirschy, Clayton and Younkman got into the 90 hole.

The shoot-off was one of the hottest ever known, and was very similar to the G. A. H.; yet the shooting was better. All three tied on 19 out of first 20. In the second round Anderson and Plank went straight, while the one-armed man lost out, possibly tiring with the strain. Starting on the third string, both seemed cool and deliberate, yet Plank was first to lose, then it was thought a sure thing for the Kansas man. Soon Anderson missed, and then Plank wound up and ran out straight, while Anderson failed on the eighteenth.

Thus did young Plank, who is but twenty-six years old, a clerk in Denver, win the handsome trophy, and the honor and cash that go with it.

The scores for the handicap: Hirschy 90, Plank 94, Heirgood 83, Bieser 87, King 83, Budd 93, Riehl 85, Garrett 84, Lawton 92, Rohrer 89, Sievers 89, Mann 79, G. Maxwell 94, Jones 85, Mackie 92, Gilbert 91, O'Brien 87, Cunningham 78, Gottlieb 86, Skelley 71, Huddleson 70, Clayton 90, McGee 89, Younkman 90, Waddington 78, Anderson 94, Randall 89, Razee 78, Stone 81, Tipton 75, Miller 87, Hill 85, Murray 81, Campbell 87, Gooden 85, Tallman 78, Maxwell 83, Harvey 83, Radford 86, McKenzie 78.

Scores for the day with the handicaps.											
Targets		15	15	20	15	15	20	20	20	20	Broke
Hirschy, 22.....		14	14	19	12	12	20	18	17	15	181
Plank, 20.....		11	15	20	15	15	19	18	19	17	189
Heirgood, 18.....		15	14	19	14	13	20	15	17	18	178
Bieser, 18.....		14	12	18	13	14	18	17	19	14	178
King, 18.....		12	15	18	13	13	20	14	16	19	174
Budd, 20.....		14	14	19	14	12	19	20	17	18	185

Riehl, 21	14	15	18	15	18	17	18	15	16	19	180
Garrett, 22	14	15	18	15	19	18	17	14	17	18	178
Lawton, 20	13	14	16	14	15	18	19	18	17	18	182
Rohrer, 20	13	15	17	14	15	18	18	18	16	19	181
Sievers, 19	13	15	18	13	13	14	19	16	20	16	175
Mann, 18	11	15	20	12	13	16	16	18	17	13	166
Jones, 18	12	14	18	14	15	14	17	19	15	18	172
G. Maxwell, 17	14	10	19	12	15	18	17	20	17	20	182
Mackie, 18	13	14	18	12	14	14	19	18	16	19	187
Gilbert, 23	14	15	20	14	15	16	17	18	20	18	185
O'Brien, 20	13	14	17	15	13	19	18	15	17	17	178
Cunningham, 18	13	14	17	14	15	17	12	16	15	16	168
Gottlieb, 18	14	10	17	9	13	17	16	18	19	15	166
Skelley, 18	9	12	16	12	10	16	14	14	15	13	146
Huddleson, 17	12	11	13	13	9	16	12	15	17	14	144
Clayton, 20	13	12	19	15	14	18	16	18	18	19	181
McGee, 19	14	14	20	14	15	20	19	16	18	17	186
Younkman, 20	13	14	19	15	13	17	19	20	18	15	171
Waddington, 20	13	14	17	14	13	18	12	15	18	15	167
Anderson, 18	15	15	19	14	15	19	20	18	20	17	191
Randall, 18	12	12	18	13	14	19	16	17	18	19	177
Razee, 17	12	10	15	14	14	14	17	18	17	14	157
Stone, 16	13	15	19	13	14	16	11	16	19	18	171
Tipton, 17	14	11	14	13	8	19	17	12	16	13	135
Miller, 18	13	15	15	14	14	15	18	16	15	19	173
Hill, 17	13	13	19	12	12	15	16	16	18	15	169
Murray, 17	12	12	16	8	12	17	15	15	16	18	158
Campbell, 19	13	15	17	14	14	19	15	18	17	19	160
Gooden, 16	14	14	18	15	14	19	16	19	18	16	179
Tolman, 18	12	12	17	14	14	20	16	15	16	14	...
J. Maxwell, 17	13	13	18	13	14	12	14	15	17	19	166
Harvey, 16	13	11	17	12	16	14	14	19	18	18	165
Radford, 20	12	13	19	15	14	18	18	16	17	17	177
McKenzie, 16	9	12	14	10	12	16	14	20	18	16	161
Allen, 17	14	13	16	14	13	17
Moffatt, 18	13	13	17	11	15	17
Shawver, 18	14	14	19	14	13	16
Beggs, 16	10	12	16	12	12	20
Caldwell, 16	11	13	12	12	9	14
Beebe, 16	11	14	17
Sarcander, 16	14	13	18
Hofman, 16	13	16

Charlottesville Tournament.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va., July 22.—The Charlottesville and University of Virginia Gun Club held its fifth annual tournament on July 20 and 21. The shoot was managed in a most acceptable manner by the veteran trap shot, Mr. Geo. L. Bruffey. He was assisted materially by the squad from Lynchburg and especially by Dr. W. W. Dennis.

Shooters were in attendance from many Virginia towns, Charlotte, N. C., and Washington, D. C. The Waynesboro club had the largest representation present, followed by the Lynchburg club. Mr. W. A. Hammond, of Richmond, Va., secretary of the Virginia Trapshooters' Association, was among the visiting shooters, and did some missionary work for the State shoot, which is to be held in his city in September—opening on Labor Day, September 5, continuing through the 6th and 7th. Mr. Hammond informed the boys that elaborate preparations were being made for their entertainment, and it was expected that the programme, which will be issued soon, will give general satisfaction. Mr. Hammond not only talks well, but shoots well. On the first day he won the handicap event for a Winchester gun from the 20yds mark, scoring 23 out of a possible 25. On the second day he won high amateur average, scoring 147 out of a possible 160 targets.

The following manufacturers' agents were present, and their presence had much to do with the success of the shoot: Col. J. T. Anthony, S. T. Baskerville, J. M. Hawkins and E. H. Storr. The programme consisted of eight 20-target events for merchandise prizes, and a handicap event each day for a Winchester gun. Col. Anthony won high average for the professionals on the first day, while Mr. W. R. Winfree, of Lynchburg, won high amateur average and also the money for the longest run—29 targets. Mr. S. T. Baskerville won the high professional average for both days, scoring 287 out of a possible 320. Mr. E. H. Storr was only one bird behind Mr. Baskerville and secured the second average, while Col. Anthony won third place. Mr. J. M. Hawkins was out of form and sick, but shot the programme through, landing in fourth place among the professionals.

On the second day, Dr. Dennis won the prize for the longest run—32 straight. On this day Geo. L. Bruffey, of the home club, won the handicap event for the gun, scoring 24 out of 25 from the 20yds. mark. His shooting was excellent.

The young ladies of the Methodist Episcopal Church furnished a substantial lunch, which was much enjoyed.

The shoot was a very pleasant affair and passed off without a hitch or a jar (though the boys were jarred by the hard shooting), thanks to Mr. Bruffey's diplomacy, and all departed for their home feeling that it was good to have been there.

The following are the scores:

First Day, July 20.

Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.
Anthony	160	Link	160
W. R. Winfree	160	W. F. Hall	160
Baskerville	160	Winn	160
Storr	160	Richardson	160
George	160	Buckman	160
Todd	160	R. A. Hall	160
H. L. Winfree	160	Hawthorne	160
G. L. Bruffey	160	Coimer	160
Sillings	160	Reuter	160
Hammond	160	Kiracofe	160
Dennis	160	Burgess	160
Hawkins	160	Wayman	160
Taylor	160	Dinsmore	160
Gaw	160	Bussinger	160
P. B. Winfree	160	Poindexter	160
Moore	160	Payne	160
Harrison	160	Marvel	160
Craig	160	Peyton	160

Second Day, July 21.

Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.
Baskerville	160	Hawthorne	160
Storr	160	Harrison	160
Hammond	160	Craig	160
Hawkins	160	McKelden	160
Dennis	160	Burgess	160
W. R. Winfree	160	Dinsmore	160
H. L. Winfree	160	Draper	160
Todd	160	Poindexter	160
Anthony	160	Payne	160
Taylor	160	Irvine	160
George	160	Harrison	160
Sillings	160	Wayman	160

Boston Gun Club.

Boston, Mass., July 20.—The last serial prize shoot of the Boston Gun Club for 1904 was held at Wellington to-day, and though a small attendance, it turned out to be an enthusiastic one. Just ten events were shot off, and the interest never waned till the last shot was fired and guns and shells were packed up for other fields to conquer, which, we understand, is on the programme for some of the members.

The scores tell the story that really is hard to break; but if old Bill Jones had been alive, he would have changed his usual remark and admitted that the shooting was extremely difficult and the scores were large, considering the conditions. One shooter, however, was in his element and shot for 82 per cent, and easily led in all the matches and making a good impression with the scatter gun for his first experience over a magazine trap. Worthing was second, running a race with Frank; and, annexing a few targets on the last two events, turned out to be the necessary article. Frank, however, intends to get back at the earliest opportunity, and won't be satisfied till the time comes.

In the serial match finished to-day, the oldest member of the club proved to be just too good for the younger generation, filling out his scores with a 91, two targets to the good of Bell with 89. No one, however, deserves it as much, for it was the result of careful and steady shooting and proves that the old reliables can still show the new models just a little about shooting. Second position was taken care of by Bell, the winner of first in the previous series, with Frank trailing just far enough back to see daylight between them. Next in line came Worthing, with one target better than Kirkwood, who in turn lead the Cambridgeport Burns by three targets. Muldown and Lee fought it out for the next two positions, Muldown ending with a good lead and fully satisfied. Other scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Av.
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	25	
Frank, 19.....	9	12	7	12	6	13	4	15	5	15	.726
Straw, 16.....	7	5	4	3	5	8	6	10	4	16	.504
Worthing, 16.....	8	12	7	11	10	9	9	11	8	17	.256
Blinn, 16.....	8	10	8	12	7	8	6	12	3	13	.645
Lee, 16.....	4	7	3	8	6	8	4520
Muldown, 16.....	6	9	4	11	5	4495
Bryant, 16.....	6	7	6	10	9	3529
F. Caveichi, 16.....	9	12	9	13	8	12	8	11820
Williams, 16.....	5	9	7	9	5	8	7	11610
Bell, 20.....700
E. Caveichi, 16.....560

Merchandise match, 25 unknown, distance handicap: Caveichi (16) 20, Frank (19) 19, Worthing (16) 19, Bell (20) 15, Blinn (16) 15, Lee (16) 14, Straw (16) 13, Williams (16) 13, Bryant (16) 12, Muldown (16) 9.

Team match, 25 targets per man, three men per team:

Worthing	9	11—20	Frank	4	15—19
Caveichi	8	11—19	Straw	6	10—18
Williams	7	11—18—57	Blinn	6	12—18—53

Final scores in series ended:

Woodruff, 17.....	25	23	22	21—91	Burns, 16.....	21	20	19	19—79
Bell, 20.....	24	22	22	21—89	Muldown, 16.....	19	19	19	18—75
Frank, 19.....	23	22	21	21—87	Lee, 16.....	17	17	16	14—64
Worthing, 16.....	23	22	19	19—83	Williams, 16.....	22	16	13	10—61
Kirkwood, 19.....	23	21	20	18—82	Bryant, 16.....	16	14	13	12—55

Cleveland Gun Club.

CLEVELAND, O., July 22.—Editor Forest and Stream: Kindly give space in your next issue to the following: The Cleveland Gun Club, Cleveland O., will hold its twenty-fourth annual tournament Monday (Labor Day), September 5, 1904, at the club's shooting park, stop 16a, Mayfield road. The programme will consist of ten events, eight of 15 targets each, for cash prizes, entrance \$1 in each event, and two events of 10 targets each for merchandise

prizes, entrance 75 cents in each event. Division of purses shall be by percentage system, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. Interstate Association rules shall govern all events. Price of targets shall be 2 cents each, included in entrance fee. Manufacturers' agents are invited to shoot for price of targets only. Merchandise prizes will be awarded to the thirty high and the five low guns. Shooting will commence at 9 o'clock A. M., but the entry list will be held open until noon. Last year there was an average entry of over sixty in each event, and a larger entry is expected in this tournament. Special events will be held in connection with this tournament and the details of said events will be announced in programme. The Cleveland Gun Club is making arrangements to take care of a large crowd, and it is expected that this proposed tournament will be the most successful in the history of that organization. Programmes will be ready for distribution about August 15. Any information desired in relation to this proposed tournament can be obtained from the Cleveland Gun Club Co., 15 Craw ave., Cleveland, O.

F. G. HOGAN, Prest.

Awosting Gun Club.

NEW PALTZ, N. Y.—The Awosting Gun Club held a successful tournament on July 15, thirty-six shooters being in attendance. Mr. H. H. Valentine, of Albany, was high man in the third event, winning a handsome \$10 gun case. Harry is not only a good shot but he is very popular. Capt. Blandford, of the Ossining team, was a close second, winning the shooting jacket. Mr. Blandford also won first average. Ike Tallman, who generally gets his share and a little more quite often, won second average, and Mr. Valentine third average. Capt. Traver, of the Poughkeepsie team, who has been shooting in fine form lately, fell off in his average. The low scores in the eighth event were caused by the rubber on the trap getting out of order while first squad was shooting, consequently all the eighth event was shot in same condition except the last squad, which was not in for the money.

The Marlboro team has not been beaten but once or twice before since their organization in 1896. A number of veteran shooters were loud in their praise of our shooting grounds, saying it



CINCINNATI GUN CLUB TOURNAMENT—JULY 16, 1904.

Indians seated on ground in front. Trade representatives in second row.

could not be beaten anywhere. Moore, of the local team, did some good work, considering his short experience.

George Ginn and Mr. Briggs, trade representatives, were present.

There is a great deal of enthusiasm springing up in this vicinity over trapshooting. The third event was an interesting one both to the shooters and to the large crowd present, and especially so to the ladies, who were present in large numbers. Some were watching their husbands, while others had their eyes on their best fellows, and their exclamations of "Oh, my!" when a target was missed, could be heard quite frequently. The team shoot between the Marlboro, N. Y., Gun Club and the Awosting Gun Club was also decided in the third event. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	10		
Traver	13	14	19	13	14	15	13	3	9	13	160	126
Tallman	15	15	21	12	15	13	14	9	13	14	160	141
Bissing	12	9	16	13	12	9	10	14	12	12	160	119
Perkins	10	11	18	14	12	10	14	11	13	11	160	124
J. Rhodes	12	13	22	13	9	10	14	11	130	104
Moore	13	12	19	12	10	13	14	7	11	13	160	124
Valentine	12	13	24	13	12	12	13	12	13	14	160	138
Slater	12	12	20	12	13	11	11	8	13	11	160	123
Blandford	11	15	23	15	13	13	14	9	14	15	160	142
McConnell	14	13	13	11	11	100	70
L. Brown	13	10	18	10	7	100	68
Lockwood	11	7	14	8	6	100	56
S. Johnston	9	12	16	8	11	7	9	130	82
Snyder	12	13	20	14	11	13	14	8	13	155	126
Strong	7	115	71
*Apgar	14	12	22	14	14	15	14	11	12	12	160	140
*Glover	12	13	21	12	14	15	12	15	14	160	143
Cassady	8	100	56
Baxter	11	12	19	55	42
Hunter	7	8	14	85	48
Kaley	12	13	9	9	13	9	12	11	130	88
Delaney	30	18
W. Brown	100	73
Winans	40	30
Smith	55	36
Collier	70	56
Fuller	45	20
H. Hasbrouck	40	25
M. Du Bois	45	34
Weed	75	38
Springer	15	10
Van Ostrand	15	13
Upright	45	21
W. Hasbrouck	75	43
Geo. Hasbrouck	25	15
C. Johnston	10	5

*Manufacturers' agents.
Eight-man team shoot:
Marlboro—Baxter 19, Kaley 13, Rhodes 22, W. Brown 18, McConnell 13, Hunter 14, Lockwood 14, L. Brown 18; total 131.
Awosting—Johnston 16, Moore 19, Traver 19, Bissing 16, Strong 13, Cassady 15, Snyder 20, Slater 20; total 138.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

THE Cincinnati Gun Club house and grounds are slowly being restored to the normal condition, and many of the members who went out there on July 25 preferred sitting on the veranda talking over the events of the tournament just closed and watching the work to shooting. They had enough for a few days. The weather was delightful.

In the shoot to-day high gun in actual breaks was Peters, with 92. Peters is certainly doing excellent work, and will give Barker, Medico, Gambell and the other cracks of the club a run for their money if he continues at his present gait.

Parker prize gun shoot, 100 targets, handicap of added targets: Peters (20) 100, Herman (30) 100, Joe H. (40) 100, Smith (40) 100, Andrews (60) 100, Williams (18) 99, Maynard (18) 98, Jay Bee (25) 95, Davies (23) 91.
BONASA.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Montclair Gun Club.

Montclair, N. J.—Only six or seven members put in an appearance at the grounds of the Montclair Gun Club at the regular weekly shoot on Saturday, July 23; but in spite of the slim attendance, which is due to the fact that most of the members are away, a very pleasant afternoon was spent. Scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	50	25	25	25	25	25	22	50
Kendall	37	23	29	21	19	21	13	47
Cockfair	38	20	20	17	21
Glaister	14	14	18
Hartshorne	14	9	16	12
Holloway	13	15	20
Wheeler	11	13	43

Event No. 7 was at doubles.

S. WHEELER, Treas.

Bound Brook Gun Club.

BOUND BROOK, N. J., July 21.—At our regular club shoot on July 16 at 2-P. M., Mr. Stelle won the main event, the Pardoe cup. The permanent holder of this cup must win it three times in succession, which is naturally a hard thing to do. Mr. Dunning almost won it. He had two handles, but could not get the third. Dr. Pardoe donated a medal, which was won by Martin, on 8 out of 10. Dr. Bache did good work in sweeps, making the only straight score.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	25	15	15	10	10	10	10	10	10
Dunning	2	10	2	6	8

Stelle	6	15	11	7	7	8	6	6
Martin	4	16	8	9	8	7	7
Dr. Pardoe	8	18	10
Prugh	16	8	6	5	4	3	6



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Cincinnati Gun Club Tournament.

THE Cincinnati Gun Club third annual handicap tournament at targets was held on July 19 to 22, inclusive. The club was favored with excellent weather through the week, and the affair was a success except in point of numbers, which fell below the expectation of the management.

The club erected a large fly tent, 90ft. long, between the regular trap pits, for the accommodation of spectators and shooters. Three other tents were pitched on the grounds, one of which belonged to the Peters Cartridge Co., and one to the Austin Cartridge Co. The trade was represented by Messrs. O. E. Peters, W. E. Keplinger, F. C. Tuttle, Geo. G. King, J. S. French, Harry L. King, Frank See, E. R. Cray, D. D. Gross, L. I. Wade, J. E. Reid, C. M. Peters, Milt Lindsley, R. L. Trimble, W. R. Crosby, A. M. Ruter, T. A. Cassety, C. Spencer, Harold Money, Jas. M. McBreen, J. L. Head, Wm. Heer, R. O. Heikes, T. Marshall, T. D. Priddy, Geo. T. Little, A. C. Barrell, Capt. A. W. du Bray, C. O. Le Compte, L. J. Squier and Chas. Dreihls.

The tournament committee consisted of J. B. Mosby, chairman; A. B. Heyl and Herman Jergens; and these gentlemen are entitled to great credit for the admirable way in which every detail of a big shoot was arranged. That a larger crowd was not present was not due to any lack of effort on their part, and they certainly were ready and able to have handled many more shooters than took part in the sport.

The field force, marshaled by Supt. Gambell, did their work well. At set No. 1, Leonard Shepard, referee and scorer; Stamm puller; Boeh hustler. No. 2, Devire referee; Nasse scorer; Dury puller; Russell hustler. No. 3, Barnes referee; Fay scorer; Drusty puller; Lutie Gambell hustler. No. 4, Ed Trimble referee; Doc scorer; Peter puller; Schwegmann hustler. No. 5 Due referee; Du Bray scorer; Pelling puller; Stanley hustler.

The shooting was done over five sets of expert traps, Sergeant system, arranged in a curve, and throwing clipper targets. No. 1 set faced north; No. 2 northeast; No. 3 east; No. 4 southeast and No. 5 south.

Work in the office was efficiently attended to by the following force: A. B. Heyl and J. B. Mosby in charge; Mr. McConaughy chief clerk, Mr. Coleman assistant clerk, Mr. Houston compiler of scores. Scores were compiled and copies ready for the press representatives soon after the close of each day's programme, and every courtesy was extended to them by Messrs. Heyl and Mosby, who were never too busy to give any desired information. Money was ready for the winners within thirty minutes after the close of the shooting each day.

Monday, July 18, the grounds were open for practice, and many of the members and visitors availed themselves of the opportunity, thirty-eight shooting in the various events.

The weather was extremely hot, with very little air stirring. Some good scores were made, Ad. Roll breaking 93 out of 100.

First Day, July 19.

The opening day of the tournament was another scorcher, although there was a trifle more wind than on Monday. Early in the afternoon a severe squall of wind and rain delayed the shooting for about twenty minutes, and cooled the air a trifle, so that the remainder of the day was a little more endurable. One hundred and ten shooters took part, a very large per cent. shooting the entire programme.

The targets were exceptionally hard ones, and the scores made were not up to the average. The programme called for five events at 15, four at 20 and one at 25 targets, the last being for a guaranteed purse of \$400.

Ed O'Brien, of Florence, Kans., was high gun, with 161 out of 180. Money and Scott tied for second on 160 each. In the purse event, W. Henderson of Lexington, was first, with 25 straight. The scores:

Event No. 6, 25 targets, entrance \$4.50; purse \$400 guaranteed, and all surplus added; forty-two high guns, \$40 to first, \$33 to second, \$25 to third, \$20 to fourth, \$15 to fifth, \$12 to sixth, \$10 to seventh, \$9 to each of the next nine, \$7 to each of next eleven, \$3 to each of the next nine, and \$5 to each of the next five. Surplus: The first \$4.50 to \$45 will be used to create from one to ten moneys, for low guns, \$4.50 each; all other surplus to be divided pro rata between the thirty-two high guns; distance handicap: Henderson (16) 25, Peters (16) 24, Money (20) 24, Merrick (16) 24, Scott (17) 24, Peck (17) 24, Miller (16) 24, Gambell (16) 23, Partington (17) 23, J. A. Barnett (16) 22, Grau (17) 22, Heer (20) 22, Blunt (16) 22, O'Brien (18) 22, Heikes (20) 22, Pinney (16) 22, Anderson (17) 22, Norton (16) 22, Spencer (20) 22, J. F. Cecil (16) 21, Carrier (16) 21, Shattuck (20) 21, L. J. Wade (18) 21, See (17) 21, Trimble (20) 21, Squier (20) 21, L. J. Wade (18) 21, See (17) 21, Meadows (16) 21, King (16) 21, Crosby (22) 21, Roll (16) 20, Pohlar (16) 20, Ahlers (17) 20, Barker (17) 20, Marshall (20) 20, Sample (16) 20, D. S. Daut (16) 20, Snow (18) 20, O'Connell (16) 20, Brady (18) 20, Worden (16) 20, Freeman (19) 20, T. S. Bibbee (16) 20, Woodworth (16) 20, Harig (16) 20, J. Dea (16) 20, T. S. Bibbee (16) 19, Moller (16) 19, Medico (16) 19, Dimick (16) 19, Alkire (18) 19, Williams (16) 18, Jergens (16) 18, Pfeiffer (16) 18, T. P. Linn (16) 18, D. B. McCune (16) 18, T. W. Lang (17) 18, Young (20) 18, King (16) 18, Keller (16) 18, Berry (16) 18, Black Jack (16) 18, Ben Downs (16) 18, Nash (16) 18, Volk (18) 18, Morrison (20) 18, J. Lewis (16) 18, Steinman (16) 18, Dinsmore (17) 18, Mink (17) 18, Barto (17) 18, McHugh (16) 18, Patten (16) 18, Kramer (16) 18, Bullerdick (16) 18, Maynard (16) 18, B. F. McDaniel (16) 18, Taylor (19) 17, Mason (16) 17, Wertz (16) 17, Dick (16) 16, Gottlieb (16) 16, J. Burmeister (16) 16, Zibler (16) 16, Jack (16) 16, Price (16) 15, Pritchard (16) 15, Cooper (16) 15, Patterson (16) 14, McDaniel (16) 14, Willey (16) 14, Tuttle (16) 13, Davenport (16) 10.

Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 Shot at. Broke. Av. Targets: 15 15 15 15 15 25 20 20 20 20 185 161 89.4 O'Brien, 18 12 14 13 14 14 22 17 18 18 180 160 88.8 Money, 20 11 14 15 15 13 24 17 16 17 180 160 88.9 Scott, 17 15 14 15 13 12 24 19 19 12 17 180 159 88.3 Trimble, 20 14 14 14 10 14 21 16 16 20 19 180 158 87.8 Squier, 20 12 14 15 10 12 21 19 20 16 19 180 157 87.2 Morrison, 20 14 13 14 12 18 18 18 17 19 180 156 86.6 Gambell, 16 13 15 14 13 14 23 16 18 18 180 156 86.6 Meaders, 16 12 12 11 14 13 21 16 18 18 180 155 86.1 Spencer, 20 10 13 14 14 22 16 17 20 17 180 154 85.6 Barker, 17 9 14 13 14 14 20 18 17 16 18 180 154 85.6 Anderson, 17 14 13 14 12 14 22 14 19 16 16 180 154 85.6

Crosby, 22	13	13	14	13	12	21	17	17	15	19	180	154	85.6
Merrick, 16	11	13	13	11	13	24	18	17	16	17	180	153	85
Alkire, 18	14	14	13	13	12	19	13	18	18	19	180	153	85
See, 17	13	14	14	11	12	21	16	19	16	17	180	153	85
Carrier, 16	14	12	13	13	14	16	17	17	15	16	180	152	84.5
Heikes, 20	9	14	12	14	14	22	17	18	16	16	180	152	84.4
Medico, 16	14	12	11	13	12	19	16	19	17	16	180	151	83.9
Ed Brady, 18	12	12	13	14	12	20	17	19	16	16	180	151	83.9
Snow, 18	13	12	10	15	13	20	15	18	17	17	180	150	83.3
Peters, 16	11	9	13	12	15	24	16	15	18	16	180	149	82.8
Dick, 16	9	14	15	11	14	16	14	15	15	11	180	134	74.4
J Dea, 16	7	13	14	10	11	19	12	17	14	14	180	131	72.8
Roll, 16	13	10	13	11	13	20	15	15	15	16	180	141	78.3
Williams, 16	11	13	10	11	10	18	18	15	15	14	180	135	75
Pohlar, 16	10	13	11	10	10	20	16	15	13	12	180	133	73.9
Jergens, 16	11	13	12	9	10	18	15	15	13	15	180	131	72.8
Pfeiffer, 16	13	13	13	14	18	14	14	11	16	16	180	139	77.2
T S Bibbee, 16	12	14	13	12	12	19	16	14	13	13	180	138	76.7
T P Linn, 16	9	11	14	10	13	18	13	17	13	15	180	133	73.9
J A Barnett, 16	12	11	8	11	13	22	18	16	18	14	180	143	79.4
D B McCune, 16	13	9	10	10	15	18	13	16	20	18	180	142	78.8
J T Cecil, 16	10	11	9	9	9	21	16	13	8	10	180	116	64.5
Ahlers, 17	13	10	13	13	10	20	19	18	11	13	180	140	77.8
Grau, 17	12	12	14	13	12	22	15	17	13	13	180	148	82.2
T W Lang, 17	13	11	10	13	12	18	16	18	16	18	180	145	80.6
Gross, 17	11	13	9	10	14	23	17	12	13	15	180	137	76.1
Marshall, 20	9	12	14	13	13	20	12	17	17	18	180	145	80.6
Heer, 20	15	12	8	15	13	22	17	19	14	13	180	146	81.1
Young, 20	11	12	11	13	11	18	18	19	17	15	180	148	82.2
Le Compte, 20	11	15	12	11	13	23	17	17	17	12	180	137	76.1
King, 16	11	15	11	10	12	18	16	16	14	14	180	146	81.1
Keller, 16	14	8	13	11	14	18	15	17	19	17	180	137	76.1
Berry, 16	13	10	14	12	11	18	15	16	11	17	180	147	81.6
Hatchin, 16	11	15	14	8	15	23	13	15	14	19	180	144	80
Sample, 16	11	11	12	10	13	20	14	18	17	18	180	121	67.2
Price, 16	15	12	11	12	11	15	12	11	13	19	180	114	62.8
Shattuck, 16	13	11	12	13	14	21	15	15	14	16	180	143	80
Pritchard, 16	9	11	9	8	11	15	15	11	11	13	180	111	61.3
Alice Smith, 16	11	6	9	7	6	75	39	...
Black Jack, 16	9	11	12	10	11	18	16	11	8	9	180	115	63.9
Ben Downes, 16	10	6	11	9	14	18	12	13	9	14	180	116	64.5
Moller, 16	9	11	11	9	10	19	6	16	15	14	180	120	66.7
Nash, 16	7	8	11	9	9	18	17	16	18	15	180	128	71.1
Blunt, 16	12	13	11	13	12	22	14	19	18	15	180	149	82.8
Hale, 16	9	8	14	11	11	21	10	14	17	16	180	131	72.8
Baskerville, 16	5	10	8	9	9	75	41	...
Gottlieb, 16	14	13	10	13	12	16	17	15	15	17	180	142	78.9
D S Daudt, 16	11	10	11	14	13	20	13	11	11	16	180	130	72.2
J Burmeister, 16	12	12	12	11	12	19	15	14	16	16	180	139	77.2
Dimick, 16	12	12	12	11	12	19	15	14	16	16	180	139	77.2
Reid, 17	11	13	14	11	11	21	17	18	15	13	180	144	80
Head, 18	11	11	13	11	13	26	18	16	13	13	180	145	80.5
Volk, 18	10	10	10	12	11	18	15	17	13	19	180	140	77.7
Heikes, 20	9	14	12	14	14	22	17	18	16	16	180	152	84.4
Taylor, 19	12	12	11	14	14	17	15	19	16	16	180	146	81.1
Pinney, 16	12	9	11	14	12	17	15	17	19	17	180	148	82.3
J Lewis, 16	12	11	12	12	13	18	11	15	12	19	180	135	75
Patterson, 16	10	11	11	10	11	14	16	17	15	14	180	129	71.6
Traver, 16	11	7	14	10	13	20	17	17	12	19	180	140	77.7
Steinman, 16	14	10	12	9	8	18	15	17	14	13	180	130	72.2
Speary, 16	13	15	13	9	13	75	63	...
Trapp, 16	12	8	14	10	14	75	58	...
Zigler, 16	8	7	12	5	12	16	11	18	11	16	180	116	64.5
O B, 16	11	8	11	7	8	75	45	...
Davey, 16	9	5	6	9	11	75	40	...
L J Wade, 18	14	12	11	10	14	21	15	17	17	15	180	146	81.1
Partington, 17	12	12	6	150	119	79.3
Dinsmore, 17	10	8	11	12	8	18	14	16	16	13	180	126	70
Mink, 17	10	10	13	9	15	18	16	17	13	18	180	139	77.2
Peck, 17	9	9	14	12	10	24	18	14	18	18	180	146	81.1
Barto, 17	12	11	11	11	13	18	14	18	15	17	180	140	77.8
Worden, 16	12	12	10	12	13	20	18	18	15	19	180	149	82.8
Miller, 16	12	13	11	9	11	24	19	18	15	16	180	148	82.2
Cooper, 16	9	14	12	10	14	15	18	17	14	17	180	140	77.8
McHugh, 16	14	9	13	14	14	18	19	17	11	14	180	143	79.4
Mason, 16	11	12	13	13	17	15	15	16	16	16	180	141	78.3
Slagel, 16	12	8	10	12	10	75	52	...
Potter, 16	14	8	12	7	9	18	13	8	16	16	180	123	68.3
Norton, 16	14	9	10	12	10	22	16	15	14	17	180	139	77.2
Henderson, 16	12	11	15	12	8	25	13	19	15	19	180	149	82.8
D Boone, 16	10	12	10	10	11	75	53	...
Kramer, 16	10	11	9	11	9	18	15	11	18	8	180	120	66.7
King, 16	10	12	11	13	11	21	19	16	16	15	180	144	80
Wertz, 16	9	9	10	10	12	17	13	16	11	15	180	123	68.3
Bullerdick, 16	9	6	8	9	10	18	14	17	9	18	180	118	65.6
Freeman, 19	11	15	12	11	13	20	15	15	12	18	180	142	78.8
O'Connell, 16	10	6	13	12	13	20	100	74	...
Woodworth, 16	12	12	12	11	13	20	100	80	...
Webster, 16	5	11	12	11	11	75	50	...
McDaniel, 16	14	16	18	14	14	105	76	...
Harig, 16	20	15	14	15	20	105	84	...
Willey, 16	14	14	16	14	12	105	70	...
Jack, 16	16	13	15	14	13	105	71	...
Maynard, 16	18	17	17	15	14	105	81	...
B F McDaniel, 16	18	15	12	10	10	105	65	...
Tuttle, 16	13	25	13	...
Davenport, 16	10	25	10	...

July 21, Third Day.

Thursday was somewhat cooler, but was not very favorable for shooting. There were heavy, low-lying clouds in the horizon, and a strong wind from the right, which made hard targets. Many of the scores, however, were better than on previous days. The attendance was smaller than on Tuesday, seventy-five shooters taking part in the different events. The first shot was fired at 10:30, and about 2:30 the regular programme was finished. The balance of the day was devoted to special sweepstake events by those of the shooters who could not get enough of the sport.

The programme called for five events at 15 targets and five at 20 targets. These last constituted the match for \$1,000 guaranteed purse. L. Wade, of Texas, and Geo. Volk, of Toledo, were second with 160 each. Taylor third, with 159.

L. J. Squier and Dr. E. E. Sample tied for first in the big purse event on 93, and divided the first two moneys. Geo. Volk, of Toledo, was second with 92.

Events 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10, Grand International Handicap, 100 targets, entrance \$14. Purse, \$1,000 guaranteed, and all surplus added. Forty-two high guns, \$100 to first, \$80 to second, \$60 to third, \$50 to fourth, \$40 to fifth, \$30 to sixth, \$20 to each of the next ten, \$18 to each of the next six, \$17 to each of the next ten, \$15 to each of the next six. Surplus: The first \$14 to \$140 will be used to create from one to ten moneys for low guns, \$14 each. All other surplus will be divided pro rata between the thirty-two high guns. The scores: Squier (20) 93, Sample (16) 93, Volk (17) 92, Money (21) 91, Taylor (17) 91, Ward (17) 91, Wade (17) 91, Barker (17) 90, Heer (20) 90, Snow (18) 90, Henderson (18) 92, Mason (16) 90, O'Brien (17) 89, Anderson (17) 88, Hatcher (16) 88, Reid (16) 88, Worden (16) 88, Harig (17) 89, Blunt (16) 87, Gottlieb (16) 87, Rike (18) 87, See (17) 87, Clay (18) 86, Young (20) 86, Sundry (16) 85, Daudt (16) 85, Heikes (20) 85, Crosby (22) 85, Pinney (16) 85, Craig (17) 85, Mink (17) 85, Keller (16) 84, Head (18) 84, Brady (18) 84, Mcaders (16) 84, Scott (17) 84, Merrick (6) 84, Alkire (18) 83, Lang (16) 83, Speary (17) 83, McCune (16) 83, Barto (17) 83, Peck (17) 83, Traver (16) 83, Lindermuth (17) 83, Dick (16) 82, Roll (17) 82, Trapp (16) 82, Herman (16) 82, Grau (18) 82, Marshall (19) 81, Carrier (16) 80, Medico (16) 80, Dimick (16) 80, Spencer (21) 80, Gross (16) 80, Le Compte (20) 80, Trimble (20) 79, Peters (17) 79, Bibbee (16) 78, Linn (16) 78, McHugh (16) 78, Gambell (17) 77, Pohlar (16) 77, McDaniels (16) 77, Potter (16) 76, Shattuck (16) 76, Pfeiffer (16) 76, Ahlers (17) 74, J. King (16) 74, Barnett (16) 73, Hobson (16) 70, Bullerdick (16) 67, Freeman 62.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	20	20	20	20	20	20	at.	Broke.
Wade, 17	15	14	14	14	13	17	18	18	19	18	175	161
Volk, 17	12	13	15	15	14	18	17	19	18	20	175	161
Squier, 20	14	12	14	13	14	17	18	19	19	20	175	160
Snow, 18	14	15	14	14	13	17	17	18	18	18	175	160
Taylor, 17	13	15	13	14	13	18	19	18	19	17	175	159
O'Brien, 17	11	14	14	15	15	18	18	18	17	18	175	158
Barker, 17	11	14	13	14	15	18	18	19	16	19	175	157
Money, 21	14	14	13	13	11	19	17	19	18	18	175	156
Henderson, 18	12	11	14	14	13	18	20	20	16	18	175	156
Pinney, 16	13	14	14	15	14	17	17	18	17	19	175	155
Sample, 16	11	12	13	13	12	19	19	20	16	19	175	154
Worden, 16	13	15	13	12	14	15	18	18	20	17	175	155
Anderson, 17	14	11	14	13	13	17	17	18	17	19	175	153
Scott, 17	13	12	14	15	15	17	18	17	15	17	175	153
Hatcher, 16	15	13	14	10	13	16	20	19	13	20	175	153
Alkire, 18	15	14	15	13	13	19	18	16	12	18	175	153
Ward, 17	12	12	10	14	14	18	20	17	18	18	175	153
Young, 20	14	13	13	12	14	19	19	19	12	17	175	152
Keller, 16	13	13	13	15	14	16	16	18	17	17	175	152
Gottlieb, 16	13	14	11	14	13	17	16	18	19	17	175	152
Head, 18	14	14	14	12	14	13	17	18	17	19	175	152
Brady, 18	14	15	15	12	12	17	15	15	17	20	175	152
Gambell, 17	11	12	13	11	13	14	16	16	15	16	175	137
Peters, 17	11	14	13	11	14	14	18	16	13	18	175	142
Dick, 16	12	11	13	11	14	16	17	16	16	17	175	143
Meaders, 16	12	14	12	14	12	16	18	18	17	15	175	148
Roll, 17	14	13	14	12	14	16	17	16	15	18	175	149
Lang, 16	12	12	14	13	15	15	17	17	17	17	175	149
Speary, 17	14	14	12	13	13	16	17	17	15	18	175	149
Trapp, 16	12	14	12	13	14	16	17	16	17	16	175	147
Bibbee, 16	13	12	13	10	14	17	17	17	14	15	175	140
Linn, 16	13	16	11	10	14	16	17	15	15	15	175	136
Potter, 16	10	10	15	13	12	13	16	15	13	19	175	136
Shattuck, 16	14	13	13	13	12	17	19	18	10	12	175	141
McCune, 16	12	11	11	11	13	14	15	20	16	18	175	141
Barto, 17	13	12	11	14	11	17	16	18	16	16	175	144
Peck, 17	13	12	15	12	12	17	20	15	16	15	175	147
Gross, 16	10	9	14	8	12	15	14	16	17	18	175	133
Marshall, 19	11	14	11	12	12	15	18	18	12	18	175	141
Heer, 20	10	14	11	12	12	19	19	17	16	17	175	149
Le Compte, 20	13	14	9	12	13	17	19	14	15	15	175	141
J. King, 16	11	13	14	10	17	13	17	16	15	13	175	129
Sundry, 16	11	13	13	13	15	16	17	20	16	16	175	150
Carrier, 16	10	13	13	13	12	16	18	17	14	15	175	141
Daudt, 16	14	13	13	12	10	15	19	18	18	15	175	147
Medico, 16	14	14	15	11	13	16	16	18	14	16	175	147
Dimick, 16	13	13	11	13	13	17	17	14	14	18	175	143
Reid, 16	10	13	11	13	12	17	20	18	17	16	175	147
Rike, 18	11	13	15	9	13	18	16	20	14	19	175	148
Clay, 18	13	13	14	11	14	17	19	17	15	18	175	151
Barnett, 16	9	12	14	14	12	15	14	13	16	15	175	134
Muchmore, 16	8	11	10	9	11	11	11	11	11	11	75	49
Hobson, 16	10	14	13	11	9	15	15	14	13	13	175	127
Richmond, 16	12	14	11	11	13	11	11	11	11	11	75	61
Trimble, 20	14	14	15	15	13	17	16	16	15	15	175	150
Heikes, 20	14	10	11	15	13	16	17	18	16	18	175	148
Crosby, 22	12	14	14	10	13	16	17	18	16	18	175	148
Spencer, 21	13	11	12	10	11	18	13	18	13	18	175	137
Ahlers, 17	13	13	9	9	12	14	14	15	15	16	175	130
Freeman, 17	12	9	13	14	11	11	14	9	13	15	175	111
See, 17	13	11	12	11	12	20	17	19	14	17	175	146
Herman, 16	12	11	9	11	15	17	13	14	18	20	175	140
McHugh, 16	12	12	11	9	12	17	16	13	15	17	175	134
Pfeiffer, 16	12	13	10	9	11	16	15	15	15	14	175	130
Traver, 16	12	11	11	12	15	18	18	18	14	18	175	144
Pohlar, 16	13	12	11	12	13	18	14	13	16	16	175	139
Grau, 18	12	13	10	13	15	16	18	16	14	18	175	145
Craig, 17	8	12	11	11	14	16	18	19	16	16	175	141
Lindemuth, 17	13	13	10	14	13	18	18	14	16	17	175	146
Harig, 17	12	12	13	10	13	18	19	18	16	18	175	149
Mink, 17	14	15	9	12	14	19	19	14	16	17	175	149
McDaniels, 16	10	10	7	9	6	14	14	18	16	15	175	119
Merrick, 16	12	14	14	12	10	16	18	17	16	17	175	146
Blunt, 16	15	8	10	10	12	16	15	19	20	17	175	142
Mason, 16	10	11	13	10	12	16	18	18	19	19	175	146
Bullerdick, 16	13	8	11	11	10	9	16	14	14	14	175	120
Schlicker, 16	6	12	10	7	12	11	11	11	11	11	75	47
Bercane, 16	10	10	13	15	15	13	10	13	15	13	100	71
Jones, 13	14	11	18	14	15	10	10	13	18	14	100	72

July 22, Fourth Day.

Friday, the closing day of the tournament, was cool, with a light north wind in the morning. Toward noon the breeze increased, and for a time made the targets soar badly, and few good scores were made on No. 2 set. Later in the day it became almost calm and much warmer.

The attendance was very small, most of the shooters having left the city the night before, and only thirty-four took part in the events. The committee changed the programme to ten 20-target events, \$2 entrance, money divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. All shooting to-day was done over sets 2 and 3, and although late in starting, the ten events were finished about 3 o'clock. There were few spectators present.

After the programme was finished several special events were shot, and the traps were kept busy until dark.

The office force had their part of the work finished early, and the cashier paid off all winners who presented their orders. No one had to wait.

The boys all agreed that they had enjoyed themselves, and commended the management of the tournament, which left nothing to be desired. The scores made to-day were the best of the week. Quincy Ward, of Austerlitz, was high, with 186 out of 200. Anderson second, with 184. Crosby third, with 181. Tom Marshall fourth, with 179. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	at.	Broke.
Ward, 17	17	19	18	20	18	20	18	20	19	17	200	186
Anderson, 17	16	19	19	20	20	18	20	18	17	17	200	184
Crosby, 22	20	18	20	18	19	17	16	17	18	18	200	181
Marshall, 18	19	17	15	17	17	20	18	18	18	18	200	179
Taylor, 18	17	14	19	17	18	17	18	19	19	19	200	177
Spencer, 20	19	18	18	18	19	16	18	15	15	19	200	175
Wade, 18	16	17	17	17	17	20	18	17	17	17	200	174
O'Brien, 18	17	15	14	17	17	20	19	18	17	18	200	172
Heer, 20	15	20	19	18	20	18	16	12	17	16	200	171
Grau, 17	15	17	16	18	17	18	18	15	18	18	200	170
Sundry, 16	18	18	15	18	19	13	17	16	16	17	200	167
Young, 20	17	18	18	18	16	17	19	13	16	15	200	167
Brady, 18	17	19	14	20	15	15	17	16	17	16	200	166
Heikes, 20	15	17	16	16	17	19	14	18	17	17	200	166
Peters, 16	17	17	17	19	14	15	14	17	17	17	200	164
Head, 18	19	14	16	16	15	16	16	14	18	17	200	164
Gottlieb, 16	16	12	17	17	18	12	18	17	16	16	200	161
Le Compte, 20	17	17	13	17	13	16	15	17	18	16	200	159
Daudt, 16	15	19	18	16	14	13	15	14	17	11	200	152
Pfeiffer, 16	9	17	16	15	16	11	18	16	16	14	200	148
Shattuck, 16	13	19	15	13	14	15	12	13	11	17	200	142
Freeman, 16	15	12	10	10	13	12	13	9	17	15	200	126
Medico, 16	13	19	15	17	18	16	17	140	115
Money, 21	18	16	18	16	19	17	16	140	120
Squier, 21	15	18	14	20	16	15	17	140	115
Gambell, 16	14	13	14	18	18	16	15	140	108
Mink, 17	20	19	13	18	19	100	89
See, 17	16	16	17	17	17	100	83
Trimble, 20	17	19	18	16	16	100	86
Maynard, 16	12	18	14	17	15	100	76
Jaek, 16	10	15	10	14	14	100	63
Holladay, 16	18	16	15	60	49
Schrader, 16	9	13	8	10	8	100	48
Brown	10	20	10

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TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY.
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REARING WILDFOWL.

SOONER or later the subject of the domestication and artificial rearing of game birds and wildfowl is quite sure to take an important part in the thoughts of American sportsmen. It is time now that the matter should receive consideration, and that sportsmen all over the country should do their part toward pushing forward an idea which ultimately is certain to be generally taken up and when taken up to greatly benefit those who use the shotgun.

As has already been said, wild ducks are artificially reared in various parts of England, and on a considerable scale. For example, Sir Richard Graham on his estate at Netherby in Cumberland has reared 10,000 wild ducks in a season. Only 200 or 300 wild ducks are kept to lay, which they do chiefly in the woods, nesting in a natural manner. The remainder of the eggs are imported from the counties of Hertfordshire and Norfolk, from which come 7,000 or 8,000 eggs, carefully packed with hay in baskets in lots of about 100.

When they reach their destination, they are given over to keepers and helpers, separated and set under hens, 12 eggs to a hen. Incubators have been used, but since it is necessary to give the ducklings to a mother to brood, there is no special gain in the use of incubators, except that these are sometimes useful for weak young birds when first hatched.

While the hens are setting, a large grass field is selected, carefully fenced with wire to keep out vermin, and the coops for the 300 hens are put out in the field. As each brood hatches, the ducklings in baskets with the mother hen are carried to the field, and each family is established in its home. The birds are fed four times a day, and are given water in shallow pans for drinking, but not for bathing. But when about three weeks old, shallow pools only eight or ten feet across are prepared, and in these the ducklings swim, wash, and play. Much of the time of the youngsters is spent hunting for insects through the grass, and as they grow older they are more and more disposed to neglect their foster mothers. Early in life they are fed largely on wetted corn meal, and later eat the whole corn. When about six weeks old the young ducks are moved from the field to the places where they are to be permanently. Three of these duck homes are on streams that run through the estate. One is almost in the center of a wood.

About a hundred years ago large reservoirs were constructed at Tring, and these have always been frequented by wild ducks of various sorts. It is only about fourteen years ago that artificial rearing of ducks began there.

The eggs used are gathered on the spot, and somewhat after the method recently described in *FOREST AND STREAM* as practiced by Mr. George Irwin at Chautauqua Lake fifty or sixty years ago. An area of water, marshy ground, and water plants is inclosed by a netting. Wild birds are trapped, and, having had their wings clipped, are turned loose in the inclosure. The eggs laid are gathered and set under hens, and when the broods are hatched they are taken to their field as already described. At six weeks old these birds are taken to the waterside, and there are still kept in an inclosure. They fly at from ten weeks to three months old. The success had in rearing the wild birds is extraordinary. About 90 per cent. of the eggs hatch, and the birds do not seem to be troubled by any epidemic or disease of any sort.

The success obtained in the cases mentioned has led more and more owners of estates to go into the artificial rearing of wild ducks, and there probably has not been a time within a century when inland wildfowl shooting in Britain was so good as it is to-day. The shooting, except that already described as to "gazes," is largely from what are called "butts"—another form of blind similar to what grouse are shot from—and the shooting is what we in America would call "pass" shooting—that is to say, at birds flying overhead.

What has been done in England can be done in America, and undoubtedly will be, when anybody is sufficiently interested in the matter to take it up in earnest.

For a number of years a few persons in various parts of the United States have been rearing wild ducks and geese for use as decoys, the species chosen being chiefly the mallard, the dusky duck, and the Canada goose. At present an engineer in St. Joseph, Mo., is engaged in breeding wild mallard ducks, which he sells as decoys. Such examples show the entire feasibility of engaging in

the artificial rearing of wildfowl on a large scale, and nothing more is required than an expansion of what has already been put in practice to enormously increase the wild duck supply in the United States. We believe that the artificial rearing of wildfowl on State and National reserves will some day give the gunners of the United States shooting somewhat like that of old times.

THE MONTEZUMA NET SCANDAL.

THE old Montezuma fishing net bounty scandal has come to the front again as an element of local politics. The scandal grew out of the bounty on forbidden fishing nets. In the late 90's, at a time when there was a much smaller force of protectors than now, many persons who were interested in the protection of inland waters from the fish poacher, advocated a law paying a bounty to any person who might seize and destroy nets that were being illegally used. The advocates of the measure urged the matter so strenuously that the old Davis Commission consented to the passage of the measure, and the authorities believed that a sufficient safeguard was placed around the act to prevent any fraud. They found out their mistake, however, within the next eight months, and the act was repealed.

The law provided that a bounty of from \$2.50 to \$10 should be paid on each net, according to size, by the county treasurer, and gave a part to the informant. No sooner was the law promulgated than its revenue yielding possibilities were recognized, and numerous patriots addressed themselves with unbounded enthusiasm to the enterprise of fish protection. Their ingenious scheme was to manufacture nets out of barrel hoops and mosquito netting, and other like inexpensive raw material, the whole affair costing a few cents, and then planting them out in the waters, "seizing" them, and turning them in for the bounties. We have not at hand the figures, but the amounts thus paid out from county treasuries were stupendous. Yates county paid \$20,000, Cayuga \$75,000, Wayne a little less than Cayuga, Monroe \$25,000, and Niagara and Erie "too much to compute." In each instance a town clerk or a justice of the peace was implicated, as the party seizing nets must bring them before one of the two town officials, who gave a certificate to the county treasurer. When the fraud was discovered some of the humbler agents in the scheme went to jail; but the bigger rascals escaped.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS PARK.

The Rocky Mountains Park originally comprised but a small territory, but it has recently been so much enlarged that now it equals in area the States of Connecticut and Rhode Island, and is thus about two-fifths larger than our Yellowstone Park.

It is a startling rebuke to the United States that while we have been talking vaguely about the importance of enlarging the Yellowstone Park, of setting aside game refuges in the forest reserves, and of doing various other things of great importance, the Canadians, without saying anything about it, have more than twenty times enlarged the area of their National Park, and have set on foot in it a zoological garden, or animal paddock, which must be quite as interesting as the one we have in the Yellowstone. Americans, Canadians, and all others interested in preserving untouched the few genuinely wild spots that still remain on this continent, will read with interest Mr. Douglas's account of the Rocky Mountains Park.

LOST ARTS.

A CHAPTER might be written on the lost arts in the field of sports. Some have been lost because the game on which they were practiced has disappeared. No one shoots wild pigeons nowadays because there are no pigeons to shoot; nor runs buffalo because there are no buffalo. Wild turkey shooting and antelope hunting are among the arts that are obsolescent because the game is so scarce or is so closely protected that few can take part in its pursuit. Other arts have been lost because, being no longer approved by public sentiment nor consonant with the desirable protection of species, they are prohibited. Among these are the hounding of deer and deer jacking, or hunting with a light at night. It is within the memory of the older deer hunter that jacking on the Adirondack lakes and hounding in many sections of the country favorable to that pursuit, were commonly prac-

ticed, and were regarded as perfectly legitimate means of game winning. Now they have disappeared so widely that the great majority of the younger sportsmen know nothing of them except by hearsay from their elders. In place of deer jacking we have a new art of flash-lighting the game with a camera; and of this latest development in the pursuit of the wild creatures, it may be said that it requires for its success more skill, exacts more patience, and yields a more lasting reward, than the old art of night hunting with a gun. There is pictured in our supplement this week a very happy achievement of the night hunter of deer with a camera.

RIFLE, AX AND PLOW.

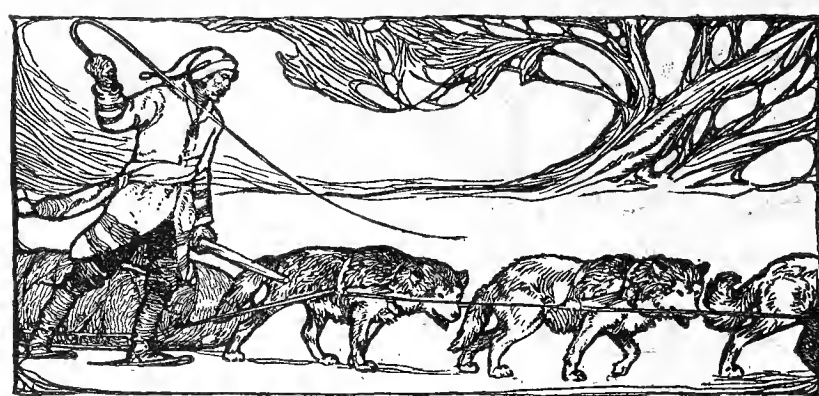
As a complement of the squirrel barking discussion, we have transcribed Audubon's account of the "Kentucky Sports" of his day; and next week will be given his relation of another meeting with Daniel Boone, this time in Missouri. These pictures of early pioneer life are extremely interesting. They bring before us vividly a hardy race of adventurous and bold spirited men, in whose hands the rifle was only incidentally an implement of sport, but primarily and chiefly one of actual everyday usefulness and necessity. It was the rifle and the pioneer's knowledge of how to use it that made possible the exploration and settlement of the continent. The advancing hosts lived on the country. If they had not known how to shoot, and to shoot true to the mark, the subjugation of the wilderness and the forward movement of the line of settlement westward and to the southwest would have progressed but haltingly. With the rifle of the pioneer went the ax and the plow. All three were homely, prosaic tools devoted to a common purpose; and each contributed its share to the marking out of Territories and the up-building of States. We are accustomed to regard rifle shooting for the most part in its relation to warfare; but the rifleman of to-day who emulates the skill of these former generations of sharpshooters, is practicing a sport which will always have a high place in American esteem because of the part it had in the development of the continent in times of peace.

A MINNESOTA DECISION.

THE Minnesota Supreme Court has just handed down a decision which has been awaited with genuine anxiety by the authorities. It had to do with the constitutionality of the statute providing for cumulative penalties for the illegal possession of game. The two defendants had been fined \$20,000 each, and one of them 300 days in jail and the other 200 days. The penalties they claimed to be excessive; and it was contended in their behalf that the possession of 2,485 ducks should be held a single offense, and that the law should be construed to attach to it the single penalty of \$10. The statute, however, specifically makes the fine from \$10 to \$25 for each bird, and the Supreme Court, in sustaining the lower courts, has upheld the constitutionality of the law. Executive Agent Fullerton regards this outcome of the case as one of the most important events in the history of game protection in Minnesota. It is not difficult to imagine what the anti-sale law would amount to if for thousands of ducks in possession the penalty were but a paltry \$10 fine. There is, by the way, no more enthusiastic advocate of the *FOREST AND STREAM* Platform Plank than Agent Fullerton, who has witnessed in his own State the beneficial effect of the law forbidding at all seasons the sale of certain game.

THE movement by certain clubs which have their hunting grounds in Canada to improve their guide service is progressing. The plan is outlined in the circulars printed on page 115. That letter of instruction and information for guides is manifestly written from a full experience in the wilds with guides good and bad; and it deserves the wider circulation here given to it. No one can read it without realizing anew how much the guide has to do with the pleasure of a hunting trip. Much of the instruction given in the nine paragraphs—in particular that relating to the keeping of the camp—is pertinent for the amateur camper, and may well be adopted as rules to govern an outing in the woods.

MR. W. B. MERSHON complains of the disappointing scarcity of salmon this year on the Cascapedia. We would be glad to hear from other rivers as to the salmon supply and the agencies affecting it.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Trails of the Pathfinders.—XIII.

Zebulon H. Pike.—I.

SIDE by side in fact—though by no means in popular estimation—with the heroic explorers, Lewis and Clark, stands Zebulon M. Pike, the young soldier, who first reached the sources of the Mississippi, later those of the Arkansas, and who was one of the first genuine Americans to see the Spanish City of the Holy Faith. Born in New Jersey in 1779, Pike entered the army in his father's regiment about the year 1794. In July, 1805, a lieutenant, he was detailed, by order of General James Wilkinson, to explore the sources of the Mississippi. From this expedition he returned in 1806, and shortly afterward set out on an expedition up the Kansas River to the country of the Osages, and thence to the Kitkahahk village of the Pawnees, then on the Republican River. From here he went westward to the sources of the Arkansas River, in what is now Colorado. On this expedition he approached Santa Fé, was taken by the Spaniards, and was escorted south through Mexico and what is now Texas to the Spanish-American boundary on the borders of the present State of Louisiana, where he was set free.

It would be perhaps difficult to point out, since Revolutionary times, a more heroic figure than that of Pike, or to name a man who has done more for his country. It is chiefly as an explorer that we must now consider him, and must briefly tell the history of his journeyings for two years through that country which was then Louisiana; yet his subsequent and involuntary wanderings through Mexico and Texas cannot be separated from his earlier travels. Some time after his return from the Southwest, he wrote a book, which was issued four years before the journal of Lewis and Clark. In reviewing his life of exploration, we shall in large measure let him tell his own story.*

On the 9th of August, 1805, with one sergeant, two corporals, and seventeen privates, Pike started from St. Louis up the Missouri River in a keel boat seventy feet long and provisioned for four months. The water was swift, the way hard, and they had much foul weather, which held them back, and made their days and nights uncomfortable. Occasionally they saw camps of Indians fishing, and passed the farm of some Frenchmen, lately transferred without his knowledge or consent from allegiance to old France to citizenship in the new United States.

One of Pike's especial duties was to conciliate the Indians he met, and, so far as possible, to arrange for peace between warring aboriginal tribes. On the 20th he came to a Sac village, where he had a talk with the Indians, who listened to him respectfully, and appeared to agree to what he said. Further along he met villages of the Reynards, or Foxes, showing that at this time the Sacs and Foxes were living separately, though allies.

The way was long, and progress, though often covering thirty or forty miles a day, was slow, owing to the windings of the river. Pike was now approaching that debatable land over which the Sioux and Sauteurs or Ojibwas were continually fighting backward and forward. He tells of meeting, September 1, Mons. Dubuque, who told him that these tribes were then engaged in active hostilities, and, among other things, that a war party "composed of Sacs, Reynards, and Puants (Winnebagoes), of 200 warriors, had embarked on an expedition against the Sauteurs, but they had heard that the chief, having had an unfavorable dream, persuaded the party to return, and that I would meet them on my voyage." This is interesting, as showing that at this time the Sacs and Foxes, who are of Algonquian stock, had allied themselves with the Winnebagoes of Siouan stock, against people of their own race.

Indians were abundant here, and were always on the lookout for enemies. The firing of guns by Pike's party, who had landed to shoot wild pigeons, was the signal for some Indians in the neighborhood to rush to their canoes and hastily embark. Indeed, Pike was told that all the Indians had a dread of Americans, whom they believed to be very quarrelsome, very brave, and very much devoted to going to war; a reputation which had undoubtedly reached the savages through the English and French traders.

A little further along, the Ouisconsin River was reached, and they met the Fols Avoin Indians, the Menominees, a tribe still existing at Green Bay, Wisconsin. Further on he had a meeting with a number of Sioux, and Pike reports the council:

"On the arrival opposite the lodges, the men were paraded on the bank with their guns in their hands. They saluted us with ball with what might be termed three rounds, which I returned with three rounds from each boat with my blunderbusses. This salute, although nothing to soldiers accustomed to fire, would not be so agree-

able to many people, as the Indians had all been drinking, and as some of them even tried their dexterity, to see how near the boat they could strike. They may, indeed, be said to have struck on every side of us. When landed, I had my pistols in my belt and sword in hand. I was met on the bank by the chief, and invited to his lodge. As soon as my guards were formed and sentinels posted, I accompanied him. Some of my men who were going up with me I caused to leave their arms behind as a mark of confidence. At the chief's lodge I found a clean mat and pillow for me to sit on, and the before-mentioned pipe on a pair of small crutches before me. The chief sat on my right, my interpreter and Mr. Frazer on my left. After smoking, the chief spoke to the following purport:

"That notwithstanding he had seen me at the Prairie (du Chien), he was happy to take me by the hand among his own people, and there show his young men the respect due to their new father (President Jefferson). That, when at St. Louis in the spring, his father (General Wilkinson) had told him that if he looked down the river he would see one of his young warriors (Pike) coming up. He now found it true, and he was happy to see me, who knew the Great Spirit was the father of all, both the white and the red people, and if one died the other could not live long. That he had never been at war with their new father, and hoped always to preserve the same understanding that now existed. That he now presented me with a pipe, to show to the upper bands as a token of our good understanding, and that they might see his work and imitate his conduct. That he had gone to St. Louis on a shameful visit, to carry a murderer, but that we had given the man his life, and he thanked us for it. That he had provided something to eat, but he supposed I could not eat it, and if not, to give it to my young men."

"I replied, 'That although I had told him at the Prairie my business up the Mississippi, I would again relate it to him.' I then mentioned the different objects I had in view with regard to the savages who had fallen under our protection by our late purchase from the Spaniards; the different posts to be established; the objects of these posts as related to them, supplying them with necessities, having officers and agents of Government near them to attend to their business; and above all, to endeavor to make peace between the Sioux and Sauteurs. 'That if it was possible on my return I should bring some of the Sauteurs down with me, and take with me some of the Sioux chiefs to St. Louis, there to settle the long and bloody war which had existed between the two nations. That I accepted his pipe with pleasure, as the gift of a great man, the chief of four bands, and a brother; that it should be used as he desired.' I then eat of the dinner he had provided, which was very grateful. It was wild rye [rice] and venison, of which I sent four bowls to my men."

"I afterward went to a dance, the performance of which was attended with many curious maneuvers. Men and women danced indiscriminately. They were all dressed in the gayest manner; each had in the hand a small skin of some description, and would frequently run up, point their skin, and give a puff with their breath, when the person blown at, whether man or woman, would fall, and appear to be almost lifeless, or in great agony, but would recover slowly, rise, and join the dance. This they called their great medicine, or, as I understood the word, dance of religion, the Indians believing that they actually puffed something into each others' bodies which occasioned the falling, etc. It is not every person who is admitted; persons wishing to join them must first make valuable presents to the society to the amount of \$40 or \$50, give a feast, and then be admitted with great ceremony. Mr. Frazer informed me that he was once in the lodge with some young men who did not belong to the club; when one of the dancers came in they immediately threw their blankets over him and forced him out of the lodge; he laughed, but the young Indians called him a fool, and said 'he did not know what the dancer might blow into his body.'

"I returned to my boat, sent for the chief, and presented him with two carrots of tobacco, four knives, half a pound of vermilion, and one quart of salt. Mr. Frazer asked liberty to present them some rum; we made up a keg between us of eight gallons—two gallons of whiskey, the rest water. Mr. Frazer informed the chief that he dare not give them any without my permission. The chief thanked me for all my presents, and said 'they must come free, as he did not ask for them.' I replied that 'to those who did not ask for anything, I gave freely; but to those who asked for much, I gave only a little or none.'

"We embarked about half-past three o'clock, came three miles, and camped on the west side. Mr. Frazer we left behind, but he came up with his two perogues about dusk. It commenced raining very hard. In the night a perogue arrived from the lodges at his camp. During our stay at their camp there were soldiers appointed to keep the crowd from my boats, who executed their duty with vigilance and rigor, driving men, women, and children back whenever they came near my boats. At my departure, their soldiers said, 'As I had shaken hands with their chief, they must shake hands with my soldiers.' In which request I willingly indulged them."

Pike was now journeying through the country passed over forty years before by Carver, and he was evidently familiar with his journeyings. Of La Crosse prairie he says:

"On this prairie Mr. Frazer showed me some holes dug

by the Sioux when in expectation of an attack, into which they first put their women and children, and then crawl themselves. They were generally round and about ten feet in diameter, but some were half-moons and quite a breast-work. This I understood was the chief work, which was the principal redoubt. Their modes of constructing them are, the moment they apprehend or discover an enemy on the prairie, they commence digging with their knives, tomahawks, and a wooden ladle; and in an incredibly short space of time they have a hole sufficiently deep to cover themselves and their families from the balls or arrows of the enemy. They (enemies) have no idea of taking these subterranean redoubts by storm, as they would probably lose a great number of men in the attack; and although they might be successful in the event, it would be considered a very imprudent action."

Heretofore but little food had been killed by the expedition, except pigeons; but they were now getting into a country where there was more or less game. On September 14, Pike, who had gone ashore with three others of his party to hunt, saw abundant sign of elk, but failed to see any of them, though his men saw three from the boat; and from this time forth more or less mention is made of game by short entries, such as, "Saw three bear swimming over the river." "Killed a deer," "Killed three geese and a raccoon," and other similar notes.

On the 23d of September Pike held a council with the Sioux, who, hearing by a rumor of his arrival in the country, returned from a war party on which they had set out. He talked with these Sioux about many subjects, of which the principal one was the granting by the Indians of a site near the Falls of St. Anthony for a military post, as well as the establishment of peace between the Ojibways and Sioux. Three important chiefs named Little Crow, Risen Moose, and the Son of Pinchow, replied, promising him about a hundred thousand acres of land, as well as a safe conduct for himself and such Ojibwa chiefs as he might bring back with him. They were doubtful, however, about the prospects of making a peace with their old-time enemies. The treaty, or grant, was drawn up and signed, and the Sioux returned to their homes.

The following day the flag from Pike's boat was missing. This he naturally regarded as a very serious misfortune. He punished his sentry, and calling up his friend, Risen Moose, told him of the trouble, and urged him to try to recover the flag, for he was not by any means sure that it had not been stolen by an Indian. However, the next day he was called out of bed by Little Crow, some of whose people had found the flag floating in the water below their village, and believing that this must mean that the white men had been attacked, Little Crow had come up to see what the matter was. The appearance of the flag at Little Crow's village had put an end to a quarrel which was in progress between his people and those of a chief called White Goose. Pike says: "The parties were charging their guns, and preparing for action, when lo! the flag appeared like a messenger of peace sent to prevent their bloody purposes. They were all astonished to see it. The staff was broken. Then Petit Corbeau arose and spoke to this effect: 'That a thing so sacred had not been taken from my boat without violence; that it would be proper for them to hush all private animosities until they had revenged the cause of their eldest brother; that he would immediately go up to St. Peter's to know what dogs had done that thing, in order to take steps to get satisfaction of those who had done the mischief.' They all listened to this reasoning; he immediately had the flag put out to dry, and embarked for my camp. I was much concerned to hear of the blood likely to have been shed, and gave him five yards of blue stroud, three yards of calico, one handkerchief, one carrot of tobacco, and one knife, in order to make peace among his people. He promised to send my flag by land to the falls, and make peace with Outard Blanche." The flag was returned two days later by two young Indians, who had brought it overland.

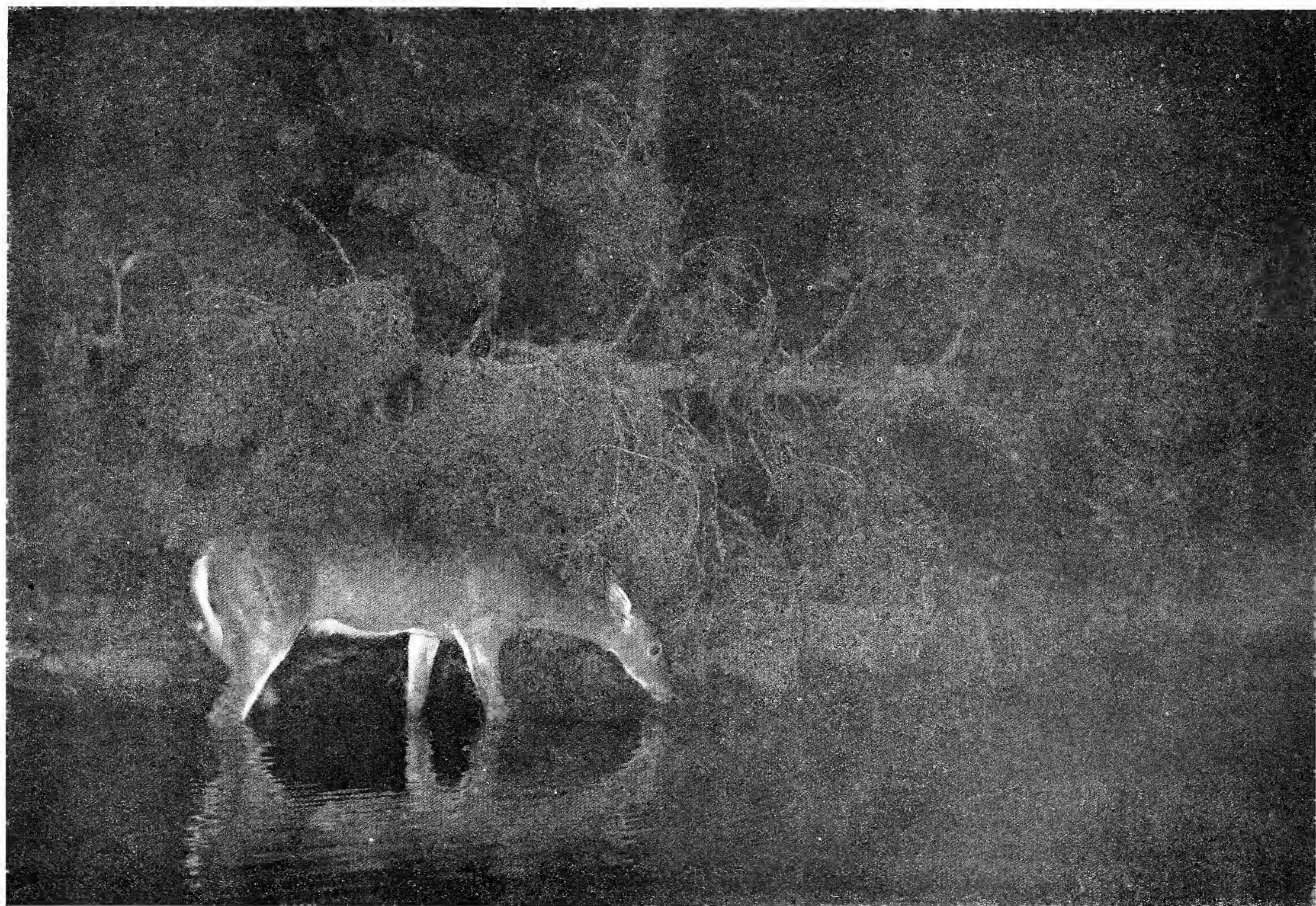
It was now October, and clear weather, the thermometer falling sometimes to zero. Hitherto the principal food killed had been geese, swans, and prairie chickens; but on October 6 Pike saw his first elk—two droves of them. As they kept on up the river, geese, ducks, and grouse, with occasionally a deer, continued to be secured. Frequently Pike found hanging to the branches of the trees sacrifices left there by the Indians. These were sometimes bits of cloth, or articles of clothing, or painted skins. As the weather grew colder, and ice began to be met with, Pike began to think of a place where he should winter. The boats were getting very leaky, and the men, terribly overworked, were losing strength and becoming inefficient. He therefore determined to make a permanent camp, afterward called Pike's Fort, and to leave a part of his men there in block-houses while he proceeded up the river; but before the separation took place, there was much to be done. Happily, the country abounded in game, so that for those who were to be left behind there would be no danger of starvation. Pike went out one morning and killed four bears, while his hunters killed three deer.

Log houses were built, and several small canoes were made for travel on the river. But after his canoes were launched and loaded, one of them sank and wet his ammunition, and in endeavoring to dry the powder in pots he blew up the powder and the tent in which he was

*As an author, Pike shows himself much less expert in literature than he no doubt was on the prairie and among the mountains. He had no skilled historian to write the tale of what he had done, as had Lewis and Clark. He painfully wrote out his own story, and how badly it was done we may learn by a study of the more modern "Expeditions of Zebulon M. Pike," which work was published in 1895, under the able editorship of the late Dr. Elliott Coues. Those who are interested in Pike's explorations must study Dr. Coues' volumes, which for clearness and fullness of historical and geographical data, and for general interest, stand high among the stories of American history.



A FLASH IN THE NIGHT.
Photo copyright, 1903, by D. E. Heywood.



NIGHT ON A MAINE LAKE.
Photo copyright, 1903, by D. E. Heywood.



WILD BUFFALO IN THE BANFF NATIONAL PARK.



LAKE LOUISE IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES.

working. It being necessary to build another canoe, Pike again went off to hunt to a stream where much elk and buffalo sign had been seen. The day following was spent in hunting, but with very little result; and the account which Pike gives of it shows how little the explorer and his party knew about the game that they were pursuing, or the proper methods of securing it. He says: "I was determined, if we came on a trail of elk, to follow them a day or two in order to kill one. This, to a person acquainted with the nature of those animals and the extent of the prairie in this country, would appear—what it really was—a very foolish resolution. We soon struck where a herd of 150 had passed; pursued, and came in sight about eight o'clock, when they appeared, at a distance, like an army of Indians moving along in single file; a large buck, of at least four feet between the horns, leading the van, and one of equal magnitude bringing up the rear. We followed until near night without once being able to get within pointblank shot. I once made Miller fire at them with his musket at about 400 yards' distance; it had no other effect than to make them leave us about five miles behind on the prairie. Passed several deer in the course of the day, which I think we could have killed, but did not fire for fear of alarming the elk. Finding that it was no easy matter to kill one, I shot a doe through the body, as I perceived by her blood where she lay down in the snow; yet, not knowing how to track, we lost her. Shortly after saw three elk by themselves near a copse of woods. Approached near them and broke the shoulder of one, but he ran off with the other two just as I was about to follow. Saw a buck deer lying on the grass; shot him between the eyes, when he fell over. I walked up to him, put my foot on his horns, and examined the shot; immediately after which he snorted, bounced up, and fell five steps from me. This I considered his last effort; but soon after, to our utter astonishment, he jumped up and ran off. He stopped frequently; we pursued him, expecting him to fall every minute; by which we were led from the pursuit of the wounded elk. After being wearied out in this unsuccessful chase, we returned in pursuit of the wounded elk, and when we came up to the party, found him missing from the flock. Shot another in the body, but my ball being small, he likewise escaped. Wounded another deer; when, hungry, cold, and fatigued, after having wounded three deer and two elk, we were obliged to encamp in a point of hemlock woods on the head of Clear River. The large herd of elk lay about one mile from us in the prairie. Our want of success I ascribe to the smallness of our balls, and to our inexperience in following the track after wounding the game, for it is very seldom a deer drops on the spot you shoot it.

"Sunday, November 3.—Rose pretty early and went in pursuit of the elk. Wounded one buck deer on the way. We made an attempt to drive them into the woods, but their leader broke past us, and it appeared as if the drove would have followed him, though they had been obliged to run over us. We fired at them passing, but without effect. Pursued them through the swamp till about ten o'clock, when I determined to attempt to make the river, and for that purpose took a due south course. Passed many droves of elk and buffalo, but being in the middle of an immense prairie, knew it was folly to attempt to shoot them. Wounded several deer, but got none. In fact, I knew I could shoot as many deer as anybody, but neither myself nor company could find one in ten, whereas one experienced hunter would get all. Near night struck a lake about five miles long and two miles wide. Saw immense droves of elk on both banks. About sundown saw a herd crossing the prairie toward us. We sat down. Two bucks, more curious than the others, came pretty close. I struck one behind the fore shoulder; he did not go more than twenty yards before he fell and died. This was the cause of much exultation, because it fulfilled my determination; and, as we had been two days and nights without victuals, it was very acceptable. Found some scrub oak. In about one mile made a fire, and with much labor and pains got our meat to it, the wolves feasting on one half while we were carrying away the other. We were now provisioned, but were still in want of water, the snow being all melted. Finding my drought very excessive in the night, I went in search of water, and was much surprised, after having gone about a mile, to strike the Mississippi. Filled my hat and returned to my companions.

"November 4.—Repaired my moccasins, using a piece of elk's bone as an awl. We both went to the Mississippi and found we were a great distance from the camp. I left Miller to guard the meat, and marched for camp. Having strained my ankles in the swamps, they were extremely sore, and the strings of my moccasins cut them and made them swell considerably. Before I had gone far I discovered a herd of ten elk; approached within fifty yards and shot one through the body. He fell on the spot, but rose again and ran off. I pursued him at least five miles, expecting every minute to see him drop. I then gave him up. When I arrived at Clear River, a deer was standing on the other bank. I killed him on the spot, and while I was taking out the entrails another came up. I shot him also. This was my last ball, and then only could I kill! Left part of my clothes at this place to scare the wolves. Arrived at my camp at dusk, to the great joy of our men, who had been to our little garrison to inquire for me, and receiving no intelligence, had concluded we were killed by the Indians, having heard them fire on the opposite bank. The same night we saw fires on the opposite shore in the prairie; this was likewise seen in the fort, when all the men moved into the works."

It was now the middle of November, and the river was closing up. Pike was obliged to hunt practically all the time, and was impatient of the slavish life led by the hunter, and the necessity of working all the time to support his party. Under such conditions the pursuit of game becomes work, and not play.

After the winter had finally set in, Indians began to be seen; some of them Sioux, Yanktons, and Sissetons, as well as some Menominees.

A considerable part of the month of December was spent at various camps along the Mississippi River, below the mouth of the Crowwing River, and the time was devoted to killing game and making preparations for the northward journey. About the middle of the month Pike started with sleds, sometimes hauled by men across the prairies, and sometimes along the ice on the river, wherever it was heavy enough to bear the load. The way was hard, and sometimes but short trips could be made with the sleds. As there was little or no snow, the men

were obliged to double up, hauling a sled for a short distance, and then leaving it to go back and haul the next one along. One of the sleds broke through the ice, and everything it contained was wetted, including a considerable portion of the powder. Pike found his various duties laborious, for he was at once "hunter, spy, guide, commanding officer, etc."

In January he met a Mr. Grant, an English trader, by whom he was hospitably received and well treated. About the middle of the month, finding that his sleds were too heavy to be hauled through the snow, he manufactured toboggans, which would be more easily hauled, even if they carried smaller loads.

On the first of February he reached Lake La Sang Sue, now known as Leech Lake. This Pike believed to be the main source of the Mississippi. The lake crossed, he stopped at a trading post of the Northwest Fur Company, where his men arrived five days later. Here he hoisted the American flag in place of the English flag which he had found still flying; and after a few days went north to Upper Red Cedar Lake, which we now know as Cass Lake, Minnesota. This was a country passed over in 1798 by David Thompson, a great explorer, whose journeyings not long ago were edited, together with those of Alexander Henry, the younger, by Dr. Elliott Coues.

Pike was now in the country of the Chippewas, whom he knew by their other name, Sauteurs, and on July 16 held a council with them, notifying them that the country was no longer in the possession of the British, advising them to make peace with the Sioux, and asking some of their chiefs to go with him to St. Louis, where they should see General Wilkinson. His talk with the Indians was pleasantly received, and they made no difficulty about giving up their flags and medals, which were to be replaced by flags and medals of the Americans. Two well known young men of the Sauteurs, living hereabout, expressed their willingness to accompany the explorer to St. Louis, and a day or two later Pike struck out in a southerly and southeasterly direction, to return to his fort on the Mississippi. He reached that river about March 1, and found all his people well.

Pike was now prepared to start south as soon as the river broke up, and to report success in all directions; a success due entirely to his own astonishing energy and industry, for he alone had made the expedition what it was. Something of what he felt he expressed when he wrote:

"Ascended the mountain which borders the prairie. On the point of it I found a stone on which the Indians had sharpened their knives, and a war-club half finished. From this spot you may extend the eye over vast prairies with scarcely any interruption but clumps of trees, which at a distance appear like mountains, from two or three of which the smoke rising in the air denoted the habitation of the wandering savage, and too often marked them out as victims to their enemies, from whose cruelty I have had the pleasure in the course of the winter and through a wilderness of immense extent to relieve them, as peace has reigned through my mediation from the prairie Des Chiens to the lower Red River. If a subaltern with but twenty men at so great a distance from the seat of his Government could effect so important a change in the minds of these savages, what might not a great and independent power effect, if, instead of blowing up the flames of discord, they exerted their influence in the sacred cause of peace?"

He was frequently seeing Indians, and he was treated with great respect and hospitality by all of them. He was especially impressed by his neighbors, the Menominees, in whom he recognized many good qualities.

On the morning of April 7, 1806, the party started on the return journey, and made good time down the river, reaching the Falls of St. Anthony, where Minneapolis now stands, on the morning of April 10. Below here, on the following day, at the mouth of St. Peter's River, was found a camp of Sioux, including several bands, and Pike had a talk with them. The council-house was capable of containing 300 men, and there were forty chiefs present, and forty pipes set against the poles. At the council all these Sioux smoked the Chippewa pipes, excepting three, who were still mourning for their relations killed during the winter. Within the next two or three days he met important Sioux chiefs, Little Crow and Red Wing, who were extremely cordial, and emphatic in expressing their wish to carry out the instructions which Pike had given them.

From here down the river the journey was interrupted only by occasional talks with Indians, until Prairie Des Chiens was reached, where there were many white people, and Pike received the first news of the outside world he had had for many months. He saw here a great game of la crosse on the prairie between Sioux on one side and Winnebagoes and Foxes on the other. Councils were held here with various bands of Sioux, and with the Winnebagoes. On April 23 they once more started down the river, but were delayed by a head wind. Two days later Captain Many, of the U. S. Army, was met on his way up the river in search of some Osage prisoners among the Sacs and Foxes. At some of the Indian camps passed, all the people were drunk—sure sign of the proximity of the white men.

This practically completes Pike's voyage, for he reached St. Louis April 30, after an absence of eight months and twenty-two days. After this expedition followed the journey to the head of the Arkansas, and the subsequent passage through New and Old Mexico.

GEO. BIRD GRINNELL.

[TE BE CONCLUDED.]

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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The Rocky Mountains Park.

ROCKY MOUNTAINS PARK OF CANADA, Banff.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you a description of a very few of the many points of interest to be found in the National Park of Canada. To give a detailed description of the entire reservation would, I am sure, try your kind offer of space in the **FOREST AND STREAM**, for such a write-up would fill a very large book.

It was in 1886, during the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, that the Canadian National Park, a large reservation in the very heart of the Rocky Mountains, was chosen by the Dominion Government for its beauty, sublimity, and healthfulness, as the great breathing place of the nation.

At that time the area of the park was 260 square miles. The topographical survey of the Rocky Mountains was begun by the Department of the Interior in 1887, and continued until 1892. J. J. McArthur, D.L.S., and W. S. Drewery, D.L.S., were in charge. In the performance of their work these gentlemen, to use a Western expression, climbed more peaks than you could shake a stick at. Since then such well known explorers and mountaineers as Edward Whymper, A.C.; Dr. J. N. Collie, F.R.S., and Rev. Jas. Outram, as well as W. D. Wilcox, F.R.G.S., Professor Fay, A.M.C., and others from across the southern boundary have spent several years in exploring and climbing to the summits of our highest peaks.

Within the last few years the influx of mountaineers, artists, photographers, hunters, and general lovers of nature in its wildest forms, seemed to necessitate the enlargement of the original reservation. In the spring of 1902, therefore, a bill was introduced in the Dominion Parliament by the Hon. Clifford Sifton, Minister of the Interior, providing for its extension on a very large scale. The Dominion now has two parks at the backbone of the Rockies. They are the Rocky Mountains Park with Banff as its center, and the Yoho Park, with Field as its chief point. The two parks adjoin, and so for all practical purposes they constitute one park. The area of the Rocky Mountains Park now is 4,900 square miles, or 3,136,000 acres. Yoho is 832 square miles in extent; so the entire park area is 5,732 square miles, or 3,668,480 acres.

The addition to the Rocky Mountains Park is in the form of a huge right-angled triangle, with the backbone of the Rockies—the boundary line between the Northwest Territories and British Columbia—as its longest side; all the land is thus in the Territories. Yoho Park is in the railway belt on the British Columbia side of the mountains.

By the setting aside of the two park areas the Dominion has assumed control of the grandest accessible scenery in the whole Rocky Mountain area. Yet, though Banff has become a household word in Canada, the United States, and even in Britain, though every visitor to the park is enthralled by what he sees, though it is freely admitted that Switzerland takes a second place when compared with Canada's sea of mountains, there is, after all, very little known of Canada's great park. Every day new beauty spots are being revealed, and celebrated mountain climbers and topographers are constantly visiting and exploring this park. This is particularly the case with scientific men from Europe. There is no particular incentive for scientific men to go to Switzerland, a country that has been thoroughly explored, while in the Canadian park there are any number of mountains that have never been climbed, and valleys, gorges, and lakes that have never been visited. Every visitor carries a camera, and the many new scenes of grandeur that are revealed after each trip do much to spread the fame of Canada's great park.

Yoho Park Extension.

Yoho derives its name from the Indian expression indicative of great astonishment, and well is it named; what grander sight can be imagined than a volume of water 200 yards wide taking this mighty leap of over 1,400 feet. If the stoical Indian utters expressions of surprise and wonder when he enters the Yoho Valley, how much more does the white traveler. Shortly after entering the valley, there comes to the ears a noise like that of a sob, and further in the sobbing grows until there finally breaks to view the great Takakkaw Falls, almost ten times higher than Niagara, dropping over the face of the mountain. This mighty stream flows the year around, giving forth the strange pulsations and sobbing sounds, until every nerve in the body seems to wait to catch a new sensation. Newcomers stand spellbound and seem never to tire of watching this wonderful work of nature. Three distinct sobs are heard of different volume; one starts low and indistinct, the second is very apparent, and the third is so loud that it fairly takes your breath; then every few seconds this is repeated over and over again. The noise and roar usual in waterfalls is lacking here, for before the stream has completed its drop of 1,400 feet, the water has become clouds of spray and opaque in color, falling more like so much rain. Mr. Whymper, the celebrated mountain climber, declared that it is "Unparalleled by anything I have seen in the Alps, Himalayas, or the Andes."

Yoho is characterized by large waterfalls, great glaciers, huge peaks, and it has so much wonderful and beautiful scenery that it is eminently adapted for the purpose of a public park. The mountains in the Yoho are very largely peaks, while in the Rocky Mountains Park the general tendency is toward huge parallel ranges, though of course there are many fine peaks, too.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company has such faith in the Yoho and its attractions, that last year they spent over \$100,000 there in the erection of hotels. During the past year about twenty-five miles of good driving roads have been built in this portion of the reservation, as well as many miles of bridle paths leading to various points of interest.

One purpose intended to be effected by the enlargement of the park area, is the protection of game. In its former size the park was too small to afford adequate protection; but the area is now so great that it is expected that all kinds of game will be found in it practically for all time to come. Already there are bear, moose, elk, antelope, red deer, mule deer, mountain sheep, mountain goats, wolves, coyotes, and minor fur-bearing animals, while in the many rivers and lakes there are grayling, mountain trout, salmon trout, rainbow trout, and other fish. The park area is now so large that even if there is a little

poaching on the outskirts, it will not appreciably affect the game in the park as a whole.

It has been the experience at the Yellowstone Park that wild animals in a protected area soon learn that they are safe there, and this of itself has a noticeable effect in the preservation of animal life. Protection for the fish is assured, inasmuch as the park contains the sources of many streams.

God's gifts are great and grand beyond all description, but there are other places in the park that appeal to many of the visitors even more than scenery, and one is the animal paddock, an inclosure of 1,000 acres. In 1898 Lord Strathcona donated his herd of sixteen buffalo to the Government, and in the mighty shadows of the huge mountains surrounding Banff this herd has increased to forty; during that time three only have died. Many good stories can be found here that would interest lovers of nature and animal lore. One story is of Strathcona, who for five years after their arrival in Banff was the recognized leader of the herd; at the present time he is thirty-one years of age, and a grander specimen of the buffalo bull could not be found. One day, however, a young Texas bull which had been imported, discovered that he was of age, and with a little encouragement from Strathcona they went about to contest the leadership. Strathcona at first thought Texas was bluffing, until he was rolled over, when, with anger and surprised wrath, Strathcona jumped to his feet and charged Texas, who met him half way with a vim that shook him to his tail. The fight lasted some hours, and so well did the young Texas sustain himself that old Strathcona came off second best with a broken horn. Since that time he seeks pastures new, and during the rutting season his loves are wooed apart, and out of sight of Texas, for there is danger, indeed, if he is ever sighted by the new leader. Another interesting feature of the paddock was the arrival of the first moose born in the inclosure. Its mother was hardly twenty-two months old when the baby arrived, but young as she was, she demonstrated her mother's love by chasing away several tourists who attempted animal sight-seeing on foot, and it was well for them the fence was so close, over which they climbed and escaped. In a cage wire-netted yard are several prairie wolves, commonly known as the coyote, and a large gray wolf. The latter is quite friendly, and will allow anyone to stroke and pet him, receiving the caresses with every token of pleasure.

The whole animal paddock has gone ahead in a wonderful manner; moose, elk, caribou, black and white-tail deer, mountain goat, coyote, fox, wolf, and birds indigenous to the Northwest, all add attraction to the tourist. Many of the animals are quite tame, even looking for a caress or kind word from the visitors. The small deer are very friendly, often following the carriages to the gate of the inclosure. All the animals have made additions to their numbers, so that the graceful fawn, the long-legged moose, the dumpy buffalo calf, and the shy kit fox are no unusual sight. The last census of the park paddock numbered eighty-one all told, and already new grounds are being picked out for fresh paddocks.

Possibly winter is even a better time to see the animals than is the summer, for then the entire lot can be seen clustered around the racks and stacks of sweet mountain hay, for it is necessary to feed these pets with care if success with them is to be had. Some even get grain and vegetables, according to their condition and age. It is a pretty sight to see a long line of animals feeding side by side out of the same rack, where, if they were in their native home, it would be a case of fight and kill, for nature knows no peaceful laws such as those which govern this domain. This wonderful feeling of protection and security against their common enemy has been so bred in these animals that it seems to have gone forth into the surrounding country, for already large bands of deer are often seen within sight of the villages throughout the park. Even the wily mountain sheep, or so-called bighorn, stands in all his beauty looking down on this new found animal world with wonder and surprise. Several times sheep have even gone so far as to leave their mountain pastures—one of these mountains forming one of the boundaries of the paddock, acting as a fence—and enter the paddock to graze with their domesticated friends. There they get the love word that all animal life is sacred here in the bounds of this great park, and this news travels in its own way over mountains and glaciers, rivers and valleys, until now within the 5,000 square miles the mountain goat and sheep will no longer run with fear, while the small deer, elk, and moose travel in pairs or droves, secure from the hunter, and the bears of four colors can be kodaked to the traveler's pleasure. Even a mountain lion one day last summer wandered into the park within a mile of Banff. No doubt it was a mistake, for when a carriage load of tourists passed him on the road, he looked much surprised, and even followed the carriage some distance to get another view of so strange a creature as the carriage and pair appeared to him.

It has been the policy of the Government to let nature alone as much as possible in the park. We do not attempt to build level roads, and we have never cut a bush or tree that we could avoid cutting. The visitor finds this great park just as it was left to us by the great forces of nature that piled up these massive mountains and made openings through them for the streams. That the tourists of the world appreciate Banff is evidenced by the fact that during the last twelve months more than eleven thousand of them have visited it. Thus far has this resting place developed, where nature, man and God draw closely together, and the coming years promise yet greater things than these.

HOWARD DOUGLAS,
Superintendent.

A FARMER at North Bransford, Ct., had been missing many eggs from his hen-house of late, and was at a loss to account for the trouble. Sunday he took a day off and watched the hen-coop. Late in the afternoon he heard the hens making a great row, and rushed into the coop in time to see a big five-foot black snake crawling under the floor. He made a dash for it, captured it, and killed it. He noticed that there was something in the snake's mouth, and stepped on its head, squeezing out a china nest egg which the snake had stolen, mistaking it for a hen's egg.—Springfield Republican.

A Summer in Newfoundland.—VII.

(Continued from page 87.)

THAT night all precautionary measures were disregarded, for we made a roaring fire of birch logs, which lighted the woods in a great blaze. Slowly roasting on a skiver of green wood hung a huge steak, while high up on a scaffold long strips of venison were drying in the smoke for future use; antlers, skull and scalp, all carefully cleaned and salted, were stowed well in under a waterproof canvas. The former, although not well pointed, were large and very massive, indicating the probability of great age in their recent possessor. The fat sputtered, the fire crackled, and William, happy in the consciousness of a rapidly returning reputation as a hunter, related tales of fisherman's life along the coast, of the herring and cod banks, and of the "swiles" off the Labrador ice floes. He is one of those rare natural story tellers which the traveler so often finds hidden away among untutored peoples, and his accounts are vividly and his scenes graphically pictured by the most eloquent gestures. He reminds me of old John Stroud, sage and philosopher of Alexander Bay, the man who many years ago traveled alone from Gambo to Bay of Islands with an important Government message. "Uncle John" is the best story teller in Newfoundland, and I never shall forget the night when I met him on the hills north of Island Pond in the Terra Nova country. He was sitting by the fire sewing up a pair of "shanks," and related story after story to a group of attentive sportsmen and admiring packers. Here is one of his tales, told in a way peculiar to himself, but any attempt on my part to do it full justice—any attempt to depict his simple humor and unique grammatical constructions—would prove a failure. This is no idle story, either; and should a certain gray-haired sportsman in a certain great city far to the southward of Newfoundland, happen to read these pages, perchance he will open his eyes and enjoy a quiet laugh all by himself.

"About five year gone, I t'ink it wuz, dat a sporter come from N—t' Newfoundland. 'E travels across de country on de train, comes t' Alexander Bay, stops, gets outen de train, an' walks over t' de village up t' a little 'ouse, an' asks fur a cross ole guide called John Stroud—an' dat wuz meself. He wuz de — of — Arms Company, but de unhandiest shot wid a gun dat ever I guided on de country. We closed t'ree big stags right 'andy, an' he wuz nigh enough onto four or five more, but I don't t'ink dat gentleman ever shot inside two rod o' de mark; no, I don't t'ink it. Well, a fortnight wuz gone an' I wuz a feelin' mighty oneasy.

"You knows right well, sir, de White Hill Plains, up t' de nor'ard, an' you knows de big barren by de east'n end. Well, in dat barren be a little pond, an' roun' de edge of de little pond be a wet ma'sh, an' in de center of dat wet ma'sh muz somet'ing. What wuz it, sonny?" (addressed to Frank Sayre, who accompanied me). "Why, bye, a company o' deer. On de right wuz de 'tan hoods, on de left wuz a bunch o' tucks, an' in de middle behind a far tree wuz we. Un ole stag an' six does an' two fawns wuz in de company, an' it wuz de last day o' September, as I remember. Well, we closed dem up t' eighty yards, an' den says I to de ole gentleman, 'You be 'andy enough, sir,' but de t'irty-t'irty wuz a shakin' in his 'an's, an' 'is teet' a chatterin'. 'Now, sir,' says I, 'you take de ole stag an' I'll kill dat fat doe fur camp meat, an' we'll bote fire togedder.'

"Well, down goes de stag, shot in de lights, an' up jumps de ole man jest like he been un o' dem Husquimaux. 'E dances roun' an' roun', an' shakes 'an's right ways an' den crossways fur luck, an' 'e pulls ten dollars outen 'is pocket an' 'ands it over to me; an' me, I jest grins an' keeps quiet."

"But did ye miss de doe, John?" queried 'Lige Sweet-apple from across the fire.

"You never mind 'bout de doe. I never aimed at 'er, 'Lige," and a broad, significant smile spread over the old man's features.

Sand Pond is literally filled with small trout, the veritable speckled fontinalis, and so are many of the larger lakes in Newfoundland. In September every cold brook which feeds its waters contains hundreds of them lying in ranks and files like soldiers, heads up stream, on their way to the clear springs of the spawning grounds. At sundown, dozens of the little fellows, not more than eight or nine inches long, play and frolic in the shallow water of the outlet. There must be some deep, dark holes where big fish lurk, for a trout attains his greatest size and perfection not in a swiftly running brook, but hidden in the placid depths of a lake—just such a lake as ours.

So I builded a little raft of spruce logs, bound it togedder securely with long fibrous roots, hacked out a rough paddle with the ax, and pushed off from shore. The inlet or outlet were of course the most likely places, and they were tried first. But small trout bothered me somewhat, two or three often rising together to a single fly. How truly incongruous it seems—bothered by trout! Big fellows were there somewhere, down near the bottom, but wholly indifferent to all my efforts. The old conservative theory that a dull fly should be used on a bright day, failed as completely as did the more modern rule which dictates that a brilliant fly on a sunny day gives less contrast and is the more successful. They had no appetites whatever, either for the gaudy feathers of a Parmachenee-belle or the sombre colors of a black-gnat. Then I tried another method—one usually deadlier than any—and drifted up and down through the outlet with a fat grub baited on a plain bare hook, allowing the latter as free access to the nooks and crannies of the bottom as previously I had thrashed every foot of the surface with my flies. Strikes were plentiful, it is true, but such strikes—mere nibblings at the poor grub by fingerling fish; or in case a lively half-pounder happened along, he seized the bait with a tug worthy of a salmon, and then rising to the surface, proved himself only a little fellow, after all.

No angler ever lived who was not hopeful, philosophic, and thoroughly persevering. I had tried the two best methods known to the piscatorial art with utter failure, but there was still another in reserve, and I paddled back to camp, still expectant, and with a firm resolve to try it again on the morrow.

Two years ago when in Québec, on the far-famed waters of Lake Edward, I learned that many of the heaviest trout are killed on a small spoon. This, of

course, as a general practice is totally repugnant to the ethics of sportsmanship, but the method is often tried merely for the purpose of locating the retreats of the fish. The same may be said of the ouananiche fishing in Lake St. John. During August they will strike at a spoon or spinner even more readily than at a fly, and it is to be regretted that many record catches are made by means of the former death-dealing device. The fish average small at Lake St. John, two and three-pounders as a rule, and their mouths are correspondingly smaller; but how can any fish do himself full justice as a fighter with a gang of hooks widely distending his open jaws? The same may be said of the maskinongé fishing in many parts of the St. Lawrence and throughout the Kawartha Lake system of lower Ontario. Here the use of a good sized spoon is almost universal, and there is no doubt that as compared with a single hook, the former seriously handicaps a fish of medium size, and mars the sport considerably. Maskinongé may not be as aristocratic as salmon or brook trout, but they are grand fish none the less, and if given a fair chance on light tackle, one of them will take good care of himself, and perchance surprise not unpleasantly the fly-fisherman, with all his conservatism and candor.

If the shade of Izaak Walton himself should suddenly appear at one of our summer fishing resorts, what a surprise would await it: For "Piscator" would see things unrecorded in the pages of that "little treatise on fish and fishing with an angle" written so many years ago. Perhaps he would open his eyes in astonishment at the methods employed, and perchance he would enjoy a quiet laugh, all by himself, at the expense of the fisherman of to-day. For truly, and sad it is; the art of angling has kept well abreast of the times. It has grown and expanded in this life of highly organized industrialism of ours, and consequently has lost much of its old-time quaintness and conservatism. In some localities it can hardly be termed an art at all, but has been reduced by skillful modern inventions to the almost mathematical precision of an exact science.

Just glance for a moment at some of the men who start out from Alexandria Bay for pickerel and bass—or better still, at the one who tries his luck with lake trout on the Charleston or Red Horse waters. Make a good inventory of his equipment, let him explain its use, and you will wonder why any fish are left in the water to bite. The sportsman is sitting contentedly in the stern of a St. Lawrence skiff; beneath him a well padded cushion, behind him a chair-back, while a pair of strong guide's arms do the work. The latter knows all shoals, weed beds, and padded coves in the pond, as well as the sunken logs where big "oswegoes" hide, and "the very best trout grounds in that region." This he knows well. But even should subsequent events prove to the contrary, that innocent waiter in the stern, the man from the city, never learns the difference, and hopes expectantly for a strike. Towards evening that strike comes; not a very hard one, to be sure, but enough; for a double gang of needless hooks were never known to tear out, and surely that end of the tackle at least is safe. The rod bends, but never breaks; no danger there, for that rod is made of well tempered steel, and guaranteed to hold anything that swims. But the fish is heavy, he pulls hard, he is a big ro-pound laker, and is the line safe? Oh, yes; that line is the strongest on the market, for it is made of braided copper wire warranted to hold a dead strain of fifty pounds. Watch closely, now, and you will see that the man in the stern calmly holds his rod in one hand waiting for the end, and that he never once touches the crank of the reel. But what is the use? His reel has no crank, it winds up like a clock; an automatic reel, where "the little finger does it all"—no chance left for the poor fisherman! The trout is surely weakening, and now, completely tired out, it is wound in ready for the landing net. The guide stoops down and picks up from under the bow a very peculiar device—all levers and springs. He gently taps the fish with it, and immediately two steel prongs transfix the latter and a moment later it struggles safely in the bottom of the boat. That is the "no escape" gaff. This is an age of invention, 'tis true, but has modern science yet produced improvements more varied and unique than we see in the evolution or degeneration of fishing tackle?

In my outfit was a small star spoon, sharp of hook, brilliant of feather. With this attached to a nine-foot leader and a split buckshot nipping the latter some three feet from the end, I trolled slowly around the shores of the pond. Likely looking coves, sharp, rocky reefs, and deep holes, were all carefully explored, while special attention was bestowed upon the places where brooks emptied their icy streams into the warmer waters below. It was hard paddling on that raft, and wet for the feet as well, but the breeze was light and I could feel the spoon throbbing and tugging, free of weeds as it whirled and twisted through the water. For two hours I trolled without a strike, almost completing a circuit of the pond. Gloom had commenced to settle over the water, and the chance for a good supper looked slim enough. But just at the entrance to the outlet, not ten rods from camp, I struck a fish, and, after a brief struggle, landed him, struggling, in the net. How often it happens that we travel far away diligently searching for happiness or success, and then turn back home without it, only to find it waiting on our very door-steps. Here was the very spot where big fellows were lurking, right by the tent. So I selected a small scarlet-ibis for dropper, intermediate a royal-coachman, and as tail fly a large white-miller. At the third or fourth cast a two-pound fish rose prettily to the tail fly, and a few moments later another of perhaps 2½ pounds in weight struck the miller again below the surface. Both fish were safely landed, and with them a third of the same size was lying on the boughs which covered my raft. They were all very dark in color, much more so than any of the small fry seen jumping in the shallower water. In fact, they were the deepest colored fish that I have ever seen in such clear water, quite in contrast to the delicate flesh pink so frequent in the Long Island variety, or the brilliant silver of the sea trout. Noticing their undoubted preference for a white fly, I hastily changed my cast; and now with an ibis as intermediate and two small white-millers as tail fly and dropper respectively, I tried for another rise. Soon it came, and his broad tail splashed the water as seizing this time the ibis, he surged off in a great arc toward shore, and then tore off. It was too dark to see plainly, but my little

finger told me that I had hooked and lost a heavy fish. Why is it that in fishing the largest and finest in the pond is the one which always escapes? After it is all over, your mildly insinuating friends merely shake their heads and smile sadly as you relate the story in all its pathetic details. But truly, is it not perfectly rational and reasonable—strictly in accordance with the theory of natural selection and the survival of the fittest—that the strongest remain free to perpetuate their race? What pleasure would there be in angling if anglers were not searchers at the same time; always persistently seeking a larger record, a few more inches, another ounce, a new and better story to relate around the evening camp-fire.

That fish certainly weighed five pounds, and who knows but perhaps he might have tipped the scales at eight? But, after all, the lost big fish—the one that gets away—is the very fish which lends the charm to angling. I reeled in my line, for it was dark, unlooped the flies, and behold, the barb of the little ibis was gone.

The nomenclature of Newfoundland inland waters is simple, indeed, and easily understood. Their names imply neither subtle distinctions in their derivations or vivid imaginations for their conceptions. They are names almost harshly practical in their significance, and strangely lacking both in poetic fancy or idealic sentimentality. Where are the Spirit and Echo and Placid Lakes, the Mirror Ponds and Roaring Brooks, written so often on the pages of our State maps? Beautiful in their conception, it is true, but often either quite inappropriate or totally lacking in any historical significance. Every brook roars during freshet time, and each pond in the woods is placid or mirror-like according to the caprices of the winds. A hurricane creates many Devil's Lakes; a high cliff christens hundreds of Echo Ponds; while during the quiet hush of the midnight hour, every lake in the world is a Spirit Lake.

But in Newfoundland the name of each body of water has a true story of its own to tell. Thus we learn with interest the harrowing tale of Dead Man's Pond, or the story of Stag or Wolf, White Bear or Hungry Grove Lakes. Sandy Lakes are common; so are Burnt or Island Ponds, while Bear Brooks are frequent throughout the interior. Red Indian Lake has its history written in letters of blood, and the tragic romance of Squaw Pond is a sad tradition of the ancient Beothiks—those strange, mysterious people who have vanished.

Some eight miles from camp was situated a little sheet of water completely surrounded by thick spruce forest. It was not very much to look at, to be sure, but to Jim it seemed the finest lake in Newfoundland; for it was there, back in the early seventies, that he had trapped a single black fox with a pelt worth a fortune of \$90 at St. Johns. That occasion was one of the crowning events of the old man's life, and no wonder that the spot was still cherished in his memory under the appropriate title of Fox Pond.

Early one morning we sat watching on the shore of Fox Pond. Up at the other end a three-year-old stag was busily engaged trampling the bushes as he proudly rubbed a pair of insignificant antlers among the alders. Over in the shallow water a fine adult otter was catching a breakfast of trout; and it was his glossy black pelt and the prospect of securing it that particularly interested me. He was about three hundred yards away, but his every motion was observed through the glass as we lay hidden behind a clump of bushes. A small moving object three hundred yards away makes a very uncertain mark for anyone who is not an expert with the rifle, and I wisely decided to watch and wait, hoping that the otter might decide to take a little excursion in our direction. Jim asked permission to "tole 'im up 'andier," but I had little faith in "tolling" or "bawling," as it is sometimes called in Newfoundland, for only a few days before the guide had tried it on a stag, with a result that the latter quickly departed in the opposite direction for parts unknown. Whether the otter was fishing or merely enjoying a morning frolic, I could not determine, even by the aid of a glass, for he kept plunging above the surface porpoise-like, often remaining below for two or three minutes. So I finally told my companion to go ahead and venture a "tole" or so for luck; and he replied by uttering a low coughing bark in his throat, something between a grunt and a blat. Never have I witnessed a more successful attempt to decoy an animal. The effect of that single "tole" on the otter was magical, for immediately changing his course, he headed down the pond in our direction, leaving a broad wake of ripples behind.

WM. ARTHUR BABSON.

In Camp at Flathead Lake.

THE Sixth Annual Session of the University of Montana Biological Station has just opened at Flathead Lake. This station, which is under the direction of Prof. Morton J. Elrod, has already made a name for itself by its work here, and will this year continue to provide opportunity for investigation of the biology of the lake and mountain region, and for instruction in botany, zoology, entomology, nature study, and photography. The work proposed to be done is broad, and the instruction is adapted to students of the University and of high schools, to teachers in schools, as well as to beginners in natural history and investigators of experience. The location is a very beautiful one, and the equipment quite complete, for most of the implements needed for the work—including books—can be had on the ground, being supplied by the University. Those who require guns or field glasses or cameras or plates must bring them.

Rare opportunities for investigation and study exist in this beautiful region. The waters of the lake and the near-by rivers abound in life; near at hand are high mountains covered with forests, and reaching up nearly or quite to the snow line. Excursions of great interest may be made, and among those promised for the season of 1904 are a trip to Swan Lake, spending the night at the lake; a trip to Rost Lake at the base of the Kootenay Mountain; an ascent of McDougall peak to an altitude of 7,725 feet, and a trip around Flathead Lake.

The post-office address of the station is Big Fork, Mont., and it may be reached by the Great Northern Railroad at Kalispell, or by the Northern Pacific at Selish. Stages from these points connect with steamers on the lake.

A sojourn, long or short, at this station offers very great attractions, and as the region is so easy of access,

we cannot doubt that it will be visited this year and in succeeding years by many people, not only from Montana, but from more distant points.

Here is an abstract of a capital bit of outdoor gospel preached by the Bulletin of the University of Montana, which is worth laying to heart in Montana as elsewhere. It has a special reference to this Biological Station:

"Change is rest. To take a day off and go a-fishing often gives new lease of life. The tingle of the nerves when the gamy fish tugs at the line causes us to forget care and to be thoroughly alive. One of the attractions of the place is its natural advantages so as to induce outdoor exercise and study. The lake and rivers make rowing a good pastime. The photographer has a field of wondrous richness and varied interest. A fine sand beach makes bathing a delight, and it is indulged in. Unless the lake is stirred by winds, the water is warm. The hills and forests afford quiet retreats for study or strolls. The hills and roads give glimpses of scenery of rare beauty. At the proper season hunting is good. Deer are seen each year a few rods from the laboratory. Grouse and pheasants abound in the hills. In season duck shooting is fine. A day's tramp will take one to the home of the Rocky Mountain goat. In a day one may penetrate a pathless forest or stand on craggy heights, where the view presents the jagged Rockies, the back bone of the continent."

Natural History.

Do Birds Smell?

Editor Forest and Stream:

A few observations in reply to my friend Charles Cristadoro, on the prolific subject of the smelling faculty of ducks. There seems to be no room to doubt that bears, and all other quadrupeds among the *fera natura*, have very keen olfactorys, upon which most of them depend mainly for security from the attacks of their enemies. But as to ducks; and in fact all other feathered bipeds, that is another question.

The instances cited by Mr. Cristadoro, and others, that a certain class of hunters set out their decoys with reference to the direction of the wind, having in view the supposed smelling powers of the ducks, proves no more than does the custom of negroes and other ignorant fishermen, of spitting on the hook, or perfuming it by an application of asafetida, with the idea that fish are thereby attracted. Such testimony but emphasizes the fact that the numerous fallacies concerning the affairs of everyday life that have survived from a very remote period in the history of the human race, still enthrall the human mind of to-day in large measure, and exert a powerful influence in human affairs. Such fallacies are not confined to the mental habit of the very ignorant neither, as witness the general prejudice among all classes, against the number 13, and against Friday among the days of the week, along with a further long list of vain imaginings among the children of men, showing the amazing tenacity of the sentimental impressions implanted in the human mind in the infant period of race history, which still hold their place in defiance alike of reason and experience.

But, to get back to ducks. There appears to be but little direct testimony of a scientific character, upon the question of the smelling faculty, or the lack of it, among the feathered class with beaks or bills. It may, however, be of interest to note what John James Audubon says on the subject. In describing the turkey buzzard, he says: "The olfactory nerve has been ascertained in the mammalia to be the instrument of smell; but, in the class of birds, experiments and observations are wanting to determine its precise function, although analogy would lead us to suppose it to be the same in them. So inaccurate have observers been in this matter, that some of them have mistaken the large branch of the fifth pair, which traverses the nasal cavity, for the olfactory nerve. The experiments instituted upon vultures show that not only are they not led to their prey by the sense of smell, but also that they are not made sensible by it of the presence of food when in their immediate proximity. Yet if the olfactory nerve be really the nerve of smell, and if a large expansion of the nasal membrane be indicative of an extension of the faculty, one would necessarily infer that vultures must possess it in a high degree. On the other hand, however, the organ and the nerve being found to be equally developed in birds such as geese and gallinaceous species, which have never been suspected of being guided by smell when searching for food, it would seem to follow that the precise function of this nerve and the nasal cavities has not yet been determined in birds. That the nasal passages must be subservient to some other purpose than that of respiration merely, is evident from their complexity, but what that purpose is remains to be determined by accurate observations and experiments."

Might not this be a simple case of organs once active in this class of the animal kingdom that have become atrophied by lack of exercise?

Audubon further quotes his friend Townsend in relation to the California vulture, as follows: "The California vulture inhabits the region of the Columbia River to the distance of 500 miles from its mouth, and is most abundant in spring, at which season it feeds on the dead salmon that are thrown upon the shore in great numbers. It is also often met with near the Indian villages, being attracted by the offal of the fish thrown around the habitations. It associates with *Cathartes aura*, but is easily distinguished from that species in flight, both by its greater size and the more abrupt curvature of its wing. The Indians, whose observations may generally be depended upon, say that it ascertains the presence of food solely by the power of vision, thus corroborating your own remarks on the vulture tribe generally. On the upper waters of the Columbia the fish, intended for winter store, are usually deposited in huts made of the branches of trees interlaced. I have frequently seen the ravens attempt to effect a lodgment in these deposits, but have never known the

vulture to be engaged in this way, although these birds were numerous in the immediate vicinity."

If any species of birds do possess the sense of smell, suggestion points more forcefully to the carrion feeders than any other, as having special need of this faculty. But the testimony of scientific observers is directly to the contrary of such assumption.

Of all the birds we are familiar with, none are suspected of exercising smelling powers save only the wild ducks; and some of your commentators even attempt to differentiate between them, restricting the smelling faculty to some one species, which carries a strong suggestion of the same kind of imaginative fallacy as that which sends all the jay birds to the infernal regions every Friday.

Certainly no hunter ever takes account of smelling powers in the wild turkey, that wariest of all birds, nor indeed of any other among the numerous category of game birds, save only this very exceptional ascriptive of such power to certain of the duck species which, as before remarked, savors much of human fallacy.

COAHOMA.

Hummingbirds.

ST. AUGUSTINE, July 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* When you appeared in our old city a few weeks ago, you seemed to be interested in the result of some experiments I was trying with a pair of old hummingbirds which refused to be tamed. When the old birds appear in the spring I ignore them, and they leave; but last spring I unwittingly fed them, and finding such accommodating quarters they refused to leave, the result being that when the young birds (which are easily tamed) appear the old tyrants drive them off.

The old birds that I was feeding at the time of your visit I paid no attention to further than to refill the bottle with sugar water (not honey); but a few days after that they were feeding from my hand. But that is about as far as I can get with old birds. When I get them familiar enough, I carry a very small bottle in my pocket, and I only consider them tame when they'll come to me anywhere. To thoroughly tame them an early training is necessary.

A few years after my first appearance in this breathing world I was attacked by the all-absorbing hummingbird craze, and it has never left me since; with the natural result that what is known about them I know, and what I don't know about them others do—or think they do.

There is probably no member of the feathered tribe, from the dodo to the goose, that has been so thoroughly written up as the hummingbird, and probably not one that has been honored by so much nonsense. Ornithologists have left no stone unturned in pursuit of knowledge pertaining to them.

An enthusiast set himself at work to settle the one disputed question as to whether ruby-throat is, or is not, a devoted husband, in which case the verdict was against him; but I believe the point is not considered settled yet, though this man had a nest watched during every hour of daylight from the time of incubation till the young left the nest.

If I had collected all the articles I have met with during a few years past that were intended for the enlightening of the public on the hummingbird question, I could make up a goodly sized volume, many parts of which for absurd incongruities would rival Artemus Ward. The old idea that hummingbirds live exclusively on flower sweets is usually taken as their text, but I have scarcely ever seen an atom that was new.

The insect question has been settled years ago. It is a prime absurdity to suppose that they go to flowers for insects, for they can get them anywhere; but they *must* go to flowers for their principal food. I have been acquainted with many ornithologists—Gould among the number—and I have fed and tamed hummingbirds for more than fifty years, so I think myself capable of speaking with authority as to a hummingbird's bill of fare. I keep a "free lunch" for them all the time, and have to refill the bottle twice a day.

To entice them to the bottle, of course, a flower is needed at first, but they can soon be trained to dispense with that. The little gluttons will eat almost their weight in sugar water in a day, and it's quite an important business to keep a bottle filled for three or four of them. But I don't attend to the insect part of their bill of fare.

I am somewhat puzzled as to why so many people are so anxious to enlighten the world about things of which they are totally ignorant, but I can understand an ambitious young lady who is anxious to see herself in print taking up a fairy-like subject which she supposes involves some mystery. Then I can imagine her getting lost and appealing to her imagination to help her out by supplying a lot of inconceivable nonsense—as has been the case with several articles that I have seen.

DRYMUS.

Pasha's Home Coming.

PITTSBURG, Pa.—We had Pasha, an Arabian stallion, with which I had succeeded in escaping from Sedan after being taken prisoner in the battle of 1870, for a couple of years, when my father set out to spend a few days with his brother in the hill country beyond Oudenaarde, on the right bank of the river Scheldt. Father was very fond of Pasha, and prided himself on his horsemanship, and the two together made a beautiful picture. Every spring father got homesick for his native hills, and would go and spend a few days in the place where he was born and raised, and where his people had lived for generations. One beautiful May morning he started, his destination being a little over thirty miles, crossing the Scheldt at the walled town of Oudenaarde. The following morning, when I went in the orchard, what was my astonishment to see Pasha, without saddle or bridle, coming toward me, and rubbing his nose against my face. An hour later we received a telegram from father asking if we had seen anything of Pasha. I wired back he was home, safe and sound.

That was the last we heard of it until father came home in his brother's buggy, with Pasha's saddle and bridle stowed inside. The old gentleman was somewhat mortified, and at first eluded all inquiries about what had happened, but after a while he could resist mother's teasing no longer, and here is his story:

"The trip was pleasant and uneventful, and I arrived at brother's toward 5 P. M. The weather being warm, I put the horse in the orchard, where there is a shed, and he could lie down if he wanted. In the morning he was gone, and had leaped the live hedge several feet high."

He could not have crossed the bridge at Oudenaarde, for the gates of the town are shut at night. Pasha must have swam the river Scheldt, very deep and rapid there, and made his way home on the back track that night.

Mother told him it served him right; he had no business to take the horse away from home for so long a time, and the old gentleman replied, in his philosophical, quiet way, he could not blame him for liking me better than himself, as I had brought him to a good home. After that he took good care to tie Pasha, or shut him in a stable, when out on his trips in the country. Mother, who was strongly attached to Pasha, and I had many a quiet laugh over the occurrence afterwards, but father did not like to be reminded of it.

JULIUS THE FOX HUNTER.

Whippoorwill and Night-Hawk.

OLEONA, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My reasons for believing that the night-hawk and the whippoorwill are one species are as follows: The first seventeen years of my life were spent on the summit of the Alleghenies in northern Pennsylvania, where I saw thousands of night-hawks, but never heard the notes of a whippoorwill.

Later in life, while engaged in lumbering operations along the river bottoms, I saw an equal number of night-hawks, listened to their one-note cry while in flight, and at the same time heard whippoorwill calls all about me.

The movements, habits, and markings of the bird mentioned in my last article were so precisely like Nuttall's description of the night-hawk that I can not believe that the two are of different species.

I have a theory that the whippoorwill, on high ground, is songless. Perhaps this, or something as yet unobserved by the naturalists, is responsible for the belief in two species.

From the one observation before mentioned, I am positive that the whippoorwill haunts the upper air and frequently plunges perpendicularly toward the earth, the

plunge being accompanied by a whizzing of wings precisely like that attributed to the night-hawk.

E. D. L.

[We suggest that our correspondent procure specimens of night-hawk and whippoorwill for comparison. An examination of the two birds in the hand will tell him the story far more convincingly than any description in words.]

Crows and an Owl.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., July 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Perhaps some reader can explain to me the following performance: Last fall while hunting birds in the northern part of the State, I came out from a swamp into the open field and noticed a great number of crows (I counted over five hundred) flying over the field, all cawing at the top of their voice. Apparently they had some object at which all this commotion was directed. Being interested, I watched them till they reached a neighboring grove. Walking over in that direction I managed, with great care, to work my way very near to them. They had evidently rooted out from his morning sleep an owl, and now he sat upon a limb, looking rather sleepy, nevertheless, while this army of crows circled around him cawing and making a peculiar clicking noise. None, however, approached nearer than a yard or two of the old fellow. I watched them till the owl flew away, followed on all sides by the crows. Now, what I would like to know is, what is all this tomfoolery about, and how can they afford to waste the early morning hours so idly busy?

F. H. C.

[It is well known that most birds, but especially jays and crows, when they discover an owl in daylight, attack it, or at least venture as near as they dare, and by their cries and complaints make the owl uncomfortable, and call all the birds in the neighborhood to the spot to join in the tumult. The habit is so well known that formerly persons wishing to kill crows were accustomed to attract them by putting up a stuffed owl as a decoy.

The following lines from Nuttall's "Manual of Ornithology" (1832) refer to the little screech owl, other-

wise known as the mottled or red owl: "When perceived by the smaller birds, they are at once recognized as their insidious enemies; and the rareness of their appearance before the usual roosting time of other birds augments the suspicion they entertain of the feline hunters. From complaints and cries of alarm the Thrush sometimes threatens blows; and though evening has perhaps set in, the smaller birds and cackling Robins reecho their shrill chirpings and complaints throughout an extensive wood until the nocturnal monster has to seek safety in distant flight."

Frog Provender.

PRINCE'S BAY, N. Y.—When I was a boy eight or nine years old, I was detailed by my mother one day to watch the old hen with her brood of little chicks. From twelve they had in a few days dwindled down to four, and as careful as my mother could be, she could not find out what took them. There was a spring loosely stoned up in the meadow a short distance from the house, and from the spring there was formed a little pool at the edge of some alders close by. I had a tame trout in the spring, and I wanted to go and feed it, but mother said, "No, you watch that hen and chickens and don't let me hear aly more about trout to-day." Pretty soon my chance came. The old hen was making her way down toward the spring, and I was loitering along behind. I stood not more than twenty feet away, watching the hen drink, and then the chickens ran up and took a drink from the pool. All at once the old hen showed fight, and I thought that I had found the enemy, and gathered a few stones for the cat; but no, instead of the cat I saw a monstrous bullfrog, and he gulped one of those chickens down before I realized what was going on. I drove the hen and remaining chickens back to the house and told the folks what had happened, but they did not believe it until the frog was captured and cut open.

The foregoing was told to me by my father, who is now nearly eighty years of age. The incident took place at the foot of Mt. Tom, in the limits of the now prosperous city of Holyoke, Mass. So it seems that nearly three score and ten years ago frogs were cause for comment on what they picked out for provender. ***



Kentucky Sports.

From Audubon's "Ornithological Biographies," 1831-39.

It may not be amiss, kind reader, before I attempt to give you some idea of the pleasures experienced by the sportsmen of Kentucky, to introduce the subject with a slight description of the State.

Kentucky was formerly attached to Virginia, but in those days the Indians looked upon that portion of the western wilds as their own, and abandoned the district only when forced to do so, moving with disconsolate hearts further into the recesses of the unexplored forests. Doubtless the richness of the soil, and the beauty of its borders, situated as they are along one of the most beautiful rivers in the world, contributed as much to attract the Old Virginians as the desire, so generally experienced in America, of spreading over the uncultivated tracts, and bringing into cultivation lands that have for unknown ages teemed with the wild luxuriance of untamed nature. The conquest of Kentucky was not performed without many difficulties. The warfare that long existed between the intruders and the redskins was sanguinary and protracted; but the former at length made good their footing, and the latter drew off their shattered bands, dismayed by the mental superiority and indomitable courage of the white men.

This region was probably discovered by a daring hunter, the renowned Daniel Boone. The richness of its soil, its magnificent forests, its numberless navigable streams, its salt springs and licks, its salt-petre caves, its coal strata, and the vast herds of buffaloes and deer that browsed on its hills and amid its charming valleys, afforded ample inducements to the new settler, who pushed forward with a spirit far above that of the most undaunted tribes which for ages had been the sole possessors of the soil.

The Virginians thronged toward the Ohio. An ax, a couple of horses, and a heavy rifle, with store of ammunition, were all that were considered necessary for the equipment of the man, who, with his family, removed to the new State, assured that in that land of exuberant fertility he could not fail to provide amply for all his wants. To have witnessed the industry and perseverance of these emigrants must at once have proved the vigor of their minds. Regardless of the fatigue attending every movement which they made, they pushed through an unexplored region of dark and tangled forests, guiding themselves by the sun alone, and reposing at night on the bare ground. Numberless streams they had to cross on rafts, with their wives and children, their cattle and their luggage, often drifting to considerable distances before they could effect a landing on the opposite shores. Their cattle would often stray amid the rice pasturage of these shores, and occasion a delay of several

days. To these troubles add the constantly impending danger of being murdered while asleep in their encampments by the prowling and ruthless Indians, while they had before them a distance of hundreds of miles to be traversed before they could reach certain places of rendezvous called Stations. To encounter difficulties like these must have required energies of no ordinary kind; and the reward which these veteran settlers enjoy was doubtless well merited.

Some removed from the Atlantic shores to those of the Ohio in more comfort and security. They had their wagons, their negroes, and their families. Their way was cut through the woods by their own axmen the day before their advance, and when night overtook them the hunters attached to the party came to the place pitched upon for encamping, loaded with the dainties of which the forest yielded an abundant supply, the blazing light of a huge fire guiding their steps as they approached, and the sounds of merriment that saluted their ears assuring them that all was well. The flesh of the buffalo, the bear, and the deer, soon hung, in large and delicious steaks, in front of the embers; the cakes, already prepared, were deposited in their proper places, and under the rich dripings of the juicy roasts were quickly baked. The wagons contained the bedding, and while the horses which had drawn them were turned loose to feed on the luxuriant undergrowth of the woods—some perhaps hopped, but the greater number merely with a light bell hung to their neck to guide their owners in the morning to the spot where they might have rambled—the party were enjoying themselves after the fatigues of the day.

In anticipation all is pleasure, and these migrating bands feasted in joyous sociality, unapprehensive of any greater difficulties than those to be encountered in forcing their way through the pathless woods to the land of abundance; and although it took months to accomplish the journey, and a skirmish now and then took place between them and the Indians, who sometimes crept unperceived into their very camp, still did the Virginians cheerfully proceed toward the western horizon, until the various groups all reached the Ohio, when, struck with the beauty of that magnificent stream, they at once commenced the task of clearing land for the purpose of establishing a permanent residence.

Others, perhaps encumbered with too much luggage, preferred descending the stream. They prepared arks pierced with port-holes, and glided on the gentle current, more annoyed, however, than those who marched by land by the attacks of the Indians who watched their motions. Many travelers have described these boats, formerly called arks, but now named flatboats. But have they told you, kind reader, that in those times a boat thirty or forty feet in length by ten or twelve in breadth was considered a stupendous fabric; that this boat contained men, women, and children, huddled together, with horses,

cattle, hogs, and poultry for their companions, while the remaining portion was crammed with vegetables and packages of seeds? The roof or deck of the boat was not unlike a farm-yard, being covered with hay, plows, carts, wagons, and various agricultural implements, together with numerous others, among which the spinning-wheels of the matrons were conspicuous. Even the sides of the floating mass were loaded with the wheels of the different vehicles, which themselves lay on the roof. Have they told you that these boats contained the little all of each family of emigrants, who, fearful of being discovered by the Indians, under night moved in darkness, groping their way from one part to another of these floating habitations, denying themselves the comfort of fire or light, lest the foe that watched them from the shore should rush upon them and destroy them? Have they told you that this boat was used, after the tedious voyage was ended, as the first dwelling of these new settlers? No, kind reader, such things have not been related to you before. The travelers who have visited our country have had other objects in view.

I shall not describe the many massacres which took place among the different parties of white and red men as the former moved down the Ohio, because I have never been very fond of battles, and, indeed, have always wished that the world were more peaceably inclined than it is; and shall merely add that, in one way or other, Kentucky was wrested from the original owners of the soil. Let us, therefore, turn our attention to the sports still enjoyed in that happy portion of the United States.

We have individuals in Kentucky, kind reader, that even there are considered wonderful adepts in the management of the rifle. To drive a nail is a common feat, not more thought of by the Kentuckians than to cut off a wild turkey's head at a distance of a hundred yards. Others will bark off squirrels one after another until satisfied with the number procured. Some, less intent on destroying game, may be seen under night snuffing a candle at the distance of fifty yards, offhand, without extinguishing it. I have been told that some have proved so expert and cool as to make choice of the eye of a foe at a wonderful distance, boasting beforehand of the sureness of their piece, which has afterwards been fully proved when the enemy's head had been examined.

Having resided some years in Kentucky, and having more than once been witness of rifle sport, I shall present you with the results of my observation, leaving you to judge how far rifle shooting is understood in that State.

Several individuals who conceive themselves expert in the management of the gun are often seen to meet for the purpose of displaying their skill, and betting a trifling sum, put up a target, in the center of which a common sized nail is hammered for about one-third of its length. The marksmen make choice of what they consider a proper distance, which may be forty paces. Each man

cleans the interior of his tube, which is called wiping it, places a ball in the palm of his hand, pouring as much powder from his horn upon it as will cover it. This quantity is supposed to be sufficient for any distance within a hundred yards. A shot which comes very close to the nail is considered as that of an indifferent marksman; the bending of the nail is, of course, somewhat better; but nothing less than hitting it right on the head is satisfactory. Well, kind reader, one out of three shots generally hits the nail, and should the shooters amount to half a dozen, two nails are frequently needed before each can have a shot. Those who drive the nail have a further trial among themselves, and the two best shots out of these generally settle the affair, when all the sportsmen adjourn to some house and spend an hour or two in friendly intercourse, appointing, before they part, a day for another trial. This is technically termed driving the nail.

Barking of squirrels is delightful sport, and, in my opinion, requires a greater degree of accuracy than any other. I first witnessed this manner of procuring squirrels while near the town of Frankfort. The performer was the celebrated Daniel Boone. We walked out together and followed the rocky margins of the Kentucky River until we reached a piece of flat land thickly covered with black walnuts, oaks, and hickories. As the general mast was a good one that year, squirrels were seen gamboling on every tree around us. My companion, a stout, hale, and athletic man, dressed in a homespun hunting-shirt, bare legged and moccasined, carried a long and heavy rifle, which, as he was loading it, he said had proved efficient in all his former undertakings, and which he hoped would not fail on this occasion, as he felt proud to show me his skill. The gun was wiped, the powder measured, the ball patched with 600-thread linen, and the charge sent home with a hickory rod. We moved not a step from the place, for the squirrels were so numerous that it was unnecessary to go after them. Boone pointed to one of these animals which had observed us, and was crouching on a branch about fifty paces distant, and bade me mark well the spot where the ball should hit. He raised his piece gradually, until the bead (that being the name given by the Kentuckians to the sight) of the barrel was brought on a line with the spot which he intended to hit. The whip-like report resounded through the woods and along the hills in repeated echoes. Judge of my surprise when I perceived that the ball had hit the piece of the bark immediately beneath the squirrel and shivered it into splinters, the concussion produced by which had killed the animal and sent it whirling through the air, as if it had been blown up by the explosion of a powder magazine. Boone kept up his firing, and before many hours had elapsed we had procured as many squirrels as we wished; for you must know, kind reader, that to load a rifle required only a moment, and that if it is wiped once after each shot it will do duty for hours. Since that first interview with our veteran Boone, I have seen many other individuals perform the same feat.

The snuffing of a candle with a ball I first had an opportunity of seeing near the banks of Green River, not far from a large pigeon-roost to which I had previously made a visit. I heard many reports of guns during the early part of a dark night, and knowing them to be those of rifles, I went toward the spot to ascertain the cause. On reaching the place I was welcomed by a dozen of tall, stout men, who told me they were exercising for the purpose of enabling them to shoot under night at the reflected light from the eyes of a deer or wolf by torchlight, of which I shall give you an account somewhere else. A fire was blazing near, the smoke of which rose curling among the thick foliage of the trees. At a distance which rendered it scarcely distinguishable, stood a burning candle, as if intended for an offering to the goddess of night, but which in reality was only fifty yards from the spot on which we all stood. One man was withing a few yards of it, to watch the effects of the shots as well as to light the candle should it chance to go out, or to replace it should the shot cut it across. Each marksman shot in his turn. Some never hit either the snuff or the candle, and were congratulated with a laugh, while others actually snuffed the candle without putting it out, and were recompensed for their dexterity by numerous hurrahs. One of them, who was particularly expert, was very fortunate, and snuffed the candle three times out of seven, while all the other shots either put out the candle or cut it immediately under the light.

Of the feats performed by the Kentuckians with the rifle, I could say more than might be expedient on the present occasion. In every peopled portion of the State it is rare to meet one without a gun of that description, as well as a tomahawk. By way of recreation they often cut off a piece of the bark of a tree, making a target of it, using a little powder wetted with water or saliva for the bullseye, and shoot into the mark all the balls they have about them, picking them out of the wood again.

After what I have said, you may easily imagine with what ease a Kentuckian procures game, or despatches an enemy, more especially when I tell you that every one in the State is accustomed to handle the rifle from the time when he is able to shoulder it until near the close of his career. That murderous weapon is the means of procuring them subsistence during all their wild and extensive rambles, and is the source of their principal sports and pleasures.

Squirrel Barking.

EAST LEAKE, Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I noticed the article in the last number of the FOREST AND STREAM (July 16) by Rifleman relative to the so-called squirrel barking, and also the editorial comment, wherein it appears a sceptic has arisen in an endeavor to dethrone this, one of our dearest traditions. I desire to contribute the following as at least showing that it can be done, and I have no doubt that expert riflemen could become so adept at the art as to accomplish it quite often. For the uninitiated, I would say that barking consists in hitting the bark of the tree with the bullet right under the squirrel and killing him by concussion.

It is, perhaps, proper to premise that I was not an eyewitness to the following episode, but that my uncle was an actor in the scene, and that both he and my brother, who was present at the time, vouch for it as absolutely authentic.

My uncle is a rifle shot of no little local celebrity, and as true a sportsman as ever threw out a fishing line or fired a gun. Some years ago he and my brother were out squirrel hunting together. Hickory nuts were plentiful that year, and anyone at all conversant with the habits of the game knows that a squirrel always did have a partiality for a hickory nut. In fact, whatever is a good mast year is a good squirrel year. Consequently the huntsmen had got a goodly bag when toward evening they had turned their footsteps homeward. On their way back they were passing through a group of walnuts, oaks, and hickory nuts that skirted a little ravine, when suddenly a squirrel ran up on the side of a tree about twenty-five yards away and stopped. My uncle whispered to my brother that he was going to shoot at the bark of the tree immediately underneath the squirrel, took good aim, and fired. At the crack of the rifle the squirrel tumbled. The two men picked him up and examined him thoroughly, and nowhere on him was found a single scratch, but high up on the tree was a white patch where the bullet had torn away a piece of the bark. They brought the squirrel home and skinned him in order to inspect him further, and, after a careful scrutiny, they detected right over his heart a slight bruise, the merest shadow of a blue spot.

Now, being fully cognizant of the extraordinary vitality of this little animal, I submit that, in the language of the doctors, he died "not from mortification, but from shock!" I submit, further, as to the traditions, myth busters don't always bust them! ORANOAKE.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., July 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I observe with interest a controversy between correspondents of your paper with regard to barking squirrels. Like Captain Kelly, I am disposed to incredulity as to much that is published of the experiences of sportsmen in the current periodicals. And yet, when I reflect, I know that such an attitude is unfair, for in my own hunting, snooting, and fishing experiences, from the Atlantic Coast to the Rockies and the Lakes to the Gulf, I have had the average sportsman's share of the improbable and sporadic events which occur in the conduct of game and guns, dogs and men, tackle and fish. I am more disposed to believe the tales of accomplishments by experienced sportsmen, well equipped as to tackle or gun, than to believe the rather fabulous traditions of the prowess of old mountaineers with flint-locks, or rustic youths with green poles and bent pins. I have knocked about considerably in the by-ways of this land without noting any remarkable accomplishment by the latter class, except that I have witnessed the mountaineer take a bigger drink of whiskey from a sportsman's flask than the owner could choke down, and the youth with the green pole is a eatfish annihilator, but I have not seen him toting home any fine strings of mountain trout or bass. But the object of this communication is to relate my own prowess as a squirrel barker.

About four years ago I was a guest at Big Lake Club, about twelve miles east of this place, and went one morning very early across to the vast forest on the south side of the lake to still-hunt deer. (All but pot-hunters and negroes have stopped hounding deer in this community.) I was armed with a .30-30 Winchester, smokeless powder, and soft-nosed bullets. Squirrels were abundant along the shores of the lake, and upon my return late in the afternoon from an unsuccessful deer hunt, I observed what appeared to be a whole family of squirrels in the top of a very tall cypress. I had no ammunition fit, but commenced to cannonade the top of the cypress tree with my dum-dum bullets and smokeless powder and high power rifle. Like the fabled rifle shots of old, I aimed at the squirrel's eyes, but did not hit any of them in the head or anywhere else; and yet, in the course of about a dozen shots, five squirrels fell dead from that tree. When a shot would strike a limb or the body of the tree under a squirrel he would let go all holds, bounce off about a foot, and come tumbling. It was my first observation of barking. I had not even heard the term before taking the squirrels to the club house and showing them to the gentlemen there, Mr. Julius Mons and Colonel Rottaken, both experienced sportsmen of this place. Colonel Rottaken said that he had often killed squirrels in such a manner, and I have no doubt of it. I tried the trick on a fox squirrel when deer hunting in the Maumelle Mountains, west of here about forty miles, shortly afterwards; but unfortunately the shot hit the poor squirrel in the middle and "hari-kari'd" him.

While reminiscing I am tempted to tell of an almost unbelievable experience with a nice, fat, five-point buck on the occasion of that trip. It is altogether a tale of poor marksmanship on my part and suicidal conduct on the part of the buck. I will reserve the yarn until some of your contributors lay down some hard and fast rules as to what a deer will do when an excited man is pumping at him with a Winchester. H. M. ARMISTEAD.

TARPON SPRINGS, Fla., July 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I was lately talking with your old correspondent, Tarpon, who, like myself, is an old-time rifleman, and we agreed that squirrels can be barked. With your permission, I would like to ask the unbeliever if it ever occurred to him that before doubting the word of Audubon, he should have placed himself in the position occupied by Daniel Boone when he barked the squirrels?

The rifle used by Boone on the occasion referred to was doubtless much the same as those we carried fifty or sixty years ago, except that it had a flint-lock, which we did not often use, though they were not uncommon in the forties. It had an even twist, carried a round ball, and was generally fired with a comparatively light charge of powder. Conical balls, if known at all, which I doubt, were certainly not in general use, and the impact of a round ball, sent from such a rifle as I have described, would manifestly be totally different from that of a conical missile, when discharged from a modern high power weapon. The next time that Mr. Kelly wants to test the validity of this particular assertion, let him hunt up an old-fashioned muzzleloading rifle—there are a few left yet, though he might have to learn from some old-timer just how to load it—and see if the round ball does not tell a very different story.

About sixty years ago strong exception was taken by a southern writer in the Spirit of the Times to the statement that a fairly good target could be made at three hundred

yards. That seems odd now, but this view of the effective range of a rifle was, I think, very generally accepted. Nowadays, a ball drives through a soldier, and if it was sent from the military rifles in common use, the man may not know that he has been hit. This was not the case in the old days.

Among other things which I have learned in the course of a tolerably long life, is that it is rarely given to any—he sportsman or otherwise—to know it all. When I was a little boy I used to like to mold bullets for fun. They looked so bright and pretty. It is not very long since somebody asked the editor what sort of a thing a bullet-mold might be, and if it resembled a nut-cracker?

Even our poor friend, O. O. S., did not like to believe that brook trout could be taken by the hand, though I told him that it was a fact. And this again reminds me that once, up in Portland, Oregon, Mr. J. Roberts Meade told me of his first meeting with O. O. S. It was in camp, in some out-of-the-way place, and Meade had turned in, tired, when two men came to the door, also tired, and wanted something to eat and a chance to bunk down somewhere. Of course they were taken in, and the bacon set a-sizzling, and as soon as possible they fell to. Meade didn't pay much attention until one of the strangers dropped a word which he at once recognized, and sat up in his blankets. "Look here," said Meade, "are you O. O. S.?" The stranger looked up and nodded. "Because if you are, you can have my bunk, and my rifle, and my boat, and any other blasted old thing I've got in this camp." It was O. O. S., sure enough, and you may be assured that he was made most welcome.

I had intended to speak of some other matters, but will defer it until next time. KELPIE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As I never barked a squirrel in my life, those killed by me in my youth having been brought to bag by means of a muzzleloading shotgun, it may be out of place for me to add my bark to the rest in connection with this controversy. Suffice it to say that Mr. Audubon's simple statement is sufficient for me.

The shooting of squirrels anywhere else than through the head "reminds me."

It was in Kentucky. A modern "side shoot" had been organized (the morality of which I need not go into here), the various birds and quadrupeds being marked up with number values to be taken into account at the final round up. It was stipulated that squirrels should count only when shot with a rifle.

It was a close contest, and when the game was being scored and valued at the end of the day, all kinds of feathered and furred specimens were brought forth from the game bags of the contestants, but for some reason there had been an absolute dearth of squirrels until the last man arrived, who saved the day by producing one. Offhand it looked as if his would be the winning side, when one of the committeemen demanded to see the squirrel. An examination showed that it had been ignominiously shot through the body instead of through the head, and a howl of derision going up, that settled it. There was no one who dared to defend the shooting of a squirrel through the body, and judgment was given accordingly.

The illustration of Davy Crockett's rifle reminds me of an incident which happened a year or two ago in New York. I was passing along West Forty-second street on my way to meet a train. I had no time to spare. Passing a second-hand store I noticed the proprietor in the doorway taking the lid from a home-made box, hewn roughly out of chestnut, and taking therefrom a magnificent specimen in the shape of a (Kentucky) rifle. One glance satisfied me as to its genuineness. I asked the price of it, told the man I'd take it, got the man to say he would keep it for me, and I hurried to my train, and when I came back the next day the rifle was gone. Evidently someone had come in, and the proprietor asking more than he asked me, sold it. Of course the fault all was with myself, but trains have a way of not waiting for people, and I lost my prize because of that. It was a relic that one could hang above the mantelpiece and study with pleasure, and conjure up things that it did in days that have gone. CHARLES CRISTADORO.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"The sun do move." The umpire decides that the evidence of squirrel barking is conclusive and the question is settled. Yet I may be permitted to remind my critics that my doubts were not of the marksmanship required in the feat, but of the effect of shock upon the squirrel. Perhaps the breed of gray squirrels I and others whom I know experimented on is tougher than the breed that so many of your correspondents say they have seen killed by transmitted shock.

It appears that Rifleman is something of a skeptic himself, even though he does accept some authorities on faith. He does not believe it possible to shoot accurately with a revolver, and he doubts my account of the shooting of a squirrel with .44 bullets.

I protest mildly against his statement of my argument. He sets up a man of straw, knocks it down triumphantly, and claims to have demolished me. Let me state it: Audubon says he saw squirrels killed by the shock of bullets which didn't touch them. I have seen squirrels unharmed by the shock of bullets imparted under exactly identical conditions. Therefore I doubt that squirrels readily succumb to such injuries, and also doubt the accuracy of Audubon's description. Incidentally the apparent discrepancy in the Boone-Audubon dates has not been cleared up.

The debate between us comes down simply to this: Rifleman accepts testimony which I do not consider conclusive evidence, and I know to be true certain things which cannot be proved to his satisfaction. Further argument would not lead to any conclusion.

The discussion has elicited much valuable information, however, on the subject of squirrel barking.

In Indiana the squirrel must be on a carefully selected limb, neither too large nor too small, and the bullet must be placed exactly under his throat. All the conditions being favorable, the squirrel dies suddenly of goitre or mumps or quinsy.

The Illinois squirrel must be maneuvered into just the right position, hugging closely the bole or a vertical limb

—horizontal limbs barred—and the bullet must pass directly beneath its heart.

Nebraska squirrels insist also on being barked exactly under the heart; under any other part of the body won't do at all.

Kansas—well, the old fellows in Kansas used to do it, and "kin do it ag'in, b'gosh!"

The squirrels of Allegheny are knocked out by hitting the limb a foot away from them.

In Canton, Pa., the only sure death to a squirrel is a bullet hitting the limb just under its neck.

Mississippi squirrels are the tenderest of all. They are killed by bullets passing through the hair across their bellies without touching either skin or bark.

All of which is very interesting and just a little astonishing, even if it is convincing. Wonder if I cannot start another dispute and draw out some more lively letters from the FOREST AND STREAM readers pretty soon? I'll think it over.

ALLEN KELLY.

An Old-Time Rifle Champion.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., July 22.—From the days of Cooper's Leather Stocking, when Natty Bumppo used to show the youngsters how to shoot turkeys in the Otsego country, to the modern contests of the Creedmoor crack shots is a long cry. But the old-timers after all, perhaps, could best "show the beauties of the weapon," as the chief hero of the boys' early novel reading used to say.

Of course, there are no representatives of the pioneer riflemen left. Even the exponents of the rifle shooting as it was conducted a half century ago, are now few and far between, with only now and then one who can draw a bead.

Niagara county boasts an old-time rifle champion, and one who can still show the young men with their .30-30's and other high velocity small bores how to draw a fine sight and hold it for proper and artistic execution at 100 rods.

James Carter, a retired manufacturer of the city of Lockport, twice won the New York State championship, and when urged will bring out his medals and the rifle that helped him do the trick. He is one of the oldest members of the venerable Niagara County Anglers' Club, an organization devoted to the promotion of both angling and shooting and the protection of fish and game, yet one of the most active. The stormiest night cannot keep him from the regular meetings of the club. In a blinding snow storm last February he helped plant 10,000 lake trout in Lake Ontario at Olcott, and on three successive days was also present to assist in depositing the gamy youngsters in their new home in the great lake. His age now prevents him from enjoying the sport of the gun afield; but occasionally on the rifle range or at the traps he may be found modestly teaching the youngsters how to shoot. With rod and line he is as skillful and keen as ever, and in the annual tournaments of the club always to be counted on for a creditable score.

Uncle Jim Carter's "den," at his home on Locust street, is a veritable arsenal and a depository for fine guns of many makes and patterns, worth in the eyes of the sportsmen and gun connoisseur a king's ransom. Uncle Jim was always an extremely modest man, and although he was counted one of the best shots with rifle or shotgun in western New York for years, he could not be induced to enter a regular contest for a championship until June 19, 1872. The old Niagara County Shooting Club organized a rifle contest, free for all, and offered a handsome \$50 cup as the prize for the best score. Several noted marksmen entered early, and local managers begged Mr. Carter to bring his Maynard and shoot for the honor of Lockport. The contest was keen, but Uncle Jim led the fourteen competitors by a comfortable margin when the targets were figured up.

He attended the annual State shoot at Watertown, N. Y., June 1, 2 and 3, 1875, under the auspices of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. There he won the first prize in an off-hand rifle match, consisting of a special military Creedmoor rifle, the kind used in England in the international contests between English and American marksmen. To crown his triumph, Uncle Jim's favorite dog, Sancho, won first prize in the bench show in the small pointer class.

In June, 1880, James Carter again captured the State championship, winning first prize at Niagara Falls in the State tournament held under the auspices of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, in the off-hand rifle contest.

In the seventies the Niagara County Rifle Club was a famous organization, reducing rifle shooting to a fine art. Turkey shooting at Thanksgiving time was the favorite sport in those days. The rules were 100 rods at rest or fifty rods off-hand, ten cents per shot. Guns of the finest make and scientific sights were used. Each contestant took especial pride in constructing a rest which would best assist him in running up a high score. Uncle Jim's rest was so constructed that the gun could be lowered or elevated at either end, or moved to the right or left at either end mechanically. When fired, the rest device permitted the marksman to move the weapon forward quickly after the recoil, and by means of the telescope sight attached to the barrel of the gun, he could see the exact spot where the bullet struck. This enabled the shooter to adjust his rest and range perfectly after the first or second shot. This was in a manner mechanical shooting, but as fair for one as for the other in a contest conducted on business principles, and for gobblers more than for glory.

Maynard rifles were the favorite weapons used those days. They had one extra heavy barrel for long range shooting. Carter cast his own bullets. Each was weighed accurately. He found that a bullet cast from very hot lead would be lighter because of greater expansion and subject to greater shrinkage when cool. He gave the subject scientific study and solved the problem of the ideal bullet for long ranges. He also weighed the powder charges, as the hand would not always press the same on the old powder horns. No reliance was placed on ordinary scales, but he imported scales from England, such as are used for weigh-

ing diamonds, and on which the smallest grain of powder will tip the delicate beam.

No one can convince the veteran marksman that the modern cartridges and modern guns are equal to the old scientific loads and the hand-made guns. But he is willing to let the youngsters stick to their own opinions. When they come home from their hunting trips empty handed, or with little to show for a lot of hard tramping, he is ready to tell them of the times he missed. When the boys trudge by with their new-fangled weapons a-shoulder, he beams down upon them affectionately. A good story of days past and gone the old man always has on tap for them when they stop, as they often do. Just to look at the veteran marksman and to hear him talk, is an appetizer for the range or for the woods, like Riley's old gunner:

"And it's when I git my shotgun drawn up in a stiddy rest, She's as full of tribulation as a yellor-jacket's nest; And a few shots before dinner, when the sun's a shinin' right, Seems to kind o' sorto sharpen up a feller's appetite."

M. H. HOOVER.

A Comparison of Rifles.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your editorial in the July 30 number suggests a comparison.

The Kentucky Long Rifle.

Davy Crockett's long rifle which you described was 32-gauge or .52 caliber. Its spherical bullets must, therefore, have weighed 219 grains. If, as tradition has it, only enough powder was used to cover the ball as it lay in the palm of the hand, the load was bulk for bulk of powder and lead, which would give 34 grains of black powder. This would be about the same load as the .44-40-217, with less powder and therefore an even higher trajectory. It is, however, commonly believed that these rifles shot very flat, and while the bulk for bulk load may have been customary for short ranges and small game, I believe a much larger charge of powder was used for long range or big game. As a boy I hunted with a muzzleloading converted flint-lock shooting a small spherical ball, and if my recollections of the rifle are correct, the powder charge bulked much larger than the bullet and the trajectory was very flat.

The Kentucky rifle was long enough and heavy enough to have burned 70 grains of black powder without giving much recoil or sacrificing accuracy. There seems to be no reason why this should not have been done, and I believe it was done. If this was so, and Davy Crockett's rifle shot a 219-grain bullet with a velocity high enough to give it a flat trajectory, its shooting qualities would have been not unlike those of the .30-40-220, the Krag-Jorgenson. Used against living animals, its large wound of entrance would cause enough shock and external bleeding to more than compensate for its slight inferiority in range and power.

Express Rifles.

The original express rifle was brought out in 1856. It was designed to replace the big-game rifles of large bore—from 16 to 8 gauge. The object sought was a rifle whose trajectory would be so flat that the same elevation of rear sight would answer for all sporting ranges. To accomplish this object the caliber and weight of the projectile were reduced. The lessened weight of rifle and ammunition were, however, secondary considerations. The power was maintained by the high velocity. Thus was developed the black powder express, still largely used abroad for big game, shooting a projectile of from 350 to 590 grains, with a velocity from 1,800 to 1,688 foot seconds.

It was claimed that this idea was directly copied from the Kentucky long rifle, but Greener, in his "Gun and Its Development," seems disposed not to allow this claim, and to believe the principles of the express rifle to have been independently developed.

Military Smokeless Rifles.

Something the same plan as brought out the sporting express developed the military smokeless rifle. Here the prime desideratum was lightness of ammunition in order that the soldier might carry many rounds without being overburdened. Flat trajectory was a secondary consideration, but the same method was employed and much the same results were obtained, only on a smaller scale. The caliber and weight of the projectile were diminished and its speed increased.

Thirty years ago the type military rifle was about .45 caliber, burned about 75 grains of black powder, and fired a projectile weighing about 480 grains. Such a rifle was the English Martini .45-85-480; the U. S. A. Springfield, .45-70-500; the .43 Spanish, .4377-395; and the Russian Berdan, .42-77-370. In changing to the military rifles of to-day, smokeless powder was used, not to increase the power, for charges almost equivalent to the old black powder loads were employed, but to prevent undue fouling of the small bore.

The jacketed bullet was not designed from humane motives, for experiments on the human cadaver seemed to show that the full mantled bullet would have the explosive effect we now know is only produced on the live subject by some form of mushrooming bullet. The jacket was a device originally intended simply to prevent the bullet from stripping. The jacket and the kind of powder were technical details to render practical the light bullet and the high velocity which were the real objects sought. In short, the military smokeless powder rifle was designed to produce the same effect as its immediate predecessor, only with lighter ammunition, depending for its efficiency on velocity instead of weight of projectile. An illustration will show how closely the differences between the big bore rifle and the express parallel the differences between the black and smokeless powder army rifle.

For Big Game.				
Rifle.	Caliber.	Weight of Projectile.	Velocity.	Energy.
12-gauge	.72	700 gr.	1584 ft. sec.	3356 ft. lbs.
Express	.50	440 gr.	1784 ft. sec.	3134 ft. lbs.
For Men.				
Springfield	.45	500 gr.	1179 ft. sec.	1551 ft. lbs.
Krag	.30	220 gr.	1960 ft. sec.	1887 ft. lbs.

Were the .50-110 Winchester substituted for the Spring-

field in this table, the comparison would be more striking, as the .50-110 throws a projectile of 300 grains with a velocity of 1,536 foot seconds, producing an energy of 1,580 foot pounds, but the .50-110 is not, strictly speaking, a military rifle, and in either case the main point of the comparison is the same, namely, that for the same purpose old or new need the same power, but the new obtains its power from velocity, the old from weight of projectile.

The Kentucky rifle was the legitimate forerunner of both the express and the military smokeless powder rifle. It was the firearm to establish the principle on which they depend, which is that energy can be more economically transformed by giving bullets high velocity than by using bullets of heavy weight. All three belong in the high velocity class in contrast to the heavy projectile class comprising muskets, smooth-bores, big bore rifles, and the army rifles of thirty years ago. DAVID E. WHEELER.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Raising Wild Ducks.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am very much gratified to see that within the past few months the FOREST AND STREAM has been endeavoring to awaken interest in the subject of increasing our stock of game birds and wild fowls somewhat in the method in which, from time to time, our game fish supply has been increased. On the other hand, I very much regret that the shooting public seems to take not very much interest in this subject, if we can judge by the lack of communications about it to your columns.

Of course the matter is one about which the average man knows nothing, and one toward which the average man can contribute little except a very active interest. The people who must set on foot work of this kind on a large scale—provided the Government does not do it—are people of large means and possessing country places covering a considerable number of acres. Yet the subject is such an interesting one that I should suppose that the men who use the shotgun would have views on it that they would like to express.

I remember a few years ago Mr. J. B. Battelle, of Ohio, made a number of efforts to do something toward domesticating the ruffed grouse, and then had more or less to say on the subject. I remember also the case of a correspondent of yours living somewhere in New York, and, as I recall it, in very small quarters, who reared a brood or two of quail, almost in a cage. There are no doubt plenty of readers of FOREST AND STREAM living in the country who, at a very trifling cost, could make experiments in the domestication of game birds, and some one of these might contribute much that is new and useful to our knowledge of this subject.

We are all of us disposed to lament the constantly increasing diminution of game, and each one of us, while groaning about it, appears to be doing his best to increase the destruction. No one of us, however much he may grumble and growl, does anything to lessen the slaughter. We are all ready to complain, but not to make much effort to bring about better conditions. This is all natural enough. In this country, until within a comparatively short time, mammals, birds, and fish were meat, and as meat worth dollars or cents; and dollars or cents were the things about which the Americans chiefly thought. There were some notable exceptions, but not very many, until sometime after the war.

In Britain, where sport—as there regarded—has long had an importance much greater than it has ever had in America, they have carried the preservation and increasing of the game supply in various directions to lengths of which we know nothing. It has been pointed out in FOREST AND STREAM that, besides the domestication of pheasants and the not very successful rearing of partridges, grouse and wild ducks have been hand-raised on a very large scale. This, of course, is made possible by the vast size of the estates held over there—holdings which are matched only by some of the largest ranches in the West. In Cumberland, England, one land owner rears annually 10,000 wild ducks, of which about 6,000 are captured on his own estate, while 4,000 disappear to take their chances for life or death in other parts of Britain or on the Continent.

There are not a few places in Britain where during the season excellent duck shooting is had at birds that have been hand-raised. Sometimes these birds live in slow-flowing, weedy rivers, which resemble the streams of the South and some of those of the Middle West, or they may live in reservoirs, or again in artificially made ponds or pools. In some cases the birds spend the night on reservoirs or lakes, and twice a day are summoned by the sound of a horn to a special feeding ground at some distance from the roosting ground. Here the grain and other food is scattered for them, and they eat it undisturbed. It is on their flights to and from the feeding ground that they are shot, and so far as one can understand from the descriptions, this shooting takes place only at rare intervals. That is to say, a few times during the shooting season.

Along certain slow-flowing rivers bordered by wide water meadows in Hampshire, a method of shooting is practiced which depends in part on ducks that are actually wild. These slow streams and their surroundings offer a good deal of food to the ducks, and the number of birds there has led to a system of shooting out of what are called "gazes." These are nothing more than what we in America term "blinds." A portion of the river bank where ducks are accustomed to feed or sit is cut off from the meadow by a high fence near the bank, and this fence is filled in with green boughs so as to make a screen that the birds cannot see through. At intervals along this screen are built the blinds. The fence prevents the birds on the stream from seeing the gunner as he approaches the "gaze," but when he is inside of it, he can see in all directions, yet can keep himself out of sight, just as a gunner hides in a blind. These "gazes" scattered along the shore are occupied each by one of the guests at the shooting, the allotment being made by the owner of the shooting or by his keeper. After one section of the river has been shot over the party of gunners moves to another, and so systematically covers the whole length of the ground.

These "gazes," of course, are always on private property, and are private shooting; only the owner and those

whom he may invite to share the sport with him can partake of it.

On these streams, it is a matter of common observation that the great amount of food helps to attract the migrating birds in fall, and to keep them there, and the natural food is frequently supplemented by artificial feeding, such as throwing acorns into the water, or scattering Indian corn in the shallow places. There are places where owners have set aside small stretches of river or certain ponds or lakes where no shot may be fired, and in such places the ducks congregate in enormous numbers, and are so tame that they pay no attention to the people who may try to frighten them and make them take to wing. In a very few places in this country we have examples of this kind, and at one Florida resort—West Palm Beach—the wild ducks that winter there become so tame that they will take food from the hand. This territory is protected against shooting by State law, and is an object lesson to all gunners and game preservers, just as the Yellowstone National Park is such an object lesson.

SHOTGUN.

A Plan of Guide Registration.

WE have published from time to time notes of a proposed scheme of registration for the men employed as guides by clubs in the preserves of Quebec. Those who are interested have been developing the plan, and the following circulars have recently been sent out to the secretaries of the various clubs:

DEAR SIR:

The committee appointed by the Triton Club respectfully submit the following statement and enclosures, and in doing so earnestly request your co-operation and aid, especially in making suggestions and in endeavoring to bring our clubs together in a movement that should result in general benefit.

The object of this movement is to introduce some system of guide registration unencumbered with intricate detail, but sufficiently broad nevertheless to insure good service and protection to the better class of guides as against a set of worthless men who know little of the woods and still less of camp duties. As will be seen from enclosures, the restrictions are limited; in other words, the requirements for registration are very simple, and do not involve any detail which would trouble the most illiterate guide.

It seems to our committee that such a scheme can result in no injury to any club, or to the guides, and we believe that the fostering of some slightly restrictive action is quite advisable. It may be that some clubs are entirely satisfied with existing conditions, and may see no reason for any attempt at a change. On second consideration, however, and looking more to the future, it is the opinion of our committee that the present conditions can be improved without detriment to the interests of any of our clubs. The free exchange of guide lists and the holding of a complete list by each club, as issued by the proposed general committee, cannot work injury to any one, nor will any club have advantage over another. The idea that certain clubs have guides at present on their lists that are unknown to other clubs is rather childish, and no jealousy should exist in this respect. The Triton Club surely has as large a guide list as any other neighboring club, but the exchange of lists is considered by said club as highly advisable under the various restrictions and rules noted herewith.

The object of thus writing you is to ask your co-operation and aid; also to ask your advice and to secure all the suggestions in regard to changing the enclosures that you can possibly make. We must all work together in mutual interest.

Will you kindly reply as soon as possible, and later on, if the scheme meets with general approval, a complete or revised list of regulations will be sent you; and then, also, a request for you to name the party whom you would wish to represent your club on the general committee. A meeting will then be called and minor details attended to. Believe me, sir, yours very truly,

ANDREW GRAY WEEKS,
For the Triton Club Committee.

FORM OF AGREEMENT GOVERNING THE REGISTRATION OF GUIDES BY CLUBS IN THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC:

Section I. No person shall engage as guide, either for inland fishing or forest hunting, until his name, age and residence is recorded in a book kept for that purpose by the local club superintendent or other authorized officer, and has procured a certificate from said authorized party, setting forth that he is deemed suitable to act as guide.

Section II. Each registered guide shall, as often as requested by the authority noted in Section I., furnish to said authority or the general committee a statement of the number of persons he has served in any one season, and such other useful information relating to fishing and hunting, the protection of the forests, and any matters connected with game and fish protection as may be requested.

Section III. Registration as is noted in Sections I., II. and VI. shall be provided for as follows: The applicant shall apply in person or in writing to the authorized parties noted in Section I., and as soon thereafter as may, the authorized party, after such investigation as he deems proper, and having obtained information suited to the interests of the possible employers, shall issue such certificate in the form prescribed.

Section IV. The authorized parties noted in Section I. may refuse to register any applicant whom they deem unfit to act as guide.

Section V. Whenever a registered guide, as provided in above sections, is guilty of any violation of any of the inland fish and game laws, or for any reason is deemed unfit, the authorized parties shall, at their discretion, cancel his certificate of registration and strike his name from the list of registered guides, and the certificate shall be immediately returned to the authorized parties.

Section VI. 1. No person shall receive a certificate as a guide unless he is of good repute, and friendly to the inland fish and game laws, and active in discountenancing all violations of said laws when brought to his notice. He shall be thoroughly competent to handle such boats or canoes as may be used in the locality in which he guides, and be familiar with the requirements usually expected by visiting sportsmen, and shall be a safe person under all circumstances, to guide inland fishing and hunting parties.

Section VII. Guides shall be subject to such instructions as the head guide deems proper and necessary.

Section VIII. There shall be no fee for registration, but no person shall be employed who is not registered under the terms of the preceding and following sections.

Section IX. The payment for registered guides shall be \$1.50 per day.

Section X. 1. Each club assenting to the regulations noted in Sections I. through IX., shall appoint one member of their club as a member of a general committee representing the assenting clubs.

2. Each member of the general committee shall furnish the chairman of said committee on or before Dec. 1 of each year, a list of the registrations in his club.

3. The general committee shall have an oversight of all registrations as prescribed in above sections; shall furnish each club a list of all registrations on or before Feb. 1 of each year; and shall distribute such printed instructions to guides and others as it may deem expedient and desirable.

4. The chairman of said general committee, until a successor is elected by said committee, shall be the one who is chairman of the Triton Club Guide Committee. The chairman shall be elected annually by the general committee.

Section XI. No club member or guests shall employ any guides on the club lands unless said guide is duly registered and can produce his certificate.

INSTRUCTION AND INFORMATION FOR GUIDES.

(On you depends the enjoyment of your employer. Make the woods disagreeable to him, keep the camp dirty, and he will not come back to you.)

Under an agreement made by the clubs noted below, no man

shall be employed by said clubs as guide who has not registered his name in accordance with the sections of said agreement. Such registration may be readily made by application to the club's superintendent where employment may be desired, and a certificate of registration will be issued to the applicant if he is considered competent. The possession of such a certificate will entitle the holder to employment in the lands controlled by said clubs, but no man can secure employment in these districts unless he has been duly registered. The matter of registration is very simple. If you have no certificate, you will apply to the club's superintendent when going into the woods, or by mail at any time, and a certificate will be given you unless there is some good reason for refusing it. Your name will then be entered on the books of the clubs and employment for you freely granted at any time when your services are required. You should keep your certificate with you in case an employer wishes to see it. By securing registration your name will be on the lists of all the clubs represented, and your opportunities for employment greatly increased.

The object of such registration is to protect the interests of men who are competent workers as against a class of incompetent men. Also to have guides guaranteed a payment of \$1.50 per day. A man who can handle a canoe, who has had experience with sportsmen in the woods, etc., can apply for a guide certificate.

The duties of a guide are well understood by most sportsmen, but sadly neglected by many guides who claim wages to which they are not justly entitled.

The rules and suggestions of the various clubs should be strictly followed, and the following suggestions may help those who desire to render good service to their employers:

1. Cleanliness.—Endeavor to be clean. A thorough washing of face and hands each morning with soap, is absolutely necessary. The cook should never handle any food without some thought as to his clothing and hands, which should be well washed always. He should keep the food supplies in as neat a condition as possible, and not waste any supplies. Wastefulness may result in a shortage of food and necessitate an extra trip out for additional food.
2. For refuse, dig a hole close to the camp and throw all such matter into it, keeping it covered each day with earth. Refuse scattered about promiscuously gathers flies in abundance, and your employer will not enjoy them.
3. Never, under any circumstances, allow broken bottles to remain about the camp. Broken glass in the brush is worse than a poisonous snake. If your employers break bottles in target shooting, it is your duty to gather and bury the glass for your own protection, as well as for the protection of others.
4. Tin cans should be buried. A camping place covered with such stuff is not attractive to your employer.
5. After cleaning fish or dressing game, see that the bones, etc., are not left to rot, but sink them in the lake or bury them.
6. Do not encourage your employers to take more fish or game than can be consumed in camp or shipped out. The supply of fish and game in these districts is what gives you employment. Without them your services would not be required.
7. Never leave a camp-fire burning. Never build a fire where its flame can communicate to grass or bush or overhanging trees. To put a fire out, pour an abundance of water on it and do not leave a single spark to smoulder. One spark and a good wind may destroy thousands of acres of timber. Burn down the timber and you will find it hard to secure sportsmen to camp in a burnt district. Remember that your interests are at stake more than the sportsman's, for he can seek other lands; perhaps you cannot.
8. Many a hunting trip has been spoiled by unnecessary noise in the camp. Keep quiet and avoid yelling, loud singing, etc.
9. Remember that your employers, the sportsmen, usually reside in large cities, and that their visit to the woods involves expense and is their one pleasure trip of the year. It is for your interest to make the camp as pleasant as possible by attending cheerfully to the various camp duties and the little requirements of the sportsmen, and it is also your duty to gain all information possible as to the best fishing and hunting spots and to know how to approach them.

CERTIFICATE OF REGISTRATION AS GUIDE.

This is to certify that....., of....., has caused his name to be registered as guide by the committee representing the clubs noted below, having been accepted by them as competent to fulfill the duties and requirements of said position. This certificate is issued under the agreement accepted by said clubs, and appearing on the reverse side, and under the conditions noted therein, to which the guide, in accepting this certificate, fully agrees. Signed....., Acting authority for the Club.

The Minnesota Law Upheld.

From the St. Paul (Minn.) Pioneer Press, July 30.

THE Minnesota game and fish law is held to be constitutional by the State Supreme Court in a decision handed down yesterday in the case of the State against Robert Poole and William Kerr, appellants, who were fined \$20,000 by the Jackson county district court with alternative jail sentences of 200 and 300 days respectively, on a charge of having ducks in possession illegally with intent to sell. The order of the lower court is upheld with respect to Poole's sentence, but Kerr is granted a new trial, on the ground that the evidence was insufficient.

The decision of the court is gratifying to Executive Agent S. F. Fullerton of the State Game and Fish Commission and to sportsmen generally, since the theory on which the game and fish law is based was involved. The contention of the defendants was that the fine, figured at \$10 a bird, was excessive, and that the law providing that the possession of each bird is a separate offense is unconstitutional.

The Supreme Court sustains the contention of the State that unless the penalty for violating the game laws of the State is commensurate with the number of birds killed or taken possession of illegally, the purpose of the law, which is to protect game from wholesale slaughter, is defeated.

"We are very much pleased over the decision of the court," said Mr. Fullerton yesterday, "for it establishes the constitutionality of the law. It is of great importance to game protection in Minnesota, and will be hailed with delight by those who wish to see our game and fish preserved."

The men were charged with having 2,000 ducks in possession near Lakefield. Evidence showed that Robert Poole, who was alleged to be in the employ of Kerr, a commission merchant at Lakefield, packed the ducks in barrels, placed the barrels in wagons, and started for market. The ducks were seized across the Iowa line near Montgomery. The Supreme Court holds that the evidence tending to show that Kerr employed Poole to sell the ducks was unsatisfactory.

The syllabus of the case reads:

The defendants were convicted of the offense of having in their possession wild ducks with intent to sell them as defined and punished by section 45, chapter 336, Laws 1903. Held:

The statute is not unconstitutional for the alleged reason that it provides for the imposition of excessive fines and the infliction of cruel and unusual punishments.

The court did not err by its refusal to instruct the jury to return a verdict of not guilty as to the defendant P., for the evidence was sufficient to justify his conviction. It was otherwise as to the defendant K.

The court did not err in its rulings as to the admission of evidence nor in its instructions to the jury except as to the defendant K.

Judgment affirmed as to one of the defendants, and reversed and a new trial granted as to the other.

START, C. J.

The Caliber of Spherical Balls.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., July 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* To make the information being gathered in relation to old-fashioned rifles in the "Squirrel Barking" conflict more complete, won't some enlightened individual please give us a list by which we can know the proper caliber of those arms. We users of modern rifles know what .22 and .45 means, but how are we to tell whether a rifle of .22 caliber or .50 was used by the old-time expression "32 to the pound," "52 to the pound." We understand, of course, that this expression means 32 round balls to the pound; but what would be the caliber of a rifle using 32 or 52 round balls to the pound? Here is a chance for someone to do good with a correct list showing the comparison in calibers.

A. C. H.

[In response to this request, we take pleasure in giving below a table of diameters of spherical lead balls, taken from the chapter on Gunnery in the Mechanic's and Engineer's Pocket Book, by Chas. H. Haswell:

NUMBER OF BALLS IN A POUND, FROM 1 TO 350.											
Diam. Inch.	No.	Diam. Inch.	No.	Diam. Inch.	No.	Diam. Inch.	No.	Diam. Inch.	No.	Diam. Inch.	No.
1.67	1	.75	11	.57	25	.388	80	.301	170	.259	270
1.326	2	.73	12	.537	30	.375	88	.295	180	.256	280
1.157	3	.71	13	.51	35	.372	90	.29	190	.252	290
1.051	4	.693	14	.505	36	.359	100	.285	200	.249	300
.977	5	.677	15	.488	40	.348	110	.281	210	.247	310
.919	6	.662	16	.469	45	.338	120	.276	220	.244	320
.873	7	.65	17	.453	50	.339	130	.272	230	.242	330
.835	8	.637	18	.426	60	.321	140	.263	240	.239	340
.802	9	.625	19	.405	70	.314	150	.265	250	.237	350
.775	10	.615	20	.395	75	.307	160	.262	260

From this it seems that balls running 350 to the pound weigh about 20 grains each. It must be remembered that these are spherical balls, while to-day practically the only balls known to the rifle shooter are conical and must weigh at least twice—and sometimes much more than twice the weight of—the spherical ball of the same diameter.]

From Currituck.

CURRITUCK, N. C., July 22.—Our first flight of yellow-legs arrived this season July 9, five days sooner than I ever saw them before. They are here now in great numbers; I saw at least 5,000 or 6,000 in one fresh-water pond yesterday; placed decoys, and in just eleven minutes shot twenty birds, all I could use; took up my decoys and came home. It would be an easy matter to bag several hundred to one gun in a day's shooting. They seem unusually abundant this season. Our quail crop on our island is also larger than ever before. It has been very dry and the birds being able to get water from the Sound have had nothing to destroy them. Wood ducks have also raised large broods, and seem to have increased very rapidly during the past few years. They cannot be shot without violating the game laws, which is the reason. We had a storm the past spring which caused the salt water to run across the beach into Currituck Sound and Back Bay, which has given us the finest growth of wild celery and other duck foods we have had in many years; so we expect good duck shooting when the season opens.

MORE ANON.

Minnesota Game.

ST. PAUL, Minn., July 25.—I am very glad to report that small game in Minnesota is going to be very plentiful the first of September, when our lawful season opens for all small game excepting ruffed grouse and quail. The severe weather we had last winter did not affect our quail at all, and there were more prairie chickens that wintered in Minnesota last winter than we have had for years before. One of the causes for that was that last fall was so wet and the shooters could not get out after the chickens until it was too late, and they were strong enough to take care of themselves. A very gratifying thing to us here is the way the quail are working north in our State. You know it has been contended that a very severe winter would destroy all our quail, but last winter was one of the severest winters we have had in Minnesota, and our quail has come out in flying colors. Our ruffed grouse are on the increase, thanks to the FOREST AND STREAM plank stopping the sale of all game.

SAMUEL F. FULLERTON,
Executive Agent.

Thoughtful.

GENERAL "JOE" WHEELER relates the following amusing incident that took place during the night of the El Caney affair:

"Gen. Lawton's division was marching back to El Poso, there to take up a new position in the morning. The general, in company with Major Creighton Webb, inspector-general of his staff, was standing at the edge of the road watching his troops file past. Just as dawn was breaking the colored troops came in sight. They gave evidence of being dead tired, but were nevertheless full of 'ginger.'"

"Gen. Lawton's attention was attracted to a certain corporal of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, a great six-foot negro, who, in addition to a couple of guns and two cartridge belts loaded full, was carrying a dog. The soldier to whom the other gun belonged was limping alongside his comrade.

"The general halted the men. 'Hecre, corporal,' said he to the six-foot man, 'didn't you march all last night?'

"'Yes, sir,' responded the negro, saluting.

"'And fought all day?'

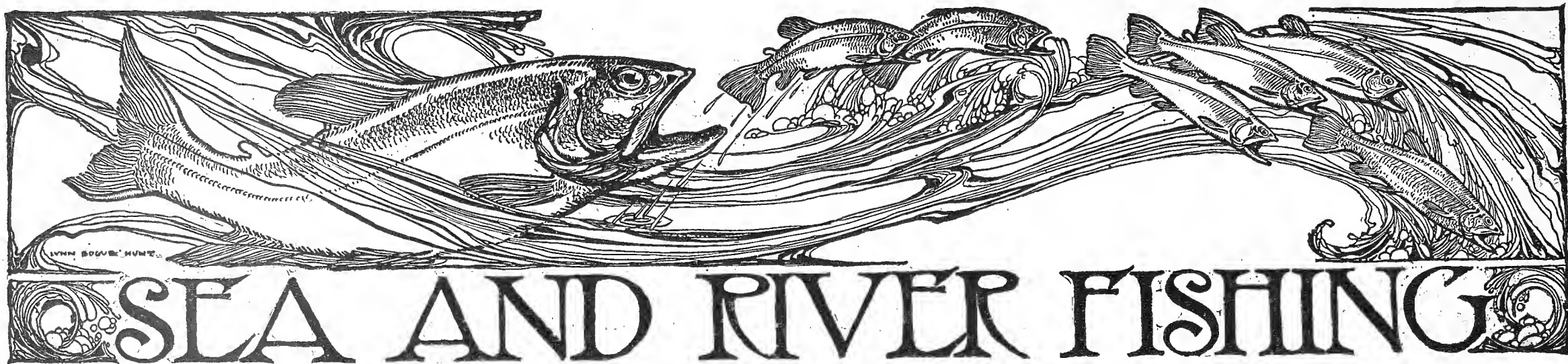
"'Yes, sir.'

"'You have, besides, been marching since ten o'clock last night?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Then,' said Lawton, 'why on earth are you carrying that dog?'

"'Well, general,' replied the negro, showing his white teeth in a broad grin, 'the dog's tired!'"—From the Woman's Home Companion.



Trout Fishing on the Nipigon.

THE best speckled trout fishing in the world to-day is to be found in the Nipigon River, in western Ontario. Its waters are clear as crystal and ice cold, the rapids are numerous, and all the other conditions which go to make an ideal trout stream are there. And the trout are there, too. Not only are they plentiful, but they are of unusually large size. Speckled trout weighing as much as ten pounds have been caught in the Nipigon, and those of five and six pounds are common.

Besides the speckled trout, the river also contains lake trout, white fish, wall-eyed pike, suckers, sturgeon, and pickerel. The pickerel are a great scourge. They have insatiable appetites, and devour the young trout and the spawn. The Canadian Government is very wisely making war on them. Last year thousands of pickerel were caught in nets and destroyed. If this were not done, in a few years there would be no trout left in the Nipigon.

A trio of Amsterdams set out for the Nipigon on June 22 with the intention of despoiling that stream of some of its largest fish, and, incidentally, of enjoying one of the finest camping trips imaginable. Going to Montreal, we took one of the Canadian Pacific Railway's fine transcontinental trains, and after a delightful journey of 925 miles westward through a wild and pretty country, arrived at Nipigon station, near the mouth of the Nipigon River.

Here is located one of the oldest posts of the great Hudson's Bay Company. For more than two hundred years the Ojibway Indians from the region to the north, even as far as the Albany River, have come down to trade at this post, with their birch bark canoes loaded with valuable furs, which they barter off for supplies. This traffic still continues, though in a less degree. The wants of the Indians are simple, their supplies consisting principally of flour, sugar, tea, and pork. It is no wonder that the Hudson's Bay Company has grown rich, for it makes a good profit on the furs which it buys from the Indians, and another profit on the supplies it, in turn, sells to them.

As our train pulled in at Nipigon station, we found our eight Indian guides perched in a picturesque row on the railing along the station platform. We had hired them in advance, through the Hudson's Bay Company. Our head man was Joe Bouchard, one of the best guides on the river. His brother Jimmy was our cook, and the toothsome meals he prepared for us over a camp-fire in the open air were good enough to tickle the palate of an epicure. Among our other guides was Francois Kekek, the best hunter in the Nipigon country.

We had arranged with the Hudson's Bay Company by letter for our camping outfit and supplies, and the company's efficient and obliging manager, Donald MacDonald, had left nothing undone. Tents, blankets, tables, chairs, cooking utensils, provisions, in short everything necessary for a comfortable camping trip of three weeks, were in readiness.

We spent the night at Nipigon, a settlement of three stores, a hotel, and about a dozen houses, and early the next morning started by canoe up the river. Nipigon River is the outlet of Lake Nipigon, some forty-five miles to the north, and flows nearly due south into the north part of Lake Superior. A line drawn north from Chicago would pass a little to the east of the Nipigon. It is a beautiful river, broad and deep. Swift rapids are numerous, and there are many wooded islands. In several places the river widens out into lakes, which have little or no current. Virgin forests line its steep banks, and stretch unbroken for many miles, a paradise for the hunter. Moose, caribou, and deer abound, and each year they are growing more plentiful, as nobody hunts in this vast wilderness except a few scattered Indians, who kill only enough to supply their table.

Our fleet of four birch bark canoes presented a pleasing picture as we proceeded up the river, each canoe having a crew of two Indians, one rowing at the bow and the other paddling at the stern, while we reclined luxuriously on comfortable seats, with nothing to do but smoke our pipes and enjoy the splendid scenery.

At the end of twelve miles we came to a swift rapids and falls, around which it was necessary to make a portage of two and a half miles. This is known as "Long Portage," and used to be the hardest part of the trip up the river, but now a man keeps a team and wagon there which can be hired to convey the outfit across. Taking advantage of this, it was not long before we were ready to embark again at the head of the falls.

Here the river widens out into what is known as Lake Jessie, the upper end of which we reached before night came on. Everything was at once unloaded, and the manner in which the Indians pitched the four tents and established camp would do credit to a circus. Meanwhile the cook and the "cookee" had the fire going, and soon we were served with a nicely prepared meal. Nor was the appetite lacking.

After a good night's rest we continued our journey, and having made two short portages around some rapids, camped for the night at the lower end of Pine Portage. In front of our camp was a rapid, a good place to fish. Next morning, while the Indians were carrying our outfit over the mile and a half of the portage, two of us went

out in a canoe and trolled, using phantom minnows. Soon there was a violent tug on one of the lines. It seemed too strong for a fish, so it was decided that the hook was fast on bottom. The canoe was accordingly backed by the obedient Indians, and the line reeled in. However, a series of sharp jerks soon told us that we had hooked our first Nipigon trout. After a sharp fight, the guide at the stern scooped him in with the landing net, remarking as he did so, "pungee," which is the Indian for small. We did not agree with him, for we found we had landed a beautiful speckled trout weighing $3\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. However, we had not fished many days before we, too, got to regard a $3\frac{1}{2}$ -pounder as "pungee." In fact, several times we caught so many trout that we threw back some weighing as much as $4\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. We continued to fish at Pine Portage for half an hour, during which time two more trout were landed, one weighing $3\frac{1}{2}$ pounds and the other 4 pounds.

In the middle of the afternoon we arrived at Camp Victoria, about thirty-two miles north of Nipigon station, and here we made our permanent camp. It is an ideal camping place, being a smooth, rocky point that extends out into the river, catching every breeze, and consequently being almost entirely free from mosquitoes, black flies and gnats, which at some places on the river are a source of great annoyance.

We were now on the best part of the river for fishing. Directly in front of our camp was a rapid which afforded excellent fishing, and above us, all the way to Lake Nipigon, almost the whole course of the river was fine fishing ground.

We soon learned that the trout would not rise to a fly this year, and that the best bait was live minnows. These were easily scooped up in nets near the shore, and were used either on Archer spinners or on two regular hooks tied together, one above the other. We used six-foot leaders.

Many, no doubt, think that on a stream like the Nipigon, where the fish are so plentiful, all one has to do is to cast in his bait and haul out a trout every time. This is far from being the case to-day. Ten years ago the fly-fishing was excellent, and doubles were frequent. In those days a piece of red flannel on a hook would catch a trout. There is no doubt that there are just as many trout in the Nipigon to-day as there ever was, but the stream has become so famous that it is visited annually by a large number of fishermen, and consequently the trout have become shy and wary and only strike at a lure that is handled with some degree of skill. Flies they will not touch. However, the fishing with live bait is all that could be desired, and we were at all times easily able to supply the eleven hungry mouths of our camp with all the trout they could eat. And when it comes to eating trout an Indian can outdo a white man every time. This year the fish are very fat and the flesh very firm. A large fat trout stuffed, rolled up in brown paper, and baked beneath the coals, made a most tempting repast. We also had them fried, broiled, and boiled.

For twelve days we enjoyed camp life to the fullest extent at Victoria, fishing nearly every day, and having excellent sport. Some days we caught more trout than we could use, and threw back those that were not badly injured by the hook. The largest speckled trout caught tipped the beam at a trifle over seven pounds, and a number were landed that weighed considerably over six pounds.

There were some deep pools where we could lean out from the bank and, looking down, see a large trout lazily fanning his fins. Then came the interesting experiment of trying to catch him, and it often happened that when a fat and tempting minnow was carefully allowed to float down past him, he would rise out of the water with a mighty rush and seize it. Then the fight was on. Such a trout would usually be a large one, "the master of the pool," and his struggle was apt to be a game one, with many fierce rushes, and much consequent letting out and reeling in of line, before his lordship finally yielded to the landing net in the skillful hands of the guide.

It may easily be concluded that our stock of fish stories is a large one, but we will resist the inclination to relate them here. We might tell about the large lake trout that had eaten a young rabbit, to say nothing of some two dozen minnows; or we might mention finding a thick stone two inches square inside a brook trout; and then there is the large trout, deformed by a lump on his side, which was caught, thrown back, and later caught by another one of us; or we could tell of the cast that caught two large trout on a single minnow impaled on two hooks; or last, but not least, of the 10-pound brook trout (weight estimated), the granddaddy of them all, which got away after being hooked and played for twenty minutes. But from all this we refrain.

At Victoria the nights were quite cold, with an occasional frost. Several times the northern lights were plainly visible. The days were for the most part cool and delightful. There was only one day when it was uncomfortably warm, and on it we screwed up courage enough to go in swimming. It was like a plunge into a tank of ice water, but it was refreshing, though on coming out our bodies were of a fine purple color.

We celebrated the Fourth by making a magnificent catch, one of which was a $12\frac{1}{2}$ -pound lake trout. In the

evening a point of land along the river near our camp suddenly became brightly lighted up with a large number of birch bark torches. The Indians had remembered that it was a great American holiday, and had quietly prepared this illumination as a surprise for us. It is needless to say that we were very much pleased, and we responded with cheers and the shooting off of rifles.

Francois Kekek, the captain of my canoe, is acknowledged to be the best hunter in the Nipigon region. One day he and I went out with the idea of getting a look at some moose or caribou, if possible. Leaving the river, we climbed a steep cliff to a fairly level plateau. It was not long before Kekek discovered some fresh tracks. "Three moose, two big, one small, pass to-day," he announced, though how he could tell was a mystery to me. Then came an exhibition of tracking that was truly remarkable. He followed unerringly tracks that to me were invisible, and for several miles we proceeded cautiously through a splendid virgin forest, fighting off swarms of bloodthirsty mosquitoes as best we could. A cloud of these pests constantly surrounded us. At last we came to a marshy pond, and disappointment was in store for us, for the tracks we were following showed that the moose had evidently heard or scented us, and had broken into a run. "Moose gone," said Kekek. Coming to a small brook, we boiled tea and had lunch. Game signs were everywhere in evidence, and Kekek soon took up a fresh caribou trail, which we followed up for some time and finally got within range of the game, a large bull. The Indian, being ahead, fired, but, much to my surprise, missed. It was now time to start back to camp, so this ended our hunting, which, though unsuccessful, afforded a wonderful exhibition of Indian woodcraft.

We paid two visits to Lake Nipigon. It is a beautiful body of water about 100 miles long and 50 wide, studded with a great many pretty wooded islands. A number of Indians live here in the primitive manner we read about in the story books. Their habitations are crude birch bark wigwams, some of which we inspected. One family in particular seemed to be fond of pets. They had a bear cub, with one foot missing, a cat, and at least a dozen dogs running about. A papoose, strapped to a board swung from above, was peacefully sleeping. In the center of the floor of the wigwam a fire was burning, the smoke escaping through a hole left in the top for that purpose. Outside some moose skins were tanning in the sun, and a white rabbit skin robe was airing. These Ojibway Indians are a simple, good-natured people, and we pleased them greatly by taking their photograph.

We met a party of engineers crossing the lake, bound for the work of surveying for the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. This great transcontinental road will pass eight miles north of Lake Nipigon. The line runs for hundreds of miles through an unbroken wilderness. It is expected that this eastern portion of the road will be completed and in operation in about two years, thus making accessible for the sportsman a vast hunting and fishing region, many of whose lakes and streams are not on the map, and have never been fished.

We had our Indians mount the skins of several of our largest trout on birch bark, framed with spruce with the bark on. This they do very cleverly, and the result is a handsome trophy, which can be used to prove some of the fish stories which are bound to be told during the long evenings of the coming winter.

On Sunday morning, July 10, we broke camp, and with much regret turned our backs on Camp Victoria. That night we camped at The Narrows, and Monday afternoon found us back at Nipigon. Tuesday morning the guides, dressed in their best Sunday clothes, came to the hotel to say good-by, and entertained us with some of their Indian dances, to the music of a fiddle played by "Jimmy, the Cook." At noon we boarded the train for Montreal, and were soon back in civilization once more, with nothing but pleasant memories of the good old Nipigon.

GARDINER KLINE.

Herb's Big Trout.

SUTTON JUNCTION, Quebec.—The previous day had been sizzling hot—a typical July day; showers during the night had cooled the air so that the morning was uncomfortably cold, with a suspicion of mist and a light wind blowing that would just ruffle the surface of the water, making it an ideal day for fishing.

We had in our family an automatic reel; also a little finger with a constant itch to "do it," or, as the owner of that finger, I felt it my duty to go fishing; so persuaded my wife to drive me about three miles up the mountain road, where I expected to get either Art or Hib to accompany me to Long Pond, a nice little body of water where we transplanted some brook trout a few years previous and had not paid it a visit since, but had heard rumors of one or two good catches the present season.

Hib was not at home, but Art was there, also his brother-in-law, Herb, a kid with a fish-hook nose, a fisherman himself and the son of a fisherman. We told him we were due to leave in twenty minutes, and, like time and tide, would wait for no one. He had half a mile to drive, also an engagement (which did not count) to help his father raise the roof timbers of a new barn; but he was

back on the stroke of the minute. We learned later he tied his horse to the shed, threw his rod and basket out the window, and came to us as the crow flies, via the back door.

It was now 11 o'clock, and we had before us a four-mile drive and an hour's walk up the mountains. We negotiated the first, but extensive lumbering operations had blotted out our landmarks along the trail, and we were undecided as to which of the many roads to take. Fortunately for us, we ran across a couple of lumbermen, who soon put us right, and we reached the pond, ate our lunch, and were ready for work by 2 P. M.

We secured an old log raft which would hold the three of us if we kept it properly balanced, and shoved off. The water went from nothing at the shore to twenty feet ten yards out, and Art immediately hooked one that started for the bottom good and strong. Art began to yell that he had a whale, and handed me his rod. It felt like a big one, and I handled him very carefully for a while before bringing him to the surface. He proved to be a half-pounder hooked through the tail just back of the belly fin, which accounted for the fight he put up. We caught no more there and soon moved to the opposite side, near an old hemlock that lay in the water at right angles to the shore, where we had seen several rise. I exchanged my steel for Art's fly-rod, and began casting with a Parmachenee-belle and silver-doctor, flies that are usually good killers in our waters. But though they were rising all around us, I could not get a strike after presenting them with a greater variety of colors. I tried a spinner with no better luck. The boys had in the meantime landed about half a dozen beauties, so I exchanged my lure for a hook and leader, baited it for the daddy of them all, and plunked in. Still nothing doing. I began to think I was hoodooed, till the boys told me to use less bait. I did so, and was soon hitched to one, and from that on did business regularly. I found they had a preference for two medium sized worms threaded on a No. 6 spout in a way that left both ends of each worm dangling about an inch. After taking a few nice ones, they stopped biting, and we moved about a boat length further out and dropped anchor.

We were fishing in twenty feet of water, ten feet down, and Herb's hook had hardly straightened the line before his tip went under with a rush. The line did not seem to be running free, for half his rod was under water before he had him checked, and it was fully five minutes before he got him near enough the top to size him up, and we got busy right away making guesses on his weight. Herb was for taking him in at once, but as we had no landing net and did not want to lose him, we kept him at it; and in the meantime Art and I were getting good sport with trout that would run from three to the pound to three-fourths pound each. Twice we had three in the water at once, and Herb began to think that while he was playing trout, we in turn were playing him for a sucker, or getting the cream of the sport. Art finally unslung his creel, transferred his trout to my basket, and told Herb to lead him in. As he came to the side of the raft, a quick dip landed him in a doubled up position in the basket, the cover was snapped down, and he was ours. We came near spilling off the raft by all rushing to the side to get a look. We were over our knees in water before we realized we were out of order.

We made several guesses at his weight, but underestimated him in each case. He weighed a little over 2¾ pounds after lying over night, and was the finest trout taken in this locality in years. We had him mounted and placed on exhibition at the post-office, and Herb's reputation as a fisherman is assured.

WARRINGTON.

Fish Chat.

The Sea Trout Again.

EARLY in May of the present year I received a letter from a friend in Lockport, Nova Scotia, a small town situated about half way between Liverpool and Shelbourne, in which he described in glowing terms the tidal or sea trout, which were abundant all along the shore in that neighborhood. My friend, in describing the trout, said they attained a generous size, were almost of silvery brightness; that they were very gamy, and took the fly when cast from the shore in the neighborhood of the estuaries of the streams which empty into the bays on both sides of the town.

In his letter he extended a cordial invitation to me to pay him a visit, bring my tackle along, and try my luck with the fish. Unfortunately I could not make arrangements to visit the place until early in July, and on arriving there I found that the tidal trout had disappeared from the shore, having ascended the Sable, East, and other rivers in the neighborhood.

Now, I have for years been interested in the history of the so-called sea trout, and was greatly disappointed at not having arrived in time to procure some this year in salt water. A number of years ago I, in common with many other anglers, entertained the belief, or vaguely had the idea, that we have on the northern Atlantic Coast, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the Baie des Chaleurs a sea trout similar to the European species, or rather that that species visited our shores more or less often and in greater or less abundance; and to prove that the belief was correct, I spared no effort nor begrudged any expenditure of time and money.

Anatomical Peculiarities.

I visited almost numberless localities in the Dominion where sea trout abounded, and first and last handled many hundreds, perhaps thousands, of fish; but, although I studied them closely, I could not detect any anatomical difference between them and *S. fontinalis*. Fin rays were counted in hosts of specimens, hundreds of scales were examined microscopically and compared with those which were taken from fish which were unquestionably *fontinalis*, and other points of structural peculiarity were carefully compared. I even went so far in my researches as to visit those northern regions in midwinter, cutting holes in the ice in tidal waters and far up one or two of the rivers to obtain specimens, but I could not find anything so peculiar in the so-called sea trout as to characterize them as a distinct species.

It may be readily seen, therefore, that I hailed with de-

light the opportunity to examine the tidal trout that were mentioned by my friend, and perhaps throw a little more light on the vexed question of its identity; and it goes without saying that my disappointment was great in not being able to obtain any specimens in the salt water, for it was from them that I expected to obtain evidences of structural peculiarity, if such existed.

Specimens of the same fish, however, taken a considerable distance up the Sable River which local anglers pronounced to be the sea trout, show no characteristics different from those obtained in other localities; the so-called tidal or sea trout of that region are *S. fontinalis* without a doubt. While at Lockport I interviewed a number of local anglers and net and hand-line fishermen, and gathered some points of information which may be worth putting on record here.

Important Facts.

Among the gentlemen from whom data were obtained, was Dr. F. C. Lockwood, who has for years been a successful practitioner in the town, and who is a good observer and an enthusiastic angler withal. In his belief the so-called sea trout and spotted river or brook trout are identical. He states that early in April they come down the rivers on this coast and enter the salt water; that they are then in very poor condition, being gaunt with very little flesh on them; they are, in fact, spent fish, or "slinks," or, as we would term them, if they were salmon, kelts; that during the month of May they hover about the estuaries of the rivers in the bay, and even ascend the streams in pursuit of the herring and smelts, upon which they prey; and that they return to, and remain in, tidal water through nearly the entire month of June, where they subsist upon young herring, smelts, and other small fry, and become exceedingly well conditioned, being plump, of bright color, and very strong and gamy; they then reascend the rivers, where they remain until the ensuing spring, soon taking on the livery of the brook trout and resembling it in every respect.

Sea Trout Not Found in the Sea.

The Doctor further asserts that the fish is never taken in the bays at any distance from the estuaries of the rivers; that he has questioned scores of fishermen, and that their report invariably is that they never capture in herring nets in salt water a sea trout at any considerable distance from the shores or from the mouths of rivers. I also pushed my own investigations among netters and "bankers," but not one could say he ever knew of a trout being taken in deep water. One of them who has followed the sea all his life, said that he occasionally found a sea trout in his herring nets when drawn near the estuary of East River, but the occurrence was a rare one.

Now, this habit of these trout of remaining in the rivers after spawning and until the spring, as described by Dr. Lockwood, differs from that of the sea trout which ascend the New Brunswick rivers, for they very generally descend to the salt water after the spawn is cast, or at any rate before very cold weather sets in and slush ice is formed. I have proved this on more than one occasion by ascending some of the noted sea trout rivers to some of the upper pools, in which during the summer the fish are very abundant, and, cutting holes through the ice, endeavored to secure them with bait, but hardly a fish was to be obtained; they had, according to the guides on the rivers, returned to the salt water, but I had no difficulty in obtaining them at Campbellton at the head of Baie des Chaleurs, the Micmacs capturing them in considerable numbers.

Now, these last named fish may be said to possess the anadromous habit, for they seem to pass the greater portion of the year in tidal waters, ascending the rivers for the purpose of spawning, and descending again after the spawn is cast, and this is a difference of habit from that of the fish of the rivers of the eastern shore of Nova Scotia, which, according to Dr. Lockwood, remain in those streams at least three-fourths of the entire year, descending to the salt water only for the purpose of recuperation. This difference in habit is no doubt due to environment, and is not sufficient to cause the fish to be separated as varieties of the same species, for they are alike in every respect, and are all of them, undoubtedly, our dear old friend the spotted brook trout, which has gladdened the hearts of thousands of anglers, and will, I hope, continue to gladden them for many generations to come.

Salmon Culture in America.

In FOREST AND STREAM for July 16, The Old Angler takes exception to statements made in my communication printed in the issue of the paper of July 2. While we agree on the one important point that the privilege now enjoyed by salmon netters should be very greatly curtailed, we disagree in our views in relation to the artificial propagation of the fish. I have no desire to enter into any newspaper controversy with any one, and certainly not with The Old Angler, who is not only an interesting writer, but who is also bristling with a grand array of facts and figures to support the theories he maintains; but it seems to me in this case I should make a brief reply to some of the statements he has made in his communication relative to my views on salmon culture.

Visible Results.

First, in relation to the rivers I have named in which beneficial results have followed the planting of salmon fry, the claim I made was that the stock of salmon in those rivers is larger, even now, notwithstanding the excessive netting that has been practiced, than it would have been had no fry been liberated in them. In the Merrimac and Penobscot this is, in my mind, unquestionably the case, although The Old Angler declares "There is not a particle of evidence that the increased stock comes from the fry planted." That the Port Medway River, one of the best salmon streams on the eastern coast of Nova Scotia, has been benefited by artificial restocking, everyone in that section whom I have interviewed agrees; notwithstanding the great amount of netting that is done at its mouth, anglers have had better sport in the last ten years than they had twenty-five years ago. I have had as boatmen and guides several of the Penobscot Indians whose homes were on the river near Greenfield, and their statements agree with those of other residents of that neighborhood.

Wanton Destruction of Young Salmon.

I have seen several of the above named Indians on a number of occasions peddling salmon smolts by the hundreds at Greenfield and Molega, and asked them how it happened that they could get so many of the smolt, when thirty years ago very few were to be seen, and why they were permitted to catch the young salmon for sale in such great numbers. In reply to the first question they stated that the fish were more plentiful since the river had been restocked by the fishery officers, but their answer to the second question was the statement "The law lets Injun do it," and this was accompanied by a broad but significant grin. It is hardly necessary to state that if the hundreds or perhaps thousands of young salmon which were thus wantonly destroyed had been permitted to mature, the river even now would be better stocked than it is.

Excessive netting at the mouth of this river is still carried on, as it is almost everywhere in the Dominion, and the wonder to me is that a salmon is left to ascend the streams. Not only is netting carried to excess along the shores on both sides of the estuaries of the rivers, but in some of them it is pursued far up the streams. In the St. Mary's, for example, nets are set all along both sides of the river as far as tide water extends, or at least nine miles from its mouth. In the Dunk River, P. E. I., I have not had the personal experience that I have in many other Canadian streams; I fished it in 1880, but although it was, as I considered, a promising salmon stream, I did not get a fish, and was informed by Mr. Bearston, of Malpeque, that an angler would be "scared out of a year's growth if he got a salmon in that river." My last visit to the island was in 1888, for plover shooting, when I was informed by one of the bank officers at Summerside, whose name I cannot now recall, that the Dunk was, in consequence of having been restocked, a fairly good salmon river.

Of course, a large portion of the information I have been able to gather during the past forty or fifty years in relation to fish has been, as The Old Angler implies, hearsay, but I have endeavored in gathering it to gather judiciously, and have printed only that which I thought to be accurate.

I have knocked around a good deal, however, and from my own personal observation have been able to pick up many facts that have since proved of value; it is true. I have not had the experience among hatcheries that he has had, but I have first and last visited nearly all there are in the Dominion and in the Eastern United States. I have watched the operations conducted therein with intense interest, and as I witnessed the wonderful work that was being done, I could not but regard the artificial reproduction of fish as one of the greatest achievements of the nineteenth century, and nothing that can be said will ever cause me to believe otherwise; and I am now, notwithstanding the facts and figures The Old Angler has put forth, firmly convinced that it will be due to the artificial propagation of the salmon that our rivers will be stocked with the fish, if they are to be stocked at all, for the natural supply will not henceforth be sufficient to meet even moderate demands of the netters and anglers, and that the culture should be pushed to its fullest extent.

Treatment of the Fry.

It has been stated by The Old Angler that the artificial propagation of salmon has in a large measure failed of success because of the treatment the fry received, they having often been "dumped by" millions into rivers and parts of rivers not at all suited to their healthy growth, and that, after being transported in tepid water by steamer, rail, and wagon many miles—often hundreds—from which millions no results are ever seen." But that does not prove artificial propagation should be abandoned, and the contrary might be shown by a dozen familiar illustrations, one of which can be easily understood by all. A poulturer with a large number of fowls, who finds it unprofitable to have dozens of setting hens about his premises, puts four or five hundred eggs in an incubator, and hatches them; the percentage of chicks obtained from the eggs in a modern improved incubator is very high. I have seen settings in which nearly every fertile egg produced a chick; the chickens thus hatched are as strong and vigorous as those incubated in the natural manner, and they are not, moreover, when at a tender age, enfeebled by the attacks of vermin which infest the body of the mother bird. Now, if the poulturer turns those chickens loose in the wet grass, in unhealthy localities, without providing for them proper brooders, food, etc., the mortality among them becomes very great; in fact, it would be a wonder if any of the chickens should survive. They must be liberated under proper conditions, and, if those conditions are not supplied they perish; but that they did is no argument against the artificial manner in which they were hatched.

Hatchery Fry Strong and Healthy.

I have repeatedly watched the operation of taking the ova from salmon, the impregnation of them with milt taken from the male fish; have seen the fry develop and come from the egg and watched them through their early fryhood, and believe—and I do not think The Old Angler will differ with me—that those fry so artificially propagated are as strong and healthful as any hatched in the rivers from spawn deposited by the parent fish. The process is also an economical one, as compared with the natural method; for in the former nearly every egg is fertilized, if manipulated in the proper manner, while in the latter, a wasteful one, hardly five per cent. of the ova cast being fertilized. Now at first glance it seems presumptuous to call nature's processes wasteful, but if we watch many of them closely we find evidences of their prodigality on every side; the laws governing them were framed for conditions which do not now exist, for natural conditions are departing from us on every hand, and civilized man at the present time, if he had not improved on nature's methods, would be but little better off than is the Eskimo or Hottentot. If nature had not been improved upon, our modern magnificent fruits and other varied food products would be an unknown quantity. The wastefulness of the method exhibited in the natural reproduction of the salmon was amply sufficient for the continuance of the species when original conditions prevailed, a fertilization of only five per cent. of the ova cast was enough to stock the rivers to a proper capacity; the fish then had but few enemies in the rivers, and those

were not, as a rule, with the exception of the otter and the red man, very destructive ones, but the white man came with nets, weirs, and other engines of destruction, and the five per cent. fertilization of the ova proved insufficient to keep up the stock. Now it would seem that a process of propagating the fish by which 95 per cent. of the ova become fry and only five per cent. are lost, is preferable to one which saves but five per cent. and wastes 95, the health and general conditions of the artificially hatched young being as good as those of the fry hatched in the natural way.

When Doctors Disagree Who Shall Decide.

My rejoinder has already become too lengthy, and I must draw it to a close. That I am not alone in my belief that the hatcheries should be maintained and that artificial propagation of the salmon shall continue, I have had abundant proof by interviews and correspondence with some very intelligent observers. Recently, in a conversation with Mr. L. S. Ford, the overseer of fisheries for the counties of Lunenburg, Queens, Shelbourne, Yarmouth, Annapolis, and Digby, N. S., who has had many years' experience, and whose father was also connected with the Department of Fisheries, he having been the first of all the officials to hatch and plant fry in the Liverpool River, declared emphatically that in his opinion the hatcheries and artificial culture of the fish should not be discontinued; that his experience had been that all the rivers that had thus been restocked, which came under his supervision, had been very greatly benefited. He said further that there was no difficulty in distinguishing the progeny of fry which had been thus planted, as, for example, at least 50 per cent. of the salmon now taken in the Liverpool River are either fish which were put into the river years ago as fry or their descendants; that they could readily be identified by their peculiar form, which was quite different from that of the original Liverpool salmon, which were slim fish with no great depth of body, while the others which were hatched from ova which came from the Bedford hatchery were very deep bodied, compact fish; he further stated that the stock from the planted fry has increased to such an extent that a single angler obtained in a half day's fly-fishing in June last at Milton, two miles from the town of Liverpool, and on that river, thirteen grilse which averaged in weight about three pounds. As an evidence of the success that is attained in planting salmon fry, he stated that a few weeks ago sixty thousand fry were placed in the Nictaux River, of which number only three were lost during the entire process of handling, transportation, and planting.

In conclusion I will say that if any evidence is needed to prove that the artificial culture of salmon is feasible and desirable, it may be seen in the magnificent results which have followed the introduction of landlocked salmon fry in the Rangeley and other Maine lakes, matured fish now weighing from eight to twelve pounds being fairly abundant. Those fry were properly planted in waters suited to their requirements, and I have no reason to doubt that if salmon fry are taken from the hatcheries and deposited in waters such as are natural to them, they would thrive equally as well as if they were hatched therein, and the rivers would be proportionately benefited.

EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

American Fisheries Society.

NEARLY one hundred active members of the American Fisheries Society attended the thirty-third annual meeting at Atlantic City last week, and nearly as many applications for active membership were received. The Pennsylvania and Michigan Commissions joined in a body. Altogether it was a most useful and aggressive gathering of men and women interested in all things connected with fish life, as the programme promised it would be.

President Frank N. Clark, who is in charge of the United States station in Michigan, in his opening address, sketched briefly the steady progress made by the Society, and urged both State and National Associations to take up work on the problems presented by the pollution of waters and by the feeding of fry. He said that at least two billions of fish fry are now produced annually. The effect of water pollution was discussed offhand, and undoubtedly will be presented further at later meetings. It was apparent that the general impression prevails among both scientific and lay members of the Society that much of the water pollution can be prevented without any great hardship either to manufacturers or to municipalities.

At the afternoon session of the first day, the Society voted to make the annual dues \$2 instead of \$1, and to fix the price of the volume of annual proceedings at 50 cents. The programme committee, of which Mr. J. D. Whish was chairman, reported a very full list of papers for each morning and afternoon session, which moved United States Commissioner Bowers to remark that evidently one of the best meetings yet held was at hand. By request, Secretary George F. Peabody opened the session with a tribute to General E. E. Bryant, whose death deprived the Society of one of its most genial and popular members. Instructive papers were then read by Dr. Tarleton H. Bean on "The Fish and Game Department of the St. Louis Exposition," by Mr. E. N. Carter, of Vermont, on "Methods of Collecting Sturgeon Eggs," by Dr. James A. Henshall, of Montana, on "Further Experiments in Feeding Fry," and by Mr. W. E. Meehan, President of the Pennsylvania Commission, on "A Year's Work of the Fisheries Interests in Pennsylvania."

Dr. Bean gave a highly instructive account of the important work at the Exposition in his charge, and presented the difficult problems he had met and overcome. Mr. Carter's paper led to a general discussion of the subject of sturgeon culture, which was led by such veterans as Livingston Stone, of the United States station at Cape Vincent, and President Clarke, of the Society. Dr. Henshall's paper rounded out his report of his studies made at the last session, and led up to the exhibition of a simple automatic feeding machine for fry, which was the invention of Mr. Seymour Bower. Commissioner Meehan in his resume of the work of the Pennsylvania Commission, described the benefits resulting from the organization of his board on a business basis. He also referred to the problem presented by water pollution, and said that the investigations of his Commission had shown beyond a doubt that this evil could be abolished. Efforts to accomplish this desirable result have heretofore been

defeated by industrial establishments, but these have now been shown that no destruction of industries is intended—only that they must not destroy the fisheries. He said that he believed that the matter had been so arranged that mill owners are now ready to help the Commission to remedy existing evils, and that a bill had been prepared to carry out the ideas of the Commission, which he believed would be enacted into a law. Mr. Meehan was especially severe on the carp, which he said had been declared to be an outlaw by the Pennsylvania Legislature. He was convinced that the leading causes of the diminished fish supply were careless fishing and the carp. He held that the value of the carp as a food did not begin to balance the harm it does, and he cited one instance where the dissection of a carp had shown nearly three quarts of fish spawn in its stomach.

These various statements led to an equally vigorous discussion which showed that the carp has many advocates, but the consensus of opinion favored the idea that the carp is at best a cheap food for a cheap class of people who need to be taught the merits of better eating as an important element of better citizenship. Concededly, the troubles which have followed the careless planting of carp have taught the fish culturists a lesson, and foreign fishes will be handled much more carefully when they are presented for future introduction in American waters.

Dr. H. M. Smith, of the United States Bureau of Fisheries, opened the second day's session with a lecture on "Japan, the Paramount Fisheries Nation," which was illustrated by lantern slides made from photographs and drawings collected during his long visit to that country, to which he was sent by United States Commissioner Bowers. Dr. Smith had the honor to be the first American to receive such a detail, and was warmly welcomed by the officials of the highly organized bureau of fisheries there. By an unanimous vote, the Society decided to print his lecture in full in its proceedings, including the illustrations, of which those connected with the gold fish culture are the beautifully colored works of native artists. One of the most important features of the lecture was that calling attention to the manner in which almost all forms of marine products are utilized by the Japanese, while in this country so very many forms of fish life are either neglected or wasted. A fitting supplement to the lecture was a paper by Dr. Chas. G. Atkins, of East Portland, Me., on "The Utilization of Neglected Food Fishes." In the course of Dr. Atkins' remarks, many species of fishes now ignored in our markets were discussed. Among these were the dogfish of our coasts and the ling of Lake Erie. Dr. Bean and other experts advocated the merits of a large number of others, and the discussion developed much that was of interest and value, in view of the rapid growth of the demand made on our native waters for food supplies.

A paper on "The Whitefish, Its Propagation and Protection," by S. W. Downing, of Put-in-Bay, Ohio, rounded out the morning session. He stated that while not more than 1 per cent. of the spawn naturally deposited was hatched and lived, fully 80 per cent. of the fry were saved in artificial propagation. He advocated a close season for the whitefish in July and August, and the adoption of a size limit, so that every fish caught shall have had a chance to spawn at least once.

The afternoon session was devoted chiefly to a discussion of the bass, led by such experts as Seymour Bower, Dwight Lydell, Dr. Henshall, and President Clark. The papers read included one on "Bass Propagation" by Mr. Lydell; one on "A Plan for Bass Ponds," by E. N. Lambert; one on "Ponds and Pond Culture for Black Bass," by John L. Leary, of San Marcos, Texas, and one by Samuel Lovejoy, of Georgia (a colored student of fish life), on "What I Have Seen of the Black Bass." During the discussion, Mr. Bower spoke in favor of distributing the bass as fry, beginning when they are ten days old, as they are then easier to handle. Mr. Lydell said that a male bass would care for two broods in one season. President Clark said that he had secured the best results by distributing the bass when thirty to forty days old, when they are about one and one-half inches long, and 250 can be carried in a ten-gallon can on trips ranging from ten to twenty-nine hours. Mr. Lovejoy argued that the best results in feeding bass can be secured by throwing the food forcibly into the waters, and thought that careful feeding would avert cannibalism. This view was endorsed by Mr. Stranahan, who said he believed that the bass would not eat each other to any great extent if heavily fed.

After a short talk on the proper sizes at which fish are called fry and fingerlings, the committee having this subject in hand was given further time. It developed that thus far their plan is, so far as bass culturists are concerned, to call this species "fry" when it first rises, to call it "baby fingerlings" when it is from one and one-quarter to two inches long, and to speak of it as "fingerlings" when the fish are two inches long and upward.

At the Thursday morning session, the Society was treated to an illustrated lecture on "A Western Charr in an Eastern Home," by Dr. F. M. Johnson, of Boston. In his remarks he gave an account of some interesting personal studies of the rainbow trout as an associate of the native brook trout. He advised the use of vermicelli cooked with meat bones as an occasional food when the regulation liver spoils or fails to arrive. His description of his dissection of a diseased brook trout which he found had died of gastro duodenitis led to a most interesting discussion of fish diseases, which was led by Mr. J. D. Whish, secretary of the New York State Commission, and Commissioner Meehan, of Pennsylvania. Dr. Smith was advised that there is a great need of educated men, having the means and inclination to study diseases of fish, and that in no other way can a man achieve more speedily distinction at home and abroad among fish culturists. He offered to examine and study any diseased fish sent to him by a member of the Society. After the meeting he displayed the original drawings and painting from which the illustrations were made for his sumptuous book entitled "Forest, Lake and Stream." Mr. Slade, president of the famous South Side Fisherman's Club, of Long Island, took part in this discussion, and incidentally stated that he did not like the rainbow trout because it does not readily rise to the fly. He also said that he disliked the brown trout which grows so rapidly and devours the brook trout, and mentioned one brown trout caught in his preserve which weighed fifteen pounds. He figured that this fish was at least ten years old, and had eaten at least

five brook trout daily. "This will readily account for a considerable loss of fingerlings," he added.

A very valuable and suggestive paper for fish culturists was read by Mr. S. G. Worth, of Edenton, N. C., entitled, "Comments on the Recent Hatching of Striped Bass, and References to the Possible Hatching of Other Commercial Fishes." He said that he had collected twenty-three gallons of eggs from one fifty-pound fish, and that the eggs averaged 35,000 to the quart. Of these, 69 per cent. were hatched successfully. It was his judgment that the thing to do is to find where such fish naturally spawn, and that then the eggs can be taken and hatched artificially with the greatest success.

Dr. H. F. Moore's paper on "The Progress of Experiments in Sponge Culture," which followed, gave an account of the work that is being done under the direction of the United States Commission, and which has been so successful that one merchant now has planted over 80,000 sponge clippings. These will, in about two years' time, produce sponges ready for market, and it has been found that the artificial growth is cleaner and better in many ways than sponges from natural beds. Mr. John W. Titcomb, of Washington, next gave the Society an account of his recent travels in a paper entitled "Fishery Reminiscences of South America." He was sent to that country by the United States Commission, examined the waters, established a hatchery, and introduced several valuable species of fish in this country.

Mr. A. H. Dinsmore, of East Orland, Me., spoke briefly of "A National Fish Preserve," referring to his experience while collecting the eggs of the black spotted trout in the Yellowstone Park. He agreed to take up this subject at length at the next session. A paper on "The Value of Aquatic Plants in Pond Culture," by C. K. Greene, was favorably discussed by the bass experts. There was also a paper on "Dangers in Shipping Cans," in which Dr. M. C. Marsh, of Washington, detailed the results of experiments made at the Cold Spring Harbor hatchery of the New York State Commission with galvanized iron cans.

Hon. Geo. M. Bowers, U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries, made the closing address congratulating the Society on its progress and referring to the present meeting as one of the most important yet held. The value which he places on these meetings is shown practically by the fact that he arranges for the attendance of all the men in charge of the hatchery system of his bureau, and of the leading scientists in its employ, and encourages them to take part in the programme each year. The Society, as a compliment to Commissioner Bowers, selected as its next meeting place White Sulphur Springs, W. Va. Officers were elected as follows: President, Henry T. Root, of Rhode Island; Vice-President, C. D. Joslin, of Michigan; Recording Secretary, Geo. F. Peabody, of Wisconsin; Corresponding Secretary, Chas. G. Atkins, of Maine; Treasurer, C. W. Willard, of Rhode Island. The executive committee, which is the managing body of the Society, is made up thus: Chairman, W. E. Meehan, of Pennsylvania; John D. Whish, of New York; E. Hart Geer, of Connecticut; Dr. James A. Henshall, of Montana; G. H. Lambson, of California; J. J. Stranahan, of Georgia, and Dr. H. M. Smith, District of Columbia. A committee on foreign relations was appointed with Mr. Atkins as chairman, and J. W. Titcomb, Dr. H. M. Smith, Dr. J. W. Henshall, and Dr. F. N. Johnson as members. This committee is to report annually on the progress of fish cultural work in foreign countries and allied matters.

The Society elected a number of honorary members, including Hon. Victor H. Metcalf, of Washington; Dr. Bruno Hofer, of Munich; Mr. Chas. E. Fryer (Chief Inspector of Fisheries), of London; Dr. J. Lawrence Hamilton, of Brighton, Eng.; the Rt. Hon. Earl of Denbigh, of London; Prof. Matsubara (President of the Imperial Fisheries Institute), of Tokio; Dr. Kishinouye (Chief of the Imperial Fisheries Bureau), of Tokio, and Capt. Jno. L. Young, of Atlantic City. During the days of the meeting the members of the Society enjoyed several trips out to sea to watch the raising of the great nets used in collecting specimens for the St. Louis Exposition.

J. D. W.

The Scarcity of Salmon.

SAGINAW, Mich., July 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The salmon fishing on the Grand Cascapedia this year was a failure. I fished all through the month of June and saved but two salmon, and my friend with me did no better, and it was so all along the river. Some were fortunate enough to get half a dozen fish, but others did not get any. It was the same story, I understand, with all of the rivers that put into the Bay Chaleur, not excepting the Restigouche. The unusual scarcity of fish was the general complaint. Up to my last advices, they did not come in late to any extent.

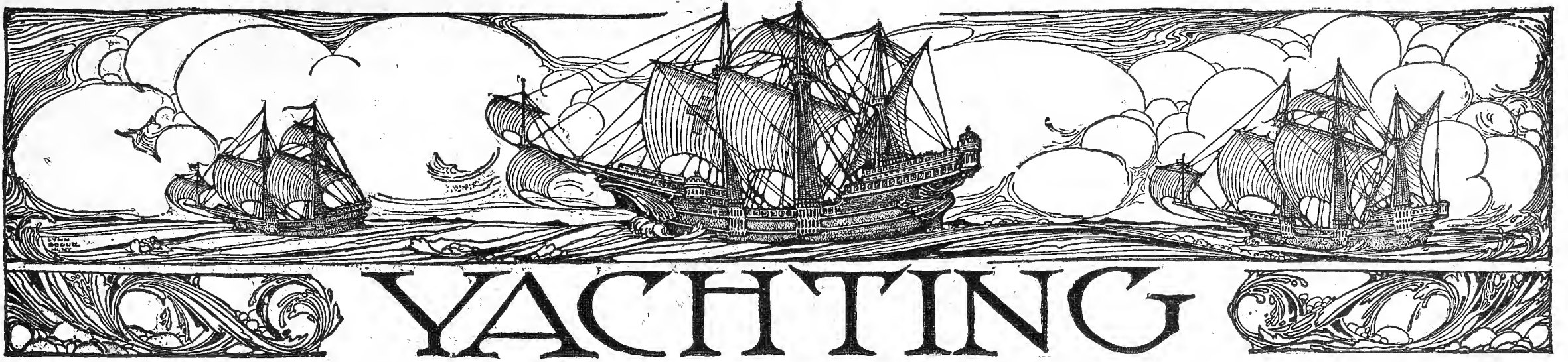
I believe in 1885 or 1886 the salmon run was a good deal the same as this year, but I am told by Mr. C. B. Barnes, of Boston, that about the 21st of July that year the salmon began coming in in great numbers; and I know that my friend, Robert C. Lowry, fished the fore part of August either that year or the year after, and had the good fortune to take five salmon on the Grand Cascapedia.

Now, what I am getting at is this: I wish every salmon fisherman would give his experience, and I think it would be interesting to have them give their ideas as to the cause of this unusual absence of fish at the time they usually are entering this river. It is rumored that on the south shore of the Bay Chaleur, the fish were plentiful, and I also have heard that fish were very plentiful in the rivers putting into the north shore of the river and Gulf of St. Lawrence.

One theory advanced is that the fish missed their bearings and went into the mouth of the St. Lawrence instead of the Bay Chaleur. But I have seen very little in *FOREST AND STREAM* this year commenting upon this scarcity of salmon, which is my reason for bringing the subject to your attention.

W. B. MERSHON.

A novel effect of stage realism will shortly be introduced at the London Pavilion. It is intended to introduce a "fox" hunt on the stage with a whippet in full cry, an Irish terrier covered with a fox's skin, the effect of a chase being produced by the rolling track and the scenery moving in opposite directions.



Yachting Fixtures for 1904.

Members of race committees, and secretaries, will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future.

AUGUST.

3. Corinthian, midsummer series, Marblehead.
4. Corinthian, midsummer series, Marblehead.
4. Royal St. Lawrence, Seawanhaka cup match, Lake St. Louis, Canada.
4. Mass. Racing Dory Association, Marblehead.
5. Corinthian, midsummer series, Marblehead.
5. Royal St. Lawrence, Seawanhaka cup match, Lake St. Louis, Canada.
5. Mass. Dory Racing Association, Marblehead.
6. Corinthian, invitation race, Marblehead.
6. Royal St. Lawrence, Seawanhaka cup match, Lake St. Louis, Canada.
6. Hempstead Harbor, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., annual Hempstead Harbor.
6. Shelter Island, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., annual, Shelter Island.
6. Larchmont, power boats, Larchmont.
6. Mass. Dory Racing Association, Marblehead.
8. Manchester, Mass. Y. R. A., West Manchester.
9. Manchester, Crowhurst cup, West Manchester.
10. Boston, club race, Marblehead.
11. East Gloucester, Mass. Y. R. A., Gloucester.
11. New York, special races, Glen Cove.
11. New York, rendezvous for annual cruise, Glen Cove.
12. Annisquam, Mass. Y. R. A., Annisquam.
12. New York, annual cruise to Morris Cove.
13. Annisquam, Mass. Y. R. A., Annisquam.
13. Horseshoe Harbor, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., annual, Larchmont.
13. Bridgeport, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., annual, Black Rock.
13. New York, annual cruise to New London.
13. Annisquam, dory races, Annisquam.
14. New York, annual cruise at New London.
15. New York, annual cruise to Block Island.
16. New York, annual cruise to Vineyard Haven.
17. Corinthian, club race, Marblehead.
17. New York, annual cruise to Newport.
18. Eastern, special open, Marblehead.
18. New York, special races, Newport.
19. Eastern, special open, Marblehead.
19. New York, Astor cups, Newport.
20. Boston, club race, Hull.
20. Huguenot, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., annual, New Rochelle.
20. Northport, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., annual, Northport.
20. Hartford, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., special, Fenwick.
20. New York, start of ocean race, Newport.
20. New York, steam yacht races, Brenton's Reef.
20. Brooklyn, power boats, Gravesend Bay.
22. New York, Newport series, Newport.
23. New York, Newport series, Newport.
24. New York, Newport series, Newport.
25. Plymouth, Mass. Y. R. A., Plymouth.
26. Duxbury, Mass., Y. R. A., Duxbury.
27. Duxbury, Mass. Y. R. A., Duxbury.
27. Corinthian Stamford, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., annual, Stamford.
27. Larchmont, power boats, Larchmont.
29. Wellfleet, Mass. Y. R. A., Wellfleet.
30. Wellfleet, Mass. Y. R. A., Wellfleet.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Cape Cod, Mass. Y. R. A., Provincetown.
2. Cape Cod, Mass. Y. R. A., Provincetown.
3. Indian Harbor, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., fall, Greenwich.
3. Hartford, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., special, Fenwick.
3. Manhasset Bay, special club, Manhasset Bay.
3. Larchmont, club race, Larchmont.
3. Cape Cod, Mass. Y. R. A., Provincetown.
5. Lynn, Mass. Y. R. A., Nahant.
5. Larchmont, fall regatta, Larchmont.
5. Norwalk, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., annual, Norwalk.
5. Sachem's Head, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., annual, Sachem's Head.
5. Indian Harbor, club races, Greenwich.
8. New York, autumn cup, Glen Cove.
10. Seawanhaka, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., fall, Oyster Bay.
10. Larchmont, club race, Larchmont.
11. Mass. Y. R. A., rendezvous at Hull.
17. Manhasset Bay, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., fall, Sand's Point.
24. Riverside, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., fall, Riverside.

A Cruise on Long Island Sound.

BY CHARLES N. ROBINSON, HARTFORD, CONN.

EARLY in June—the tenth, to be exact—we cast off the mooring lines of Ramea at Essex and started down the Connecticut River for a cruise up the Sound as far as New Rochelle and back to New London.

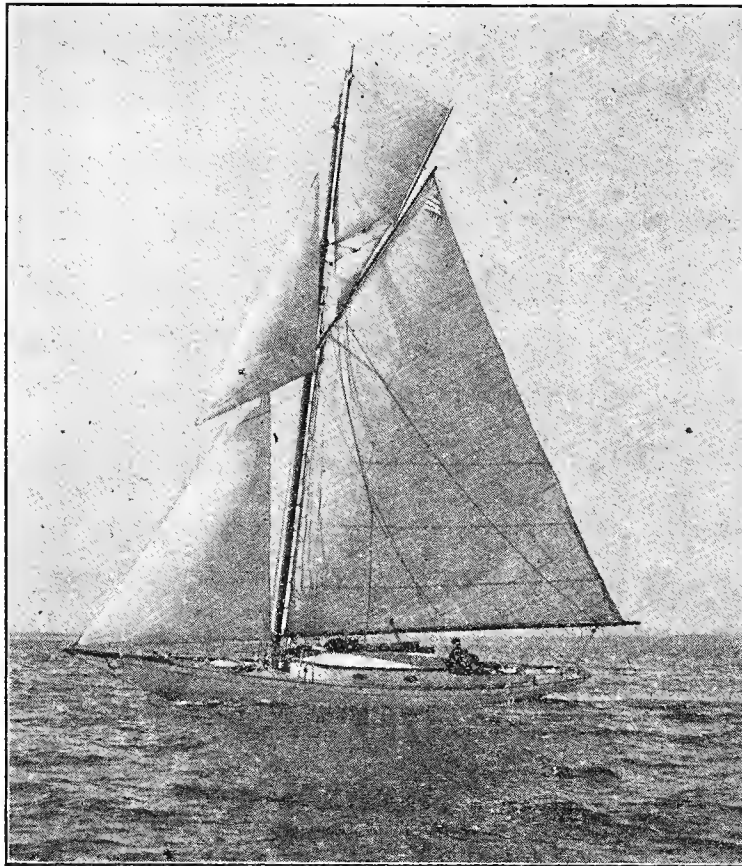
Ramea is a sloop rigged centerboard cruiser, and was designed by Mr. C. D. Mower and built by Lawley in 1902. Her dimensions are: Length on waterline, 21ft.; over all, 33ft. 5in.; extreme beam, 8ft. 10in.; draft, 3ft. 6in., and with board down, 6ft. 6in. Besides the centerboard she has a keel 12ft. long and 18in. deep, and we have found that she sails very handily with this alone, which is a great convenience in shoal water work. The ballast is all outside on the keel. A sloop rig on a 21ft. boat is rather a novelty in this jib-and-mainsail age. This rig was adopted because it appeared to be the most efficient, and at the same time the most convenient one that could be handled by two men. The experience of two seasons has shown that it is entirely satisfactory, and may be handled by one man without much trouble. The area of the jib and mainsail is 460 sq. ft., and Ramea will carry this in a 15 to 20 knot breeze. In light airs the sail area may be increased to 530 sq. ft. by setting a club-topsail and jib-topsail, and these sails draw well in close work to windward. When not in use the club-topsail is stowed in either of the long lockers which extend aft from the cabin on each side of the cockpit. The cabin was designed for comfort. The transoms are 6ft. 3in. long and, when extended, 26 in. wide. Aft of the transoms on either side are clothes lockers, while at the forward ends are shelves with lockers underneath opening amidships. On each side under the deck are two lockers with a larger one between in which the bedding is stowed during the day. The galley is entirely under the house, and has good headroom. The stoves and dish lockers are

on the starboard, and the ice-box is on the port side.

We—that is to say, the crew, consisting of the writer and his brother—got up for an early start Wednesday morning, but not a ripple disturbed the glassy surface of the river. It was fine weather for bathing, however, and we were soon overboard in the rather warm water, which at this point, six miles from the mouth of the river, is fresh. Breakfast we took leisurely, and then overhauled the rigging, loosened the mainsail, put the jib up in stops, and generally straightened things out. Still no wind and from the hazy look of things to the southward it seemed probable that we should not have much at any time during the day.

I went ashore and bought some more provisions and got hold of the ice man. With some care in stowing, Ramea's ice-box will hold from 60 to 70 pounds, and this generally lasts five days. The waste water drains into a small tank under the lower shelf and is emptied morning and night, when the cook remembers all his duties. This water is used for washing dishes, etc., although Ramea's water supply is ample, two-thirds of the space under either transom being occupied by a copper tank. The two hold about thirty gallons of water, which is piped forward to a pump in the galley.

A light southerly air came in from the Sound about noon, and we decided to make a start. It came very near being a false one, however, for we were close to a mud



RAMEA.

flat and the strong tide nearly set us on to it. We tacked slowly down against the last of the flood tide and caught the first of the ebb above the Lyme bridge. This was fortunate, as we could never have worked through the draw against the tide. The draw swung open in plenty of time, and we soon left the long bridge behind. In years gone by, when this draw was swung by hand, they were not so prompt in opening, and, if they thought a small boat could take her mast down, they often wouldn't open it at all.

We decided to bring up at the upper anchorage, which is about a quarter of a mile above the steamboat dock at Saybrook Point. And bring up we did, but it was on a mud flat! This flat is a favorite spot of ours to ground on; in fact, we never feel that the season's cruising is complete unless we are hung up here at least once. In order to excuse this annual piece of carelessness we conceived the idea that the flat was encroaching on the channel somewhat each year; an excuse that was quite satisfying until we calculated that it would only be a matter of ten years, more or less, before the mouth of the river would be completely obstructed. The wind was light S.E., and I was letting Ramea run in pretty close to the flat in order to get into slack water, when she came to a gradual stop. The jib had been already taken in, so the tiller was jammed down, and with the mainsail flattened in she swung around broadside to the wind. As the tide was falling, no time was lost in lowering the mainsail and taking an anchor out into deep water. After some good hard hauling, she gradually came off, rather to our surprise, and we soon had everything snug and shipshape for the night.

The writer prefers the upper anchorage at the mouth of the Connecticut because of the better protection it offers, and the fact that it is in comparatively slack water. The bottom—a black mud—is excellent holding ground. An anchorage in about 12ft. of water may be found between the two coal docks and about 300 feet from them. In

order to avoid the mud flat above mentioned, one must not pass north of the line of the second (the northern) coal dock. The principal objection to this anchorage is that it is two miles from the mouth of the river. Small boats may find good anchorage for the night inside the breakwaters, either off the inner end of the western or near the spindle on the inner end of the eastern breakwater, care being taken to keep out of the path of the steamers. There are no buoys in the mouth of the river, though there is considerable shoal water. One would be particularly welcome at the end of the shoal which makes off from the inner lighthouse. A pile was driven there this season by private parties, but evidently in too deep water, as it was hit by a barge and broken off below the water.

Leaving H. to start the dinner, I rowed over to the dock and walked down to Kellogg's store at the Point to get a paper. As soon as the potatoes were boiled, H. warmed up a can of soup, broiled an excellent steak, and we sat down to dinner. Having the table leaves hinged on either side of the centerboard case is a great convenience, as you can put them up in a jiffy and there is your table firm and secure, with no legs to be knocked out by an inadvertent sweep of the foot. Cleaning up after a hearty dinner is not always the pleasantest job in the world, but with plenty of hot water and soap it does not take long, and then one can settle back on the transoms with a well earned sense of satisfaction.

Later in the evening, when I went on deck to see if the anchor was clear and everything snug preparatory to turning in, a heavy fog had settled down. The wind had dropped completely, and the river flowed by like oil. They were ringing a bell on a schooner out in the river, and the deep, hoarse voices of the sirens came in from the Sound.

The fog held on all night, and Thursday morning, after breakfast, was as bad as ever. What wind there was came from the eastward. We rowed ashore after breakfast and walked over the bridge to Fenwick. The big hotel was still closed up tight and looked as gloomy and depressing as a summer hotel always does out of season. When we reached the stone pier the fog began to lift, so we started back. But it soon rolled in again, and we turned to the right on reaching the bridge and went over to the Hartford Y. C. house.

On our way back we stopped on the bridge over the creek which connects the cove with the pond over near the beach to watch a muskrat busily engaged in collecting material for a house. He finally secured a load and started up stream with the tide, disappearing some distance away in the marsh grass. Pretty soon he reappeared and swam back to the bridge, making irregular tacks against the swift current. When he had secured what he wanted, he went home again with his load. Apparently he knew enough not to try to buck the current with a load. In a stream like this there is always an endless procession of minnows. They are caught and swept in by every flood tide, only to be swept out again by the ebb.

The fog persisted, but a nice little breeze had come in from the S.E. As the tide was running in, we made short hitches and hugged the west side of the river, getting out to the end of the breakwaters without any trouble under mainsail and jib. Rounding the red lighthouse close to we squared away for Cornfield Point steering W. by N. We were squarely bucking the ebb tide, and it was forty minutes before the pebbly beach with the dirt bluff behind it appeared out of the mist. Our first landfall lay ahead fair and square. We were not so fortunate, however, with our next point, the spindle on Hens and Chickens. The buoy off Cornfield Point lay far outside of us, but as there is plenty of water inside of it we took our departure from the Point itself. A difference of opinion arose over the amount of nothing from the true course necessary to meet the strong S.E. sweep of the ebb tide setting out of the bay. As a compromise, 1½ points were allowed. It was not enough; three points in a light air would be much better. After twenty minutes' sailing we expected to see the spindle, but it seemed a coy thing, and insisted in remaining hidden in the fog. We did not stop to look for it, but changed our course a couple of points to the north and kept on for the red buoy off Crane's Reef. This did not show up on schedule time, either, and it appeared that it also had been moved away. Then the fog began to burn up and drift away in long streamers. The man at the tiller took a long look in shore, and suddenly exclaimed: "There she bobs." Sure enough, the red buoy lay inside our course a full quarter of a mile, swaying up and down in the strong tide. We soon changed our course for Duck Island breakwater, and anchored well up under it about midafternoon.

While we were stowing the mainsail a tow of coal barges came in from New Haven and anchored between us and the breakwater. They immediately began to swing with the tide and it looked for a few minutes as though we might have to get out of the way in a hurry. We took the chance, however, and they cleared us by less than a hundred feet.

After making everything snug, we rowed over to the beach to the east of Grove Beach for the purpose of "exploring" the Patchogue and Menunketesuck rivers, two

swamp creeks which come together just inside the beach and have a common outlet. At first we tried to get in by following a channel along the shore, but it proved a false lead and landed us on a bar of small pebbles over which the ebb tide was racing. The real channel runs straight out from the shore, almost due south. At low water we found from 2 to 3 feet on the bar, and in the narrow channel further in from 5 to 6 feet, which increased to about 10 feet in the pool at the junction of the two streams. We rowed up the left-hand creek half way to the highway bridge and drifted back with the current. The channel is extremely tortuous, full of eel grass, and not more than a foot or two deep, except at the bends. High and dry on a bar near the bank lay an old 30ft. sloop that had a familiar look, and getting in where we could read her name, found it was Hornet, a craft on which, when youngsters, we had many a sail. An inspection of the right-hand branch showed it to be similar to the left-hand one. Creeks like these, though rather difficult of access even under favorable conditions, are an agreeable change from the crowded harbor, and are especially attractive in the fall when ducks are plentiful.

The character of the day had changed. When the fog lifted it left bright, sunny weather, and a nice little breeze, but now the wind had dropped, the sun gone, and the sky had a gray, rainy look.

After dinner we sat in the cockpit awhile and smoked. The men on the tow had gathered around the capstan on one of the barges with their pipes for an after-dinner "gam."

During the night the wind came in from the E., and Ramea, while riding upon her anchor, bumped into the tow as it was swinging around. We jumped out of the cabin half awake, and saw a wall of wood towering above us. For a moment it looked as if a whole island was about to slide over the boat, but a few vigorous shoves sent us clear, and then, as it was a trifle cool for pajamas, we jumped below again.

At five o'clock the next morning the wind was blowing hard from the E., and it seemed best to get under way at once and take advantage of it. We decided, however, to breakfast first, as it was too rough outside to do any cooking under sail. So the cook prepared some coffee and shredded codfish scrambled with eggs on toast. By six o'clock everything was cleaned up, and we put on oilers and went on deck. It had begun to rain, and the wind had increased. So much so, indeed, that after we had put three reefs in the mainsail and bobbed the jib and were all ready to get up the anchor, we found that the strain on the cable was so great that we could not take in an inch, and it was difficult to make it fast again without its getting away.

So we looked at each other and decided to stay where we were—if we could. As luck would have it, the wind was blowing from the very direction in which the Duck Island anchorage has the least protection, and Ramca was putting her bow under almost every minute. The barometer, which had been quite steady until six o'clock, was now dropping rapidly. It was evident that our regular 21-pound anchor, a splendid holder, could not hang on much longer the way things were going, so no time was lost in getting our second anchor, weighing 40 pounds, overboard and coiling the cable up carefully, so that it would run out freely when the smaller anchor started.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Interlake Yachting Association Meet

THE annual meeting of the Inter-Lake Yachting Association was held the week of July 17, and proved by long odds to be the most successful ever given by that organization. More than one hundred yachts attended the meet, and it was estimated that five thousand visitors were there to see the races. The meet was held at the usual place—Put-In-Bay, Lake Erie, Ohio—a beautiful spot most suitable for yacht racing. The course is one of the best on fresh water, and spectators can see the entire race from ashore. The accommodations are excellent, and amply sufficient to provide for unlimited numbers. The weather was also desirable, which invariably assists in making an affair of the kind successful. The yachts began to arrive on Saturday, July 16. The first to put in an appearance was the flagship Vanessa, with Commodore John H. Smedley aboard. The I. L. Y. A. comprises the following clubs: Buffalo Y. C., of Buffalo, N. Y.; Erie Y. C., of Erie, Pa.; Cleveland and Lakewood Yacht Clubs, of Cleveland, O.; Sandusky Y. C., of Sandusky, O.; Toledo and Maumee River Y. C.'s, of Toledo, O.; Detroit Y. C., Detroit Boat Club Yachtsmen and Country Club, of Detroit, and the Port Huron Yachting Association, of Port Huron. By noon Monday the entire fleet had assembled in the bay. The bunting, trophies, and medallions to be contested for during the week were on exhibition at the Hotel Victory. Commodore Dexter assisted Commodore Smedley in welcoming the yachtsmen.

Next day (Tuesday) the racing began with class races over a triangular course of 4 miles to the leg. The boys were on hand bright and early, and the weather was all that could be desired. The wind was steady and about 10 miles an hour. The first leg was a close reach, and 40 boats hovered near the line waiting for the gun. The classes were sent away at 5-minute intervals, beginning with the 40ft. class. In the big class the Enright and Sultana had quite an argument in jockeying for a start, in which the former excelled. The 35-footers made a picture with eight or nine boats coming to the line abreast. Cadillac and Echota made a sensational start, and treated the spectators to an exhibition of skill that was little short of marvelous. Echota, however, outjockeyed her rival by securing the windward berth, and hugging it so closely as to force the other to go under her stern. From that time it was nothing but Echota, which was heading straight for the mark, while Cadillac had dropped three-fourths of a mile to leeward at the first turn. Just as Echota prepared to round the mark there was a crash and her big mainsail came down with a run. The throat halliard block had split, and she was out of it from all appearances. Disabled, but not disheartened, the crew set to work to repair the damage, and in 21 minutes the big mainsail was again sent aloft and she started after the fleet with a

jump. The second leg was a reach, one of her strong points, and she rapidly began to overhaul the bunch, finishing just 7m. behind Cadillac, and beating her actual sailing time by 14m. This caused considerable surprise, and boosted her stock to par for the race of the next day. In the 25ft. class, Chloris, a Lakewood Y. C. craft, had things all her own way, winning hands down. The 21ft. restricted class furnished the best racing of the meet. There were five new boats from Detroit and Rooster II. flying the L. Y. C. burgee. Rooster II. had been purchased in Boston, and was looked upon as a likely candidate. She was handicapped, however, by having to sail with only three men, owing to her waterline, which measured exactly 21ft. with the three men aboard. In this class no boat had actually won till they were over the line, so closely were they matched. Spray won out, however in an exciting finish. In the 21ft. regular class, Tattoo, of Sandusky, did the business. Mermaid, of Detroit, won in the 18ft. class. She was protested, however, and a remeasurement showed her to be too large for the class, and the race was given to Wrinkle, of Toledo. In the 16ft. class, the Lakewood Y. C. predominated, with a first, second, and third.

Following is the summary:

40ft. Class—Start, 8:30.			
	Finish.		Elapsed.
Czarina, T. Y. C.	11 10 12		2 40 12
Oberon, T. Y. C.	11 25 17		2 55 17
35ft. Class—Start, 8:35.			
Enright, T. Y. C.	11 26 41		2 51 41
Sultana, D. B. C. Y.	11 27 37		2 52 37
Juanita, T. Y. C.	11 32 19		2 57 15
30ft. Class—Start, 8:40.			
Cadillac, D. Y. C.	11 15 48		2 35 48
*Echota, L. Y. C.	11 25 15		2 45 15
25ft. Class—Start, 8:45.			
Chloris, L. Y. C.	11 25 03		2 40 03
Myrina, T. Y. C.	11 49 45		3 04 45
Old 21ft. Class—Start, 8:50.			
Tattoo, S. Y. C.	11 33 29		2 43 39
Finesse, C. C.	11 39 49		2 49 49
Typhoon, T. Y. C.	11 48 43		2 58 43
Mabel Mac, T. Y. C.	11 48 57		2 58 57
Suzanne, L. Y. C.	11 51 00		3 01 00
Restricted 21ft. Class—Start, 8:55.			
Spray, E. Y. C.	11 21 37		2 36 37
Ste. Claire, C. C.	11 23 12		2 38 12
Rooster II., L. Y. C.	11 26 55		2 41 55
Ventura, D. B. C. Y.	11 29 28		2 44 28
Pirate, C. C.	11 30 28		2 45 28
Eyota, D. Y. C.	11 30 36		2 45 36
18ft. Class—Start, 9:00.			
Mermaid, D. Y. C.	11 44 31		2 44 31
Wrinkle, T. Y. C.	11 47 18		2 47 18
Lucille, D. Y. C.	Did not finish.		
Louise, T. Y. C.	Did not finish.		
16ft. Class—Start, 9:05.			
Myth, L. Y. C.	10 53 00	1 48 00	
Daphne, L. Y. C.	11 05 05	2 00 05	
Truant, L. Y. C.	11 15 00	2 10 00	
Wa. Wa. S. Y. C.	11 19 20	2 14 20	
*Disqualified.			

Wednesday, July 20—Weather still favorable, though slightly fresher than on the preceding day. Course 5 miles to windward and return. The big fellows again fought hard for supremacy, and the better positions at the start. Sultana gained a point on Enright, getting over first, which made things even. The start, as on the previous day, was at 8:30 A. M., and every 5 minutes a class was sent away. Czarina and Oberon made a pretty race on the first leg, but after that it was all Czarina. Merle kept going, and passed Oberon on the last leg, securing second place.

Enright won in the 35ft. class, and just at the first turn Echota's mainsail dropped with a bang, and the unlucky 30-footer was again disabled. It was a remarkable coincidence that the accident to the boat occurred in the same spot, namely, at the throat halliard block, though on the second day it was the steel bridle that held the block. The most astounding part of it all was her position in the race was identical on both days, and the accident happened within a boat's length of the mark on both occasions. No attempt was made to repair the damage this time, and her skipper ran her back to the bay under jib. In the 25ft. class Chloris had a sail over, while Tattoo won in the 21ft. regular class. In the 21ft. restricted class, Spray succeeded in getting over first, with Ste. Claire second. Wrinkle won handily in the 18ft. class, and Daphne won in the 16ft. class. After the race, Myth, protested Truant, and Truant protested Myth in turn, with the result that both were disqualified for fouling.

Following is the summary:

40ft. Class—Start, 8:30.			
	Finish.		Elapsed.
Czarina, T. Y. C.	10 44 31		2 14 31
Merle, B. Y. C.	10 57 47		3 27 47
Oberon, T. Y. C.	10 58 50		2 28 50
35ft. Class—Start, 8:35.			
Enright, T. Y. C.	11 02 24		2 27 24
Sultana, D. B. Y. C.	11 04 37		2 29 37
30ft. Class—Start, 8:40.			
Cadillac, D. Y. C.	10 42 23		2 02 23
Echota, L. Y. C.	Disqualified.		
25ft. Class—Start, 8:45.			
Chloris, L. Y. C.	10 54 47		2 09 47
Old 21ft. Class—Start, 8:50.			
Tattoo, S. Y. C.	11 02 28		2 12 28
Mermaid, D. Y. C.	11 09 19		2 19 19
Finesse, C. C.	11 12 41		2 22 41
Mabel Mac, T. Y. C.	11 23 23		2 33 23
Suzanne, L. Y. C.	11 32 59		2 42 59
Typhoon, T. Y. C.	11 37 56		2 47 56
Restricted 21ft. Class—Start, 8:55.			
Spray, D. Y. C.	10 52 51		1 57 51
Ste. Claire, C. C.	10 54 28		1 59 28
Eyota, D. Y. C.	10 57 43		2 02 43
Pirate, C. C.	10 58 29		2 03 29
Rooster II., L. Y. C.	11 05 21		2 05 21
Ventura, D. B. C. Y.	11 01 11		2 06 11
18ft. Class—Start, 9:00.			
Wrinkle, T. Y. C.	11 20 36		2 20 36
Lucille, D. Y. C.	11 38 28		2 38 28
Louise, T. Y. C.	Did not start with class.		
16ft. Class—Start, 9:05.			
Daphne, L. Y. C.	10 57 01		1 52 01
*Myth, L. Y. C.	10 57 01½		1 52 01½
*Truant, L. Y. C.	10 57 02		1 52 02
*Fouled.			

In the afternoon the power boat races were held under the direction of Professor Herbert C. Sadler, of the University of Michigan, chair of naval architecture. The H. B. Kitchell, of Put-In-Bay, was the winner in the cabin class by 15s., and Georgia, owned by P. H. Studer, of Detroit, won the open class by 1m. 5s. A small launch, designed by F. S. Nock, and equipped with a De Mooy Bros. 7 horse-power engine, and owned by them, made the best showing of all, though she did not win. She is only

26ft. long, and is an open boat. She had to start against the cabin class, and was only beaten by a single entry, that being a boat twice her size, and of four times her horsepower. The De Mooy launch was allowed only 47s. over a 12-mile course. This is rather hard to understand, but it is one of those incidents that sometimes happen, and while it was certainly unjust, the De Mooy gentlemen submitted to the inevitable with very good grace. However, their boat was the feature of the power boat fleet, and on a test over a measured course made a mile in 4m. 11s.

Thursday morning continued fair weather, velocity about six miles an hour. Squadron sail in the morning with 94 boats in the line-up. As is customary in all squadron sails, the wind petered out, and had it not been for the kindly assistance of those equipped with power, it is safe to assume that many would have missed dinner. In the afternoon the big cruising class raced, and included the following: Vanessa, the flagship, owned by Commodore John H. Smedley; Hussar II., owned by Commodore E. T. Affleck, of Toledo; Wemco II., owned by Commodore C. C. Warren, of Sandusky, and the Minx, owned by Mr. W. W. Murray, of Detroit. The big fellows were handled admirably, but better work was noticeable aboard the Hussar II., and she won out handily. Wemco II. finished second, Vanessa third, Minx fourth.

Following is the summary:

Start, 2:05.			
	Finish.		Elapsed.
Hussar II., Affleck, T. Y. C.	3 52 50		1 47 50
Wemco II., Warren, T. Y. C.	3 56 40		1 51 40
Vanessa, Smedley, D. B. Y. C.	4 09 50		2 04 50
Puritana, Richardson, T. Y. C.	4 17 20		2 12 20
Minx, Murray, D. Y. C.	Did not finish.		

In the evening the Yachtsmen's Ball was held at the Hotel Victory.

Friday, July 22.—A shift in the wind, weather conditions very threatening, velocity of wind from 15 to 20 miles an hour, very puffy. Majority of the fleet carrying tucks in their mainsails. Friday's race was the free for all, with a one-gun start for the fleet. The start was a wonderful one, as many as 40 boats getting over the line in as many seconds. That there were no disasters is remarkable, for that mass of hulls and sails bore down on the mark at terrific speed in the fresh breeze. There were fouls galore, but they occurred in such rapid succession that it was impossible for the regatta committee to get more than a few, so it decided to overlook them all, which was the only just way under the circumstances. Cadillac got over the line first, with Chloris second, Spray third, Ste. Claire fourth, Echota fifth, Czarina sixth, Eyota seventh, Merle eighth, and a long list well bunched close astern. The course was triangular 4 miles to the leg, the first leg a reach, second a spinnaker run, the third a dead beat to windward. The first five boats held their positions to the first turn, and were so close that only 35s. separated the first from the fifth in rounding the turn. Echota got her big spinnaker out first, only 23s. being required to do the trick. About half way down this leg, Echota decided to gybe her spinnaker, and in 48s. had it drawing on the other side. The balance of the fleet decided to follow her lead, but all the time Echota was getting away from those astern of her, and overhauling the leaders. In sticking too closely to Cadillac, she made the mistake of overstanding the mark, and when it was sighted both were a mile to windward of it. This proved costly, as the last leg was a beat, and here the two big racers lost heavily. The Spray rounded first, Ste. Claire second, Chloris third, Cadillac fourth, Echota fifth. After rounding the mark, Chloris took a long leg on the port tack, the majority of the fleet going the same way, only making shorter tacks. Cadillac made a long leg on the port tack, but later decided on the short ones. Echota decided to make it in two legs, and went off on a long leg on the starboard tack. A few of the fleet followed her, and were sorry afterward. The wind had flattened and was very fluky. Those who preferred the long port tack got what little breeze there was, while Echota followers ran into a soft spot, where they remained for at least a half hour. It now began to cloud up a bit, and a nasty squall was seen coming on the run, but, strange to say, not a single boat took in a reef. Chloris, away down under the lee of Gibraltar, got it first, right on the quarter and away she went on her beam ends, passing the bunch and romping home a winner. Ste. Claire went over second, with Spray 7s. behind her. The balance of the fleet followed closely astern. Away over by Rattlesnake Island lay Echota and her followers waiting for it to hit. It came too late, and they were hopelessly beaten. It is remarkable that no accidents occurred, as the puffs reached easily fifty miles an hour. Following is the summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Chloris, L. Y. C.	8 39 20	11 03 52	2 24 52	2 13 28
Wrinkle, T. Y. C.	8 43 33	11 20 36	2 41 36	2 16 38
Tattoo, S. Y. C.	8 39 55	11 16 36	2 37 36	2 18 23
Cadillac, D. Y. C.	8 39 25	11 06 40	2 27 40	2 19 51
Lucille, D. Y. C.	8 39 00	11 29 03	2 05 03	2 25 05
Mabel Mac, T. Y. C.	8 43 00	11 23 44	2 44 44	2 25 31
Finesse, C. C.	8 39 00	11 25 03	2 46 03	2 26 50
Enright, T. Y. C.	8 40 30	11 19 32	2 46 32	2 37 03
Shamrock, L. Y. C.	8 45 00	11 25 32	2 46 32	2 38 43
Sultana, D. B. Y. C.	8 40 30	11 22 00	2 43 00	2 39 31
Echota, L. Y. C.	8 39 25	11 27 36	2 48 36	2 40 47
Czarina, T. Y. C.	8 39 48	11 20 23	2 41 23	2 41 23
Merle, B. Y. C.	8 40 30	Time of finish not taken.		
Ste. Claire, C. C.	8 39 25	11 04 10	2 25 10	...
Spray, D. Y. C.	8 39 55	11 04 19	2 25 19	...
Eyota, S. Y. C.	8 40 06	11 11 04	2 32 04	...
Ventura, D. B. C. Y.	8 40 00	11 14 46	2 35 46	...
Rooster, L. Y. C.	8 39 10	11 16 52	2 37 52	...
Pirate, C. C.	8 39 48	11 19 56	2 40 56	...

A smoker at which prizes were distributed was held at the Hotel Victory in the evening which ended one of the largest and most successful yacht meets ever held on fresh water.

C. W. SCHMIDT, JR.

Brooklyn Y. C.

Club Week, July 23-30.

THE first Club Week of the Brooklyn Y. C. was brought to a successful end on Saturday, July 30, with water sports in the afternoon and a dance in the club house in the evening. On each day, beginning Saturday, July 23, some special form of entertainment was provided which attracted an unusually large gathering of members and guests to the Bensonhurst grounds. A number of squadron runs were held in which non-boat owners were given plenty of chance to sail. Club Week was introduced in place of the annual cruise, which it was considered inadvisable to hold this year.

Marine and Field Club.

Bath Beach, L. I.—Saturday, July 30.

Twenty-four boats started in the annual midsummer regatta of the Marine and Field Club, which was held over courses in Gravesend Bay on the afternoon of Saturday, July 30. The race was also the third of a series of five events to count on the season's championship in the different classes. The winners were Maydic, Bagheera, Lizana, Ogeemah, Beta, Kelpie and Martha M. Sandpiper scored a sailover. A fine breeze from S. by E. blew throughout the contest, holding steady and making good times possible.

The regular association courses were sailed, leaving all marks to port. Classes M and N had a reach to a stake boat off Fort Hamilton, a long port board to the Craven Shoal buoys, another with the wind over the starboard quarter to Sea Gate and a reach with balloons set to Ulmer Park. The first leg was a broad reach in which most of the boats carried spinnakers to port. The other starters sailed the same course, leaving out the journey to Craven Shoal. They had a long leg of windward work from Fort Hamilton to Sea Gate.

Bobtail was disqualified for getting away before the gun for her class. She led Bagheera at the finish by 42s., the exact time she would have had to allow her according to racing measurements. Miss Judy fouled the Fort Hamilton mark on the first round. She completed the course, however, and would have taken second prize on corrected time in Class Q. Maydic sailed a splendid race, and led the entire fleet home. She beat the former Bar Harbor 31-footer, Redwing, by 3m. and 50s. elapsed time, and 54s. corrected time. With the disqualification of Bobtail, Bagheera won from Era by 13s. elapsed time, and 48s. corrected time. Naiad finished ahead of Lizana, but lost the struggle by 1m. and 37s. corrected time. Victories in the other classes were by good margins, except in the case of the catboats, in which Martha M. wrested the laurels from Colleen, which boat finished in the lead by only 1s. corrected time. The summaries follow:

Sloops—Class M—Start, 3:05.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Maydic, W. H. Childs.....	4 19 01	1 14 01	1 14 01
Redwing, J. B. O'Donohue.....	4 22 51	1 17 51	1 15 55
Sloops—Class N—Start, 3:05.			
Bagheera, Hendon Chubb.....	4 23 16	1 18 16	1 17 34
Era, E. H. M. Roehr.....	4 23 29	1 18 29	1 18 22
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach.....	Disqualified.		
Sloops—Class P—Start, 3:10.			
Lizana, D. S. Wylie.....	4 24 00	1 14 00	1 11 19
Naiad, Dr. J. B. Palmer.....	4 24 56	1 12 56	1 12 56
Bonito, Haviland Bros.....	4 26 39	1 16 39	1 15 14
Kate (yawl), J. S. Negus.....	4 31 46	1 21 46	...
Sloops—Class Q—Start, 3:15.			
Ogeemah, Alfred Mackay.....	4 32 43	1 17 43	1 11 30
Careless, F. J. Havens.....	4 34 29	1 19 29	1 19 29
Mary, Max Grundner.....	4 36 33	1 21 33	1 20 54
Karma, J. C. Erskine.....	4 37 30	1 22 30	...
Miss Judy, D. D. Allerton.....	Disqualified.		
Sloops—Class R—Start, 3:15.			
Sandpiper, W. W. Redfern.....	4 42 17	1 27 17	...
Sloops—Class RR—Start, 3:20.			
Beta, Snedeker & Camp.....	4 53 51	1 33 51	...
Delta, J. J. Mahoney.....	4 54 41	1 34 41	...
Alpha, Holcomb & Howell.....	4 55 11	1 35 11	...
Marine and Field Special—Start, 3:20.			
Kelpie, W. K. Brown.....	4 50 40	1 30 40	...
Esperance, T. A. Hamilton.....	4 54 26	1 34 26	...
Catboats—Class V—Start, 3:25.			
Martha M., Richard Moore.....	4 47 17	1 22 17	1 20 59
Colleen, W. F. Remmey.....	4 46 00	1 21 00	1 21 00
Orient, Richard Rummell.....	4 52 00	1 27 00	1 25 42
Boozie	Did not finish.		

Indian Harbor Y. C. vs. American Y. C.

Milton Point, Long Island Sound.—Friday, July 29.

THREE raceabouts of the Indian Harbor Y. C. and a like number from the American Y. C. met in a team race on Friday, July 29. The Indian Harbor Y. C. won by one point, the score being Indian Harbor Y. C. 11, American Y. C. 10.

The boats representing the Indian Harbor Y. C. were: Maryola, sailed by Messrs. A. & W. Hanan; Tartan, handled by her owner, Mr. A. H. Pirie, and Tomboy, which boat was also handled by her owner, Mr. Harry Maxwell. The particulars of the three American Y. C. boats follow: Hobo, sailed by Mr. Clifford Buckman; Cricket, sailed by Mr. Stuyvesant Wainwright, and The Kid, with Mr. Denny Hare at the stick.

The boats covered a 5/8 mile triangular course twice. The start was made off Scotch Caps buoy. The first leg was a reach, the second a spinnaker run and the third a beat. The boats were started at 1:40, and at that time there was a fresh N.W. wind. Maryola was first away almost on the gun. The Kid second, the rest crossed as follows: Hobo, Tartan, Tomboy and Cricket.

On the close reach to the first mark the boats kept well together, and Maryola was still leading at the first mark. Tartan, however, had worked her way into second place. Tartan moved into first place on the second leg, putting Maryola in second place, while Hobo was third, Cricket was fourth. When the boats hauled on the wind, Tartan and Maryola went off on the port, all the others held starboard tacks. Cricket and The Kid finally went after the two leaders. The Kid did some smart sailing and moved from last into second place, Maryola dropped back to third. At the end of the first round the boats were timed as follows:

Tartan	3 03 05	Tomboy	3 05 33
The Kid	3 03 39	Cricket	3 05 52
Maryola	3 05 23	Hobo	3 07 09

On the first leg of the second round Tartan pulled away from The Kid very fast, and on the run opened up a still greater lead. Hobo passed Tomboy and came up far enough to worry Maryola. Tartan increased her lead on The Kid on the windward leg, and as the skipper of the latter boat saw he could not finish first came about and laid down on Tomboy, which boat was doing better in the freshening breeze and had disposed of Cricket and Hobo. The Kid hung on Tomboy's weather bow, and while these two boats were having a brisk struggle Cricket pulled away and finished second. The Kid finished third and Maryola fourth. The summary, start 1:40:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Tartan, A. H. Pirie.....	4 19 19	2 39 19
Maryola, C. W. Allen.....	4 31 37	2 51 37
Tomboy, H. L. Maxwell.....	4 31 45	2 51 45
The Kid, Oliver Harriman, Jr.....	4 31 30	2 51 30
Cricket, Howard Willets.....	4 31 23	2 51 23
Hobo, Trenor L. Park.....	4 36 51	2 56 51

The judges were Messrs. Newbury D. Lawton, New York Y. C.; Frank Bowne Jones, Indian Harbor Y. C., and H. De B. Parsons, American Y. C.

The 30-footers, Mimosa and Nike, sailed a match race over an 18-mile course, and Nike won by 3m. 3s. The summary:

Sloops—Class N—Start, 1:55.		
Mimosa, T. L. Park.....	4 56 41	3 01 41
Nike, V. I. Cumnock.....	4 53 38	2 58 38

Indian Harbor Y. C.

Greenwich, Long Island Sound.—Saturday, July 30.

THERE was a good turn out of boats in the Indian Harbor regatta held on Saturday, July 30, but the event was not as successful as it would have been had there been more breeze. The race was to have been started in the morning, but was postponed until 2 P. M. At that time there was a light W.S.W. wind.

The larger boats covered a 12-mile course, the first leg of which was a broad reach, the second a beat and the third a run. This course was to have been covered twice, but the regatta committee felt it advisable to stop the boats at the end of the first round. The schooners were sent away at 2:05. There were two starters, the old Burgess schooner, Quickstep, and the auxiliary, Seneca. The latter won easily. Quickstep also had a match race with the sloop Daphne. The schooner allowed the sloop 6m. 9s., and Daphne won by 5m. 44s.

The two 70-footers, Virginia and Yankee, have recently been put into commission, and they met for the first time this season. The wind was so light that both these boats had difficulty in getting away and they were handicapped. Virginia did not cross until nearly 5m. after Yankee. Yankee led throughout the race and won by 7m. 29s.

Neola, Khama and Aspirant not having competitors in their own classes, were "pitted" against one another in a mixed class. The corrected time could not be figured in this class, as some

of the measurements were not to be had. Sloops and yawls of the 36ft. class were the next to start at 2:15. There were four sloops and two yawls. Mimosa III. won, Spasm was second and Anotok was third. There were only two starters in the 36ft. class, Nike and Nellie. The former won by nearly 7m. As usual, the largest number of starters and the best racing was in the raceabout class. Ten of these boats came to the line and Hobo won by 19s. Rascal II. finished next and Tartan was third. Robin Hood beat Snapper, her only competitor in the 25ft. sloop class, by a good margin. Of the two starters in the Larchmont one-design class, Hourii had the best of it and won by just 2m.

Kenoshi and Shoshone sailed a dead heat in the Indian Harbor one-design class. Wa Wa met defeat for the first time this season. Anawanda was badly left by her competitors. Kenoshi and Shoshone will sail off the tie at an early day. Loto II. had no competitor in the 21ft. class and took a sailover. In the 18ft. sloop class Louise Bell was the only boat to finish.

The regatta committee was made up of Messrs. Frank Bowne Jones, Charles E. Simms, E. S. Wheeler and Thomas J. McCahill. The summary:

Schooners—Handicap Class—Start, 2:05—Course, 12 Miles.		
Quickstep, Edward Shearson.....	5 45 52	3 40 52
Seneca, Roy A. Ramey.....	5 16 44	3 11 44

Match Race—Start, 2:05—Course, 12 Miles.		
Daphne, L. D. Armstrong.....	5 46 17	3 41 17
Quickstep, Edward Shearson.....	5 45 52	3 40 52

Corrected time: Daphne, 3:35:08; Quickstep, 3:40:52.

Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 2:05—Course, 12 Miles.		
Virginia, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.....	4 44 10	2 39 10
Yankee, J. Roger Maxwell.....	4 36 41	2 31 41

Sloops—70ft. Class—Start, 2:05—Course, 12 Miles.		
Neola, Geo. M. Pynchon.....	4 53 14	2 43 16
Aspirant, A. & W. Hanan.....	5 01 39	2 51 39
Khama, Seymour J. Hyde.....	5 10 00	3 00 00

Sloops—36ft. Class—Start, 2:15—Course, 12 Miles.		
Mignon, Joseph Fournier.....	5 09 32	2 54 32
Mimosa III., T. L. Park.....	4 45 08	2 30 08
Spasm, E. D. King.....	4 46 05	2 31 05
Anotok, W. G. Brokaw.....	4 48 29	2 33 29
Sakana, R. S. McCreary.....	4 57 08	2 42 08
Memory, H. M. Raborg.....	4 58 32	2 43 32

Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 2:15—Course, 12 Miles.		
Nike, V. I. Cumnock.....	4 52 23	2 37 23
Nellie, W. H. Bush.....	4 59 04	2 44 04

Raceabout Class—Start, 2:20—Course, 12 Miles.		
Idler, O'Donnell Iselin.....	6 00 43	3 40 43
Hobo, T. L. Park.....	5 41 05	3 21 05
Rascal II., T. S. Hopkins.....	5 41 24	3 21 24
Jolly Roger, T. B. Biecker.....	5 49 41	3 29 41
Tomboy, H. L. Maxwell.....	5 51 38	3 31 38
Tartan, A. H. Pirie.....	5 41 56	3 21 56
Maryola, C. W. Allen.....	5 55 54	3 35 54
Busy Bee, R. T. Wainwright.....	5 53 39	3 33 39
Cricket, J. M. Willets.....	5 42 47	3 22 47
Rogue, A. B. Alley.....	5 43 45	3 23 45

Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 2:25.		
Snapper, F. S. Page.....	6 06 41	3 41 41
Robin Hood, George Gartland.....	6 03 20	3 38 20

Larchmont One-Design Class—Start, 2:25.		
Vaquero II., J. M. Marble.....	6 03 00	3 38 00
Hourii, J. H. Esser.....	6 01 00	3 36 00

Indian Harbor Y. C.—One-Design Class—Start, 2:30—Course, 5 Miles.		
Kenoshi, C. D. Mallory.....	5 11 31	2 41 31
Anawanda, E. C. Ray.....	5 24 51	2 54 51
Wa Wa, J. E. Montells.....	5 16 35	2 46 35
Shoshone, G. F. Dominick.....	5 11 31	2 41 31

Sloops—21ft. Class—Start, 2:30—Course, 9 Miles.		
Loto II., F. P. Currier.....	5 03 03	2 33 03

Sloops—18ft. Class—Start, 2:35—Course, 9 Miles.		
Marina, Winnell Ayers.....	Not timed.	
Colleen, John Wilson.....	Not timed.	
Louie Bell, J. M. Williams.....	5 38 07	3 03 07

Atlantic Y. C.

Sea Gate L. I.—Saturday, July 30.

ONLY three craft started in the last power boat regatta of the Atlantic Y. C., which was held on the afternoon of Saturday, July 30, over the course beginning off Sea Gate, Lower Bay. C. C. Kiot's Standard met and defeated Nat. Herreshoff's new creation, Swift Sure, which came all the way from Bristol, R. I., for the event, while Ving-et-Un, entered by C. N. Hamilton, covered the course alone. The boats competed in two divisions, according to load waterline length, without allowance of any kind. Remarkably good time was made over the course, which extended from the start off Sea Gate up through the Narrows to and around the bell buoy off Robbins Reef Light and return. This distance was covered twice, aggregating 20 nautical miles.

Standard did the course in 56m. and 50s., beating Swift Sure by 2m. and 46s. elapsed time. The average speed of the winner for the whole course was 21.26 knots, or at the rate of 24.2949 statute miles an hour. The Herreshoff boat made 20.135 knots, or 23.155 statute miles. Ving-et-Un did the 20 miles in 57m. and 54s. She averaged 20.725 knots, or 23.836 statute miles. This is an excellent showing. Nat. Herreshoff steered Swift Sure during her maiden effort and expressed the opinion that after the machinery of the craft becomes limbered up with further use she will show improved form. The complete summaries follow:

First Round—10 Miles.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Standard	2 30 15	2 59 07	0 28 52
Swift Sure	2 30 42	3 00 06	0 29 24
Ving-et-Un	2 36 21	3 05 25	0 29 04

Average speed in knots: Standard, 20.75; Swift Sure, 20.37; Ving-et-Un, 20.62.

Second Round—10 Miles.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Standard	2 59 07	3 27 05	0 27 58
Swift Sure	3 00 06	3 30 18	0 30 12
Ving-et-Un	3 05 25	3 34 15	0 28 50

Average speed in knots: Standard, 21.50; Swift Sure, 19.90; Ving-et-Un, 20.83.

Full Course.			
First Division—40 to 60ft. L.W.L.			
Standard	2 30 15	3 27 05	0 56 50
Swift Sure	2 30 42	3 30 18	0 59 36

Second Division—Under 40ft. L.W.L.			
Ving-et-Un	2 36 21	3 34 15	0 57 54

Average speed in knots: Standard, 21.126; Swift Sure, 20.135; Ving-et-Un, 20.725.

Riverton Y. C.

Riverton, Delaware River.—Saturday, July 23.

THE Riverton Y. C. held its fourth race on Saturday, July 23. The wind was light and there were sixteen starters. Sea Gull got the start in her class. Fiona overhauled her on the first leg, which was to windward and continued to increase her lead until she finished a winner by 18m. Sea Gull fouled Carolyn II. and a protest was entered. Pumpkin got the start in her class and held her position throughout the race, but was given a close finish by Tadpole who closed up the gap between them and crossed only 16s. behind. In the one-design fleet, John Reese secured first place at the start, but was overhauled by A. G. Cook on the first leg and was not able to regain his position. Cook finished 13m. ahead of Reese. The summary:

Catboats—Start, 3:05.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Fiona, John Perkins.....	6 23 45	3 18 45
Sea Gull, Lee C. Cook.....	6 41 00	3 36 00
Carolyn II., C. C. Rianhard.....	6 45 45	3 40 45

Jib and Mainsail Class—Start, 3:10.		
Pumpkin, J. C. W. Frishmuth, Jr.....	6 52 15	3 42 15
Tadpole, E. W. Crittenden.....	6 52 30	3 42 30

One-Design Fleet—Start, 3:10.		
1 A. G. Cook.....	6 52 45	3 42 45
2 John H. Reese.....	7 05 00	3 55 00
3 Dr. C. S. Mills.....	Withdraw.	
4 H. McI. Biddle.....	Withdraw.	
5 John W. Harmer.....	Withdraw.	
6 E. W. Crittenden.....	Withdraw.	
8 C. M. Biddle.....	Withdraw.	

Mosquito Boats—Start, 3:22.		
14 T. H. Walnut.....	6 53 10	3 42 45
15 E. B. Showell.....	7 00 15	3 38 15
2 C. M. Biddle, Jr.....	Withdraw.	
10 H. H. Cooke.....	Withdraw.	

Beverly Y. C.

Wing's Neck, Buzzard's Bay.—Saturday, July 23.

THE Beverly Y. C. sailed its fourth Corinthian race of the season off the club house on Saturday, July 23. The wind was strong from the N.E. at the start, but backed steadily during the day and gradually decreased in force, so that before the boats finished it was blowing from a little W. of N. This, unfortunately, enabled all the boats to fetch around their courses without tacking. Mr. F. A. Eustis acted as judge.

In the 36ft. class, Young Miss had a close race with Praxilla, finally winning by the small margin of 21s. In the 21ft. restricted class, Quakeress again beat last year's champion, Terrapin. In the new 18ft. one-design class, Margaret, the fourth of the new boats, started for the first time this season. She was doing well until her throat haliard block gave way, and in spite of this accident she finished only 3m. behind the leader, Jap, which defeated the second boat, Hindoo, by only 42s.

The one-design 15-footers, as usual, brought out the largest entry of the day. Eight boats started. Mr. Phillip B. Weld, who sailed for the first time this season, started a lively pace by winning with his Compress, but he had hard work for his victory, for he won by 4s. only. The times in detail are given below:

Buzzard's Bay 30-Footers.	
	Elapsed.
Young Miss, D. L. Whittemore.....	1 29 02
Praxilla, John Parkinson, Jr.....	1 29 23

21ft. Restricted Class.	
Quakeress, W. F. Harrison.....	1 50 00
Terrapin, L. S. Dabney.....	1 51 02

18ft. One-Design Class.	
Jap, George P. Gardner, Jr.....	1 12 18
Hindoo, N. F. Emmons.....	1 13 00
Wizzard, F. W. Sargent.....	1 14 12
Margaret, W. O. Taylor.....	1 15 04

Fourth Class Cats.	
Krieker, W. S. Jameson.....	1 12 08
Maori, W. H. Whiting.....	1 16 21
Allison 2d, Stewart B. McLeod.....	1 16 35

Fourth Class Cats.	
Krieker, W. S. Jamson.....	1 12 08
Maori, W. H. Whiting.....	1 16 21
	1 19 27

Racing Machines—Under 18ft.		
Huzzy	2 56 54	2 55 59
Biloxi Girl	2 59 20	2 59 20
Reliance	3 03 25	3 03 55
Minnehaha	3 04 48	3 04 43
Dream	Withdraw.	
Model Catboats.		
Chiliktah	2 50 38	2 50 38
Special Catboats—19ft. and over.		
Sophia A.	2 45 33	2 45 33
Skipper	3 04 03	3 00 10
Mamie E.	Withdraw.	
Special Catboats—Under 19ft.		
Althea G.	2 57 37	2 57 12
Noretta L.	2 59 38	2 59 38
Villere R.	Withdraw.	
S. D. SAMPSELL.		

Lake Yacht Racing Association.

July 23, 25, 26 and 27.

A RACING meet was held at Kingston, Ont., on the above dates, two races being offered for each class. There was a fair entry list, but, as usual, many boats entered failed to start; still the racing was far better than last year, when the regular work of the association was eclipsed by the Canada cup match. Of the two cup boats, Irondequoit is not in commission this year, and Starthcona has nothing to sail against, except older boats built under several different rules.

Kingston is admirably one of the best places on Lake Ontario for a meet, as it possesses all ordinary marine conveniences, besides many attractions of its own. The harbor is really the Canadian or north channel between Wolfe Island and the mainland, about two miles wide abreast of the city; and owing to the slight but steady current the water is always clean and bright, even alongside the docks. The yacht club has a house just east of Macdonald park, the position being quite central, and from the club balcony all races are started and timed. There is but little choice of course, but the one used is excellent, two outlet marks being laid, one east and the other southwest of the club house, so as to make two sides of a triangle. Each leg is 3 miles, the course being sailed outward to each mark, returning to the home buoy directly, as shoal water prevents the use of a course between the outer marks. In almost any wind, however, this gives a fair share of windward work, and also a clear view of the racing from start to finish from the club house.

Saturday, July 23.

Races for the 35, 30 and 20ft. classes were on the card for this day, with an 11 o'clock start. Light E. wind on Friday had freshened during the night, bringing rain, which fell steadily on Saturday morning, and at 10 o'clock the weather was cold, miserable and generally unpromising. Inquiry by wire showed the conditions to be local, and as the official probabilities were hopeful and the barometer high, a general postponement for two hours was ordered. This move was fully justified, for the rain ceased at noon, a slight haze lifted, and a fine afternoon's racing followed with a fresh breeze, steady and true from the E. In the 35ft. class, Chinook had a sailover, owing to the non-arrival of competitors. The 30ft. class was a scratch affair, Neola and Thelma going in at the last moment, Neola being unmeasured. Teresa was disqualified for making fast to a pier after the preparatory gun. The times were:

35ft. Class—Start, 1:00—Course, 24 Miles.		
Chinook	4 38 25	Finish.
30ft. Class—Start, 1:10—Course, 24 Miles.		
Neola	5 18 54	
Teresa	5 24 00	
Thelma	5 30 35	
Kumin	5 36 32	
20ft. Class—Start, 1:20—Course, 12 Miles.		
Whirl	3 13 29	
Chiriya	3 16 15	
Kulota	3 19 20	
Wasp	3 23 18	

A dance was held at the club house in the evening.

Monday, July 25.

The yachts of 40ft. and over sailed as a first class, the only entries being Vreda, Canada and the schooner Clorita. The wind was light to moderate from the S.W. and the weather fine. Canada made a good race with Vreda for a long time, finally losing by less than a minute on corrected time. The 25ft. class numbered ten starters, all good boats; this class is the lineal descendant of the famous old 30ft. corrected length class, and under the present restrictions ought to be permanent and useful. The times were:

First Class—Start, 11:00—Course, 24 Miles.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vreda	3 13 24	4 13 24	4 13 24
Canada	3 20 53	4 20 53	4 14 22
Clorita	Did not finish.		
25ft. Class—Start, 11:10—Course, 12 Miles.			
	Finish.		
Petrel	1 21 20		
Keno	1 26 13		
Verona	1 29 40		
Chitta	1 34 05		
*Kee Lox	1 41 50		
Winona	1 43 00		
Nautilus	1 56 19		
Naomi	1 58 22		
Cock Robin	2 01 55		
Geisha	2 08 35		

*Disqualified for fouling the mark.
A band concert was held in the evening.

Tuesday, July 26.

This was a repetition of Saturday's programme, with a light S.W. wind that improved about noon, but fell later on, making the racing tedious and uninteresting. The times were:

35ft. Class—Start, 11:00—Course, 24 Miles.		
Chinook	4 04 00	Finish.
Vivia	Did not finish.	
30ft. Class—Start, 11:10—Course, 12 Miles.		
Teresa	2 08 00	
Thelma	2 32 00	
Neola	Did not finish.	
20ft. Class—Start, 11:20—Course, 12 Miles.		
Wasp	2 21 45	
Whirl	2 26 27	
Chiriya	2 29 16	
Kulota	2 32 14	
Special 16ft. Class—Start, 2:00—Course, 6 Miles.		
Go	4 24 45	
Freda	4 46 00	

Wednesday, July 27.

The wind still hung in the S.W. and was fresh at the start, falling light in the early afternoon. Vreda and Canada made a close race, while it lasted, but Canada struck a soft spot on the last leg of the course and made a poor finish. The 25-footers sailed their 12 miles with the wind at its best and made fast time. Petrel takes the Walker cup, having won both races of the meet. The times were as follows:

First Class—Start, 11:00.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vreda	2 45 00	3 45 00	3 45 00
Canada	3 07 42	4 07 42	4 01 11
25ft. Class—Start, 11:10.			
	Finish.		
Petrel	12 55 00		
Verona	12 56 15		
Keno	12 56 20		
Kee Lox	12 58 40		
Chitta	1 01 27		
Naomi	1 09 15		
Cock Robin	1 12 22		

The prizes were distributed in the evening with the usual ceremonies, thus ending a very pleasant meet, which was free from the slightest hitch or mishap. Great credit is due to Commodore Burns and the members of the sailing committee of the Kingston Y. C. for their careful and attentive management, and to all the members of the club for their thoughtful, although unostentatious, attention to the visiting yachtsmen. In this respect the club has maintained its reputation, the general verdict being: "We have had a splendid time—but we always have a good time at Kingston." WM. Q. PHILLIPS.

The Collision Between Navahoe and Ingomar

In commenting on the collision between Navahoe and Ingomar at Dover on July 15, the London Field says editorially:

Our report of the Royal Cinque Ports Yacht Club regatta at Dover contains a description of the collision between Ingomar and Navahoe. The sailing committee of the club, at a meeting held on July 18, decided "after very careful consideration," that they "were unanimously of opinion that Navahoe was solely to blame for the collision between that yacht and Ingomar, and the committee were also unanimously of opinion that both at the start and afterward Navahoe was sailed recklessly."

The report of the regatta referred to above is as follows:

July 15.—The opening of the Cinque Ports regatta at Dover this year will be remembered in future seasons by an unfortunate occurrence which took place soon after the start, close to the end of the Admiralty pier. The German yacht Navahoe and the American schooner Ingomar came into collision with tremendous force, but provisionally the accident was not the cause of any personal injury to those on board the vessels. Probably owing to the tide the blow was a glancing one, and the amount of damage slight; this, however, was more due to luck than judgment on the part of the disqualified yacht, for the smallest variation in the circumstances might have resulted in a repetition of the fatal collision between Satanita and Valkyrie on the Clyde in 1895. The American schooner, it appears, was on the starboard tack, and, having sailed on her course as far as the end of the Admiralty pier, had set her mainsail preparatory to making a tack off to seaward in the direction of the Varne. Navahoe was a little ahead, but to leeward, also on the starboard tack. Navahoe then cast round on to the port, a maneuver which, after she had got nicely full, threw her right across Ingomar's bows. Ingomar could not tack to avoid a collision because of the Admiralty pier on her weather, and, it being impossible to bear away and clear Navahoe, she struck the German yawl about the middle of her main boom with her bowsprit, and, as the spar crumpled up, crashed into her. Beyond the loss of her bowsprit (an Oregon spar about 45ft. long and 9in. diameter), Ingomar sustained but little damage; but Navahoe's mainsail was torn, her binnacle smashed, and her rail on the starboard quarter buckled and broken. The disabled yachts both claimed to have been in the right under Y. R. A. rules, and each hoisted a protest flag. After the regatta the committee of the club held an exhaustive inquiry, and decided that Navahoe was solely to blame.

Our contemporary the Yachtsman takes a rather different view of the affair. That paper has the following to say:

The foul which occurred between Ingomar and Navahoe, in Friday's race at Dover, has quite naturally been the cause of a considerable amount of discussion among yachtsmen, which has not by any means been allayed by the decision unanimously arrived at by the sailing committee which considered the cross protests and entirely exonerated Ingomar from blame. Several eye-witnesses concur in their version of what happened, viz., that Navahoe was leading Ingomar by fully two lengths as they reached on starboard tack past the end of the Admiralty pier extension. Navahoe, immediately she was clear of the pier, put her helm down and went about on port tack. With a very strong tide running, her way was checked for a few moments, and Ingomar luffed in between her and the pier, where there was no room for a passage, as Navahoe was full on port tack. The collision was therefore unavoidable. Had Ingomar held on she should have cleared Navahoe.

The question which apparently the committee had to decide was whether Navahoe as leading vessel had the right to go about, or whether Ingomar was right in luffing inside Navahoe and trying to get through where there was no room for a passage. There were several persons assembled on the head of the pier works who were within a few feet of the vessels when they collided. It would be interesting to know if any of these gentlemen were examined; their evidence would be naturally most valuable. The decision, as it now stands, is little less than a slur on the fair sailing of one of our best skippers. There is little doubt that the committee's verdict has not been received with general satisfaction, and there is an undoubted feeling that it is a question that might well come before the Y. R. A.

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound—Saturday, July 30.

SEVEN of the 15-footers sailed a fine race over a 13½ mile triangular course on Saturday, July 30. Cayenne won, beating Sabrina, the second boat, by the narrow margin of 5s. The summary:

	Start, 3:05.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Cayenne, Colgate Hoyt, Jr.	5 38 30	5 38 30	2 33 30
Sabrina, C. W. Wetmore.	5 38 30	5 38 30	2 33 35
Bairn, W. J. Matteson.	5 41 02	5 41 02	2 36 02
Wee Wee, R. L. Cuthbert.	5 42 03	5 42 03	2 37 03
Imp, F. L. Landon.	5 42 58	5 42 58	2 37 58
Chipmunk, T. S. Young.	5 43 33	5 43 33	2 38 33
Brownie, R. W. Gibson.	5 45 28	5 45 28	2 40 28

Erie Y. C.

July 25.

THE club's race was sailed to-day in a strong N. wind, and good time was made. In the 30ft. class, Una beat Kingfisher. Mingo won from Turtle, Iroquois and Marvel in the 25ft. class, and Flora captured the 18ft. race. The next event will be the club's picnic and a ball on July 30.

CABIA BLANCO.

Harmsworth Cup Race.

THE second annual race for the Harmsworth cup was held on Saturday, July 30. The course was from Ryde to Osborne, 7 7-10 nautical miles. There were six starters.

The first heat was won by Napier II., an English boat; Challenger, the American entry, was second. The times were: Napier II., 24m. 19s.; Challenger, 26m. 3s.

In the second heat Napier II. had a walk over. Her time was 23m. 21s.

The French boat Trefle-a-Quatre had a walk over in the third heat. Her time was slow, 25m. 20s.

Napier II., beat Napier Minor, another English boat, by 19s. in the fourth heat.

In the fifth heat, Napier Minor was raced in place of Napier II., which boat had been damaged. The English boat beat the French production by 1m. 25s.

Challenger, the American boat, was designed by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, and entered by Messrs. Smith & Mabley. She was handled in the races by Mr. Clinton H. Crane.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

BEACH HAVEN Y. C. OFFICERS.—At the annual meeting of the Beach Haven Y. C., the following officers were elected: Com., Eben W. Greenough; Vice-Com., John T. Burton; Sec'y, J. T. Fox; Assistant Sec'y, J. G. Downs; Treas., S. R. Cowperthwait; Fleet Surgeon, Joseph S. Neff, M.D.; Chaplain, S. R. Cowperthwait; Trustees, J. T. Burton, John Marshall, J. T. Fox.

THIRTY-FOOTER ASAHI SOLD.—Mr. George D. Widner, of Philadelphia, has purchased the Newport special 30-footer Asahi from Mr. Lloyd Warren. The boat's name has been changed to Eleanor, and she will be raced at Newport.

SCHOONER SHAWONDASEE CHARTERED.—The centerboard auxiliary schooner Shawondasee has been chartered for Mr. James King Clarke, N. Y. Y. C., through the agency of Mr. Thomas A. St. Johnston, to Mr. S. Steinfeld.

NEW YACHT CLUB ORGANIZED.—Some forty men have been enrolled in a new yacht club recently started at Bay Shore, L. I. The name of the club has not been settled upon. A club house will be built on Fire Island Beach to the eastward of Clam Creek. H. M. Brewster was elected commodore. The other officers are: Vice-Com., Harry Raven; Rear-Com., E. S. Robinson; Sec'y, Dr. E. S. Morse; Treas., Josiah Robbins.

COMANCHE LAUNCHED.—There was launched a few days ago at Morris Heights a high speed auto boat, built for Mr. S. H. Vandergrift, of Pittsburg. The boat is 66ft. 6in. over all, 65ft. waterline, and 6ft. breadth. She will be fitted with a 9-cylinder Speedway engine, and the builders guarantee a speed of 30 miles. She was named Comanche. The construction is elaborate, and the boat should be strong and rigid. There are three cockpits, the ones forward and aft being for the owner and guests, while in the center one is placed the engine.

Canoeing.

A. C. A. Membership.

THE following have been proposed for membership to the A. C. A.: H. D. Cochran, New York; F. Paul Keller, New York; L. L. Clayberger, Lumberton, N. J.; Charles F. Carroll, Rochester, N. Y.; Chas. J. A. Wilson, W. Newton, Mass.; Harry G. Holmes, Philadelphia, Pa.; Edwin H. Coane, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.; William A. Ayen, New York; E. A. Bennett, New York; Edgar Shantz, Rochester, N. Y.; Arthur E. Kelly, Rochester, N. Y.; F. M. Bryant, Watertown, N. Y.; E. L. Stevens, New York; James T. Ellett, Tompkinsville, N. Y.; C. P. Latting, Jr., New York; Alfred F. Lutze, Trenton, N. J.; E. J. Wright, New York; C. T. Hildebrecht, Trenton, N. J.; Frederic Andreas, New York; C. Fred. Speidel, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Edward A. Stahlbrodt, Jr., Rochester, N. Y.; Thomas I. Taylor, Brookline, Mass.

The Year Book for 1904.

To the Members of the American Canoe Association:

GENTLEMEN—Despite my great efforts to have the Year Book as nearly correct as possible, several mistakes have crept in, and I wish to acknowledge them at this time, although I may not have as yet come across all of them.

The most serious was the omission entirely of the name of Mrs. J. E. Plummer from the Associate List, as she was elected at the executive meeting last fall, and has long been one of our most enthusiastic members and regular campers. Her number is 164.

In Atlantic Division List, the initials "E. W." were omitted from Mr. Tanner's name. G. L. Hammersley should be T. L. On the illustration opposite page 30, the photo was by W. C. Jupp instead of Tupp.

In Central Division List, Newell C. Fulton's number should be 4,805, as No. 4,790 belongs to George Buchanan, of Brockville, Ont.

In Associate List, Mrs. C. M. Greswell's number should be 170. Mrs. C. Bower Vaux should read Mrs. C. Bowyer Vaux. There are no doubt other mistakes, and as they are found I shall be pleased to publish them.

Since the 1903 Year Book was published, the following ladies have been elected to Associate Membership in the A. C. A., some at the executive meeting in October, and some by mail vote since that time:

- 162 Mrs. Bertha K. Armstrong, Rome, N. Y.
- 163 Miss Frances Armstrong, Rome, N. Y.
- 164 Mrs. J. E. Plummer, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- 165 Mrs. F. W. Donnelly, Trenton, N. J.
- 166 Mrs. Charles H. Parson, New York.
- 167 Miss Dorothea Reichert, New York.
- 168 Mrs. Florence W. Crosby, Woburn, Mass.
- 169 Mrs. Charles P. Forbush, Buffalo, N. Y.
- 170 Mrs. C. M. Greswell, Alveston Grange, England.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

The Bisley Meeting.

THOUGH this year's rifle meeting is not characterized by an important international contest, there are, none the less, a large number of matters meriting attention from the careful observer. Chief among these is probably the contest between automatic arms, not so much because these impart any really novel information, but on account of the curious attitude which is adopted by the onlooker. In fact, it seems to be the general opinion that the automatic rifle is a cumbersome piece of mechanism which offers no advantage in point of speed over the ordinary magazine rifle. Two types of weapon have been submitted to daily tests, but we are not so much interested in their individual peculiarities as in the new principle of armament, which is thus brought so prominently to our notice. The average spectator lays a good deal of stress upon the fact that minor casualties have already occurred, also that, in the case of one of the rifles under test, the ejected cartridge frequently shows signs of having parted with a portion of metal at the mouth. It is, however, on the question of rapidity of firing that the bulk of the comment is centered. In so far that we all know the great rapidity of fire of an ordinary magazine rifle, it was only to be expected that those who imagined the automatic rifle would act like a Maxim gun would be disappointed. The firing trial for rapidity is a mixed test for accuracy and rate of firing, and it is a personal question with the shooter how much time he shall devote to aiming. The fact that the rate of shooting has been at times no quicker than with an ordinary magazine rifle is considered a proof that the automatic mechanism offers no material advantages.

It would appear, however, from a careful consideration of the functions of a military arm, that the test showing how many shots can be fired in a minute is of secondary importance to the rapidity and accuracy with which the supply of ammunition in the magazine can be utilized. Those who have given us the benefit of practical experience in the recent war have all agreed that the modern method of attack is to draw closely to the enemy, taking advantage of every available piece of cover, and then to rush the position, trusting that a headlong charge will minimize the risks of such open exposure. As a weapon, either of defense on the part of those holding the position rushed, or of attack by those who, having rushed the position, are desirous of shooting down the fleeing enemy, the automatic rifle appears to have substantial advantages. If, for instance, the new

type of weapon were tested against the ordinary magazine rifle at the running man range at Bisley, there is no doubt that the automatic system would prove incontestably superior for firing a maximum of well-aimed shots during the transit of the running man across the open space in front of the shooter. That is to say, when the weapon is once charged, the whole of the time occupied between the shots may be spent in undisturbed concentration on the process of aiming, whereas with a magazine rifle, even of the straight-pull type, there is of necessity a delay and disturbance of aim incidental to the process of operating the magazine after each shot is fired. The fact that the magazine of an automatic weapon can prima facie be recharged at least as rapidly as that of a modern military rifle affords a thorough justification for the automatic system as soon as the design of these weapons can be brought to a state of mechanical fitness. At the present time of writing, it is exceedingly difficult to give an adequate forecast of the results to be obtained with weapons under trial at this year's Bisley. It is, however, quite reasonable to infer, from the success which has attended the application of the automatic system to the pistol, the small-bore rifle, and the shotgun, that it is only a matter of time before the automatic rifle will be so perfected in design as to assume the rank of a practical military weapon.

On the subject of the strength of the breech mechanism of the service rifle it is very difficult to pass a satisfactory opinion. A curious illustration of its tenacity is, however, provided by an extraordinary practice which has grown up, so far as we know, quite recently. Added to the paraphernalia of the expert rifle shot is now an inkpot of the kind which may be upset without spilling the contents. This contains a small quantity of Rangoon oil, and the shooter religiously dips the point of the bullet into the oil preparatory to loading it into the chamber. The opinion is firmly held that oil has the virtue of minimizing the amount of cupro-nickel deposited in the barrel. We should hardly like to confirm the efficacy of this remedy; but rifle shooters affirm from practical experience that a definite improvement results from its use. Our reason, however, for drawing attention to this practice is that it of necessity causes a greatly increased strain on the bolt of the rifle. The passing of an oiled cartridge into the chamber necessarily implies the deposit of a certain number of drops on the walls. Practical experiments which have been conducted with pressure guns which measure the pressure of the base of the cartridge on the face of the breech have shown that the base pressure exerted by an oiled cartridge is frequently as much as three times as great as with a dry cartridge. The oiling of the chamber causes the cartridge to act in the manner of a piston, whereby the whole force of the gases on the base is transmitted to the face of the breech. On the other hand, when a dry cartridge is used, its expansion causes it to grip the walls of the chamber in such a way as to minimize the strain on the bolt. If, therefore, the Palma cartridge may be used without mishap in an oiled condition during the hot weather that has been experienced at Bisley, it really seems as though the service rifle, in spite of its obviously bad design, is capable of dealing with a considerable stress.

Shooting at the revolver ranges has proceeded actively since the opening of the meeting. While the number of shooters who have attained the requisite amount of skill to compete in these events is necessarily limited, those who are capable of making the highest possible score have been hard at work endeavoring to produce the needful result at an expenditure in entry fees smaller than the resulting prize. Roughly speaking, a highest possible score may be worth anything in the region of a sovereign. Hence a shooter who endeavors to make ends meet must be capable of getting all his shots on the 2in. bull at 200yds. in the course of, say, six attempts. The fact that one so seldom sees bad shooting at the revolver ranges must be ascribed to the fact that the luck of the novice is of but little avail against the practiced skill of the experienced performer. At the 100yds. range, on the other hand, there seem to be a large number of shooters of local reputation who feel convinced that, if they can only hit off that happy combination of good light, steady nerves, and general well-being, a very high score may be made which will insure a position in the final prize list. The Martin-Smith competition is yearly becoming of less and less interest. The conditions permit the use of rifles of unlimited cost, and ammunition in which everything is calculated to produce the highest degree of accuracy. It is, therefore, by no means surprising that highest possible scores are so easily accomplished. That a seven-shot competition is not a sufficient test for a modern sporting rifle of the highest quality throughout may be shown by the fact that, while the meeting was still very young, a score but one point from the possible was made under similar conditions of shooting in the Stevens rifle competition with rim-fire ammunition. If the popular .25 Stevens cartridge can so readily accomplish the nearly perfect score, a case really seems to be made out for modifying the conditions of the Martin-Smith so as to make its severity proportional to modern development in rifle and ammunition manufacture.

The Greener competition has already been the subject of a good deal of interesting shooting; but unfortunately a difficulty has arisen which has formed the subject of a protest. The conditions under which this event is contested lay down that Greener rifles fitted with Greener sights shall exclusively be used. The interpretation which is generally placed upon these words is that the sights specially made by Mr. Greener for use with this rifle are intended. It seems, however, that a competitor shot with a Greener rifle fitted with a set of match sights of which the cost could hardly have been less than £5. Although it has been argued that these sights confer no special advantage on the shooter, it is clear that on no other grounds would this heavy expense have been incurred. Furthermore, the shooter in question, who won last year's contest with the same sights, this year made a score one point short of the possible very shortly after engaging in the competition. Few things are so distasteful to the rifle shot as a protest against a rival's score; but, on the other hand, every justification seems to exist in the present instance for securing an official definition of the position. Bisley competitions are, as a matter of fact, so arranged that the competitor is either forced to use a strictly standard pattern of weapon or else he is at liberty to adopt every possible means of securing accurate results within certain specifically defined limitations. If, therefore, one shooter spends pounds on entries in endeavoring to make a highest possible score under what is believed to be a fair reading of the conditions, it is doubly distasteful to find in the end that another shooter ties or beats his score by adopting a different reading of the regulations which gives him a definite advantage over his competitors. Good feeling and good sportsmanship alike demand a settlement of moot points of this character early in the meeting.

Another 100yds. contest to which special attention may be drawn is that known as the Adapter. This contest is fired with service rifles and ammunition of reduced charge. The definition is so elastic that it will include the Morris tube cartridge at the one extreme and a cartridge containing a bullet of full service caliber at the other, the sole limitation being one of cost, which presents no special difficulties. The small reduced caliber ammunition is unlikely to stand against the excellent practice cartridges which are known respectively as the Trask and the Gaudet. In both of these a heavy nickel-based bullet is used in combination with a charge of smokeless sporting powder. The Gaudet cartridge is made up from a used Government case, re-sized, re-capped, and then re-loaded as though it were a new cartridge. The metal base enables the bullet to take the sharp spiral of the rifling without leading of the barrel or other difficulties, while the smokeless powder charge effects its propulsion without the undue depositing of fouling which makes black powder so disadvantageous. The Trask cartridge works on generally similar lines, and experiments have, we believe, shown that both brands of ammunition are actually more accurate at 200yds. than the fully charged service cartridge.

We append herewith the winning scores in the leading competitions which were completed up to Thursday night last: Valdegrave.—Match rifle competition, consisting of ten shots at 800 and at 900 yds.; highest possible score, 50 marks at each distance, or 100 for the aggregate; twelve prizes. Last year's winner, Major Oxley, 99. Leading scores:

800 yds.	900 yds.	T'l.	800 yds.	900 yds.	T'l.
Mr E N Wynne.....50	49	99	Mr W Lane Joynst.....48	48	96
Mr A E Rogers.....50	49	99	Mr P Whitehead.....50	46	96
Lieut-Col Melish.....48	49	97	Lieut G Gould.....48	47	95
Mr J S Davis.....47	49	96	Maj T Richardson.....47	95	
Maj W Thorburn.....48	48	96	Pvt C Maunders.....45	49	94
Mr E J Rigby.....48	48	96	Mr M Blood.....47	47	94

Bass.—Match rifle competition; fifteen shots at 900 and at 1,000yds.; highest possible score, 75 marks at each distance; total 150. Fifteen ordinary prizes, five prizes for tyros. Last year's winner, Major Millner, 135. Leading scores:

900 yds.	1000 yds.	T'l.	900 yds.	1000 yds.	T'l.
Col A D Bulpett.....69	64	133	Pvt R Bridges.....65	63	128
Mr P Whitehead.....66	62	128	Maj E J Lamb.....69	59	128

Mr J S C Davis.....65	66	131	Mr R W Barnett.....69	59	128
Mr T L Edge.....69	61	130	Mr T Caldwell.....62	65	127
Lieut-Col Hopton.....64	65	129	Mr M Blood.....63	64	127
Mr E J Rigby.....65	64	129	Maj J S Oxley.....68	59	127
Mr E N Wynne.....65	64	129	Pvt G S Pardoe.....64	62	126
Mr A Rogers.....62	66	128			

Edge.—Match rifle competition; fifteen shots at 1,000 and 1,100yds.; highest possible score, 150. Fifteen prizes. Last year's winner, Lieut. Ranken, 127. Leading scores:

1000 yds.	1100 yds.	T'l.	1000 yds.	1100 yds.	T'l.
Lt-Col Sandeman.....67	66	133	Maj Hon T F Fremantle.....64	52	116
Lt-Col G C Gibbs.....68	60	128	Mr P Whitehead.....61	51	115
Mr J Morgan.....58	65	123	Maj W Thorburn.....55	60	115
Lieut Ranken.....61	59	120	Lt-Col J Hopton.....56	59	115
Mr T Caldwell.....62	57	119	Maj E J Lamb.....54	58	112
Mr M Blood.....54	63	117	Lt R M Thorburn.....53	58	111
Lt-Col H Melish.....55	62	117	Mr A E Rogers.....55	56	111
Mr R W Barnett.....58	117				

Humphray Cup.—Match rifle competition; open to teams of four representing Oxford and Cambridge Universities; fifteen shots each member at 800, 900 and 1000yds.; highest possible scores, 900 marks. Won last year by the Cambridge team with an aggregate score of 697 marks. Scores:

800yds.	900yds.	1000yds.	Total.
Pvt C A Mander, Trinity.....69	72	67	208
Capt F C Bray, Trinity.....70	71	59	200
2d Lieut. J. Hetherington, Pembroke.....66	68	65	199
Sergt H S Green, Trinity.....66	66	62	194
	271	277	548

800yds.	900yds.	1000yds.	Total.
Pvt R F Bridges, University.....71	70	67	208
Pvt G S Pardoe, University.....67	64	63	194
Pvt L D Ranken, Christ Church.....68	67	58	193
Lieut E D Ridley, Trinity.....69	64	56	189
	275	265	540

Halford, Memorial.—Match rifle competition; fifteen shots at 900 and 1000yds.; highest possible score 150 marks; fifteen prizes. Last year's winner, Lieut-Col. Millner, 134. Leading scores:

900 yds.	1000 yds.	T'l.	900 yds.	1000 yds.	T'l.
Mr E N Wynne.....69	69	138	Mr T L Edge.....72	60	132
Mr W L Joynst.....71	66	137	Lt-Col Sandeman.....67	64	131
Mr J A Davis.....67	69	136	Mr R W Barnett.....67	63	130
Lt R M Thorburn.....70	64	134	Mr A Malcolm.....68	61	129
Lt-Col T C Gibbs.....68	133		Visc't Deerhurst.....70	59	129
Lt-Col J Hopton.....64	68	132	Mr P Whitehead.....61	67	128
Mr G Crombie.....66	66	132	Mr P McGibbon.....63	65	128

Wimbledon Cup.—Match rifle competition; fifteen shots at 1100yds.; highest possible score, 75. Last year's winner, Maj. the Hon. T. F. Fremantle, 71. This year the prize was won by Mr. A. E. Rogers with a score of 71 marks, this notwithstanding the fact that his sighting shot missed the target.

Astor Cup.—Service rifle competition; open to teams of six members of each rifle club winning the Astor county challenge cup during the year ended June 30, 1904; seven shots at 200 and 500yds.; highest possible score, 420 marks. Leading scores:

200 yds.	500 yds.	T'l.	200 yds.	500 yds.	T'l.
Pvt Robertson.....34	34	68	Pvt J M Jeffery.....31	32	63
Lieut F R Martin.....35	32	67	Mr C M Black.....31	30	61
Lance-Sergt Om-mundsen.....32	34	66	Mr J T Thompson.....31	26	57
				194	188

The next best scores were: South London Club 381, Stock Exchange Club 376.

Watts Challenge Bowl.—Service rifle competition; open to teams of eight cadets from each cadet battalion; seven shots at 200 and 500yds.; highest possible score, 560. Last year's winners, C. B. King's Royal Rifles, 388. Winning team:

200 yds.	500 yds.	T'l.	200 yds.	500 yds.	T'l.
Corp Hudson.....29	25	54	Pvt D T Richards.....23	18	41
Lance-Corp G Poulton.....27	25	52	Pvt E Colbourne.....25	16	41
Cyclist W Hardie.....24	23	47	Lance-Corp Noice.....22	11	33
Corp S Heather.....26	19	45			
Sergt S Wells.....25	19	44		201	156

The next in order of merit, 1st C. B. Royal Fusiliers, with 354 marks.

Rifle Clubs Competition.—Service rifle competition; open to representative members of rifle clubs registered with the N. R. A.; seven shots at 200 and 500yds.; highest possible score, 70; seventeen prizes. Last year's winner, Mr. Crossau (Darnley R. C.), 68. Leading scores:

200yds.	500yds.	Total.
Mr H H Belsey, South London R. C.....35	32	67
Mr John Tipples, Colchester R. C.....32	34	66
Mr R A Bolam, City of Newcastle R. C.....32	34	66
Mr J I Craig, Cairo Club, Egypt.....33	33	66
Mr Eaton, Portsmouth R. C.....33	33	66
Mr D Mundell, Darnley R. C.....33	32	65

Albert Match Rifle Competition.—Ten shots at 800, 900, 1000 and 1100yds. Highest possible score, 200; twenty prizes and five prizes for tyros. Last year's winner, Maj. the Hon. T. F. Fremantle, 166 out of a possible 175 under the old conditions. Leading scores:

800yds.	900yds.	1000yds.	1100yds.	Total.
Lieut-Col J. Hopton.....49	43	46	37	175
Maj Hon. T F Fremantle.....48	43	43	38	172
Maj E J Lamb.....46	47	38	37	168
Maj W Thorburn.....45	42	41	40	168
Viscount Deerhurst.....45	44	44	35	168
Armory-Sergt J E Martin.....44	45	41	37	167
Mr A E Rogers.....47	46	41	32	166
Sir E G Loder.....45	46	36	38	165
Mr N K Whitehead.....49	47	37	32	165
Maj P W Richardson.....49	39	40	36	164
Lieut-Col H Melish.....47	45	38	34	164
Mr J S C Davis.....43	44	44	32	163
Lieut T Ranken.....47	38	42	35	162
Lieut-Col R Sandeman.....46	41	41	34	162
Maj J S Oxley.....42	42	45	33	162
Mr S Crombie.....47	42	40	33	162
Mr M Blood.....46	43	43	30	162
Mr E A Wynn.....42	40	40	38	160
Mr E J Rigby.....50	43	32	35	160
Capt W Smallpiece.....41	38	42	38	159
Mr R W Barnett.....46	43	37	33	159
Pvt R Bridges.....46	43	35	34	158
Lieut D Campbell.....49	37	41	31	158
Mr T Caldwell.....47	37	32	40	156

Roberts Challenge Cup.—First stage; service rifle competition; open to teams of ten from various branches of the service; eight shots at 200yds., fired from cover at a head and shoulders target exposed for 30 seconds for the taking of each shot. Highest possible score, 80. Scores of winning teams, who are entitled to shoot in the second stage: Queen's Edinburgh, 45; 3d Battalion Coldstream Guards, 38; 2d V. B. Liverpool, 36; H. A. C., 35.

Ashburton Challenge Shield.—Service rifle competition. Open to teams of eight pupils belonging to public schools having a bona fide volunteer corps; seven shots at 200 and 500yds. Highest possible score, 500. Tonbridge won last year's contest with an aggregate score of 500 marks, Bradfield being second with 496. Score of winning team:

200 yds.	500 yds.	T'l.	200 yds.	500 yds.	T'l.
Sergt B S Brooke.....30	27	57	Pvt W P Smith.....32	30	62
Corp J P Grant.....29	28	57	Pvt R F Wickham.....30	30	60
Pvt O H Mallory.....33	24	57	Pvt D H Bates.....30	27	57
Pvt A Macpherson.....31	31	62			
Lance-Corp J Penrose.....30	34	64		245	476

Points.	Points.
Clifton.....475	Felstead.....433
Charterhouse.....467	Blair Lodge.....430
Wellington.....466	Rugby.....426
Bradfield.....466	Eastbourne.....422
Blundell's School.....464	Whitgift.....419
Marlborough.....459	Southeast College.....416
Bedford.....456	Denstone.....413

Rossall.....456	Highgate.....411
Eton.....456	Cranleigh.....411
Harrow.....455	Malvern.....410
Haileybury.....455	Leys School.....410
Dover College.....455	University College School.....395
Uppingham.....452	Brighton.....394
Repton.....451	Wellington College.....393
Tonbridge.....446	Lancing.....380
Berkhamsted.....446	Sherborne.....374
Oulwich.....444	Cranbrook.....374
Glenalmond.....441	King's College, Taunton.....342
St Paul's.....439	Blackheath.....328
Reading.....437	City of London.....314
Cheltenham.....437	

Spencer Cup.—Service rifle competition; open to one competing from each of the teams that have just shot for the Ashburton shield, the nomination to be made before the commencement of the Ashburton match; seven shots at 500yds. Highest possible score, 35. Last year's winner, Lance-Corp. Pulford, Bradfield, 35. Scores:

Corp Cripps, Marlborough.....34 Sergt. Constant, Cranbrook.....34

Tie shots:

Corp Cripps.....5 3 5—13 Sergt Constant.....4 4 4—12

Public School Veterans' Trophy.—Service rifle competition; open to teams of five, representing various public schools; ten shots at 500yds. Highest possible score, 250. Won last year by the Marlborough team, 229. Winning scores:

Cheltenham.

Major R Sandeman, R. Glos. Hus.....45

Mr. F G Carter, Stock Exchange R C.....44

Capt J G Mayne, Army R A.....49

Major E J Lamb, Army R A.....49

Lieut-Col J H Cowan, R E.....47—231

Next best scores: Eton 229, Marlborough 229, Rugby 229, Clifton 224, Old Haileyburians 223, Berkhamsted 221, Glenalmond 219, Harrow 219, Dulwich 218, Bradfield 216, Wellington College 214, Old Carthusians 213, Old Wykehamist 212, Uppingham 210, Old Rossallians 208, Malvern 208, Whitgift Veterans 207, Repton 188, Highgate 176.

Schools Rapid Firing Match.—Service rifle competition; open to teams of eight from various schools; eight shots at 200yds. at the Wantage disappearing target. Highest possible score 64. Won last year by the Repton team with 57 marks. Leading scores: Dulwich 62, Charterhouse 61, Eton 60.

Frankfort Challenge Shield.—Reduced charge competition; open to teams of eight from schools not entering for the Ashburton; seven shots at 25 and 50yds. Highest possible score, 560. Won last year by the Grocers' Company School, 463. Leading scores: Grocers' Company School 477, St. Dunstan's College 454, Sir Roger Manners' Schools 389.

We append a report of the weather during the opening part of the Bisley meeting, which has been kindly supplied to us by Mr. J. H. Steward, optician to the National Rifle Association:

Steward's Tent, July 14, 1904, 6 P. M.—The weather from the 11th to the 14th has been of an anti-cyclonic type. Pressure has been consequently very steady, and the wind light to moderate of the variable fish-tail type so puzzling to marksmen. Sunshine has been intermittent, with very bright intervals, producing changes in light and consequent variations in elevation. The daily range of temperature was as follows: June 11, 16 degrees; 12, 10.5 degrees; 13, 9.5 degrees; 14, 13.6 degrees.—Field (London), July 16.

The Palma Trophy.

ALBANY, N. Y., July 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The strictures on the National Rifle Association, with the incidental severe censure of General Bird W. Spencer, president of the National Rifle Association, made by Mr. Allen Kelly in an article published in *FOREST AND STREAM* of July 30, seem to me to be unjust.

He ignores entirely General Spencer's written assurance that the American team competed according to the conditions of the match for the Palma trophy at Bisley last year, but that the British used rifles which were not of the British service model.

This statement was reiterated by General Spencer, and quite emphatically so, in a letter which was published as part of an editorial in *Shooting and Fishing*, and reprinted in *FOREST AND STREAM* of July 9. I quote from it as follows:

"It is well known that the British shot with a rifle made by a private maker, in no wise a Government contractor, that they were exceedingly fine rifles, and were in no sense a service rifle." (Italics mine.)

That is a serious accusation, which has stood without contradiction. General Spencer is a reputable gentleman, holding a high and important office in military matters, and is entitled to our full confidence. When, as he says, the British team used rifles which "were in no sense a service rifle," why then is it made such a serious matter for the American team, and so unimportant for the British team? Why evade consideration of General Spencer's direct charge against the British team?

Our correspondent seems to have missed understanding that the issue rests on a matter-of-fact, and not on the social or official importance of any one. The conditions governing the pattern of rifles used in the Palma competition read:

"RIFLES.—The national military arm of the country the team represents, being in all respects of the pattern adopted and issued to the troops for service. Rifles of private manufacture may be used, but they must conform to the regulation pattern and bear the official view marks."

While the rifles used by the American team did not meet the conditions, inasmuch as they were of a rifling never approved nor adopted nor issued to the troops, the British rifles used in the match did meet the conditions, inasmuch as they conformed to the regulation pattern. This fact is certified to in the following letter written to the *FOREST AND STREAM* by Lieut.-Col. Crosse, secretary of the British National Rifle Association:

"You ask whether in the competition for the Palma trophy at Bisley last year the British team used special rifles, and if so, whether such special rifles were constructed according to service specifications, and whether they have the regular Government stamp?"

"The rifles used by the British team in the match were, as regards the barrels at all events, of private manufacture. They conformed strictly to the specification for the service rifles. They bore the Government viewer's stamp, as shown at page 98 in the copy of the Bisley programme book of 1903, which I inclose. This mark is a certificate that a rifle has been examined and gauged by an official of the Small Arms Inspection Department, and that it conforms strictly to the service pattern, both as regards the interior of the barrel and in other respects. Such rifles, as you will see by the regulations on page 52, are allowed to be used at Bisley in all competitions open to service rifles, and the rifles used by the British team in the Palma match were in fact used in individual and other service rifle competitions during the meeting."

"I may add that it has for many years been the practice of our National Rifle Association to allow the use of rifles of service pattern, but of private make, in the service rifle competitions at Wimbledon and Bisley."

"C. R. CROSSE, Lieut.-Col., Sec'y."

General Spencer's assertion, then, that the British rifles were "made by a private maker" is true; there is nothing in the rules to forbid this. But his assertion that the rifles were "in no sense a service rifle" is (in the light of Col. Crosse's statement) untrue in its imputation that the rifles did not "conform to the regulation pattern." Taken as a whole, any statement that the British team used rifles which were made by a private maker and were in no wise service rifles must be considered as a half truth of the class which is doubly pernicious because doubly deceptive.

In our consideration of the whole matter, we have proceeded upon the assumption that our readers wanted the facts as they are, without regard to any bearing the facts may have on the persons immediately concerned, whether British or American. We do not believe in the policy of suppression, evasion and misrepresentation which has so

CANOEING AND SPORT

By L. O. ARMSTRONG

Much good sport is to be enjoyed from ocean to ocean in Canada on the great Canadian transcontinental railway which crosses several heights of land. It is well known that small lakes on high elevations are as richly stocked with fish as the mountains are with game. One reason for this is that the settlements and farms are generally found in the valleys.

Taking a map of Canada and traveling from east to west we begin with New Brunswick, with its salmon rivers, its trout streams, its bass lakes, and its great moose hunting grounds. Then we come to Moose Head Lake, in Maine, and Lake Megantic on the international boundary line. Through the eastern townships of Quebec which lie between the Maine boundary and Montreal; along the north shore of the St. Lawrence River from Quebec to the far northern part of Lake Superior, are innumerable streams and lakes and great tracts of forest which are practically in a virgin state. In Quebec there are many clubs and preserves, but in Ontario and the west thereof there are none. The Government, however, protects fish and game, and many people think that the fishing and shooting in Ontario is the best obtainable.

Manitoba has the best duck, goose, and sandhill crane shooting in Canada. There is also moose and elk in the ridges to the north. In addition to all these, there are antelope and mule deer on the slopes of the Rockies in Alberta.

British Columbia and Alaska are known to give the best big-game trophies in America. I have heard of very good shooting to be had on new ground reached from Golden, B. C. I have the permission of the Rev. C. F. Yates, of that place, to use his name as one who is willing to give information to bona fide sportsmen.

I would, however, at this time, complete my notes of the Mississaga canoe trip to bring them up to date, although I have to threaten *FOREST AND STREAM* with another communication before I am through.

THE DESBARATS TERMINAL. MISSISSAGA CANOE TRIP.

In your issue of May 7, I spoke of other terminal points to the Mississaga River trip in Ontario, Canada. I have received many letters from your readers asking for information about these. I send you an account of one of these—an absolutely new canoe trip.

We are told that the world is filling up rapidly, and that the sensations of the explorer and the discoverer are known to but few of the present generation. But not so very far from their own border line American sportsmen can find a wide district that is likely to remain

But at the same time isolation is complete enough, and one may feel all the excitement of penetrating into the unknown, of mapping out new routes, of finding new lakes and streams, of blazing paths through trackless forests, and of being in some instances the very first in the field.



GRACE AND STRENGTH.

There is moose and deer all the way from the main line at Winnebago down to Desbarats. If a man has only a fortnight, let him start at Winnebago and get to Timber Berth No. 195, half way down the Mississaga as quickly as he can. At that point let him leave the Mississaga for the headwaters or mother lakes of the Thessalon and Echo rivers. As soon as he has reached these he is out of the beaten track, and he will follow a canoe route that has not yet been fully traveled by any white

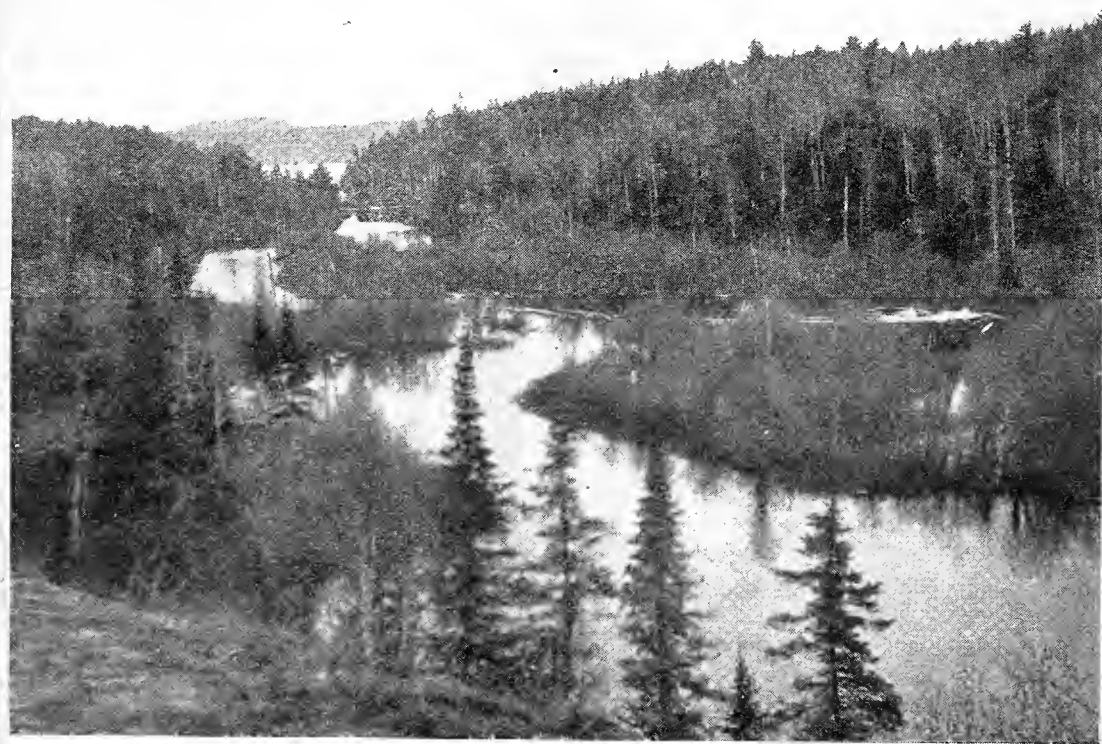
Lake. This lake contains pickerel, and another quarter of a mile brings you to Bocage Lake, which also contains pickerel.

A quarter of a mile to the west of Bocage Lake are some natural caves which are well worth visiting. As you paddle across the lake you can see the entrance to these caves and from the canoe you can make a good photograph of them.

Then three-quarters of a mile, all down hill, lands you into Desbarats Lake, famous not so much for the great number and variety of its fish as for their size. The maskinongé and the doré are caught here. The outlet of this lake makes a pretty rapids, called by the Indians Red Rose Maiden Falls. They have a very pretty legend about them. A two-mile easy paddle down the meandering Desbarats River brings us to Desbarats station, and this is the best terminal of the three routes that can be taken from Winnebago down the Mississaga to the Soo branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway. There is a good village hotel at Desbarats, and a little less than two miles from the station are the Hiawatha Camp Hotels, where the Indian play is given, and where canoes and guides can be obtained, and the news of the world enjoyed. Here the respect for the Indian guide which had developed into almost a sense of personal inferiority as regards yourself, is weakened as you don your good clothes and mix with your fellows. But notwithstanding this transition of feeling, you will entertain a very considerable amount of affection for the same Indian guide, and you will feel like doing something for him, which feeling should not prompt you to spoil him by extravagant gifts, but may generally be satisfied by the gift of your camping clothes, and sometimes a moderate libation by way of rewarding his admirable—if compulsory—sobriety during the trip.

The country we have traversed in imagination is a good moose hunting country—as good as the writer knows. The hunting seems to be better near the settlements than it does a longer distance from them. The moose to a certain extent, and the deer to a larger extent, come to the settlements for protection. The Ontario Government has reserved in this district 3,000 acres of pine land, and the forest guardians are to be game guardians as well. The Government will not rent any of this land for preserving, but keeps it for the enjoyment of all. Land can be bought in fee simple, and that can be preserved. In this respect the policy of the Ontario Government is entirely different from that of the Province of Quebec.

There is a good through express train service to and from both Desbarats and Winnebago. A dining car and



ON DESBARATS RIVER—DESBARATS LAKE IN THE DISTANCE.



LEAVING DESBARATS RAPIDS PORTAGE.

for a long time in its primitive state, owing to the fact that the Ontario Government is now giving a fair amount of protection not only to forests, but also to game and fish. The Canadian waterways, so widely and justly celebrated, are here found at their very best. A broad river flows majestically on its way to unburden itself in the Great Lakes. Once its banks are left, the explorer, who would otherwise have to cut his path through the primeval forest, finds a long series of lakes, each one of which would be valued alone if in some country less bountifully supplied with them, and each one so abounding in fish that to award the palm would be to encounter all the difficulties of Paris.

The hunter of big game who penetrates these pathless wilds must either be a poor shot or very greedy if he does not return satisfied with his performances, and resolved that when the opportunity again presents itself he will return to the scenes of his conquests. Let the American sportsman make one essay for himself. Already some of them know what pleasant places for sport are to be found in Canada, and may be disposed to look favorably upon the claims of northern Ontario, and particularly upon the portion where, so far as is known, sportsmen have not yet traveled, and where only Indians tell of regions still to be located by the white man. While explorations into these Canadian woodlands is no longer dangerous, it has about it just enough adventure to appeal to that feeling in the American which has made him a pioneer in the world's progress. Scarcely anywhere is it needful to be too far from the railway or from some settler's home, to be unable to make a speedy return to civilization whenever such a move is desirable.

man. In fact, it is not yet mapped out. But there is making a map which I have no doubt *FOREST AND STREAM* will furnish to its readers when complete.

This southwestern part of the Mississaga canoe trip is about sixty miles in length. The sixth lake from the Mississaga is the first whose name I know. It is called Carpenter Lake. I met the surveyors who had blocked out these timber berths, and they told me that in three of these townships every stream has brook trout, and in some of the smaller lakes three-pounders were common. It may be necessary in the case of low water to drive by wagon road from Carpenter Lake to Patton Lake near Hoaths. There is a solitary German settler, I am told, away up on Carpenter Lake, and these solitary settlers are blessings. They know the surrounding country, and generally they have bread and potatoes to sell, and occasionally other vegetables. By the time Carpenter Lake is reached the sportsman has generally been long enough without potatoes to appreciate them. From Patton Lake there is a short portage to Island Lake. These two are in the township of McMahon. The drive from Carpenter Lake to Hoaths is through the township of Morin, which lies southwest of 195.

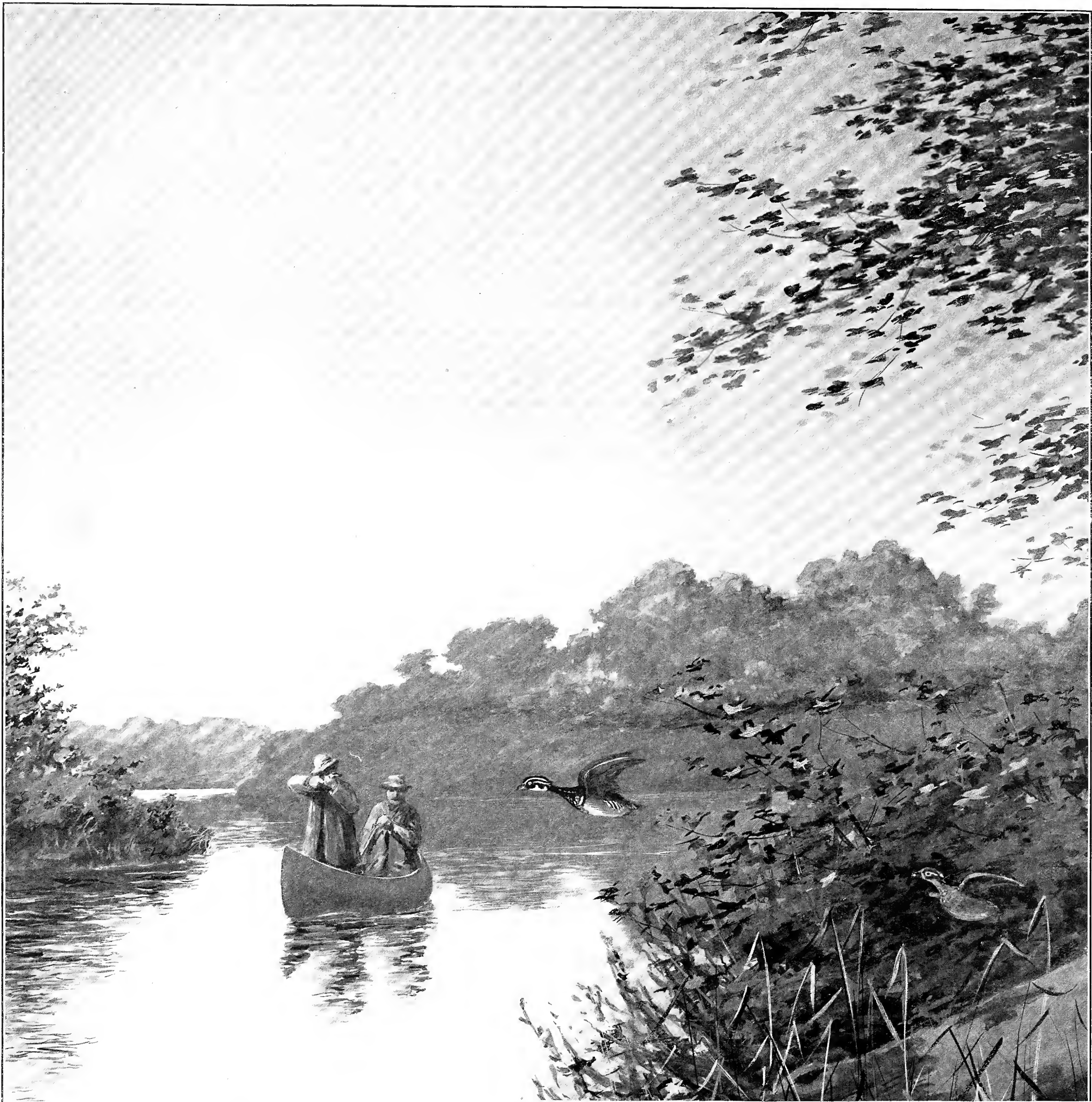
From Island to Heart Lake, through waters teeming with bass and lake trout, we reach at length Lonely Lake.

There is one solitary settler on Lonely Lake—a man called Watson, who is a very decent fellow. His team will drive you to McLean's on Diamond Lake. This lake sometimes has three names given to it, as it is really a chain of three lakes, but I prefer to call it Diamond Lake. At the southernmost point of this lake we find a portage of a quarter of a mile to Gray Duck

sleeping car enable the traveler to thoroughly enjoy his return to civilization, the temporary deprivation from such luxuries rendering them far more welcome than when he has them as a matter of course. If you are going east you can get such a luncheon as you will appreciate; and if west, dinner will be served shortly after you join the train. We have ourselves taken one or two meals in this way, and are quite certain that there was no profit to the railway company out of them.

As to the big game, I have myself seen two moose swim across the mouth of the Desbarats River, and frequently moose are seen in the pastures with the cattle. On my trip from Desbarats Lake to Diamond Lake I saw deer and partridge. Joe Alderson, of Gordon Lake, six miles from Desbarats, says that his party killed two moose on Coffee Creek last fall, and Caribou Jack, a local guide, whose post-office address is Rydal Bank, Ont., knows where there are plenty of moose. In fact, they are increasing in number through the entire region from Winnebago to Desbarats. The building of the railways in the upper Ottawa and in the country east of Desbarats, and the building of the Algoma Central, west of Desbarats, has driven the moose and deer into the unoccupied regions immediately north and northeast of Desbarats, between that station and Winnebago.

It has been arranged to have a carload of the best Oldtown canvas-covered canoes for the Mississaga trip at the disposal of the Canadian Pacific Railway authorities, who will dispose of them at actual cost without charging for freight. They will be at the starting points of the Mississaga trip, at Biscotasing and Winnebago, and some will be found at Desbarats.



WOOD DUCKS

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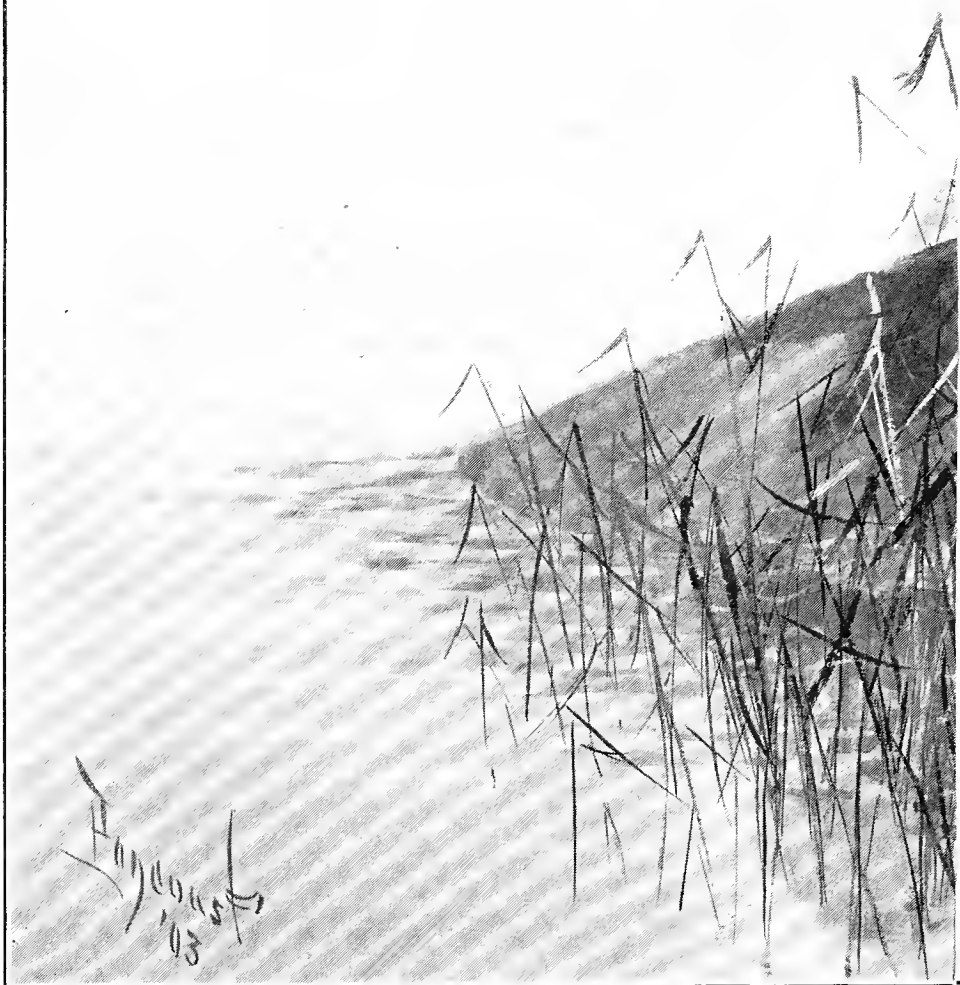
GUARANTEE.

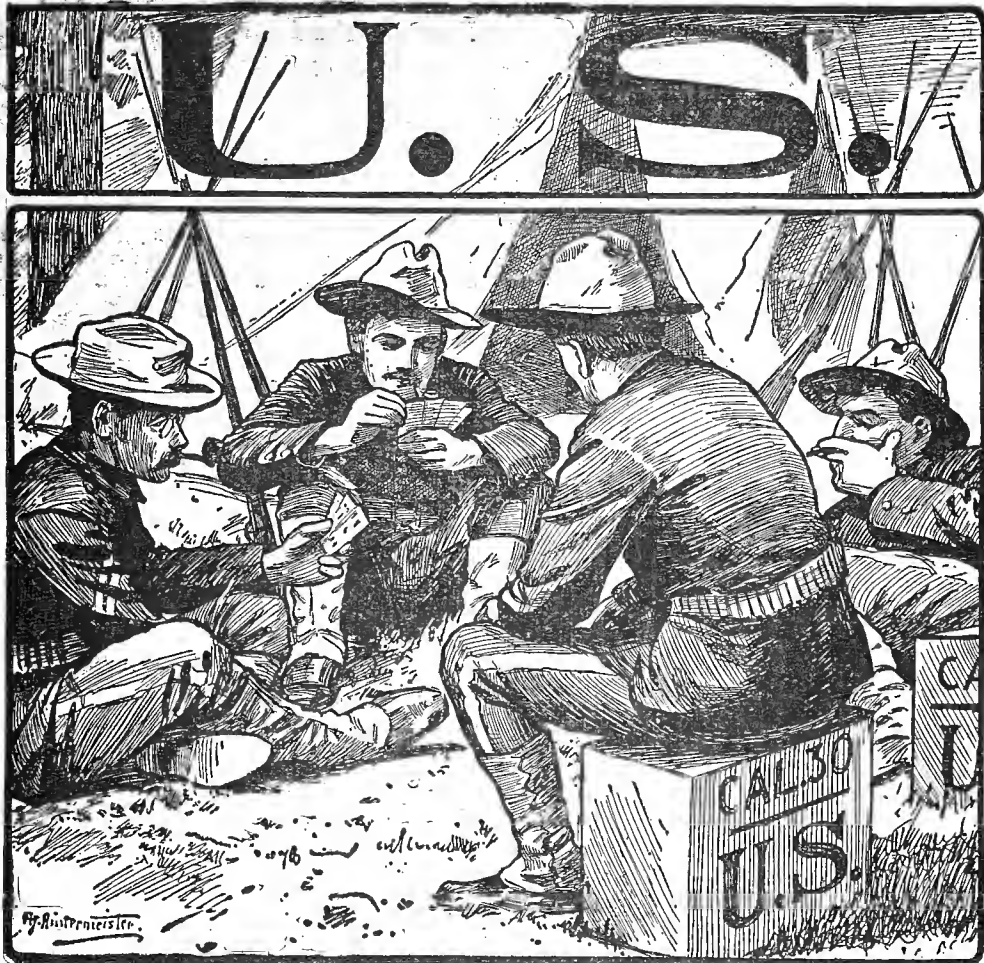
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WESTERN TRAP.

Charleston Tournament.

CHARLESTON, Ill., July 29.—The two-day shoot of the Charleston, Ill., Gun Club was very successful for the two days, July 27 and 28; yet the storm that struck the city on the first day was so heavy that many departed for their homes. The club have an elegant ground, and the programme and the entertainment were fine. No one could do more than was done for the pleasure of those present.

The traveling men were Chas. Spencer, of St. Louis; Riehl, of Alton, and Standish, of Decatur. Chas. Spencer was high man first day, 169 out of 183, with Frank Riehl and C. B. Wiggins second with 165. Second day Wiggins was high with 175, Riehl second with 170, and Spencer third. Van Gundy and Penn were very close with 167. Scores:

July 27, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot	at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	12	15	20	15	12	15	20	12	15	12	20	183	175	
Cory	10	10	10	11	13	7	12	12	8	10	9	13	183	165	
Riehl	13	11	14	18	15	12	13	15	11	13	11	19	183	169	
Spencer	13	12	15	18	14	12	13	17	10	15	12	18	183	165	
Wiggins	15	11	12	20	11	10	10	19	12	14	12	19	183	165	
Stoner	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	27	22	
Van Gundy	13	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	27	23	
Hawkins	10	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	47	36	
Muchmore	13	9	14	15	12	11	11	14	11	14	11	15	183	150	
Williams	10	12	11	8	13	14	11	13	10	16	11	16	141	108	
Wrenn	14	9	8	9	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	74	46	
McGurty	14	9	12	15	10	13	11	13	12	11	13	12	121	92	

July 28, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot	at.	Broke.
Targets:	10	7	10	13	13	6	11	11	11	11	17	17	183	170	
Cory	13	12	12	15	12	7	14	14	11	13	13	13	183	170	
Riehl	14	11	14	18	14	12	13	18	11	15	11	19	183	169	
McGurty	9	8	9	12	8	10	13	13	7	11	11	11	183	169	
Spencer	13	11	13	19	15	12	12	20	15	10	19	19	183	169	
Bisdee	13	11	12	20	13	8	9	17	8	12	12	12	183	169	
Kessell	9	10	14	19	12	8	10	16	9	13	13	13	183	169	
Newcomb	11	11	12	15	10	6	9	15	9	10	10	10	183	169	
Dawson	11	9	14	18	13	8	11	17	8	13	13	13	183	169	
Wiggins	13	11	15	20	14	11	15	20	12	15	11	18	183	169	
Stoner	13	11	14	20	14	12	13	17	12	12	10	16	183	162	
Van Gundy	14	10	15	19	14	12	17	17	12	15	9	18	183	167	
Penn	12	9	15	18	15	11	14	18	12	14	11	18	183	167	
Muchmore	8	7	13	18	13	10	12	12	13	9	11	11	183	167	
McCarthy	8	7	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	183	167	
Franklin	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	183	167	
Hawkins	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	183	167	
Smart	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	183	167	
Barnes	13	9	12	16	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	183	167	
Williams	8	9	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	183	167	

In Other Places.

The Illinois and Indiana circuit of tournaments so far announced are as follows: Litchfield, Ill., Sept. 6 and 7; Chicago Trapshooters' Association, Sept. 9, 10 and 11; Jacksonville, Ill., Sept. 13 and 14; Springfield, Ill., Sept. 15 and 16; Lincoln, Ill., Sept. 20 and 21; Homer, Ill., Sept. 27 and 28; Crawford, Ind., Oct. 4 and 5.

The new club at Washington, Ind., is going in for practice. July 27, nine men were out, viz.: Baldwin scored out of 25 targets 16, Hart 19, Reinsel 12, Valen 10, Read 17, Smith 17, Graham 11, Farris 18, Desjane 10.

The annual tournament of the Quincy, Ill., Gun Club will take place Aug. 17 and 18. This will be an amateur shoot. Quincy has had a "boomer" in Mr. Griffin, and there is much life in the old town in the trapshooting line.

The Doctors' Gun Club held their shoot at Marshall, Tex., July 22, and the Doctors proved a strong combination at the traps. Will Lake, with 23 out of 25, won the hat, while three tied for second place.

At this writing there is uncertainty as to the physical condition of John Boa, the Winchester expert. From Houghton, Mich., comes the information that he was being conveyed to his home in Chicago in care of Fred Foster, having had an attack of appendicitis.

The Mallory boys will bear watching at the Indian shoot, as J. F. made 96.6 per cent. at the practice shoot, July 23. Scores: J. F. Mallory 145 out of 150; S. T. Mallory, 186 out of 200; F. E. Mallory 106 out of 125, Rathborn 103 out of 125, Stewart 161 out of 200.

When Aug. 12 rolls around there will be a tournament at Gunterville, Ala. There will be at least forty shooters. All are invited.

The Dows Gun Club, of Iowa, will hold a tournament, Sept. 28 and 29. Mr. L. M. Howell wishes it understood that the Dows tournaments are among the best ever.

The Birmingham, Ala., tournament has been changed to 16 and 17, which was found necessary not to conflict with the Indian shoot.

The Lincoln, Ill., Gun Club will hold a tournament Sept. 20 and 21. For programmes write Dr. E. P. Lawrence.

The Clipper Club, of Dallas, Tex., now shoot regularly for the medal. Some of their shooters attended the Ennis tournament.

At Sharpville, Ind., the latest thing is a gun club with the significant name of "Never Hit." The officers are: Joseph Renie, President; Ralph Grimes, Vice-President; R. L. Hutto, Secretary. They propose to shoot targets and be sociable.

There was a shooting match at the last meet of the Bay City, Mich., Gun Club. Allen beat out Maxon by one target in 50, viz., 46 to 45, in the first shoot. Then in the second there was a tie on 47. Brougher broke 22 out of 25, Tierney 23, Foueman 21, Flodug 18, Brown 16.

On Sunday last Battle Creek went over to Detroit, Mich., and attempted to beat Detroit at home. Each shooting at 30 targets, Detroit won, with 324 to 312. Scores: Detroit—Morks 46, Renick

49, Triestem 46, Wolf 45, Guthard 45, Tolsma 45, Wood 48. For Battle Creek—Forsyth 47, Hubbard 48, Barnard 37, Howes 44, Hensler 46, Gilkeson 46, Wooden 44; total 312. A fine dinner was provided for the visitors at the Rusch House, and there was a return match set for Battle Creek, Aug. 14.

Dr. and Mrs. Mayo, of De Kalb, Ill., entertained a dozen members of the Sycamore-De Kalb Gun Club, July 26, at their home with dinner. The afternoon was spent at the traps. It is claimed that the new trap kept the scores down to a rather low per cent.

At the regular shoot of the McLean County Gun Club, held at Bloomington, Ill., last Monday, new officers were chosen, viz., C. A. McDermid, President; E. C. Phinney, Vice-President; W. A. Boettger, Secretary; Clark Gideon, Captain; Chas. Bender and James Gray, Directors. New traps will be purchased and hereafter the shoots will be held Wednesday instead of Monday. There will be a distance handicap for the benefit of beginners.

Fort Worth, Tex., reports that on Saturday the meeting at the Park was not well attended, the weather being unsettled, and the scores made were fair when the heavy rain is considered.

Clarksville, Ia., Gun Club will hold a tournament Aug. 24. There will be twelve events, and all the best of Iowa's shots will be invited.

The distance handicap was used at the last shoot at Owensboro, Ky., and showed the wayback men to disadvantage. The committee should not put any one at 22yds., as then they are "out gunned." Evans got 40, Corly 37, Lancaster 36, Lewis 31, Brown 31.

Excursions were run on all the railroads that ran in to Ennis, Tex., July 28 and 29, consequently the tournament was a success. Mr. and Mrs. Sterrett, of Abilene, were present.

The Le Mars, Ia., Gun Club will in the future shoot on every Thursday, instead of Tuesday.

E. Yahr, of Iron Ridge, Wis., has of late quite distinguished himself at the shoots held in Wisconsin and Michigan. His last score was 40 straight, at Pardeeville.

Friday last there was a match at Edwards, Miss., in which the home team split even with the Bolton Club. Bolton won first match, 107 to 94; then Edwards won, 104 to 100. This was good shooting, for Bolton, which club has been organized only a few weeks.

At Winona, Minn., shoots will be held regularly until at least Sept. 1, when the game season will be on. The distance handicap will be used.

The last shoot of the Paducah, Ky., Club was productive of some good shooting. A team match was on, thus: Davis 24, Mercer 19; total 43. Hansboro, 20, Kennedy 39. Davis won the club medal. There is much ado over the coming fall State shoot.

Judge Ballinger, Justice Clark Hall, and City Attorney Thurman, shot a match at Cumberland Park Gun Club, Davenport, Ia., on Sunday. On the first shoot all got the fine score of 2 out of 10. Ballinger then won on the shoot-off. The sheriff thinks there is lots of fun a-brewing.

Rock Valley Gun Club, of Lemont, Ill., did not hold a shoot on last Sunday, for the reason that the weather was too hot.

There is a proposition for a three-man team race at the Rolling Forks, Miss., tournament. There are Vicksburg, Memphis, Greenville, Natchez, etc., to draw from. Entrance \$15, purse 40, 30 and 20. Teams wishing to enter should arrange with J. J. Bradford, of Vicksburg, Tenn.

When the last two days of August roll around all the cracks of Michigan are desired to meet at Traverse City to engage in a shooting tournament.

Jim Head was around Crawfordville last Friday, and got on to a habit that lingered with him all day, as he smashed 125 out of 130 targets shot at. A Jack rabbit shoot held the attention of nineteen shooters.

At Juneau, Wis., a new gun club has been organized. Some of the members are: J. B. Becker, Paul Hemmey, John Bachuber, J. H. Hildemann, F. J. Fennien, P. H. Nelson, G. Weiss, Wm. Schrop, M. L. Lueck, G. W. Thiesen.

And now comes the deponent and says: "One of the biggest and most novel shoots ever held will take place soon at Colorado Springs between John W. Garrett and Joe Rohrer. These worthies propose to each shoot 1,000 targets in a continuous match, which will be as much a test of endurance as of skill."

A new club for target shooting purposes has been organized at Albertville, Ala. J. E. Brown, President; J. W. Walker, Vice-President; T. B. McNonen, Secretary, and Treasurer. The club members propose to shoot in the tournaments held throughout North Alabama.

Hunters in Wisconsin are getting ready for the opening game season on Sept. 1. Fifty thousand license blanks are out.

The last matinee shoot of the Muncie, Ind., Gun Club was well attended. H. A. Shumack, having recovered from sickness, was a pleasant visitor to all present. C. Stearns won on the contest for the shotgun. On the badge A. C. Spencer was high with 22.

Forty farmers of Geneseo, Ill., have banded together and given notice that there must be no Sunday shooting, and in fact, no shooting at any time on their land.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, July 30.—The appended scores were made to-day on our grounds, the occasion being the seventh and last trophy shoot of the second series. The entire club will be reclassified before the next shoot. In to-day's shoot Dr. Meek and Thomas tied for Class A trophy on 23. C. Einfeldt won Class B trophy on 20. Wilson captured the jewelry in Class C on 14.

In the cup shoot, which followed, Dr. Meek won in Class A, Einfeldt in Class B, and Wilson in Class C on 23, 23 and 14 respectively.

In the cup shoot the targets are thrown as 15 singles and 5 pairs.

The day was a trying one for target shooting, there being a strong southwest wind blowing directly across the traps, which caused the targets to soar and dip badly at times. The attendance was not up to our average, only twenty-three shooters showing up for the afternoon, that being our low water mark on attendance for the year so far. Many of our members are now going away on their annual vacations, and we don't expect so large an attendance as we have been having until after the middle of September.

Cup shoot, 15 singles and 5 pairs:

Dr Meek	11111111111111	11	60	11	11	—23
Thomas	11111111111111	00	11	10	11	—22
Wilson	0101000110010	11	11	10	10	—14
Eaton	1110011110111	11	11	10	01	—18
McDonald	1011111111111	11	11	11	11	—22
Snyder	0110111001110	10	11	11	10	—17
Hicks	1011111110111	10	10	01	11	—18
Morris	10101110011100	00	10	00	11	—13
C Einfeldt	1101111110111	11	11	11	11	—23
H Einfeldt	1111110101111	00	11	01	01	—19
J L Smedes	1111101100101	11	11	11	10	—19
Geotter	01111011011101	11	11	01	10	—16
Eldred	11100011011010	10	10	11	01	—14
Fritchman	001000010110000	11	00	00	10	—7
Eaton		10	10	10	10	—5

Manchester	13	19	13	16	13	19	8	19	14	19	175	153	.874
Hobbs	13	17	13	17	14	15	14	13	13	19	175	153	.874
Searles	12	17	14	17	10	17	14	19	13	16	175	149	.851
Johnson	13	17	14	18	13	14	13	17	12	18	175	148	.845
Allison	13	18	13	17	11	13	13	13	13	19	175	148	.845
Hamlin	11	17	14	16	10	18	12	13	13	16	175	146	.834
Serenson	14	15	13	18	11	15	12	13	11	18	175	145	.828
Noyes	13	18	14	16	10	14	12	20	11	17	175	145	.828
Wheeler	13	16	13	17	9	18	13	17	11	17	175	144	.822
Powell	11	16	15	18	12	15	12	15	13	15	175	142	.811
Cory	12	18	12	14	12	14	17	13	15		175	140	.800
Keller	13	16	14	15	13	17	12	14			140	114	.813
Bowler	13	18	12	14	14	10	14				140	107	.764
Coffin	9	18	13	15	10	17	10	14			140	106	.757
Alexander	10	14	15	10	19	9	11				135	102	.755
Dring	11	17	10	16	9	10	12				120	85	.708
Taft	11	20	12	15	10	12					105	80	.761
Blinn											90	67	.744
Adams											90	67	.744
Owen											90	65	.722
H. B. Moore											90	64	.711
McArdle	14	16	13	18	9						85	70	.823
Koot	13	15	13	14	9						85	64	.753
G. Moore											70	55	.785
Mason											70	45	.642
Lambert											70	41	.585
Wells											55	40	.727

Team match, events 5, 6 and 7; five-man teams, 50 targets per man:
 Mumford Fishing and Shooting Association—Searles 41, Hamblin 40, Johnson 39, Coffin 37, Noyes 36; total 193.
 Boston Athletic Association—Gleason 47, Adams 38, Blinn 37, Owen 37, Moore 34; total 193.
 Aquidneck Gun Club—Manchester 40, Powell 39, Alexander 38, Bowser 38, Mason 33; total 188.
 Shoot-off:
 Mumford Fishing and Shooting Association—Searles 19, Hamblin 19, Johnson 17, Coffin 14, Noyes 20; total 89.
 Boston Athletic Association—Gleason 20, Adams 15, Blinn 16, Owen 17, Moore 16; total 84.

Interstate Tournament at Grand Forks.

GRAND FORKS, N. D., July 29.—The Interstate Association's tournament, held at Grand Forks, N. D., July 27 and 28, was attended by some of the foremost amateur and professional trapshooters in America, and it was a success in every sense of the word.
 Grand Forks is a city of 10,000 inhabitants, located at the junction of the Red Lake River with the Red River of the North. The Red River is a historic stream, as in the days of the fur trading companies it was one of the great highways of the continent, and many a fur-laden craft, propelled by the strong arms of Indian, French and half-breed voyageurs, has been borne upon the bosom of the old river down to Fort Garry, the headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Fur Company.

The Grand Forks Gun Club is a part of the Town and Country Club, and it has splendid grounds just at the city limits. They excel any similar grounds in the Northwest. All the details have been arranged with a view to meet the purposes of the club. The club has a ten years' lease on the grounds. In the center of the grounds is the club house, the building being arranged in the most modern style for the convenience of the members and their friends.

The committee having immediate charge of this particular tournament consisted of Messrs. Clarence A. Hale, W. M. Ferguson, Geo. Duis and A. D. Baughman, and to their untiring efforts the success of the tournament is due.

The programme consisted of nine events each day, eight of which were at 15 targets each and one event of 20 targets, making a total of 140 targets per man. There was also one special event open to manufacturers' agents only. It was at 50 targets, 25 each day, no entrance fee. The prize was a Colt's automatic .32cal. revolver, presented by the Ferguson Sporting Goods Company.

The trade was represented by Messrs. F. H. Lord, B. O. Seymour, L. H. Reid, H. C. Hirschy, C. B. Adams, Hood Waters, C. W. Budd, R. E. Sherer, J. Collins and J. French.

The cashier's office was ably conducted by Mr. H. C. Hirschy, assisted by Mr. B. O. Seymour.

High average among the manufacturers' agents was won by Mr. C. B. Adams, Mr. C. W. Budd, second, and Messrs. Hood Waters and H. C. Hirschy tied for third place.

High average among the amateurs was won by Mr. D. C. Rand, with Mr. F. H. Sprague second and J. H. Stair third.

The special event resulted in a tie between Messrs. Seymour and Budd with a score of 47 out of the 50. In shooting off the tie at 25 targets each, Mr. Seymour broke straight to Mr. Budd's 22, Mr. Seymour being the winner. The scores follow:

July 27, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Shot	at.	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	20		140	121	
J. H. Stair	12	14	14	12	11	13	14	13	18	140	121	
A. I. Gibson	14	15	13	11	14	13	13	12	16	140	121	
A. D. Baughman	7	9	11	14	12	9	11	12	16	140	101	
B. O. Seymour	14	11	10	14	12	15	11	12	14	140	113	
F. H. Lord	14	11	13	12	14	13	14	14	15	140	120	
C. A. Mason	12	12	14	12	13	13	12	17		140	118	
R. W. Frazee	12	13	13	14	12	10	14	11	16	140	115	
Wm. Durbin	11	11	13	10	12	9	13	14	15	140	108	
L. H. Reid	11	12	12	13	15	10	12	14		140	114	
G. W. Kregler	15	11	12	14	13	13	10	12		140	113	
H. C. Hirschy	13	13	14	15	13	13	12	14	18	140	125	
C. R. Wilkinson	12	14	14	10	15	12	12	17		140	118	
F. H. Sprague	14	14	11	14	14	14	13	12	16	140	122	
W. E. Rowe	13	12	13	12	14	14	14	7	16	140	114	
C. H. Parker	13	12	13	13	13	10	13	12	15	140	118	
C. A. Hale	14	14	13	12	12	11	10	13	19	140	109	
W. M. Ferguson	11	12	11	10	14	13	14	7	17	140	134	
C. B. Adams	13	14	15	14	15	15	14	19		140	127	
H. Waters	11	14	14	15	15	14	13	15	16	140	116	
G. E. Duis	11	13	11	13	14	11	14	11	18	140	114	
C. W. Budd	14	12	12	14	11	15	13	15	18	140	124	
R. H. Lapp	7	11	12	12	15	12	12	16		140	109	
F. H. Bailey	12	12	13	13	14	13	12	19		140	120	
W. B. Wood	13	14	12	13	11	14	10	11	16	140	114	
E. C. Cooper	8	11	13	12	10	11	10	9	17	140	101	
C. A. Appleton	13	11	13	15	11	13	12	13	18	140	119	
C. K. Wing	12	13	13	9	11	11	11	15		140	108	
W. G. Ballock	11	11	11	9	12	12	9	13	17	140	105	
Dr. Anderson	10	12	13	14	10	11	12	13	14	140	109	
R. W. Main	7	13	14	14	14	10	11	13	19	140	115	
J. L. Heitman	12	13	13	14	11	7	8	13	15	140	106	

D Bell.....	6	5	7	8	8	10	9	6	7	140	66
D Farrell.....	8	14	12	12	7	10	10	11	12	140	96
J H Cumming.....	13	14	15	12	13	11	12	13		125	103
D C Rand.....	14	12	14	14	15	13	13	14	20	140	129
N Nashold.....	11	12	14	13	14	13	12	12	13	140	114
A I Schmidt.....	9	10	9	10	10	10	8	9	..	120	75
L Larson.....	11	12	10	13	10	75	56
J G Odegard.....	11	9	6	15	65	41
M Tonsager.....	14	9	12	9	10	12	95	66
O K Hovet.....	8	9	10	15	65	42
J H McNichol.....	8	6	8	12	65	34
A Rogn.....	11	11	13	13	65	48
A Handy.....	12	13	14	16	65	55
J F Brandt.....	9	..	6	10	50	25
C F Perry.....	9	..	8	10	45	27
Mrs C H Parker.....	10	10	11	..	45	31
Mrs R W Frazee.....	9	8	9	..	45	26
T Fuller.....	12	..	13	30	25
C Hanson.....	12	20	12
Dr Wheeler.....	17	20
H N Wells.....	13	20	13
G Wilder.....	14	20	14
T Smith.....	11	20	11
M Lockerby.....	9	20	9

July 28, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	20		at.	Broke.
J H Stair.....	14	13	12	13	14	14	14	13	18	140	125
Al Gilson.....	12	14	13	10	12	13	10	...		105	84
A D Baughman.....	14	12	10	12	13	13	12	13		140	114
B O Seymour.....	13	13	14	10	13	13	13	11	19	140	119
F H Lord.....	13	15	12	12	14	14	14	9	16	140	119
Wm Durbin.....	11	8	11	13	13	8	13	13		140	103
L H Reid.....	12	13	13	12	13	13	11	19		140	119
C W Budd.....	11	15	11	13	15	12	14	14	16	140	121
G W Kregler.....	14	13	12	12	14	15	12	12	14	140	118
J L Heitman.....	11	8	12	14	10	6	8	12	12	140	93
H C Hirschy.....	12	14	11	12	14	15	13	8	19	140	118
C R Wilkinson.....	12	15	15	12	12	15	15	13	19	140	127
F H Sprague.....	14	12	14	14	14	14	15	14	19	140	130
Wm Rowe.....	12	13	13	13	13	12	15	9	14	140	114
C Parker.....	11	14	13	13	14	14	14	13	18	140	124
C A Appleton.....	13	13	13	12	12	14	14	16		140	119
C B Adams.....	12	10	15	15	14	14	15	12	19	140	126
H Waters.....	13	11	14	12	13	10	15	15		140	116
O K Hovet.....	12	12	12	14	12	13	15	7	15	140	112
Dr Anderson.....	14	12	15	12	10	12	13	9	17	140	114
W M Ferguson.....	15	13	12	15	13	12	12	13	19	140	124
C A Hale.....	12	13	13	11	15	13	12	14	18	140	121
Geo. Duis.....	14	13	13	10	13	11	13	12	19	140	118
W B Wood.....	10	12	14	14	14	11	9	11	15	140	110
E C Cooper.....	12	13	11	8	12	11	11	7	17	140	102
W G Ballock.....	12	13	14	13	14	14	13	13	15	140	121
D C Rand.....	13	15	15	15	14	13	15	13	16	140	129
R H Lapp.....	12	13	12	11	10	11	14	14	16	140	113
Capt Main.....	11	11	13	12	11	13	11	12	15	140	109
C Tonsager.....	11	9	14	9	13	10	13	10	16	140	105
C K Wing.....	8	12	15	10	11	13	10	11	16	140	106
R W Frazee.....	14	15	12	8	13	14	14	15	18	140	123
M Nashold.....	14	13	13	12	14	12	13	13	17	140	121
J H Cumming.....	12	12	8	12	12	15	95	71
Mrs C Parker.....	9	12	5	..	45	26
S Huyerdahl.....	14	20	14
F Handy.....	13	15	28
A Rogn.....	15	20
T Fuller.....	11	14	25
C Hanson.....	8	13	35

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TROLLEY RIDING.

THE advent of the trolley system as a means of passenger transportation was a public blessing undisguised. Its success has far surpassed the most sanguine expectations of its early advocates. Designed originally to supersede the wretched horse-cars of slow speed and short routes as a means of city transportation, it has eminently demonstrated its fitness for a much broader field of usefulness.

The trolley quickly ousted the horse from city street car traffic, then spread from town to town, till, in the older communities, it is possible from State to State to take pleasant journeys of hundreds of miles by trolley.

This extensive, pervading ramification of trolley lines has multiplied many times the facilities for the transaction of business affairs, besides affording cheap and convenient means of travel to new fields which immeasurably add to the pleasures of the people at large.

As a rule, a ride on the steam cars, so far as it relates to beautiful scenes, is devoid of pleasure. They invariably skirt along the back yards of a city, and aim to take as straight as may be the nearest way to the next town. In pleasing contrast, the trolley journeys through the most beautiful sections of city and country, unfolding an endless panorama of delightful views, alike gratifying to the eye and wholesome to the mind.

In particular is the trolley a blessing to the wage earners of the great cities, the majority of the people. It affords a means of cheap and speedy transportation to country and ocean. One can ride through country roads for hours, with views of green fields, winding brooks, and grand forests, for the outlay of a few pennies.

Every day, but every Saturday and Sunday in particular, during the summer months, the trolley cars transport an innumerable host to the suburban resorts around New York.

To Coney Island alone, the trolley cars, on Sundays and holidays, convey hundreds of thousands of people. There they bathe, sniff the ocean breeze, shoot the chutes, join in the many amusements, and eat, drink, and are merry. After a day of hearty enjoyment they return to the city feeling happier and more content to begin their wage-earning anew than would be possible if they were deprived of such wholesome recreation.

As a means of seeking recreation, the trolley car is the car of the people. Its patrons are the old and young, the rich and poor, the fat and the lean, the washed and the unwashed. Useful in its capacity on ordinary days, it has an elastic capacity on Saturdays and Sundays about New York. A seat built for five will hold six people if they sit properly awry, and then there is room sufficient for seven or eight children in the interstices. The family thus enjoys the outing *en famille*.

The young man who, in the parlor of the man concerning whom he cherishes a hope that he will some day designate him as father-in-law, sits stiffly in amiable imbecility in the presence of the adored one, on the trolley car is transformed into quite a different being. He feels the importance which comes from knightly responsibility. He can take generous initiative in the way of extending tender invitations to partake of the high colored lemonade and toothsome peanut; and the ceaseless solicitude for the loved one's comfort, the thoughtful consideration of her liking in respect to whether she would prefer clam-chowder or fried sausage for dinner, and in return the heartfelt confession that she had the time of her life, do more to establish a *modus vivendi* in one trolley ride than could be accomplished in a thousand stilted, insipid visits, with a thousand remarks on the possibilities of rain.

The elders enjoy the opportunity to confer pleasure on the children, besides enjoying the trolley ride for its own sake. The children, being in that happy stage of life when every thing which is novel is interesting, enjoy all the incidents of the ride whatever they may be.

What is true of New York in respect to suburban places of recreation and amusement, is true relatively of every other city of any importance in America. Each has its trolley lines to convey the city dwellers out into the country, where the birds sing, the sun shines freely, and the flowers bloom. The prices of the trolley ride, a few pennies, are within the means of all. The benefits to be derived from it, in the way of recreation, good fellowship, and healthful diversion, are beyond computation. They are worthy the consideration of those who have never given them much thought.

IN TIBET.

Now that the British invasion of Tibet has been accomplished by the arrival of Gen. McDonald's force at Lahassa, and the British exploitation of the country is to follow, the sportsmen of the world are interested in the game of the new hunting grounds thus opened to them. Tibet, Mongolia, and Central Asia generally, have been visited by but few sportsmen. They are too far off, and too much time and money are required to reach them. Nevertheless they abound in big game of many sorts, some forms of which—in the estimation of many sportsmen—are the most desirable that exist.

Of this game the wild yak is the largest and the most easily obtained. The yak is a black ox-like animal with short, slender horns, short legs, long wavy hair hanging down smoothly; the tail is bushy and reaches to the hocks; and the hair is of such uniform length that it looks almost as if it were trimmed. Among local hunters the yak has the reputation of being dangerous, and it appears that it is a tough beast, which will carry away much lead, unless it is properly placed.

Several species of wild horses and wild asses are found in this region, where they are killed for food. Among these is the Prjevalsky horse, by many believed to be the ancestor of at least one form of the domestic horse. A pair of these are now to be seen in the gardens of the New York Zoological Society. These animals, while often useful for food, will not greatly attract the average sportsman.

Tibet and Central Asia generally are great countries for sheep—the region, it is believed, of the development of this group. Here are found several species of wild sheep—commonly called argali—an improper name applied by the Mongols only to the female animal, the male being called kuldza. Of these, *Ovis poli* is by far the largest, its horns measuring six feet in length, while *Ovis ammon* is smaller, but still superb game. These animals inhabit lofty and more or less level plateaus, like all other sheep taking refuge when alarmed in the higher peaks. They love a rough country. In certain ranges also is found the ibex, still abundant, though shy and hard to reach. The burhel, another form of wild sheep much better known to Indian sportsmen, occurs in Tibet. Here is found also Hodgson's antelope, a beautiful animal with graceful, lyre-shaped horns, which are frequently two feet in length.

A form of red deer not very unlike our wapiti or elk is also abundant in certain sections of eastern Tibet, and enormous quantities of their horns are exported thence to China, for use in preparation of a toilet powder.

The musk deer and various smaller animals are found, but comparatively little is known of the lesser animal life of the region.

On the high barren plateaus in northern Tibet there is a brown bear sometimes growing to very great size—quite as large, and perhaps even larger, than the grizzly of the United States. These bears are greatly feared by the natives, who regard them as very dangerous, and as eaters of human flesh. As a matter of fact, they live chiefly on the marmots which they dig out of the holes they inhabit.

Except, perhaps, the beautiful and graceful snow leopard, there are few cats in Tibet. The country is too high for them, but here occurs the extraordinary bear-like animals known as *Ailuropus melanoleucus*, first described by the missionary Father Armand David, who called it white bear. Very little is yet known about it.

The tall slopes of the Himalayas which border Tibet on the south, have already been much hunted over by British sportsmen from India; and now that the trail into Tibet has become an open one, we may believe that the English will push in there and will have great sport. It is a difficult country to pass through on account of its very

great altitude, which gives it an almost Arctic climate. The distances are still great, and we imagine it will be years before hunters will penetrate very far beyond the Indian border line.

WELD POND AS AN EXAMPLE.

THE very substantial value of good fishing as an asset is well illustrated in the case of Weld Pond, one of Maine's many attractive waters about which gathers every year a colony of summer cottagers. The lake contains pickerel, trout, and landlocked salmon, all in goodly supply. The landlocked salmon were put in about twenty years ago by Commissioner Henry O. Stanley, and have prospered.

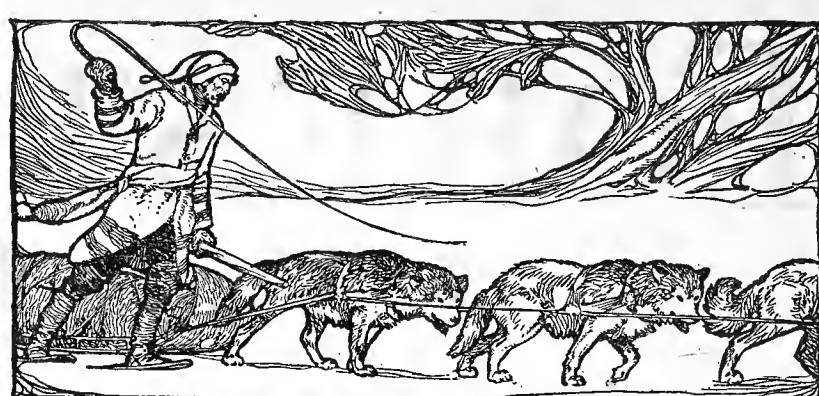
The combination of trout and pickerel is unusual; and the presence of the two species in Weld Pond may perhaps be explained by the favorable conditions for trout breeding and growth. The lake is surrounded by high hills and mountains, in which rise trout streams which, after miles of ideal courses, empty into the lake. The trout ascend these streams for spawning, and the small fry do not come down into the lake until they are large enough to take care of themselves against the pickerel. The mountain brooks, too, are closed to fishing under the Maine system which empowers the fish commissioners to forbid fishing in certain waters; and thus there is a constant source of supply for the restocking of the lake, and fishing is always good.

These angling resources have been the direct means of building up a considerable summer population at Weld. There are about the lake some thirty summer cottages, owned either by people in distant cities who occupy them, or by residents of Weld, who lease them to visitors for the season. There are in addition camps and hotels, all growing out of and dependent upon the fishing. Such an influx of outsiders means an enlarged market for the farmer and increased business in various lines of trade. Milk, butter, eggs, and vegetables sell at city prices. The whole community has share in the prosperity growing out of the fishing. Weld Pond is an object lesson, a definite example of the wisdom, from a business point of view, of keeping up the game fish supply.

It is perhaps not unfair to say that the average local paper will chronicle without censure and as a creditable achievement, the taking of excessive bags of game and strings of fish by local sportsmen. Nor is it anything less than fair to credit the local press with a ready willingness to take a stand for moderation in fish and game killing, if only the attention of the editor is called to the subject, and his sympathy is enlisted on the side of reasonable sport. The home paper may be made a most valuable and efficient ally in the cause of game protection. The first concern of a sportsmen's club whose purpose is to enforce the laws and raise the standard of practice in the field, might well be to secure the co-operation of the local press. Most right-thinking men are in a peculiar degree sensitive to the praise or blame of the home paper, whereas they might not care very much what was said in print of their exploits when the criticism did not come so closely home to them. The suggestion made by a correspondent in another column that the local press should be made an ally in the cause of moderate and reasonable, rather than excessive and boastful fishing and shooting, is deserving of general adoption.

THIS is an age of skepticism and unbelief. The squirrel barkers, to be sure, rallied nobly to renew a waning faith in that particular feat of arms; but the insidious questioning of old authorities by Mr. Kelly has had its effect in weakening the confidence with which some other shooting stories are accepted. Now it is the snuffing of a candle. Manhattan marksmen have been trying it, and their verdict is that it cannot be done. We have reason to believe that the inquirer whose note is printed in another column, is sincere in his quest of truth as it pertains to the candle and the candle snuffer.

THAT relation of a meeting with Daniel Boone by Audubon is interesting as a chapter out of the past. It relates to a period when the men who went to the fore made their way there by the exercise of qualities which we admire; and it is refreshing to read this sympathetic and frankly admiring estimate of one fine man by another.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Summer Memories.

In our childhood, time is regarded as an unending continuation of the seasons; and we follow confidently its slow, measured pace. Not until this gait changes to a run and the past lengthening do we realize that winters, springs, summers and autumns are rolling by like buoyant waves bearing us unresistingly on their calm or stormy crests toward distant lands.

"Whence have sprung the things that are,
And whither roll the passing years;
Where does Time conceal its two heads,
In dense impenetrable gloom,"

quotes Thoreau from the ancient poet Ossian's third Duan of Ca-Lodin; so, no doubt, the onward flow of the universe has not gained nor lost in speed, but moves the same in accord with the individual spirit.

To-day a fire gleams brightly on the hearth, while the elements of winter hold sway outside; to-morrow April buds expand into May blossoms, and this evening summer's smiling radiance greets us in the sunset. Thus once more the portals of a new season are opened, wherein we enter to wander through flowering fields and gardens, perchance finding our way at last to the cool wooded regions that beckon us northward; for in these distant forests the light of a summer sun lingers on rugged tree trunks and throws a soft golden veil over snowy pond-lilies floating on the waters of sylvan lakes.

It is both pleasing and picturesque, when pioneering north on steel rails through our native State, to observe the gradual transition of pastoral scenery into broken, half cultivated country, which gives place to undulating hills and finally the wilderness itself. Here the bones of the "Bark Eaters"—so christened by their brothers living further south—rest peacefully under fragrant leaf mould, guarded by whispering pines that still stand unscarred, and likewise cattle graze in the sheltered meadows of a fertile valley that once was a scene of bloody strife between the latter and white men. But while forests have been almost entirely eaten away in this section, the more mountainous home of the aborigines, although seared by fire and the inroads of civilization, is still able to stimulate the ozone with a pure breath of coniferous woodlands, and offer one retreats of primeval wildness, where vibrations of silence pulsate in the solitude.

The smooth, rounded slopes of the Adirondacks are a distinct pleasure to the eye, for the winds and weather of ages have worn down all jagged peaks that probably at one time existed, and left undulating ranges mounting against the sky in soft harmonious lines. It has often been said that the Rockies are as infants beside these venerable mountains, whose formation shows both volcanic and glacial eras.

Thick timber covering a mountain side sometimes conceals wonderful ledges of rocks, and once a splashing rain brook led us to discover a wealth of geological beauty that was hidden by a luxuriant growth of forest trees. We happened to be lifting a bait trap set on a small bay that was the culmination of an arm or branch of a lake, when the sound of rushing water came to our ears from a steep, virgin-clad mountain rising abruptly on the south side of the pond-like cove. Anxious to know from what source it came, we rowed toward the shore, and found a large rain brook emptying into the lake, running out under a tangle of bushes and ferns, so that at first it was not easy to locate. Far up the mountain side the cool, splashing murmur might be heard, and it tempted us to land for the purpose of further exploration. Pushing aside the thick undergrowth, we beheld a series of cascades and waterfalls leaping down the steep incline, broken, moss-grown boulders forming its bed, and these aided us in our ascent, following one another like rough hewn steps. After a few minutes' scramble, I succeeded in landing on a large flat rock, around which the water foamed and boiled. On the right, reaching up sheer and perpendicular, rose a ledge of huge rocks, adorned with delicate ferns, various tinted mosses and silver lichens, while several birches sprouted from deep crevices. Close beside it a roaring torrent ran the brook, tumbling over roots and stones, sinking into pools and crannies, for falling almost straight down the mountain gave the water a fierce impetus. Encouraged to probe still further the course of this rushing torrent, we worked our way upward, the Veteran making a straight ascent, while Wallace and I struck a deer runway, taking a more roundabout detour in order to avoid treacherous roots undermined with invisible water, which made itself known by soft musical gurglings. Finally, after again crossing the brook, we reached the summit of a cliff, and looking out from this high perch could see the blue lake glinting lazily in the sunshine between the trees, while beyond unbroken forest rolled away to meet the clear, transparent horizon. In stepping near the edge of the rock we discovered a deep, narrow fissure, yawning down fifty feet or more, and undoubtedly it was a relic of a volcanic age, having an appearance as though some convulsive internal forces had split and shoved it outward. But new discoveries awaited us, which we found later on striking back in the woods, where, walking through a sloping fern-grown glen, and sinking deep into the thick, spongy mosses, we came unexpectedly to another mighty ledge of rocks that towered high above us. From its dark, shaded cliff the

cool drip of water could be heard as clear, crystal drops fell on the moist sides to the rocks below.

Looking upward, one was able to discern the outlines of pines and spruces growing from the top of the rocks, and seeming far off against the sky, it must have been that the mountain rose in three great steps, for we could not imagine there was more than one more ledge beyond this. At the foot of the cliff where we stood were strewn enormous boulders and stones, which on closer investigation showed the same pink grain or tint that was apparent on the larger ones. The radiant beams of the sun, striking through the leaves fell on the moist face of the rock wall, making it glisten on surfaces exposed to the light, and appear dank and moist in the shadows.

Only the eye, however, is capable of conveying to one the reality of such a sublime masterpiece, and how many secrets does nature thus obscure? Multitudes that ever will remain wrapped in the unknown, as well as those works of beauty we discover by becoming more intimately acquainted with regions already familiar to us.

Not long since, in reading an eulogy on the Adirondacks, I came to where it stated that these mountains are really an island, being completely surrounded by a chain of waterways. The mountains themselves are a fountain of lakes, streams, and springs, flowing away on every side to replenish others with perennial torrents of pure, living fluid.

Most of the woodland streams, brooks, and occasionally a spring are colored a rich brown-yellow from the muck or forest mould that forms their banks, but as a general rule the lakes are transparently clear, and many of these harbor lusty trout, besides numerous other piscatorial species. It is quite curious that some sheets of water will contain fish of a certain variety, while within a quarter or half mile of it another lake will be absolutely free of them; in one such a thing as a bullhead is unknown, yet but a short distance away there exists a pond literally swarming with these homely horned pouts. The same conditions are repeated in other cases, but there is one fish usually found in all the waters of this region, and that is the speckled trout cherished so fondly by every fisherman.

After a steady downpour of rain lasting five or six hours, small rills and brooks come to life in the woods, seeking out old dried watercourses they previously have flowed through, and perhaps emptying finally with a pleasant trickle into some pond, where trout gather from afar in order to taste the sweet, fresh water. This is a good time to let a bait down between the clusters of lily-pads, and one by one pull in handsome fish that usually make themselves known after a lively manner at the other end of the light rod. Once when we were fishing thus, having already landed nine or ten trout, the grandfather, evidently, of them all came along and deigned to swallow hook and worm at one gulp. It was indeed fortunate that his appetite was primed to commit such a rash act, as it fastened the barb firmly in those hard jaws and held him secure. After keeping down out of sight, fiercely tugging all the while, he made an unexpected appearance on the surface, skipping around among the lily-pads until his orange sides were tightly wound with the long stems that probably proved a decided embarrassment to his breath, for shortly he gave up what otherwise would probably have been a long struggle.

On this same pond, one summer night with a clear, moonless sky, I spent several hours jacking for deer, minus firearms, however, accompanied by another companion and guide. The mild warmth of the evening, and the drone of insect voices suggested the idea that it would probably be a good night for deer to work around the water, and offer us an opportunity of seeing one under a jack light. An old lantern arranged for this purpose was accordingly brought forth, refilled with oil, its dusty glass brightened, and toward eight o'clock we set out, trusting that its light might chance to reveal some night wanderer to our vision.

How still and dark the woods as we enter them and follow the wavering lantern that sheds a mystic, yellow glow on both sides of the narrow pathway. Trees loom up like shadowy spectres, and the moist night odors are strongly pungent in our nostrils, while only the soft, jingling murmur of insects and the quivering peep of a tree toad disturb the silence. It was not long before the pale reflected glimmer of the pond could be seen through the trees, and reaching the shore we quietly turned the boat over, adjusted the light in the bow, and taking our places pushed out on the dark shadowed surface.

A cold, thin fog rolled off the water as the boat moved silently ahead, and we tasted its damp, dew-laden breath, while the zenith was reflected by faint points of light from the stars shining down serenely on the solitude. The crack of a bush all at once broke the stillness, and around went the boat, pointing in the direction from whence the sound issued. A gentle shaking motion in the stern conveyed the meaning to light the jack; a match flared in answer, and then a misty glare of light was turned suddenly on the dark, indistinct shore, illumining trees and rocks with a hazy circle of uncertain radiance. For a second we caught the faint outline of a deer's form, partly shielded by a birch tree, but it was only for a second, and a violent snort, followed by crashing twigs, woke up the surrounding echoes. Again the shrill, frightened whistle rang out, but now further distant, and we could imagine this creature of the forest gazing with

startled eyes into the impenetrable darkness—terrified that the same uncanny light might disclose for a second time his nightly seclusion.

However, only a few minutes passed before a slight splashing noise attracted our attention across the pond; so we stole out from the black shadows and moved over the star-lit expanse of water that intervened. As we drew near, the sound grew more distinct, and we all but held our breaths for fear of disturbing whatever it might chance to be. Expectantly we waited until the jack lit up the shore, but our anticipations suffered a downfall, for there, humped on a slippery log, sat a fat hedgehog, his quills bristling with surprise, and his eyes blinking in the strong light. Amused as well as somewhat disappointed over this apparition, we wreaked our vengeance upon him by a push with the paddle that nearly upset his portly form, causing him to scuttle hastily along the log and disappear with an awkward waddle into the protecting shadows of the woods.

For an hour we floated on the still water, making a complete circuit of the pond, while we watched a luminous star rise over the inky spires of the tree points, seen against the paler sky beyond, but the hollow voice of a barred owl was all that broke the throbbing silence.

The dim spark of the lantern led us to the landing without trouble, and we left hopes of seeing another deer behind with the silent pond. Good fortune, however, had not entirely deserted us, for striking off from the path on our way back, we surprised a buck standing in a patch of briers, and Wallace, who carried the jack light, flashed it upon him before he could move a foot. What a smashing of underbrush followed, as with a springing bound he cleared a fallen tree and fled precipitately away from the penetrating rays that disclosed him running like a phantom through the darkness. Turning around, we headed toward the trail again, and had gone but a few paces when Wallace whisperingly exclaimed, "Just look at those eyes!" and stepping quickly forward, we peered into the black gloom. Seemingly far off in the woods gleamed two bright, glowing coals of fire, and as I looked a pleasant shiver coursed through me at the thought that these burning sparks so intently fixed upon us were the eyes of some large animal. They appeared not unlike a pair of small lanterns shining at a long distance, and here was a delusion, for in reality the deer was quite close by, and as we walked cautiously ahead in order to obtain a better view, they silently went out, no sound betraying where their owner had gone. No doubt we dreamed at night that these fiery eyes belonged to some aborigine chief, whose spirit infested the forests, wandering about and somberly watching over his past home.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Indian dwellers of the Adirondacks have passed away, leaving only picturesque legends and imagination to carry on their career, is it not somewhat of a perennial pleasure to realize that four-footed creatures still exist where the former once pursued them? True, some of these have also gone, but two yet remain for time to obliterate, namely, the Virginia deer and the black bear, for they are the only original varieties of the larger mammals left, although the smaller species of course are apparent in various orders.

It is a good while, therefore, since a panther's scream has started the sleeping wilderness, or sinuous, copper-colored hands have torn the bark from silky birches to kindle a camp-fire, and one holds a sincere faith that likewise many years will have vanished in the past before the laugh of a loon, hooting of an owl, snort of a deer, and the grunt of a bear are hushed in these forest abodes.

CAMILLA.

A Meeting with Boone.

From Audubon's "Ornithological Biographies," 1831-39.

DANIEL BOONE, or as he was usually called in the Western country, Colonel Boone, happened to spend a night with me under the same roof, more than twenty years ago. We had returned from a shooting excursion, in the course of which his extraordinary skill in the management of the rifle had been displayed. On retiring to the room appropriated to that remarkable individual and myself for the night, I felt anxious to know more of his exploits and adventures than I did, and accordingly took the liberty of proposing numerous questions to him. The stature and general appearance of this wanderer of the western forests approached the gigantic. His chest was broad and prominent; his muscular powers displayed themselves in every limb; his countenance gave indication of his great courage, enterprise, and perseverance; and when he spoke, the very motion of his lips brought the impression that whatever he uttered could not be otherwise than strictly true. I undressed, while he merely took off his hunting shirt, and arranged a few folds of blankets on the floor, choosing rather to lie there, as he observed, than on the softest bed. When we had both disposed of ourselves, each after his own fashion, he related to me the following account of his powers of memory, which I lay before you, kind reader, in his own words, hoping that the simplicity of his style may prove interesting to you:

"I was once," said he, "on a hunting expedition on the banks of the Green River, when the lower parts

of this State (Kentucky) were still in the hands of nature, and none but the sons of the soil were looked upon as its lawful proprietors. We Virginians had for some time been waging a war of intrusion upon them, and I, amongst the rest, rambled through the woods in pursuit of their race as I now would follow the tracks of any ravenous animal. The Indians outwitted me one dark night, and I was unexpectedly as suddenly made a prisoner by them. The trick had been managed with great skill; for no sooner had I extinguished the fire of my camp, and laid me down to rest, in full security as I thought, than I felt myself seized by an indistinguishable number of hands, and I was immediately pinioned, as if about to be led to the scaffold for execution. To have attempted to be refractory would have proved useless and dangerous to my life; and I suffered myself to be removed from my camp to theirs, a few miles distant, without uttering even a word of complaint. You are aware, I dare say, that to act in this manner was the best policy, as you understand that, by so doing, I proved to the Indians at once that I was born and bred as fearless of death as any of themselves.

"When we reached the camp, great rejoicings were exhibited. Two squaws and a few papposes appeared particularly delighted at the sight of me, and I was assured, by very unequivocal gestures and words, that, on the morrow, the mortal enemy of the red-skins would cease to live. I never opened my lips, but was busy contriving some scheme which might enable me to give the rascals the slip before dawn. The women immediately fell a-searching about my hunting shirt for whatever they might think valuable, and, fortunately for me, soon found my flask filled with Monongahela (that is, reader, strong whiskey). A terrific grin was exhibited on their murderous countenances, while my heart throbbed with joy at the anticipation of their intoxication. The crew immediately began to beat their bellies and sing, as they passed the bottle from mouth to mouth. How often did I wish the flask ten times its size, and filled with aqua-fortis! I observed that the squaws drank more freely than the warriors, and again my spirits were about to be depressed, when the report of a gun was heard at a distance. The Indians all jumped on their feet. The singing and drinking were both brought to a stand, and I saw, with inexpressible joy, the men walk off to some distance and talk to the squaws. I knew that they were consulting about me, and foresaw that in a few moments the warriors would go to discover the cause of the gun having been fired so near their camp. I expected that the squaws would be left to guard me. Well, sir, it was just so. They returned; the men took up their guns and walked away. The squaws sat down again, and in less than five minutes had my bottle up to their dirty mouths, gurgling down their throats the remains of the whiskey.

"With what pleasure did I see them become more and more drunk, until the liquor took such hold of them that it was quite impossible for these women to be of any service. They tumbled down, rolled about, and began to snore; when I, having no other chance of freeing myself from the cords that fastened me, rolled over and over toward the fire, and, after a short time, burned them asunder. I rose on my feet, stretched my stiffened sinews, snatched up my rifle, and, for once in my life, spared that of Indians. I now recollect how desirous I once or twice felt to lay open the skulls of the wretches with my tomahawk; but when I again thought upon killing beings unprepared and unable to defend themselves, it looked like murder without need, and I gave up the idea.

"But, sir, I felt determined to mark the spot, and walking to a thrifty ash sapling, I cut out of it three large chips, and ran off. I soon reached the river, soon crossed it, and threw myself deep into the canebrakes, imitating the tracks of an Indian with my feet, so that no chance might be left for those from whom I had escaped to overtake me.

"It is now nearly twenty years since this happened, and more than five since I left the whites' settlements, which I might probably never have visited again had I not been called on as a witness in a lawsuit that was pending in Kentucky, and which I really believed would never have been settled had I not come forward and established the beginning of a certain boundary line. This is the story, sir:

"Mr. — moved from Old Virginia into Kentucky, and having a large tract granted to him in the new State, laid claim to a certain parcel of land adjoining Green River, and, as chance would have it, took for one of his corners the very ash tree on which I had made my mark, and finished his survey of some thousands of acres, beginning, as it is expressed in the deed, 'at an ash marked by three distinct notches of the tomahawk of a white man.'

"The tree had grown much, and the bark had covered the marks; but, somehow or other Mr. — heard from some one all that I have already said to you, and thinking that I might remember the spot alluded to in the deed, but which was no longer discoverable, wrote for me to come and try at least to find the place or the tree. His letter mentioned that all my expenses should be paid, and not caring much about once more going back to Kentucky, I started and met Mr. —. After some conversation, the affair with the Indians came to my recollection. I considered for a while, and began to think that after all I could find the very spot, as well as the tree, if it was yet standing.

"Mr. — and I mounted our horses, and off we went to the Green River bottoms. After some difficulties, for you must be aware, sir, that great changes have taken place in these woods, I found at last the spot where I had crossed the river, and, waiting for the moon to rise, made for the course in which I thought the ash tree grew. On approaching the place, I felt as if the Indians were there still, and as if I was still a prisoner among them. Mr. — and I camped near what I conceived the spot, and waited until the return of day.

"At the rising of the sun I was on foot, and, after a good deal of musing, thought that an ash tree then in sight must be the very one on which I had made my mark. I felt as if there could be no doubt of it,

and mentioned my thought to Mr. —. 'Well, Colonel Boone,' said he, 'if you think so it may prove true, but we must have some witnesses; do you stay here about and I will go and bring some of the settlers whom I know.' I agreed. Mr. — trotted off, and I, to pass the time, rambled about to see if a deer was still living in the land. But, ah! sir, what a wonderful difference thirty years makes in the country! Why, at the time when I was caught by the Indians, you would not have walked out in any direction for more than a mile without shooting a buck or a bear. There were then thousands of buffaloes on the hills in Kentucky; the land looked as if it never would become poor; and to hunt in those days was a pleasure indeed. But when I was left to myself on the banks of the Green River, I dare say for the last time in my life, a few signs only of deer were to be seen, and as to a deer itself, I saw none.

"Mr. — returned, accompanied by three gentlemen. They looked upon me as if I had been Washington himself, and walked to the ash tree, which I now call my own, as if in quest of a long-lost treasure. I took an ax from one of them and cut a few chips off the bark. Still no signs were to be seen. So I cut again until I thought it was time to be cautious, and I scraped and worked away with my butcher knife until I did come to where my tomahawk had left an impression in the wood. We now went regularly to work and scraped at the tree with care, until three hacks as plain as any three notches ever were could be seen. Mr. — and the other gentlemen were astonished and, I must allow, I was as much surprised as pleased myself. I made affidavit of this remarkable occurrence in presence of these gentlemen. Mr. — gained his cause. I left Green River forever and came to where we now are; and, sir, I wish you a good night."

I trust, kind reader, that when I again make my appearance with another volume of Ornithological Biography, I shall not have to search in vain for the impression which I have made, but shall have the satisfaction of finding its traces still unobliterated. I now withdraw, and, in the words of the noted wanderer of the Western wilds, "wish you a good night."

A Summer in Newfoundland.—VIII.

(Concluded from page 111.)

EARLY one morning we sat watching on the shore of Fox Pond. Up at the other end a three-year-old stag was busily engaged trampling the bushes as he proudly rubbed a pair of insignificant antlers among the alders. Over in the shallow water a fine adult otter was catching a breakfast of trout; and it was his glossy black pelt and the prospect of securing it that particularly interested me. He was about three hundred yards away, but his every motion was observed through the glass as we lay hidden behind a clump of bushes. A small moving object three hundred yards away makes a very uncertain mark for anyone who is not an expert with the rifle, and I wisely decided to watch and wait, hoping that the otter might decide to take a little excursion in our direction. Jim asked permission to "tole 'im up 'andier," but I had little faith in "tolling" or "bawling," as it is sometimes called in Newfoundland, for only a few days before the guide had tried it on a stag, with a result that the latter quickly departed in the opposite direction, for parts unknown. Whether the otter was fishing or merely enjoying a morning frolic, I could not determine, even by the aid of a glass, for he kept plunging above the surface porpoise-like, often remaining below for two or three minutes. So I finally told my companion to go ahead and venture a "tole" or so for luck; and he replied by uttering a low coughing bark in his throat, something between a grunt and a blat. Never have I witnessed a more successful attempt to decoy an animal. The effect of that single "tole" on the otter was magical; for immediately changing his course, he headed down the pond in our direction, leaving a broad wake of ripples behind.

Nearer and nearer he came, swimming as fast as a fish, his round bullet-like head bobbing from side to side in expectation, his little beady eyes vainly searching the shore. I allowed him to come up within fifty yards, and was just about to press the trigger, when my otter suddenly arched his back and dove beneath the surface. Five minutes later we could just see him away up the pond, making a bee-line for the opposite shore. He outwitted us and escaped, and he is still terrorizing the trout; but after all, perhaps, it is just as well. Ever since the days of the bison we have read and learned of the game that was killed; but some time perhaps a writer will tell us in a book another—a very different tale—a story of the game that got away. In "The Trail of the Sandhill Stag," Mr. Seton strikes a chord which vibrates with no uncertain sound, but the whole story of the game that escaped to live on, is still unwritten, for it would fill a hundred volumes and recall a thousand vivid memories.

A fog on the barrens is just as misleading, just as perplexing to the traveler as a fog on the ocean. Hunting is out of the question, and it is only a rash guide of little experience, who will venture forth when the highlands are shrouded in dense clouds of moisture. The next day was such as one. The surrounding hills were veiled in a thick mantle of mist, which drifted down through trees and shrubbery filling the woods with an all-pervading dampness. So we wisely remained under shelter watching the antics of the jays as they frolicked in and out among the trees.

The northern jay is perhaps the most entertaining of all the little creatures which furtively investigate a camp in the forest. He is a distinguished bird withal, distinguished not only in possessing the friendship of the woodsman, but because he is known by a list of titles far longer than that of his southern cousin or northern neighbor. Only the flicker can boast as many names. But whether moosebird, camp robber or venison hawk, whiskey jock, garbey, or just plain Canada jay, he is without doubt the boldest, most impudent rascal that ever visited a camp. Always restless and busy, in autumn he toils from the early gray of morning until after sundown, constantly working,

hiding away in every conceivable nook and carrying a store of tempting morsels for future needs. On the continent these stores are often rifled by the vituperative red squirrels; but such pesky vermin do not thrive in Newfoundland, and there the jays are at perfect liberty to hide their winter supplies in safety and then to turn about and forget the very places in which they are stored. During our stay at Sand Pond there was hardly an hour of daylight when three or four of the busy fellows were not picking away at our smoked meat; and in their selections of choice tidbits for the future, the birds displayed a truly marvellous degree of prudence and foresight, for they invariably breakfasted upon the tenderest parts of the lean meat, and afterward, when the day's work had commenced, only the fat was carried away—the fat that would keep so long without danger of tainting. Those jays knew a thing or two about housekeeping.

By noon the sun's warmth, added by brisk westerly breezes, wrought havoc among the low-hanging fog banks, sending the clouds scurrying hither and thither, chasing each other across barrens and forests and lakes alike. Their ranks were shattered and broken by the sharp ridges, and here and there a peak higher than its fellows would capture a few which hung like great white birds hovering under the cliffs, as the rest of the flock raced swiftly over the hills to the eastward.

I focused my glass on the highlands back of camp and saw a small herd of deer, five does, and behind them an old stag with inferior antlers slowly bringing up the tail end of the procession. Further up the slope three more does with a single fawn were feeding on the moss, while away across on the opposite ridge another herd appeared like mere specks against the mountain side. Yes, at last the caribou were on the open country. So Jim and I took the big "lead," which led from the pond, and, after an hour of climbing, looked out over a vast expanse of rolling hills and barrens. Twenty or thirty caribou were in sight, but none bearing good antlers, although among them were four or five full sized stags. One of them, a big, heavy fellow, stared defiantly at us as we passed by at a hundred yards. One branch of his antlers was of great size, well pointed, and carried an enormous brow palmation, but the other was so grossly mishapen and deformed as to have lost all semblance to a horn; and that crooked antler proved a very successful talisman, for it saved his life. The stag seemed to be fully aware of it, too, for fully five minutes elapsed before he finally gathered his scattered wits and trotted off after his does. A caribou stag always brings up the tail end of a herd and rarely, if ever, leads the procession. This may be at variance with the experience of other observers, for in "American Animals," Mr. Witmer Stone, in quoting Mr. W. M. J. Long's "Wilderness Ways," says: "The leaders on the barrens are wise old bulls that make no mistakes." Mr. Long's observations at the time were made, I believe, in New Brunswick; but such a statement when applied to the caribou of Newfoundland is incorrect and opposed to the experience of many sportsmen who have hunted on that island.

The runways out on the open barrens seemed to have been much more generally used by the animals than during the previous week, and in each were countless hoof prints of all sizes, "footens," as Jim called them. In one trail he pointed out a new and peculiar track, one now rarely seen in the east, it was the track of a wolf. The eastern wolf is doomed. Slowly retreating from lower Ontario and Quebec, he has already relinquished his old hunting grounds in Maine, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and is rapidly vanishing before the vanguard of civilization. In Newfoundland he is rarely if ever seen near the coast, and only infrequently in the wild fastnesses of the interior. And strange, too, is it not, for the wolf is the hardest beast of the forest. Suffering and starvation and endurance are bred in his very blood and bone. He is the most destructive to game, the wariest of traps, the boldest marauder when driven by hunger, and the most difficult to shoot of all game animals, and yet, slowly but surely, in the east at least he is passing along in the trail of the Indian. These two savage races have lost strength in the struggle for existence, the great battle for the balance of power. These wild, free natures, companions in the hunt for centuries past, are now vanishing together.

The air was crisp and cold that afternoon, and many deer were seen roaming about in little herds and companies, but stags carrying really respectable antlers were difficult to find, and it was not until well toward evening that we discovered one worthy of a shot. There were two of them, grand old fellows with snowy necks and broadly palmated antlers. They were standing together, side by side, and seemed fully to enjoy each other's company. How different would be their feelings a few weeks later, after the rutting season had commenced; then it would be head on, horn to horn. It was a long creep up to the edge of that pond, over moss soggy with rain and saturated huckleberry bushes; and the latter, rarely more than a foot high, offered the meagrest cover for a successful stalk. But caribou are far different creatures from white-tailed deer or mountain sheep, and in less than fifteen minutes I had crawled the necessary three or four hundred yards and stopped behind a friendly rock before venturing a shot. They were grand beasts, those stags, now in easy range and in no hurry to escape. So I watched them through the glasses for a moment, trying to choose the better head. The one with numerous but small points on his antlers was lying down chewing the cud, while directly behind him, broadside on, stood his comrade calmly awaiting the arrival of the laden death. In a moment it came, swift and certain, behind the shoulder. The deadly mushroom bullet did its work well, for the powerful beast trotted off a few paces as if unhurt, and then fell in a heap with a deep sobbing cough. The other, jumping to his feet at the report, stood staring and astonished. He waited a moment as if for his dead companion to rise, and then, breaking into that peculiar lope, started off across the barrens toward the highlands. Five minutes later, on the crest of a neighboring ridge, I could see his dark form and great branching antlers silhouetted against the sky as he rushed forward with headlong strides.

The most difficult question to answer ever put to the hunter of big game is this, "And what did you do with the meat?" All through the West an excessively dry climate and the general use of pack horses enable the sportsman to save the best of his venison, even though the latter be that of the largest of bull elk. Throughout the Southern States as well, the very nature of the country and the methods of hunting often permit or even demand the use of horses, but even without them a small southern deer, when properly dressed, is no load for an able bodied man to pack on his shoulders. The same is true in regions where rivers or lakes navigable for canoes form natural waterways, and game may be easily transported. It is unfortunate, however, that throughout so many sections of Canada the carcass of a large animal is of necessity, owing to the topography of the country, left behind almost entire to be wasted. The head-hunter who goes regularly for moose to New Brunswick or Quebec, always well stocked with provisions, is usually compelled to waste all but a very few pounds of the meat. In the former Province I have seen the whitened skeletons of no less than eight bull moose within a radius of five miles, and not one bone was missing save the skulls. That was in the Clearwater country, near the Little Southwest Miramichi, some thirty-five miles from the nearest house, a region devoid of navigable waterways or even fairly respectable tote roads. A carcass as large and bulky as that of a moose cannot be dragged thirty or forty miles to the settlements unless on a hard snow crust; but anyway, a majority of the animals annually killed by sportsmen in eastern Canada are shot during the calling season in the early autumn, when their flesh is often strongly tainted by the rut. Calling a moose to his death, decoying him within range during the mating season, is hardly a method which a sportsman would care to exploit; and although once very popular among hunters, at the present time public sentiment is exerting a powerful influence against such practices. Maine and Ontario have taken the lead by passing legislative enactments which defer the open season on moose until after the rut, and it is to be hoped that soon Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick will adopt a similar policy. Probably half the caribou killed in Newfoundland by non-residents, especially where several sportsmen hunt in one party, remain practically untouched save for the heads. Along the larger waterways and at Grand, Terra Nova, and other lakes in close proximity to the railroad, most of the meat may be transported by means of dories, but in a region of small brooks and scattered ponds it cannot be saved unless smoked or salted down. The flesh of a large stag when properly boned and dried loses many pounds in weight and becomes, in such a condition, no more than a good load for a man; or else it may be cached in a small hut, where it will keep indefinitely. There are few natives in the colony who would not be glad of a chance to travel twenty or thirty, or even forty miles over the hard snow crust for a few hundred weight of well preserved venison. During the early autumn of 1901, when hunting with Mr. Nevin Sayre on the north branch of the Terra Nova, Mr. Sayre employed an extra packer solely for the purpose of making three trips back to the railroad, and each time his dory was well freighted with fat quarters. A week later, after leaving the river and traveling some fifteen miles across the barrens to Island Pond, we met an Englishman, whose name is unfortunately forgotten or it would be published in this narrative. By reason of some underhanded juggling or political preferment, this man held two licenses allowing him to shoot six stags. What was done with a ton of good meat may be easily surmised; perhaps he ate it all. European methods of slaughtering game *en masse* have fortunately never found favor in the eyes of American sportsmen, but even in England, where eighty or a hundred brace of pheasants are no unusual bag for a day, or in Germany, where a few dozen wild boars make but a moderate score for the royal party, it is to their credit to say that not a pound of meat is lost, and no wasteful methods are tolerated. The efficient protection which wild game enjoys in many of our States to-day is due primarily to sportsmen's efforts; and during the last few years public sentiment has branded the wasteful destruction of our animals as being totally repugnant to sportsmen's ethics. That old, oft-repeated maxim is still as cogent and powerful as ever, "Anyone can kill game where it is abundant, but it takes a gentleman to know when he has enough."

That evening as we lay upon the fragrant balsam boughs watching the sparks as they soared aloft, a strange fancy suddenly seized the elder of the two men, usually so silent, and for hours I listened to stories of the woods—stories of long ago before the "sporters'" advent in Newfoundland; reminiscences of the bygone days of his boyhood, when, with old Indian Christopher, he trapped beaver in the very pond before us. Those were the times when fur was cheap, and it was a poor winter when they did not bring back a hundred good pelts. He told me tales of the otter and marten and "lucifer," and of the wolves. How one night when snowed in among the Anniepsquolch Mountains the wolves robbed him of his pelts, and how he traveled back home alone and empty-handed, a hundred miles over the frozen wastes; tales of terrible hardship and suffering when, hunting the harp seals, he struggled among the ice floes off the Labrador coast. The man who berths with a "seville" ship lives long in a few weeks, and he knows what it means to see grim death staring at him from every side. He told me of the rare skin of the black fox; how he had hunted him for years in vain; how he had followed him without success, and how, one bright autumn day, he found him at last, dead in his trap. That was Jim's lucky day, and a happy winter followed in the little hut down by the ocean. But another time the single chance of a lifelong quest was lost, when two priceless silver foxes stared at him not ten yards away—and the gun missed fire.

Yes, that night the silent old man talked with a strange, profound emotion. He questioned me concerning life in the great land far away to the southward of England and Europe, and the wild beasts of the African jungles. Notions vague and uncertain were his. I must send on pictures of the lion, the giraffe, and the monster pachyderm, so that he could see them, show them to his friends, and then pin them upon the walls of his kitchen. I told him of the mighty moose which roamed the northern forests of the continent, of the cougar and wapiti, and many old tales of the days of the Indians and bison—tales rapidly changing to traditions. The bleak hills of New-

foundland were left far behind, and we now wandered along the banks of the Mississippi. We scaled the high peaks of the Sierras; we peered over the brink of Niagara, and camped far down in the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. And through it all the old man listened in astonishment and wonder. He was traveling through strange lands and seeing new scenes; but to him it was all "as through a glass darkly." He wanted to learn, but to learn he had never had the chance. All those things which combine to make up our highly organized civilization were things apart from his life; they bewildered that simple mind. The "toot" of a locomotive he had never heard until past fifty; cities, schools, hotels, and paved streets existed only in his imagination, and during a long life of toil he had never contemplated the possible existence of such a thing as a place of amusement—a place where the people laugh and forget—a theatre. Living close to nature's heart, he has never breathed the enervating atmosphere of society, nor has he missed it. His wants are simple and his needs are few. A pipe and a cup of tea are luxuries; but he owns a gun and some dogs, a hut, two dories, and a family of hungry children—nothing more; yet despite it all, no happier man lives in the world to-day. "What are dem bright little streaks up dere?" queried the old man, pointing at the same time to a pale glow in the heavens. And I looked up, and there, over the tops of far off mountains, I beheld the glorious aurora, the midnight sun of the northland, as it shot its brilliant gleams of red and yellow and blue like fiery daggers piercing the blackness of the wilderness night.

That was the last evening spent at Sand Pond, for early on the morrow we turned back homeward bound. Summer had passed, and the brood of young geese on Joe's Neck were gone; so too, were the pips and shell-drakes, the warblers and kingfishers; but jays and ptarmigan were still there, and the old beaver, silent, shy, industrious as ever, was still busily engaged as we left the pond.

On the second day, when traversing the shore of Andrew's Pond, I experienced vague feelings of disappointment and chagrin as we tramped the familiar sandy beach at its lower end and again forded the shallow water of the outlet. We crossed Bear Brook, boiled the kettle at the edge of Gull Pond, and skirted the big barren at the foot of Big Ridge. At the falls four full grown goshawks now circled screaming over the cliffs, the young, fully fledged, apparently as powerful as their parents. I peered over the boulder for a last look down into the pool below. Yes, there they were, still on the spawning grounds, barrels of salmon. And there I left them.

Two days later we stood again on the railroad trestle and looked back over the country which had been our home—thirty thousand square miles of vast, unbroken desolation. Dim and indistinct it seemed, and our little pond was hidden by hills too distant for the power of the eye to discern.

Truly it is a strangely wonderful land; a land of little value figured in dollars and cents, but one peculiar in its fantastic fascinations; a region in which cities will never stand, yet one that we search out in place of the city; a country which bears the charm of the solitudes, of endless marshes and unknown lakes, where the beaver still builds his dams and wild geese nest free and unmolested as a hundred years ago. But a region of broader "leads" and trails well blazed stretched out before me. The train rattled around the curve, and a moment later drew up by the trestle. I shook the hands of my simple, faithful friends of the summer, stepped aboard, and as the locomotive started up speed, William waved his battered cap as a final adieu, and cheerily called back, "You have great pleasure in Newfoundland?"

Yes. Go again I must—back to the old scenes and places. But after it is all over, and the wheels are turning rapidly toward home, when the roar of the falls is but a murmur, and the whisperings of the wilderness are but vague and distant memories, yes, after all, it is not so much what the sportsman brings back in his game-bag that counts, but what he brings back in his heart.

WM. ARTHUR BABSON.

Some Old Guns.

ERIE, Pa.—In the museum attached to the public library are a number of cases filled with old guns, swords, and out-of-date pistols, which I never get tired of examining.

A new specimen was added last week by a gentleman of Erie county. It is probably one of the first attempts at making a revolving rifle; though it is not the first breech-loader, for Hall's carbine is older than this is, I think. The maker's name on it is "P. W. Potter, New York, 1851." A wheel, or solid cylinder, three inches in diameter and half an inch thick is set in the breech just in rear of the barrel. A lever much the same as those that are used in our rifles now, serves to revolve the wheel, and at equal distances on the face of the wheel all the way around it are holes to hold the cartridges, nine of them in all. The caliber is about .40.

What we used to call combustible paper cartridges were, I think, used in this gun; the paper on these did not need to be torn; it was treated with some chemical that caused it to ignite as quickly as the powder would. Common gun caps were used in this gun. They were placed in a small round case that lies close against the wheel on its right-hand side. The hammer is on the outside of this case also, and not on top; it strikes the case sideways, the firing point going through small holes in the case that are opposite the holes that hold the cartridges in the wheel. A short ramrod is fitted on top of the barrel just where the rear sight should be, but a simple movement will throw open the case at the side, the part of it that holds the caps swinging back against the stock. Then the empty wheel can be taken off and a full one put in its place; several wheels were furnished with each gun for that purpose. The empty case could be easily reloaded without taking it off. This is what the ramrod is here for; but it seems to be very much in the way when sighting the gun. I should remove it and replace it with a sight. The gun has a heavy octagon barrel, about 36 inches in length, and it cost when new \$150 in New York.

The history of it as given is that it was bought soon after being first brought out by a gentleman named Allison, who took it west with him, going first to Chicago, which at that time was pretty near the frontier. He shot

deer and other large game on the way there, and afterwards hunted with it through Michigan.

The curator of the museum called my attention to another old gun, but I told him that this one was no curiosity to me. I had used one like it nearly fifty years ago. It was an old style Colt's revolving rifle, one of the first they made; and when it and this wheel gun were placed side by side, it would be hard to tell which of them to choose for every day use now. I would rather have a Marlin, I think; that is, I would if I had any Indians to fight. Both of these guns look to be really out of place now, but then the old flint-locks that hang alongside of them were as much out of date when these came out as are these guns now.

While on the subject of old guns, memory carries me back to two of them that used to hang on deer horns above my grandfather's fire-place at home. One was a bell muzzle Queen's arm which had been carried by his father, then a boy of 16, in the last Stuart Rebellion in England in 1714. This boy's father commanded Prince Charlie's army in that affair, and for having done so lost his head later on in the Tower of London; while the boy, who was probably thought to be too young to be beheaded, was sent to Virginia and told to stay there. He did, but they might as well have let him stay at home, for his son, my grandfather, carried this other gun, a rifle not quite as long as a fence rail, but nearly as long, in the next rebellion against England in 1776, and used it in the battles that were fought around New York and at King's Mountain and the siege of Yorktown.

How a boy not much over 15—that was his age when his father sent him to fight King George—could carry this gun, much less use it, was always a wonder to me. When I was the same age I could not handle it without resting it on top of a fence; that is how I used to manage it when by any chance I could get hold of it.

The old gentleman was out again in 1812, but he left the rifle at home at that time; he had a company in the Virginia Line.

Only one of his sons got into the next war—the war with Mexico; but in the next one, the Rebellion, he was better represented, fourteen of us, his grandsons (three pair of us were brothers), were in the Union Army, and he had several more grandsons who "fit agin us" on the other side.

CABIA BLANCO.

Trails of the Pathfinders.—XIV.

(Continued from page 109.)

Zebulon M. Pike.—II.

ON his return to St. Louis, after nearly nine months of the hardest possible work in the north, Pike was allowed but a short rest. Two months and a half later he set out on his western journey, which was to last a year, and during which he was to meet with vicissitudes, which no one could have foreseen. It is not strange that he should have been chosen for the work of exploration in the southwest, which had for its object the investigation of the heads of the rivers flowing through the newly acquired Louisiana, making acquaintance with the Indians inhabiting the region, and putting an end to the constant wars between the different tribes. The good results achieved along the Mississippi had proved his especial fitness for similar work in other portions of the new domain of the United States, and was reason enough for giving Pike the command of this expedition. But it is altogether possible that General Wilkinson, then the commanding officer stationed at St. Louis, in charge of the whole western country, may have had an ulterior object in sending Pike to investigate the Spanish boundaries of the southwest. It has been more than suspected that in some way Wilkinson was mixed up with the Aaron Burr conspiracy. Whether he was so or not, the Spanish authorities of Mexico believed that he was, and believed that the expedition led by Pike, of which they were informed well in advance, was connected with this conspiracy, and had for its object the acquiring of information detrimental to Spanish interests.

At all events the Spaniards had made every preparation to meet Pike, and to capture his party; while Pike himself was intent only on carrying out his instructions to explore the heads of these western rivers, and was ignorant of the existence of Burr's conspiracy. While wintering in the mountains, Pike was taken by the Spaniards and conducted to Chihuahua, and thence through Mexico and Texas brought to the then southwestern boundary of the United States, and there left.

On July 15, 1806, Pike sailed from St. Louis up the Missouri River. With him were a lieutenant, a surgeon—Dr. Robinson—one sergeant, two corporals, sixteen privates, and one interpreter—twenty-one soldiers and two civilians—or twenty-three in all. Several of the party had been with Pike in the north. There were fifty-one Indians who had been redeemed from captivity among the Pottawatomies, and were now to be returned to the Osage and Pawnee tribes, to which they belonged. Two days after leaving St. Louis the party stopped at Mr. Morrison's, and there met a young man named George Henry, who wanted to go west, and after a little time was engaged to accompany the party. He was a good French scholar, and spoke some Spanish.

Progress with the boats, which were rowed up the stream, was of course slow, and Lieut. Wilkinson and Dr. Robinson, with the Indians, marched across the country, while the boats toilsomely pulled up the river. They killed some game, chiefly deer and turkeys. The Indians had a season of mourning each day about daylight, the crying continuing for about an hour. The interpreter told Pike that this was the custom, not only with those who had recently lost their relatives, but also with others who recalled to mind the loss of some friend, dead long since, and joined the other mourners purely from sympathy. They appeared extremely affected; tears ran down their cheeks, and they sobbed bitterly; but in a moment they would dry their cheeks and cease their cries. Their songs of grief ran: "My dear father exists no longer; have pity on me, O Great Spirit! You see I cry forever; dry my tears and give me comfort." The warriors' songs were: "Our enemies have slain my father [or mother]; he is lost to me and his family; I pray to you, O Master of Life, to preserve me until I avenge his death, and then do with me as thou wilt."

On the 28th of July the party reached the mouth of the

Osage River, and on the next day turned up the stream, heading for the Osage villages, where they were to leave a part of their Indians, and were to impress on the Osages the power and importance of the United States Government. Game was quite abundant, and deer and turkeys were killed daily; two, three, five, and on one day even nine deer having been taken, for the large body of men required considerable food.

There was trouble with the Indians from time to time. Some became jealous of their wives, and quarreled with other men; and on one occasion there was some pilfering. But, on the whole, Pike managed the Indians extremely well. On the 14th of August a canoe was met coming down the river, manned by engagees of Mr. Chouteau, of St. Louis, by whom Pike sent letters to General Wilkinson. Relatives of the returned Osage prisoners came out to receive them. The meeting was very tender and affectionate, "wives throwing themselves into the arms of their husbands, parents embracing their children, and children their parents; brothers and sisters meeting, one from captivity, the other from the towns; they at the same time returning thanks to the good God for having brought them once more together; in short, the *tout ensemble* was such as to make polished society blush when compared with those savages, in whom the passions of the mind, whether joy, grief, fear, anger, or revenge, have their full scope."

Sans Oreille (one of the Osages) made them a speech: "Osage, you now see your wives, your brothers, your daughters, your sons, redeemed from captivity. Who did this? Was it the Spaniards? No. The French? No. Had either of those people been governors of the country, your relatives might have rotted in captivity, and you never would have seen them; but the Americans stretched forth their hands and they are returned to you! What can you do in return for all this goodness? Nothing; all your lives would not suffice to repay their goodness." This man had children in captivity, not one of whom the party had been able to obtain for him.

In the Osage village Pike was well received, but a few days in the town and its neighborhood showed him some of the uncertainties of attempting to deal with a strange people. He had great difficulty in purchasing horses for his intended trip to the Pawnees, and where he had secured horses, some of them were stolen from him. However, after considerable difficulty, he got started, taking with him a number of Osages, warriors and chiefs, whom he wished to have make peace with the Pawnees, and also some of the redeemed Pawnee captives. From the very start, however, the Osages were a trouble to him, for they were constantly leaving him to return to their village, urged to do so by dreams or by laziness, or perhaps by fear of what their reception might be among the Pawnees. From the Osage village Pike traveled nearly south along the Osage River for several days; and then turning west, crossed Grand River, a tributary of the Arkansas, and going nearly due west to the head of this stream, crossed over the divide to the Smoky-Hill fork of the Kansas River. Along Grand River game was very abundant, and here we have a glimpse of a quality in Pike which we must admire. "On the march," he tells us, "we were continually passing through large herds of buffalo, elk, and cabrie [antelope], and I have no doubt that one hunter could support two hundred men. I prevented the men shooting at the game, not merely because of the scarcity of ammunition, but, as I conceived, the laws of morality forbid it also."

On September 22 they began to meet Pawnees; and two days later others joined them, who possessed mules, horses, bridles, and blankets, which they had obtained of the Spaniards. Only a few of these Pawnees wore breech cloths, most of them being clad only in buffalo robes. On September 25 Pike had come close to the Pawnee village, which was situated on the Republican fork of the Kansas River, quite a long way above the mouth of the Solomon. Preparations to receive them, and to smoke with the Osages, were made by the Pawnees. The visiting Indians sat down on the prairie, and the whites were a short distance in advance of them. The Pawnees came out from their village, halted about a mile from the strangers, and then, dividing into two troops, charged down upon them, singing their war song, shouting the war cry, rattling their lances and bows against their shields, and in all respects simulating the character of genuine warfare. The two bodies of Pawnees passed around the strangers and halted, and the chief of the Pawnees advanced to the center of the circle and shook hands. One of the Osages offered the chief a pipe, and he smoked. The whole party then advanced to the village, and when near to it again halted. Again the Osages sat down in a row, facing the village, and now some of the Pawnees came to them with pipes and invited one and another to smoke; the Osages did so, and each received from the man whose pipe he smoked a stick, which represented a horse. These Pawnees no doubt belonged to the Republican Pawnees, or Kitkahahk tribe, the second in importance of the three Pawnee tribes.

Four days later a council was held, at which not less than 400 warriors were present. Pike's notes of this interesting occasion were seized by the Spanish authorities later, and he never recovered them. He gives, however, this interesting flag incident: "The Spaniards had left several of their flags in this village, one of which was unfurled at the chief's door the day of the grand council; and among various demands and charges I gave them was that the said flag should be delivered to me, and one of the United States' flags received and hoisted in its place. This, probably, was carrying the pride of nations a little too far, as there had so lately been a large force of Spanish cavalry at the village, which had made a great impression on the minds of the young men, as to their power, consequence, etc., which my appearance with twenty infantry was by no means calculated to remove."

"After the chiefs had replied to various parts of my discourse, but were silent as to the flag, I again reiterated the demand for the flag, adding: 'that it was impossible for the nation to have two fathers; that they must either be the children of the Spaniards or acknowledge their American father.' After a silence of some time an old man rose, went to the door, took down the Spanish flag, brought it and laid it at my feet; he then received the American flag, and elevated it on the staff which had lately borne the standard of his Catholic Majesty. This

gave great satisfaction to the Osage and Kans, both of whom decidedly avow themselves to be under American protection. Perceiving that every face in the council was clouded with sorrow, as if some great national calamity were about to befall them, I took up the contested colors, and told them 'that as they had shown themselves dutiful children in acknowledging their great American father, I did not wish to embarrass them with the Spaniards, for it was the wish of the Americans that their red brethren should remain peaceably around their own fires, and not embroil themselves in any disputes between the white people; and that for fear the Spaniards might return there in force again, I returned them their flag, but with an injunction that it should never be hoisted again during our stay.' At this there was a general shout of applause, and the charge was particularly attended to."

The raising of the American flag by Pike in the village of the Pawnee Republicans on September 29, 1806, marks perhaps the first formal display of that flag by a soldier in the territory west of the immediate banks of the Mississippi River. This has properly been regarded as an occasion of very great importance, and one well worthy of commemoration. The Historical Society of Kansas on September 30, 1901, unveiled with appropriate ceremonies a monument to Pike at Cortland, Kansas, a point which has been identified as the site of the ancient Kitkahahk village at which he stopped, when he held his council with the Indians, and took down the Spanish flag and raised that of his own country.

For some days Pike remained with the Pawnees, and these must have been days of more or less anxiety. The Indians had no sentiments of attachment for either Americans or Spaniards, but they had undoubtedly been much impressed by the greater power of the Spaniards, as evidenced by the expedition which had but just left them, and they were not without fear that wars might occur between the representatives of the different nations, from which wars they would gain nothing, and might lose much. The Pawnee chief endeavored to turn Pike back, saying that he had persuaded the Spaniards to forego their intention of proceeding further to the east, and that he had promised the Spaniards that he would turn back the Americans. He told Pike that he must give up his expedition and return, and that if he were unwilling to do this the Pawnees would oppose him by force of arms. Pike, of course, declined to turn back, and intimated that an effort to stop him would be resisted.

For some days now he was trading with the Indians for horses, but they were unwilling to sell them, and some of those newly purchased disappeared. However, on the 7th of October he marched from the village, moving a little west of south. The lost horses had by this time been returned. On the second day out he was overtaken by about one-third of the Pawnees, who remained with them only a short time. A little later Pike's party discovered some elk, which they pursued; and those running back in sight of the Pawnees were chased by them. "Then, for the first time in my life," said Pike, "I saw animals slaughtered by the true savages with their original weapons, bows and arrows; they buried the arrow up to the plume in the animal."

They met Pawnees from time to time for a few days; and on the 15th, Pike and Dr. Robinson left the party, and lost them, not finding them until the 18th. Their camp was on the Arkansas River, where Pike built boats, to send Lieut. Wilkinson and some men down the river, and so back to the settlements. On the 28th, Lieut. Wilkinson, in a skin canoe, made of four buffalo and two elk hides, and one wooden canoe, proceeded down the river. The party consisted of Lieut. Wilkinson, five white men, and two Osage Indians.

From here for a long distance Pike's route lay up the Arkansas River. Soon they came into a country abounding in buffalo, antelope and wild horses. The antelope were so curious that they came up among the horses to satisfy their curiosity, and the men could not resist the temptation of killing two, although they had plenty of meat. At the report of the gun the game "appeared astonished, and stood still until we hallowed at them, to drive them away." Herds of horses were seen, which came up very close to the command. An effort was made to rope some of the wild horses, but as the animals ridden by the men were slow, and the ropers were without experience, the attempt was unsuccessful; and of this Pike says: "I have since laughed at our folly, for taking wild horses in that manner is scarcely ever attempted, even with the fleetest horses and most expert ropers." The method pursued by the Spanish in Texas to capture wild horses, was not unlike the old Indian fashion of taking buffalo: "They take a few fleet horses and proceed into the country where the wild horses are numerous. They then build a large strong inclosure, with a door which enters a smaller inclosure; from the entrance of the large pen they project wings out into the prairie a great distance, and then set up bushes, to induce the horses, when pursued, to enter into these wings. After these preparations are made they keep a lookout for a small drove, for, if they unfortunately should start too large a one, they either burst open the pen or fill it up with dead bodies, and the others run over them and escape; in which case the party are obliged to leave the place, as the stench arising from the putrid carcasses would be insupportable; and, in addition to this, the pen would not receive others. Should they, however, succeed in driving in a few, say two or three hundred, they select the handsomest and youngest, noose them, take them into the small inclosures, and then turn out the remainder; after which, by starving, preventing them taking any repose, and continually keeping them in motion, they make them gentle by degrees, and finally break them to submit to the saddle and bridle. For this business I presume there is no nation in the world superior to the Spaniards of Texas."

As they proceeded westward they found the prairie covered with buffalo, most of them cows and calves. Pike dilates on their numbers, and speaks of the excellence of the flesh of the buffalo, which he says was, "equal to any meat I ever saw, and we feasted sumptuously on the choice morsels." From time to time they came upon the trail of the Spaniards, returning to their mountain homes, and counted the fires about which these people had encamped. Now their horses were

beginning to grow poor and weak, owing to the scanty pasturage; and now, too, November 12, Pike passed beyond the borders of the present Kansas, and into what is now the State of Colorado.

On November 15, "at 2 o'clock in the afternoon I thought I could distinguish a mountain to our right, which appeared like a small blue cloud; viewed it with the spy-glass, and was still more confirmed in my conjecture, yet only communicated it to Dr. Robinson, who was in front with me; but in half an hour they appeared in full view before us. When our small party arrived on the hill they with one accord gave three cheers to the Mexican mountains. Their appearance can easily be imagined by those who have crossed the Alleghanies; but their sides were whiter, as if covered with snow, or a white stone. Those were a spur of the grand western chain of mountains which divide the waters of the Pacific from those of the Atlantic Ocean; and the spur divides the waters which empty into the Bay of the Holy Spirit from those of the Mississippi, as the Alleghanies do those which discharge themselves into the latter river and the Atlantic. They appear to present a natural boundary between the province of Louisiana and New Mexico, and would be a defined and natural boundary." On the same day they came to the Purgatory River, or River of Souls. Here the Arkansas appeared to carry much more water than below, and was apparently navigable.

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Natural History.

A Knowing Rooster.

"COONEY," a bantam rooster, is the most prominent figure in Seth Worth's boat shop in the shipbuilding village of Port Jefferson, N. Y. As a rule, the more pugnacious a man or beast is, the fewer friends he has; but Cooney's pugnacity and gameness is a large element in rendering him the popular favorite he is. It is so funny to see a little fowl barely six inches high accepting a challenge from a six-foot man, and fighting him to a finish, that the visitor first laughs and then takes the courageous little biped to his heart.

Cooney was hatched on Tuttle street, in February, 1897, and is now therefore seven years old. While still a mere chick his owner moved into the building next to Worth's shop, and Cooney at once made his headquarters in the shop, and refused to be ousted. This was the more singular as sawing and hammering were going on there all day, and there were many visitors. After ineffectual efforts to keep him at home, his master at last gave it up, and Cooney became a fixture of the shop.

Then he enticed his mate, a sober, brown-hued hen, there. Presently the hen made a nest on a pile of shavings in a corner under a work bench, laid a litter of eggs, and in due time hatched three chicks, the other eggs having been addled, no doubt, by the pounding above the nest.

While his mate was setting, Cooney held the fort, and offered the red gage of battle to all who entered. He had a most ungallant and unaccountable antipathy to anything feminine, and many a sedate miss and matron has been forced to beat a hasty retreat with Cooney hanging on to the hem of her gown, sometimes until dragged quite across the street.

One of the chicks died, but two—a cock and a hen—lived. The cock soon showed himself a chip of the old block, and tried to whip his own father. Cooney bore his buffeting and strutting about with exemplary patience for a long time, but at last forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and there was a battle royal. At about the sixth round the young unstart was seen to gasp and beat a retreat with drooping wings to a corner in which some leaning sticks promised protection, and there lay gasping a long time, with a cruel wound from Cooney's spurs in his neck. Nor did he ever recover from the blow.

Cooney is getting to be old now, as birds count age. Last March his mate died, and he was inconsolable. So much did he pine that his master feared he would die, and at an expenditure of thirty-five cents procured another mate for him. She was very much like the first one, and Cooney accepted her as one raised from the dead. His eye brightened, his raiment assumed a livelier hue, and once more his defiant crow resounded through the environs.

The little mate is now sitting on a nest full of eggs, and Cooney is again on guard. He considers it his duty to remain in the shop with her over night; but on this point Mr. Worth is inexorable. Toward sunset he will say, "Cooney, it's time to go to bed," and the bird will march out of the rear door, around the shop, and into the woodshed in the next building, where his roost is. Several times he has tried to induce Mr. Worth to let him occupy the dark loft overhead for the night. Toward nightfall he will approach the stairway leading to it, mount a step and crow, then wait to see if there is objection. If not, he mounts another step and crows and waits; then another. Usually by the time the third step is reached he hears the stern command, "Cooney, come down! Go to bed!" and marches back and off to his roost.

"That fowl knows as much as some humans," said Mr. Worth, recently. "He knows what is said to him, and I think he reasons. The other night, on going to roost, he found the wood-house door closed against him, and at once came back. I was sitting here as I am now, and he began picking at my feet and taking hold of my pants and pulling as if he wanted me to go with him. 'Well,' says I, 'something's wrong,' and I went with him and found the door shut."

CHAS. BURR TODD.

A Florida farmer put out paris green to kill the birds which were ruining his oat crop. It killed the birds, also a \$300 gray mare and two \$200 mules.

Animals of Ancient Sculptors.

THE sculptures and frescoes of ancient Assyria, Babylonia, and Egypt abound in representations of men, and of domestic and wild animals. These were undoubtedly reproduced from specimens more or less familiar to the sculptors or painters, and were not flights of the artist's imagination. Nevertheless, very little attention has been paid to these figures by naturalists, and they have been called by names that were most inappropriate.

In a recent number of *Nature*, Mr. R. Lydekker has figured numbers of animals represented in these ancient monuments, showing that in many cases the animals are so well represented that there is no difficulty whatever in identifying them. Thus a figure reproduced from the Ptahhetep Chapel shown in the work entitled, "The Mastaba of Ptahhetep," at Saggareh, is clearly a Nubian ibex (*Capra nubiana*). It is true, the cross ridges on the front surfaces of the horns are not indicated, but the great circular horn sweep is unmistakable, while the beard on the chin makes the identification certain.

Another ungulate figure is that of the aoul or

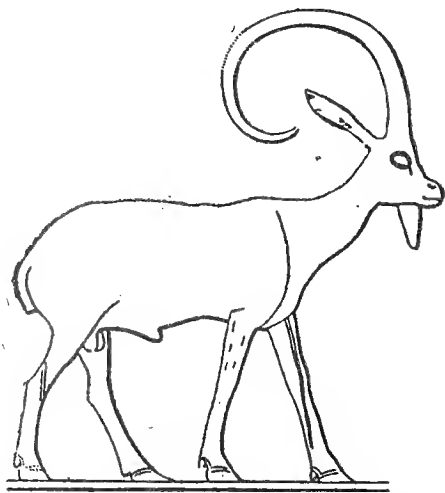


FIG. 1.—Nubian ibex, from the Ptahhetep Chapel.

Soemmerring's gazelle (*Gazella soemmerringi*). The difference between the short and sturdy legs of the goat and the long and slender ones of the gazelle are clearly brought out, the horns are as they should be, and so is

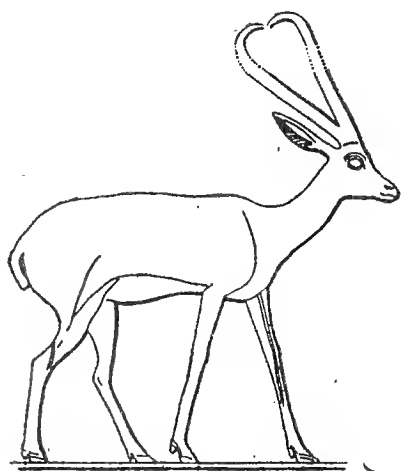


FIG. 2.—Soemmerring's gazelle, from the Ptahhetep Chapel.

the tail. Another specimen less certainly identified is perhaps the lesser kudu.

Very characteristic of the North African desert is the oryx (*Oryx leucoryx*), here pictured, whose long back-

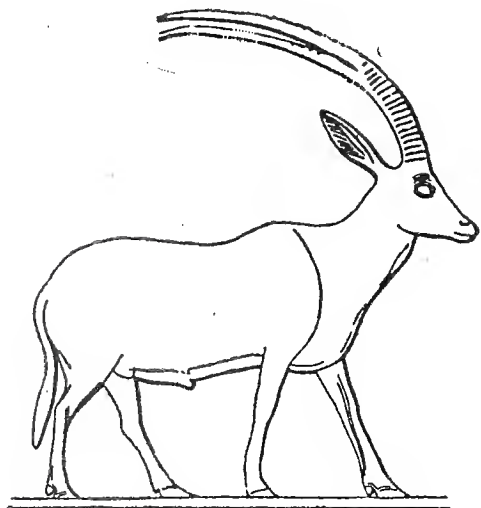


FIG. 3.—White oryx, from the Ptahhetep Chapel.

ward sweeping horns and long and thickly haired tail are absolutely unmistakable. This oryx is still common in upper Nubia, as is another species—*Oryx beisa*—which ranges in Somaliland, east Abyssinia and northeastern Africa generally.

In some of these Egyptian frescoes which show the

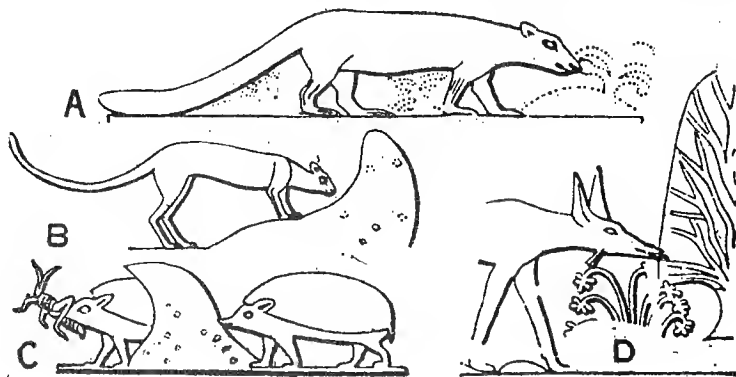


Bull Hunt.

coming of people bearing tributes from the land of Cush, the carnivora are represented by undoubted lions and leopards, the figures being shown in Goss's "Ancient Egypt," and in this same volume is found a portrait of a giraffe with a dogface baboon clinging to its throat. Nor are the smaller animals entirely neglected in the

representations on the Ptahhetep Chapel. Here are found, among other things, the figure of what is probably the little great carped fox of Africa, known as fennec (*Canis famelicus*). The little beard seen under the chin (Fig. D) probably represents the well developed bristles or whiskers which are found in that species.

The animal A is thought to be the Egyptian mon-goose, the snake killer, which was so greatly venerated by the inhabitants of the Nile Delta. The little animal



marked B is a jerboa or jumping rat, while the two animals at C are hedgehogs. Of these last, Dr. Lydekker says:

"A remarkable instance of fidelity to nature occurs in the two portraits of a hedgehog shown at C, from the Ptahhetep hunting scene, one of these representing the animal standing in the open, and the second showing it coming out of a hole with a locust in its mouth. The well developed ears clearly show that the species depicted is the long-eared hedgehog (*Erinaceus auritus*), which differs from its European cousin by the large size of the ears."

In Vaux's "Nineveh and Persepolis" are found many figures of wild animals, and among them is one shown in the bull hunt which Dr. Lydekker very reasonably considers a gnu, and very likely the white-tailed gnu, specimens of which may now be seen in the collections of the New York Zoological Society at Bronx Park. The animal differs from the bulls ordinarily shown in Egyptian frescoes, and suggests in horns and tail the white-tailed gnu (*Connochaetes gnu*).

A further study of these old sculptures may give hints to the naturalists of the ancient range of some of these species which have long been extinct in the territory where their figures are still found.

Breeding Wildfowl.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

A sportsman friend down in St. Joe writes me that they have a mallard farmer down there who is destined to make a stir in the Western decoy business. "That *Anas boschas* can be reared in captivity," he says, "and at a neat profit at that," has been conclusively established by Peter Follman, a resident of that city. Follman has at present on his place more than 150 of these beautiful game birds so much prized by our wildfowlers.

"Mr. Follman is a stationary engineer employed at one of the St. Joseph packing houses. He works twelve hours a day and yet finds time to look after the needs of his feathered family. So quietly he has conducted his duck industry that it has passed beyond the experimental stage with little notice except from sportsmen. The building in which he has hatched and reared his ducklings is one admirably adapted to the purpose. It is an old, well lighted storeroom, formerly used by the packing house in which Follman works. In one corner is a large vat or tank, which makes an ideal swimming pool. Around it pebbles and gravel have been spread, and cattails and reeds have been planted.

"In another part of the building the hatchery is located. It consists of a space on the floor about six feet square inclosed with cleats made with lath. In this place the food, which is mostly fragments from packing house employes' dinners, is deposited once a day by Mr. Follman. On these occasions one may hear an unusual number of quacks, and the flutter of many wings, and, were he not watching, might readily suppose that the birds were eagerly flocking to the feast prepared for them, after the fashion of chickens or domestic ducks. But such is not the case. On the contrary, his daily visit seems to be a signal for them to hunt cover, which they do with surprising alacrity.

"By the time he has gotten fairly into the room, there is not a duckling in sight, nor can one be heard anywhere. Shortly after he has left, however, they emerge from their hiding places and fairly tumble over one another in their greed to get at the good things left for them. This wildness of their nature has been a perplexing problem to Mr. Follman, and a determination to overcome it was for a time his only incentive in rearing them.

"The ducks are all mallards, and the first were obtained from eggs found at Mud Lake, near St. Joseph. Follman had these eggs hatched by a hen, and took particular pains to domesticate the orphans. They would not take kindly to his overtures of friendship, however, and he decided that perhaps the next generation would be more inclined to do so.

"In this lot, however, he was as much disappointed as in the first, and finally he gave up all hope of domesticating 'the little devils' as he called them, and told a friend that he guessed he would turn them loose. But the friend had a commercial head, and was somewhat of a sportsman besides; so he told Follman just to wait and he would show him something worth while.

"Accordingly he took several of the ducks to a near-by lake and had them anchored as decoys, and came home with a full game-bag where other sportsmen got nothing. There was a general inquiry as to where he had obtained his decoys, and he revealed the secret. Then there was a stampede for Follman's place, but the friend had been there ahead of them, and had given Follman an idea of about what a pair of decoys should sell for. His whole stock would have been sold out in a single day, had he not remembered that he had better keep a few ducks with which to raise more. Thus it was that he discovered the commercial value of the little feathered creatures,

and now he has no thoughts of wasting his time trying to domesticate them.

"This last season Follman has had a big demand for his ducks as decoys, and a yet larger and more lucrative demand from that class of sportsmen who go hunting and fail to bag anything, and yet don't dare go home without something to make a showing. So steady and strong has been the latter demand that Mr. Follman has been forced to raise his prices on all his ducks, as he has frequently been offered from \$5 to \$10 for the birds in case 'nothing is said about it.'"

When asked whether or not he would continue the duck business on a larger scale, Mr. Follman replied that he would.

"I can, with a little more work, double or treble my present output," he said, "and I have not yet found it necessary to advertise my business in order to find buyers. I think that this next year I will try raising teal as well as mallards, for I find there is a large demand for them, especially for decoy purposes."

SANDY GRISWOLD.

OMAHA, Neb.

Rest, Robins and Rain.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Aug. 2.—After years of wandering I came back the other day to the old home in Middle Tennessee, and I find with gratification that the robins have usurped the ancient nesting and feeding places of the blackbirds. This is just around our house, situated quite in town, but surrounded by five acres of trees, garden, and meadow. A great and venerable chestnut stands in the blue-grass lawn, and the feathery tassels have but lately dropped to give place to the delicate pin-cushions through which great white black and red woodpeckers dart continually. This imposing center is flanked by a noble company of mountain ash, spruce, and pine, and in consequence of this forest growth I can sit any day on our front veranda and see a half dozen or more varieties of wood birds, including orchard orioles, vireos, warblers, cuckoos, nuthatches, titmice, woodpeckers, and flickers; besides, there are the suburban catbirds, cardinals, robins, blackbirds, jays, and mockingbirds.

It is a fine thing to sit thus for hours on these rainy days with a book, half nodding, half reading, and with a look now and then at the comedies of bird life all around. A pair of robins have a nest in some umbrageous box elders near where I now write, and they are engaged in a continual warfare with the jays and blackbirds who invade their territory. In periods of truce the male mounts to a topmost twig or on a favorite perch on the carriage-house and gives out his rollicking triumph. He has no great repertoire, but I am very much pleased at being awakened every morning at five o'clock by his cheery notes, and to see him running on the grass in his comical way, capturing an occasional worm, is worth coming many miles.

Yesterday afternoon after the rain Bre'r Rabbit also appeared on the lawn, jerking his ears in the most knowing fashion, and heading toward the pea patch.

Between showers yesterday my nephew and I went out after doves, this being the first day of the open season for this game. The bunching had hardly begun, but we found enough to give my companion some fine targets, which he brought to bag in good form. He is one of the best shots in the State, and his long reaches after these curving rockets sustained admirably this reputation. From the size of the covey of young quail we flushed on the way home, there is evidence of a fine lot of hunting here, beginning November 1. The same reports come from my peach orchard, Mabellon, in northern Alabama, where I have lately had the pleasure of gathering bushels of luscious Elbertas with my own hands.

E. M.

The Ruffed Grouse in Captivity.

WORCESTER, Mass., Aug. 7.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: I have this day witnessed a sight which has caused me more surprise and interest than anything connected with our grandest game bird ever did before. I have seen four birds, two cocks and two hens, which were hatched in captivity ten weeks ago yesterday, just as healthy, just as happy, and just as contented as domestic fowl. These birds do not seem to possess any fear of man. I stood close beside the wire netting and watched one wallowing in the dirt, and though I was within three feet of him, he betrayed not the slightest fear. And to further illustrate their confidence in their worst known enemy, the gentleman who raised them opened the door of their house, and stooping down with some blueberries in his hand softly whistled, and behold, the birds came and fed from his hand. They betrayed not the slightest timidity. At which I marveled much. As I understood it, the eggs were hatched under a motherly bantam hen, and twelve eggs were selected, six each from two separate nests. A very cold storm was responsible for the death of two or three, and cats for one or two others, but he has four beautiful, vigorous birds left, and they give every promise of maturing. The gentleman who has accomplished all this is Dr. Hodge, of the Clarke's University faculty, and he is the most enthusiastic, sanguine individual regarding the feat it was ever my good fortune to meet. In the fall he will transfer them to more commodious quarters, and I shall be glad to apprise you of their condition then. They are nearly or quite two-thirds grown.

J. W. B.

THE Herald, of Aug. 4, published the following, which will be read with a feeling of sadness by all sportsmen:

"Percy C. Ohl, twenty-five years ago one of Plainfield's wealthiest men, has been taken to the New Jersey State Hospital for the Insane, at Morris Plains, demented and poverty stricken. For some time he had had a hallucination that his friends were plotting against the life of President Roosevelt, and he had written to the chief executive, offering to divulge the plot upon the receipt of \$20 and a pair of shoes. These letters were returned to the authorities here and resulted in his commitment, after Drs. Lufborough and Zeglio examined him. Mr. Ohl at one time owned an interest in the Clyde line steamers and disposed of his stock for \$150,000. He lived in luxury and took great interest in promoting gentlemen's sports, including breeding fine dogs."



Comparison of Rifles.

ROME, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Being something of a rifle crank myself, I read with keen satisfaction the article by Mr. David E. Wheeler, bearing the caption, "A Comparison of Rifles," in *FOREST AND STREAM* of August 6. While I do not presume to be so well posted on the scientific points as is Mr. Wheeler, much of what he wrote in said article is contrary to what I believe and what I have observed. Without doubt Mr. Wheeler can make it plainer by more elaboration of the points in question.

Under the sub-head, "The Kentucky Rifle," he states that "The Kentucky rifle was long enough and heavy enough to have burned 70 grains of black powder without giving much recoil or sacrificing accuracy. There seems to be no reason why this should not have been done, and I believe it was done. If this was so, and Davy Crockett's rifle shot a 219-grain bullet with a velocity high enough to give it a flat trajectory, its shooting qualities would have been not unlike those of the .30-40-220, the Krag-Jorgenson."

The Kentucky rifle, as I have been taught, was a short range rifle as compared to modern high power rifles. It shot a round ball, and therefore a ball which had but a slight bearing surface on the bore of the gun. This ball, as a rule, was seated on a linen patch, at the muzzle of the rifle and forced carefully down and seated on the powder. The linen patch serves a double purpose in holding the bullet to the grooves when discharged from the barrels and in forming a gas-tight check to prevent any gas escape around the bullet. Those rifles had a very slow twist, about one turn in twenty or twenty-four inches. Still, if overloaded with powder, the round ball would strip, or go out of the barrel as if it were a smooth bore, when discharged, and fly wild. I fail to see how this kind of rifle was the precursor of the express rifle any more than the old flint lock was the precursor aside from the fact that they were rifles.

I have been taught to believe that the precursor of the express was the long bullet, which gave a greater weight to the projectile, a much greater bearing surface to the lands and grooves, and permitted of a sharper twist, about one turn in sixteen inches on an average. This gave the bullet a greater spin, a higher velocity with a larger powder charge, and an incomparably truer flight on its axis. However, there was a limitation to the powder charge with the long conical bullet, for even when hardened with an alloy of tin, it would "strip" if the propelling power was too great.

The next advance was in encasing the bullet with a tough metal "jacket," of steel, nickel or copper, a sharper twist, and a higher velocity. The tough metal jacket held the bullet to the grooves, the sharp twist of one in ten held it to a truer axis on a much further flight, and the increased velocity gave a very flat trajectory, which is of paramount importance in a military rifle. Mr. Wheeler says: "Flat trajectory was a secondary consideration." I have always been led to believe that it was of the highest value in any kind of rifle, military or sporting, and was the desideratum sought by makers and users of rifles since rifles came into use.

Mr. Wheeler further states as follows:

"The jacketed bullet was not designed from humane motives, for experiments on the human cadaver seemed to show that the full mantled bullet would have the explosive effect we now know is only produced on the live subject by some form of mushrooming bullet." In this he is in error. The experiments with the full jacketed bullet proved that it had no so-called "explosive" effect whatever. It made a clean, small hole, though it produced variable results at different distances. The shock produced by it was so insignificant that it had no stopping power. Indeed, soldiers would oftentimes continue fighting when hit, wholly unconscious of the fact that they had been hit. This was such a serious detriment to the jacketed bullet of small caliber that the British government was constrained to use a bullet which was only partially jacketed, the nose being left uncovered slightly at the point, and which was known as the "Dum-Dum." This had a limited mushrooming quality, but was found to be inefficient. The present service bullet of the British is known as "Mark IV," and is much the same in size and shape as the "Dum-Dum," excepting that it has a hollow point, which insures to a certainty that on striking it will spread wide, communicate a powerful shock and wound or maim frightfully.

I think that Mr. Wheeler is in error concerning the following: "In changing to the military rifles of today, smokeless powder was used, not to increase the power, for charges almost equivalent to the old black powder loads were employed, but to prevent undue fouling of the small bore."

The smokeless powder was used to obtain several advantages, namely, to increase the power, to insure greater cleanliness, and to conceal the whereabouts of the riflemen from their enemies. Concealment was im-

possible when black powder, with its immense volumes of heavy smoke, was used.

The smokeless military powder is much more powerful than black powder. It generates enormous pressures, about sixteen tons to the square inch at the breech, and as a consequence the barrels are made of a special steel, which is strong enough to resist the enormous strains and stresses. Rifle manufacturers warn their patrons against the use of nitro powders in rifles designed for the use of black powder, for that reason. So great is the latent force of smokeless powder, that, in rifles of different caliber, it performs differently, and special kinds have to be used for different calibers.

I may be wrong in all this, but if so I would be pleased if Mr. Wheeler will show why I am wrong.

DARBY.

Minnesota Penalties Not Excessive.

We reported last week the decision of the Minnesota Supreme Court in the appealed case of Poole and Kerr, who had been convicted of having wild ducks unlawfully in possession. Executive Agent Sam F. Fullerton sends us the text of the decision, and we give here that part of it which has to do with the question of the reasonableness of the scale of penalties imposed by the statute:

The defendants were jointly indicted by the grand jury of the county of Jackson for having on September 28, 1903, in their possession two thousand wild ducks with intent to sell them. They were tried together upon the indictment in the District Court of the county of Jackson, and each was found guilty by the jury of having in his possession two thousand ducks with intent to sell the same. Thereupon it was adjudged, in the case of defendant Poole, that he pay a fine of \$20,000, and that he be imprisoned in the county jail until the fine is paid, not exceeding two hundred days. The judgment in the case of the defendant Kerr imposed a like fine with imprisonment in the county jail until the fine is paid, not exceeding three hundred days. Each of the defendants appealed from the judgment against him.

1. The statute for a violation of which the defendants were convicted is section 45 of Ch. 336, Laws 1903, which, so far as here material, reads as follows:

No person shall * * * have in possession with intent to sell * * * at any time any * * * wild duck of any variety.

Whoever shall offend against any of the provisions of this section shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof, shall be punished by a fine of not less than ten dollars, or more than twenty-five dollars, or by imprisonment in the county jail for not less than ten days nor more than thirty days for each and every bird so * * * had in possession with intent to sell. * * *

The defendants contend that if this statute be valid, then under the form of the indictment in this case only a single misdemeanor is charged, and the maximum penalty cannot exceed a fine of \$25 or imprisonment for thirty days; and further, that if the State desired or intended to avail itself of the penalty for each bird charged to have been unlawfully in the defendants' possession, the indictment should have contained a separate count for each bird. It is obvious that the indictment charges one act, that is the possession by the defendants at a particular time and place of two thousand wild ducks with intent to sell them.

It necessarily follows that the indictment charges only one offense, and that the act constituting the offense cannot be subdivided and made the basis for two thousand indictments. The punishment, however, for a single act is graded by the statute according to the number of birds unlawfully possessed, hence the fine imposed upon the defendants was authorized by the statute. Is the statute, so construed, constitutional? The defendants insist that it is not for the reason that it is in conflict with section 5 of article 1 of the State Constitution, which provides: "Excessive bail shall not be required; nor shall excessive fines be imposed, nor shall cruel or unusual punishments be inflicted."

Although each of the defendants was fined \$20,000, the trial court imposed the mildest punishment the statute would permit for the offense of which the defendants were convicted. It must be admitted that the penalties fixed by the statute are drastic, when imposed in cases where there has been a wholesale violation of the law. It is, however, clear that the purpose of the statute is to protect the wild game of the State, and that if the punishment were not graduated according to the number of birds unlawfully possessed this purpose would be defeated. If the penalty were not graduated so that the greater the offense the greater the punishment, the statute would invite its own defeat. It would be absurd to punish the unlawful possession of two thousand or more birds on the basis of one. It would have been competent for the Legislature to have provided that the unlawful possession of each bird should be a distinct offense punishable by a fine of not less than \$10 nor more than \$25, or by imprisonment in the county jail for not less than ten nor more than thirty days. If such were the statute it could not be fairly claimed that the fine was excessive or the imprisonment cruel or unusual, although separate indictments might be found for each offense, and in case of convictions cumulative sentences would be legal. Now the statute in question secures

the same result by treating the unlawful possession of wild ducks, no matter how many, as one offense, and graduating the punishment according to the number of birds; that is, the number of offenses, if the possession of each were declared a separate offense, thereby avoiding separate indictments and cumulative sentences. So, in its last analysis, the fines imposed in this case are seemingly excessive, not by reason of the statute, but by reason of the magnitude of the offense or of its equivalent, the number of offenses of which the defendants were convicted. The fault is theirs, not that of the statute.

This method of fitting the punishment to the crime by graduating the penalty according to the number of animals, birds or fish unlawfully killed, taken or possessed, has been adopted by the statutes of many of our sister States, and sustained as a proper exercise of legislative discretion. In this connection the case of *State vs. Lube*, 93 Me., 418, is an instructive one. The statute under consideration in that case made it unlawful to have in possession any short lobsters, and fixed the fine at five dollars for each lobster. The value of such lobsters was from one to two cents, and it was urged that the statute provided for excessive fines. The court held otherwise, and sustained the law for the reason that: "If the law, as urged by the respondent's counsel, be onerous to those who, like the respondent, have large numbers of small lobsters in their possession, it is the fault, not of the law, but of the infractors."

The question we are considering is settled by the decision of this court in the case of *State vs. Rodman and Cobb*, 58 Minn., 393. The statute considered in that case was Laws 1893, Ch. 124, S. 9, which provided for the punishment of any person who should have in his possession during the closed season any variety of deer by a fine of not less than \$50 nor more than \$100, or by imprisonment in the county jail for not less than sixty days nor more than ninety days for each animal in possession. Such punishment is relatively quite as severe as that provided in the statute here in question. One of the defendants in that case was charged with having in his possession parts of fifty-eight deer, the maximum punishment for which as provided by the statute was a fine of \$5,800 or imprisonment in the county jail for some sixteen years. It was, however, held that the statute was not a violation of the mandate of the constitution prohibiting the imposition of excessive fines or the infliction of cruel or unusual punishments. The basis of the decision was that graduating the penalty according to the number of animals unlawfully possessed was in legal effect the same as making the unlawful possession of each animal a separate offense, so that the greater the offense committed the greater the punishment would be. We are unable to distinguish in principle this case from the one referred to, and following that case, we hold that the statute under which the defendants were convicted is not unconstitutional because it provides for the imposition of excessive fines and the infliction of cruel or unusual punishments.

Squirrel Barking.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been an interested reader of the discussion anent the barking of squirrels, and trust I may be pardoned for saying a few words on the subject after the editorial verdict in favor of the defendants has been pronounced. I know that squirrels can be barked with a rifle, for I have done the trick myself. I do not know whether they could be barked with a revolver or not, but imagine they could not; at least with revolvers like some of those I have used, which, owing to imperfect barrels, gave the bullets fired from them little or no rotary motion, which, in my opinion, is just the thing needed in this barking business. The fact that the squirrel which was shot through the body by Mr. Kelly with a .44 caliber revolver was not cut in two, or at least killed, is pretty good evidence that the bullet had little or no rotary motion, and that this revolver was an unsuitable weapon with which to demonstrate the possibility or the impossibility of barking squirrels. Mr. Kelly seems to be a candid, conservative man, and I think his statement of facts which have come under his personal observation should be accepted as truth, just as we accept as truth the statement of facts by Audubon.

A. D. McCandless makes one of his friends say that "Marksmanship is a thing of the past, because all fixed ammunition is overloaded." I do not agree with this opinion. It is true that it was not necessary to exercise the care in holding the old-time heavy rifle with its light charge that is necessary with modern rifles and heavy charges. It made no difference with the flight of the bullet whether the old rifle was rested on hard or soft substances, whether the rest was at the muzzle, mid-way of the barrel, or at the breech, whether the rifle was held loosely or tightly in the hands of the shooter, or whether the position of the hands on the rifle were the same for each shot, simply because there was no recoil. With the comparatively light rifles and heavy charges of the present day, it is different. To insure greatest possible accuracy with the modern arm, it is necessary that the holding be uniform for each shot. A short chapter from my own experience will illustrate the point which I wish to make clear.

I began shooting at the long ranges—800, 900, and 1,000

yards—with a Remington-Creedmoor rifle. This ten-pound rifle, with its charge of 100 grains of powder and 550 grains of lead, of course recoiled excessively. I shot this rifle in the "back position," namely, lying on my back, with my feet toward the target, the butt of the gun resting in my right arm pit. At first I grasped it firmly with both hands, one at the grip and the other about mid-way of the barrel. While holding in this way I did no good shooting, my scores never reaching 200 points out of a possible 225, simply because I did not exert the same force in holding the rifle for each shot, and I presume it rested differently on my person as I gave no attention to such details at that time.

My next method of holding was to rest the rifle on my person as nearly alike as possible for each shot, and not touch it with my hands at all, except to pull the trigger with one finger. The trigger pull and weight of rifle was of course uniform for each shot. Holding in this way my average for an entire season was a fraction over 213 points out of a possible 225, and my best score was 223 points. In the latter score, 44 out of 45 shots struck the bull, and the shot which did not do so was no doubt owing to an imperfect cartridge. I believe this great difference in accuracy was due mainly to difference in holding the rifle.

It is, of course, a difficult matter to fairly compare the accuracy of modern rifles with the old-time rifle. However, in testing the Remington match rifle with which I now do my offhand target shooting, I put ten consecutive bullets in a 2½-inch ring at 200 yards distance. In testing a Sharps Creedmoor rifle which I now own, I put ten consecutive bullets in a 1¾-inch ring at 200 yards. The charge for the latter rifle was 105 grains of powder and 550 grains of lead. It is extremely doubtful if Daniel Boone, or any other of the old-time riflemen, ever shot a rifle which was capable of greater accuracy than this. I have shot a good many of the old heavy muzzleloading rifles of the best makes, and while I was able to do good shooting with them at very short ranges, I found them unreliable at any range above 150 yards. This was necessarily the case as the light round bullet would not hold enough of its initial velocity, and its flight was too easily affected by variable winds and atmospheric conditions.

It is not often the case that we get an unvarnished account of what the old Kentucky rifle was really capable of doing. The history of the battle of New Orleans, however, furnishes such an account. Europe was amazed at the results of this battle, and we may safely conclude that the rifles and riflemen on the American side were at least as good as any in the country at that time. When the Emperor Napoleon learned that the deadly work in this battle was done by a few Tennessee and Kentucky riflemen, he had four of the rifles they used sent to him for inspection and tests, also some targets which were shot by Coffee's Kentuckians. These targets, it was certified, were shot at 75 and 125 yards. At the first named distance, ten bullets had been put into a square 4 by 4½ inches. At the further distance the shooting was at a 6-inch square, and all of the bullets were well within the square. Now, we must assume that the best available men and guns were selected for this test, and that the best targets which they could make were the ones sent to the French Emperor. It is perfectly fair, therefore, to compare these targets with the best shooting done at the present time, for instance with the target made at Walnut Hill by F. J. Rabbeth, when he put 15 consecutive bullets in a 2-inch ring at 200 yards.

It would be strange, indeed, if modern machinery and skill could not produce as fine rifle barrels as those used by our ancestors, and as to our fixed ammunition, I do not think it too much to claim that it is more accurate and uniform than a charge of powder hastily measured in the hand and a bullet defaced by the ramrod of the old muzzleloaders. I am with Mr. Kelly in thinking that there are many myths in regard to ancient rifle-shooting which should be "busted."

JOS. W. SHURTER.

GANSEVOORT, Aug. 4.

MILFORD, Conn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In order to add, if possible, to the discomfort of Allen Kelly (for I am one who believes in the old Daniel Boone, Davy Crockett, Natty Bumppo tales), let me tell him that it is a well recognized fact in military surgery that a rifle or cannon ball need not touch the victim in order to kill.

The "Medical and Surgical History of the Rebellion" furnishes many such instances; some in which a conical or spheroidal ball, passing close to the leg, caused comminuted fracture of the bones about the knee joint; others where sudden death occurred from the effect of the ball passing close to the heart, etc. All surgical works devote space to wind contusions and wind fractures.

Old Daniel need not have hit the limb of the tree to kill by shock. The ball passing within the fraction of an inch of the heart or back of the head would have killed. But it was more sport to bark the varmint; and then, perhaps, Daniel, like Allen Kelly, didn't know about wind contusions.

M. D.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I beg to tender to Mr. Allen Kelly my sincere apologies for having implied a doubt of any of the statements which he has made in the squirrel-barking controversy. I did not intend to express any such doubt, but sometimes one's feelings carry him a little further than he intended.

I trust that Mr. Kelly will accept the assurance of my distinguished consideration. Though we have differed on one point about rifle shooting, I heartily agree with the remarks which he recently expressed on the Palma trophy fiasco in your rifle columns.

RIFLEMAN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice that Mr. Kelly gives me the credit of being able to knock out the squirrels by hitting the limb a foot away from them.

I did not claim to be able to kill them that way; in fact, stated that I did not want to hurt them, and I probably did not.

By the way, these little .22 caliber Stevens rifles have made another record, this time in Philadelphia. Some boys were shooting at a tin can set on top of a post in a back yard, when the ball passed clear through the can, then through a board in a fence and next struck a stone wall which deflected it, and then going next through a pane of glass in a window, struck a woman in the fore-

head, deflecting it again; but it kept on, and may be still going, as the detective who had been sent to find out how this woman had been shot did not trace its course any further.

I do not wonder that a man who had never seen bullet-molds before would mistake them for nut-crackers; they are seldom seen now. The last time I ever saw a pair in use, a party of young Indians had them molding balls for their old Colt's powder and ball .45 army pistol, and they were doing it just as I had often done it, even to floating a piece of charcoal in the lead in their ladle. I could not show them anything about it that they did not already know.

In regard to barking the squirrels, if I may be allowed to mention an opinion, I think that quite enough evidence has already been brought before the court to convince Mr. Kelly, or any one else, that they can be barked, provided you only know how to do it, and that should allow the defense to rest their case.

CABIA BLANCO.

Snuffing the Candle.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The feats of skill attributed to Kentucky riflemen of the last century, were discussed by the members of a shooting club recently, the squirrel barkers having revived interest in the question. Difference of opinion developed when the trick of snuffing a candle was mentioned, and the matter was put to the test of experiment by three members of national reputation as expert marksmen. A lighted candle was placed at a distance of eight yards from the firing point. The shooters used a .22 caliber match rifle of the highest type, fitted with peep and globe sights, and fired from a rest, insuring the most perfect accuracy. They had no difficulty in hitting the wick, and they snuffed the candle frequently. But invariably when the wick was hit the candle was extinguished.

Now we are told that at a distance of fifty yards the Kentuckians, using rifles of large caliber—Crockett's seems to have been .52—and shooting offhand, frequently snuffed the candle without putting out the light. Indeed, it appears that the contestant whose bullet extinguished the flame was regarded as an inferior shot.

Is it possible that the most skillful riflemen of this day, using the most perfect weapon obtainable, are unable to shoot from a table rest at a distance of eight or ten yards as accurately as the old-timers shot offhand at fifty yards? Or is the disturbance of air caused by the passage of a heavy round ball so much less than that produced by a .22 conical bullet as to account for the difference in results?

Perhaps a modern candle is more easily extinguished than an old-fashioned tallow dip with its thick wick. The latter leaves a long, charred tip of wick as it burns down, and possibly the extreme end of that may be shot away without affecting the flame.

If readers of FOREST AND STREAM have tried the feat under exact Kentucky conditions, their reports of results should be interesting. What somebody's uncle told him he saw his grandfather do is of no consequence. Let us have direct and competent testimony. Has anyone seen a candle snuffed with a rifle ball without putting out the light?

MANHATTAN.

Massachusetts Game.

BOSTON, Aug. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:*—The search law passed last winter is beginning to bear fruit. Deputy John F. Luman, assisted by deputies D. F. Shea and A. D. Putnam, have recently raided the premises of a taxidermist of Worcester, where they found twenty-six quail, four woodcock, six pheasants, sixty-nine partridges, and a large number of song and insectivorous birds, besides several nests. The full amount of fines would be \$4,740. In court, J. R. Kane, Esq., conducted the case for the commonwealth.

Reports of deer being seen are numerous. A few days ago a fawn appeared on the lawn of a summer resident at Annisquam. One was also seen in the North Shore woods at Beverly Farms. A lad at Country Farms, in Greenfield, while driving cows to pasture, reported seeing four, and several citizens of Pochassic, near Mt. Tekoa, report seeing a herd of fifteen between Peter S. Malone's house and the tracks of the Boston and Albany Railroad.

Deputy Luman, who has been in the western part of the State for several days, and has had an opportunity to observe, says the outlook there for game is very good. He thinks partridges have wintered better than was expected.

Mr. Frank N. Swan, of Bellevue avenue, Springfield, while seated on his piazza overlooking his back lawn, saw a deer trot across into the garden, where she regaled herself for a half hour with his sweet corn. He approached within half a dozen rods before she moved on. Mr. A. P. Butterfield, of Dunstable, called in at the office this week and reported that one of his neighbors has been visited by a deer several times, and the animal enjoys a meal now and then in his garden.

In the quail sections of the State it is not expected that birds will be very plenty, and there is no question that it will require another year's restocking and much self-denial on the part of sportsmen the coming fall to give our stock of quail a chance to recuperate. If the next winter should prove a mild one, by a year from next fall, provided the work of restocking is kept up, we may hope for good quail shooting.

CENTRAL.

The Dog and his Skin.

In England, according to the Shooting Times, from which the appended excerpt is taken, a dog and his skin is in much the same state of jeopardy as a fool and his money, to wit:

"It appears as if there were some solid foundation for the rumors that have for some time been prevalent of dogs being stolen for the sake of their skins to turn into motor coats and rugs. In a police court case the other day, when a man was charged with stealing two dogs—a spaniel and a mongrel—he is reported to have stated that he could get 25s. for a spaniel's skin, and 10s. for the nondescript's covering. This adds an extra risk to the dog owner, as, if this story is true, the dog stealer will endeavor to kill and skin the dog at the earliest moment; so that there will be little chance of recovering from such a class of thieves."

Sea and River Fishing.

In Colorado Waters.

DENVER, Colo., July 30.—Catching bullbats on the fly seems to be a common occurrence on the banks of the Gunnison at least. My yarn in a recent issue of this paper has been read with widespread interest locally, and has brought out a similar experience. This time the hero is Thomas D. Parker, secretary of the Colorado Promotion and Publicity Committee, and an enthusiastic angler. He ranks with the experts in long distance casting, and it was while doing some tall stunts of this kind near Gunnison a couple of weeks ago that he almost jerked his arm out of its socket by hooking onto something behind him. It was rather late in the afternoon, dusk was falling, and he says he noticed that for some time the bullbats had been hovering about him in large numbers. Of course, the idea that they were trying to take his flies never entered his head until he accidentally hooked one. It was a rather delicate task to reel the captive in, particularly as the barb had anchored in the wing of the bird. When almost within arm's length, the bird fluttered off and disappeared.

Mr. Parker then returned to the whipping of the stream, and was doing very nicely when he got another "air strike," and behold, there was another bullbat circling skyward with his tackle. The experience might have been pleasant enough if he had been out for bullbats, but it was rather ticklish business reeling in from the clouds, and there was danger of smashing a tackle. However, the captive bird was finally reeled in and netted in the presence of half a score of other anglers, who quit casting to witness the queer proceeding. Examination showed that the poor bird had actually taken the fly in its mouth while darting through the air in search of insect food. It was released as gently as possible and returned to its native element. At the time the air over the water was literally alive with the little stone fly, and Mr. Parker was using the ginger-quill and blue-quill midges for his battery.

More than 10,000 fine trout were killed by the cloud-burst which visited South Platte Cañon last Sunday night. A burst dam released a flood of water twenty feet high, and it swept everything before it. When the waters became normal, anglers and boys went along the banks and gathered sacks and dish-pans and other utensils full of large fat trout. Orlando Preston, of Denver, says he saw boys gather up strings of forty and fifty handsome trout, ranging from twelve to fifteen inches in length. Trout smaller than these were left to decay on the banks. Digging in the newly made sand banks always revealed a number of dead fish. Some few of them weighed as much as six pounds. Thousands of the dead fish rotted in the sands.

At Cimarron, on the Rio Grande Railroad, where the two forks of the Cimarron flow into the Gunnison, there is most excellent fishing ground. But up to the present the opportunity for good sport has been fraught with more of discomfort, not to say privation, than the average tenderfoot could stand. Now, however, a good hunting lodge has been opened there, and sportsmen who stop there from now on will find ample accommodations of a liberal kind awaiting them. The lodge is conducted under the auspices of the Rio Grande road. Trout are very plentiful in the three streams that come together here; it is only a matter of a couple of hours to take all one wants for food purposes, and there are some as big and lusty chaps lurking in the deep pools as are to be found lower down the Gunnison.

William Doty is high line for the State up to date. He captured Colorado's prize trout at Wagon Wheel Gap on the Rio Grande River last week. He had the fight of his life before he brought his captive to beach at the end of ten minutes. Weight, 11½ pounds; length, 30 inches; girth, 22 inches. Mr. Doty presented it to T. J. Fisher, of Colorado Springs, and the latter has had it mounted by Stainsky, the local taxidermist.

This is the day of the midge. Heretofore flies mounted on No. 6, 8, and 10 hooks have had the call, but I fail to hear of any one doing successful work with other than the midges. Almost every big catch reported has been made with the lightest of tackle. The best killers are the stone fly, the ginger and blue-quill; the hackles and red ants are also good killers. Wise anglers are putting away their tackle, except for single day's sport, until about the 20th of August, when the real sport with the real big ones begins and lasts clean up to the last of the open season. September will record some big catches.

A party of four anglers, A. R. Merriman, J. B. Milner, and R. G. Spencer, of Loveland, and Byron Haywood, representing A. G. Spalding & Co., at Denver, fell into the hands of an ambitious game warden while fishing the Big Thompson a few days ago. They were bound over for trial on the charge of having trout in their possession under the legal length, seven inches. Yesterday their trial took place, and the four were discharged. And now Mr. Haywood is putting in some busy moments explaining to his numerous friends how such an old and seasoned angler as himself got caught in bad company.

DENVER, Colo., Aug. 5.—Mrs. A. B. Schmidt, wife of the Rock Island's City Passenger Agent at this point, is just back from the Gunnison, having put in several weeks at Iola. Mrs. Schmidt has the reputation of being one of the "best fellows" that ever unfurled a leader over a Colorado pool. She acquired her woodlore back in New England. She makes one of the most picturesque figures to be found in a day's journey. No fine fishing togs for her—just a plain woolen sweater that looks suspiciously as if it might have once belonged to her husband, a pair of 75-cent overalls, a straw hat, firmly tied on, and a pair of wading trousers. Those who have seen the lady on the waters up to her waist say she can handle a string of flies as gracefully and accurately as the next one, and that her manipulation of a bleached minnow leaves nothing to be desired. She must have a tantalizing method, for on her return to the city last week she invited a number of railroad men to the Schmidt domicile and fêted them on baked trout—mind you, they were too big to fry—as they were never fêted before. Mrs. Schmidt is also a famous camp cook, and is so popular among those who have had

the pleasure of once "marooning" with her, that she has more invitations to "go again next time" than she could fill if the whole year were just a vacation. She always goes for the "big fellows," and thinks no more of plunging in up to her arm-pits than a dog does of chasing a cat.

Just now, and for a week past, fly-fishing has been at its best all over the State. On the Eagle and Frying-Pan rivers in the western part of the State the fishing has been delayed by high water. Now, however, the coy little fellows have "returned to their chops" quite avidly, and the catches are both large and numerous. From July 1 to 15 the catches on these rivers were very heavy, trout taking the fly readily. Then the snows began to melt and fishing became poor. The abundance of food brought down by the melting snows was most likely responsible for this in part. From the present time until the latter part of September, however, there will be "something doing" all the time, with a noticeable improvement after Labor Day.

Near Leadville on Tennessee, Lake Park, Arkansas, and Willow creeks, large baskets have been the rule right along. The latter creek is very narrow, as one approaches its head, and the fly cannot be used. Grasshoppers are the thing, and anglers have no trouble in appropriating from twenty to forty handsome trout in a short time. The creek is very narrow, and very deep, and abounds in many secluded holes. It is seldom fished.

Bait-casting on the Eagle River is giving good results. Bullheads are the favorite morsel. Carey Bates, of Leadville, is high to date in these waters. He enticed a 5½-pound rainbow with a bullhead last Wednesday, and says he had the sport of his life making the killing. It's all right, perhaps, while playing a big one taken with live bait, but the long waits incident to that sort of fishing does not appeal to some. Kinder reminds me of fishing for mudcats in the Mississippi—go to sleep, wake up at the end of a couple of hours, and if there is anything on the hook he's "jes' nacherly got ter come in, 'case he kaint git off," as the old darkey said. The element of uncertainty—so large a part of fly-fishing—makes a strong appeal, even though one does take more small than large fish. Bait-fishing is somewhat aptly described as like waiting for a politician to come around and "make you take the job" he promised you before election. Fly-casting, on the other hand, is as full of incident and "atmosphere" and the "unexpected" as a first-class insurance agent's daily routine.

Robert Maxwell is credited with having caught a two-pound eastern brook trout a few days ago in Clear Lake, near Georgetown, with two perfectly developed mouths. My informant was unable to say whether it required two flies to do the business or not. Mr. Maxwell is preserving his finny *lusus naturæ*.

Trappers' Lake, in Garfield county, is probably the most wonderful body of water in the State. Cast a battery of three flies and you withdraw it with a trout attached to each fly. Repeat the operation ad lib until tired, and that's about all the sport there is to it. The unexpected cannot happen. Strange to say, the trout are almost of a size—about 12 inches, but are measly and thin. Anglers who have visited the lake say the absolute certainty of filling one's creel takes away the pleasure of the sport (?) in a short time. It is a favorite resort for tenderfeet, who are sure to "get their money's worth," as the trout will strike at one's fingers if he sticks them in the water. Its banks are dotted with many camping parties just now.

Foster Hight, of Lafayette, Ind., was almost "scairt" out of a year's growth this week while fishing in the Rio Grande at Wagon Wheel Gap. He came face to face with a big bear, but did not stop long enough to gather whether it was a grizzly, a silver-tip or a cinnamon. At first he thought it was a Colorado mammoth come to life. The bear was feeding on berries on a table about 500 feet above Mr. Hight, and could not have come down if he had wanted to.

Deputy Game Warden Wilson has placed 600,000 trout fry in the Rio Grande River at Creede. These fry had to be packed over Weminiche Pass from Emerald Lake on the backs of pack mules. The State and the National hatcheries are doing great work in stocking the streams, and there is little likelihood that the sportsmen who come to Colorado will be disappointed of good angling for years to come, if ever. There is still some vandalism, such as dynamiting the streams by construction men on railroads, reservoirs, etc., but the game wardens are doing good work, and making it hot for the few who do these things.

Speaking of vandalism, Game Warden Charles A. Purington made it cost August Schempf, of Sidney, Colo., \$34 for killing a deer on July 16 last. Magistrate E. F. Gardner, of Steamboat Springs, assessed the fine. Schempf is a ranchman. While there is an occasional miscreant like this one, yet it is fair to the ranchmen in the districts where big game abounds to say that few of them are law breakers. Game law criminals can soon be spotted and brought to book, if the officers are earnest in their endeavors.

James Slane, of Saguache, in the southern part of the State, caught a bear in one of his traps last week. It was a monster and hobbled away on three legs before Mr. Slane made his rounds, leaving the severed foot as a memento.

August 1 was opening day of the dove season, and every sportsman (?) who went out came back with a big bag. The gentle creatures have been free from molestation for so long a time that they sit on the wire fences of the roadways and refuse to move, in many instances, at the passage of wagons and other vehicles. Killing them at this stage of the game is about as exciting and "sportsmanlike" as picking off a brood of half-grown chicks in the backyard. In a few days, however, they become so wild that it takes a good shot to tumbel them off the wing.

J. D. C.

Maine Fishing.

THE fishing in Maine this season has been about up to the average. The trout, I think, have fallen off; but the introduction of the landlocked salmon has more than made up for the decrease in trout. They thrived wonderfully, making their appearance in many new lakes year by year. If it were not for our landlocked salmon, the fishing would have deteriorated very perceptibly. They are going to be the coming fish in game.

HENRY O. STANLEY.

The Perils of Angling.

IF there is any place requiring a cool head, it is when one is in a light boat or canoe angling for heavy fish in deep or swift water. Undue excitement has cost many a life under such circumstances.

A curious example of the outcome of undue excitement has just been related to me by a friend—in fact, the individual himself.

Unfortunately for my friend, although a man of thirty-five years, yet only once previous to this occasion had he experienced the joys of angling.

Business took him up near the pine woods, and between trains, after his business had been transacted, he was invited by two of his customers to try the maskinongé. And off they started, he throwing out his lure, and within a few moments getting a vicious tug at his line which bent his rod and set his reel screeching. The tug on the line, the bending of the rod, and the screeching, whirring reel were too much for him, and giving a spasmodic leap he cleared the boat and landed feet first on the bottom of the lake that was covered with five feet of water—holding fast meanwhile to the rod. The cool water calmed his nerves at once, and being a six-footer he simply elevated his chin and arms, and in his own fashion began to manipulate the rod and reel. The fish began to leap and run, and when turning his head toward the boat to ask for advice as to the proper way to handle the fish, no one was to be seen in the boat. Both his friends had just simply rolled off their seats and were guffawing with laughter; the only thing to be seen by him were two corn-cob pipes that his friends had removed from their mouths and held aloft while they roared with amusement.

He landed the fish. I asked him what it weighed. "It was a maskinongé," he replied, "and weighed 2½ pounds." "Much ado about nothing," I exclaimed, and I made up the third man who heartily enjoyed the episode.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

The Foolish Pickerel.

UNCLE GEORGE H. is a man of weight and substance. He is large and very stout, but is very fond of pickerel both as food and for game. It was in pursuit of this mighty fish early one spring that the following adventure occurred, which I will relate in his own language:

"Well, you see, a couple of fellows took me in a flat-bottomed boat spearin' up in the creek that comes out of Lake George. We had no luck to speak of until we ran the boat up a sort of long narrow ditch, at the end of which we saw a big back fin waving in the light of the torch. I harpooned the mighty old man of the sea, and we managed to get him into the boat. He wasn't hurt much, only a flesh wound, and swam about the leaky old craft, which was half full of water most of the time, and we were afraid he would jump out. We did our best, but that was the only fish we could get, although the water was thick with them sometimes. The fellow who did the poling finally managed to run the old catamaran on a big rounding stone, and in less than no time we were all in the drink up to the waist, and the boat was full of water. To say that I felt disgusted would hardly express my sentiments. To get wet like that on a cold night and far from home was bad enough, but the idea of losing my big pickerel was enough to enrage a saint. However, there was no help for it, so I began to bail out the boat. Well, the water began to subside a little, and what do you think? That fool pickerel hadn't left the craft at all during the melee. He had just retreated away up under the bow seat as far as he could go, and kept quiet, waiting further developments. I tell you I was pretty proud to ride into the village with my 18-pound beauty that night."

PETER FLINT.

Rare Gulf Fish.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—In the Forestry and Fish and Game Palace of the Exposition at St. Louis, Mississippi has a curious fish which bears the common name of the feathered eel or Irish el. Louisiana also possesses an individual of the same kind which will shortly be placed on exhibition. The fish is eel-like in shape, but has no near relation to the eel family, since it is a very well marked member of the gobies, or fish with the ventral fins united to form a sort of disk.

This particular goby is called in the scientific books *Gobioides broussoneti*, Lacépède, but the fishermen preferred to bestow upon it the names mentioned above.

The name "feathered eel" is not inappropriate, because the rays separating the back fins project far beyond the membrane and look very much like feathers.

Professor Dodson, Director of the Experiment Station of Mississippi, and Mr. Koppman, of the Louisiana exhibit, both told me that the two specimens shown here were collected by a taxidermist in Harvey's Pass. The writer now knows of three specimens of this interesting goby which is native to the West Indies and southward to Brazil. One of these is in the United States National Museum, and was described in its Proceedings for 1895, page 631. The other two are among the curiosities of the Fish and Game Department of the Universal Exposition at St. Louis.

TARLETON H. BEAN.

An Erie Sturgeon.

ERIE, Pa., Aug. 6.—Two young men who were out in the bay fishing with hand lines to-day, caught a sturgeon that is likely to be the record fish of this season here, unless someone takes that big maskinongé out of Misery Bay that is always going to be, but never is, caught. The sturgeon weighed 33 pounds, and measured 4 feet 9 inches.

A party of three ladies and two men who were out on the bay fishing on Thursday, caught, among other fish, a yellow bass weighing 6 pounds, and the largest maskinongé that has been reported here this season. It measured 34 inches, and weighed 14 pounds.

CABIA BLANCO.

Death of Abner Kellogg.

LOON LAKE STATION, N. Y., Aug. 5.—Abner Kellogg, 45 years old, an Adirondack guide for many years, and who lived alone in this place, not being seen for two days, neighbors entered his house and found him lying on the floor, paralyzed and unconscious. He died two hours afterward without regaining consciousness.

Enlist the Local Press.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* An account was given in the Sunday Express of a fishing trip to Port Rowan, Ont. It was composed of E. W. McIntyre, William Conboy, and Charles H. Cutting, all lawyers, and William H. Siebold. According to the Express, they kept an accurate account from day to day, and in the five days they caught 1,125 black bass, weighing 700 pounds. Port Rowan is a fine place for bass fishing this year, and is on the Canadian shore of Lake Erie. These men sold their 700 pounds of bass for \$90, and, after paying all expenses of the trip, were ahead \$4.50 each. Undoubtedly a great many just such items appear in the local papers throughout the country. They are given as news items, and incidentally to give a little free advertising.

But what a relief it would be to see some of these fellows criticised editorially for their excesses. I hope some day to see our local papers preaching against this kind of slaughter as they would against any public enemy. There is no question about the great good done by such papers as FOREST AND STREAM, but unfortunately they do not reach only a portion of the people. We all know those who fish and hunt, but are not regular readers of papers and magazines catering to such sports. This is to be deplored, for unless a man is case-hardened, FOREST AND STREAM would cure the worst case of greed in sport in a very short time.

In this connection, it is encouraging to read an editorial in a Portland, Oregon, paper regarding breaking the game laws on the Northwestern Coast. If these Buffalo men had any idea of the proper limitations of a string of fish, they would not have been proud enough of the catch or of prices obtained for fish to give out the information as a news item.

DIXMONT.

St. Lawrence Anglers.

THE twenty-first annual meeting of the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River, was held at the Murray Hill Hotel on Murray Isle, August 3. A protest was made by the Association against the new regulation of the Province of Ontario which requires that Americans fishing in Canadian waters shall pay a fee of \$5 for every rod fished unless such persons are guests at Canadian hotels or boarding-houses, or have purchased their supplies in Canada. A committee of two Canadians and three Americans was appointed to make efforts to secure the rescinding of the regulation which was declared injurious to the sport.

Officers were elected as follows: President, Charles R. Skinner, of Albany, N. Y.; First Vice-President, Alexander T. Robb, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Second Vice-President, Thomas B. Kerr, of Englewood, N. J.; Secretary, M. H. Thompson, of Alexandria Bay, N. Y.; Treasurer, R. P. rant, of Clayton, N. Y.; Executive Committee—A. C. Cornwall, of Alexandria Bay; F. H. Taylor, of Philadelphia, Pa.; A. E. Clark, of Chicago, Ill.; Gilbert T. Rafferty, of Pittsburg, Pa.; George C. Boldt and Charles G. Emery, of New York city; Col. O. G. Staples, of Washington, D. C.; W. H. Nichols, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; George Hall, of Ogdensburg, N. Y.; T. A. Gillespie, of South Orange, N. J.; C. E. Britton, of Gananoque, Ontario; and C. W. Crossmon, Walter Fox, and Dr. J. D. Cole, of Alexandria Bay, N. Y.

The Kennel.

The Tu Quoque.

BERKELEY, Cal., July 23.—*Editor of Forest and Stream:* The following resolutions were passed at the meeting of the Pacific Advisory Committee of the American Kennel Club held to-day:

Whereas, It has come to the knowledge of this committee, that the organization known as the Western Kennel League has seen fit to incorporate into its constitution and rules a clause disqualifying all persons who may exhibit dogs at shows held west of the 110th degree of longitude under the rules of the American Kennel Club, and, whereas, such a clause proves that the organization has been formed and exists in a spirit of undisguised hostility to the American Kennel Club, and, whereas, such action is prejudicial to the best interests of dogs and dog shows, therefore be it

Resolved, That from and after this date any person or persons acting in any official capacity, paid or unpaid, including that of judge, secretary, superintendent, steward, or clerk of a show, or as an officer or member of a bench show committee of a club holding a show west of the 110th degree of longitude, under the rules of the Western Kennel League, or under any rules other than those of the American Kennel Club, shall be and hereby are disqualified and debarred from all privileges of the American Kennel Club. Carried.

By giving publicity to the above resolution in the columns of your valuable paper, you will much oblige,
PACIFIC ADVISORY COMMITTEE, A. K. C.,
J. P. Norman, Sec'y.

The Passing of Old Jack.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Not for many months have I felt the loss of anything more keenly than I have the loss of my old friend Jack, the grand old setter owned by Elmer Jacobs. Jack is dead, but the memory of the many pleasant days spent with him and his former owner, Mr. Stillman, of Providence, Rhode Island, will remain as long as memory lasts.

On our outing trips, whether it was a sail down to the Pawtucket banks wick fishing on a pleasant Saturday in summer, or in the marshes along Narragansett bay after ducks on a dark, chilly, misty day late in November, or tramping through the pine thickets, the old pastures and orchards of the deserted New England farms after the lordly grouse, on one of those New England Indian summer days in October, when the sun diffuses through the atmosphere a golden mellowness and all-pervading peace seems to have settled over the land, on all such occasions dear old Jack was our constant companion and faithful friend.

I have looked forward with considerable interest to the meeting of old Jack and his former master when he should visit here next winter, as I knew it would be such a meeting as would never be forgotten by anyone witnessing it.

I can but lament as did McLeod of Dare: "We can never go over the fields again, Jack, never again in all the days that are to come." As for Mr. Jacobs, the sympathy of all lovers of the dog should be his now, for as good dogs come and go and have their day, there will not be any more Jacks for him.

If at any time Elmer takes you to a little mound in his back yard, and you discover a tear in "Cub's" eye, take off your hat, for you are in the presence of all that remains of a noble specimen of "man's best friend." B. S. W.

Yachting.

A Cruise on Long Island Sound.

BY CHARLES N. ROBINSON, HARTFORD, CONN.

(Concluded from page 121.)

The men on the tow were straining at the capstan on the first box, and when they had broken out the anchor, the tug slowly pulled the tow as far as possible into the angle formed by the island and breakwater. A large two-masted schooner came in and brought up inside of us. She left her mainsail up but soon got it down and let go her second anchor. The rain and wind came in squalls of constantly increasing violence. Finally one of these almost hid the schooner from view, and through the blur of rain we saw her fall off broadside and walk away with both anchors. Our own dragged soon after this, but the second one brought her up and then chafing gear had to be put on the cables, which was wet work with the bow going under at every dip in the short, sharp sea. To be on the safe side our spare 55-pound anchor and cable were put overboard, and then we crouched in the cockpit and waited for something to happen. Inside quarter of an hour all three cables were taut.

The coal boxes appeared to be making fair weather of it, being well protected by the island. One of them was leaking badly, and six men were constantly pumping. Finally the tug came alongside, and after some delay got a length of hose into the box and connected it to her own pump. As for ourselves, with 116 pounds of anchor and a goodly scope of cable out, we felt pretty sure of not going ashore—barring accidents. The barometer had dropped steadily at the rate of 0.10 inch an hour from 30.02 at 6 o'clock to 29.38 at noon. The tide was nearly high, and when it turned we hoped the wind would veer and go down. At 1 o'clock the barometer had risen to 29.46, and the wind was working around into the south. This made the breakwater a lee, but only a partial one, as the waves were breaking clear over the top. Our position was far from comfortable, but we had the satisfaction of knowing that it would improve as the tide fell. Our small boat was more than half full of water, and as it seemed possible that there might be more wind, H. put on a bathing suit and managed to bail her out.

Although the barometer only rose to 29.55 during the afternoon, the wind dropped with the tide and died away at sunset. The schooner had just escaped going ashore after all. The frame-work for the light on the end of the breakwater was knocked out of true, and when the keeper came out in his power boat to light up he tested the ladder a good many times before climbing to the top. On shore a great deal of damage was done, especially by the very high tide. The Patchogue and Menunketesuck really became rivers for a while, and the waters were backed up to such an extent that the main road to Clinton was three feet under water near the bridge spoken of above.

That night we slept soundly on a quiet sea with nothing to disturb us—not even a nightmare.

Saturday the 13th brought a clear sky, plenty of heat, and no wind. Breakfast was soon out of the way, as it had been partially prepared the evening before. We started to break out our assortment of anchors at 7 o'clock. I was surprised to find the heavy canvas that had been put around the cables where they passed through the brass chocks, actually worn out on two of the ropes. All the anchors came up without much trouble, and from the samples on the flukes the bottom appears to be a mucky sand. We got the two large ones on deck and unbent the cables, then as a light air crept in from the S.W. the small anchor was hauled up and we gradually crawled away from the wall behind which we had spent such an exciting morning the day before. As soon as we were clear of the breakwater, the club-topsail and jib-topsail were set, and after several short tacks we passed the red spar buoy on Stone Island reef and then headed close-hauled on the starboard tack for Faulkner's Island. The wind was very light, but with the help of the tide we were off the south side of the island by noon, when the wind faded away completely. Passed the time by starting one of the stoves and toasting some hardtack, which had been previously well buttered. Also made some cocoa with the last of the milk, but it was hardly a success, as the milk objected to the way it was treated and curdled. The cables were now dry, so they were carefully coiled, stopped and stowed away forward with the anchors on top.

About 1 o'clock the tide turned ebb and a nice breeze came in from the S.W. Sheets were started a trifle, and Ramea was headed for the New Haven breakwater. The wind gradually backed into the S., so the main sheet was eased well off and the balloon-jib set. Three hours, more or less, followed of that delightful kind of sailing when you get just the right angle for the tiller, and, with a cushion between your back and the rail, let your mind wander where it may while the boat pretty nearly sails herself.

We slipped past the inner end of the east breakwater at half-past three, and were soon anchored in Morris Cove rather close under the south shore and somewhat west of the Yale-Corinthian Y. C. house. I ran up to Hartford for the night, while H. remained on board. Came down again on the early Sunday train. It rained

all the way to New Haven, and, as I had no umbrella, I looked for a good wetting. Fortunately the rain let up until I got on board. I reached the Cove somewhat before the time arranged, but H. finally saw my signals and rowed ashore. Ramea had been rolling in good old-fashioned Morris Cove style all night, and consequently H. didn't get much sleep, and was in an un-Christian frame of mind. We left the Cove at half-past ten with a good whole-sail breeze from the S. The tide was fair outside, though we did not feel the full effect of it until we had passed the Sperry light on the western breakwater. The wind was unsteady, varying from S.E. to S. by W., and it had begun to rain again. A course of S.W. by W. carried us well outside the red spar buoy off Stratford Point, while W. by S.½S. took us up the Sound. At 4 o'clock the Norwalk Islands were abeam, and as the wind was coming out of the S. with increasing strength, we decided that it would be well to get over under the Long Island shore. So we headed her close-hauled for Oyster Bay, and let the ebb tide lee-bow us across. When about half way over a heavy rain squall swept down on us, and for a while we hardly knew whether we were sailing on or under the water. And we ran out of this squall only to run into another just as bad. Before it passed the wind moved around to the N. of W. and the compass said we were heading back for the Norwalk Islands. We concluded not to bother with Long Island any more and began to mildly wonder where we should bring up for the night. The rain had completely killed the strong breeze, and we banged and slatted around in that quiet, nerve-soothing way a boat has at such times. I got out the glasses and finally picked up a big schooner yacht close under the Long Island shore coming up with her sheets apparently eased off. That meant that the wind had backed around into the S.E. again, which was just what we wanted. After about an hour it reached us, and the mainsail filling lifted the sheets out of the water. As it was now late in the afternoon, we headed in for Shippan Point, intending to go into Stamford harbor, but the wind pushed us along so well that we kept on, and finally, at 7:30, brought up in Indian Harbor at Greenwich. The barometer was still low and the wind was becoming lighter. There was no sunset, the sun simply dropped out of one mass of cloud like a great red-hot cannon ball and disappeared almost immediately behind a lower darker bank from which later on a few pale rays escaped.

Monday morning it was blowing hard from the N.E. and raining. We took our time over breakfast, and about half-past eight got into oilers and went on deck. A couple of reefs were soon put in the mainsail, and getting up the anchor we set the storm jib and stood out of the bay before the wind, passing between Great Captain and Calve's Island.

On a clear day this narrow western end of Long Island Sound is one of the most picturesque and interesting stretches of water imaginable. The low, rocky northern shore, with its many harbors and coves, is well wooded and gradually rises inland to higher ranges of hills. The towns are well back from the shore, and for the most part hidden among the trees. Attractive summer homes are everywhere. In striking contrast is the southern side of the Sound, five or six miles away, with its high sand bluffs gleaming white in the sun below the dark green of the forest. Instead of little harbors are the great bays and bays within bays. But perhaps it is a waste of space to describe such a well known body of water as this, and at any rate it was not especially attractive to us on this dull and rainy day.

One of the trial races for the 90-footers had been scheduled for the 15th, and we hoped to find the three big boats already under way. But everything was quiet at Larchmont, and a mile or so beyond Reliance lay at her moorings outside of Echo Bay with covers on her sails and no signs of life aboard. We sailed around her several times taking a good look at her enormous overhangs and huge mast, with its apparently light rigging. Then we beat back to Larchmont harbor, which was well filled with yachts of all sizes, and anchored about opposite the club house.

After lunch we rowed ashore, and found that the race had been postponed. To fill up the afternoon, we took the trolley over to New Rochelle and visited Huntington's yard. Three weeks before, when Ramea was being put in commission, the yard was full of boats; now but a handful were left, and we realized that the yachting season had begun. H. had to be in New Haven on Tuesday, so after a dinner on board he departed, and Ramea's crew was reduced to one for the return trip to New London.

It rained most of Monday night, but cleared up Tuesday morning. After lunch I got under way and sailed around to Echo Bay, anchoring on the east side of the harbor among the boats of the New Rochelle Y. C., and just inside of a dredger that was picking up fragments of rock from a ledge that had been recently blasted. Rowed up the creek to Huntington's, and loaded the various things I had come for into the 8-foot dinghy, which is as stiff as a church, and took them on board. I never pass over the body of water lying inside the rock on which stands the gasoline tank without wishing that it were something besides a few narrow channels and a collection of mud flats at low tide. It would make an ideal anchorage for small boats.

The weather was bright and pleasant once more, so opened up everything and dragged the cushions, bedding, etc., out of the cabin for a good airing. The cabin of a small boat gets damp pretty quickly in bad weather, even if she doesn't leak, and I can truthfully say that Ramea does not leak a drop anywhere. But the combination of bad weather and a leaky house—spare me from the affliction! It's bad enough, after a hard day's sail, to find the water sloshing about over the floor, but when at the same time the skylight and cabin roof have been letting in a steady drip, drip, drip, when your cushions are wet and bedding damp—well, what is the use of talking about it; most of us have been there at some time or other in our cruising experiences.

While resting in the cockpit watching the scoop of the dredger bring up fragment after fragment of rock, most of them as large as my hand, I concluded to run into town for the evening, and not caring to leave Ramea in her present position alone, I hastily stowed everything below and ran back to Larchmont with the ebb tide and

the last of the breeze. Making all secure and putting up the riding light, I rowed over to the club float, and tying the boat, walked up to the station and took the train for New York. Came out again after the theatre, and turned in before one o'clock.

Slept late Wednesday morning, and spent the rest of it in straightening out the cabin. After an early lunch I started out for a sail, taking a look at the yachts in the harbor, and then running over to Echo Bay and anchoring off Hudson Park. Later in the season, on a pleasant Saturday or Sunday afternoon, this park presents a very animated appearance. The rocky wooded point jutting out into the little bay and the small bathing beach are crowded with women and children, while the men, for the most part, are the victims of the fishing habit. They speak not, neither do they look to the right or the left, but occasionally they dislodge their hooks from some rock, and once in a great while a tiny cunner comes quietly out of the water and disappears into the fish basket. The waters of the bay are everywhere dotted with skiffs full of more motionless fishermen. Their silence and calmness form a strong contrast to the frivolous babble on the shore among the trees. Empires may totter, but the fisherman cares not. In his "Notes and Recollections," Ludovic Halevy says that one of the strangest sights in Paris during the terrors of the Commune was the dozen or more men he saw calmly fishing in the Seine during the close season, while fighting went on in the streets, and the buildings almost over their heads were in flames.

But to get back to the cruise. Friday the 19th the three big Cup boats were to try conclusions off Indian harbor, and I determined to start back and see as much of the race as possible. After breakfast it was a flat calm, but I got up the mainsail and then tackled the anchor. There was a long scope out, and when I had hauled about half of it on deck, it began to come hard. All of a sudden something gave way, and I sat down hard on a lot of wet rope. Then it stuck again, and it was quite evident that a big fish had been hooked. Slowly the cable came in, with much language and labor. Finally the anchor came to the surface with one of its flukes caught on the fluke of a much larger anchor. There were no moorings near me, so I presume it was a lost anchor; at any rate I did not investigate, as my back was rather weary, but unhooked it and let it drop to its former resting place.

In getting out of the bay Ramea lost all steerage way, turned around once or twice, and then insisted on drifting into a large sloop moored off "All View." Pushed off with the boat hook and managed to get out into the Sound. Down to the eastward the big fellows were maneuvering about and a crowd of lesser sails surrounded them. A heat haze lay over the land and water and distant outlines looked unreal. As I didn't care much about drifting around, I took in the jib and dropped the anchor. About one o'clock the wind came in light from the S.E., and by four I had tacked down to Parsonage Point. Here the wind dropped again, and it began to rain heavily, so eased off the sheets and ran back to Larchmont. By five it was clear, at six a gentle breeze came in from the S.W., and it was not long before Ramea was headed out of the harbor. As usual, there was much less wind outside, but it carried me down to Rye Point nicely, and I anchored for the night near a schooner yacht behind Scotch Cap rocks.

Up at three o'clock Saturday morning, prepared to make an early start, but found a heavy fog and S.E. wind. Having gotten up, however, went ahead with breakfast, and at four was ready to start. The fog was still too thick, so lay down just as I was and dozed until seven. By that time the fog had lifted somewhat, and I got under way. The breeze during the night had left a confused sea, and going to windward in the light air was slow work. The tide turned flood off Great Captain Island about noon, and as no headway could be made against it, the sheets were started, and I ran into Greenwich. Brought up off the Indian Harbor Y. C. house, and leaving the small boat at the club landing, walked up to the town which lies some distance inland. Bought some meat and berries and on the way back stopped at a small hotel and had dinner. The long road leading down to the harbor is completely overarched by large trees at places, and these spots, in consequence of so much rain, had a strong smell of wet vegetable matter, while the stone walls were green with moss. This odor suggested some memory very strongly, and suddenly for a few moments I stood again in front of the wet walls of the stone house on a cattle ranch or "pen" in the St. Thomas-Vale district of Jamaica, with the morning sun shining through a white mist and the moisture dripping from everything.

By one o'clock I was under way again, and standing to the S. E. with a faint N.E. air. Out in the middle of the Sound the Cup yachts were fighting out a race, which was evidently Friday's postponed. They had a good breeze, but were half hidden by a gray mist. When the wind came it was from the S. and lasted long enough to take me down to the Stamford lighthouse. Then it flopped into the E. and the rain came down as though the bottom of the pitcher had fallen out. Just then a sloop with a "putter, putter" engine in her went by bound into Stamford, and I gave up and followed her in, wet and disgusted. Stamford harbor is a fairly deep but somewhat rocky bay, from the head of which two creeks run up to the city. It is entirely open to the south, but pretty well protected otherwise. The anchorage is off the Stamford Y. C. house on Shippan Point, and with the wind from the E. is a perfect lee. While maneuvering about among the yachts looking for a good place to anchor, I miscalculated a distance and missed smashing into a dinghy by a foot. The man on the yacht rushed aft to pull it in and glared frightfully at me, but I glared back at him, and we let it go that.

It rained all night, and the E. wind blew hard against the windward side of the Point, where the trees let it through in strong gusts that darkened the surface of the water. Sunday ushered in the same old condition of things, and I took my time with breakfast, afterwards shutting up the cabin and letting the stoves dry up some of the dampness. At 10:30 the rain ceased, and I went up to the city, bought a supply of Sunday papers, and got into communication with home over the long distance telephone. Stopped at the old Stamford House and ate a very good dinner, which was the last square meal I had for some time, as it turned out. While at dinner a

terrific thunderstorm burst, and the streets ran with water. I hoped this was a clearing shower, and such it proved to be. By the time I reached the float at two o'clock the sun was out and a light air from the north in evidence.

Got under way at once, and outside the Point cut off a long angle by following a fisherman across the reef close inshore. Headed somewhat outside the lighthouse on Green Ledge, and the course allowed the sheets to be started. Passed the light at four o'clock. Off the Northwalk Islands the wind increased in strength and worked around to N.-N.E., so that I could just head close-hauled for Stratford Point, the other side of Bridgeport. Several large sloops passed me here, going at a great rate. Our wind, however, only reached half way across the Sound, and the vessels on the Long Island side lay motionless on a glassy surface. It must have aggravated them to see us with all we wanted.

Off Penfield's Reef about six with a falling wind. The sloops went into Black Rock harbor, but I decided to keep on. By the time I had worked past Stratford Point, it was beginning to grow dark. Heavy, wet clouds with long streamers hanging down drifted slowly off the land, and it seemed as if some of them would touch the mast. I luffed up, pulled the jib to windward, and keeping the tiller hard down, went below to light the cabin lamp and a lantern for the compass; also put on more clothing, for there was a decided chill in the air. Then filled away again, and apparently had the first of the ebb, though further out the tide was still running flood. As it grew darker the clouds began to disappear, and a few stars peeped out. The wind became variable and often headed me off. I wanted to get in behind Charles Island off Milford, but finally about half-past nine, when I could no longer distinguish the outlines of the island, I luffed up and anchored where I was. Before turning in, after a dinner of canned soup and bread, I sat in the cockpit for half an hour. It was very dark, though hardly a cloud obstructed the light from a star-strewn sky. The wind brought off the smell of the land and a never-ending procession of small waves rippled along the sides of the boat.

On getting up Monday morning, I found myself about half a mile southwest of Charles Island. The sun rose into a clear sky, and revealed a world whose outlines were sharp and clear; whose colors were vivid. Very much the same impression one gets when approaching a tropical island in the early dawn. Started at exactly 4 A. M. under mainsail and storm jib, with the wind from the N. Off New Haven a big three-master was trying to tow a lumber laden tub of a two-master, probably a Nova Scotian. They appeared to have been in collision, as the small fellow had lost all his headgear. It was blowing hard by this time, but the big schooner could not make the harbor with her tow, and the tide was steadily setting her to the westward. With whole mainsail and the small jib Ramea would not keep off in the hard puffs, so I had to stick in a reef. I eased the jib well off and let the mainsail out until it shook. She went along under jib while I lowered the mainsail enough for two reefs. Then I hauled it in flat, and put in one reef as she held her course. When the reef had been put in, I let the sail out again and hauled it up. She handled nicely with reduced sail, and I let her sail herself for a time, while I put on all the clothing that was on board, including an overcoat. It was chilly and no mistake. Kept in close to the Thimble Islands, and off Sachem's Head caught the first of the ebb. But with the ebb tide the wind canted around more to the eastward, and I could barely head a course for the red buoy off Hammonasset Point. Passed Clinton harbor at 10:30. From here it was a long and a short leg to Cornfield Point, where the wind finally went back into the east, and it became a dead beat to windward. The strong tide, however, swept the boat along in fine style, and I passed the mouth of the Connecticut at noon. The river was on the rampage, and was pouring out a huge quantity of brown flood water from between the breakwaters. Before I realized what was going on, I was carried well out into the Sound. The wind began to lighten and I just managed to get past Black Point and into Niantic Bay before the tide turned flood. It was necessary to shake out the reef in the mainsail and set the large jib. Having been at the tiller since four in the morning, I felt rather cramped and hungry, so let Ramea take care of herself while I got something to eat.

The weather grew steadily worse, and the wind veered from N. to S.E., and back again. By carefully taking advantage of every slant I had managed to work through the channel between Millstone Point and Two Tree Island, when in swept a thick fog, accompanied by a fine rain. The wind was now dead E., and with New London only a few miles away, I was forced to turn tail and run back for a lee behind Millstone Point. Two schooners gave up at the same time and anchored in the bay. I anchored in the little bight north of the artificial harbor at the stone quarry, which I was afraid to negotiate alone, and passed a most uncomfortable night. It quickly grew black as pitch, and the wind whistled through the trees on the point in a most dreary way. The current was strong enough to hold the boat broadside to the wind most of the time, and she rode all over her anchor. The motion was vile, and I could neither eat nor sleep. Toward daylight, however, the motion became more regular, and I dozed for a while.

With the first light of dawn I went on deck and found a gale of wind from the east, and Ramea sliding over the round-topped swells running six feet high. The two schooners were preparing to get under way, and I thought to myself: "Anything would beat this place, and the quicker I get out of here the better." A cake of chocolate answered for breakfast, and then I put three reefs in the mainsail and put on the storm jib, though it made too much headsail. When the anchor came up the cable had taken two turns around one of the flukes and a half hitch on top of them. But I didn't notice that at the moment, for the shore was not very far away on the port hand, and she must pay off to starboard. She obediently did so, and rode the big swells like a bird. It was now 3:45 A. M., and the tide would not turn ebb before nine o'clock. One of the three-masters was standing out, but the other seemed to be in trouble, and before she finally payed off and got steerage way, she was perilously near the west shore of the bay. Behind her, high and dry on the beach, lay a two-masted schooner which had gone ashore during the gale about two weeks before. Even

with three reefs in, the rail was under most of the time, but Ramea was making some headway against the strong current. I made up my mind to reach New London or bust. And if it came to busting, why, I could run back behind Black Point and make a good harbor in at the old fish works.

To the eastward of the black buoy off the northern end of Bartlett's Reef all protection from the land ended, and a fearful jumble of a sea was running. With so little sail it seemed impossible at first to do anything to windward against the tide and sea, but the storm jib began to get in its work and lift her through the smother. I had to ease it up smartly every time she came about to prevent it from pulling her head half around, but she never missed coming about once. First I stood well out, but found the sea much worse, so stood in again and let her go in short tacks over the reefs off Goshen Point, judging the rocks by the look of the water. Every other wave broke over the house, and I watched the anchor rope anxiously to see if it would break away from its fastenings. Then the little boat began to fill. If I could get by Goshen Point before she swamped, all would be well, as I should soon be in comparatively quiet water. Finally I got into a position where I thought I could make the harbor, but had to make another short hitch. On the next tack I passed the lighthouse. It was now half-past nine, so that it had taken five and three-quarters hours to cover five miles.

The two three-masters were coming in, and a schooner yacht under storm jib, foresail, and a jib-headed storm sail set over a furling mainsail. The harbor was full of storm-bound coasters. The small boat came through the fight gallantly, but as soon as smooth water was reached, grew groggy and promptly filled. However, it did not matter now. Just below the fort I luffed, got down the jib and mainsail, and ran into Wilkinson and Anderson's basin under bare pole.

And I was glad to get there.

British Letter.

In the race from Eckernförde to Kiel which took place on June 29 last, for the splendid gold cup given by King Edward VII., and valued at £2,000, the Fife-designed and German-owned schooner Susanne was returned an easy winner on the handicap. It appears, however, that Susanne was carrying a large main topmast staysail for which she had not been measured, and which she would not have been allowed to carry in a class race, as she was measured for German rating with only a small main topmast staysail. The committee have disqualified her, though it is hard to see on what equitable grounds, for this particular race was an ordinary handicap, in which class ratings were not taken into consideration. Iduna was second, and Ingomar third on handicap time, consequently, Susanne being disqualified, the trophy goes to the German Empress, and Ingomar takes second prize. It seems very hard on Herr Huldinsky to be thus done out of his prize on a technical quibble, and one can hardly imagine the Empress feels flattered in having a prize thrust upon her that she feels her boat has not won on her merits. Fortunately such incidents are scarce, for they do not tend to the promotion of good feeling or good sport.

Ingomar won her first race in English waters at Deal on July 14, but her second venture at the regatta of the Royal Cinque Ports Y. C., Dover, on the following day was fraught with disaster, owing to a nasty collision which occurred between her and Navahoe soon after the start. Both vessels were placed *hors du combat*, the schooner's bowsprit being broken off short, and Navahoe's mainsail being badly torn and her rail and binnacle smashed. It appears that they started from Dover close-hauled on the starboard tack, Navahoe leading the fleet, with Ingomar next. Navahoe drew away from the schooner, and, according to eye-witnesses on the end of the Admiralty Pier extension works, she was leading by two lengths when they passed the pier end. Navahoe tacked to port to pass round the back of the pier and cheat the strong channel tide, and it is stated by some that Ingomar luffed and tried to jam herself in between Navahoe and the pier, the result being that the two vessels collided heavily, and had to give up, crippled. Two versions of the story have found publicity; one being that when Navahoe tacked to port the strong tide held her, and she found herself right across Ingomar, which could not luff because the pier was close on her weather, and could not bear away for the yawl. The other version is that had Ingomar held her course she would easily have cleared Navahoe's stern. Both vessels entered protests, and the committee, after considering them, stated that after very careful consideration they were unanimously of opinion that Navahoe was solely to blame for the collision, and that both at the start and afterwards Navahoe was sailed recklessly. This is a very sweeping statement—far too sweeping for a committee to make who are not in a position to judge for themselves from the end of the promenade pier where the starting guns are fired, exactly what takes place off the end of the Admiralty Pier, and their decision appears to have been biased by the fact that in maneuvering for first place at the start, Navahoe cut it very fine in crossing Ingomar when on the port tack. Moreover, it casts a slur on the judgment and ability of Sycamore who is a first-rate skipper, and has never before had such strong things said about him. It does not appear to have been proved that Ingomar could not have cleared Navahoe had she held on, as many spectators on the Admiralty Pier believe would have been the case, and until that has been done the decision of the committee will not be received with general satisfaction. The case might well be referred to the Y. R. A., who would at any rate adjudicate upon it with unbiased feelings. The case has aroused a considerable amount of interest, and it would be well to have it well thrashed out.

Ingomar won the race from Dover to Ostend on July 18, after a hard thrash to windward of fifty miles to the West Hinder lightship, and a broad reach of twenty to the finish, Navahoe being the only boat anywhere near her. They were both at scratch, but the weather was too strong for the smaller vessel, which was 11m. astern at the finish. On July 21, Ingomar did not sail, owing to a misunderstanding as to the depth of water over the Ostend course. Two days later Ingomar, Navahoe, Therese and Valdora sailed over the triangular course of

thirty miles in a light breeze. The race lay between the two American-built boats, but Navahoe had the heels of the schooner all day, and beat her handsomely. Navahoe did not take part in the race back to Dover the following day, which Ingomar won.

The Irish regattas were again spoilt owing to the absence of big yachts which were busy with the racing at Ostend and Boulogne, but a big gathering is anticipated for Cowes Week.

The reliability tests for motor boats which took place in Southampton water on July 26 and 27 appear to have been very satisfactory, and show that great strides have been made with these craft during the past twelve months. Sixteen boats took part in the trials, and all kept going without any pause save to make good some trifling defects, but nothing like an actual breakdown occurred. On the first day five boats made absolutely non-stop runs, and on the second day eight boats went over the course without a hitch. The second race for the Harnsworth cup will be a much bigger affair than it was last year, and should give far better results.

Ingomar's Collision.

It is always a pity when disputes arise as the result of a race, for they lead frequently to much trouble and vexation, both to the parties concerned as well as to the committee which has to settle them, and they seldom do any good to the sport. A typical example of a useless and vexatious quibble was that recently raised by Mr. G. Moir, the owner of the ex-20-rater Dragon, which he has raced with conspicuous ability and success on the Clyde for many years past. In a handicap match of the Royal Northern Y. C., Dragon was scratch boat and Kelpie, Mr. G. Coat's, received 15m. from her. Kelpie arrived at the line precisely 15m. astern of Dragon, and the two consequently sailed a dead heat for first prize. The club committee settled the business by putting first and second prizes together, and dividing them equally between the two boats, giving the owners to understand that each boat should be considered to have won a first prize. Mr. Moir, however, did not seem satisfied with this wise and just solution of a really simple case, and put forward the extraordinary plea that as he was set to allow Kelpie 15m. and had done so, he was therefore entitled to the first prize. This, of course, is a clear fallacy, and shows beyond doubt that Mr. Moir has looked at the question from one point of view only, and not from both sides. Supposing Dragon had come in 16m. ahead of Kelpie, how much would she have beaten her? The answer is clearly 1m. Therefore as she came in just 15m. ahead, she beat her by just 1m. less 60s., which is nothing; or, plainly speaking, a dead heat. If a man gives another 15 yards in a foot-race and breasts the tape simultaneously with his opponent, the result is clearly a dead heat, and yet the scratch man would have quite as much justice in a claim to a clear win as Mr. Moir has, though he would never have his claim allowed by any honest committee. Dragon by arriving home 15m. before Kelpie had just got on level terms with her, but had not beaten her by a fraction of a second, and was theoretically in precisely the same position as if she had started 15m. after Kelpie and finished dead level with her at the winning line. The committee of the Royal Northern came to the only sensible and practical decision they could have come to (unless they had ordered the race to be re-sailed), and it is refreshing to find they have the courage of their convictions. It is to be hoped that all such frivolous disputes will meet with equal firmness on the part of sailing committees.

E. H. KELLY.

Bensonhurst Y. C.

Bensonhurst, L. I.—Saturday, August 6.

TWELVE boats started in the second closed race of three for cups offered by Commodore A. C. Bellows, of the Bensonhurst Y. C., which was held on the afternoon of Saturday, August 6, over courses in Gravesend Bay. They competed on handicaps arranged by the race committee on past performances, etc., starting in two divisions, according to rig. Dorothea, a big black boat of old type, carried off the honors of the sloop class, and Colleen was the winner among the catboats. There are three cups up for competition. Two of them go to the boats winning first and second places on points for the series in the sloop class, and the other is for the catboat scoring similar honors under like conditions. The standing on points to date is: Sloops—Ogeemah 12, Indian 11, Cayuga 10, Dorothea 9, Esperance 7, Trio 5, Limit 2, Quinke 1. Catboats—Colleen 10, Martha M. 10, Orient 6, Rosali 6, Beth 3, Albert, 0.

The boats went twice over the regular Association course. The start was off Ulmer Park, and a S.W. breeze made the journey a reach to the Atlantic Y. C. mark, another reach to Fort Hamilton, a run to the Marine and Field Club and a reach home. On the second round of the course, a shift of the wind toward the S. turned the first leg into windward work. Ogeemah led the fleet home. She had to allow Trio 17m.; Esperance, Cayuga and Indian each 15m., and Dorothea 10m. Dorothea and Indian were respectively first and second on corrected time. In the catboat class, Colleen won from Martha M. by 28s. corrected time. The last race of the series is scheduled for September 10. The summaries follow:

Sloops—Mixed Class—Start, 3:10.				
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Dorothea, C. L. Dingens.....	4 42 54	1 32 54	1 32 54	
Indian, H. F. Menton.....	4 53 22	1 43 22	1 38 22	
Ogeemah, Alfred Mackay.....	4 39 24	1 29 24	1 29 24	
Cayuga, H. F. Cunningham.....	4 59 07	1 49 07	1 34 07	
Esperance, T. A. Hamilton.....	4 59 35	1 49 35	1 34 35	
Trio, C. H. Clayton.....	5 05 07	1 55 07	1 38 07	
Catboats—Mixed Class—Start, 3:15.				
Colleen, W. F. Remmey.....	4 52 19	1 36 19	1 36 19	
Martha M., Richard Moore.....	4 53 17	1 37 17	1 36 47	
Rosalie, F. A. Bolles.....	5 05 45	1 50 45	1 42 45	
Orient, Richard Rummell.....	5 04 30	1 49 30	1 45 30	
Beth, H. F. Eggert.....	5 29 50	2 14 50	1 59 50	
Albert, H. F. Lane.....	Did not finish.			

Marine and Field Club.

Bath Beach, L. I.—Saturday, August 6.

THREE of the new one-design boats of the Marine and Field Club started in a race for a cup offered by F. J. Havens on the afternoon of Saturday, August 6. Alpha won, beating Delta by 2s. at the finish. Beta, which has been carrying off all the honors of the class, was last boat. The little sloops went three times over a triangle, with the start off the club station at Bath Beach and buoys at the Atlantic Y. C. and Fort Hamilton. It was a close reach to the first mark, another reach to the second and a run home. The summaries follow:

Sloops—Class RR—Start, 3:05.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Alpha, Holcombe & Howell.....	5 52 15	2 47 15	
Delta, J. J. Mahoney.....	5 52 17	2 47 17	
Beta, Snedeker & Camp.....	5 54 30	2 49 30	

Teacher: "Why weren't you at school yesterday, Tommy?" Tommy: "'Cause me mudder was making bread, and I couldn't get the basin to wash me face in—that's why."—Shooting Times.

Seawanhaka Cup Races.

BY WILLIAM Q. PHILLIPS.

THE present match is the tenth which has been sailed for the cup, the trophy having been offered in 1895. The original medallions on the cup itself have all been filled with records of races, and this year sees a new series begun on the base. In the first and second matches the Seawanhaka Y. C., as the original trustee, assumed the defense, the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. winning the cup in 1896. Since then they have defended it against the following successive challenges: Three from the Seawanhaka Y. C. and one each from the White Bear Y. C., the Island Sailing Club, the Bridgeport Y. C., and the Manchester Y. C. It will be seen that with the exception of the first White Bear match and the English challenge, that the challenges have been from the Eastern seaboard; and in deciding to accept the challenge of the White Bear Y. C. for this season, there was a frank recognition of the fact that the West ought to have another chance, particularly as the special type of boat required for the work has been more highly developed on the small western lakes than elsewhere. Again, the White Bear people, more than any others, have kept closely in touch with the racing for the Seawanhaka cup, one or two of their men always being present; and finally, it may be added, that the White Bears are very popular at Dorval, both afloat and ashore, and as the social side of the match is by no means unimportant, the present event has been attractive in many ways outside of the racing.

The boat finally selected to represent the challenging club was known as Sigma in the trial races, and finally named White Bear. She comes from the shop of Jones & Laborde, Oshkosh, Mr. Jones being present at Dorval to look after her, and is a typical scow of the Oshkosh type, with more beam, and, if anything, fuller ends than the Tecumseh of two years ago. She is noticeably well built, her framing being heavier than the rules demand. She is fitted with bilge boards of the normal type, and port and starboard rudders working together. While maintaining the flat, low-sided appearance of her predecessors, she is really quite powerful and able to carry sail in a breeze—a quality lacking in the last two or three challengers. In light airs she is perhaps too stiff, and even with the crew to leeward does not get down to her best form. Her strong point is all-around work in moderate to fresh breezes with fairly smooth water.

The Noorna, selected for the defense, is one of two boats built this year from designs by Mr. F. P. Shearwood, and is of the same general type as his previous creations. Two details claim attention, however; the main halliards are of flexible wire, leading down through the deck, where they are wound on drums operated by large wooden hand wheels. The arrangement is very neat, and reduces the amount of loose gear both on deck and below. The bilge boards, now an established feature of the Shearwood boats, are not flat, but shaped like a spoon oar, and in addition are of a compound type. The upper half of each board is a sheath or case, through which the lower blade works, the same gear controlling both. In lowering the board, the sheath drops first, and then discharges the single blade, the concave side of the spoon being to leeward. The arrangement works very smoothly, and is a clever piece of mechanical design and construction, but—beware of the weeds!

Noorna is regarded as a good all-around performer, and a fair match for Thorella, the boat of last year. This perhaps is enough, for Thorella is quite an exceptional boat, and the selection of a new boat for the defense this year has been as much a matter of sentiment as of necessity.

The races, as usual, were managed by three judges: H. P. Clark, appointed by the White Bear Y. C.; W. Q. Phillips, appointed by the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.; and W. P. Stephens, unanimously selected as third judge.

On Wednesday and Thursday morning, August 3 and 4, the judges were busy measuring; both boats carried practically the full sail area of 500 square feet, but were well inside the limit of waterline, the figures being White Bear, 25ft. 7in.; Noorna, 25ft. 5½in. The crews weighed in as follows: White Bear, L. P. Ordway (helmsman), F. M. Douglass, T. L. Wann, Jack Ordway; total, 636 pounds. Noorna, Chas. Routh (helmsman), M. C. Finley, Thornton Davidson, Huntley Gordon; total, 645 pounds.

Thursday, August 4.

The skipper of Noorna won the toss, and elected that the first race should be to windward and return. There was a light breeze in the morning, but at one o'clock, when the fleet arrived at the mark off Point Claire, there was not enough wind to warrant an attempt to lay a course. Except for fitful catpaws, this state of affairs continued throughout the afternoon. The sun was hot, and the general conditions uncomfortable; the judges waited until after three o'clock, when all hope of a race was abandoned, and the red ball half-masted, showing that the race was off.

Friday, August 5.

There was a moderate breeze from the south all morning, and at one o'clock it was working around to the west. The mark in Beaconfield Bay was therefore selected as the starting point, and two miles to windward logged out by Sir George Drummond's steam yacht Wild Rose. The start was made at 2:10, White Bear leading over the line by a fair margin. The boats worked out in short tacks, and so long as the wind held true White Bear kept her lead. In less than half an hour, however, the wind dropped to about three or four miles per hour, and very fluky. First one boat would get a puff and then the other. The luck favored Noorna, and she gradually drew ahead, turning the weather mark with a lead of over 2m. From this to the completion of the second round Noorna continued to gain, but the wind was so soft that there seemed to be small chance of a finish in the time limit of 3½ hours. On the final round, however, the wind backed to the south, making a reaching course, and as it improved in strength, White Bear gained over a minute. It is therefore fair to say that White Bear lost the race in a drift which would never have allowed a finish. However, this is the luck of the game. The times were as follows:

First Round.		
	1st Buoy.	2d Buoy.
Noorna	2 59 20	2 23 00
White Bear	3 01 45	3 25 10

Second Round.		
Noorna	4 13 04	4 40 05
White Bear	4 20 30	4 46 20
Third Round.		
Noorna	5 02 35	5 19 17
White Bear	5 07 30	5 25 02

Just after the finish the steam yachts Nama and Karma were in collision, Nama getting off easily, but Karma's stem was split to the waterline. Fortunately the break was outside the rabbit and left the plank ends uninjured; she was repaired the same evening at Dorval.

Saturday, August 6.

There was a fresh south wind all morning, working round to southwest in the afternoon, its strength varying from 15 to 25 miles per hour. The triangular course was used, all marks to starboard giving windward work on the first leg and two reaches home. A start was made at 2 P. M., the wind and sea being quite vicious at the time; both boats were under three reefs and small jibs. White Bear led across the line 27s. after the gun, Noorna following at 2:11:18. The windward work was very trying for both boats and crews, nothing but the finest of seamanship keeping the boats going. The wind and sea were at their worst on this first round, and the club steamer St. Louis could not get near enough to take accurate times at the weather mark. Apparently White Bear led by 4s., and in any case her lead at the start had been considerably reduced. On the two next legs, sailed with a full sheet, she pulled away again, the following times being taken:

	1st Mark.	2d Mark.	3d Mark.
White Bear	2 23 34	2 29 38	2 36 32
Noorna	2 23 38	2 30 45	2 38 25

On the second round the wind was a little steadier, but the relative performances of the boats were much the same; in fact, the elapsed times on the weather leg were almost identical with those of the first round, Noorna gaining as before, but losing on the reaching. The times were:

	1st Mark.	2d Mark.	3d Mark.
White Bear	2 59 56	3 06 58	3 14 55
Noorna	3 00 50	3 09 03	3 16 42

On the final round, the wind moderated so that the reefed sails were carried more effectively, and in addition Noorna shook out a reef for the final reaching; thus showing a gain on every leg. As it was, the finish was close and exciting, both boats driving across the line at high speed. The final round was timed:

	1st Mark.	2d Mark.	Finish.
White Bear	3 36 13	3 42 40	3 49 29
Noorna	3 37 30	3 43 45	3 50 22

White Bear wins by 53s. Lead at start, 51s. Difference in elapsed time, 2s.

Both yachts sailed down to the club wharf with a fair wind, and until they arrived no one but the crew of Noorna knew that she had met with a mishap that nearly put her out of the race just before the second gun. Each of her two rudders carries a short tiller, and these are connected by a wooden rod, to which the main tiller is attached. This rod broke, putting the port rudder out of action. Fortunately the break was scarf-wise, and it was possible to effect hasty repairs by fishing it with battens. This cost valuable time at the start, and was a constant source of anxiety, and, to some extent, an interference with the handling of the boat throughout the races. When the fact became known there was much gossip and speculation as to what might have been, but this talk was entirely subordinate to the hearty congratulations to the White Bear crew, who had won a hard race in weather by no means suited to the scow type. This race proved White Bear to be a distinct advance over Tecumseh, the Oshkosh boat of two years ago, which was hopelessly beaten under similar weather conditions.

For this race Mr. Douglass and Mr. Wann, of the White Bear crew, were replaced by Commodore Elmer and Evan Rees. Mr. Douglass was merely out of sorts, but Mr. Wann had been nipped by sciatica on Friday during the race, and on his return was unable to climb the stairs. Unwilling to miss Saturday's race, he was carried aboard the Karma and made comfortable on the deck, although unable even to sit in a chair.

Rhode Island Letter.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Aug. 6.—Race week for the Narragansett Bay Y. R. A., the most important event of the season in Rhode Island waters, begins Monday, August 15, and the arrangements for the series of five open regattas to be held are about completed. There are four clubs in the Association, each of which will have charge of one of the events of the week, and the fifth race will be an Association race, as the Conanicut Y. C., of Jamestown, is not in the membership this year. All the races are open to the yachts of any club of recognized standing anywhere, and a number of outside craft are expected to enter and compete with those of local fame for cups and honors. The executive committee of the Association has made careful plans to insure success, and the series is expected to eclipse the fairly successful race week instituted last year, both in the number of entries and in the smoothness of management. The schedule for the week is as follows:

Monday, August 15.—Edgewood Y. C.
Tuesday, August 16.—Bristol Y. C.
Wednesday, August 17.—Fall River Y. C.
Thursday, August 18.—Association race at Jamestown.
Saturday, August 20.—Rhode Island Y. C. at Potter's Cove.

During the same week the annual cruise of the Edgewood Y. C. will take place, the itinerary being identical with that of the racing. The first race of the series is to be held with this club, and the plans are to make the day a gala occasion. All the club fleet, except the boats engaged in racing, will dress ship for the day, and the hospitality of the club will be extended to all visiting yachtsmen. In the evening there will be fireworks and an illumination, and the visitors will be welcomed to a dance in the club house. The cruise will begin Tuesday morning, when the fleet will make a racing run to Bristol, the place of the second race. There will also be racing by the fleet on the runs from Bristol to Newport, and from Newport to Potter's Cove, suitable prizes being offered the winners in all three runs. After the Association race at Jamestown, Thursday, the fleet will lay over at Newport until Saturday morning in order to witness the Astor cup races and the illumination of the New York Y. C. fleet in the evening. The fleet will also remain at Potter's

Cove after the Rhode Island race Saturday, and the cruise will conclude Sunday with a clam-bake at that place, to which many of the craft of other clubs taking part in the Association races will probably remain.

Commodore H. G. Fossner will be in charge of the fleet, and will be assisted by Fleet Captain Benjamin Peckham. The idea of combining the Edgewood cruise with the Association race week is a happy one, and cannot fail to stimulate interest in both events.

Mr. Frederic S. Nock has recently completed at his shop at East Greenwich a new cabin launch, The Buffalo, built as a demonstration boat for the Buffalo Gasolene Motor Company, of Buffalo, N. Y. Rhode Island yachtsmen who have seen this craft have found a type of boat seldom seen in this vicinity. The cabin and top sides present the same general appearance as the average cabin launch, but as seen out of water the peculiar shape of the underbody is very striking. The rabbit line is almost straight from the forefoot to the waterline at the stern, the latter being of the torpedo boat destroyer type. This is conceded to be the form of least resistance, and it is calculated that such a boat can be driven at good speed with a comparatively small amount of power. The exterior finish of the craft is mahogany, and the interior is in light quartered oak. The pilot house and saloon are combined, and there are extension berths giving accommodation for a party of six. The engine room is aft, and there is a galley and a toilet room. The power consists of a Buffalo four-cylinder motor of 20 horse-power, capable of developing about 35 horse-power at its best, turning a 24-inch propeller 800 revolutions a minute. The general dimensions of The Buffalo are as follows: 43ft. over all, 41ft. 6in. waterline, 7ft. 6in. breadth, and 2ft. 6in. extreme draft.

The letter of Mr. Gilbert Ray Hawes, published in a recent number of FOREST AND STREAM, regarding his protest against Little Rhody and Newasi in the ocean race for the Lipton cup, aroused more than a little resentment here in Rhode Island, where it is felt that the little sloop bearing the State's pet name won the race fairly and squarely, and is entitled to all the honor thereof without detracting. It is, perhaps, late in the day to run up signals of distress to the masthead on this matter. The race has been decided by the committee and the cup has been awarded to Little Rhody on merit. As the good faith of the committee is unquestioned, it is to be assumed that Little Rhody is a cruising boat, and that in every way she complied with the conditions of the race. Still, Mr. Hawes' statements on several points are sufficient, perhaps, to cause a misapprehension of the facts that might reflect both on the committee's good judgment and on the integrity of the owner of the winning boat. What Mr. Hawes insists upon in terming Little Rhody a "racing machine" is of small consequence, for, after all, what constitutes a healthy type of boat is largely a matter of personal opinion in many cases, and at all events that question is settled by the decision of the committee. The crew of Little Rhody were beyond suspicion of professionalism. Here are their pedigrees, presented for the enlightenment of those who may still entertain a lingering suspicion on that point:

Charles F. Tillinghast, owner, graduate of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, '95; in business in Providence, R. I.

James H. Thurston, Brown University, '96; lawyer in Providence, and representing the city in the Rhode Island Senate.

George Owen, designer of Little Rhody, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, '94; formerly of Providence, recently engineer for the Hamilton Iron and Steel Company, of Hamilton, Ont., and now with the General Electric Company at Lynn, Mass.

Irving O. Hunt, Brown University, '99; lawyer in Providence.

S. Foster Hunt, navigator of Little Rhody, Brown University, 1904; in business in Providence.

George A. Fuller, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, '97; home in Springfield, Mass., now with the Edison Electric Company, Boston.

These men are all amateurs, although they have some knowledge of seamanship, as they proved, and they finished the race on good time. F. H. Young.

New Rochelle Y. C. Cruising Race.

New Rochelle to Stratford Shoal.

IN the long distance race of New Rochelle Y. C., held on July 16, around Stratford Shoal and return, there were six starters; La Cubana, yawl, J. H. Ives, Manhasset Bay Y. C., finished at 6:10 A. M., July 17, winning by a comfortable margin over the yawl Sayonara, Commodore J. P. Donovan; H. T. Noyes's Ola third, J. B. Ricketts's Katherine fourth, and John Lambden's Gracie fifth. The Idler and Laddie Boy started, but they did not finish.

The start was made at 3:10 P. M., and the times taken at the Stratford Light were: La Cubana, 7:10 P. M.; Katherine, 8:00; Sayonara, 8:15; Ola, 8:32; Gracie, 9:10.

A HIGH SPEED CRUISER.—Mr. Robert C. Fisher, N. Y. Y. C., expects to take possession of his new power yacht Aletes III. next week. She is from designs of Mr. Theo. E. Ferris, and was purchased from the Townsend-Downey Company through the agency of Stanley M. Seaman, New York. A 110 horse-power, six-cylinder Standard engine has been installed, and a speed of 17 miles an hour is looked for by the designer. She is 64ft. over all, 11ft. beam, 4ft. draft, and provides accommodations of pilot house, large engine room, two saloons, toilet room, galley, and cockpit.

A CORRECTION.—One slight error appeared in Mr. Charles D. Mower's splendid story of the Brooklyn Y. C.'s ocean race and we are making a correction at the suggestion of Mr. Charles F. Tillinghast, owner of the winning boat, Little Rhody. It was stated that Little Rhody was entered from the Rhode Island Y. C., which was a mistake, for while Mr. Tillinghast is a member of that organization, the boat was really entered from the Bristol Y. C., which is Mr. Tillinghast's home club.

ADROIT SOLD.—Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt has purchased the high speed steam yacht Adroit (ex-Viven), which boat he has had under charter. She is 100ft. over all, 96ft. waterline, 12ft. breadth, and 4ft. draft.

Hempstead Harbor Y. C.

Hempstead Harbor, Long Island Sound.—Saturday, August 6.

THIRTY-SIX boats started in the thirteenth annual regatta of the Hempstead Harbor Y. C. that was held on Saturday August 6. The start was made at 1:30, at that time there was a little air from the S.W., but the breeze softened to such an extent before the race was half over that the contest was an inconclusive drifting match. The 36 and 30-footers covered a 14-mile course. The starting line was in Hempstead Harbor, thence to Prospect Point, thence to Scotch Caps buoy, thence to Matinicock buoy and back to the starting line. The three smaller classes covered a 6½-mile triangle, and the rest of the starters went over a 1¼-mile course.

At 1:35 the 36-footers were sent away, Mimosa III. crossing in the lead, followed by Anotok and Spasm. Spasm soon moved into the lead, and from that time on was never headed. Spasm beat Mimosa III. 5m. 35s., and Anotok 12m. 22s.

Nike was the only starter in the 30ft. class, and she took a sailover. Alert, Mimosa and the other contenders in this class were conspicuous by their absence. Una had an easy win in the 25ft. sloop class. Snapper was nearly 5m. behind at the finish.

Tomboy, the most likely competitor for Tartan in the race-about class, did not put in an appearance. Rascal II., the new Crowninshield boat, managed to get away with Tartan. The kid finished only 18s. behind Rascal II., and Howdy was 6s. astern of The Kid..

Gazabo captured another first in the 21ft. sloop class. Jeebi was second. In the 18ft. sloop class, Plover trimmed her two competitors easily. Wa Wa added another win to her almost unbroken record in the Indian Harbor one-design class; Kenoshi was second. Chichioer and Wister were outclassed in the Manhasset Bay one-design class, Arizona, the third starter, won with minutes to spare.

There was a good turn out of Hempstead Harbor one-design boats, and of the five starters, Scud had all the best of it. Edsa won in the 18ft. sloop class, while Dunlea won in the 18ft. catboat class. The summary:

Sloops—36ft. Class—Start, 1:35—Course, 14 Knots			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Mimosa III., T. L. Park.....	4 15 38	2 40 38	
Spasm, E. D. King.....	4 10 03	2 35 03	
Anotok, W. G. Brokaw.....	4 28 00	2 53 00	
Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 2:00—Course, 14 Knots.			
Nike, Victor I. Cumnock.....	4 52 32	2 55 32	
Raceabouts—Start, 1:40—Course, 1¼ Knots.			
Tartan, A. H. Pirie.....	4 30 53	2 50 53	
Hobo, T. L. Park.....	4 33 56	2 52 56	
Busy Bee, R. T. Wainwright.....	4 35 41	2 55 41	
The Kid, Oliver Harriman.....	4 26 49	2 46 49	
Cricket, Howard Willets.....	4 30 00	2 50 00	
Rascal II., S. C. Hopkins.....	4 26 31	2 46 31	
Howdy.....	4 26 55	2 46 55	
Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 1:45—Course 1¼ Knots.			
Una, W. Butler Duncan, Jr.....	4 21 54	2 46 54	
Snapper, F. S. Page.....	4 46 45	2 51 45	
Sloops—21ft. Class—Start, 1:50—Course, 1¼ Knots.			
Gazabo, H. T. Vulte.....	5 27 30	3 27 30	
Jeebi, A. D. L. Brown.....	5 26 00	3 26 00	
Skip, C. M. Pinckney.....	Did not finish.		
Luto II., F. P. Currier.....	5 54 55	4 04 55	
Sloops—18ft. Class—Start, 1:50—Course, 1¼ Knots.			
Flim Flam, A. D. Prince.....	5 39 00	3 49 00	
Plover, Howard Place.....	5 23 40	3 33 40	
Scout, M. Cowperthwaite.....	5 44 33	3 54 33	
Indian Harbor One-Design Class—Start, 1:55—Course, 1¼ Knots.			
Wa Wa, J. E. Montells.....	5 25 18	3 30 18	
Kenoshi, C. D. Mallory.....	5 29 47	3 34 47	
Anawanda, E. C. Ray.....	Did not finish.		
Shoshone, G. F. Dominick.....	5 31 52	3 36 52	
Manhasset Bay One-Design Class—Start, 1:55—Course, 1¼ Knots.			
Arizona, G. A. Cory.....	5 37 50	3 42 50	
Chichioer, J. P. Mohr.....	5 45 25	3 50 25	
Wisten, Dunstan Farnham.....	5 52 00	3 57 00	
Hempstead Harbor One-Design Class—Start, 2:00—Course, 6½ Knots.			
Scud, D. Abbott.....	3 49 25	1 49 25	
Wif Waff, H. E. Sayre.....	3 51 13	1 51 13	
Flicker, C. Hardy.....	3 54 50	1 54 50	
Why Not, W. Murdick.....	3 55 10	1 55 10	
Catch Me, E. Fabys.....	3 53 50	1 53 50	
Sloops—Start, 2:05—Course, 6½ Knots.			
Edsa, Samuel Bailey.....	4 34 40	2 29 40	
Unknown.....	5 25 00	3 20 00	
Cats—18ft. Class—Start, 2:05—Course, 6½ Knots.			
Dunlea, C. A. Dunning.....	4 02 05	1 57 05	
Bowton, H. North.....	4 07 45	2 02 45	

Rhode Island Y. C.

Annual Cruise—July 23 to 31, inclusive.

THE annual cruise of the Rhode Island Y. C. was altogether the most enjoyable and successful event in the history of the club. In none of the details upon which such an affair is dependent for success was there anything lacking to give the utmost pleasure to yachtsmen. The weather was well-nigh perfect throughout, the wind was fair on all the port-to-port runs, there was some fine racing, and the week was crowded with social events.

Altogether, there were fifty-one yachts that participated in the cruise, the largest fleet at any one time, including forty-eight, in addition to the fleet of the Sachem's Head Y. C., with which there was a joint cruise for three days.

There was racing on each of the port-to-port runs, for which handsome souvenir prizes were presented by Commodore F. T. Rogers, M.D., a rule being established that no yacht was to receive more than two of the prizes, thus giving more interest to the others in each class.

The yachts included in the fleet were as follows:

Schooners.—Flagship Rusalka, Com. F. T. Rogers; Valmore, John M. Richmond.

Steamers.—Endion, Leroy Fales; Azubah, Col. F. R. Mendelschaefer; Aida, L. H. Tillinghast; Panther, T. Z. Lee.

Launches.—Roberta, Rear-Com. W. O. Todd; Alice, W. C. Perkins; Tuscora, W. Schedley; Grace Alice, H. G. Possner; Golden Rod, G. B. Langmaid; Sahneto, R. L. Greene; Zeta, Otis Brothers; Nautilus, A. J. Scattergood; Buzz, W. E. Hartwell; Lucy W. G. Titcomb.

First Class Sloops.—Millie, W. S. Killey; Rufina, Vice-Com. W. P. Church; Cornelia, R. W. Comstock; Daffodil, W. Halkyard; Lady Mary, Hon. N. W. Aldrich; No. 7, H. E. Kimball; Wena A. Rowland, G. H. Rowland.

Second Class Sloops.—Sachem, W. H. Thurber; Micaboo, W. R. Tillinghast; Petrel, A. E. Johnson; Eumareia, E. K. Hill; Frey, G. F. Brownell; Uarda, H. R. Dean; Dazzler, C. D. Reynolds; Ethelka, A. M. Read; Priscilla, Wood Brothers; Daisy Bell, Fred Mack; Elite, J. B. Sweet; Jocelyn, A. A. Greene; Dixie, D. M. Stearns.

Yawls.—Katherina, A. Homer Skinner; Wanderer, J. I. Maxson; Yebis, Dr. A. M. Potter; Keto, G. L. Robinson; Wemalla, J. Barney; Rahnee, L. A. Budlong; Ragnild, G. W. Evans; Quivette, H. R. Robinson; Rana, E. C. Myrick.

Cats.—Scatt, H. B. Scattergood; Onaway, B. W. Comstock; Mblem, G. E. Darling; Marion, J. R. Bullock; Amphitrite, A. L. Knight; Elizabeth, W. D. Wood.

The racing was good, and several of the boats showed up remarkably well, especially Scatt, which finished first in her class in each of the four runs. The sloop Millie also made a good showing.

The fleet made a rendezvous at Newport, on Saturday afternoon, July 23, the captains holding a meeting aboard the flagship in the evening.

Sunday, July 24—Run to Stonington, 32 Nautical Miles.

There was a fair wind from the N.E., and the sea was smooth. The run was made in good time. The winners were Alice, Millie, Priscilla, Ragnild and Scatt. It rained in the evening, and it was a quiet night for the fleet.

Monday, July 25.

The fleet made a "naval parade," all dressing ship to Watch Hill, 5 miles, starting at 9 o'clock. In the evening there was a complimentary dinner and a dance tendered to the fleet at the Watch Hill House by the proprietor, J. F. Champlin, and an elaborate display of fireworks, provided by Com. Rogers.

Tuesday, July 26—Run of 23 Miles—From Stonington Breakwater to Shelter Island.

In towing out from Watch Hill, several of the fleet ran aground,

and one, Priscilla, sustained damage to her keel that necessitated repairs. The winners in the several classes were Millie, Micaboo, Ragnild and Scatt.

At Shelter Island the fleet was joined by the Sachem's Head Y. C. fleet, under Com. W. E. Peck.

In the evening there was a band concert and a fine display of fireworks in honor of the visitors, at the Shelter Island Y. C. house.

Wednesday, July 27.

In the afternoon there was a regatta by the three clubs, the Rhode Island boats taking two of the four prizes, and the Sachem's Head and Shelter Island boats one each. In the evening the Shelter Island Y. C. tendered a dance at the Prospect House to the visiting fleets, which was a very brilliant affair.

Thursday, July 28—Joint Run of Rhode Island and Sachem's Head Fleets to Block Island.

Eleven of the Sachem's Head boats made the run, including the sloops Mariquita (flagship), Possum, Meudon, Spray, Gloria, Santa, Thelga, and Helene, and the yawls Umbrina, Altair and Pawnee. Com. Rogers, of the R. I. Y. C., offered a club prize, a handsome marine etching, to the fleet making the best average time on the run, and it was won by the Sachem's Head fleet. Two cups, offered by Com. Peck, to the boats making the best and next best time, were won by Lady Mary and Rufina. Millie and Scott won again in their respective classes, but, according to the rules limiting to two prizes, the prizes were awarded to Daffodil and Elizabeth. The other winners were Roberta, Priscilla and Keto. In the evening Com. Rogers, Fleet Capt. Barlow, and Fleet Surgeon Risk, were entertained at dinner by Com. Peck and the officers of the Sachem's Head Y. C., and there was a dance at the Hygeia Hotel, which was largely attended by the yachtsmen.

Friday, July 29—Lay at Anchor in Great Salt Pond, Block Island.

In the evening Com. Rogers entertained the Sachem's Head Y. C. with a dinner and vaudeville entertainment. There were one hundred and fifty-seven guests present from the two fleets, and many pronounced the evening the most conspicuous success of the cruise.

Saturday, July 30.

The two fleets exchanged parting courtesies and the Sachem's Head fleet started for New London, the Rhode Island fleet making a 32-mile run to Bristol. There was a dead calm at the start, but the wind freshened into a rattling breeze. The winners were Alice, Daffodil, Sachem, Rahnee and Elizabeth. Priscilla and Scatt again finished first in their classes, but were barred from the prizes. Scatt won a special prize offered by the commodore for the best showing made by a cat on the cruise, and Alice won a special prize offered by the rear-commodore for launches.

Saturday evening there was a complimentary dance at the Bristol Y. C., and Sunday morning the fleet disbanded at Potter's Cove, where a club bake was served.

Altogether, in the size of the fleet, weather, sailing conditions and the social events of the week, the cruise was far and away the most brilliant success ever achieved by the club.

F. H. YOUNG.

Shelter Island Y. C.

Shelter Island, N. Y.—Wednesday, July 27.

AN interclub regatta, incident to the visit of the Rhode Island and Sachem's Head yacht clubs to Shelter Island on their annual cruises, was held Wednesday afternoon, July 27, under the auspices of the Shelter Island Y. C. The event was highly successful, as there was a strong S.W. wind that held throughout the afternoon, and the leaders made fast time over the triangular course, which was sailed twice over, a distance of 12 miles. There were eighteen entries, arranged in four classes, with a good representation from each of the three clubs.

For the first class sloops the prize was a handsome silver dish, offered by proprietor Hathaway, of the Prospect House. In the other three classes the prizes were club mugs, presented by the Shelter Island Y. C. The special prize was captured by a Shelter Island boat, the Rhode Island boats winning in two of the other classes, and the fourth prize going to a Sachem's Head boat. In the first class, the Shelter Island sloops Kalmia and Woglinde had things their own way, Kalmia winning out and giving Possum, of the Sachem's Head Y. C., her first defeat in sixteen races. Priscilla and Ethelka, of the Rhode Island Y. C., both fast boats, especially Priscilla, were clearly outclassed. Woglinde protested Kalmia for having a professional skipper, and there was some talk of Possum protesting both boats for alleged fouls. The Kalmia won, however, and it was a beautifully sailed race. The start, the first round and the finish were in among the big fleet of about one hundred yachts anchored in the cove off the club house, and there was some clever navigating exhibited by the skippers in all classes.

In the smaller sloop class there were seven entries, and a Rhode Island boat, Micaboo, won by 6m. Of the four boats in the cat class, Elizabeth (R. I.) won in a prettily sailed race, and the Sachem's Head yawl Altair defeated Ragnild (R. I.) by over 14m. Many of the launches of the three clubs carried large parties over the course to view the racing. The summary:

First Class Sloops—Special Prize—Start, 2:05.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Kalmia, G. T. Hollister (S. I.).....	3 58 34	1 53 34	1 47 33
Woglinde, A. B. Weber (S. I.).....	4 00 49	1 55 49	1 50 36
Possum, E. C. & B. R. Seward (S. H.).....	4 05 18	2 00 18	2 00 18
Ethelka, A. M. Read (R. I.).....	4 15 35	2 10 35	2 02 10
Priscilla, Wood Bros. (R. I.).....	4 18 45	2 13 45	2 03 20
Second Class Sloops—Start, 2:10.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Micaboo, W. R. Tillinghast (R. I.).....	4 24 41	2 14 41	
Nadje, A. L. Douglas (S. I.).....	4 30 40	2 20 40	
Sachem, W. H. Thurber (R. I.).....	4 32 37	2 22 37	
Thelga, J. Rogers (S. H.).....	4 34 22	2 24 22	
Gloria, H. P. Brown (S. H.).....	4 38 49	2 28 49	
Kobold, R. M. Kitching (S. I.).....	4 53 49	2 43 49	
Petrel, A. E. Johnson (R. I.).....	4 54 23	2 44 23	
Third Class Cats—Start, 2:15.			
Elizabeth, W. D. Wood (R. I.).....	4 20 24	2 05 24	
Scatt, H. B. Scattergood (R. I.).....	4 23 55	2 08 55	
Mblem, G. E. Darling (R. I.).....	4 26 11	2 11 11	
Isolde, C. Pickhardt (S. I.).....	4 30 03	2 15 03	
Fourth Class Yawls—Start, 2:10.			
Altair, A. V. R. Thompson (S. H.).....	4 41 14	2 31 14	
Ragnild, G. W. Evans (R. I.).....	4 55 45	2 45 45	

F. H. YOUNG.

Edgewood Y. C.

Narragansett Bay, R. I.—Saturday, Aug. 6.

AN open club regatta was held by the Edgewood Y. C. on the afternoon of Saturday, Aug. 6, in a stiff S. breeze that sent the racers over the course in good time, and provided some interesting sport. There were fourteen entries arranged in four classes, in one of which there was only one boat. The course was a short triangular one, sailed three times over, making a total distance of 11 nautical miles. With the prevailing wind this gave good conditions, a broad reach, a close fetch to windward with a little tacking, and a run down the wind, enabling the sloops to use their spinnakers.

As usual in club regattas in this club, the interest centered in the 30ft. cat class, in which there were five entries. Mblem started first and led the fleet over the first round; but Elizabeth picked up and passed her on the second round, winning by nearly 3m.

Scatt, the champion of her class in the Rhode Island Y. C. annual cruise, did not show up well, and was over 7m. behind Elizabeth. The Flint boys had made some changes in Wanderer III., and gave her the first try under new conditions. The lead on the keel had been removed, and inside ballast substituted, and one of the sails of the old Wanderer was bent on in place of the original. The effect was noticeable, and the boat did the best work she has yet shown in a race, holding close behind Scatt for about half the race. Her owners, however, were only trying her out, and withdrew at this point, as they were going away on a short cruise over Sunday.

There was some close work in the 25ft. sloop class, Priscilla, of Fall River, finishing first, but losing to Amanita, of Jamestown, on time allowance. There was a protest entered against Amanita for failure to follow the right side of a buoy on the course, and Amanita's owner protested Priscilla, a considerably larger boat, on the ground that she did not belong in the class. This made a complex situation for the committee, and a decision on the race was deferred.

Mae Hope sailed alone in the 25ft. class, and in the 15ft. class

only two boats finished out of the five entries, two of them carrying away their masts. The summary follows:

25ft. Knockabouts—Start, 2:19—Course 11 Miles.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Amanita, E. Bonsick.....	4 28 08	2 09 08	2 06 15
Priscilla, W. S. Wood.....	4 26 41	2 07 41	2 07 41
Skraeling, H. Willoughby.....	4 30 28	2 11 28	2 10 13
30ft. Cats—Start 2:35—Course 11 Miles.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Elizabeth, W. D. Wood.....	4 42 26	2 07 26	
Mblem, G. E. Darling.....	4 45 20	2 10 20	
Scatt, H. B. Scattergood.....	4 49 48	2 14 48	
Clara, W. J. Benns.....	5 07 53	2 32 53	
Wanderer III., H. J. & D. W. Flint.....	Did not finish.		
25ft. Cats—Start, 2:37—Course 11 Miles.			
Mae Hope, D. C. Stranger.....	5 10 11	2 33 11	
15ft. Cats—Start, 2:37—Course, 1¼ Miles.			
Seamory, I. Scattergood.....	3 05 10	0 28 10	
Don, J. Langdon.....	3 16 02	0 39 02	
Modox, H. Possner.....	Disabled.		
Nemo, — Sharples.....	Disabled.		
Ruth, E. Kettley.....	Did not finish.		

F. H. YOUNG.

Southern Gulf Coast Y. A. Racing Circuit.

Gulfport, Miss., Sound—July 29 and 30.

THE fifth event in the season's racing circuit of the six clubs forming the Southern Gulf Coast Y. A. took place at Gulfport, Miss., Friday and Saturday, July 29 and 30. The Gulfport Y. C. splitting its regatta up into two days' sport. The first day was given over to small open sloops, racing machines of the Seawanhaka cup class type and catboats. The day was a splendid one, with a good breeze, and the sport was excellent. Kayoshk sailed away from the rest of the fleet. The summary:

Open Sloops—Racing Machines—18ft. and Over.			
	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Kayoshk.....	1 21 21	1 21 16	
Moki.....	1 26 22	1 26 17	
Virgin.....	1 26 56	1 26 06	
Katherine.....	1 50 46	1 50 46	
Open Sloops—Racing Machines—Under 18ft.			
Huzzy.....	1 44 36	1 43 36	
Minnehaha.....	1 48 24	1 48 24	
Biloxi Girl.....	1 56 08	1 55 07	
Reliance.....	Withdraw.		
Open Sloops—Model—22ft. and Over.			
Violetta.....	1 47 49	1 47 49	
Ethelwyn.....	2 12 04	2 12 04	
Trouble.....	Disasted.		
Open Sloops—Model—Under 22ft.			
Gladiola.....	1 33 34	1 33 34	
Model Catboats.			
Chilikitah.....	1 44 39	1 44 39	
Special Catboats, 19ft. and Under 24ft.			
Skipper.....	1 58 16	1 58 16	
Special Catboats—Under 19ft.			
Althea G.....	1 47 11		
Maggie B.....	1 53 20		
Tramp.....	2 10 42		
Uncle Dick.....	2 23 30		

The cabin sloops, knockabouts and racing machines were on the programme for the second day, and it turned out to be one of the grandest yacht races ever seen in the South. At the start the wind was 7 knots, which increased on the second round of the 5-mile triangle to fully 12 knots. The feature of the day was the second duel in these waters between the 25-footers Calypso and Chewink III., and a finer, tighter race could hardly be imagined. Calypso winning by the narrow margin of 32s. Calypso started 40s. in the lead of Chewink, and they drove around the first 5 miles holding these relative positions exactly, neither gaining nor losing, so that when they were timed for the start of the second round they were still 40s. apart.

On the second round, with the increasing breeze, Calypso pulled away 27s., and counting a time allowance of 5s., she won by just 1m. 2s. These are probably the two best known cabin sloops of their size in the country; and although the scene of their contests has shifted from Massachusetts waters to those of the Gulf, their battles are continuing to be keen and interesting. Calypso carried her last year's mainsail, which is none too good, and a new jib. Both boats were black-leaded to the rail. Chewink was rather light in ballast, and she would have handled better if she had carried a thousand pounds more lead. In the North she carried about two thousand pounds in her centerboard, but this was carried away when she was being sailed from Boston to New York, preparatory for shipment by steamer. A new board was made for her here which contained only 700 pounds of lead, her owners deciding to carry a larger crew to make up the difference in weight. The live ballast idea has hardly seemed satisfactory, and it is probable that she will be given the designed chunk of lead and the crew cut down to about six.

The contests in all the other classes was also notably close and exciting. Kayoshk beat Moki only 50s. in the scow class; in the one-design knockabout class, Sinner beat Siren by 1m. and 19s., and in the second class of cabin sloops Nyda lost to Invader by 2m. and 19s. after taking a severe blanketing from both Calypso and Chewink III. in turn as they passed her on her course.

The last event in the S. G. C. Y. A. series takes place under the auspices of the Southern Y. C., at New Orleans, Saturday, Aug. 6. The summary:

Cabin Sloops—30ft. Rating and Over.			
	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Calypso.....	1 17 11	1 17 06	
Chewink III.....	1 17 38	1 17 38	
Cabin Sloops—Under 30ft. Rating.			
Invader.....	1 21 55	1 21 55	
Nyda.....	1 26 14	1 24 14	
Alpha Tau.....	1 37 30	1 30 25	
Knockabouts.			
Sinner.....	1 32 17	1 32 17	
Siren.....	1 33 36	1 33 36	
Racing Machines.			
Kayoshk.....	1 10 32	1 10 32	
Moki.....	1 11 22	1 11 22	
Virgin.....	1 17 20	1 16 36	

S. D. SAMPSEEL.

Hartford Y. C. Cruising Race.

Fenwick, Conn., to Block Island.

THE cruising race of the Hartford Y. C. was from Fenwick, Conn., to and around Block Island and return. The race was sailed without time allowance. The wind throughout the race was S.W., and the sea was reasonably smooth. There were five starters, and Saunterer won. The summary follows:

	Elapsed.	
Saunterer, Thomas H. Smith.....	15 26 40	
Neeche, R. H. & W. S. Schultz.....	18 29 10	
Oliva, Charles N. Flagg.....	18 37 50	
Widgeon, Henry Steers.....	16 39 00	
Procyon, C. A. & F. S. Goodwin.....	19 28 44	

Erie Y. C.</

Boston Y. C.

Midsummer Series, Y. R. A. Open—Hull, Mass., July 27.

With a lively breeze from the S. and a smooth sea, the annual midsummer series of Y. R. A. open races, given by the Boston Y. C., commenced at Hull on Wednesday, July 27. Forty-five yachts crossed the starting line, all of which finished. In the 30ft. class, Chewink IV. was across the starting line first with Sauquoit on her weather quarter. They at once started to luff, but Chewink IV. pulled away and led to the finish. Warrior was first across the starting line in the 22ft. class, followed by Peri II., Clotho and Medric. Medric and Clotho went at the windward end of the line and in the best positions for the first reach. At the first mark Clotho had the lead, followed by Peri II., Medric and Warrior. On the beat to windward Peri II. went to the lead and held it until the Peddock's Island mark was turned for the second time. On the second beat to windward Clotho took the lead and held it to the finish. The 18-footers were all bunched at the starting line, twenty-three of them in all. Napier was the first boat in the class to get across. They held well together until the first mark was reached, where Menace was first and Hayseed second, with the rest of the class bunched. On the beat to windward Hayseed went by Menace to first place, while Boo Hoo went into second place, with Menace, Arrow and Arbeka II. right after them. Hayseed held her lead for the rest of the way, with Boo Hoo second, while Miladi II. went up to third place. Tabasco, Jr., led from the start in the 15ft. class, and this was also true of L'Aiglon in the first handicap class and Scapegoat in the second handicap class. The summary:

Class C—Restricted 30-Footers.

	Elapsed.
Chewink IV., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	0 54 21
Sauquoit, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	0 59 09

Class E—Restricted 22-Footers.

	Elapsed.
Clotho, Cheney & Lanning	0 58 59
Peri II., George Lee	0 59 08
Medric, H. H. White	1 00 39
Warrior, S. C. Winsor	1 01 02

Class I—18ft. Knockabouts.

	Elapsed.
Hayseed, H. L. Bowden	1 04 39
*Boo Hoo, R. Boardman	1 05 50
Miladi II.	1 06 12
Arrow, E. A. Boardman	1 06 12
Kittiwake V., H. M. Jones	1 06 32
Alladin, Keith Bros.	1 06 44
Arbeka II., F. P. Bowden	1 06 45
Napier, B. S. Permar	1 07 27
Bonito, G. H. Wightman	1 07 30
Bat, C. F. Adams 2d.	1 07 37
Menace, H. H. Hunt	1 07 41
Moslem II., B. D. Barker	1 08 00
Mirage II., J. W. Olmstead	1 08 28
Humbug, Cole & Bacon	1 08 42
Gertrude, H. E. Lynch	1 08 43
Fritter, Cable Loring	1 09 00
Aspinquid II., C. M. Foster	1 09 10
Dorchin, A. W. Finlay	1 09 32
Privateer II., Alden & Carlton	1 09 42
Moslem I.	1 11 07
Again, L. B. Goodspeed	1 11 54
Nicknack, E. B. Holmes	1 13 52
*Alladin protested the Boo Hoo.	

Class T—Restricted 15-Footers.

	Elapsed.
Tabasco, Jr., H. H. Wiggin	1 08 34
Ventus II., Keith Pevear	1 09 25
Vera II., H. Lundberg	1 12 49

Dorchester Dorries.

	Elapsed.
Hobo	1 20 55
Blat	1 23 20
San Toy	1 27 06
Lurline II.	1 29 42
Run Horse	1 31 41

First Handicap.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
L'Aiglon, E. W. Hodgson	0 58 06	0 58 06
Jingo, G. B. Doane	0 59 41	0 59 41
Mildred II., S. P. Moses	1 02 26	1 01 16
Thelema, A. C. Jones	1 04 22	1 03 12
Kit, H. B. Whittier	1 03 43	1 03 43

Second Handicap.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Scapegoat, W. P. Keys	1 04 51	1 04 51
Jacobin, T. W. King	1 07 06	1 05 48
Tunipoo, C. A. Cooley	1 06 55	1 06 55

Thursday, July 28.

A rail breeze from the S., with smooth sea and a rather hazy sky was given the yachtsmen for the second of the midsummer series. In the 30ft. class Sauquoit was over the starting line ahead of the gun and had to return. Chewink IV. got the start and led all over the course. Sauquoit's mast went by the board just after she had turned the first mark. In the 22-footers, Peri II. got the weather berth at the start and opened up a good lead before the first mark was reached, holding it all the way around the course, with Clotho second. Twenty-three starters in the 18ft. class did their usual crowding at the start. Arrow got her wind clear first and had the lead before the first mark was reached. She also led on the windward leg, but Miladi II. cut in on her at the Strawberry Hill mark and led until this mark was turned again, when Hugi was first, with Kittiwake V. second. Miladi II. went through her lee, however, and finished in first place. In the 15-footers Vera II. got the start and led all over the course. Meemer got the start in the first handicap class and led all over the course. L'Aiglon stuck close to her all the way, however, and got first on corrected time. Scapegoat got the start in the second handicap class and led all over the course, but lost to Jacobin on time allowance. A close race in the dory class was won by Lurline II. The summary:

Class C—30-Footers.

	Elapsed.
Chewink IV., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	1 27 29
Waska, S. R. Anthony	1 29 00
Sauquoit, F. R. Lothrop, Jr.	Disabled.

Class E—22-Footers.

	Elapsed.
Peri II., George Lee	1 32 06
Clotho, Cheney & Lanning	1 34 12
Warrior, S. C. Winsor	1 36 43
Medric, H. H. White	1 37 14

Class I—18-Footers.

	Elapsed.
Miladi II., F. R. Adams	1 43 10
Kittiwake V., H. M. Jones	1 43 29
Hugi, A. E. Chase	1 43 30
Arrow, E. A. Boardman	1 43 42
Hayseed, H. L. Bowden	1 44 37
Mirage II., J. W. Olmstead	1 44 45
Napier, B. S. Permar	1 45 45
Arbeka II., F. P. Bowden	1 46 05
Bonito, G. H. Wightman	1 46 15
Bat, C. F. Adams 2d.	1 46 39
Moslem II., B. D. Barker	1 46 55
Boo Hoo, Reginald Boardman	1 47 15
Dorchin, A. W. Finlay	1 47 29
Again, L. H. Goodspeed	1 47 30
Humbug, Cole & Bacon	1 47 50
Privateer II., Alden & Carlton	1 48 16
Menace, J. H. Hunt	1 48 50
Gertrude, H. E. Lynch	1 49 40
Fritter, W. C. Loring, Jr.	1 49 55
Aspinquid II., C. M. Foster	1 49 57
Moslem	1 54 00
Nicknack, E. B. Holmes	1 54 25
Alladin, Keith Bros.	Disabled.

Class T—15-Footers.

	Elapsed.
Vera II., H. Lundberg	1 07 56
Tabasco, Jr., H. H. Wiggin	1 11 37
Ventus II., H. K. Pevear	1 11 58

D. Y. C. Dorries.

	Elapsed.
Lurline II.	1 22 41
Hobo	1 22 47
Blat	1 30 27
Running Horse	Capized.

First Handicap.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
L'Aiglon, E. W. Hodgson	1 33 25	1 28 55
Jingo, G. B. Doane	1 34 59	1 30 29
Mildred II., S. P. Moses	1 37 57	1 30 45
Meemer, R. C. Nickerson	1 30 37	1 30 37

Second Handicap.

	Elapsed.
Jacobin, T. W. Ring	1 45 18
Scapegoat, W. P. Keys	1 42 28
Tunipoo, C. A. Cooley	1 46 11

Saturday, July 30.

The last of the midsummer series of open races of the Boston Y. C., sailed on Saturday, July 30, was the best of all. The breeze was fresh, S.S.E. at the start, hauling to S.S.W. at the finish. The hauling of the wind, however, did not in any way spoil the racing. Fifty-one yachts crossed the starting line, and all but three of these finished. In the 30ft. class, Chewink IV. got the start and again led to the finish. Sauquoit again had hard luck, carrying away her throat halliards on the first leg, which compelled her to withdraw. In the 22-footers, Peri II. got the start, but on the windward leg Opitsah V. took the lead, with Clotho second and Peri II. third. On the next leg, a reach, both Clotho and Peri II. passed Opitsah and Peri got the lead before the next mark was reached, only to lose it to Clotho and Opitsah on account of failing wind. Clotho led to the Peddock's Island mark, after turning which, Opitsah managed to get the windward berth on her. Opitsah kept Clotho under her lee all the way on the second windward leg until the mark was reached, when Opitsah stood too far and Clotho turned inside of her. Clotho led from this out, while Peri II. went into second place. In the 18-footers Bat came out of the bunch of twenty-three starters and took the lead, with Arrow following only a few seconds behind all the way around the course. In the 15-footers Tabasco, Jr., got the start, but Vera II. went ahead of her before the mark was reached and led all around the course. In the first handicap class Meemer led all around the course, but L'Aiglon again got first place on corrected time. In the second handicap class Scapegoat led all the way. The summary:

Class C—30-Footers.

	Elapsed.
Chewink, F. G. Macomber, Jr.	1 26 20
Waska, S. R. Anthony	1 33 35
Sauquoit, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	Disabled.

Class E—22-Footers.

	Elapsed.
Clotho, Cheney & Lanning	1 32 58
Peri II., George Lee	1 33 18
Opitsah V., S. H. & H. J. Foster	1 33 34
Warrior, S. C. Winsor	1 35 20
Medric, H. H. White	1 36 15
Tayac, W. H. Joyce	1 42 05

Class I—18-Footers.

	Elapsed.
Bat, C. F. Adams 2d.	1 41 01
Arrow, E. A. Boardman	1 41 19
Hayseed, H. L. Bowden	1 41 44
Alladin, Keith Bros.	1 42 34
Mirage II., J. W. Olmstead	1 45 10
Miladi II., F. R. Adams	1 45 16
Again, L. B. Goodspeed	1 45 34
Hugi, A. E. Chase	1 45 52
Kittiwake V., H. M. Jones	1 46 22
Arbeka II., F. P. Bowden	1 46 44
Napier, B. S. Permar	1 47 22
Gertrude, H. E. Lynch	1 47 24
Humbug, Cole & Bacon	1 47 30
Menace, J. H. Hunt	1 47 40
Dominoe, C. C. Clapp	1 48 30
Aspinquid II., C. M. Foster	1 50 26
Fritter, W. C. Loring, Jr.	1 50 32
Moslem	1 50 35
Moslem II., B. D. Barker	1 50 39
Privateer II., Alden & Carlton	1 50 56
Bonito, G. H. Wightman	1 51 09
Nicknack, E. B. Holmes	1 54 53
Biza, Alfred Douglas	Withdraw.

Class T—15-Footers.

	Elapsed.
Vera II., H. Lundberg	1 08 28
Ventus II., H. R. Pevear	1 09 06
Tabasco, Jr., H. H. Wiggin	1 13 10

D. Y. C. Dorries.

	Elapsed.
Zaza	1 10 50
Lurline II.	1 17 08
Hobo	1 17 28
Running Horse	1 23 53
San Toy	1 23 54
Blat	1 24 15

First Handicap.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
L'Aiglon, E. W. Hodgson	1 35 45	1 31 05
Jingo, G. B. Doane	1 35 59	1 31 19
Kit, H. W. Whittier	1 38 45	1 33 09
Meemer, R. C. Nickerson	1 33 36	1 33 36
Mildred II., G. P. Moses	Disabled.	

Second Handicap.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Scapegoat, W. P. Keys	1 41 49	1 41 49
Jacobin, T. W. King	1 46 32	1 43 29
Anne, C. B. Pratt	1 55 05	1 44 54
Mildred, C. A. Coleman	1 51 19	1 46 14
Tunipoo, C. A. Cooley	1 46 38	1 46 38

Marblehead, Tuesday, Aug. 2.

A Y. R. A. open race was given by the Boston Y. C. at Marblehead on Tuesday, Aug. 2, which, on account of almost an entire lack of wind, might be called a clear fluke. Chewink IV. got the start in the 30-footers, and led until the wind failed entirely, when Sauquoit drifted up by her and led to the finish. Medric got the start in the 22-footers, with the rest of the class bunched. Medric and Clotho had a S.W. breeze near the finish, while Opitsah got it off the other shore, and Opitsah won out. Otter won in the 18-footers, Crescent in the dories, Tabasco, Jr., in the 15-footers, Jingo in the first handicap class, and Scapegoat in the second handicap class. The summary:

Class C—30-footers.

	Elapsed.
Sauquoit, T. R. Lothrop, Jr.	2 03 26
Chewink IV., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	2 05 12

Class E—22-footers.

	Elapsed.
Opitsah V., S. H. & H. J. Foster	2 01 21
Clotho, Cheney & Lanning	2 01 25
Medric, H. H. White	2 01 56
Peri II., George Lee	2 02 45
Urchin, John Greenough	2 04 08

Class I—18-footers.

	Elapsed.
Otter, A. D. Irving	2 04 48
Moslem II., B. D. Barker	2 05 00
Hayseed, H. L. Bowden	2 05 36
Bat, C. F. Adams 2d.	2 06 15
Arrow, E. A. Boardman	2 07 31
Mirage II., J. W. Olmstead	2 07 48
Fritter, W. C. Loring, Jr.	2 08 41
Miladi II., F. R. Adams	2 08 57
Moslem, J. T. Eustis	2 09 15
Hugi, A. E. Chase	2 09 31
Menace, J. H. Hunt	2 09 38
Napier, B. S. Permar	2 09 49
Arbeka II., F. P. Bowden	2 09 54
Alladin, Keith Bros.	2 10 26
Privateer II., Alden & Carlton	2 11 20
Dorchin, A. W. Finlay	2 11 39
Myrmidon, John Noble, Jr.	2 11 56
Bonito, C. H. Wightman	2 12 19

Class T—15-footers.

	Elapsed.
Ventus II., C. K. Pevear	1 57 23
Tabasco, Jr., H. H. Wiggin	1 59 03
Nibelung, E. G. Loring	1 59 06
Vera II., H. Lundberg	1 59 47

Dories.

	Elapsed.
Crescent, P. F. Farrell	1 56 14
Barbara, J. J. Blaney	1 56 25
Teaser, B. A. Smith	1 57 30
Zaza, Gordon Foster	1 57 38
Dolphin, T. J. Murphy	1 57 50
Question, G. W. Gardner	1 59 07
Frolic II., W. G. Terrev	1 59 36
Constance, H. H. McKay	2 01 45
Red Devil, E. H. Curtis	Withdraw.

First Handicap Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Jingo, G. B. Doane	1 57 35	1 53 03
Opitsah III., W. F. Whitney	2 01 14	1 53 18
Meemer, R. C. Nickerson	1 53 23	1 53 23

Second Handicap Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Scapegoat, W. P. Keys	2 00 10	2 00 10
Gringo, W. H. Brown	2 04 05	2 01 05

Corinthian Y. C.

Marblehead, Mass.—Wednesday, Aug. 3.

Thick fog spoiled the first of the midsummer series of races of the Corinthian Y. C., held off Marblehead on Wednesday, Aug. 3. There was a lively S.E. breeze moving, but the fog shut in so thick before the yachts had sailed 4 miles that each could not see the other. In the 30ft. class Sauquoit got the start, but Chewink IV. went through her lee before they had sailed half a mile, and led to the finish mark. Urchin got the start in the 22-footers, and Medric led at the first mark. On the beat to windward Clotho went up, and it looked as though the race would surely be hers. Both she and Opitsah V., however, stood too far to windward in the fog, and Medric took advantage of this to get into first place again. Tayac managed to find Pig Rocks bell buoy before Medric, and led from this mark to the finish. In the 18-footers Arrow sailed a great race, taking the lead soon after the start, and picking up all the marks in the fog without trouble. In Class A, handicap, Meemer got the start, and was leading when the fog shut in, but was passed in the mist by Meemer. Yarico was first boat to finish in Class AA, handicap. In Class B, handicap, Gringo led across the finish line, but lost to Suzanne on corrected time. None of the boats in the special 15ft. class and in Class C, handicap, finished. The summary:

30-footers.

	Elapsed.
Chewink IV., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	1 51 33
Sauquoit, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	1 52 20

22-footers.

	Elapsed.
Tayac, W. H. Joyce	2 09 09
Medric, H. H. White	2 12 38
Opitsah V., S. H. & H. J. Foster	2 16 20
Clotho, Cheney & Lanning	2 21 10
Warrior, S. C. Winsor	2 21 12
Peri II., George Lee	2 22 55
Urchin, John Greenough	2 31 45

18-footers.

	Elapsed.
Arrow, E. A. Boardman	1 13 50
Moslem II., B. D. Barker	1 15 40
Arbeka II., F. P. Bowden	1 17 20
Hayseed, H. L. Bowden	1 17 22
Otter, A. D. Irving	1 17 27
Fudge, C. H. Foster	1 17 30
Miladi II., F. R. Adams	1 19 45
Privateer II., Allen & Carlton	1 19 54
Fritter, W. C. Loring, Jr.	1 21 35
Bonito, G. H. Wightman	1 22 30
Moslem, J. T. Eustis	1 27 12
Bat, C. F. Adams, 2d.	Withdraw.
Alladin, Keith Bros.	Withdraw.
Hugi, A. E. Chase	Withdraw.
Myrmidon, John Noble, Jr.	Withdraw.
Boo Hoo, Reginald Boardman	Withdraw.
Menace, J. H. Hunt	Withdraw.
Dorchin, A. W. Finlay	Withdraw.
Napier, B. S. Permar	Withdraw.

Class A—Handicap.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Meemer, R. C. Nickerson	1 47 50	1 47 50
Seboomook, B. A. Smith	2 06 25	2 04 16
Tarpon, E. S. Grew	Did not finish.	

Class AA—Handicap.

Yarico, W. H. Rothwell.....	2 32 45	2 28 10
Curina II., H. S. Wheelock.....	2 32 50	2 28 15
Kit, H. B. Whittier.....	2 32 48	2 32 48

Gereid, F. L. Woods.....	1 49 06	1 43 00
Quill, J. F. Cole.....	1 45 36	1 44 54
Vera, A. Schofield.....	1 46 15	1 46 15
Milo II., Ernest Mason.....	1 58 40	1 49 56

Class C.		
Chewink, Jr., F. G. Macomber.....	1 09 23	1 08 00
Raccoon, L. De P. Irving.....	1 10 00	1 10 00
Muleykah, Miss Fabians.....	1 13 47	1 11 01
Gee Whiz, W. H. Quiner.....	1 14 55	1 13 32
Fusser (R. D. Moot).....	1 19 00	1 14 09
Tartar (C. Quiner).....	1 15 41	1 14 18

Dories.		
Teaser, D. A. Smith.....	1 36 09	1 36 09
Crescent, B. F. Farrell.....	1 36 50	1 36 50
Barbara, J. J. Blancy.....	1 37 14	1 37 14
Bugaboo, H. Ingalls.....	1 38 59	1 38 59
Elizabeth A., H. W. Dudley.....	1 39 20	1 39 20
Question, G. Gardner.....	1 39 27	1 39 27
Zaza, G. Foster.....	1 39 50	1 39 50
Catspaw, Melzard Bros.....	1 40 03	1 40 03
Dolphin, T. J. Murphy.....	1 40 16	1 40 16
Perseus, S. Doane.....	1 41 00	1 41 00
Frolic II., W. G. Torrey.....	1 41 17	1 41 17
Pointer II., B. C. Melzard.....	1 41 58	1 41 58
Constance, H. McKay.....	1 42 07	1 42 07
Question, J. S. Hodge.....	1 42 47	1 42 47
Red Devil, E. H. Curtis.....	1 44 42	1 44 42
Sister, D. H. Woodbury.....	1 45 08	1 45 08
Little 'Un, D. Howes.....	1 45 29	1 45 29

Friday, August 5.

The last of the Corinthian Y. C.'s midsummer series was sailed on Friday, in a reefing S. breeze. In the 30ft. class Sauquoit got the start and led to the first mark. On the beat to windward, however, Chewink IV. soon went ahead and led to the finish. In the 22-footers Opitsah V. got the start and led to Archer's Rock. On the beat to windward Peri II. took the lead and held it to the finish. The 18-footers were well bunched at the start, and at the first mark Dorchen was first with Hugi second. On the beat to windward Hugi went into first place and was never headed. Vera II., in the 15ft. class, was another of the boats that was good at windward work, on which she got the lead that brought her home a winner. Seboomook, Carina II. and Gringo did all the leading respectively in Classes A, AA and B, handicap. Raccoon won easily in Class C, and Barbara won in the dory class. The summary:

30-Footers.		
Chewink IV., F. G. Macomber, Jr.....	1 32 19	1 32 19
Wasaka, S. R. Anthony.....	1 35 24	1 35 24
Sauquoit, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.....	1 40 09	1 40 09

22-Footers.		
Peri II., George Lee.....	1 44 10	1 44 10
Clotho, Cheney & Lanning.....	1 45 34	1 45 34
Urchin, John Greenough.....	1 45 53	1 45 53
Medric, H. H. White.....	1 51 01	1 51 01
Opitsah V., S. H. & H. J. Foster.....	1 53 20	1 53 20
Tayac, W. H. Joyce.....	1 54 15	1 54 15
Warrior, S. C. Winsor.....	Disqualified.	Disqualified.

Raceabouts.		
Baggarah, R. C. Robbins.....	2 00 50	2 00 50
Tunipoo, C. A. Cooley.....	Disqualified.	Disqualified.

18ft. Knockabouts.		
Hugi, A. E. Chase.....	1 15 54	1 15 54
Fudge, C. H. W. Foster.....	1 19 27	1 19 27
Aladdin, Keith Bros.....	1 19 28	1 19 28
Dorchen, A. W. Finlay.....	1 19 34	1 19 34
Hayseed, H. L. Bowden.....	1 19 40	1 19 40
Bat, C. F. Adams 2d.....	1 19 57	1 19 57
Arrow, E. A. Boardman.....	1 20 07	1 20 07
Miladi II., F. R. Adams.....	1 20 23	1 20 23
Privateer II., Alden & Carlton.....	1 20 36	1 20 36
Arbeka II., F. P. Bowden.....	1 20 50	1 20 50
Moslem II., B. D. Barker.....	1 20 58	1 20 58
Otter, A. D. Irving.....	1 21 06	1 21 06
Boo Hoo, R. Boardman.....	1 21 35	1 21 35
Napier, B. S. Permer.....	1 22 52	1 22 52
Bonito, G. H. Wightman.....	1 23 46	1 23 46
Myrmidon, John Nebel, Jr.....	1 25 22	1 25 22
Menace, J. H. Hunt.....	1 25 32	1 25 32
Moslem I., J. T. Eustis.....	1 26 18	1 26 18

15-Footers.		
Vera II., H. Lundberg.....	1 27 57	1 27 57
Ventus II., C. Keith Pevear.....	1 29 25	1 29 25
Tabasco, Jr., H. H. Wiggins.....	1 29 36	1 29 36
Nibelung, E. G. Loring.....	1 30 06	1 30 06
Little Misery, A. P. Loring, Jr.....	1 34 03	1 34 03
Cigarette, Morton Prince.....	Did not finish.	Did not finish.

Class A.		
Seboomook, B. A. Smith.....	1 39 56	1 39 56
Mattacheset, S. H. Eldridge.....	2 03 51	1 59 51

Class AA.		
Carina II., H. S. Wheelock.....	1 50 02	1 46 44
Kit, H. B. Whittemore.....	1 53 01	1 53 01
Yarico, W. H. Rothwell.....	2 00 00	1 56 42

Class B.		
Gringo, W. H. Brown.....	1 16 02	1 15 16
Suzanne, Frank Brewster.....	1 18 44	1 17 13
Usona, A. L. Lincoln.....	1 18 10	1 17 24
Carmen, C. H. Johnson.....	1 23 11	1 18 37
Soubrette, R. D. Moot.....	1 22 38	1 18 50
Nereid, F. L. Woods.....	1 26 12	1 20 53
Opitsah III., W. F. Whitney.....	1 21 17	1 21 17
Owissa, Walter Kelly.....	1 25 15	1 23 44
Sentinel, G. H. Crawford.....	1 26 20	1 24 03
Milo II., Ernest Mason.....	1 52 43	1 46 43
Vera, A. Schofield.....	1 56 18	1 50 59
Petrel, W. L. George.....	Disqualified.	Disqualified.

Class C.		
Raccoon, L. De P. Irving.....	1 51 38	1 51 38
Chewink, Jr., F. G. Macomber, Jr.....	1 58 12	1 58 12
Muleykah, Miss Fabians.....	Withdraw.	Withdraw.

Dories.		
Barbara, J. J. Blancy.....	1 23 58	1 23 58
Red Devil, E. H. Curtis.....	1 26 31	1 26 31
Teaser, B. A. Smith.....	1 26 46	1 26 46
Question, G. Gardner.....	1 30 11	1 30 11
Dolphin, T. J. Murphy.....	1 30 45	1 30 45
Crescent, P. F. Farrell.....	1 35 57	1 35 57
Elizabeth F., H. W. Dudley.....	1 36 30	1 36 30
Frolic II., W. G. Torrey.....	1 37 06	1 37 06
Little 'Un, D. Howes.....	1 38 49	1 38 49
Question, J. S. Hodge.....	1 49 55	1 49 55
Perseus, S. Doane.....	2 19 50	2 19 50
Zaza, G. Foster.....	Disqualified.	Disqualified.
Sister, D. H. Woodbury.....	Disqualified.	Disqualified.
Pointer II., B. C. Melzard.....	Withdraw.	Withdraw.
Bugaboo, H. Ingalls.....	Withdraw.	Withdraw.

Saturday, August 6.

The race of Friday settled the midsummer series cups upon the following yachts: 30-footers, Chewink IV.; raceabouts, Baggarah. There were other classes, however, in which three yachts had each won a race, and the sail-off was held Saturday morning, with the following winners: 22-footers, Opitsah V.; 18-footers, Hayseed; Class AA, Kit; Class B, Suzanne.

On Saturday afternoon, Aug. 6, there was a special invitation race, which wound up the Corinthian week. The wind was light from the S. In the 30ft. class Sauquoit got the start and led at the first mark. On the windward leg Chewink IV. went into the lead and held it to the finish. In the 22-footers Medric got away first and led to the first mark. Clotho showed up well on the windward work, turning the south mark in the lead. She led from this mark to the finish. In the 18ft. knockabouts Fudge took the lead soon after the start and held it all over the course. Seboomook got the start in Class A, handicap, bettered her lead by avoiding a tow, and finished 10m. to the good. Kit won easily in Class AA, handicap. Gringo won a close race in Class B. In Class C, Raccoon finished first, but lost to Tartar on corrected time. Barbara was again first in the dory class. The summary:

30-Footers.		
Chewink IV., F. G. Macomber, Jr.....	1 45 18	1 45 18
Sauquoit, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.....	1 47 41	1 47 41
Wasaka, S. Reed Anthony.....	1 49 16	1 49 16

22-Footers.		
Clotho, Cheney & Lanning.....	1 55 41	1 55 41
Opitsah V., S. H. & H. J. Foster.....	1 56 48	1 56 48
Medric, H. H. White.....	1 58 22	1 58 22
Peri II., George Lee.....	1 58 49	1 58 49
Urchin, John Greenough.....	2 02 28	2 02 28
Tayac, W. H. Joyce.....	2 05 22	2 05 22
Warrior, S. C. Winsor.....	Disqualified.	Disqualified.

18-Footers.		
Fudge, C. H. W. Foster.....	1 26 22	1 26 22
Arrow, E. A. Boardman.....	1 27 16	1 27 16
Hayseed, H. L. Bowden.....	1 27 27	1 27 27
Boo Hoo, R. Boardman.....	1 27 47	1 27 47
Hugi, E. A. Chase.....	1 28 30	1 28 30
Otter, A. D. Irving.....	1 29 02	1 29 02
Moslem II., B. D. Barker.....	1 29 10	1 29 10
Bat, C. F. Adams 2d.....	1 29 45	1 29 45
Miladi II., F. R. Adams.....	1 31 10	1 31 10
Arbeka II., F. L. Bowden.....	1 32 00	1 32 00
Napier, B. S. Permer.....	1 32 28	1 32 28
Aladdin, Keith Bros.....	1 32 51	1 32 51
Dorchen, A. W. Finlay.....	1 33 10	1 33 10
Mirage II., J. W. Olmstead.....	1 33 47	1 33 47
Privateer II., Alden & Carlton.....	1 34 08	1 34 08
Menace, J. H. Hunt.....	1 34 35	1 34 35
Bonito, George Wightman.....	1 34 14	1 34 14
Moslem, J. T. Eustis.....	1 35 18	1 35 18
Fritter, Cabel Loring.....	Disqualified.	Disqualified.

15-Footers.		
Vera II., H. Lundberg.....	1 31 02	1 31 02
Ventus II., C. Keith Pevear.....	1 32 15	1 32 15
Tabasco, Jr., H. H. Wiggins.....	1 41 41	1 41 41

Class A.		
Seboomook, B. A. Smith.....	1 52 38	1 52 38
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty.....	2 02 12	2 02 12
Tarpon, E. S. Grew.....	2 07 36	2 03 06

Class AA.		
Kit, H. B. Whittemore.....	2 11 10	2 11 10
Marvel, L. H. Whittemore.....	2 26 22	2 15 52
Rowena, W. H. Rothwell.....	2 26 45	2 20 11
Carina II., S. H. Wheelock.....	2 31 49	2 25 15

Class B.		
Gringo, W. H. Brown.....	1 25 23	1 25 23
Opitsah III., W. F. Whitney.....	1 25 35	1 25 35
Usona, A. L. Lincoln.....	1 27 07	1 26 16
Nereid, F. L. Woods.....	1 33 15	1 28 07
Soubrette, R. D. Moot.....	1 32 47	1 28 31
Carmen, C. H. Johnson.....	1 35 11	1 29 12
Petrel, W. L. George.....	1 35 34	1 29 25
Sentinel, G. H. Crawford.....	1 32 55	1 30 21
Suzanne, Frank Brewster.....	1 31 07	1 30 25
Owissa, Walter Kelly.....	1 32 23	1 30 41
Comforter, J. M. Whittemore.....	1 38 59	1 33 00
Duster, F. J. Smith.....	1 38 02	1 34 37
Idol, P. D. Gibson.....	1 39 25	1 38 34
Vera, A. Schofield.....	2 02 18	1 55 28

Class C.		
Tartar, C. Quiner.....	0 56 40	0 54 59
Raccoon, L. De P. Irving.....	0 56 21	0 56 21
Chewink, Jr., F. G. Macomber, Jr.....	0 57 36	0 56 25
Coon.....	0 58 01	0 58 01
Mylukah, Miss Fabians.....	1 00 56	0 58 07
Gee Whiz, W. H. Quiner.....	1 00 51	0 59 10
Loon, Misses Wainwright.....	1 04 53	1 00 23
Yarik, H. E. Yerxa.....	1 06 50	1 02 20

Dories.		
Barbara, J. J. Blancy.....	1 42 22	1 42 22
Elizabeth F., H. W. Dudley.....	1 44 13	1 44 13
Crescent, P. F. Farrell.....	1 44 42	1 44 42
Teaser, B. A. Smith.....	1 45 58	1 45 58
Dolphin, T. J. Murphy.....	1 46 20	1 46 20
Catspaw, Melzard Bros.....	1 47 09	1 47 09
Question, G. Gardner.....	1 47 37	1 47 37
Zaza, G. Foster.....	1 47 57	1 47 57
Pointer II., B. C. Melzard.....	1 51 08	1 51 08
Question, J. S. Hodge.....	1 51 08	1 51 08
Perseus, S. Doane.....	1 52 08	1 52 08
Red Devil, E. H. Curtis.....	1 53 17	1 53 17
Frolic II., W. G. Torrey.....	1 53 41	1 53 41
Bugaboo, H. Ingalls.....	1 53 56	1 53 56
Little 'Un, D. Howes.....	1 54 19	1 54 19
Sister, D. H. Woodbury.....	1 57 55	1 57 55
Constance, H. McKay.....	Withdraw.	Withdraw.

Y. R. A. of Massachusetts.

Squadron Run, Hull to Marblehead—Sunday, July 31. An open squadron run was given by the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts, from Hull to Marblehead, on Sunday, July 31. Ninety-two yachts, including power boats, crossed the starting line, making this event one of the largest held in Massachusetts Bay in many years. There was a two-reef breeze blowing in Boston Harbor and in Hull Bay in the morning, which deterred many yachts from entering, or otherwise a greater percentage of the 195 entries would have been present. Outside of Boston light, however, the wind was considerably lighter than it was in the harbor, and there were few yachts which did not have their reefs shook out before reaching Marblehead. The fleet made a beautiful appearance as the yachts sailed along, within sight of the shore, to Boston Lightship, from which point they proceeded to Marblehead. The schooner Monataka, sailing in the first handicap class, was the first yacht to reach the finish line, there being quite a race between her and the committee boat. The 30-footer Chewink IV. made the fastest time of any yacht over the course. Cups were given the winners in the regular Y. R. A. classes, while cash prizes were awarded the yachts in the other classes. The summary:

Class C—30-footers.		
Chewink IV., F. G. Macomber, Jr.....	2 15 55	2 15 55
Wasaka, S. R. Anthony.....	2 16 55	2 16 55
Sauquoit, T. Lothrop, Jr.....	2 18 04	2 18 04

Class E—22-footers.		
Medric, H. H. White.....	2 22 10	2 22 10
Clotho, Cheney & Lanning.....	2 22 33	2 22 33
Peri II., George Lee.....	2 23 28	2 23 28
Warrior, S. C. Winsor.....	2 28 37	2 28 37
Tayac, W. H. Joyce.....	2 34 20	2 34 20
Opitsah V., S. H. & H. J. Foster.....	2 35 32	2 35 32

Class I—18-footers.		
Dorchen, A. W. Finlay.....	2 38 12	2 38 12
Hayseed, H. L. Bowden.....	2 41 32	2 41 32
Privateer II., Allen & Carlton.....	2 42 47	2 42 47
Aladdin, Keith Bros.....	2 44 22	2 44 22
Napier, B. S. Permer.....	2 49 47	2 49 47
Bonito, G. H. Wightman.....	2 53 00	2 53 00
Hugi, A. E. Chase.....	3 01 17	3 01 17
Fritter, W. C. Loring, Jr.....	3 07 55	3 07 55
Walada, J. L. Kimball.....	3 25 34	3 25 34
Moslem, J. T. Eustis.....	3 45 27	3 45 27
Yankce, F. W. Atwood.....	Withdraw.	Withdraw.
Again, L. B. Goodspeed.....	Withdraw.	Withdraw.
Moslem II., B. D. Barker.....	Withdraw.	Withdraw.
Arbeka II., F. P. Bowdoin.....	Withdraw.	Withdraw.

Class T—15-footers.		
Vera II., H. Lundberg.....	2 56 22	2 56 22
Winniahdin, James Spratt.....	2 59 54	2 59 54
Haymaker, W. S. Johnson.....	3 01 40	3 01 40
Ventus II., H. K. Pevear.....	3 09 24	3 09 24

Dories.		
Bazoo, M. H. Randall.....	2	19 19
Kotick, J. B. Chapin.....	2	29 43
Pointer II., B. C. Melzara.....	2	31 00
Teaser, B. A. Smith.....	2	31 27
Elizabeth F., H. W. Dudley.....	3	37 00
Frolic II., W. G. Torrey.....	2	37 58
Holey, J. D. Rankin.....	2	38 25
Question, G. W. Gardner.....	2	41 52

Shinnecock Y. C.

Good Ground, L. I.—Thursday, August 4.

The first of the three days' racing given by the Shinnecock Y. C. began on Thursday, August 4. The number of boats starting was about the same on all three days. Good time was made by the boats over the courses on the first day, and the following craft won in their respective classes: Frontenac, Wynnabust, Tiger Lily, Brunhilde, Charon and Jean.

Friday, August 5.

All but two of the twenty-one boats that started in Friday's event finished. A full sail breeze from the S.E. held true throughout the race, making good times possible and results conclusive. The winners were Frontenac, Wynnabust, Tiger Lily, Brunhilde, Charon and Jean. The summary follows:

Sloops—Class Q.

Medea, Edgar Lynn.....1 54 55
Frontenac, C. de Hart Brower, Jr.....1 54 05

Class AA.

Rainbow, Eugene Reynolds.....2 15 50
Memory, Harry Growtage.....2 16 35
Wynnabust, Arthur Lawrence.....2 11 20
Orange Boyen, C. de Hart Brower, Sr.....2 18 00
Diavolo, Thomas A. Howell.....2 17 01

Class BB.

Tiger Lily, Norman Lynn.....2 26 08
Spalpeen, W. S. Creevy.....Did not finish.

Class B.

Melody, James Crowell.....2 26 30
Lorna, P. J. Gill.....2 27 25
Enigma, W. P. Bonbright.....2 26 37
Brunhilde, Arthur Fowler.....2 24 02
Defender, A. Willis.....2 36 16
Hirondo, R. H. Fowler.....2 27 35

Jib and Mainsail Class.

Charon, Edgar Lynn.....2 25 12
Lauralee, C. B. Bancher.....2 35 35
Tar Baby, Dan S. Loughran.....2 31 40

Knockabouts.

Jean, F. W. Cooke, Jr.....2 18 30
Metawack, Gardiner Gilsey.....2 24 05
Natalie, H. O'Brien.....Did not finish.

Saturday, Aug. 6.

The third and last of the series of races took place on Saturday. There were fewer starters than on the day previous, but all the boats finished. The wind was light and the racing was not satisfactory.

Media made the best time over the 1 1/4 mile course, and beat her only competitor, Frontenac, easily. The other winners were Memory, Spalpeen, Brunhilde, Charon and Metawack.

Brunhilde won the series prize in Class B, while Wynnabust took the series prize in her class.

Sloops—Class Q.

Frontenac, C. de Hart Brower, Jr.....Corrected.
Media, Edgar Lynn.....2 47 17
Media, Edgar Lynn.....2 40 30

Class AA.

Rainbow, Eugene Reynolds.....2 55 40
Memory, Harry Growtage.....2 54 37
Wynnabust, Arthur Lawrence.....2 56 45
Diavolo, T. A. Howell.....2 57 35

Class BB.

Tiger Lily, Norman Lynn.....3 13 50
Spalpeen, W. S. Creevy.....2 57 25

Class B.

Lady Margaret, W. F. Howard.....3 06 15
Lorna, P. J. Gill.....2 58 45
Enigma, J. B. Bonbright.....2 55 58
Brunhilde, Arthur Fowler.....2 55 55
Defender, A. Willis.....3 07 49
Hirondo, R. H. Fowler.....3 05 35

Jib and Mainsail Class.

Charon, Alfred Muller.....3 08 55
Lauralee, C. F. Bancher.....3 31 00
Tar Baby, Daniel Laughlin.....3 30 10

Knockabouts.

Jean, F. W. Cooke, Jr.....2 58 10
Metawack, Gardner Gilsey.....2 56 50

Eastern Y. C.

A SPECIAL open race of the Eastern Y. C. was sailed off Marblehead on Monday, August 1. Rain squalls, calms and flukes, generally, took away interest from this race. The yachts were sent away in a heavy rain, and after this ceased there came a dead calm. This was followed by a fairly decent breeze, which held to the finish. In Class L, Chewink IV. made a fine start and was the first to catch the breeze after the calm. She led all over the course. Medric got a good start in the 22-footers, but was turned around in the calm which came afterward. Urchin got the breeze first by holding farther inshore than the others and she led to the finish. The 18-footers were bunched at the start. Aladdin got the breeze first after the calm, and she led to the windward mark. On the next leg, however, Arrow overhauled her and led to the finish. The summary:

Class E—Y. R. A. 22-Footers.

Urchin, John Greenough.....Elapsed.
Clotho, Cheney & Lanning.....1 43 18
Peri II., George Lee.....1 49 48
Medric, H. H. White.....1 53 39
Medric, H. H. White.....2 02 38

Class I—Y. R. A. 18-Footers.

Arrow, E. A. Boardman.....1 46 31
Aladdin, Keith Bros.....1 46 38
Hayseed, H. L. Bowden.....1 47 23
Miladi II., F. R. Adams.....1 47 28
Bat, C. F. Adams 2d.....1 48 10
Otter, A. D. Irving.....1 51 09
Moslem II., B. D. Barker.....1 51 18
Napier, B. S. Permar.....1 51 58
Privateer II., Alden & Carlton.....1 53 46
Bonito, G. H. Wightman.....1 54 57
Menace, J. H. Hunt.....1 56 54
Hugi, A. E. Chase.....1 57 55
Myrmidon, John Noble, Jr.....1 58 21
Moslem, J. T. Eustis.....2 05 01
Fritter, W. C. Loring, Jr.....Withdrawn.

Class L—E. Y. C.

Chewink IV., F. G. Macomber, Jr.....Elapsed. Corrected.
Sauquoit, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.....1 38 00 1 34 59
Meemer, R. C. Nickerson.....1 40 57 1 38 43
Chewink II., E. R. Dick.....1 42 16 1 38 58
Chewink II., E. R. Dick.....1 46 53 1 41 41

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

AUXILIARY SCHOONER AZARA LAUNCHED.—Azara, the tobin bronze auxiliary schooner owned by Mr. Chester W. Chapin, was launched from the yards of Messrs. Townsend & Downey Co., Shooters' Island, S. I., on Saturday, August 6. Azara was designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith. She will be rigged as a schooner with three pole masts, and she will be fitted with a Craig motor. She is 113ft. in, over all, 85ft. waterline, 21ft. 4in. breadth, and 5ft. 9in. draft.

SALES AND CHARTERS.—Messrs. Macconell & Cook have made the following sales: The steam yacht Mindora to Mr. Henry Crawford, Chicago, Ill.; the gasoline launch Nancy to Mr. Wilnot D. Porcher, Charleston, S. C., and

the 42ft. auxiliary yawl Charmer, by Reverend J. O. Bergh, New Haven, Conn. The same agency has made the following charters: Gasolene launch Florida to Mr. A. Hildebrandt, New York city; 42ft. auxiliary sloop Phebe to Dr. W. B. Brinsmade, Brooklyn, and the sloop Narika to Mr. F. C. Hinkley, of New York city.

RECENT CHARTERS.—The steam yacht Calypso, owned by Richard C. Veit, of New York city, chartered earlier in the season to George W. Perkins, has been rechartered by Gardner & Cox to S. M. Roosevelt. The same agency has also effected the following charters: Steam yacht Saghaya, Howard C. Smith to Senator Nelson W. Aldrich; steam yacht Seyonara, W. Lamman Bull to Abram Baudouine; steam yacht Zara, Commodore Harrison B. Moore, Atlantic Y. C., to W. B. Bacon; steam yacht Wana, estate of S. R. Van Duzen to J. B. Dennis.

ATLANTIC Y. C. OCEAN RACE.—The Atlantic Y. C. has arranged an ocean race for schooners and sloops to start on September 3, the Saturday before Labor Day. The start is from Sea Gate, thence to Fire Island lightship, through to Cape May lightship, and return to Sea Gate. Very valuable prizes have been offered—as fine as the Astor cups—and it is expected that many boats will enter on account of the three holidays coming together, which will give a fine opportunity for a splendid race.

A. C. A. Membership.

The following have been proposed for membership to the A. C. A.: E. L. Stevens and Rodney Prizer.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Handbook for Military Riflemen.

"THE Rifleman's Handbook, for Military Riflemen," by J. G. Ewing, Asst. Insp. Gen'l Small Arms Practice, Delaware National Guard, contains 63 pages of good practical information for riflemen. In his preface the author modestly states that "this pamphlet is intended as a primer. There is nothing new or original in it excepting the arrangement, the idea being to handle in logical sequence the different steps which lead up to a knowledge of rifle shooting. The subjects have been dealt with as briefly as possible, and in the simplest manner." And yet within its 63 pages is contained all the information essential to the making of a good rifleman, military or otherwise, and which the rifleman must learn before he can attain a degree of intelligent proficiency. Each subject is treated clearly and briefly, yet fully. Everything which the military rifleman needs to know is told in plain terms, without redundancy. And yet, when a rifleman has mastered its contents, in a theoretical and practical manner, he may be classed as an expert. Some of the subjects treated are the loading mechanism of the .30cal. magazine rifle, assembling and dismounting, aiming and sighting drill, indoor gallery work, positions in shooting, scoring, ammunition, outdoor rifle shooting, ballistics, table of wind allowances, mirage, general observations. The main features are fully illustrated.

Of this valuable work, the eminent authority, John F. Guilfoyle, Inspector Small Arms Practice, U. S. Army, wrote as follows: "This little book has my heartiest approval and good wishes. It will be an excellent guide to the firing regulations, and will tend to stimulate interest in that important accomplishment, 'how to shoot.'" The author's address is Wilmington, Delaware.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at Four-Mile House, Reading road, July 31.

Conditions: 200yds., offhand at the 25-ring target. An irregular, fish-tail wind prevailed throughout the day, and the thermometer ranged from 95 to 98 in the shooting pavilion.

Payne was declared champion for the day with the good score of 228; he was also high on the honor with 67. He also fired 100 shots for record, and beat his former record of 2162 by 21 points by scoring 2183. This establishes a new record for the range.

To-day finished the classified contest for the Topf trophies, and the results will be announced later on. Owing to the fact of a German Shooting Society picnic and shooting festival held on our next regular shooting day, Aug. 14, this Association's shooting days will occur on Aug. 21 and 28. Scores appended below:

Payne	228	224	222	221	218
Roberts	223	219	214	212	211
Hasenzahl	223	219	210	210	206
Nestler	222	217	213	207	204
Odell	219	213	210	209	208
Hoffman	216	210	205	201	190
Bruns	216	210	198	197	...
Trounstein	210	193	186	178	...
Hofer	208	207	195	195	193
Freitag	204	199	196	191	190

Presque Isle Rifle Club.

ERIE, Pa., July 30.—Only four members of the club put in an appearance to-day, though they could not have had a much finer day to shoot in. The scores:

J. Stidham	73	73	69	215	J. Bacon	68	66	65	199
J. Almeda	72	69	65	206	A. Mount	71	65	62	198

CABIA BLANCO.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Aug. 10-11.—Allentown, Pa.—Two-day target tournament at Duck Farm Hotel. C. F. Kramlich, Mgr.
Aug. 10-11.—Rolling Fork, Miss.—Gun Club tournament.
*Aug. 10-11.—Bradenville, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
Aug. 10-12.—Little Rock, Ark.—Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association tournament. Paul R. Litzke, Sec'y.
Aug. 11-12.—Olean, N. Y., Gun Club two-day tournament. B. D. Nobles, Sec'y.
Aug. 10-12.—Brantford, Ont.—Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association's fourth annual tournament. A. B. Cutcliffe, Sec'y.
Aug. 15-20.—Buffalo, N. Y.—New York State shoot.
Aug. 15-17.—Detroit, Mich.—Michigan Trapshooters' League. Jacob Klein, Sec'y.
Aug. 16-17.—Birmingham, Ala.—Alabama tournament.
Aug. 23-24.—Chattanooga, Tenn.—Target tournament of the Mountaineer Gun Club; \$200 added. S. B. Lowe, Sec'y.
Aug. 23-24.—Raleigh, N. C.—North Carolina Trapshooters' Association tournament.
Aug. 23-24.—Binghamton, N. Y., Gun Club second annual tournament. Vernon Perry, Sec'y.

Aug. 23-24.—Renovo, Pa.—Recreation Gun Club two-day target tournament. Geo. B. Dechant, Sec'y.
Aug. 24-25.—Hot Springs, S. D.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Hot Springs Gun Club. H. A. Gayhart, Sec'y.
*Aug. 25-26.—Tarentum, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
Aug. 24-26.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Consolidated Sportsmen's Association tournament. A. B. Richmond, Sec'y.
Aug. 30-31.—Traverse City, Mich., Rod and Gun Club tournament. W. A. Murrel, Sec'y.
Sept. 5.—Lowell, Mass., Rod and Gun Club Labor Day tournament. E. J. Burns, Sec'y.
Sept. 5.—Auburn, N. Y.—Labor Day tournament. Knox and Knapp, Mgrs.
Sept. 5.—Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club fourth annual Labor Day tournament. C. G. Blandford, Capt.
Sept. 5.—Dover, N. H., Sportsmen's Association annual Labor Day tournament. D. W. Hallam, Sec'y.
Sept. 5.—Springfield, Mass.—Fall tournament on Labor Day; \$25 added. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
Sept. 5-7.—Richmond, Va.—Tournament of Virginia Trapshooters' Association. W. A. Hammond, Sec'y.
*Sept. 6-7.—Irwin, Pa., Rod and Gun Club tournament.
Sept. 6-7.—Litchfield, Ill.—Consolidated Trapshooters' Congress tournament. L. A. Cummings, Sec'y, Bunker Hill, Ill.
Sept. 7-8.—Huntington, W. Va.—The Interstate Association tournament, under the auspices of the Huntington Gun Club. L. H. Merrick, Pres.
Sept. 9-11.—Chicago, Ill., Trapshooters' tournament. E. B. Shogren, Sec'y.
*Sept. 14-15.—Ruffsedale, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.
Sept. 14-15.—St. Louis.—Afro-American Handicap. T. H. Colron, Sec'y, Pleasant Hill, Mo.
Sept. 20-21.—Lincoln, Ill.—Lincoln City Gun Club tournament.
Sept. 22.—Moberly, Mo.—Missouri League of Trapshooters.
*Sept. 27-28.—Monessen, Pa., Gun Club.
Sept. 28-29.—Concordia, Kans.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Concordia Gun Club. L. S. Myers, Sec'y, Elmer E. Shaner, Mgr.
Sept. 28-29.—Homer, Ill.—Homer-Ogden Gun Club tournament.
Oct. 4-5.—Crawfordsville, Ind., Gun Club tournament.
*Oct. 4-5.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club.
Oct. 6-7.—Dalton, O., Gun sixth annual tournament. Ernest F. Scott, Capt.
Oct. 18-19.—Litchfield, Ill.—Consolidated Trapshooters' Congress.
Oct. 18-20.—New London, Ia., Gun Club tournament. Dr. E. C. Cook, Sec'y.
Nov. 1-3.—St. Louis Mo.—World's Fair shoot; live birds and targets. Alec D. Mermod, Mgr., 620 Locust street.
*Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League tournaments. C. G. Grubb, Sec'y, Pittsburg.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM goes to press on TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The New Haven (Conn.) Gun Club will combine a clam-bake and target shoot on Labor Day, Sept. 5.

Ossining and Poughkeepsie, Aug. 6, joined issue in a seven-man team contest at the traps to obtain a definition as to who's who. Poughkeepsie won.

September 21, the Berlin (Conn.) Agricultural Society will hold its second annual shoot. Competition will begin at 10 o'clock. J. H. Gould, manager, New Haven.

A seven-man team contest between the Springfield, O., Gun Club and the Rohrer's Island Gun Club, at Springfield, Aug. 5, resulted in defeat of the Rohrer's Island team by a score of 288 to 279.

At the shoot of the Mexia, Texas, Gun Club, July 26-29, Mr. T. E. Hubby made high average for the four days. Mr. R. J. Jackson won the Hunter Arms Co. trophy for the high amateur average.

The grand tournament and clam bake of the New Haven Gun Club, Sept. 5, given by the New Haven Gun Club, is worthy of the trapshooters' attention. For programme address Mr. John E. Bassett.

At Capt. J. R. Malone's tenth annual summer tournament, Aug. 2-5, held at Love Point, Md., the high averages for the two days at 400 targets, were as follows: Professionals—First, Elliott, 376. Amateur, Griffith, 354.

The contest between Messrs. O'Brien and Clayton, for the pigeon wing trophy, at Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 4, 100 birds each, was won by Mr. Clayton, with a score of 97 to 95. The five-man team shoot, between Kansas and Missouri, was won by the latter, 93 to 89 out of a possible 100. Each man shot at 25 birds.

The continuous performance in the matter of an installment long run made at the traps, by the famous shooter, Mr. Fred Gilbert, at Spirit Lake, Ia., on four different days, is indeed a noteworthy event in the doings of trapshooting. It also emphasizes the position of FOREST AND STREAM concerning the 16yds. mark as a standard of high performance—that is, it is too close.

The Lowell Rod and Gun Club, Mr. E. J. Burns, secretary, announces an all-day shoot for Labor Day, for which there will be offered \$40 in prizes, and a five-man team prize, valued at \$25. On the 18th inst., there will be an interesting race between the old-timers and the new-timers, the oldsters, ten men, to shoot from 16yds., the youngsters, eight men, to shoot from 18yds.; any gun, load, and both barrels.

At the shoot of the Consolidated Gun Clubs of Connecticut, at Hartford, Aug. 4, sixty-three shooters participated. There were six teams in the five-man team contest, representing the Colt's Gun Club, of Hartford, and the South Manchester, Rockville, Williamantic, Waterbury and New Haven clubs. The Rockville team won by a score of 84 out of a possible 100. The next shoot of the Consolidated will be at Waterbury, Conn., Aug. 18, under the auspices of the Mattatuck Gun Club.

The secretary-manager, Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, has forwarded to us an advance copy of the programme of the Interstate Association trapshooting tournament, given for the Hot Springs, S. D., Gun Club, Aug. 24-25, which provides ten events of 15 and 20 targets each day, entrance \$1.50 and \$2. Added money, \$7.50 and \$10. Event 7 on the second day is to be a five-man team race, for silver trophy, entrance \$2. Targets, 2 cents. Lunch can be obtained on the grounds. Class shooting, 35, 30, 25 and 15 per cent. Guns and ammunition, prepaid, and marked in owner's name, care of Hot Springs Gun Club, Hot Springs, S. D., will be delivered on the grounds free.

Mr. Elmer E. Reed, of Manchester, is now the champion target shooter of New Hampshire, consequent to scoring 89 out of 100 and defeating ten contestants at Dover, Aug. 3, in a State championship contest.

Mr. J. L. D. Morrison, of St. Paul, Minn., and Mr. J. L. Head, representing the U. M. C. Co., both famous as skillful trapshooters, participated in the competition of the Sheephead Bay, L. I., Gun Club on Thursday of last week.

Mr. Frank Lawrence, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., has established his headquarters in New York, whence he will travel betimes and without doubt will continue the business success which has made him so valuable as a representative of the Winchester company.

The programme of the North Carolina Trapshooters' Association first annual tournament, Aug. 23-24, at Raleigh, consists of twenty-two events, eleven each day. Ten each day are at 20 targets, \$2 entrance, \$10 added. Event 11 on the first day is a five-man team race, 25 targets, \$15 entrance. Event 9 on the second day is for a Marlin repeating shotgun, and event 11, 50 targets, \$1 entrance, is the State championship race. Shooting commences at 9:30. Handicaps in sweepstake events 16 to 20yds. Manufacturers' agents will be allowed to shoot from the 16yd. mark. Events are open only to amateur members of the Association, and any shooter can become a member by paying annual dues. Guns and ammunition shipped prepaid to the secretary, R. T. Gowan, will be delivered on the grounds free.

The secretary, C. L. Kites, writes us that "the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club will hold their annual fall tournament at flying targets on Labor Day, Monday, Sept. 5. The programme calls for twelve events, 200 bluerock targets in all; \$16 entrance in the sweeps, \$25 added money. There will be five merchandise prizes for the amateurs shooting the entire programme and making highest averages, as follows: First, loving cup; second, Stevens rifle; third, trout rod; fourth, multiplying reel; fifth, 100 loaded shells. All purses will be divided Rose system, four moneys, less than ten entries, three moneys. Targets included in all entrances at 2 cents each. Targets will be thrown from three expert traps, arranged Sergeant system. Sweepstakes being optional, any one may enter any event for targets only. To reach the grounds, which are located at Red House Crossing, take Indian Orchard or Palmer cars. Loaded shells will be for sale at the club house. Targets will be thrown about 50yds. Professionals and paid experts will be allowed to shoot for targets only. Guns and ammunition shipped to the secretary, C. L. Kites, 499 Main street, if received before Sept. 4, will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. Programmes are now ready, and may be had by addressing the secretary."

BERNARD WATERS.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Aug. 6.—The scores made at the club shoot to-day follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot	Broke.
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	at.	
Partington	19	24	19	16	21	24	150	123
Michaelis	21	21	23	23	23	23	150	134
Parry	22	23	24	23	23	25	150	140
Medico	15	19	12	20	21	22	150	119
Dickman	22	22	23	22	22	21	23	..	200	177
Finley	8	19	19	22	23	125	91
Gregory	25	21	22	22	19	125	109
Hire	14	15	18	22	23	125	92
Yonnegut	5	8	5	7	9	125	34
Hill	21	16	18	20	20	125	95
Anderson	21	16	14	17	16	22	150	106
Bell	18	23	17	100	75
Dixon	18	17	20	20	22	25	150	122
Morrison	16	22	18	19	100	75
Moller	20	18	19	24	21	125	102
Moore	20	17	18	16	100	71
Intewiler	16	15	20	20	100	71
Leib	21	16	50	37
J. Gasper	17	19	18	11	100	65
Douglass	8	16	20	75	44
Robinson	8	12	11	75	31

For Morrison cup, 50 targets. At 18yds.: Partington 37, Parry 46, Michaelis 46, Moller 37, Dickman 44, Bell 34.

At 17yds.: Gregory 41, Moore 35, Dixon 37, Medico 41, Anderson 39.

At 16yds.: Finley 45, Hill 40, Intewiler 35, Leib 37, Gasper 37.

At 14yds.: Yonnegut 16, Hill 43.

New York Athletic Club.

TRAVERS ISLAND, N. Y., Aug. 6.—The N. Y. A. C. shoot to-day was a success in every detail. Mr. J. L. D. Morrison, of St. Paul, gave an exhibition of brilliant trap performance.

Event No. 1, 25 targets: F. W. Perkins (3) 24, J. S. Woodhouse (5) 17, L. T. Duryea (3) 22, W. P. Norton (1) 19, J. L. D. Morrison (0) 24.

Tie: Perkins and Morrison. Shoot-off won by Morrison.

Event No. 2, 25 targets: F. W. Perkins (3) 20, J. S. Woodhouse (6) 22, L. T. Duryea (5) 23, W. P. Norton (2) 21, J. L. D. Morrison (0) 23.

Tie: Duryea and Morrison. Shoot-off won by Morrison.

Event No. 3, 25 targets: F. W. Perkins (5) 24, J. S. Woodhouse (6) 18, L. T. Duryea (5) 24, W. P. Norton (4) 21, J. L. D. Morrison (0) 25. Won by Morrison.

Event No. 4, 25 targets: F. W. Perkins (6) 22, L. T. Duryea (6) 23, W. P. Norton (4) 25, J. L. D. Morrison (0) 24.

Won by W. P. Norton.

Event No. 5, 25 targets: J. L. D. Morrison 24, W. P. Norton (2) 23. Won by Morrison.

Event No. 6, 25 targets: J. L. D. Morrison (0) 25, W. P. Norton (3) 24. Won by Morrison.

Event No. 7, 25 targets: J. L. D. Morrison (0) 25, W. P. Norton (3) 24. Won by Morrison.

Event No. 8, 25 targets: J. L. D. Morrison (0) 25, W. P. Norton (3) 25. Shoot-off won by Morrison.

Event No. 9, 5 pairs doubles: J. L. D. Morrison (0) 10, W. P. Norton (2) 9, F. W. Perkins (2) 10, L. T. Duryea (2) 7.

Tie: Morrison and Perkins. Shoot-off won by Morrison.

Lowell Rod and Gun Club.

LOWELL, Mass., Aug. 6.—The Lowell Rod and Gun Club's regular Saturday shoot was well attended to-day, and a few good scores were made. Climax easily took first, but the second prize was hotly fought for, as the following scores will show:

Shot	at.	Broke.	Av.	Shot	at.	Broke.	Av.
Climax	90	90	.90	K. J. McKittrick	36	36	.72
G. C. Moore	90	75	.833	Wellington	60	39	.65
Edwards	100	83	.83	G. C. Moore, Jr.	30	30	.60
Burton	90	74	.822	Roderick	100	56	.56
Rule	100	82	.82	Chase	50	26	.52
Dean	100	74	.74	Bunker	50	24	.48

The "old-timers" of the club have an old-fashioned shoot the 18th inst., and have offered to shoot a 50-bird race with the "young lads" under the following conditions: Old-timers to shoot ten men from 10yds., and young lads to shoot eight men from 18yds; any gun, load and both barrels, if necessary. The match will undoubtedly come off.

On Labor Day the club holds an all-day shoot, and will offer \$40 in prizes and a team prize valued at \$25 to winning five-man team; open to all.

E. J. BURNS, Sec'y.

Love Point Tournament.

THE tenth annual summer tournament given by Capt. J. R. Malone was held at Love Point, Md., on Aug. 2-5. The programme provided three days at targets and one at live birds.

The tournament was held on the beach, and the water background offered a clear view of the targets. The excellent hotel accommodations and the convenient transportation, all in pleasant surroundings, combine to make an ideal trapshooting location.

The first day of the programme, Aug. 2, was devoted to a warming up shoot, the programme providing eight preliminary practice events at 10 and 15 targets, commencing at 4 o'clock.

The high guns of the day were: Professional—First, Mr. J. A. R. Elliott; second, Mr. J. M. Hawkins. Amateurs—First, E. C. Griffith; second Dr. E. H. Lupus. Scores:

Aug. 2, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Broke.
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	
Hawkins	10	14	10	15	9	13	10	11	92
Elliott	9	15	10	13	10	13	9	15	94
Storr	9	15	9	15	7	12	10	13	90
Baskerville	9	11	9	11	8	11	9	9	77
Lupus	9	12	9	13	6	14	8	14	85
Malone	8	14	6	12	8	14	7	11	83
Silver King	8	12	8	11	8	8	6	11	72
Griffith	8	13	9	15	9	15	10	13	92
Butler	7	13	8	14	9	11	9	12	83
Chew	7	13	9	14	8	13	7	13	84
Dixon	5	11	7	13	8	12	10	9	75
Sampson	5	5	4	4	3	4	6	6	37
Dr. Kemp	9	12
H. L. Harper	7	14
P. T. Ortel	6	6
Van Winkle	5
Poleter	5

Aug. 3, Second Day.

The programme of the second day provided twelve events, of which eight were at 15 targets, four at 20 targets, entrance \$1.30 and \$1.40; added money, \$3 and \$5. Thirty-eight men participated in the events of the day.

James A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, was high with 189 out of 200. J. Mowell Hawkins was second with 188. Luther Squier third with 186.

Among the amateurs Foord, of Wilmington, was high, with 177; E. C. Griffith, of Providence, was second, with 175; Dr. H. E. Lupus, of Baltimore, was third, with 172. The highest straight run was 60 from the 20yd. mark, by Hawkins.

George Mordecai broke straight in a 20-target event, and was in the money in nearly every event he shot. John George got 19 out of 20 in one event, and this was good for Queen Anne's county.

Dr. H. E. Lupus was straight in two 15-target events, and Samuel Register in one. J. E. Bowen, of Pikesville, Md., made a straight in a 15-target event, and won the entire money in the seventh event. Those equalling him were professionals, and were not in for the money, but for targets only. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	
Elliott	14	13	19	15	15	13	15	19	14	14	20	..	189
Hawkins	14	14	18	15	14	20	15	16	15	15	17	..	188
Griffith	12	12	18	12	13	16	14	15	17	14	13	19	175
Starr	15	12	19	13	15	17	13	15	16	15	13	19	182
German	13	15	13	14	13	15	14	14	14	14	14	15	167
Squier	14	13	18	14	14	19	15	15	17	14	14	19	186
Butler	13	12	17	14	8	17	9	12	19	14	7	15	157
Lupus	15	11	19	11	12	18	14	13	17	11	15	16	172
Malone	12	12	15	14	11	20	12	11	17	13	13	16	166
Chew	11	14	14	14	10	16	8	14	9	16	10	17	153
McHugh	11	14	18	10	13	14	14	16	13	10	19	..	166
Mordecai	12	14	20	10	13	14	14	14	14	12	17	..	167
Baskerville	10	7	13	10	8	8	12	14	8	9	16	..	123
Newcomb	14	12	16	14	10	16	11	13	17	14	12	15	164
Dixon	12	14	10	6	11	14	11	10	18	8	12	14	140
Foord	14	14	17	13	14	17	14	13	18	12	10	..	177
Kessler	9	6	10	10	10	5	10	8	11	9	7	11	106
Bowen	14	12	17	13	10	15	15	12	17	13	10	14	162
King	10	11	11	11	11	14	12	12	16	9	10	16	142
Sampson	7	8	6	5	5	5	6	6	5	4	9	..	72
Mack	11	9	13	13	11	12	13	19	14	9	17	..	154
Register	13	11	14	15	12	11	11	10	14	12	13	15	151
George	12	13	15	10	12	19	13	12	15	10	10	15	156
Alberger	12	11
Bond	13	17
Street	8	10
Harker	11	16
Hartlove	10	17

Extra at 15 targets, entrance \$1.50: German 14, A. R. M. 12, Boyd 14, Mordecai 13, Orrison 13, Hartlove 12, Harker 12, Street 9, McHugh 12.

In the morning one trapshooter saw some marsh hens flying about the borders of a lake about 200yds. from the traps. He killed one, but before he could retrieve it a countryman, clad in high boots and a big straw hat, emerged from the woods. He quickly picked up the bird. The marksman thought that marsh hens might be protected in Maryland, so he started back to the traps. The native tried to overtake him to give him the bird, and the shooter broke into a run and joined the trapshooters. The countryman came up to the crowd, but no one claimed the bird, so the retriever carried it away.

Aug. 4, Third Day.

The third day had a programme of three live bird events. No. 1 was at 5 birds, \$3, moneys divided, 60 and 40 per cent. The winner of this event to receive a gold badge.

No. 2 was at 10 birds, \$5 entrance, 60 and 40 per cent. The winner of this event to receive a silver cup.

No. 3 was the Love Point handicap, entrance \$10, moneys divided 50, 30, 20. The winner of this event to receive a silver cup. The sweeps were open to experts. The cup and badge to amateurs.

The attendance was not so large as was expected. Only six men shot for the championship cup, and Mr. Malone, who gave the cup, shot with the others. The cup was won by Lester German, of Aberdeen, Md.

In event No. 2 German was again a winner. E. C. Griffith and A. R. M. tied with German on the first 10 birds. They agreed to settle the question of cup ownership in a miss-and-out. Griffith and A. R. M. lost their first birds, and German was victor.

German did good shooting. A. R. M. and he each killed 36 out of 38. Capt. L. C. Coulbourne, who won the championship trophy last year at Ocean City, did not like the idea of being beaten by a man from Aberdeen, or from any other place.

He made a verbal challenge to shoot any man on the ground for \$10, the winner to pay for the birds. German took the def. The shoot resulted as follows: German 9, Coulbourne 8.

Coulbourne and German shot a second match, which was also won by German by 10 to 9.

Coulbourne and George P. Mordecai shot a series of matches and made an even break. The first was at 30yds. each, miss-and-out, and resulted: Coulbourne 6, Mordecai 5. Second miss-and-out race: Mordecai 3, Coulbourne 2. Third shoot a 5-bird match for \$5 a side: Coulbourne 3, Mordecai 4, winning the match.

Fourth match, from the 30yds. mark. It resulted in a 4-kill tie. In the shoot-off miss-and-out, Coulbourne killed and Mordecai lost.

First event, 5 birds, entrance \$3:

A. R. M.	22222-5	Coulbourne	22022-4
Griffith	22222-5	McHugh	22202-4
Malone	21222-5	Mordecai	11110-4
German	12112-5	Hoffman	20100-2
Foord	22011-4		

Second event, 10 birds, entrance \$5; the winner to receive a gold badge:

A. R. M.	30	22102212210222
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Consolidated Gun Club.

HARTFORD, Conn.—The fifth tournament of the Consolidated Gun Clubs of Connecticut took place at the grounds of the Colt Gun Club, Hartford, Aug. 4.

There were fifteen events on the programme, all at bluerocks at unknown angles. Shooting began at 9 o'clock, and it was shortly after 6 P. M. that the last squad finished the thirteenth event.

The men went to the score in squads of five, and while they were shooting a hard-working, leather-lunged squad hustler rustled up five more, so that shooting was practically continuous.

The principal event was the team shoot, with six teams of five men entered. This came on about 3 o'clock, and was interesting to a large crowd in attendance. Rockville won, with Hartford second. The scores in this and other events are rather poor, due to the overcast sky and a dark background, which made the targets hard to see distinctly. The scores follow:

Team race:

Colt Gun Club, Hartford.	
Mills	111001011011111110—14
Hollister	111011111111111110—16
Rowe	1111111110101011—16
McFetridge	111100111111111111—16
Bradley	1111111111111111—20—82

South Manchester Gun Club.	
Moore	101111111111111110—15
Blish	0001000100101110—9
Treat	111001111111111111—17
R O Cheney	111111111111111110—15
Watkins	110110011111111111—14—70

Rockville Gun Club.	
Barstow	111011111111111110—16
Burke	101011111111111111—17
F E Metcalf	011101111111111111—15
White	111111111111111110—17
H Metcalf	111111111111111111—19—84

Willimantic Gun Club.	
Bugbee	010110111111111111—15
Larime	0010110010011000101—9
Fenton	111000100101111010—12
Sanderson	1101001011000111101—12
Jordan	0110011111101010110—12—60

Waterbury Gun Club.	
Droher	111011111111111111—16
Geddes	101110101001111111—14
Hall	111011111111111111—19
McElligott	111111111111111111—19
Lynch	1011100011101100110—12—80

New Haven Gun Club.	
Mack	1111110101111000111—15
Kelly	111011111111111110—16
Savage	011010111111111111—17
Bassett	111010101011111110—14
Hepburn	100001011111111111—15—77

Consolidated Gun Club, total scores to date: Hartford 396, New Haven 386, Rockville 382, Waterbury 379, Willimantic 336, Manchester 323.

Events:	
Targets:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 12 13
Barstow	10 10 15 20 10 15 10 15 10 15 10 15
Arnold	10 10 14 18 9 13 10 9 14 7 8 ..
Dr Rowe	10 8 11 15 7 11 7 8 ..
Glover	10 7 13 18 8 12 7 8 10 7 6 11
Hollister	6 7 13 11 7 13 8 8 11 4 5 ..
McFetridge	6 8 14 19 9 14 7 8 14 7 9 ..
Herman	7 7 13 15 10 15 9 10 14 6 6 9
White	9 8 11 11 5 10 ..
H Metcalf	7 6 9 12 7 11 7 9 8 6 8 ..
F Metcalf	8 9 10 13 8 14 8 4 12 5 5 ..
McMullen	6 7 12 16 7 9 8 6 10 8 5 ..
Merrick	7 3 12 14 6 12 10 8 ..
Mills	9 8 11 14 8 .. 8 7 10 7 7 ..
Fredette	6 5 9 14 7 11 6 5 ..
McElligott	6 5 7 15 7 11 2 6 ..
W Hall	6 7 9 11 .. 9 7 ..
Blanchard	8 9 11 17 10 13 8 ..
Geddes	7 6 10 14 8 13 7 ..
Draher	6 6 11 .. 9 8 ..
Bradley	7 10 12 .. 9 8 ..
Mack	8 8 10 16 7 11 8 9 13 8 7 ..
Robertson	5 8 10 11 5 14 .. 7 ..
Savage	7 10 11 16 7 11 .. 8 13 .. 6
Bassett	7 7 12 15 8 12 5 13 6 7 ..
Bristol	5 8 6 10 7 12 ..
Kelley	7 9 14 17 9 14 8 8 12 ..
Hepburn	6 4 10 15 6 13 9 6 13 7 9 ..
Jakob	6 8 10 15 4 8 7 7 9 ..
Nolan	8 6 8 10 7 11 8 4 11 7 6 9
Porter	7 5 9 16 8 10 7 6 11 7 ..
C Hall	6 8 .. 9 ..
Dr Moore	8 7 11 8 9 10 7 .. 8 8 11
Cheney	8 13 16 9 10 4 8 ..
Collins	4 8 .. 4 ..
Colt	3 15 8 11 5 .. 8 6 ..
Bugbee	13 12 6 10 8 9 ..
Jordan	12 16 8 11 7 8 ..
Sanderson	8 11 7 6 3 ..
Gustafson	5 .. 4 7 ..
Viberts	7 14 7 ..
Libby	1 .. 0 ..
Fenton	6 9 5 .. 6 4 ..
Sparks	10 ..
Blish	6 11 .. 5 5 6 ..
Treat	16 6 10 ..
Larime	15 5 7 5 5 ..
Burke	15 7 10 9 7 11 9 8 ..
Knapt	6 11 .. 6 8 3 ..
Miller	8 10 .. 5 2 ..
Roberts	8 6 ..
Kiersted	4 ..
Cadwell	8 7 7 8 8 ..
Noble	5 3 5 10 8 ..
Watkins	10 .. 7 ..
Deleaney	9 8 .. 10 ..
Lynch	11 ..
Templeton	10 ..
Hubbell	15 ..
McGinty	3 5 11 ..
Palmer	6 7 ..
Hollis	4 ..
Bill	8 7 12 ..
Clark	2 7 .. 11

It has been a long time since such a large number of shooters have appeared in Hartford. Interest in trapshooting is increasing. The next shoot will be at the Mattatuck Gun Club, Waterbury, Conn., Aug. 18. Willis M. Hall is secretary.

The second annual shoot given by the Berlin, Conn., Agricultural Society, will be held Sept. 21, from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. Mr. J. H. Gould, of New Haven, is in charge.

The New Haven Gun Club will hold a clam bake and shoot Labor Day, Sept. 5. The main event is a three-man team race from any club in the State, 25 targets each man, \$10 added. Entrance \$7.14 per team, targets included. John E. Bassett, Secretary, 5 Church street, New Haven, Conn.

W. G. DUDLEY.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Aug. 6.—On Wednesday next the Rochester Rod and Gun Club will start a series of handicap contests, Aug. 10 to Nov. 16, for a handsome cup, which was donated by the Hunter Arms Company, of Fulton, N. Y. The handicaps are already arranged, and will be posted on the bulletin board of the club. The club has drawn up a new set of rules for the handicap, and they are as follows:

Each contestant shoots at 25 single targets flat and will have handicap targets added to actual score.

Should a contestant with his added handicap score more than 25 targets he can only count the score as 25. Ties must be shot off the same day, at same handicap. No back scores can be shot up.

The shooter having the highest score each Wednesday to score one point, and at the close of the contest, Nov. 16, the shooter having the greatest number of points to his credit shall be declared the winner.

At least five members must compete on a regular Wednesday, or it will be declared a no contest.

Handicaps will be readjusted after each third contest.

No entries accepted after 4 o'clock P. M.

Ohio Trap.

THE Sandusky, O., Gun Club held a tournament on Aug. 3 which proved a very enjoyable affair. The club had as guests members of the Leamington, Ont., Gun Club and a number of well-known shooters from other places were present, among them being F. H. Snow, of Brooklyn, O.; R. L. Trimble, J. L. Head, S. S. Saffold and J. Wherry, of Cleveland, and F. H. Conover, Leamington, thirty-six in all.

The Leamington shooters were entertained at dinner and supper by the home club, and it was late in the evening, or very early in the morning, when they embarked on the steamer Louise to return home after their day's pleasure.

The club's grounds are at Cedar Point. The targets are thrown against a water background, and many of the shooters were badly puzzled.

F. H. Snow was high man with 134; he also had the distinction of shooting from 20yds. three times, as he made that number of straight scores. Head was second with 130, and Trimble third with 128.

Thirteen shot through. Their scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	at	Broke.
Snow	13	15	10	14	12	14	15	13	15	13	150	134
Head	12	13	13	13	11	14	14	14	12	14	150	130
Trimble	13	12	11	14	12	13	14	13	13	13	150	128
Conover	14	11	12	11	14	13	14	13	12	12	150	126
Hart	11	13	13	11	13	12	12	15	10	14	150	124
Saffold	12	13	12	14	14	11	14	10	13	11	150	124
Deist	12	13	12	11	13	10	14	13	15	9	150	122
Cutcher	14	12	12	14	12	11	12	11	13	10	150	121
Mcoss	6	13	14	14	11	12	11	11	13	12	150	117
Wherry	11	12	15	10	12	12	12	11	8	13	150	116
Knopf	12	11	13	13	12	9	11	11	12	12	150	116
Boone	9	9	13	11	13	14	10	13	10	13	150	115
Miller	13	12	12	8	15	10	12	11	14	7	150	112

Rohrer's Island Gun Club.

There was a large attendance at the regular shoot of the Rohrer's Island Gun Club, Dayton, O., on Aug. 3. The weather was fine. In the handicap medal series twenty-three men entered and ten qualified. The winner, Carl Hanauer, is only seventeen years old. He surprised the crowd by his remarkable exhibition of skill and endurance, shooting through fifteen shoot-offs and standing the strain like a veteran, defeating such shots as C. F. Miller, who missed but 2 targets out of 98 shot at, and who made a run of 77 straight. The medal event is at 25 targets, with a handicap of extra targets to shoot at; all breaking 25 or better shooting off for the medal, which is held by the winner until the next shoot.

Springfield Gun Club.

A number of the members of the Rohrer's Island Gun Club, of Dayton, visited the Springfield, O., Gun Club on Aug. 5 and enjoyed an afternoon of good sport.

The main event of the day was a return match between teams of the two clubs, the home boys winning by a score of 288 to 279. There were seven men on a team and each shot at 50 targets. High individual scores were made by Watkins and Henderson, of Springfield, each of whom broke 47. Miller and Lockwood, of Dayton, tied with Strong, of Springfield, for second honors on 44 each. There were three 25-target events in addition to the team match, and here the Dayton boys carried off the honors, H. Oswald breaking 66 and Lockwood 64. Poole, of the home club, was third with 59.

The affair was a big success, twenty-one shooters taking part, and many good scores were made. The scores follow:

Event No. 2, seven-man team match, 50 targets per man: Springfield Gun Club—Watkins 47, Henderson 47, Strong 44, Poole 41, Snyder 39, Downs 36, Jobe 34; total 288.

Rohrer's Island Gun Club—Miller 44, Lockwood 44, H. Oswald 41, Schaefer 41, Rohrer 39, F. Oswald 35, Smith 35; total 279.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

Cincinnati, O.—The attendance on Aug. 6 was not large, twelve shooters taking part in the Parker gun contest. Peters was high in actual breaks with 85. Williams was a close second with 83, and was the only one of the shooters to break 20 straight.

A solid silver loving cup, valued at \$50, has been offered for competition. The first contest took place on Aug. 6. The conditions are 25 targets, 50 cents entrance. Members in Class A to stand at 18 to 20yds; Class B, 16 to 18yds.; Class C at 15yds. Experts at 22yds. Members may enter as many times as they wish by signifying their intentions and paying 50 cents in advance. Entries received any time except when regular club contests are taking place. Entries close and ties will be shot off when 200 entries have been received, due notice being given all contestants. When a cup has been won another will be put in competition. Winners will receive a penalty handicap of 2yds.; limit, 24yds. The number of entries and high score will be posted in the club house.

Ahlers leaves soon for Atlantic City, where, after getting a smell of salt water, he will visit the fair at St. Louis, and then go to Emil Werk's camp in Minnesota for the shooting.

In the cup race to-day there were twelve entries, as follows, handicap in parentheses: Williams (18) 18, 18, 17; Peters (19) 20, 21, 16; Medico (18) 20, 16; Gambell (18) 18, 17, 23; Maynard (18) 15. Gambell was high man, and his score of 23 must be beaten. Try it, some one.

Messrs. Pfeiffer and Pohlar have just got back from a visit to the latter's brother at Morris, Ind., about forty miles from here. While away they had some fine fishing and also smashed a few targets just to keep their hand in.

Parker prize gun, 100 targets, handicap added: Peters (20) 100, Williams (18) 100, Herman (30) 100, Pfeiffer (40) 100, Smith (28) 100, Jack (30) 100, B. Andrews (51) 100, J. Andrews (71) 100, Norris (30) 59, Jay Bee (25) 95, Maynard (18) 89, Gambell (10) 84.

Dayton Gun Club.

The conditions on July 30 were favorable, and some good work was done at the shoot of the Dayton, O., Gun Club. The initial contest in the series for the Gem City championship medal was the principal event of the day, and C. H. Cord had the honor, his score being 24 out of 25. Bailey and Rike were one behind him. The new concrete pits have been completed and are ready for use. Work has been begun on the concrete rifle pit. The Dayton Gun Club has been incorporated with a capital of \$5,000. The incorporators are: John L. Theobald, Anthony F. Kempert, O. H. Bailey, C. H. Cord and Zenas Craig.

BONASA.

Remarkable Scores.

SPIRIT LAKE, Ia., Aug. 5.—Inclosed please find some scores made by Mr. Fred Gilbert on our grounds, July 30, 31 and Aug. 1 and 4. The targets were thrown 55yds., and the last day there was a good wind blowing. You will note that he has a run of 392 straight, which I believe is the best record ever made.

I was with him while all the shooting was done, and I consider it the best shooting I ever witnessed, as during all this run he had only three birds that were not broken in good shape, and they were broken into three or four pieces:

July 30

July 31

Aug. 1

Aug. 2

Aug. 4

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New Hampshire Championship.

DOVER, N. H., Aug. 6.—In the shoot for the cup emblematic of the championship of the State of New Hampshire, which took place at Henniker, N. H., Aug. 3, eleven persons took part, Winchester, Henniker, Concord, Dover and Manchester being represented.

The visitors were cordially and hospitably entertained. The cup was won by Mr. Reed, of Manchester. All stood at the 16yd. mark.

S. L. Greer

Dickenson

Jones

Wentworth

Brigham

Hallam

E E Reed

Goss

L R Nelson

M D King

Bouton

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WESTERN TRAP.

Mexia Gun Club Tournament.

MEXIA, Tex., July 31.—A rather prolonged, though successful, shoot was that of the gun club tournament held here July 26, 27, 28 and 29. There were forty-three shooters, and some very fine scores were made. T. E. Hubby shot steadily and regularly each day. R. J. Jackson made high amateur score, and the Hunter Arms Co. trophy went to him.

Fanning, Faurote, Sens, Curran and Atchison did not get in until the last day, when they all made top scores.

The programme of each of the first three days provided a total of 160 targets; on the fourth day, 190. The scores:

	July 26—	July 27—	July 28—	July 29—
	Shot	Shot	Shot	Shot
R. J. Jackson.....	151 160	155 160	152 160	175 190
T. E. Hubby.....	151 160	156 160	155 160	182 190
R. Bennett.....	146 160	...	148 160	173 190
Dr. Watson.....	140 160	103 115	142 160	...
Carter.....	102 120	51 60
Bevill.....	114 140	94 120	138 160	...
Groves.....	90 105
W. W. Turner.....	83 95	81 95	142 160	170 190
R. Cook.....	67 80	51 60	78 95	29 35
A. Mills.....	77 100	92 100	91 105	29 35
J. Karner.....	34 45	19 30	54 70	37 55
E. Waller.....	51 65	35 45	35 50	...
Fike.....	33 45	...	41 55	...
B. Smith.....	30 45	...	46 60	...
E. R. Foster.....	58 70	49 60	19 30	...
Flanagan.....	32 45	...	68 100	...
Gentry.....	15 20	...	26 40	...
J. Focke.....	21 30	16 20	63 90	26 50
Allen.....	23 35	...	68 90	...
B. W. Bonner.....	24 35	36 45	56 70	...
Stroud.....	39 55
Ezell.....	8 30	...	35 50	...
House.....	17 30
H. Ross.....	30 50	...	26 40	...
Weddington.....	...	101 135	20 30	...
T. Oliver.....	...	128 160	46 65	...
Woodland.....	...	50 70
Fuller.....	...	37 60
Caldwell.....	...	137 160	140 160	72 85
Garrett.....	...	18 30	18 30	...
Prickett.....	...	25 35	37 50	24 30
Levis.....	...	18 35	24 40	...
Sullivan.....	...	22 25	44 65	...
Brown.....	...	35 55	35 65	...
Person.....	...	21 30	18 25	...
Anderson.....	...	23 35	17 25	...
Burford.....	...	66 80	54 65	...
Fanning.....	180 190
Faurote.....	180 190
Sens.....	183 190
Curran.....	175 190
Atchison.....	184 190
Storey.....	76 95

Reynolds Annual Tournament.

Reynolds, Ind., July 29.—There was a fair turnout on the occasion of the gun club shoot. Not all present were with us for the whole day, otherwise some extra good shooting would have been the result.

Vietmeyer was with us, and he did his best shooting of the year—190 out of 205. Parks shot well, but then when Brown and Nichols came in they outshone all. Brown lost 2 out of 110, and Nichols 4, to Ackerman's 6. The weather was not the best, else all would have done better. Mr. Grass proved a manager that the club can be proud of. Scores: Parks shot at 205, broke 177; Vietmeyer 205, 190; Grass 205, 171; Reumler 185, 169; Kinney 205, 190; Moulton 190, 177; Hartman 90, 79; Brown 110, 108; Nichols 110, 106; Ackerman 110, 104; Rice 55, 45; Prnett 55, 43; Slow 110, 99; Mitchell 80, 61; Samples 50, 40.

Ashland Gun Club.

Lexington, Ky., Aug. 2.—The members of the enthusiastic gun club met for practice, and a generally good time at the club grounds, Aug. 1. There were many visitors present, and a general good, sociable time was the result. Scores as follows:

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6	Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6
Targets:	15 15 25 15 15 15	Targets:	15 15 25 15 15 15
A. P. Perry.....	5 10 16 10 10 6	A. Hamilton.....	...
W. Vanderen.....	9 12 10 13 13 13	G. Graves.....	...
R. H. Smith.....	12 10 17 13 13 13	J. G. Denny.....	...
E. H. Sellers.....	8 10 16 7 8 8	J. Gilgrist.....	...
J. Harp.....	10 6 13 7 12 12	W. Lydon.....	...
C. M. Land.....	5 1 8 2 2 2	S. Stoffer.....	...
F. Corbin.....	2 7 3 1 5 5	J. Q. Ward.....	...
W. Henderson.....	15 22 9 2 2 2	J. Satterwhite.....	...
R. S. Kinner.....	10 12 6 2 2 2	C. S. Ward.....	...
W. Strader.....	8 16 9 2 2 2

Event No. 3 was Peters gold medal. It was won by Mr. W. Henderson.

Kansas Mourns Loss of Prestige.

Kansas City, Mo., Aug. 5.—Yesterday was a bad day for Kansas. Though Ed O'Brien shot well, he could not win out with a patched up team, as only three of his regulars were present, and one of the substitutes lost the race.

The Missouri team was this time all of Kansas City's best and hard to beat, not a man going below 17. You see, C. W. Franke, A. C. Holmes, W. M. Clayton, Harry Tipton and Dr. Leavel have won many a live-bird race, while on the Kansas team was to be found Gottlieb, of Kansas City, a Missouri man, and Kleinhaus, who had an off day entirely. Anderson, O'Brien and Gorman are good for 19 or 20 any day, and they lost but 2 out of their 60

of Elliott's choice flyers. This is their first defeat for the year, and when they get Fatty, Arnold and Timberlake added to their team they will show 'em when they come back again.

The individual race between Clayton and O'Brien for the pigeon wing trophy was one of the closest ever shot on the Blue River Park. Each got 49 out of first 50, then O'Brien was a head one at 75, only to run up against very hard luck on the last 25, when he lost 2 dead out and the race by these two, as Clayton bagged the whole 25. Scores:

	All-Missouri.
Franke.....	222210222222022*1222—17
Holmes.....	201*111221122222222—18
Clayton.....	111221211211112121—20
Tipton.....	1022212222222211222—19
Leavel.....	2221222222121011121—19—93

	All-Kansas.
Gottlieb.....	22222*21112202222123—18
Kleinhaus.....	02*1010011222202222—13
Anderson.....	2*2122122221112222—19
O'Brien.....	222222122222222222—20
Gorman.....	2222222122*21221121—19—89

The scores in the Clayton-O'Brien match follow:

Clayton.....	221112122111211121222—25
O'Brien.....	22102122211121212122221—24
	21122*21111221022212221—23
	2211121211121111212222—25—97
O'Brien.....	222220222222122222222—24
	22222222222222222222—25
	22222222222222222222—24
	222220222222*222222*222—22—95

Janesville Tournament.

Janesville, Wis., July 30.—The first annual shoot or tournament of the Janesville Gun Club was pronounced a success by the promoters.

Shooters to the number of seventeen were present from Madison, Broadhead, Monroe, Grand Rapids, Edgerton and Beloit.

The boys present all feel under obligation to Eugene Roeshing for the able manner in which he handled the shoot. The club was greatly encouraged by this effort, and will try and get in line for a shoot next season that shall draw to it at least one hundred shooters.

Shickley Tournament.

Shickley, Neb., July 30.—On Friday there was an all-day shoot held here by the gun club. There was a good time all round. The team shoot was especially interesting, as the home team won over Edgar by a small majority of 10 targets. Shickley has now two wins to its credit, and the next shoot will be held at Geneva. This will be interesting, as Mr. Thorpe, the retired jockey, lives there, and has taken up trapshooting as a pastime. Mr. Thorpe shot in all the events here and won the high average. Scores: Hilton shot at 110, broke 87; Thorpe 140, 103; Miner 120, 88; Winertiene 30, 22; Osborne 100, 73; Harris 140, 96; Smith 70, 45; Dodge 90, 57; Howard 140, 87; Grimm 140, 87; Ford 10, 6; Patie 140, 80; Krueger 20, 11; Marson 60, 32; Bray 50, 24; Smithson 30, 12; Johnston 20, 7.

Match shoot, 50 targets each.

Shickley Team—Thorpe 42, Harris 40, Dodge 40, Muir 36, Patie 29; total 187.

Edgar Team—Grimm 41, Hiller 38, Howard 37, Osborne 37, Bray 24; total 177.

Challenges.

After the big shoot at Kansas City, Aug. 4, W. W. Clayton was challenged by Ed O'Brien, of Florence, Kans., for the Wyeth medal, which represents the championship of the Missouri valley at live birds.

Alce Mernod, of St. Louis, challenged W. W. Clayton for the pigeon wing trophy, representing national championship, which will be contested on either 50 or 100 live birds.

A team of St. Louis live-bird experts has challenged the Kansas City or the Missouri team for a match for the Elliott live-bird cup. These teams have held some spirited and close contests in the past, and will make a struggle that will be well worth witnessing.

Trap at New Berlin.

New Berlin, O., Aug. 4.—What turned out to be a first-class tournament was that of the home gun club, which held their first open shoot Aug. 3. There were eight fifteen target events, and a five-man team event.

Tryon, the Cleveland good shot, was first with 114 out of 120. Dr. Hale, of Canton, came next with 109. Trimble was the only expert that was present, and he was busy, when not using the pumps, doing fancy rifle shooting. There were fifty-one shooters present and taking part for the day.

Shooting at 120 targets Tryon broke 114, Dr. Hale 109, Lucky 107, Snow 105, Lothamer 103, Taylor 103, Trimble 103, W. W. W. 102, Ewalt 102, Haac 101, Williams 97, Bradley 97, Young 96, Ream 96, Schulz 95, Evans 92, Becher 91, Suffold 81, Suffool 64, Runner 61. At 105 Metzger broke 93, J. K. W. 91, J. A. S. 91, Galt 90, Gilchrist 88, Gray 89, Beck 83, Winnell 78, Smith 77. At 90 Russell broke 74, Win 71, Dunn 71, Raven 62, Ellett 52, Francis 52, Baer 47, Lyman 34, Bushman 31, Gault 37.

In the team shoot Akron came out on top with 225 out of 250. Scores:

Akron—Lucky 48, Bradley 47, Metzler 47, W. W. W. 42, Waggoner 41; total 225.

Canton—Win 42, Young 45, Wate 37, Hook 46, Lothamer 42; total 212.

Barbaton—Smith 40, Gault 39, Tracy 38, Beck 38, Brudcr 42; total 197.

New Berlin—C. J. Schlitz 43, Ream 41, James 31, William 38, Winnell 39; total 192.

Sparta—Buckman 42, Buber 34, Guest 43, Bair 32, Smith 39; total 190.

In Other Places.

E. E. Hagaman, secretary of the Waterloo, Ia., Gun Club,

wishes all shooters to know that on Sept. 22 and 23 there will be a tournament on their grounds, with plenty of added money.

All sportsmen who visit the World's fair, will find much to interest them when they call at the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. exhibit. The trophies that have been won with their goods are the greatest collection ever known in the United States.

Billy Townsend, the well-known shooter and sporting goods dealer, of Omaha, was one of the lucky ones in the land drawing at Bonesteel, S. D. He secured a \$5,000 farm and he has named his ranch, Suckens, and has extended an invitation to all his shooting friends to meet him Sept. 1, 2 and 3 and enjoy a chicken hunt. Meantime there will be a sod-breaking contest, the one turning the most sod will win an Indian squaw for a wife.

Get in line for the great circuit of shoots that will be held in Illinois and Indiana during September and October, viz.: Litchfield, Sept. 6 and 7; Chicago, Sept. 9 to 11; Jacksonville, Sept. 13 and 14; Lincoln, Sept. 20 and 21; Homer, Sept. 28 and 29; Crawfordville, Oct. 4 and 5.

Who are amateurs and who are not amateurs, will be the coming subject that will interest the trapshooters of the West during the coming season. The supposition is gaining ground that there are expert amateurs who travel from one shoot to another who should be handicapped or barred, the same as the professional traveling man.

The Dalton, O., Gun Club will hold their sixth annual tournament Oct. 6 and 7. For information, programmes and all inquiries pertaining to same, address G. C. Trut, secretary.

Following the Interstate shoot at Hot Springs, S. D., there will be a two days' shoot at Deadwood. All Black Hill clubs will be represented, as the carnival will be in progress. It is not exaggerating to state that forty shooters will be present.

The Dows, Ia., Gun Club, through their secretary, L. M. Howell, has sent out the information that on Oct. 5 and 6 there will be a shoot held that will not interfere with the Concordia, Kans., Interstate tournament.

There will be a tournament at Rich Hill, Mo., Sept. 1, which the Panama, Mo., Gun Club will engineer.

Henry Davis won the shaving cup that was up for the highest score made by members of the Panama, Mo., Gun Club for the month of July.

The Grove Gun Club, of Detroit, Mich., purpose to classify their members as to ability. This will give all a chance to have in their possession the medals during the season.

Grand Rapids, Minn., is the town for a sportsman. Deer, bear, moose, ducks, etc., and such fishing as would do your heart good. No finer body of trapshooters, as there are forty members, and they will entertain shooters and lovers of outdoor sports. Just try them and see.

The Wheeling, W. Va., Gun Club defeated the Steubenville, O., Gun Club on Friday last in a team shoot for the second time. With ten men or a total of 500 targets, Wheeling made 419 to Steubenville's 397.

The Jackson, Minn., team has challenged the Fairmont team for the Peters trophy. The contest will be shot on Aug. 5, the second day of the tournament.

The game warden is searching for the man with a gun who shot prairie chickens at Ord, Neb., before the same were "officially ripe."

An interesting shoot was held on Sunday last at Trenton, Mich., between clubs from River Roynce, Rockwood and Trenton, the first-named being the winner. This is quite a drawn-out shoot, as the winner must win six times. Scores: River Roynce 60, Rockwood 57, Trenton 53.

Aug. 24, 25 and 26 will soon roll around, and on those dates one of the big shoots that Grand Rapids is noted for will be held. Much added money and many attractions, new grounds and traps. Not too many mosquitoes if you don't go in the woods.

Herman Standis won the medal, shooting on his own farm Sunday last while the Meriden, Minn., Gun Club contest was on.

It will be interesting to note the effect of the bar on outsiders at the Arkansas State shoot when the full report reaches us next week.

Mr. Feibelman, of Demopolis, won the highest score at the Meridian, Miss., shoot on July 28. Dr. Hale won the Hunter Arms Co. gold medal with a 25 straight.

R. I. Bean, of Ravenna, won the first and Roy Kelso the second medal at the club shoot at Kent, O., on last Friday, with a score of 22 and 19. "Chief High Temper" Jim was present. Jim did a little stunt of 46 out of 50, and then headed away for next town.

East End Gun Club, Toledo, O., will hold an all-day shoot on Labor Day.

At Fergus Falls the Dewey boys were out on July 28 and won the squad race, but Agern won the 50-target event with 47.

Jim Head was "snowed" in at the late Sandusky, O., one-day tournament.

Sportsmen have organized a gun club with the title of U. M. C. Club, with H. Carl, President; H. Donnelly, Field Captain; M. Daniels, Trapper, and Sam Smith, Secretary. The club holds forth at Guthrie, O. T., and it is their intention to take part in all the territorial tournaments.

Fanning is smashing things down in Texas. He missed but 6 out of 200 in the Ennis shoot. Faurote was going strong; 195 was his good round total.

The Ennis, Tex., shoot demonstrated that shooters in the Lone Star State get "cold feet" first day and do not remain for the second.

Dr. Browell, of Ada, I. T., is now the champion of two Territories, as he won same with 48 out of 50 targets shot at the Fishomingo tournament.

St. Louis will have a tournament Sept. 14 and 15 that will be a novelty, viz.: Afro-American Trapshooters' League.

The shooters at Terr Haut, Ind., report being interested in the Indiana-Illinois circuit of tournament. Why not claim a date and join in.

John T. Baker, the old-time trapshot, of Rockford, Ill., has purchased the sporting goods store formerly conducted by his son. Has been some time since he was a famous trapshot.

The North Side Gun Club, of Milwaukee, will hold their tournament Aug. 14. There will be a fine medal up for a prize, emblematic of the champion "bluerock buster." There will be four

divisions by the Rose system. Targets thrown from magatrap. Soergel was high man at the last Sunday shoot of the Wisconsin Gun Club, Milwaukee, and A. Krause was high at the North Side club shoot.

Chas. Young was out among the Grand Rapids, Mich., trap-shots, and took the opportunity to test the grounds of the Consolidated Club. The same fit him well, as he scored 49 out of 50 and "dusted" the one that was not scored.

Secretary John Brewer, of the Bowling Green, O., Gun Club, is out with an announcement that on Aug. 18 there will be a tournament for Wood county contestants. The championship of the county will be the most interesting event.

C. B. Wiggins, of Homer, Ill., is busy winning high averages, also organizing tournaments to be held throughout Illinois and Indiana.

Sunday last there was a big shoot at Billings, Mont. The Billings and Red Lodge teams held a team contest.

In a team shoot at Erie, Kans., with five men on a team and 25 targets each, Parsons made 91, St. Paul 79, Chanute 79, and Erie 80. Dr. White made high score, 23.

Dr. Frank Snow won the high gun score, which carried with it the Hunter Arms Company trophy at the Kalamazoo, Mich., shoot held on Saturday last, with 20 out of 25. This being a handicap shoot, Warnf and Keef shot from the 22yd. line.

The newly organized gun club at Freeport, Ill., held its shoot last Saturday. Dr. Boling and William Waddington made scores that they need not be ashamed of.

Massillon, O., Gun Club will soon decide upon dates for a fall tournament. It was decided that club members should pay \$2 for 250 targets with visitors and those without tickets pay 1 cent.

This week will be the Indian week at West Baden. There will be some tall shooting, and as the FOREST AND STREAM correspondent will be in attendance, a full report will be found in next issue.

The incorporators of the Dayton, O., Gun Club are John L. Thebold, F. Kempert, O. H. Baily, C. H. Cord, and Z. A. Craig. The next club shoot at St. Paul, Kans., will be held Aug. 17, at which time teams from Parsons, Erie, Chanute will try for superiority.

A reunion of the Ohio squirrel hunters will be held at Des Moines, Ia., during the latter part of August at the State fair.

A picked team from the Crawfordsville, Ind., Gun Club will shoot a series of matches with the Lebanon Club, each team to be composed of five men.

Mrs. Johnson, at present the only squaw shooter, was high at the last meet of the Minneapolis Gun Club. She scored 15 straight, 13 out of 15, 22 out of 25 twice, then 18 out of 20. This is much better than she did in late tournaments, but the gun was a handicap at that time, it being on its bad behavior.

The West End Gun Club, of Waukegan, Ill., will shoot regularly every Sunday.

The Shelbyville, Tenn., Gun Club has some fine shots. At their last meeting Mr. Cunningham was present, and he presented the club with a case of Peters shells. Mr. C. led the score with 92 per cent.

The Traverse City, Mich., shots got busy last Saturday. Will Darrow won on the first trial, 24 out of 25. Walton afterward won on the same score. A match was shot in which Stevens missed 23 and Carter broke 16.

The Ewell, Tenn., Gun Club will shoot a match with the Tracy City Club in the near future.

Laredo, Tex., sports a gun club with the title of National, though the scores show room for improvement.

A gun club will flourish at Elma, Ia. It starts with eleven members, and eleven are ministers.

W. Clayton has challenged O. Bleams, of Oconto, Neb., to shoot for the Post medal, which he lately won at the Buffalo Bill Gun Club shoot. Mr. Cunningham, of St. Joseph, Mo., one of the committee on handicap, has been notified. The match will take place at Mr. Blevin's home in the next month.

Maurice Kaufmann, of New Orleans, made some very excellent scores at the Demopolis shoot, beating out Goodbrod by two for the high average.

C. O. Le Compte, with headquarters at Nashville, Tenn., was reported at Henderson, Ky., last Friday, where he gave an exhibition that interested local trapshooters.

Wm. Gregory, of Owensboro, Ky., entertained the club at his home on Friday last, after which some shooting was indulged in. James Lewis was high with 41.

The third annual tournament of the Hopkinsville, Ky., Gun Club will be held Aug. 25 and 26, at the Cerulean Springs, a fine summer resort, sixteen miles west of the city. There will be \$50 added money, and trophy for high gun; purses will be divided Rose system. Magatrap and bluerocks. All interested should write to C. O. Prowse, the captain.

The Hales Corners, Wis., Gun Club will hold a tournament Aug. 21. This is a beautiful suburb of the city of Milwaukee, and is reached by street car. Many shooters are booked. All will be made welcome.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Aug. 6.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the first trophy shoot of the third series. Dr. Meek won Class A trophy on 22, although his score was beaten by two visitors, Rupel and Fraunholz. W. Einfeldt won Class B on 18, and Birkland, Jr., won Class C on 16.

In the cup shoot, which followed, Hathaway won Class A on 22, W. Einfeldt Class B on 15, and Birkland, Jr., Class C on 16. The day was a fine one for trapshooting, being pleasantly cool, and twenty-six shooters lined up for the sport.

Thomas	11010111111111	11 10 01 10 10—19
Richards	101101111111010	11 00 11 00 10—16
Hathaway	111101101111111	11 11 10 11 11—22
McKinnon	010011111001100	11 10 11 10 00—14
Wilson	001111111101100	00 10 10 00 01—13
Johnson	01101110100111	10 10 11 01 10—16
Dr. Meek	110110011110111	11 11 10 00 11—18
McDonald	111111111001110	01 10 00 10 11—17
Birkland, Sr.	000101111111001	10 11 00 00 11—14
W. Einfeldt	011010001011110	11 00 11 10 10—15
Birkland, Jr.	101000010111111	10 11 11 10 00—16
Eaton	110111001011101	10 01 10 11 11—18
Fraunholz	111111111111111	01 10 10 10 10—20
Rupel	111111111101111	00 11 11 10 01—21
T. S. Smedes	011111111101010	10 10 00 11 11—17
Hibbard	001011011010101	10 10 11 01 00—14
C. Einfeldt	110110110110111	01 10 11 01 00—18
Seymore	101111001111111	01 10 10 11 11—19
Cork	000101000101000	10 01 11 00 01—9
Geotter	001111111101111	00 10 11 11 00—17

Wolt	000111100100000														
Eldred	110111101100111										10 00 10 11 10—16				
Trophy shoot, 25 targets: Thomas 18, Richards 21, Hathaway															
19, McKinnon 17, Wilson 9, Johnson 19, Dr. Meek 22, McDonald															
21, Birkland, Sr., 16, W. Einfeldt 18, Birkland, Jr., 16, Eaton 18,															
Fraunholz 24, Rupel 23, Harris 17, T. L. Smedes 19, A. Smedes															
12, Hibbard 18, C. Einfeldt 19, Seymore 12, Cook 17, Geotter 18,															
Moran 16, Wolf 9.															
Events:															
Targets:	1	2	3	4	5	Targets:	1	2	3	4	5				
Thomas	10	10	10	10	*	Targets:	10	10	10	10	*				
Thomas	6	8	7	7	6	L Smedes	6	7				
Richards	4	6	8	5	9	A Smedes	8	8	9	4	..				
Hathaway	6	8	8	7	6	Hebbard	6	6				
McKinnon	10	7	6	7	9	Horns	8	8				
Wilson	6	3	C Einfeldt	8	4				
Johnson	7	7	6	6	..	Seymore	5	8	7	7	7				
Dr Meek	6	9	10	9	7	Cook	2	6				
McDonald	3	9	6	9	7	Geotter	9	7	..	5	..				
Birkland, Jr.	5	5	5	6	..	Wolf	4				
Eaton	8	8	9	7	6	W Einfeldt	9	8	8				
Fraunholz	9	8	Lanigan	2	..	7				
Rupel	8	9										

Dr. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Fairmont Rod and Gun Club.

FAIRMONT, W. Va., Aug. 5.—The Fairmont Rod and Gun Club pulled off a most successful shoot to-day, which was attended by over fifty sportsmen, representing clubs from Grafton, Wheeling, Mannington, Morgantown and Bellington.

The programme for the day covered ten regular events of 10 birds each and a club team race, after which several sweepstakes were shot off.

High average for the day's shooting was won by W. A. Wiede-busch, of the Fairmont Club, with 89.6 per cent., with Price, Recreation Rod and Gun Club, Morgantown, and White, of same club, tied for second with 86.4 per cent. The scores:

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Targets:	10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10
White	9 8 9 .. 8 7 8 8 9
Jacobs	9 8 9 7 8 9 6 8 8
Dawson	6 7 8 9 8 6 6 9 10
Kennedy	8 8 10 7 5 5 7 6 9
Price	9 9 8 .. 7 8 8 3 6
J. R. Miller	10 7 10 9 9 .. 8 6 10
G. F. Miller	9 7 4 .. 7 7 7 7 8
Viquesney	2 6 4 .. 3 7 7 7
Wiede-busch	10 8 6 .. 10 9 10 8 10
Donley	5 5 3 .. 8 9 7 4 6
Turner	2 7 7
Byrnes	4 3 7
J. Phillips	7 8 4 .. 5 8
Rogers 5 7 8
Leachman 6 1 6
Cobun 7 5 7
Smith 5 2 6
Stuck 5 5 3
Schofield 7 9 4
Warden 9 5 6
Musgrove 6 4 5
Walker 6 4 5 7
Colpitts 7 9 5 8
Brewer 2 4 7 6
Donegan 4 6 2 5
Lilly 6 8 9 8
Fleming 7 4 7 8
Long 3 5 8 4 6 ..
G. E. Miller 4 5
Simons 5 4 5
Algyre 6 7 4 5
C. Phillips 3 6 8 6 8
Dr. Badgley 5 4 7
C. G. Badgley 6 6 1
Meredith 7 4 6
Thompson 7 6 7
Thomas 7 7 8 9 4 ..
Tobin 7 7 5 6 8 ..
Gump 8 8 10 9 7 ..
Nichols 8 7 8 8 9 ..
Harris 7 8 8 6 7 ..
W. C. Jamison 3 2 2 4 7
R. C. Jones 3 2 2 4 7
Scrimgeour 3 1 1
L. C. Jones 3 2 5
J. A. Jamison 3 3 5
Coogle 10 5 8

Inter-city team race, teams of five men, 25 birds per man: Recreation Rod and Gun Club, Morgantown, W. Va.—Price 22, White 22, Jacobs 21, Dawson 18, Cobun 21; total 104. Fairmont Rod and Gun Club—Coogle 19, Lilly 19, Colpitts 13, Wiede-busch 23, Phillips 15; total 89.

Grafton Gun Club—Walker 10, Rogers 19, Leachman 8, Warden 14, Smith 12; total 63.

Mannington Gun Club—Donegan 14, Thomas 17, Tobin 18, Gump 20, Phillips 17; total 86.

Bellington Gun Club—Scrimgeour 13, Thompson 8, Brewer 15, Walker 17, Viquesney 14; total 67.

Harris Gun Club—Nichols 21, Harris 21, J. R. Miller 17, Musgrove 9, Stuck 15; total 83.

Oneida County Sportsmen's Club.

UTICA, N. Y., Aug. 6.—Forty-one contestants participated in the events of the weekly shoot of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Gun Club to-day. The famous experts, Messrs. Sim Glover and Neaf Appar, were participants.

The shooting commenced at 2 o'clock and continued until 7. Mr. Henry L. Gates, of this city, shot at match with Mr. R. Bingham, of Rome, and won. Gates made 64 out of 75, and Bingham made 51 out of 75.

The club is composed of expert marksmen, who are advancing the sport in Utica. The scores were as follows:

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Targets:	10 10 10 10 10 25 10 10 10
S. Glover	9 9 9 10 10 22
N. Appar	8 8 10 7 9 25
Gates	8 9 7 9 10 21
Brunner	7 7 6
Jenny	6 7 9 6 8 .. 9 6 7

Bingham	6 7 7 7 8 16
Friday	7 7 7 9 8 7
J. Wagner	7 7 7 7 8 18 7 6 ..
Borden	7 5 5 6 6
Sykes	7 6 5 8 4
Gardner	5 7 5 6 7
Wilcox	6 6 6 7 5
C. Windheim	7 8 8 7 6 21 9 9 7
Davidson	7 6 8 6 8 20 9 10 ..
Johnson	7 6 5 6 8 19 9 8 ..
Marlin	5 7 7 6 18 6 8 ..
Hayes	.. 7 6 7
Dooley	.. 5 4 6
Barlow	.. 8 8 8
Detchie	7 5 6 5 7
Jordon	.. 7 5 5 .. 7 ..
Scott 8
T. Cantwell	.. 5 5 7 7
Day	.. 5 6 7
Rayland	.. 6 7 7
Tessdale	.. 7 8
J. Dugan	4 5 6
Sands	.. 8 5
Jones	.. 8 6 8
Streeter	.. 4 6 5
Thoman	.. 6 6
Fentley	.. 7 6 7
Smith	.. 5 5
Deck	.. 10 10
Cackett	.. 4 6
Eggerson 6
Dexter	.. 5 7 6 ..
W. Cantwell 6 6 ..
Teller 5 7 5 ..
Richards 5 6 ..
Kokesch 6 7 ..

Recreation Rod and Gun Club.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., July 28.—The Recreation Rod and Gun Club, of this city held its regular weekly shoot at Recreation Park to-day, and we had a most enjoyable time, with twelve guns out. The light was fine to-day, but the wind was very gusty, and kept the gunners guessing at all stages of the game. The scores:

Event No. 1, 10 targets, practice: Dawson 7, Price 8, Jacobs 9, White 10, Geo. F. Miller 6, Kennedy 4, Cobun 8, Smith 8.

Event No. 2, president's cup handicap: Dawson shot at 18, broke 13; Price 21, 15; Jacobs 20, 15; White 22, 21; Geo. F. Miller 19, 8; Kennedy 26, 12; Cobun (winner of cup) 27, 20; Smith 26, 11.

President Bennett S. White wins the club championship medal for the week with a percentage of 89.5 per cent. of all scheduled events, while John M. Cobun wins the president's cup for the week with a score of 20 out of 27 shot at. President White being high gun in this event, but not being eligible, as he is the donor of the cup.

Aug. 4.—The Recreation Rod and Gun Club held its regular weekly shoot at Recreation Park, Thursday afternoon, with ten guns out. The scores:

First event, President's cup handicap: Price shot at 19, broke 15; Dawson 21, 15; L. Smith 20, 8; Jacobs 19, 15; Kennedy 22, 13.

Cup won by Price in the shoot-off.

Team shoot, 20 targets:

Price 17, Jacobs 18, J. L. Smith 11, Hickman 6, Gibbons 14; total 65.

Dawson 15, G. Miller 17, Kennedy 9, L. Smith 6, Gibbons 14; total 61.

Price wins club championship medal for the week with 85.1 per cent., and also wins president's cup for week.

E. F. JACOBS, Sec'y-Treas.

A Novel Order.

VAN BUREN, Ark., July 26.—Editor Forest and Stream: The following note was recently sent to the Van Buren Furniture and Hardware Co.:

"Please send me 1 pound sodie, 3 pounds sugar, 1/4 pound tea, 1/2 pound crackers and 6 pounds of beafe. I kant cum to town meself. Me wife had a babie last nite; also 1 hundred Peters shells. No. 6 shot, and a box of No. 2 primers."

Mr. Hunt went out and bought the grocery items for the proud parent.

Geo. E. BARTLETT.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

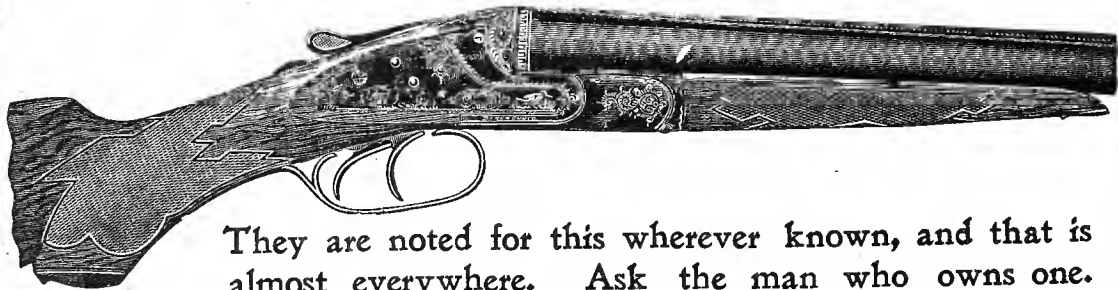
Concerning Proctor's.

The entire vaudeville world has been awaiting with interest the outcome of the recent experiments enacted by the Proctor management in using the same artists for appearances in two houses the same week. Some years ago Cissie Loftus appeared at the Twenty-third Street Theatre and Fifty-eighth Street Theatre during the same week, but the experiment was not continued until the engagement of Mr. Charles Hawtrey a few weeks ago. Mr. Hawtrey found it so easy to play at the Twenty-third Street and Fifth Avenue Theatres the same week that the following week he renewed his engagement for the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street and Twenty-third Street Theatres. Jessie Milward appeared also at the Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street Theatres, and afterward at Twenty-third Street and Newark, while the following week Blanche Ring established a record by playing six performances a day, appearing four times in New York and twice in Newark. The system has now become a regular thing, many of the minor performers appearing at two houses the same week. The success of this experiment, which is now clearly established, enables the presentation of better bills, since when good acts are scarce, the same attraction may be played in two houses, to the betterment of both bills.

In the latter part of August the Colt Patent Firearms Co. will be ready to deliver their army revolver with 6in. barrel, .38cal., blue finish, especially designed for the .38cal. S. & W. special cartridge. This revolver has the small-bore barrel and chambered cylinder of the new Colt target revolver known as the officers' model, but the plain sights and finish of the regulation army revolver. This arm will appeal to those who wish a military arm of .38cal., which can be used with various cartridges, with loads running from the lightest gallery charge with round bullet up to the full service charge.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1904.

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No. 846 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

SCOTT'S COON AGAIN.

EVEN Homer sometimes nods, and the almost invariably exact New York Evening Post so far forgets its learning as to print, in connection with the reported naval demonstration by the United States against Turkey, the following lines:

Some day the Osmanli coon may refuse to come down, and that will be an awkward pass for any Davy Crockett who then happens to have his guns trained on Smyrna.

Of American *pseudodoxia epidemica*, hardly one is more firmly established than the traditional belief that it was Davy Crockett whom the 'coon addressed when he saw the rifle leveled at him from the ground. Yet, as a matter of fact, it is perfectly well established on the testimony of witnesses recently living that the hero of that adventure, the man whose skill with the rifle was so generally acknowledged even by the birds and the beasts that it was not necessary for him to pull the trigger, was not Davy Crockett at all, but Capt. Martin Scott.

Honor to whom honor is due. Crockett was a good shot, a brave man, and gave up his life in a heroic fight. Capt. Martin Scott was perhaps a better shot and no less brave, and died as heroically, but in less spectacular fashion, before Molino del Rey. The Americans were waiting for the order to charge, in an exposed position swept by the fire of the enemy, and the men had dug rifle pits, or had lain down behind other cover by which they were protected, but Capt. Martin Scott remained erect, walking up and down before his men. Several of them spoke to him, saying, "Lie down, Captain, lie down; they'll hit you." Capt. Scott turned, and looking sternly at the men who had addressed him, said to them: "Martin Scott never lies down." It was his last word. A moment later a ball struck him, inflicting a fatal wound.

For the sake of history, as well as for justice to a brave man, the FOREST AND STREAM has constituted itself the defender of the honor of Martin Scott, and it will continue to insist that the credit for his achievements shall be given to him, and not to another.

SENATOR VEST AND THE NATIONAL PARK.

IN no one of all the editorials and obituaries written last week on the death of Senator Vest, did we see mention made of one great service performed by him for the American people, and for which they and their descendants should always remember him. It is a bit of ancient history now, and largely forgotten by all except those who took an active part in the fight. More than twenty years ago strong efforts were made by a private corporation to secure a monopoly of the Yellowstone National Park by obtaining from the Government contracts giving them exclusive privileges within the Park. This corporation secured an agreement from the Interior Department by which six different plots in the Yellowstone Park, each one covering about one section of land—a square mile—were to be leased to it for a period of ten years. It was also to have a monopoly of hotel, stage, and telegraph rights, and there was a privilege of renewal of the concession at the end of the ten years. The rate to be paid for the concession was \$2 an acre.

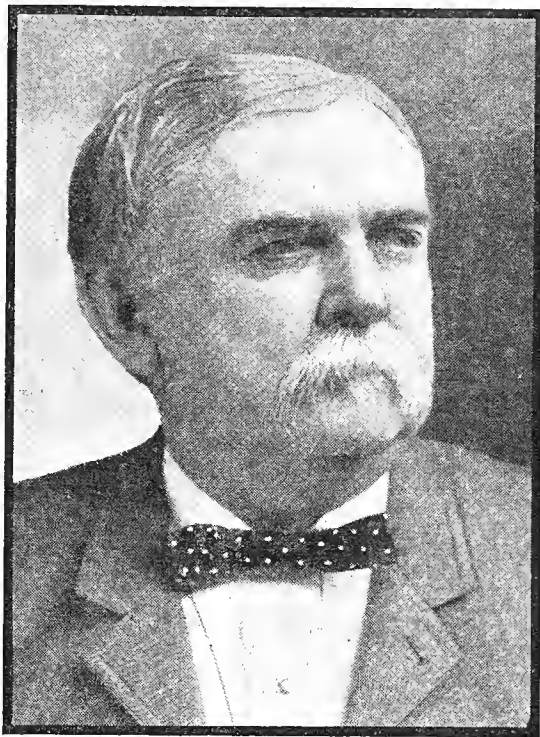
When the question of this lease came before Congress, it was referred to a sub-committee of the Committee on Territories, of which Senator Vest was chairman. He investigated the question, and in the report made on it used these words: "Nothing but absolute necessity, however, should permit the Great National Park to be used for money-making by private persons, and in our judgment no such necessity exists. The purpose to which this region, matchless in wonders and grandeur, was dedicated—a public park and a pleasure ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people—is worthy the highest patriotism and statesmanship."

The persons interested in this lease came from many sections of the country and were ably represented by active agents in Washington. The pressure brought to bear on Congress was very great, and the more effectively applied, since few men knew much about conditions in the Yellowstone Park, or even where the Yellowstone Park was. But pressure and influence could not move Senator Vest when he knew he was right. He stood like a rock in Congress, resisting this pressure, making a noble fight in behalf of the interests of the people, and at last winning his battle. For years the issue seemed doubtful, and for years it was true that the sole hope

of those who were devoted to the interests of the Park, and who were fighting the battle of the public, lay in Senator Vest. So after years of struggle the right triumphed, and the contract intended to be made between the Interior Department and the corporation was never consummated.

This long fight made evident the dangers to which the Park was exposed, and showed the necessity of additional legislation.

A bill to protect the Park was drawn by Senator Vest and passed by Congress, and from that time on, until the day of his retirement from public life, Senator Vest was ever a firm and watchful guardian of the Yellowstone



GEORGE GRAHAM VEST.

National Park, showing in this matter, as in many others, "the highest patriotism and statesmanship." For many years, from 1882 to 1894, Senator Vest remained the chief defender of a National possession that self-seeking persons in many parts of the country were trying to use for their own profit.

If we were asked to mention the two men who did more than any other two men to save the National Park for the American people, we should name George G. Vest and Wm. Hallett Phillips, co-workers in this good cause. There were other men who helped them, but these two easily stand foremost.

If ever there should be erected in the National Park a memorial to those men who served their country well in securing to its people this marvelous region for the purposes for which it was originally intended, there might well be inscribed on this monument in letters of equal size the names F. V. Hayden, N. P. Langford, Founders; and George Graham Vest and William Hallett Phillips, Conservators.

CONCERNING A HUMBLE CREATURE.

THE woodchuck seems to be hopelessly of the unfortunates of the animal kingdom which are predestined to lives of worry, active perils, and constant poverty. Of the humble of the animal world, none is more humble than he. Even when his life is compared with the lives of his most unfortunate confreres, it stands out conspicuously in its wretchedness. It is broken in continuity, cheerless in its manner, and narrow in its scope. About one-half of it is lost in hibernation, which, so far as its activities are concerned, may be considered as the equivalent of death. The woodchuck's active life is limited to the time between the frosts of spring and fall, and his chief efforts are devoted to hiding in his burrow, or furtively, near his burrow's entrance, seeking grass wherewith to satisfy the cravings of hunger. When the woodchuck eats, his perils are greatest, therefore his hours, or rather moments, for meals are in the morning or evening when the farmer, the farmer's boy or dog, or both, are least likely to be prowling in his vicinity.

At infrequent intervals the woodchuck makes timorous petty forays on the farmer's bean or turnip patch in the early season when vegetation is most tender. He pilfers

his little fill without committing any wanton destruction, returning then to his burrow to resume assiduously his interrupted hiding.

Condemned as vermin, the sum total of his offense is that he digs a burrow and thereby injures about one square yard of stony, worthless land, feeds on a few other square yards of vegetation each season, and does some few pennyworths of damage to the farmer's beans, turnips, and cabbages in the early summer.

Yet, in sportsmanship, the proscription is against him. He is too humble in spirit, in body, in manner of life. From the viewpoint of men, his place is without the borderland of sport, in the miscellaneous riffraff of the rejected classed as vermin. The hand of every man and boy, and the teeth of every dog, are turned against him.

He is of the truly hunted. For him there are no fine distinctions and refinements pertaining to the ethics of correct pursuit and capture. The manner of his passing away is naught. To compass his destruction, every man, boy and dog is a sufficient warrant unto himself.

The farmer, actuated by wrath because of beans lost in the woodchuck's maw, and by the hope of sport in prospect, may legitimately flood or smoke or dig him out of his burrow or hiding place, after which woodchuck and farmer's dog battling in spectacular harmlessness, afford excitement and delight to the onlookers. There is much more din than execution in such encounter.

As a fighter the woodchuck is the embodiment of masterful inactivity. His strong feature is passivity. He sits erect in his defense, and with his long incisors nips the dog sharply when he ventures within reach, which causes consternation and retreat on the part of the assailant. If overpowered and thrown, he hides and the thick layers under it, protect him well from the puerile onslaught of the ordinary farm cur. The dog, when fighting, is in such a frantic state of excitement, so overwrought with furious barkings, silly jumpings to and fro, all conducted in a cowardly rage, that he is soon blown and helpless, whereupon he is content to loll and tremble and threaten by looks devoid of deeds. A farm dog which, unaided, has whipped an old, thick-skinned woodchuck is a revered local celebrity among the boys of his neighborhood.

Perchance the woodchuck may survive the perils of fire and flood, of man and boy and dog. There are other perils still. He has a copper wire noose, placed deftly at the mouth of his burrow with which to reckon. When he attempts to emerge, it may encompass his neck and forthwith strangle him. Or it may be a device which, with coarse iron pins, skewers him to the earth instead of strangling him.

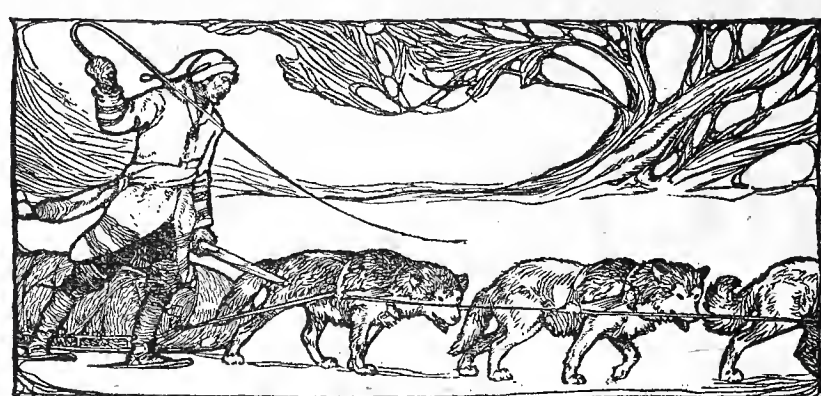
Having escaped these many dangers, when venturing abroad he is in danger from the rifleman who, with a .25 caliber rifle and a telescopic sight, may be calculating a ballistic formula of death for him some hundreds of yards away.

All methods are good alike which reduce him to possession. No ethical tenets restrict the manner of his taking. No close seasons give him a respite from peril. No preserve affords him sanctuary. His preservation is strictly a personal problem to himself.

For gameness, beauty of physique or edibility, he is not recognized. His virtues, few and humble, are all negative. He has neither the speed nor cunning of the predatory fox, nor the beautiful fur of the mink. He compares still more unfavorably with the game birds and game animals as an animal of value.

As an esculent he holds an ill defined place even in the opinion of easily pleased primitive people. Some good men have eaten woodchuck, but they partook of him more as a gastronomic stunt than as a delectable morsel craved for the palate's sake. The woodchuck, as an esculent, would best be classed as a filler than as a *bonne bouche*. As with the mud hen and the skunk, no accredited gourmet has ever raised his voice or moved his pen in their praise as things for the connoisseur's table, nor has anyone besought that the destroyer's hand be stayed to the end that future generations may be blessed with at least one regalement on the delicate meat of the mud hen and the woodchuck.

Humble, harmless, outlawed, ill fed and worse housed, the woodchuck, ever facing death by fire and flood, by man and dog, still lives and multiplies and has his humble being.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

A Boy of the Farm.

At 5:30 A. M. the boy is perched on the barnyard fence, impatiently waiting for the "hired man" and "hired girl" to finish milking the cows. The boy dangles his bare feet to drive away the mosquitoes, while he uses both hands to relieve the itching and burning caused by the invisible "no-see-ems." He looks at the mud nests under the eaves, and wonders why the swallows desert the cliffs when barns appear in the wilderness. "It shows sense, anyway," he mutters to himself.

Before the milkers are out of the yard, the boy jumps off the fence; the straight spruce bars rattle to the ground, and the cows pass out, one by one, with a clicking of toes on the lowermost bar. The boy puts up the bars, then waits for something to happen. "Old Short Legs," the leader of the herd, braces herself, throws up her head, and sends out a blast that causes the air to vibrate and the boy to wonder, for the hundredth time, what it is all about.

Down the hill through the narrow lane the boy follows the cows, listening to the rattling of hoofs, while he wonders why cows have split hoofs and the horses round. The end of the lane is soon reached. The boy drops the bars, and as they rattle to the ground he hears another boy letting down bars in the edge of the woods across a burnt land clover field. But the boy does not care for echoes this June morning, it is bird life that claims his undivided attention.

Down by the brook in the alder grounds, blackbirds are sending up a wild chorus. On all sides the boy hears the songs of native birds. The loud carol of the robin, the clear notes of the song sparrow, the tender strain of the Peabody bird, the rich, rollicking roundelay of the bobolink; the sweet, canary-like trill of the thistle bird, and over in the burnt land clover field the sprightly song of the house wren arises from many a blackened stump. Why the little bird was called house wren was beyond the boy's knowledge. He had never found a nest near a house, while nearly every hollow stump in pasture and field had its tenants. (Years later the wrens disappeared with the hollow stumps, but in that locality—northern Maine—did not build in or around farm buildings.) The boy visited several robin nests in the pasture. The nests were all in the roots of upturned trees. The boy wondered what the robins would do when there were no upturned trees.

The boy climbed over the rail fence into the clover field. He was no stranger to the birds; he had provided bread crumbs and nesting material, so the birds did not resent his curiosity. Two mornings before he had saved the eggs of a pair of house wrens by killing a large striped snake that had made its way to the top of the nesting stump. It was this nest toward which he struggled through the tangled clover.

If the birds did not resent his visit the bumble bees did. The bumble bees, little and big, thronged the clover field, and a scent of honey was in the dew-laden air, but the boy could not tell whether it came from the bees or from the sweet clover blossoms. He found nine eggs in the wren nest. They were rosy white, densely covered with brown dots and patches. The boy thought they looked like costly gems, such as his fairy books claimed for the prince and princess.

While inspecting the wren's nest, the boy thought of breakfast, and thereupon he climbed back to the lane, homeward bound. He did not follow the lane to the barn, but turned off to visit the spring at the foot of the hill. When he stooped down to quench his thirst there looked up to him a ten-year-old boy with round face, blue eyes, and a mass of curly brown hair.

To-day, fifty-six years later, the same boy knelt to drink from a Massachusetts spring. The face that looked up to him was the face of an old man, long and wrinkled. The blue eyes were there, but the mass of brown hair had disappeared, and thin white locks had taken its place.

Ah, me! How the years are drifting! HERMIT.

For the photo of San Miguel Church we are indebted to our correspondent, Cabia Blanco, to whom it was sent by Mr. McCandless, in response to Cabia Blanco's interesting notes on Santa Fé. The portrait of Senator Vest is by courtesy of the New York Tribune.

Trails of the Pathfinders—XV.

(Continued from page 133)

Zebulon M. Pike.—III.

On November 22, as Pike and Dr. Robinson, and Vasquez, the interpreter, were riding ahead of the command, they met a party of sixty Pawnees returning from an unsuccessful war party. Half of them were armed with guns, and about half with bows, arrows and lances. They met the white men in a very friendly manner, but crowded about them; and at the same time treated them in so boisterous and disrespectful, and yet good-natured a manner, as to cause them some uneasiness. Pike prepared to smoke with them, and offered them some small presents, with which they were quite dissatisfied; so that for some time the pipes "lay unmoved, as if they were undetermined whether to treat us as friends or enemies; but after some time we were presented with a kettle of water, drank, smoked and ate together." The Pawnees treated the presents given them with more or less contempt, and some even threw them away.

"We began to load our horses, when they encircled us and commenced stealing everything they could. Finding it was difficult to preserve my pistols, I mounted my horse, when I found myself frequently surrounded, during which some were endeavoring to steal the pistols. The doctor was equally engaged in another quarter, and all the soldiers in their positions, in taking things from them. One having stolen my tomahawk, I informed the chief; but he paid no respect, except to reply that 'they were pitiful.' Finding this, I determined to protect ourselves, as far as was in my power, and the affair began to take a serious aspect. I ordered my men to take their arms and separate themselves from the savages; at the same time declaring to them that I would kill the first man who touched our baggage. On which they commenced filing off immediately; we marched about the same time, and found they had made out to steal one sword, tomahawk, broad-ax, five canteens, and sundry other small articles. After leaving them, when I reflected on the subject, I felt myself sincerely mortified, that the smallness of my number obliged me thus to submit to the insults of lawless banditti, it being the first time a savage ever took anything from me with the least appearance of force."

It was near the end of November. Provisions were scarce; but on the 26th, Pike killed a "new species of deer"—a blacktail, or mule deer. The real troubles of the expedition were beginning, for the weather was growing cold, snow fell, and the water was freezing. The men who had started from St. Louis in July, prepared for a summer excursion, had worn out their shoes and clothing, and were half naked, in winter, among the high mountains of the Rockies. Some of them froze their feet. Shoes and stockings, as well as other clothing, were worn out. They made such foot gear as they could from the hide of the buffalo, but many had used up their blankets, by cutting them to pieces for socks, and had nothing with which to cover themselves at night, no matter how cold the weather, or how deep the snow. Pike worked backward and forward among the cañons, on streams at the head of the Arkansas, and passed over the divide between that river and the head waters of the South Platte, and then back on to the Arkansas, near what is now called the Royal Gorge. Here he came on the site of an immense Indian camp, occupied not long before, which had a large cross in the middle; and which, though he then did not know it, was a big camp of Kiowas and Comanches, with whom had been a white man, James Pursley. The party was constantly suffering for food, and often went for days without eating, and were almost without protection from the weather. Pike never ceased his efforts to cross the mountains to the supposed head of the Red River (the Canadian), which he had been ordered to find. Deep though the snow might be, and bitter the cold, with his men and himself equally hungry and equally frozen, passing through a country almost impracticable for horses, where the animals themselves had to be dragged along, and often unloaded and hauled up steep mountain sides, he kept on. On some occasions the little party of sixteen were divided into eight different expeditions, struggling not along the trail, but to get over the mountains, on the one hand; and on the other, to kill something which might give food to the party. Their guns now had begun to fail them; a number burst; others were bent and broken by the rough usage. Even Pike, who scarcely ever permits a word of complaint to escape him, says, on January 5, after breaking his gun: "This was my birthday, and most fervently did I hope never to pass another so miserably."

Matters had reached such a point that it was useless to attempt to drag the horses any further. Pike determined to build a small block-house, and leave there a part of his baggage, the horses, and two men; and then, with the remainder of their possessions on their backs, to cross the mountains on foot, find the Red River, and send back a party to bring on the horses and baggage by some easy route. They started on

January 14, each carrying an average of seventy pounds, and marched nearly south, following up the stream now known as Grape Creek. They had not gone far before the men began to freeze their feet, and were unable to travel. They had little or no food, but, at last, Dr. Robinson, after two days' hunting, during which they met with constant misfortunes, managed to kill a buffalo, loads of which were brought back to camp. Leaving two of the disabled men behind, with as much provision as possible, promising to send relief to them as soon as possible, Pike and the others pushed on, making their slow way through the deep snow. They were soon again without food; and again the doctor and Pike, who appeared to have been by all odds the men of the party, succeeded in killing a buffalo, and satisfying the hunger of the company. It was on this day, January 24, that Pike heard the first complaint. One of his men declared "that it was more than human nature could bear, to march three days without sustenance, through snows three feet deep, and carry a burden only fit for horses." This was very bitter to the leader, and he administered a rebuke, which, though severe, was so eminently just and sympathetic as to increase the devotion which his men must have felt for such a leader.

For a little time they had food, and the weather became more mild. Now turning to the right, they crossed through the mountains, and came within sight of a large river, flowing nearly north and south. This, although the explorer did not know it, was the Rio Grande del Norte. Traveling down toward this stream, they came to a large west branch; and here Pike determined to build a fort, for a protection for a portion of his party, while the remainder should be sent back to bring on the men who had been left behind at different points. Deer were plenty, and it seemed to be a spot where life could be supported. Pike laid out a plan for his block-house, which was on the edge of the river, and was surrounded by a moat, and a dirt rampart.

From this point, Dr. Robinson set out alone for Santa Fé. The purpose of his trip was to spy out the land, and to learn what he could with regard to the Spanish government, and the opportunities for trade there. In the year of 1804, Mr. Morrison, a merchant of Kaskaskia, had sent across the plains a creole of the country, one Baptiste La Lande, with goods which he was to trade at Santa Fé. La Lande had never returned, and it was believed that he had remained in Santa Fé, and had appropriated to himself the property of his employer. When Pike was about to start on his westward expedition, Mr. Morrison made over to him his claim on La Lande, in the hope that some of his property might be recovered, and this claim assigned to Robinson was the pretext for his trip to Santa Fé. In other words: Robinson was, as Dr. Coues remarked, a spy. It is true that Spain and the United States were not then at war, but there was a more or less hostile feeling between the two governments; or, if not between the two governments, at least between the citizens of the two powers residing on the borders of the respective territories. More than that, as already stated, the Aaron Burr conspiracy—with which Pike was wholly unacquainted—was known to the Spaniards, as was also Pike's starting for the west. The Spanish authorities unquestionably connected the two things, and were disposed to look with great suspicion on any Americans who entered their territory.

Dr. Robinson set out for Santa Fé on the 7th of February; and until the 16th, Pike was occupied in hunting, building his block-house, reading and studying. On the 16th, while hunting, he discovered two horsemen not far from him. These, when he attempted to retreat, pursued threateningly; but if he turned about to go toward them, they retired. As he was doubtful where he was, and uncertain if the territory was Spanish or American, he was unwilling to act on the aggressive; but finally he lured the horsemen so close to him that they could hardly get away, and after a little they explained their presence. It seemed that four days before Robinson had reached Santa Fé, and that the Governor had sent out these scouts to learn who the strangers were. The next day they departed for Santa Fé, which they said they would reach on the second day.

Within the next two or three days all the men he had left behind save two—Dougherty and Sparks—had come in; and on February 19 Sergeant Meek, with Miller, was ordered to go back to the point where they had left the interpreter, Vasquez, with one man and the horses, to bring them on, and on his way to pick up Dougherty and Sparks, who, on account of their frozen feet, had been unable to walk. Pike pays touching tribute to the heroism of his men, saying: "I must here remark the effect of habit, discipline, and example, in two soldiers soliciting a command of more than 180 miles, over two great ridges of mountains covered with snow, inhabited by bands of unknown savages, in the interest of a nation with which we were not on the best understanding. To perform this journey, each had about ten pounds of venison. Only let me ask, What would our soldiers generally think on being ordered on such a tour thus equipped? Yet these men volunteered it with others, and were chosen, for which they thought themselves highly honored."

On February 26, a detachment of Spaniards, consisting of two officers, with fifty dragoons and fifty mounted militia, reached the post. The sentry halted them at a distance of fifty yards, and Pike made preparations for their reception. He insisted that the Spanish troops should be left at some little distance from the fort, while he would meet the officers on the prairie. This was done, and then he invited the officers to enter the fort, where he offered them his hospitality. It was then for the first time, Pike tells us, that he knew that the stream on which he was camped was not the Red River, meaning the Canadian, but was the Rio del Norte, which, though known by several other names, is what we now call the Rio Grande, and was the boundary line between Texas and the United States. The officer in command stated that the Governor of New Mexico had ordered him to offer Pike mules, horses, money, or whatever he might need to conduct him to the head of the Red River, and requested Pike to visit the Governor at Santa Fé. Pike at first declined to go without his whole command, but after a time was persuaded to go to Santa Fé, leaving two men in the post to meet the Sergeant and his party, and to convey to them his orders to come to Santa Fé.

Naturally Pike did not wish to resist this invitation, or to be put in the position of committing hostilities on the foreign soil which he had invaded, since his orders did not commit him to any such course. Having made the error of entering the territory of another power, he thought it better to explain matters, rather than to commit an act which might involve his country in war. His compliance with the request of the Spanish officer seemed to be received by them with great satisfaction; but, he says, "it appeared to be different with my men, who wished to have 'a little dust,' as they expressed themselves, and were likewise fearful of treachery." After making the necessary preparations, and leaving orders for Sergeant Meek, Pike set out with the Spaniards to their camp on the Rio del Norte, and thence to Santa Fé. His passage through the country was an interesting one, and everywhere he was treated with the greatest kindness and hospitality by the people. At the pueblo of San Juan he met the man Baptiste La Lande, who professed to be an American, and endeavored to learn from Pike something of his journeying and his purpose; but Pike, suspecting his designs, and after a little talk satisfying himself as to what they were, had the man shut in a room, and threatened him with death if he did not confess his perfidy. La Lande was greatly frightened, and declared that he had been ordered by the Government to find out everything possible about Pike.

Not only did the common people treat Pike's men with great kindness and hospitality, but the priests and those of the better class were courteous, cordial, and very much interested in the explorer.

Santa Fé was reached March 3. It then had a supposed population of 4,500 souls, most of whom, we may imagine, turned out to see the Americans. Pike's visit with the Governor was brief. He denied that Robinson was attached to his party, excusing himself to himself on the ground that Robinson was a volunteer, and could not properly be said to be one of his command. The Governor's reception was haughty and unfriendly. Pike bore himself with great dignity, and wasted no words. At a later interview that day, his papers were examined by the Governor; and after they had been read his manner changed, and he became much more cordial. Pike's trunk was locked and the key given to him, the trunk to be put in charge of an officer, who was instructed to escort him to Chihuahua, where he was to appear before the Commandant-General. That night he dined with the Governor, and received from him money for the expenses of himself and men as far as Chihuahua.

The story of the march from Santa Fé to Chihuahua is interesting. Not far from Albuquerque they met Dr. Robinson. He was hardly recognized by Pike, for he was fat, sleek, and well looking, as different as possible from that Robinson who had left the camp on the headwaters of the Rio del Norte, "pale, emaciated, with uncombed locks and beard of eight months' growth, but with fire, unsubdued enterprise, and fortitude."

The party crossed the Rio Grande at El Paso del Norte, then a great crossing place for travelers north and south, and just over the river from our present Texas town of El Paso, situated on one of the great transcontinental railroads.

Chihuahua was reached April 2, and Pike immediately had an interview with the Governor, who treated him with reasonable consideration. Almost the whole month of April was passed here, and during this time Pike was entertained by the people of the town, among whom, we may infer, he was regarded partly in the light of hero, and partly in the light of a curiosity. On one occasion he was warned by the Governor that he spoke too freely with regard to religion, government, and other matters, to which he made a very free response, justifying himself for whatever he had done. Pike left Chihuahua April 28. He had become suspicious that there was danger that his private notes would be taken from him, so he took his small note-books and concealed them in the barrels of the guns of his men. It was now May, the weather growing very warm and dry; and sometimes as they marched they suffered from lack of water. Almost everywhere Pike continued to be received with great kindness by the people, both in the towns and by the rich haciendados, whose ranchos were passed in the country. He frequently met men of English, Irish, and American birth, most of whom were kind to him; and, on one occasion, conversed gladly with an American whom he shortly afterward learned to be a deserter from the United States Army. This made him very indignant, and he sent word to the proprietor of the house where they were stopping that if this deserter appeared at another meal all the Americans would decline to eat. His firmness brought an apology from the host, who took steps that the deserter should not again appear.

The month of June was spent in journeying through Texas, eastward, to the borders of Louisiana. Pike speaks in the warmest terms of the two Governors, Cordero and Herrera, whom he met at San Antonio. They, and all the other Spaniards whom he met in Texas, were kind to him. On the first of July the party reached Natchitoches about 4 P. M. "Language cannot express the gayety of my heart when I once more beheld the standard of my country waved aloft. 'All hail!' cried I, 'the ever sacred name of country, in which is embraced

that of kindred, friends, and every other tie which is dear to the soul of man!'"

It was in August, 1806, while he was on his way westward, on this second expedition, that Pike was promoted to be a captain, and his promotion to a majority followed soon after his return. With successive promotions in 1809, he became lieutenant-colonel, and with the coming of the war of 1812, Pike, now a colonel, was sent to guard the northern frontier. There was some fighting, but not much; but in 1813, while leading an attack on Fort York—now Toronto—he was killed by the explosion of the magazine, which the retreating enemy had fired. As an eye-witness said: The Governor's house, with some smaller buildings, formed a square at the center battery, and under it the grand magazine, containing a large quantity of powder, was situated. As there were only two or three guns at this battery, and it but a short distance from the garrison, the troops did not remain in it, but retreated to the latter. When the Americans, commanded by one of their best generals, Pike, reached this small battery, instead of pressing forward, they halted, and the general sat down on one of the guns; a fatal proceeding, for, in a few minutes, his advance guard, consisting of about 300 men and himself, were blown into the air by the explosion of the grand magazine.

"* * * I heard the report, and felt a tremendous motion in the earth, resembling the shock of an earthquake; and, looking toward the spot, I saw an immense cloud ascend into the air. I was not aware at the moment what it had been occasioned by, but it had an awfully grand effect; at first it was a great confused mass of smoke, timber, men, earth, etc., but as it arose, in a most majestic manner, it assumed the shape of a vast balloon. When the whole mass had ascended to a considerable height, and the force by which the timber, etc., were impelled upwards became spent, the latter fell from the cloud and spread over the surrounding plain."

Struck by a fragment of rock, Pike was mortally wounded. As he was being taken on board the flag-ship



SAN MIGUEL CHURCH, SANTA FE.

Built in 1582 (some say 1545). Roof destroyed by the Pueblo Indians in 1680; restored in 1692, and re-roofed as now seen in 1887. Photo, 1902, by A. D. McCandless.

Madison, he heard the cheering on the shore. He asked what it meant, and was told that the Stars and Stripes were being hoisted over the captured fort. A little later the captured British flag was brought to him; he motioned to have it put under his head, and soon after this had been done he died.

It is a melancholy commentary on the shortness of human fame that to-day the number of Americans who know who Pike was is very small. Few men have done more than he for his country. Few men in their time have attracted more attention. Pike's name has been fastened to mountains, counties, cities, villages, and even to islands, rivers, and bays; and while, as Dr. Coues suggests, it may well enough be that not all these are named after Pike the explorer, yet we may be sure that the enthusiasm of the people for Pike at the time of his death, and for some time afterward, led to the giving his name to many natural features of the land, and to many political divisions within the States. After all, Pike's most impressive and most enduring monument must always remain the superb mountain which bears his name. If Pike did not discover this, "the grim sentinel of the Rockies," which towers 14,147 feet above the sea, at least he was one of the first Americans to see it. He calls it, fitly, the Grand Peak. Nearly fourteen years later, during Major Long's expedition to the Rocky Mountains, it was named James Peak; but this name, though often mentioned in books, did not long endure, and the name Pike's Peak, first used some time during the decade between 1830 and 1840—for example in Latrobe's "Rambler in America"—is now firmly established, and will ever remain the mountain's designation.

The death of Pike at the early age of 34, so soon after he had attained the summit of his ambition, the rank of general, and at the moment when the force under his command had won a notable victory, seems very pathetic; and yet, after all, may not this have been a happy fate? For we cannot tell what sorrows and disappointments a longer life might have brought to him. It seems almost as though he may have had a premonition of the fate in store for him, since, in his last letter to his father, written just before he set out on his expedition, he writes as follows:

"I embark to-morrow in the fleet at Sackett's Harbor,

at the head of a column of 1,500 choice troops, on a secret expedition. If success attends my steps, honor and glory await my name; if defeat, still shall it be said we died like brave men, and conferred honor, even in death, on the American name.

"Should I be the happy mortal destined to turn the scale of war, will you not rejoice, O my father? May heaven be propitious, and smile on the cause of my country. But if we are destined to fall, may my fall be like Wolfe's—to sleep in the arms of victory."

It was so that Pike fell asleep.

GEO. BIRD GRINNELL.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Life in the Woods.—XIV.

The Joys of the Hunter.

IN the preceding pages I have endeavored to give in brief some of the incidents in the experience of a hunting party while on a trip of a few weeks in the pine woods of the north, and while I have, doubtless, taxed your patience some, I am yet loath to leave the subject giving the impression that the things I have described are the only attractions of such a trip, for such is not the case.

There are many other things that go to make the life of a hunter enjoyable and profitable when taken as a means of rest and relaxation from the manifold cares of business. The true sportsman understands that to kill and bag game is not the chief end of an extended hunt. If he does not know it, he is not a true sportsman in any sense of the word. To kill, to maim, to see the red blood flow, and to see a brute struggling in the agonies of death or staggering with pain, is not the real desire of the real sportsman. To be sure, he glories in success and in the circle of boon companions likes to tell of his triumphs. But if this be all, he is little better than a brute, though perhaps he may lack the power to express the real influence that inspires him, or may be unable to comprehend the secret power that moves. Primitive man was a wild man with a love for the woods and the prairies, with an inborn love of nature, but without the developed power of expressing his admiration. Civilized man, through all the various processes by which he has reached his present state of development, has not entirely lost this inherited trait. Take an Indian and introduce him to civilization, and if he retains any of his manhood how long is it before the love for the old wild life preys upon him, until, under its influence, he steals away to his old haunts, full of discomfort as they may seem to us? I have known a half breed who was an exceptionally fine engineer and good, all-round mechanic. He could get work at good pay at any time around the mines, but he could not be relied upon; for, after a few weeks' steady application, without warning, he would disappear, and when next heard from would be leading a perfectly savage life in the woods with a band of full blooded Indians.

I say that it is not strange, then, that civilized man likes to hunt, and craves now and then for the life which only a sojourn in the woods can give him, but I repeat it is not the desire to kill and possess that alone animates him. It is on such trips that "he holds communion with nature in her visible form." There are the great forests filled with strange sounds, some sweet and soothing, some grand and inspiring, and some terrible in their intensity. Who has stood and listened to the wind murmuring in the pine tree tops? So gentle that it seems barely to kiss the imperial tips, and yet, like a chord in a responsive breast, they vibrate to every touch, and sing and sigh until, to the ear attuned to catch the strains, they tell of song. Wait and listen and they will sing to you of love, not only that which coy maid and amorous youth delight in, but that of home, of family, of country, and of all that fills the sanctuaries of everyday life. Wait and listen, and as they increase in power they will tell you of the passions and ambitions that animate us all. They will make you feel the power of those influences which act as the mainspring of deeds of courage, of acts of self sacrifice, and are the source of heroic motives. Wait and listen and they will speak to you of the sorrows of life, of the phases of sadness through which every soul must pass. They will tell "why come those tears," and if you heed them they will teach you that suffering is but the payment for greater enjoyment. Be in the great woods when storms gather above, when lightning darts here and there and thunder crashes on every side, when the furies of the air chase here and there seeking some thing to devour, and the sounds of the wind will convince you that there is a power far greater than that of man, to which even the imperial will must bow. But greater than all, they will show you that after the storm comes the calm, more bright, more radiant, more beautiful than before.

Stand by the babbling brook and listen to the water as it bubbles and falls and sings to itself as it passes along, and tell me if there is any sweeter music for the human ear save that of the human voice. See where the wide, deep stretches are which mirror on their surface every detail of tree and form around, and tell me can artist do such perfect work? See the leaves float lazily through the air to meet that placid surface and drift along as proudly as the galleys of the Roman Emperors, yet soon to reach the rapids, there to be buffeted around by the swift current. See the kingfisher dart with swift flight to pluck a minnow from the stream, and hear his piping scream of anger as disappointed he flies upward to some lofty limb. See the active mink as he prowls along the bank; how his beady little eyes snap; quick of motion, a bold aggressive little fellow, conscious of his strength, yet wary as a fox. See that insect borne down by the wind to the bosom of the stream only to be gulped down by some ravenous trout which, like a flash, seizes his prey and is gone. Watch the clear water, ever moving, never tiring, flowing, flowing, day after day, perpetual. Where do its drops come from, and where do they go, and what do they see? Would it not make a mighty tale?

See the shadows in the woods. The sunlight gleaming among the great tree trunks casts strange pictures now and then. Sometimes it is a colossus reaching out with mighty hands to seize some pigmy as it flees. Now it is some castellated pile which charms the sense of architect-

tural beauty, and again it is the delicate tracery of foliage and limb winding in and out in patterns that for grace and beauty defy the imitative hands of man. Hear the twitter and song of birds and the chatter and bark of squirrel, now querulous, now shrill and angry, now quiet and contented—the sound of love, the sound of joy. Stand at evening in the great wild woods and watch the lone sentinels of the sky as they take their posts. Look up through the trees as they gleam calm and serene, and as the outline of the tree tops appears in bold relief, tell me is there cathedral tower or dome that so effectively expresses the idea of worship? Or has there been frozen into stone anything so grand? Take that solemn silence that prevails at night when winds are still. So calm, so peaceful, broken only now and then by the call of some night bird, and is there anything more solemn? Anything that sets the serious thoughts of the mind in more active operation? See how time's awful power is visible in the woods. Mark the decaying tree, the logs half crumbled into dust, the vegetation that blooms to die and dying blooms again—a constant falling of leaf on leaf and plant on plant, laying up a treasure of richness for the soil, which man in time will enjoy. So nothing goes in vain; nothing entirely perishes. Nothing is lost, though at first it seems as if waste were on every side.

And now autumn days begin to wane, and another power begins to make its presence felt. At first it chills, the gentle winds and couriers come who paint each leaf with color bright. Under cover of the night an army of artists and goldsmiths are at work, and, when the morning sun breaks over the hills, the landscape round is decked in colors of the rainbow and begemmed with jewels brighter than the precious stones of crown, or diadem, or treasure rare of king or emperor. They touch the waters and turn them into glass. They kiss the foliage again and again until, under the fatal breath, it wilts and dies. The regal evergreens alone greet them with a smile and preserve throughout the rich color which nature first gave them. Then the winds sob and sigh in the north, and the rain drops, kissed as they fall, come to us as downy as the dainty covering of the wild swan's breast, and the woods change to ghostly whiteness, and everything seems at once to begin the long winter sleep.

To see and to note all these things is a part of the joy of a hunter's life, and who can do it without inciting influences that are for the best? They make a man reflective. They lead his mind to trace back all influences and all power to one central source, be it called nature or by some other name. They show to him the grand harmony of all things about him—the heavens, the currents of the air, animal life, vegetable life, yea, too, human life. They loosen the strings of that wonderful organ, the heart, and cause it to thrill in response to the suggestions of nature. They tend to tear away that mask of hardness and selfish interest which the fierce competition of business life is causing all men to wear. Subject to these influences he lives life over again and notes whether he is out of tune with the world as it really is.

To be generous and open handed, to be just and forgiving, is one of the main characteristics of the true hunter, for nature teaches him these things so constantly, so plainly, that he cannot fail to profit by the lessons. Does she not give with the utmost openhandedness? Does she not quickly repair all losses and smile and smile again as if all were always well? They teach him true religion without the narrowness and restrictions of creed. They teach him to be industrious, to be patient, and not to continually complain. They teach him to be kind, to aid a suffering fellow man and to share with him that which he can. They make him liberal—liberal in home life, liberal in religion, liberal in politics, and liberal in business. They teach him independence. They show him what it is to be free—free to live and breathe the pure air and to enjoy the God-given glories of this gigantic, wonderful world of ours.

A hunter's life is a healthful life. It loosens up the cords and sinews of the body and hardens every muscle. It steadies the nerves. It tones up the blood, enriches it in color, and sends it coursing through the arteries and back through the veins that only the days of boyhood can equal. It cleanses that boiler of the body, the stomach, and sets it to working with a regularity and strength that is astonishing; and it clears away the cobwebs of the brain. It makes a man ambitious and starts him off in the morning with the strength of an athlete, to return at meal time with the appetite of a giant. It brings him home at night tired and weary, so that a bed on a plank, so long that it is warm and dry, is a luxury. It makes him rest at night with that calm, deep sleep of childhood, wherein all the damages are repaired and the constitution rebuilt for future struggles. A trip in the woods saves doctors' bills, and is worth many times all the medicines of the world. Time lost from business is nothing. The wages or profits that seem to slip away on account of it count for naught. They will all be more than made up on the other end of the journey of life, as it will lead to a more prolonged and happier old age.

Around the camp fire, too, there are many lessons that can be learned. The discussions there, though often tempered with levity, are yet more often tinged with wisdom. 'Tis there that all bigotry and bitterness are for the time cast aside. 'Tis there that religion, politics, and the other affairs of life are discussed with candor, and 'tis there that, if agreement cannot be reached, all disturbing argument is cast aside. There is a great deal of philosophy in camp fire talk, for the simple reason that it is the true philosophy of life, unhampered by artificial restraints. Perhaps I may seem to be assuming too much latitude, but if you think so put it down as due to my enthusiasm alone and not to a desire to overdraw. And yet much of this is true. Indeed, so true is it that the one who is often most unsuccessful in bagging game is frequently the happiest man who leaves the woods and the most anxious for the trip again when autumn days roll around once more. At all events, such things as those which in my poor language I have attempted to describe are some of the joys of the hunter as we have been able to find them, and if you doubt me lay it rather to my poor powers of description than to a lack of argument and proof.

All this time our hunt has been drawing to a close, and it remains for me as quickly as I can to describe the remainder of the trip, including the last night in camp.

CAROLUS.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Camp and Comrades.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In arranging a camping trip, I have always advocated, and generally adhered to, the following plan, and have found it decidedly more satisfactory than the usual way, considering, however, that it would only apply to a very small party, and which has no guide employed.

Let each individual furnish himself with a complete outfit, excepting tent, bed, ax, and possibly a camp-kettle to be used for heating water, boiling meat, etc., these to be for the general use of the party. The extra weight thus entailed could not amount to more than three or four pounds to each person, and the satisfaction of being thus equipped more than compensates for the little extra weight, for the following reasons: No two persons have exactly the same tastes as to what they prefer to eat and drink, and how they have it prepared. The above plan allows each person to be entirely suited in this respect.

One may prefer to go light so far as concerns luxuries, either in bodily comfort or provisions, while another may have extravagant tastes in that direction; this will allow the one going light the advantage of a light pack while traveling, and fewer belongings to care for in camp. One may prefer to lie in bed sometimes until a late hour, and cook an elaborate breakfast on rising; while another may wish to be up at an early hour, eat a hastily-prepared breakfast, and get out. No chance for friction there!

One may be a crank on having a general dish-washing after each meal, while another may find greater comfort in turning his frying-pans and dishes upside down, ready for the next meal, instead of washing them. All right—nobody's business! One may wish to eat oftener than another, or the times of eating may not correspond on account of arrival at camp, etc.; each can thus be independent and accommodate himself without any aggravating delays or waiting, adding to the general peace and goodwill of the camp, and allowing each one the advantage of a full experience of camp life.

One of the essential benefits of camp life is that of creating and exercising a spirit of independence and self-reliance; and any arrangement which would disturb this and cause a dependence upon the other must destroy, to some extent, this important feature of camp life. Where the work of the camp is done as a whole, with each one assigned to his particular department of the work, each one is dependent upon others for a certain part of his comfort and well being, and thereby deprived of exercising that self-reliance and independence which is growing weaker in each succeeding generation of Americans. The tendency in the present day is to do nothing for ourselves which we can conveniently have done for us by others, and we only realize how helpless we are when we get out away from our modern and convenient homes, and get where all is just as nature made it, and where our existence and comfort depends entirely upon our own knowledge and efforts.

Our camp life, then, is practically the only time of the whole year when we can conveniently throw ourselves entirely upon our own resources, and revive and keep alive the spark of independence inherited from the old pioneer forefathers, and which is characteristic of Americans.

One may have attached to his name any number of college degrees, and yet be helpless because he has never learned to do things. If a person inexperienced in camp life and in doing things for himself, were to go on a camping trip, have a complete but limited cooking outfit of his own, with his own selection of provisions, etc., and learn during the trip to live comfortably in the woods without any reliance on any one but himself, it would be of value beyond that of a term in college; not only for the knowledge gained, but for the spirit of independence which such self-dependence must create.

While, as I have said, the tendency is to allow others to do for us, that, in turn, tends to make us content in allowing others to think for us; and any thing which tends to make us do our own thinking and help ourselves is worthy of consideration. Therefore, aside from the tendency to a satisfactory and harmonious camp life, it may be made productive of intellectual good.

EMERSON CARNEY.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va.

Chased by a Shark.

SEEING a small shark brought ashore the other day by one of the salmon fishermen, who had found it rolled up in his net, put me in mind of an exciting adventure I had many years ago. Both at the east, as well as the west, side of the mouth of the great River Moisie, sand banks run out to sea for a distance of two or three miles. These are covered at high tide, but being of almost a uniform height, the falling tide runs off of them in a very short space of time, and leaves them dry with the exception of some odd places where pools of water remain. The banks are dry the last two hours of the ebb and the first two hours of the flood tide.

The great river continually deposits on these sands such quantities of vegetable matter, that they are a resort for many kinds of small fishes; and numerous waterfowl come there at certain stages of the tide to feed on the fish.

I was only about eighteen at the time, and had gone out in a birch-bark canoe to shoot ducks on the banks. My companion, an Indian boy, even younger than myself in years, but several times older in experience, was to steer the canoe. The last words his father said to us before leaving, were, "Don't go too far out, or the 'Ma-tchie-ne-mak' will cut your canoe and eat you."

The sea that morning was as calm as a pond, and perfectly glassy from the strong May sun striking straight down on it. We had been out for a couple of hours, and had had pretty fair luck with sea-ducks and loons, and were just about starting for the shore before the tide left us dry on the banks. If such a thing had happened, it would have entailed on us the labor of carrying our canoe a mile or so to the beach, over soft yielding sand.

"We better go," the boy was saying, when his words were cut short in his mouth. With the remains of that breath he screeched "Ma-tchie-ne-mak!" and started to paddle like one possessed. I admit that his fright was

infectious, and coupled with the dreaded name of shark, it so quickened my strokes, that Hanlon's sixty-a-minute were slow compared to the way I worked my paddle. I had read, and heard from old whalersmen, that as long as one kept the water churned up, there was no danger of the shark getting in his work. Twice the boy called out, "There he is!" Once I caught a glimpse of the monster a few yards off on our port beam, heading for the shore also, but evidently watching for a chance to attack us.

The tide was now running out, and consequently the more we neared the shore, the shoaler the water got. The shark had not stopped to consider this in his mad rush to catch us. At last our canoe grounded on the sands and we looked back with relief at our narrow escape. But, ah! what it that about a couple of acres astern, surely not the shark! But it was, and he was floundering about in shallow water, in one of the pools, and every minute the water was getting less. "Hoop-la! we will now hunt the shark," I said to little Moses, as I started off toward him over the now dry sands.

Yes, there he was, the great, ugly beast, flopping about in a basin surrounded by banks, out of which it was impossible for him to escape. From the shore the boy's father and one of my men saw what was going on and came out with a handful of bullets and their guns. In the meantime I was employing the time with good results, by pouring into the shark charge after charge of AAA shot at close range.

By the time the men reached us the fish was pretty sick, and apart from snapping his immense jaws, was lying perfectly still. The first bullet from a distance of ten feet put an end to him. When the tide came in again we towed him into the river and cut him up and salted the chunks in barrels to feed the dogs the next winter. From the liver we rendered out three gallons of oil as clear as water. This of itself was of value to us the next winter in our lamps, it gave a clear light and emitted no smoke. Those were the days before coal oil came into general use. Our only lights at the post were home-made tallow candles, or a cotton rag from a tin spout fed by seal-oil. This, combined with the burning rag, gave off a heavy, dense, black smoke, which was, if not injurious, very unpleasant to inhale during the long winter evenings. The shark-oil being so much superior, I kept it for my own private lamps, and the teeth ornamented the mantelpiece.

BROCKVILLE, Canada.

MARTIN HUNTER.

Natural History.

Do Birds Smell?

Editor Forest and Stream:

I AM a little timid in quoting Audubon just at the present time, but as Coahoma refers to him, I will just give you two of the experiments he tried on vultures. The experiments were as follows: "My first experiment was as follows: I procured a skin of our common deer, entire to the hoofs, and stuffed it carefully with dried grass until filled rather above the natural size, suffered the whole to become perfectly dry and as hard as leather, took it to the middle of a large open field and laid it down upon its back with the legs up and apart, as if the animal were dead and putrid. I then retired about a few hundred yards, and in the lapse of some minutes a vulture coursing around the field tolerably high, espied the skin, sailed directly toward it, and alighted within a few yards of it. I ran immediately, covered by a large tree, until within about forty yards, and from that place could spy the bird with ease. He approached the skin, looked at it without apparent suspicion, raised his tail and voided itself freely (as you well know all birds of prey in a wild state do before feeding), then approaching the eyes that were here solid globes of hard, dried, and painted clay, attacked first one and then the other, with, however, no further advantage than that of disarranging them. This part was abandoned; the bird walked to the other extremity of the pretended animal, and there, with much exertion, tore the stitches apart, until much fodder and hay were pulled out; but no flesh could the bird find or smell; he was intent on finding some where none existed, and, after reiterated efforts, all useless, he took flight, coursed around the field, when, suddenly turning and falling, I saw him kill a small garter snake and swallow it in an instant. The vulture rose again, sailed about, and passed several times quite low over the stuffed deer skin, as if loth to abandon so good looking a prey.

"Judge of my feelings when I plainly saw that the vulture, which could not discover through its extraordinary sense of smell that no flesh, either fresh or putrid, existed about that skin, could at a glance see a snake scarcely as long as a man's finger, alive, and destitute of odor, hundreds of yards distant. I concluded that, at all events, his ocular powers were much better than his sense of smell.

"Second Experiment.—I had a large dead hog hauled some distance from the house and put into a ravine, about twenty feet deeper than the surface of the earth around it, narrow and winding much, filled with briars and high cane. In this I made the negroes conceal the hog, by binding cane over it, until I thought it would puzzle either buzzards, carrion-crows, or any other birds, to see it, and left it for two days. This was early in the month of July, when, in this latitude, a body becomes putrid and extremely fetid in a short time. I saw from time to time many vultures in search of food sail over the field and ravine in all directions, but none discovered the carcass, although during this time several dogs had visited it and fed plentifully on it. I tried to go near it, but the smell was so insufferable when within thirty yards of it that I abandoned it, and the remnants were entirely destroyed at last through natural decay.

"I then took a young pig, put a knife through its neck, and made it bleed on the earth and grass about the same, and having covered it closely with leaves, also watched the result. The vultures saw the fresh blood, alighted about it, followed it down into the ravine, discovered by the blood of the pig, and devoured it, when yet quite fresh, within my sight."

Dr. Elliott Coues, in "Key to North American Birds,"

says: "Sense of Smell—Olfaction: The sense of smell is effected by terminal branches of the olfactory (first cranial) nerve, ramifying in the mucous (pituitary or Schneiderian membrane of the nasal cavities. Owing to the comparatively small size and little complexity of the foldings and pleatings of bone or cartilage in the nasal chambers, the sensory surface being correspondingly limited, it is not probable that birds possess this sense in a high degree, etc."

If E. D. L. is not in a position now to secure a whip-poorwill and a night-hawk, if he will send to A. W. Mumford, publisher, 203 Michigan avenue, Chicago, Ill., and buy a picture of the whip-poorwill and night-hawk in natural colors, I think these will satisfy him they are not the same birds. The prints cost two cents each.

O. H. P.

Some Animals I Have Studied.

ALTHOUGH this may be called my third paper on the subject, and I wish to avoid repeating anything before written, I feel like offering some explanation, as if beginning anew. First, I would refer the reader (who cares to look back) to the first five paragraphs of "Some Knowing Dogs," in the issue of FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 29, 1903. [I always carefully put away a copy of each number.] Second, I intend to try hereafter to "stick to the subject" until I think I have sufficiently covered it—unless the editor cuts me off sooner—and avoid, if possible, engaging in any of the numerous interesting controversies going on in the paper, although that will try my powers of self-control to the utmost. Third, and before I relate any more stories or anecdotes, let me offer a few general remarks concerning my individual opinion of animals—some of said opinions being likely to be very different from those usually held.

The hog is not the greediest animal, nor the greatest eater. A healthy hen or duck can, in proportion to weight, eat a much greater quantity, and very much more rapidly; and even they are not in it with certain insects, such as hornets, pumping leaf-hoppers, certain varieties of jumping spiders, fleas, and several sorts of worms.

What I call a quick dog is quicker in nearly all his motions than any cat.

I believe the humming bird to be the quickest moving of all living things, not excepting any insect. And that is saying much, when we consider the amazing velocity of an angry hornet.

Hawks, especially eagles and buzzards, possess a sort of kiting knowledge and skill, which ought to solve completely the problem of aerial navigation for man—suggesting the simplest, safest, surest and cheapest sort of flying machine. If the nautilus gave us the sailing vessel for use on water, may not these graceful birds be trusted to give us the sailing vessel for use in upper air? If any inventive reader thinks of apparently insurmountable objections to this suggestion, let him explain them in FOREST AND STREAM, and I will answer—or take any fitting punishment he may suggest. These birds, incredible as it may seem to any one who never intently observed them, are able not only to mount upward, but to sail in any direction, even against the wind, in any strong, steady breeze, for hours without flapping the wings. Let any strong man prepare him a pair of wings, of sufficient size, shaped like the bird's, equally strong and light, and attach them to his body in such a manner that both arms and legs can be used freely to manipulate them (it will require all four of a man's limbs to equal in strength the wing muscles of a bird), and, after a little practice and experience, he ought to be able nearly to equal the bird in its own element, if man is really a superior creature.

The horse, in a state of nature, with heavy tail sweeping the ground, and mane almost half that length, and unbroken in pride and majesty, is the most beautiful of quadrupeds; further, the domestic horse, properly brought up, never neglected, and treated with invariable kindness and wisdom, is, next to the dog, the best, most faithful, most useful, least selfish brute-friend a man can have—"through thick and thin"—always—under all circumstances. Any other animal but the dog or horse will be likely to desert in time of danger, or hunger, or great discomfort.

Dogs and horses show greater individuality—more character—than other animals, therefore, I place them in the front rank as to intelligence; though I am well aware the cat has plenty of powerful champions. But cats, whatever eccentricities they may develop, are more nearly alike in certain inborn characteristics—that is, they are less able or likely to overcome their well-known natural tendencies. For instance, no healthy cat can be patient, kind and obedient when very hungry; dogs and horses often are as unmindful of hunger as any human being. Again, no cat will voluntarily bear pain or severe discomfort for long periods just to please or serve its master or friend. Many a dog will go into ice-cold water, time after time until nearly frozen to death; or into fire; or indeed wherever duty or friendship calls. And many a horse, without fear or compulsion will struggle along all day, or all night, in storm or pleasant weather, with a drunken rider, barely able to keep on him, whom the poor beast considers it his duty to take home, or perform a dozen other services of heroic self-sacrifice not the result of mere habit or training. Horses and dogs can be taught into the possession of real moral characters, so that they will love right and hate wrong. I do not claim that moral sensibility is natural to them—nor to mankind, either. Love and pride are ruling passions in these animals (I mean pride in the higher sense—ennobling pride, not tyrant pride), without which neither beast nor man can be brought into reverence for any law save the law of force.

Many dogs and horses are unnaturally selfish and hypocritical—that is, much more so than a knowledge of mere race-instincts would cause us to expect—showing a man-like cunning and adaptability of means to ends that betokens the possession of a degree of reasoning power, as surely as does the more pleasing behavior of their nobler relatives. I want it distinctly understood that I am not a "dog lover" nor a "horse lover" indiscriminately, as some sportsmen seem to be,

though I am as kind as possible to all; but I do love a loving horse or dog. I never permit myself to love anything merely for its "fine points" or aristocratic blood.

[In writing an article like this, I find it impossible to avoid obtruding myself into the subject somewhat, for which I beg pardon, even though I can't promise to "do so no more." I declare, however, that I have no desire to distract attention from "the other animals."]

It may not be commonly known that the perch is a fighter. I have seen one, about seven or eight inches long, repeatedly drive away a gar three or four feet long. It would simply dart under the belly of the monster, and by a sudden backward jerk with its circular saw-like back, crosswise of the aforesaid belly, deliver a sawing blow that never failed to send the rascal away in ignominious disorder—very different from his gliding stealthy approach. After a number of retreats, he would flee at the mere sight of her. I attributed her subjugation of the giant more to her superior mental than physical qualities—let me hope the imputation of mind to a fish may not shock some super-sensitive scientist; but truly a perch is a very intelligent fish, or else nature does some very important thinking for her! I have been very intimate with perch, and believe them to be as wise, at least, as the ordinary domestic cat; and I have tamed several so that they would swim into my hand, in their native element, although these same fishes would flee from a stranger, and could not be caught on any hook. They were not captive fishes, either, but free and wild, some of them in the rushing Ouachita. And I can do so again. I can tame any perch, anywhere, if I can get near him several days in succession, with nothing to disturb him; and I use no means but food and kindness. This shows that the fish is observant and possesses memory—he knows his friend!

The perch can completely reverse its eye in the socket—that is, turn it wrong side out—and by that means, and with its cute little mouth, it can assume all the comical expressions ever attributed to it by pictorial humorist.

It can perform a miracle; it can dart right up a waterfall at least eight feet high, and so quickly as to look like a flash of light! This requires a strength and rapidity of motion of all its parts so great as to stagger the human mind. Flying is nothing to that! If the humming bird is the quickest of all living creatures, surely the perch must be next!

Here in Arkansas the jay has learned to imitate so closely the scream of one variety of hawk that it sometimes deceives the human ear. But the imitation is not always good; often it is very bad. This proves that the perfect imitation is not instinctive, but the result of careful, persistent practice with a purpose.

It is very difficult for the jay to shuck an ear of corn; so he lets the woodpecker do that, then he drives him away—when he can—and helps himself to the tender green grain.

Crows make friends with our chickens and turkeys, lead them to the peanut patch, teach them where to find the nuts, by pulling up a few; then hop around gleefully while the big birds scratch them out wholesale—a fine sight!

The farm birds, being better adapted to digging, soon scratch out enough to make a royal feast for all the flock. Often I have seen a score of the crows with them—and such sociability! Crows, chickens, turkeys—all working and eating together fearlessly, joyfully. I seldom interfere, for this is usually after I have harvested my share of the nuts. I find the crows such invaluable assistants when cutworms are abundant that I allow them to make their homes all about, and dislike to offend them, though that is occasionally necessary. Last spring, when they were pulling up nearly as much young corn as the chickens were, I played a low-down trick on them and won, without killing any of them; and afterward they served me as faithfully as if there had been no coldness between us.

L. R. MORPHEW.

HOT SPRINGS, ARK.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Haartebeeste.

NEXT to the eland, the haartebeeste is one of the most striking of the plain-frequenting antelopes of South Africa. It derives its name from a large heart-shaped patch of white on its rump. Its horns are of a lyrate shape, very thick and corrugated at the base, and acutely bent backward at the tips. Its color is a grayish brown, with a black mark on the cheek, and an adult male will measure in the neighborhood of five feet in height. In its wanderings it freely associates with the gnu, blombok and springbok, and I frequently encountered immense herds of these animals; so large, that it was impossible to estimate their number.

I had been but a short time in Natal before I made the acquaintance of a young Boer who lived in the Transvaal, some little distance to the north of the Buffalo River, and it was my habit to stop and spend several days with him, either on going up or returning from my wife's, farther north. It so happened on one occasion that I dropped in on him, just as he and several neighbors were preparing for a regular hunt of the various species of veldt-frequenting antelopes. Leaving my heavy wagons, oxen drivers, etc., on his place, I jogged on with the hunting party, merely taking my cart, drawn by four oxen, for the conveyance of myself and a young German keeper, whom I took along for the purpose of caring for any specimens of live animals which I might pick up. We had gotten some little distance beyond Utrecht, and camped overnight on the banks of a small stream. The next morning, just about sunrise, I spied what I thought to be the horns of a blombok just showing above the top of a kopje (small hill) about a quarter of a mile distant. Pointing out the spot to my keeper, I requested him to take a stroll in that direction while our breakfast was being prepared, and was much amused at seeing him whirl just before reaching the summit of the kopje and return at full speed. On coming within speaking distance he shouted, "Mein Gott! Dere's thousands of dem." I immediately called to him to keep quiet, and one of the Boers started to make reconnaissance, and soon

returned and reported the keeper's declaration was very near the truth. All preparations for breakfast were suddenly suspended and the horses saddled for the purpose of adding venison to our bill of fare. We divided into two parties, one of which turned off to the right, while the other cantered off to the left, so as to leave a space of over a mile between them. The purpose was for those who had gone off to the left to charge into the herd and drive as many as possible in the direction of those who had gone to the right, and it was successfully accomplished. There was a regular fusillade for a short time, followed by a gathering of the slaughtered game. I was stationed in about the centre of those who had gone to the right, and was so fortunate as to kill two haartebeestes and one springbok. We returned to camp, breakfasted and then sent one of the wagons to bring in the game, which amounted to twenty-two head of elands, haartebeestes and springboks. The balance of the day was spent in skinning and cutting up the carcasses. The skins were intended for sale, while the meat was cut into long strips and slightly salted, so as to preserve it until the various homes of the hunters were reached, when it would be made into biltong, which process consisted in a further addition of salt when the flesh was hung up in the air until thoroughly dried. From making many meals, in which this pabulum was the leading dish, I can cheerfully recommend it.

The next morning one of the party offered to take me out on a stalking expedition. This was just what I desired, and the offer was gratefully accepted and we immediately trudged off. After three or four miles had been covered, we began to get distant glimpses of portions of the herd which had furnished the sport on the preceding day. They were scattered in various directions busily engaged in nibbling the fresh grass, and my companion, completely ignoring all selfishness, carefully concealed me behind two adjacent ant heaps and then turned off to make a wide detour, so as to drive the game in my vicinity. I lay down between the heaps, and, with a field glass, carefully followed the movements of my companion. This I could easily do, as he had placed me on the summit of a kopje which overlooked the entire surroundings. He slowly kept in motion until he had passed beyond a number of the antelopes, when he faced in my direction and loitered along toward me, declining several fair shots, until he had driven the game within close range of myself. I managed to get in three shots with my Winchester, dropping two haartebeestes, while he fired only once with an old-fashioned rifle, bringing down his quarry, a magnificent male eland. We then returned to camp and sent out a couple of horses to pack in our game, while the balance of the party were busily engaged in skinning and dressing the remainder of that secured the day before.

It was at this camp that I first saw one of the many devices which the peculiar mode of life forces the Boers to employ. Our stock of bread became short, and the manner in which a fresh supply was baked attracted my attention. Several deserted ant heaps were selected and hollowed out with a spade. The excavations were filled with dried cattle manure, which burned fiercely and made a quaint, impromptu oven, in which the bread was quickly and capitally cooked. I made a mental note of the expedient, and afterward frequently used it to my great comfort and satisfaction.

While engaged in securing and preserving the results of our hunt, the camp was visited by a party of kaffirs intent on securing the refuse of the game, who reported a flock of ostriches within a comparatively short distance. On receipt of the news it was determined to go after them, and when we started I was surprised to observe that not a firearm was taken by the party. It then struck me that I was to see what I had long wished to view, viz., ostriches run down and captured by parties on horseback. It is a well known fact that when followed by a persistent pursuer the ostrich runs in a large circle, and it was on account of this habit that our party started out without firearms. Following the directions given by the kaffirs, a brisk canter soon brought us in sight of our intended quarry. The entire party, with the exception of one Boer and myself, galloped off after the flock while we awaited their return. After some time had elapsed two of the pursuers returned. On my asking what had become of the others, I was informed that they had stationed themselves at equal distances apart on the circle, in order to relieve each other in the chase. One of the two then started at full speed after the flock, and was soon out of sight. Not a great while elapsed before the birds hurried past us, and one of my companions took the place of their pursuer, who stopped with us in order to rest his steed. This mode was followed until the circle had been covered some five or six times, when I noticed that one of the male birds was missing, and was told that he had been killed by a blow from the butt of a sjambok (a heavy, short whip, made from raw hippopotamus skin) across the neck. This procedure was followed until the three male birds of the flock had been killed, when the pursuit ceased and the females were allowed to escape.

In one of my trips I purchased a Basuto pony, which I used under the saddle for short hunting excursions from my wagons while passing along the route. He finally learned to follow the wagons, and when the oxen were turned loose to graze he would always accompany them. If game came in sight while we were traveling along I would saddle him, canter off, and endeavor to replenish our larder. He became so accustomed to his calling that, on approaching game, he would allow me to dismount and use him as a screen, so as to get within shot of my quarry. We had stopped one day for the oxen to take their usual noontide graze, and, as usual, the pony accompanied them. They had reached the top of a rise but a short distance away when the pony stopped, gazed over the crest beyond him, turned and trotted back to the wagons. Instantly divining that something unusual had caused this singular behavior, I grabbed my Winchester from out of the cart, threw on the saddle, mounted and cantered toward the grazing oxen. On reaching the crest of the hill, and gazing over the backs of the grazing cattle, I was startled at the sight of a herd of haartebeestes. Finding that the game were too far away to use the oxen for a blind, I dismounted and walked alongside the pony until we had passed through the herd of oxen, when I used him for a blind until we came within shot of the bucks, when I dropped three before they got out of the range of my Winchester. For several succeeding

days there was a feast of fresh meat with our party, accompanied by extravagant praise for the pony.

In one of my trips I secured a pair of haartebeestes which had been reared by an old Boer frau, who secured for me a number of living specimens of South African fauna. They were very tame and would allow themselves to be handled without showing the slightest fear. I kept them in Durban for several months before shipping them, and it was my habit to go into their pen daily and fondle them. I took particular pains in having their shipping cages properly made, and large enough to give them ample room. They were safely shifted into their cages the afternoon previous to shipment, and at night I turned in congratulating myself on the safe accomplishment of a task which had caused me some uneasiness. During

the night I was suddenly awakened by a crash, and, hastily getting out of doors, I discovered that the male had completely smashed the front of his cage and was missing. Calling the keepers and kaffirs, we began a search for the escaped animal. Hearing the barking of some dogs at a neighbor's, I started the help in that direction, while I turned my attention to a thorough search of my premises. While thus engaged I detected a slight noise in a coffee patch just across the road in front of my house. Stealthily passing through the hedge which enclosed the patch I discovered the animal standing in about its centre. Advancing gently and speaking kindly, as had been my habit, I was soon in front of him and scratching his nose. Suddenly I was so silly as to seize him by both horns, when he snorted, backed, and began

to whirl with such rapidity that my feet flew off the ground, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I maintained my hold of the horns. Impulsively I yelled for the keepers, which naturally rendered the animal more frantic, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I kept my grip, in spite of the powerful, centrifugal force. Just as I was about to yield help arrived and the animal was secured, while I fell down completely exhausted, and it required a deal of rubbing by my men to bring my arms again into service. My hands were so badly cut by the corrugations of the horns that some time elapsed before I could use them without pain. The next morning, from tracks which were discovered, it was found that the escapade had been caused by a dog loafing about my premises.

FRANK J. THOMPSON.



Snuffing the Candle.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Manhattan, in the current number, August 13, asks if anyone has ever seen the candle snuffed without putting out the light. I am afraid he will not find anyone who has done it or seen it done. I think it cannot be done, but am willing to stand corrected if it can. I can't do it, and I have often tried it, and have seen others try it; the light always went out.

It stands to reason, I think, that if a ball goes close enough to cut off the wick, the air of the ball is going to put the candle out every time. I have tried the trick with the old muzzleloader and with breechloaders of both large and small caliber. I could cut the wick, but the light always went out.

A favorite trick with us out on the frontier (I learned my share of it from cowboys), was to set a beer bottle up on a fence post, then at thirty paces shoot the neck off it; and then slinging the pistol around in a circle, shoot again, mashing the bottle this time, if it still remained on the post.

These same cowboys could, and did, snuff the candle with their Colt's pistol, but they put the candle out. There are tricks in shooting, but some things cannot be done by practicing a trick on the audience, and this is one of them.

A few years ago it used to be a trick of fancy shooters (I have seen a woman do it) to mash any number of glass balls with a Winchester rifle as they were thrown from the trap. After witnessing one of these performances a man who was with me at the time said: "You can go to the rear now and find the doctor [an order that is given a man who is wounded in action]; that is shooting you can't do."

"Yes," I told him, "you can if we use the trick balls that were used in that rifle—paper capsules filled with bird shot. But the man or woman does not live that can break ball after ball with the regular ammunition."

What some of those old cowboys could not do with a single-action Colt's pistol I or no one else need try to do. When the double-action first came out, no cowboy would use one. They said that the pull necessary to raise the hammer destroyed their aim, and I found that it did. None of us who were handling the Colt's pistol every day needed a double-action; we could bring that hammer up quick enough with the thumb.

CABIA BLANCO.

FOUNTAIN CITY, Ind., Aug. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Some twenty years ago a party of boys, of whom the writer was one, got into a discussion about snuffing a candle with a rifle ball, and to test the matter set up and lighted one of the old-fashioned molded tallow candles that were to be found in every farmhouse at that time. The wick was made of a doubled and twisted candle wicking, which, if not snuffed, would stand several inches high before breaking off after the tallow had burned away from it, provided there was no wind. The burned part of the wick was brittle, and we used to snuff it by thumping the burned wick off, and a puff of air would sometimes blow it off, but it took a puff strong enough to blow the light out. An old-fashioned squirrel rifle, "running about 80 round balls to the pound" was used at a distance of about thirty yards. A board was set up three or four feet back of the candle to catch the balls, and from it could be seen how close to the candle the ball had passed in its flight. At almost every shot the light was blown out, and it was seen that a ball passing within four inches of the flame and at about the same height as the flame would blow it out. If the ball went directly over the flame it had to come perhaps an inch nearer to blow it out. The candle was snuffed by several of the shots, but the flame was blown out every time, except one or two times when there was a long "snuff," and the bullet went near enough to blow the brittle snuff off, but not near enough to blow the flame out. I doubt whether a candle has ever been actually snuffed by a bullet without blowing the flame out.

The writer has also barked a few squirrels: sent them

spinning away from the side of the tree, but they always hit the ground running, and made for the nearest tree. One squirrel I remember was killed by the bullet grazing the top of his head, shaving a clean furrow in the hair, but not cutting the skin. I also remember one that was killed by a small bullet shattering its foreleg, between the foot and "elbow." Others were shot through the body and had to have another shot to bring them down. No doubt every sportsman who has hunted four-footed game has noticed that sometimes an apparently trifling wound kills, and others will run away with a shot that ought to have finished them at once.

O. H. HAMPTON.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I think 'tis my turn to say something about barking and snuffing, but I am not an expert in doing either. I merely want to ask the knowing ones how it is that if a rifle projectile can kill a squirrel by barking, it can be expected to snuff a candle without extinguishing the light? But if the light need not be affected, what would kill the squirrel? Or would the conditions giving death to the squirrel vary when applied to the candle? I am not a scientist; the problem leads me beyond my depth.

Another query: Those old Boone riflemen used flintlocks, of course, which went with a click, phiz, bang; that is, flint, pan, and explosion. How many marksmen were there who could hold one of those rifles steady enough after he pulled the trigger for the flint and pan and contents of the rifle to operate and just graze the stomach of the squirrel and the limb he stood on?

But there were giants in those days. In these days we have philosophers who do not philosophize.

SKEPTIC.

Skeptical after Forty-five Years.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN., Aug. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: After carefully reading your admirable publication for many years, I am induced by the discussion as to squirrel "barking" and squirrel shooting "through the head every time" to send this communication. For not less than forty-five years I have heard these two questions discussed, and during this period have killed some squirrels and incidentally handled smooth-bores and rifles ranging from "percussion altered from flint-lock" to "hammerless ejector." From my experience, observation and reading, you may put me down as one of the elderly men who do not believe that squirrels can be "barked" with any regularity or certainty, and also as believing that the young man of the present day, with his modern shooting tools, is much superior to the "crack shot" of my time. I have nothing to say regarding those accidental, and almost miraculous, occurrences, which all of us occasionally see in the field. The original "barking" story is that which appears in your "Kentucky's Sports" article of 6th inst. Suppose we assume that occasionally a rifle ball, striking scaly dry bark at a certain position under a squirrel, will produce the result stated in the article. This being so, will any practical hunter deny that the slightest change in projectile, tree bark, or position of either hunter or game, would prevent the accomplishment of such result? Out of the hundreds of shots missed by me, where the ball has "touched the edges" of the squirrel, I have never seen the slightest evidence of injury to the little animal from the "shock." On the other hand, we have all repeatedly seen squirrels, more or less injured, grab the twigs below them, or fall distances of from twenty to fifty feet, and then escape. How many of us would trust an unconscious, "unmarked," but full-toothed squirrel in our game pouches? Our old-fashioned, muzzle-loading guns were usually in fearful condition, as they could be cleaned (outside of the gunsmith shop) only through muzzle or cap-tube; they were usually worn at the muzzle point of rifling; our powder was often poor; our patches and wads very irregular; the weapons miserably balanced and shaped, and the loads were seldom twice alike. Everything considered, I will join the minority, and "stand up and be counted" with Mr. Allen Kelly. L. K. GOULD.

The Old Flintlock.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

The last issue of *FOREST AND STREAM* (August 13) is a particularly interesting one, and you are to be congratulated upon the high class of literary ability and the selection of artistic and fascinating narratives which you are able to produce. Mr. Babson's concluding chapter on Newfoundland is particularly interesting, and it is to be hoped that he will continue to give us his experiences through your columns. Might I suggest that something descriptive of the country to be traversed by the proposed new Canadian railways would be in order for future entertainment by some of your contributors?

Referring to Cabia Blanco's remarks under "Some Old Guns," I presume that he knows that there was a breech-loading flintlock used by the British Major Fergusson and his scouts in the Revolutionary War. The mechanism consisted of a lever (the trigger guard) which turned aside and operated a large bolt with 12 threads. A quarter-turn dropped this bolt below the bore of the rifle, exposing the opening from the top. A ball was dropped in and rolled forward into the chamber. Then a charge of powder was poured in and the lever brought back into position. As soon as the piece was primed, it was ready to fire. There is said to be one of them in the Tower of London collection. Could not a photograph of it be secured?

I have seen some breechloading flintlocks in which the last four inches or so of the barrel were pivoted in such a way that the forward part of the chamber was raised up to receive the charge. It was then pressed down in line with the barrel, and was ready to shoot as soon as primed.

WM. M. ELLICOTT.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—Who will rise up now and tell us all about the old flintlock? One of them, an old musket, once nearly sent me to kingdom come—but I killed the skunk.

D. H. B.

Quail Thinning Out Theory.

ROME, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I have had an intention to write you, some time past, concerning a communication, under the above caption, by R. L. E., in *FOREST AND STREAM* of July 30. The subject was the breaking up and thinning out of a brood of quail before the breeding season, on the presumption that they will breed better by so doing.

Perhaps I may be pardoned if I offer as evidence my own personal experience in quail shooting, and such information also as I have gathered from the experiences of others.

There is no occasion for any breeding reasons to attempt the breaking up of a bevy of quail in the spring-time, for they will do that naturally and certainly from natural impulse, whether they are disturbed or not.

During the breeding season, the quail does not live in bevs. In all my experience, I never saw a bevy of quail in the nesting season. They are mated and separated then.

But I firmly believe that "shooting up" a bevy of quail in the fall or winter is directly beneficial as an assistant to a more prolific quail crop the season following. Such is the general belief of nearly all practical shooters. The reasons for it are that after being "shot up" a few times, a bevy becomes more alert, much wilder, and exercises to the utmost degree all the instincts of self-preservation; hence the weaklings, thereafter, are the ones most likely to be destroyed by predatory animals, such as foxes, cats, etc. The most vigorous live.

But when shot at, after being pointed by a dog, or when flushed by the wing shot, the old cocks are the first to rise to lead the flight of the flock, and, as a consequence, they are the first to be shot and the first to be killed.

Many of the old cocks, while retaining their fierce pugnacity and destructiveness in respect to their younger rivals, are infertile, hence their destruction makes way for the younger cocks which are sexually perfect. The elimination of the old cocks, therefore, has a direct and material bearing on the question at issue. A redundancy of male birds also encroaches harmfully on the food supply, which in turn has its harmful effects on the pro-

liveness of the hens and the best growth and certainty of life of the young birds.

There is one alleged trait, however, concerning the habits of quail—that is to say their migration in the fall of which I am a total disbeliever. If quail migrate, leaving one section and travelling to another, the influx at their place of destination should add materially and visibly to the supply of birds of that section, as the migrations of ducks and geese and snipe and woodcock correspondingly add to the visible supply in the south during the migratory season. There also should be a corresponding diminution in the numbers of the section whence the quail migrate, and during migration there should be evidence that the birds are journeying, as shown by a general movement of all quail toward the southland in the fall, and the return flight northward in the spring.

That quail do shift about in the fall is a fact, but, in my opinion, it is merely a readjustment to the conditions of the same habitat, enforced by the change of season affecting the cover and food supply. The sum total of birds in any given locality remains precisely the same, just as the sum total of cattle, sheep and horses on a given farm remain the same summer and winter, though in summer they live in the woods and fields, while in winter they live in the barn.

DARBY.

The Redeeming Shot.

THE season of woodchuck hunting for 1904 is tapering to its close, I have killed a 'chuck as late in the year as October 18, and have heard of one being killed October 27, but at any time in autumn so many of them have gone into their half year sleep that it is not worth while to hunt them. No doubt, many readers of FOREST AND STREAM could make interesting report of woodchuck hunts enjoyed this season, and probably some would have done so if this sport were in as good repute as it deserves to be.

One incident of this humble but enjoyable pursuit stands out among the memories of my more recent hunting. I had scoured the country in vain all the afternoon, and placed as many miles between me and town as I could retrace by supper time. As I faced homeward, my eye turned naturally toward a big knoll in a pasture, a quarter of a mile away, already inspected on the way out. Smooth and close-cropped, it was always worth a glance, for woodchucks lived in it and could not forage over its rounded summit unseen. Sure enough, there was one feeding in plain sight, and I started for him. A large brook required a detour to a bridge, but once across I made straight for the knoll and sneaked carefully up its steep slope. I had lost sight of the game as I put the crown of the hill between us, and, on getting to a point of observation, found that he had gone into his burrow. Going as far down the hill as I could, and keeping the spot in sight, I watched for his reappearance with the

usual uncertainty as to the time of that event, which grows more annoying every minute with supper nearly due, but miles away. I could not stand it long, and proceeded down through the hollow and up a neighboring ridge. Of course, a parting glance was cast toward the knoll to see if anything had happened.

Something had. A small, round object apparently lay on the smooth turf, evidently the head of a woodchuck watching me from his "peek-hole." Back I went into the hollow, not too directly at first, but more and more so, pondering the interesting problem how many more steps could be taken without sending the 'chuck down for good. Sixty or seventy yards from him I felt bound to stop, and took my best aim at the little dark ball that seemed to lie up there on the short grass. At the crack of the rifle it vanished, but that was a matter of course with a woodchuck in the mouth of his "peek-hole," whether dead or alive, and I hastened up the hill to investigate. Down in the darkness of the burrow something looked like hair, and I pulled up the victim and found he had "got it in the neck." A farm hand driving a team in the next field had stopped at some stage of the campaign to see the result—what farm hand would not jump at such a chance for such a pause? I waved the defunct woodchuck toward him, he waved his congratulations to me, and I set out for home in better humor with myself. The difference between two small numbers cannot be great, but the difference between a petty victory and a petty defeat is considerable to the feelings of a hunter who has started homeward without a mark to his credit.

The incident makes one of the pleasing brain-negatives that the gun-bearing rambler brings in from the fields to develop at will, whether or not he brings anything else—the long stalk, the varying prospect of results, the expectant laborer with his eye fixed as sharply as mine upon the mark, the gentle excitement of the shot, the satisfaction of the retriever, and the charm of the summer evening setting upon the quiet hills.

BRISTOL HILL.

Dove Shooting in Hawaii.

In the news items appearing in this morning's paper, it is stated that the "dove shooters" drove over to Mokuleia three mornings and took back 1080 doves in all as a result of their shoot. The birds are fat and plentiful.

Without knowing the exact number of "shooters" (it is, in passing, pleasing to notice that you distinguish between "shooters" and "sportsmen") who participated in this slaughter, it may be that the writer is hasty in calling attention to this wanton waste. However, the gentlemen who shot nearly 1,200 doves in less than three days may reconcile their sportsmen's consciences, if the same have not already been submerged in the lust for slaughter, with the killing of so many birds and the sure extinction of all sport in this line in the near future, it is not for me to say; but the result of this

indiscriminate shooting is what I desire to call your attention to.

The beginning of this dove hunting season does not mark any new departure in the obtaining of enormous bags exceeding one hundred birds per man. Last season, reports were freely circulated, and boasts made, of record shoots where the bags were so large as to lead one to the conclusion that the "shooters" were either market hunters, under the guise of sportsmen, or were seeking to outdo themselves, and in this effort had gone beyond the point where a true sportsman should take down his gun.

Hunting in these islands has its limitations. Other than doves, pheasants, a few ducks and plover, there is nothing. The pheasant is not in large numbers, and but barely holds its own against the mongoose, and a good shot with a good dog can obtain but a very few birds in a day's hunt, and only in favorable spots and after much hard tramping. The plover are becoming scarcer every year and duck shooting is practically only for those who support the preserves.

Dove hunting, however, is easily accessible and open to all. The flights of the birds occur principally over the rice fields after the rice has been harvested, and in this island the fields are readily reached along the line of the railroad. There is absolutely no protection for the birds, no limitations as to the size of the bag to be obtained except as may be dictated by the conscience of the man behind the gun; and while there is a statute requiring a license fee for hunting, it is not enforced, and any person of whatever nationality has a free hand during the hunting season.

Within the few days following the second of July there has probably been killed on this island at least 2,500 doves at a low estimate. We know, of course, that the birds are now present in large numbers, and no appreciable reduction will be noticed this season even if this average is kept up while the opportunity offers, which will continue until the new crop of rice is planted. But it is patent to all that this cannot go on without a serious diminution of the number of birds, resulting finally, and within a few years, in the practical extinction of this sport, when "the birds will be neither fat nor plentiful."

The experience of localities on the mainland amply supports the above statement. In nearly all the States and Territories there are now stringent laws, which are rigidly enforced, not only in reference to hunting in season, but limiting the bag to a reasonable number. In all such places they have realized that they were too late in appreciating the situation, and that the protection was afforded when there was but little left to protect.

As we have no laws here to protect the sport, and as the laws requiring a hunting license is not enforced, the only recourse is an appeal to all true lovers of sport to remember that they are gentlemen and sportsmen.—Honolulu Advertiser.



Sea Trout and Salmon.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In common with all your readers who appreciate intelligent writing on fish and angling, I enjoy the "Fish Chat," which Mr. Edward A. Samuels contributes to your columns. I was especially interested in that which appeared in issue of Aug. 6, for it treated of two subjects in which I have been intensely occupied for the last forty years—I mean salmon culture and the so-called sea trout.

After all the ignorance that has been written about sea trout it is refreshing to the Old Angler to find a man of such large experience as the author of "With Fly-Rod and Camera" recording his conviction "that they are undeniably our dear old friend the spotted brook trout, which has gladdened the hearts of thousands of anglers." As Mr. Samuels' researches of over thirty years in the New England States and Eastern Canada have led him to the conclusions which I have placed on record in your columns. I commend this instalment of his fish chat to the careful consideration of those who still think we have in Canada waters a species of trout distinct from *fontinalis*, which is "spawned and brought up in the sea."

On the other subject which, for forty years, has engaged my anxious attention—that of artificial salmon culture as a means of restoring exhausted rivers and keeping up the supply of salmon in spite of the excessive fishing that is now pursued in all our best salmon rivers on the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts—I regret that I must differ entirely from the opinions which Mr. Samuels expresses in his last contribution to your columns. I dislike, as much as Mr. Samuels does, all newspaper controversy, and will confine my present remarks to a few matters of fact within my own knowledge, which knowledge is within the reach of Mr. Samuels, and of any one who will take the small trouble to obtain it. But when an inquirer approaches the subject with the declaration, that he "regards the arti-

ficial reproduction of fish as one of the greatest achievements of the nineteenth century, and nothing that can be said will ever cause him to believe otherwise," it will avail little to inform him that, so far from fishculture being an achievement of the nineteenth century, it is but the resuscitation of a very old art practiced by the Chinese, the ancient Romans and the mediæval monks, with better results than the modern practice has shown. I wonder if Mr. Samuels was serious when he pointed to the hatching of chickens in an incubator as analogous to the modern process of fishculture. If he was serious I can only regret that he so entirely ignores the conformity to nature in the one process, and the series of unnatural processes necessarily followed in the other.

Be this as it may, I have great faith in "facts and figures," and if Mr. Samuels will produce some that will bear out his assertions regarding the Merrimack and the Penobscot Rivers, I will give them due consideration. Meantime, I repeat, advisedly, what I stated in your issue of July 16: "That there is not, so far as I can discover, a particle of evidence to show that the increased number of salmon in these rivers came from the fry planted." As to the Liverpool, Port Medway and Port Mouton Rivers, in Queens county, Nova Scotia, which Mr. Samuels cited as showing "visible results" from the fry planted in them, he now says, in answer to my statement of facts made from my own personal knowledge, that every one he interviewed agreed that great benefits had resulted. The boatmen, the guides, the Indians, all agreed with the statements of the residents in the neighborhood. Mr. L. S. Ford, the fishery overseer of the county, assured him, "that all the rivers that came under his supervision had greatly benefited." Thus much for hearsay! Now let us see what the "facts and figures" say. The Bedford hatchery, from which all the fry that ever went into these rivers came, was started in 1876. I have before me the Report of the Commission of Fisheries for that year, from which it appears that the catch of

salmon in Queens county was 40,000 pounds. The report for 1902 is also before me, and it shows that, after twenty-six years of fry-planting in Port Medway, Port Mouton, Liverpool and other rivers, the catch of salmon in Queens county was 20,200 pounds—just one-half that of 1876; which shows that even the overseer of the county was ignorant of the "fact and figures!" As to his distinguishing the progeny of the planted fry from the progeny of the native fish, I can only envy him his great perspicacity. The ova hatched in the Bedford house in my time, came from River Philip, in Cumberland county, Sackville and Musquodoboit, in Halifax county, East, Middle and West Rivers, in Pictou county. Of late years the reports say they come principally from St. John Harbor. Perhaps Overseer Ford can distinguish the progeny of each river, where the fish vary in weight from fifteen pounds to thirty pounds!

Mr. Samuels admits that a large portion of his information has been gathered from hearsay. What information I have on the subject is derived from my own experience among the hatching houses during twenty-two years of official life, and since from the reports of the commissioners of the New England States, and from those of the Fisheries Department of Canada. If any more authentic sources of information exist, I would be glad to be informed how I can get access to them.

In your issue of the 6th inst. Mr. W. B. Merston tells of the poor fishing he had in the Grand Cascapedia. I have beside me a letter from an angling friend, which says: "I was away five weeks fishing the Grand Cascapedia. In all this time four rods killed only eleven fish. Such a poor season was never known." From the Nepissiquit and Restigouche come similar reports of poor fishing, both on the coast and in the rivers. Yet all these streams have had the assistance of fry from the hatching houses. In the Restigouche and its tributaries the fishery reports of the department at Ottawa tell us that in the last thirty years 37,434,000

fry have been planted—over a million a year—and yet the catch of 1903 was less than that of 1874, before the hatching house was started. Had Mr. Samuels not declared that nothing that can be said will cause him to change his opinion, I might hope that facts and figures would outweigh such mere hearsay stories as he has retailed in his last letter. THE OLD ANGLER.

SUSSEX, N. B.

Fish and Fishing.

Vice-Regal Sport in Canada.

NEARLY all the Governors-General of Canada for many years past have been ardent sportsmen. Salmon fishing in the Dominion has had few warmer adherents than Lords Dufferin, Lorne, Stanley, Aberdeen, and Minto. His Excellency the Earl of Minto, the present Governor-General, is not only himself a well-known sportsman, but belongs to a family of anglers, one member of which, who bore the title now carried by the Governor-General, was the author of an interesting work entitled, "Game, Salmon and Poachers," which was printed for private circulation in London in 1863. Like most other salmon fishermen in Canada during the present summer, the Earl of Minto had rather poor sport on the Cascapedia. Since his return, however, His Excellency has more than made up for the disappointment attending his salmon fishing by the excellent sport which he has enjoyed along the line of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway. Upon this trip His Excellency was accompanied by the Countess of Minto and family, and also by the members of the vice-regal staff, making a party of eleven, all of whom were accomplished anglers. The party accepted the hospitality of the club house and preserved waters of the Tourilli Fish and Game Club, intending to remain upon the territory for a fortnight. The stay was limited to six days, however, in consequence of His Excellency being recalled to Ottawa for the closing of Parliament. During their stay the total catch of the party was 22 dozen of trout, some of them of very respectable size. The flies that were found most successful were the Jock-Scot, Parmachenee-belle, coachman, professor, and Coch-y-bonndhu. The members fished quite a wide expanse of water, both in the Ste. Anne River and in the series of lakes drained into it, and intend to pay another visit to the territory in the month of September.

Ouananiche in August.

I can fully corroborate the statement made by Mr. Babson, that the ouananiche in Lake St. John will strike at a spoon or spinner in the month of August, even more readily than at a fly, and have already had occasion to point out, as he does, the absurdity of expecting any fish to do himself full justice as a fighter with a gang of hooks widely distending his open jaws. And besides, there is seldom the slightest necessity for the use of so murderous a device by those who desire to kill ouananiche. It is true that in August, as, in fact, in almost every other month of the season, these fish will rise more freely at a spoon or spinner in Lake St. John than to a fly. But the same is true of trout when fished for not only in large bodies like Lake St. John, but also in lakes of very much smaller size. The angler has only to follow the ouananiche out of the lake into the lower portions of the Grand Discharge to meet with success in his fly-fishing for the fresh-water salmon, just as trout which refuse to take the fly in midsummer in the middle of large lakes, will often afford the finest sport in the month of August when found in the rivers which form the discharges of large bodies of fresh water.

Both the editorial remarks upon the first page of the number of FOREST AND STREAM for the 6th of August, and the letter of Mr. W. B. Mershon, on another page of the same issue, have to do with the scarcity of salmon during the present season, which has already formed the burden of portions of my own contributions to this column. There have been so many complaints upon this score that I have been at some pains to collect all possible information on the subject. I am sorry to have to report that there appear to have been scarcely any exceptions to the rule. The usual report from salmon rivers is that the catch of fish has been only one-third to one-half of the average, while in some instances it has been even smaller. I have heard of very many anglers who fared just as badly as Mr. Mershon and his friends did. The chief exceptions occurred upon the Moisie and the Godbout rivers on the north shore and on the Grand River, which enters into the Baie des Chaleurs, and even these favored streams yielded far less fish than usual. I have reports from every tributary of the Saguenay, and find a large falling off, not only in the catch by rod and line, but also in the number of fish taken in the nets of the Government hatchery at Tadoussac at the mouth of the Saguenay. In the St. Jean, which was fished by its proprietor, Mr. William Price, and also by Sir George Carrington, Mr. Dwight and Canon Evans, not more than two or three fish fell to each rod. Even less success was obtained upon the Mars River. The Little Saguenay yielded a single fish. The illness of a friend having prevented me from fishing on the south shore this summer, I spent the first four days of August upon Eternity River, a third tributary of the Saguenay. Only one salmon fell to my rod, though a brother who accompanied me was fortunate enough to kill three. Notwithstanding the lateness of the season, we should probably have done better had we been able to visit the river a week or even a fortnight earlier. The river is a short one, and because of the late date at which the fish entered it this year, they lost but little time in ascending to its upper waters, and were consequently not in a rising humor when found by us. It was well on in July before any fish were seen in the river, and by the middle of the month they had only run six miles up the stream.

The Ste. Marguerite, which is the best and the largest of the Saguenay rivers, has proved a dismal failure this year. The members of the Ste. Marguerite Salmon Club who visited the preserve had about the worst season on record, and Mr. W. M. Brackett, of Boston, who fished his branch of the river from the opening of the season to the last of July, only killed seven fish in all.

Some weeks ago, in this column, I expressed the belief that there would be a later run of salmon this year

than usual, and so far as the Eternity and some other rivers are concerned, this has already proved to be the case. Out of the four hundred salmon taken in the nets at the mouth of the Saguenay for the Government hatchery at Tadoussac up to the 6th of August, less than half of the number had been taken during the first two months of the netting. It was necessary to obtain special authority from Ottawa to permit the nets to be set for a longer period than usual, and yet the number of parent fish taken is much less than usual. Mr. Catellier, the superintendent of the hatchery, has a theory of his own respecting the scarcity of the fish. He believes that the absence of easterly wind has had much to do with the failure of the fish to reach their rivers, there having been only one day of easterly wind in the St. Lawrence since the month of May. He says that the fish are even now running up into their spawning rivers, and that many more will still run up and deposit their spawn. The entire Canadian season has undoubtedly been an exceedingly backward one, and the lowness of the water in many of the salmon rivers during the early summer may well have tended toward keeping the fish out. But if, indeed, there has not been any very great diminution in the supply of spawning fish, there is no doubt that the requirements of nature and the force of natural instinct will compel the salmon to yet overcome all obstacles to their entrance and ascent of the rivers. It may well be that they may in some cases be prevented from entering their parent streams, but those upon whom the instinct of procreation is strong, will eventually ascend some stream in which the ripening and subsequent deposit of the spawn will follow.

There are some people who seem thoroughly convinced that the falling off in the take of salmon is entirely due to the enormous destruction of the fish, both young and adult, owing to the large increase in the number of its natural foes in salt water. Porpoises, seals, and dogfish—more especially the latter, have multiplied amazingly of late years, and while the dogfish have scarcely created much havoc among the mature fish, they have probably destroyed immense quantities of smolt and grilse, while the dangers which attend the return of the adult salmon to its parent stream are materially greater in consequence of the vastly increased number of porpoises and seals now reported in the Gulf and Lower St. Lawrence, and upon the Atlantic seaboard of the Canadian Provinces.

In connection with the dogfish scourge, it is interesting to note that the Hon. Mr. Prefontaine, Dominion Minister of Fisheries, has changed his mind in regard to the proposed bounty upon this fish, and has decided instead to erect three reduction works on the American plan. These will be placed at various points along the Atlantic Coast. One will be in Cape Breton, one in New Brunswick, and the other on the coast of Gloucester county. They are to cost \$9,000 each, and the Government will itself operate the plants, paying the fishermen a good price for their fish offal and for all the dogfish they can bring in, converting them into fertilizer and glue. The Government is satisfied that the venture can be made to yield a satisfactory profit, and believes that the price to be paid for dogfish and the desire of the fishermen themselves to be rid of the nuisance, will be incentive enough to them to keep the reduction works supplied with all the material they require.

It remains to be seen whether the destruction of the dogfish will make much difference in the supply of salmon. There is something that the Canadian Government might do, however, that most certainly would have an important bearing upon the supply of this fish, and that is to very materially decrease the amount of netting employed in the taking of salmon in the Gulf and Lower St. Lawrence and the Baie des Chaleurs, and in the estuaries of the different salmon rivers.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Colorado Streams.

DENVER, Colo., Aug. 12.—W. C. Thomas, assistant cashier of the First National Bank, and Alfred Williams, a local wholesale cigar man, both expert anglers, elected to spend their vacation among the trout of Lake San Cristobal, in Hinsdale county. This is a little jog of 350 miles from Denver, and is reached by the Rio Grande road. The lake is of seismic origin, nestling in the crater of an extinct volcano. It is encompassed by peaks several hundred feet high; numerous sharp-pointed islands dot the bosom of its deep waters. Being away up in the clouds, it is an ideal place for recreation, and the two brain workers made the most of their leisure. The lake is three by one mile in dimension, and is said to be bottomless. A sound 750 feet long failed to touch bottom. Native, rainbow, and eastern brook trout abound, and they do not mind how big they grow. Fly-fishing from a boat is the proper caper; it costs \$1.50 a day for a good oarsman and boat. Good day board was obtained for \$1 a day, with the privilege of bunking in the miners' bunk-house without charge. Both gentlemen had a splendid time, and brought home numerous fine specimens of three and four-pound rainbow, native, and eastern brook trout. They are particular, however, to convey the information that the run of trout in these cold, almost glacial, waters is about one pound. These trout are great fighters; there are plenty of them, too, as the place is hardly ever visited, there being no accommodations for the effete brand of angler. But for him who is looking for sport and roughing it, this is an ideal spot. Catches of the limit and even more may be made daily.

At Sapinero, on the big waters of the Gunnison, the place where Judge McDougal, of Gunnison, loves best to draw big minnows for ten-pounders, I get a report of a catch of a 6½ and a 7-pound rainbow by a gentleman and wife from Delta. Mr. Thomas, above referred to, saw the catch, but failed to get the name of the anglers.

Fishing in glacial waters must be great sport. J. C. Miles, a Denver taxidermist, and a party of residents of Sunset, last week pushed their way to the crystal sheet of water at the top of Arapahoe Peak in Grand county, and made out to stop there several days. The lake is fed by the greatest glacier of the entire Rocky Mountain system, and is just at timber line, 13,000 feet high. The glacier lies just above the lake in plain sight. The water is full of trout, but on account of the prevalence of storms of one sort or another, it is difficult to make a

large catch. The run is about one pound; rainbows, natives, and German browns. Mr. Miles brought home several and mounted them for display. Few, if any, trout in the whole State are so beautifully and distinctly marked as these. He says a one-pounder in this cold water fights like an average three-pounder of the lower altitudes. Although a hardened mountain climber and seasoned hunter, Mr. Miles got enough of this trip in less than a week. He had snow and sleet storms and tornadoes and hurricanes every hour of the day. One afternoon when the wind was propitious he killed nineteen pounds, consisting of eighteen trout, in less than one hour.

R. D. Sanborn, of Greeley, went to North Park to look at some coal lands last week. At Candrey, on the Laramie River, he stopped "for half a day and angled with great success." His catch for six hours rounded out the century mark. As the trout in this stream average better than half a pound each, Mr. Sanborn might feel embarrassed to tell what his catch weighed. Game wardens are looking for such as he. It is such vandalism as this that wrecks fine fishing streams like the Big Laramie. When I was there three years ago it was easy to fill a 20-pound creel with one and two-pounders in an hour.

A friend encamped at Iola on the Gunnison writes me to "come down right away quick and bring nothing but midge flies. Trout are plentiful and fly-fishing is getting better every day. Just landed one that measured 23 inches in length, another 17 inches long and several over 15." This gentleman is a member of a prospecting party who are outfitted for a trip as far south as Chihuahua, Mexico; there are half a dozen of them and they have a whole year of outing before them.

Natives and guides of the entire Gunnison country—and that's almost as big as New York State—are lying awake nights making plans to get next to G. Cleveland and a party alleged to be on their way thither to tackle some of the "big ones." It is also alleged, with much detail, that a special representative of an eastern newspaper is to accompany the ponderous angler and chronicle his every act. Fishing on the Gunnison is entirely different from the Buzzard's Bay brand. On the Gunnison one is either tumbling, rolling, catching and slipping over roundly-eroded stones, or up to his neck in icy cold water. The supply of clinker-built boats is mighty limited, but Mr. Cleveland will find a big welcome awaiting him, and will be shown the sport of his life. 'Twould be great fun to see Grover and Judge McDougal—they are of a size and erected on the same keel with a displacement pretty nearly equal—up to their armpits in the dark cold pools of and about Sapinero. Judge McDougal "strings" his catch in a sugar sack, but he has never explained to me how he keeps on such good terms with the game wardens—and himself, a true-blue sportsman. Maybe he doesn't believe everything he tells.

Fifty thousand trout fry were placed in the Big Thompson near Loveland last week. Colorado is doing great work in keeping up the supply of trout in all her streams and the expense is large. It is estimated that a revenue of \$15,000 will be netted from the sale of hunting licenses this year, and it will be expended in planting young fry in the streams. In addition to this other funds are required to meet the heavy expenditures made in sustaining the hatcheries. J. D. C.

The Golden Trout.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* What promises an unexplored field to the fish-culturist and a new delight to the angler, has been discovered in the golden trout of Southern California. Dr. Barton W. Evermann, assistant in charge of the Division of Scientific Inquiry of the Bureau of Fisheries, with a corps of scientists, has just returned from an investigation concerning this famous trout. Dr. Evermann is very enthusiastic over the results of the expedition, and believes he has found a fish that so far is unequalled in beauty and one that will, when introduced into eastern waters, attract the angling fraternity more than any other game fish known.

The attention of the Commissioner of the Bureau of Fisheries was called to this beautiful species by the President. Stewart Edward White, author of "The Blazed Trail," etc., in traveling through Southern California, was impressed by the beauty and gameness of the golden trout, and called it to the President's attention, suggesting that some steps be taken for its preservation, as it was liable to extermination on account of its extremely restricted habitat. The President sent a letter to the Commissioner of the Bureau of Fisheries asking that an investigation be made to determine what steps should be taken for its preservation. Commissioner Bowers immediately sent a party of scientists with Dr. Evermann at the head to study the waters of the Mt. Whitney region, and report on the habits and distribution of this trout, and to suggest steps which might be taken toward introducing the species in other waters with a view to its cultivation and artificial propagation.

The fish is allied to the common rainbow trout, but is distinctly different in many respects, particularly in size of scales and color. The general color is a light yellow, with a rich cadmium band along the belly and a similar one on each side. It differs also from the common trout in the absence of spots except at the tail. It is a decidedly gamy fish, and of delicious flavor, qualities that enhance its value both as a food fish and its interest to the sportsman. The adult fish attains a length of 12 to 14 inches, and on an average weighs something less than a pond.

The investigating party traveled three weeks in the vicinity of Mt. Whitney exploring the streams of that region, and were further rewarded by the discovery of three or four new species, one of them approximating the beauty of the golden trout of Volcano Creek. The golden trout, the primary object of the expedition, was found to exist originally only in Volcano Creek, a tributary of Kern River. A few years ago it was introduced into Cottonwood Creek, tributary to Owen Lake on the east side of the mountains.

The problem of introducing this fish in other waters and its artificial propagation is at present occupying the attention of the Bureau of Fisheries, and every effort will be made for its successful cultivation. The Bureau will

recommend that the California State Fish Commission attempt its introduction into other waters during the present season. It has already been decided by the Division of Fishculture of the Bureau of Fisheries to establish a station in the Mt. Whitney region in the early part of the coming year for its artificial propagation. Many difficulties present themselves for their introduction into other waters, as they would have to be transported on pack mules down the eastern slope of the Sierras through a semi-desert region to Lone Pine, which would take from one to two days. Every endeavor, however, will be made toward the cultivation of this beautiful fish, as its introduction into other waters will be of keen interest to the professional angler and to the public at large.

E. D. CHADSEY.

English Fly-Casting Tournament.

From the London Fishing Gazette, July 30.

In lovely weather the tenth international fly and bait-casting tournament was held last Friday and Saturday on the Intermediate Lake and on the old Archery Ground at the Crystal Palace. We hope to give with the following report some photographs of the affair which will interest those who were present, as well as those who were not. Although the attendance was not at any time very large it was pretty evident that those



MR. D. C. E. MUIR IN AMATEUR SALMON FLY-CASTING.

who came were keenly interested. It was hoped that three American anglers would be present, but one of the Messrs. Hewitt was unfortunately not well enough to attend. Mr. E. J. Mills, son of Mr. Wm. Mills, of New York, made a very favorable impression by the modest but plucky manner in which he cast in no less than seven competitions. Mr. Mills is visiting Europe on account of his health; we heard from a friend of his that most of the time he was suffering greatly from facial neuralgia. He won several prizes.

Results of Friday's Competitions, July 22, 1904.

A—Salmon fly-casting. Any style.—Professionals. Rule—The gut cast must be either single, double, or treble gut, separately or in combination, but must not be more than three or less than two yards in length. The fly attached must be a light colored fly, not smaller than 1/4 inches from bend of hook to end of shank. The rod must not exceed 18 feet in length, or 52 ounces in weight. The time allowed to each competitor for



MISS NEWHAM IN SALMON FLY-CASTING.

casting, five minutes after being called upon to cast by the judges.

	Distance in		Aggregate of
	Yards and Feet.	Three Best Casts.	
A. Newham	28 29 30	88	
E. J. Mills	37 37-0 37	111-1 1/2	
J. Enright	48-2 48-1 49	146	
G. Hoyle	34-0 35 35	104-1 1/2	
J. J. Hardy	43 43 44	130	

J. Enright, first; J. J. Hardy, second; E. J. Mills, third. (Mr. Mills will have cup in place of money for the prizes he won.)

B—Salmon fly-casting. Any style.—Amateurs. Rule—same as competition A.

	Distance in		Aggregate of
	Yards and Feet.	Three Best Casts.	
D. C. E. Muir	40 41 40	121	
H. W. Little	37 38 40	115	
F. Hodder Bass	33 35 36	104	
J. Paterson	26 27 28	81	
Miss R. A. Newham	33 33 34	100	
L. H. Bennett	27 28 29	84	
F. G. Shaw	38 37 37	112	

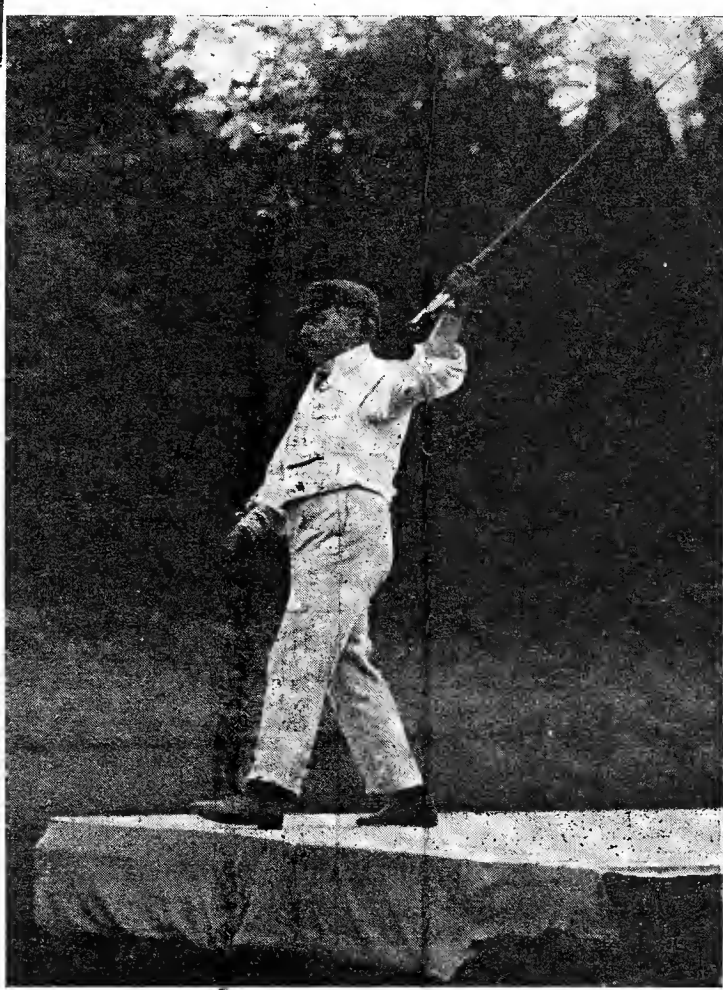
D. C. E. Muir, first; H. W. Little, second.

C—Trout fly-casting.—Professional. Rule—the gut cast must be of single gut, not more than 3 or less than 2 yards in length. The rod must not be more than 1 1/4 ounces per foot in weight, and not more than 11 feet 6 inches extreme length. The rod must be held in one hand, and no spear must be mounted. The fly used, to be a coachman of moderate size. The time allowed to each competitor for casting, five minutes after being called upon to cast by the judges.

	Distance in		Aggregate of
	Yards and Feet.	Three Best Casts.	
E. J. Mills	28 28-1 1/2 29	85-1 1/2	
J. Enright	33 33 34-2	100-2	
(rod disqualified.)			
A. Newham	28 28 28	84	
(rod disqualified.)			
J. J. Hardy	33 34 34	101	
E. F. Goodwin	26 26 27	79	
G. Hoyle	23 23-1 1/2 24-1 1/2	71	
L. Hardy	29 29-1 30	88-1	
A. McCutcheon	27 28 29	84	

J. J. Hardy, first; L. Hardy, second; E. J. Mills (New York), third.

D—Light Bait-casting. Any style.—Professionals. Rule—the bait (including lead on trace) will be 1 3/4 ounces in weight, and the line must lift a weight of 6 pounds to a height of 2 feet, held 4 feet from the weight. The weight of rod is unrestricted, but it must not exceed 14 feet in length. Competitors will not be allowed to extend their line in front of the base line before starting. The time allowed to each competitor



MR. F. G. SHAW IN AMBIDEXTROUS COMPETITION.

for casting, five minutes after being called upon to cast by the judges.

	Distance in		Aggregate of
	Feet & Inches.	Three Best Casts—Feet.	
James Andrews	122 86 94	302	
A. Newham	134 118 112	364	
E. J. Mills	151 167 141	459	
G. Hoyle	60	60	
J. J. Hardy	140 154 144	438	
J. Bailey	171 155 173	499	
E. Andrews	150 172 163	491	

J. Bailey, first (casting from Nottingham reel); E. Andrews, second (using Thames style—line coiled on ground); E. J. Mills, third (casting from American multiplier reel controlled with thumb on line on barrel of reel, reel being fixed above rod).

E—Light bait-casting. Any style.—Amateurs. Rule—The bait (including lead on trace) will be 1 3/4 ounces in weight, and the line must lift a weight of 6 pounds to a height of 2 feet, held 4 feet from the weight. The weight of the rod is unrestricted, but it must not exceed 14 feet in length. Competitors will not be allowed to extend their line in front of the base line before casting. The time allowed to each competitor for casting, five minutes after being called upon to cast by the judges. (The bait, trace, and lead provided by the committee.)

	Distance in		Aggregate of
	Feet & Inches.	Three Best Casts—Feet.	
D. C. E. Muir	81 132 138	351	
A. P. Zerfass	50 120 134	304	
J. Hopkins	116 124 138	378	
H. W. Little	165 173 190	528	
C. H. Wheelley	127 137 144	408	
R. Wellman	147 152 168	467	
P. J. Spencer	98 105 ...	203	
(two casts)			
C. F. Winter	103 118 125	346	
Harry Spray	152 156 169	477	
J. T. Emery	167 167 181	505	
Hardy Corfe	151 155 155	461	

Mr. H. W. Little, first; Mr. J. T. Emery, second; Mr. H. Spray, third; Mr. R. Wellman, fourth; Hardy Corfe, fifth.

F—Heavy bait-casting. From the reel.—Amateurs. Rule—The bait (including lead on trace) will be 2 1/2 ounces in weight, and the line must lift a weight of 10 pounds to a height of 2 feet, held 4 feet from the weight. The weight of rod is unrestricted, but it must not exceed 14 feet in length. The time allowed to each competitor for casting, five minutes after being called upon to cast by the judges. (The bait, trace, and lead will be provided by the committee.)

	Distance in		Aggregate of
	Feet & Inches.	Three Best Casts—Feet.	
J. T. Emery, "Silex" reel	202 207 210	619	
H. W. Little, Nottingham reel	143 165 180	488	
J. Hopkins, Nottingham reel	149 154 154	457	
R. Wellman	143 150 159	457	
A. P. Zerfass	108 135 151	394	
J. Paterson	120 123 112	355	
C. H. Wheelley, "Silex" reel	118 126 144	388	
Dr. P. J. Spencer	108 108 123	339	
G. R. Scott	126 142 156	424	
Harry Spray, Nottingham reel	141 153 154	448	
Hardy Corfe	135 151 159	445	

J. T. Emery, first; H. W. Little, second; J. Hopkins and R. Wellman tied for third.

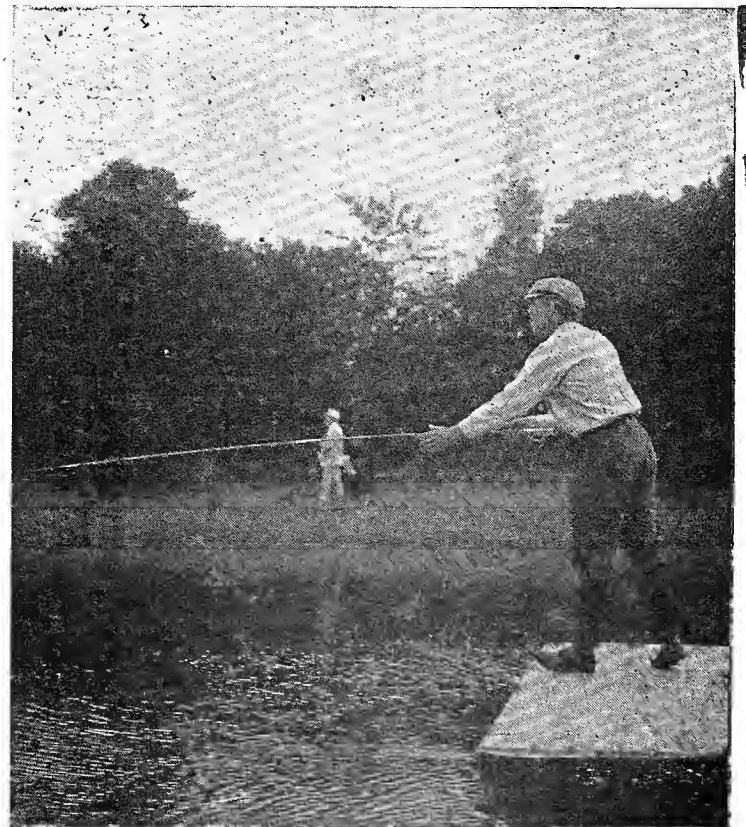
G—Sea rod competition.—All comers. Rule—The cast must be made overhead and direct from the reel. The weight will be 4 ounces, attached to a suitable



MR. E. J. MILLS (NEW YORK) TROUT-CASTING.

trace 3 feet in length, both provided by the committee. The line must be of sufficient strength to lift a weight of 16 pounds 2 feet high; line held in hand 4 feet above weight. The rod must not exceed 10 feet in length, and must be strong enough to lift, by the line drawn through the top end ring, a weight of 3 pounds from the ground on to a table 30 inches high. Wire lines will not be allowed. Three casts will be allowed, and the best aggregate of distances cast will reckon for prizes.

	Distance in		Aggregate of
	Feet & Inches.	Three Best Casts—Feet.	
G. R. Scott	122 126 112	360	
J. W. Hemens	86 128 128	342	
Harry Spray	76 88 123	287	
J. Bailey	123 ... 135	258	
J. Hopkins	76 46 58	180	



MR. E. R. HEWITT (NEW YORK).

G. R. Scott, first; J. W. Hemens, second; Harry Spray, third; J. Bailey, fourth; J. Hopkins, fifth.

Saturday, July 23.

H—Heavy bait-casting. From the reel.—Professionals. Rule—The bait (including lead on trace) will be 2 1/2 ounces in weight, and the line must lift a weight of 10 pounds to a height of 2 feet, held 4 feet from the weight. The weight of rod is unrestricted, but it must not exceed 14 feet in length. The time allowed to each competitor for casting, five minutes after being called

upon to cast by the judges. (The bait, trace, and lead will be provided by the committee.)

	Distance in Feet & Inches.	Aggregate of Three Best Casts—Feet.
J. W. Martin.....	140 146 132	418
E. Andrews.....	149 162 159	470
J. J. Hardy.....	154 180 170	504
J. Morris.....	138 128 138	404
J. Bailey.....	136 146 139	421

J. J. Hardy, first; E. Andrews, second; J. Bailey, third.

J—Heavy bait-casting. Any style.—All comers. Rule—the bait (including lead on trace) will be 2½ ounces in weight, and the line must lift a weight of 10 pounds to a height of 2 feet, held 4 feet from the weight. Weight of rod is unrestricted, but it must not exceed 14 feet in length. Competitors will not be allowed to extend their line in front of the base line before casting. The time allowed to each competitor for casting, five minutes after being called upon to cast by the judges.

	Distance in Feet & Inches.	Aggregate of Three Best Casts—Feet.
J. Hopkins.....	172 150 161	483
A. P. Zeffass.....	130 145 141	416
R. W. Wellman.....	156 159 150	465
C. F. Winter.....	180 150 164	494
J. J. Hardy.....	131 131 131	393
J. Bailey.....	141 136 127	404
J. T. Emery.....	179 200 163	542
James Morris.....	145 149 133	427
H. W. Little.....	177 151 127	455
R. C. Hardy Corfe.....	148 147 139	434

J. T. Emery (with "Silex" reel), first; C. F. Winter, second; J. Hopkins, third; R. W. Wellman, fourth.

K—Special light bait-casting. From the reel.—All comers. Rule—The bait to be cast will be a half-ounce artificial bait, provided by the committee, and must be cast direct from the reel, holding the rod in one hand. No limit to weight of rod or line, but the rod must not exceed 11 feet 6 inches in length. The time allowed to each competitor for casting, five minutes after being called upon to cast by the judges.

	Distance in Feet & Inches.	Aggregate of Three Best Casts—Feet.
H. W. Little.....	99½ 87 114½	301
C. H. Wheeley.....	122 107½ 127	356½
E. J. Mills.....	122 135 135	392
J. J. Hardy.....	130 130 146	406
James Morris.....	102½ 102 102	306½

Mr. J. J. Hardy (with "Silex" reel), first; Mr. E. J. Mills (with American multiplying reel), second; Mr. C. H. Wheeley (with "Silex" reel), third.

L—Light bait-casting (any style) for accuracy.—Amateurs. Rule—The bait (including lead on trace) will be 1¾ ounces in weight, and the line must lift a weight of 6 pounds to a height of 2 feet, held 4 feet from the weight. Weight of rod is unrestricted, but it must not exceed 14 feet in length. Competitors will not be allowed to extend their line in front of the base line before casting. The time allowed to each competitor for casting will be five minutes after being called upon to cast by the judges. Three casts will be made to a mark fixed at a distance to be decided by the judges. The distance from the mark at which the bait rests (of each cast) will be added together by the judges, and the aggregate deducted from 100. The resultant figure will be the competitor's score. (The bait, trace, and lead provided by the committee.)

	Distance from Mark to be deducted from 100.	Nett Aggregate of Points.
R. Wellman.....	11.4 21.0 7.2	21.4
A. Powell.....	24.4 9.0	66.8*
Dr. P. J. Spencer.....	19.0 23.0	75.4*
Harry Spray.....	14.6 10.6	65.0
G. R. Scott.....	14.5 18.6 16.0	48.11
A. P. Zeffass.....	7.6 22.6 12.9	42.9
J. Hopkins.....	17.0 17.0 3.7	37.7
H. W. Little.....	9.8 4.6 11.8	25.10
R. C. Hardy Corfe.....	36.6 21.6 15.9	73.9

*33.4 deducted, as the cast was out of bounds.

R. Wellman, first; H. W. Little, second; J. Hopkins, third; A. P. Zeffass, fourth.

M—Trout fly-casting.—Amateurs. Rule—Same as Competition C.

	Distance in Yards and Feet.	Aggregate of Three Best Casts.
S. A. Sanders.....	22-2 23 22-1	68
C. E. M. Skues.....	23-2 22-2 21-1	67-2
D. C. E. Muir.....	26-0 26-1 28-2	81
F. F. Higginson.....	23-2 24-1 24-2	72-2
F. Hodder Bass.....	19-2 20-1 21-1	61-1
E. B. Burt.....	25-2 25-2 24-0	75-1
A. W. Willis.....	24-2 25 25-1	75
R. B. Marston.....	25-1 24 24-1	73-2
W. Prince.....	27 27 23	82
A. J. Le Mesurier Hayward.....	27 25 25	77
Miss R. A. Newham.....	24-2 25 25	74-2
A. C. Kent.....	20-1 20 20-2	61
C. A. M. Skues.....	24-1 23-2 24-1	72-1
J. Douglas Brown.....	20 20 20	60
Hardy Corfe.....	22-1 22-2 22-1	67-1
F. G. Shaw.....	30-1 30-2 29-1	90-1
L. Barr.....	25 25 25-2	75-2
C. R. Hewitt, New York.....	28-1 28-2 27-1	84-1

F. G. Shaw, first; C. R. Hewitt (New York), second; Wm. Prince, third; D. C. E. Muir, fourth.

N—Trout fly-casting (Ambidextrous).—All comers. Rule—the gut cast must be of single gut, not more than three or less than two yards in length. The rod must be held in one hand, and must not exceed 11 feet 6 inches in length, or weigh more than 1¼ ounces per foot. The fly used must be a coachman of moderate size, approved by the judges. No spear must be mounted. The time allowed to each competitor for casting, five minutes after being called upon to cast by the judges. Competitors must make at least three casts with each hand, and the aggregate of the three best casts with each hand shall count as the competitor's score.

	Distance in Yards and Feet.						Aggregate.	
	Right Hand.			Left Hand.			Right.	Left.
L. Barr.....	25	25-1	26	20	18-2	20	76-1	58-2
D. C. E. Muir.....	27	26	29	26	27	27	82	80
H. W. Little.....	24	23	22	22	22-1	22	68	66-1
R. B. Marston.....	23	24	22	21	22-2	19	69	62-2
F. H. Bass.....	22	21	20	19-2	18-1½	16	63	54-6
A. W. Willis.....	24	24	25	22	23	24	73	69
L. Hardy.....	31	30	31-1	25	25-1	23	91-1	73-1
W. Prince.....	27	26-1	27-1	20	23	20	80-2	63

James Morris, first; J. J. Hardy, second.

Miss R. Newham.....	24 25 20 21 21-2	73 62-2
E. J. Mills.....	29 23 27 22 23-1 24	84 69-1
A. Newham.....	22 22 22-1 21 22 23	66-1 66
P. Alison.....	22 23 24-2 21-1 21 21	69-2 63-1
G. Hoyle.....	21 22 22 23-2 22 23	65 62-2
E. B. Burt.....	24 23-2 23-1 21 21 20	71 62
F. G. Shaw.....	28-2 29 30 24 25 23-2	87-2 72-2

L. Hardy, first; F. G. Shaw, second; D. C. E. Muir, third.

O—Special light rod trout fly-casting.—All comers. Rule—Rod must not weigh more than 5¾ ounces. The gut cast must be of single gut, and not exceed 3 yards, or be less than 2 yards in length. The fly attached to be a moderate-sized coachman. The length of rod is unrestricted, and must be held in one hand. No spear is to be mounted. The time allowed to each competitor for casting, five minutes after being called upon to cast by the judges.

	Distance in Yards and Feet.	Aggregate of Three Best Casts.
D. Monteith Roberts.....	23-2 23-2 24	71-1
F. Forbes Higginson.....	23 22-2 23-1½	69-0½
F. Holder Bass.....	22 22-1 23-0½	67-1½
W. Prince.....	23 22 21	66
E. J. Mills.....	23-1½ 28 28	84-1½
Miss R. A. Newham.....	24-2 24-1 25	74
A. Newham.....	25-1 24 23-0½	72-1½
L. Hardy.....	29-1½ 27-0½ 27	83-2
A. J. Le M. Hayward.....	19-0½ 19 19	57-0½
A. McCutcheon.....	25 25 26	76
J. J. Hardy.....	29 29 28	86
J. Douglas Brown.....	13 13 13	54
R. B. Marston.....	23 23 22-0½	68-0½
F. G. Shaw.....	28 28-0½ 29	85-0½
P. Alison.....	24-1 23-0½ 23	70-1½
D. C. E. Muir.....	24-0½ 23 23	70-0½
E. R. Hewitt, New York.....	27 27 26	80

Mr. J. J. Hardy, first; Mr. F. G. Shaw, second; Mr. E. J. Mills, of New York, third. Mr. Shaw also won the special prize given by Messrs. Wm. Mills, of New York (see above).

P—Dry fly-casting for accuracy.—Amateurs. Rule—The fly in this competition will be a "white-winged dry fly" of moderate size, approved by the judges. The rod must be held in one hand, and must not exceed 11 feet 6 inches in length, or weigh more than 1¼ ounces per foot. No spear to be mounted. The gut cast must be of a single gut not more than 3 yards or less than 2 yards in length. The casting line must not be marked in any way whatever. The time allowed to each competitor for casting, five minutes after being called upon to cast by the judges. The casts will be made at buoys, fixed respectively at 30, 40, 50 and 60 feet distant from the platform. The competitor will start by taking aim at the nearest buoy, and a reasonable number of false casts will be allowed. When he has determined his distance he must say, "Count," and the cast following that signal will be scored. The fly must be allowed to float until the judges have made their record and signal for him to recover his line. He will then in a similar manner cast at the second, third and fourth buoy in succession, and the one cast at each buoy will be recorded, as in the first instance. If the fly falls within one foot of the buoy accuracy will be considered perfect; for each foot, or fraction of a foot, in excess of one foot, a demerit of "one" shall be counted; and if the fly fails to float while on the water, a demerit of "one" shall be counted. The sum total of such demerits shall be deducted from 100, and the resultant figures will give the points scored.

	Style.	Demerits of each Casts to be deducted from 100.	No. of Points after Demerits from 100 have been deducted.
S. A. Sanders.....	50	98 100 98 96	392
D. M. Roberts.....	90	97 100 96 93	386
H. W. Little.....	90	97 97 97 96	387
F. F. Higginson.....	80	98 100 100 92	390
A. W. Willis.....	90	98 97 99 98	392
W. Prince.....	70	96 97 96 98	387
E. B. Burt.....	70	97 96 95 ..	288
Miss R. A. Newham.....	90	98 97 97 97	389
A. J. Le M. Hayward.....	90	100 98 98 100	396
R. B. Marston.....	90	100 98 98 97	393
A. C. Kent.....	90	98 97 94 95	384
J. D. Brown.....	80	98 96 96 98	378
G. E. M. Skues.....	95	98 100 96 99	393
J. H. Thonger.....	50	100 94 94 92	380
F. G. Shaw.....	95	98 95 95 98	386
C. A. M. Skues.....	90	97 98 97 95	387
Hardy Corfe.....	..	98 98 96 95	387

Mr. A. J. Le Mesurier Hayward, first; Mr. G. E. M. Skues, second; Mr. R. B. Marston, third.

R—Foat casting. Any style.—Amateurs. Rule—The rod must not exceed 14 feet in length, but the weight is unrestricted. The weight of shot on gut cast will be 1½ drachms. Float fixed 5 feet from hook. The time allowed to each competitor for casting will be five minutes after being called by the judges. (The float and gut cast provided by the committee.)

	Distance in Feet & Inches.	Aggregate of Three Best Casts.
F. W. K. Wallis.....	77 79 79	235
H. W. Little.....	69 73 58	200
C. H. Wheeley.....	60 66 67	193
Alf. Powell.....	52 43 74-6	169-6
W. P. Woolley.....	46-6 59-6 58	174
Harry Spray.....	55 50 50	155

F. W. Wallis, first; H. W. Little, second; C. H. Wheeley, third.

S—Float casting. Any style.—Professionals. Rule—The rod must not exceed 14 feet in length, but the weight is unrestricted. Weight of shot on gut cast will be 1½ drachms. Float fixed 5 feet from hook. Competitors will not be allowed to extend their line in front of the base line before casting. The time allowed to each competitor for casting will be five minutes after being called upon to cast by the judges. (The float and gut cast provided by the committee.)

First prize, £3, three best casts; second prize, £2, second three best.

	Distance in Feet & Inches.	Aggregate of Three Best Casts.
A. Newham.....	77 81 81	242
J. J. Hardy.....	82-6 85 84	246
James Morris.....	80 85 84	249
J. Bailey.....	73 73-6 79	225-6

James Morris, first; J. J. Hardy, second.

The last competition was finished about 7:30 P. M., and soon after 8 P. M. the prizes were presented by Mrs. R. B. Marston. Mr. Phillip Geen, one of the committee and a judge of many of the bait-casting competitions, in a few pleasant words proposed a vote of thanks to Mrs. Marston. In replying, Mr. Marston expressed the indebtedness of all to the Crystal Palace Company and other prize-givers, to the judges, time-keepers, and scorers, and especially to Mr. J. T. Emery for the hearty way in which they had all co-operated to make the affair a success.

Other illustrations of the casting will be given in our next issue.

Mr. Anspaugh's Adventure.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 13.—James Anspaugh, of Cincinnati, is reported to have narrowly escaped drowning while fishing in Crooked Lake, northern Michigan, a place noted for its bass, maskinongé, and pike. Mr. Anspaugh is spending some time at his cottage on the shores of the lake, and, being an ardent angler, was naturally anxious to make a record catch. On the 9th he joined Mr. Stephen P. Sands, of the Custom House, at Cincinnati, for a cruise in the latter's yacht. They had been trolling from the stern of the yacht for some time, when Anspaugh received a strong jerk on his line, which was fastened with a half-hitch around his wrist. In his efforts to make the line fast to a cleat he tripped over a rope and went overboard, and was towed away from the yacht by the fish he had hooked, as soon as he struck the water. Being unable to get clear of the line, he was several times drawn under water. A boat was lowered from the yacht and manned by Mr. Sands and the crew, but every time it approached the drowning man the fish would dart off in another direction, pulling him out of their reach. Finally a rope was thrown to him, which he caught, and was pulled to the boat with the fish still fast. He was taken aboard the yacht and released from the trolling line. After he had been revived, an old fisherman among the crew took charge of the battle with the muskie, which had nearly proved the death of Anspaugh. For over an hour the struggle lasted before the fish was brought near enough to the yacht to dispatch. It was four feet seven inches long and weighed 64 pounds. Twenty-four fish hooks were found imbedded in its jaws, showing that it had been the victor in many a previous battle.

Peruvian Camp is located on the Little Miami River, between Epworth Heights and Branch Hill. The members of the club are all prominent Cincinnati men, among them being James Foraker, Joseph Heintzmann, and Edward and Charles Hoffner, attorneys; Joseph Sagemeister, Harry Alexander, Albert Muehlhauser, and Walter Sohn. Arrangements have been completed by the club to restock the river with fish, and then to protect them so that the locality may once more be famous as a fishing ground. The club will place in the river 1,000 black bass received from the Government Fish Commissioners, and 1,000 newlights from the Ohio Commissioners. Mr. Heintzmann says: "The game laws have been ruthlessly violated on the Little Miami. Seines, trot lines, and nets have been used in this stream in such a manner as to practically clear it of fish in many places. We propose to protect the fish in the stream and restore the river to its former attractiveness as a fishing ground. The game wardens will be encouraged to get after violators much more vigorously than heretofore." The only legal way of fishing is with hook, line, and rod, and the club proposes to make it unpleasant for all who try any other method. Five men were arrested a few days ago by the game warden, and fined for using a trot line, and further arrests will be made if necessary.

Fishing at Charleston Lake.

NEW YORK.—I have returned from my annual fishing trip to Canada. This year I visited Red Horse, Charleston lakes, and Highley Pond, Ontario. I did some successful fly-fishing in June in Charleston Lake for small-mouth bass, taking a number that would go 2¾ pounds; fish larger than this were scarce. The fishing in Charleston with a fly was not so good as in Red Horse, the objection to this kind of fishing in that lake being a constant pulling in of rockfish, or more properly rock bass. To get rid of these small fish which wore out the flies and one's hands, I tried a Harris green frog and had some great sport taking large-mouth bass and pike and no rockfish. This is a very good locality for lake trout fishing, and I had very good success, taking one or more salmon trout every day I was there. I trolled two rods at once, one 8 foot and the other 8 foot 6 inches; the shorter rod of 8½ ounces and the other of proportional weight. I used two 200-yard reels of special type and make, with interchangeable spools. I had three extra spools to each reel and used two of the copper color braided metal lines, and found them to answer every purpose, both as to flexibility and strength. I used the same two lines for the entire two weeks' fishing every day from 9 A. M. to 7 P. M., and they landed one 14-pounder, one 10½-pound fish, one 7 pounds, and about five fish weighing from 5 to 6½ pounds, and a large number of smaller fish. The lines were 300 feet each, and were used absolutely without sinkers, these lines being made specially for this purpose. They reached a depth of 70 to 80 feet. The light rod without any sinkers makes this fishing very good sport. If any of your readers wish to know further particulars, I should be pleased to furnish same.

W. T. MORRISON.

An Odd Experience.

NEW YORK, Aug. 6.—Editor Forest and Stream: I thought it might be of interest to you to hear of an experience we had Wednesday at Cape Vincent.

While black bass fishing with live bait Mrs. Myers struck a small fish, and, when reeling it in, felt the pull on the rod suddenly become very much heavier, the fish swimming away from the boat in spite of all she could do. Finally she succeeded in turning it, and after five minutes' play we saw, to our great surprise, the brown back and fins and tail of the maskinongé through the top of a wave some twenty feet from the boat. We had no gaff and no pistol, so it soon pulled away. The bass was badly cut by its teeth, and had been swallowed tail first.

The Kennel.

The Wild Dog of Ennerdale.

THOUGH the wolves and other ravening beasts have long been exterminated out of Britain, the sheep-farmer has still to contend with the killing and maiming of his flock by foes from within his own household. Speaking as President of the Board of Agriculture, Lord Onslow recently declared that the slaughter of sheep by savage dogs has become so serious that it would justify the enactment of a canine curfew bell, after the ringing of which no dog must be out of doors. A bill to this end has since been introduced in the present session of Parliament. In Perthshire, for instance, hundreds of sheep were killed last year by prowling dogs, as many as twenty sheep being worried to death in one flock in a single night. Circumstances, rather than innate vice, account for a dog's decivilization and sudden return to the slaughtering and hunting trait of its wild ancestors. In severe weather, either snow or long-continued rain, sheep lose themselves and die on the upper fells and in mountain hollows. The dog finds them and makes a hearty meal. The taste of raw flesh rouses the dog's slumbering blood-lust, and it seeks for more. After it has once been "blooded," the dog does not hesitate to attack stray sheep, and to make midnight forays on a flock.

Any dog may thus turn sheep-worrier, and each pursues its victim after its kind. The bulldog is a rare offender, for it lacks speed; but, taking a sheep unawares, it flies at its nose and throat. The greyhound runs down a sheep as it does a hare, grabbing it by the loin or tossing it over into the air. Pointers or setters are the most destructive dogs among sheep by reason of their speed and strength; but they usually attack in the daytime, so that detection is more easy. They run down a sheep, and springing on its flank, bite into its flesh until the quarry is brought to a standstill, and the defenseless victim is speedily despatched. Foxhounds rarely worry sheep; mongrels are frequent offenders; but the most dangerous of all is the sheep-dog. It is too clever and cunning to go hunting in its own flock, but at midnight sneaks away two or three miles to a neighboring farm. With never a bark or faintest yelp, it flies at the sheep's throat, overturns it, and throttles it. In its mad lust for slaughter the dog often leaves its victim mortally struggling and dashes off to kill another sheep, for the dog seeks pleasure merely, and not food. Sometimes the sheep-dog takes a younger dog with him and initiates him into the sport of slaughter. After a lively hour or two spent in this midnight destruction, the dog rolls itself well in the grass and returns home clean and tidy, to be found in its kennel ready for breakfast and work. By such malicious cunning the dog may escape detection for months, and the unsuspecting farmer is at his wits' end to discover the ravager of his flock, which is reduced sometimes by forty lambs in a single night.

Once detected in sheep-worrying, a dog has short shrift. Whatever its value or its master's affection for it, death is the penalty, for the vice is ineradicable. On the Cumbrian fells a series of such cases brings the shepherds together on a dog-hunting expedition. It is a grimly serious business. The dogs—they nearly always worry in couples—become alive to the danger of their situation, and with rare cunning select the weakest point of the inclosing cord to break away, so that the hunt often extends into days before a lucky shot bowls over the marauders. The fame of the wild dog of Ennerdale still exists in Cumberland, and it is indeed a story of remarkable interest. Once a tiger has been marked down in India it rarely escapes to be hunted another day, and even in the great Russian forests a wolf can barely hope to escape its pursuers. But for five months, less than a century ago, a dog defied the organized attempts at its death of the entire county of Cumberland, and continued unchecked its ravages among the sheep and lambs. It was a large smooth-coated dog, of tawny color, with tigerish stripes, most probably a cross between a mastiff and a greyhound. Whence it came was never known; but suddenly in May, 1810, it appeared in Lower Ennerdale, and commenced its destruction among the flocks. Thenceforward it fed on living mutton, pulling down a sheep and tearing the flesh from its quivering body. Often it killed seven or eight sheep in

a night, for it seldom fed during the day. With instinctive cunning, it never attacked the same flock on successive nights, but went further a-field, to return to its first hunting ground when the alarm had subsided. Not a single bark or growl broke the silence of its ravaging. It invariably attacked the plumpest sheep, and over-throwing it, bit into the jugular vein and drank the hot blood.

Many and furious were the dalesmen's chases after this dog. The farmers and their employees divided themselves into two bands, which watched the fells alternate nights with hounds and guns to hand. A shot or a shout was the signal of the dog's discovery; but this was seldom heard, for it did its work in the least-suspected district, and with diabolical stealthiness and silence. Now and again it was seen in the daytime, and all took up the chase. Plowmen unyoked their horses and farmers left their cart by the roadside to ride bare-backed in pursuit. When their horses failed, the riders left them and continued the chase on foot, throwing aside hats and coats which hindered progress. With its long galloping stride, the "girt dog" led its pursuers ten or fifteen miles across country, and, finally shaking them off, left them to a weary homeward journey in the darkness. That very night or the next day the dog resumed its deadly work on its old ground. So easily did it outdistance its hunters that it would even turn and wait for the leading hound of the pack. Then its powerful jaws closed on the forelegs of its pursuer, so that no hound would attack it twice.

Poison and traps were laid in vain, and the slaughter of sheep went on unchecked for weeks. Hired men were called in to recruit the ranks of watchers, for the male folk of Ennerdale were exhausted with their constant vigils and chases. Field labor was almost entirely neglected, crops wasted, cows were sometimes left unmilked, horses unfed, and hay uncut, because the men were hunting the sheep-killing dog, and their womenkind were worn out with doing the men's work on the farm. Children were terrified, and feared to go to school or into the fields, though the dog always fled hastily from the sight of man. Once it slunk out of a corn-field thirty yards ahead of a farmer; but at the critical moment the rustic's gun missed fire.

In July, two months after the dog's first appearance, a fund was raised for the hire of a good pack of foxhounds. The runs which ensued surpassed any ever afforded by reynard. Once the dog led two hundred men and the hounds from Kinniside by Wastwater to the coast at Seascale, and eluded them. Two or three times a week the dog was thus hunted out of Ennerdale; but any hope that it would not return was shattered by the speedy discovery of more carcasses of sheep. One Sunday morning the watchers returning from their nightly vigil espied the lurking tawny form of the marauder. In full chase the hounds and men swept by Ennerdale Church, and out came the men of the congregation and joined the pursuit. Even the vicar left his sermon, and flinging aside his surplice, followed hot on the trail. That day's stern chase ended fruitlessly at Cockermouth. Another day it was a twenty-mile run to the Derwent; as long a chase o'er fell and fen to St. Bees ended in the surrounding of the dog; but through the very legs of one of the hunters it got clear away to safety and more slaughter. As the harvest approached, the standing corn afforded good shelter for the beast, and the pursuit was slackened until the fields were cut. But before this was done the end came. The "girt dog" was seen to enter a corn-field, and armed men were quickly summoned to surround it. Hounds drove out the beast; but in the fusillade it was only wounded. Away it went, hounds and men pell-mell after it. The foremost pursuer found the dog coolly bathing its bleeding paw in the Eden River, while the hounds fearfully splashed around it, not daring to attack. Again the dog got away for the moment; but running into the path of a pursuer, it was bowled over by a shot at close quarters. It was now the 12th of September, exactly five months after the dog's first appearance, during which time it had defied the attack of the entire population, and had destroyed hundreds of sheep. Its name as "t'girt dog" was well justified, for its carcass was found to weigh eight stones. Stuffed and exhibited in the Keswick Museum, it was long an object of wonder, and to this day its demoniac career is quoted round Cumbrian firesides.—Chambers's Journal.

The next day, about the same place, I had exactly the same experience, but, after playing the maskinongé for fifteen minutes, being very careful not to exert a severe strain at any time, I got him within reach, and George Blake, my oarsman, very neatly gaffed and pulled him into the boat. The bass, which weighed about three-quarters of a pound, had been swallowed head first, and its tail was just visible four inches behind the teeth of the maskinongé. The bass was still on my hook (No. 20 Cincinnati bass), and its erect dorsal fin prevented the traction on my line from pulling it out of the throat of the maskinongé, and also probably prevented the latter from closing his jaws tightly enough to cut the cat gut snell of my small bass hook.

The oarsmen here said that maskinongé occasionally rush at captive bass in this way, but always break away themselves, and they thought my experience was unique.

The maskinongé was forty-five inches long and weighed twenty pounds, which made good sport on a No. 13 Bristol rod.

T. HALSTED MYERS.

Cape Cod Fishermen Lucky.

Because two fishermen seeking quahogs lost their bearings in a fog, the towns of Orleans, Wellfleet, and Eastham are made richer each year to the extent of more than \$30,000. For years the fishermen sought quahogs only when there was nothing else to do. Two brothers pushed off the Orleans shore bent on getting as many quahogs as possible, seeing in this the only way to avoid disappointment to the loved ones at home. The men became lost in the fog, and in despair threw over the anchor. They knew by the depth that they were far from where they usually fished. In desperation one threw over his rake, and when it came up it contained more than the men had ever taken in by one raking. Time and again this was repeated until before night the boat was filled. As the fog cleared they made for home, having first taken their bearings. When the men landed they told their fellow fishermen of their luck, and to-day 100 boats, carrying nearly 300 men, are daily employed on these grounds, which seem to have an inexhaustible supply.—Boston Globe.

Angling and Long Life.

Two old anglers have just passed away—David Webster, a noted Lanarkshire angler, who died on his way home from the fishing, at the age of seventy-nine years, and now George Thomson, Cupar, Fife, who died the other day at the great age of ninety-seven years. Both these anglers we knew well, with Mr. Robert Veich, who died at the age of eighty-three.

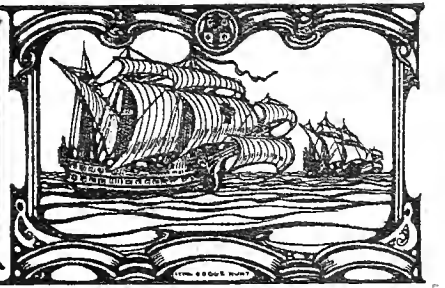
I enter into my eighty-sixth birthday to-morrow, having been born in the year 1819. I caught the first trout when a little over five years of age. It was over 1 pound in weight, and that gave me fishing on the brain all the rest of my life. These are but proofs of the benefit of angling to long life. There is no exercise so beneficial to health and so congenial to the feelings or for the exercise of skill than angling; it brings every muscle of the body into play, and especially the muscles of the chest. A day or two's sport at the riverside gives the angler for weeks, aye, for months, afterward a feeling of perfect health.—London Fishing Gazette.

It is told of Oliver Wendell Holmes that all his life he was haunted by an ardent wish to hear the skylark sing. In old age this wish seemed to have found fulfilment. He came to pay England a visit, and, driving on Hampstead Heath, saw the lark soar on high and pour down a flood of song. But, alas! the keen hearing had grown too dulled to catch the sounds from such a height. His desire had been granted too late; the song was gushing forth in liquid melody, but he could not hear it!

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YACHTING



THE RACES FOR THE SEAWANHAKA CUP.

THE races for the Seawanhaka cup, recently completed, were very close, and stirred up very general interest, partly because this was the only international event for a challenge trophy in which an American sailing yacht has competed this season, but mainly because the White Bear Y. C. had made such a supreme effort to secure a really fast boat that would be worth while to send to Canada as a challenger.

No American yachtsmen are more familiar with the conditions to be met with on Lake St. Louis, where the races are sailed, than the White Bear men, and they knew full well what type of boat was necessary to make a proper fight for the cup. With all the conditions and requirements well in mind, a competent committee composed of picked men started as soon as their club's challenge was accepted to secure plans from American designers who had had experience in turning out boats of the type built under the existing rules. Numerous plans were submitted, suggestions were offered, and changes made. When the plans were finally accepted, the boats were carefully built under the supervision of those interested. The best spars, sails and rigging possible were procured, and the several contenders were put in the finest condition for racing. No expense had been spared, no detail overlooked; in fact, everything that money, brains,

energy, and experience could do was accomplished.

The same systematic methods prevailed in the management of the trial races between the boats. The trials on White Bear Lake were more conclusive and satisfactory than those that took place at Oshkosh, but these events were helpful. The boat selected was picked because the committee believed her to be the best all-around craft, and the most suitable one to meet the Canadian defender on Lake St. Louis.

The accounts of the race tell what a strong bid the American craft made for the trophy, and yet the deciding race went to the Canadian representative. When each boat had two races to her credit, the situation was very much the same as last year in the Canada cup races, when Strathcona had won two races and Irondequoit had won two also. The day was saved for the Americans by Addison Hanan, a redoubtable amateur, who had been sent for, and who arrived in time to sail the American boat to victory, and take the cup back to the States.

The White Bear men had done all they could beforehand, however, and their best men were with them, and when they took their boat to the line for the fifth time, they lost after a memorable struggle, and the cup remains in Canada.

The Royal St. Lawrence men have developed this type of boat to such perfection that it is doubtful if they can ever be beaten, and it looks as if the trophy would repose

in Canadian territory for some time at least. The White Bear men exhausted every possible resource, and did everything that money and brains could accomplish, yet could not win. No club could show a finer spirit than that of the White Bear Y. C., nor can any club undertake the winning of the cup with more careful regard to detail and more thoroughness of preparation. But that others will be found to try anew for the prize is not for a moment to be doubted. Another season, let us hope, will find Americans and Canadians fighting it out in the same generous spirit on the historic expanse of Lake St. Louis.

An American yacht builder in a letter to a New York paper, claims to have originated the type of boat now so successfully designed by the able Canadian engineer, G. Herrick Duggan. Whether this is so or not, to Mr. Duggan alone belong the credit of having brought the type to such a high standard of perfection. As a matter of fact, Mr. Duggan has been well out of the game for the past two years, but his associates, whom he has coached, have been able to design, build, and sail boats that reflect upon them great credit.

The Royal St. Lawrence men are fine, clean sportsmen, but in the White Bear men they met "foemen worthy of their steel." That is why the races were so satisfactory, and unless we mistake not, the Canadians would not have been sorry to have lost the cup to the White Bear club.

Seawanhaka Cup Races.

BY WILLIAM Q. PHILLIPS.

Monday, August 8.

The course this day was two miles to windward and return, the wind being moderate to fresh from the W. It was by no means steady, either in force or direction, and the judges spent some time in taking observations from the anchored committee boat before starting the steamer to log the course. Just as the log was going overboard, a gust came out of the N.W., and had this held it would have meant a change of position for the line. In a few minutes, however, the wind was back in the old quarter, and the logging of the course began with the preliminary gun at 1:40. The start was made at 1:50, White Bear getting off with a lead of 10s. over Noorna. After a little jockeying they broke tacks, and soon it was clear that Noorna was making the better weather. She carried full sail without difficulty, while White Bear, with a half-reef in her mainsail, was knocked down frequently in the puffs. Curiously enough she appeared more tender than on Saturday, when both boats were close-reefed; still she pointed well and seemed to hang on, so that Noorna's advantage was a matter of footing. In a few minutes Noorna came about and sailed squarely along her opponent's weather, continuing to gain until she showed a lead of 2m. 45s. at the weather mark. On the run back, White Bear lost four seconds, and from this to the end of the race Noorna managed to make trifling gains, finally winning by 3m. 45s. The race was devoid of incident after the first round, and can only be described as a fair, clean race, well sailed on both sides. The water was no more than choppy and the wind, although puffy, probably served both boats pretty much alike. The course to windward held good, and there was no reaching; considering this, the elapsed times are remarkable, the average speeds being Noorna 7.20 knots and White Bear 6.92 knots per hour. The official times were:

Start, 1:50. White Bear crossed 1:50:48; Noorna, 1:50:58.		
Noorna	Weather Mark	1st Round.
White Bear	2 14 47	2 25 42
	2 17 32	2 28 31
Noorna	Weather Mark	2d Round.
White Bear	2 47 33	2 59 12
	2 50 48	3 02 53
Noorna	Weather Mark	Finish.
White Bear	3 20 05	3 31 07
	3 24 16	3 34 52
Noorna	Elapsed.	1 40 09
White Bear		1 44 04

Tuesday, August 9.

The triangular course was used and the weather was all that could be desired. The wind still hung in the W., and at the time of starting it did not exceed 10 knots, while at times during the race it was 18. The water was smooth, and if the general conditions did not actually favor White Bear, they certainly gave her a fair chance. All marks to starboard gave windward work on the first leg, the other two being plain reaching, spinnakers being tried from time to time as the wind veered, especially on the second leg, but the main reliance was on balloon jibs.

The start was made at 1:45, both boats going over very promptly, White Bear leading and Noorna well on her weather quarter, both on port tack. Noorna tried to break tacks, but White Bear spun around on top of her, and this maneuver was repeated several times, somewhat to the advantage of White Bear, which finally pulled out a clear lead of 38s. at the weather mark. It was expected that she would show a greater gain on the reaching, both wind and water being ideal for the scow type, but the advantage was trifling, White Bear leading at the second mark by 50s., and at the end of the round by 49s.

Working to windward on the second round, Noorna gained, a favorable slant having something to do with it, and at the weather mark White Bear's lead was reduced to 11s., and at the next mark to 8s. This was the most exciting moment of the race, for it amounted to a fresh start on almost even terms. Here Noorna's luck ended, however, for White Bear led by 21s. at the end of the round. The wind was now lighter than at the start; White Bear could be trimmed and heeled to a nicety, and on the final beat to windward she fairly outsailed Noorna, leading at the weather mark by 1m. 50s. From this point the race was conceded to White Bear, although, as expected, Noorna cut down the lead of the challenger considerably on the reaching, White Bear finally winning by 62s.

This race was in every way the best that had been sailed, the weather conditions and the handling being perfect, and the interest keen from start to finish. The air was unusually clear, so that the work of following the boats was easy and pleasant. The following times show the close character of the race better than any written description:

	First Round—Start, 1:45.		
	1st Mark.	2d Mark.	3d Mark.
White Bear	2 06 05	2 15 25	2 23 45
Noorna	2 06 43	2 16 15	2 24 34
	Second Round.		
White Bear	2 47 44	2 58 30	3 07 36
Noorna	2 47 55	2 58 38	3 07 57
	Third Round.		
White Bear	3 29 48	3 40 05	3 48 32
Noorna	3 31 38	3 41 09	3 49 34

The boats were now on even terms, each having won two races, and it is needless to say that all hands looked forward to the final race with unusual interest. Those who had carefully studied the work of the boats for the four days, could only say that they were far more evenly matched than had been supposed, and many original theories regarding the superiority of one or the other under certain conditions were greatly modified or wisely abandoned. It simply came to this, that skippers, crews, and judges when pressed for a forecast of the issue of the final race, honestly admitted that they had no idea what might happen. The weather was actively canvassed, and as the west wind blew itself out softly on Tuesday night, seasoned yachtsmen looked inquiringly to the east and south, and they were not far wrong.

Wednesday, August 10.

The morning was cloudy, threatening rain, with a light south wind, which improved at noon, and backed to the S.E., blowing fairly across the lake at about 7 or 8

knots. The course being to windward and return, some care was necessary to get the requisite two miles in good water. The committee boat first steamed to the Beaconsfield mark, but was finally taken well into Beaconsfield Bay, where a special starting line was laid, from which the Wild Rose started with the log. This brought the weather end of the course over a shoal, but, thanks to high water, there was nowhere less than 12 feet. The start was made at 2 P. M., both boats going over together, with every prospect of a stirring struggle for the weather mark, when Noorna's peak dropped, owing to the slipping of the pawl of the hoisting gear. The sail was quickly reset, only to drop a second and a third time, indicating that something was seriously wrong. The gear of the hoisting device is not very accessible when under way, and as it was out of the question to attempt repairs, one of the crew had to keep a strain on the wire hauled by hand for the whole of the work to the weather mark. These little mishaps had cost some precious half minutes, and it had not been possible to reset the mainsail to the best advantage. Meanwhile, White Bear found the wind and water to her liking, and in ten minutes had worked well out to windward of Noorna. Of course it is easy to out sail a half-crippled boat, but White Bear was really making fine weather of it, and would probably have won the leg in any case. Her lead at the weather mark was 2m. 24s., but she was slow with her spinnaker on the run back, and as Noorna was smartly handled, this lead was reduced to 1m. 24s. at the end of the round. Meanwhile Mr. Routh and his crew had taken advantage of the run to set the mainsail properly, and to secure the hoisting gear, so that Noorna began the second round in better trim. But the stern chase looked almost hopeless, and in the minds of most people the White Bears were already in possession of the cup, some of the most energetic of the Royal St. Lawrence people going so far as to discuss the best way of getting it back. Meanwhile the boats pegged away at the windward work, the wind freshening generally, and particularly at the weather end of the course. White Bear worked her longest boards up the lake, Noorna working down, so that when they finally converged they were near the mark. It was evident that Noorna had improved her position, and when the boats were not more than half a mile apart it was faintly suggested that she might still have a fighting chance. What happened after that is difficult to describe. White Bear seemed to be hobbling up and down, although holding on well with her lee-board. Noorna was footing at a great rate, and from vague speculations careful observers advanced to the belief that she would cross White Bear close astern. What actually happened was that she crossed clear ahead by at least thirty feet, and the thing was so unexpected that many could not believe their eyes. It is only right to say that the attendant fleet was well to leeward; some people were over a mile away from the boats. Anyway, Noorna led at the weather mark by 36s., and although she lost most of this on the run back, she clearly had the race in hand. The last round brought a freshening breeze that put White Bear at a disadvantage, and she lost heavily on the windward work; she was sailed gamely to the finish, however, and picked up on the final run, reducing Noorna's lead to 2m. 48s. The times were as follows, start 2 P. M.:

White Bear	Weather Mark	1st Round.
Noorna	2 23 58	2 41 12
	2 26 22	2 42 38
Noorna	Weather Mark	2d Round.
White Bear	3 06 27	3 21 05
	3 07 03	3 21 14
Noorna	Weather Mark	Finish.
White Bear	3 44 53	2 57 58
	3 47 57	3 00 46

On returning to the club house there was an informal celebration, the principals on both sides being tossed in the air after the fashion peculiar to Montreal. Then followed a song or two, a little something to drink, and the Seawanhaka cup match was over for another year. It was certainly the most interesting that has occurred since the Crane challenge, and, unlike some matches which were perfunctory performances after the second race, the interest steadily increased as the series progressed, the climax coming with dramatic effect when Noorna crossed the bow of White Bear in the last race. The best of feeling prevailed on both sides; there were no petty disputes, and the Corinthianism of both crews was above suspicion.

New York Y. C. Cruise.

ON Thursday, August 11, the New York Y. C. fleet rendezvoused at Glen Cove for their annual cruise to the eastward. With the exception of one or two years, the yachts of this club have made this annual marine pilgrimage to New London and Newport for the past fifty-nine years, and while in former years sailing yachts predominated, of late steam yachts seem to have the call, and the fleets of sailing yachts seem to be growing smaller and smaller.

Hard times, too, had its effect on this year's squadron, so that not over seventy-five yachts were assembled in the harbor when the usual meeting of fleet captains took place on Commodore Bourne's flagship Delaware on Thursday afternoon.

At this meeting it was announced that the fleet would proceed to Morris Cove, New Haven Harbor, on Friday, New London on Saturday, remaining at anchor there over Sunday; sailing for Newport on Monday, Vineyard Haven on Tuesday, returning to Newport on Wednesday, which was to be followed by a race for the Hauli cups for steam yachts off Brenton's Reef Lightship on Thursday, preceded by power boat races and rowing races for the Owl and Gamecock colors in the morning. On Friday, August 19, the big event of the cruise—the race for the Astor cups—will be sailed, and on Saturday, August 20, a race for the Brenton's Reef cup will be started off Brenton's Reef Lightship, when the fleet will probably disband.

The Regatta Committee of the club, which consists of Messrs. S. Nicholson Kane, Newberry D. Lawton, and Oliver S. Cromwell, also announced to the yachtsmen that as it had been found impossible to measure the boats, that all of the yachts would race in special classes, and that the excess in draft would be multiplied by two instead of five, and that no certificate of measurement need

be filed. This led to a lot of confusion during the cruise, as the schooners and auxiliaries and single stickers were all bunched indiscriminately in the official summary, and the yachtsmen spent all the rest of the week trying to figure out who was racing who and where they were at. At the last minute, Mr. Lawton left the regatta committee, and during the cruise assisted Mr. Pynchon in sailing Neola, leaving Messrs. Kane and Cromwell to wrestle with the problem alone.

While the feature of the opening day was supposed to be the power boat races and contest for the Rendezvous cups for yachts too small for enrollment owned by members of the club or their sons, the real feature of the day was the formal opening of the club's old club house, now used as a club station at Glen Cove. This club house, which is a little Swiss tent-like cottage, was originally built in 1845 on the Elysian Fields on the Hoboken shore. Thanks to the generosity of Commodore Bourne, who found it falling into decay, it was rebuilt and moved to Glen Cove, where it rests on land presented by Mr. Edward R. Ladew, another member of the club. The re-opening of the old club house was made the occasion for a big celebration by the flag officers and members, and at a signal from the flagship Delaware at 8 o'clock on Thursday night, the entire fleet was illuminated, and scores of searchlights from the assembled steam yachts concentrated their rays on the little house, which was handsomely decorated with plants, flowers, and bunting. There was a beautiful display of fireworks, music by the Seventh Regiment band, and a punch that will only be spoken of in whispers in future years.

Commodore Bourne made a short speech to the members, in which he said that he hoped the old house would be utilized in developing Corinthian sailing among the sons of the members, and held out the hope that at some future time the club might erect a permanent summer home at this place. Ex-Commodore Ledyard, in replying to Commodore Bourne, accepted the house on behalf of the members and told how the historic old club house was saved from the scrap heap through the generosity of their commodore, and that his patriotic action should not be forgotten.

So far as the power and small boat races were concerned, they were in charge of a special committee, consisting of F. Browne Jones and H. de B. Parsons.

As usual, very few motor boats showed up, and those that did were of varying size and power, so that no one really knew who won after the race was over. The starters were Robert Jacob's Miss Swift, a Seabury 12 horse-power Speedway launch from Commodore Bourne's Delaware; Aletes III., a Ferris-designed cabin launch, fitted with twin Standard motors, and a little 15ft. 4½ horse-power boat called Neon, built by two young sons of Nat Herreshoff, the famous Bristol designer, who are evidently chips of the old block. The boats were sent over an 11¾-knot course, and Miss Swift made the best time, covering the distance in 57m. 10s., with Delaware 2m. astern, while Aletes was beaten by 8m., and the Neon 36m. While nothing official is known, Neon will probably win on corrected time. Summary:

	H.P.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Miss Swift, Robt. Jacobs	56.7	12 05 00	1 02 10	0 57 10
*Delaware, F. G. Bourne	51.3	12 05 00	1 04 09	0 59 09
Neon, N. G. Herreshoff	...	12 05 00	1 38 27	1 33 27
Aletes III., R. C. Fisher	...	12 05 00	1 10 00	1 05 00

The small sail boats were started at 2:30 in a light breeze from the W.-N.W. They included Alert and Mimosa III. in the 30ft. class, Una and Kenosha in a special class, and the raceabouts Hobo, Rena, Busy Bee, Tomboy, and Idler.

The yachts were sent the reverse way of the power boat course, and at 2:40 when the starting signal sounded, all crossed the line on the port tack with balloon jib top-sails. Hobo and Rena got in a mix up at the start, and the former boat was disqualified, although she finished first. Alert led Mimosa III. all around the course, and won by 39s. elapsed time. In the raceabout, the Hobo finished first, but was disqualified and the race given to the Busy Bee. In the special class, Kenosha won, as Una withdrew. Summary:

	Small Boat Races—35ft. Class—Start, 2:50—Course 11½ Miles.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Alert, A. H. Alker	6 20 45	3 30 45	
Mimosa III., T. L. Park	6 21 24	3 31 24	
	27ft. Class Special—Start, 2:40.		
Una, W. B. Duncan, Jr.	Withdrawn.		
Kenosha, Robt. Mallory	6 44 02	4 04 02	
	Raceabouts—Start, 2:40.		
*Hobo, T. L. Park	6 25 18	3 45 18	
Rena, Howard Willits	6 28 29	3 48 29	
Busy Bee, R. T. Wainwright	6 26 36	3 46 36	
Tomboy, H. L. Maxwell	6 28 18	3 48 18	
Idler, O'Donnell Iselin	6 29 13	3 49 13	

*Disqualified.
Busy Bee, first prize; Tomboy, second prize; Alert and Kenosha the other winners.

Friday, August 12—Glen Cove to Morris Cove.

The yachtsmen were awake bright and early on Friday morning, ready and anxious for the first squadron run from Glen Cove to Morris Cove, a distance of 39½ miles, and when Commodore Bourne signaled an eight o'clock harbor start, the answering pennants fluttered from a fairly representative fleet of 75 yachts, which included the goft. British yawl Sybarita, recently imported by Mr. W. Gould Brokaw; the three 70-footers, Yankee, Rainbow, and Virginia; the 60-footers, Weetamoc, Neola, and Queen Mab; the 46-footer Altair; Aspirant, Irolita, and Spasm.

The big two-stickers embraced the Corona, Endymion, Emerald, and Constellation, to say nothing of Loyal, Latona, Valmore, Crusader II., Chanticleer, and Katrina. There was also a magnificent fleet of auxiliaries, which included Mr. Wilson Marshall's big three-sticker Atlantic, which was credited with a speed of 15 knots on her trial trip in a reaching breeze; Lloyd Phoenix's new Intrepid, a Beaver-Webb production; Mr. A. C. Bostwick's Cary Smith design Vergemere; H. W. Putnam, Jr.'s Ariadne, and G. Montgomery Tuttle's Idler. The complete list of boats in the fleet included:

Steam yachts—Delaware, F. G. Bourne; Lorena, Amzi L. Barber; Coranto, Alfred E. Austin; Florence, A. H. Alker; Scout, August Belmont; Narada, Henry Walters; Elsa, Miss Elise L. Breeze; Stellar, Trueman Beckwith; Hauli, F. M. Smith; May, A. Van Rensselaer; Alert, W. D. Hoxey; Alvina, A. de Witt Cochrane; Surf, C. P. Alexander; Embala, J. T. Williams; Arcturus, Frederic Gallatin; Celt, J. Rogers Maxwell; Rambler, L. Cass Ledyard; Arden, Clarkson Cowl; Surf, C. K. G. Billings; Roamer, N. G. Herreshoff; Katrina, G. E. Kissell; Levanter, Alfred Marshall; Llewellyn, H. H. Hogan; Giralda,

A. L. English; Tarantula, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.; Sayonara, W. Lanman Bull; Duchess, L. J. Busby; Adrienne, Adrian Iselin. Schooners—Corona, A. F. Luke; Thistle, Robert E. Todd; Viking, James D. Smith; Constellation, Francis Skinner, Jr.; Chanticleer, George W. Weld; Amorita, Richard Mansfield; Palestine, Henry C. Tinker; Loyal, R. P. Doremus; Vesta, Stewart Shileit; Valmore, John M. Richmond; Marjorie, F. L. St. John; Cara II., George E. Ide; Quickstep, E. Pearson; Emerald, W. E. Iselin; Crusader II., Seymour L. Husted; Katrina, J. B. Ford; Agatha, W. S. Eaton; Alert, John O. Shaw; Endymion, George Lander, Jr.; Miladi, S. H. & C. B. Mason. Auxiliaries—Vergemere, A. C. Bostwick; Atlantic, Wilson Marshall; Intrepid, Lloyd Phoenix; Venecdor, A. V. de Goicouria; Idler, G. M. Tuttle; Ariadne, H. W. Putnam, Jr.; Onward, John T. Lee; Cacique, F. W. Paramore. Sloops and yawls—Sybarita, W. Gould Brokaw; Irolita, E. W. Clark, Jr.; Rainbow, C. Vanderbilt, Jr.; Yankee, J. Rogers Maxwell; Virginia, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.; Althea, Cord Meyer, Jr.; Weetamoe, H. F. Lippitt; Neola, G. M. Pynchon; Uvira, John B. Rhodes; Isolde, F. M. Hoyt; Aspirant, Hana Brothers; Lotowana, John M. Knapp.

The wind was fresh from the N.-N.E. when the regatta committee, who were on the steam yacht Alvina, arrived at the starting line off Weeks' Point at 8:45 A. M., and the racing yachts flew out of the harbor with lee rails awash. As the wind was dead ahead and the tide flood, the yachtsmen were prepared for a long hard windward race.

The preparatory signal was sounded at 9 o'clock, and ten minutes later, or at 9:10, the small sloops were started, with Spasm leading, closely followed by Aspirant, Altair, Pohtatuck, Pellegrina, and Irolita, in the order named. The larger sloops and yawls were sent away at 9:15. Neola was the first across on the port tack, with Virginia in second place followed closely by the Yankee and Sybarita. Rainbow, with Rear-Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt at the wheel, came next, and as he swung Rainbow on the starboard tack he was able to force Sybarita and Yankee about. Rainbow then took the port tack once more, and headed in toward the Long Island shore after Neola. Weetamoe was handicapped 36s. and Queen Mab over 6m.

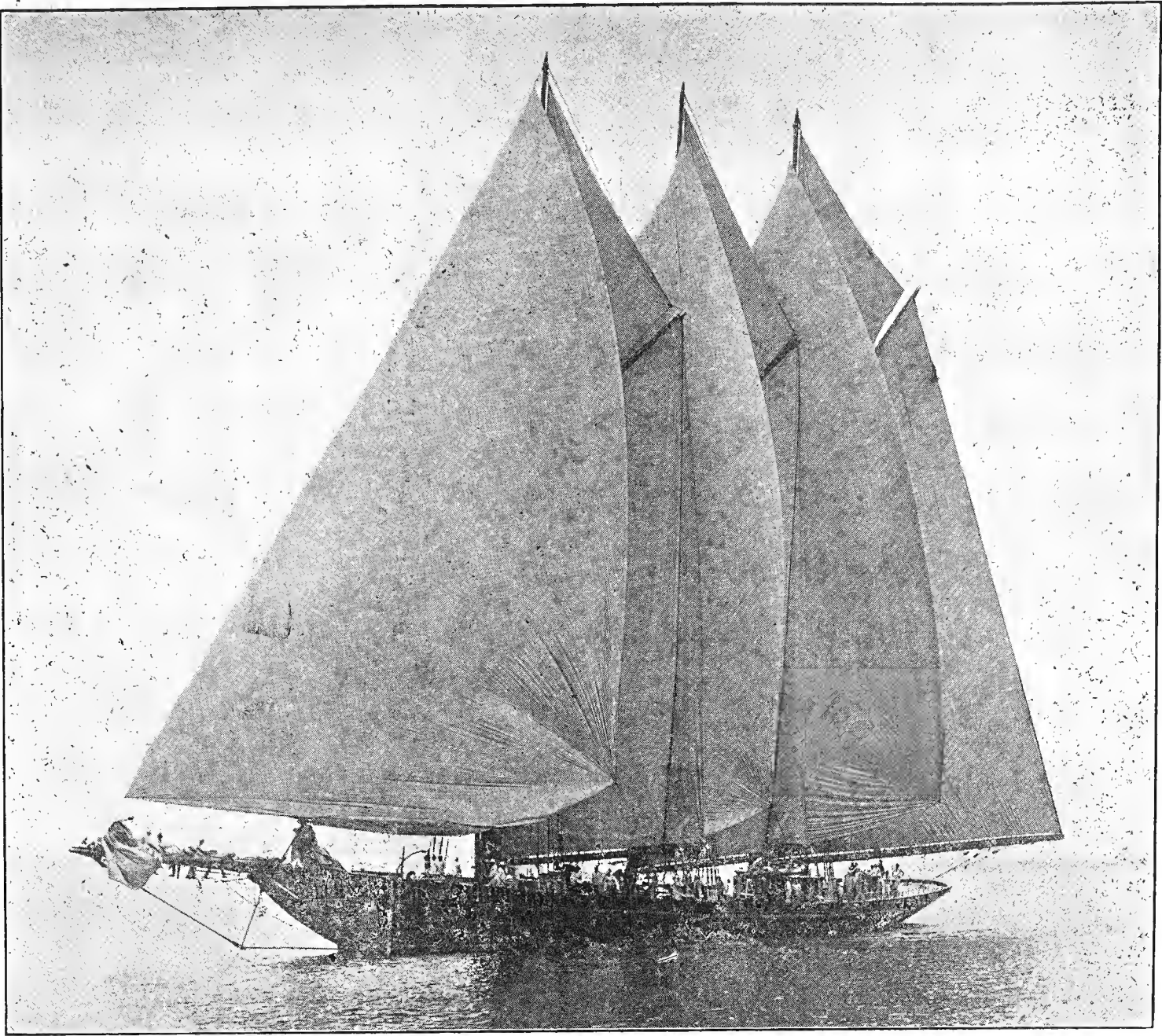
The small schooners were sent off at 9:20, with Valmore in the lead. Then came Loyal, Katrina, Chanticleer, Latona, and Crusader. Corona led the big two-stickers across at 9:25, with Emerald and Constellation in close attendance. The auxiliaries were sent away on the same signal; Cacique was first, followed by Vergemere, Atlantic, Intrepid, Ariadne, and Idler. After crossing the line, the boats made a few short hitches and then split up into two divisions as the wind got lighter, one going over to the New York or Connecticut shore and the other keeping close to the Long Island side to keep out of the tide. The schooners Loyal, Katrina, Valmore, and Latona were well out in the Sound, while Atlantic, which had worked right across Vergemere's bow, was leading the auxiliaries on the north shore. Off Centre Island at 10 o'clock the Yankee was leading, but her owner, thinking there was a better breeze on the north shore, stood across the Sound, followed by Sybarita. These two boats were making a pretty fight, and Yankee seemed to be more than holding her own in the light breeze.

Rainbow and Neola were having a nip and tuck race for the honor of leading the south shore division, while the Weetamoe dropped further and further behind, so that Mr. Lippitt finally decided to try his luck with Yankee, and took Weetamoe over to the north shore. When off Stamford, Yankee crossed the Sybarita's bow, while Virginia was third, nearly a mile astern, and then came Weetamoe and the schooners.

The south shore boats got a better breeze off the Long Island shore, and were soon leading the fleet. Neola, which was sailed very cleverly, finally weathered Rainbow off Huntington Harbor, where they caught quite a nice little breeze and left the other boats far astern. In Smithtown Bay Rainbow regained her lead, after a hot fight. The wind was very light in the middle and north side of the Sound, and off Oldfield Point Sybarita and Yankee recrossed the Sound and were nearly two miles astern of the leaders.

The yachts then worked the Long Island shore, and Mr. Maxwell, who took advantage of every puff, succeeded finally in pulling up within hailing distance with Yankee. At 2:30 the leaders stood over toward the Connecticut shore when off Stratford Shoal Light. Yankee stood inshore about this time, and as Rainbow followed her in, Neola took the lead once more, with the Sybarita in close attendance. At 3 o'clock Neola stood inshore again, while Sybarita took the offshore tack, and at 3:15 was rewarded by running into a fresh breeze, which had hauled more to the E. As a result, Sybarita was able to lay her course to the finish line off the outer breakwater at New Haven, and the Brokaw yawl led the entire fleet into Morris Cove, finishing at 3:33:25. Rainbow, Neola, and Yankee got the shift a few moments later, but they were so far to the northward that they had to make a hitch out before they could fetch. Rainbow was the second boat to finish a winner in her class at 3:45:56, twelve minutes after Sybarita, while Neola was timed at 3:46:58, and Yankee at 3:47:24; Queen Mab was timed at 4:09:21; Virginia, 5:25:19; Loyal, 5:39:45; Weetamoe, 5:42:06; Atlantic, 5:43:58; Spasm, 5:45:42; Corona, 5:55:41; Chanticleer, 5:56:08; Katrina, 6:05:22; Constellation, 6:09:25; Aspirant, 6:24:30; Altair, 6:29:26. While no official results are given out by the regatta committee, the winners are probably Spasm, Aspirant, Neola, Rainbow, Loyal, Chanticleer, Corona, Atlantic, and Constellation. Summary

Sloops—Class L.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Spasm, E. D. King.....	9 10 21	5 45 32	8 35 11
Pohtatuck	9 10 55	6 09 27	8 58 32
Pellegrina, R. Toland.....	9 11 00	Did not finish.	
Sloops—Class K.			
Irolita, E. W. Clark, Jr.....	9 11 38	7 14 16	10 02 38
Altair, Cord Meyer, Jr.....	9 10 45	6 28 58	9 18 43
Aspirant, Hanan Bros.....	9 10 27	6 24 56	9 14 29
Sloops—Class I.			
Neola, G. M. Pynchon.....	9 15 19	3 46 58	6 31 39
Weetamoe, H. F. Lippitt.....	9 17 36	5 42 06	6 25 06
Queen Mab, L. H. Smith.....	9 23 39	4 09 21	6 45 52
Sloops—Class H.			
Rainbow, C. Vanderbilt.....	9 15 53	3 45 56	6 30 03
Yankee, J. R. Maxwell.....	9 15 35	3 47 24	6 31 09
Virginia, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.....	9 15 30	5 55 19	8 39 49
Yawls—Class G.			
Sybarita, W. Gould Brokaw.....	9 15 53	3 33 25	6 17 32
Schooners—Class D.			
Valmore, J. D. Richmond.....	9 21 18	5 39 45	8 17 58
Loyal, R. P. Doremus.....	9 21 47	6 05 22	8 43 55
Katrina, J. B. Ford.....	9 21 27		
Schooners—Class C.			
Latona, H. C. Eno.....	9 22 02	7 00 01	9 37 59



AUXILIARY SCHOONER ATLANTIC.

Owned by Wilson Marshall. Designed by Gardner & Cox. 135ft. waterline, 185ft. over all, 29.3 breadth and 15ft. draft. 18,500sq.ft. of sail. Photo by James Burton.

Crusader II., S. L. Husted.....	9 22 36	7 09 54	9 47 18
Chanticleer, G. W. Weld.....	9 21 45	5 36 08	8 24 23
Schooners—Class B.			
Corona, A. F. Luke.....	9 25 27	5 55 41	8 30 14
Emerald, W. E. Iselin.....	9 25 45	6 49 58	9 24 09
Schooners—Class A.			
Constellation, F. Skinner.....	9 26 13	6 09 27	8 43 14
Auxiliaries—Class 1.			
Cacique, F. W. Paramore.....	Not timed.		
Auxiliaries—Class 2.			
Atlantic, W. Marshall.....	9 27 45	5 43 48	8 16 13
Ariadne, H. W. Putnam.....	Did not finish.		
Intrepid, Lloyd Phoenix	Withdraw.		
Vergemere, A. C. Bostwick.....	9 27 00	6 52 42	9 25 42
Idler, H. T. Sloane.....	Did not finish.		

The navy challenge cups for sloops and schooners sailing in one class are probably won by the Neola and Loyal.

Saturday, August 13—Morris Cove to New London, 39 Miles.

The wind was light from the E.-S.E. when the yachts slowly made their way out of New Haven harbor on Saturday morning, which meant another hard 39-mile beat if the weather conditions did not change. The preparatory signal barked out at 9:10 o'clock, and the small sloops were sent away at 9:20. Mr. Addison Hanan, as usual, had berthed Aspirant in a good position, and the 43-footer led the fleet over the line, with Altair just under her lee. Then came Spasm, Pohtatuck, and Irolita, with Pellegrina handicapped over 6m. The larger sloops came next at 9:25, Weetamoe and Neola crossing almost with the gun, with the Lippitt boat to windward, while Sybarita and Yankee were handicapped 3m., Virginia 3m. 30s., Rainbow 4m., and Queen Mab 6m. The small schooners followed at 9:30, and all were handicapped. Chanticleer was the first away, and then came Crusader II., Katrina, Valmore, and Latona, while Loyal, which had to tack on the line, was fully 15m. after the handicap gun. Emerald was the only one of the big schooners not handicapped at 9:35, and then came the Constellation, Corona, Intrepid, Endymion, Atlantic, Idler, and Vergemere, the two last named having to make an extra hitch in the light air before they could clear the committee boat.

Virginia, when Yankee was blanketed by Sybarita, got the lead momentarily, but she only held command for a few moments before Yankee drew by her again. As on Friday, the fleet divided into two divisions, one hugging close to the Connecticut shore and the other crossing over toward the Long Island or south shore in search of a breeze.

On the north shore off Branford Beacon at 10:45, Aspirant still held her lead, with Altair, Weetamoe, Sybarita, Neola, Rainbow, Yankee, Queen Mab, Virginia, Spasm, Pohtatuck, Atlantic, and Endymion following in the order named, while offshore were the Constellation, Chanticleer, Corona, Latona, Intrepid, Valmore, Katrina, Emerald, and Loyal. Off the Thimble Islands at 11 o'clock, Weetamoe passed Aspirant, with Altair in third place; then came Yankee, Sybarita, Rainbow, Virginia, and Neola. Sybarita, taking the port tack offshore, crossed Rainbow's bows; Virginia and Neola also tacked away from the shore. All three ran into the full strength of the westerly tide and lost considerable ground. At 11:20 Yankee, tacking out, crossed Altair and Aspirant, the latter having hit a rock while close under the shore. Off Sachem's Head, Yankee had come up on Weetamoe's weather quarter, and by the time they reached Faulkner's Island they were very nearly abeam, with Yankee to windward. After passing this point, both ran into a soft spot. Yankee, furthest out, suffered more from the tide. Weetamoe took a little better breeze further inshore and

was soon out far ahead. Aspirant to leeward of Altair was favored in like manner, and passed the latter. Rainbow had passed both of these yachts and was now in third position. About 2 o'clock the wind increased a little, and as it freshened it hauled a little more to the S., until it settled steady from the S.E. Weetamoe caught the strength of this breeze first, and she drew further ahead. She passed Cornfield Lightship at 2:09. Yankee rounded the lightship rom. later, while behind her came Rainbow. Altair, which had passed Aspirant, came next at 2:32; then Aspirant at 2:33. These five yachts were far in advance of the rest of the Connecticut shore division. The positions of Virginia and Sybarita were uncertain, as both had tacked across to the south side of the Sound, hunting for flukes. The yachts could now lay their course to Bartlett's Reef Lightship, and then, with the wind almost abeam, the yachts made fast time to the finish line off Sarah's Ledge. Virginia and Sybarita, which had stood far to the southwest, now came across the Sound with started sheets. Weetamoe held her lead to the finish, with Yankee second and Rainbow third. Next came Corona, leading the schooner classes, while Valmore led the small two-stickers, and Atlantic the auxiliaries. Summary:

Sloops—Class L.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Spasm	9 20 57	4 47 05	7 26 08
Pohtatuck	9 21 30	4 54 54	7 33 24
Pellegrina	9 22 00	Not timed.	
Sloops—Class K.			
Irolita	9 21 43	4 42 42	7 20 59
Altair	9 20 44	3 57 16	6 36 32
Aspirant	9 20 29	4 02 17	6 41 48
Sloops—Class I.			
Neola	9 25 30	3 57 10	6 31 40
Weetamoe	9 25 31	3 29 10	6 03 39
Queen Mab	9 27 00	4 27 08	7 00 08
Sloops—Class H.			
Rainbow	9 27 00	3 44 20	6 17 20
Yankee	9 27 00	3 34 29	6 07 29
Virginia	9 27 00	3 54 10	6 27 10
Yawls—Class G.			
Sybarita	9 27 00	3 57 40	6 30 40
Schooners—Class D.			
Valmore	9 32 00	4 45 52	7 13 52
Loyal	9 32 00	5 03 49	7 31 49
Katrina	9 32 00	4 44 16	7 12 16
Schooners—Class C.			
Latona	9 32 00	4 31 26	6 59 26
Crusader II.	9 32 00	4 56 17	7 26 17
Chanticleer	9 32 00	4 27 08	6 55 08
Schooners—Class B.			
Corona	9 37 00	3 52 19	6 15 10
Emerald	9 35 45	4 09 33	6 33 48
Schooners—Class A.			
Constellation	9 37 00	4 25 25	6 48 25
Endymion	9 37 00	5 12 35	7 35 35
Auxiliaries.			
Atlantic	9 37 00	4 39 06	7 02 06
Vergemere	9 37 00	Not timed.	
Intrepid	9 37 00	5 02 42	7 25 42
Idler	9 37 00	4 55 46	7 18 46

The winners are probably Spasm, Aspirant, Weetamoe, Yankee, Valmore, Latona, Corona, Constellation, and Idler. The Navy Alumni Annapolis Association cups were probably won by Valmore and Aspirant on time allowance.

Sunday, Aug. 14, at New London.

When the New York Y. C. fleet arrived at New London yesterday afternoon they found the North Atlantic Squadron, consisting of battleship Texas, the monitors Florida, Arkansas, and Nevada; the gunboat Chesapeake, and the torpedo boat Standish at anchor in the outer harbor. The grim, white-walled war ships and the dainty fleet of pleasure craft formed quite a contrast as they lay side by side, and the yachtsmen were made welcome by Uncle Sam's officers when they visited the war ships,

which were thrown open for their inspection. There was a magnificent display of fireworks and a dance at the Pequot House on Saturday evening, and on Sunday the New York Y. C. fleet dressed ship at noon, and in the evening the entire fleet was brilliantly illuminated. In the afternoon Commodore Bourne, accompanied by Fleet Captain J. D. Jerrold Kelley, paid their respects to Rear-Admiral Sands on the Texas, and the Admiral returned the visit later in the day. Among the yachts which joined the New York Y. C. fleet at New London were John Jacob Astor's Nourmahal; H. Clay Pierce's Yacona; P. A. B. Widener's Josephine; H. H. Rogers' Kanawha, and Isaac Emerson's Margaret. The fleet left for Newport at 9 o'clock on Monday morning. DUNCAN CURRY.

Lipton Cup Races.

First Race—Saturday, August 13.

BY E. G. B. HAYMON.

AFTER an exciting and eventful race on Lake Michigan, just off the Chicago harbor, twice around a triangular course of two miles to the leg, during which all kinds of weather were experienced, including squalls of sixty miles an hour, Dr. C. P. Pinckard's Sprite lobbied over the finishing line winner by only fifteen seconds of last Saturday's race—the first of a series of three for Sir Thomas Lipton's cup for 21ft. cabin sloops.

The winner is a third season fin-keel boat designed and built at South Chicago by A. G. Cuthbert, of the Chicago Y. C., of which Dr. Pinckard also is a member. Cuthbert, formerly a Canadian, also is Sprite's racing skipper, and much of the credit for the boat's victory is due to his skillful seamanship, ably seconded by a crew of three other Corinthians from the Chicago Y. C., Dr. Pinckard, "Teddy" Webber, and Arthur Fletcher, and one professional sailor.

Mendota, a new boat from Lawley's yard in Boston, and owned by Commodore E. P. Vilas, of the Milwaukee Y. C., was the one that gave Sprite such a hot argument, and was beaten by such a small margin after Capt. R. B. Brown had sailed a plucky race, in which he had a smart Corinthian crew composed of Alex. Mather, O. L. Curtis, William Sanger, and John Mason, all of the Milwaukee Y. C.

A fleet of nine boats, representing five of the best known yacht clubs of the Middle West, made the race. The Chicago Y. C. had two entries, the winner and La Rita, the holder of the Lipton cup; the Detroit Y. C. had one, and the Milwaukee Y. C., the Country Club of Detroit, and the Columbia Y. C., of Chicago, had two each.

It was a spectacular race, hard fought, full of incident and work, and the varying wind and sudden squalls brought out admirable seamanship.

From a starting buoy two miles off the harbor entrance, the first leg of the round was a spinnaker run; the second a broad reach, two boats, La Rita and Sainte Claire, carrying balloon jibs effectively, and the third a beat to windward. A whole-sail breeze of from 12 to 16 miles an hour prevailed the first time around. It was off-shore, and there was no sea to speak of.

Either a mistake had been made in logging the course, or else the first buoy drifted. After some delay it was agreed the judges' boat should steam ahead and act as stake boat for the first turn. The result was somewhat unfavorable to the leading yachts. Following this, orders for the second leg were megaphoned. Again with rather unsatisfactory results.

At 3 P. M. an excellent start was effected, with little advantage for anyone. For some reason few of the skippers seemed to have made up their minds to carry their light canvas. Ste. Claire was the first to break out a spinnaker, but almost half the leg had been sailed before all had done so.

In the run down the first leg there was little to choose between them, but Sprite appeared to gain the lead because Capt. Cuthbert held the straightest course, his rivals veering off a little, probably because of their uncertainty as to the first turn.

Sprite made the run in twenty minutes, one minute ahead of Ste. Claire. Spray and La Rita rounded the official boat next a minute later. They were having a hot fight for third place. Another minute elapsed, and Hoosier, Yo San, and Mendota finished the run almost abreast. Ventura was a minute behind this trio, and as much ahead of the last boat, Pilot.

As soon as Capt. George R. Peare had laid La Rita on the course for the second leg, he broke out his balloon jib, and the holder of the cup showed them how to reach. Spray was shaken off and the two leaders were overhauled steadily. Sidney Russell, skipper of the Detroit boat, lost no time in sending up his balloon in stops, but it did not break out quite readily. When the big sail bellied to the breeze it lifted Ste. Claire splendidly, and the pursuit of the leader, Sprite, by Ste. Claire and La Rita was the prettiest bit of sailing on this leg. La Rita bowled along at a rare clip, and pretty soon Capt. Peare was looking over his shoulder at Capt. Russell and getting within hailing distance of Capt. Cuthbert. However, it is only fair to the latter and his boat to say that being in the lead was a distinct disadvantage on this leg, owing to the uncertainty as to the location of the buoy, which was a wretched little affair of bamboo stick with a bit of rag on it. Ste. Claire also sailed over more water on this leg than was necessary. Spray was out-reached on this leg, which it barely finished ahead of Hoosier, Yo San, and Mendota. It still was a pretty struggle between these three, but Hoosier reached the fastest, making the leg in 13:48, and rounding the buoy nearly a quarter of a minute ahead of Yo San and Mendota. La Rita's time for this reach was 14:01.

The third leg brought the real test—a beat almost dead in the eye of the wind, which had freshened a little—and now Mendota's fine sailing qualities were revealed. At that, the Milwaukee boat could not outpoint and outfoot Sprite, which covered the two miles to weather in 13:24 to Mendota's 13:59. These two beat the fleet decisively at windward work in Saturday's race. The next best times for the weather leg on the first round were Ste. Claire's 15:12 and Yo San's 15:24.

La Rita, which had finished the reach on the second leg only 24s. astern of Sprite, did not sail nearly so well on

the wind, the cup-holder's time for the two-mile beat being 16:00. Hoosier was another that lost all the advantage gained by fast reaching on the second leg. When close-hauled this boat could not foot with the leaders, and its time for the leg was 18:22. On the second tack its bows were crossed by Mendota, which had shaken off Yo San. Mendota soon worked up to weather of Spray, and gained fourth place.

Meanwhile Ste. Claire, by outpointing La Rita, had moved up to second place, but neither was footing with the high-pointing Sprite.

It was not long before Mendota had La Rita down to weather and plainly was creeping up on Ste. Claire. As they came together nearing the buoy, Mendota had the best of the struggle, and finished the leg and round with a lead of 24s. from the Detroit yacht, which was 36s. ahead of La Rita. The centerboarder, Yo San, was a close fifth.

Sprite finished the round with a clear lead of 2m. and looked a sure winner, barring accidents. Having beaten Mendota 3m. on the spinnaker run the first time around, Sprite was expected by the critics to draw away again. But yachts are as "kittle" as anything ashore or afloat. Mendota and Ste. Claire developed amazing speed before the wind, and with every strip of canvas and silk drawing perfectly, they ran fast enough to gain considerably on the leader, which finished this leg—the fourth—with only a minute's lead. Mendota and Ste. Claire were but a few seconds apart. A minute behind these two came Yo San, having beaten La Rita 49s. on the run.

The fifth leg, which should have been a reach again, brought shifts of wind and all kinds of dirty weather. Squall followed squall, the wind shifted this way and that, a choppy sea was kicked up for the moment, and rain fell in torrents. It was a busy time for the crews, but Capt. Brown and his men held on in hot pursuit of Sprite, and they succeeded in gaining another half minute on this leg. Both boats were exceptionally well handled through the squalls.

The final beat home began in half a gale of wind and ended in a gentle zephyr—so gentle that Sprite almost lost steerage-way in a calm pocket, and thereby nearly was caught at the line by Mendota, which was more favored by the breeze at the finish after Sprite had again had a little the better of the windward work.

The official times for the race were:

	1st turn.	2d turn.	1st round.	4th round.	5th round.	Finish.	Pnts.
Sprite	3 20 00	3 35 36	4 09 00	4 24 30	4 40 50	5 14 00	100.0
Mendota	3 23 04	3 37 01	4 11 00	4 25 30	4 41 20	5 14 15	88.9
Yo San	3 23 02	3 37 00	4 12 24	4 26 33	4 44 05	5 17 15	77.8
Ste. Claire	3 21 01	3 36 12	4 11 24	4 25 35	4 42 26	5 19 15	66.7
La Rita	3 22 01	3 36 00	4 12 00	4 26 58	4 46 30	5 31 30	55.6
Ventura	3 24 00	3 37 00	4 14 52	5 39 00	44.4
Spray	3 22 00	3 36 36	4 13 12	4 47 30	5 43 10	33.3
Hoosier	3 23 00	3 36 48	4 15 10	5 52 10	22.2
Pilot	3 25 00	3 39 00	Withdrew	at finish of first round.			

The judges were Thomas Fleming Day, of New York; Frederick Pabst, of Milwaukee; and Dr. C. G. Jennings, of Detroit. The timekeeper was Charles J. Zeller, of the Columbia Y. C. The regatta committee of the Columbia Y. C. in charge of the races is composed of Vice-Commodore C. E. Soule, Jr.; E. S. Osborn, H. J. Furber, Jr., A. V. Konsberg, and H. Boyd-Brydon.

The entries for the race, together with the racing numbers and their crews, are as follows:

No. 1—Ste. Claire, County Club, Detroit—Commodore F. H. Walker, owner; Sydney Russell, skipper; Mason Rumney, Clarence Davock, Henry Moran; Arthur Pettie, professional.

No. 2—Mendota, Milwaukee Y. C.—Commodore E. P. Vilas, owner; R. B. Brown, skipper; Alex. Mather, William Sanger, O. L. Curtis, John Mason.

No. 3—Pilot, Milwaukee Y. C.—John R. Ball, owner and skipper; John M. Julien, E. Haase, Dr. C. E. Enos; Sanford Rugee, professional.

No. 4—Ventura, Detroit Y. C.—John H. Smedley, Jr., and Northam Warren, owners; John H. Smedley, Jr., skipper; Northam Warren, Alfred Bennett, Dr. Aldrich; Ed. Rooney professional.

No. 5—Spray, Country Club, Detroit—H. F. Schmidt, owner and skipper; Joe Pingree, John Barth, Ed. Greening; Frank Senter, professional.

No. 6—La Rita, Columbia Y. C.—George R. Peare, owner and skipper; W. L. Shepard, D. A. N. Dickinson; Frank Keogh, professional.

No. 7—Hoosier, Columbia Y. C.—J. F. McGuire, owner; G. B. McCullough, skipper; W. D. G. Wilcox, L. W. Cowen; Steve, professional.

No. 8—Sprite, Chicago Y. C.—Dr. C. P. Pinckard, owner; A. G. Cuthbert, skipper; C. P. Pinckard, Teddy Webber, Arthur Fletcher, and a professional.

No. 9—Yo San, Columbia Y. C.—Fred A. Price, owner; William Avery, skipper; Fred A. Price, Nat Cook, William Cothroll; Abe Burrell, professional.

CHICAGO, Aug. 15.—[Special to FOREST AND STREAM]—Saint Claire won second race sailed on Monday by 2½m. from Spray, which boat beat Mendota 1½m. Sprite was 3m. late at start on account of an official error, and she finished a close fourth. Yo San was fifth. La Rita was delayed twelve minutes at the start by the committee, but she sailed a splendid race and finished sixth. Then Pilot, Ventura, and Hoosier finished in the order named. Written protests were filed and allowed. Both Saturday and Monday races were decided void. Decision was reconsidered, and both races were finally declared official. E. G. B. HAYMOND.

Chicago Y. C.

Chicago—Mackinac Cruising Race.

August 3 and 4.

IMAGINE two sloops always within sight of each other for 240 miles carrying spinnakers all but ten miles of the course, crossing the line 4m. and 40s. apart, and covering the distance in less than thirty-eight hours, and you have some idea of the exciting features of the Chicago Y. C.'s cruising race from Chicago to Mackinac, which was sailed August 3 and 4. The boats left at 5 o'clock on the afternoon of the former date, the starters being: Sloops—Vencedor, Vanenna, and Siren. Schooners—Hawthorne, Alice, and Mistral. Yawls—Naiad, Nahma, and Tannis.

The sloop Neva was in dry dock, and by mutual con-

sent of the owners of the other sloops was permitted to start three hours later, her time being taken from the time she crossed the line. The wind being fair, the boats were able to sail on the regular steamer course from Chicago to Point Betsy, and all the craft lost no time in breaking out balloon jibs soon after passing the Chicago lighthouse.

The principal interest centered in the duel between the rivals, Vanenna, owned by Mr. William F. Caneron, and Vencedor, owned by Mr. F. A. Price. Vanenna measures 64ft. over all, 45ft. waterline, 13ft. beam, and 9ft. 5in. draft. The boats were both built in Racine, Wisconsin, in 1896, but Vencedor, having a slightly less waterline than her rival, was allowed 28m. on the race from Chicago to Mackinac. Vanenna led at the start, but was overhauled by Vencedor about 18 miles on the course, and kept a lead throughout the night. At 10 o'clock, the wind hauling more to the southward, both boats broke out spinnakers and carried them throughout the night.

Alice, owned by Mr. Ogden McClurg, had shown a clean pair of heels to the other schooners, and when dawn broke on August 4, she was leading the fleet, but well in sight, Vencedor following, Vanenna two miles astern, and, as far as could be judged, Mistral three miles to the south, the rest of the boats not being in sight.

The skipper of Hawthorne had elected to follow the coast, evidently anticipating the wind would haul around to the S.W. and give him an advantage, but abreast of Waukegan he changed his mind and stood on the course to Point Betsy, and while abreast Ludington, possibly 22 miles from that port, his steering gear became disabled and he ran into Ludington for repairs, which delayed his boat seven hours.

In the meantime, Vencedor and Vanenna (on which boat it was my privilege to be one of the crew) kept up the fight for first place, and 10 o'clock Alice and Vanenna were abreast, Vencedor still in the lead.

The wind was blowing all of 40 miles an hour, and the strain on the afterguy of the spinnaker was terrific. Twice did Vencedor carry away her spinnaker, owing to some damage to their sheets or halliards, but they very promptly made repairs and held the lead. The distance between the two boats was gradually being lessened, and at noon, off Big Point Sable, Vanenna passed her rival, and at last took the lead. Forty miles further on, while off Frankfort, Mich., leading her rival by 5 miles, Vanenna had the misfortune to lose her topmast during a gybe. Every precaution had been taken, but in casting off the topmast runner the sheet did not render freely, and the lowered gaff whipped over instantly, struck the backstay, and the mast let go. This deprived us of the use of our balloon jib and full spinnaker, but by rigging the block at our masthead and tying about fifteen feet of the head of our spinnaker in a bunt, we were able to hoist what we had left and still make good time.

At sundown the wind moderated, which enabled Vencedor to pick up on us, and she passed us in the Manitou Passage during the night. Owing to the close proximity of the two boats, the watch below both nights had an acute and prolonged attack of insomnia. We overtook her, however, abreast of the Fox Islands, and kept the lead as far as the Waugashance Light, and abreast of that light, at 4:15 in the morning, we were side by side within talking distance, with 21 miles to go, and both boats still carrying spinnakers. The wind, which had hauled around as we changed our course to pass the island, again swung around to the E. as we rounded the light, so that spinnakers were still in order and drawing well. Unfortunately for us, the wind, which promised to be as fresh as the day before, lessened, giving Vencedor, able as she was to carry all her light canvas, the advantage over us. She gradually drew away, and crossed the line at six minutes past seven in the morning, 4m. 40s. ahead of her crippled rival.

The actual course covered we estimate to be 340 miles, and the actual time for Vencedor was 37h. 46m., and for Vanenna, 37h. 50m. 40s., which, we think, will stand as a record for many years to come for a cruising race of this character. All the boats arrived at different times during the day (as will be seen from the official result below), with the exception of Tannis, a yawl 40ft. over all, which had the misfortune to lose her mainmast off the Beaver Islands in a sudden squall. She arrived at Mackinac Island at seven Saturday morning. Nahma reported the breaking of her spinnaker boom.

The success of the race has led the Chicago Y. C. to make this an annual feature. The Mackinac Island Y. C. will put up prizes for a local regatta, and will invite the Detroit clubs to have a similar cruising race from Port Huron to Mackinac simultaneously with the one from Chicago. The official figures are as follows:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vencedor, sloop	7 06 00 a. m.	37 46 00	37 46 00
Vanenna, sloop	7 10 40 a. m.	37 50 40	38 18 58
Naiad, yawl	2 42 00 p. m.	45 42 00	38 59 04
Alice, schooner	8 42 00 a. m.	39 32 00	39 44 12
Mistral, schooner	10 41 30 a. m.	41 31 30	41 43 37
Siren, sloop	11 04 00 a. m.	41 45 00	42 04 37
Neva, sloop	1 15 30 p. m.	41 05 00	42 44 00
Nahma, yawl	2 09 20 p. m.	45 09 20	41 08 18
Hawthorne, schooner	3 13 30 p. m.	46 03 30	46 15 37
Tannis, yawl	7 00 00 a. m.	62 00 00	54 15 00

G. H. ATKIN.

Rhode Island Letter.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Aug. 13.—The Herreshoff shops at Bristol, which have been closed several weeks, are to be started up again in full operation next Monday, and it is learned that orders for a number of new boats of small size are to be filled. A full set of drawings for a new schooner yacht on the model of Ingomar were forwarded to the German Emperor several weeks ago for his inspection and approval.

The fast sloop, Little Rhody, winner of the Lipton cup in the Brooklyn Y. C. ocean race from New York to Marblehead, has been out on the ways at Bristol the past week for cleaning and painting, preparatory for the N. B. Y. R. A. race week.

The steam launch Swiftsfoot, owned by Designer Herreshoff, has had her machinery overhauled at Bristol, and tests of speed have been given the craft with a view of improving her pace for other races of the season. Mr. Herreshoff started from Bristol last Wednesday in his steam yacht Roamer to join the New York Y. C. fleet for the annual cruise, and Mr. Joseph E. Fletcher, of

the Bristol Y. C., is also, on the cruise with his power yacht Coronet II. Mr. John M. Richmond's schooner Valmore, and Mr. Henry F. Lippitt's fast sloop Weetamoo are other Rhode Island yachts participating in the cruise. F. H. YOUNG.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

SEA CLIFF Y. C. OFFICERS.—The annual meeting of the Sea Cliff Y. C. was held on the evening of August 11. There were some fifty members present, and the following officers were elected: Com., Theodore W. Sheridan; Vice-Com., Charles E. Silkworth; Treas., C. S. Dunne; Secy., C. S. Chellborg; Trustees for three years—Samuel Stenson and R. Walter Levy; Trustee for two years—John J. Graham; Trustees for one year—Wilbur H. Rogers and Rupert Ryley.

A yacht which is attracting more than usual interest was in the harbor of Greenport, L. I., a few days ago. She is a long, narrow craft, carrying one sail. But the peculiarity which attracted the attention was the name, which was painted in a scroll on the bow, Transmagnificanduality. As none of the boatmen who saw her were scholars with a classical education, they could but hold their chins in their hands and contemplate the freak. There are many strange names given to yachts these days, but this one stands at the top of the list, and from an etymological standpoint is beyond comparison. One old salt noticed that the yacht was a trifle by the head, and said the size of the name was the cause of it.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Annisquam Y. C.

Annisquam, Mass.—Friday, Aug. 12.

The first of a series of two Y. R. A. open races of the Annisquam Y. C. was sailed in Ipswich Bay, on Friday, Aug. 12, in fresh breezes to calm. In the 30-footers Chewink IV. had another sailover, Sauquoit withdrawing after the start. Urchin got the start in the 22ft. class. Clotho took the lead on the windward leg, however, and held it to the finish. In the 18ft. class it was all Arrow after the weather mark was passed. Seeboomook won in the first handicap and Owaisa in the second handicap. The summary:

30-footers.		Elapsed.
Chewink IV., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	3 03 27	
Sauquoit, T. K. Lothrop.	Withdraw.	
22-footers.		Elapsed.
Clotho, Cheney & Lanning.	3 07 17	
Medric, H. H. White.	3 10 25	
Tayac, W. C. Joyce.	3 12 46	
Warrior, S. C. Winsor.	Disqualified.	
Peri II., George Lee.	Disqualified.	
Urchin, John Greenough.	Withdraw.	
18ft. Knockabouts.		Elapsed.
Arrow, E. A. Boardman.	2 13 50	
Hayseed, H. L. Bowden.	2 15 43	
Arbeka II., F. P. Bowden.	2 16 15	
Napier, B. S. Permer.	2 20 03	
Boo Hoo, R. Boardman.	2 22 35	
Miladi II., F. R. Adams.	2 22 44	
Dorehen, A. W. Finlay.	2 22 54	
Hugi, A. E. Chase.	2 25 55	
Privateer II., Alden & Carlton.	2 26 40	
Moslem I., J. T. Eustis.	2 28 37	
15-footers.		Elapsed.
Ventus II., Keith Pervear.	2 20 40	
Vera II., H. Lundberg.	2 23 35	
Tabasco, Jr., H. H. Wiggins.	2 31 25	
Dories—M. R. D. A.		Elapsed.
Crescent, P. F. Farrell.	1 26 58	
Barbara, J. J. Blaney.	1 27 30	
Teaser, R. Russell Smith.	1 32 17	
Little Un, Donald Howes.	1 37 22	
Sister, D. H. Woodbury.	1 39 07	
Red Devil, Martin & Curtis.	1 46 25	
Dories and Skiffs.		Elapsed.
Oom Paul.	1 38 32	
Ventus.	1 38 43	
First Handicap.		Elapsed.
Seeboomook, B. A. Smith.	3 33 50	3 33 50
Osprey, C. R. Hanson.	3 45 02	3 36 30
Quakeress, J. H. Hammond.	3 48 34	3 40 02
Nereid, C. H. Lunt.	3 44 25	3 40 09
Second Handicap.		Elapsed.
Owaisa, Walter Kelley.	1 17 00	1 17 00
Comforter, J. M. Whittemore.	1 22 56	1 21 20
Ousakis.	1 29 48	1 28 18
Hobgoblin, O. Harvey.	1 36 49	1 35 19
Trifler.	1 43 14	1 39 28
Princess.	1 48 17	1 42 15
Anastasia.	2 05 50	2 02 04
Power Launches.		Elapsed.
It.	0 23 17	0 23 17
Edith M.	0 32 03	0 24 33
Merchant.	0 35 08	0 25 08
Minna.	0 43 30	0 30 30

Saturday, Aug. 13.

The second race of the Annisquam series was sailed on Saturday, Aug. 13, in a fresh S. breeze. Chewink IV. took another in the 30-footers, and Clotho in the 22-footers. Sheboomook beat out Early Dawn III. Hayseed and Dorehen finished first and second in the 18-footers, and were protested by Arrow. Vera II. had another win in the 15ft. class. Al Kyris and Ousakis were the winners in the handicap classes. The summary:

30-footers.		Elapsed.
Chewink IV., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	1 40 00	
Sauquoit, T. H. Lothrop, Jr.	1 45 00	
25-footers.		Elapsed.
Seeboomook, B. A. Smith.	1 45 44	
Early Dawn III., J. L. Dogherty.	1 48 55	
22-footers.		Elapsed.
Clotho, Cheney & Lanning.	1 45 23	
Medric, H. H. White.	1 48 53	
Peri II., George Lee.	1 49 10	
Urchin, John Greenough.	1 50 20	
Warrior, S. C. Winsor.	1 54 25	
Chinook, John Pomeroy.	1 55 38	
Tayac, W. H. Joyce.	1 56 37	
18ft. Knockabouts.		Elapsed.
*Hayseed, H. L. Bowden.	1 19 05	
*Dorehen, A. W. Finlay.	1 19 39	
Boo Hoo, R. Boardman.	1 19 55	
Arrow, E. A. Boardman.	1 20 10	
Hugi, A. E. Chase.	1 20 42	
McCrage, J. W. Olmstead.	1 22 45	
Miladi II., E. R. Adams.	1 24 15	
Arbeka II., F. P. Bowden.	1 25 46	
Fritter, W. C. Loring.	1 26 43	
Moslem I., J. T. Eustis.	1 27 12	
Privateer II., Alden & Carlton.	1 27 15	
Napier, B. S. Permer.	1 28 55	
15-footers.		Elapsed.
Vera II., H. Lundberg.	1 27 34	
Tabasco, Jr., H. H. Wiggins.	1 30 47	
Ventus II., Keith Pervear.	1 31 30	
Cigarette, Morton Prince.	Disqualified.	
M. R. D. A.		Elapsed.
Catspaw, Melzard Bros.	1 27 02	
Pointer II., B. C. Melzard.	1 28 15	

Teaser II., R. R. Smith.	1 28 40	
Red Devil, Martin and	1 30 58	
Barbara, J. J. Blaney.	1 31 03	
Question, G. W. Gardner.	1 31 20	
Dolphin, T. J. Murphy.	1 32 12	
Crescent, P. F. Farrell.	1 32 30	
Little Un, Donald Howes.	1 33 12	
Frolie II., W. G. Torrey.	1 34 55	
Sister, D. H. Woodbury.	Withdraw.	
No. 3.	Withdraw.	
No. 7.	Withdraw.	
Elizabeth F., H. W. Dudley.	Withdraw.	
Dories and Skiffs.		Elapsed.
Ventus, Paul Tappan.	0 51 30	
Oom Paul.	0 53 17	
Kattie, Lyman Frazier.	0 54 34	
First Handicap.		Elapsed.
Al Kyris, A. M. Moody.	1 47 35	1 47 35
Quakeress, J. H. Hammond.	1 52 00	1 47 43
Osprey, C. R. Hanson.	1 52 55	1 48 38
Second Handicap.		Elapsed.
Ousakis, Frank Hastings.	1 27 12	1 26 20
Owaisa, Walter Kelley.	1 26 54	1 26 54
Comforter, J. M. Whittemore.	1 29 53	1 28 09
Hobgoblin, P. Harvey.	1 32 43	1 30 59
Trifler, D. Howes.	1 40 47	1 35 37
Princess, J. Prince.	1 53 15	1 42 56
Anastasia, Mr. Johnson.	1 51 20	1 44 27
Lynx, F. L. Cunningham.	Disabled.	
Power Launches.		Elapsed.
No Name.	1 16 40	0 57 10
Ted.	1 13 22	0 59 52
Edith M.	1 01 10	1 01 10

Brooklyn Y. C.

Bensonhurst, L. I.—Saturday, Aug. 13.

THE Brooklyn Y. C. gave an open regatta on the afternoon of Saturday, Aug. 13, over courses in Gravesend Bay. Twenty boats started. The winners were Vivian II., Era, Bonito, Ogeemah, Wee Wean, Kelpie and Rascal. An E. breeze of whole sail strength held steady throughout the event, sending the starters over the regular Association courses in spirited manner. The appearance of the Seawanhaka 15-footer Wee Wean, brought around from the Sound to measure strength with the new one-design class of the Marine and Field Club, enlivened interest to a noticeable degree. None of Marine and Field craft entered the race. Wee Wean competed against the Herreshoff creation Sandpiper. The latter, besides starting long after her signal, was inwrenched trim for racing, and so proved no match for the craft from Oyster Bay.

Boats in Classes M and N had a run with spinnakers set from the start of the Brooklyn Y. C. anchorage to the Marine and Field Club buoy. A close reach brought them to the Fort Hamilton mark, and another led out to the Craven Shoal buoys. From there it was a close-hauled board to the Atlantic Y. C. stakeboat and a broad reach home. All marks were left to port, and the journey was covered twice, aggregating about 10 nautical miles. The other boats sailed the same course, excepting that the Craven Shoal marks were left out. This made a long leg of windward work across the Bay from Fort Hamilton to the Atlantic Y. C. at Sea Gate. The small yachts went twice around, sailing about 8 miles on the journey.

Maydic was the first boat to end the race. Vivian II. followed and won on corrected time by 1m. and 43s. Era scored a clever victory over Bagheera, and Bobtail beat the former on corrected time by 25s. The finish in Class Q between Ogeemah and Mary was a close one, the first-named crossing the line only 1s. ahead. On corrected time she won by a large margin. Cicada fouled the Marine and Field Club mark on the first round, and Karma withdrew. The summary follows:

Sloops—Class M—Start, 3:05.		Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon.	4 15 18	1 10 18	1 08 23	
Red Wing, J. B. O'Donohue.	4 15 59	1 10 59	1 08 57	
Maydic, W. H. Childs.	4 15 06	1 10 06	1 10 06	
Sloops—Class N—Start, 3:05.		Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Era, E. H. M. Roehr.	4 16 37	1 11 37	1 11 30	
Bagheera, Hendon Chubb.	4 17 37	1 12 37	1 11 55	
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach.	4 18 35	1 13 35	1 13 35	
Sloops—Class P—Start, 3:10.		Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Bonito, Haviland Bros.	4 16 41	1 06 41	1 06 41	
Lizana, D. S. Wylie.	4 19 26	1 09 26	1 07 51	
Kete (yaw), John S. Negus.	4 26 19	1 16 19	1 10 19	
Kate received allowance of 6m. by agreement.				
Sloops—Class Q—Start, 3:15.		Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ogeemah, Alfred Mackay.	4 26 33	1 11 33	1 05 26	
Mary, Max Grundner.	4 26 34	1 11 34	1 11 02	
Spots, D. D. Allerton.	4 29 06	1 14 06	1 12 00	
Careless, F. J. Havens.	4 29 49	1 14 49	1 14 49	
Wraith, Calvin Tompkins.	4 35 44	1 20 44	1 16 47	
Cicada, A. D. O'Neill.	Disqualified.			
Karma, J. C. Erskine. Did not finish.				
Sloops—Class R—Start, 3:15.		Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Wee Wean, R. L. Cuthbert.	4 27 52	1 12 52	1 12 52	
Sandpiper, W. W. Redfern.	4 33 35	1 18 35	1 18 35	
Marine and Field Special—Start, 3:20.		Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Kelpie, W. K. Brown.	4 37 19	1 17 19	1 17 19	
Esperance, T. A. Hamilton.	4 37 53	1 17 53	1 17 53	
Catboats—Class V—Start, 3:25.		Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Rascal, D. G. Whitlock.	4 37 50	1 12 50	1 12 50	
Martha M., Richard Moore.	4 40 22	1 15 22	1 15 22	

Beverly Y. C.

Wing's Neck, Buzzard's Bay—Saturday, Aug. 6.

THE Beverly Y. C. sailed its 357th regatta off the club house, on Wing's Neck, last Saturday. This was the sixth Corinthian race of the season. The morning was most discouraging, as the atmosphere was thick, and rain fell occasionally. Toward noon, however, a breeze sprang up from the S. and gradually worked into the S.W., and developed into a good racing breeze, that averaged probably about 8 knots per hour. Mr. F. A. Eustis acted as judge.

There were three starters in the 30ft. class, and Praxilla, in her eagerness to get over the line ahead of her rivals, crossed before gun-fire and was obliged to return and re-cross the line, thus losing 1m. 10s. In spite of this, she beat both her rivals, winning by 2m. 41s.

In the 21ft. class Hybrid, which Mr. Crane has widened 28in. on deck, started for the first time since she was altered. She got a good start, but appeared to sag off to leeward, and she gradually fell behind the other two boats a considerable distance. Terrapin and Quakeress, as usual, had a very close race, Quakeress leading over most of the course. Terrapin, however, passed her on the reach across the Bay and maintained her lead to the finish line. Just at the last minute Quakeress began to gain rapidly, and finished within 15s. of her rival.

In the 18ft. class Jap, which was sailed by Mr. R. W. Emmons 2d, won. Thus Mr. Emmons continued his practice of winning in whatever boat he sails. Maori won in the cat class, and Ranzo in the 15ft. one-design class. The times in detail follow:

30ft. Class.		Elapsed.
Praxilla, John Parkinson, Jr.	2 51 41	
Young Miss, D. D. Whittemore.	2 54 22	
Pontiac, J. A. Beebe.	2 54 30	
21ft. Class.		Elapsed.
Terrapin, L. S. Dabney.	2 22 25	
Quakeress, W. W. Harrison.	2 22 40	
Hybrid, J. Crane, Jr.	2 36 36	
18ft. Class.		Elapsed.
Jap, Geo. P. Gardner, Jr.	1 06 33	
Margaret, W. O. Taylor.	1 07 49	
Wizzard, F. W. Sargent.	1 07 54	
Hindoo, N. F. Emmons.	1 11 04	
Catboats.		Elapsed.
Maori, A. S. Whiting.	1 13 51	
Allison II., Steward B. McLeod.	1 14 51	
Krieker, W. S. Jameson.	1 11 44	
15ft. One-Design Class.		Elapsed.
Ranzo, M. H. Richardson, Jr.	1 15 08	
Fiddler, Miss C. M. Dabney.	1 17 05	
Teazer, Mrs. R. W. Emmons, 2d.	1 17 24	
Fly, Miss C. M. Williams.	1 17 28	
Jub Jub, Howard Stockton.	1 18 17	
Flickamaroo, Miss E. B. Emmons.	1 20 17	
Vim, F. W. Sargent, Jr., crossed line before time and withdrew.		

Boston Y. C.

Boston, Mass.—Wednesday, Aug. 10.

A CLUB race of the Boston Y. C. was sailed off the Marblehead station on Wednesday, Aug. 10, in a fresh S.E. wind, with rain and a heavy sea. In the 30ft. class Chewink IV. was away first, and led all over the course. In the 22ft. class Clotho and Warrior were away first, at the windward end of the line. Clotho held a slight lead out to the windward mark, and off the wind she ran away from the other boats. In the 18-footers Mirage II. got the start and led to the first mark, but on the windward leg Hayseed took the lead and held it to the finish. Vera II. won easily in the 15-footers. The handicap class was bunched at the start. Jingo going out ahead and holding a slight lead to the finish. The summary:

30-footers.		Elapsed.
Chewink IV., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	1 22 21	
Waska, S. Reed Anthony.	1 24 11	
Sauquoit, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	1 28 11	
22-footers.		Elapsed.
Clotho, Cheney & Lanning.	1 27 22	
Medric, H. H. White.	1 30 34	
Warrior, S. C. Winsor.	1 31 49	
Opitsah V., S. H. & H. J. Foster.	1 32 00	
18-footers.		Elapsed.
Hayseed, H. L. Bowden.	1 36 03	
Boo Hoo, R. Boardman.	1 37 29	
Dorchen, A. W. Finlay.	1 39 31	
*Otter, A. D. Irving.	1 42 07	
Privateer II., Alden & Carlton.	1 42 13	
Mirage II., J. W. Olmstead.	1 42 36	
15-footers.		Elapsed.
Vera II., H. Lundberg.	1 43 02	
Tobasco, Jr., H. H. Wiggins.	1 47 16	
Nibelung, E. G. Loring.	1 56 43	
Little Misery, A. P. Loring.	1 58 54	
Cigarette, Morton Prince.	2 02 10	
First Class Handicap.		Elapsed.
Jingo, G. B. Doane.	1 32 50	1 32 50
Kit, H. B. Whittier.	1 33 12	1 33 12
L'Aiglon, E. W. Hodgson.	1 33 16	1 33 16
Gringo, W. H. Brown.	1 38 11	1 33 31
Opitsah III., W. F. Whitney.	1 41 25	1 36 45

Bridgeport Y. C.

Black Rock, L. I. Sound—Saturday, Aug. 13.

THE annual regatta of the Bridgeport Y. C. was held on Saturday, Aug. 13, in a fresh S.E. breeze. There were only a small number of starters, twelve boats coming to the line. Most of the racing craft are owned at the western end of the Sound, and Bridgeport is apparently too far eastward to tempt many boats to make the trip there to race. Commodore T. L. Park was on hand with two starters.

The 30-footers and 25-footers covered a 15-mile triangle, while the raceabouts and 18-footers went over a 10-mile triangle.

The 30-footers were started at 2:45. Sassacus and Mimosa III. were the only starters. The former withdrew soon after the start, and Mimosa was left to cover the course alone.

Firefly and Ojibway were the next to start in the 25-foot class. Firefly won by over 7m.

Hobo won in the raceabout class and Cricket finished second, beating Roma by 8s.

There were three starters in the 18ft. class, and Miss Modesty won. Mirage and Fiji had a close race for second place, the former winning by 3s. Answer was disabled before the start, and Question did not finish. The summary:

30ft. Class—Start, 2:45—Course, 15 Miles.		
Mimosa III., T. L. Park.....	first prize.
Sassacus, T. Silliman.....	Withdraw.
25ft. Class—Start, 2:50—Course, 15 Miles.		
Firefly, G. P. Granberry.....	5 57 30	
Ojibway, H. A. Morse.....	6 05 54	
Raceabout Class—Start, 2:55—Course, 10 Miles.		
Hobo, T. L. Park.....	5 58 15	
Cricket, H. Willets.....	5 59 47	
Roma, F. W. Sherman.....	5 59 55	
The Kid, W. Harriman.....	6 02 38	
Busy Bee, R. Wainwright.....	6 03 47	
Houdy, P. Maynard.....	6 06 04	
18ft. Class—Start, 3:05—Course 10 Miles.		
Miss Modesty, C. B. Seelye.....	5 26 20	
Mirage, J. P. Bartram.....	5 32 32	
Fiji, L. T. Warner.....	5 32 35	
Question, N. W. Bishop.....	Withdraw.

Horseshoe Harbor Y. C.

Larchmont, L. I. Sound—Saturday, Aug. 13.

THE annual regatta of the Horseshoe Harbor Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, Aug. 13. Although the Horseshoe Harbor Y. C. is one of the smallest of the Long Island Sound organizations, its races are always of the best. The events are invariably attended by a good list of entries, and the prizes are of a substantial character.

The breeze was S.E. at the start, but after this had lost its strength, a nice sailing breeze struck in from the S.W.

The course was triangular, $4\frac{1}{2}$ knots, from a mark off Horseshoe Harbor to Whortleberry Island, to Execution Rocks and back to the starting line. On the first round it was a run for the first leg and a reach for each of the other legs, but on the second round the first leg was a beat, the second a reach, and the last leg a run.

The 30-footers were sent away at 1:10. Nike led over the line, with Alert just astern. At the end of the first round Alert had moved into first place, and from that time on was never headed. She won by over 3m.

The next boats to start were Nymph and Nautilus, two large catboats. Nymph had way the best of it, and finished far ahead of her competitors.

Rogue was the first of the four raceabouts over the starting line, but she was passed by both Tartan and Rascal II. Tartan won and Rascal II. was second.

In the Larchmont one-design class Dorothy was first away, but on the first round she was passed by Hourii. Dorothy regained her lead on the second round, and finished a winner. Hourii was second.

Snapper had no competitor in the 25-ft. class, and she went over the course alone.

Jeebi had no trouble trimming her competitors in the 21ft. sloop class. Ethel was a poor second. Gazabo did not finish.

Flim Flam won handily in the 18ft. sloop class, and Plover was second.

In the New Rochelle one-design class Caper won and Ace was second.

Chickioker won for the first time in the Manhasset Bay one-design class.

Anawanda and Shoshone had a hot fight for first place in the Indian Harbor one-design class. Anawanda won by 4s.

The other winners were: Scud, Gloomy, Gus Miriam, Louis Belle, and Jake. The summary:

30ft. Class—Start, 1:10—Course, $9\frac{1}{2}$ Knots.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Alert, J. W. Alkire.....	2 53 22	1 43 22
Nike, V. J. Cumnock.....	2 56 41	1 46 41
30ft. Catboat Class—Start, 1:10—Course, $9\frac{1}{2}$ Knots.		
Nymph, W. A. Marble.....	3 30 09	2 20 09
Nautilus, Henry Moore.....	3 52 26	2 42 26
Raceabout Class—Start, 1:15—Course, $9\frac{1}{2}$ Knots.		
Tartan, A. H. Pirie.....	3 25 41	2 10 41
Rascal II., S. C. Hopkins.....	3 27 04	2 12 04
Rogue, A. B. Alley.....	3 27 33	2 12 33
Grasshopper, H. C. Pryer.....	3 28 45	2 13 45
Larchmont 21ft. Class—Start, 1:25—Course, $9\frac{1}{2}$ Knots.		
Dorothy, L. G. Spence.....	3 34 41	2 09 41
Hourii, J. H. Esser.....	3 35 31	2 10 31
Adelaide, J. Dwyer.....	3 35 42	2 10 42
Vaquero, J. M. Marble.....	3 38 35	2 13 35
25ft. Sloop Class—Start, 1:20—Course, $9\frac{1}{2}$ Knots.		
Snapper, F. H. Page.....	3 36 44	2 16 44
21ft. Sloop Class—Start, 1:25—Course, $9\frac{1}{2}$ Knots.		
Jeebi, A. D. Brower.....	3 41 57	2 16 57
Ethel, Dr. Frantz.....	3 46 18	2 21 18
Luto II., T. Currier.....	3 48 18	2 23 18
Gazabo, H. Vulte.....	Did not finish.	
18ft. Sloop Class—Start, 1:30—Course, $9\frac{1}{2}$ Knots.		
Pandora, S. Towle, Jr.....	3 52 41	2 22 41
Flim Flam, A. D. Prince.....	3 46 12	2 16 12
Plover, Howard Place.....	3 50 07	2 20 07
Scot, M. Cowperthwait.....	3 59 56	2 29 56
New Rochelle One-Design Class—Start, 1:35—Course $9\frac{1}{2}$ Knots.		
Caper, P. L. Howard.....	3 49 02	2 14 02
Ace, H. Bavier.....	3 49 46	2 14 46
Algo, J. D. Sparkman.....	3 52 03	2 17 03
Manhasset Bay One-Design Class—Start 1:35—Course $9\frac{1}{2}$ Knots.		
Arizona, G. A. Cory.....	3 56 37	2 21 37
Chickioker, J. P. Mohr.....	3 55 59	2 20 59
Indian Harbor One-Design Class—Start, 1:35—Course, $9\frac{1}{2}$ Knots.		
Kenoshi, C. D. Mallory.....	3 50 56	2 15 56
Anawanda, E. C. Rae.....	3 47 51	2 12 51
Wawa, J. E. Montells.....	3 48 56	2 13 56
Shoshone, H. F. Dominick, Jr.....	3 47 55	2 12 55
Hempstead Harbor One-Design Class—Start, 1:40—Course, $9\frac{1}{2}$ Knots.		
Scud, D. B. Albot.....	3 54 53	2 14 53
Miriam, J. M. Price.....	3 55 46	2 15 46
Horseshoe Harbor One-Design Class—Start, 1:40—Course, $4\frac{1}{2}$ Knots.		
Indra, W. S. Allen.....	3 00 04	1 20 04
Whiff, R. L. Manney.....	2 58 37	1 18 37
Cotton Tail, F. T. Courtney.....	3 00 41	1 20 41
Gloomy Gus, L. H. Riley.....	2 58 34	1 18 34
21ft. Class—Start, 1:40—Course, $9\frac{1}{2}$ Knots.		
Arline, A. E. Revelle.....	Did not finish.	
Miriam, J. M. Price.....	3 55 46	2 15 46
18ft. Catboat Class—Start, 1:40—Course, $9\frac{1}{2}$ Knots.		
Louie Belle, J. M. Williams.....	3 58 22	2 18 22
Lobster, A. P. Brush.....	4 02 58	2 22 58
15ft. Catboat Class—Start, 1:40—Course, $9\frac{1}{2}$ Knots.		
Joke, C. C. Converse.....	4 31 06	2 51 06
Carolyn, Dr. Stump.....	4 33 30	2 53 30

Southern Gulf Coast Y. A. Racing Circuit.

Southern Y. C.—Lake Pontchartrain, Saturday, Aug. 6.

THE sixth and concluding regatta in the series of the Southern Gulf Coast Yachting Association for the season took place over the fine course of the Southern Y. C., at West End, New Orleans, La., Saturday, Aug. 6. The events held by the smaller clubs enrolled in the Association had been very successful affairs, indeed, and the yachtsmen and the yachts, after racing and cruising out along the gulf coast all during the month of July, turn to Lake Pontchartrain and to the mother club for an appropriate winding up the first week in August.

The day on the lake was anything but a satisfactory one, the weather being in turn stormy, calm and fluky. The course was 10 miles—twice over a 5-mile triangle—and the wind girated from S.E. to S.W. For the first 5 miles there was a drifting match, a rain squall haze shutting out from view the greater part of the fleet for some time; while the last two legs of the course were sailed in an 8-knot breeze.

The main interest in the races centered in the third meeting in the South of the Northern racers Chewink III. and Calypso, this being the rubber event of the series between the two, Chewink having won at Biloxi, and Calypso at Gulfport; the latter was, however, the only fair test, Calypso being out of tune at Biloxi. Chewink won a grand race on this third attempt, and a little more than evened things up. She sailed with what would be considered a considerable advantage in live ballast, carrying a crew of fourteen big men. She had in addition to the 700lbs. on the board, 1,000lbs. of lead inside on her frames, this weight of about half a ton being about what she was believed to have wanted in the breezy race at Gulfport. Calypso sailed with seven men, and reduced her usual 2,000lbs. of lead by something like one-fourth its weight. Under this condition of trim this celebrated twain seemed very well matched on nearly every point of sailing, and both were excellently well handled. Calypso held on astonishingly well in the light airs, considering that her rival had much advantage in being able to place the large crew to leeward, so as to heel her to her lines. The friendly rivalry between these craft has engendered more interest in yachting in the South than has ever before been known, the time never being in memory when two yachts were so evenly matched in racing. It is expected that the battles will keep on for some time.

Nydia won a good race in the second class of cabin sloops, while Kayoshk, in the Association cup class, appears to have learned the light weather trick, and she now seems able to win in any and all conditions. In the model catboat class Chiliktah won by 3s. on time allowance from Augusta M. Sinner won as usual in the one design knockabout class. The summary:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Chewink III.	2 57 45	2 56 21
Calypso	2 59 32	2 58 03
Susie B.	3 06 17	3 06 17

Cabin Sloops Under 30ft.		
Nydia	3 09 57	3 07 57
Invader	3 09 14	3 09 14
Ysult	3 26 42	3 19 32
Hiawatha	Withdrew.	
Racing Machines, 18ft. and Over.		
Kayoshk	2 58 36	2 58 36
Moki	3 08 18	3 08 18
Virgin	3 18 16	3 17 32
Open Sloops—Model—22ft. and Over.		
Irma	3 58 24	3 58 24
Open Sloops—Model—Under 22ft.		
Georgie May	4 41 02	4 41 02
Racing Machines Under 18ft.		
Huzzy	3 33 08	3 33 08
Don	Withdrew.	
Model Catboats.		
Chiliktah	3 16 37	3 10 37
Augusta M.	3 10 40	3 10 40
Mohawk	3 57 30	3 50 40
Edith	4 23 52	4 15 07
Eros	Withdrew.	
Knockabouts.		
Sinner	3 15 24	3 15 24
Rascal	3 34 57	3 34 57
Siren	3 47 05	3 47 05

L. D. SAMPELL.

Riverton Y. C.

Riverton, Delaware River—Saturday, Aug. 6.

SIXTEEN boats started in the regatta of the Riverton Y. C., held on Saturday, Aug. 6, and all but two boats finished. There was a nice whole sail breeze from the W.

The catboats were sent away at 3:05. Carolyn II. led over the line, followed by Fiona and Sea Gull. Fiona soon took the lead, and won out, beating Carolyn II. by 5m.

In the one-design class No. 1 was first away, followed by No. 6 and No. 7. No. 7 moved into first place, and won the race, beating No. 6, second. No. 2 and No. 6 withdrew.

Dorothea won in the jib and mainsail class and No. 15 got first in the mosquito class. The summary follows:

Catboats—Start, 3:05.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Fiona, John Perkins.....	5 14 24	2 09 24
Carolyn II., C. C. Rianhard.....	5 19 40	2 14 40
Sea Gull, L. C. Cook.....	5 20 28	2 15 28
One-Design Class—Start, 3:10.		
No. 7, E. W. Crittenden.....	5 37 38	2 27 38
No. 1, A. G. Cook.....	5 39 00	2 29 00
No. 3, McIlvain Biddle.....	5 40 46	2 30 46
No. 4, J. W. Hamer.....	5 48 45	2 38 45
No. 2, Dr. C. S. Mills.....	Withdrew.	
No. 6, J. H. Reese.....	Withdrew.	
Jib and Mainsail Class—Start, 3:10.		
Dorothea, S. Solomon.....	5 38 25	2 28 25
Tadpole, E. W. Crittenden.....	5 49 59	2 39 59
Pumpkin, J. Frismuth, Jr.....	5 53 30	2 43 30
Mosquito Boats—Start, 3:15.		
No. 15, E. B. Showell.....	5 51 00	2 36 00
No. 14, T. H. Walnut.....	5 52 00	2 37 00
No. 2, Charles M. Biddle, Jr.....	5 55 00	2 40 00
No. 10, H. H. Cooke.....	5 59 00	2 44 00

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Short Range Rifle League of Chicago.

The first series of matches of this Association has just been concluded, with the following result:

	Won.	Lost.	Per Cent.
Willow Rifle and Gun Club.....	8	1	.889
Brazilian Rifle Team.....	7	2	.778
Turnverein Lincoln Sharpshooters.....	4	4	.500
William Tell Sharpshooters' Club.....	2	6	.250
Chicago Turn Gemeinde Sharpshooters.....	1	7	.125

The Willow Rifle and Gun Club wins the series, and the championship pennant donated to the league by the Peters Cartridge Company.

The principal interest in the matches centered in the contests between the Willows and the Brazilians, who are very evenly matched. In their first meeting the Willows won the match by 3 points only. At their next meeting there was a dispute over a "double" (two bullets in one hole). With the doubtful shot, the Willows would have won the match; without it, they would lose by ten points. The match was called off and another shot, when the Willows had an off day, and were beaten by 43 points. This made a tie, which was shot off on June 21, the Willows winning by 15 points. Ten-man teams, 20 shots per man, on $\frac{1}{4}$ in. ring target, 75ft.

The annual meeting of the executive board of the league was held on June 25, when the following were re-elected: Frank M. Garden, President and Secretary; C. Sentf, Vice-President; A. Sorenson, Shooting Master; C. Stierlen, Treasurer.

It has been decided to hold our annual prize shoot on Sept. 4 and 5, at World's Fair Park, 67th and Stony Island avenue, Chicago. There will be re-entry matches on the $\frac{1}{4}$ in. ring target, and a 100-shot championship match. There will be seven gold medals and a lot of merchandise prizes, all provided by the league, out of its own funds.

The match for the Peters challenge cup will be shot soon after the prize shoot, probably at Palos Park. Under the deed of gift, this cup must be shot for annually by teams of five men each representing existing short range (gallery) clubs, and the cup must be won three times to become the property of any club. It has been won once each by the Brazilians and the Willows.

There is a prospect of getting at least two more clubs to join the league in the near future. Another series of matches will be started immediately.

The Palma Trophy Again.

MR. CASPAR WHITNEY devotes two pages of the August Outing to a discussion of the Palma Trophy scandal. They are two pages of darkening of counsel, and remind one of the book which was described as the best work ever written on the wrong side of a subject by one who knew absolutely nothing about it. Mr. Whitney's ignorance is not specially amazing, but it is somewhat surprising that any one should be willing to print such a series of misstatements and foolish deductions drawn from them, when he must know that the true character of his deliverance would be recognized by those familiar with the facts.

For example, Mr. Whitney says: "Both the English and the American teams violated the spirit as well as the literal letter of the law governing the Palma Trophy match, because the rules of record do not permit the use of barrels made by private makers."

There could not be a more complete misstatement of the facts than is this, that "the rules of record do not permit the use of barrels made by private makers." The rule as to the pattern of rifles used in the Palma competition reads:

"RIFLES.—The national military arm of the country the team represents, being in all respects of the pattern adopted and issued to the troops for service. Rifles of private manufacture may be used, but they must conform to the regulation pattern and bear the official view marks."

Mr. Whitney says "the trophy really belongs and should be sent to the highest score team in the competition of 1903, which used the bona fide service rifle of its country as turned out by its Government Arsenal."

The rules nowhere prescribe that a "rifle of its country as turned out by its Government Arsenal" must be employed. On the contrary, they expressly declare that "rifles of private manufacture may be used."

Again Mr. Whitney says: "That critical attitude by Englishmen, officially or unofficially, is despicable, considering that the American riflemen, in using barrels made by a private maker, were simply beating the Englishmen at their own game. Viewed or unviewed, is a trivial detail beside the broad question of competition between militia teams and service arms."

It was not a case of "their own game," inasmuch as the Englishmen used rifles according to the rule, i. e., that they must "conform to the regulation pattern," while the Americans used rifles

which were not according to the rule, i. e., which did not "conform to the regulation pattern."

"Viewed or unviewed" was not "a trivial detail." What the British view mark means Col. Crosse wrote in his letter which we printed Aug. 6:

"This mark is a certificate that a rifle has been examined and gauged by an official of the Small Arms Inspection Department, and that it conforms strictly to the service pattern, both as regards the interior of the barrel and in other respects."

Mr. Whitney writes oracularly: "As between England and America, the Palma trophy belongs to the latter," and that the American Association made a mistake in returning the trophy without stipulating that it should be awarded to the team which made the best score last year with real service rifles."

By "real service rifles," Mr. Whitney presumably means what he has defined as those "turned out by its Government Arsenal." But inasmuch as the rules did not provide that such a rifle must be used, the American Rifle Association could not have stipulated any such condition when it returned the trophy. No such stipulation would have prevailed against the rule under which the match had been shot and to which all the contestants assented before the shooting of the match.

Again Mr. Whitney writes: "The viewed business at once opens the door to no end of sharp work." This is to say that the officers of the British Army, who are the official viewers of arms submitted for their inspection, would lend themselves to petty trickery and affix the service condition stamp to a rifle which did not actually conform to service conditions. If an English writer were to express a similar opinion of American Army officers we should know in what contempt to hold him.

Mr. Whitney's contribution to the discussion of the unfortunate Palma Trophy affair is not intelligent, nor enlightening, nor honest nor frank. It is, on the contrary, a purely arbitrary and dogmatic dictum, contrary to the facts and based upon a complete misstatement of them.

Ohio Rifle Notes.

THE popular organization of skilled woodsmen and big-game hunters known as the Shelby County Deer Hunters' Association, held their annual reunion and picnic in Davis' Grove, south of Jackson Center, O., on Aug. 11. There was a large attendance, and it was one of the most enjoyable occasions in the history of the club. The following members won the prizes on the different targets: Bear heart target: First, J. C. Steinkle; second, J. S. Laughlin; third, J. C. Steinkle. Bear head target: First, J. M. Carter; second, D. W. Longbreak; third, J. S. Wilson. Deer heart target: First, J. F. Howard; second, D. W. Longbreak; third, John E. Bush. There were many fine single shots made by those who have killed bear and deer in the woods, and who are planning for another hunting expedition this fall.

The Twin Valley Association of Deer Hunters will meet in Lewisburg, in September, and perfect their plans for their annual fall hunt. Among the members are J. Wilson, J. F. Beaver and Daniel Francis.

The Preble County Association will meet at Eaton on the day of the regular monthly shoot of the Preble County Rifle Club in September. Several parties will be organized at that time for deer hunting.

The new 200yd. range of the Dayton Sharpshooters, on the grounds of the Dayton Gun Club is about ready for use. The concrete pit for the target tenders has been completed, and heavy target frames put up. The regular shoot will be held on Aug. 24 or 25, but it has not yet been decided whether it will be on the new or old range.

The shoot for the August medal of the Gratis Township, O., Rifle Club was held in Johnson's Grove, Gratis, O., on Aug. 6, eleven members taking part. The weather conditions were not good, as a high wind was blowing, which had a bad effect on the scores. Jacob W. Leshner and Moses Pence tied for first on 41, and in the shoot-off, one shot, 12 possible, the former won, 11 to 9. The regular medal shoots of the club are held on the first Saturday in each month. Conditions, 100yds., offhand, 4 shots, 43 possible.

BONASA.

Presque Isle Rifle Club.

ERIE, Pa., Aug. 6.—After the club had held their semi-annual election of officers to-day, they held their weekly shoot in a high wind, almost half a gale, that blew from the west. This wind came in handy for the yacht races, but was not needed for target practice.

Capt. Bacon was missing to-day. He was up at Bradford shooting with the National Guard team there. Scores:

W. Parker.....	78 78 76—232	A. Mount.....	68 66 60—194
J. Almeda.....	79 75 72—226	J. Hunter.....	52 50 46—148
J. Stedham.....	74 73 70—217	W. W. Jordan.....	43 43 30—116
G. C. Rahn.....	77 71 67—215	T. Sullivan.....	48
J. G. Germann.....	72 68 66—206	W. Wheeler.....	—131

CABIA BLANCO.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Aug. 23-24.—Chattanooga, Tenn.—Target tournament of the Mountaineer Gun Club; \$200 added. S. B. Lowe, Sec'y.

Aug. 23-24.—Raleigh, N. C.—North Carolina Trapshooters' Association tournament.

Aug. 23-24.—Birmingham, N. Y., Gun Club second annual tournament. Vernon Perry, Sec'y.

Aug. 23-24.—Renovo, Pa.—Recreation Gun Club two-day target tournament. Geo. B. Dechant, Sec'y.

Aug. 24-25.—Hot Springs, S. D.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Hot Springs Gun Club. H. A. Gayhart, Sec'y.

*Aug. 25-26.—Tarentum, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.

Aug. 24-26.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Consolidated Sportsmen's Association tournament. A. B. Richmond, Sec'y.

Aug. 27.—Tottenville, S. I.—Match between teams of the White Plains, Castleton and Acquahonga gun clubs. L. N. Scofield, Port Richmond, S. I., Sec'y.

Aug. 30-31.—Traverse City, Mich., Rod and Gun Club tournament. W. A. Murrel, Sec'y.

Aug. 31.—Hampton Beach, N. H.—Powow Shooting Club tournament. Joseph Ainsworth, Sec'y, Amesbury, Mass.

Sept. 5.—Lowell, Mass., Rod and Gun Club Labor Day tournament. E. J. Burns, Sec'y.

Sept. 5.—Auburn, N. Y.—Labor Day tournament. Knox and Knapp, Mgrs.

Sept. 5.—Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club fourth annual Labor Day tournament. C. G. Blandford, Capt.

Sept. 5.—Dover, N. H., Sportsmen's Association annual Labor Day tournament. D. W. Hallam, Sec'y.

Sept. 5.—Washington, D. C.—Analostan Gun Club Labor Day Shoot.

Sept. 5.—Maine State championship tournament, given by the Portland Gun Club.

Sept. 5.—Muncie, Ind.—Annual Labor Day shoot of the Magic City Gun Club. F. L. Wachtell, Sec'y.

Sept. 5.—Utica, N. Y.—Riverside Gun Club tournament. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y.

Sept. 5.—Springfield, Mass.—Fall tournament on Labor Day; \$25 added. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.

Sept. 5-7.—Richmond, Va.—Tournament of Virginia Trapshooters' Association. W. A. Hammond, Sec'y.

*Sept. 6-7.—Irwin, Pa., Rod and Gun Club tournament.

Sept. 6-7.—Litchfield, Ill.—Consolidated Trapshooters' Congress tournament. L. A. Cummings, Sec'y, Bunker Hill, Ill.

Sept. 7-8.—Huntington, W. Va.—The Interstate Association tournament, under the auspices of the Huntington Gun Club. L. H. Merrick, Pres.

Sept. 9-11.—Chicago, Ill., Trapshooters' tournament. E. B. Shogren, Sec'y.

*Sept. 14-15.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.

Sept. 14-15.—St. Louis.—Afro-American Handicap. T. H. Cohron, Sec'y, Pleasant Hill, Mo.

Sept. 20-21.—Lincoln, Ill.—Lincoln City Gun Club tournament.

Sept. 22.—Moberly, Mo.—Missouri League of Trapshooters.

*Sept. 27-28.—Monessen, Pa., Gun Club.

Sept. 28-29.—Concordia, Kans.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Concordia Gun Club. L. S. Myers, Sec'y. Elmer E. Shaner, Mgr.

Sept. 28-29.—Homer, Ill.—Homer-Ogden Gun Club tournament.
Oct. 4-5.—Crawfordsville, Ind., Gun Club tournament.
Oct. 4-5.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club.
Oct. 6-7.—Dalton, O., Gun sixth annual tournament. Ernest F. Scott, Capt.
Oct. 6-7.—St. Marys, Pa.—Two-day shoot.
Oct. 18-19.—Litchfield, Ill.—Consolidated Trapshooters' Congress.
Oct. 18-20.—New London, Ia., Gun Club tournament. Dr. E. C. Cook, Sec'y.
Nov. 1-3.—St. Louis Mo.—World's Fair shoot; live birds and targets. Alec D. Mermod, Mgr., 620 Locust street.
Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League tournaments. C. G. Grubb, Sec'y, Pittsburg.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM goes to press on TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

Arrangements have been made to hold a two-day shoot Oct. 6-7 at St. Marys, Pa.

Mr. Harold Money at the Indian tournament last week made a run of 128 targets without a miss.

The Riverside Gun Club, of Utica, N. Y., announce a tournament to be held on Sept. 5. Mr. E. J. Loughlin, is the secretary.

Ernest F. Scott, captain, informs us that the Dalton, O., Gun Club, has fixed upon Oct. 6 and 7 for their sixth annual tournament.

The difference between the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association and Rip Van Winkle is that Winkle, after a long time, did wake up.

Mr. F. L. Wachtell, secretary, informs us that the Magic City Gun Club of Muncie, Ind., will hold their annual Labor Day shoot on Sept. 5.

At the shoot of the S. S. White Gun Club, Aug. 13, Mr. Fred Coleman broke 111 out of 120 targets. Mr. Frank E. Butler was close up with 109.

The Chicago Trapshooters' Association contemplate the holding of another tournament in a few weeks, the particulars of which will be announced later.

We are informed that the renowned marksmen, Messrs. J. A. R. Elliott and Fred Gilbert, will be visitors at the Labor Day shoot of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club.

Dr. J. B. Pardoe, secretary, writes us that the Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club has arranged a programme, offering prizes, for the club shoot to be held on Aug. 20. Visitors are welcome.

Mr. L. N. Scofield, secretary of the Castleton Gun Club, writes us that the third match between the White Plains, Castleton and Acquahonga gun clubs will be held at Tottenland, Staten Island, on Aug. 27.

The Analostan Gun Club, of Washington, D. C., has decided to hold a shoot on Labor Day. There is a possibility of a match or a series of matches between that club and the Annapolis Gun Club, at some time in the near future.

The Maine State championship tournament is announced to be held on the grounds of the Portland Gun Club, Sept. 5. Guns and ammunition shipped care Mr. S. B. Adams, the P. G. C. treasurer, will be delivered at the grounds free.

There were forty-eight entries for the Mallory cup, though the three Mallory brothers, who entered, did not contest for it. It was a contest at 50 targets, distance handicap. Mr. Lem Willard, of Chicago, from the 19yd. mark, scored 48 and won at the Indian tournament.

The Labor Day shoot at Auburn, N. Y., Sept. 5, Messrs. Knox & Knapp managers, has ten events on its programme, alternately 15 and 20 targets. Class shooting and jack rabbit system govern the money. Event 7 is a merchandise contest. Event 10 is for a Baker hammerless. Totals 175 targets, \$12.50 entrance.

Mr. John S. Wright, famous as the most active promoter of trapshooting about New York, informs us that he will manage a 50-target handicap for a handsome prize, Aug. 20, at 2 o'clock, on the grounds of the Brooklyn Gun Club, to reach which take Kings County Elevated to Crescent street station, thence by hack to grounds on Kaiser's Farm.

The first of a series of team contests between the Independent Gun Club and the Allentown Gun Club was held at Easton, Pa., on Aug. 13. The Allentown team won by a score of 213 to 204. There were ten men on a side, 25 targets per man. The performance was excellent for both teams, the winner scoring over 93 per cent the loser about 90 per cent.

High averages at the Olean, N. Y., Gun Club tournament, Aug. 11 and 12, were as follows: Professional, first day, shooting at 200 targets: First, Mr. Neaf Apgar, 187; second, Mr. E. D. Fulford, 181; third, Mr. C. O. Le Compte. Second day, Mr. Apgar 188, Mr. Fulford second, 187; Mr. Le Compte, third, 182. Of the amateurs, first day, Mr. Beach, first, 184, second, Mr. Elliott, of Wellsville, N. Y., 182; Messrs. Nobles and Mason third, 180. Second day, Mr. King, 188; Mr. Fleming, 187; Mr. Bozard, 186.

Mr. J. S. Coggeshall, of Newport, R. I., writes us that "the Aquidneck Gun Club will hold a tournament on Wednesday, Aug. 31, commencing at 11:30 A. M. The programme will be one of 150 targets, one event at 10, two at 20, five at 15 and one at 25; total entrance \$9.75, including targets at 1½ cent each. Rose system, sweeps optional. Fifteen dollars in cash will be divided 7, 5, 3, among the three high amateurs shooting the programme. This shoot will be given special prominence by the presence of Mr. Fred Gilbert, now on a tour of New England."

A correspondent writes us as follows: "On Saturday of this week the Fairview, N. J., Gun Club will shoot for a silver cup donated by Mr. Hermann von Lengerke, to be shot for once a month for twelve months. Handicap, 50 targets, eight best scores to count. As Aug. 20 will be the first day this cup is contested for, some thirty shooters are expected, and a good time is anticipated. Visitors are always welcome."

The third annual tournament of the Goderich, Ont., shooting Association, Sept. 5-6, has a total of eighteen events, at 10, 15 and 20 targets, entrance \$1, \$1.50 and \$2, and on the second day one event at 100 targets, \$5 entrance, for the Robin Hood trophy. The thirteenth event is a two-man team race at 15 targets. Targets 2 cents. Sliding handicap, 16 to 22yds. Class shooting and jack rabbit system. Mr. T. MacDermott is the secretary.

The second annual target tournament of the Binghamton, N. Y., Gun Club, Aug. 23-24, provides a programme of twelve events each day, at 15 and 20 targets, \$1.30 and \$1.40 entrance, \$5 added. The totals each day are 200 targets, \$16 entrance, and \$60 added. Shooting begins at 9 o'clock. Two lowest guns of both days will receive \$5 each. The club reserves the right not to add in excess of one-third the net purse of any event. Lunch will be served upon the grounds. Mr. Vernon Perry is the secretary.

The secretary, Mr. Joseph Ainsworth, writes us that "the Powow Shooting Club, of Amesbury, Mass., will hold a tournament at Hampton Beach, N. H., Aug. 31. Fifty dollars in cash will be given in prizes; \$15 to first, \$12 to second, \$8 to third, \$5 to fourth, \$5 to fifth, \$4 to sixth, to shooters shooting the entire programme. The programme will consist of nine 20-target events, at 16yds.; Sergeant system, high guns, to win. Interstate rules to govern. Only amateurs are eligible to prizes."

The Field, London, concerning "a lock-up cartridge bag" states as follows: "The correspondence which took place in our columns last year on the subject of pilfering cartridges has evidently set some folks thinking, the desideratum being a bag which can be securely, yet unostentatiously fastened, enabling a shooter to control the removal of cartridges without hurting the feelings of others by too marked an intimation that such protection is needful." It is possible that, in that country, some shooter of playful moods, might take lock, bag and cartridges as a composite souvenir.

The programme of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club's Labor Day shoot consists of twelve events, at 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets, a total of 200 targets, \$16 entrance, \$25 added. Rose system will govern. Sweepstakes optional. Targets, 2 cents. Loaded shells and lunch obtained on the grounds. Professionals for targets only. Merchandise prizes for amateur high average. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Guns and ammunition shipped to the secretary, C. L. Kites, 499 Main street, will be delivered on the grounds free, if received by him before Sept. 4.

The secretary-manager, Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, has sent us advance sheets of the programme of the Interstate Association tournament to be given for the Huntington, W. Va., Gun Club, Sept. 7-8. It provides ten events each day, each at 20 targets, \$2 entrance. Each day, added money, \$15. First day, Rose system, 5, 4, 3, 2. Second day, class shooting, 40, 30, 20, 10. Targets, 2 cents. Practice Day, Aug. 23. Guns and ammunition, prepaid, and marked in owner's name, care of the Union Transfer Company, Huntington, W. Va., will be delivered to the shooting grounds free of charge. The Huntington Gun Club will give \$5 to the amateur making the lowest average, and \$5 to the amateur making the second lowest average, shooting through the entire programme for the two days. Shooting will commence at 9 o'clock.

We are informed that Mr. J. L. Head, of Peru, Ind., has been promoted from the position of shooting representative and occasional salesman for the U. M. C. Co., to that of salesman for the M. Hartley Co., of New York. He will sell U. M. C., Remington and B. G. I. goods. This promotion withdraws Mr. Head from the professional ranks of shooters, and will leave a vacancy in professional ranks difficult to fill. As a trapshooter Mr. Head was distinguished as a contestant of nerve and skill. He won the diamond badge, emblematic of the Indiana target championship in 1897, the International Peters Cartridge trophy in 1898, at Detroit, and the Grand Central Handicap at live birds, Indianapolis. In the past five years, he has held the Indiana live bird championship five times, and defended it four times successfully in individual matches against Indiana's best shots. Recently his made a general average of 93.71 per cent. for 895 targets shot at average has been up to expert class. In one week's shooting, he in open competition.

Mr. James T. Skelly, of the Dupont Powder Co., Wilmington, Del., has reached California, after leisurely tarrying at towns of importance while en route, adding to his multitude of friends and showing the trapshooters how to shoot properly. At Hercules, Cal., a shoot was gotten up in his honor on July 27, and it is in evidence that they do not extend their courtesies in a flip-pant manner, for the invitations were printed on fine linen paper, in the highest style of the printer's art, as follows:

Hercules, Pinole, P. O., Cal., July 27, 1900.

Mr. Dear Sir:
A Blue Rock Shoot will be held at the Hercules Club grounds on Sunday, July 31st, complimentary to Mr. T. J. Skelley, of Wilmington, Delaware.

You are cordially invited to attend and make Mr. Skelley's acquaintance.

A game of baseball will be held in the afternoon between the famous Hercules Team and the undefeated Gorhams, of San Francisco.

A good time is assured.

Take 7 o'clock S. P. or 7:20 Santa Fe.

Pool Shooting.

Birds trapped at 2c.

Mr. W. T. Nash, since his resignation from the presidency of the Indianapolis Gun Club, an office which he filled with signal success and ability, arranged to leave for a long sojourn in north-western Idaho, on a big-game and trout fishing expedition. He and his party will probably enjoy the hunting and fishing there till Oct. 1. The trip has been planned during the past six months, and purposes to be strenuously active. The expedition goes first to Lewiston, Idaho; thence via Spokane, Wash., where they will start for the Bitter Root country. Besides Mr. Nash, the party consists of Mr. Albert Lieber, Mr. Richard Lieber, and

these gentlemen will be joined at Lewiston by Mr. W. F. Kettenbach, president of the Lewiston National Bank. Dr. Pfafflin was to have been a member, but business intervened and prevented him doing so. Cooks and guides have been engaged, and fifty horses will be required to pack the equipage. The party will seek grouse, mountain trout, bear, mountain lion, deer, elk and mountain sheep. They will be absent from railroad facilities during a month.

BERNARD WATERS.

Olean Tournament.

OLEAN, N. Y.—At the tournament of the Olean Gun Club, held Aug. 11 and 12, shooters were present from Pittsburg, Sabinsville, Shingle House, Pa., and Buffalo, Wellsville, Bolivar, Cohocton and Syracuse, N. Y. The trade was represented by Messrs. C. O. Le Compte, E. D. Fulford, Geo. R. Ginn, Neaf Apgar and Sim Glover.

The weather was very fine, the attendance large, and some high scores were made.

Of the professionals, Mr. Apgar won high average, Mr. Fulford second, Mr. Le Compte third.

Of the amateurs, Mr. Beach, of Sabinsville, Pa., won high average the first day, breaking 184 out of 200 targets. Mr. Elliott, of Wellsville, N. Y., won second average, breaking 182 out of 200. Messrs. Nobles and Mason, of Olean, N. Y., third average, breaking 180 out of 200 targets.

The second day Mr. King, of Pittsburg, Pa., won high average, breaking 188 out of 200. Mr. Fleming, of Pittsburg, Pa., won second average, breaking 187 out of 200. Mr. Bozard, of Allegheny, N. Y., won third average, breaking 186 out of 200.

For general amateur average, Mr. Hart, of Buffalo, N. Y., won first, breaking 364 out of 400 targets, and Mr. Nobles, of Olean, won second average, breaking 361 out of 400. Mr. King, of Pittsburg, and Mr. Mason, of Olean, third, breaking 360 out of 400.

The following scores were made:

Aug. 11, First Day.													
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Shot	
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	25	at.	Broke.
Apgar	14	13	14	19	13	18	15	17	15	20	24	200	187
Fulford	12	19	14	18	14	19	13	16	14	18	24	200	181
Le Compte	14	19	13	18	14	15	14	18	11	16	23	200	175
Glover	10	17	13	17	13	17	13	19	12	17	24	200	172
King	13	19	13	17	11	18	10	17	15	15	24	200	172
Fleming	11	15	13	16	13	15	13	19	14	17	21	200	167
Pentefract	12	15	15	15	12	17	13	16	13	16	20	200	162
Rahm	13	16	13	14	11	16	12	16	13	16	22	200	162
Hart	11	17	12	20	14	16	13	19	15	18	24	200	179
Farnham	14	14	8	15	14	14	11	17	13	18	20	200	158
Nobles	11	19	13	17	12	19	14	20	13	19	23	200	180
Miller	10	20	12	20	11	20	12	17	12	18	22	200	174
Mason	14	17	11	20	15	18	13	19	13	20	21	200	180
Wheeler	14	18	14	17	11	17	15	17	12	17	22	200	174
Beach	12	16	13	19	14	20	15	18	14	19	24	200	184
Root	12	17	12	19	15	16	14	18	13	13	24	200	173
Stohr	11	13	12	14	11	15	12	14	10	13	16	200	141
Dailey	9	11	8	16	12	16	12	17	13	14	15	200	143
Daniels	11	15	14	16	15	16	12	16	13	10	17	175	138
Bozard	14	17	9	17	12	17	14	13	13	18	20	200	164
Elliott	14	16	11	19	14	20	14	19	14	20	21	200	182
Conley	15	15	9	17	11	16	12	12	13	17	24	200	161
Spaulding	12	13	13	17	12	14	13	18	12	18	21	200	163
Geary	10	8	10	10	9	13	10	16	11	15	20	200	132
Clark	9	10	12	9	8	11	8	8	8	8	8	140	75
Miles	13	17	12	17	12	13	8	13	11	16	17	175	138
Cooper	10	10	14	12	14	9	13	11	11	11	11	105	49
Ort	5	13	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	35	18
Kelly	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	20	15
Barnes	10	15	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	50	36
Scholar	14	16	9	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	50	39
Maloney	8	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	35	15
Jones	4	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	35	11
Ginter	12	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	35	25
Osborne	12	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	35	27
Mahany	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	20	3

Aug. 12, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Shot	
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	25	at.	Broke.
Apgar	12	19	14	19	14	19	15	18	15	19	24	200	188
Fulford	15	20	13	18	15	18	14	18	15	18	23	200	187
Le Compte	14	18	14	18	14	17	14	18	14	18	23	200	182
Glover	15	19	14	18	14	17	13	120	110
King	15	19	15	20	14	19	15	15	15	18	23	200	188
Fleming	14	17	15	20	14	19	15	17	14	18	24	200	187
Pontefract	12	18	12	16	15	15	15	18	11	15	21	200	168
Rahm	13	16	12	16	13	15	14	17	15	18	20	200	169
Hart	12	20	14	19	14	19	13	18	13	20	22	200	185
Farnham	10	16	13	18	14	16	14	17	12	17	20	200	167
Nobles	14	18	14	20	13	18	15	15	14	18	22	200	181
Miller	13	19	14	16	11	16	12	17	12	18	25	200	173
Mascon	13	17	15	15	15	19	14	19	13	18	23	200	180
Wheeler	11	17	12	17	11	17	13	120	98
Beach	12	16	12	18	13	17	105	38
Root	13	17	13	16	13	16	15	120	103
Dailey	9	13	16	10	16	9	14	10	13	19	19	200	142
Daniels	18	11	35	29
Bozard	15	20	13	19	14	18	15	16	14	20	23	200	186
Elliott	14	20	14	17	12	17	12	17	11	15	22	200	171
Conley	14	16	12	18	15	15	14	17	15	18	22	200	176
Spaulding	13	18	14	20	13	16	11	18	12	18	22	200	175
Miles	20	11	16	12	70	59
Barnes	12	11	12	17	70	52
Osborne	10	14	10	15	11	14	11	16	11	15	17	200	144
Ross	18	12	16	9	18	11	15	17	..	150	116
Zimmerman	12	12	35	24

Ohio Trap.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

Aug. 13 was a hot, sultry day, the glass standing at over 90 in the shade on the Cincinnati Gun Club house veranda. The sun was partially obscured by light clouds and there was little wind. The light was poor.

Sixteen shooters entered in the cash prize event, Herman heading the list with 45. Medico, shooting from 20yds., accounted for 42, and Peters and Falk tied for third place on 41.

Williams did some good shooting making the only straight score of the day in a 15-target event, and shooting at doubles from 24yds., he broke 11 out of 6 pairs.

In the cup race, twenty-three entries. Gambell and Medico tied on 23 for high score: Medico (18) 18, 23; Williams (18) 22 19; Peters (19) 18, 16; Herman (16) 19.

Leonard Shepard, of Indianapolis, was at the grounds and took charge of things in the absence of Supt. Gambell, who did not get back from the Indian shoot at West Baden until 5 o'clock, owing to a freight wreck on the road, which delayed his train several hours. Mr. Shepard has resigned his position as Superintendent of the Indianapolis Gun Club, and is visiting friends in Glendale, O. Several miss-and-out events were shot.

Harold Money came back from West Baden with Gambell. He was not feeling well, as he had not fully recovered from effects of illness which he had in common with a number of other shooters, at the Indian shoot. Yet it did not take much banter to induce him to shoot a match with Williams at 25 targets, he to shoot with one hand behind his back and Williams to have use of both hands. Result: Money 19, Williams 15.

Maynard's poor showing was due to the fact that his gun got out of order.

Tuttle and Keplinger, officers of the Peters Cartridge Co., are stayers. They did some very good work and kept together closely, the latter leading at the close of the day by 1 target, 94 to 93.

Practice shooting was kept up by one squad of shooters until it became too dark to see the targets, and they didn't want to stop then.

Cash prize shoot, 50 targets: Herman (16yds.) 45, Medico (20) 42, Falk (17) 41, Peters (19) 41, Maynard (20) 39, Williams (18) 38, Pfeiffer (16) 37, Norris (16) 36, Holladay (16) 36; Don Minto (16) 35, Tuttle (16) 30, Smith (16) 34, Campbell (16) 31, Keplinger (16) 30, Meyers (16) 18, Andrews (16) 15.

Dayton Gun Club.

THE shoot at the grounds of the Dayton, O., Gun Club, on Aug. 5 was well attended. Seventeen members took part in the various events. There were five 25-target events, and in the first of these Diehl led with 24. He also made the longest run of the day, 30 straight. D. Tibbals made the next longest run, 28. Brady was high man with 94 out of 100; Diehl second with 91, and Tibbals third with 88. The shoot was kept up until approaching darkness forced the shooters to stop.

The attendance Aug. 6 was larger than on Friday, twenty-one shooters taking part. The first event of the afternoon was the heavy-weight championship match at 50 targets between Ed Rike, 340lbs., and Chas. Wyseng, 312lbs. Rike won this match with 49; Wyseng scored 42.

Following this was a five-man team shoot, 25 targets per man, in which Rike's team was victorious by a score of 91 to 88.

Then followed four 25-target events, shoot for the Gem City City medal, the day's sport winding up with a 25-target event, in which eleven members took part.

Rike broke 142 out of 150 shot at, 96 out of his first 100; 98 out of 100 in events 2, 3, 4 and the medal event. D. Tibbals made two straights and broke 96 out of 100. Z. A. Craig 92. Rolla O. Heikes is getting back to his old form once more, and scored 91.

The medal event had eleven entries, and was won by D. Tibbals with a straight score of 25. Z. A. Craig and E. Rike second with 24 each. R. O. Heikes third 23.

The club will hold a tournament on Aug. 23, shooting to begin at 9:30 A. M.

Other Shoots.

The weather on Aug. 10 was all that could be desired, and twelve men entered in the regular medal shoot of the Rohrer's Island Gun Club, of Dayton, O. Five members tied for first: H. Engle (32) 30, W. E. Kette (33) 27, Wm. Oldt (35) 27, C. F. Miller (26) 26, C. Hanauer (31) 26. The first shoot-off was at 10 targets, Engle having a handicap of one extra target to shoot at; Hanauer 2, Oldt 4, and Kette and Miller 0. Engle and Kette tied on 10 each, the others scoring 9 and dropping out. In the second shoot-off Engle and Kette each shot at 6 targets, the former winning with a score of 5 to 1. Of the other shooters H. Lockwood (26) and F. Oswald (32) were second with 24 each; Hanauer (26) 23, E. Stoecklein (35) 22, J. Holmes (30) 21, F. Chambers (35) 20, J. Schaerf (30) 19.

Eight members took part in the eleventh trophy shoot of the Hamilton, O., Gun Club, held on Aug. 11. The weather conditions were nice, and some good work was done. Parker was tied with E. D. C. for first on 45, and in the shoot-off the former won. Link and Stickels second with 42 each; Smith and Shumaker third with 41 each; Steinman fourth, 39; Wesley 32.

The last shoot in the series of twenty handicap events of the Greenville, O., Gun Club was held on Aug. 8, six members taking part. Eidsen, Westerfield and Baker tied for first on 25 or better, the former winning the shoot-off. Fouts was second with 24, McCaughey third with 20, each shooting at 30 targets; Kirby fourth with 19 out of 25. W. Kirby and H. A. McCaughey having tied for first in the series, shot off, and the race proved to be the closest and most interesting which has ever taken place on these grounds. McCaughey is entitled to praise for his fine display of nerve and skill, as he is comparatively a new hand at the game. During the contest Kirby made a run of 41, and McCaughey one of 31. The first shoot-off was at 10 targets, each shooter having a handicap of 3 extra targets to shoot at, if they found it necessary; but each broke 10 straight. The remaining ten shoot-offs were at 5 each, with a handicap of 1 extra target to shoot at in each event. Kirby won the shoot-off by 1 target, breaking 60 out of 61 shot at to McCaughey's 59 out of 65 shot at. Baker and Westerfield, who tied with Eidsen to-day, wanted another try for the medal; so he put it up, and Baker won. Then he put it up to please Westerfield; the latter won, and in his turn put it up, and Eidsen proved his superiority by winning it for the second time in one day, and absolutely refused to take any more chances before the next club shoot. First prize, Parker gun, W. Kirby; second, corduroy hunting coat and vest, H. A. McCaughey; third, leather gun case presented by Peters Arms and Sporting Goods Co., B. G. Eidsen; fourth, shell case, W. F. Baker; fifth, woolen shooting jacket, Marion Westerfield; sixth, Jersey shooting jacket, Ed. Fouts.

Not a breath of wind, thermometer registering 98, and targets thrown from magautrap, high and the right distance, were the conditions, on Aug. 12, under which record scores were made at the Dayton Gun Club's grounds. F. C. Dial, of Franklin, was the one who set the pace, and made a record for the new grounds of 98 out of 100. He missed his 36th and 39th targets, and made a straight run of 61. Lindemuth also shot in fine form, although he made a bad start, missing 3 out of the first 7. He then made a run of 74, missed his 82d, and finished second with 96. Pedro was third with 80, Jay T. fourth with 78, and Cord broke 67 out of 75 shot at. The trap pits are said to be the best in the country. Mr. Ryan, of Troy, is quoted as expressing this opinion, and he has certainly seen a lot of them, and ought to know.

BONASA.

WESTERN TRAP.

Litchfield Tournament.

ITCHFIELD, Ill.—On Aug. 9 the fourth tournament of the season of 1904 was held, and it seems strange that there was a slim attendance, as there is everything at Litchfield to make a tournament a success. It is very probable that the Indian shoot was mostly responsible for the falling off.

On the second day the regular programme was abandoned, and a 100-target race was the amusement. In this Cummings won with 95. Vietmeyer was high professional and Cummings high amateur. Ward Burton second and Snell and Stoner a tie.

Mr. Cummings seems to be honest in his opinion, and he states that this club has really the best-equipped shooting grounds in several states. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	at. Broke.
Cummings, 18	12	14	17	17	14	14	20	19	13	19	175 159
Kellar, 17	14	12	16	15	15	14	17	17	11	20	175 151
Clay, 18	13	13	12	10	14	10	19	16	14	19	175 150
Montgomery, 17	13	13	19	14	15	15	19	19	19	19	140 127
Cottrell, 17	12	12	16	19	11	14	20	15	15	18	175 152
Vietmeyer, 18	11	14	17	16	9	12	18	19	12	17	175 145
Snell, 16	12	15	18	20	13	9	17	16	15	19	175 154

Masters, 16	11	13	17	17	13	9	17	14	12	16	175 130
Burton, 16	14	15	19	17	13	14	18	17	13	18	175 158
Thompson, 16	13	10	16	17	12	12	16	18	14	17	175 145
Allen, 16	10	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	70 52
Van Gundy, 16	12	15	18	18	10	13	18	18	13	17	175 152
Stoner, 16	13	13	18	17	13	14	18	16	15	17	175 154
Schiess, 16	14	11	17	15	12	11	14	13	11	16	175 134
Engelbrecht, 15	10	14	17	18	14	12	14	14	10	16	175 143
Alderson, 15	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	75 54
Simmons, 15	13	14	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	70 63

In Other Places.

The Panama, Mo., Gun Club will hold a tournament at Rich Hill, Mo., Sept. 1. At same time the County Fair will be in session, and will offer an opportunity to bet your money on the bay horse after the shooting becomes monotonous.

When a programme comes into the office, and an inspection reveals that the secretary has printed therein "bluerock," "dickie birds," "blackbirds," "white flyers," "coast pigeons," etc., how well we may excuse the reporter for the daily and weekly papers when they refer to the sport as cruel, and as they print from the programme the word "bird" will naturally arouse the goody people when they note that at a shoot extending over four days the slaughter was 10,000 per day.

The Indiana League of Trapshooters will hold a tournament at Lafayette, Sept. 8 and 9. The well-known Joe Blistain is secretary.

A handicap shoot was pulled off at Midland, Tex., Aug. 8. A handsome loving cup was the prize, and the winner is very proud of same. Shooting from 21yds., at 100 targets, J. S. Day made 90 and won.

Rather a lengthy shoot will be held at Paducah, Ky., that is four days, Sept. 13, 14, 15 and 16. The first two days will be devoted to target shooting under the Paducah Club, while the last two will be under the rules of the Kentucky League of Trapshooters. The last day will see the championship of Kentucky disposed of, the shoot being that of live birds.

Shooting in Manitoba at the traps is quite a pastime. At the town of Portage La Prairie, Aug. 8, there was a shoot for a gold medal. A tournament will be held there about Aug. 20.

Programmes are being sent out, announcing a target shoot Aug. 16 and 17 at Wabash, Minn.

The Magic City Gun Club, Muncie, Ind., will hold a tournament sanctioned by the Trapshooters' League of Indiana.

O. H. Bailey, Secretary of the Dayton, O., Gun Club has sent out a programme for a shoot on Aug. 23. One half the events will be divided on the Jack rabbit system, and the other on the per cent. plant. Those who attend may expect a good time.

Randall, Ia., Gun Club will hold a tournament Aug. 24. John Peterson is secretary.

The fourth series of shoots was held on the Lemars, Ia., Gun Club grounds, Aug. 11.

At St. Joe, Tex., Aug. 8, there was a tournament at which W. E. Scott helped the boys have a good time. J. L. Bellah was high man with 183 out of 200. Scores: Crawford shot at 200, broke 171; Barton 200, 162; Cone 95, 62; Moch 200, 177; Bailey 165, 131; Scott 200, 150; Ballah 200, 132.

The Rainmakers, of Ottawa, Ill., Aug. 11, at their shooting park, which is equal to the best, held a little impromptu shoot, arranged for the day, and without any outsiders being the wiser, the shoot was pulled off. Those who participated were Victor Meyer and Leslie Standish. "Vict" won the high average for professionals. This club has many representative business men for members, and they are entertainers and whole-souled fellows.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Aug. 13.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the second trophy of the third series. McKinnon, Eaton and Goetter tied for Class A trophy on 21, and McKinnon won in shoot-off. Keck and Ford tied for Class B on 20, and Keck won on shoot-off. Birkland, Sr., won Class C on 15.

Owing to a heavy rainstorm coming on and delaying the shooting for about two hours, the cup shoot was dispensed with. Attendance was good, thirty-one shooters participating in the events of the afternoon.

Trophy shoot, 25 targets:

Dr. Meek	11110100011110011011100-16
Thomas	11110101010001111111011-19
Keck	1111011011010110110110-20
Johnson	0100100001101111111110-16
Seigfried	0000010001111101000000-8
Birkland, Sr.	101100001111101010100-15
McKinnon	1111011111100110111111-21
Haathaway	1011011011111011011110-20
Kaurk	0611101101101101110103-16
Richards	1101111011011011111110-20
W. Einfeldt	1111011001011100111111-19
Hoover	0001010010111000010000-10
Weinsburg	1101101101101101101110-20
Eaton	0111111011011011011111-21
Dr. Skillman	1000100111111001101100-15
McDonald	0111111011011011001111-26
Goetter	1101111011011111001111-21
T. Ellis	0111011111011011111011-21
C. Einfeldt	111101110101000001111-17
T. S. Smedes	1110111101101111100100-19
Al Smedes	0110101010101001111110-17
Ford	0011011011011110111111-20

Dr. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Asheville Gun Club.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., Aug. 8.—Our first handicap for a cup presented by Mr. R. W. Bingham, brought out twenty-one of our members for the first time this season, and considering the small grounds upon which the committee had to work, the result shows how well the handicaps were arranged and how difficult the task, as both birds and distance were necessary to give each a showing. Some of them have never shot at the trap before, and some not for many years, until a few weeks ago. Mr. Lemcke and Capt. Guderger were guests. Scores inclosed herewith. Tie to be shot off on 10th:

	Yards.	Added.	Broke.	Total.
R W Bingham	20	0	37	37
J D Carrier	20	0	45	45
H F Adickes, Jr.	18	2	39	41
T C Cox	18	2	39	41
N S Lusk	18	2	43	45
G H Lambert	18	2	39	41
C Sawyer	18	3	39	42
H H Briggs	17	5	33	38
H T Brown	17	5	29	34
J E Rumbough	17	5	35	40
H M Gee	17	5	34	39
R Rutledge	16	6	27	33
R S Roach	16	7	31	38
C W Reynolds	16	6	27	33
F W Atkinson	16	0	43	43
S W Battle	14	8	27	35
F W W Graham	14	12	18	30
J A Burkell	14	12	18	30
H B King	14	15	11	26
C S Jordan	14	12	18	30
J H McKay	18	0	39	42
H B Lemcke	18	0	30	30
Capt Guderger	16	0	29	29

Aug. 11.—Inclosed scores made in the second handicap for the Bingham cup, which was landed without a fight by Dr. S. W. Battle, 14yds., 10 birds added.

The tie for the cup, Aug. 6, was won by J. D. Carrier, with 24 out of 25 from the 20yd. mark. The general shooting was better, although a puffy wind from behind caused the targets to duck completely out of the load very frequently, and before the finish it rained, so that for an hour we had nothing to do but bear the tales that were told, and "drown our sorrows."

Bingham cup scores, distance handicap, allowance, scores and totals follow:

	Yards.	Added.	25	25	Total.
R W Bingham	20	0	14	24	38
J D Carrier	21	0	15	27	42
H J Adickes	18	2	17	20	39
V S Lusk	18	0	15	18	33
E B Atkinson	18	0	11	20	31
G H Lambert	18	2	16	18	36
C Sawyer	18	3	16	25	44
H H Briggs	17	6	15	18	39
J E Rumbough	17	6	12	18	36
H T Brown	17	6	10	19	35
T P Cheesbrough	16	0	14	17	31
R S Roach	16	8	11	20	39
W N Brown	16	8	10	15	33
J H McKay	17	8	17	24	44

F Rutledge	16	8	12	19	39
S W Battle	14	10	16	23	49
C S Jordan	14	15	9	4	28
J A Burkell	14	15	2	7	24

Tic for cup shoot of Aug. 6, 25 birds:

Lusk, 18, 1. 1111011000010010111110-15

Carrier, 20, 0. 11111111111101111111-24

Aug. 13.—Event No. 3 was for the cup, 50 targets, distance and allowance handicap:

	Yards.	Added.	25	25	Total.
Carrier	21	0	15	26	41
Addicks	18	3	10	22	35
Lusk	18	2	17	18	37
Sawyer	18	2	17	23	42
Coxe	18	2	18	26	46
Lambert	18	2	16	23	41
Gee	17	6	13	23	42
Rumbo	17	6	13	18	37
Briggs	17	6	17	20	43
Cheesboro	16	6	6	13	25
Roach	16	8	15	20	43
F Rutledge	16	8	16	16	40
Battle	16	5	14	12	31
H T Brown	16	6	18	16	40
McKay	16	3	16	23	42
Jordan	14	15	7	11	33
Graham	14	15	9	12	36

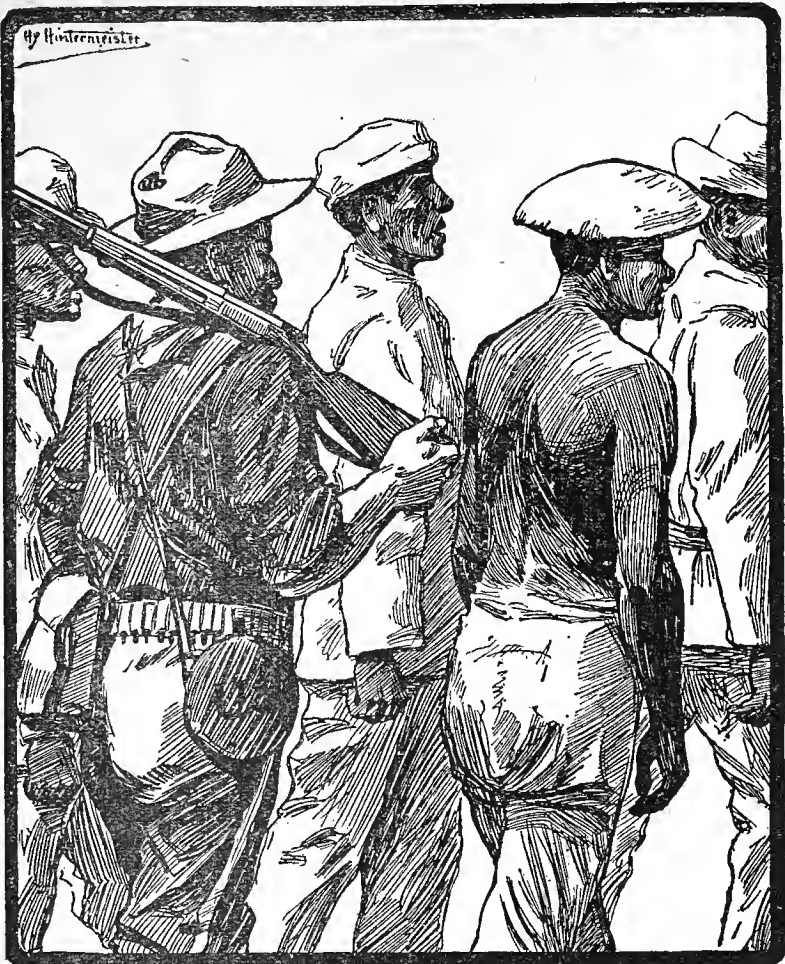
J. D. CARRIER, Sec'y.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Fairview Gun Club.

New York.—Appended find scores of the Fairview Gun Club shoot, Aug. 6. Messrs. Pickard, from Lynchburg, Va., and Chas. Banta were the visitors present. This club shoots every Saturday and enjoys a large attendance. The rise for all targets was 19yds., and each event was at 25 targets:

Saucer	18 17 20 14 18 20	Chas Sedore	15 22 10 18
Con Sedore	16 22 19 19 13 21	H V L	21 19 19 19
Thourot	16 8 13 8 12	Everett	15 14 12
Banta	20 21 16 15 20 24	Bagley	5
Brinkerhoff	18 13	McLeese	14
Dods	14 10 15 21	Collins	17 17 19
Brehm	12 14 14	Sauer	15 18
H Pape	16 16 16 18 14	Con Sedore	13 18
Pickard	15 15 17 21 13		



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Sixth Indian Tournament.

WEST BADEN SPRINGS, Ind., Aug. 12.—As the sun went down behind the lovely hills that surround the valley in which the great health resort is situated, so passed into history the annual "pow-wow" and tournament of the Indian tribe of the scatter gun. During the past four days, under cloudless skies, the "braves" have fought the good fight, while the squaws and papooses have looked on, each hoping that their own might achieve some mighty deed that would endear them still more to their hearts. In so far as the supremacy was concerned, while each one at times bid fair to go to the front as a "bluerock" destroyer, all fell by the wayside save that long-to-be remembered one, who in the end distanced them all, viz., Chief Kinnekenick. The second raters were bunched, save the "Much-talked" Chief, the wizard of Okoboji, who kept slightly in the lead until near the close, when another chief waylaid him and camped on his trail.

The coming together at this lovely spot was brought about through some arrangements between the Chiefs Much Talk, Long Talk and Bald Eagle, whereby the enterprising manager of the West Baden Hotel Co., Col. Lee St. Clair, offered inducements which caused his grounds to be selected for the 1904 meet.

Here were gathered for a week over fifty of the best amateur and professional shots of the country; and a lovely time they had. The hotel accommodations are the very best, and besides the healthful water, the opportunities for rest and enjoying a vacation could not be improved upon. The squaws and papooses here assembled could not have been better entertained at any other spot in this world of ours.

The whole week was one round of pleasure. The visiting ladies, not squaws, were well cared for by those of the squaws who were present. All the time, and especially the evenings, were one round of dances, card games and a season of enjoyment, socially, which will for all time remain the one bright lovely remembrance.

Those present were: Squaws—Mesdames Heikes, Head, Marshall, Eugene Mallory, J. F. Mallory, S. Mallory, Tripp, Riehl, Burmister, Voris and Johnstone. The papooses were Master Roy Mallory, Mamie Voris, Miss Maud Marshall, Ethel Mallory, Miss Ethel Rike. The visiting shooters' wives were: Mrs. G. T. Durham, Mrs. H. J. Anderson, Mrs. Joe Barton, Mrs. J. Craig, Mrs. Albert Tripp, Mrs. C. Manzy and Mrs. St. Clair Parry.

The invitation to this sixth annual tournament was "cheery" and inviting. It read thus: "The Indians hereby extend to all sportsmen a most cordial invitation to be present with wives and children. The squaws and papooses of the Indians will be there in a body in charge of the tepees, and will furnish entertainment to wives and children of visiting sportsmen."

What more could a shooter want? Excursion rates on all roads, finest hotel accommodations, together with all manner of entertainment that fancy could conjecture, not a minute of idle time. To the shooter the chance to play even was found in the further announcement that \$1,000 in cash and trophies would be added. This, then, was not to be a cold-blooded affair; not a shoot for cold cash; but more than that, a sociable gathering, where friend meets friend, all trying for personal pleasure, all on an equality; no professional, no amateur—all shooting from 16yds.; nobody barred.

Not a kick was registered; no occasion for same. Some needed some one to kick them now and then for poor scores made. Of course, the shells were all right, so were the guns. There was plenty of sulphur in the air at times, and it almost caught fire. Like when Gilbert lost four out of five right angles, Chief Long Talk lost a few slight angles also, but he dare not say a word—before the ladies.

Mr. Paul North was present with his son Kent and his brother Charles. They took charge of the two traps, and for the whole time attended faithfully and impartially to the refereeing and scoring. It was said that some of Paul's score cards looked very much like a Chinese puzzle when they went into the cashier's desk, yet when Fred Whitney paid off at night all were fully satisfied that the totals had been sent in correctly.

Interstate Association rules were used. Money divided per cent., viz., 40, 30, 20, 10 in 15-target events, and 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 in 20-target events.

For the three days there was a steady grind of two 15 and a 20-target event, until 200 shots had been fired; then at the close of the third day the Mallory brothers' cup was up for disposal. This was to be shot for annually at 50 targets, with distance handicap, open to all participants in the annual tournament.

There were forty-eight entries, including the three Mallory brothers, who entered, but did not shoot. No extreme distances were given, only Crosby, and Gilbert, getting the 20yd., while eleven were on the 19 peg line. No 2 trap was used, which was the faster of the two. The first round of 25 developed some surprises, as only Heer and Parker went straight, and Money, Willard and Barto got 24. Some of the best shots made low scores.

Starting the second strong, there was much interest displayed, and Heer and Parker were the ones most closely matched, while Money was not to be overlooked. The sun was getting low, and the shadows cast by the western hills were not conducive to a uniform light. Yet some shot better, while the leaders fell away. Crosby, Gilbert and Klein improved, while Money fell off, for the first squad. Gilbert got 24 and tied with Money on 46; Klein on 47, but a single miss and made 47. Then it was a race on with but a single miss and beat it. Don't forget that these good ones all had shot for three days at 16yds. The second squad did not get on to the money. Yet Riehl developed a winning gait and broke 24 straight, losing his last target—same as the lot which befel Money in the first string. The third squad had the winner, and a second man. Though Willard, the Chicago giant, was on the back 19yd. mark, he duplicated his first score of 24, and as Heer lost 3, as did Parker when his turn came, he was returned the winner of the cup and first money. Heer had three escape him, though he was surely centering each one. Ed O'Brien and Rhodes improved, and with a 24 each, got into third money. Parker came on with the evening shades increasing, and though he smashed them hard right and left, a center, a left and a right angle were scored with a mark like unto a doughnut center, and he just missed a tie by one. There would undoubtedly have been a tie or a win in better light, as two of his last targets seemed hard lit.

As the shoot had run so late, the 16yd. men shot from the No. 1 trap, and several showed improvement, as Ballard with 25 reached the second money with 47, and Cook, Taylor and McKay

made straight scores, and Gambell, Voris, Kinney and John Burmister accounted for 24 each.

After the evening feast had been discussed, the annual dance and business meeting of the tribe took place. Several of the braves were fitted out with red Indian costumes, feathers and all the toggery, and they proceeded to give an Indian dance in the great rotunda of the hotel. Their yell and beating of the gong was the signal for all about the house to assemble and witness the dance, which was very interesting, as it was imitative. At the conclusion the whole tribe followed the High Chief into a spacious room, where the proceedings were open only to good Indians.

The proceedings were reported by the scribe as follows: "The officers reports were accepted without amendment, and all former officers were re-elected, viz.: Tom Marshall, High Chief; W. B. Crosby, Vice Chief; Frank C. Riehl, Chief Scribe; C. W. Budd, Chief of Wampum. Five new members were chosen into the tribe, and a limit of sixty-five was established for next year, this providing for a minimum of seven vacancies to be filled at the next annual meeting. The newly elected Indians were Hugh Clark, Wabash, Ind.; Geo. Roll, Blue Island, Ill.; Lem Willard, South Chicago; J. D. L. Morrison, Minneapolis; Ed Brady, Newbern, Tenn. Some steps were taken with a view of looking to a broader scope of fraternal feeling, and work within the tribe and the proper committees were named to formulate plans. The thanks of the tribe were voted to the press, and West Baden Hotel Co., as well as the North family, for the many courtesies extended; to Mallory brothers and to Mrs. Johnstone for the splendid prizes that they donated, and to officers and committee for services rendered in successfully conducting the work."

The last day was a repetition of the first as to weather. There was some excitement as to how the averages would result, and it was almost a dead heat between Gilbert, Money and Heer for the second place. Money made a great run of 128 straight, and with a loss of but 6, made high score for the day, as the only "T. Bill" lost 7. Heer, being somewhat handicapped with a sore finger and his gun not fitting him, lost 11, the same number he missed on the first two days. Gilbert went him one better, and thus did the champions finish. Ed O'Brien and George Roll did a little stunt of 95 per cent.

When the smoke of the great battle had cleared away, as 10,000 bluerocks had "bit the dust" each day, the roll was made out and the cup shooting started. Whether by chance or by selection, I did not note, at the time, but when Crosby, Gilbert, Riehl and Hirschy got on the team, there was "something doing." They started out to give an exhibition, and they did. On the 24th round, Hirschy alone missed one little saucer, and the score board registered 124 out of 125. Passing to the next, there was a determination to repeat if possible. The pressure was intense, and only Gilbert and Crosby stood the test, while Hirschy made 49, Powers 49, Riehl 48, and missed his last to do that.

Then came the shoot-off between Crosby and Gilbert; and all eyes were on them. The first 25 all were shattered; then another round was tried, and here Gilbert fell down, and Crosby went straight. A grand score of 100 for Crosby and 99 for Gilbert.

In the 80 per cent. class Wm. Clayton made 49 and won out.

In the 70 per cent. class Thorpe, of Nebraska, made 43 and won. The Indians present, with their titles, were: Fred Gilbert, Chief Long Talk; C. W. Budd, Chief Dago; Fred Gilbert, Chief Heap Talk; C. M. Powers, Chief Wipe Stick; R. O. Heikes, Chief Bald Eagle; Harvey McMurchy, Chief High Ball; E. H. Tripp, Chief Ride in Wagon; W. R. Crosby, Chief Kinnekenick; F. C. Riehl, Chief Piazza; Guy Burnside, Chief Spoon River; S. S. Johnson, Chief All Aboard; H. C. Hirschy, Chief Little Hatchet; Ed Voris, Chief Ben Hur; A. R. S. Rhodes, Chief Pipe Stone; Chris Gottlieb, Chief Slob; J. L. Head, Chief High Temper; C. A. Young, Chief Sparrow; Frank Harrison, Chief Battle Ax; Harold Money, Chief Wampum; Russell Klein, Chief Toboggan; W. H. Heer, Chief Drinkwater; F. C. Whitney, Chief Quick Figure; John Burmister, Chief Back to the Woods; E. D. Rike, Chief Sleepy Eye; E. B. Coe, Chief Decoy; F. E. Mallory, Chief Tell 'em How; S. T. Mallory, Chief Life Saver; J. F. Mallory, Chief Hole Digger; C. B. Adams, Chief Three Scalps. Scores:

Aug. 9, First Day.													Broke.
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	
Johnstone	14	14	15	13	15	17	12	13	17	13	12	17	172
Mrs. Johnston	11	12	13	10	12	14	12	13	14	10	10	13	144
Head	12	14	18	13	13	17	13	10	19	13	13	14	169
McKay	14	13	18	15	11	15	14	13	18	15	14	18	178
Tripp	14	13	19	15	15	17	14	12	17	9	12	12	169
F E Mallory	12	11	15	14	14	19	15	10	16	14	12	18	170
S F Mallory	9	12	16	15	10	14	10	13	17	12	8	10	146
J F Mallory	14	15	18	14	15	16	11	14	18	10	14	17	176
John Burmister	13	12	17	13	14	18	13	12	9	12	9	18	160
Ed Voris	11	14	18	14	15	18	15	11	17	13	12	17	175
T A Marshall	14	14	16	11	15	19	14	12	17	13	13	19	177
C Young	14	14	18	15	13	17	14	14	15	12	14	18	178
Chris Gottlieb	11	12	18	14	12	19	13	13	18	9	14	15	168
Ed O'Brien	11	14	17	12	13	18	13	12	13	12	17	17	170
Clayton	15	12	17	12	14	18	15	13	17	11	14	17	175
Crosby	15	14	19	14	15	19	15	14	20	14	13	20	193
Anderson	13	13	19	15	11	16	12	13	15	14	15	17	173
Joe Barto	12	13	17	11	13	19	11	12	19	10	13	19	170
Kinney	9	14	15	13	12	17	14	12	15	12	15	17	163
Taylor	14	14	17	11	14	19	14	12	15	10	12	17	177
Budd	14	12	20	15	12	15	13	15	15	14	17	17	179
Heikes	15	15	16	13	12	20	16	14	18	15	11	19	186
Gilbert	15	15	19	15	14	19	14	14	19	13	14	20	192
Klein	15	12	19	15	12	18	15	15	19	14	15	19	188
Hirschy	13	12	20	14	15	17	13	12	18	13	12	20	179
Money	13	14	19	14	14	19	13	14	19	14	14	19	185
Gambell	12	11	18	12	15	18	14	13	15	14	13	20	175
G Burnside	12	12	18	13	13	16	14	13	20	15	12	18	176
Powers	14	12	18	14	15	16	14	14	19	14	15	19	184
Nichols	15	14	17	11	9	15	13	14	16	11	12	17	164
Riehl	14	14	18	14	15	19	11	15	18	13	14	19	184
Heer	14	15	20	14	14	15	13	15	20	15	15	19	189
Brady	15	13	19	14	12	18	14	12	19	14	14	16	180
Coe	13	13	15	14	13	17	14	14	16	13	12	16	170
Chrisman	14	14	17	13	10	17	9	18	11	15	13	16	160
Adams	11	12	18	11	14	16	14	13	18	13	13	14	167
Parker	13	13	19	13	14	18	14	14	18	13	13	20	180
Ford	13	14	18	13	14	18	13	11	18	13	16	18	179

Roll	15	15	20	15	13	18	14	14	17	15	13	19	188
Willard	12	13	18	13	12	18	15	13	19	10	15	20	178
Bat Ax	11	11	12	14	10	11	10	9	14	8	7	16	133
Boa	14	15	17	14	14	16	14	14	19	12	14	19	182
Thcrpe	10	8	11	13	13	18	12	12	16	13	11	16	153
Trimble	12	13	18	12	14	19	15	15	17	12	11	14	172
L Ballard	13	10	19	15	14	18	13	10	19	15	14	19	179
Ed Rike	14	11	17	15	10	17	14	13	16	12	15	18	173
C D Ballard	12	14	17	15	12	19	11	10	18	12	11	18	169
McMurchy	10	14	18	15	14	17	15	12	19	14	13	19	180
Leggett	10	10	12	13	12	19	8	11	14	9	15	17	77
Moore	12	11	15	14	13	17	12	11	15	14	13	17	82

Aug. 10, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	Broke.
Johnstone	12	12	16	10	13	14	13	13	16	15	14	16	164
Mrs Johnstone	12	11	15	12	13	14	13	9	10	12	12	14	147
Head	15	12	18	13	15	18	13	13	19	13	14	18	181
McKay	13	14	19	15	14	17	14	14	18	13	15	17	183
Tripp	11	14	16	8	14	14	14	13	15	12	14	17	161
F E Mallory	13	13	17	13	12	17	10	12	19	14	14	17	171
S T Mallory	11	11	16	11	10	18	11	11	17	10	12	16	154
J T Mallory	13	15	20	15	13	18	13	15	15	13	13	18	181
J. Burmister	10	14	11	14	10	8	8	7	11	14	9	15	131
Ed Voris	11	13	16	13	14	16	13	9	12	12	15	17	161
T Marshall	15	15	19	15	12	20	15	11	16	12	14	17	181
Young	15	13	19	15	14	20	13	13	18	14	13	19	186
Gottlieb	11	10	14	13	12	18	14	13	17	12	12	16	162
Ed O'Brien	14	13	18	12	11	18	12	14	18	15	11	15	171
Clay	12	15	15	12	14	19	14	13	20	13	15	17	179
Crosby	15	14	20	15	15	19	15	15	20	15	15	20	198
Anderson	12	14	18	13	13	18	12	11	14	13	9	16	163
Barto	12	15	19	13	13	18	14	12	19	15	13	18	181
Kinney	15	12	17	9	13	14	12	10	17	14	13	17	163
Taylor	14	13	17	13	13	17	13	15	19	12	15	18	179
Budd	13	12	19	15	12	18	15	12	16	13	14	19	178
Heikes	13	15	16	14	14	17	12	13	20	15	14	17	180
Gilbert	13	15	19	14	14	17	12	15	19	15	14	19	191
Klein	12	14	20	14	13	20	13	15	19	14	15	18	187
H'srchy	14	15	20	15	12	17	15	14	19	14	13	19	187
Money	15	14	19	15	13	20	14	14	19	14	15	18	190
Gambell	11	12	18	14	14	17	12	12	17	15	14	13	169
Burnside	15	12	18	15	15	19	15	13	16	15	12	19	184
Powers	14	14	20	14	14	19	14	13	17	12	14	16	181
Gross	10	8	15	11	13	17	12	12	16	9	8	13	144
Riehl	14	15	19	14	14	20	12	13	20	15	15	18	189
Heer	14	15	18	14	14	19	14	15	19	13	15	19	189
Brady	14	14	19	14	13	17	15	14	19	12	15	18	184
Coe	13	13	17	12	12	16	13	9	18	12	12	16	161
Crisman	12	12	17	15	12	13	13	11	20	14	14	17	170
Adams	8	13	19	14	13	20	14	14	17	13	11	15	171
Parker	14	15	20	14	15	19	14	13	17	13	13	14	181
Ford	15	14	15	13	12	18	15	13	19	15	15	18	182
Roll	13	12	18	14	14	18	15	14	17	11	14	20	180
Willard	15	15	20	15	13	18	15	15	18	15	13	18	190
Rike	14	14	17	13	13	19	11	14	15	10	14	13	167
McMurphy	15	12	17	15	12	17	14	14	19	10	13	19	181
Timble	15	15	20	14	14	19	11	14	19	15	14	15	185
L. Ballard	14	13	17	14	13	17	13	12	18	13	14	18	176
S Rhodes	13	14	18	14	11	19	15	15	18	15	15	19	184
Clark	15	15	15	15	15	19	11	15	19	14	14	18	185
Thorpe	12	13	17	11	13	10	11	13	16	13	15	15	159
Morrison	15	15	20	14	15	17	14	13	16	11	11	15	176
Norton	13	9	17	12	12	15	13	11	15	12	11	13	153
G D Ballard	15	15	19	14	13	15							...
Nichols	13	11	16										...
S Beep	12	12	17	15	14	19							...
Apple	14	14	17	11	11	14							...

Rike	12	12	17	15	13	17	14	13	15	13	15	17	173
Verbar	10	15	13	15	10	11	15	10	10	10	10	10	172
Trimble	14	13	18	13	14	19	13	10	13	15	10	19	187
Boa	13	12	18	13	14	19	14	15	19	15	15	20	182
Ballard	14	13	17	13	14	19	13	13	18	15	14	19	182
Rhodes	14	14	18	13	13	19	13	15	19	14	15	15	176
Clark	11	8	18	11	14	16	12	10	13	12	12	12	149
Thorpe	13	15	20	13	14	17	12	12	17	14	11	18	178
Morrison	14	11	18	13	14	18	12	14	19	13	15	17	162
Norton	11	13	18	13	13	18	10	10	13	12	15	15	152

Mallory cup, 50 targets, distance handicap: Crosby (20yds.) 44, Gilbert (20) 46, Klein (19) 47, Hirschy (19) 41, Money (19) 46, Riehl (19) 43, Heikes (19) 42, Morrison (19) 39, Budd (18) 42, Marshall (18) 43, Powers (19) 43, Willard (19) 43, Boa (19) 45, *Young (19) 18, Heer (19) 47, Barto (18) 45, Burnside (18) 39, O'Brien (18) 46, Brady (18) 43, Adams (18) 37, Clayton (18) 41, Koll (18) 44, Parker (18) 47, Clark (18) 41, Cook (18) 44, Taylor (17) 44, Head (17) 44, Crisman (17) 39, McKay (17) 44, Gambell (17) 43, Ed Voris (16) 44, Anderson (16) 42, Rike (16) 36, Kinney (16) 45, Burmister (16) 44, Tripp (16) 35, Gottlieb (16) 36, Ballard (16) 47, Coe (16) 34, Johnstone (16) 39, Mrs. Johnstone (16) 39, Norton (16) 29, Craig (16) 38, Verbar (16) 38.

*Young shot at 25 targets only.
Lem Willard won cup; Klein, Heer, Parker and Ballard second; Gilbert, Money, O'Brien, Rhodes, third; Boa, Barto and Kinney fourth.

Aug. 12, Fourth Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	Broke.
Johnstone	12	12	13	9	12	15	14	17	11	11	12	12	154
Mrs. Johnstone	13	8	14	9	10	18	13	8	17	11	13	14	147
Head	13	13	16	14	15	19	15	15	17	13	13	18	179
McKay	13	13	18	11	13	17	12	13	14	12	10	18	167
Tripp	12	9	10	14	12	18	13	13	17	14	13	19	163
F. E. Mallory	14	11	18	12	10	16	10	10	20	13	12	14	160
S. T. Mallory	14	10	15	12	13	15	11	6	17	10	8	15	146
J. F. Mallory	11	13	17	12	14	14	14	17	14	14	17	17	171
J. Burmister	11	8	9	9	10	12	13	10	17	13	11	15	138
Voris	14	14	19	15	14	20	12	17	15	11	16	17	179
Marshall	12	15	16	13	13	19	14	15	19	15	12	18	181
Young	14	14	17	12	14	17	15	12	19	14	14	16	178
Trimble	12	10	20	12	15	18	15	14	14	13	15	17	180
Ed O'Brien	15	15	19	14	15	20	14	12	14	14	14	19	190
Clayton	14	12	19	11	14	20	15	14	18	13	14	19	182
Cicby	15	15	19	13	13	19	15	15	15	15	19	19	193
Anderson	13	12	19	15	14	14	12	10	15	14	15	20	182
Barto	12	14	20	11	15	15	14	14	18	14	15	18	180
Kinney	14	7	17	13	13	16	13	11	19	9	13	15	160
Taylor	15	14	19	14	13	17	13	13	18	12	14	19	181
Budd	13	14	17	12	14	16	12	12	18	12	11	16	167
Heikes	14	12	19	13	14	19	15	12	17	12	13	17	177
Gilbert	15	15	19	14	14	19	15	13	19	15	13	19	190
Klein	13	15	18	11	15	17	15	11	20	14	14	20	183
Hirschy	15	14	18	14	14	16	15	13	19	12	13	18	181
Money	14	13	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	14	14	19	194
Craig	10	14	17	11	9	17	10	12	18	9	10	14	151
Burnside	13	12	18	12	14	16	15	14	18	12	12	19	176
Powers	15	15	18	11	15	19	14	15	20	14	12	15	183
Riehl	15	15	17	12	14	17	15	15	20	14	14	20	188
Heer	15	13	19	15	15	19	15	14	19	14	14	17	189
Brady	14	15	19	14	15	20	15	14	19	14	10	15	184
Coe	13	11	16	12	13	17	11	13	16	15	13	18	168
Crisman	11	12	15	13	12	18	13	11	16	14	14	16	165
Adams	13	12	16	14	14	16	12	13	19	12	11	18	170
Parker	15	15	20	13	14	17	12	13	20	14	14	20	187
Ford	14	14	19	14	13	19	15	12	18	14	13	19	185
Roll	15	13	19	14	14	20	14	15	17	15	15	19	190
Willard	14	14	19	14	14	17	13	15	18	12	14	19	183
Rike	10	15	18	9	15	17	15	13	15	12	11	17	167
Verbar	9	12	17	12	13	17	12	13	15	13	15	13	161
Apple	12	14	17	13	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
Boa	13	14	18	15	15	19	14	15	18	14	14	17	186
Ballard	13	13	19	14	15	17	14	13	19	12	14	20	184
Rhodes	14	13	17	15	15	19	13	13	19	13	14	14	181
Clark	14	13	17	10	13	17	14	15	20	11	13	17	174
Thorpe	12	10	18	10	14	14	12	8	15	15	11	13	152

General averages:	1st Day.	2d Day.	3d Day.	4th Day.	Total.
Crosby	193	188	194	193	778
Gilbert	192	191	188	190	761
Money	185	190	192	194	761
Heer	189	189	191	189	758
Riehl	184	189	183	188	744
Klein	188	187	187	183	745
Boa	182	190	187	186	745
Roll	188	180	182	190	740
Hirschy	179	187	192	181	739
Powers	184	181	187	183	735
Ford	179	182	187	185	733
Willard	178	190	179	183	730
Brady	180	184	184	184	732
H. Roll	188	180	182	180	730
Parker	180	181	182	187	730
Young	178	186	184	178	726
Heikes	186	180	182	177	725
Ballard	179	176	182	184	721
Clayton	175	179	183	182	719

Shoot-off of tie for 90 per cent. cup, at 50 targets: Rhodes 47, Clark 31, Powers 49, Hirschy 48, Riehl 49, Gilbert 50, Heikes 46, Brady 49, Crosby 50, Heer 46, Young 49, Klein 42, Boa 46, Ballard 45, Parker 49, Roll 48, Willard 49.

Eighty per cent. class: Head 47, Marshall 46, O'Brien 47, Clayton 49, Taylor 48, Budd 48, Voris 42, Coe 42, Barto 42, Johnstone 46, Crisman 44, F. E. Mallory 42, J. F. Mallory 48, Tripp 47, Rike 48, Adams 41, McKay 46, Verbar 42, Kinney 42, Apple 39.

Seventy per cent. class: Mrs. Johnstone 33, S. T. Mallory 28, John Burmister 42, Thorpe 43.

St. Paul Rod and Gun Club.

ST. PAUL, Minn.—The regular club shoot, held Aug. 6, had good weather conditions. The scores follow: Arthur shot at 100, broke 87; Allgauer 100, 83; Schulstad 115, 90; Breen 85, 62; Mac 85, 56; Low 85, 75; Beals 65, 40; Bentz 55, 50; Lindgren 90, 59; Betz 100, 78; Pleiss 80, 67; Trux 100, 85; Bazille 100, 73; Robertson 70, 36; Bakeman 55, 50; Shilbach 70, 24; Fish 85, 58; Ferguson 180, 103; George 40, 34; Henton 45, 17.

On Aug. 7, the scores were as follows: Perry, 100, 82; Bush 100, 78; Bakeman 95, 89; Jackson 75, 48; Smith 50, 34; Daly 25, 18; Loucks 50, 31; Novotny 75, 60; Huber 50, 40; Kohn 65, 52; Dries 80, 60; Hedlund 20, 15.

Bakeman won the Holmes trophy, breaking 25 straight, in shoot-off with Bush and Novotny.

English Proof Tests.

UNDER the system which prevails in the English Proof Houses there are, generally speaking, two proof tests and proof marks, namely: the provisional proof for barrels, "liable in any subsequent stage of manufacture to be reduced in strength," and the definitive proof for barrels not liable to such reduction. The gun trade consists of three interdependent parts; gun barrel makers comprising (1) the manufacturers of gun barrels from the raw materials into the "tube" state, which are provisionally proved and sold to the other two sections of the trade; (2) breechloading action makers, whose work consists of fitting the breech and lock mechanism to the barrels and preparing the gun for stocking and completion, including preparation for definitive proof; the joining of the barrels and various other processes may be included in the work of either of these sections as may be required by circumstances; (3) gun makers who undertake the manufacture of the whole gun from the raw materials, provisionally proved or breechloading action supplied to them, generally in the definitively proved state.

The English proof marks came to be regarded as official indications of British origin; but unfortunately it is the practice of the English proof houses to proof mark imported barrels, actions, and firearms in precisely the same manner as those of British make, and importers and foreign manufacturers took advantage of these facts to make use of English proof houses for proving foreign barrels and foreign revolvers; and this has now developed to such an extent that Continental manufacturers send barrels to this country for provisional proof, the barrels being returned to them to have the breech actions fitted, and after that has been done, they are sent here for definitive proof, and again returned to be made up into complete arms to be exported to the United Kingdom, the Colonies or elsewhere to dealers, who are able by means of the English proof marks to sell them as, and in competition with, British made arms. The gun trade say that the guardians of the proof houses are empowered to alter the system under the approval of the Secretary of State for War, but "there has grown into the management an element more or less interested in importing rather than manufacturing, and this element is now in a majority on the board." The objects of the barrel makers and operatives is not to interfere with the sale of foreign barrels and firearms, but to prevent English proof marks from being exploited by importers and foreign manufacturers for the purpose of obtaining our trade; and they respectfully appeal to the members of both Houses of Parliament generally, and to the Board of Trade in particular, to support them. Two and a half years have elapsed since the attention of the Board of Trade was directed to this subject, and during that time the board has been requested upon many occasions to take the necessary steps to provide a remedy.—Shooting Times.

Audubon Gun Club.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—A semi-monthly shoot for August, held by the Audubon Gun Club, on Aug. 6, resulted in a tie for the badge between C. S. Burkhardt and Henry Burgwardt for Class A. In the shoot-off, C. S. Burkhardt won with 22.

Class B was won by C. T. Bargar with 24. Class C was won by Manson Fiske with 21. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	25	10	15	10	15	10
Dr. W. C. Woolton	7	10	19	7	9	7	13	9
C. S. Burkhardt	7	13	17	7	14	5	11	11
C. S. Burkhardt	9	11	22	7	14	5	11	11
Dr. McLeod	7	11	20	5	11	6	12	6
Barker Tolson	6	8	20	10	10	10	10	10
Manson Fiske	9	12	21	10	10	10	10	10
Hart	10	11	23	10	10	10	10	10
Woolton	7	11	23	10	10	10	10	10
Plumb	4	5	10	10	10	10	10	10
J. J. Reid	4	11	18	10	10	10	10	10
Dietzer	9	10	18	10	10	10	10	10
Seymour	10	12	22	7	12	10	10	10
C. J. Haight	7	11	24	10	10	10	10	10
Bargar	11	24	10	10	10	10	10	10
Fiske	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Sidway	11	20	10	10	10	10	10	10
M. J. Bernhardt	11	11	3	8	10	10	10	10
Chas. Oehmig	11	18	8	9	11	11	11	11
Haight	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Eaton	19	19	19	19	19	19	19	19
Dr. Burke	14	7	8	10	10	10	10	10
Burgwardt	23	14	14	10	10	10	10	10
Suckow	7	7	8	3	12	9	12	9
James	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	16

Chicago Trapshooters' Association.

CHICAGO, Aug. 7.—The Chicago Trapshooters' Association tournament, held at Watson's Park, Burnside, Aug. 7, was lightly attended. The shoot began at 1 P. M., and was short. Eight events of 15 targets each, was the programme.

Owing to some of the surrounding clubs having special events on, the attendance was smaller than any similar event held at these grounds this year, and some of the regulars having gone to attend the Indian shoot, the crowd was no larger than could be expected.

The wind blew almost a gale all afternoon, first blowing from the west and then shifting to the northeast, it made conditions as difficult as possible to make good scores.

First average was won by Winesberg, Shogren getting second average, and A. E. Rupel third. Rupel, not having shot for some time, was not in his old-time form.

Another shoot like this will be held again in a few weeks, as a short programme seems to be popular with many of the shooters.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	at.
Shogren	14	14	11	9	13	13	12	13	120
Eck	10	11	9	11	14	10	13	9	120
Rupel	12	12	12	12	12	11	13	13	120</

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THE WONDERFUL ORLOFF HANS.

THE silly season, by more or less common or uncommon consent, is loosely conceded to have its proper time and place in the uneasy days of midsummer. Then is the fortuitous juncture of insectivorous nights, sweltering temperatures, and perfervid thirst, which seem to vivify and bewray the harmless mental idiosyncrasies of a large part of mankind. Then is the season when the marvelous and the sensational are cherished. Then the peripatetic canards, the fatherless marvels of fakeland, the fancies opposed to facts, effects without causes, have their rampant innings. In the silly season, marvels exist without antecedents. The mind then of that standard of measurement, "the average person," seems to become more buoyant, more expansive, more receptive, more credulous, so that after all the silly season may denote a change of supply and demand in new channels.

The silly season may be considered as well begun with the advent of the sea serpent from the vague and shadowy places of the submarine depths; and following close, with the quickened step and jostling of a circus procession, follows the silly season parade in endless and brilliant variety.

The present silly season may be said to eclipse its predecessors. It has been better sustained, and the climaxes are strong in force and pertinency. The most recent contributions bear the hallmark of originality and facial imperturbability. Our staid and steady contemporary, the Brooklyn Eagle, in its issue of August 22, gravely recounts that the editor of the Cazenovia Republican states that there is a canine suburban resident of his town—meaning thereby a dog fancier—who owns a beautiful and intelligent dog. In some inexplicable way the owner sallied forth without the dog. When the dog missed him, he hastily scurried from place to place in the town, which, according to his best judgment, his master was likely to frequent on a hot day. The story naïvely continues thus: "In the meantime, the gentleman had reached home, and, missing the dog, telephoned back to the house where the dog was patiently awaiting him. On being informed that the dog was there, he requested that the receiver be placed to the dog's ear." The owner thereupon whistled, and the dog forthwith hurried to his home in the suburbs in response to his master's whistle.

But as an exhibition of canine intelligence, this is completely eclipsed by the equine intelligence exhibited by Hans, a German horse of Berlin, whose marvelous intellect has won him many scare heads in the daily press. Hans, as to proper designation, is an Orloff stallion. He is alleged (by cablegram specials) to be "the cause of amazement among scientific men and psychologists." The distinction between a scientific man and a psychologist is not quite clear, but presumably the distinction is a nice one. Hans, the Orloff stallion, is credited with a knowledge of music and arithmetic, a knowledge of rhetoric, an ability to distinguish twelve colors, and "to restore harmony in musical discord." Among those who have surveyed the equine prodigy and tested his mentality, the accounts state there were Dr. Studt, the Prussian Minister of Education; Prof. Georg Schweinfurth, the famous African traveler; Prof. Karl Stumpf, of the Berlin University; Herr Schillings, the naturalist, and Ludwig Heck, Director of the Berlin Zoological Garden. The stupefied Studt, by the way, says Herr von Osten would have been burned as a wizard in the earlier ages of the world. This is what Hans does:

"The horse communicates by a system of hoof-beats, representing the alphabet. Besides adding, subtracting, multiplying, and dividing sums, he does examples involving several of these operations, finds square numbers, and not only simply repeats what is taught, but solves fresh problems put to him by examiners in the absence of his master, showing a grasp of the principles of arithmetic.

"The stallion also forms little sentences, remembers them next day, and discriminates twelve colors and shades, giving their corresponding names. Moreover, he distinguishes musical tones, indicating where they are situated on the chromatic scale, and picks out discords, designating which tone to omit in order to restore harmony.

"When the exercises are prolonged, the horse becomes nervous and inattentive, and mistakes become more frequent."

It is not to be inferred that when a horse, which is not

an Orloff stallion, paws the earth, he is performing stunts in the higher calculus. And yet what Orloff Hans has done, is doing, or may do, is no more than what many horses and dogs have done in like manner; that is to say, in obedience to the commands of their masters. They perform certain acts in response to certain commands without any conception of a significance beyond the simple act itself.

But all these fakes are essential to the silly season's success.

GETTING IT ALL.

IN the homely colloquialism of the day, one who receives full measure of good or ill is said to "get all that is coming to him." If some of us do not get our share of the good things, it may be that we do not take the simple steps which would insure their "coming to us." We overlook the enjoyment of our privileges near to hand because our eyes are set, perhaps enviously, on the good fortune of other people whose opportunities are greater. Many of us may not go to Canada for salmon or moose, nor to the Rockies for elk or bear; nor sail our big yachts. But there is yet abundant recreation of a quiet sort, perfectly practicable of our enjoyment if only we will make the most of it, and "get all that is coming to us." How one person does it is told in the paper on another page on "Camping Out." The reading of it ought to be an incitement to a whole navy of small river craft, a whole army of dwellers in tents on the banks of home rivers and the shores of near-by bays. The simple story of quiet vacations by "One of the Joneses" deserves to be put into tract form and distributed broadcast over the land, bearing its message of sane and profitable vacation making. Such outings, whether on the water, amid the hills, or just in the woods, are needed breaks in the routine of the year; and even though they may be devoid of exciting episodes, have their abiding influence on body, brain, and spirit.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND THE PARK.

THERE is much to be learned from the admirable article by President Roosevelt which we print this week. The paper is from "American Big Game in Its Haunts," the recently issued and fourth volume of the Book of the Boone and Crockett Club. The concluding part will follow in our next issue.

The President's account of what he saw in the Yellowstone Park in April, 1903, and in the other Wilderness Reserves visited a little later, is extremely interesting, and is told with that charming freshness that always characterizes his writings on outdoor topics; but there is more in it than merely the charm of a delightful story of outdoor life among the wild creatures. Many descriptions of the natural conditions and of the wild life existing in the Yellowstone National Park have been written before, but such an account written by the Chief Magistrate of the Nation will be more widely read and will carry far more weight than one by a less conspicuous personage. It is surely well that we should have the testimony of so eminent an observer as to the conditions in the Park. These conditions have been brought about by absolute protection of the wild life in the Park for the last ten years. This absolute protection followed the enactment of an efficient law for the government of the reservation, and the detailing of wise and efficient officers of the Army as superintendents of the Park. In the last analysis it is to Congress that we must look for game protection over much of the still sparsely populated West, and though Congress is often slow to act—as in the case of the Yellowstone National Park it did not act until the Park herd of buffalo had been exterminated by poachers—it did move at last, and Mr. Roosevelt tells us of the results of this action.

If the benefits of complete protection in the Yellowstone Park have been such as they are, similar absolute protection in other sections of the western mountains would be followed by similar results. If Congress should enact a law authorizing the establishment of game refuges in forest reserves, as we have so often urged, we might in a few years have a number of tracts of country where wild game would be as abundant and as tame as Mr. Roosevelt found it in the Yellowstone Park. Of one thing, however, we may be sure: that is that until Congress understands that there is some general demand for

the establishment of game refuges, it will be slow to act in the matter.

It is time that all persons interested in the preservation of the natural things of this country should take an active interest in this matter. In the preface of the volume from which this article is taken, it is well said: "The Park is an object lesson showing very clearly what complete game protection will do to perpetuate species, and Mr. Roosevelt's account of what may be seen there is so convincing that all who read it and appreciate the importance of preserving our large mammals, must become advocates of the forest reserve game refuge system."

CAMP-FIRE RULES.

THE camper should everywhere exercise the same extreme caution about camp-fires he would employ if he were building the fire in his own woods or his own fields. The more experienced the camper, the more careful he is. Only the foolish tyro makes light of caution here.

These rules, which we have printed before, are repeated as an injunction anew on a subject which should have repeated attention as the camping season rolls around. The observance of these rules will prevent disaster from camp-fires. They are extremely simple and easy of observance, though often disregarded.

Never build a fire where its flame can communicate to grass or bush or branches of trees.

Never build a fire where the sparks can be carried to brush or trees, or leaves or grass.

Never build a fire without first noting the lay of the land with respect to controlling it after it is kindled.

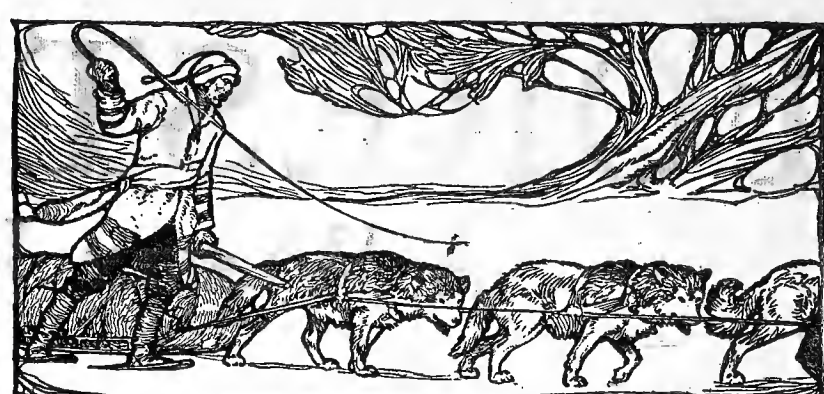
Never leave camp for the day with the fire to burn unattended. Extinguish it thoroughly.

Under no circumstances, when moving camp, leave the fire to burn or smoulder. Put it out.

To extinguish a fire built upon the ground where there is turf, the roots of trees or other vegetable matter in the soil, pour water upon it until the ground is thoroughly soaked; then dig around about and well outside the circumference, throwing the earth in toward the center, and then wet it down again.

SENATOR PATTERSON, of Colorado, has been to see the Southern Utes, to discuss the purchase by the Government of the Mesa Verde cliff-dwellers' ruins, which are on their reservation. He reports that the Indians refuse to negotiate. Having been cheated, swindled, buncoed, and robbed by his white brother for several centuries, the red man has at last become shy of land deals. The Utes absolutely refuse to treat with the Government for a surrender of the cliff dwellings. They give as a reason that the Government has not kept its word nor fulfilled its promises made at the time of the last treaties, and until these promises are made good the tribe will enter into no new negotiations for parting with any of their land. It is humiliating for a nation of light and leading to be talked to in this blunt way by a lot of savages, but the cold facts of history, remote and recent, show the wisdom of the Utes in their hesitation to enter into new treaties with a people which does not regard its obligations. For the sake of fair play; not less than that the interesting Mesa Verde ruins may come into our care and keeping as a national park, the Government should carry out the promises it has made to these Indians, and by fair and honest treating with them, create the confidence essential to their willingness to make the deal for the cliff ruins.

A MAN was scared by a snake, which another man killed. The snake was perfectly harmless, and could not have hurt the man; but because the man happened to be an artist at the Parker home, the circumstance became an event and was wired over the country. The snake was very likely a garter, but it went over the wires in special dispatches as a "big adder," from whose fangs the artist was saved only by the rare presence of mind and prompt action of the bystanders. The press dispatch always paints the adder in vivid colors as an alarming creature. This is because the average reporter gets his notion of the snake from his assiduous study of the Scriptures, wherein of wine it is said that it "at last stingeth like an adder," and of evil and violent men that "adder's poison is under their lips. If our contemporaries would study the Psalms and the Proverbs less and some simple natural history more, we should not so often read of the deadly adder.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Wilderness Reserves.*

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE practical common sense of the American people has been in no way made more evident during the last few years than by the creation and use of a series of large land reserves—situated for the most part on the great plains and among the mountains of the West—intended to keep the forests from destruction, and therefore to conserve the water supply. These reserves are created purely for economic purposes. The semi-arid regions can only support a reasonable population under conditions of the strictest economy and wisdom in the use of the water supply, and in addition to their other economic uses the forests are indispensably necessary for the preservation of the water supply and for rendering possible its useful distribution throughout the proper seasons. In addition, however, to the economic use of the wilderness by preserving it for such purposes where it is unsuited for agricultural uses, it is wise here and there to keep selected portions of it—of course only those portions unfit for settlement—in a state of nature, not merely for the sake of preserving the forests and the water, but for the sake of preserving all its beauties and wonders unspoiled by greedy and shortsighted vandalism. These beauties and wonders include animate as well as inanimate objects.

The wild creatures of the wilderness add to it by their presence a charm which it can acquire in no other way. On every ground it is well for our nation to preserve, not only for the sake of this generation, but above all for the sake of those who come after us, representatives of the stately and beautiful haunts of the wilds which were once found throughout our great forests, over the vast lonely plains, and on the high mountain ranges, but which are now on the point of vanishing save where they are protected in natural breeding grounds and nurseries. The work of preservation must be carried on in such a way as to make it evident that we are working in the interest of the people as a whole, not in the interest of any particular class; and that the people benefited beyond all others are those who dwell nearest to the regions in which the reserves are placed. The movement for the preservation by the nation of sections of the wilderness as national playgrounds is essentially a democratic movement in the interest of all our people.

On April 8, 1903, John Burroughs and I reached the Yellowstone Park, and were met by Major John Pitcher of the Regular Army, the Superintendent of the Park. The Major and I forthwith took horses; he telling me that he could show me a good deal of game while riding up to his house at the Mammoth Hot Springs. Hardly had we left the little town of Gardiner and gotten within the limits of the Park before we saw prong-buck. There was a band of at least a hundred feeding some distance from the road. We rode leisurely toward them. They were tame compared to their kindred in unprotected places; that is, it was easy to ride within fair rifle range of them; but they were not familiar in the sense that we afterwards found the bighorn and the deer to be familiar. During the two hours following my entry into the Park we rode around the plains and lower slopes of the foothills in the neighborhood of the mouth of the Gardiner, and we saw several hundred—probably a thousand all told—of these antelope. Major Pitcher informed me that all the pronghorns in the Park wintered in this neighborhood. Toward the end of April or the first of May they migrate back to their summering homes in the open valleys along the Yellowstone and in the plains south of the Golden Gate. While migrating they go over the mountains and through forests if occasion demands. Although there are plenty of coyotes in the Park, there are no big wolves, and save for very infrequent poachers the only enemy of the antelope, as indeed the only enemy of all the game, is the cougar.

Cougars, known in the Park as elsewhere through the West as "mountain lions," are plentiful, having increased in numbers of recent years. Except in the neighborhood of the Gardiner River, that is within a few miles of Mammoth Hot Springs, I found them feeding on elk, which in the Park far outnumber all other game put together, being so numerous that the ravages of the cougars are of no real damage to the herds. But in the neighborhood of the Mammoth Hot Springs the cougars are noxious because of the antelope, mountain sheep and deer which they kill; and the Superintendent has imported some hounds with which to hunt them. These hounds are managed by Buffalo Jones, a famous old plainsman, who is now in the Park taking care of the buffalo. On this first day of my visit to the Park, I came across the carcasses of a deer and of an antelope which the cougars had killed. On the great plains cougars rarely get antelope, but here the country is broken so that the big cats can make their stalks under favorable circumstances. To deer and mountain sheep the cougar is a most dangerous enemy—much more so than the wolf.

The antelope we saw were usually in bands of from twenty to one hundred and fifty, and they traveled strung out almost in single file, though those in the rear would sometimes bunch up. I did not try to stalk them, but got as near them as I could on horseback. The

closest approach I was able to make was to within about eighty yards of two which were by themselves—I think a doe and a last year's fawn. As I was riding up to them, although they looked suspiciously at me, one actually lay down. When I was passing them at about eighty yards distance, the big one became nervous, gave a sudden jump, and away the two went at full speed.

Why the prong-bucks were so comparatively shy I do not know, for right on the ground with them we came upon deer, and, in the immediate neighborhood, mountain sheep, which were absurdly tame. The mountain sheep were nineteen in number, for the most part does and yearlings with a couple of three-year-old rams, but not a single big fellow—for the big fellows at this season are off by themselves, singly or in little bunches, high up in the mountains. The band I saw was tame to a degree matched by but few domestic animals.

They were feeding on the brink of a steep wash-out at the upper edge of one of the benches on the mountain side just below where the abrupt slope began. They were alongside a little gully with sheer walls. I rode my horse to within forty yards of them, one of them occasionally looking up and at once continuing to feed. Then they moved slowly off and leisurely crossed the gully to the other side. I dismounted, walked around the head of the gully, and moving cautiously, but in plain sight, came closer and closer until I was within twenty yards, where I sat down on a stone and spent certainly twenty minutes looking at them. They paid hardly any attention whatever to my presence—certainly no more than well-treated domestic creatures would pay. One of the rams rose on his hind legs, leaning his fore-hoofs against a little pine tree, and browsed the ends of the budding branches. The others grazed on the short grass and herbage or lay down and rested—two of the yearlings sometimes playfully butting at one another. Now and then one would glance in my direction without the slightest sign of fear—barely even of curiosity. I have no question whatever but that with a little patience this particular band could be made to feed out of a man's hand. Major Pitcher intends during the coming winter to feed them alfalfa—for game animals of several kinds have become so plentiful in the neighborhood of the Hot Springs, and the Major has grown so interested in them, that he wishes to do something toward feeding them during the severe winter. After I had looked at the sheep to my heart's content, I walked back to my horse, my departure arousing as little interest as my advent.

Soon after leaving them, we began to come across black-tail deer, singly, in twos and threes, and in small bunches of a dozen or so. They were almost as tame as the mountain sheep, but not quite. That is, they always looked alertly at me, and though if I stayed still they would graze, they kept a watch over my movements, and usually moved slowly off when I got within less than forty yards of them. Up to that distance, whether on foot or on horseback, they paid but little heed to me, and on several occasions they allowed me to come much closer. Like the bighorn, the black-tails at this time were grazing, not browsing, but I occasionally saw them nibble some willow buds. During the winter they had been browsing. As we got close to the Hot Springs we came across several white-tail in an open, marshy meadow. They were not quite as tame as the black-tail, although without any difficulty I walked up to within fifty yards of them. Handsome though the black-tail is, the white-tail is the most beautiful of all deer when in motion, because of the springy, bounding grace of its trot and canter, and the way it carries its head and white flag aloft.

Before reaching the Mammoth Hot Springs we also saw a number of ducks in the little pools and on the Gardiner. Some of them were rather shy. Others—probably those which, as Major Pitcher informed me, had spent the winter there—were as tame as barnyard fowls.

Just before reaching the post, the Major took me into the big field where Buffalo Jones had some Texas and Flat Head Lake buffalo—bulls and cows—which he was tending with solicitous care. The original stock of buffalo in the Park have now been reduced to fifteen or twenty individuals, and the intention is to try to mix them with the score of buffalo which have been purchased out of the Flat Head Lake and Texas Panhandle herds. The buffalo were put within a wire fence, which, when it was built, was found to have included both black-tail and white-tail deer. A bull elk was also put in with them at one time—he having met with some accident which made the Major and Buffalo Jones bring him in to doctor him. When he recovered his health he became very cross. Not only would he attack men, but also buffalo, even the old and surly master bull, thumping them savagely with his antlers if they did anything to which he objected.

When I reached the post and dismounted at the Major's house, I supposed my experiences with wild beasts for the day were ended; but this was an error. The quarters of the officers and men and the various hotel buildings, stables, residences of the civilian officials, etc., almost completely surround the big parade ground at the post, near the middle of which stands the flag-pole, while the gun used for morning and evening salutes is well off to one side. There are large gaps between some of the buildings, and Major Pitcher informed me that throughout the winter he had been leaving

alfalfa on the parade ground, and that numbers of black-tail deer had been in the habit of visiting it every day, sometimes as many as seventy being on the parade ground at once. As springtime came on the numbers diminished. However, in mid-afternoon, while I was writing in my room in Major Pitcher's house, on looking out of the window I saw five deer on the parade ground. They were as tame as so many Alderney cows, and when I walked out I got up to within twenty yards of them without any difficulty. It was most amusing to see them as the time approached for the sunset gun to be fired. The notes of the trumpeter attracted their attention at once. They all looked at him eagerly. One then resumed feeding, and paid no attention whatever either to the bugle, the gun or the flag. The other four, however, watched the preparations for firing the gun with an intent gaze, and at the sound of the report gave two or three jumps; then instantly wheeling, looked up at the flag as it came down. This they seemed to regard as something rather more suspicious than the gun, and they remained very much on the alert until the ceremony was over. Once it was finished, they resumed feeding; as if nothing had happened. Before it was dark they trotted away from the parade ground back to the mountains.

The next day we rode off to the Yellowstone River, camping some miles below Cottonwood Creek. It was a very pleasant camp. Major Pitcher, an old friend, had a first-class pack train, so that we were as comfortable as possible, and on such a trip there could be no pleasanter or more interesting companion than John Burroughs—"Oom John," as we soon grew to call him. Where our tents were pitched the bottom of the valley was narrow, the mountains rising steep and cliff-broken on either side. There were quite a number of black-tail in the valley, which were tame and unsuspicious, although not nearly as much so as those in the immediate neighborhood of the Mammoth Hot Springs. One mid-afternoon three of them swam across the river a hundred yards above our camp. But the characteristic animals of the region were the elk—the wapiti. They were certainly more numerous than when I was last through the Park twelve years before.

In the summer the elk spread all over the interior of the Park. As winter approaches they divide, some going north and others south. The southern bands, which, at a guess, may possibly include ten thousand individuals, winter out of the Park, for the most part in Jackson's Hole—though of course here and there within the limits of the Park a few elk may spend both winter and summer in an unusually favorable location. It was the members of the northern band that I met. During the winter time they are very stationary, each band staying within a very few miles of the same place, and from their size and the open nature of their habitat it is almost as easy to count them as if they were cattle. From a spur of Bison Peak one day, Major Pitcher, the guide Elwood Hofer, John Burroughs and I spent about four hours with the glasses counting and estimating the different herds within sight. After most careful work and cautious reduction of estimates in each case to the minimum the truth would permit, we reckoned three thousand head of elk, all lying or feeding, and all in sight at the same time. An estimate of some fifteen thousand for the number of elk in these northern bands cannot be far wrong. These bands do not go out of the Park at all, but winter just within its northern boundary. At the time when we saw them, the snow had vanished from the bottom of the valleys and the lower slopes of the mountains, but grew into continuous sheets further up their sides. The elk were for the most part found up on the snow slopes, occasionally singly or in small gangs—more often in bands of from fifty to a couple of hundred. The larger bulls were highest up the mountains and generally in small troops by themselves, although occasionally one or two would be found associating with a big herd of cows, yearlings, and two-year-olds. Many of the bulls had shed their antlers; many had not. During the winter the elk had evidently done much browsing, but at this time they were grazing almost exclusively, and seemed by preference to seek out the patches of old grass which were last left bare by the retreating snow. The bands moved about very little, and if one were seen one day it was generally possible to find it within a few hundred yards of the same spot the next day, and certainly not more than a mile or two off. There were severe frosts at night, and occasionally light flurries of snow; but the hardy beasts evidently cared nothing for any but heavy storms, and seemed to prefer to lie in the snow rather than upon the open ground. They fed at irregular hours throughout the day, just like cattle; one band might be lying down while another was feeding. While traveling they usually went almost in single file. Evidently the winter had weakened them, and they were not in condition for running; for on the one or two occasions when I wanted to see them close up I ran right into them on horseback, both on level plains and going up hill along the sides of rather steep mountains. One band in particular I practically rounded up for John Burroughs—finally getting them to stand in a huddle while he and I sat on our horses less than fifty yards off. After they had run a little distance they opened their mouths wide and showed evident signs of distress.

We came across a good many carcasses. Two, a bull

*This is one of the chapters in the new volume of the Boone and Crockett Club Book, "American Big Game in its Haunts."

and a cow, had died from scab. Over half the remainder had evidently perished from cold or starvation. The others, including a bull, three cows and a score of yearlings, had been killed by cougars. In the Park the cougar is at present their only animal foe. The cougars were preying on nothing but elk in the Yellowstone Valley, and kept hanging about the neighborhood of the big bands. Evidently they usually selected some outlying yearling, stalked it as it lay or as it fed, and seized it by the head and throat. The bull which they killed was in a little open valley by himself, many miles from any other elk. The cougar which killed it, judging from its tracks, was a very large male. As the elk were evidently rather too numerous for the feed, I do not think the cougars were doing any damage.

Coyotes are plentiful, but the elk evidently have no dread of them. One day I crawled up to within fifty yards of a band of elk lying down. A coyote was walking about among them, and beyond an occasional look they paid no heed to him. He did not venture to go within fifteen or twenty paces of any one of them. In fact, except the cougar, I saw but one living thing attempt to molest the elk. This was a golden eagle. We saw several of these great birds. On one occasion we had ridden out to the foot of a great sloping mountain side, dotted over with bands and strings of elk amounting in the aggregate probably to a thousand head. Most of the bands were above the snow line—some appearing away back toward the ridge crests, and looking as small as mice. There was one band well below the snow line, and toward this we rode. While the elk were not shy or wary, in the sense that a hunter would use the words, they were by no means as familiar as the deer; and this particular band of elk, some twenty or thirty in all, watched us with interest as we approached. When we were still half a mile off they suddenly started to run toward us, evidently frightened by something. They ran quartering, and when about four hundred yards away we saw that an eagle was after them. Soon it swooped, and a yearling in the rear, weakly, and probably frightened by the swoop, turned a complete somersault, and when it recovered its feet, stood still. The great bird followed the rest of the band across a little ridge, beyond which they disappeared. Then it returned, soaring high in the heavens, and after two or three wide circles, swooped down at the solitary yearling, its legs hanging down. We halted at two hundred yards to see the end. But the eagle could not quite make up its mind to attack. Twice it hovered within a foot or two of the yearling's head—again flew off and again returned. Finally the yearling trotted off after the rest of the band, and the eagle returned to the upper air. Later we found the carcass of a yearling, with two eagles, not to mention ravens and magpies, feeding on it; but I could not tell whether they had themselves killed the yearling or not.

Here and there in the region where the elk were abundant we came upon horses which for some reason had been left out through the winter. They were much wilder than the elk. Evidently the Yellowstone Park is a natural nursery and breeding ground of the elk, which here, as said above, far outnumber all the other game put together. In the winter, if they cannot get to open water, they eat snow; but in several places where there had been springs which kept open all winter, we could see by the tracks they had been regularly used by bands of elk. The men working at the new road along the face of the cliffs beside the Yellowstone River near Tower Falls informed me that in October enormous droves of elk coming from the interior of the Park and traveling northward to the lower lands had crossed the Yellowstone just above Tower Falls. Judging by their description the elk had crossed by thousands in an uninterrupted stream, the passage taking many hours. In fact nowadays these Yellowstone elk are, with the exception of the Arctic caribou, the only American game which at times travel in immense droves like the buffalo of the old days.

A couple of days after leaving Cottonwood Creek—where we had spent several days—we camped at the Yellowstone Cañon below Tower Falls. Here we saw a second band of mountain sheep, numbering only eight—none of them old rams. We were camped on the west side of the cañon; the sheep had their abode on the opposite side, where they had spent the winter. It has recently been customary among some authorities, especially the English hunters and naturalists who have written of the Asiatic sheep, to speak as if sheep were naturally creatures of the plains rather than mountain climbers. I know nothing of old world sheep, but the Rocky Mountain bighorn is to the full as characteristic a mountain animal, in every sense of the word, as the chamois, and, I think, as the ibex. These sheep were well known to the road builders, who had spent the winter in the locality. They told me they never went back on the plains, but throughout the winter had spent their days and nights on the top of the cliff and along its face. This cliff was an alternation of sheer precipices and very steep inclines. When coated with ice it would be difficult to imagine an uglier bit of climbing; but throughout the winter, and even in the wildest storms, the sheep had habitually gone down it to drink at the water below. When we first saw them they were lying sunning themselves on the edge of the cañon, where the rolling grassy country behind it broke off into the sheer descent. It was mid-afternoon, and they were under some pines. After a while they got up and began to graze, and soon hopped unconcernedly down the side of the cliff until they were half way to the bottom. They then grazed along the sides, and spent some time licking at a place where there was evidently a mineral deposit. Before dark they all lay down again on a steeply inclined jutting spur midway between the top and bottom of the cañon.

Next morning I thought I would like to see them close up, so I walked down three or four miles below where the cañon ended, crossed the stream, and came up the other side until I got on what was literally the stamping ground of the sheep. Their tracks showed that they had spent their time for many weeks, and probably for all the winter, within a very narrow radius. For perhaps a mile and a half, or two miles at the very outside, they had wandered to and fro on the summit of the cañon, making what was almost a well-beaten path; always very near and usually on the edge of the cliff, and hardly ever going more than a few yards back into the

grassy plain-and-hill country. Their tracks and dung covered the ground. They had also evidently descended into the depths of the cañon wherever there was the slightest break or even lowering in the upper line of basalt cliffs. Although mountain sheep often browse in winter, I saw but few traces of browsing here; probably on the sheer cliff side they always got some grazing.

When I spied the band they were lying not far from the spot in which they had lain the day before, and in the same position on the brink of the cañon. They saw me and watched me with interest when I was two hundred yards off, but they let me get up within forty yards and sit down on a large stone to look at them, without running off. Most of them were lying down, but a couple were feeding steadily throughout the time I watched them. Suddenly one took alarm and dashed straight over the cliff, the others all following at once. I ran after them to the edge in time to see the last yearling drop off the edge of the basalt cliff and stop short on the sheer slope below, while the stones dislodged by his hoofs rattled down the cañon. They all looked up at me with great interest, and then strolled off to the edge of a jutting spur and lay down almost directly underneath me and some fifty yards off. That evening on my return to camp we watched the band make its way right down to the river bed, going over places where it did not seem possible a four-footed creature could pass. They halted to graze here and there, and down the worst places they went very fast with great bounds. It was a marvelous exhibition of climbing.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Captain Pike.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was greatly interested in Mr. Grinnell's account of Captain Pike's first expedition, and hope he will give us, as he no doubt will, the expedition made by him when he discovered the mountain that now bears his name—Pike's Peak.

I had read all I could find about the Captain, but could not find out as much about him as I could about Lewis and Clark, but Mr. Grinnell has given us a condensed account of their explorations, leaving out all that is not absolutely necessary to the proper understanding of them.

In the summer of 1880 I paid a visit to the post from which Captain Pike started on the expedition that took him finally to Pike's Peak, and this post has been the starting point of many other expeditions also.

There cannot be much of the older part of the post left now; there probably is none of it, as when I was there the river had begun to make serious inroads through the bottom on which the old post stood. It is Fort Bellefontaine. The original post was built on the river bottom, but after we had taken possession of the country, a new one was built just above the old one on the bluff, and still stands there. It is on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, only an hour's ride out from St. Louis. The road has a station on the grounds, and there are many places that the tourist from the East to the World's Fair will visit that have not half the interest that this place has.

By the way, the cement that was used in the World's Fair buildings at St. Louis was made out of rock quarried right here. About the time that the French first settled at St. Louis, Captain Rois, with a small party of men, came up here and built the first post, the one down on the river bank. He named it Fort Prince Charles, but it was only a small cluster of log houses to shelter his men. Their site is now in the bed of the Missouri River. After the country had been turned over to us in 1805, General Wilkinson used this place as a trading post in carrying out the treaty that had been made between General Harrison and the Sac and Fox Indians at St. Louis the year before, and it was about this time that the new post was built up on the bluff, and a garrison of about 500 men were always kept there. This was a large number of men for a frontier post at that time, but they seem to have been needed; the records of the post give a succession of Indian attacks on the settlers. Captain—afterwards Major—Pike had a command here from its first occupation, and it was from here that he departed on his different expeditions.

One of his daughters—a child seven years old—lies buried here in the small cemetery. I do not remember the date of her death, but think it was 1806. She died when the Captain was away on one of his expeditions. A number of officers and the members of their families are buried here. The most pretentious monument is the one erected to Captain or Major Bissell, of the First Infantry, who died here in 1807. Fort Bellefontaine was finally abandoned as a military post about 1826. In 1826 St. Louis county gave the Government the land on which Jefferson Barracks is now built, and the post of Bellefontaine was moved there. The land on which Bellefontaine stood was finally sold, and is now cut up into farms, most of which are in possession of the descendants of the original French settlers.

Jefferson Barracks is another post that will repay a visit. It adjoins the city on the south, and can be reached over the Iron Mountain Railroad, and the street cars run near. It is a fine place. First comes the National Cemetery, a large one, then the barracks that are used as a depot for cavalry recruits, and next the powder depot. The reservation extends nearly two miles along the river, and a mile or more back from it, and is covered with its original growth of forest trees.

This powder depot is a curious affair. A number of small magazines are built down in ravines apart from each other on account of their liability to go off. There is not much danger of any of them going off, though, unless they are struck by lightning. The men who have charge of them won't set any of them off—their officers watch them too closely. No one can go into a magazine wearing any kind of shoes except felt slippers.

When I paid them a visit, as I often did (I was here a year engaged in drilling recruits), I had to leave my shoes outside and go in in my stocking feet.

St. Louis has changed some since I first saw it in 1855. The ground where the big Union Depot now stands in the middle of the city was then a frog pond out in the country; and Arsenal Island, in the middle of the river at the lower end of town, has moved at least a mile

down stream since then. I boarded a Pittsburg steamboat one day to ride up to town, and when passing the island said to the captain, "This island has moved down stream a mile or more some time. Do you know it?"

"Yes," he said, "we all know it. How do you know it?"

I told him that I had done some steamboating here when a boy, and would often "relieve the wheel" for the pilot when the captain was not around to throw me out of the pilot-house. It was then that I had taken the island bearings and still remembered them.

Then he told me how the island had been moved. The river would wear off the upper end of it, then deposit the soil and trees just below in the still water, and keep this up until the whole of the island had been moved down stream.

CABIA BLANCO.

Camping Out.

HAVERHILL, Mass.—Having been a reader of *FOREST AND STREAM* for twenty-five years, and for the last twenty in the situation of the man "chained to business," whose picture appears now and then in this paper, I have thought that perhaps the story of my brief outings might interest some reader in like circumstances—those who have a short summer vacation and a not-over-full pocket-book.

I am a few years on the shady side of sixty, and my first camping-out was in the Civil War. I was raised on a farm in New Hampshire, about seven miles from the coast, and went to the marshes and flats more or less every summer to get a few clams or lobsters and help get the salt hay, and so I came to have a great liking for the salt creeks and tide water. My wife did not care for the beach, much less for boating or camping, so I had to paddle my own canoe when I had an outing. In 1876 I took my first trip down the Merrimack with a friend in his dory, and have missed only two years since.

At that time I owned a flat-bottomed skiff with centerboard and small sprit sail, and the next year found us each in his own boat and three more in the party, with a hired A tent, bound for Ipswich Bluffs, near the south end of Plum Island and about twenty-eight miles from Haverhill. Since that time until last year my vacation camp has been at Plum Island, usually at the Bluffs, but sometimes by the mouth of the Merrimack and nearer home, as the island is about ten miles long from the Merrimack to Ipswich River. For fifteen years or more I extended my sailing trip to Essex, some five miles beyond the Bluffs, to visit my sister, usually spending the night there and coming back to the Bluffs the next day.

After two or three years I bought a 7x7 A tent, and that served for several years, when I had a chance to buy a 9x9 wall tent and sold the other. The skiff, which might have cost a matter of \$3, beside my labor, served me well for several years, sailing well and rowing easily. About eighteen years ago, *FOREST AND STREAM* published the lines of a "FOREST AND STREAM" cruiser, and about that time "Canoe and Boat Building" was running in the paper, so I read up a little on boat building and started in to build a new boat.

I was then working in an office, as I have been since, and could only work on the boat evenings in comfortable weather, as the stable loft where I set it up did not allow a fire. In due time I had a boat 14ft. long, 4½ft. wide, 12in. deep midships and 16in. at the bow, decked over except a cockpit, 2½ by 5ft., with a low coaming. The centerboard was hung in the usual manner, and came up through the deck. A pole mast and balance lug sail of 100 square feet with two reefing battens, high rowlocks with sockets screwed to blocks on the deck, and three 8ft. oars completed the sailing and rowing outfit. The spare oar came in handy more than once. The boat is still in commission and apparently as tight and seaworthy as when new. For sailing and cruising only, a deeper boat with more sheer might be better, but I am well satisfied with it as it is. The boat would hardly be rated a beauty, but we remember the old adage, "Handsome is as handsome does," and call it "good enough for the Joneses," as Kingfisher used to say.

When the boat was new, I was sailing through Squam River down in Gloucester, and a cottager on the shore wanted to know what kind of a boat I called it. I told him the Nonesuch. He laughed and said, "I guess that is about right." So I named her the Nonesuch.

In the days of the open skiff and the A tent, sleeping on salt hay on the ground was the usual practice, but sometimes we failed to get hay, and a rubber blanket had to do duty. With the larger boat and wall tent, and the owner getting older, though still feeling pretty young, we added some luxuries for the camp, the chief one being a cot bed. To carry provisions, spare clothing, cooking utensils, etc., I had two boxes about 2 feet long, as large as would slide under the deck to forward end of centerboard, and two others of the same length, but larger, to push under against them and project into the cockpit to take the rowing seat. A square box going partly under the stern deck made the skipper's seat, and with tent, blankets, and overcoats folded and piled on them, we had two very comfortable seats, each wide enough for two. When making a temporary camp we could set up the cot bed on the long boxes, two under each end, and one rainy night when I camped alone on the salt marsh, I found it about the proper thing, and as quiet a "night before the Fourth" as I ever experienced.

In the permanent camp we set a wide board edgewise under each end of the bed, keeping them upright with tent pins driven on each side, and could then slide all the boxes under the bed out of the way. The cot was made by tacking a stout piece of canvas about 42in. wide on 3 by 3 spruce pieces with slots or mortises cut in the ends to take ¾in. spreaders, 6in. wide, with shoulders to keep the sides in place. A slat lengthwise under the canvas, the ends resting on the spreaders, kept the canvas from sagging in the middle, and a tick filled with salt hay made a good bed for two. Knocking out the spreaders, the bed and extra slat could be rolled up and carried under the side deck. The stove was a sheet-iron affair made to fit one of the boxes, bottom up, or top down, as it had no bottom, and the box could then be filled with cooking utensils, funnel, etc. Cooking utensils were picked up at home, and a detachable handle on the frying-pan and coffee-kettle made them nest together

better. For a tent fly in wet weather I hung the old sprit sail from the clothes line, between the tent poles inside, and fastened the bottom edge to the tent pins behind the bed, and with rubber blanket at head of the bed to keep out the wind and rain, we always had a dry and comfortable bed. Of course a good wide outside fly would be better in all kinds of weather.

An old gun and some fishing tackle were always taken along, and a companion or two, if I could find one having a vacation when I had mine. Almost every year some of my friends would tell me they wanted to go the next time I went, but very few were ready to go when I sent an invitation, although I gave them all plenty of time to get ready. However, I seldom went alone, for some young fellow home from school or out of work would be ready to go at short notice. Sometimes there were three of us and a few times four. I usually made the trip just before the August full moon, and never struck any very bad weather, though a few times I escaped it by a day or two, and once I had to go a day later than I intended on account of a heavy rainstorm. At that season the flies and mosquitoes are less troublesome than they are in July. I was seldom gone more than eight days. I would plan to leave Haverhill about daylight at high water, and go down with the tide to Newburyport harbor. When we had to row all the way to Newburyport, it was worth while to have the tide with us. Generally we rowed four or five miles, down past Groveland and under the iron bridge, before getting a breeze, but three times out of four we would get a light breeze to take us the rest of the way. The scenery from the river is said nearly to equal that of the Hudson for beauty, and always had a charm for us. Below Groveland the hills of West Newbury on one hand and Haverhill on the other, and the old "Rocks" bridge with its rushing current, were in evidence, and below that were the villages of Merrimackport, Pleasant Valley, and Salisbury Point. Just below the point we go under the old chain bridge, a suspension bridge probably a hundred years old. Then the suburbs of Newburyport and the city itself on the right.

Two bridges at the city cause us to lower the sail and take down the mast if we have sailed down. If it has been a row, we almost always found a breeze in Newburyport harbor, and would set the sail below the bridges. Three miles from the bridges to the lighthouse on Plum Island, and there we turn southward into Plum Island River. If we have made a quick trip, it will not be low water yet, and we can dig a few clams and have a dinner of steamed clams while we wait for the tide.

When the tide has run for two hours it is time to be moving, and a sail of nearly two miles over flats and through the creek between salt meadows takes us to Plum Island bridge, where the sail and mast must come down again, unless by good fortune a yacht is going through, and the draw is open. About a mile beyond the bridge we meet the tide from Ipswich River, and unless we have a good breeze or want to work our passage we might as well tie up to the bank and go gunning, if there are any birds or go in swimming and wait with patience while the tide turns. As a matter of fact I have sailed down so many times against tide that I have almost forgotten the few times we waited. The river through here is narrow and crooked, so that most any old wind will be fair part of the way. Three miles from the bridge, Parker River runs in, and below that the river is a mile wide when the flats are covered.

From Parker River down is a pretty sail with marshes on either hand and Grape Island and the Ipswich hills ahead. With a good breeze we would reach the Bluffs about high water, and once with a norwester I reached the Essex creeks at high water. It was just a bit choppy in spots that day, with the wind blowing against the tide; but with a reef tied in and the forward deck under water at times, I kept going, and was in Essex soon after high water. Usually we camped at Grape Island or the Bluffs over night, and went over to Essex in the morning, starting so we could go up Ipswich River and through Fox Creek on the tide and get under the low bridge into Essex creeks before high water and to Essex before the tide was running out much.

The trip could be made in good weather over Ipswich bar, across the bay to Essex River, and up that river to Essex, but it was further and somewhat uncertain for a small boat. I remember one morning getting to Ipswich River with a light southwest wind. I was tempted to try the outside passage for variety, but, being alone, I kept on up the river and through the creeks as usual.

I had not gone far in Fox Creek before the wind had changed to northwest, and was soon blowing so fresh that I found it more comfortable to row than to sail under a double reef. This part of the trip was always interesting. Up Ipswich River less than a mile, with beach on one hand and "Little Neck" hill with its summer cottages on the other, into Fox Creek, through marshes a short distance and past Sagamore Hill, with more cottages, then through between the hills under a low bridge into Essex creeks, and down back of Ipswich beach into Essex River.

Essex is divided by the small river into two villages, and is quite a lively place when shipbuilding is good. Many a fine fishing schooner has been launched there. Leaving the boat and putting boxes, blankets, etc., in a shed on the bank, we could take a train—and in later years an electric car—to Wenham, some five miles, to my sister's house. Returning usually the next day, we made the trip to the Bluffs with a favorable tide part of the way, and proceeded to establish the camp.

Before the days of bicycles and trolley cars, the Bluff was a favorite camping place, sometimes fifty tents being pitched there at one time. Now very few camps are allowed there. It is a little peninsula, scarce a hundred yards wide, on the west side of Plum Island, projecting into the river. There is a steamer wharf, with steamer twice a day, a small hotel, and a half dozen cottages belonging to the hotel and to the owners of the lower end of the island.

The visitors by steamer mostly go up to the hotel or over on the beach, so it is quiet enough in camp, and not quite out of the world. One can get to the ocean by a walk down the river beach to Ipswich bar, and down the bar to the ocean beach, or through the pasture and field back of the hotel, across a foot bridge over the creek and marsh by a shorter cut. The clams on the flats, on either side, are very fine; lobsters are caught in nets just

off the point; plenty of eels run up the creek with the tide, fish are caught from the wharf or from boats, and bay birds used to be plenty enough to afford some shooting on the flats and marshes. Plenty of driftwood can be picked up on the beach, and the water from the well back of the hotel is good. Altogether it was a fine camping place, and there is plenty of room for camps now back of the hotel or on the beach near-by.

Getting settled in camp, we managed to find a variety of things to do during the short stay. We could always pick up enough small driftwood on the river bank to cook the first breakfast and after that a boat load or two from the beach kept us in fire-wood. The clam flats yielded a dinner or two; a few trips after sea perch supplied other dinners, and the gun generally got us at least one dinner. If we wanted eels we could catch a mess by bobbing for them from the boat tied to the wharf or up the creek in the night. Some neighboring campers used to put a reflector light on the bow of their boat and drift up a creek with the tide, spearing them from the boat.

There were sailing trips to Ipswich, Parker River, Eagle Hill, Rowley River or just anywhere on the river or outside in pleasant weather.

We always—almost always—had good neighbors; the only exception being some Sunday school boys who came down for a day and put in part of it breaking up a charcoal furnace which we carried in the early days.

First and last we made many pleasant acquaintances there. In 1879 we camped near two brothers named Currier from Boston, both veterans in the Civil War, and veteran campers, for they had camped there then for thirty-one years, except while in the army. They continued to come while they both lived, and the survivor was there at the hotel last year. A man named Bruce from Lowell camped over on the beach "where he could see the waves roll in," for thirty years, till he went to camp on the other shore. Some of the boarders at the hotel came to be old acquaintances, and the same cottagers were there for several recent years.

Once in my boat and headed down river, I left Haverhill and all its business behind and gave myself up to the vacation and the different life it brought with it.

When I was ready to break camp, I always had a good coat of tan, sometimes too good. My muscles were hardened up, my appetite improved, and I felt like a new man, and the good I got helped me through the year. Undoubtedly I owe my present good health to those annual outings, and the remembrance of them is always a delight.

Two years ago my better half decided that she really liked the beach, the reason for this change of heart being the fact that electricians left the next corner every half hour direct to the beach. So last summer she also decided that a small beach house would be the proper thing. When a woman decides, it is no use to argue the case, and beach house it was. When we went down the river last summer, instead of turning south into Plum Island River, we kept on out to sea, and sailed north to Hampton River, where we found the wife housekeeping in the small house on the beach. The boat is kept under the house when not in use, and the only change is from tent to cabin. We hope to enjoy many more vacations at the sea side under the new conditions.

The fact that the new location is the one I was familiar with in my boyhood days does not in the least detract from the enjoyment of it.

ONE OF THE JONESES.

Natural History.

Some Animals I Have Studied.

IV.—Malty, The Trick Dog.

THE little slate-colored terrier mentioned in "Some Knowing Dogs" was a very remarkable creature, indeed, with many contradictory characteristics—gentle and affectionate, fierce and resentful; brave and imperious, timid and nervous; always ready for any danger or hardship, yet delicate and dainty. She could simulate the most terrible anger "just for fun." If a man swore or uttered vile words, or was guilty of ungentlemanly conduct in her presence, especially indoors, she would instantly "call him down," showing (apparently) intense indignation, and continuing to growl and bark at him until he apologized or left the room. She had learned to recognize the objectionable words and conduct chiefly by observing what offended her master. I say her master, because few fellows were rude or forgetful enough to be offensive in the presence of her other dearest friends—my invalid uncle and his daughter Kate. I obtained her before she was weaned of "Grandma" Sisson, in Illinois (and I thus publicly mention her name because I believe any of her family—as some of them probably read *FOREST AND STREAM*—will be interested in the notable career of the pup whose mother they owned). That was about seventeen years ago. I taught the puppy to hunt squirrels along the Little Wabash when she was much less than a year old, then left her with my uncle and cousin while I went to "spy out the Promised Land" in the mountains of Arkansas. In a short time my relatives came down and brought the dog safely with them. I'll never forget our meeting. I found her, alone, in the parlor of a modest hotel in Hot Springs, uncle and cousin having gone down to dinner. She looked as sad and lonely as a girl waiting for her lover never to come again; there were actually tears in her blue-black eyes; and they must have been tears of grief, for, as I afterwards learned, she had refused to eat. But she recognized me at sound of my voice, and with a cry of joy leaped up into my arms. Then she ate all right enough at first offer.

When we had settled down in the woods, living at first in a very small box house with but one room and a porch (Malty and I slept on the porch winter and summer), the tiny dog rapidly acquired character and fame. In the house, when she desired to be noticed, especially at meals, she would rattle the bootjack, as we called the act, a trick she taught herself, which consisted in putting one paw on the notched or upper end and tilting it rapidly so as to cause the other end to knock several times on

the floor. The trick needed to be seen to be appreciated; for instead of looking at the bootjack, she always glanced coquettishly sidewise at her audience; that is, after first touch. She generally found the correct position at once. If we pretended not to see, she would knock faster and harder. On one occasion, her efforts to arrest our attention seeming in vain, she turned the bootjack around, then gave it a sudden jerk down on her other forepaw, whereat she bounded back with a little exclamation (I can't say yelp, for it didn't sound a bit doggyish; 'twas almost exactly like the sound a pretty, silly girl utters when surprised by a mouse or spider). But when we laughed at her, she immediately pounced upon it again and rattled it furiously.

Another and very astonishing trick she took up by accident. Her name for it was "jump down;" that is, if she heard anybody say that, even in a mild whisper, she at once went through the performance, and would repeat it every time the words were uttered until exhausted and dizzy. It was a sort of war-dance—a spinning round and round while chewing at her tail and barking and growling as if fighting another dog. I've seen other dogs—and even cats, calves and pigs—whirling playfully, but never saw any living animal spin so rapidly, so continuously and so furiously. After whirling at the astounding rate of twice per second for a minute or a minute and a half, she would slow up (or down), and stagger pitifully, sometimes falling, or determinedly bracing herself like a drunken man; then, if she saw a single wondering look or heard a laugh, she would instantly reverse, or as the children say, "unwind," by spinning more furiously than before in the opposite direction. So long as any person in the crowd of onlookers was cruel or thoughtless enough to repeat the exciting command, she would continue, until worked to a frenzy, unless I snatched her up and soothed her by some crafty compliment. If any other man took her up she would try to keep on whirling in his arms, or, if hindered entirely, to cast herself to the floor again. Often she continued until it seemed she would go mad, with thumping sides and eyes green as arsenic; yet in ten seconds I could have her calm and smiling and wagging her tail. Once she began to "jump down" on the edge of a porch about four feet high, and kept whirling nearer and nearer the edge, when, in the most emphatic portion of the dance—the *forzando*, so to speak—she went overboard. But the dance went on, forward and backward, so uninterruptedly that we could not see if she lighted on her feet or on her back! A cur pup, twice her size, wondering if she was shaking up a rat or fighting a raccoon, ran to her and bumped against her, trying to seize her and pull her away; but even that only delayed the dance five seconds, for she caught and whipped him, and then whirled on again.

Although she never became a mother, she was very motherly all the days of her life (she lived about seven years), could not be induced to kill young mice, baby rabbits, nor to tease very small kittens. Often she adopted young of one sort or another, and strove earnestly to rear them. She would lie down just like a mother dog, and with her forepaws draw them up against her dry teats, whining to them coaxingly, and evincing great anxiety and grief if they failed to understand her benevolent intentions. Young rabbits would seem to take to her kindly enough until their little noses actually found the teats, when they would recoil screaming with terror, causing her to show every possible sign of disappointment and grief. She would excitedly rake them together again, and again push them up to her breast. After three or four distressing failures, she would carry them, one by one, to some other nest, there to make another trial. After three or four days they would die, and her grief, if possible, increased. If she saw us bury them she would dig them up and return them to their nest, or to her nest, rather, and continue fretting until convinced that death had elaimed them. It must not be supposed that she remained constantly with any litter as long as life lasted; she was always ready to leave them, day or night, for an hour or two, to hunt, or attend to her usual duties; but returned to them as eagerly as a real mother impelled, as cold scientists aver, by the pressure of her milk, and not by the higher maternal affection. Adopting rabbits was a trick of her own initiation, so far as I know. But Kate gave her an unweaned kitten to care for, and encouraged her in the scheme on two occasions I happen to recollect. The first was not a success; the second soon overcame its inborn repugnance to the doggy odor, and the at first useless tugging at a milkless teat, and actually lived two or three months. Strange to say, that teat it exercised enlarged, and really gave milk at last, as Kate proved to me one day by squeezing it. But I am convinced that Kate's own attentions, in the form of dainty soft foods, often and delicately supplied, had more to do with keeping the foundling alive, especially at the beginning, than Malty's milk.

Malty was a greater all-round hunter than any hound I ever knew; good for all sorts of game found here excepting deer,* which she regarded as domestic animals. Though she would chase one out of the field—just as she would eject a horse or cow—she never seemed to consider the possibility of continuing the pursuit. But she knew all about hunting and "fighting" rabbits, squirrels, raccoons, opossums, minks, rats, mice, skunks, water-snakes, moles, turkeys, etc.

During her periods of grief (though I do not assert that was the cause), Malty often absolutely refused to eat anything for several days; and once, at least, she fasted more than a week, if we were not deceived, and I think we were not, for she remained in the house then almost the whole time, apparently sick with a sort of ague. We did not doctor her, for she showed an intense desire to be left alone.

She was passionately fond of boating, as well as swimming and wading, and would balance on the gunwale of a thin-sided skiff, standing as boldly upright as a rope-dancer, especially when nearing an island. Of course I loved that little dog. So did Mrs. Kemp and all who intimately knew her. After I have finished describing my list of queer animals, I desire to relate some of her adventures. Next week I want to tell of "Coalie the Snake Dog."

L. R. MORPHEW.

HOT SPRINGS, ARK.

*Mrs. John Kemp, a neighbor, had a pet deer, which often visited us with her mistress, and frequently came without her.



Among the Shore Birds.

BY EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

"COME," exclaimed one of my friends, as he entered my office hurriedly one day, "pack up and join me for a week or two among the shore birds. It is almost time for the first flight of plover from the north and I like to be early on hand to receive them!"

"Plover!" I replied in dismay, "bless your soul, man, it's no use to look for those birds in our old hunting grounds; they fight shy of Provincetown, Nantucket, and Martha's Vineyard nowadays, and to get a decent bag one has to go far to the north, and I have no time for a long journey, and I have a lot of work that must be done."

"Nonsense!" was the response that came from my friend, "let your old work go; 'twill make no difference a hundred years hence, and neither of us may expect to get many more outings among the plover, and the 15th of August, the date that is usually agreed upon by the birds for their coming from the wilds of Labrador, is near at hand. So come on, get your traps ready, and we'll start day after to-morrow, sure. I want to be on the ground by the 10th, and be ready for the first flocks, which often make their appearance in advance of the main body of them as early as that date."

"But where do you propose to go, provided I can get away?" I answered, dropping my pen in bewilderment at my friend's impetuous way of extending an invitation. "Really, you had better count me out this time. I want to finish this piece of work as soon as possible; and besides that I don't know where my decoys are packed, nor what the condition of my ammunition box is. I'll have to give it up this time."

"Give up nothing," was his hasty rejoinder. "I want you for this trip, and you may as well, without any more palaver, make up your mind to come. You have fifty weeks to write in, but only one or two in the whole year for plover shooting; so pack up and join me. I won't take 'No' for an answer; the trip will do you no end of good. So come along. I'll meet you at the Grand Central Station Thursday evening in time for the Boston train, which leaves at 9 o'clock," and as he spoke he hurried to the door and was about to leave, when I exclaimed, "But, my dear fellow, I cannot get ready on such short notice. I can't go, anyway!"—but my protestations fell on deaf ears, for my friend had gone.

For a short time I sat in perplexed meditation. I wanted to join him and I knew the trip would benefit me, for I had had a long spell of hard work and was feeling rather seedy. But to get ready for a lengthy journey, procure ammunition, and hunt up my decoys, without which the trip would prove unprofitable, seemed to me to require more than a two days' notice, for it was then Tuesday. But the more I thought about the matter, the less insuperable seemed the obstacles to my going; and finally I arose from my desk somewhat excitedly, and exclaimed: "Hang it! I'll go; the work can wait as well as not!"

My decision to take the outing, when once formed, called for speedy action, and the intervening time was fully occupied in procuring ammunition, loading shells, overhauling my guns, and doing the thousand and one other things required for an outing such as was proposed to be taken.

"I knew you would decide to come," exclaimed my friend, heartily, grasping my hand at the entrance of the station, where he was awaiting my coming, "and I'm mighty glad of it. We'll have a glorious time, even if we don't get many birds."

After seeing my baggage checked for St. John, N. B., we entered the sleeping car and were soon started on our long journey to the northern shore of Prince Edward Island, where the finest plover shooting in the north is to be obtained.

We reached our point of destination on the evening of the fourth day, having been obliged to remain at Shediac, near Point du Chene, over Sunday on account of there being no steamer on Saturday when the train reached that point.

On Monday we crossed Northumberland Strait to Summerside, and from that place we journeyed by rail and wagon to the shore. Our headquarters were in a comfortable farmhouse a few miles from Tracadie, the proprietor, a thrifty Scotchman, had entertained us once or twice before on similar outings, and the welcome he gave us was hearty in the highest degree.

Early on the morning succeeding our arrival our host drove us behind a pair of well kept horses to a point about six miles from the house, where, after assisting us to dig our trenches and to put out our decoys, he left us for the day.

The surrounding country was a nearly flat or slightly undulating plateau, consisting of great stretches of pasture lands and old stubble fields, which extended as far as the eye could reach.

The plover, on leaving their nesting places in far away Labrador, gather in immense flocks before starting on their long journey to the south. In what manner the individuals of the flock become associated with the others, no man can tell. I have been told that they breed by pairs in detached communities, a half dozen or more

pairs in each, and probably each family unites with its immediate neighbors soon after the young are able to fly, and thus, no doubt, these small detachments continually unite with others until the aggregation of all in any given locality is completed—just as we see the swallows come together before their southern migration. For many days they seem to be assembling in open stretches of country, particularly where meadows and marshes abound, many hundreds of them sometimes being seen circling around or perching on telegraph wires. If we watch them day by day, we will see their numbers increase and finally, as if by a preconcerted agreement, no one can say how or when the signal is given, they disappear. We know there must be some unanimity of thought, or instinctive motive, if you prefer, which prompts them to leave simultaneously for their winter homes on both shores, northern and southern, of the Gulf of Mexico. So with the plovers; we cannot say what prompts them to begin their southern migration together and at a certain time of the year, the first flight leaving Labrador about the tenth of August. These large flocks, which often number many thousands of birds, sweep down over the barren wastes of Labrador to the shore which they follow by way of the Strait of Belle Isle, skim along the southern shore, cross the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and make their first halting place on Prince Edward Island. I have not been able to ascertain whether or not many of them ever cross to Newfoundland, but know that quite a number do make a brief stop on Anticosti. The northern shore of Prince Edward Island, whether or not from long habit, I cannot say, is the first resting place they choose; possibly because it abounds with extensive tracts of open country, such as those birds delight to forage in. For miles upon miles one may see great stretches of oat stubble fields and pastures, in which the birds find myriads of grasshoppers and other insects and seeds upon which they feed. I have seen immense flocks flying about those open stretches of country, rising and falling in the air, their myriads of wings beating in a shimmering cadence, if I may use the term, as if actuated by one impulse. One can hardly imagine a more beautiful sight than that presented by a flock of these birds in motion. Sometimes they are high up among the clouds, and anon they skim along the earth, barely above its surface. Occasionally, as if by a sudden impulse, the flock drops wings and alights upon the ground, where the birds immediately busy themselves in search of food.

This is more particularly true of the golden plover than of the black-breast or "beetle-head," which seems to prefer to forage upon the strand in pursuit of small molluscs and crustaceans, although it associates in greater or less numbers with the other species in quest of insects, seeds, etc.

The success of sportsmen among these plover depends on the location of his trenches, the manner in which his decoys are put out, and his clever imitation of the call note of the birds. The plover will rarely turn from their course at every whistle, as will some of the other shore birds, for although it is gregarious, it does not seem eager to associate with other species.

I have time and again had curlew, yellowlegs, and various other species, come to my plover call, and even have had the Wilson's snipe fall to my yellowlegs whistle, but I cannot remember the time when a flock of golden plover turned from their course to come to me when I blew a whistle not their own.

The note of the plover is a short, melodious, piping one, unlike that of any other shore bird, and when a large flock is in motion it is only now and then a cheerful little twitter is heard from among them.

The trenches that were occupied by my friend and myself were about fifteen rods apart; they were dug lengthwise with the side of a slight acclivity, and were long and deep enough to give us ample room to move about comfortably; the bottom of each was covered with hay and at one end was a raised shelf to be used for a seat, and at the other end another upon which our ammunition bags, etc., were placed. Behind us was the great stretch of pasture land I have spoken of, and in front of the trenches the land descended gradually to the shore, which was about a mile distant, and beyond that the blue waters of the great gulf glistened in the rays of the morning sun.

Our decoys, which were about fifty in number, were put out in front of our trenches, and in several scattered groups at favorable points between us. These decoys were of my own invention, and I have always found them to be very successful. They were made in the following manner: A block of wood was modeled of exactly the same shape and a trifle larger than the body of a plover. This was sawed in two lengthwise and from the two halves iron castings were made which served as matrices or molds for stamping or embossing from thin tin the two sides of the decoy. These were fastened together at the back by a hinge and at the belly by a wooden stake, which was thrust through two holes in the tin that overlapped each other, the lower extremity of the stake being pushed into the ground to support the bird; the stake being longer than are the legs of the plover naturally, so that the decoys might be plainly seen above the surrounding herbage. These decoys were

painted in the colors of the bird, and they so closely resembled them that even an experienced eye would, at a short distance, be deceived by them. The advantage of these over the ordinary wooden or rubber decoys, aside from their close resemblance to the bird they counterfeited, no matter from which direction they were viewed, laid in the compactness with which they could be stored away; for when the wooden supports were removed and the sides opened out flat, the number of decoys might be laid upon each other in very small compass, the height of the pile being increased only by the thickness of the tin of each successive layer.

The warm rays of the August sun before noon had arrived beat down upon us relentlessly, and the heat seemed to have had a somnolent effect upon bird life, for there was not only an absolute dearth of those shore birds, but even the smaller species—sparrows, swallows, etc.—seemed to have abandoned that almost treeless waste. The only feathered visitors we had before the sun reached its meridian was a pair of impudently inquisitive crows, which, contrary to the usual nature of the bird, were as unsuspicious as barnyard fowls.

They alighted among the decoys and scrutinized them in a comical way, and finally approached the trench in which I was lying so closely I could have tapped one of them with a salmon-rod if I had it. Even when I showed my head and shoulders above the edge of the pit they manifested no fear, and I silenced their noisy cries only by pelting them with a handful of gravel, which volley drove them away. I did not care to waste a cartridge on them; if I had, their clamor would have been silenced forever.

"This is pretty dull music," exclaimed my friend, who had, a little later, left his trench and joined me. "We are evidently a day or two ahead of the plover, and there is hardly a bird moving. I've kept a sharp lookout, and, excepting a few small bunches of 'peeps' and now and then a yellowleg, I've seen nothing. I move that we take our lunch and a bottle of 'Bass' over yonder," pointing to a little clump of stunted pines a quarter of a mile away, "and take our snack in what little shade there is. The sun is hot, hot, hot."

I gladly acceded to this proposition, and we repaired to the spot he had indicated, carrying with us not only our edibles, but a couple of guns and a few cartridges. We have always found it a good plan to provide for birds coming even when none are in sight, for one never knows when a flock may appear.

Our noonday meal having been disposed of, we lighted our pipes and enjoyed a brief siesta, which, however, was abruptly broken by the shrill whistle of a curlew high in the air. Glancing skyward, we discerned a small flock circling around, apparently scrutinizing our decoys, which stood in expectant attitude two or three gunshots below us.

"There's a bunch of doe birds," exclaimed my companion, and they are going to our stools. What a lovely time we'd had with them if we were where we ought to be in the trenches. We can't get down there now without being seen, but if we hide in the scrub here perhaps we can call them. We may get a long shot at 'em, and possibly drop one or two, and thus save getting 'skunked'."

As he spoke he put his bird call to his mouth and gave the peculiar whistle which every shore-bird gunner knows so well.

The doe bird, or Esquimaux curlew, like the sickle-bill and Jack, or Hudsonian curlews, is a very sociable bird; it quickly answers to the gunner's whistle, and stools in the freest manner possible.

Like the others, it is also very sympathetic, and responds to the cries of a wounded comrade, the flock hovering around the spot where it lies until the last bird is dropped. In its love of company, it associates with many of the other species, little bunches of three or four often being seen in the midst of a flock of plover.

In its flight it is one of the most graceful of the shore birds, its long wings beating the air with a rhythm peculiarly their own. Like the golden plover it subsists on insects, seeds etc., and as a table bird is a great favorite with epicures, far exceeding in that respect our other two species.

My companion's whistle was repeated again and again, but without any apparent effect on the birds, for they hung away persistently, and seemed determined to settle among our decoys, and we were just at the point of leaving our cover with a view of getting within shot of them, when, by one of those inexplicable whims which birds often manifest, they wheeled and advanced in our direction, uttering at the same time a whistling twitter such as this species often emits when foraging in the marshes.

"We'll get a shot at them after all," exclaimed my friend. "It may be a long one, however."

"Yes," I replied, "they're coming, and to make sure of reaching them, I'll slip a wire cartridge in my left barrel," and as I spoke I removed one of my ordinary shells, replacing it with one of Ely's green cartridges loaded with No. 6 shot, such as I always carry with me when out for birds; they are valuable in an emergency.

In leaving our decoys the curlews came a short distance in our direction and then swung away to the right,

returning before us, but higher in the air, thus giving us an excellent opportunity for passing and quartering shots. There were eight birds in all and their V-shaped flock showed like a bunch of gray and white against the deep blue of the sky. As they darted by us the discharge of my friend's gun and that of my own rang with one report, and the leaden hail did its work effectually, for four of the birds came to earth with a resounding thump, three of them being killed outright, the fourth being merely wing-tipped. As it fell upon the greensward it uttered its cry of distress, which my friend and I repeated until the remaining birds turned and circled above their fallen companions. The report of our guns again rang out, and the last bird fell, it dropping to my wire cartridge, which reached it after it had passed beyond ordinary gunshot.

"Bravo!" exclaimed my companion, as we gathered up our prizes, "that's a magnificent beginning of our sport; eight doe birds, and the whole flock saved! We had better get back to our trenches now, for we never can tell when something will come along."

We spent the remainder of the day under cover; but, save a small bunch of yellowlegs, out of which we secured five birds and a brace of Jack curlew, nothing showed up worth the powder and shot that would be required to bring them down. The following day was absolutely blank, not a bird being secured, and the next two were not much more profitable, a few yellowlegs and a single curlew only falling to our guns. On the morning of the fourth day, however, we went into our trenches with the expectation of getting some birds; a lively breeze was blowing from the northwest, and great masses of clouds were sweeping across the sky above us and down to the horizon on every side.

"You'll have something to show for to-day, sure," said our host, as he left us on his return to the house. "There's a storm coming, and I can hear plover whistling now," and he glanced upward as he spoke.

The old farmer's prediction proved true, for before we had fairly disappeared from sight, a great cloud of birds could be seen skirting along the shore that stretched out below us; back and forth they moved in one great mass, their gray and white wings beating the air in one long, shimmering flutter.

The flight of a large flock of golden plover is exhilarating in the highest degree to the sportsman. The sensation he feels as he holds his gun in readiness to pour its deadly fusillade in that swiftly-moving cloud is indescribable. He repeats his whistling call until he turns them in his direction, and when they approach his stools his nerves tingle and his heart almost ceases to beat. The mighty rush of wings before him seems to give him a vertigo, but when his finger is on the trigger and the discharge of his gun ensues, his tremor and excitement pass and the discharge of the second gun is done almost mechanically into the mass of fluttering birds which pile up in the air above his decoys and over his lurking place.

That day was an ever memorable one; great flocks succeeded each other as the hours rolled by, and nearly all of them paid tribute to our guns. They were the first birds of the season, and sportsmen had never before seen them.

To our calls they responded freely, and to the enticing notes they sometimes returned and swung over our treacherous decoys. Unfortunately, our supply of ammunition gave out before the day had ended. I had brought to the field but fifty or sixty cartridges, and my friend was not much more abundantly supplied, but our score for the day was the best we had ever made, over sixty brace having fallen to my friend's gun, and nearly as many to mine.

"Yes, I knew you'd have luck to-day," exclaimed our host, as the birds were loaded into the wagon and we mounted to our seats, "but you'll not get as many to-morrow, and I doubt very much if you come out at all."

He was right, for on the following three days the rain fell in torrents and the wind blew a gale, and when we returned to our trenches on Monday we did so with the conviction that the first flight had passed, and our premonition proved well founded, for save a few small lots of yellowlegs, straggling beetle-heads, and grass birds, nothing was to be seen worth the shooting, and nothing remained for us to do but to spend a week or more as best we could while waiting for the second flight of plover, which would probably come along about that time.

On the southern migration the plovers sometimes make but one stage from Prince Edward Island to the Southern States. In former times they used to pause at intervening points in considerable numbers. I have seen them by thousands in the "Canton Fowl Meadows," a few miles from Boston, on the hilly pastures and fields in Hingham, Mass.; have had magnificent shooting on the great stretches of waste land on Nantucket and at various points on Cape Cod, but nowadays they seem to move *en masse*, some times far out at sea, their flight having been witnessed from vessels, and unless a severe northwest storm drives them shoreward, where their flocks become broken up, gunners have poor success with them. In its migrations, according to C. J. Maynard, the ornithologist, golden plover have been known to pass from Newfoundland to the West Indies in a single flight, and that it travels over the whole continent of South America, wintering chiefly in Patagonia.

In speaking of the velocity of flight of migrating birds, he says that geese, swans, and other large species, move at upward of 100 miles an hour, and thus can readily accomplish a distance of 1,000 miles between meals. Ducks, especially the smaller species like teal, scaup, etc., move more rapidly than this, the average being probably as high as 150 miles per hour.

Shore birds move even more rapidly, averaging 180 miles per hour, and some species exceed even this, flying at the great speed of 200 miles an hour. The distance from Newfoundland to the West Indies is about 3200 miles and to traverse this the plover would be on the wing sixteen hours if they traveled only at the rate of 200 miles per hour.

Our visit on the island was prolonged until there was no likelihood of our seeing the second flight, which must have passed without a pause, perhaps at night or by way of Nova Scotia, and we were obliged to return home with the greater portion of our first great bag packed in ice, to be distributed among our friends who were so unfortunate as to be unable to leave their work as we had done.

Guns and Gun Feats.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It seems a pity to disappoint so amiable a person as M. D. of Milford, and I trust that nothing may be said to impair his confident belief that he has accomplished his laudable purpose of adding to my presumed discomfiture. I think he ought to acquaint the War Department with the fact that it is not necessary to hit a man with a rifle ball in order to kill him. The casualty lists of an enemy might be augmented materially by marksmen trained to miss scientifically. It seems strange that Daniel Boone never learned that squirrels could be killed without hitting either them or the bark under them.

If I didn't know about "wind contusions" before, I do now, since M. D. has given a practical demonstration, using me as a target.

ALLEN KELLY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Manhattan, Cabia Blanco, O. H. Hampton, Skeptic, and M. D. have got me all mixed up. There is an old proverb or saying that a "draught that will put out a candle will blow out a man's life." Now, why won't the wind of a bullet that kills a squirrel or breaks a man's bones, blow out a candle? M. D. says the medical books treat of the lethal properties of "wind contusion," and avers that a bullet passing close to a squirrel's head without touching it causes instant death. Yet we have most respectable authority for the truth of the legend that old-time riflemen snuffed candles with the same weapons with which they "wind-contused" squirrels. Where are we at?

QUIEN SABE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Cabia Blanco has called the turn in the candle-snuffing game. I've ridden the range a few myself, and have seen and tried all kinds of plain and fancy shooting, but I never saw bad man or cowboy, frow Wild Bill down or up, who could shoot the snuff from a candle without dousing the glim. As a matter of fact, just about 95 per cent. of the cowboy's alleged skill with the gun is hot air, but I have seen a few punchers able to hit the wick of a candle at five yards once out of three shots. I'm not bragging when I say I've done it myself many times, and that I could shoot straighter in the fancy game than any other man in every outfit I was with, although lots of them could draw quicker and hit a telegraph pole sooner than I could. Tenderfoot yarns about keeping a tomato can rolling with bullets, putting two or three shots through a can tossed in the air, whipping out a gun and shooting a running jack rabbit all in one motion and no time at all; picking the spots out of a playing card at twenty yards, "fanning the hammer" and hitting anything smaller than the smiling face of nature, are all pipe dreams. There's a heap of cow punchers and deputy sheriffs out West who say they can do these things, and they think they can, but when they try to make good there's always something the matter with the gun.

When I see a man bite the bottom out of a frying-pan without smutting his nose, I'll allow he can snuff a candle without putting out the light. Meanwhile, more power to the myth busters.

LATIGO JOE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I cannot plead ignorance of that gun of Major Fergusson's which Mr. Ellicott calls my attention to in the current number. My best excuse must be carelessness. I had forgotten all about that gun, though the breech-loading muskets that he describes are new to me. It is hardly possible that men would carry guns of different types, all of them muzzleloaders, year after year for several centuries, without many different men trying to invent some plan to load more guns quicker than by the tedious process of loading at the muzzle. No doubt many breechloaders have been invented of which no history now remains.

An inquirer in one of our local papers the other day wanted to know when and by whom gunpowder had been first invented. The editor told him it had been invented by an English monk early in the eleventh century. He may have forgotten, as I did about the gun, or he may never have been told, that the Chinese claim to have invented gunpowder 2,000 years ago, and they may have done so. They were civilized then, or as nearly civilized as they are now, in spite of the efforts made by some of us who cannot find anything better to do, to civilize them some more.

CABIA BLANCO.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When in reply to Rifleman's question whether any of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM had barked squirrels with a rifle, I stated that I had done it many a time; that to do it I shot into the bark of the limb directly under the squirrel's throat, I did not say it could not be done by shooting under the heart. I made no comments on Mr. Kelly's experience and opinions, and am not a little surprised that he seems to doubt the truthfulness of my statement. I have never had time nor inclination to deal in fiction, and very seldom assumed the role of critic. What others have done in the way of barking squirrels I know not, but I have barked them; that is a settled fact. I have also shot them with a revolver, and with a shotgun. My best squirrel rifle was a long octagonal, full stocked, percussion cap muzzleloader. My best shotgun for squirrels was one of the same style, but running about 60 balls to the pound, with the rifles bored out, making what we called a smoothbore. With my rifle I shot the head off many a wild pigeon and quail. This pattern of gun followed the flintlock, and was followed by a half stocked shorter barreled rifle, and these by the repeater.

I want to say to my doubting friend that when at the age of 13 to 18 I spent my leisure hours in the woods, I seldom missed a squirrel's head if I shot at it. If I saw the squirrel's ear or eye, it was my squirrel, minus the head. A wild pigeon's head up among the branches of a pin oak tree was a more difficult target to hit, but I have killed more than one pigeon in that manner. Some years ago I told in these columns of shooting the heads off two grouse in a thicket on the north side of Witch Lake, Michigan. I was standing on a log near where I had heard a grouse. I had a .32-20 Winchester. Presently I saw one of the birds on a small log that lay at right

angles to the one on which I stood. To have shot the bird through the body would have been no trick, but the point was to shoot its head off before it got behind a clump of brush. Anyone who has hunted grouse knows how they move when they walk. They move slowly, but their head is still scarcely longer than two seconds. I shot the head off that grouse, then swung part way around to the left and shot the head off another one before the first one had quit fluttering. The distance was 19 steps to the first and 21 steps to the second one.

My friend, Geo. Hedrick, of Ft. Recovery, Ohio, was near me when with my old .38 Winchester I shot the head off a grouse, then stepped the distance. The bird was standing still on a log, and the distance was 39 steps, equivalent to 39 yards.

I never killed deer at over 250 yards, but I have killed them lying, standing, walking, loping, and flying. But the finest rifle shot I ever made was at a buck's eye. Our party had gone over 500 miles to hunt deer, and were desirous of making a success of the trip. I was trailing a deer I had wounded, and had come to the point of a ridge where it had doubled on its track and probably laid down. I had trailed it fully a mile by an occasional drop of blood and its hoof-prints on the dry leaves. Then as I stepped on top of a pine stump on the end of the ridge, I found myself looking into the eye of a large buck. To hit an eye in that buck's head looked improbable. But I shot at his right eye just as deliberately as I would shoot at the center of a target, and I hit his right eyeball so near the center that the skin around the eye was not broken, as men will testify who helped carry him to camp. The distance was 45 steps.

There are so many things that contribute to good or bad rifle shooting, the wonder is more self-styled sportsmen of to-day do not fail to comprehend its possibilities. A gun may be of poor material, indifferently sighted, or have flaws or rust in it. There are certain facts, however, patent to all intelligent men. One cannot hope with any certainty to hit a mark beyond the range of the gun he is shooting. A long range gun should be sighted finer, or the aim should be lower down on the mark, at short range. One cannot hope to do good shooting with a poor gun.

There are expert marksmen just the same as there are expert mechanics, and what they have done should be accepted as a fact. On my hunting trips in the deer country I carry a .38 Winchester, '73 model. My first shot at a deer with this gun was a disappointment, though I had not tested it at long range. When I fired, the deer sprang into the air and dodged behind some bushes. Evidently the ball struck under him. I went to camp and tried the gun on a spot on a tree. It shot too low. Then I got a file and went to work on the bead; also filed the prongs off the sight, and when I went into the woods again with that gun I hit what I shot at. But while I have shot the heads off grouse, squirrels and rabbits with it, I would not think of trying to bark squirrels with it. My old squirrel rifle is in the possession of a farmer near this town, and he molds bullets for it just as I did thirty-seven years ago. He says "it shoots where it is held."

The best plan I ever found for molding bullets, was to get a piece of linden wood and make a ladle of it, leaving the bowl shallow, and cutting a groove out to the edge. Then I made a fire in it of live coals and small chips or dead coals, laid pieces of lead on top and by blowing set the inside of the ladle to burning. This melted the lead and kept it melted while I molded the bullets one by one. I usually chose a spot on a bare floor, turning the bright, shining bullets out on the floor, then, before they were cool, cut their necks off where they lay with my knife, returning the necks to the ladle to be molded again until there was nothing left but possibly a squib.

G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Aug. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The discussion on squirrel barking and the old Kentucky rifle has recalled many reminiscences of my boyhood days. Seventy years ago the old long barreled, small bore rifle was still a favorite weapon in New England, as well as in Kentucky, and the "turkey shoot" was the common accompaniment and amusement of Thanksgiving time. My own experiences with gunpowder began with the rifle, and as a boy I was a pretty fair marksman at a target, and have shot squirrels with the rifle, though my eyesight was never strong enough to make me a very "crack shot." The letter of Cabia Blanco, however, recalls the fact that some time in the early '30s, when I was ten or twelve years old, the late Governor of New Hampshire, then a member of Congress, brought home from Washington one of those Hall rifles, with one of which each member had been supplied, and being no sportsman himself, turned it over to my father to keep for him. I practiced with that more or less, and soon got so I could beat my father at a target, but it was too clumsy and coarse sighted for a sporting weapon, and carried too big a ball. I mention it now to fix the date for Cabia Blanco. The other rifle he speaks of, with the revolving wheel, was, I think, the "Henry" and this was a Kentucky invention.

One of my school mates had an 8-inch pistol barrel, made by Robbins & Lawrence, at Windsor, Vt., which he had got mounted on a short stock like a gun, and which was "sure death" for chipmunks and red squirrels, though I never tried it on any larger game. Another gun which I used a good deal belonged to a distant relative, and was a short English rifle, made for use in moist or tropical climates, with a brass barrel, about 16 to 18 inches long, but it had been a good deal worn, and was not very accurate, though I have killed squirrels with it. My next-door neighbor in those days was an old blacksmith who was not only a good shot himself, but a gunsmith, too, like many of the old New England blacksmiths of those days, and he had a long rifle of his own make which was the subject of my boyish admiration.

Somewhat later a young gentleman from Boston came up here to read law, with the late Chief Justice Cushing, and brought with him a rifle and fowling piece made by one Pratt, of Roxbury, which were, without exception, two of the best guns I ever shot. One of my shooting cronies, a young shoemaker, like Nessmuk, could put a ball through a squirrel's head with that rifle with great certainty, and I well remember the string of gray squirrels which he and Mr. Tirrell, the owner of the two guns, brought down the evening of the day on which the first

General Harrison was elected President. One of them was a non-resident, and the other not quite of age, so they both went off after squirrels. What has become of my old comrade in the woods I do not know; Nessmuk like, he did not stick to the old proverb of "*ne sutor ultra crepidam*," but left home soon after I did, and the last time I saw him I met him on Broadway some thirty years ago, resplendent in blue cloth and gilt buttons, as one of the officers of "Admiral" Jem Fisk's Fall River Navy.

As these notes show, my father trained me early to the use of firearms, and gave me a "shotgun," as we boys called a fowling piece, when I was twelve years old, and I followed his example with my own sons as soon as they were able to hold up a gun.

Speaking of barking squirrels, although I never tried to accomplish the feat with a rifle, I once made a somewhat similar shot with a 12-gauge gun, which I shall never forget. It was many years ago, I think in '68 or '69, that I had been out squirrel shooting with my two oldest boys, and having got several squirrels in the morning, we had sat down by a little woodland brook to eat our luncheon. The boys sat down close to the water, while I was on the bank, a little above them. We had just finished our lunch, when a gray squirrel started to run up a tree on the other side of the brook, about twenty yards distant, saw us, and stopped to inspect. My right side was toward him, and my gun lay by my right hand. I was afraid to turn round so as to bring the gun to my shoulder, so quietly cocking one barrel, I picked up the gun, pistol fashion, in my right hand, and fired, right over the boys' heads, who were facing me, and could not think what I was up to. As the squirrel had disappeared, one of them went to look and found him dead, eight feet from the tree, in a line exactly at right angles with my line of fire. The bulk of the charge had struck the tree, glanced, and with the bits of torn bark, struck the squirrel fair in the belly, killing him instantly, and throwing him away from the tree. Those boys have killed many squirrels on their own account since that day, but neither of them has forgotten that lunch at the brookside, and that apparently random pistol shot, with that heavy gun.

I have pleasant personal recollections of Audubon, and never thought of doubting his stories of Daniel Boone and squirrel barking, though I must confess to a good deal of skepticism about the Leather Stocking tales of piercing two potatoes with one bullet, for it must be a very rare chance that would bring two objects thrown into the air by one person in the same line of sight to another man holding a rifle. It is too much like the old archery myths sung by Sir Walter Scott:

And when in turn he shot again
The second cleft the first in twain.

The question of "Cat Appetite" seems to be settled, and to have given place to "Frog Provender," but I want to thank Mr. Morphew for his contribution to it, and to say that my "Thomas," having enjoyed asparagus in its season, as well as the cat mentioned by M. de Varigny, is now reveling in string beans and sweet corn to his heart's content, besides doing a fair amount of foraging among the mice in the barn.

It was pleasant to find in the last FOREST AND STREAM the familiar signatures of Kelpie, Coahoma, and Didymus, and equally so, some months since, to read the delightful account of the visit to Crater Lake by Forked Deer, whose name has long been among the missing.

I have caught no trout for two years, and the fishing has been very poor in this part of New Hampshire. Nearly all the brooks practically dried up last year from the lack of rain and the loss of the forests.

VON W.

Do Ducks Smell?

NEW YORK.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Now that the duck-smelling theme has been broadened to include buzzards and other fowl of the air, I venture to refer your unconvinced controversialist Coahoma to the kiwi and its smelling apparatus. The kiwi, a grotesque bird of New Zealand, is possessed of a long beak with the nostrils placed at the end. It is a night feeder, and its food is the earthworm, which it procures somewhat after the manner of our woodcock. Dr. Buller, a naturalist of repute, whom the books quote as an authority on the kiwi, says of its feeding habits:

"While hunting for its food the bird makes a continual sniffing sound through the nostrils. Whether it is guided as much by touch as by smell, I cannot safely say; but it appears to me that both senses are called into action. It is probable that in addition to a highly developed olfactory power, there is a delicate nervous sensitiveness in the terminal enlargement of the upper mandible. It is interesting to watch the bird, in a state of freedom, foraging for worms, which constitute its principal food; it moves about with a slow action of the body, and the long, flexible bill is driven into the soft ground, generally home to the very root, and is either immediately withdrawn with a worm held at the extreme tip of the mandibles, or it is gently moved to and fro by an action of the head and neck, the body of the bird being perfectly steady. On getting the worm fairly out of the ground, it throws up its head with a jerk, and swallows it whole."

With Buller of New Zealand as my authority, I stand up to be counted with Cristadoro of Minnesota as against Coahoma of Mississippi, as a believer that (some) birds do smell.

J. D. ADAMS.

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of July 9, I read "More Anon's" article, "Do Ducks Smell?" and would like to have space to recount a bit of my experience while shooting ducks the past thirty years in southern waters over decoys.

I am of the opinion that ducks do not smell a human being any more than a wild turkey does. Our hunters down here, both professional and amateur, when setting out decoys, place them to leeward of their blinds, taking the wind on their backs. I have always understood that ducks preferred the still side of a lagoon to the windy or rough side, and naturally came to the smoother water. Nearly every flock comes to decoys up wind, and the ducks frequently light among them and remain until the sight of the wooden floaters creates suspicion that some-

thing is wrong. Those Currituck ducks have more sense (of smell) than have those that come "way down South in Dixie."

Ducks soon recognize decoys after coming to them several times to be shot at, and it is the sense of sight, not smell, that deflects them from the anxious shooter.

T. K. RENAUD.

[Ever since the controversy as to the smelling powers of ducks began, we have been wondering why the obvious bit of evidence brought forward by Mr. Renaud was not called attention to. It is of course perfectly well known that the duck shooter, whether on the Gulf of Mexico or on Currituck Sound, puts out his decoys to leeward. He wishes to have the ducks come up in front of him and alight in the wind; in fact, they will not alight in any other way. He wishes to see them as they are coming, and is seriously handicapped if they come from behind him. The birds which come are ducks of all sorts; mallards and black ducks as well as canvasbacks and blackheads. The decoys are commonly set from 20 to 30 yards from the gunner, and his scent is necessarily constantly carried over them. Perhaps the reason that this bit of evidence has not been earlier adduced is because duck shooters over decoys are not very many. Works on duck shooting usually explain more or less fully the manner of setting out decoys, and the reader who wishes to look it up is referred to "American Duck Shooting," where it is mentioned in several places, but especially in connection with point shooting in Currituck Sound—on page 386—and again in the chapter on battery shooting.]

The Sora.

THE season is at hand for the opening of the sora shooting—the first shooting of the fall. This little bird, known also as Carolina rail, ortolan, rice bird, and soore in various localities, is now about to begin its migratory flight all over the country. It is one of the earliest birds to move, and a slight frost seems to start it on its journeyings. In every fresh-water marsh along the coast and inland, from Virginia north almost to Hudson's Bay, the sora breeds in some numbers, and when the autumnal flight begins the birds stop at different points where grow the wild rice or other plants whose seeds they like, and rest and feed.

The sora is not a large bird, measuring only about 9 inches in length. Above he is olive brown, varied with black and gray, and the under parts are lighter, the breast and flanks being sometimes marked with white. Except during the migratory flight, the sora takes to wing unwillingly, and spends most of its time on the ground, running here and there through the close set stems of the grass or weeds in its marshy home, and feeding on the seeds which fall from above. If the water rises, they still run about on the floating vegetation, or climb up the stems of the weeds, seldom flying unless forced to do so.

The sora's migrations take place at night, and a marsh which one afternoon had no birds in it may be full of them the next morning. In the same way they may all vanish in a night. These sudden and mysterious appearances and disappearances have given rise to many superstitions about the rail. People have declared that, with their short wings, it was impossible for them to fly great distances, and have thought that they have descended to the bottom of the streams at the approach of winter and remained there in the mud until spring. Other people have believed that they change to frogs when the cold weather comes, and some of the western Indians think that they perform their migrations on the backs of wild geese or cranes, which carry the little birds from south to north, and back again.

From New England to Virginia, sora shooting is a favorite sport. It does not last long—only two or three hours a day for four or five weeks in each year. But it comes at a delightful season, is very easy shooting, and entails little or no exertion. It is one of the best and most encouraging forms of shooting for the beginner.

Each boat is propelled by a "shover," who, standing in the stern, by means of a long pole shoves the boat through the high grass or reeds where the rails have their home. The shooter stands in the bow of the boat, and the rail rise singly in front of the bow. They usually take wing quite close to the boat and fly slowly and straight and should be easily killed. It is the business of the shover to watch the bird as it falls and mark the spot, and to pick it up as the boat goes by.

In old times when rails were more plenty than they are now, bags of one or two hundred were sometimes made in New England, and it is said that on certain marshes in Virginia, which are favorite resting places for the birds during migrations, such bags are still made.

The sora is recognized as one of the most toothsome of game birds, and in the estimation of many ranks with the woodcock and the English snipe. During the early autumn, when they are feeding on the wild rice, they become very fat and are most delicious eating.

Requisitions for Game Law Violators.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Aug. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last week one of the game protectors of West Virginia came to Harrisburg with a requisition for a resident of one of our western counties, charged with killing game out of season in West Virginia. The offender and his friends felt very confident that our Governor would not honor such a requisition, the offense being classed as a misdemeanor and of a trivial character. The opposite was the result, the requisition was honored, upon the ground that the offense was against the Commonwealth of West Virginia, and not against an individual. The gentleman was taken back and made to suffer the penalties imposed by the law. I state this as it may be a matter of interest to some of your readers who are in the habit of coming into this State to hunt in violation of our law requiring non-residents to secure a license before hunting in this State, much unpleasantness and trouble will, beyond doubt, be saved to many of these people and to the game protectors of this State if those from the outside can be made to understand that this law means just what it says, and that there is danger in attempting to violate it.

JOSEPH KALBFUS,

Secretary of the Game Commission.

Life in the Woods.—XV.

Last Night in Camp.

(Continued from page 152.)

OUR hunt was now fast drawing to a close. In two days more Henry and Lewis were to go out, and Henry had not killed a deer. He was extremely anxious to get one. He had had a number of shots, but had been unfortunate, for his shower gun, with all its buckshot, did not seem to have done much damage. When morning dawned, he was the first one out, and he hunted hard and faithfully until long after the dinner hour, but his efforts were not crowned with success, and he looked pretty "blue" as he sat down in camp to take a rest. He never had been "skunked" on a hunt of this kind, and he did not want to break his record. To think of having been in the woods three weeks with several good chances and then not kill a deer was too much for him.

We had some fanciful names for the lakes around us, which we had christened ourselves, as the town maps of the Government survey did not bear any designation for them. There was Echo Lake, because of its famous echoes; Beaver Lake, because at some time in the past the beaver had a large dam there, and evidently a large colony of the industrious animals had thrived there for many years; Trout Lake, because in its outlet we had frequently seen speckled trout; Crescent Lake, because it was shaped like the half circle of the moon; Sand Lake, because it was the center of a sandy plain, and Otter Lake, because along its shores could now and then be seen signs of that animal. Near Otter Lake there was a famous runway which led up over a high ledge, and which really was the only exit to the north from a large area of well wooded country. We had frequently driven deer over it, and had been quite often successful in getting shots there, and so we proposed to put Henry on the best stand, and give him another chance, if possible, for a shot. Tired as he was, he was only too glad to accept the offer, and though it was rather late in the afternoon when he started around by the old logging road to reach the stand, we all felt hopeful. Louis, myself, and our little spaniel, Sport, were to make the drive.

We gave Henry twenty minutes start before we moved, and Louis and myself had hardly separated when, with a "yip, yip, yip," Sport jumped up three deer, and away they went, right toward Henry's stand. I banged away to put him on his guard, and hurried on as fast as I could, expecting every moment to hear the "boom" of his old shotgun, but it did not "boom." I began to get anxious, especially as Sport in a few minutes came back to me, and to think that the deer had turned off and we would not see them again. I was almost certain of this, when up they started again, with the little dog following as best he could through the brush and over the logs. This time I halted, and in a few minutes "boom, boom" went the shotgun, and then I started on the run. Soon there was another "boom," and then I saw a large doe vainly trying to run, and just able to raise up and lunge forward, falling to the ground each time with a crash. I finished her with a ball through the neck, just as Henry came up ready with another charge of buckshot. There was a happy man. We were both happy, and made the woods ring and echo with our shouts, until Louis, far off to the right, knew that something had happened, and answered with his own glad call. By the time we had the doe dressed it was dark, but we hitched a rope to her and dragged her out to the roadside, where we concealed her behind a big tree to await the team which was to take the boys out. It was a happy camp that night, for everyone rejoiced as much as Henry did over his good fortune. "It never rains but it pours," and so it seemed in this case, for the next morning, while still hunting, Henry jumped up another big doe, and killed her in her tracks with the first shot, so that when he went out he had the satisfaction of taking two as nice, fat deer with him as any hunter ever took from the woods, and instead of a long face and a gloomy look, he wore one of the happiest smiles that ever shone on any man's countenance.

The rest of us did not remain in camp much longer, for soon winter began to set in, and the heavy snow and intense cold served to make us all ready to return home. About the only exciting chase experience we had after that, was a long chase after a three-legged deer which evidently had had one foreleg shot off at some time. In spite of the snow and its crippled condition, it succeeded in getting away from us, and though we frequently caught sight of it in a chase of an hour or more, we never got even one shot. Finally we had but one more day left, and so began to quit.

As the end of the hunt draws near, its effect on the party is plainly to be observed. There is an apparent lack of interest, and the same ambition is not displayed. There is a gathering together of traps that must be packed. There is a general cleaning and scrubbing going on, and if there is a razor in camp it is kept busy the last day or two. Each one, after the deer are all in readiness to load, begins to tend to his own affairs. The Old Trapper started out and made a long turn, bringing in all of his traps; then he cleaned and dried them and sewed them up in a heavy bag he had provided for the purpose. He then went outside and gathered together the ax, saw, hatchets, rope and straps hanging in the trees, and all the pots and pans and cooking utensils and dishes of every name and nature, and then a big "washee washee" followed, for everything must be cleaned and dried before put away for a year of rest. Some of us turned to and helped him, and before long everything was in proper shape, piled up ready to be put in the chests, with just enough left to suffice for the next morning's meal. Then each individual member began prowling around to get their own effects in order. The hunting clothes are laid aside with the compass, the heavy hunting knife, the old watch chain, the drinking cup, match-box, short brier pipe. Store clothes are resurrected from the trunks, the broom brush put in operation, and then they are hung up over night that some of the wrinkles may be stretched out before morning. Derby hats take the place of the caps, and shoes and boots are substituted for the heavy socks and rubbers, packs or moccasins. Then the chests and trunks are

brought in, and one by one they are packed with everything that is not needed the next morning, and finally, late at night, we all take our last sleep in camp.

The alarm clock turns us out an hour earlier or so the next morning, for the team is to come early in order that we may catch a day train and not be obliged to wait at the station until night. A hasty breakfast follows, and then the last of the dishes and the cooking utensils are packed. Then all the bedding and clothes, excepting those that are to be rolled in the tents, are stored away, and the chests all securely roped and carried outside. Finally the stove-pipe is disconnected, and with the aid of two sticks thrust through the holes on top, the little sheet-iron stove is carried outside, emptied of its contents, and rolled around in the snow until cool enough to be handled. Soon it goes into a box, and with it most of the cooking outfit and the stove-pipe, which is made to telescope, then on goes the cover. While this has been going on, others have stripped the canvas roof from the camp, and it, with the supply tent, which was struck the night before, are rolled up with some clothing and blankets. An old carpet is wrapped around the bundle, and then all is ready to load. Some of the surplus wood is used to build a fire, and so we wait until the team comes. Now comes the tug of war, for our chests are heavy, but soon all is aboard with the deer that have not been sent out tied on top, and away we go, bidding good-by to our hunting ground until another season.

The road is bad. It is hilly and rough, and the sleds slide and slew in a way that is almost as bad as a ship at sea. Once we experience a sudden fright, for without warning the bobs, while on the edge of a hill, slide quickly to one side, and in an instant, striking the trunk

of a tree, tip over. The Old Trapper, sitting on the back of a big buck to hold him on, is thrown several feet, and goes rolling over and over himself down the hill, but the Colonel is caught between the load and the tree, and we catch our breath as we hurry forward, thinking he has been crushed between the heavy chests and the tree. It is a great relief for us to find him sitting there laughing, not hurt in the least, as two high boxes, one each side of him, each struck the tree and left him in between, not even pinched. The Old Trapper, too, escaped with a bruised shoulder, and after righting things up, we reach the station without further accident, in season to catch the desired train. Then we enjoy for the first time in three weeks a civilized meal, and that we all do justice to it goes without saying. The victuals suffer, and the landlord suffers, for he says he never makes a cent out of a gang of hunters, and we do not believe he does. Then we enjoy a good cigar, something we have not had for two weeks, and we con all the old papers to see what has been going on in the outside world while we have been away, and are astonished at things which have ceased to be talked about on account of being old and crowded out of notice by some more recent occurrence.

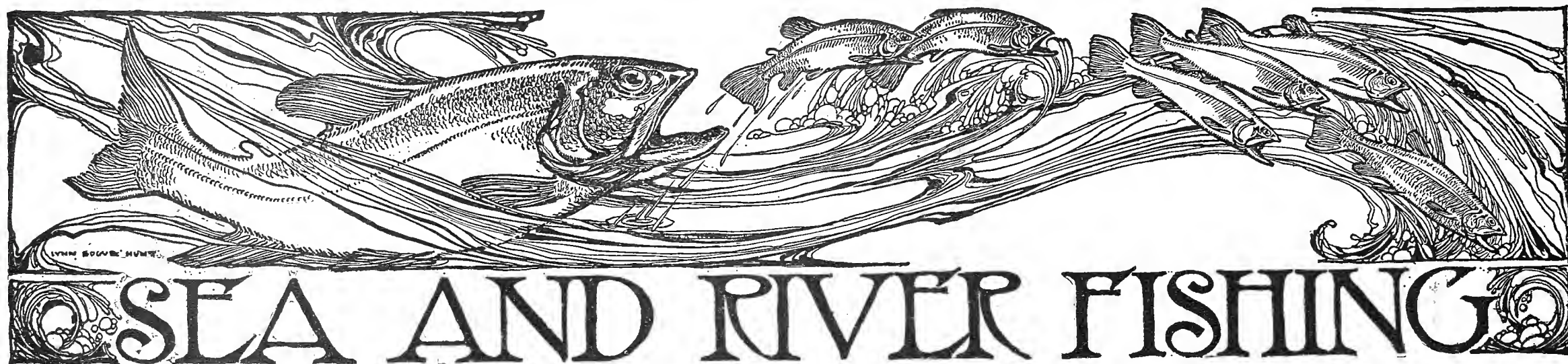
After a time the train rolls in, and we board it to find the cars filled with hunting parties from all parts of that section of the State and upper Michigan returning home after a fall outing. Then we have to exchange experiences and swap yarns, and if the average hunter cannot keep up with the average fisherman in telling a big story, he is, at the worst, a very close second. As midnight draws on, one by one they curl up and drop off to sleep, and in the wee sma' hours we are landed in our native burg. Then one must become acquainted with his family

once more, learn all that has been going on since he has been away, and find that he has a thousand and one things that must be attended to and at once. Then there are the threads of business life to be taken up once more—"working into the harness" some call it; old friends to see, and everyone you meet must know just how the hunt resulted, just what you did personally, and of course you "bought the deer," or someone else shot them for you, or you didn't get a one, and so on. Finally we find that we have come home with a ravenous appetite and that we are not nearly as fastidious about the cooking and the selection for the table as we used to be, it having been reduced more to a question of quantity than quality than formerly. We find—though at first we are a little homesick for the old life, the trails in the woods, the boon companions, and all the surroundings of camp life—after all it is good to be home again. Everything tastes better than it did before; the opera and the theatre have improved wonderfully; the dance, the reception, and the card party have become more attractive; business seems to slip along a good deal easier than it did before. There seems to be more ozone in the air; it is a pleasure to get up early and breathe deep draughts of it. In short, "life seems more happy and hope more bright," and we all feel as we settle back into the old grooves that we have been greatly benefited.

During the following months we meet occasionally, and when we do it is in the nature of a reunion to talk over the hunts of the past; to live over the scenes of camp life once more; to plan for the next hunt, and to kill more deer—in our minds—than were ever shot before by our party, or ever will be bagged.

CAROLUS.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]



Colorado Streams.

DENVER, Colo., Aug. 18.—I am often asked by tourists how far from Denver one must go to find good fishing in Colorado. "Only a matter of 275 to 350 miles," is the reply. Then the inquirer elevates his eyebrow, whistles softly, and proceeds to make up his mind that the distance is too great. But it is a fact that the good fishing streams of Colorado are the distance named above from Denver, and sometimes even more remote. However, this is a country of great things; great distances, great wealth, great railroads, and magnificent scenery, not to speak of the size of the trout. One contemplating a trip from Denver to the western slope where good angling abounds need have no anxiety on the score of cost of the trip. Three railroads reach the principal points for anglers, and either of them will set you down at almost any spot designated at a cost of less than \$10 for the round trip. And the time consumed in going is less than a day. Furthermore, there is no less than \$1,000 worth of scenery scattered along every mile of the inspiring trip.

G. Gordon Pickett, who has the reputation of "getting 'em" when he goes out, came back from Billy Welch's lodge near Lyons—which is only 55 miles from Denver on the Burlington, and a most charming place to put in a day at angling and studying nature—after a two days' stay with 57 rainbow, native, and eastern brook trout to his credit. This is a phenomenal catch—far better than may be hoped for by the average angler—and Gordon 'fessed up that he came pretty close to climbing over the legal limit in his enthusiasm. He is solidly arrayed in the forefront of those who counsel moderation in all lines of outdoor life.

The Eagle and Frying-pan rivers on the western slope are now at their best. It is no trick at all to kill forty or fifty good sized trout in either of these streams in a day's casting. I regret to say that trout are so plentiful that oftentimes more are taken than the angler is entitled to; it is also regrettable that such achievements are heralded by the local papers as though something to be proud of. But—in line with the suggestion of FOREST AND STREAM's not inapt little editorial in last week's issue—I read an item in a country exchange a day or two ago which announced that some "game hogs" had boasted of killing 100 trout in a few hours' time. The game hog was named by name, and his achievement was rated just as it deserved to be. Unfortunately the office cat mislaid this article, which I had intended using as "copy" this week. From which it is to be seen that the heaven of moderation is working in more places than one.

But to return to the Frying-pan and Eagle rivers. There is excellent fishing along a great stretch from Thomasville to Basalt on the Frying-pan, and I saw several good fish, running from 2 to 4½ pounds, dressed, which were shipped to friends in Denver. As the gentleman who caught them went on a business, not an angling, trip, but fell into temptation, because of that peculiar itching that comes to one when he gets close to a good trout stream, I withhold his name. From Rudi down to Hopkins' Spur, the river is all that the most picknicky angler could desire—just a succession of long riffles and deep pools, with here and there broken waters that tempt the big old chaps to guzzle on the flies that hover in the spray.

Homestake Creek—a tributary of the Eagle—is a beauty spot of nature, and a lurking place for the most provoking of good sized fellows. It has not yet been fished a great deal, and those who have taken the trouble to trail its course to its origin are enthusiastic. The stream is simply ideal for trout; the beauty of it is, the trout are there, too. This creek is offspring to the Mount of the Holy Cross—or rather that range—and the waters are almost frappé. It flows past the old town of Gold Park, and empties into Eagle River a few yards below the Rio Grande depot. Gold Park is a deserted town of 500 "ghosts," and the angler will find all kinds of accommodation from a two-story plastered mansion, rent free, to an unpretentious blacksmith shop, or a grocery perdu. The place is reached by teaming fifteen miles from Leadville or from Pando. Start in about a mile and a quarter below the deserted town, and he who fishes down will find a number of little parks—natural gems—where the stream widens and deep pools are found. Then he wades into little cañons, deep pools, and some rough waters. From the pools an expert, nay, one not so expert as might be, even, will pick out from the recurrent pools nice little chaps that will stretch his pocket scales to the pound, and even the two-pound notch.

The Eagle River below Wolcott is noted for its big ones, and the water is now low enough for the big pools and long riffles that there abound to be reached. This particular stretch of water is from Sherwood's to Bill Livingstone's, on the D. & R. G. R. R., and it takes a pretty good angler to come back with scales, because the old fellows are on to all the wiles of the best casters in the country. It is all a matter of patience and skill. If the fish are rising there is likely to be "something doing," and there is plenty of broad and deep water to "do it in." In rainy weather this ideal spot for the fisherman should be avoided, for the reason that Milk Creek which comes in at Sherwood's partakes of the color of its name and renders the river opaque also. If one carefully covers this stretch of perfect water for a day, he should return with a basket filled with lunkers.

The writer and two friends are leaving to-night for the Green River in Utah. There are stories of fresh water salmon of forty pounds and under—with the emphasis on the "under," probably—who simply lie in water to grab any old sort of bait cast at them. These fish are also known as giant minnow, whitefish, and squaw fish. The object of this trip is to capture a few specimens of these old hummers and send a photo or two to FOREST AND STREAM. The result of the expedition will be made known at a later date.

J. D. C.

A Potomac Shark.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 19.—A shark 9 feet 4 inches long was captured in the Potomac last week, four miles below Alexandria. F. A. Tyler, a farmer, and his hired man, in a trap net set for the common run of catfish in the river, found the shark. The big fellow, who had gorged himself on catfish, did not make much resistance, and the fishermen succeeded in getting a cable around him, towed him ashore, and held him there until he died. He weighed 328 pounds, and was 6 feet 7 inches around the girth. The shark will be stuffed and placed in the National Museum.

My First Attempt at Fly-Fishing

IT WAS back in—well never mind, I was a lad at the time, born as all healthy country boys should be, with innate love for nature and all things pertaining thereto. In company with my father and grandfather, I had acquitted myself with honor among the hordes of school weakfish and striped bass; and one day at the mouth of a small estuary that ran through my native village, I made fast to a big yellow-finned tide-runners—but, as Kipling says, "that is another story."

At that early age I was a constant reader of FOREST AND STREAM—that was when the outer covers were of pale green paper—and each week I saved my pin-money and purchased it from my newsdealer; also another paper, edited by the renowned Wm. C. Harris, entitled, "The American Angler, Hook and Line." A slight digression will make it necessary to crave the reader's indulgence—it is strange what a creature of habit man becomes—somewhere I have read "the childhood shows the man, as morning shows the day"—and so after the lapse of all these years, I still cling to the old habit of purchasing my periodicals weekly from the newsdealer, instead of subscribing to them annually; and first and foremost among them all comes my childhood's friend, FOREST AND STREAM, breathing its soothing influence into my ears when I am warmly ensconced in gown and slippers, away from the city's broiling, festering streets. Each week I renew my acquaintance with my boyhood days, and so I hope, providence willing, gradually to grow a young old-man. I feel stronger and better after reading it, and find a partial answer to Eugene's Field's little poem:

"O trees and hills, and brooks and lanes, and meadows, do you know

Where I shall find my little friends of forty years ago?
You see, I'm old and weary, and I've traveled long and far;
I'm looking for my playmates; I wonder where they are!"

And then I take up FOREST AND STREAM, and life seems less lonely as I indulge in retrospection. But, enough, I renew my acquaintance weekly with my former friends, and now to the point of my story.

An old fellow's mind is apt to dwell on past events. In the columns of the mentors of my youth I read of a mode of fishing, different from any I had ever seen—it was the art of fishing with the artificial fly. It appealed to me more and more as I read and reread the article, and so I determined to master this new mode of fishing. My mother's duster suffered accordingly, as well as old Buck, the cat, and the old rooster, whose hackle feathers assumed a new importance. My first attempts resulted in a combination of hook, tinsel, feathers and silk that instilled anything but confidence in my youthful breast—but blessed childhood, how hopeful and trusting they are! I persevered and took old flies apart and retied them until my eyes and fingers ached; but perseverance has its own reward, and mine came in time. I gradually became able to cut down the size of the feathered "wabs," until finally the flies resembled somewhat the patterns of those I had seen. My first cast consisted of a red-bib, a blue-bottle and a red-hackle. I tied my own leader—a six foot, single gut, with one loop for the hand-fly.

The next problem was the rod. So one day, with my father's indulgence, I purchased, on Vesey street, New York, a split bamboo (?) for the phenomenal sum of \$1.98. When I reached my native village and alighted from the train, behind the shelter of out-going freight, I removed the rod from its paper cover, and, there she lay, resplendent with varnish and silk. A good-natured freight-hand looked back and smiled indulgently. I often think of him now; I guess he had been there himself when he was a little boy—when he was a little boy, remember. (After all, we are, all of us, little boys, even if we are gray-bearded.) The makers of that rod were sound on the varnish, that I can testify to. It mattered not that there were two flaws in the second joint. I had the rod, actually my own. A fondness sprang up in my heart for that rod so prettily decked with silk, that I forgot the flaws, and was accordingly proud of the varnish. I am not quite certain but that the paper was not nearly off in the train. I do recollect, however, that the cord fastenings were cut, long before the train pulled out of Jersey City and, also, that that ride was the longest, seemingly, that I ever made. I recollect that I was the "first man off" that train. Enthusiasm! I'd have tried that rod if it were mid-winter and I had had to wear skates to do it.

The next episode was practicing the cast in the orchard. After lassoing myself with the line, a num-

have done, and after a little playing—a little playing, mark you; for I might as well play a lily-pad, but I had to convince the jury on the bank who held my reputation in his hands, that I knew a thing or two—I reeled in and landed with my hat (I could have lifted him out, but it was the effect I sought), not a bass, but a good-sized red-finned shinner. I was a trifle disappointed at its not being a bass; but I had taken a fish in the new way and had proven myself to my chum, who stood open-eyed with astonishment on the bank. I took nine more that day, all save one on the "red-hackle;" the other took the "blue-bottle."

I smile as I gaze back at the picture of the country lad with his cheap fly-rod and a heavy brass salt-water multiplying reel. I cannot tell how proud I felt. I was pretty well pleased with myself, I remember. I cannot blame the lad for feeling proud of himself, though his fish was a shiner. Even at this late day, I feel proud of the lad; he had foisted a new departure upon his skeptical neighbors, and consequently stood or fell with their decision, and it was up to the boy to prove the truth of his assertions. It was a risky move but successful.

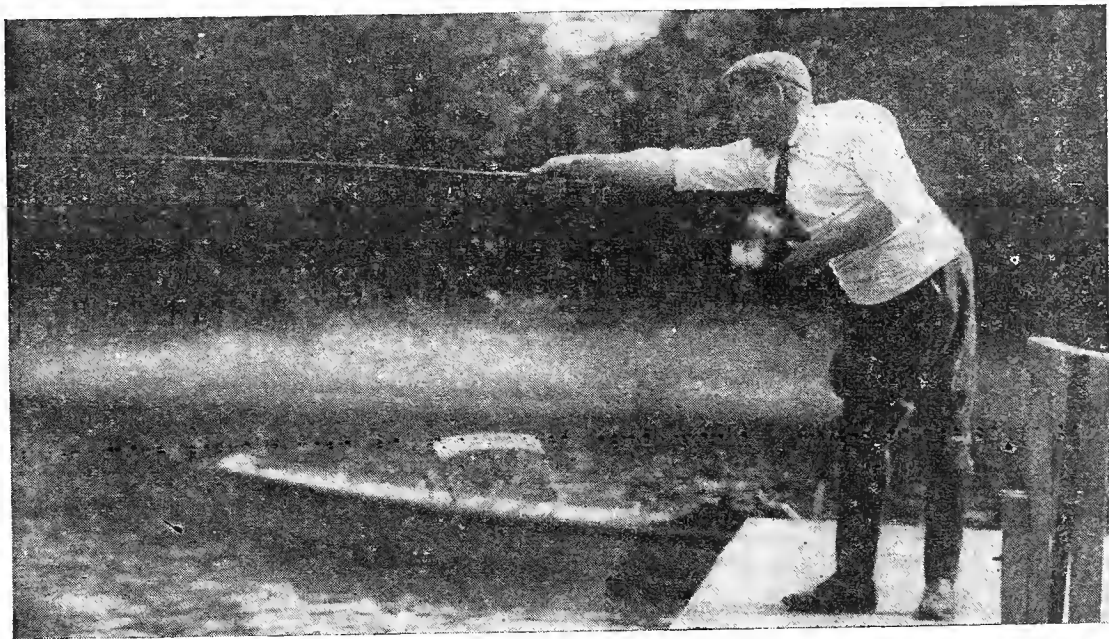
I have said that I had felt proud of the boy; but, I have a sneaking suspicion that perhaps the boy might not feel proud of the man, seeing how at times when the fish would not rise to the fly, I have used worms—yes, gentle reader, I must confess, I occasionally

results as those on the other side of the Gulf, and keen disappointment was the lot of the anglers on the Restigouche, the Cascapedia, the Bonaventure, the St. John's, the York, the Miramichi, and the Nepisiguit.

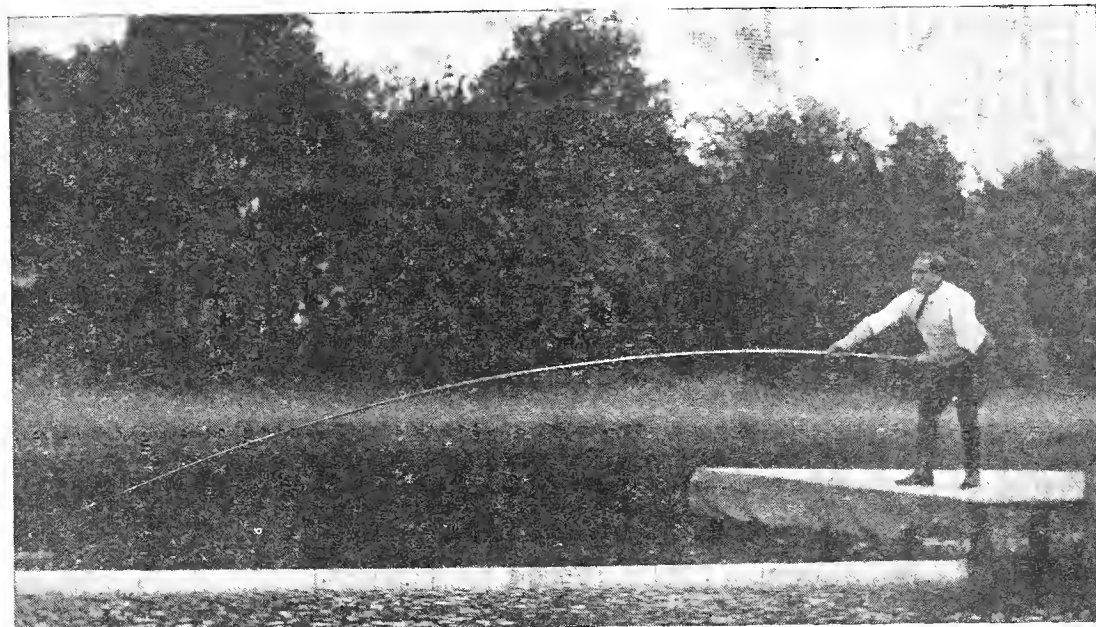
The Salmon Nets.

Reference has already been made in this column to the complaints of the net fishermen. I have very good reasons for believing that in many instances these complaints were not justified. Many of the nets undoubtedly turned out badly in the early part of the season, but those along the easterly part of the north shore, in particular, yielded better than average results, and this proved to be the case as far west as Trinity Bay. The net fishing improved very much toward the latter part of the season, and this is not surprising, when it is considered that the fish hovered about the mouths of the rivers so long without entering them.

Into some of the smaller rivers there has been, just as anticipated, a very late run of fish, of which the Eternity furnished a fair example. This was only after the July rains had somewhat raised and cooled the water, and in some instances was only after the anglers had left the streams. If carefully preserved from poachers, there ought to be as many spawning fish as usual in these lesser rivers, for notwithstanding that a larger proportion of them were probably netted while lingering for so long



MR. J. ENRIGHT USING THE TROUT ROD.



MR. J. ENRIGHT, WINNER PROFESSIONAL SALMON FLY-CASTING.

ber of days in succession, I finally got the hang of things and succeeded pretty well for a youngster. I now decided to try the creek.

Before going farther, let me introduce my friend and companion. Ed was one of a pair of twins and bragged that he was older than his brother Phil, especially when the elder should have precedence. I found afterward that it was true he was older—about seven minutes. They were two direct opposites; Phil a big good-natured, fat boy of the "hail fellows well met" sort; Ed, diminutive, nick-named "Mouse" by the other boys, a secretive, chicken-breasted, consuming-his-own-smoke sort of boy, but a true lover of streams and wood and all that appertained thereto. In our earlier adventures we used to tote Phil along, but experience taught us the rashness of such proceedings. Phil enjoyed it as much as we did, but everything seemed too much exertion—he liked good things if others obtained them for him, or if they came easily; in fact, he didn't like work, resembling nothing so much as Long-fellow's lazy Shas-won-dah-see. With Ed it was different, no sun was too hot, no seat too hard, no trouble too much, if there was the slightest chance of success.

The elaborate maneuvers through which we passed to circumvent the game were amusing. We could both steal along like Indians; in fact, we made moccasins for the occasion. We had been severe with Phil of late; but relenting one day, we took him along, after his promising to behave himself. We were out after English (Wilson) snipe, and I thought I saw Phil's finish. I marked one down and proceeded to stalk it. Phil being less nimble, stumbled and flushed it out of range. It ended there. Ed was invisible, but judging from what issued from behind a neighboring tree, he wasn't far away. I felt sorry for Phil, but that was no affair of mine. Ed emerged looking like a score of red-hot asterisks chained together. Somehow after that Phil drifted away from us. He always did seem to have a few grains of horse sense in his make-up.

After learning to lay out my line a sufficient distance, I began explaining the *modus operandi* to Ed; but, like the proverbial healthy dog, his nose was cold; he did not enthuse worth a cent—"durned 'f he cu'd see how any durn fool fish 'ud take holt o' them fethers 'n think they was bugs!" You see Ed was a confirmed bait-fisher from way-back. But I was determined and persuaded him to accompany me, which he consented to do, first depositing a can of worms in his pocket.

Arrived at the creek which contained bass, "sun-bass," the boys called them; but from dead specimens and the aid of the American Angler, I was enabled to identify my later day friend, *Micropterus salmoides*. I made a cast up-stream at a bend where the depth was from two to four feet. The result was that my flies had a tendency to come toward me too rapid. I reeled in, got my line under control and began over again. It was exceedingly embarrassing; and Ed knew it, judging from the face he wore. But I had made up my mind and intended to prove myself right and maintain my reputation at all cost. I remember, I made six casts without any result, with Ed eyeing me closer than a kingfisher which sat perched on a nearby willow. The seventh cast went up-stream; and as I elevated the tip of my rod, the tail fly landed in the center of the pool ahead, where the current was less rapid. There was a lazy ripple in the pool right where my fly fell and a pluck at the line. I turned my wrist rather more sharply than an experienced hand would

use worms. I think it was Jerome who said: "Try to live, so that the boy of fourteen will not be ashamed of the man of forty. I think we all of us try, more or less, but a healthy boy's thoughts, aims and impulses at that age are pure, truthful and lofty, and, I regret to say, 'till the world creeps in.'" So with me, not only the world, but the earth with its worms has crept in. I wonder what the boy would say, who decided then ever afterward to be a fly-fisher. Since I was fourteen, I have tackled and killed some lordly fish, and accomplished a few other stunts; but, with it all, even at the crucial moment, I cannot recollect having experienced keener pleasure, or being filled with more genuine satisfaction than on the day I proved to Ed, that "fish 'ud bite on fethers en think they was bugs!"

G. W. BEATTY, M.D.

Fish and Fishing.

More Salmon Reports.

NOW THAT the salmon fishing season has entirely closed, and all the anglers have returned from the rivers, it is less difficult than heretofore to sum up the net result of the season's experience. Comparing all the reports that have been received to date, I am far from sharing all the pessimistic views which have been expressed as to the rapid decrease in the supply of fish during the present summer. The anglers' catches, as a rule, have certainly fallen much below the experience of most former years, but I am not nearly so sure, as many seem to be, that this necessarily indicates any large diminution in the stock of spawning fish. In the first place, it must be remembered that the weather conditions have been very peculiar during the season just ended. This season opened late, and up to within the last few weeks was exceptionally hot and dry. The early part of the summer was virtually rainless, and as the fish were late in running in, owing to the backwardness of the season, they found some of the smaller streams so low that they failed to enter them. As the season wore on, the temperature of these little rivers, owing to the extreme heat and the want of rain, became unendurable for the salmon, except where deep pools abounded at the foot of waterfalls or heavy rapids, and such of the fish as ventured their ascent declined to stir from the bottom of the pools. This undoubtedly accounted for the unfortunate condition of affairs which resulted in many of these smaller streams being abandoned as useless for fishing before the season was many weeks old. Meanwhile, into many of the larger ones, especially into those on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, familiarly known as high water rivers, there was not a sufficient scarcity of water in the early part of the summer to deter the salmon from running into them. But the early heat and the lack of the usual rains soon raised the temperature of the water, even in very high latitudes, to the point at which the fish become lazy and depressed, and then the fishing quickly fell off. In the meantime, however, there were a few weeks of very good sport upon some of the larger northeasterly rivers, as was noted at the time in the case of the Moisie. One of the party who fished the Natashquan this summer told me the other day, in speaking of the excellence of the sport which that river gave in the early part of the season, that he had this year, strangely enough, one or two of the best days' sport ever enjoyed by him on a salmon stream. Even the larger rivers on the south shore failed, however, to give as good

about the points of the coast before entering the fresh water, and despite the probability, too, that many of them tired of long exclusion from it and ascended other and larger rivers, it has to be borne in mind that against these apparent losses sustained by the smaller streams, must be set the fact that few fish fell, in them, to the rods of the anglers. Only those of the little rivers which were fished late in the season yielded anything like reasonable results to the fly-fishermen. Thus the comparatively small ones flowing into the Saguenay did better than those of the same character further east, the St. Jean and the Mars giving 56 fish between them for only a comparatively few days' fishing. The fishing in most of the larger rivers, on the other hand, did not improve toward the end of the season, but no complaints, so far as I have heard, have been received from these as to the scarcity of fish, the apparent fact being that though there, the fish refused to rise to the fly, on account of the peculiar conditions of weather and water already described.

I trust that I have succeeded in making it tolerably clear why I am now disinclined, after learning all the facts concerning the salmon season cited above, to share the belief that these conditions prove any very serious diminution in the supply of the fish, notwithstanding that both personal observation and information that I believe to be perfectly reliable have convinced me of the rapid increase of late in the number of such destroyers of it as dogfish, porpoises, and seals.

Incidentally it may be mentioned that the largest salmon which I have heard reported as having been killed during the past season on rod and line, was one weighing 44 pounds, which was taken on the Magdalen, a river noted for the large size of its fish, rivaling, in this respect, at least, the Moisie, the Cascapedia, and the Restigouche.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Superior Fishing Club.

THE Superior Fishing Club, an organization of Cincinnati sportsmen, whose favorite recreation is angling, dedicated their new club house a few days ago, and had a most enjoyable time. The club bought a tract of land, at Camp Dennison, on the banks of the Little Miami River. Low hills rise on two sides of their grounds, which are plentifully supplied with large trees, furnishing an abundance of shade. Close at hand is the river where the members can wet their lines at any time during the season, with good prospects of quickly getting into an argument with some hungry bass.

A convenient club house has been erected, the ground floor having two large rooms for use of the members, and the second floor furnishing sleeping accommodations. A wide veranda extends along one side and one end of the building. The kitchen is in a separate building, and a large tent has been erected for use as a store room for supplies during the summer.

The camp is about sixteen miles from the city, easily reached, and is a favorite resort for those members who are unable to get away for more than a day or two at a time.

A large number of guests were present at the dedication, refreshments were served and music rendered by a brass band, altogether an occasion which will be long remembered.

Following are the officers and members of the club: G. Schenck, President; J. Gardner, Vice-President; D.

McCarthy, Financial Secretary; C. Haefner, Recording Secretary; Wm. Uhl, Treasurer. Trustees—E. Kotte, A. Brietenbuecher, Gus Kemmel, H. Wuebben. Members—Wm. Fiedler, L. Daner, Wm. Parker, F. Kotte, L. Pfeiffer, J. Stadtmiller, J. Wiegand, C. Lockwood, J. Mueller, F. Schorr, J. Diether, A. Wuester, W. Witte, D. Burnett. The guests who enjoyed the hospitality of the club's opening day were: Bud Lally, C. Backey, J. Jones, W. Meyers, J. Schweninger, A. Schmidt, L. Kelly, G. Kappner, J. Manderer, W. Crawford, D. Bross, H. Guepenhoff, G. Lorentz, W. Schedel, B. Pennekamp, C. Fischer, C. Kuehnle, R. Birgler, J. Rowerkamp, E. Rowerkamp, C. Bock, H. Goodhall, G. Peggy, C. Meyers, H. Greptke, E. Ulm, P. Toman, D. Pohlar, A. Gambell, C. Knorr, W. Rowerkamp, P. T. Barnum, G. Pouter, H. Bone, A. Kresing, R. Klauke, H. Brunne, F. C. Smith, J. Ulm, F. Menke, A. Schatts, F. Kancher, E. Losacker, H. Fette, T. Tibbits, T. Carrol, J. Wenning, A. Pfeiffer, H. Fette, W. Miller, L. Bowers, R. Schweminger, E. Moonest, D. Barrer, W. Puehl, C. Merkel, J. Beckenhoff, H. Smith, B. Rowekamp, R. Zemme, O. Lowery, G. Clark, D. Hendey, W. Witz, A. Duffy, C. Miller, J. Falk, J. Coyle, L. Riederman, G. Smith, G. Kamp, H. Goodman, W. Bohwenkamp, G. Garnetz, S. Wolsinski, H. Gardner, G. Deller, C. Brown, V. Harding, O. Court, A. Erbs, M. O'Connor.

BONASA.

Kentucky Hunting and Fishing Club.

THE club, which was recently organized, is rapidly putting their grounds at Rylands, Ky., in first-class shape, and by another year will have the best club preserve in the middle west. The tract comprises 160 acres of hill and vale well wooded, and is one of the most beautiful spots in the Licking River valley. It is within a few miles of Cincinnati, on the Kentucky Central railroad, the club house being only a short walk from the station.

The club has increased the size of the lake, and now has over seventy acres of water, forming several lakes and affording fine fishing. Wild rice has been planted, and there is no reason why it should not become a favorite resort for wild ducks in the season.

The club planted 30,000 black bass and 3,000 new-lights on June 5. The bass were about an inch long when put in the water. Several were caught on August 14 which were six to seven inches long, and next year the members should have the best sport to be found within several hundred miles of Cincinnati. Besides the bass there are plenty of channel cat and sunfish in the lakes. Hereafter the club proposes to raise its own fish for restocking purposes and has several breeding ponds for bass, so that the young fish may be kept by themselves until large enough to fight their own battles, when they may be put in the larger lakes.

Fifteen or twenty cottages have been completed, or are in process of construction this summer. Traps for live

bird and target shooting will be put in and, before the snow flies, the trapshooting members of the club will be able to indulge in their favorite sport.

The officers of the club are: G. F. Ahlers, President; Col. Robt. H. West, Vice-President; Dr. A. B. Heyl, Secretary; Joseph Coyle, Treasurer. Members of the board of directors, in addition to the officers, are: Richard McGraw, Otto Steinwedel, W. A. Stewart, S. Ullman and H. F. Jergens.

Salt-Water Fishing Tackle.

SOMEBODY has estimated that 200,000 people will have been added to the population of New York city this year, and presumably a larger number each future year. Tens of thousands of these will be persons coming from inland localities, and many of them will be anglers. These men naturally will persist in their sport so far as they have a chance, and will want to know how to adapt themselves to salt-water angling. Many other inlanders will from time to time go to the shore, partly for the fishing. All these men will be made wiser, and more successful, by some information as to the special requirements of salt-water fishing as compared with angling in the lakes and streams. They need to know how far their fresh-water outfit will answer, and what to get additional. Most of them want to spend as little as will do, and to make their expenditure go as far as possible. If there is anything like an all-round outfit for catching most of the kinds of fish that are angled for along the shores of New York and adjacent States, that is what the newcomers want. They do not expect any one set of tackle that will handle to the best advantage everything from a porgy to a halibut; but they need the rod, reel, line, hooks, etc., that will cover the most ground—or water.

This is to suggest that two or three experienced salt-water anglers contribute their views on these points for the benefit of the inexperienced. INLANDER.

Massachusetts Fish and Game.

BOSTON, Aug. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This has been a lively week in our city, and among the thousands of Grand Army men I had the pleasure of meeting Hon. Henry G. Thomas, of Stowe, Vt., the chairman of the Vermont Fish and Game Commission. He spoke of some recommendations to be made in his forthcoming report. He says there is now in reality no protection for the fish in Lake Champlain. Under the law he is compelled to issue seining permits on payment of the fee of \$20. By securing this permit in some cases the fishermen will realize many hundreds of dollars from seining. In the waters contiguous to Canada on the north and New York State on the west nothing is done by the authorities to prevent the wholesale capture of fish, although his deputies have caused the prosecution of a few of the offenders on the west shore. The situation at present is

one of great embarrassment to his commission, and he is anxious to find some way to secure proper and effective protection for the entire lake.

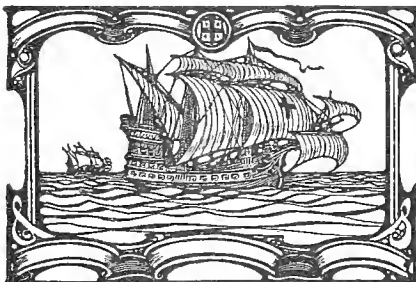
As regards deer killing, he says the men who come there from other States during the ten days of open time go into camp, get one or more deer, and depart with them, leaving no money to speak of, and he is strongly inclined to recommend a law establishing a non-resident license fee, as he finds something like thirty-three States have such a law. As an officer of the North American Fish and Game Association, he has given much attention to the subject of securing uniform laws in the various States and contiguous Provinces. Another matter which he is studying is the finding of some way to stock Vermont covers with quail. He informs me that his commission, together with that of the United States, has been instrumental in planting 26,000,000 pike-perch fry in Lake Champlain this year.

Col. E. B. Parker, of Boston, returned from a recent trip to his fishing waters to participate in the parade of the ex-prisoners of war, he having been incarcerated for nine months and three days in Libby. On his recent trip to West Waterford he saw several deer. CENTRAL.

Spoonfish Trouble.

LEWIS PETERS and Jesse Haffley, of Lewistown, Pa., came into town late one afternoon six weeks ago, swinging a 17-pound spoonfish between them on a pole. To the first inquirer they replied that they had shot the fish in the riffles of the Juniata River. The second tale they told was that it had been thrown from a car to the road, and they had found it. Yet a third version was that as they were going over their outlines in the river they struck the spoonfish. The fish warden brought suit against Peters and Haffley for fishing with an outline, contrary to the laws of Pennsylvania. They were convicted and fined \$25 each. Peters was arrested later and held to answer to the charge of having shot the spoonfish in the Juniata River. When he was brought before the local justice the sordid truth came out. He confessed that they had found the dead fish in the road, where it had been thrown from a car, and that he had shot it in the head before stringing it on the pole and helping to lug it to Lewistown.—New York Evening Post.

Mr. James G. Cooper, of Cincinnati, is credited with having made the record catch of the season in Wisconsin. This was a maskinongé, weighing forty-six pounds, and said to be only one pound less than the largest fish caught in the State last year. It was caught in a small lake in the vicinity of Eagle River. Mr. Cooper had good luck during his trip, making many fine catches besides his record breaker. At Echo Lake he caught nine big "muskie" in one day, the largest weighing thirty-two pounds. He reports the fishing in Wisconsin this year as being better than for many seasons.



YACHTING



Lipton Cup Races.

BY E. G. B. HAYMON.

THE Detroit Country Club's yacht, *Sainte Claire*, admirably sailed by Sydney Russel and a smart Corinthian crew, is the 1904 winner of the Lipton cup donated to the Columbia Y. C., of Chicago, by Sir Thomas as a perpetual trophy to be raced for annually on Lake Michigan, off Chicago, by boats of what is called the 21ft. cabin class.

In 1902 and 1903 the Lipton cup, which is a magnificent example of the silversmith's art, was won by George R. Peare's *La Rita*, a competitor again this year; and possibly a dangerous one if she had not been unreasonably delayed by the officials until it was nearly a quarter of an hour late for Monday's race, when she undoubtedly made the fastest time over the leeward and windward course of 12 miles.

Three races decided the Lipton cup contest, and in view of the number and high quality of the yachts engaged and the public interest aroused, it might not be amiss if a more thorough test were given by adding two more trials before any one boat is declared the winner. The three races also counted in the contest for the Webb cup, a very handsome trophy that also was won absolutely by *Sainte Claire*, which on Wednesday, in exactly the same kind of weather, won its third straight race. However, *Mendota* and *Pilot*, the two Milwaukee Y. C. boats, did not wait for this race, leaving Tuesday evening for their home port; and the two Chicago Y. C. boats, *Sprite* and *La Rita*, did not enter.

That these fine trophies have built up an excellent class was evidenced by the fleet of nine smart craft competing in this year's races. And it is only fair to say that the cream of this fleet came from Detroit and Milwaukee, which between them had eight new boats, built for the Lipton cup contest, and raced five of the eight.

Not a single new boat was built by Chicago's three yacht clubs, and the departure of the Lipton and Webb trophies ought to stir local yachtsmen to activity.

Detroit richly deserved to win. Five new boats were built by its sailors, who must have expended all of \$25,000 this year in their efforts to take home the Lipton cup. They went after it so strongly that their yachts finished first and second in two of the three races, and it is safe to say these same yachts will be hard to beat next year again if they are not knocked out of shape meanwhile by hard racing.

It is a far cry to next year's races, but there is one thing the Columbia Y. C., as perpetual curator of the cup, should make up its mind upon right now, and that is to appoint annually a special committee composed of yachtsmen rich in actual racing experience, commanding the respect of their fellows from every port and at home, competent to handle irreproachably a big event, willing to give all the time needed to make it a thorough success, and capable of handling all matters connected with it in a broad-gauge manner.

The faults of commission and omission in connection with the races were marked. At the start for the first race the officials' boat was placed on the wrong side of the stake boat, making it impossible for the racing skippers to start according to instructions. In addition, the first leg of the triangle was logged off a mile too long, which caused great confusion. For the second race there was no starting line at all, the official boat, which had been changed, being on its way out from the harbor when the final gun was fired, the preparatory gun having been fired in the harbor and not having been heard out on the lake. As a consequence numerous protests were filed and affairs got into an awful tangle. Both the first and second races were declared void by the officials Monday evening, whereupon Commodore Vilas, of Milwaukee, disgusted at the whole thing, announced he would return home with the two yachts from his club. This brought a reconsideration, and both races were again declared official.

The evening after the first race the committee made the remarkable announcement that the holder and defender of the Lipton cup, *La Rita*, was barred from defending it in the two remaining races, because its owner, George R. Peare, a member and former vice-commodore of the Chicago Y. C., from which the boat was entered, and Commodore Price, of the Columbia Y. C., had engaged in a personal encounter on account of what was considered a slight to the Chicago club. On Monday the committee rescinded this ruling, Mr. Peare having apologized for his part in the affair, but he was not notified *La Rita* could make the second race until all the other boats had cleared the harbor for the starting line.

Capt. Peare and W. L. Shepard, one of his crew, each state he was given assurance by the committee that the start should be delayed to give *La Rita* time to make canvas and get out to the line. If such was the case, the committee did not stand by its promise.

Through the fault of the committee, *Sprite* also was made two or three minutes late at the start for the

same race, which was especially unfortunate, because this was the Chicago Y. C.'s other entry, and it gave people the opportunity to make uncharitable remarks. However, I feel sure Charlie Soule, chairman of the committee, would not be a party to purposely spoiling any boat's start, and the sooner all the talk following this unfortunate contretemps dies out the better it will be for Chicago yachting.

Let the unpleasant features and errors connected with this year's Lipton cup regatta be forgotten, except as a warning against their repetition; and let it only be remembered that the first squally race of the series afforded many instances of fine seamanship, while the two others thoroughly tested the boats on every point of sailing in fair weather.

Sainte Claire, the winner, is an excellent model, designed by Crane, of Tams, Lemoine & Crane, and built by Wood at City Island. *Spray*, the boat that apparently would have won the cup in *Sainte Claire's* absence, was designed by Small Bros., of Boston, and built at Wyandotte, about twenty miles from Detroit.

Second Race, Monday August 15.

Sainte Claire's win in the leeward and windward race, sailed Monday, and the second of the series of three for the Lipton cup, was clean-cut, because after being beaten a few seconds by the Milwaukee champion, *Mendota*, in the first 3-mile run down wind, a fine lead of 2½ m. was secured by merit on the beat back to the starting stake boat.

The course lay N.E. by N., starting again from the stake boat a mile or more E. of the yacht harbor entrance. A steady S.W. breeze, coming offshore from the heel of Lake Michigan, had no chance to kick up a sea along the west shore, and the race was sailed on a long, low swell. The turning mark was a steam launch lying at anchor 3 miles away, and skippers were instructed to cover the course twice out and back. The race therefore was three miles to leeward, three to windward, three to leeward again, and three to weather again—providing the wind did not shift, which it did not until the race was about over.

It was on the beat back the first time over the course that *Sainte Claire*, after finishing the leeward leg second in a close bunch of five, established a winning lead, which the fleet never could reduce materially. The windward work of this combination keel and center-board boat was excellent. With a No. 2 jib and a reef in mainsail, *Sainte Claire* outfooted its rivals, while pointing as high as any. In truth, the Detroit boat seemed to out-point all except the two Chicago Y.

C. boats, Sprite and La Rita, which, delayed at the start—by the fault of the officials, their respective skippers and crews claim—made up lost time in amazing fashion.

Without wishing to detract in any way from Sainte Claire's handsome win, it is only fair to point out that Sprite, starting nearly 3 m. late, caught and beat six of the seven boats ahead of her the first time over the course, finishing the weather leg second, and within 2m. 38s. of Sainte Claire. Had they crossed the line together, they might have finished the first round together—their respective elapsed times were practically the same—and there is no telling how the race would have been fought out.

La Rita's time over the course must have been quite a bit the fastest of them all. It is no exaggeration to say the holder of the cup was 10m., and possibly 12m. late at the start, yet caught and finished well ahead of three of the fleet, was steadily wearing down Yo San, was only 3m. behind Sprite, and was not beaten more than 8m. by the winner, Sainte Claire. Under the circumstances it is no wonder protests were lodged by the respective owners of La Rita and Sprite.

The official orders to the skippers included the announcement that three guns would be fired from the judges' boat; the first gun in the harbor at 2 o'clock, to warn those boats not already cleared and at sea that they should get out to the starting boat, moored a long mile off the harbor entrance; the second, or preparatory gun was set for 2:20 o'clock, and as the judges' boat was to mark one end of the starting line it should have been in position at the firing of this preparatory gun. The starting gun was to go at 2:30.

Sprite, which eventually was left at the start, was the first of the nine competing yachts to clear the harbor, leaving its mooring about 1:45 and reaching out to the stake boat. One by one the fleet followed, except La Rita, which boat had been detained by the Regatta Committee. At 2:20, eight of the rivals were maneuvering around the press boat, which was lying to near the stake boat and under orders to show the way over the course. The judges' boat, which had been changed without any official notice to the competing skippers, had not yet left the harbor, where, it is claimed, the preparatory gun was fired at 2:20. Doubtless it was, but with a reefing breeze blowing down the lake the gun was neither heard nor seen by the yachtsmen over a mile away. Pretty soon Sprite came alongside the press boat—which had been the judges' boat the previous race—and megaphoned to know if any change in the starting time had been made. They were referred to the new judges' boat, the steam yacht Winyah, which was emerging from the harbor just then. Putting down his helm, Capt. Cuthbert came about and headed for the dilatory official craft.

It should be stated that the skippers' orders included the official instruction to leave to port all stake boats, also that the starting line would be marked by the stake boat off the harbor entrance at one end and by the judges' boat at the other. As the stake boat lay over a mile E. of the harbor, and as the course lay N., it is a self-evident proposition that the judges' boat had to be farther out than and E. of the stake boat to enable the racing skippers to carry out their instructions.

At 2:30 the judges' boat was more than half a mile away from where it should have been, and there was no starting line at all—just a stake boat rocking on the bosom of Lake Michigan.

Bang! The little gun on the steam yacht had popped, and the second race for the Lipton cup was supposed to be on. That is, such was the supposition when Sainte Claire was seen to break out a spinnaker very smartly and head N., closely followed by Mendota, with the others strung out. There was a general impression that it was the 10 minute preparatory gun, until watches were consulted and compared. Then the conclusion that it really was the starting gun was reached.

Sprite was somewhere near the judges' boat when the gun was fired. La Rita still was in the harbor.

With spinnaker and balloon jib drawing perfectly Sainte Claire was making the most of the advantage gained at the start that technically was not a start. Mendota winging along on the leader's starboard quarter. In their wake followed Ventura, Spray and Yo San, in the order named. Pilot and Hoosier were not yet so far astern as they would be before the race ended.

Under balloon sails the fleet swept on. A stretch of blue-green water, and then came Sprite—with a man aloft. The spinnaker halliard was afoul of the port stay, and for a couple of minutes Sprite had to run as best she could under mainsail and jib, being the only boat to carry full mainsail.

When half the leg of 3 miles had been run, Mendota was on even terms with Sainte Claire; and when they reached the turning point, after a fine race all the way, they were almost stem to stern. Mendota gybed around with a slight lead, which was increased by Sainte Claire's spinnaker sheet being lost overboard just as the big silk balloon should have been doused. In spite of this mishap, there was but 5s. between them when they filled away on the first tack of the beat back.

Half a minute more, and three other boats had rounded the mark. Yo San was the first of these. On the run down, Yo San had crept up on Spray, and the two had cut off Ventura's wind. After effectually blanketing her, they ran on and soon were disputing for third place, and before the stake boat was reached Yo San, cleverly handled, smothered her rival and worked past into third place by the merest margin. Ventura was just astern. A minute later came Pilot and Hoosier. Then Sprite, 2¼m. behind Sainte Claire. The times at this turn were:

Mendota2 54 50	Ventura2 55 30
Sainte Claire2 54 55	Pilot2 56 22
Yo San2 55 15	Hoosier2 56 32
Spray2 55 20	Sprite2 57 10

La Rita was too far behind to time.

Headed for home, Mendota at once went about on the starboard tack, crossing Sainte Claire's bows and shaking out the mainsail reef that had been carried on

the free run. Just what was the idea of the Milwaukee skipper could not be divined. It looked as if a dull mainsail might have been carried by more of them to advantage on the run down, taking a chance on having to put in a tuck for the weather leg, for the breeze was not too strong for any but a tender craft. Mendota had stood up so well in the stiff breeze and squalls of Saturday, that many yachtsmen felt confident the Milwaukee could carry full sail to-day. With Sainte Claire it was different, and Capt. Sidney Russel wisely left in the reef and was content with a small headsail. From the way the Detroitier pointed and footed, it was evident the skipper knew his ship. Besides that; he held on the port tack until well in shore, where he gained the advantage of many favorable slants and puffs. Spray was not pointing so high, but footed fast and also stood well inshore for a long leg. Yo San followed the leader, Mendota, out to sea, these two splitting tacks with the fleet. Probably they lost something by this.

At 3:04 Mendota was about, but Yo San held on the starboard tack until 3:11. When they met their rivals again, Mendota had lost the lead, crossing well astern of Sainte Claire and coming about only a few lengths ahead of Spray.

Sprite, standing up well and pointing high under full canvas, had worked well up to weather of Ventura, Pilot and Hoosier, and meeting Yo San on cross tacks, seemed to have a shade the best of her when she came about.

Sainte Claire's skipper was content to make fairly short tacks when assured of a nice lead, and his rivals never got within hail of him again. Spray stood out into the lake, and apparently lost thereby. Yo San and Mendota split tacks, and when they neared the end of the weather leg, it was apparent the former had gained materially. Two hundred yards from the stake boat they got into a luffing match and both overstood the mark slightly, which enabled Sprite, beautifully handled by Capt. Cuthbert, to slip in between them and the mark and beat them around it.

It was an unusually pretty fight between these three, and Spray was right after them. The times of the leaders were:

Sainte Claire3 20 17	Yo San3 23 00
Sprite3 22 55	Spray3 23 12
Mendota3 22 58		

By the time the rear guard had finished the beat to weather, it was seen that La Rita had made up a tremendous lot and was sailing a remarkable race.

Spinnakers and balloon jibs were broken out very smartly by the Corinthian crew of each yacht as it gybed around the stake boat, and then a hot struggle began between Sprite, Yo San, Spray and Mendota for second place. This undoubtedly aided Sainte Claire to increase her long lead, and she turned the outer mark almost 4m. ahead of Yo San, which off the wind had beaten her three nearest rivals. Spray also came out of the "scrapping" well, Mendota getting the worst of it. Yo San had shaken out her reef before the end of the weather leg and this time ran faster than before.

Sprite hung to Mendota like a leach, and having an overlap on the inside when the outer mark was reached, forced the Milwaukee boat to give room. They were beam to beam as they doused their light canvas and gybed around, but Cuthbert's strategy placed Sprite to weather when they were on the wind, and it was not long before he forced Mendota to come about under his lee in order to get clear. The times at the end of the third leg were:

Sainte Claire4 04 32	Pilot4 12 46
Yo San4 08 15	La Rita4 13 30
Spray4 08 40	Ventura4 15 04
Sprite4 08 55	HoosierBeaten off.
Mendota4 08 55		

Most of them carried full mainsail by this time, but Sainte Claire, satisfied to leave well enough alone, still had a tuck in her canvas.

The breeze dropped a little on the final beat home, and though the Detroit clipper finished with a good lead, some of the others gained. Before they were half way home Sprite looked good for second place again, pointing uncommonly well and footing nicely. But at the end of the leg fortune did not favor the Cuthbert boat. The lightening breeze was not to her liking. Then, after working well to weather of the fleet—except, of course, Sainte Claire—for a final tack to make the line, the breeze shifted enough to allow Spray and Mendota to fetch the stake boat without standing on farther; while Sprite, now farther away than these two, came down on the line with sheets started.

La Rita finished well up with the fleet. The times at the finish:

Sainte Claire4 56 01	La Rita5 04 08
Spray4 58 33	Pilot5 05 02
Mendota5 00 20	Ventura5 11 13
Sprite5 01 03	HoosierBeaten off.
Yo San5 02 30		

It was a great victory for the Country Club, of Detroit, whose two boats finished first and second. Mendota, the Milwaukee Commodore's good boat that was second to Sprite in Saturday's squally race, was consistently third to-day in a lighter breeze.

The percentage system used in these Lipton cup races allowed 100 points for a win; 88.9 for a second; 77.8 for a third; 66.7 for a fourth, and so on. Consequently, Saturday's and to-day's races left three yachts tied in the lead with 166.7 points each. They are Sainte Claire (fourth and first), Sprite (first and fourth), and Mendota (second and third). Yo San stands next, with 133.4 points for finishing third and fourth.

Immediately after the race Dr. C. P. Pinckard, owner of Sprite, and George R. Peare, owner of La Rita, filed written protest on account of the irregularity of the start. After declaring both Saturday's and to-day's races void, the officials reconsidered and reversed this decision.

Third Race, Tuesday, Aug. 16.

Sainte Claire won Tuesday's race, and the Lipton cup goes to the Detroit Country Club for a year. The race was sailed and won under conditions much the same as Monday's, though the course was dissimilar. But it was Sainte Claire's weather, wind and sea, and that

was what counted most in the result, coupled with clever seamanship.

The breeze was a little lighter than yesterday, and every boat carried full sail. But there was just as much roll on the water because the wind came from the S.E. to-day and had more sweep on the western side of Lake Michigan.

The course was a square, 3 miles to each leg. It was logged in the forenoon, when the wind was in the N.E., and the first leg was laid out to weather. But by afternoon the breeze had hauled to E.S.E., so the first leg was a fair reach, the second a beat, the third almost a broad reach, and the fourth a run home. All marks were left to starboard.

For once there was no trouble over the start, or with the stake boats. A lesson had been learned from the bungling efforts of the two previous races, and in order to give every skipper plenty of time the start was postponed twenty minutes. When the gun fired at 2:50 every boat, except La Rita, was jockeying on or near the line, which to-day was correctly marked by judges' boat and stake boat. La Rita had no one to blame to-day.

At the crack of the gun the skippers of Yo San and Sprite swept around in the lee of the stake boat, gave their craft a rap-full, and shot over the line abeam, leaving the mark to starboard. On their weather quarter came Sainte Claire, which had hung in the wind on the mark. A cable's length behind the three leaders came Mendota and Ventura, with Spray on their weather quarter, and Pilot and Hoosier to leeward and close up. La Rita was 2m. late. All carried full mainsails and reaching jibs.

Sainte Claire quickly passed to weather of Sprite, shutting off her wind. The latter needed more breeze to reach with the Detroitier and Yo San. In fact, they all out-reached the Cuthbert yacht on this leg, throughout which the race for the lead was between Yo San and Sainte Claire all the way. A hot race it was. Spray also passed to weather of Ventura, stealing the wind and going on with Mendota. This was another desperately close struggle. La Rita steered a more direct course than the other tail-enders, besides footing faster.

Sainte Claire held a little higher on the wind than Yo San for 2 miles, but at that was reaching fast enough to draw level with the Columbia Y. C. boat. Then Capt. Sydney Russel eased off his sheets a bit and ran down on Yo San's weather bow. The latter was forced to drop astern, and then shot up on her rival's weather quarter, evidently with the intention of returning the trick. But Sainte Claire had the speed to keep out of harm's way, and the stake boat soon was reached. The times were:

Sainte Claire3 17 25	Hoosier3 19 20
Yo San3 17 40	La Rita3 19 34
Mendota3 18 01	Sprite3 19 50
Spray3 18 17	Pilot3 19 54
Ventura3 18 58		

Leaving the stake boat to starboard, Sainte Claire's skipper trimmed sheets and held on, making a short starboard tack to insure being to weather of Yo San. The latter, as soon as the mark was passed, went about under the Detroitier's stern and started on a long port tack. All the others followed Yo San, except Sprite, which stood on after Sainte Claire. But the latter went about at the end of 3m., while Sprite made a long starboard leg.

Soon the skippers went to splitting tacks, and when half the leg had been sailed the fleet was in two divisions, led respectively by Sainte Claire and Spray. Mendota was second to Sainte Claire in their half of the fleet. Yo San's mainsail seemed to be drawing badly, and Commodore Price's boat fared badly on this beat to weather.

Half a mile from the second stake boat the leaders of the two divisions met on cross tacks, Sainte Claire crossing about 250 yards ahead and fetching the mark with a lead of nearly 2m. Spray came about on the starboard tack in the leader's wake and was just about as far ahead of Mendota. A similar stretch of water separated the Milwaukee boat and Ventura. La Rita had worked up to fifth, and Yo San had dropped away back to last but one.

Sainte Claire's fine windward work again practically settled the race as it had done on the first weather leg of the previous day. The times of the leaders at the second mark were:

Sainte Claire4 07 34	Mendota4 12 00
Spray4 09 25	Ventura4 13 55

Hoosier, the last boat, rounded at 4:23:36.

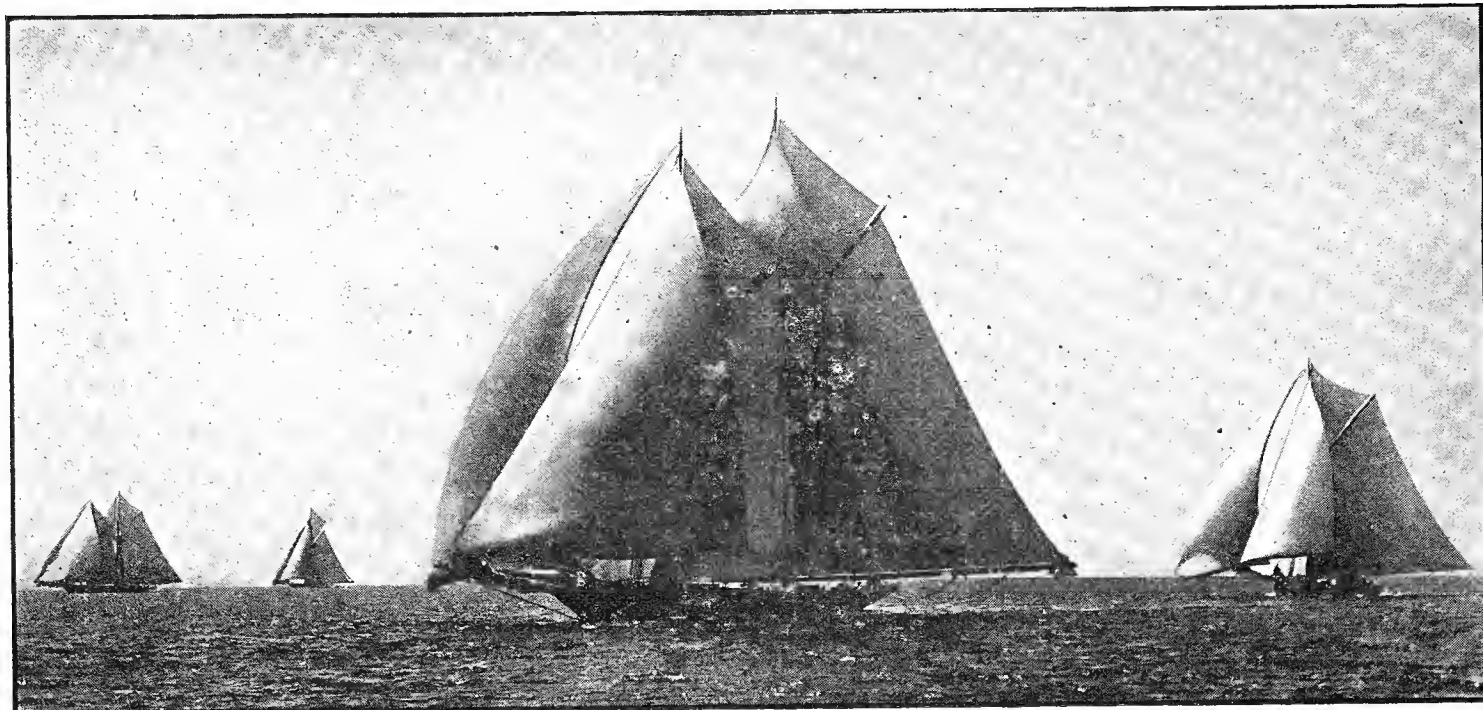
Sainte Claire had made the beat with a small jib, Capt. Russel using fine judgment in selecting his headsails. For the third leg he set his reaching jib, and it seemed to be all that was necessary, though a slight shift in the wind made the latter half of the third leg a balloon jib reach. Spray's skipper tried to catch the leader by carrying his balloon as soon as he had finished the weather leg. Rounding the second mark the big sail was all ready but was lost overboard, but quickly was recovered. It did not fill well until the breeze veered a little more abaft the beam, when Spray gained fast and rounded the third stake boat 1m. 20s. behind Sainte Claire.

Every stitch of sail was set for the run home before the breeze, which was dropping, as it usually does on Lake Michigan toward sundown. There was no change in the order of leaders, and the race was over, barring accidents.

Among the rear division, Pilot, whose best sailing was done on the wind, dropped back to last. Spray gained 15s. on the leader on the run home, but Sainte Claire won with a minute to spare, and again the Detroit yachts finished first and second, with Mendota, flying the Milwaukee Commodore's burgee, again third.

The Lipton cup races for 1904 were over, and Sainte Claire received a tremendously noisy salute of guns and steam whistles with the usual accompaniment of cheering and waving of handkerchiefs. The finishing times were:

Sainte Claire5 03 40	Sprite5 14 24
Spray5 04 44	Yo San5 17 04
Mendota5 07 00	Hoosier5 20 44
Ventura5 10 17	Pilot5 22 13
La Rita5 12 29		



Robert H. McCurdy's Schooner Lasca winning the Eastern Y. C.'s Ocean Race from Sea Gate to Marblehead.
Photo by N. L. Stebbins, Boston.

The Schooner Lasca.

MR. ROBERT H. MCCURDY'S schooner Lasca, which boat won the 330-mile ocean race from Sea Gate to Marblehead, last July, is not only a very seaworthy vessel, but fast as well. During the three years she was under German ownership, she won, among other races, the one around Heligoland in the summer of 1902 for the Kaiser's cup. In the Atlantic Y. C.'s 300-mile ocean contest, a year ago, she was beaten only by the new Herreshoff schooner, Ingomar. The Lasca's main sheet parted twice, during the latter contest, owing to a defective block. The race last July, although made in slow time, the course was 330 miles and the Lasca took 73h. 54m. 13s. to go over it, was an excellent test both as to handling and speed, beginning in a flat calm off Sea Gate, but ending in a 10-knot breeze and forty-eight hours of impenetrable fog.

Lasca was built in 1892 at City Island by Henry Piegras from designs by A. Cary Smith. She is constructed of steel, is 89ft. 9in. waterline and 119ft. over all. The scenes of her cruises include the Mediterranean, Newfoundland, Labrador and the West Indies. Lasca will spend the summer cruising about the Maine coast.

BABYLON Y. C. OFFICERS.—At a meeting of the Babylon Y. C., held on August 18, the following officers were elected: Com., J. S. S. Remsen; Sec'y, Joseph Lawrence; Treas., Charles Searle. Directors-officers are Benjamin B. Wood, John C. Robbins, John S. Foster, James Magee, John Snedecor, J. F. Oltrogge, T. Frank Shortland, and E. A. Godding. The club now has a membership of thirty, and the new club house has been completed. The formal opening and the first race will take place on September 3.

New York Y. C. Cruise.

BY DUNCAN CURRY.

Monday, August 15—New London to Newport, 40 Miles.

FOR the first time since the yachts started on Friday, the New York Y. C. fleet, who were on their annual cruise to the eastward, had a fine and favoring breeze for their 40-mile run from New London to Newport on Monday, and the result was some splendid racing, and close finishes were the rule rather than the exception.

For the second time during the cruise, W. Gould Brokaw's newly imported British yawl Sybarita had the honor of leading the fleet into port. She not only sailed a splendid race, but she defeated the 70-footer Yankee, which was the second boat to finish, by nearly 11m. elapsed time, and one can't but regret that neither the Vigilant nor Ailsa was out to take her measure, or there might be a different story to tell.

Practically it was a spinnaker run all the way, as the yachts had a fair sailing breeze from the W.-N.W. to Race Rock. Here the wind shifted to S.W. and the yachts set spinnakers to starboard and carried them to Point Judith, where they gybed over and reset spinnakers to port and carried them to the finish line off Brenton's Reef lightship.

The 70-footers and 60-footers again furnished splendid sport. In the 70ft. class W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., who had been sailing Virginia in a rather indifferent manner in the first two squadron runs, took a sudden brace, and surprised everyone by making a desperate race with Yankee, fighting every foot of the 40 miles, and, after a neck-and-neck finish, was only beaten by 46s. elapsed time by the Maxwell boat, while Rainbow was beaten by 9m.

In the 60ft. class, Neola and Weetamoc furnished

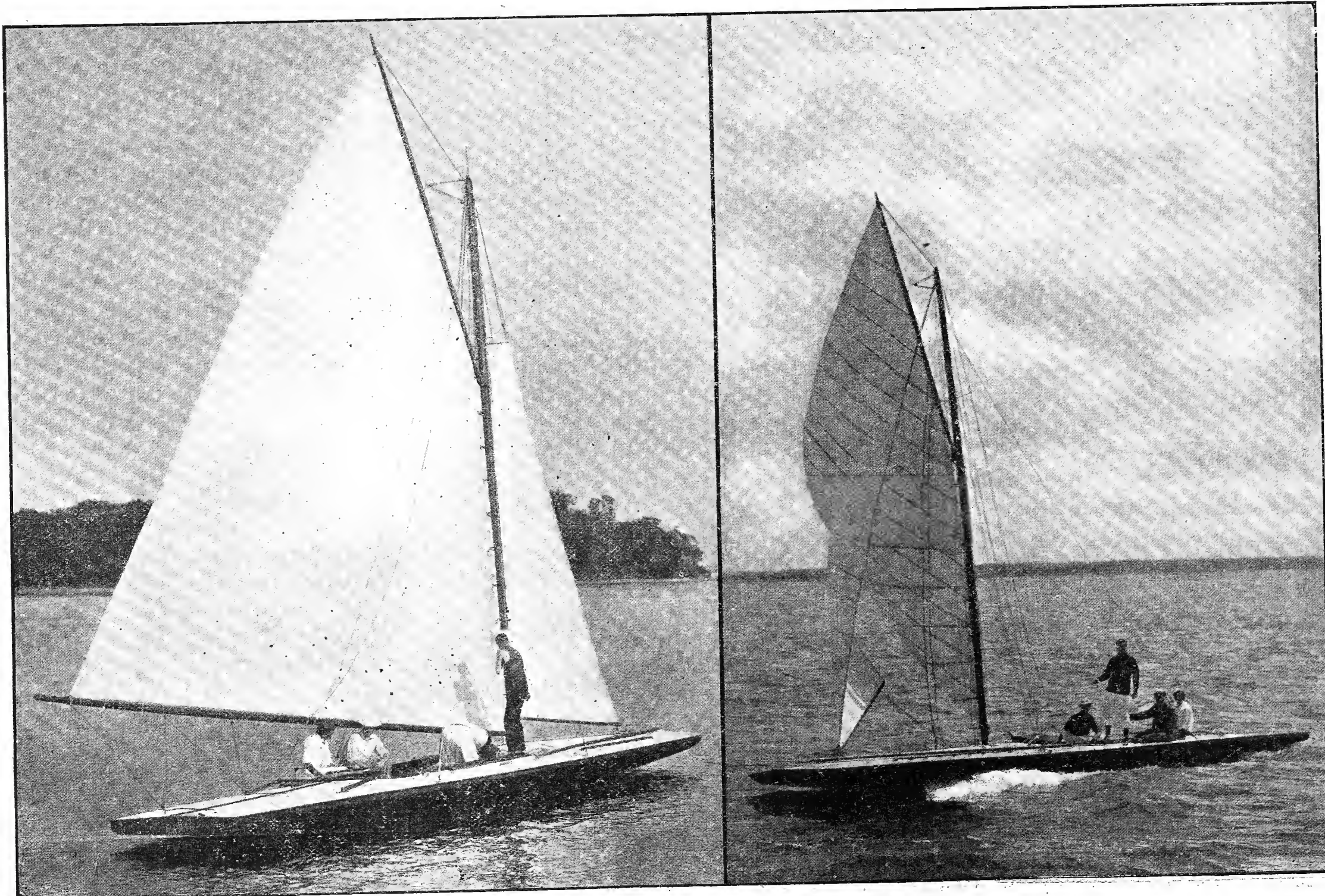
equally good sport, Neola finishing first, but losing by 23s. on elapsed time.

Among the smaller boats, Aspirant carried off all the honors, beating Altair nearly 5m. on elapsed time, and probably winning the Commodore's special cup for sloops, as she was only beaten 46m. by Sybarita. In the schooner classes, Loyal and Katrina won in the small classes, while Corona not only led all of the two-stickers in, but beat Emerald by over 9m. The big Constellation easily beat Endymion.

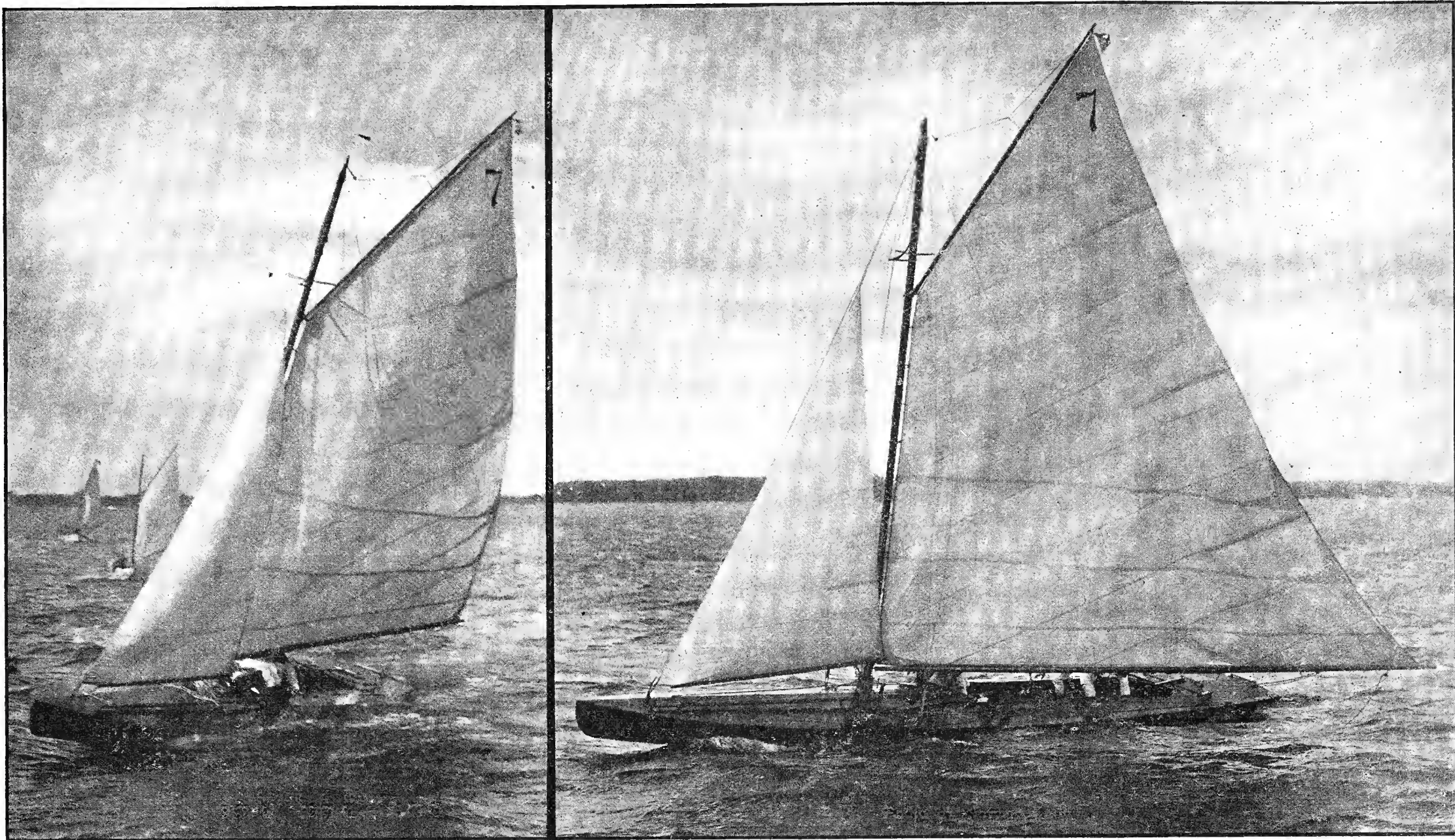
While the big Atlantic led all of the auxiliaries into port, she only beat Resolute by 2m. 13s. elapsed time, with Intrepid not far behind.

The yachtsmen, after passing two pleasant days in New London, prepared to weigh anchor for Newport early on Monday morning, and for the first time during the cruise it looked as though they were going to have a fair wind, as at 8 o'clock, when the harbor start was made, there was a nice sailing breeze from the N.W. They had a head tide to buck, however, and all were impatient to be off. The regatta committee on Alvina did not keep them waiting long, and quickly established a starting line off Sarah's Ledge. The preparatory gun barked out its warning at 9:05, and ten minutes later the small sloops, led by Altair, Spasm, and Aspirant, slipped across the line, with booms way off to starboard and spinnakers set to port. Irolita, Phantom, Pellegrina, Ishkoodah, and Cymbra, which followed, seemed to hold a different view of the conditions, as they all had their spinnakers to starboard. The larger sloops were started at 9:20, with Neola in the lead, followed by Yankee, Sybarita, Weetamoc, Rainbow, Virginia, and Queen Mab. Yankee, which crossed the line with her boom to port, gybed on the line, and then set her spinnaker to port, all of the others carrying theirs on the other side. The small two-stickers were sent away at 9:25, Katrina leading, with Valmore, Loyal, Mavis, and the yawl Casique following in the order named. All had their booms to port, spinnakers to starboard, and broke out big balloon jib topsails and balloon main topmast staysails as well. The large schooners, led by Emerald, came next at 9:30, and then came Corona, Chanticleer, Constellation, Atlantic, Idler, Vergemere, Endymion, Resolute, and Intrepid. Chanticleer followed Yankee's example, and gybed on the line, but all the others carried their spinnakers to port, and as the wind soon hauled to W. by S., all the boats carrying their spinnakers to starboard had to take them in and gybe their booms over for the 4-mile reach to Race Rock, as they could not now hold the wind in their spinnakers. Aspirant, cleverly sailed by the Hanan brothers, was the first to pass Race Rock at 9:57:30, and the others were timed as follows: Sybarita, 10:00:30; Neola, 10:03; Altair, 10:04; Emerald, 10:04:30; Virginia, 10:05:30; Weetamoc, 10:06:02; Yankee, 10:06:10; Rainbow, 10:06:20; Queen Mab, 10:08:12; Corona, 10:08:15; Katrina, 10:08:40; Valmore, 10:09:10; Irolita, 10:10; Phantom, 10:10:50; Chanticleer, 10:13:30; Constellation, 10:14:00; Resolute, 10:15:00; Cymbra, 10:16; Atlantic, 10:16:20; Spasm, 10:17:30; Loyal, 10:18:00; Mavis, 10:21. Then came Ishkoodah, Endymion, Idler, Alcatarda, Intrepid, and Vergemere.

When the boats got by Race Rock, all but the big schooners Corona, Katrina, Resolute, Endymion, and Sybarita, stood in close to the Fisher's Island shore to get out of the tide, which was running to the westward. The offshore crowd, while they got more tide, also caught



WHITE BEAR—Seawanhaka Cup Challenger, 1904.
Photo by Notman, Montreal.



NOORNA—Seawanhaka Cup Defender, 1904.
Photo by Notman, Montreal.

a better breeze, and this division was soon leading the fleet. Spinnakers again blossomed out to starboard, and with ballooners drawing the yachts made an impressive picture as they swept down Block Island Sound.

At 11 o'clock, off the fort that marks the easterly end of Fisher's Island, Sybarita had taken command of the fleet, while Corona was now in second place, leading all of the schooners. Then came Katrina, Emerald, and Yankee, which had got past Virginia in under the shore. The big auxiliary Resolute came next, followed by Constellation, Aspirant, Neola, Irolita, Rainbow, Weetamoe, Altair, Chanticleer, Queen Mab, Endymion, and Atlantic.

At 11:30, off Watch Hill, Corona offshore had picked up not a little, and was now making a great race of it for first place. Emerald and Katrina came next offshore, while inshore Yankee was leading Virginia by a good quarter of a mile.

The wind kept increasing, and Sybarita inshore out of the tide, drew rapidly in front, so that she was a good 2 miles ahead of Yankee, which had moved up into second place, when the yachts were timed at Point Judith whistling buoy. Instead of gybing at once, as everyone supposed she would do, Sybarita held off to the eastward for 6 or 7 minutes with headsails aback before she let her boom come over and then reached in to the finish without the aid of her spinnaker. All of the rest of the fleet gybed at the buoy, and carried spinnakers to port to the finish. Sybarita was a good 11m. ahead of Yankee at the whistling buoy, where the leaders were timed as follows: Sybarita, 1:35:15; Yankee, 1:45:15; Corona, 1:48:10; Virginia, 1:48:25; Rainbow, 1:53:10; and Neola, 1:55:40.

As the wind was blowing strongly from the S.W. now, the yachts made fast time to the finish, where the leaders were timed as follows: Sybarita, 2:18:34; Yankee, 2:29:55; Virginia, 2:31:24; Corona, 2:31:59; Rainbow, 2:39:46; Emerald, 2:41:27; Neola, 2:42:59; Weetamoe, 2:43:52. Then came Constellation, Chanticleer, Atlantic, Resolute, Katrina, Queen Mab, Aspirant, Altair, Valmore, Endymion, Irolita, Intrepid, Loyal, Idler, Vergemere, Mavis, Phantom, Pellegrina, Spasm, Ishkoodah, and Cymbra. Summary:

Sloops—Class L.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Spasm	9 15 57	3 56 59	6 41 02
Ishkoodah	9 17 00	4 05 10	6 48 10
Cymbra	9 17 00	4 12 33	6 55 33
Phantom	9 16 45	3 41 02	6 24 17
Pellegrina	9 16 58	3 41 10	6 24 12
Sloops—Class K.			
Aspirant	9 16 25	3 00 14	5 43 48
Altair	9 15 41	3 04 01	5 48 21
Irolita	9 16 21	3 15 07	5 58 46
Sloops—Class J.			
Neola	9 20 44	2 42 59	5 22 15
Weetamoe	9 22 00	2 43 52	5 21 52
Queen Mab	9 22 00	2 59 52	5 37 52
Sloops—Class H.			
Yankee	9 21 17	2 29 55	5 08 38
Virginia	9 22 00	2 31 24	5 09 24
Rainbow	9 22 00	2 39 46	5 17 46
Yawls—Class G.			
Sybarita	9 21 53	2 18 34	4 56 41
Schooners—Class E.			
Mavis	9 27 00	3 29 30	6 02 30
Loyal	9 27 00	3 22 18	5 55 18
Valmore	9 27 00	3 07 31	5 40 55
Schooners—Class D.			
Katrina	9 26 05	2 57 41	5 31 36
Casique	9 27 00	3 46 43	6 19 43
Schooners—Class B.			
Corona	9 30 30	2 31 59	5 01 29
Emerald	9 30 12	2 41 27	5 11 15
Chanticleer	9 30 29	2 48 38	5 18 69
Schooners—Class A.			
Constellation	9 31 03	2 45 45	5 14 42
Endymion	9 32 00	3 13 40	5 41 40
Auxiliaries.			
Atlantic	9 31 17	2 48 45	5 17 28
Resolute	9 32 00	2 51 01	5 19 41

Intrepid	9 32 00	3 15 52	5 43 52
Vergemere	9 32 00	3 26 21	5 54 21
Idler	9 31 51	3 21 16	5 54 25

Tuesday, August 16—Newport to Vineyard Haven, 37 Miles.

After a lively, if long drawn out, race from Newport, J. Rogers Maxwell's 70-footer had the honor of leading the New York Y. C. fleet into Vineyard Haven on Tuesday. She not only beat all the boats in her class, but defeated Sybarita, boat for boat, by over 2 miles in distance and 13m. 20s. in time, but she was over 15m. ahead of Virginia, and 20m. in front of Rainbow, her class competitor. Weetamoe gave Neola another 20m. licking, and the little Aspirant practically finished alone in her class, while Spasm beat Phantom by 2m. 25s. on elapsed time. Among the schooners, Katrina won easily in her class, while Corona led Chanticleer by 8m. and Emerald by nearly an hour at the finish. Emerald, however, has protested Corona for forcing her about at the starting line, so Chanticleer will probably win the cup.

In the big class for two-stickers, Constellation beat Endymion by nearly 2h. while among the auxiliaries, Resolute won easily.

As the wind was S.E. by E., the yachts had practically a long and a short leg to Vineyard Sound lightship, and then were able to lay their course to within a mile of the finish, when they had to beat in against a strong westerly tide. As the wind fell flat, all of the tail-enders had great trouble in finishing at all, which accounts for the great difference in time between the winners and losers. While Virginia was trying to beat into the harbor after finishing, she got hung up on a sandbar for a few minutes, but was pulled off by the club tug Unique without damage.

Soon afterwards the schooner Mavis went ashore on the middle ground, and again the Unique was called into service, only to come to grief herself, as, in getting a hawser on the Mavis, the tide carried her on to the shoal,

too. Then Commodore Benedict went to the rescue with his steam yacht Oneida, which was being used by the Regatta Committee, and soon pulled both boats to safety.

The wind was so light from the S. when the harbor start was made in Newport at 8 o'clock that the yachts were a long time getting out to the starting line off Brenton's Reef lightship. The course to Vineyard Haven, 37 miles away, was E.-S.E. to Vineyard Sound lightship, 17¼ miles, then E. by N. 20 miles to the finish line off West Chop light, which marks the entrance to Vineyard Haven.

The race committee, who had transferred their flag to E. C. Benedict's steam yacht Oneida, sounded the preparatory signal at 9:45, and the small sloops were sent away at 9:55. Aspirant, as usual, led the fleet over the line 11s. after the whistle. Then came Spasm, Phantom, and Irolita, with the last named handicapped 27s. Yankee got way the best of the start when the big fellows were sent away at 10 o'clock. Then came Weetamoe, Rainbow, Sybarita, and Neola, with Queen Mab handicapped 11s. and Virginia 1m. 19s. The small schooners followed at 10:05, with Valmore leading, followed by Katrina, while Loyal was handicapped 17s. and Mavis 3m. 19s.

When the big schooners were started at 10:10, the wind was so light that all of them were handicapped. They crossed the line and were handicapped as follows: Idler, 8s.; Corona, 23s.; Chanticleer, 49s.; Vergemere, 52s.; Intrepid, 56s.; Resolute, 1m. 34s.; Endymion, 2m. 9s.; Atlantic, 2m. 55s.; Constellation, 4m. 57s.; Casique, 8m. 57s.; and Emerald 11m. 4s. Corona forced Emerald around on the line when the latter was close-hauled on the starboard tack, and Emerald flew a protest flag when she finally went over the line. All crossed the line close-hauled on the starboard tack, and Emerald and Casique had to make a short hitch to port before they could get across the line. The wind soon hauled more to the E., making it practically a long and a short leg to Vineyard Sound lightship. Off West Island, at 11 o'clock, Yankee had a good lead



The crews of the Seawanhaka boats Noorna and White Bear and the judges of the match.
Photo by Notman, Montreal.

on the rest of the fleet, and was well to windward of the rest of her competitors. Then came Virginia, Rainbow, Sybarita, Weetamoe, Neola, Aspirant, Irolita, and Queen Mab; Katrina came next, leading all of the schooners, and then came Corona, Chanticleer, Valmore, Resolute, Endymion, Intrepid, Idler, Atlantic, and Vergemere. At 11:25 Aspirant took the port tack, and Weetamoe followed at 11:40, crossing Rainbow's bow. Yankee was over 1½ miles ahead of the fleet now, while Sybarita, which was sailing fast, had moved up into second position, while Virginia was third, Weetamoe fourth, and Rainbow fifth. At 12:15 all three of the 70-footers—Neola, Weetamoe, and Queen Mab—took a hitch to port to try to fetch the lightship, while the rest of the fleet were still holding in toward Buzzard's Bay on the starboard tack. When the leaders got far enough out they took the starboard tack once more, and were timed as they passed Vineyard Sound lightship as follows: Yankee, 12:39:40; Virginia, 12:48:53; Rainbow, 12:51:37; Weetamoe, 12:52:25; Sybarita, 12:52:40; Neola, 1:07:10. From here the yachts had a close reach on the starboard tack for 19 miles, or within one mile of the finish. Unfortunately the wind lightened after the first three boats got in, so the rest of the fleet were held up for an hour or more by a strong easterly tide and lack of wind. The leaders were timed at the finish as follows: Yankee, 2:33:01; Sybarita, 2:47:30; Virginia, 2:50:00; Rainbow, 2:53:48; Weetamoe, 3:03:14; Neola, 3:25:12; Corona, 3:29:38; Chanticleer, 3:37:55; Queen Mab, 3:42:10; Constellation, 3:45:49; Aspirant, 3:48:01; Resolute, 3:48:10; Katrina, 3:50:49; Atlantic, 4:01:47; Intrepid, 4:26:00; Emerald, 4:34:33. Summary follows:

Sloops—Class L.			
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Spasm 9 56 00	5 34 40	7 38 40	
Phantom 9 56 44	5 32 59	7 36 15	
Aspirant 9 55 11	3 48 01	5 52 50	
Irolita 9 57 00	Did not finish.		
Sloops—Class I.			
Neola 10 01 58	3 25 12	5 23 14	
Weetamoe 10 00 31	3 03 14	5 02 43	
Queen Mab 10 02 00	3 42 10	5 40 10	
Sloops—Class H.			
Yankee 10 00 14	2 33 01	4 32 47	
Rainbow 10 01 18	2 53 48	4 52 50	
Virginia 10 02 00	2 50 03	4 48 03	
Yawls—Class G.			
Sybarita 10 01 23	2 47 30	4 46 07	
Schooners—Class D.			
Valmore 10 06 18	5 17 16	7 10 58	
Katrina 10 06 25	3 50 59	5 44 34	
Mavis 10 07 00	Did not finish.		
Casique 10 07 00	Did not finish.		
Schooners—Class B.			
Corona 10 12 00	3 29 38	5 17 38	
Emerald 10 12 00	4 34 33	6 22 34	
Chanticleer 10 12 00	3 37 55	5 25 55	
Schooners—Class A.			
Endymion 10 12 00	5 37 39	7 25 39	
Constellation 10 12 00	3 45 49	5 33 49	
Auxiliaries.			
Idler 10 12 00	Did not finish.		
Intrepid 10 12 00	4 26 00	6 14 00	
Vergemere 10 12 00	Did not finish.		
Resolute 10 12 00	3 48 10	5 36 10	
Atlantic 10 12 00	4 01 45	5 49 47	

Wednesday, August 17—Vineyard Haven to Newport, 37 Miles.

The New York Y. C. cruise, so far as squadron runs was concerned, ended with to-day's return trip from Vineyard Haven to Newport, a distance of 37 miles, when the fleet raced for two special cups offered by Rear-Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt.

The race was sailed in a nice sailing breeze from the W.-S.W., which developed into a whole sail breeze at the finish, giving the yachts a beat of 20 miles to Vineyard Sound lightship, and then a close reach of 17 miles to the finish.

Sybarita took the lead when near Wood's Hole, and led the fleet across the finish line, covering the course in 4h. 32m. 26s., beating Yankee, which was the second boat to finish, by 11m. 33s.

As this made the third time Sybarita finished first, she will undoubtedly win the special cup offered by Vice-Commodore Henry Walters for the boat winning the most squadron runs on elapsed time, the schooner cup going to Corona. These are the only results which can be figured with any degree of certainty, as the boats have not been measured. So far as the Vanderbilt cups are concerned, it is thought Weetamoe will win the sloop cup, while the schooner prize will probably lay between Valmore and Corona.

Among the 70-footers, Yankee won easily, beating Virginia by 4m. 41s., and Rainbow by 5m. 35s. Incidentally Yankee has won four out of five of the squadron runs, her only defeat being in Friday's opening run from Glen Cove to New Haven, when Rainbow beat her by a minute under very fluky conditions. In the 60ft. class Weetamoe won easily, beating Queen Mab by 19m. 38s., as Neola withdrew soon after the start on account of the fog. Weetamoe has also done very well during the cruise, winning four out of five of the squadron runs, the same as Yankee, and, like the Maxwell boat, her only defeat was in Friday's fluky race to New Haven.

Among the smaller boats, Aspirant won a close race from Irolita by 1m., and she also made a record of four wins out of five starts. Aspirant would have done much better but for the fact that the gun of the committee boat failed to go off, and the Hanan boys, fearing they had gone off before the signal, returned and made a second start, which cost them their windward berth. Spasm and Ishkoodah (formerly F. M. Plant's Herreshoff-designed Nellie) sailed a remarkably close race over the course, Spasm finally winning by 3s.

Among the schooners, Katrina, which has been sailing remarkably well this year, won easily among the small schooners, beating Valmore by 38m. 10s.; while among the class B boats, Corona beat Chanticleer 53m. 8s., and Emerald 54m. 8s. Resolute, which has hitherto been classed among the auxiliaries, has taken her propeller off, and to-day raced against Endymion in class A, beating the Crane schooner by 49m. 19s. Endymion really made a much better showing than the official figures show, as she lost 20m. or more by return to get a "Departure" from West Chops after the fog shut in soon after the start.

Among the auxiliaries, Atlantic beat Idler by 50m. 53s., and the big Intrepid by 1h. 8m. 40s.

The officers of the club and the regatta committee were anxious to make an early start to Newport on Wednes-

day morning, and as there was a head wind and tide, most of the boats left the harbor for the starting line off West Chop buoy soon after 8 o'clock. There was a nice sailing breeze from the W.-S.W., but the air was very thick, and it looked as though a fog would shut in, but the regatta committee did not wait, and promptly at 9 o'clock the preparatory gun sounded. The starting gun for small sloops was due at 9:10, but the gun missed fire, and the whistle, which was 8s. late, forced Aspirant over the line before the signal, and while the committee did not recall her, she returned and recrossed the line. So they crossed in the following order: Spasm, Irolita, Phantom, Ishkoodah, and Aspirant. Then came the big sloops at 9:15, led by Virginia, with Rainbow on her weather quarter. Then came Sybarita to leeward of both, followed by Neola, Yankee, Weetamoe, and Queen Mab. The small schooners came next at 9:20, led by Katrina, with Valmore and Loyal in close attendance. When the big two-stickers started at 9:25, a thick fog rolled in from Vineyard Sound, making it difficult to distinguish the boats a hundred yards away. Emerald was the first away, and then came Corona, Chanticleer, Idler, Resolute, Vergemere, Atlantic, and Endymion. Neola, which had smashed her compass early in the cruise, was the first to return, apparently fearing to face the dangers of Vineyard Sound in a fog, and soon Loyal, Vergemere, Casique, and Endymion followed her example, while the others kept on.

The chart course was W. two miles from West Chop to Nobska, then 11½ miles W.-S.W. from Nobska light to Nashawena Island; then W. 7 miles to Vineyard Sound lightship, and then W.-N.W. 17¼ miles from Vineyard Sound lightship to the finish line off Brenton's Reef lightship.

All of the yachts stood over toward the Naushon Island shore on the port tack, and then worked along the shore in short hitches to keep out of the strong head tide. The fog lifted soon after 10 o'clock, and by 10:30 the sun had burned away what was left of it.

At 10:10 Sybarita was leading the fleet off Tarpaulin Cove, with Yankee in second place. Then came Virginia, Rainbow, Weetamoe, Aspirant, Queen Mab, Irolita, Spasm, Ishkoodah, Corona, Phantom, Valmore, Katrina, Emerald, Chanticleer, Resolute, Idler, Atlantic, Volunteer, Intrepid, Loyal, Endymion, Casique, and Neola. Here Sybarita and the 70-footers took a long starboard leg over to the Martha's Vineyard shore, which they worked in short hitches until 11 o'clock, when they were off Menemsha Bight. Here they took the port tack again, and were able to lay their course to Vineyard Sound lightship, where the leaders were timed as follows: Sybarita, 12:11:14; Yankee, 12:15:34; Virginia, 12:19:43; Rainbow, 12:21:13; Weetamoe, 12:47:00. It was a close reach from here to the finish with small jib topsails, and as the wind and sea increased, Sybarita drew rapidly away from the 70-footers, finishing at 1:48:00. The rest of the leaders were timed as follows: Yankee, 1:59:19; Virginia, 2:03:55; Rainbow, 2:05:34; Corona, 2:28:21; Weetamoe, 2:35:42; Queen Mab, 2:55:46; Atlantic, 3:08:56; Katrina, 3:17:05; Chanticleer, 3:21:54; Emerald, 3:22:32; Aspirant, 3:24:52; Irolita, 3:27:16; Resolute, 3:37:33; Idler, 3:59:00; Spasm, 4:09:57; Ishkoodah, 4:10:40; Intrepid, 4:17:33; Endymion, 4:26:52.

Sloops—Class L.			
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Spasm 9 10 27	4 09 57	6 59 30	
Phantom 9 10 43	Did not finish.		
Ishkoodah 9 11 10	4 10 43	6 59 33	
Sloops—Class K.			
Aspirant 9 10 35	3 24 52	6 14 17	
Irolita 9 12 00	3 27 16	6 15 17	
Sloops—Class I.			
Weetamoe 9 16 12	2 35 42	5 19 30	
Neola 9 16 18	Withdrew.		
Queen Mab 9 16 38	2 55 46	5 39 08	
Sloops—Class H.			
Yankee 9 15 20	1 59 19	4 43 59	
Virginia 9 15 15	2 03 55	4 48 40	
Rainbow 9 16 00	2 05 34	4 49 34	
Yawls—Class G.			
Sybarita 9 15 34	1 48 00	4 32 26	
Schooners—Class D.			
Katrina 9 21 02	3 17 05	5 56 03	
Valmore 9 21 49	3 56 02	6 34 13	
Casique 9 25 20	Did not finish.		
Loyal 9 22 00	Did not finish.		
Schooners—Class B.			
Corona 9 25 43	2 28 21	5 02 38	
Emerald 9 25 46	3 22 32	5 56 46	
Chanticleer 9 26 13	3 21 54	5 55 41	
Schooners—Class A.			
Endymion 9 27 00	4 26 52	6 59 52	
Resolute 9 27 00	3 37 33	6 10 33	
Auxiliaries.			
Atlantic 9 27 00	3 08 56	5 41 56	
Vergemere 9 27 00	Withdrew.		
Intrepid 9 26 57	4 17 33	6 50 36	
Idler 9 26 11	3 59 00	6 32 49	

Thursday, August 18—At Newport.

While the fleet did not race on Thursday, the yachtsmen were by no means idle, as between power boat and small boat racing, rowing races for the Owl and Gamecock colors, and preparing for the Astor cup races, the members of the club put in a pretty lively twenty-four hours.

The sailing yachts remained at anchor all day, but their owners came ashore early to see what was doing around the club station, and, to the surprise of all, it was found that not a single entry had been received for the steam yacht race for the Hauoli cups offered by F. M. Smith, of the steam yacht Hauoli. It certainly seemed rather strange that out of a fleet of over fifty steam yachts in the harbor, that not a single owner had sporting blood enough to enter his boat for the race, despite the fact that the cups were worth over \$5,000, and are probably the most beautiful trophies ever offered for competition.

After the committee had made a fruitless search for entries, they gave out the following statement: "Owing to the importance of the Hauoli cups offered by Captain F. M. Smith, N. Y. Y. C., and having in view the insufficiency of the entries, the committee, with the approval of Captain Smith, has decided to postpone the event until next year."

"It is believed that the lack of entries is largely due to the fact that the table of time allowances as announced has not been fully understood; the prevailing opinion being that the fast yachts would be certain winners, while as a matter of fact, the allowances favor the moderate power cruising steamers. It is believed that this will be

better understood next season, and a large entry received."

Finding that the steam yacht race was off, the yachtsmen turned their attention to the power boats, and they were rewarded by seeing the best and fastest race ever held by this type of craft.

There were three starters in the race, and they included Nat. G. Herreshoff's steam-driven Swiftsure, a 51ft. boat of 90 horse-power, which he steered himself; Vingt-et-un, a 75 horse-power 40-footer, owned by W. L. Brooks, and steered by C. M. Hamilton; and Mercedes, a 32ft. 60 horse-power boat, owned by Herbert L. Bowden, which was designed and steered by Starling Burgess, which boat was credited with a trial trip speed of 27 miles per hour.

There was a strong N.W. breeze blowing, and quite a little sea on in Narragansett Bay when the preparatory signal sounded at noon. These boats are little better than floating coffins, and their crews went out prepared for a ducking.

The Mercedes people were evidently prepared for the worst, as they were clad in bathing suits under their oilskins, while around their necks they wore rubber life buoys, so if their craft sank they would be able to keep afloat.

These boats were sent twice around an 8-mile triangle, or 16 miles in all. The first leg took them over to Jamestown, and then they went up the bay and back to the starting line. Mercedes got the best of the start, as she was sent away with a good headway. Nat Herreshoff in Swiftsure, who hugged the line closely, was next away from a standing start, but quickly jumped into full speed, and last of all came Vingt-et-un, moving very fast. Swiftsure quickly flew into the lead, as Mercedes took in water so fast that her crew had to pump for their lives; and at the first mark she half filled with water and dropped rapidly astern. Vingt-et-un moved quickly up into second place, and began to pick up on Swiftsure. She made the turn better than the Herreshoff boat, which had to slow down, so at the end of the first round she was only 8s. astern of the leader. The boats were timed as they rounded as follows: Swiftsure, 12:31:34; Vingt-et-un, 12:31:42; Mercedes, 12:34:32. On the first 8 knots of the course Swiftsure had beaten Vingt-et-un 8s., and Mercedes 2m. 58s. Swiftsure averaged 21.55 knots on the first round, and Vingt-et-un about the same.

On the second round Vingt-et-un caught Swiftsure just after they turned the first mark, and for some moments they raced along like one boat. Finally the gas-propelled boat took the lead, but the steam-driven craft had the power and stuck very close to her. With the spray flying in clouds from their bows and a yeasty wake marking their path through the water, they crossed the finish line almost side by side, Vingt-et-un winning by just 3s., with Mercedes over a mile astern. The elapsed time of the last 8 knots were Vingt-et-un, 21m. 16s.; Swiftsure, 21m. 27s.; Mercedes, 24m. 56s. Vingt-et-un and Swiftsure both averaged 22.30 knots, or 25.64 statute miles, for the 16 knots, but judging by the previous work of the boats, there is just a suspicion that the course was short.

Among the smaller power boats which raced over an 8-knot course, the little 4½ horse-power Neon, owned by N. G. Herreshoff, Jr., beat the Wayfarer, owned by John Hays Hammond, Jr., by 15m. 45s. on time allowance. There was also a sailing race for small boats for the Newport cups, which brought out a fleet of five 30-footers and five of the Newport 15ft. class.

The 30-footers sailed a course to Wickford and back, which gave them a beat on the first leg and a run home. The boats had a fair tide with them both going and coming. Carolina, owned and steered by Pembroke Jones, was the first away, with Breeze on her weather quarter, and the pair made a great race of it over the course, Carolina finally winning by 40s.

The feature of the small boat race which raced over the course was due to the fact that no less than three of the boats were sailed by women. Eaglet was sailed by Miss Caroline Grosvenor, Echo and Whisper by the Misses Morgan, daughters of E. D. Morgan, a former Commodore of the New York Y. C., who had charge of Columbia last season. They were sent away at noon, and Miss Grosvenor managed to get across first with Eaglet. Eaglet kept the lead to the weather mark, but on the run home H. F. Lippitt's Minnow passed her, and finished ahead, beating Eaglet by 36s.

During the sailing events, there were rowing races for the Owl and Gamecock colors, which resulted in walk-overs for the Katrina's four and the Isolda's pair oared crews. The dinghy race was won by the Cara II's man, with the Katrina's representative second. The summaries of the power and small boat races follow:

Power Boats—Class I—Start, 12:10.				
	First Round.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mercedes 12 34 32	12 59 28	0 49 28	0 46 22	
Vingt-et-un 12 31 42	12 52 58	0 42 58	0 41 22	
Swift Sure 12 31 34	12 53 01	0 43 01	0 43 01	

Vingt-et-un beat Swift Sure by 1m. 39s. and Mercedes 5m. corrected time.

Power Boats—Class 2—Start, 12:10.				
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Neon 1 04 10	0 50 10	0 34 39		
Wayfarer 1 00 14	0 50 14	0 50 14		

Sailing Race—30-footers—Start, 11:50.				
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Carolina, P. Jones 2 16 26	2 16 26	2 26 26		
Breeze, W. G. Roelker, Jr. 2 17 12	2 17 12	2 27 12		
Eleanor, G. W. Widener Wrong course.				
Hera, J. W. Gallard Did not finish.				
Raccoon, J. R. Drexler Did not finish.				

Newport 15-footers—Start, 12:00.				
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Minnow, H. F. Lippitt 12 54 21	12 54 21	0 54 21		
Eaglet, J. B. M. Grosvenor 12 54 57	12 54 57	0 54 57		
Wenonah, H. Wetherell 11 55 19	11 55 19	0 55 19		
Echo, E. D. Morgan 12 56 20	12 56 20	0 56 20		
Whisper, E. D. Morgan, Jr. 12 59 12	12 59 12	0 59 12		

Friday, Aug. 19, Astor Cup Race, Block Island Course, 38 Miles.

Friday saw the races for the Astor cups, which, next to the famous America's Cup, are the most highly thought of yachting trophies of the club. Each season Captain John Jacob Astor, of the steam yacht Nourmahal, offers a \$1,000 cup for schooners and a \$500 cup for sloops. These trophies, which have taken the place of the Golet cups, are eagerly sought after, and to win one is considered quite a feat, as all the single-stickers and all of the schooners each race in one class, subject to the regular club allowances.

Heretofore large yachts have invariably won the cups,

but this year, thanks to a light breeze and a more liberal system of time allowances, the sloop prize was won by Wilmer H. and Addison G. Hanan's fast little Gardiner 43-footer Aspirant, which received an allowance of 1h. 19m. 10s. from the big Sybarita, 1h. 5m. 46s. from the 70-footers, and about 49m. from Weetamoe and Neola. However, most of these boats were double and treble size, and in any sort of a breeze they would probably have lost her, but in the light air Aspirant was almost able to hold her own with them in close reaching and windward work, but with eased sheets they left her far astern, but not far enough to beat her, as she was able to finish within 44m. of Yankee, and won rather easily by 21m. 46s. on corrected time.

Aspirant is the smallest boat that ever won an Astor cup, and her victory was in no small measure due to the consummate skill with which the Hanan boys sailed her, and they certainly earned the right to be considered the cleverest amateurs in the country.

In the schooner class, Corona had to allow Katrina 44m. 57s. time allowance, and after a fairly close race she managed to capture the prize by 4m. on corrected time. There was a light wind from the N.-N.E. when the yachts left the harbor for the starting line off Brenton's Reef lightship, and Sybarita and Virginia took a tow line from friendly steam yachts so that they would be on hand in time. The list of starters with their racing lengths and allowances follows:

Sloops and Yawls.		
	Racing Length.	Allowance.
Sybarita, W. Gould Brokaw.....	104.00	Scratch.
Yankee, J. Rogers Maxwell.....	84.13	0 13 24
Virginia, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.....	84.13	0 13 24
Rainbow, Cornelius Vanderbilt.....	84.07	0 13 24
Neola, G. M. Pynchon.....	66.32	0 38 31
Weetamoe, H. F. Lippitt.....	66.16	0 38 41
Aspirant, Hanan Bros.....	47.50	1 19 10
Schooners.		
Corona, A. F. Luke.....	89.43	Scratch.
Katrina, J. B. Ford.....	58.76	0 44 57

They were attended by a score or more of big steam yachts, which included John Jacob Astor's Nourmahal, with Miss Alice Roosevelt and the regatta committee among the guests on board. Commodore F. G. Bourne's Delaware; Vice-Commodore Henry Walter's Narada; Elbridge T. Gerry's Electra; H. W. Putnam, Jr.'s Ariadne; H. Clay Pierce's Yacona; E. C. Benedict's Oneida; J. L. B. Mott's Candida; Col. Van Rensselaer's May; A. C. Bostwick's Vergemere; Wilson Marshall's Atlantic; Nat. G. Herreshoff's Roamer; H. A. Chatfield Taylor's Wanderer; A. de Witt Cochrane's Alvina; Charles Hayden's Aria; H. B. Moore's Zara; the torpedo boat Morris, and several Government tugs. The committee, which was a trifle late in coming out, signalled that the 38-mile Block Island course would be sailed; that is, the boats would sail to the West Island mark first. The course was E. by S. $\frac{1}{8}$ S., $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles to a mark off at Sakonnet light, then 18 miles S.W. by W. $\frac{3}{4}$ W. to a mark off Block Island, and then $13\frac{1}{2}$ miles N.E. $\frac{1}{8}$ E. to the finish line at Brenton's Reef lightship.

The preparatory signal sounded at 11 o'clock, and 10 minutes later the sloops were sent away. Yankee was the first away, almost with the gun, with Weetamoe on her weather quarter. Then came Virginia, Neola, and Aspirant, while Sybarita and Rainbow were handicapped a minute or more.

Corona led Katrina over the line at 11:15 when the schooners were started, and all hands carried intermediate jib topsails, as it was a close fetch to the first mark on the port tack. The wind began to back and fill, however, and after shifting to the E. hauled to the S.E., so that Yankee and Weetamoe, which had been leading, fell back, and Sybarita, Rainbow, and Aspirant took command, as the shift of the wind made it a close reach on the starboard tack, which made them the windward boats. Sybarita, Yankee, and Virginia all set big jib topsails, and soon Yankee worked into second place. The wind was very light, and the boats made slow time to the first mark, where they were timed as follows: Sybarita, 12:40:06; Yankee, 12:42:21; Aspirant, 12:44:49; Corona, 12:46:16; Rainbow, 12:48:02; Weetamoe, 12:48:17; Neola, 12:48:39; Virginia, 12:49:06; Katrina, 12:57:41. This showed that Cybarita led the Yankee 2:15, Aspirant 4:43, Rainbow 7:56, Weetamoe 8:11, Neola 8:33, and Virginia 9m., while Corona had a lead of 11m. 25s. on Katrina, which boat was left far astern by the shift of wind. As the yachts located around the mark the wind freshened a bit, and with small jib topsails aloft all were able to lay their course for the Block Island mark on the port tack. As soon as the wind freshened, Aspirant dropped behind, while Yankee, having worked out to windward of Sybarita, began to pick up on the Brokaw yawl, and finally drew by her windward at 1:25, when she set a smaller jib topsail.

At 1:30, Yankee led the fleet with Sybarita a few lengths astern. Corona, which was now in third place, was a quarter of a mile behind, while about the same distance astern of her came Virginia, which boat had just passed Neola to windward. Then came Weetamoe and Rainbow. Aspirant was a mile back of them, while Katrina was nearly 3 miles astern of the leaders.

At 2:15 the wind hauled more to the W., making the last 8 or 9 miles a beat to the Block Island mark, and immediately Yankee, Weetamoe and Neola went off to the S.E. on the starboard tack to head off Virginia, which was well to windward of the rest of the fleet. Sybarita tossed about the same time, while Virginia, Aspirant and Katrina held on to the port tack while the others stood off to E.

At 2:40, Aspirant, Weetamoe and Neola made a long starboard hitch, and the two 60-footers easily crossed Corona's bow some distance ahead of the Luke schooner. Aspirant took the port tack again at 2:50 and Neola followed, crossing Weetamoe's bow and then tacking on her weather. The mark was close at hand, when Yankee took the starboard tack again at 2:55, and about the same time Virginia moved up into second place, passing Sybarita to windward. The air was too light for the big yawl to do herself justice, while it just seemed to suit the seventies and smaller sloops. Yankee had a good 5m. lead on Virginia when she gybed round the Block Island mark, where the yachts were timed as follows: Yankee, 3:02:03; Virginia, 3:07:17; Sybarita, 3:08:08; Rainbow, 3:14:06;

Corona, 3:17:14; Neola, 3:21:11; Weetamoe, 3:23:23; Aspirant, 3:31:28; Katrina, 4:00:00. This showed that Yankee had gained 5m. 13s. on Virginia; 6m. 5s. on Sybarita; 12m. 3s. on Rainbow; 19m. 8s. on Neola; 21m. 20s. on Weetamoe, and 29m. 25s. on Aspirant, while Corona led Katrina by 42m. 46s.

Ballooners were broken out and booms eased off to port for the run home, as the wind was now about S.S.W., and soon spinnakers blossomed out to starboard, so that the yachts made fairly fast time to the finish, the only change in the order being that Sybarita passed Virginia and moved up into second place. Yankee, however, increased her lead considerably, and the yachts were time as they crossed the finish line: Yankee, 4:49:20; Sybarita, 5:01:50; Virginia, 5:03:39; Rainbow, 5:09:50; Corona, 5:13:52; Neola, 5:21:07; Weetamoe, 5:23:34; Aspirant, 5:34:56; Katrina, 6:03:34. Summary:

Schooners—\$1,000 Cup.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Corona	11 16 15	5 13 52	5 57 37
Katrina	11 17 00	6 03 34	6 46 34
Sloops and Yawls—\$500 Cup.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sybarita	11 12 00	5 01 50	5 49 50
Yankee	11 10 10	4 49 20	5 39 10
Virginia	11 10 49	4 03 39	5 52 50
Rainbow	11 12 00	5 09 50	5 57 50
Neola	11 11 31	5 21 07	6 09 36
Weetamoe	11 10 13	5 23 34	6 13 21
Aspirant	11 11 46	5 34 56	6 23 10

Corona beat Katrina in elapsed time 48m. 57s. and in corrected time by only 4m. Sybarita beat Aspirant, the winner of the sloop cup, in elapsed time by 33m. 20s., and lost the prize by 45m. 50s. corrected time. Yankee beat Aspirant in elapsed time by 44m. and lost the prize by 21m. 46s. corrected time.

Saturday, Aug. 20—Newport.

The programme for Saturday called for an ocean race of 264 miles from Brenton's Reef Lightship to Sandy Hook Lightship and return, for the Brenton's Reef cup, and a special race for the 70 and 60-footers was spoiled by a terrific 40-knot gale from the S.E., which kicked up such a big sea off Brenton's Reef that the committee tug could not get out to the starting line. The entries included George Lauder, Jr.'s schooner, Endymion; Wilson Marshall's big three-masted schooner rigged auxiliary, Atlantic; and J. H. Measury's Resolute, which has had her propeller taken out and is now a full fledged schooner.

It was blowing so hard that Narragansett Bay was a sea of foam, and the waves were so big that the General, a stout boat that makes connection with the Wickford trains, had all she could do to make the passage; while outside the Atlantic rollers 10 or 15ft. high came tumbling in on Brenton's Point with a force that almost made rock-ribbed Newport tremble. In spite of the conditions of wind and wave, Mr. Lauder, the owner of the Endymion, would not consent to call the race off, and the committee tug, Unique, the press boat, Eugene F. Moran, and the Resolute and Endymion left for the starting line soon after 10 o'clock, while Atlantic, which had left her anchorage under steam, started to hoist her sails outside of Goat Island. Resolute and Endymion, after reaching down the harbor at a 12-knot gait under lower canvas, caught a breath of the force of the gale off Castle Head and one puff seemed to be enough, as they rolled over until their lee rails were buried in foam and then turned tail and ran for the harbor with the committee boat close at their heels.

All thoughts of racing was abandoned, and the start was postponed until Monday. While there is no question that all three of the boats could have made the trip in safety, the weather was so thick that their skippers were afraid that they might reach Sandy Hook just as the outgoing and incoming Atlantic liners were converging, and that in a fog there might be a collision accompanied by fatal results.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

A NEW MARINE SUPPLY COMPANY.—A new company has been formed in Boston for the purpose of dealing in ship stores, chandlery, provisions, and maritime supplies of all kinds.

The name of this new company is "The Maritime Stores Company," and the managers are Captain H. J. Howes, James Otis Porter, and Hollis Burgess. Captain Howes has been master of many vessels, including the Sea Witch, the noted ship that ran the English blockade at Delagoa Bay in the Boer war, Annie M. Smull, Mary Whittredge, and many other well-known vessels. Captain Howes has visited about every large seaport in the world; has been around the globe four times, and has a wide acquaintance with mariners of every land. Mr. Porter was a Volunteer Lieutenant in the U. S. Navy during the war with Spain, and served in command of the U. S. S. Catskill. He recently severed his connection with Mr. B. B. Crowninshield, the naval architect. Mr. Burgess was in the yacht brokerage and marine business for some time, and has a wide acquaintance among the yacht owners and seafaring men.

The store and offices of the company are at the head of Lewis Wharf, No. 38 Atlantic avenue, Boston, Mass., where they have a private landing and launches for the convenience of customers. They intend to supply all classes of vessels, including steamers, sailing ships, fishing vessels, yachts, etc., with all kinds of supplies.

ROYAL CANADIAN Y. C. COUNTRY HOUSE BURNED.—The building of the Royal Canadian Y. C., located on Center Island, near Toronto, was totally destroyed by fire on the night of August 5. A number of trophies were said to have been lost, and the damage will be in the neighborhood of \$10,000.

TWO STEAM YACHTS SOLD.—Speedy II., formerly owned by Mr. C. G. Conn, of Elkhart, Indiana, has been sold to the Canadian Government. The steam yacht Bucaneer, formerly the property of Mr. Lucius G. Fisher, of

Chicago, has also been sold to Mr. J. Rosenbaum, of Chicago.

RECORD VOYAGE IN A KETCH.—In the course of the month, two young men from Brighton will start on an adventurous voyage in a 14-ton ketch. Their destination is Western Australia, where they mean to engage in the Broome pearl fisheries. They are not able to pay their passage out, and therefore they are sailing the whole way in their own boat. They hope, with good luck, to reach their destination in four or five months, and are provisioning their boat for a voyage until Christmas. If they are successful, their voyage will be the longest ever undertaken in a craft of this size. The voyage between this country and America has been several times made in small boats, and on one occasion a boat only thirty feet long was successfully navigated from London to Cape-town.—St. James's Gazette.

INGOMAR RETURNING TO THE STATES.—Mr. Morton F. Plant's schooner Ingomar is being put in shape for the return voyage at Southampton, England, to the States. She will leave some time the latter part of September. She has won while racing in foreign waters this season twelve firsts, four seconds, one third, and two extra prizes out of twenty-two starts.

REGATTA POSTPONED.—The annual regatta of the Northport Y. C. was scheduled for Saturday, August 20, but, on account of the severe storm, did not take place.

ALETES II. SOLD.—The launch Aletes II., owned by Mr. Robert C. Fisher, N. Y. Y. C., has been sold to Mr. Amos F. Barnes, Sachem's Head Y. C., through the agency of Stanley M. Seaman, New York. She is 47ft. over all, and built in 1903.

Bensonhurst Y. C.

Bensonhurst, L. I.—Aug. 18 and 19.

ALFRED MACKAY'S Class Q sloop Ogeemah, of the Bensonhurst Y. C. successfully defended the new perpetual challenge trophy recently offered by Commodore Arthur C. Bellows, in the first races held for the same on Thursday and Friday, Aug. 18 and 19. The challenging organization was the New York Y. C., which was represented by Miss Judy, owned by D. D. Allerton. Other clubs on Gravesend Bay were allowed to enter boats. The Brooklyn Y. C. defended on J. C. Erskine's Karma, and the Atlantic Y. C. sent over Mary, owned by Max Grundner. The trophy is open to challenge under certain conditions from any club in the Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay.

First Race—Aug. 18.

Ogeemah won the first contest, over a leeward and windward course of 10 nautical miles, defeating Miss Judy on corrected time by 4m. and 40s. Karma and Mary were badly beaten. The boats sailed from the start, off Fort Hamilton, down the Bay to and around Romer Shoal Light and return, and was a reach down and windward work home. Throughout the event the contending craft were paired, Ogeemah and Miss Judy fighting it out for first honors, the other two boats seeing which one would be forced to bring up the rear. Miss Judy was the first craft to finish, but was not far enough in the lead to overcome the allowance conceded to Ogeemah. The summary follows:

Sloops—Class Q—Start, 3:20.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ogeemah	5 40 50	2 20 50	2 13 30
Miss Judy	5 38 10	2 18 10	2 18 10
Karma	6 00 10	2 40 10	2 34 10
Mary	5 58 40	2 38 40	2 38 17

Second Race—Aug. 19.

The second and what proved the deciding struggle for the challenge cup was as closely contested as the first. Ogeemah won from Miss Judy by 2m. 13s. corrected time, after a most stubbornly fought battle. Karma was defeated by 3m. 29s., and Mary by 8m. 51s. corrected time. The boats sailed from the start, off Fort Hamilton to the bell buoy at the entrance to Swash Channel, thence to the Craven Shoal buoys and return, a distance of 9 nautical miles. It took a number of windward hitches to reach the bell buoy, the first mark. The leg from there to the Craven Shoal was a spinnaker run, and a reach brought the starters home. The wind was W. by S., with the tide on the ebb. Under the declaration of trust, a craft getting two victories receives possession of the trophy until won by some other boat under the given conditions. The summary follows:

Sloops—Class Q—Start, 3:45.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ogeemah	5 37 18	1 52 18	1 45 42
Miss Judy	5 32 55	1 47 55	1 47 55
Karma	5 39 35	1 54 35	1 49 11
Mary	5 39 53	1 54 53	1 54 33

Edgewood Y. C.

Annual Cruise—Aug. 16-21.

THE Edgewood Y. C. held its annual cruise coincident with the week of open racing of the N. B. Y. R. A., the itinerary being the same, and on the whole the week provided a most enjoyable time for the fleet, which numbered about twenty-five boats, although the bad weather interfered with the programme for Saturday.

The fleet left the club anchorage on Tuesday, the 16th, and under Commodore H. G. Posner, proceeded to Bristol, the scene of the second Association race. The winners on the run were the sloop Romp and the cats Tartar and Onaway. Handsome souvenirs of silver were awarded the winners on all the runs by the commodore. On the second day's run to Fall River the winners were the sloops Chiquola and Romp and the cats Ina, Mae Hope, Wanderer III., Onaway, and Elizabeth.

Wednesday night the fleet proceeded to Newport, going across to Jamestown for the Association racing Thursday afternoon, and returning to Newport Harbor in the evening. Friday many of the boats went outside to witness the Astor cup races. The storm held up the arrangements for Saturday, and the fleet remained at anchor in Newport Harbor, making the run on Sunday morning to Potter's Cove, where a club clam bake was enjoyed, many of the other craft of the club coming down from the city for this event. The cruise ended in the afternoon, with the return of the fleet to the club anchorage.

F. H. Young.

Erie Y. C.

ERIE, Pa., Aug. 6.—The final race for the championship was sailed to-day in what is called a gale here, although it would not be considered much of a gale on the coast; but then we do not often have any 40-mile an hour gales here. This one, however, was high enough to keep some of the boats at their anchorage; they did not go out. Quite a crowd took in this race from the bluffs above the water-works, where the whole course could be seen. The course was 3 miles, sailed over twice.

In the 18ft. class Flora had to sail alone, as she had no competitor. Una also went it alone in her class for the same reason. A new boat came out in the 21ft. class, Wasp. She has lately been brought here from Canada by Capt. Bens, to replace the one he had burned last June. She took first place in this race; Turtle came in second, and ex-Sheriff Capt. Evans, with his Mingo, came in third. Turtle, owned by the Lynch brothers, will have to be satisfied with second place hereafter; this new boat, Wasp, is too fast for them.

Marvel and Iriquois brought up the rear in this day's race. The winning boats have their flags now. Flora, Turtle, and Una got them, having made the most points in the different races sailed in the past two months.

CABIA BLANCO.

Eastern Y. C.

Marblehead, Mass.—Thursday, Aug. 18.

UNDER a reefing breeze from the N.W. and a smooth sea the fourth of a series of special open races of the Eastern Y. C. was sailed off Marblehead on Thursday, Aug. 18. The yachts were sent over a triangular course, the first leg being to leeward, Chewink IV. got the start in Class L, but she had not got her spinnaker fairly drawing when the halliards parted, and the whole thing collapsed. When everything had been cleared, Sauquoit was the leader, with Wasaka second, and Chewink IV. third. This was the order when the yachts gybed around the first mark, but on the second leg, both Wasaka and Chewink IV., passed Sauquoit, Wasaka turning the second mark in the lead. On the beat to the finish Chewink IV. passed Wasaka and led to the line, but the 30-footer Dorel sailed so close to the leading boats that she won on time allowance. In the 22ft. class Medric got the start, and led to the first mark. She also led at the second mark, with Peri II., which had been last, in second place. On the beat to the finish, Peri II. pulled out ahead and won. There were only five 18-footers to start. Fudge got the start, with Moslem II. close behind. When half way to the first mark Moslem went out ahead and turned the mark first, with Arrow second. This was also the order at the second mark, after passing which Moslem II.'s mainsail split, and Arrow was in first place. On the beat home, Bat and Arrow had a very close contest, sailing almost on even terms. When almost to the finish line, Bat's throat halliards parted and Arrow went over the line first. The summary:

Class L.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dorel, G. L. Batchelder.....	1 23 29	1 14 58
Chewink IV., F. G. Macomber, Jr.....	1 19 59	1 16 58
Wasaka, T. Reed Anthony.....	1 22 02	1 19 07
Meemer, R. C. Nickerson.....	1 28 03	1 24 45
Halcyon, H. W. Peabody.....	1 32 25
Sauquoit, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.....	1 35 16	1 33 08

22-footers.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Peri II., George Lee.....	1 29 11
Medric, H. H. White.....	1 30 07
Urchin, John Greenough.....	1 31 23
Opitsah V., S. H. & H. I. Foster.....	1 33 37

18ft. Knockabouts.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Arrow, E. A. Boardman.....	1 39 09
Bat, C. F. Adams, 2d.....	1 39 38
Boo Hoo, R. Boardman.....	1 41 23
Fudge, C. H. W. Foster.....	1 42 02
Moslem II., B. D. Barker.....	Disabled.

Friday, Aug. 19.

The fifth and last special open race of the season, given by the Eastern Y. C. for Class L, E. Y. C., and classes E and I. Y. R. A., was sailed off Marblehead on Friday, Aug. 19, in a fresh S.E. breeze. The first leg of the course was a beat to windward. Chewink IV. got the start in Class L, but Wasaka was benefited by a long tack to the southward and turned the windward mark with a long lead. She led to the finish, with Chewink IV. constantly gaining. In the 22ft. class Medric got the start, but Peri II., which also took a long board to the southward, turned the weather mark with a big lead, which she held to the finish. In the 18-footers, Boo Hoo got the start, but on the beat to windward, Bat went out ahead and led to the finish. The summary:

Class L.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Wasaka, T. Reed Anthony.....	2 05 51	2 07 38
Dorel, G. L. Batchelder.....	2 13 44	2 01 52
Chewink IV., F. G. Macomber, Jr.....	2 09 04	2 04 51
Meemer, R. C. Nickerson.....	2 14 56	2 10 20
Sauquoit, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.....	2 14 04	2 11 05

22-footers.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Peri II., George Lee.....	2 05 15
Opitsah V., S. H. & H. I. Foster.....	2 13 22
Urchin, John Greenough.....	2 13 35
Medric, H. H. White.....	2 14 49

18ft. Knockabouts.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Bat, C. F. Adams, 2d.....	1 37 34
Hayseed, H. L. Bowden.....	1 38 25
Arrow, E. A. Boardman.....	1 39 34
Boo Hoo, R. Boardman.....	1 40 14
Arbeka II., F. C. Bowden.....	1 41 45
Otter, A. D. Irving.....	1 43 46
Moslem II., J. T. Eustis.....	1 46 29
Privateer II., Alden & Carlton.....	1 46 34

Westhampton Country Club.

West Hampton Beach, L. I.—Saturday, Aug. 13.

AN Association race was held under the auspices of the Westhampton Country Club on Saturday, Aug. 13. A fresh S.E. breeze held throughout the race, enabling the boats to make fast time over the 10-knot course. Of the twenty-seven starters, all the boats finished. Julia was disqualified in Class A.

The winners were Dodo II., Spalpeen, Idlewild, Lorna, Lass and Medaler. The summary:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dodo II.	1 30 06	1 30 06
Memory	1 30 26	1 30 15
Rainbow	1 31 10	1 30 59

Class BB—Start, 2:22.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Adelaide	1 37 13	1 37 13
Spalpeen	1 36 29	1 36 29
Tiger Lily	1 38 34	1 38 34
Billy Boy	1 37 26	1 36 46

Class A—Start, 2:24.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sybil	1 38 37	1 38 37
Edna	1 37 28
Idlewild	1 36 47	1 35 00
Esther	1 45 03	1 43 04
Melody	1 40 44	1 38 33
Thetis	1 38 37	1 36 26
Julia	Disqualified.

Class B—Start, 2:26.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Halcyon	1 45 57	1 45 57
Brunhilda	1 41 39	1 41 39
Hironda	1 50 22	1 50 10
Lorna	1 41 03	1 41 50
Enigma	1 43 23	1 41 18
Lady Margaret	1 44 34	1 42 29
Esperance	1 44 21	1 42 04
Defender	1 47 00	1 42 56

Class U—Start, 2:28.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Lenanale	1 53 37	1 53 37
Lass	1 41 56	1 41 56

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound—Saturday, Aug. 6.

Six of the 15-footers sailed a race on Saturday, Aug. 6, on an inside course. There was a nice sailing breeze from the S.W. The summary:

Start, 3:05.	Finish.
Cayenne, Colgate Hoyt.....	5 08 45
Bairn, W. J. Matheson.....	5 12 05
Sabrina, C. N. Wetmore.....	5 14 45
Chipmonk, T. S. Young, Jr.....	5 15 28
Imp, S. L. Landon.....	5 21 30
Brownie, R. W. Gibson.....	5 22 45

Saturday, Aug. 13.

FOUR raceabouts and six 15-footers started in the club race held on Saturday, Aug. 13. The breeze was light from the S.W. Merry Wing won in the raceabout class and Sabrina was first in the 15-ft. class. The summary:

Raceabout Class—Start, 3:10.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Merry Wing, H. M. Crane.....	5 20 35
Nathalie, F. O. Stewart.....	5 21 45
Jolly Roger, T. B. Blecker.....	5 21 47
Scamp, J. De Forest.....	Did not finish.

15ft. Class—Start, 3:15.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sabrina, C. W. Wetmore.....	5 47 35
Chipmonk, T. S. Young, Jr.....	5 48 35
Cayenne, Colgate Hoyt.....	5 49 25
Fly, W. Emlen Roosevelt.....	5 50 31
Imp, S. L. Landon.....	5 54 05

East Gloucester Y. C.

Gloucester, Mass.—Thursday, Aug. 11.

A Y. R. A. open race was given by the East Gloucester Y. C. on Thursday, Aug. 12, off Gloucester. There was a fresh W.S.W. breeze, and the racing was good. Chewink IV. was the only 30-footer to start, and she sailed over the course alone. In the 25-foot class Seeboomook got the start, and led all over the course. Urchin got the start in the 22-footers, but Peri II. took the lead on the windward leg and held it to the finish. The 18ft. knockabouts were well bunched at the start, with Moslem II. in the lead. Hugi got out to the windward mark first, and led to the finish. In the 15-footers Tabasco, Jr., led until after the windward mark was turned, when Vera II. caught and passed her. Kit led all the way in the first handicap class. Kamador was home first in the second handicap class, but to Owaissa on corrected time. The summary:

30-footers.	Elapsed.
Chewink IV., F. G. Macomber, Jr.....	1 32 41

25-footers.	Elapsed.
Seeboomook, B. A. Smith.....	1 37 33
Early Dawn III., J. E. Doherty.....	1 39 16

22-footers.	Elapsed.
Peri II., George Lee.....	1 36 17
Tayac, W. H. Joyce.....	1 39 22
Urchin, John Greenough.....	1 40 21
Opitsah V., S. H. & H. I. Foster.....	1 40 59
Clotho, Cheney & Lanning.....	1 41 05
Chinook, John Pomeroy.....	1 41 52
Medric, H. H. White.....	1 44 04
Warrior, S. C. Winsor.....	1 50 01

18ft. Knockabouts.	Elapsed.
Hugi, A. E. Chase.....	1 50 43
Arrow, E. A. Boardman.....	1 51 58
Hayseed, H. L. Bowden.....	1 52 07
Dorchen, A. W. Finlay.....	1 52 23
Miladi II., F. R. Adams.....	1 56 34
Napier, B. S. Permer.....	1 59 31
Arbeka II., F. P. Bowden.....	2 00 56
Mirage, J. W. Olmstead.....	2 02 14
Privateer II., Alden & Carlton.....	2 03 57
Fritter, Cabell Loring.....	Did not finish.
Moslem II., B. D. Baker.....	Withdraw.

15-footers.	Elapsed.
Vera II., H. Lundberg.....	0 59 29
Tabasco, Jr., H. H. Wiggins.....	1 00 52
Ventus II., Keith Pevear.....	1 00 59

Dories.	Elapsed.
Teaser, R. Russell Smith.....	1 00 23
Barbara, J. J. Blaney.....	1 01 04
Little Un, Donald Howes.....	1 04 59
Red Devil, Martin & Curtis.....	1 08 18
Sister, D. H. Woodbury.....	1 09 40

First Handicap.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Kit, H. B. Whittier.....	1 36 06	1 36 06
Quakeress, J. H. Hammon.....	1 42 00	1 37 00
Osprey, C. R. Hanson.....	1 41 50	1 37 52
Eclipse, Arthur Leary.....	1 48 10	1 44 10
Monsoon, W. W. Slade.....	Did not finish.
Nereid, C. H. Lund.....	Disabled.

Second Handicap.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Owaissa, Walter Kelley.....	1 01 09	0 58 00
Kamador, C. P. Lowell.....	0 59 59	0 59 54
Hobgoblin, Otis Harvey.....	1 13 47	1 08 47
Ventus, Paul Tappan.....	Did not finish.

Beverly Y. C.

Wing's Neck, Buzzard's Bay—Saturday, Aug. 13.

THE Beverly Y. C. sailed its 358th regatta off its club house on Saturday, Aug. 13. A light wind blew, varying from S. to S.W. Mr. F. E. Cabot acted as judge.

The 30-footers were sent over a triangle, first to Gifford's Ledge, and then across the bay to Bird Island, and then home, a distance of 18½ miles.

The 21-footers went over a triangle, one leg of which was repeated twice, making a total distance of 14 miles. They went, first to Dry Ledge, then to Scraggy Neck Buoy No. 10, back to Dry and No. 10, and then home.

The 18-footers and fourth class cats sailed over a triangle, first to Scraggy Neck Buoy No. 8, then across the bay to Dry Ledge, and then home; and the small one-design boats went twice around a small triangle marked by Mosier's Rock, striped buoy, Beverly Y. C. Buoy No. 2, and the starting line, making a total distance of 6½ miles.

Young Miss and Praxilla, of the 30-footers, had an exceedingly close race, Young Miss finally winning by only 24s. Much to the surprise of all, Arethusa, which sailed in the 21ft. class for the first time this year, won. She was sailed by Mr. Baker's son Ezra. Mr. Baker, in Illusion, was in second place for most of the course, but was finally passed by Terrapin. Mr. Crane's new Hybrid did not do well in the light air, and withdrew. Jap won in the 18ft. class, and Vim in the 15ft. one-design class. The times in detail are given below:

30-footers.	Actual.
Young Miss, D. L. Whittemore.....	3 47 18
Praxilla, J. Parkinson, Jr.....	3 47 42
Anita, R. T. Crane.....	3 49 10

21-footers.	Elapsed.
Arethusa, Ezra Baker.....	2 10 08
Terrapin, L. S. Dabney.....	2 12 00
Illusion, C. M. Baker.....	2 13 45
Hybrid, Joshua Crane, Jr.....	Withdraw.

18-footers.	Elapsed.
Jap, G. P. Gardner, Jr.....	2 21 21
Margaret, W. O. Taylor.....	2 21 52
Hindoo, N. H. Emmons.....	2 22 45
Wizard, F. W. Sargent, Jr.....	2 22 46

Fourth Class Cats.	Elapsed.
Allison II, S. B. McLeod.....	2 26 20
Hod, H. B. Holmes.....	2 44 20
Howard, H. O. Miller.....	Withdraw.

15-footers.	Elapsed.
Vim, F. W. Sargent, Jr.....	1 49 01
Fiddler, Miss C. M. Dabney.....	1 49 02
Catspaw, S. D. Warner.....	1 50 16
Fly, Miss C. M. Williams.....	1 51 13
Teaser, R. W. Emmons, 2d.....	1 52 17
Uarda, J. Parkinson, Jr.....	1 54 22
Ranzo, M. H. Richardson, Jr.....	1 57 34
Flickamaroo, Miss E. B. Emmons.....	2 05 08
Jub Jub, H. Steckten.....	Withdraw.

Boston Y. C.

Boston, Mass.—Saturday, Aug. 20.

A CLUB championship race of the Boston Y. C. was sailed off the Hull station of the club on Saturday, Aug. 20, in a S.E. gale. None of the 30-footers showing up, the 22-footers were the first to be sent away. Opitsah V. got the start by about 4m. on Clotho, and led all around the course, although Clotho reduced the lead to 30s. at the finish. Hayseed got the start in the 18-footers and led all over the course. The best race was between Vera II. and Tabasco Jr., in the 15ft. class. Tabasco, Jr., got the start and led until the first mark was passed. On the windward leg Vera II. took the lead and held it by a short margin to the finish. In the first handicap class Jingo made the fastest time of any yacht around the course. In the second handicap class Mildred led on the first round, but on the second round Anne took the lead and held it by a short margin to the finish. The summary:

22-footers.	Elapsed.
Opitsah V., S. H. & H. I. Foster.....	1 28 42
Clotho, Cheney & Lanning.....	1 29 12

18ft. Knockabouts.	Elapsed.
Hayseed, H. L. Bowden.....	1 29 26
Dorchen, A. W. Finlay.....	1 34 30
Aladdin, Keith Bros.....	Withdraw.

15-footers.	Elapsed.
Vera II., H. Lundberg.....	0 47 14
Tabasco, Jr., H. H. Wiggins.....	0 47 57

First Handicap.	Elapsed.
Jingo, G. B. Doane.....	1 26 10
Mildred II., S. P. Moses.....	Withdraw.

Second Handicap.	Elapsed.
Anne, C. B. Pratt.....	1 42 30
Mildred I., C. A. Coleman.....	1 42 51

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Presque Isle Rifle Club.

ERIE, Pa., Aug. 13.—The shooting of the club, for some reason not clear, was rather poor to-day. The weather was not to blame for it. They seem to do better when weather conditions are against them than when it is in their favor. Mr. Alloway was a visitor. Scores:

A Mount.....77 72 69—218	L Fergusson.....65 64 62—191
W A Parker.....75 71 71—217	F Waxham.....57 50 45—152
J G Germer.....73 73 70—216	J Hunter.....56 50 44—150
J Almeda.....72 69 68—209	W W Jordan.....52 47 38—137
G Rahn.....72 66 65—200	A Alloway.....49

CABIA BLANCO.

Rifle Notes.

The programme of the grand prize shooting at the thirtieth annual Plattduische Volksfest, Aug. 21-28, at Schuetzen Park, Union Hill, N. J., consists of ring target competition, open to all comers, three shots for fifty cents, re-entries unlimited; eighteen prizes, \$25 to \$1, and premiums to the first three. Bullseye target open to all comers, three shots for fifty cents, ten prizes, \$15 to \$1. Three premiums for greatest number of bullseyes. Trophy target, for souvenir of the Plattduische Volksfest Verein. Grand team contest, five men from a society, entrance \$5; ten prizes, \$25 to \$5. Zettler trophy target, three shots on a bullseye target, 25 cents entry, tickets unlimited. Shooting begins at 1 o'clock each day. The members of the committee are Messrs. Herman Heinecke, D. Von Glahn and Otto Schwanemann.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Aug. 24-25.—Hot Springs, S. D.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Hot Springs Gun Club. H. A. Gayhart, Sec'y.

*Aug. 25-26.—Tarentum, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.

Aug. 24-26.—Grand Rapids, Mich.—Consolidated Sportsmen's Association tournament. A. B. Richmond, Sec'y.

Aug. 27.—Marysville, Pa.—Second annual tournament. H. A. Gettys, Sec'y.

Aug. 27.—Tottenville, S. I.—Match between teams of the White Plains, Castleton and Acquahonga gun clubs. L. N. Scofield, Port Richmond, S. I., Sec'y.

Aug. 30-31.—Traverse City, Mich., Rod and Gun Club tournament. W. A. Murrel, Sec'y.

Aug. 31.—Hampton Beach, N. H.—Powow Shooting Club tournament. Joseph Ainsworth, Sec'y, Amesbury, Mass.

Sept. 5.—Lowell, Mass., Rod and Gun Club Labor Day tournament. E. J. Burns, Sec'y.

Sept. 5.—Auburn, N. Y.—Labor Day tournament. Knox and Knapp, Mgrs.

Sept. 5.—Ossining, N. Y.—Gun Club fourth annual Labor Day tournament. C. G. Blandford, Capt.

Sept. 5.—Dover, N. H., Sportsmen's Association annual Labor Day tournament. D. W. Hallam, Sec'y.

Sept. 5.—Washington, D. C.—Anastolun Gun Club Labor Day Shoot.

Sept. 5.—Maine State championship tournament, given by the Portland Gun Club.

Sept. 5.—Muncie, Ind.—Annual Labor Day shoot of the Magic City Gun Club. F. L. Wachtell, Sec'y.

Sept. 5.—Utica, N. Y.—Riverside Gun Club tournament. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y.

Sept. 5.—Springfield, Mass.—Fall tournament on Labor Day; \$25 added. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.

Sept. 5-7.—Richmond, Va.—Tournament of Virginia Trapshooters' Association. W. A. Hammond, Sec'y.

*Sept. 6-7.—Irwin, Pa., Rod and Gun Club tournament.

Sept. 6-7.—Litchfield, Ill.—Consolidated Trapshooters' Congress tournament. L. A. Cummings, Sec'y, Bunker Hill, Ill.

Sept. 7-8.—Huntington, W. Va.—The Interstate Association tournament, under the auspices of the Huntington Gun Club. L. H. Merrick, Pres.

Sept. 9-11.—Chicago, Ill., Trapshooters' tournament. E. B. Shogren, Sec'y.

*Sept. 14-15.—Ruffsdale, Pa., Rod and Gun Club.

Sept. 14-15.—St. Louis.—Afro-American Handicap. T. H. Cohron, Sec'y, Pleasant Hill, Mo.

Sept. 19-21.—Atlantic City, N. J.—Seashore Gun Club target tournament.

Sept. 20-21.—Lincoln, Ill.—Lincoln City Gun Club tournament.

Sept. 22.—Moberly, Mo.—Missouri League of Trapshooters.

Sept. 28-29.—Concordia, Kans.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Concordia Gun Club. L. S. Myers, Sec'y. Elmer E. Shaner, Mgr.

Sept. 28-29.—Homer, Ill.—Homer-Ogden Gun Club tournament.

Oct. 4-5.—Crawfordsville, Ind., Gun Club tournament.

*Oct. 4-5.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club.

Oct. 6-7.—Dalton, O., Gun sixth annual tournament. Ernest F. Scott, Capt.

Oct. 6-7.—St. Marys, Pa.—Two-day shoot.

Oct. 12-13.—Sistersville, W. Va., Gun Club fall tournament. Added money to all events, and prizes. Ed. O. Bower, Sec'y.

Oct. 13-19.—Litchfield, Ill.—Consolidated Trapshooters' Congress.

Oct. 18-20.—New London, Ia., Gun Club tournament. Dr. E. C. Cook, Sec'y.

Nov. 1-3.—St. Louis Mo.—World's Fair shoot; live birds and targets. Alec D. Mermod, Mgr., 620 Locust street.

*Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League tournaments. C. G. Grubb, Sec'y, Pittsburg.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM goes to press on TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The secretary, Mr. H. A. Gettys, informs us that the second annual tournament will be held at Marysville, Pa., on Aug. 27.

Mr. Chas. G. Grubb, secretary of the W. P. T. S. L., writes us that "The Monessen Rod and Gun Club, of Monessen, Pa., have cancelled the dates of their tournament, to be given under the auspices of the Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League, Oct. 27 and 28."

In the contest for the Morrison cup, at the shoot of the Indianapolis Gun Club, held on Saturday of last week, two of the 18yd. contestants, Messrs. Barry and Bell, tied on 44 out of 50. The high score, 45, was made by Mr. Lawrence at 18yds., and Mr. Gregory, at 17yds.

The Seashore Gun Club announces a tournament to be held on Young's Ocean Pier, Atlantic City, N. J., Sept. 19-21. There are ten events at 15 and 20 targets each day. The competition is open to all amateurs. For further particulars, address Mr. Albert A. Schoverling, 2 Murray street, New York.

The Middleton, Wis., Gun Club have issued the programme of their second annual amateur tournament, to be held Aug. 28-29. There are fifteen events each day, thirteen at 10 targets, \$1 entrance, and two at 15 targets, \$1.50 entrance. Targets, 2 cents each. Class shooting. Mr. F. L. Pierstorff, manager.

The Windsor Locks, Conn., Gun Club announces a tournament to be held on Aug. 29, commencing at 10 o'clock. Fifteen events at 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets are provided in the programme. The 25-target event is a professional event, \$5 entrance, high guns. The other events have 50 cents, 75 cents, \$1, \$1.50 and \$2 entrance. Targets, 2 cents. Messrs. Leach & Cutler are the managers.

The Lowell, Mass., Rod and Gun Club are making earnest preparations for their annual Labor Day shoot. The forecasts are in favor of a successful gathering. At the shoot of the club held on the grounds at East Chelmsford, Aug. 18, a number of the club's "old-timers" were present, and of these were Messrs. Wm. A. Lang, Charles Varnum, Henry Runels, Lucius A. Derby, Dr. W. H. Downs, Charles Runels, Dr. Snyder, E. A. Smith, George V. Gregg.

At the annual business meeting of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, held at Buffalo, N. Y., on Aug. 15, Utica was fixed upon as the place for the next New York State shoot, and the second week in June was fixed upon as the time to hold it. On motion of Mr. Harvey McMurchy, it was carried that State officers would be elected and paid for their services, and in furtherance of this purpose a committee was appointed, the members of which are as follows: Messrs. McMurchy, chairman; Burkhardt, Kelsey, Gates and Blandford.

Mr. E. B. Shogren, secretary, writes us that "the programmes for the Chicago Trapshooters' Association tournament, Sept. 9, 10 and 11, will be ready for distribution next week. The Association will spring something new in the division of moneys. Many inquiries are being received, and the officers look for a large gathering of visiting shooters. It being a strictly amateur shoot, fully-protecting the 80 and 85 per cent. shooter, so he will receive a fair return of his entrance. Added money and merchandise prizes will make it worth while for many shooters to visit our city and also shoot over the best equipped grounds in the State."

In the averages of the New York State shoot, held last week, in the open events, the professional leaders were: First, Messrs. Fred Gilbert, with 459 out of 480; second, J. A. R. Elliott, 452; third, W. H. Heer, 448. Amateur leaders in the open averages were: Messrs. E. C. Griffith 446, Frank D. Kelsey 435, C. W. Hart 432. Mr. Harvey McMurchy was high man in the State events with a total of 457 out of 485, and therefore was the winner of the New York City cup. Mr. Hart was second in the State averages with 446, Mr. Kelsey was third with 444, and Mr. C. W. Floyd was fourth with 441. The Fulton Gun Club, the members of which were Messrs. McMurchy, George Lewis and Capt. I. K. Chapman, won the Dean Richmond trophy with a score of 66 out of a possible 75.

Concerning an incident of the Indian tournament, a correspondent, "Wildman," writes us as follows: "Frank Harrison, Chief Battle Ax, acted as referee and puller at the badger fight, which was pulled off for his special edification and entertainment. Before the fight, Battle Ax was positive that a 'badger' could not outfight a coon. He now knows better. There was some dissatisfaction at first among those having heavy wagers on the badger at the selection. But when Tom Marshall assured the bettors that Battle Ax had officiated as referee for the All-American and English team match in 1901, and had given perfect satisfaction, all objections were withdrawn. Battle Ax was a success. What a dandy time the squaws had at this meeting—horseback riding, driving, walking, dancing, card playing, etc. They are to have an organization of their own, with Mrs. R. O. Heikes as president. They will keep the chiefs guessing."

BERNARD WATERS.

Norwich Shooting Club.

NORWICH, Conn.—At the regular shoot of the club, held on Saturday, Aug. 13, very good scores were made, and two of the members succeeded in breaking 25 straight in a regular event, thus winning the \$5 prize offered by the club. Mr. Beebe, of New London, also broke 25 straight. The following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	at.	Broke.	Av.
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	250	226	90	
J. Mitchell.....	23	22	24	23	24	22	22	24	23	19	125	113	67	
Mason.....	21	22	24	23	23	75	67	.89	
Taff.....	21	21	25	200	169	.85	
Prest.....	19	17	21	22	23	24	23	20	75	63	.84	
Noble, 18.....	20	25	125	103	.82	
Beebe.....	18	25	20	21	19	100	77	.77	
Ames.....	21	19	18	19	75	55	.73	
A. Mitchell, Sr.....	19	18	18	75	53	.71	
A. Mitchell, Jr.....	20	17	16	

I. P. TAFFET, Sec'y.

Glen Rock Gun Club.

GLEN ROCK, Pa., Aug. 18.—There was an excellent exhibition of trapshooting skill at the shoot of the Glen Rock Gun Club yesterday. Somers was high with a score of 191 out of 200 targets. Mr. Frank E. Butler was a visitor and made the good score of 177 out of 200. McSherry had a straight run of 76 broken targets. The scores:

Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.
Somers.....200	191	Burnham.....70	57
McSherry.....200	189	Lauber.....85	77
Seachrist.....200	184	Jackson.....85	72
Butler.....200	177	Bortner.....85	81
Eyster.....200	163	Howard.....30	25
Seitz.....200	146	Grove.....200	172
Diehl.....200	126

Dominion Tournament.

BRANTFORD, Ontario, Aug. 13.—The fourth annual tournament of the Dominion of Canada Trapshooting and Game Protective Association opened here on Wednesday, Aug. 10, at 10 A. M. About 2 P. M. a heavy rain set in and the management decided to postpone the events until the following morning. The two succeeding days were ideal days for trapshooting, and some remarkable scores were made. Messrs. Forest H. Conover, J. H. Cameron, J. A. R. Elliott, Heath, Cole, D. S. Dault and Byrne, and R. C. Walker, of the St. Louis Sportsman were present and rendered services which were greatly appreciated by the Brantford Gun Club.

Professional high average was won by Mr. J. A. R. Elliott. Amateur high average won by Mr. H. D. Bates, Ridgeway. Amateur high average first day was won by Phil Wakefield, Toronto; second day, T. M. Craig, Sherbrook; third day, tie between Fred Westbrook and C. Summerhays, Brantford. In the Montreal Rolling Mills event, at 50 targets, F. Westbrook, C. Summerhays and W. A. Smith tied with 49 each. In shooting off the tie they again tied with 49. In the next shoot-off Mr. Westbrook won.

The Grand Canadian Handicap, at 50 targets, was won by Fred Westbrook.

Mr. Summerhays made a straight run of 105 targets, and in the last 540 targets shot at by Westbrook and Summerhays only 15 targets were lost.

In the Mail trophy event, five-man team race, Brantford and Hamilton tied with 233 targets each out of 250. In the shoot-off Brantford won by 4 birds, they breaking 230 out of 250, and Hamilton 226.

Aug. 10, First Day.

Programme, ten events, 20 targets each.			
Shot at. Broke.		Shot at. Broke.	
T Upton, 17.....200	174	Geo McCall, 15.....200	174
Dr Hunt, 17.....200	178	Chas Scane, 16.....200	148
W P Thompson, 17.....200	168	J Conway, 16.....200	160
Dr Wilson, 17.....160	135	H Westbrook, 16.....200	156
M Fletcher, 17.....200	170	J T Wallace, 16.....200	167
C Dunk, 16.....200	182	J Hartman, 16.....200	168
P Wakefield, 17.....200	186	D J Taylor, 16.....140	102
J H Thompson, 16.....200	163	C K Baetz, 16.....200	144
G McGill, 17.....200	178	P G Doersman, 16.....200	146
F H Conover, 17.....200	187	G B Smith, 17.....200	173
F Westbrook, 17.....200	173	N Bluett, 15.....200	168
C Montgomery, 17.....200	146	J J Moore, 16.....200	180
C J Mitchell, 18.....200	171	W Paulucci, 16.....200	151
C Summerhays, 17.....200	172	J W Aitken, 16.....200	159
C Hacker, 17.....200	177	R Watson, 15.....40	22
W L Cameron, 17.....200	164	J A R Elliott, 18.....200	175
G Easdale, 16.....200	162	D S Dault, 18.....200	169
F A Heney, 16.....200	171	Parker, 16.....80	56
W Slaney, 16.....200	178	F W Overholt, 16.....100	80
W J Henry, 16.....200	159	D C Walton, 15.....80	59
J E Cantelon, 17.....200	161	A Henry, 17.....200	154
J E Hovey, 18.....200	171	H Cull, 17.....200	156
J Dodds, 17.....200	167	R Barret, 17.....200	158
G E Holmes, 16.....200	175	Capt Higginson, 17.....200	167
W G Doherty, 17.....200	160	Dr Cutcliffe, 16.....200	175
J B Goodhue, 16.....200	148	J F Collins, 15.....60	43
T M Craig, 18.....200	169	H Marlatt, 16.....120	106
Dr Stockwell, 17.....200	168	W G Mitchell, 15.....80	59
C G Thompson, 17.....200	174	Deslaurier, 15.....40	27
N G Bray, 18.....200	179	A McLean, 16.....80	64
H Bates, 18.....200	184	Clifford, 16.....20	15
H Scane, 18.....200	176	Seaton, 16.....20	10
J L McLaren, 16.....200	164	D J Lewis, 16.....20	15
D McMackon, 17.....200	169	W Glover, 16.....20	18
W A Smith, 17.....200	169	W Wakefield, 16.....20	19

Event 11, two-man team, 20 targets each, all at 16yds.:
F. Westbrook 18, C. Hacker 19; total 37.
C. J. Mitchell 16, C. Summerhays 18; total 34.
H. Bates 20, H. Scane 18; total 38.
J. Hartman 15, G. B. Smith 19; total 34.
Dr. Cutcliffe 18, J. T. Wallace 17; total 35.
H. Westbrook 18, A. McLean 15; total 33.
G. McGill 16, P. Wakefield 19; total 35.
J. Conway 19, G. McCall 19; total 38.
W. P. Thompson 17, Dr. Hunt 15; total 32.
Redpath 16, Glover 18; total 34.
Thos. Upton 19, M. Fletcher 20; total 39.
McMackon 20, McLaren 17; total 37.
J. Moore 18, W. Paulucci 15; total 33.
N. G. Bray 18, T. M. Craig 19; total 36.
W. Slaney 19, F. A. Heney 19; total 38.
Capt. Higginson 20, W. L. Cameron 18; total 38.
Holmes 20, Hovey 15; total 35.
Doherty 17, Cantelon 19; total 36.
Geo. Dunk 11, J. H. Thompson 14; total 25.
W. Wakefield 8, Walton 7; total 15.
Mallory 14, Cull 17; total 31.
Delaurier 17, W. J. Henry 17; total 34.

Aug. 11, Second Day.

Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.
T. Upton, 18.....200	179	Buck, 16.....200	177
Dr. Hunt, 18.....200	172	Glover, 16.....200	164
W. P. Thompson, 17.....200	174	G. Mason, 16.....120	96
J. A. R. Elliott, 18.....200	188	H. Marshall, 16.....200	144
M. Fletcher, 18.....200	180	J. J. Moore, 19.....200	173
Geo. Dunk, 19.....160	124	Paulucci, 16.....200	145
P. Wakefield, 19.....200	169	J. W. Aitken, 16.....200	140
J. H. Thompson, 17.....200	154	J. T. Collins, 16.....80	58
G. McGill, 18.....200	180	H. Marlatt, 16.....80	70
I. Conover, 18.....200	176	D. S. Dault, 17.....200	176
F. Westbrook, 18.....200	181	G. B. Smith, 18.....200	178
C. Montgomery, 16.....80	63	J. A. Hartman, 17.....140	111
C. J. Mitchell, 18.....200	174	P. G. Doersman, 16.....200	141
C. Summerhays, 18.....200	179	C. H. Baetz, 16.....140	108
C. Hacker, 18.....200	174	J. M. Deslauriers, 16.....100	79
W. L. Cameron, 17.....200	176	W. J. Henry, 16.....100	80
G. Easdale, 17.....200	172	R. Graham, 16.....200	172
F. A. Heney, 18.....200	171	F. C. Stanley, 16.....100	50
W. Slaney, 18.....200	173	Dr. Cutcliffe, 17.....200	180
Capt. Higginson, 17.....200	180	J. Wheeler, 16.....160	130
J. E. Cantelon, 17.....200	168	M. Rasberry, 16.....60	55
J. E. Hovey, 18.....200	158	C. H. Anderson, 16.....60	45
J. Dods, 17.....200	171	N. Watson, 16.....40	29
G. E. Holmes, 18.....200	178	A. Henry, 17.....60	41
W. G. Doherty, 17.....200	160	Cull, 16.....40	28
J. B. Goodhue, 16.....200	154	J. Cline, 16.....40	30
T. M. Craig, 17.....200	181	E. A. Clifford, 16.....60	45
Dr. Stockwell, 17.....200	173	W. Ball, 16.....20	10
G. Thompson, 18.....200	170	H. Barret, 16.....80	68
N. G. Bray, 18.....200	179	Green, 16.....140	123
H. Bates, 19.....200	182	W. Wakefield, 16.....60	47
H. Scane, 18.....200	180	H. Dynes, 18.....60	42
D. McLaren, 17.....200	163	W. Singular, 16.....80	68
H. McCall, 17.....200	174	F. Martin, 16.....40	35
W. A. Smith, 17.....200	173	A. Bolton, 16.....40	31
G. McCall, 18.....200	164	D. J. Lewis, 16.....40	35
C. Scane, 16.....200	147	W. Parker, 16.....60	40
J. Conway, 17.....200	168	C. A. Thomson, 16.....40	23
H. Westbrook, 16.....200	144	J. Hunter, 16.....100	88
J. T. Wallace, 17.....200	154	W. Lewis, 16.....80	56
Redpath, 16.....200	165

Aug. 12, Third Day.

The sixth event was the Grand Canadian Handicap at 50 targets, and was won by Fred Westbrook.
The eighth event was the Montreal Rolling Mills trophy, 50 targets, and was won by Fred Westbrook. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	8	Broke.
Upton, 18.....	17	19	19	15	44	48	181	
Hunt, 18.....	17	20	17	16	15	43	
W. P. Thompson, 18.....	17	17	19	17	15	47	
Elliott, 19.....	19	17	20	16	17	49	50	188
Fletcher, 19.....	17	19	19	18	20	43	
Dunk, 17.....	18	19	17	18	17	41	
Wakefield, 17.....	18	18	20	18	16	45	
J. H. Thompson, 16.....	18	13	17	20	13	44	
McGill, 19.....	15	19	17	17	16	47	45	176
Conover, 18.....	18	18	19	13	18	47	45	178
F. Westbrook, 19.....	19	17	17	17	20	49	49	188
Mitchell, 18.....	18	16	19	18	15	42	40
Summerhays, 18.....	18	19	17	16	20	49	49	188
Hacker, 18.....	17	18	19	20	19	45	45	183
Cameron, 18.....	16	19	18	18	16
Easdale, 18.....	16	16	18	14	14
Heney, 18.....	17	16	19	15	17
Slaney, 18.....	16	19	17	16	17	45

Higginson, 19.....	18	16	19	17	14	..	46	...
Cantelon, 17.....	19	15	19	17	18	34
Dodds, 18.....	15	16	16	17	18	39
Holmes, 18.....	17	18	17	13	20	44	45	174
Doherty, 17.....	11	18	17	18	16	40
Goodhue, 16.....	13	13	16	17	12
Craig, 19.....	18	17	20	18	17	43	22	145
Stockwell, 18.....	18	16	18	17	17	43
G Thompson, 18.....	20	17	19	15	20	39
Bray, 18.....	18	18	19	20	16	42
Bates, 19.....	18	19	18	18	19	46	47	185
H Scane, 19.....	18	18	19	19	19	44	48	185
McLaren, 18.....	14	17	18	16	18
McMackon, 18.....	18	17	18	17	16	43	45	174
Smith, 18.....	16	17	19	18	18	..	49	...
McCall, 17.....	17	17	18	16	14
Conway, 17.....	16	17	15	19
H. T Westbrook, 16.....	18	18	14	13	16
Wallace, 17.....	15	17	17	16
Redpath, 17.....	8	11	14	10	15	43	38	151
Glover, 17.....	2	13	17	17	15	37	42	143
Mason, 16.....	16	16	16	15
Paulucci, 16.....	12	15
Aitkins, 15.....	16	16	18	16	12
Dude, 13.....	17	17	18	18	17	39	49	175
Deslauriers, 16.....	17	16	15	14
Henry, 16.....	15	15	16	11
Graham, 18.....	18	17	18	17	18	42
Cutcliffe, 19.....	17	17	17	20	17	44	48	180
Barrett, 17.....	17	17	18	16
Green, 18.....	15	19	13	15	13
Wakefield, 16.....	14	12	19	14	15
Singular, 18.....	17	17
Parker, 15.....	18	19	14	18
Hunter, 18.....	13	17	18	17
Lewis, 17.....	15	11	13	14	16
A Dey, 18.....	14	18	17	19	16
Ingram, 16.....	11	15	13	11	11
Sawder, 17.....	16	18	15	19	14
Williamson, 17.....	15	16	16	17	17
Bowron, 17.....	16	14	12	15
Brown, 16.....	15	17	17
Hartley, 16.....	15	13

WESTERN TRAP.

Brandon Gun Club.

BRANDON, Man., Aug. 12.—The annual trapshooting tournament of the Brandon, Man. Gun Club was held at the club grounds on Aug. 12, and proved to be the most enjoyable and altogether successful of any yet held by this organization. A number of shooters were present from Kilarney, Fort Garrys, Winnipeg, Portage La Prairie, Virden, Yorkton and others. The Fort Garry Club came off victors; their team was composed of Bain, Johnson, Britton and Turner; they take away the Brandon challenge cup. The high average was won by Paul Johnson, with R. J. McKay second. There was a strong wind, which caused many "rocky" scores; even the old hands found that they could not gauge them.

Bod Lane, of Brandon, managed, and carried the shoot to a perfection hard to excel.

It was not the club's fault that hotel accommodations were limited, and individually they sought to provide for the comforts of all present. The totals follow:

Shot at. Broke.		Shot at. Broke.	
Bain	175	Harwood	165
Britton	175	Powers	80
Johnson	175	Dowling	60
Brodie	175	Lane	97
Turner	175	Varcoe	92
White	150	Waddell	95
McKay	150	Alexander	72
Schwartz	175	Miller	125
Totten	80	L. Williamson	25
Saunders	175	Carter	85
Hopper	90	G. A. Woolhouse	63
Smith	120	Wainwright	55
Rutledge	165	McComb	15
Patrick	140	O'Sullivan	50
Thomson	135	M. C. Niver	25
Williamson	165	P. F. Woolhouse	55
MacDonald	100	Baird	50
Bailey	175	Mrs. Waddell	35
Anderson	150		92

Audubon Tournament.

Audubon, Ia., Aug. 17.—On Tuesday the boys who compose the gun club conducted a one-day shoot, and the shooters to the extent of twenty-eight came from the surrounding towns, and a good time was the result.

The weather was on the cloudy order, and during the last two events the wind developed into a storm that made shooting very uncertain. Some good scores were made, especially that of C. B. Adams, 193 out of 200. C. E. Petty came on strong for a new shot, and made high amateur average, 188, leading the excellent shot Russell Klein, by just 3 targets for the day. Wm. Lambert came third with 180.

The club here is composed of a rare lot of sportsmen. The grounds and traps are well nigh to perfection, and there was general comment on the way the shoot was conducted. All present will act as boosters for the next shoot they hold.

The club and participants were under obligations to Mr. Fred Whitney for the easy and careful manner in which he kept the office and passed out the tickets with the cash at close of the shoot.

The programme consisted of thirteen events, 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets. Following are the totals:

Shot at. Broke.		Shot at. Broke.	
Lambert	200	Campbell	200
Kline	200	Talbot	146
Vermilya	200	Crudmire	96
Weiss	200	Hoffman	112
Cretchell	200	Hewey	100
McDonald	200	Rober	83
Adams	200	Breckenridge	97
Forney	200	Brockman	55
Baker	180	C. Talbot	158
Sinclair	145	Wilson	101
Petty	200	Wall	36
Burger	200	Fraley	60

In Other Places.

At the good city of Lafayette, Ind., a new amateur club is to be started. Fred Jamison is at the head of affairs, and with twenty-five names to his list, success is assured.

The programme for the Davis County Gun Club shows that there will be a challenge medal open to shooters in both Kentucky and Indiana.

The second shoot between the Detroit and Battle Creek, Mich., clubs was pulled off last Sunday, and this time Battle Creek won out, though with a small margin. The third and deciding match will be held in two weeks, at Jackson, the half-way place. Some good shooting was done, Nelson, for Battle Creek, making 48, and Marx 49 and Schaberle, of Detroit, 48. Total score: Battle Creek 302, Detroit 298.

At a meeting of the Highland Gun Club, of Duluth, Minn., Bert Holcomb was elected as captain. Plans were discussed leading to establishing a new ground. The management is to be congratulated, as, starting in February last, they are now twenty-eight members.

Peter Galles won the medal at the Kenosha Gun Club on Sunday last. Fred Palmgreen was second.

When you see a good gun club in a town it can generally be depended on that some one man is the leading genius. So in this case, Fred Keef is the man at Kalamazoo, and now comes the announcement that he will secure the silver loving cup for competition. A strong string of rules has been provided, which call for handicaps from 14 to 23 yds.

The Bridge City Gun Club, of Logansport, Ind., is keeping up weekly practice, and will hold a shoot Labor Day. The last time out the high scores were made by Furgeson and Jenkins.

The Freeport, Ill., Gun Club will hold their practice shoot every Friday.

The Homer-Ogden Club, of Illinois, made famous through Charlie Wiggins, is holding regular weekly matinees.

The Lincoln City, Ill., Gun Club has leased grounds at the Johnston race track, and will hold regular shoots until Sept. 21 and 22, when a tournament will be held.

At the last regular shoot of the Pastimes, of Detroit, the medals were won, viz.: Class A, Wolf; Class B, Whitmore; Class C, Gordon; Class D, Webber.

Charley Grimm has been heard from. He has organized a gun club at his home town, Clear Lake. McGowan is president, Martin Peterson, Vice-President, L. E. Boyd, secretary.

The Biloxi Gun Club held a tournament, Aug. 20 and 21, at which many shooters were expected to participate.

Kalamazoo, Mich., will hold a tournament Sept. 3 and 4, if plans mature that are now under consideration.

The Fort Adams, Miss., Gun Club held a tournament Saturday last, and Dr. Magruder, of Woodville, made high score, 99 out of 103.

There will be an awakening in the old Lafayette, Ind., Club soon. About once a year Livinguth, Thompson, Blistain and Kraus get going sufficient to pull off a tournament. The announcement is made of a league shoot to be held Sept. 8 and 9, on the Interurban street car line, which will obviate any possibility of a stick in the river, which sad fate befell those who trusted the boat ride on the occasion of the last shoot. Since this club lost their famous old park, it has been without a home. If the old traps possessed by this club could be placed on exhibition it would be the wonder of the trapshooting world.

Trapshooting at Des Moines, Ia., has blossomed out afresh. At the last meeting, H. Patterson made the very excellent score of 97 per cent., Mr. French 90 and Holgerson 89. Holgerson, Windsor and Patterson tied on Hopkins Bros.' prizes, each scoring 24 out of 25. This should cause our C. W. Budd to look to his laurels.

And now comes Elkhead, Ind., with an announcement that the Highland Gun Club will hold a shoot, with many visitors from South Bend and other nearby cities, to assist them. What a great convenience the trolley cars are to the trapshooters.

At Wellsburg, Ia., a new gun club has been organized. In a statement made, the promoters claim that the principal object of the club will center in the enforcement of the game laws in their immediate vicinity.

Another new gun club has been organized at Lansing, Mich. About forty names have been recorded with a promise of making it a social club. There will be target tournaments held at various times during the season. The officers are: President, J. E. Nichols; Vice-President, Frank G. Rome; Secretary, Homer D. Parker; Treasurer, Fred Hopkins.

The Saturday Afternoon Club at Belding, Mich., has been resurrected, and shoots will be held each week until cold weather sets in.

The Pine Bluff, Ark., Gun Club was visited last week by Jack Fanning, and of course there was a visit to the shooting park. The scores made will put the home boys on edge for the remainder of the season. Scores at 20 and 25 targets: Fanning 19, 22; Clements 17, 23; Ambrose 16, 21; Lloyd 12, 14; Simpson 12, 18; Arnold 15, 18.

There was not a large turn-out at the Janesville, Wis., last shoot, owing to many being off rustivating. As the fishing is good, there is ample excuse.

A letter from Portage, Wis., states that Guy Dering, of Columbus, won the high average of 94 per cent. at the Fox Lake tournament, held Aug. 13. Joe Raup, of Portage, was second. The shooting on the whole was below par, as 66 per cent. only was scored of the 3,000 targets thrown.

Owing to the state shoot, at which all non-residents are barred, the Ft. Smith, Ark., boys were out and held a practice shoot. H. C. Cox made 23, Walter Mann and Mr. Copeland were next. To show how the trapshooting comes and goes, it will be interesting to mention that Mr. Copeland has not shot over the traps before in five years, although he was formerly one of the best in the State.

The fifth semi-annual shoot for the gold medal will be held at Watertown, Wis., Sunday. There will be twelve events, and the Jefferson county medal will be the center of attraction. H. C. Ryder, of Waterloo, is the present holder of this medal.

Mr. G. F. Burmister managed a very good shoot on Aug. 15 for the Donahue, Ia., Gun Club. Shooters were present from the towns of Davenport, and the nearby villages. This being the first shoot the club was much elated at its success. At the completion of the programme there was yet time for other amusements, and many of the shooters put away their guns for the more vigorous exercise of dancing.

The shoot at Elkhead, Ind., was a success from the standpoint of attendance, as there were forty-five shooters present from the surrounding towns of northern Indiana, viz., Knox, La Porte, South Bend, La Grange, Bitner and Kolb, of Goshen rather had the best of first money positions. The success of the day stimulated South Bend enthusiasts to announce that a shoot will be held by them in September.

The Tacoma, Wash., Gun Club are enthusiastic in their determination to win the prize at the next Association shoot, which will be held at Cosmopolis. To this end weekly practice shoots are being held.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Aug. 20.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the third trophy shoot of the third series. McKinnon won the Class A trophy on 24. W. Einfeldt won Class B on 23. Kehl won Class C on 20.

In the cup shoot, which followed, Thomas won Class A on 23, Kamp, Class B on 23, and Birkland, Jr., Class C on 17. The cup shoot was at 15 singles and 5 pairs.

The day was an ideal one for trapshooting, being just pleasantly warm and but little wind, and twenty-eight shooters took advantage of it for an afternoon's sport at the traps. All had all the shooting they wanted, and all went off very pleasantly.

Cup shoot:

Dr Meek	11011011011111	11 01 11 11 11—21
Johnson	11101011101111	11 11 11 10 00—20
Hibbard	11101011101111	10 01 11 10 00—17
Thomas	11111111101111	11 01 11 11 11—23
Birkland, Jr.	11001110110111	01 11 00 11 10—17
Horns	111001010110110	00 11 11 01 01—15
McDonald	11110101110111	11 01 00 10 11—19
Kehl	11110011110111	10 00 10 10 00—15
Ford	11110111011111	10 11 10 11 11—21
Kamp	11111010111111	11 11 11 11 11—23
W Einfeldt	11001011011111	10 10 11 11 11—19
Eaton	01100010111011	10 10 10 11 01—16
Richards	11111111011011	11 11 11 01 01—22
Hathaway	10111111111111	10 11 11 01 01—22
McKinnon	11101111111110	11 01 10 01 10—20
Price	10100100101011	00 10 00 10 00—10
Smedes	11001011111010	01 00 11 10 01—15
Geotter	11111111111011	11 01 11 11 11—22
C Einfeldt	10111111111111	11 11 11 10 00—22
Mrs Sherwood	10000000010000	10 00 11 00 10—6
Seymore	11100111111111	11 10 10 10 10—19
Walsh	01111111100111	10 10 00 10 10—16
Ostendorp	10001110001100	10 00 00 00 10—9
Schultz	11000101101000	10 10 10 10 00—11
Lanigan	10110010111100	11 10 01 11 11—18
Dr Sherwood	00000111111100	00 01 00 11 00—10

Trophy event:

Johnson	11110011111111111111	23
Dr Meek	11110110110010111011	19
Hibbard	01011000111111110010	17
Thomas	01011111101010101111	20
Birkland, Jr.	00111010011111110101	18
McDonald	01101111111111111011	22
Dr Skillman	1111000001010000100100	10
Kehl	11110110110101111011	20
Ford	11010110110101111101	19
Kamp	10100101011111111111	20
W Einfeldt	10111111111111111110	23
Eaton	11110111011011111111	22
Richards	01111111111111111111	23
Hathaway	11111111111111110101	23
McKinnon	11111111111111111111	24
Price	01110011001000100110101	13
Smedes	11110111111111111110	22
Geotter	101111111110111100110	20
C Einfeldt	1110110101110011111111	20
Dark	010011110111111101101	19
Seymore	111101011111111101101	21
Walsh	11111111111111110001	22
Ostendorp	1011111111111111000110	19
Schultz	0100001010100001001000	7
Lanigan	011100011111001110111	19
Dr Sherwood	010001000101001110001	10
Mrs Sherwood	0000010001010010101001	8

New Hampshire Championship.

DOVER, N. H., Aug. 20.—The contest for the cup and for the New Hampshire State championship took place at Manchester, N. H., on Aug. 17. The conditions were 100 targets, and all stood at the 16yd. mark. Mr. Carl Harrington, of Manchester, was the winner on this occasion.

C Harrington	1011111101111101011111	21
	11111111111111111101	24
	11011100110111111111	21
	11111111111111111111	25—91
T C H Bouton	11110101010101111111	21
	11111010111100010001	18
	11011010101010011111	18
	00010011111101111111	19—76
I Wentworth	11111011101111111111	23
	110111111010111111010	20
	111001011110111111010	19
	100101011110011110011	18—80
S L Greer	11110111111100111111	22
	00111101111111111111	22
	11111111111111111101	24
	11110111111111011111	22—90
N Wentworth	111111010010111111100	19
	001101011111111010110	18
	11011110100101110001001	15
	0010001010100010000111	11—63
D W Hallam	101101110101011111110	20
	1101110100010111001111	17
	1110001111101010011111	18
	1101100110100100100111	17—72
S H Morton	010101010101011111111	19
	1010111111111111100011	19
	111111001011111011010	20
	11110111111111110111	23—81
C A Allen	01110101011111110111	20
	111101011111011111011	21
	11011101011111110111	21
	11011011111111110011	20—82
M De King	11111101111111011111	22
	11111011111111111111	24
	10101111011111111111	22—89
J R Martin	11111001111101010111	19
	11110111111111110111	23
	111101111010011111111	21
	11011111111111111111	24—87

E E Reed	1111111010011111110011	20
	1111111111111111011111	24
	1110101010101111111111	21
	1111111111111111111110	23—88
W W Corson	1110111011111010111111	21
	1111011111111001101111	21
	1101111111111100101111	21
	0011000101110111111111	17—80
C W Goss	1111010101111111011111	22
	0110111111011011011111	20
	1111111101101111111111	23
	1111001111011111111111	21—86
Jones	011101011111111110110	20
	1110111111111101111111	23
	10011011111011101110	19
	011111111110111001010	20—82
C M Stark	111111111101101101010	19
	1011111100101111000001	16
	1011111100101111000001	16
	11111101010101111111	21—77
	D. W. HALLAM, Sec'y D. S. A.	

IN NEW JERSEY.

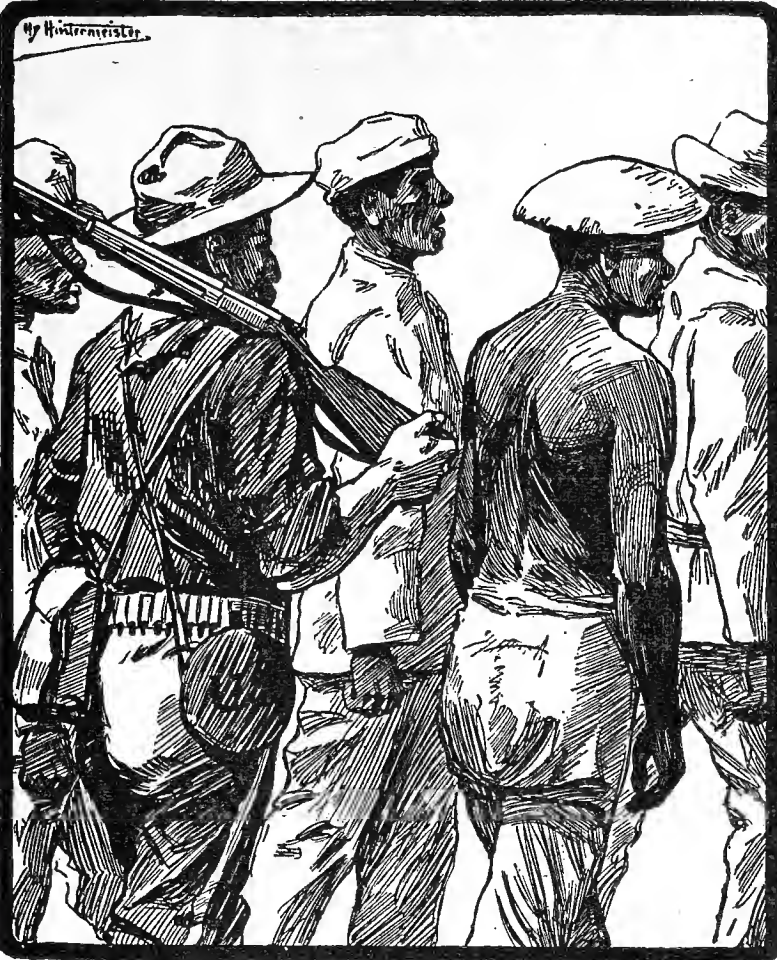
Fairview Gun Club.

FAIRVIEW, N. J., Aug. 20.—The main event was the cup race. In it Mr. H. von Lengerke was high with 45 out of 50, breaking his last 34 straight; but he did not compete for the cup. The conditions were 50 targets, from the 19yds. mark.

Cwing to the threatening weather, the attendance was less than it otherwise would have been. Dr. Moeller was heavily handicapped by shooting his field gun, with 26in. cylinder barrels.

G Dods	1110100011101101100110	16
	000110101011010101000	13—29
Dr Moeller	100000000000100000000	3
	00010101010000100000010	7—10
H Pape	1111101111011011011111	18
	0000000101001101010010	10—28
Thourot	000111101011101010111	16
	1010101001000001111110	13—29
Brinkerhoff	0011011010101110001010	14
	0101100100101010110111	15—29
H Von Lengerke	1110100111011011111111	20
	1111111111111111111111	25—45
Lawrence	100101011100110010111	16
	1101010010001110010100	13—29
John Pape, Jr.	100101000011111111110	17
	1111110101001101101001	17—34
Hausticker	0101110110101000101001	14
	0000101010000010010101	9—23
Chas Sedore	101111100110111001010	17
	0101000010101111000110	12—29

All events were



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New York State Shoot.

THE forty-sixth annual convention of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game was held at Buffalo, N. Y., under the auspices of the Buffalo Audubon Gun Club, on Aug. 16, 17, 18 and 19. The new park of the club was the scene of the tournament. It is situated on La Salle avenue, on one of the Rumsey farms. The tournament was ably managed by Mr. Charles S. Burkhardt, who is a skillful trapshooter himself, and has had a thorough experience in club and tournament competition. Besides the buildings, a number of tents added to the shelter afforded spectators and contestants.

Aug. 16, First Day.

The weather was delightfully pleasant and favorable for good scores. There was hardly any wind, and consequently the flight of the targets was undisturbed from the flights which the traps gave them.

The professionals were numerous represented. Many of them are the most skillful of America's famous shooters.

The annual meeting was held on Monday evening. Four new clubs were admitted to membership, namely, Owego Gun Club, Owego; Avon Rod and Gun Club, Avon; Cohocton Gun Club, Cohocton; New Paltz Gun Club, New Paltz, N. Y., Poughkeepsie, and Utica were the candidates for next year's shoot. A majority decided in favor of Utica. The second week in June was fixed upon as the time in which it will be held. Mr. McMurchy suggested the election of paid officers for the New York State Shooting Association, a secretary in particular. A committee was appointed in furtherance of the suggestion, as follows: Messrs. McMurchy, Burkhardt, Kelsey, Gates and Blandford.

Mr. Frank D. Kelsey, of East Aurora, N. Y., famous as a skillful performer during many years past, led the competition in the average for the day in the open events. He scored 153 out of 160, a fraction over 95.6 per cent. Mr. Fred Gilbert was next with 151, and W. H. Heer was next with 150. In the State events, Messrs. Harvey McMurchy and C. W. Floyd tied on 150 out of 160 for high average of the day.

There were eight State events at 20 targets each, \$2 entrance, and Nos. 2, 4, 6 and 8 had \$20 added to each. The open events were similar to the State events in targets and entrance, but no money was added.

In the State events, the moneys were divided Rose system, 8, 5, 3, 2, 1. Five per cent of the purses was deducted for daily averages, 20, 17½, 15, 12½, 10, 8 and 7 per cent.

For general average prizes for those competing in the State events, the first three days, \$100 was divided as follows: \$20, \$15, five \$10 and three \$5. A like amount was applied to the three day averages in the open events. Merchandise prizes were given to the three daily averages in the open events. The scores of the first day follow:

OPEN EVENTS.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Broke.
Targets:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
J. A. R. Elliott	19	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	146
F. Gilbert	20	18	19	20	18	20	18	18	151
N. Appar	18	17	15	17	18	18	15	20	138
C. O. Le Compte	14	20	20	20	18	17	17	20	146
L. Squier	12	19	17	19	16	17	17	18	135
E. D. Fulford	20	19	16	16	18	20	19	17	145
A. Sizer	17	13	18	13	16	19	18	16	130
H. Brown	16	17	14	15	15	20	17	14	130
S. Glover	16	17	14	15	15	20	17	14	130
Heer	17	20	17	19	19	19	20	15	141
Fleming	16	19	14	18	19	19	20	16	141
G. Henry	18	16	15	17	17	15	17	19	134
A. H. King	20	15	17	17	16	17	15	19	136
Rahm	16	17	17	14	17	18	17	17	133
F. Ponte	17	18	17	18	18	19	18	17	142
G. H. Piercy	20	17	19	18	19	17	18	18	146
F. D. Kelsey	20	19	18	19	19	20	19	19	153
A. Hullinay	14	8							22
Hart	17	18	18	16	19	20	19		146
C. S. Clark	15	17	18	20	19	17	19	18	143
Pompey	18	15	17	12	16	18	17	17	130
Marion	20	19	16	17	17	13	17	18	131
Morris	20	15	15	19	20	17	14	19	139
Wheeler	19	19	18	19	18	16	18	20	147
D. Upton	12	16	18	18	17	18	20	14	133
M. Fletcher	18	13	16	16	17	18	17	19	139
Griffith	20	15	15	18	20	17	16	13	129
H. H. Valentine	17	14	10	18	17	16	12	16	118
H. Sidway	15	14	12	16	15	11	16	15	116
H. Elliott									32
Conley									56
Dr. Hunt									65
H. Graham									62
J. Crooks									45
H. W. Smith									36
F. Seager									60
Tuttle									35
Brigdon									34
Cottle									33
Durston									29
Traver									25
Snyder									16
Shoemaker									11
McCarthy									9
Soergel									8
Ehrman									14
McCloud									12
Lynch									14
Shelly									29
Reinecke									30

STATE EVENTS.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Broke.
Targets:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
D. S. Daudt	20	17	15	18	20	15	18	20	143
Stohr	13	18	8	15	14	13	14	12	107
A. E. Conley	12	17	15	16	15	16	13	16	120
Hart	20	18	14	19	20	19	18	19	147
G. Dietzer	15	17	15	19	15	15	16	12	127
A. J. Black	17	15	16	15	16	17	16	13	125
J. W. Saunders	15	16	16	14	15	15	18	16	125

F J Parsons	18	17	15	15	16	14	14	16	125
I Tallman	19	19	17	18	17	16	17	17	140
W L Colville	11	17	13	12	14	14	12	15	108
C W Floyd	19	19	19	19	19	16	20	19	150
A H Burns	11	16	11	13	12	9	14	98	
G Blandford	18	19	17	16	17	17	17	15	136
G Call	19	16	13	20	13	17	16	17	131
A Traver	16	18	18	18	15	16	14	18	133
E Snyder	14	18	16	20	19	18	14	17	136
A C Luckow	20	19	15	16	16	15	15	18	134
C S Sidway	18	17	16	18	18	16	16	17	136
F D Kelsey	18	17	18	18	17	19	17	20	144
H Sidway	11	16	12	13	18	18	13	15	116
Pompelly	15	17	15	18	14	15	16	17	127
Marvin	14	16	13	16	16	15	17	18	126
Morris	19	19	18	17	19	19	16	17	144
Wheeler	18	18	15	15	13	20	17	17	132
Dalley	15	18	16	18	17	17	16	16	133
McMurchy	19	19	18	19	18	20	20	17	150
C Tuttle	15	18	15	16	18	16	18	17	133
Hainmond	18	19	17	18	17	16	17	20	142
Lewis	20	19	18	20	18	18	18	16	147
J Chapman	15	19	16	16	18	18	14	18	134
Cottle	19	17	16	19	16	17	17	17	138
J Green	18	17	16	19	18	16	19	19	142
Burnett	19	17	16	16	13	17	14	16	128
Spaulding	18	17	15	16	13	14	12	16	121
C Eschrie	16	17	15	15	16	79
F Bridgen	18	17	15	16	16	13	17	16	133
F W Foster	20	18	18	17	17	18	16	16	140
H R Elliott	17	17	13	16	19	19	17	17	135
H Loomis	16	19	15	13	17	15	13	11	119
S Glover	14	20	15	17	20	19	14	13	132
C S Clark	20	19	17	19	16	16	18	19	144
S S Adams	17	19	16	18	11	15	14	15	125
G Greiff	17	16	13	17	15	17	95
H D Kirkover	18	18	16	12	18	17	15	16	128
Studd	16	11	9	12	11	15	11	16	101
A H Turner	14	16	9	13	52
W F Hopper	15	15	13	15	17	14	16	14	119
Burgwardt	19	17	17	18	15	17	14	16	133
J M Burke	18	14	11	14	12	16	10	15	110
Barger	17	16	14	18	15	18	12	19	129
H H Valentine	16	17	10	14	15	17	15	19	123
Noble	18	19	16	13	14	15	16	18	129
M Fiske	11	12	14	15	15	17	16	18	118
A G Southworth	17	18	18	18	15	17	16	19	128
Weller	11	15	15	9	14	18	14	11	107
Knickerbocker	17	14	15	46
G Borst	14	16	16	14	60
G Wride	16	13	12	16	57
B. Catchpole	16	15	14	16	61
Bartlett	17	11	13	7	18	5	71
Crandall	11	16	11	12	11	10	14	14	99
Stull	19	15	17	14	18	15	14	12	124
Shoemaker	12	15	12	16	55
V E Lodge	11	14	11	13	49
Vanman	15	17	14	17	63
M Loud	16	14	11	13	54
Appenheimer	14	14
Covert	18	19	14	12	63
McCarthy	12	..	11	23	
Ehrman	17	10	16	43	
Seymour	14	14
Soergel	9	9	

Aug. 17, Second Day.

The programme of the second day was similar to that of the first day, a total of 160 targets and \$16 entrance in the open and State events respectively, and average prizes also.

Mr. W. H. Heer, of Concordia, Kans., was high for the day with 154, and Mr. Fred Gilbert was next with 153. Mr. C. V. Hart was high in the State events with a total of 148. In the open events he made the excellent total of 144. The scores follow:

OPEN EVENTS.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
Targets:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
J A R Elliott	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	Broke.
F Gilbert	19	20	17	10	18	18	20	19	150
N Appar	20	19	19	17	20	20	20	19	153
Le Compte	18	20	17	18	17	19	15	16	140
Squier	18	18	20	20	18	17	19	18	148
Daudt	16	16	17	16	17	17	20	19	138
Piercy	19	18	13	13	19	10	17	16	125
Fletcher	18	17	17	16	20	18	18	18	142
Upton	18	17	20	13	18	14	19	..	119
Griffith	20	16	17	18	18	16	19	19	143
Nobles	19	19	18	20	17	16	19	18	146
Clark	14	17	14	18	63
Kelsey	18	18	15	16	20	17	18	17	139
Hart	20	16	19	18	17	19	18	19	144
Floyd	19	16	19	15	18	19	18	20	144
Fulford	17	16	16	14	63
Sizer	18	18	19	17	16	18	17	19	142
Brown	17	17	18	16	19	19	16	18	140
Kirkover	15	15	15	18	14	13	17	15	122
Heer	18	13	13	10	54
Fleming	20	19	20	19	20	20	18	18	154
G Henry	18	17	18	18	19	18	19	20	147
King	16	19	16	17	20	15	11	18	138
Rahm	17	15	18	18	18	16	19	19	140
Pontefract	16	16	18	17	16	17	17	20	137
Pompey	14	17	17	19	17	18	17	16	135
Marvin	16	16	17	16	65
Morris	17	16	16	17	66
Wheeler	18	15	17	18	68
Dalley	14	16	17	17	64
C S Sidway	18	18	15	14	65
M Fisk	15	19	15	14	63
R H Sidway	17	17	15	17	66
Southworth	16	12	16	13	57
Maloney	19	16	17	15	67
Kirshner	15	14	15	10	54
Seymour	18	17	15	17	67
	16	14	15	..	45

Traver	17	11	17	22	17	17	15	16	132
Green	19	19	19	21	19	20	17	20	154
Marvin	17	18	17	23	14	15	16	15	135
McCriss	17	18	19	24	15	16	16	15	140
Wheeler	19	20	17	19	18	16	19	18	146
Dalley	17	19	19	22	20	15	19	17	148
Dietzer	15	12	15	23	18	17	18	12	130
Bush	16	14	15	21	19	19	19	17	140
Suckowac	12	15	14	21	15	17	15	16	125
G W Morris	16	12	12	14	12	13	15	14	102
W L Kurtz	12	11	12	17	16	13	13	13	108
Spaulding	16	17	17	15	65
H Sidway	16	16	18	20	13	16	16	12	127
Heinold	14	14	15	20	17	18	16	14	128
Burkhardt	17	20	16	22	16	18	19	18	146
Foster	16	18	19	24	14	17	18	14	140
Conley	13	13	13	19	58
Curtis	15	16	17	21	19	16	14	12	130
H Valentine	12	16	14	19	14	13	14	12	114
Knowlton	16	19	17	19	13	16	14	16	130
Bozard	14	16	20	20	17	17	17	19	140
Tallman	17	16	19	23	18	18	20	15	146
McMurphy	19	20	19	23	18	18	19	20	156
Tuttle	19	18	17	22	17	18	16	15	142
Lewis	18	16	19	22	19	16	18	19	147
Chapman	16	14	18	22	17	15	20	17	139
H Harrison	14	15	15	18	13	13	19	15	122
Cottle	16	17	18	24	17	16	18	17	143
E J Snyder	17	18	19	24	14	15	13	18	138
G Covert	19	20	19	24	17	18	18	18	153
Hammond	19	17	17	24	18	16	18	18	147
C S Clark	17	16	19	22	18	19	19	17	148
Colville	16	17	14	17	14	16	16	16	126
Kirshner	20	19	17	24	18	16	19	15	148
Southworth	18	17	19	23	15	17	19	15	143
Hopper	13	16	16	19	15	16	19	17	131
C S Sidway	16	15	20	17	68
Wilson	20	10	13	14	74
Brigden	18	15	18	19	14	17	17	16	134
Greiff	10	15	16	18	15	74
H Elliott	18	20	18	21	16	18	17	18	146
Le Compte	19	20	16	23	17	17	19	17	148
J Lund	7	12	12	21	52
Shelly	17	18	18	21	14	12	100
P Bernhardt	11	11	10	11	43
Dr E S Carroll	10	13	16	21	60
Dr Burke	11	12	12	15	50
J E Lodge	16	15	12	20	63
J Swartz	11	15	14	9	49
Everding	14	16	10	12	52
Reinecke	14	18	16	22	17	17	16	17	137
Ehrman	18	24	..	16	44
A J Black	19	19
A L Turner	22	22
Saunders	22	22
Kirkover	21	18	16	16	71
Stull	11	11	13	..	19	16	13	..	83
Durston	19	13	17	..	19	68
M Fisk	13	15	15	17	60
Parsons	17	17
Appenheimer	18	18
Maloney	17	17
Siglehurst	6	7	6	3	22
Fruehauf	7	10	9	18	44
Gohn	9	8	12	15	44
Loomis	24	24
Bauman	20	16	15	13	69
Broderick	19	15	18	24	12	17	17	16	138
Lawson	11	15	26
S S Adams	14	17	18	18	67
Hahn	17	17
Sugmand	21	18	18	..	74
Hunter	19	16	14	20	69
McLeod	20	18
Farwell	18	20
Savage	22	16	16	..	54
Vedder	14	14
Emerling	20	20
Dcnovan	22	22
Slack	19	19
C F Clark	22	22
Covert	19	16	35
Atwater	17	15	32
W R Eaton	17	17
Burnett	23	23
Dr Wootone	21	21
Wheeler	19	19
Sully	14	14
Oehmig	12	12
Talsma	16	16
Emond	17	17

OPEN EVENTS.

J A R Elliott	19	19	20	20	20	20	18	156
Gilbert	19	19	20	20	19	20	19	155
Apgar	18	18	18	20	17	17	19	144
Le Compte	18	18	17	19	18	19	17	142
Squier	18	20	18	16	18	20	18	144
Fleming	18	17	16	18	17	18	19	141
G Henry	18	19	18	19	15	20	18	144
King	18	16	17	19	18	20	17	145
Rahm	17	15	18	16	18	17	16	134
Pontefract	18	19	17	19	16	15	19	138
Daudt	15	11	17	12	19	14	11	116
Piercy	16	13	16	18	16	20	19	137
Hull	16	18	17	17	15	16	15	131
Upton	19	16	18	17	18	19	16	143
Griffith	19	19	19	20	20	17	19	152
Floyd	20	18	20	19	19	18	19	152
North	15	10	17	15	57
Conley	13	16	15	15	59
Hart	18	18	19	18	18	19	17	144
Kelsey	19	18	19	20	16	18	19	147
Fulford	20	20	20	17	18	18	19	146
C S Clark	16	13	18	17	15	16	19	130
Kirshner	16	17	19	20	18	16	17	140
Bozard	16	16	16	18	66
Heer	18	15	17	20	17	18	20	144
Southworth	14	20	18	52
Donovan	12	17	13	7	10	54
Norton	16	15	15	15	15	76
Farwell	10	10
Savage	15	15
Reynolds	12	12

Aug. 19, Fourth Day.

Favorable weather prevailed during the day. The Dean Richmond trophy, for three-man teams, 25 targets per man, entrance \$10 per team, had five contestants: the Hunter Gun Club, of Fulton; the Baldwinville Gun Club; the Infallible Gun Club, of Buffalo; the Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo, and the Jefferson Gun Club, of Buffalo. The Hunter Gun Club came out victorious, with a score of 66 out of a possible 75, the high score of the team, 24, being made by the veteran, Mr. Harvey McMurphy. The scores:

Hunter Gun Club, Fulton—George Lewis 23, I. K. Chapman 19, Harvey McMurphy 24; total 66.
Baldwinville Gun Club, Baldwinville—Windsor Morris 21, C. J. Dalley 22, Charles Marvin 22; total 65.
Infallible Gun Club, Buffalo—C. W. Hart 23, Frank Parsons 19, Gilbert Deitzer 17; total 59.
Audubon Gun Club, Buffalo—C. S. Burkhardt 19, Major F. W. Foster 21, Frank D. Kelsey 18; total 58.
Jefferson Gun Club, Buffalo—F. Emond 20, George Morris 18, P. Bernhardt 18; total 56.

The Audubon Handicap event divided the interest with the Dean Richmond trophy. It was an event open to all, 50 targets, handicaps 14 to 22yds., \$5 entrance. The first prize was an upright piano, valued at \$325. Second prize was a building lot, valued at \$250. There were about forty contestants. Mr. Fred Gilbert, 22yds., and Mr. Geo. Piercy, 17yds., tied on 46, and were high, taking first and second prize and divided. The ties on 45 shot off at 25 targets, with results as follows: Fleming 23, third prize, a Marlin repeating shotgun; Morris, 21, fourth, a silver tea set; Snyder, 19, fifth, ice box; Nobles, 17; Lewis 17.

The ties on 44, at 25 targets, resulted as follows: Kelsey 24, silver water pitcher; Fulford, 18; Rahm, 17. The scores in the Audubon Handicap follow: Fleming 45, Floyd 45, Henry 40, Pontefract 40, Rahm 44, Upton 42, Daudt 43, King 39, Squier 30, Piercy 46, Hart 41, Harrison 38, Fulford 44, Griffith 40, Gilbert 46, Apgar 40, Hull 37, Nobles 45, H. Elliott 43, Morris 45, Le Compte 41, Lewis 37, McMurphy 39, Hopper 31, Burkhardt 40, Heer 39, Kelsey 41, Glover 41, Stohr 38, Bush 34, Durston 42, Eaton 26, Beazard 31, Wasson 37, Southworth 41, Fish 38, Reinecke 43, Suckow 36, Snyder 45, Deitzer 36, Parsons 39, Broderick 34.

In the open events the averages for the three days at 480 targets were as follows:

	1st Day.	2d Day.	3d Day.	Total.
J A R Elliott	146	150	156	452
F Gilbert	151	153	155	459
N Apgar	138	140	144	422
C O Le Compte	146	148	142	436
L Squier	135	138	144	417
E D Fulford	145	142	146	433
W H Heer	150	154	144	448
H McMurphy	150	151	156	457
S Glover	132	135	153	420

The averages for the three days in the State events, 485 targets, were as follows:

	1st Day.	2d Day.	3d Day.	Total.
Hart	147	148	151	446
Tallman	140	141	146	427
Dietzer	127	125	130	382
Floyd	150	133	158	441
Blandford	136	143	137	416
Traver	133	129	132	394
Snyder	136	133	138	407
Suckow	134	131	125	390
Kelsey	144	143	157	444
Marvin	126	128	135	389
Morris	144	136	140	420
Wheeler	132	140	146	418
Dalley	133	136	148	417
Dalley	133	136	148	417
Tuttle	132	132	142	407
Lewis	147	138	147	432
Chapman	134	124	139	397
Cottle	138	136	143	417
Green	142	144	154	440
Brigden	133	135	134	402
F W Foster	140	126	140	406
H R Elliott	135	146	146	427
Clark	144	135	148	427
Nobles	129	140	149	418
Southworth	128	134	143	405
Valentine	123	126	114	363

Amateur averages:

	1st Day.	2d Day.	3d Day.	Total.
Fleming	141	147	141	429
Henry	134	138	144	416
King	136	140	145	421
Rahm	133	137	134	404
Pontefract	142	135	138	415
Piercy	146	142	137	425
Upton	139	143	143	425
Griffith	148	146	152	446
Hart	146	144	144	434
Kelsey	153	144	147	444
Clark	143	139	130	412

Allentown Tournament.

ALLENTOWN, Pa.—At the fifth annual midsummer target tournament, held at Griesemerville, the best shooting was by the following: Hawkins 186, Squier 185, Kramlich 177, Schlicher 164, Pfeiffer 163, Wertz 177, Markley 179, M. S. Brey 177, M. H. R. 146. The scores:

Aug 10, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	20	25
Hawkins	15	15	15	14	15	14	15	13	13	15	20	22
Squier	14	14	15	15	15	15	14	11	15	15	18	24
Kramlich	13	14	14	14	15	13	14	12	14	12	18	24
Schlicher	13	12	13	12	14	11	12	14	14	13	15	21
Pfleger	12	12	11	13	15	14	13	11	12	11	18	21
C Miller	10	10	10	13	8	13	11	11	13	11
Hahn	12	14	13	14	12	10	11	12	11	11
Schaffer	11	13	13	15	14	13	13	14	13	14	18	..
Wertz	15	14	13	14	15	13	13	14	13	14	18	21
Ludwick	13	12	13	14	13	14	13	15	13	10
Schmoyer	14	13	12	12	14	13	12	14	17	..
Marklev	11	12	18	15	15	13	15	15	15	14	19	23
M S Brey	15	15	12	14	12	12	13	15	13	14	19	24
M H R	11	14	11	13	12	11	7	9	13	10	15	20
Headman	10	11	10

FOREST AND STREAM.

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No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

THE FIRST BITE.

THE commonly accepted legal principle that a dog is not to be condemned as vicious on the evidence of one bite, has been perverted into a claim that a dog is entitled to his first bite. In a New York case last week, a dog having attacked a nine-year-old child, biting him on the legs and causing severe wounds, the counsel for the dog put in the one bite plea, as reported in the Evening Post:

"You know it is a principle of law that a dog is entitled to his first bite," replied the lawyer. "It requires more than one bite to prove that he is vicious."

"Not in this court," said the magistrate. "And you can tell your client that if the facts alleged are proved I will fine him \$10 for each day he keeps the dog after the day of the assault."

"But the dog is licensed, your honor."

"Not to run about the streets and bite little children," was the answer.

This first bite privilege given to dogs is one of the curiosities of legal practice. No such grace is extended to the vicious human. If a man seizes a child on the street and bites it, his counsel does not dream of putting in as a defense the proposition that every man is entitled to a first bite, and that he must have bitten two children before he can be adjudged vicious. There may have been some good reason for the first bite concession when the precedent was established, but the modern common sense view expressed by the magistrate is the more sensible one, and should be the ruling guide in dog bite cases.

EPHRAIM IN THE TIMBER.

THE remarkable portrait of a grizzly bear which we print this week is neither a fake picture nor a picture of one of the domesticated bears of the Yellowstone National Park. Instead, it is the photograph of a live wild grizzly of the southern Rocky Mountains, taken by Mr. Frederick K. Vreeland, who, with rare skill and patience, circumvented the bear and secured his likeness. A second or two after the picture was taken, all that was seen of the placid, sleepy beast figured in our pages, was a dissolving view of flying fur among the tall, straight trunks of the distant forest. The click of the shutter had projected the thousand pounds of bear meat as if it had been shot out of a gun. So, great results arise from small causes, and the pressure of a finger on a telegraph key may put in motion the wheels of a great engine.

We call the picture "Ephraim in the Timber," for "Ephraim," according to the books of old, was the familiar title of the grizzly among the early trappers. Yet he had another name, for Catlin, in the passage quoted on another page, states that "Caleb," or "Cale" for short, was a common term applied to the grizzly in the Rocky Mountains in his time.

All the world over, the bear, of whatever name he may be, is regarded with respect and reverence—admired for his astuteness and his supposed power. Among the Ainos of Japan the bear is worshipped, and this general sentiment of reverence is almost universal among the people of the North.

The Russians call the bear "Little Father." The Scandinavians say that he has "the strength of ten men and the wisdom of twelve," and refer to him always with the greatest respect. They do not speak of him familiarly as the bear, but call him "the old man with the fur coat," or "the dog of God." The red Indian, though killing the bear when he could, always apologized to the dead for having done so, calling the animal grandfather and relation, and expressing bitter regret that he had been forced to perform the act. Our readers will remember the account of this propitiatory ceremony, as described by that fine old fur trader, the elder Henry, printed in *FOREST AND STREAM* last spring.

The Indians of the plains, besides believing in the great wisdom of the bear, believed also—of course as a result of their experience in hunting it with their primitive weapons—that it was hard to kill. If wounded it could heal itself, and its power was such that it could transfer to others its wisdom, its toughness, and its power to heal wounds.

This is what took place at the parting between a bear and a young Pawnee whom it had pitied and restored to life after he had been killed in battle, as the folk tale runs:

"When they were about to part, the bear came up to him, and put his arms about him, and hugged him, and puffed his mouth against the man's mouth and said, 'As the fur that I am in has touched you, it will make you great,

and this will be a blessing to you.' His paws were around the young man's shoulders, and he drew them down his arms until they came to his hands, and he held them, and said, 'As my hands have touched your hands, they are made great, not to fear anything. I have rubbed my hands down over you, so that you shall be as tough as I am. Because my mouth has touched your mouth, you shall be made wise.' Then he left him and went away."

CAMPS AND CAMPS.

A HUNTING or wilderness camp, according to the general and accepted mental conception of it, is a primitive, relatively diminutive, inexpensive structure, more or less ramshackle, constructed perhaps of the odds and ends of dead wood and shrubbery, and barren of all but the most simple conveniences of life and living. It is a temporary abode apart from the homes of mankind. It is the makeshift of emergency.

It is supposed to furnish a temporary domicile to the hunter, miner, prospector, angler, canoeist, tourist, timber looker; serving as a shelter and dormitory. It can be constructed quickly by anyone, however unskilled in mechanical ability, be the owner poor or rich, and it can be abandoned at any time without financial loss.

The material of a camp may be the brush and bark available in the woodland, or rough logs worked into a still rougher cabin. Again, it may be a tent, which is classed as baggage during the journeyings by day, and as a camp when pitched for purposes of transient accommodation by night.

Concerning a camp, the conventions impose no restrictions as to shape, size, material or ownership. Its essentials are simplicity and roughness. It may be a simple lean-to, a teepee, a wall without a roof, or a roof without a wall. It may have any form or no form. Anything extemporized as a house for the moment fills the popular ideal of a camp.

It is commonly supposed to be a makeshift to meet the requirements of the straggler, the wanderer, the sportsman, the pioneer, or the laborer without the borders of the settlements. No ordinary person would imagine it to be a luxurious permanency.

At the present day the term camp has a much broader significance. It may comprehend a structure made of a few boughs, or a palace designed by a skillful architect, constructed by the most skillful mechanics, and furnished and embellished by the most fashionable upholsterers and decorators. In short, the modern camp may be primitive or it may be a luxurious city home transplanted into the camp area.

In respect to the latter, all that now remains of the true camp is the natural setting of field and forest, though these are largely shorn of their primeval roughness, and therefore of their primeval beauties, by the work of improvement.

This wide transition from the makeshift domicile of the individual to the palatial city home where families and guests gather in wild surroundings, has been brought conspicuously and sadly to public notice by the grievous and regrettable misfortunes of some camp owners whose properties are situated in the Adirondacks.

Recent press dispatches narrate the burning of Fish Rock Camp, on the upper Saranac Lake, owned by Mr. Isaac Seligman, of New York. The loss in buildings, furnishings, and personal property, is estimated at \$100,000. The calamity occurred on August 19. Later reports stated that Mrs. Lowengard, one of many guests at the camp, lost \$140,000 worth of jewelry, \$40,000 of which was recovered. The diamonds were uninjured, though melted out of their settings.

On August 28, the daily press recounted that, on upper Saranac Lake, a robber invaded the camp of Dr. E. L. Holt and stole silverware and much jewelry. The robber's next visit was to the recently burned camp of Mr. Seligman, where he searched the tents and took a number of trinkets, but missed the strong box in which were many valuables worth \$40,000. He next searched the camps on Doctor's Island, but secured little, the dwellers having taken the precaution to keep their valuables with them while on the lake. The losses by this robbery are said to exceed \$10,000.

Comparing the higher camp life, as it now is, with the primitive camp life as it was some years ago, it will be readily discerned that the term camp has acquired an en-

larged meaning. It may denote a tent pitched on a city lot, or a city palace erected somewhere in the country out of the view of the next domicile. A camper may signify a person who is living a primitive life in the primeval wilderness, or a person who is living with his family and guests in a commodious mansion, with all the accessories of stables, launches, stage service, mail service, and all the table luxuries, domestic and foreign, instantly available as essential factors of a life in camp.

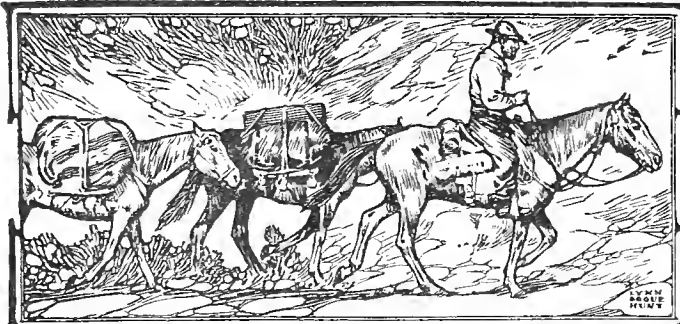
THE American black bass has been introduced into French waters, and the result of the experiment is such as to warrant further enterprise in the same direction. In December of 1902, Mr. E. Roger received from the Prussian fish breeding establishment at Berneuchen a consignment of 200 large-mouthed black bass fry, which were put into a pond at his country home near Paris. The fry were about 2½ inches in length when put out. In March of 1903 he received, and deposited in the same pond, twenty-two fish which were about 7 inches in length. The pond, of some two acres, contained roach, bream, eels, and a stock of American sunfish, a species which has been extensively introduced in France, where it is regarded as something of a pest, because, while without value as food or for sport, it is believed to devour the spawn and fry of other species. The bass thrived in their new home; and this year in June it was discovered that they had spawned, "myriads" of fry being observed; and in July Mr. Roger, with a black bass fly imported from New York, succeeded in catching a fish of 9 inches, which was presented to a friend in Paris as "the first black bass ever served on a French breakfast table." Later in the same month the Parisian friend, with an American rod and reel, and an American "yellow-kid" bait, took a number of the American fish.

In this age of international exchange of fish and game, we might well consider the importation of the partridge. The rearing of the bird in captivity is practicable; we print on another page an account of how it is done in France. The same system might be followed in the United States. Now that the foolish customs prohibition of the bringing in of game birds' eggs has been repealed, the introduction of partridge eggs is only a question of someone having interest enough to import a stock. It is a foregone conclusion that the game preserve with its artificially bred supplies of birds must provide much of the shooting in this country in the not far distant future. The imported pheasant and the imported partridge will some day be counted among our chief game birds.

MR. HARDY'S notes on the old-time bullet molds will carry many a memory back to the days of their use. In common with the other implements of firearms, the bullet mold has undergone many changes; and from the simple form shown by Mr. Hardy has developed into a tool which casts grooved bullets, and is so adjustable as to give various lengths of bullet and various numbers of grooves. A study of the gun implement and reloading tool catalogues shows that the rifleman of to-day is by no means contented with the simple outfit of his forebears; but there are provided for him many inviting facilities for experiment and test of theories. Possibly he may not, after all, get so much game after he has cast his bullets, but then game is scarce, while the theories and crotchets of the rifle shooter are never ending, and not to be solved in the life of any one man.

WE print elsewhere from a circular of the Agricultural Department a consideration of the phraseology adopted in the definition, or want of definition, of the open and close seasons, as intended to be designated in the laws. The ambiguities arising from these defects of legal phraseology are often confusing and extremely vexatious; and there is the less excuse for them, since the remedy is so simple and ready to hand. To specify, as the New York law does, that the dates named are inclusive, leaves no room for uncertainty as to the precise days of opening and closing; and this is a formula which might with advantage be adopted universally.

FROM a canning establishment of the Northwest come complaints of salmon scarcity like those which have been the rule on Canadian salmon angling rivers this year. The pack will not be more than half the usual amount.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Wilderness Reserves.*

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

(Concluded from page 171.)

AFTER we had finished this horseback trip, we went on sleds and skids to the upper Geyser Basin and the Falls of the Yellowstone. Although it was the third week in April, the snow was still several feet deep, and only thoroughly trained snow horses could have taken the sleighs along, while around the Yellowstone Falls it was possible to move only on snowshoes. There was very little life in those woods. We saw an occasional squirrel, rabbit or marten; and in the open meadows around the hot waters there were geese and ducks, and now and then a coyote. Around camp Clark's crows and Stellar's jays, and occasionally magpies came to pick at the refuse; and of course they were accompanied by the whiskey jacks with their usual astounding familiarity. At Norris Geyser Basin there was a perfect chorus of bird music from robins, purple finches, juncos, and mountain bluebirds. In the woods there were mountain chickadees and nut-hatches of various kinds, together with an occasional woodpecker. In the northern country we had come across a very few blue grouse and ruffed grouse, both as tame as possible. We had seen a pigmy owl no larger than a robin sitting on top of a pine in broad daylight, and uttering at short intervals a queer un-owl-like cry.

The birds that interested us most were the solitaires, and especially the dippers or water-ousels. We were fortunate enough to hear the solitaires sing not only when perched on trees, but on the wing, soaring over a great cañon. The dippers are, to my mind, well nigh the most attractive of all our birds. They stay through the winter in the Yellowstone because the waters are in many places open. We heard them singing cheerfully, their ringing melody having a certain suggestion of the winter wren's. Usually they sang while perched on some rock on the edge or in the middle of the stream; but sometimes on the wing. In the open places the western meadowlarks were also uttering their singular beautiful songs. No bird escaped John Burroughs' eye; no bird note escaped his ear.

On the last day of my stay it was arranged that I should ride down from Mammoth Hot Springs to the town of Gardiner, just outside the Park limits, and there make an address at the laying of the corner stone of the arch by which the main road is to enter the Park. Some three thousand people had gathered to attend the ceremonies. A little over a mile from Gardiner we came down out of the hills to the flat plain; from the hills we could see the crowd gathered around the arch waiting for me to come. We put spurs to our horses and cantered rapidly toward the appointed place, and on the way we passed within forty yards of a score of black-tails, which merely moved to one side and looked at us, and within a hundred yards of half a dozen antelope. To any lover of nature it could not help being a delightful thing to see the wild and timid creatures of the wilderness rendered so tame; and their tameness in the immediate neighborhood of Gardiner, on the very edge of the Park, spoke volumes for the patriotic good sense of the citizens of Montana. Major Pitcher informed me that both the Montana and Wyoming people were co-operating with him in zealous fashion to preserve the game and put a stop to poaching. For their attitude in this regard they deserve the cordial thanks of all Americans interested in these great popular playgrounds, where bits of the old wilderness scenery and the old wilderness life are to be kept unspoiled for the benefit of our children's children. Eastern people, and especially eastern sportsmen, need to keep steadily in mind the fact that the westerners who live in the neighborhood of the forest preserves are the men who in the last resort will determine whether or not these preserves are to be permanent. They cannot in the long run be kept as forest and game reservations unless the settlers roundabout believe in them and heartily support them; and the rights of these settlers must be carefully safeguarded, and they must be shown that the movement is really in their interest. The eastern sportsman who fails to recognize these facts can do little but harm by advocacy of forest reserves.

It was in the interior of the Park, at the hotels beside the lake, the falls, and the various geyser basins, that we would have seen the bears had the season been late enough; but unfortunately the bears were still for the most part hibernating. We saw two or three tracks, and found one place where a bear had been feeding on a dead elk, but the animals themselves had not yet begun to come about the hotels. Nor were the hotels open. No visitors had previously entered the Park in the winter or early spring—the scouts and other employes being the only ones who occasionally traverse it. I was sorry not to see the bears, for the effect of protection upon bear life in the Yellowstone has been one of the phenomena of natural history. Not only have they grown to realize that they are safe, but, being natural scavengers and foul feeders, they have come to recognize the garbage heaps of the hotels as their special sources of food supply. Throughout the summer months they come to all the hotels in numbers, usually appearing in the late afternoon or evening, and they have become as indifferent to the presence of men as the deer themselves—some of them very

much more indifferent. They have now taken their place among the recognized sights of the Park, and the tourists are nearly as much interested in them as in the geysers.

It was amusing to read the proclamations addressed to the tourists by the Park management, in which they were solemnly warned that the bears were really wild animals, and that they must on no account be either fed or teased. It is curious to think that the descendants of the great grizzlies which were the dread of the early explorers and hunters should now be semi-domesticated creatures, boldly hanging around crowded hotels for the sake of what they can pick up, and quite harmless so long as any reasonable precaution is exercised. They are much safer, for instance, than any ordinary bull or stallion, or even ram, and, in fact, there is no danger from them at all unless they are encouraged to grow too familiar or are in some way molested. Of course among the thousands of tourists there is a percentage of thoughtless and foolish people; and when such people go out in the afternoon to look at the bears feeding they occasionally bring themselves into jeopardy by some senseless act. The black bears and the cubs of the bigger bears can readily be driven up trees, and some of the tourists occasionally do this. Most of the animals never think of resenting it; but now and then one is run across which has its feelings ruffled by the performance. In the summer of 1902 the result proved disastrous to a too inquisitive tourist. He was traveling with his wife, and at one of the hotels they went out toward the garbage pile to see the bears feeding. The only bear in sight was a large she, which, as it turned out, was in a bad temper because another party of tourists a few minutes before had been chasing her cubs up a tree. The man left his wife and walked toward the bear to see how close he could get. When he was some distance off she charged him, whereupon he bolted back toward his wife. The bear overtook him, knocked him down and bit him severely. But the man's wife, without hesitation, attacked the bear with that thoroughly feminine weapon, an umbrella, and frightened her off. The man spent several weeks in the Park hospital before he recovered. Perhaps the following telegram sent by the manager of the Lake Hotel to Major Pitcher illustrates with sufficient clearness the mutual relations of the bears, the tourists, and the guardians of the public weal in the Park. The original was sent me by Major Pitcher. It runs:

"Lake. 7-27-'03. Major Pitcher, Yellowstone: As many as seventeen bears in an evening appear on my garbage dump. To-night eight or ten. Campers and people not of my hotel throw things at them to make them run away. I cannot, unless there personally, control this. Do you think you could detail a trooper to be there every evening from say six o'clock until dark and make people remain behind danger line laid out by Warden Jones? Otherwise I fear some accident. The arrest of one or two of these campers might help. My own guests do pretty well as they are told. James Barton Key. 9 A. M."

Major Pitcher issued the order as requested. At times the bears get so bold that they take to making inroads on the kitchen. One completely terrorized a Chinese cook. It would drive him off and then feast upon whatever was left behind. When a bear begins to act in this way or to show surliness it is sometimes necessary to shoot it. Other bears are tamed until they will feed out of the hand, and will come at once if called. Not only have some of the soldiers and scouts tamed bears in this fashion, but occasionally a chambermaid or waiter girl at one of the hotels has thus developed a bear as a pet.

The accompanying photographs not only show bears very close up, with men standing by within a few yards of them, but they also show one bear being fed from the piazza by a cook, and another standing beside a particular friend, a chambermaid in one of the hotels. In these photographs it will be seen that some are grizzlies and some black bears.

This whole episode of bear life in the Yellowstone is so extraordinary that it will be well worth while for any man who has the right powers and enough time, to make a complete study of the life and history of the Yellowstone bears. Indeed, nothing better could be done by some one of our outdoor faunal naturalists than to spend at least a year in the Yellowstone, and to study the life habits of all the wild creatures therein. A man able to do this, and to write down accurately and interestingly what he had seen, would make a contribution of permanent value to our nature literature.

In May, after leaving the Yellowstone, I visited the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, and spent three days camping in the Yosemite Park with John Muir. It is hard to make comparisons among different kinds of scenery; all of them very grand and very beautiful; yet personally to me the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, strange and desolate, terrible and awful in its sublimity, stands alone and unequalled. I very earnestly wish that Congress would make it a national park, and I am sure that such course would meet the approbation of the people of Arizona. As to the Yosemite Valley, if the people of California desire it, as many of them certainly do, it also should be taken by the National Government to be kept as a national park, just as the surrounding country, including some of the groves of giant trees, is now kept.

John Muir and I, with two packers and three pack mules, spent a delightful three days in the Yosemite. The first night was clear, and we lay in the open on beds of

soft fir boughs among the giant sequoias. It was like lying in a great and solemn cathedral, far vaster and more beautiful than any built by hand of man. Just at nightfall I heard, among other birds, thrushes which I think were Rocky Mountain hermits—the appropriate choir for such a place of worship. Next day we went by trail through the woods, seeing some deer—which were not wild—as well as mountain quail and blue grouse. In the afternoon we struck snow, and had considerable difficulty in breaking our own trails. A snow storm came on toward evening, but we kept warm and comfortable in a grove of the splendid silver firs—rightly named magnificent, near the brink of the wonderful Yosemite Valley. Next day we clambered down into it and at nightfall camped in its bottom, facing the giant cliffs over which the waterfalls thundered.

Surely our people do not understand even yet the rich heritage that is theirs. There can be nothing in the world more beautiful than the Yosemite, its groves of giant sequoias and redwoods, the Cañon of the Colorado, the Cañon of the Yellowstone, the three Tetons; and the representatives of the people should see to it that they are preserved for the people forever, with their majestic beauty all unmarred.

Trails of the Pathfinders.—XVI.

Alexander Henry (The Younger).

(Continued from page 151.)

WE KNOW too little of the hardy men who a hundred years ago or later pushed westward into the unbroken tracts that lay beyond, in search of knowledge or wealth. Among them were many who were true heroes, and all we have by which we can judge of the deeds they performed are the few accounts left by some of them. These accounts give us hints of the real character of the men, but we must remember that they were occupied more by the matters immediately before them than by any thought of how posterity might think of them. They considered more the outlook for beaver and the success of the Indian trade than literature; their hands were readier to the rifle and the paddle than to the pen. If among them there were a few who strove to describe the scenes through which they passed, and to set down in some order the incidents of their lives, such were few in number and were writing for their own amusement. The vast majority of pathfinders have left us no hint of the deeds they performed.

Among the northmen who overran the country long known as the Hudson's Bay Territory, Alexander Henry, the younger, was a commanding figure. He was a nephew of that other Alexander Henry who, thirty years before, had been a fur trader among the Indians, and had traveled westward nearly to the Rocky Mountains, and after many adventures, wrote of his travels over the great meadows and among the wild oxen of the West.* To Alexander Henry, the younger, we owe the most curious and complete record ever printed of the daily life of the fur trader in the north.

Alexander Henry, the younger, was a diarist; he kept a journal in which he set down, in the most matter of fact way, everything that happened to him, and, as has been said by Dr. Coues, "it mirrors life in a way Mr. Samuel Pepys might envy could he compare his inimitable diary with this curious companion piece of *causerie*, and perceive that he who goes over the sea may change his sky, but not his mind."

The wonderful journal of Henry's slept for nearly a century. Where the original may be we do not know, but a copy was made by George Coventry about the year 1824, and this copy about seventy years later came under the notice of Dr. Elliott Coues, whose studies of the old west, published by F. P. Harper, of New York, have furnished so great a mass of material from which the student of history may glean.

The diary covers a period of about fifteen years, from 1799 to 1814, during which time Henry traveled from Lake Superior to the Pacific, often residing at different points for long periods. Thus he lived in and traveled through, at various times, the Canadian Provinces of Ontario, Manitoba, Assiniboia, Keewatin, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia; while in the United States his travels were through Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, Idaho, Oregon and Washington. In these long journeys he met many different tribes of Indians, and saw much of the Chippewas, the three tribes of the Blackfeet, the Crees, Assinaboines, Sioux, Sarcees, and other northern tribes, while in his southern journeyings he reached the Mandans, the Minitari, the Rees, and even the Cheyennes, south of the Missouri River, and on the west coast saw many tribes of the Columbia.

The journal begins in the autumn of 1799, when he was camped on the White Earth River, near the foot of what is now known as Riding Mountain, in Manitoba, a little west of Portage La Prairie. Here he had stopped after his journey from Montreal, to trade with the Indians the liquor, blankets, strouding, and various trinkets the Indians liked. He made that fall a clear profit of £700. This was his first trial in the Northwest.

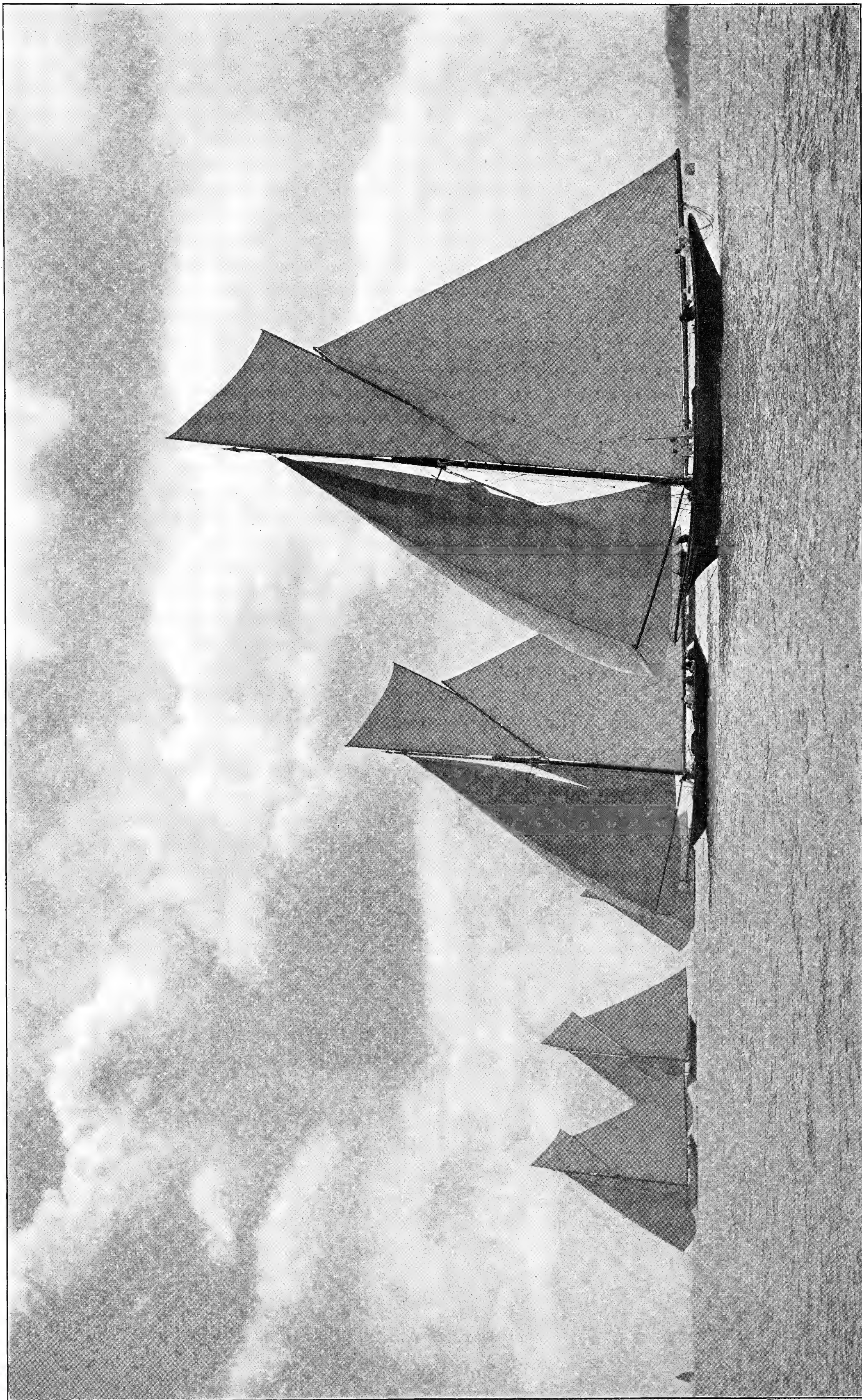
*See papers on Alexander Henry in our issues of March 5 and 12.

*This is one of the chapters in the new volume of the Boone and Crockett Club Book, "American Big Game in its Haunts."



OLD EPHRAIM IN THE TIMBER.

Photo copyright, 1904, by FREDERICK K. VREELAND



"DOWN THE WIND."

In the summer of 1800 Henry was on his way westward, with a brigade of canoes, each of which carried twenty-eight pieces of goods, ten of which were rum, containing nine gallons each; loads which sunk the canoes to the gunwales. He was proceeding by the Grande Portage to Lake Winnipeg, over the road which, even then, was being traveled by many fur traders. Wherever he found Indians, they were usually drunk, and when drunk always troublesome. They crossed the Lake of the Woods, and ran down the river Winnipeg. At Portage de Lisle one of the canoes, to avoid the trouble of making this portage, passed down near the north shore with a full load. "She had not gone many yards when, by some mismanagement of the foreman, the current bore down her bow full upon the shore against a rock, upon which the fellow, taking advantage of his situation, jumped, while the current whirled the canoe around. The steersman, finding himself within reach of the shore, jumped upon the rock, with one of the midmen; the other midman, not being sufficiently active, remained in the canoe, which was instantly carried out and lost to view among the high waves. At length she appeared, and stood perpendicularly for a moment, when she sank down again, and I then perceived the man rising upon a bale of drygoods in the midst of the waves. We made every exertion to get near him, and did not cease calling out to him to take courage, and not let go his hold; but alas! he sank under a heavy swell, and when the bale arose the man appeared no more. At this time we were only a few yards from him; but while we were eagerly looking out for him, poor fellow, the whirlpool caught my canoe, and before we could get away she was half full of water. We then made all haste to get ashore, and go in search of the property. The canoe we found flat upon the water, broken in many places. However, we hauled her ashore, and afterwards collected as many pieces as we could find. The men had landed a few packages above the rapid, otherwise our loss would have been still greater."

On August 16 they entered Lake Winnipeg, and were almost wrecked by a storm, the wind blowing violently over a shoal flat, and raising a tumbling sea. Wildfowl were plenty; so were also Rocky Mountain locusts, which Henry said were thrown up on the beach to a depth of six to nine inches. He shot a white pelican, of which many were seen. From here Henry went up the Red River to establish a trading fort, and on the way up he divided his goods, one-half of which were to be sent to Portage La Prairie, on the Assinaboine River. The Indians here were chiefly canoe and foot people, and had few horses. Pigeons were very numerous, as were also fish, and the Indians had some dried buffalo meat, which was purchased from them. Fruit was abundant along the bank; plums of three different sorts, peminbas, and grapes.

A number of Indians had joined him, all of whom wanted liquor and supplies. He gave them more or less liquor, with the result that most of them were drunk much of the time, and showed no disposition either to hunt or to trap. As they proceeded up Red River, they approached the country ranged over by the Sioux, between whom and the Ojibwas there was everlasting war. The Indians were therefore in a continual state of alarm, and every time a shot was heard they thought that the enemy were about to attack them. They were now close to the country of the buffalo, and the Indians were bringing in fresh meat. Henry speaks of the abundance of these animals at his camp of August 26, where, he says, "The ravages of the buffaloes at this place are astonishing to a person unaccustomed to these meadows. The beach, once soft black mud, into which a man would sink knee-deep, is now made hard as pavement by the numerous herds coming to drink. The willows are entirely trampled and torn to pieces; the bark of the smaller trees is rubbed off in many places. The grass on the first bank of the river is entirely worn away. Numerous paths, some of which are a foot deep in the hard turf, come from the plains to the brink of the river, and vast quantities of dung gives this place the appearance of a cattle yard. We have reached the commencement of the great plains of Red River, where the eye is lost in one continuous level westward. Not a tree or a rising ground interrupts the view." Here he had his first experience in running buffalo, and merely for the amusement of it killed not a few.

The Indians continued drinking and fighting among themselves. No one as yet had been killed, but more than one had been severely injured. Now, however, they had used up all their liquor, and Henry refused to give them any more; so that while many continued to loaf about and beg for drink, some went hunting. Keeping on up the Red River, he pushed on southward, being anxious to reach a country where the beaver seemed to be plenty. Game was very abundant—buffalo, elk, and bears. "Whilst we were arranging camp I saw a bear on the east side of the river, a little above us, coming down to drink. I crossed over and followed him; he instantly stopped within a few paces, and ran up a large oak. I shot him between the shoulders, and he fell to the ground like a rock, but in a moment was scampering away as fast as he could. I traced him by the blood, and soon found him sitting under a brush heap, grumbling and licking his wounds. A second shot dispatched him. By the hideous scream he uttered when he fell from the tree, I imagined he was coming at me, and was waiting for him with my second barrel cocked, when he ran off. I went for my two men, and it was hard work for us three to drag him to the canoe; he was very fat. I found that my first ball had gone through his heart. I was surprised that he should have been so active after a wound of that kind."

Early in September, Henry, having gotten up Red River as far as the mouth of Park River, decided to build there, and began the work of cutting and carrying stockades and house logs. Game was astonishingly abundant, bears being so plenty that they were killed almost daily. Three men came in with twelve bears; a hunter returned with four bears, and so on. Now that they were settled, Henry began to give out to the Indians their debts; by which is meant that he furnished them the articles that they needed for hunting and for their life during the winter, charging them with the articles, which were to be paid for by skins—that is, the value of a beaver skin. He prepared for himself a tall oak, which he used as a lookout station, and from which he had an extensive view. Every morning he used to climb to the top of this

oak and look over the country, not only to see where the game was, but also to see if people were moving about. After the stockade had been finished, the houses were built, and then came the task of preparing food for the winter. Meantime, the Indians had persuaded Henry again to give them liquor, and they were once more drunk and quarreling. Happily, when fighting, they did not use their guns or bows, but only their knives; and so, although men and women were frequently severely stabbed and cut, there were no immediate fatalities.

Henry was a good deal of a hunter, and much of his journal is given up to accounts of what he killed. Indian alarms were as frequent as ever, but none of them amounted to anything, being causeless panics. In October Henry made a journey down the river, to look up some of the people that he had sent off to establish small trading posts. On his return, about the middle of October, he found that his hunter had killed a large grizzly bear, about a mile from the fort, and mentions that these bears are not numerous along Red River, but are more abundant in the Hair Hills. This is one of the most eastern records for the grizzly bear, although Long—"Voyages and Travels," London, 1791—speaks as if they were sometimes found a little further eastward, even east of the west end of Lake Superior. A little later Henry set off with one of his hunters and another man to search for the Red Lake Indians, whom he wished to inform that he had established a trading post here. The journey was long, and much of it through thick woods and underbrush, and it almost proved fruitless. However, he at length came across a young Indian, who was very much frightened at seeing them, but finally realizing that they were friends, talked freely to them. The Indian reported that his people were at Red Lake waiting for traders, and Henry tried to persuade him to bring them into his fort. Henry then returned to his post.

Winter was now approaching. The Indians were making the mats with which they covered their huts in winter, while many of the men were preparing to go to war. An interesting note on wolves appears here, under date of Sunday, November 2: "Last night the wolves were very troublesome; they kept up a terrible howling about the fort, and even attempted to enter Maymitch's hut. A large white one came boldly into the door, and was advancing toward a young child, when he was shot dead. Some of them are very audacious. I have known them to follow people for several days, attempt to seize a person or a dog, and to be kept off only by firearms. It does not appear that hunger makes them so voracious, as they have been known to pass carcasses of animals which they might have eaten to their fill, but they would not touch flesh, their object seeming to be that of biting. The Canadians swear that these are mad wolves, and are much afraid of them."

Another note of interest to the zoologist is this: "We saw a great herd of cows going at full speed southward, but on coming to our track, which goes to Salt Lake, they began to smell the ground, and as suddenly as if they had been fired at, turned toward the mountain. It is surprising how sagacious these animals are. When in the least alarmed, they will smell the track of even a single person in the grass, and run away in the contrary direction. I have seen large herds walking very slowly to pasture, and feeding as they went, come to a place where some persons had passed on foot, when they would instantly stop, smell the ground, draw back a few paces, below, and tear up the earth with their horns. Sometimes the whole herd would range along the road, keeping up a terrible noise, until one of them was hardy enough to jump over, when they would all follow, and run some distance." On November 8, with an Indian, Henry started in search of Indians about Grand Forks. Although the weather had been cold and snowy, it had now turned warm again, and they had much trouble in crossing streams and sloughs. They went south, to what Henry's Indian told him was the border of the Sioux country, and old camping grounds were pointed out, which the Indians said were Sioux. Beaver appeared to be very numerous, but they killed nothing, making no fire, and firing no guns, and keeping their horses always close to them.

In describing the country passed over, Henry speaks of the Schian River, a tributary of the Red River, which flows into it about ten miles north of Fargo. This, he says, "takes its name from a formerly numerous tribe of Indians who inhabited its upper part. They were a neutral tribe between the Sioux and Salteurs for many years, but the latter, who are of a jealous disposition, suspected that they favored the Sioux. A very large party having once been unsuccessful in discovering their enemies, on their return wreaked their vengeance on those people, destroying their village, and murdering most of them. This happened about sixty years ago, when the Salteurs were at war with their natural enemies, the Sioux, of the plains, who are the only inhabitants of St. Peter's River. The Schians, having been nearly exterminated, abandoned their old territory, and fled southward across the Missouri, where they are now a wandering tribe."

This story agrees very well with the traditions related by the Cheyennes to-day, except that the modern stories put back these wars with the Salteurs much further than 1740. On November 13, Henry reached the post again, having failed to find any of the people that he looked for. Moreover, when he got here he received a messenger from Langlois, one of his clerks at a trading post at the Panbian (Pembina) Mountains, reporting that a number of more or less turbulent Crees and Assinaboines were gathering there, and that Henry's presence was needed to quiet them. Two days later he set off, stopping at Bois Percé, where "I remained about an hour with the worthless vagabonds, who do nothing but play at the game of platter. Nothing is heard but the noise of the dish, and children bawling from hunger; their scoundrelly fathers are deaf to their cries until necessity obliges them to kill a bull for their sustenance." On his arrival at the post, he found all his people well, and the trouble apparently over.

The weather was now very cold. Swans were passing south in astonishing numbers. Now the men took no more raccoons with their traps, for these animals had begun to hibernate in the hollow trees, where they would remain like the bears until spring, without any sustenance.

Some time before, an Indian named Crooked Legs, while drunk, had very severely stabbed his young wife, who now, however, had perfectly recovered. At a drink-

ing match, held at the post, just after Henry's return, this woman, in revenge, gave her old husband a cruel beating with a stick, and afterward burned him shockingly with a brand snatched from the fire.

Rum was constantly desired by the Indians, and was begged for on every pretext. If a woman's husband died, or a man's wife, they came to Henry to beg, or buy, rum, to cheer their hearts in their sorrow. A curious trapping incident is reported November 28. "La Rocque, Sr., came in with his traps, with a skunk, a badger, and a large white wolf, all three caught in the same trap at once, as he said. This was thought extraordinary—indeed a falsehood—until he explained the affair. His trap was made in a hollow stump, in the center of which there was a deep hole in the ground. He found the wolf, just caught, and still alive. He despatched him, and, on taking him out, noticed something stirring and making a noise in the hole in the ground. Upon looking in he perceived the badger, which he killed with a stick, and upon pulling him out, smelt the horrid stench of the skunk, which was in one corner of the hole. He soon despatched him also. From this the Indians all predicted some great misfortune, either to the person to whom the traps belonged, or to our fort."

Two days later some of the men went raccoon hunting, the weather being warm. "They returned in the evening with seven, which they had found in one hollow tree. The size of this tree was enormous, having a hollow six feet in diameter, the rim or shell being two feet thick, including the bark. Raccoon hunting is common here in the winter season. The hunter examines every hollow tree met with, and when he sees the fresh marks of the claws, he makes a hole with an ax, and then opens the hollow place, in which he lights a fire, to find out if there be any raccoons within, as they often climb trees in the autumn, and, not finding them proper for the purpose, leave them, and seek others. But if they be within, the smoke obliges them to ascend and put their heads out of the hole they enter. On observing this, the ax is applied to the tree; with the assistance of the fire it is soon down, and the hunter stands ready to despatch the animals while they are stunned by the fall. But sometimes they are so obstinate as to remain at the bottom of the hole until they are suffocated or roasted to death. The bears, both grizzly and common black, which reside on Red River, take to hollow trees also, and are hunted by the Indians in the same manner as raccoons. But the bears in the Hair Hills and other places never take to the trees for their winter quarters; they reside in holes in the ground, in the most intricate thicket they can find, generally under the roots of trees that have been torn up by the wind, or have otherwise fallen. These are more difficult to find, requiring good dogs that are naturally given to hunt bears. The reason why the bears differ so widely in the choice of their winter habitations is obvious. The low lands along the river, where the woods principally grow, are every spring subject to overflow, when the ice breaks up. The mud carried down with the current and left on the banks, makes their dens uncomfortable. On the Hair Hills and other high lands, where the ground is free from inundation, the soft and sandy soil is not so cold as the stiff black mud on the banks of the river, which appears to be made ground. Frequently, on digging holes in winter, we found the frost had penetrated the ground nearly four feet, like one solid body of ice, while in high, dry, sandy soil it seldom exceeds one foot in depth."

Winter had now set in, as well by the calendar as by temperature. It was ushered in by a great prairie fire, which seemed likely to burn over the whole country. At first it was supposed that the Sioux had fired the prairie, but later it appeared that the Crees had done it by accident. These Crees reported that they had seen a calf as white as snow in a herd of buffalo; and Henry mentions how greatly white buffalo are esteemed among the nations of the Missouri, but that they are not valued by the Crees and Assinaboines, except to trade to other tribes. Occasionally buffalo are seen that are dirty gray, but these are very rare. Christmas and New Years passed, these holidays being celebrated by drinking, so that for New Year's Day Henry says: "By sunrise every soul of them was raving drunk—even the children." Buffalo were now seen in great abundance, and came within gunshot of the fort. A day or two later it was necessary to go out only a short distance from the fort to kill buffalo, but the cold was so intense that it was impossible to cut up those killed. On January 2 there arrived at the fort, Berdash, a man who, as used to be not very uncommon, wore the dress and busied himself with the occupations properly belonging to women. He was a swift runner, and a few years since was considerably the fleetest man among the Salteurs. "Both his speed and his courage were tested some years ago on the Schian River, when Monsieur Reaume attempted to make peace between the two nations, and Berdash accompanied a party of Salteurs to the Sioux camp. They at first appeared reconciled to each other, at the intercession of the whites, but on the return of the Salteurs, the Sioux pursued them. Both parties were on foot, and the Sioux had the name of being extraordinarily swift. The Salteurs imprudently dispersed in the plains, and several of them were killed, but the party with Berdash escaped without any accident, in the following manner: One of them had got from the Sioux a bow, but only a few arrows. On starting and finding themselves pursued, they ran a considerable distance, until they perceived the Sioux were gaining fast upon them, when Berdash took the bow and arrows from his comrades, and told them to run as fast as possible, without minding him, as he feared no danger. He then faced the enemy, and began to let fly his arrows. This checked their course, and they returned the compliment with interest, but it was so far off that only a chance arrow could have hurt him, as they had nearly spent their strength when they fell near him. His own arrows were soon expended, but he lost no time in gathering up those that fell near him, and thus he had a continual supply. Seeing his friends some distance off, and the Sioux moving to surround him, he turned and ran full speed to join his comrades, the Sioux after him. When the latter approached too near, Berdash again stopped and faced them, with his bow and arrows, and kept them at bay. Thus did he continue to maneuver until they reached a spot of strong wood, which the Sioux dared not enter. Some of the Salteurs who were present have often recounted the

affair to me. It seems the Sioux from the first were inclined to treachery, being very numerous and the others but few. The Salteurs were well provided with guns and ammunition, but on their first meeting were surrounded, and the guns taken away from them, in return for which the Sioux gave them bows and arrows; but in a manner to be of little use, giving one a bow and no arrows, another a quiver of arrows, but no bow."

On January 14 he was awakened by the bellowing of buffalo, and found the plains black, and apparently in motion. An enormous herd of buffalo surrounded the fort, and were moving northward, extending south as far as the eye could see. "I had seen almost incredible numbers of buffalo in the fall, but nothing in comparison to what I now beheld. The ground was covered at every point of the compass as far as the eye could reach, and every animal was in motion. All hands soon attacked them with a tremendous running fire, which put them to a quicker pace, but had no effect in altering their course. The first roads beaten in the snow were followed by those in the rear. They passed in full speed, until about nine o'clock, when their numbers decreased, and they kept further off in the plains. There was about fifteen inches of snow on a level, in some places drifted in great banks. Notwithstanding the buffalo were so numerous, and twelve guns were employed, we killed only three cows and one old bull, but must have wounded a great number." The next day the plains were still covered with buffalo, moving northward; and this continued for a day or two. The stock of winter provisions was now all laid in—an abundance of good, fat buffalo meat. In February the buffalo began to get poor, as they always do at that time, and toward the end of the month some of the men caught a cow on the ice of the river, the dogs having surrounded her, and the men entangling her legs in a line, so that she fell on her side; they then dragged her, still alive, to the fort, when she jumped to her feet and ran to attack the dogs. Two men mounted on her back, but she was as active with this load as before, jumping and kicking at the dogs in most agile fashion.

On February 28, an Indian brought in a spring calf, which he had found dead, a very unusually early birth. The Indians declared that this meant an early spring.

The first outarde—Canada goose—was seen March 12, and on the same day a swan. On this day, too, it was noted that the sap of the box-elder began to run; this yields a fine white sugar, but not so sweet as that from the real sugar maple (Acer). He notes that bitter-sweet is abundant along the Red River, and that the Indians eat it in time of famine.

Now the river, on account of melting snow, began to rise, and to lift up the ice. Henry began to get out his canoes and mend them up for the summer use. Wildfowl made their appearance in great numbers, and on the 23d young calves were seen by the men. And now, the ice of the river coming down, carried with it great numbers of dead buffalo from above, which had been drowned in crossing the river while the ice was weak. Their numbers were astonishing. Often they were drifted to the shore, where the women cut up some of the fattest for their own use, the flesh seeming to be fresh and good. On the 7th of April one of his men brought in to Henry three wolves born this spring; another had brought in six, which he had found in one hole, and which were now very tame. It was proposed to keep them for sledge dogs in winter.

A little later the odor of the decaying buffalo lying there along the river was terrible. In fact, on his journey down the river with his goods, which were now to be dispatched to Montreal, the stench of the drowned buffalo was such that Henry could not eat his supper.

At last he dispatched his goods, and about the first of June left for the Grand Portage. The proceeds of the winter's trade amounted to nearly two thousand pounds, Halifax currency.

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Life in the Woods.—XVI.

Last Night in Camp.

(Concluded from page 176.)

Thus our hunt began and ended. Thus our hunts have begun and ended for seventeen years or more. We have bade farewell to the camp and the scenes about it, and now, in bidding farewell to you, the reader, I must, in a measure, bid farewell to my comrades, too, for life is fleeting. The eighteen-year-old boy who began to hunt when the others were in the prime of life, has grown to manhood, and his companions have passed the meridian of the known, and are fast traveling toward the mysterious future of the unknown. A life prolonged by active outdoor exercise grows to that stage when it is pleasanter to live over old exciting experiences than it is to court new ones, and toward that condition they are fast traveling. And yet who shall say that they will cross the border first, for is it not written the first shall be last and the last shall be first?

As we have all changed, so have our old haunts been changing under the restless activity of man and the resistless activity of the elements until they no longer convey the same invitation that they did. What was once a trackless wilderness is fast becoming a settled civilized country. The past fifteen years have been the era of the passing of the pine tree; the vast forests have been laid low. Beginning at the mouths of the rivers where the timber was most accessible, the hardy lumberman, crowded on by the ambitious capitalist, has penetrated further and further each year, until not only the country along the main rivers has been stripped, but the smallest tributary streams have been ascended even to the headwaters, and all the pine cut. Rapids in the rivers have been cleared out, gigantic rocks removed, and falls obliterated by the herculean power of dynamite. Nor has the pine tree alone been sacrificed. The cedar swamps have been cut for fence posts, railroad ties and poles; the spruces and the poplars have been taken to the paper mills, and the hemlock has been flayed to fill the maws of the tanneries. The hard wood, too, has been taken for various purposes until it seems as if no living tree is desired to escape. Then have followed wind and fire, and a black desolation has settled upon the earth, blotting

out the smiles of nature and seemingly destroying her few remaining treasures. Even the forests not adjacent to water have not escaped, for into these the enterprising lumberman has built railroads until the entire northern part of the State is gridironed with the pathway of the iron horse, and roads that seemed at first to run nowhere have gradually developed into trunk lines, over which the passenger and freight traffic of the world flow with unceasing regularity.

Not the surface alone has been attacked. The bowels of the earth have been made to yield up treasures also. Along the road over which our team for several years took us into camp, vast mines of iron ore have been discovered. Towns have sprung up like magic, and where the game, the Indian, and the hunter roamed at will, thousands of people rush here and there in the eager chase for wealth or at least of a living. The rivers, too, have been harnessed. Gigantic dams have been built, and the power used to turn the wheels of machinery. Saw mills have sprung up at every considerable point, all seemingly waging war on nature.

But now behind them all another army is advancing; not one of destruction, but rather one of restoration. The advance guard came from Germany, from Poland, from Norway, from Sweden, and from almost every clime. This is the flow of immigration—'tis the advance of the pioneer. Soon the trail of the deer will become the cow-path of the settler, and soon the trail of the hunter will become the roadway of the farmer. Barren as the land may seem to us now, under the hand of man it will blossom and blossom again until in time it will appear more radiant than ever before. Then will the hunter's camp have given way to the home of a happy people, whose laughter the rivers will catch as they dance merrily on their way. Even now nearly all the old landmarks have passed away; one of the very last was old La Salle.

At a very early day, and long before the lumberman and miner had penetrated this wilderness, Charles La Salle, a young trapper and hunter, pushed his way far into the woods. Without road or trail he worked his way for over 150 miles from the nearest frontier settlement, and built a cabin at the junction of the Pine and Poplar rivers, there commencing the vocation of a trapper and Indian trader. As time passed on a companion joined him in his forest home, and together they set their traps and endured the hardships of the wild life. During the winter months they suffered much from the inclemency of the weather, and for the want of proper food. In the dead of one winter the companion was taken sick and died. La Salle could not think of burying him in the woods, neither was it possible to take the body out through the forests and down the rivers in the summer months. Consequently he must endeavor to get the remains out over the snow and icy rivers before spring. With this determination, he built a sled, and preparing the body, lashed it on. Then with some provisions, blankets, and a few camping implements, he started on his long journey. As most of the distance was without road or trail, his progress was slow, but he was determined to reach civilization. He camped at night in the snow, with the great pine trees as sentinels and wolves and owls for companions. Thus he marched on through the forest, over the frozen lakes and rivers, and across the bleak plains, never faltering on his weary journey until the settlement was reached, the body taken in a sleigh and transported another 150 miles to the home of the dead man. It was only then that La Salle returned to his forest cabin, with, to him, the supreme satisfaction that his former companion had been buried in, to him, consecrated ground, and with the services which those who are faithful to the church hold so dear. A better example of heroic devotion to a friend and of faithful adherence to church is hard to find, and so far as the busy world is concerned, through no act of the chief actor, would it ever have become known, because he looked at it as a matter of duty, a thing which anyone ought and would do, never thinking of his own untold sufferings. La Salle still resides on the same spot, but a more modern house has supplanted his cabin. It is surrounded by a settlement, and he now enjoys the comforts of civilization. La Salle's history is but an obscure fragment of the untold tales of the development of a section which one day is destined to stand as one of the richest farming districts of the great commonwealth of Wisconsin.

There is considerable satisfaction in going back to the scenes of former pleasures, even though all may seem to have been changed. Even though the first effect may be to make one lonesome and to oppress him with the feeling that he alone is left, and is destined to live and die alone; for after all, the lesson is taught that nothing is in vain, and that out of seeming destruction and desolation is bound to come in time some of the sweetest fruits of life. But for the present dearer to each of us is the thought that some of our companions are still left to us, older in years, but with hearts unchanged, and that they have retained the affections formed during camp life—retained them unchanged, and will continue to cherish them until death do us part.

I have seen old diaries placed away in which in a few lines were briefed the important events of each fall's hunt for many years. Sometimes I take them out and look them over, with what emotions I can scarcely tell. They are old and dirty; finger-marks and gummy covers show the dirt of a camp. They are written in lead, evidently with the stub of an old pencil, for the lines take up more room than they should, and they stagger quite a little, and are not over and above legible. I prize them, though, and to me they possess inestimable value. I have read them over and over again. They are not much, to be sure, and if, when read by others, they do not seem silly, even childish, I will be satisfied. But, good friends, those lines tell of many happy days. They recall the excitement of youth, the fire of the chase, the health of the woods, and the blessings that come from association with good men and loyal companions. When I read them, I can almost shed a tear for the days that are gone and the scenes that have vanished. It then seems as if I have lost something near and dear to me—time passed that can never be recalled, moments of joy and of comfort that cannot be duplicated. And yet from this one can turn to the heritage of the future, and ample satisfaction is there. When we meet we have the memories of

the past to live over; for to us our stories never become tiresome, and though others may fail to appreciate them, yet to us they have a charm which naught else possesses. We have our pictures of many a camp and many a place around which are associated many bits of life which otherwise might escape unnoticed from the storehouse of the mind. We have, too, the spoils of the chase which the tanner and the taxidermist have preserved for us, and which by their mute presence recall many an exciting incident of the chase. We have our camp equipments, old and worn, yet eloquent to us on account of long service. But greater than all these, we have the living presence of those who are still with us.

There is the Old Trapper, with his sixty years and more, envying no man, giving all he can to deserving humanity, and blessed with three boys in whom the spirit of the father is plainly discernible. There is Henry, patient and persevering, never resting except to greet his friends, and with heart as large as ever. There is Bill, restless, and ever looking ahead; keen in business, a man of capacity wherever he may be. There is the Buckeye, grown from the athlete to the robust knight of the grip, but still the same cordial friend that first tossed rifle to his shoulder. There is Mack, the same thoughtful, enduring friend, always ready to join in making others happy. Three have passed away; well-mannered men, good citizens, who did naught but good for their fellow-men, and whose ways have made us seem as if they were still here. "We think of them still the same as if not dead but just away." They had their faults. Who is there without them? We write them on the sands, but their virtues we inscribe on our hearts ever to remain there. Soon we must break up the camp of life, and some must go before the rest. And as to the woods, this time, too, it will be away from streets that teem with busy life—away from where man celebrates his triumphs, mourns over his sorrows, and weeps in the presence of death. But until that time comes, the chains that have linked us together shall remain unbroken; and may we not hope when we pass out upon that dark ocean to seek the unknown shore beyond, that there we may be reunited as each fall we have been reunited at our camp in the woods? So farewell, reader, and farewell comrades, and as you now close these pages, so do we hang up the rifle and the rod, and as you turn to open the pages of another book, so will we, as long as we can, turn each fall to take down the gun, pack the chests, and hie ourselves to the North Woods, there to prove to our own heart's content that in some ways at least primitive man was happier than his civilized brethren of modern times; there to renew health; there to worship nature in all her grandeur.

Having come to the end, I have reached the beginning again, for I am reminded that I have not told anyone who, of all the party, Alexander Sampson was. If I remember correctly, I eulogized him quite highly at first, and now I come to him once more. Faithful companion, I cannot do you justice, for it has not been given to me power to express in adequate language a fitting tribute to your worth to me. Many a long chase have you led me over hill and through hollow; many a long tramp have we taken through the trackless forests and across the plains. You have tried me as never tried by anyone else; and exposed me as never before or since exposed. Through rain and sleet and snow we have plodded along for many a mile; through swamps, where every step was a quaky bog; into unknown districts, from which only the faithful compass led us; through windfalls and brush and briars and rocks; at river crossings and along the runways we have watched until almost frozen, then to stumble into camp mid the gathering gloom, stepping to the accompaniment of hooting owls and the distant wail of the wolf. But though you have done this and even more you have always stood by me. You have never failed, and often by your assistance the end of some of our greatest trials has been glorious success, which has driven away all memory of hardship or fatigue. Thus we have camped together, hunted together, and lived together these many years, and our relations have always been pleasant, and I live in hopes that we may continue to do so for many more years to come. What care we what others say, so long as we are satisfied? What care we though others affect to despise our caliber and our aim, so long as we are constant each to the other? What care we though we are compelled to compete with others of greater penetration and power, so long as our successes are sufficient for ourselves? At all events, I am without complaint, for I am frank to confess that if fault there is it rests with me and not with you. So, good companion, as long as I live your future is assured, for I will never see you suffer abuse or injury. You and I will not say farewell until, until—well, so long as life shall last. But who is Alexander Sampson? My .45-90 repeating rifle. CAROLUS.

A Pastoral Lifting.

Or the literary results of the poet's vacation at Halls Corners, N. Y.:

Oh, for a life in the country free,
Where the sighing wind in the sweet corn tree
Mingles its music, drowsy and low,
With the song of the milkmaid, as, to and fro,
Through the sunny pastures she skips about,
Milking the milk weeds with many a spout.

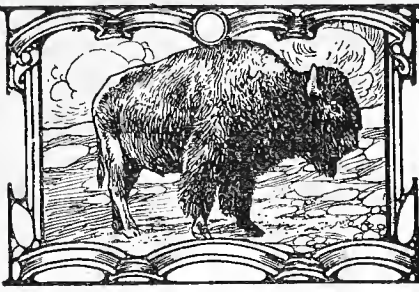
How sweet are the wee white leghorn lambs,
That scamper about with the half-grown hams,
Barking in glee at the farmer's lad
As he wades in the brooklet fishing for shad,
While out through the barnyard come strident notes,
For the farmer is busy a-shearing the shoats.

The drowsy sound of the husking bees
Drifts in at noon on the scented breeze,
The farmer's men all cease their toil;
No more they cultivate the soil,
Nor educate the sheep; no more
Swap ancient puns at the country store.

For 'tis the festive dinner hour,
And they gather round and eke devour
Enough of the juicy buckwheat cake
To make their rural bellies ache.
But back to the orchard at once they go,
For the strawberry bushes they now must sow.

Oh, a country life is the life for me,
Where the neighing calves go frisking free;
The swallows cackle at sunset hour,
As they sip the dew from the whole wheat flower,
And early to roost the ravens go,
For at morn they must flap their wings and crow.

—Frederick Aruthr Palmer in the Journalist.



NATURAL HISTORY



Some Animals I Have Studied.

V.—Coallie, The Snake Dog.

If there is a dog, large or small, in all our great country that can excel my Coallie in exterminating large and dangerous snakes, without the help of man or any mechanical device, let us hear of it. She is common enough in appearance, saving that she's one of the blackest of all black things, with a narrow white streak under her neck and breast, and white toes on both her hind feet; rather heavily built, "fiste" size, nearly straight haired, and possessing prodigious strength and incredible endurance. Withal she is much more quick and active than she appears.

Although I claim for her only average natural intelligence, I propose to show that even that average must be something quite different from mere instinct. Indeed, some of her habits would seem to indicate a very foolish mind, if not an upset mind, rather than a lack of mind. She shows her intelligence in various ways. If I tell her to bring a dead hen from under the house, she does so, putting it in my hands, not running off with it to eat it after the instinctive manner of a dog. If I ask her to bring anything out of the water, and it is a thing that can be found and lifted, even a stone larger than her head, having any flattened corner thin enough to grip her jaws on, and no matter if she must dive two feet under to get it, and wade or swim out head under, she invariably does it, or nearly drowns trying. A few years ago we had three lively steers which my brother Clay (who is considerable of a wag) named Smith, Jones, Brown (and Brown was white, though Smith was brown). They were sometimes in the pasture, sometimes outside, generally near together; but no matter where, Coallie knew each one by name, and would bring all or any one of them to the barn as called without error. She also knew the names of several of the cows. She knows, as surely as Malty did, the meaning of "hen," "pig," "cow," "calf," "horse" (and knows our own two horses by their individual names, too), and the common name of all domestic creatures near, and the name of every species of wild thing she ever has to do with, from "snake" down to "bug," yet her knowledge of words is very limited compared to Malty's.

She shows her foolishness, not instinct, by the way she plays with large stones, preferring them to softer or lighter substances; but perhaps this is wiser than apparent. It may be her method of keeping her muscles hard and responsive. She will roll a stone, from the size of a goose-egg to the size of a half-gallon bucket, down a steep hillside, then hurl herself after it and catch it, perhaps at its greatest velocity, and stop it, too, or go tumbling along with it. I have never known any man to be able to bowl a stone down a gentle slope too swiftly for her to catch it, though she were held until the rock struck the ground about twenty feet ahead. Talk about sport! It is a most exciting sight, if not an appalling one, to see her overtake a huge stone when, at a distance of one hundred feet or more, it has attained its highest speed, and is knocking fire out of the flinty ground at every bound, and mowing down the stiff dead weeds as might a small tornado, and plunge upon it like a confused, misshapen black ball, stopping it within ten feet, at farthest, sometimes within three feet. One expects to see her teeth knocked out, or her head jerked off, or her paws torn off, or her whole body hopelessly mangled; that is, on first beholding the performance.

She will roll a large rock, using her nose, pig-fashion, into the water; wade in, carry it out, gnaw it awhile, then tumble it in again; and repeat over and over. Usually she manages to hurl it further and further, until it lodges in water deep enough to compel her to dive after it. Thus she goes on until she loses it, or is recalled, or diverted in some way.

Once, in swimming where she could not touch bottom, a stone, the size of a mighty fist was hurled toward her, the thrower designing to have it sink and see her dive after it; it was done before I could warn him. But the dog—fearless or fool, as you please—sprang fairly out of the water, perch-like, caught it, held on to it, fell back, and went under with it, and then crawled on the bottom to the edge of the pool, about six feet, and came triumphantly ashore with it. How's that for retrieving? She'd be worth a fortune to me if I were a duck hunter. But all this is small for her. Note the following: Prof. F. F. Macc, of Hot Springs, was in swimming with the undersigned in the picturesque Ouachita. We found a heavy beer bottle (no, we didn't take it there, for we are strictly temperate, even to crankiness), which we tightly corked and threw into the water. Now comes evidence of Coallie's strength and endurance. It was so thick and heavy that when it ceased bobbing, but little more than the neck showed above the surface, and even that little was difficult to see, being near the color of the water. But Coallie saw the splash and plunged after it, and tried to grab it. Hard and smooth, it eluded her, sinking perhaps a foot. Without waiting for it to rise, she promptly followed it, snapping at it more violently than before. Of course, the more suddenly she struck it, the deeper it descended. When she was compelled to come up for air, it popped up behind her; feeling it strike her tail, she flew around and began another eager struggle with it; and she did not give up until she won it, and brought it out. Does "a burnt child dread the fire?" As soon as the bottle was thrown in again—this time further out—she leaped in as enthusiastically as before. I will not describe the trouble of finding it and securing it; suffice to say she brought it out all right, and "wrung herself out" on the sand, then got up and "dared" us to throw it again. Prof. Macc threw it this time, sending it a distance I could not have believed possible—so far, in fact, that it

could not be seen, only the splash as it struck the water serving to locate it. Again the dog got it. It was an interesting exhibition of staying quality, of strength, sagacity, grit; the long watery voyage, the searching round and round in a diminishing circle; the desperate struggle, on and under the water; the laborious return with the hard-earned prize. It seemed that she could scarcely hold her nose above the water by the time she reached shore. Still she was willing to "spend and be spent" in our service. So it was sent out again, and again, and again; so many times I would hardly dare state if I had counted them, from the fact that I have agreed not to exaggerate, and I have no doubt that my account will already look rather florid to persons who have known only timid and characterless canines; yet, as I read it over to myself, I sigh and mentally exclaim: "Truly, words are sometimes merely a hint of the reality."

I here feel it incumbent upon me to defend myself from probable charges of heartlessness toward the dog, in allowing her to venture her life so much, and for mere sport. Allow me to say that I was neither indifferent nor unprepared regarding her. I often swam after her, generally far behind, but near enough to reach her in time if she began to show indications of giving way, and was at all times ready to plunge after her. And as to my ability—well, I have never known a man whom I believed could swim further or for a longer time, or dive deeper than Coallie's master. As to Coallie's own powers in the water, local sportsmen all speak of her in terms of highest praise, and none ever suggest a possible rival. I wish all true sportsmen who read *FOREST AND STREAM* could see her in the water.

But her most valued and inexplicable accomplishment or habit—it is almost a habit—is her snake-killing one. And, whether from intelligence or instinct I know not, it is almost impossible to compel her to kill or injure one of the harmless sorts, unless it is of large size. But she needs no encouragement to attack venomous ones, such as rattlers or moecasins, and destructive, egg-stealing species like blacksnakes, coachwhips, and "chicken-snakes." I don't think Mr. Hay described or even mentioned the latter in his valuable treatise on snakes. It is the largest American snake that I am acquainted with; that is to say, it averages largest. I never saw a small one—"Wundah whar dey stays till dey git growed?"—and is the toughest, strongest, and hardest to conquer. It climbs trees rapidly and easily, and by means of even a slight crook, much less than a coil, about a slightly rough projection, holds on so firmly that a very hard pull is required to tear it loose; that is, tail first. Of course it can be drawn forward easily, as a snake's scales are not adapted to resist forward motion, and it cannot move backward without contorting its body. I have had some very queer experiences with many sorts of reptiles, but a series of adventures with this species surpasses all the others combined; but of that some other time.

Coallie commenced her warfare on snakes while yet a puppy; and as she was very awkward about it at first—giving the enemy every chance to strike first—I helped her a few times. Soon she became so expert that I ceased to be uneasy about her, and her self-confidence was such that she didn't even call me always. Frequently she was "popping" a serpent before I knew she had found one. If she found one in the water, though, or in a hole, or in a hollow tree, anywhere that seemed inaccessible or that allowed it too great an opportunity for escape—she always called for help.

The second season after she had learned the exciting art, I began to count the big snakes she destroyed; but after the number reached sixteen or seventeen before my corn was planted, I gave it up. Two of them were "king-snakes;" I am sorry to say I am compelled to try to keep even the non-poisonous varieties in check, as they are too numerous here, and are very destructive of eggs and young chickens, though I once allowed a four-foot black-snake unrestricted possession of my barn loft for a week, because I saw him catching rats and didn't see him taking eggs.

A detailed account of Coallie's more difficult or dangerous feats with snakes would expand to a serial by itself; but I will mention two, and then dismiss her for the present.

She discovered the head of a cotton-mouth above the surface of a pool in the brook near-by. The pool is about two feet deep in the center where the head showed, and twelve feet wide. Determined not to let it escape, she barked loudly. Gypsy, a tiny terrier, and fairly respectable snake dog herself, ran to help surround it, and crossed over to the opposite shore, just in time, too, to head it off. I hadn't my rifle along, so picked up a stone, and waited to see if I would be needed. The loathsome reptile (I hate them more than rattlers, and for several very good reasons) appeared in the middle again, and seemed more defiant than fearful. Coallie was quivering with rage, her usually brown eyes glowing like green balls of fire. Suddenly, after taking careful aim, perhaps, she leaped outward and downward, squarely upon that astonished monster—if a snake has sense enough to ever be astonished; you see, I'm not claiming any great intelligence for that animal. There was a tremendous splash, then confusion in the midst of a muddy spray, followed instantly by a slapping, popping sound, and she came ashore with the mangled snake, which was not five feet long, as I had expected, but a good three. It had all been done so surprisingly that I cannot be sure whether she caught the snake by the head ere he could go under, or whether she dived and caught him beneath the surface, either of which could not have been easy, as a snake dives very swiftly.

In hot weather Coallie always makes a careful and intelligent search for the reptiles every time she goes near a watercourse. Her methods suggest an experienced detective picking up clues.

One day when I was working in a patch of new ground, I heard Coallie barking in a livelier manner than usual out in the virgin forest beyond. Leaving my brother plowing, I hurried to her. She had found three big chickensnakes, the shortest 4½ and the longest 5½ feet, I afterward found by measuring them, lying full length, defying her. I leaped toward them with my formidable sprouting-hoe; they started to run, but—well, that small dog not only stopped every one of those swift, powerful creatures, but actually killed them all without me striking a blow. It was all done in a few seconds, but it would take half a column to minutely describe how it was accomplished. Briefly she caught two of them at first grab, and by a tremendous effort temporarily disabled them; then dropping them, she dashed after the third, which she caught and also placed, for a time, *hors de combat*. Subsequently she finished them one at a time, chewing and crushing nearly every joint of each from head to tail. Winding them around my hoe-handle, and noting that they produced a bulk at least half the size of a common water bucket, I carried them to the field and exhibited them until their odor warned me to bury them. We seldom leave any dead thing large enough to seem important lying around to pollute the atmosphere. Even the child Chester (the naturalist) has acquired the habit of picking up and burying every dead chick, rat, etc., that he finds near or far.

In very dry weather when the brook ceases to be a living stream, and lies dormant in a chain of disconnected pools, Coallie, alone or otherwise, reconnoiters the bed for half a mile, up or down, daily; and, if evidences are not misleading, she seldom fails to conquer at least one snake. Sometimes she finds one with only its head protruding from a hole in the bank, so that there is no chance to attack it in the rear; whereupon a terrible battle ensues. If every art she can devise to lure it forth fails, she becomes so desperate that she will snatch it by its very jaws and tear it from its den. Under no circumstances will she give up; the snake she must have at any cost. Four times, at least, she has carried away an enormously swelled head or neck from wounds that would have been fatal to some animals. She is just as fearless of the fragrant skunk; she dug out and executed eleven matured ones at one den.

L. R. MORPHEW.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Foreign Birds in America.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

It is a well established law of bird life that all birds go from their equatorial limit toward the poles to breed, never in the other direction. I think the shape of North America was the cause of the loss of the quail and other birds turned loose in the Northern States. The birds followed the Atlantic Coast southwards, and having no hereditary pathway to guide them as the American birds have, they were lost at sea when they left the south Cape of Florida.

In the case of the skylark and the European goldfinch, these birds were hardy enough to winter in the Southern States. I am glad to see by Mr. Frank Moonan's letter of July 21, that the skylark is spreading in the Eastern States. In President Roosevelt's "Hunting Trips on the Prairie," published in 1902 (but it must have been written several years before), he speaks of hearing the song of the skylark in the bad lands of South Dakota. If it was the European skylark he meant, and I think the President is accurate in his descriptions, it must have come from the Portland, Oregon, importation twelve or fourteen years ago; at that rate the Eastern and Western birds ought to meet soon.

It is wonderful how indifferent most people seem to be to the advent of this magnificent songster. We ought to build a monument to the first man who turned loose the skylark. The way to build it would be to start an all-American Acclimatization Society, with headquarters for liberating the birds on the plateau of Mexico, where they would have unbroken land for their migrations both north and south. Then we could get the nightingale with a fair chance of success. I believe there are thousands of people all over this country who would respond to the right man in this cause.

MOUNTAIN TEXAS.
[The skylark referred to by President Roosevelt was the Missouri skylark (*Neocorys spraguei*), a native species. It has a song like the European skylark, and, like it, sings on the wing.]

Amherst's Audubon Bird Collection.

By the gift of the Hon. Elbert E. Farman, L.L.D., of Warsaw, New York, Amherst College possesses Audubon's celebrated collection of birds, amounting in all to about six hundred species. Many of these are the typical specimens by which the species were determined, and about one hundred have been mounted for exhibition in the Appleton Cabinet. Also, there have been added to this collection by the same donor several of the rarer California birds which have been discovered since the death of Audubon.

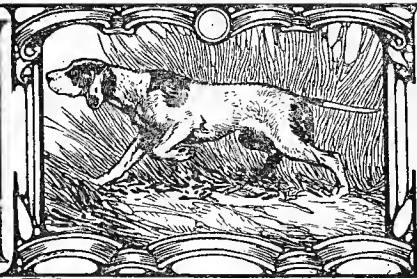
MASSACHUSETTS.

He Had Felt It.—Singleton—"Did you ever feel that you were an insignificant atom in the great plan of the universe—that you were really unnecessary, so to speak?" Wedderly—"You bet I have—and I never felt it more strongly than I did last night when I got home and found my wife discussing the fashion with a couple of her women friends."—Chicago Daily News.

Cause for Rejoicing.—Mrs. Rabbit—"Oh! I am so glad you're home again. I've missed you dreadfully." Mr. Rabbit—"Thank you, my dear. I'm happy to say that the amateur hunter I met did the same thing."—Puck.



GAME BAG AND GUN



Days in Cherry County.

WYMORE, Nebraska.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* When the hot weather is over and the leaves begin to turn, the business man in city or town, as a rule, renews his efforts in the mad race for place or pelf, but not so with all.

There are a few in every community whose ancestors were mighty hunters in their day, and upon whom heredity exerts an influence which inclines them toward the fields and lakes, where grouse and ducks are likely to be found. These few still feel, or hear, the "call of the wild" or of the "red gods," and they must go.

They seem to have no disposition to renew their efforts in a business way, but wander aimlessly about, and sometimes they meet and talk about shooting, discuss the qualities of the various makes of smokeless powders, guns, etc., and tell and listen to stories of the good old days when all kinds of game was plentiful, and could be found in an hour's walk from home. And when one old and grizzled veteran tells of shooting twenty great big Canada geese from behind one corn shock, and describes how he could have killed a hundred just as easy, but, being no hog, he picked up his twenty geese and his old muzzleloader and walked home, they do not stop to figure up how much those geese would weigh, or what a task it would be for an ordinary man to carry 250 pounds of goose in one hand and his gun in the other; but they begin to talk about where they can go to find good shooting, and at last two or three of them get together and begin to arrange to go somewhere. Thus it happened that on the 27th day of September, 1903, Tom and Lake and I held a meeting to make our final arrangements, and to decide on the place to go, and what to take along. What to take along was easy—our guns and shells—but where to go was the question. Finally Tom, who seldom gets an outing, said he wanted a place where he could turn around with the hay ladders on and not feel cramped; so at last we decided on Cherry county.

Cherry county is the largest county in Nebraska. If you could set the State of Connecticut down in the center of Cherry county, you would still have more than a thousand square miles left around the edges to play in. It has a population of about one to the square mile, and they are nearly all along the Elkhorn Railroad in the eastern and northern edges of the county; so we decided to go to the southwestern part.

On Monday, the 28th, we boarded a Burlington train at two o'clock in the afternoon, changed cars at Lincoln, and at seven o'clock Tuesday morning we arrived at Mullen, the county seat of Hooker county, and here we rested for a day, and prepared for our long drive to Pullman in Cherry county.

The open season on grouse did not begin until Thursday, October 1, but in talking to the people, we found that no one paid any attention to the game laws in that part of the State, except as to its provisions in regard to hunting for the market, and shipping to market, and that they had been shooting grouse since the middle of July; in fact, about all their shooting had been done in July and August, and nearly all the hunters that we talked to said that they had not been out for three or four weeks, but that there were oceans of chickens in July and August. But we found that the game law had stopped the market-hunting, and that no grouse were being shipped, as had been the custom before the passage of the present game law; and we were also told by nearly all the old settlers in Cherry county that the grouse had increased very fast since the market-hunting had been stopped.

On Wednesday morning we started in a two-horse spring wagon on our long drive to Pullman, forty miles northwest.

The county attorney at Mullen telephoned to the house on the 101 ranch, twenty-two miles from Mullen, that we were coming, and would be there for dinner. It was a little over twenty miles from the front gate on this ranch up to the house; the roads were very sandy, and the traveling very slow; but it was open season on prairie dogs, and we whiled away the time very pleasantly, as we struck a dog town every two or three miles, and sometimes one town ran into the next one, and we were kept busy, only shooting at such dogs as barked at us, until at about two o'clock we arrived at the ranch house and had our dinner.

The superintendent of this ranch was a young Englishman. He wore a suit of white duck, with boots the top of which came above the knees, and he had spurs on his feet. He got us badly mixed up, and called our hired driver "Judge," and asked me how the livery business was in Mullen; then he rolled a cigarette for himself, and offered to roll one for each of us, but this was too small a vice for any of our party, except the driver.

After dinner and a good rest, we started on, and about dark drove through a gate, and were out of the 101 ranch and back in the United States again, and hurrying on, we arrived at Pullman at about ten o'clock. We found the town to consist of one store building and two dwellings, to one of which belonged a bunk house, and of this we took possession at once.

The proprietor told us that if we wanted grouse, to get up at five o'clock in the morning and walk over the big sand-hill south of the house, and we would have all we wanted before we got to the top of the hill. So at day-break we were out, and promising to be back at seven for breakfast, started on our long climb. We reached the top of the hill in two hours, but nary grouse did we have. Of course we saw plenty of grouse, but did you ever try to shoot a grouse when you were out of wind? It takes wind to kill grouse. Have you ever been in Cherry county? Have you climbed the mighty sand-hill, with the raw, right-angled blow-out at the top?

Did you ever try to climb a sand-hill, where you slipped back a foot and a half for every foot you traveled? If

not, you have missed something; and if you have, you will understand what I mean when I say it takes wind to kill a grouse. It was ten o'clock when we got back to breakfast, and we decided to do all our hunting in the future after breakfast.

When we got back to the house, we did not see anything of the proprietor until after we had breakfast and a good rest, and it was a good thing for him that we did not see him when we first got back, as Tom has several times intimated that he felt as though he had never contributed his full share to the school fund of the State. But he showed up after breakfast looking as pleasant as a basket of chips, and seemed very much surprised to find that we had brought in no game.

The sand-hills of that part of Cherry country run in ranges east and west, and between the ranges of sand-hills are pretty little valleys of half a mile to three miles in width, and in these valleys are lakes of all sizes, from those covering a half acre, to those covering a thousand acres. While we were resting in the morning on top of that sand-hill, we had noticed a couple of lakes south of us, around which the ducks were flying in clouds; so after we had somewhat recovered from the effects of our morning's climb, we had the team hitched up, and drove to the lakes. Just as we alighted from the wagon, a little bunch of teal went over us, and I managed to get four of them. The lakes were covered with ducks; there were millions of them; every seat was taken, but how to get them was a question. The lakes were surrounded with rushes, and we could not wade through them, nor shoot over them. The mud was bottomless, and the depth to which one would sink depended solely on the length of time he remained in one place. It was really very dangerous to try to wade even around the edge. We could do nothing without a boat, so we went back to the house and had our dinner, and then drove to Twin Lakes.

One of these lakes covered about a section of land, and the other looked much larger, and they were connected by a ligament of water about three rods wide. There was plenty of water, with countless numbers of ducks, but mud—it was simply frightful. We could not retrieve what we shot, and after a hard afternoon's work had only fourteen ducks, although we had killed many more that we could not get, and not wishing to destroy game that we could not use, we desisted and went back to the house.

In the morning, Tom and Lake decided to go back to Twin Lakes, as they had heard of an old boat that might be had, and I decided to try for a few jack snipe around some of the swamps.

I walked several miles and killed nine snipe, of which I retrieved only three, but could not get the rest because they invariably flew toward the swamp and fell into it, where the mud could not be waded, so I went back to the house and went to sleep.

When I awoke it was about one o'clock, and I hurried to my dinner, and found that my companions had been there before me. After dinner I walked out to the store and inquired for the boys, and was told that they were gone. Gone where? Why, gone home with old Pap Tie, an old market-hunter, who had taken pity on them, and taken them home with him, and promised to find and shoot for them all the grouse they wanted; and I was left behind. It seemed, from the story that was told to me, that the boys had come in from Twin Lakes pretty much disgusted, and had about decided to start for home, when they ran across old Pap, and for a consideration he had agreed to take them home with him, and shoot the birds for them, and show them how to hunt grouse; and that I had been mentioned, but there was only room for the boys, the old man, and our driver; so they had decided to go without me, and if the shooting proved good, to send back for me. But on going back to the bunk house I found that they had taken half of my shells and part of my clothes, so I did not look for them back very soon, and had to shift for myself.

On going back to the store I met, and was introduced to, a gray-whiskered gentleman who had come in to telephone to the railroad for some cars in which to ship a lot of cattle, but not being able to get the cars for another week, he had plenty of time to talk, and we soon got on good terms, and he invited me to go home with him for a few days. I at once accepted. He had a fine ranch a few miles up the valley, a double sod house, sheds, barns, about a thousand head of black Galloway cattle, and some of the finest horses I ever saw. His name was S. E. Stilson, and he was called 'Squire. His son Will was with him, driving a fine team of horses to a two-seated spring wagon, and after a few minutes' preparation we were off for the Stilson ranch, where we arrived at about four o'clock, and it was decided that we would take a little hunt before supper. One seat was taken out of the wagon and a keg of water put in, and we were ready. The 'Squire's other son, Sam, mounted a horse, took a Winchester repeater, and rode alongside the wagon; Will did the driving. The 'Squire had an old 10-gauge Parker that had seen service for over thirty years. It had the old lifter action and hammers, but it had shooting ability that was surprising. We drove to the top of the sand ridge north of the house, and when the 'Squire's dog pointed, he and I got out; Sam sat upon his horse, and Will took care of the team. A grouse got up away to my right, and went squarely across in front of me. No one else offered to shoot, so I pulled up, and holding about three feet ahead of him, I "lammed 'er loose," and made a clean miss. The 'Squire had a way of talking to game before he killed it, and he said, "Hold on there, my beauty." His Parker spoke, and down came the grouse. Then the 'Squire said to me, "Don't mind my doing that; we are getting these grouse for you," and, "You held too far ahead, with that smokeless powder; it's awful quick." I explained that I had been shooting at the trap, and that it spoiled one for shooting in the field. I asked the 'Squire

where he would have held on that grouse, and he said, "Right on the point of his bill."

Well, I soon learned not to hold so far ahead, and got one once in a while, but that shot has always reminded me of a picture I once saw in a sporting paper. It was at the time that there was so much discussion going on in the papers about holding on and holding ahead. The picture was of two city dudes, all rigged up for hunting, with fine guns, game-bags, dogs, etc., but no game. The other figure in the picture was of an old negro man, with an old musket, and he was loaded down with ducks. One of the city dudes asks the old negro if he held on or ahead, and the old negro replies, "Mostly boss, mostly; when I gits 'em, I holds on."

We then moved up a little to where the dog was waiting for us, and the chickens began to get up all around us, in pairs, in bunches, and in droves. Sam worked that pump six times, and had six grouse. I did not notice the 'Squire miss any, and my own gun got hot. It sounded like a Fourth of July. Sam did not seem to lose any time in reloading, but kept that old corn sheller going, and the grouse fell like hail. When they quit getting up, his horse galloped a quarter of a mile and stopped where he had marked down a couple that had got away, and up they went, and down they came. That was the first time I had ever seen a horse point game in the field. Then we counted up; we had forty-six grouse, and I had killed all of them but forty. We drove back to the house, where I met Mrs. Stilson, and we sat down to one of the nicest suppers I ever ate in my life. I will not try to describe the bill of fare, but may say that among other things we had six fried grouse. These had been killed two or three days and kept in cold storage, and were fried to perfection, and served as daintily as it could be done in the finest home in the land.

After supper we went out to take care of our game and feed the dogs. I had noticed a number of hounds, and wondered what they were kept for. They were the greyhound crossed with the staghound, and were from one-eighth to one-half staghound, and I will tell you a little later what they were kept for, but must now tell you how they were fed. Will brought up forty-six grouse in a couple of grain sacks; the dogs were all let loose, and surrounded him; then, taking a grouse, he held it up in his left hand, with the tail pointing up, the breast toward him; then with the fingers of his right hand he broke the skin and drew out the entrails; these he threw to the dog that he had selected to be first fed; and as he threw the feed to the dog, he jerked his hand back out of reach, and at least a hundred yards away you could hear the snap of the hound's teeth as he closed upon this mouthful. The whole forty-six grouse were pulled in the same way, and the entrails fed to the hounds. Then they were given some corn-meal mush cooked on purpose for them, and that constituted their supper.

After the grouse were all cleaned in the way described, they were tied in bunches of six or seven each and hung upon the platform of the wind-mill, about thirty feet from the ground, and left to cool until morning, when they were taken down before sunrise and laid upon their backs on the ground floor of a large and deep cave, where, Mr. Stilson said, they could be kept for weeks, even in warm weather.

That night I slept on a feather bed made from the down plucked from wild geese, and on the floor of my room was a rug made from the skins of sixteen coyotes, and at breakfast we had more fried grouse.

On Saturday morning it was stormy and very wet, so it was planned that we would have a coyote hunt on horseback, and let the dogs have a little exercise. I was mounted upon a big bay horse that Sam had ridden when shooting chickens the evening before, and Sam was left at home. The 'Squire and Will were mounted, each on his favorite horse. Will was the owner of the dogs, and was the coyote killer. But four of the dogs were let loose. They were Old Boxer, the oldest one of the bunch, about half staghound, and large and powerful; Whiteie, an old bitch, about a quarter staghound, a powerful runner and terrible fighter; the other two were young dogs, and need not be further described. A ride of half an hour took us over the sand ridge. As we descended the slope, the dogs were let loose, and, after playing around a few minutes, they settled down to business, and we galloped along behind, but well spread out, Will on the extreme right, the 'Squire on the left, and I in the center field. Then came a yell from Will, and my horse jumped so far and was so long in coming down to the ground again, that I lost my hat, and could do nothing but hold on for the next quarter of a mile, when my horse stopped, and was standing over the dogs watching the fight. We had started three coyotes, two young ones and one old one. Three coyotes in half an hour, two of which would weigh thirty pounds and the other one near forty pounds, were the results of the chase, and we thought it a pretty good record.

Now, for fear that I have not sufficiently impressed FOREST AND STREAM readers with the vastness of Cherry county and the importance of the coyote industry, I quote from a letter received from 'Squire Stilson, written March 14 last, as follows: "In December I made a trip to Valentine, 180 miles (round trip) through the sand; a trip to Merryman, 104 miles, and several trips to the railroad. My hunting has nearly all been after coyotes, and I have caught 51 this winter, or rather the dogs have. Will started this morning for a few days' hunt, and I know he will catch a few, sure."

After our coyote hunt we returned to the house for dinner, and had a grouse potpie; not one of the boiled dough kind, but baked, and it was so good that I was not able to hunt any more that day. We stayed in the house and had a nice visit, while the 'Squire told me of many of his hunts and rare experiences during his third of a cen-

tury in the wilds of Cherry county.

On Sunday morning the storm was over, and the weather beautiful, and we concluded to shoot a few more grouse. The law allowed me to bring home fifty, and I only had forty-six. The 'Squire and I went off by ourselves, leaving instructions for Will to follow shortly with the team. Sam was left at home, as we did not want to exterminate the grouse. We walked about a mile to the top of a sand ridge south of the house, and soon found a large patch of wild rose bushes full of red berries. The 'Squire explained that these red berries constituted the food of the grouse during the winter months. The bushes stood from six inches to a foot in height, and were all loaded; it was seldom that they were entirely covered with snow, and the grouse killed in the winter months were always fat and delicious eating.

While we had been talking, the dog had pointed, and getting tired of waiting for us, had lain down, but as we moved up he got up and resumed his point. We moved up until we found good footing, and then told the dog to put them up. We did not move over two hundred feet from where we began to shoot until we realized that we had all the grouse that we could take care of. When Will came up with the wagon, we loaded up our game and drove to the house. When the game was all counted, we had eighty-three grouse that belonged to me, and I was in shape to help the boys out, in case they did not have the fifty birds apiece allowed by law.

We had grouse baked with dressing (stuffing we called it when I was a boy) for dinner, and at the request of the 'Squire, Mrs. Stilson had baked a rollic-pollie for me. It was something like an apple dumpling, baked instead of boiled, and made in a long roll, and as a compliment to Mrs. Stilson I ate so much of it that I had to lay up for the rest of the day. I think eating has become a habit with me; I began it very early in life, and often, when a boy, mother would tell us that the one who could eat the most mush and milk should have a piece of pie; I always ate so much mush and milk that I did not want any pie.

Monday morning came all too soon, and my visit was at an end. The team and driver, with Lake and Tom, appeared about nine o'clock on their way home, and stopped for me. They had just forty-nine grouse and one duck packed in a telescope, so I presented them with thirty-three grouse. My own grouse were packed for me by the 'Squire, who was an expert, fifty grouse in one large telescope, and it made a load.

When we were about ready to start, I took the 'Squire into the stable and told him that I felt as though I should offer to remunerate him for all his kindness and assistance to me; that I had had the services of himself and his sons and his horses and his dogs for three days, and that Mrs. Stilson had done nothing but cook for me, and that I had been entertained most royally, and that I would like to do the right thing, etc. But the 'Squire let me talk until he found what I was driving at, then he said: "Now please don't spoil our visit by offering to pay. If you will give me your promise to come again, and keep it, I shall consider myself well repaid. You will always find a welcome in my house."

So bidding my friends good-by, and with a promise to see them all again, I joined the boys, and we were on our road again for home. It was a long and tiresome drive to Mullen, where we arrived at ten o'clock that night, having been compelled to telephone from the 101 ranch to a livery stable in Mullen for a team to meet us on the road, our horses having given out. We killed enough grouse on the long drive to give each one of us his fifty birds.

We took the train at seven in the morning, and arrived at home at eight the same night. The next morning our surrey was hitched up, and forty of those grouse were distributed among my friends who never have the chance to hunt for themselves, and ten were kept at home. One lady to whom I gave a couple of grouse kept them until the following Sunday, when her husband came home to help eat them, and they were still as good, if not better, than when taken from the muzzle of the gun.

As soon as I could arrange it, I sent a box of loaded shells to my friend Stilson, but I find I cannot get even, for on the Tuesday before Thanksgiving Day I received from Cherry county an express box of good things in return for the loaded shells. For the first ten days of next October my address will be Pullman, Cherry county, Nebraska, in care of S. E. Stilson, Esq.

A. D. McCANDLESS.

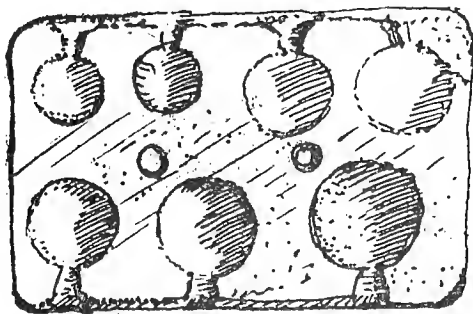
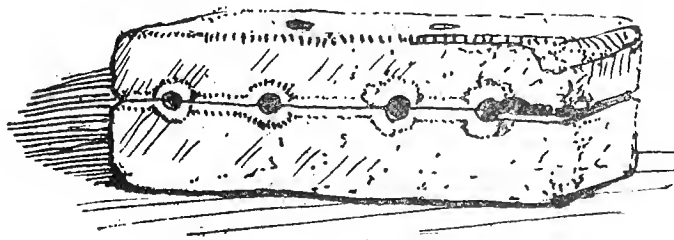
Bullet Molds.

BREWER, Me.—As Cabia Blanco speaks of bullet molds being seldom seen now, I thought that some of those who have never seen them might be interested to know something about them. They open sidewise like a pair of pliers, each part making half of the bullet. They usually had a sharp cutting edge just below where they joined. After the bullet was run it was placed with the nib between these sharp edges, and pressing on the handles cut it off smoothly. This part was then made round by scraping with a knife. In loading, care was always taken to place this part down. Usually gunsmiths bought bullet molds in what were called blanks; that is, they were nearly solid, and were fitted to the size wished by being reamed out with what was called a cherry. It was customary to smoke new molds with birch bark to make the bullets smooth, as those first run were apt to have fine creases round them, till the molds had been smoothed by use. Some molds were made to run three at a time. Common molds cost fifty cents a pair.

After conical bullets began to be used, molds were made of brass which opened like scissors; the lower part contained the bullet except the rounded top. The upper part molded the top, and had a sharp edge which in opening cut the nib off. Such molds cost \$2.50 a pair.

I have quite a lot of molds of the different patterns. I have one set of molds which are quite a curiosity. They are made of soapstone, are $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches long by exactly 2 inches wide and $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick. They open through the center like opening a book. On one side are molds for four bullets of several sizes; a channel or groove connects all the holes at the top, so that the lead can flow into all at once. The mold was set edgewise when bullets were cast. On the reverse side three bullets of another size could be run. The sides were joined by two wooden dowels; the sides closed as closely as the leaves

in a book. The molds for all the bullets are as smooth and sound as any can be made. The outside of the mold has all the edges nicely beveled. I think it would be hard to find anyone now who could duplicate it. A member of the Stone family of Mt. Auburn, Mass., gave



it to me. The donor is over fifty years old, and said that it had been in the Stone family for four generations, and was brought over from England by the father of Seaborn Stone, one of the very early settlers of Massachusetts. I inclose a rough drawing showing the molds when shut and open.

M. HARDY.

Guns and Gun Feats.

CHARMAN, Pa.—Editor *Forest and Streams*. Referring to the discussion on the subject of barking, I would say that I have seen many squirrels bark the hunter, but I have never seen the operation reversed; but let that go, and let me state the following instances which have come under my observation. During an expedition for deer in southern Pennsylvania, my companion flushed two ruffed grouse, and sent a .38 Winchester bullet after one of them. The bird collapsed in its flight and fell to the ground as if dead. Almost immediately, however, it pulled itself together and ran. My friend caught it and found that it was entirely uninjured, not even a feather cut as far as we could see. The bird evidently was made unconscious by the near passage of the ball.

Last September I shot the head off of a duck with a .303 Savage, and immediately fired a second shot at his companion. The second duck spun round in the water "like a hen with its head cut off," making three complete turns. Then it flew away, evidently unhurt. Neither I nor my guide saw any loose feathers, and we made up our minds that the demoralization of the bird was due to the near passage of the ball and its accompanying "cyclone." Imagine a ball passing the open eye of a bird or squirrel within, say, 1-32 of an inch—would it not make his head swim?

Cyclones and explosions will often tear all the clothes off of a human being and leave him dead, but without the least evidence of violence or damage to the body.

WM. M. ELLICOTT.

READING, Pa., Aug. 15.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: In reply to an article in your issue of August 13, signed Manhattan, I would say that the rifles of to-day—that is, a modern gun fitted with peep-sights, but not used on a rest, shot offhand—are used for smaller targets than the charred substance on the end of a candle will give. The ordinary candle, if let to burn down for a few minutes, will give a target on the end of the wick about three-eighths of an inch long and an eighth wide. The .22 caliber bullet has been used for $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch targets at 15 yards, and scores of 10 and 11 out of a possible 15 were made. Now if this be possible, which I know is and was done, what is there impossible in snuffing the candle? And it has been done without any muzzle rest, and smaller guns than a .50 and .52 caliber. Can furnish scores and lots of similar feats performed with a modern rifle.

M. S. B.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Why all this debate over the possibility of snuffing a candle with a rifle bullet without putting out the flame? I submit that the inability of three expert members of a New York shooting club to do the trick with a .22 caliber rifle demonstrates only their inferiority to old-time riflemen, and does not prove that the feat was not or could not be accomplished with the Kentucky rifle carrying a heavy round ball.

Mr. O. H. Hampton says he tried it with an old-fashioned rifle and a tallow dip, imitating precisely the Kentucky conditions, but always the flame was blown out by the ball passing within four inches of it.

Cabia Blanco and his cowboy friends seem to have been equally inept or unlucky. Latigo Joe and Quien Sabe only argue the point, and their contributions may be dismissed as irrelevant. Mr. Gould doubts the squirrel-barking stories, and therefore his views on candle-snuffing would be valueless if he should express them.

Now, what does all this negative testimony tend to prove? Only that the writers are unable to shoot like the old-timers, just as that doubting Thomas, Kelly, proved only that his particular squirrel was not barked effectively.

Against all the testimony, opinions, and arguments adduced, I will call but one witness, and his evidence shall settle the question to the entire satisfaction of a host of your readers. I am surprised that the controversy has been allowed to go so far when the means of settling it authoritatively are readily accessible.

In *FOREST AND STREAM* of August 6, you reprinted the chapter on "Kentucky Sports" from Audubon's works. The great naturalist testifies that he saw Kentuckians perform the feat which our modern so-called experts declare to be impossible. To quote literally:

"We have individuals in Kentucky, kind reader, that even there are considered wonderful adepts in the management of the rifle. To drive a nail is a common feat, not more thought of by the Kentuckians than to cut off a

wild turkey's head at a distance of a hundred yards. Others will bark off squirrels one after another until satisfied with the number procured. Some, less intent on destroying game, may be seen under night snuffing a candle at the distance of fifty yards, offhand, without extinguishing it."

That was not hearsay evidence, for Audubon further says:

"The snuffing of a candle with a ball I first had an opportunity of seeing near the banks of Green River. * * * At a distance which rendered it scarcely distinguishable, stood a burning candle, as if intended for an offering to the goddess of night, but which in reality was only fifty yards from the spot on which we all stood. * * * Each marksman shot in his turn. Some never hit either the snuff or the candle, and were congratulated with a laugh, while others actually snuffed the candle without putting it out, and were recompensed for their dexterity by numerous hurrahs. One of them, who was particularly expert, was very fortunate, and snuffed the candle three times out of seven, while all the other shots either put out the candle or cut it immediately under the light."

For more than two generations, scientific men in every land have accepted the observations of Audubon as absolutely trustworthy. For near a hundred years the American people have believed that the old-time riflemen of the South and West were great shots, and that among the feats which they used to perform was snuffing candles. Audubon tells us that he saw Kentuckians snuff candles without putting out the flame, shooting offhand at fifty yards, yet it remains for so-called marksmen of these days to throw doubt on the writings of a great man, and, because they cannot snuff a candle, to ponderously declare that no one else can or ever did.

Is there one of them who has the temerity—the impudence—to insinuate that Audubon did not see what he described, or exaggerated the facts?

FLINT LOCKE.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minnesota, Aug. 27.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: Although a new reader of your publication, I have been interested in the articles on squirrel barking, and pleasantly reminded of a personal experience following closely after the conclusion of the Civil War, when, under an appointment from General Schofield, commanding Department of Virginia, I was stationed at Rocky Mount, Franklin county, Virginia, as one of the registration officials engaged in conducting the registration and election provided for by the reconstruction act of Congress. I made my home with Colonel Turnbull, a typical tavern keeper of the olden time, who combined business with pleasure by supplying his tables with that justly celebrated southern delicacy, "barbecued squirrel." There was a sauce of melted butter and vinegar with which the squirrels were basted while cooking, and the recollection of the savory odors, and the toothsome morsels linger as precious memories. Although I was a "Yankee" and the Colonel a "Johnnie Reb," the fact that I was his guest bridged all differences, and I accepted his proffer of horse and rifle, and often accompanied him on squirrel hunting expeditions. I did not learn to bark squirrels, but under the patient tuition of the Colonel, who taught me that if I could see the ear of a squirrel and shoot straight enough to catch the bark of the limb from which it was shown, my bullet would pass through the head, I soon became proudly proficient as a squirrel hunter.

During my service as a soldier, I was paralyzed by discovering that a bullet had emptied my canteen, and I am therefore prepared to accept the finding that a squirrel may collapse from the shock occasioned by a humming bullet. I hope that before you drop the squirrel, some of our Southern brethren will furnish for publication the old-time recipe for "barbecued squirrel."

C. E. FAULKNER.

Squirrels in the Old Days.

ALONG with the discussion about barking squirrels and snuffing candles with bullets, there has been somewhat said about the wonderful skill of the old-time rifleman: how he used to start a nail on to a board and finish driving it with a bullet from a distance of anywhere from thirty to fifty yards, and how these experts never shot at any part of a squirrel except the head, and that it was so seldom a miss was made that the miss and not the hits was a subject for wonder. Not all of these things have been talked of in the recent discussions, but everyone who is interested in shooting has heard them many a time. The riflemen of those days were no better shots than those of to-day; the rifles were not so accurate as the ones we have now. Nevertheless it is a fact that the squirrel rifleman of those days disdained to take a shot at any part of a squirrel but its head. The conditions, however, were very different. When a boy, fifty years ago, I saw hundreds of squirrels in the woods surrounding my home. So little attention was paid them by the people who were in the woods constantly about their work that the squirrels were very tame, paying little or no attention to the approach of a man until he came within thirty to thirty-five yards, and then if the hunter was careful to make no sudden motions, many of them sprang on to the side of a tree, frequently head downward, and remained motionless, affording an easy shot—so easy, that an ordinary rifleman of even these days would hardly fail to miss the squirrel's head. If the squirrel did not stop and afford a fair shot, no further attention was paid to it, for there was another one a few steps further on, and it did not pay to waste time on one that showed no disposition to set himself up as a fair target.

While the vast woods of Ohio and Indiana were in an early stage of settlement, most people considered squirrels as vermin, and in years when the mast failed, they made serious havoc with the small patches of corn which were the settlers' dependence for bread. They sometimes swarmed into the corn by hundreds, and if not constantly kept driven away, would destroy acres of it. Shooting them was of little use. There were too many of them. At such times it became the business of the children of the family, the dog included, to make war on them in any way to scare them off. Some boy who doubtless afterward became an expert trapper, thought of tying sheaves of straw around the bodies of the dead trees which still

stood in the cornfields; the lower ends of the sheaves were six feet or more from the ground, and trimmed off squarely. A squirrel had no trouble climbing up to the evenly trimmed "butts" of the straw, but could get no further. When the dog gave hot chase to a squirrel which was in the cornfield, it made a run for the nearest tree, and if it was one of the straw-bound trees, that squirrel was in hard luck, for the dog kept it there till the boys came with clubs, and if there were two or more dogs, the squirrel generally was caught. Another boy with genius improved on the straw trap by arranging it so a squirrel could hide between it and the body of the tree, and then a rap with a club did the business for him. Not only were squirrels destructive in the ripe corn, but made much trouble by digging up the newly planted grains in the spring, and it was the usual custom for each neighborhood to have a side-hunt as soon as the corn planting was finished. Two men went with each rifle, one to drive and secure the scalps (for only the scalps were brought in), and the other to do the shooting. The count of scalps often ran into the hundreds. O. H. HAMPTON.

Partridge Rearing in France.

MANY owners of partridge manors, and nearly all the most progressive gamekeepers on such estates, are at present occupied with one great and absorbing question. The problem before them is how to learn, and practice successfully, the system by which our neighbors across the channel induce partridges to lay, sit, and hatch off their broods in captivity. It might be supposed from its sudden and simultaneous trial on English estates this season that the discovery was recent in France; but such is not the case. Though it has only lately been systematized and set out in a book (by M. H. Danin), it has been in use in some form or another for the last twenty years, not only on certain French preserves, but most probably in parts of the Netherlands.

The French rearer catches up (or buys) old partridges in December. He places them all together, and lets them pair in the spring. He provides separate quarters for the pairs to nest in, lets the hens sit and hatch, and when the brood is a few days old liberates both old birds with the chicks, and these at once resume their natural life. The advantages are that both the old birds, sitting bird, and eggs are safe from vermin, and in a large degree from the weather (if the pens are well situated and well made). Almost all the eggs hatch, and the nests can be made up to any reasonable number either by slipping eggs under the hen partridges or having eggs ready in incubators, that the chicks may be added to the brood. Lastly, there is no trouble in rearing (the great difficulty with little partridges, which in the first three weeks live almost entirely on insect food), because the old birds rear them naturally.

The system is simplicity itself. A large central pen is made, with small pens at the sides, communicating by "drop" doors. The best simile is that of a London square, with the houses all round it. The square itself is the home of the old partridges, which live there, and if frequently interviewed grow very tame, from the middle of December till the beginning of March, or later, according to the season. It should be mentioned that clips made of India-rubber and leather are placed on one wing of each bird. They then begin to pair naturally, and as each couple makes a match it naturally draws away into one of the side pens. Here the hen lays and sits, while the cock keeps guard, and is often ridiculously tame, running up to the netting and pecking at any one who touches it.

When pairing time comes on the keeper watches the courting and engagements of his couples with considerable anxiety. There are always some half dozen couples who are coy and coquettish, and these give him acute anxiety. His side pens are like the different numbers in a new block of flats, just ready for occupation. Great is his joy when he can slip down the doors of a newly occupied one, and metaphorically write up "LET" in the windows. But meantime there are other eligible flats still vacant, while the prospective occupants are merely flirting, chopping and changing, or even quarreling in the little park outside. There is not the slightest excuse for them, with furnished quarters, water laid on, meals provided gratis to lighten the cares of housekeeping, and such good examples actually in sight. So he sets to work at "matchmaking" with benevolent watchfulness. If he can only be fairly certain of the inclination of the parties he can hurry matters on. On the other hand, if he is too precipitate he ruins all.

Identification is the main difficulty, and to effect this he borrows a hint from the Chinese. In a Chinese village, where the broods of chickens are allowed to run at large on the communal rubbish-heap, there is always a danger that the hens who are the best "callers" will accumulate most chickens. "Calling" means "clucking," which again is equivalent to the dinner-bell and is so understood by chicks. If three hens start equal, as regards families, the chances are that the best "caller" will annex a large part of the broods of others. This form of accumulating other folks' children raises a serious question in the village economy of China. The difficulty was solved by dyeing, or dipping the broods of chickens, so that each assumed a family color or livery. At the present day, the broods hatched on the premises of Mrs. Ho-ti, or Ah Sin, are dyed magenta or green, as the case may be, while those of other householders are yellow, orange or blue. Our French neighbors have adopted the system at an earlier stage. They mark with distinctive colors, not the offspring, but the prospective parents. Red, green, blue, mauve, orange, or other distinguishing colors are tied round their legs as garters; and if it is noticed that the wearer of a green garter is inclined to be épris of a bird with an orange badge, or pink is seen to be more than usually attentive to a green or blue, the keeper catches the couple with a landing net, and sets them up with a home according to his discretion. As a rule his selection is justified. But if there is any decided incompatibility of temper

the union is dissolved, and the remaining couples "pooled" to come to wiser conclusions in general society.

At Sandricourt, the estate of the Marquis de Beauvoir, the furnishing of the married quarters is elaborate. They are spacious enough, 12 yards by 8, and from 4½ to 5½ feet high, as the builders prefer; the latter allows more room for the keeper to enter comfortably. One end is previously dug over, or even ploughed across and harrowed, the plan being so arranged that the plough and harrow can be drawn from end to end before the pens are put up. This is sown with wheat, which grows up just as the birds are nesting, and provides shelter, and green blades for them to peck, and attracts insects. There is always a pan of clean water, a heap of dry wood ashes to dust in, another and larger heap of old dry farmyard manure for them to scratch in, and some fir boughs placed ridgeways for them to creep under if it rains hard. When the hen seems inclined to make a nest, a few handfuls of hay and straw are put in the pen. Her first eggs may be scattered about. These are picked up with a small green gauze butterfly net. In the main pen other eggs will be dropped, which are also picked up and saved for use later. Some of these are put under the hen partridge when she has been sitting for two days or three days if she seems restless, having been previously placed in an incubator for as long as she has been sitting, that the whole batch may hatch out simultaneously. Another plan is to keep them in the incubator, and add them to the brood when the partridge has hatched her own eggs. The number of eggs which a hen partridge can cover successfully is twenty-two. The birds begin to sit, as a rule, about the beginning of May in France, but in England usually at least three weeks later. Three days after the chicks are hatched, the "brails" are taken off the wings of the old birds, and they and the brood, augmented by chicks from the incubators, are turned out into the cornfields near. A writer in *Country Life* says:

The following figures show the wonderful success obtained on the estate of the Marquis de Beauvoir at Sandricourt from thirty-five pens. The result is quite extraordinary, even though possibly the season was exceptionally good:

Number of pens.....	35
Pens with no nest.....	1
Nests laid in, but no hatch.....	3
Successful pens.....	32
Pens with 100 per cent. fertile eggs.....	10
Best pen (22 eggs) hatched.....	21
Worst pen (10 eggs) hatched.....	3
Young birds hatched in pens.....	406
Young birds added.....	234
Coveys of 20 turned out in a week (with old birds).....	704

There is a further advantage in applying the French method, that is for those who are fond of natural history. For months they possess a remarkably interesting aviary. Partridges are among the prettiest and most interesting of birds, very intelligent, bold, and beautifully marked. Many readers will be inclined to differ from the idea that the birds must be prevented from seeing strangers. When they have paired there is no doubt that the quieter they are kept the better it is for the sitting hen. But before that it is just as well to accustom them to see strangers and people about them. Partridges, like grouse, grow amazingly tame and "cheeky" in confinement. In India they are regularly kept as pets, and there is no reason, except for the ubiquitous and cruel cat, why they should not be so kept here. At the Hague some partridges were kept at the zoo in a pen adjoining the path. The cock bird would crow defiance at any one who came near, and rush up and try to peck a boot or stick placed against the netting. After the experiments made in England this summer, it will be possible to speak more confidently as to the chances of success in England.—C. J. Cornish, in *Cornhill*.

Concerning a Humble Creature.

IT WAS a long time ago on the banks of the Housatonic that I witnessed a tragedy still fresh in my memory. We were out after quail, a young farmer guiding us to likely swales and cosy fence corners, briar-shaded and leaf-carpeted. "There goes a woodchuck!" exclaimed the farmer, one pointer dog springing after the little furry fellow and making such a close second that when the burrow was reached the dog was so close up to the 'chuck that, instead of exposing himself for a fraction of a second while darting into his burrow, he, like a flash, darted to one side and, making a pivot on his haunches, settled himself upon the apex of his mound home. The dog, instantly recovering, came afresh to the attack, the sight of the exposed teeth of the woodchuck making him cautious. And then the fun commenced. The dog kept prancing in a circle looking for an opening, the woodchuck keeping his body rotating in its center of gravity, constantly facing the enemy. Now and then the dog would lead in only to get a nip from the razor-like teeth of his adversary.

By this time we were close at hand and almost within reaching distance of the woodchuck, but he paid no attention to us whatsoever—move and shift as we might he saw and heeded us not. His source of nearest and greatest danger was that snarling and encircling canine. With his eyes glistening, his incisors bared, every nerve in his body quivering and every hair in his body standing on end, he made an animated animal picture never to be forgotten as he rotated around and around as he faced the alert and active canine enemy.

Miscalculating an opening the dog sprang in only to receive a more than ordinarily vicious nip on his jaw that brought forth a whine which seemed to madden the dog for a moment or two and tempt him into a rough and tumble with the woodchuck. Fearing for the dog, the young farmer without waiting sent a load of No. 6s into the little furry champion and it was all over. The dog, before the smoke had cleared, had jumped in upon his late antagonist and crunched every bone in his body, thoroughly venting his feelings of revenge in this inglorious fashion upon the dead body of the enemy.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

Definitions of Seasons.

SPECIAL annoyance is likely to be caused when the question involves uncertainty as to whether the open season does or does not begin or end on a holiday. Many close or open seasons involve a possible inclusion or exclusion of the Fourth of July, Labor Day, Christmas Day, or New Year's Day, and it is not certain to one unfamiliar with the construction placed upon such a season by the authorities of the State whether shooting is or is not permitted on the holidays in question. In several instances the uncertainty is doubled by a date at each end that possibly covers a holiday. Thus a close season between January 1 and September 1 (September 1 is occasionally Labor Day in nearly all States) is established for deer and mountain goats in Montana, deer in Georgia, upland game birds in South Dakota, grouse in Washington, and squirrels in Iowa.

Differences often occur in the laws of a single State. Thus the Nevada game law of 1903 contains the following variations: "After February 15 and before July 15"; "between March 1 and September 15"; "from September 15 and until November 15"; "from and after December 15 and until September 15"; "during the time intervening between September 15 and November 15." A law of Allegany county, Md., recently passed, provides as follows:

No person shall kill or destroy any rabbit on and after the first day of January until the 15th day of October of each and every year, nor any squirrel after the first day of January, until the 31st day of August of each and every year.

These examples might be multiplied almost indefinitely.

If each of the different terms used in the laws had received a positive and single interpretation by the courts, the difficulty would be lessened; but little, if any, certainty has been derived from judicial decisions. Although the exact meaning to be given to such expressions as "from—to," "between—and," "from and after," "on and after," "until," etc., has been often passed on, especially in cases growing out of business relations, yet much diversity of construction has resulted, and there is a growing tendency to interpret such terms according to the facts of each particular case. Formerly attempts were made to establish certain distinctions. Thus it was laid down as a settled principle that when the time is computed from an act done, the day of its performance is included; but when the words are "from the date," if a present interest is to commence, the day is included; if it is the terminus from which to compute time, the day is excluded.

In a case which arose in Maine in 1841, the fish committee for the town of Cape Elizabeth was authorized to keep a brook open and free for the passage of fish from the 5th day of May to the 5th day of July in each year, and it was held that the act did not authorize the committee to enter upon lands of others and remove obstructions prior to May 6. Adherence to this rule of construction has grown less, however, and it was said by the Supreme Court of Massachusetts about twenty years ago that—

Many early cases stated a distinction between computations from a day or date and computations from an act done, or from an event. But this distinction does not rest upon a sound principle, and in most jurisdictions it is no longer recognized. The tendency of recent decisions is very strongly toward the adoption of a general rule which excludes the day as the terminus quo in such cases. But this rule is not inflexible; and in the interpretation of a statute or contract, it yields to a manifest purpose or intention in conflict with it.

The same court had previously declared that although the prepositions "from," "until," "between," generally exclude the date to which they relate, the general rule will yield to the intent of parties. Bouvier, quoting this decision, adds:

But the rule has not been unvarying, and many courts have not hesitated to follow the view of Lord Mansfield in *Cowp. 714* (overruling his own decision of three years before, *id. 189*), that it is either exclusive or inclusive according to context and subject matter, and the court will construe it to effectuate the intent of the parties and not to destroy it.

Cases supporting the principle that the inclusion or exclusion of the date named depends upon the intent of the maker of the statute or instrument under consideration are very numerous. "This intent is to be determined by the application of the general rules of construction, such as a consideration of the whole instrument, the subject-matter of the instrument, the context, etc."

From—to is the form of expression involved in a large proportion of cases decided by the courts, but the ambiguity of most of the other terms used in statements of game seasons has brought them frequently before the courts for interpretation, usually in connection with commercial disputes. In the expression from and after it has been held that the words are exclusive. But in 1815 the United States Supreme Court held that the act of July 1, 1812, which provided that double duties were to be imposed on all goods imported "from and after the passing of this act" applied to goods imported on July 1, 1812. In deciding this case, Justice Story said:

It is a general rule that when the computation is to be made from an act done, the day on which the act is done is to be included.

In *State vs. Mounts*, 36 W. Va., 190, it was said:

All the best authorities hold that the words "from" and "after" may be construed to include or exclude the day of the act, as will best serve to carry out the intention of the Legislature, subserve public policy, avoid forfeiture, and validate a proceeding rather than to annul the same.

Until is generally regarded as a word of exclusion unless a contrary intention appears from the context. In *People vs. Walker*, 17 N. Y., 502, it was held that the charter of a bank which was continued in force "until the first day of January, 1850," expired December 31, 1849. In this case the court said:

But the consideration which seems to be strongest, and indeed conclusive, upon its meaning in this act, is the obvious one, that to give the word its exclusive meaning ends the corporation at the close of the legal and political year.

On is held to be a word of inclusion; to is usually interpreted according to manifest intention. A curious distinction between on and to appears in *People vs. Robertson*, 39 Barb. (N. Y.), 9. A lease was made for ten years, to commence May 1, 1852, and end on May 1, 1862; and the premises were sublet from May 1, 1856, to May 1, 1862. It was held by the court that the original lease expired at 12 m. May 1, 1862, and the sublease at 12 at night April 30, 1862, and that during the intervening twelve hours the original lessee had the right of re-entry and possession.

The form of expression between—and (so common in the game laws fixing seasons) has received various interpretations. In Illinois it was held in 1853 that a contract to pay "\$400 between now and the 1st day of September" was not fulfilled by a tender of payment on September 1. Similarly in a case arising in New York in 1867 a stipulation to deliver between certain dates was made to exclude the last day named. In a Nebraska case in 1895 the statement in a mechanics' lien claim that material was furnished "between August 21, 1890, and January 22, 1891," was interpreted as excluding the first date. These cases were commercial in character, and so, perhaps, not strictly analogous to the question under consideration. A Rhode Island decision of 1897, however, had it been fuller, might have been more serviceable in the present connection. In this case (*State vs. Stone*, 20 R. I., 269), the possessor of 19 partridges out of season undertook a defense based on the uncertainty of the law in its statement of seasons, and the court held that the expression "from the first day of January to the first day of October" was equivalent to "between the first day of January and the first day of October," and hence free from uncertainty. But as it is not stated whether the latter form of expression is inclusive or exclusive, the decision throws little light on the question of interpretation of the terms quoted.

Official Interpretation of Terms.

As courts are seldom called on to interpret these ambiguous terms as used in statements of open and close seasons, interpretation is left to the authorities charged with enforcing the game laws of the various States. Hence when such terms are used it is impossible to know the exact dates of beginning and ending, except through familiarity with the practice of the State in each case. The extent of variety of interpretations is well shown by a few instances, brought out mainly by recent correspondence of the Department. In Minnesota the open season for deer, "between November 10 and November 30," is interpreted as including both the dates named, and thus permits hunting on each; while the Montana close season for deer, "between January 1 and September 1," is construed so as to include the first date and exclude the last, and thus allow deer hunting on September 1, but not on January 1. In Maine the close season for moose, "between the first day of December and the fifteenth day of October," is interpreted, like Montana's deer season, as including the first day and excluding the last; but that for deer, "between December 15 and October 1," is regarded as excluding both dates, and the immediate following statement of the open season for deer, "between October 1 and December 15," is so read as to include both dates. In Delaware the open season for quail, "between the 15th day of November and the 31st day of December," is interpreted as including both dates, thus permitting shooting on both November 15 and December 31; but in the close season for rails, "between the first day of February and the first day of September," the words used are regarded as exclusive, and rail shooting is allowed on both of the dates named; while the Massachusetts close season for quail, "between the first day of December and the first day of October," is held to include the first date and exclude the last.

Remedies.

Three features characterize the statements of game seasons in existing laws: Variety, uncertainty, and inconvenience. Some laws state open seasons during which killing is permitted, others close seasons during which killing is prohibited, and a number of different terms are used in the statements. Of these terms between—and is used preferably by nearly thirty States and all the Provinces of Canada except British Columbia, and the form from—to (or from-until) is used exclusively or preferably by seven States—Arkansas (1903), Florida, Indiana, Kansas, Ohio, Tennessee, and Wyoming.

Sometimes ambiguity is obviated, especially when it is the open season that is given, by adding "inclusive," "both inclusive," or "both dates inclusive," as is the practice in Alabama, Alaska, Connecticut, Michigan, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, British Columbia, Newfoundland, and Nova Scotia. The expression "during the month of," which appears in the game laws of New Mexico and is used to a limited extent by several States, removes uncertainty, but as many seasons include parts of months, it is available only in special instances. Such forms as "the season shall begin — and end —," adopted by Colorado and Nebraska, or "shall open on — and close on —," employed by Louisiana in its game law for 1902, are nearly, if not entirely, free from ambiguity.

All these statements, however, are open to the objection of inconvenience. It is, of course, perfectly clear to state the open season thus: "From September 1 to November 30, both dates inclusive;" or, "between August 31 and December 1, both dates inclusive." But the much more common plan to include the first date and exclude the last is preferable, as the opposite season may be shown by a mere reversal of the dates. This method, which practically amounts to giving the first date of the open and the first of the close season, has been adopted by the Department in its published tables of close seasons for game, for the sake of clearness and uniformity; and as many persons are directly interested in the game seasons of various States, its general adoption would be of much advantage. It could be employed and all ambiguity removed by making the form of statement "from September 1 to December 1, first date inclusive; or, 'from September 1, inclusive, to December 1, exclusive,'" but the unfamiliarity of such forms of expression would make it difficult for legislators to retain them in mind in all cases.

A much more convenient system, adopted by Vermont in 1892, New York in 1894, and New Brunswick and the Northwest Territories in 1903, is to include in the laws a definite rule of interpretation of seasons. Thus Vermont provides that "If an act is prohibited between two dates, the prohibition shall include the first but not the last date;" and the Northwest Territories provide that "The period of close seasons shall include the first date but not the last mentioned." New Brunswick's provision makes the dates exclusive, and hence, while obviating uncertainty, does not permit the use of a form by which they can be reversed to show the opposite season.

The general adoption of the Vermont plan would secure uniformity, certainty, and convenience, and has the addi-

tional advantage of requiring the least change in the present form of statement and method of interpretation; for the words most commonly used in stating game seasons are between—and, and while there are differences of interpretation of these terms by different States, yet the custom of including the first date and excluding the last is more general than any other. The principle underlying this plan has the support of several decisions of State courts in regard to computation of time under the laws. Thus in a New York decision it was stated that "As a general thing, in computing statute time, the first day is included and the last excluded." And, finally, it may be stated that the plan suggested is directly analogous to the rule of computation of time for other purposes found in many of the State codes, and also to the rules of construction of words and phrases, found in practically all codes and in several of the general game laws.

Such a rule could easily be incorporated at the time a new game law for a State is adopted, and the new statements of seasons made to conform to it. With little trouble, therefore, existing annoyance could be obviated, and a system established that would be clear, consistent, and convenient.

HENRY OLDYS,
Assistant, Biological Survey.

An Adventure With Caleb.

WRITING from the Mandan village on the upper Missouri, in 1852, Geo. Catlin tells this story of a morning adventure with the grizzly:

In the morning, and just before sunrise, as usual, Bogard (who was a Yankee, and a "wide-awake fellow," just retiring from a ten years' siege of hunting and trapping in the Rocky Mountains), thrust his head out from under the robe, rubbing his eyes open, and exclaiming as he grasped for his gun, "By darn! Look at old Calc, will you!" Ba'tiste, who was more fond of his dreams, snored away, muttering something that I could not understand, when Bogard seized him with a grip that instantly shook off his iron slumbers. I rose at the same time, and all eyes were turned at once upon Caleb (as the grizzly bear is familiarly called by the trappers in the Rocky Mountains—or more often "Calc," for brevity's sake), who was sitting up in the dignity and fury of her sex, within a few rods, and gazing upon us, with her two little cubs at her side! Here was a fix and a subject for the painter; but I had no time to sketch it. I turned my eyes to the canoe which had been fastened at the shore a few paces from us, and saw that everything had been pawed out of it, and all eatables had been without ceremony devoured. My package of dresses and Indian curiosities had been drawn out upon the bank and deliberately opened and inspected. Everything had been scraped and pawed out to the bottom of the boat; and even the rawhide thong with which it was tied to a stake had been chewed, and no doubt swallowed, as there was no trace of it remaining. Nor was this peep into the secrets of our luggage enough for her insatiable curiosity; we saw by the prints of her huge paws that were left in the ground that she had been perambulating our humble mattresses, smelling at our toes and our noses, without choosing to molest us; verifying a trite saying of the country, "That man lying down is medicine to the grizzly bear;" though it is a well-known fact that man and beast upon their feet are sure to be attacked when they cross the path of this grizzly and grim monster, which is the terror of all this country, often growing to the enormous size of eight hundred or one thousand pounds.

Well, while we sat in the dilemma which I have just described, each one was hastily preparing his weapons for defense, when I proposed the mode of attack, by which means I was in hopes to destroy her, capture her young ones, and bring her skin home as a trophy. My plans, however, entirely failed, though we were well armed, for Bogard and Ba'tiste both remonstrated with a vehemence that was irresistible, saying that the standing rule in the mountains was "never to fight Caleb except in self-defense." I was almost induced, however, to attack her alone, with my rifle in hand and a pair of heavy pistols, with a tomahawk and scalping-knife in my belt, when Ba'tiste suddenly thrust his arm over my shoulder, and pointing in another direction, exclaimed in an emphatic tone: "*Voilà! voilà un corps de reserve—Monsr. Cataline—voilà sa mari! Allons, allons! Descendons la rivière, toute de suite! toute de suite! Monsr.,*" to which Bogard added, "These darned animals are too much for us, and we had better be off;" at which my courage cooled, and we packed up and re-embarked as fast as possible, giving each one of them the contents of our rifles as we drifted off in the current, which brought the she monster, in all her rage and fury, to the spot where we a few moments before had passed our most prudent resolve.

Senator Vest's Famous Tribute to the Dog.

ONE of the most eloquent tributes ever paid to the dog was delivered by Senator Vest, of Missouri, some years ago. He was attending court in a country town, and while waiting for the trial of a case in which he was interested, he was urged by the attorneys in a dog case to help them. Voluminous evidence was introduced to show that the defendant had shot the dog in malice, while other evidence went to show that the dog had attacked defendant. Vest took no part in the trial, and was not disposed to speak. The attorneys, however, urged upon him to make a speech, else their client would not think he had earned his fee. Being thus urged, he arose, scanned the face of each jurymen for a moment, and said:

"Gentlemen of the jury: The best friend a man has in the world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or

treacherous, is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer; he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journeys through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies. And when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death."

Man Traps.

WE were reminded the other day of some of the incidents of country life of former years by the offering for sale at a London auction mart of a couple of man traps. These engines were, once upon a time, part of the chattels of well nigh every considerable landowner and every energetic gamekeeper. Another implement was the spring gun, which turned on a swivel and discharged itself as soon as one of the connecting wires was stumbled against, the muzzle of the gun turning in the direction of the trespasser as indicated by the wire, the guilty party generally receiving a coating of pitch, if of nothing worse. The man traps sold the other day were probably the first some of the attendants at the sale ever saw, and were of the old formidable pattern; that is to say, they resembled a glorified gin. They measured seventy-four inches long and were just about three feet in height, so they would catch a poacher well above the knee, and, once nipped, there he would remain till his cries or the ordinary round of the keepers led at once to his release and capture. The spring gun gave its alarm, and watchers were speedily in attendance. There was something very barbarous about the use of these engines, which were not so very long ago quite common; in fact, people need not be very old to have seen boards bearing the legend "Beware of man traps and spring guns," and it is only about thirty years since the 24th and 25th Victoria made their use illegal.—London Field.

The Maine License Law.

DIXFIELD, Me.—Our non-resident license law is working finely. I would myself rather have seen the State give us the means to protect our game; but they would not do it; so we had to do the next best thing, and I must say it is doing better work even than we anticipated. The original objectors are growing fewer every day; the law is gaining friends, and, I think, has come to stay. We now have abundant means to keep good wardens on our borders, and they are doing good work. I think we have the best corps of wardens in the United States. We can now select good men, and have the means to pay them—something we never had before.

H. O. S.

Marriage Festivities in 1550.

IN the diary of King Edward VI. appears this entry: "1550, June 4. Sir Robert Dudley, eldest (surviving) son to the Earl of Warwick, married Sir John Robsart's daughter, Amy, after which marriage, there were certain gentlemen that did strive who should first take away a goose's head which was hanged alive on two cross posts."

The noble sport of taking away a goose's head was transplanted to America, and lasted to the nineteenth century, if indeed it may not yet be practiced in some of the by-paths. One of the stories in the current number of the *Woodcraft Magazine* is Fred Mather's famous description of an Arkansas gander pull, which occurred in the '70s.

Another 100 Sportsmen's Finds.

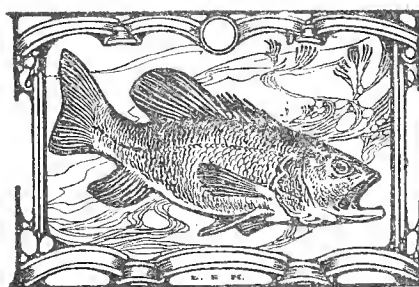
Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

101

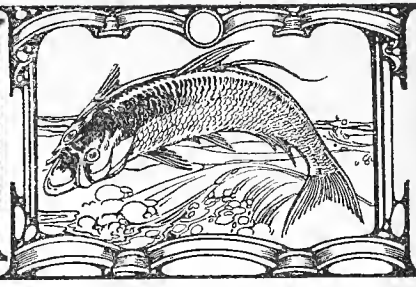
EAST WAREHAM, MASS., July 12.—Late in the fall, some 85 years ago, my grandfather went down to Barnegat for a little shooting. He was in the habit of making an annual trip for the ducks and geese. On this occasion he had put up over night at his usual stopping place, and in the morning went to the marsh where he intended shooting. Some time during the day he got a shot at a flock of geese and brought one down. On going up to his game he was surprised to find a watch on the ground by the dead goose. To all appearance it must have belonged to the bird and come down with it, but of course this was extremely improbable.

The watch was going and could not have been lost very long. Grandfather had seen no one, and could not account for its being there. Supposing that some one had lost it, he took it to the hotel and turned it over to the landlord, and described the place where he found it. He left it there when he came away, and thought no more of it until his next trip the following year. On going to the same hotel he saw the watch hanging on the identical nail where his host had hung it the year before. No one had called for it, and the landlord took it down and handed it to grandfather, who wore that watch the rest of his life. He died in 1861. The watch is still in evidence, but worn out. It is slightly larger than an ordinary timepiece, being a trifle over 2¼ inches across and ¾ of an inch thick, open faced, winding from the face, no second hand. On the inside of back case is the number 1641, with initials "C. H. I." A round scroll protects the hair spring and balance, and there is no other attempt at ornament. The hours are marked on the dial with Arabic numerals, and the motion is conveyed from the spring to the works by a tiny chain.

WALTER B. SAVARY.



SEA AND RIVER FISHING



In Nebraska.

OMAHA, Neb., Aug. 21.—The modest hepatica and fragrant violet and mayflower, harbingers of springtime, and welcome guests, have come and gone, and the catkins on the willow that appear before the snows of winter depart, have long since been succeeded by the frondescence of summer. The burning sun of July invites to shade and cool retreat, whence we may see the heat waves rise from earth and dance and tremble until lost in the higher atmosphere. Hardly a breath stirs, and it seems as if we were all alone in the world, and that nature is enjoying a siesta. But no, look right here where we sit, in the shadow of the big cottonwood, a colony of ants ply their honest toil, a spider noiselessly spreads his net in the branches overhead, and a katydid breaks in with his sibilant nasal song. Our companion of many a day in field and covert, old Sport, for instance, tired of panting and lolling, throws himself broadside on the ground, and let us hope that he, like his master, finds comfort and pleasure in the recollection of distant, but not forgotten, days with the quail and snipe in the autumn time.

Ah me! Many is the time that I have been there, and in these sweltering days it does me good to recall the other days of interest and delight, days when the cares of business and the perplexities of life were laid aside and forgotten. My thoughts go back to days in the marsh and in the fields that will linger long as cherished remembrance, not because I shot so remarkably well or scored such a large bag of ducks, quail or chicken, for I have long ceased to measure my joys by the dimensions of my kill or catch. The early drive in the clear, frosty morning air, genial comradeship, the good old Barrister, for instance; no friction, no mishap, cordial reception at our destination, fine working dogs, reasonable number of birds and fair shooting, all contribute to the joys of an outing.

It has often been said, but bears repetition many times over, that it is not all of shooting and fishing to shoot and fish. Week by week and year by year the truth of this is being shown anew in these columns, wherein it is my aim to make record of nature's studies, the travel experiences, the observation, suggestion, wit and wisdom of the sportsman's family. Nothing serves better to bring out the light and shade of all the sportsman and the man loves best than just such pictures as are here presented. What a work-a-day life this would be, indeed, if nobody took these trips and if there was no one to tell of them.

An Omaha gentleman, an elderly man, who imagines he sees the restoration of youth in the fisherman's garb, called on Henry Homan the other day for his advice about buying a rod. Henry showed him one after another until he had exhausted his stock, some dozen in number, and the respectful caller lectured him in his own house over the extravagance of owning so many rods. I do not know what he would have thought had he been at the dinner of the Fly-Casters' Club over in Chicago the other evening, where one member said he owned eighty-four rods, with reels, lines, flies, and everything to match. The probabilities are he would have had a stroke of heart failure.

Talking about the destructive habits of the buffalo and the carp to the spawn of other fishes, Hon. Lew May, our ex-Fish Commissioner, the other day said that he had been informed by old residents of this section that when they first came here the abundance of the buffalo was something enormous, and their plentifulness to-day does not compare at all with that of the old-time period. They also told him that the quantity of game fish existing with the buffalo was immensely larger than at present, and that no one ever imagined that the presence of the buffalo was destructive to the existence of game fish. The characteristics of the carp and buffalo are so closely related and their habits so similar, that one might well doubt whether these fish are the cause of the extinction of the game fishes. May it not be that they are the effect and not the cause; that they multiply and take up the water formerly occupied by the game fish which have been destroyed by the persistent and everlasting fishing of the market fishermen, who from time immemorial have used their nets and seines in every waters of the State?

A brother Council Bluffs sportsman tells me that the resident Chinese wall in Iowa doesn't amount to anything. Sportsmen from Nebraska have been over since the non-resident law was passed, and are now welcomed over there, and will be given the best the State affords, whether the best be clad in fur, feathers or scale. I am glad to hear this, for it is the American way of doing things, and the American way is better than the Chinese way. The only reason I indorsed the non-resident proposition in the late law passed by the Nebraska Legislature was simply through the theory of self-preservation. The Dakotas, Iowa and Missouri had all passed such laws, and it seemed necessary for self-protection that Nebraska follow suit. But as in Iowa, however, I think that it will amount to nothing, anyway, so far as our near neighbors are concerned.

It is invariably the big fish that finds its way into the columns of the newspapers, but for every big one heralded, a thousand smaller ones go to the frying-pan unchronicled. If there were no fun in fishing except when a big fish was captured, the aggregate of disappointment and disgust would far outweigh the sum total of satisfaction found in the average fisherman. As it is, one may find a day full to overflowing with interest and bright

memory stories, experiences, and yet not catch a fish worth the weighing.

A golden precept is to make the most of the fishing open to you. If you are "chained to business," don't sulk because you cannot journey to the far-away and famous resorts, where the giants of the waters are waiting for minnow, fly or spoon; but take a half day and go up to Cut-Off or out on the Elkhorn. There you may hear the liquid tinkle of the blackbird, the sweet call of the meadow lark, the trill of the thrush, and the jingle of the robin, and you can find flowers, too, and feast your tired eyes on the surrounding world of emerald; besides, in all probability, get a few fish; and if you don't get these, if you are careful, you can get tired and dirty, and then, when you get home at night, you can go to sleep. Oh, my, how you can sleep!

I had a little talk with ex-United States Senator Manderson on the street the other morning, and both having just returned from a delightful sojourn at Lake Washington, our conversation naturally turned to subjects pertaining thereto, and the Senator innocently unfolded a little story on himself, which he said they all thought was a great joke up there. He was out with George A. Hoagland, with Dutchy, one of the Volk's guides and boatmen at the oars, after pike. They were anchored off the third point, at one of the deepest holes within all Shantaska's shores. They had fair luck for a while, then came a long and tedious lull, and Mr. Hoagland in desperation exclaimed: "Here, Dutch, take this pole and show the Senator how to catch a pike. 'I do dot, too, alretty,'" responded the Teuton, as he grasped the old sportsman's rod, hooked on a good big chub and threw out. There was a golden flutter of light on the ripples round about when the chub disappeared a moment; the gleam of a near-by white oak kindled the purple gloss of the water; the dragon fly flashed his blue and emerald as he zig-zagged about, and around the boat the brown water spiders skated.

"I got dot peck," suddenly exclaimed Dutch, as a mighty tug at his line rouses him from his phlegmatic calm. There is a vicious plunge, a swirl and a jerk, but Dutch plays him just right, and soon he is reeling in. His captive's motions become slower, he makes one more desperate lunge for the depths, one more dart for the rocky bottom, but he, like all his kind, is quickly wearied, so Dutch pulls him carefully toward him. There is a flop or two in the water, then a last faint resistance and out-pull, when there is a silvery glistening under the surface near the boat. Senator Manderson seized the landing net, dips with the deftness of an old hand at the business, and in a trice a 5-pound pike is captured. Both Hoagland and the Senator were a little nettled at this—that the boatman should show them how to fish and make the catch of the day, and while Hoagland sulked in just disgust, Manderson exclaimed: "Well, now, Dutch, watch me. I'll show you how to catch a pike as is a pike." And with a chub nearly the size of the one Dutch had used, hooked beneath the vertebrate, the Senator threw in just where "Already yet" had made his big catch. The sinker had barely dragged the minnow out of sight, when the Senator got a strike, and a furious one, too. This way and that the line cut the cerulean surface, a line of rubies and pearls following the silken flight. Off he goes like an arrow from a bow; down like a lump of lead; up again, and pulling for the tule border, but the Senator turns him off. Hoagland is up already with beaming face and landing net in hand. How skillfully the Senator plays his monster catch. Now he gives him line, now he reels it away from him. Look at the Senator's face: how grave, yet collected and self-reliant. He reels in and he reels out; then in again, and he cries for Hoagland to be ready; in, in, in, but the fish tries to pull under the boat; but the Senator will not let him touch—he's too old a hand at the rod for that; so, dexterously, he winds him in, Hoagland leans over the boat, while Dutch grasps the gunwales in keen expectation; Hoagland raises the netted bow; bends lower to make a perfect dip, then falls back into the boat like a man who had been pierced with a Mauser rifle ball, and bursting into a derisive laugh, he exclaims: "Nothing but a danged sunfish," and lifting up his rod, a four-ounce goggle-eye dangles helplessly from the Senator's imported hook.

Senator Manderson agrees with me that Lake Washington is one of the most entrancing and picturesque bodies of water in all this lovely northern country. He made a forty-mile drive there one day round about the lake with Mr. Hoagland, and in this jaunt they touched on the shores of eight more lakes, several of them as big as Washington. He rhapsodized over the scenery, which, with its matchless expanses of silvery waters and its sea of darksome woods, and long stretches of flowing fields, cannot be surpassed in the civilized world. Twenty years ago this wilderness hardly contained a hut or shanty, and was rarely invaded by visitors. But of late years the number of sportsmen and tourists has gradually but greatly increased. The deer are gone, of course, but the bass and the pickerel are as plentiful as ever. The shout of the loon, too—that symbol of the wildest and loneliest of the scenes haunted by this wildest and loneliest of birds—now but rarely meets the ear. What enjoyment, what health, wealth and religion there is in an outing at such a place as Shantaska's beautiful waters and leafy bowers. The savage lake, the bluffs, the green forest, the blue skies, all present an impressive picture. We linger for days on the beamy lights, the velvet shades of the old masters, of Dominichino, of Cinabue, of Giorgione, of Titian, of Tintoretto and Claude, whose names glitter with the magic tints of Italy and ring with the golden

richness of her music. But the colors born of that great artist, the Minnesota atmosphere, flash disdain upon the tame blazonry of the old masters' mimic hues. Give me one day in the woods or on the waters, with gun or rod, to forty years in a Paris salon. Even the divinest frescoes of Raphael must yield to the common tints of dawn and twilight at Shantaska, and the architecture of Angelo, Brunelleschi, and Giotto—they have cast a spell to which time is powerless; but look upward in your strolls from your boat or wherever you may be, and there you will find architecture with pillars and arches and colonnades and towers, not tiresome to the eye in their sameness, but ehanging even as you gaze, resting on foundations of living sapphire, and flushed with flitting tints that transeend even the most holy dreams of those masters, the "great heirs of Time."

SANDY GRISWOLD.

Fish and Fishing.

High Water in Canadian Rivers.

QUEBEC, Aug. 27.—The high water that was so badly needed for the continuance of good salmon fishing in the early part of the summer has made its appearance, now that the salmon fishing is over. There has been more rain of late than anglers have wanted. Trout fishermen have found the rivers too high for good sport. In the lakes the fishing has been better, but the August trout fishing has proved quite disappointing. The weather-wise arc foretelling a good September for river fishing. The September weather is usually about the finest and pleasantest of the year in Canada, and old anglers say that the late rains and consequent high water must have had the effect of stirring up the fish that had grown lazy in the hot and shallow summer water, and that nothing but somewhat lower water is now required to furnish the best of fishing. Most of those who could conveniently do so have postponed their holiday fishing trips until after the present rains have subsided. Notwithstanding this, quite a number of American anglers are at present in camp at the different club houses along the line of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway. September is certain to be a busy month for guides and others in northern Quebec. The fact that the hunting season commences here on the first of September will serve to increase the volume of travel in that direction.

As a rule, I have in the past counseled those who do their Canadian trout fishing in the tail of the year, to provide themselves chiefly with small flies. This year, on account of the present high level of the water, visiting anglers will probably make no mistake in bringing with them a fair assortment of larger flies. Some of them should be as large as those employed in rapid water in the early spring fishing.

Ouananiche Fishing is Better.

While the high water of the last fortnight or three weeks has proved anything but favorable for trout fishing in the Lake St. John country, it has exactly suited those fishing for ouananiche. As a rule, the low, warm water of the month of August causes quite a falling off in the nature of the sport in the Grand Discharge. This year the ouananiche not only remain plentiful in the most accessible parts of the Discharge, but continue to rise very freely to surface lures in the high water, especially in the pools below the Grand Fall and at the upper end of Isle Maligne. The flies now being taken there are the Jock-Scot, silver-doctor, professor, and coachman. Recent visitors to the locality report the killing of several doubles.

Ouananiche fishermen may be reminded that the season for this sportive fish, which formerly closed on the 15th of September, was extended last year by order-in-council of the Dominion Government, and that it may now be fished for up to the last day of September. This is quite a boon for fly-fishermen, as the fish rise better in September than in any other month, and it has been quite satisfactorily established that they do not spawn until after the brook trout, which have always been fished for in Canada up to the end of September.

Both at the Grand Discharge and also at the different club houses in Northern Quebec, an unusually large number of applications have been received for accommodation during the month of September. It promises, in fact, to be by far the busiest month of the season for all concerned.

When Fishes Leap.

One of the earliest lessons taught by experienced anglers to the tyro is to be sure to lower the point of the rod when a hooked fish leaps out of the water. It is safe to say that the salmon fisherman who would fail to follow this advice would cover himself with ridicule from both guides and fellow-anglers, so universal is the belief that it is dangerous to continue connection with the fish to maintain the rod in the same position when a salmon leaps at the end of the line as it occupied before. As ouananiche have recourse to the same tactics as salmon in their endeavors to free themselves from the hook, the practice of lowering the tip of the rod when a hooked fish leaps is about as general with ouananiche anglers as with those who fish for salmon. The other day I heard two returning anglers from Lake St. John discussing this general rule. One of the two was quite skeptical as to the necessity for the practice, and claimed that he had enjoyed more than the average amount of success in saving his fish while systematically refraining from following it. There is something in his argument, and an increasing number of anglers seem to share his views. He holds that there is no more pressure upon rod or hook or line while the fish is in the air than when he is in the water, either immediately before he leaves it or immediately after

he has returned to it, and that therefore there is no good reason for either giving him line as he leaps or for lowering the tip of the rod. So far as the actual strain upon the tackle is concerned, I am inclined to think that this contention is not very far astray, but the more generally prevailing practice is no doubt more specially designed to prevent the tearing out of the hook from the mouth of the fish, especially if he be a lightly hooked one, by the strain upon the portion of flesh held by the hook, when the weight of the descending fish is exerted upon it if the rod is not lowered, during the period that such weight is bending the recently straightened rod to the bow which it formed when the fish was about to leap, and which it is again required to assume as the fish regains the water under similar conditions.

In any case I firmly believe that a great many fishermen altogether overdo the practice of lowering the tip, or doing obeisance, as it is sometimes called, to a rising fish. Both salmon and ouananiche will often take the water and their next run after a leap at right angles to the general direction of the line, and in such instances too much lowering of the tip when the fish breaks water simply adds to the length and weight of the "bellying" portion of the line, and makes it so much more the easier for it to tear out the hook.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Newfoundland Notes.

THE burden of the cry around the whole island is that the weather is too dry. Many of the streams and ponds are nearly dried up. The fish are very plentiful, but very sluggish. In fact, in many pools the salmon can be plainly seen lying in large numbers near the bottom, but no lure, however seductive, will make them rise. Hence, many anglers have been disappointed. The records show that the leading streams are yielding sport enough to retain their reputation for good fishing, but nothing in comparison to that to be had in a favorable season.

We have had a larger number of visiting anglers this season, principally Americans, than ever before. The number of hunters for caribou heads promises to be much greater than ever. As far as I have learned, all the visiting sportsmen enjoyed themselves. Of course we have had included among our visitors the kicker and the critic. 'Tis hard to get any large number of men together (even including sportsmen, who are naturally and proverbially good-natured and easy to please) that won't contain some grumblers; but, on the whole, the sportsmen enjoyed the fishing, scenery, climate, and everything else that was a constituent of the trip. Many of them have written glowing accounts in the American journals, and one at least—our genial friend, Mr. L. F. Brown—has burst into song, the ordinary prose channels being too dry and sluggish to convey or express his feelings. In a musical little quatrain of verses entitled, "An Appreciation," published in a local paper, a copy of which I send you, occur the following lines:

"And yet the song of the river was there,
The sigh of wind 'mid the pines,
The balsam's fragrance, the forest fair,
And the moonlight—caused these lines,
For the Red Gods called us, and made us their guests
In that wilderness far and wild;
We only obeyed Dame Nature's behests,
'Twas the mother's call to the child."

Did I write "red gods?" Please rub it out quickly before the author sees it, and substitute "wood gods," which was what Mr. Brown wrote. Mr. Brown is not taking any red gods in his trip. I would not wilfully tamper with the red gods. One war at a time is my motto; the sturdy little Japs are furnishing excitement enough now in the East to satisfy my cravings. I do not want to start another war in the West by any fooling with the red gods. I know the mere mention of the word is like the clarion call to arms to the venerable Old Angler and his formidable hosts. "Wood gods" is the word; the misquotation is mine.

J. W. CARROLL.

Another First Fly Experience.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some time since, when the myths first began to get busted, a correspondent mentioned another myth that he thought needed busting—the myth of the bare-footed boy armed with a hoop pole with a string tied to one end of it, who caught and carried home large strings of fish. The correspondent had seen the boy and his fish, but the fish had always turned out to be suckers or sunfish; he had seen but few trout among them.

I thought at the time to tell him that had he been where I was over fifty years ago, he might have seen three barefooted boys carrying home several strings of trout that had been caught by rude lines tied to hoop-poles; but it cost me a good deal of thought before we succeeded. Catching trout with hoop-poles is much like barking squirrels—it can be done, if you only know how to do it.

Pine Creek empties into the Allegheny River at Sharpsburgh, just above the Allegheny city line. It rises back near Butler county, and flows between hills and meadows, or it did then; it flows now between stone quarries, brick-yards and rolling mills, until it finally falls into the river. This creek was where we did the most of our fishing. We caught suckers and perch in the lower pools down near the river; the trout were up near the head of the creek among the hills. There are none there now, nor has there been any for a good many years. I think that we got about all of them in our time, and the creek is too small to stock again. We could get the common fish without much trouble, but the trout refused every bait we offered them, and we had tried them with about all the different ones we knew of—angleworms, grubs out of decayed logs, minnows, and grasshoppers; the trout did not want any of them.

I noticed that the trout would come to the top of the water as we lay watching them hid in the bushes, and seize flies and bugs that floated on the surface; and a thought struck me. Taking off my bob and sinker, I put a grasshopper on the hook, and throwing it in, tried to float it on top of the water. The trout would swim around it and look at it, then swim off again. My coarse, heavy line, no doubt, scared them away.

Going home to town, I began to think up a plan to get

those trout. I had heard of artificial flies, but had never seen any, and did not know how they were made or used. I hunted through the books in a library which we town boys were given the use of, but could not find anything here about them either. Next I asked several old river fishermen; only one of them knew anything about those flies. He told me that I could not use them if I had them; I would have to be taught how to use them first; but he told me how they were made.

I had no colored feathers, hair, nor wool, and had to hunt up substitutes for them, to begin with. I got colored calico, old red flannel, and some small pieces of silk ribbon, white and brown, the only colors of silk I could get. Then I tied them in small bunches, as near like flies as I could get them. I have since seen some of these artificial flies that did not look much better than mine did. I threw my flies into a basin of water and drew them through the water by the thread they were tied with, to see how they worked, and soon discarded the cotton ones; they took up the water too quickly and sank; the flannel did better, and the silk best of all; but I wanted a variety of colors, so I retained the flannel to use among the silk. I had about a dozen extra hooks—a fortune for a boy then. I had got these by trading baseballs and bats for them. I tied my flies on the hooks just where the old fisherman had told me to tie them, then hunted up three of the smallest sea grass lines I could find in town, and started out after the trout again.

I and two of my cousins cut three long, slender hickory poles. The other boys were rather skeptical about the trout biting "them things," so I told them to bring along our old lines also; if the trout did not want these things, we could go down stream and catch suckers and perch.

We began on a quiet pool up among the hills, where we knew there were plenty of trout, and after some trouble, on account of the bushes that caught our lines when we tried to throw them, we at last succeeded in dropping the flies on the water without making much of a splash. I got the first strike, and landed, away back on the grass, a trout weighing nearly a pound. We just jerked them out as soon as we had them hooked; we knew nothing about playing them, and would not have known how to use a reel if we had had it.

We all caught trout; they would bite at "them things," it seemed, after all; but a good many that we ought to have got succeeded in getting away; we no doubt caught them some other time, though. But the three of us had eighteen trout, I think it was, that would weigh in all about as many pounds. The largest caught that day—and we never got a larger one after—weighed nearly a pound and a half.

CABIA BLANCO.

Massachusetts Fish and Game.

BOSTON, Aug. 26.—Editor Forest and Stream: Three men have recently been prosecuted and fined for taking short lobsters in Boston harbor. These were employees of the life-saving station at Hull, and being appointed by the general Government, the question naturally arises whether the federal authorities can afford to keep men in their employ who are not law-abiding citizens. One of the three paid a fine of \$54, another paid \$72, and the third, who was fined \$285, has appealed his case.

The commissioners inform me that the number of arrests for violations of the game laws so far this year is considerably in excess of any previous year, being above one hundred. Captain Collins has examined fifteen ponds the present season, this being a line of work that he prosecutes every summer as he has opportunity.

Deputy Warden F. A. Bent obtained a search warrant last week and called at the summer residence of Charles Letendre, a wealthy liquor dealer, at Ocean Grove in Swansea. The deputy had been told that Mr. Letendre was keeping three wild black ducks among his exhibits in a small menagerie which he had started. The case will come to trial in a few days.

This has been an exceptionally good season for blue-fishing, from all reports, in Massachusetts waters, and a boat that went out from Cottage City last week returned with nineteen fine fish taken off Cape Pogue. Visitors at Provincetown have witnessed an unusual sight of late, as neither city nor country people often have the opportunity to look at live halibut, but the past week a local fisherman, Mr. Manuel Cook, has captured two, the aggregate weight of which was 550 pounds.

New Hampshire continues to hold in her granite hills the magnet that attracts many of the prominent men of the country. The only surviving ex-President has recently taken possession of his summer home in Sandwich, where he received a royal welcome from the people of that and other towns. Among the prominent men who assembled in Mr. Cleveland's honor were Gov. Batchelder and former Governor Rollins.

Another man who has been conspicuous in political life is ex-Congressman Joseph H. Walker, of Worcester, erstwhile known as the "Gray Eagle of Quinsigamond," whose summer home is at New Hampton, located in the geographical centre of the State. This is the ancestral home of his wife, and has been for more than a hundred years in the family. To the north several ranges of mountains rise one above the other for more than fifty miles to the Franconia Mountains. The woods furnish cover for ruffed grouse and other game. Not many miles to the west lies Lake Winnepisseogee, and there are many smaller lakes and brooks accessible which abound in trout. The Congressman has been a sportsman from early life, and your correspondent heard him tell a legislative committee how it happened that he was led to seek the recreation of rod and gun. Having become worn out by close application and overwork, his physician recommended him to take such out-of-door exercise as was congenial, and Mr. Walker declared that, in his opinion, his present good physical condition was due to his indulgence in field sports. He has stated that he found good grouse shooting within easy reach of Worcester for many years, but of late has been to New Hampshire for his fall shooting.

From my friend, Mr. E. H. Davis, proprietor of the Lakeside Hotel, on the New Hampshire side of Umbagog, I learn that for several weeks business has been rushing.

Passenger traffic on the lake has been very heavy the present season. This lake is noted as an excellent place for duck shooting, which is one of the inducements that

led Mr. Harry Dutton to build the camp on Mettuck Island, where he has been passing the summer. Among the many well-known guests are Rev. J. W. Suter and family, of Winchester; Prof. John F. Dwight and family, of Boston, and Dr. J. Hasford Abel and family, of New York.

Mr. Cyrus A. Taft, of Whitinsville, reports seeing a flock of as many as fifteen young quail in the immediate vicinity of the place where he liberated the birds we sent him last spring. This he regards as very gratifying evidence that the quail which he liberated are breeding. He says this is not a surprise to him, as the birds he received were "very large and very lively."

Dr. W. C. Woodward, secretary of the Middleboro Fish and Game Club, is passing the month of August on the streams of Newfoundland.

Within a few days a new club has been organized, chiefly by Boston merchants, lawyers, and brokers, unique in character, to be called The Rocky Mountain Country Club. The sports are to be stalking big game, hunting with hounds, polo and golf.

CENTRAL.

Susquehanna River Fishing.

SAYRE, Pa., Aug. 27.—Old river anglers declare that the black bass and pike (or yellow bass, as local phraseology has it) fishing is better at the present time than for several years past. The river is in ideal condition; and other necessary factors in the economy of angling are present, so that fisher folk generally are in fine fettle, and getting plenty of black bass and pike, with some lesser fishes. Silas Cook, of Waverly, one day recently caught a pike in the Susquehanna above the State line that weighed 9½ pounds. Numerous other catches of big pike and bass are reported not only along the water from the State line up to and beyond Owego, but from Sayre to Wyalusing and below that famous angling point.

M. CHILL.

Massachusetts Black Bass.

HOPEDALE, Mass., Aug. 23.—I have had some sport with the bass in Lake Nipmuc this summer, and have taken quite a number of Oswego bass. Saturday afternoon, August 13, I caught eleven, my largest catch so far. I have only taken one small-mouth and one rock bass as yet; the largest I have seen was about 3 pounds. I have heard of 5 pounds, but have not seen them. I have tried all kinds of bait and flies, but do best with live shiners. They have repealed the law on black bass, so they may be taken at any time not under eight inches in length. There seem to be plenty of partridge and quail. I have seen a number of broods, and think there will be good sport this fall if we can stop the sooner.

C. W. A.

"Child, Milk and Snake."

LITTLE Eliza Sophia Kemper came with her father, Jacob, to Philadelphia from Amsterdam in 1741, and went with them to her uncle Ernest at Rhinebeck, and then settled with them at Beekman, sixty miles below Rhinebeck. There occurred this parable of the infant and the asp, that the Scriptures might be fulfilled. The story is told by the wife of the first Mayor Quincy, as related to her by her mother, Mrs. John Morton, of New York, at and after the Revolution:

"In this wild country an incident happened to my mother, which she has often related. When a child of six, she was accustomed to eat her bowl of rice and milk seated on the sill of the house-door; and was heard to speak of the pretty snake (*die schöne Schlange*) who came and eat her rice. Her mother watched to see what this meant, and to her consternation, saw a large rattlesnake with its head in the bowl, eating with the child, who, when her visitor took more than its share, tapped it on the head with her spoon. It went quietly away when the meal was finished. But this intimacy was too dangerous, and Mr. Kemper killed the snake; the rattle, a very large one, with eleven or twelve rings, was preserved for some years, but was lost when the family removed from the Livingston Patent to New Brunswick, N. J."

It seems that Priscilla Wakefield in London related this tale with some variations in her "Instinct Displaid," and that a German engraving perpetuates it under the title of "Das Kind mit der Milch und der Schlange"—"Child, Milk and Snake." The little heroine grew up, married John Morton, a Scotch-Irish commissary in the British army, in 1761, and kept his house on Water street, New York, where he became a rich merchant by the time the Revolution came on.—Springfield Republican.

A Word of Thanks.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My wife and I are rejoicing in the privilege of following on after Mr. George Bird Grinnell on the "Trails of the Pathfinders."

Surely the readers of FOREST AND STREAM have cause for gratitude in the fact that he is impelled to take these long journeys for their profit and pleasure; and the keener should be our gratification as we recollect that the one member of all the great FOREST AND STREAM family best fitted by sympathy and early training for the difficult task, has undertaken the work for us.

And is not this just the fit and proper task for our own great paper at this particular time?

To gather the best of the old records of the turbulent days gone by forever, and to put them into presentable shape, before they are buried under the driftwood of the stream of time.

(What would I not give to-day for the old book of my boyhood, containing the story of the five years' captivity of Col. James Smith, made prisoner just before Braddock's defeat, and held in captivity for five years among the Indians of the Northwest Territory, together with a lot of adventures of similar nature, and illustrated with the crude wood cuts of the days of long ago!)

I wish to publicly thank Mr. Grinnell for my own particular share of the pleasure and profit I am deriving from his labors, and to express the earnest wish that he may be impelled to continue this labor of love until his work shall include the best of all the old records of the westward "Great Trek" of the Anglo-Saxon race.

ORIN BELKNAP.

The Kennel.

A Long Dog that did Not Stay Long.

From the New York Times.

WHEN Louis Allmendinger sent out postal cards a few days ago announcing to his friends that he had just purchased the saloon at Reid and DeKalb avenues, Brooklyn, scores of men who were acquainted with Louis hurried to the place to congratulate him and tell him just how he ought to conduct it. One man appeared with a patented ice grinding machine, which he was anxious to unload on Louis, and another came around with new inventions in the line of beer taps and cork screws. Still another had a device for mixing mint juleps, while a little man with a red beard came around to tell Louis he had a patented egg cracker for milk punches.

There were, besides, many of Allmendinger's friends who suggested things, such as machines for cooling ice, hot air fans, wireless beer kegs, and rubber limes, which latter, it was explained, could be used perpetually in the mixing of gin rickys.

On Wednesday night three men arrived at the saloon dragging a dachshund at the end of a rope. They introduced themselves as Noisy Dan, Hank O'Neill, and Stump McLaughlin. They explained that they had heard that Louis was buying up everything in town to make his place a first-class saloon and told him they came around with the dog because they knew Allmendinger needed one in his business.

"He's built like a stove pipe," said Louis. "Ven. I look at him I must laugh in my own face. Did you had him long?"

"Much longer than he is now," answered Noisy. "He gets shorter as the day grows longer, but the older he grows the longer you have him."

"Den pooty soon he would be too long to shut der door mitout doubling him up," remarked Louis.

"Dat's de beauty of havin' a dog like dat," said Hank. "He'll double like your business in a year."

"When I look at der longness of him," continued the saloonkeeper, "I think mebbe he could eat too much."

"Not at all," answered McLaughlin. "What he swallows to-day don't reach his stomach till the day after to-morrow. He also has the advantage of being in two places at one time."

"Vat is him's name?" inquired Allmendinger.

"Skylight," answered Hank.

"I wouldn't buy a dog mit dot name," remarked Louis.

The three men put their heads together and whispered. Then Hank spoke up, saying:

"After talkin' it over we decided to sell him with the Skylight name for \$5, but without the name for \$3."

"I'll take him mitout der name und call him Prince Hanover," said the saloonkeeper, counting out the \$3. He led the dog behind the bar, and Hank, Noisy and Stump went out. A few minutes later a man poked his head beneath the swinging doors and shouted:

"Here, Skylight! Here, Sky!"

The dachshund made a dash for the door and ran down the street. Allmendinger watched him until he disappeared from sight, and returning to the saloon said sadly:

"Dot's how I mistakened myself. If I had bought dot name mit dot dog I'd had him yet. What?"

New England Beagle Club.

THE New England Beagle Club has sent out the following circular:

The Eleventh Annual Field Trial of the New England Beagle Club will be held on the preserves of the Grafton Country Club, Grafton, Mass., either the week before or the week following the National Trials which are to commence on October 31. The exact date is dependent upon where the National's are run.

Last year the trials were held on these grounds and a great abundance of game was found, which added mate-

rially to the sport, as there were no long and tedious delays between runs, and since the covers, although open, are large, driving of three-quarters to an hour's duration was the rule rather than the exception.

Two hundred feet of airy, dry box stalls afford absolute protection and comfort to the beagles, and man is equally well cared for at the club house.

The club property, consisting of 3,000 acres, is one and one-half miles from the N. Y. N. H. & H. Railroad station at Millbury. Arrangements have already been made for the comfortable transportation of beagles, owners, handlers, and spectators to and from the grounds.

There will be the usual open All-Age classes, as well as the Derby, Pack, and All-Day stakes. Several specials of cups and horns have already been offered, and a most attractive meet is assured.

Good Dog Training.

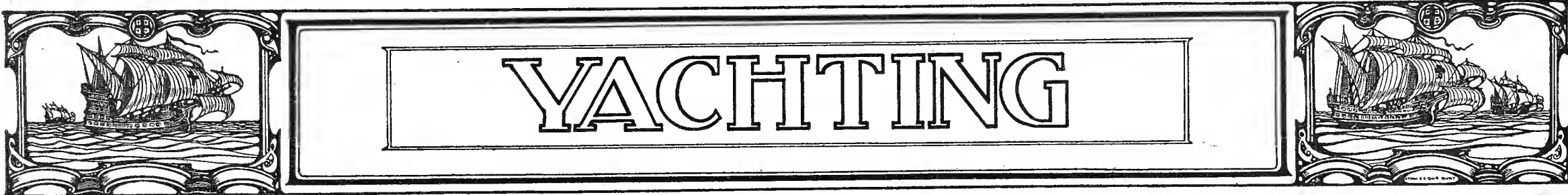
FROM a personal letter to us, we quote the following: "As the hunting season draws nigher, you may have inquiries about trainers. I want to recommend my friend, W. S. Stevens, Montpelier, Miss. He has done a good deal of training for me and half a dozen other friends, and in every case he has given the very best of satisfaction. He does not go to field trials at all, so that he can give his time entirely to his dogs. He has a splendid bird country, and I know that there is not a more honest and reliable man than Sam Stevens. I am sending him now a young pointer, and later on shall send him two setter puppies I have."

World's Fair Dog Show.

NEW YORK, Aug. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In view of the fact that it has been publicly stated that I am to be the superintendent of the dog show to be given by the Louisiana Purchase Exposition Company in conjunction with the World's Fair, held at St. Louis, I feel it incumbent upon me to state that such announcement was never authorized by me.

I have not accepted the position described, and do not intend to do so.

A. P. VRENBURGH.



Narragansett Bay Y. R. A.

Week of Open Racing—Aug. 15-20.

THE week of open racing of the Narragansett Bay Y. R. A., which was expected to eclipse the series of last year, was sadly marred by unfavorable weather conditions. The first race of the week was a flat failure, owing to an entire lack of wind; the second day was better, although the breeze was far from enough to provide satisfactory racing, and the race for the last day, that of the Rhode Island Y. C. at Potter's Cove, which, judging by last year's series, would have proved the banner event of the week, was made impossible by an unusually severe storm. The two good regattas of the series were that of the Fall River Y. C. and the Association race off Jamestown, which afforded some racing in several classes as pretty as has been seen in these waters.

First Race—Monday, Aug. 15.

The first regatta of the Association series, which was under the auspices of the Edgewood Y. C., was a complete fizzle. There was nowhere near enough wind to send the boats over the 16-mile course within the five-hour time limit, and within two hours of the start, what little wind there was died almost to a flat calm. The course was about 4 miles to leeward and return, twice over, and nearly all the boats withdrew after completing the first round.

The only two that finished and were awarded prizes were Unique, a little freak sloop of the Lark type, owned in Fall River, and Martha, a small Washington Park B. A. sloop. Among the outside craft entered in this race was the 30ft. sloop Iola, of Osterville, Mass., built by Capt. Dan Crosby, the well-known Cape builder, who is responsible for Mblem, Scatt and other fast local boats. Capt. Crosby was a visitor at the Association week, and sailed on Mblem in several races. The summary:

30ft. Sloops—Start, 2:52.

Iola, M. L. Talbot.....	First Round.	5 47 00
Priscilla, Wood Bros.....		5 47 40

21ft. Sloops—Start, 2:52—Course 8 Miles.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Unique, J. Whitehead.....	5 49 05	2 57 05
Molly II., A. Landen.....	6 20 22	3 28 22

18ft. Sloops—Start, 2:59.		
Martha, W. S. Baxter.....	6 38 22	3 39 22
Terror, W. B. Frost.....	Did not finish.	

30ft. Cats—Start, 3:11.

Elizabeth, W. D. Wood.....	First Round.	5 37 06
Mblem, G. E. Darling.....		5 40 45
Scatt, H. B. Scattergood.....		5 42 14
Wanderer III., H. J. & D. W. Flint.....	Withdrew.	

25ft. Cats—Start, 3:13.		
Ina, N. C. Arnold.....	5 49 10	
Nobska, W. J. Rooks.....	5 47 40	
Mae Hope, D. C. Stranger.....	6 06 55	

21ft. Cats—Start, 3:15.		
Marguerite, J. D. Peck.....	5 50 15	
Ingomar, J. Whitehead.....	6 01 00	

Second Race—Tuesday, Aug. 16.

The second regatta was with the Bristol Y. C., and was sailed in a light breeze that was far from satisfactory, although it allowed most of the boats to finish within the time limit. There were thirty-five starters, including another fast Cape sloop, Eleanor M., Roswell Colt's sloop Hope, once owned by C. Oliver Iselin, and a number of other speedy craft. The winners were Little Rhody (of ocean race fame), Trio, Oriana, Hope, Zella, Mblem, Ina, Marguerite and Julep. The summary:

30ft. Sloops—Start, 1:43.

Little Rhody, C. F. Tillinghast.....	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Eleanor M., T. M. Claffin.....	3 52 03	3 47 48
Priscilla, W. S. Wood.....	4 10 51	4 10 51
	4 13 50	4 12 30

25ft. Sloops—Start, 1:46.		
Flying Fish, H. Ingersoll.....	Sailed wrong course.	
Trio, R. W. Zuill.....	4 58 25	4 58 25
Chi, H. W. Hayes.....		

21ft. Sloops—Start, 1:49.		
Oriana, F. Pardee.....	4 16 25	4 14 39
Mosquito, W. H. Knight.....	Did not finish.	
Graces, S. Witherell.....	5 16 45	5 15 11
Mistral, D. Thurber.....	5 23 02	5 23 02
Molly II., Landen Bros.....	Did not finish.	

18ft. Sloops—Start, 1:52.		
Unique, J. Whitehead.....	Did not finish.	
Terror, W. L. Frost.....	Did not finish.	
Hope, R. C. Colt.....	5 16 45	5 09 45
Martha, W. S. Baxter.....	Did not finish.	

Warwick One-Design Class—15-footers—Start, 1:55.

Zest, F. M. Smith.....	3 58 22	
Zuzu, R. C. Watrous.....	4 05 28	
Zip, W. Aldrich.....	3 53 57	
Zella, E. R. Bancroft.....	3 47 20	
Zike, Merriman Bros.....	Time not taken.	
Zebub, J. Campbell.....	Time not taken.	

30ft. Cats—Start, 2:00.

Mblem, G. E. Darling.....	3 44 18	
Elizabeth, W. D. Wood.....	3 50 58	
Scatt, H. B. Scattergood.....	4 02 40	

25ft. Cats—Start, 2:03.

Nobska, W. J. Rooks.....	3 59 55	3 59 55
Jane E., T. Howarth.....	Did not finish.	
Mae Hope, D. C. Stranger.....	4 42 40	4 39 11
Ina, N. C. Arnold.....	3 58 48	3 58 09

21ft. Cats—Start, 2:06.

Ingomar, J. Whitehead.....	4 17 00	4 11 45
Free Lance, J. Collins.....	Did not finish.	
Marguerite, J. D. Peck.....	4 07 17	4 07 17
Gloria, F. P. Howe.....	Did not finish.	

Launches—Start, 2:20.

Julep, Rogers Case.....	2 57 53	Finish.
Ina.....	3 02 15	
Firefly, J. B. Mills.....	2 58 19	
Ragut, C. Olsen.....	3 05 23	

Third Race—Wednesday, Aug. 17.

A piping breeze favored the third regatta of the series, sailed under the management of the Fall River Y. C., on Wednesday. Everyone of the twenty-two entries finished the course in good time, and the racing in the 30ft. sloop and 30ft. cat classes was some of the best ever seen here. The winners were Iola, Oriana, Unique, Mblem, Nobska and Ingomar.

The summary:

30ft. Sloops—Start, 1:35.

Iola, M. R. Talbot.....	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Eleanor M., M. J. Claffin.....	1 46 35	1 42 35
Priscilla, Wood Bros.....	1 44 35	1 44 35
Little Rhody, C. F. Tillinghast.....	1 49 40	1 45 58
	1 50 10	1 46 02

21ft. Sloops—Start, 1:41.

Oriana, F. Pardee.....	1 54 25	1 51 38
Mistral, D. Thyrber.....	2 02 00	
Trio, R. W. Zuill.....	2 02 10	2 02 10
Molly II., Landen Bros.....	2 04 55	2 03 01

18ft. Sloops—Start, 1:44.

Unique, J. Whitehead.....	1 58 10	1 53 41
Terror, W. L. Frost.....	2 21 45	2 14 46
Martha, W. S. Baxter.....	2 20 45	2 20 45

30ft. Cats—Start, 1:47.

Mblem, G. E. Darling.....	1 47 15	
Elizabeth, W. D. Wood.....	1 47 25	
Scatt, H. B. Scattergood.....	1 48 40	
Stella, A. A. Tuttle.....	1 58 30	

25ft. Cats—Start, 1:50.

Nobska, W. J. Rooks.....	1 50 45	1 50 45
Ina, N. C. Arnold.....	1 52 15	1 51 39
Mae Hope, D. C. Stranger.....	1 57 50	1 54 30
Olivette, J. W. Leach.....	2 01 45	1 57 02
Jane E., T. Howarth.....	2 00 45	1 57 45

21ft. Cats—Start, 1:53.

Ingomar, J. Whitehead.....	1 53 20	1 50 22
Orme, A. Deveau.....	2 03 50	2 03 50

Fourth Race—Thursday, Aug. 18.

Another very successful regatta was sailed off Jamestown, Thursday, and several of the skippers declared that it was the best racing they had ever engaged in. This was an Association race, not under club management, but the details were attended to by Fleet Captain Benjamin Peckham and Harvey J. Flint, of the Edgewood Y. C., who acted as regatta committee. The course was from the mark off the Conanicut Y. C. house at Jamestown, to the buoy off the south end of Goat Island in Newport Harbor and return, three times over, a distance of 12 miles, and as the wind was N.W., this gave a good leeward and windward course. It was a rattling good breeze and the result was some fine racing, the finish of the 30ft. sloops and 30ft. cats being particularly close and exciting. Little Rhody and Elizabeth won in these classes, and the other winners were Micaboo, Grace, Terror, Wenonah, and Mae Hope. The wind was puffy at times, and there were several accidents. Unique carried away her mast, and Oriana lost her boom, by breaking against a stay while gybing. The summary:

30ft. Sloops—Start, 2:12.

Little Rhody.....	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Priscilla.....	2 05 46	1 59 44
Iola.....	2 05 30	2 00 09
Eleanor M.....	2 05 52	2 00 10
	2 00 40	2 00 40

25ft. Sloops—Start, 2:14.

Micaboo, W. R. Tillinghast.....	2 14 28	
Rowdy.....	2 26 05	
Skraeling, H. Willoughby.....	Disabled.	

21ft. Sloops—Start, 2:16.

Grace, E. Catlin.....	1 42 50	
Oriana.....	Disabled.	

18ft. Sloops—Start, 2:18.

Terror.....	2 06 08	1 58 10
Martha.....	2 03 57	2 03 57
Unique.....	Disabled.	

15ft. Sloops—Start, 2:20.

Wenonah, H. Wetherell.....	1 40 50	
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30ft. Cats—Start, 2:24.

Elizabeth.....	2 07 59	
Mblem.....	2 09 20	
Scatt.....	2 09 25	

25ft. Cats—Start, 2:26.

Mae Hope.....	2 27 40	2 24 31
Ina.....	2 31 00	2 31 00
Ingomar.....	Did not finish.	

The fifth and last race of the series was scheduled to be sailed under the management of the Rhode Island Y. C., at Potter's Cove, Saturday afternoon, but the wild S.E. storm that prevailed all day rendered this an impossibility, so that the week closed rather ingloriously, although it is possible that the Rhode Island Y. C. will arrange an open regatta for a later date.

F. H. Young.

Duxbury Y. C.

Duxbury, Mass.—Friday, Aug. 26.

The first of the Y. R. A. open races of the Duxbury Y. C. was sailed on Friday, Aug. 26, in a puffy W. breeze. Medicor got the start in the 22-footers and led to the first mark, but Peri II. passed her on the second leg, and led to the finish. Mirage II. got the start in the 18-footers, but Again went out ahead soon after and led to the finish. Vera II. took a sailover in the 15-footers. Pocahontas lost to Marvel on time allowance in the first handicap class. Challenge won easily in the second handicap class. The summary:

Class E—22-footers.

Peri II., George Lee.....	Elapsed.	
Medicor, H. H. White.....	1 24 10	1 24 10
Warrior, S. C. Winsor.....	1 27 15	1 28 10

Class I—18-footers.

Again, L. B. Goodspeed.....	1 34 55	
Kittiwake V., H. M. Jones.....	1 35 35	
Miladi II., F. R. Adams.....	1 36 07	
Aspinquid II., C. M. Foster.....	1 37 03	
Kittiwake IV., E. H. Ellison.....	1 37 33	
Arbeka II., F. P. Bowden.....	1 37 54	
Domino, C. C. Clapp.....	1 39 14	
Napier, B. S. Permar.....	1 39 25	
Menace, J. H. Hunt.....	1 39 44	
Mirage II., J. W. Olmsted.....	Withdraw.	
Ospray, A. R. Train.....	1 52 10	Withdraw.

Class T—15-footers.

Vera II., H. Lundberg.....	1 41 44	
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First Handicap Class.

Marvel, I. M. Whittemore.....	Elapsed.	Corrected.
As You Like It, W. T. Whitman.....	1 38 00	1 32 00
Pocahontas, F. C. Merrill.....	1 35 24	1 33 24
Sentinel, G. H. Crawford.....	1 34 07	1 34 07
Moondyne, A. J. Show.....	1 36 45	1 34 45
Thelma, A. C. Jones.....	1 40 00	1 36 00
Hustler, H. W. Robbins.....	1 40 25	1 36 25
Usona, A. L. Lincoln.....	1 52 10	1 47 10
Fanny D., Ed Seymour.....	Withdraw.	
Raccoon, S. A. Winsor.....	Withdraw.	
Duster, Smith & Burroughs.....	Withdraw.	

Second Handicap Class.

Challenge, E. B. Atwood.....	1 37 32	1 37 32
In It, John Watson.....	1 44 50	1 44 50
Grayling, F. J. Gross.....	1 47 25	1 41 25
Aureolus, H. Kellogg.....	2 00 00	1 45 00
Segrid, A. M. Watson.....	1 55 53	1 45 53

No Name, R. Hornblower.....Withdrew.
Winnetuxet, W. F. Potter.....Withdrew.
No Name, F. H. Hucksins.....Withdrew.
Old Honesty, H. Clapp.....Withdrew.
Alice, Ed Watson.....Withdrew.

Saturday, Aug. 20.
The second Y. R. A. open race of the Duxbury Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, Aug. 27, in a very light E. breeze. Medric got the start in the 22-footers and led to the finish. Kittiwake V. came out of the bunch first in the 18-footers, and led all around. Vera II. won an easy race in the 15-footers. No Name won easily in the lobster boat class. In the first handicap class Usona led all the way, and in the second handicap class Challenge lost to Grayling. The summary:

Class E—22-footers.		
Medric, H. H. White.....	Elapsed.	
Warrior, S. C. Winsor.....	1 03 32	
Peri II., George Lee.....	1 04 45	
Clotho, Cheney & Lanning.....	1 05 27	
	1 06 00	
Class I—18ft. Knockabouts.		
Kittiwake V., H. M. Jones.....	1 04 51	
Mirage II., J. W. Olmstead.....	1 07 32	
Napier, B. S. Permar.....	1 07 46	
Miladi II., F. R. Adams.....	1 08 38	
Arbeka II., F. P. Bowden.....	1 09 01	
Aspinquid IV., C. M. Foster.....	1 09 54	
Menace, J. H. Hunt.....	1 10 15	
Again, L. B. Goodspeed.....	1 10 41	
Domino, C. C. Clapp.....	1 11 05	
Osprey, A. R. Train.....	1 12 00	
Kittiwake IV., E. H. Ellison.....	1 15 08	
Class T—15-footers.		
Vera II., H. Lundberg.....	1 21 36	
Sis, F. Goodspeed.....	1 26 45	
Lobster Boats.		
No Name, F. H. Barry.....	1 25 45	
Old Honesty, Harold Clapp.....	1 20 00	
Julia N., T. Metcalf.....	1 29 45	
Mayflower, H. Packard.....	1 34 19	
Signet, S. Wadsworth.....	1 43 11	
Hinky Dee, F. Johnson.....	1 54 27	
Mary Jane, George Delano.....	Withdrew.	
First Handicap Class.		
Usona, A. L. Lincoln.....	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Raccoon, S. A. Winsor.....	1 08 48	1 10 19
Moondyne, A. J. Shaw.....	1 16 01	1 11 01
Marvel, J. M. Whittemore.....	1 15 20	1 11 20
Duster, Smith & Burroughs.....	1 16 36	1 12 36
Hustler, H. W. Robbins.....	1 16 47	1 12 47
Sentinel, G. H. Crawford.....	1 15 19	1 13 19
Pecahontas, F. C. Merrill.....	1 19 10	1 19 10
Goblin, R. M. Lothrop.....	1 25 30	1 19 30
Second Handicap Class.		
Grayling, F. J. Gross.....	1 18 23	1 10 23
Aureolus, H. Kellogg.....	1 21 46	1 08 46
Pokonoket, W. J. Johnson.....	1 20 18	1 10 18
Challenge, E. B. Atwood.....	1 14 28	1 14 28
Frolic, L. W. Cushman.....	1 36 10	1 16 10
Priscilla, J. Watson.....	1 38 14	1 16 14
Alice, E. Watson.....	1 33 05	1 20 25

Manchester and Beverly Y. C. 18-footers—Match Race.

Provincetown, Mass.—Monday, Aug. 22.
EARLY last spring arrangements were made between the owners of a one-design class of 18-footers of the Manchester Y. C. built under the restrictions of the Massachusetts Eighteen Foot Knockabout Association, and the owners of a new class of 18-footers owned by members of the Beverly Y. C. The Massachusetts Bay boats were designed by Mr. E. A. Boardman, and the Buzzard's Bay boats by Mr. N. G. Herreshoff. The Massachusetts Bay boats are of the keel type, while the Buzzard's Bay boats are centerboards, having more beam and more sail area. The conditions of agreement arranged for three series, the club winning two out of three races in a series to be the winner of the series, and the club winning two out of three series to be the winner of the match, a series of races to be sailed each season.
It was arranged to have the first series sailed on neutral ground, and so the boats, three on a side, met at Provincetown on Monday, Aug. 22, for the first race. There was a stiff breeze blowing, which caused five out of the six boats to be more or less disabled before they could be sent away. One boat of the Beverly Y. C. was withdrawn, which necessitated the withdrawal of a Manchester boat. The breaking down of Boo Hoo of the Manchester Y. C., soon after the start, caused the race to be a tie, and the contest went for nothing, it being specified that all ties should be sailed off. Enough was shown, however, to prove the superiority of the Manchester boats in a strong breeze and a lump of a sea.

Tuesday, Aug. 23.
To hasten matters, it was arranged to have two races on Tuesday, the first to be triangular and the second to be windward or leeward and return. Only four boats competed in the first race, which was all Manchester. The wind was strong N.E. and the sea lively. The Manchester boats had the Beverly boats covered at the start, and Arrow and Fudge led Jap and Wizard all around the course.
In the afternoon there was not quite so much wind, and the sea was smoother. Three boats competed on each side, and the six were all bunched at the starting line. The same team work which counted for Manchester in the morning was again evident after the start of this race, when each Manchester boat had a Beverly boat under her lee. Boo Hoo and Arrow were easily first and second, while Fudge was fifth, giving the Manchester Y. C. two races and the series. The next series will be sailed at Manchester. The summary:

Morning Race.		
Arrow, E. A. Boardman (M).....	Elapsed.	
Fudge, C. H. W. Foster (B).....	0 55 55	
Jap, G. P. Gardner, Jr. (B).....	0 57 08	
Wizard, N. F. Emmons (B).....	0 57 20	
	1 01 03	
Afternoon Race.		
Boo Hoo, Reginald Boardman (M).....	0 59 51	
Arrow, E. A. Boardman (M).....	1 00 35	
Wizard, F. W. Sargent, Jr. (B).....	1 01 48	
Hindoo, N. F. Emmons (B).....	1 02 00	
Fudge, C. H. W. Foster (M).....	1 02 47	
Jap, G. P. Gardner, Jr. (B).....	1 03 17	

Southern Y. C.

Lake Pontchartrain, New Orleans, La.—Saturday, Aug. 20.
THE Rawlins cup, for all model cabin sloops over 20-rating, the Tranchine cup, for all open sloops, the Olivera cup, for all model catboats, and a special prize for one-design knockabouts were contested for over the 5-mile triangular course of the S. Y. C. on Aug. 20. The day was inclined to be stormy, and the wind was decidedly variable, veering from S.W. to E. and back again in wobbly fashion a number of times at the light velocity of about 6 knots from the starting gun until the first half of the 10 miles had been run by the larger yachts, when it came in quick order out of the W.S.W. at an 18-knot clip, the general condition being squally.
The entries for the cabin sloop event brought out Chewink III., Calypso, Invader and Nydia. The first two, imported Northern rivals, had exactly the same measurement, and both had to allow Invader 2m. 30s., and Nydia 4m. 10s. A commendable incident in connection with the race of these boats was the special preparation which had been given Invader for the occasion. This is one of the new boats of the season, and she was built locally from a design by Messrs. Burgess & Packard, of Boston. Ex-Commodore J. Walton Glenn, one of the owners of Chewink III., took Invader in hand and prepared her for the race for her owners, lowering her cabin house, having her black-leaded, and otherwise bestowing his past-master attention on the craft, until her condition apparently approximated closely to that of Chewink III. and Calypso, which have been hauled out and rubbed down for all their races. Commodore Glenn handled Invader in the race, and he did splendidly with her until she was crippled by the head stay carrying away. He pluckily kept on, making repairs meanwhile, and finished in good order, the boat sailing in the third best time around the course. Nydia's owner realized that he hardly had a chance against the larger boats

and went in merely to fill-in, so that with Invader at a disadvantage, the race really resolved itself into a splendid duel between Calypso and Chewink, the latter winning by 3s. Calypso started 19s. before Chewink, and finishing just 16s. in the lead. On the first round Chewink went to the fore and led by several minutes. Later Calypso was enabled to overhaul and pass her on the wind, and she held a short lead to the home stake, not, however, far enough ahead to win the race.
Virgin won the cup for open sloops, Chiliktah that for catboats and Sinner carried off the special compass and binnacle prize for the one-design knockabouts.
The most pleasant incident and a special feature of the afternoon was the presentation to ex-Commodore Emile J. O'Brien of a handsome watch, fob and charm, a testimonial from the commodores of the six clubs forming the Southern Gulf Coast Yachting Association, the president of the Association, Commodore John A. Rawlins, making an able presentation speech and acting as toastmaster for the occasion. Commodore O'Brien is looked upon as the father of later day yachting in the south, he having started a revival of the sport about 1879, and four years ago he was largely instrumental in organizing the Association which is so splendidly swaying the destinies of the noble pastime in this section. He is chairman of the Regatta Committee of the Southern Y. C. and officiating judge for the entire round of Association regattas, and during more than twenty-five years he has not missed a single season, either as an active participant in the contests, or officiating in some capacity looking to the sport and enjoyment of others. Yachtsmen of the south cannot too highly honor and compliment this beloved guide, philosopher and friend.

The summary of the races as above outlined:

Cabin Sloops.		
Chewink III., Hardy, Glenn & Hardy.....	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Calypso, S. F. Heaslip.....	2 10 59	2 10 59
Invader, Palestine-Viguerie Syndicate.....	2 11 02	2 11 02
Nydia, J. A. Rawlins.....	2 21 36	2 19 06
	2 27 35	2 23 25
Open Sloops.		
Virgin, U. J. Virgin.....	2 41 06	2 39 11
Irma, J. A. Rawlins.....	Withdrew.	
Knockabouts.		
Sinner, Johnson Syndicate.....	2 35 11	2 35 11
Rascal, Jody Syndicate.....	2 39 11	2 39 11
Siren, Adler Syndicate.....	3 08 30	3 08 30
Catboats.		
Chiliktah, W. L. Jahncke.....	2 31 19	2 25 19
Augusta M., Louis Moreau.....	2 29 33	2 29 33
St. John, St. John Club.....	2 54 49	2 51 29
	L. D. SAMPSELL.	

Atlantic Y. C.

Sca Gate, L. I.—Saturday, Aug. 20.
TWENTY boats started in the open regatta given by the Atlantic Y. C. on the afternoon of Saturday, Aug. 20, over courses in the Lower Bay. It was the fourth race to count on the Association championship of 1904. The winners were Red Wing, Era, Lizana, Ogeemah, Beta, and Colleen. The race was sailed in a strong W.S.W. breeze. Double reefs were in order on most of the starters, and those which had to journey out of Gravesend Bay across the ship channel, met a heavy sea, which stopped all headway at times, and gave them a very wet time of it. The event was marred by a misunderstanding in the starting signals, the yachts being sent away by the system in general use at the Sea Gate organization, and not by the one under which the three other championship events of this season have been conducted.
Starters in Classes M and N went out to West Bank Light and return, doing the distance twice, making a total of 12 nautical miles. It was windward work going out and a spinnaker run home to Sea Gate. In the spirited weather conditions Red Wing showed superiority over Vivian II. and Maydic, and won out by a good margin. Era also proved herself a better sea boat than Bagheera, winning handily. The other craft in the race twice covered the usual Association course, making an aggregate distance of 7 nautical miles. It was a reach to Fort Hamilton, another reach to the Marine and Field Club, a close-hauled leg to the stakeboat off Ulmer Park, and windward work home.
The misunderstanding of the starting signals caused confusion, especially in Class Q. Some of the craft waited for the Association time of sending them off, and consequently got away considerably later than the gun under the Atlantic Y. C. system. Among these were Ogeemah, Miss Judy, Karma and Cicada. The former, however, sailed very fast, and was a winner in her class, despite the handicap at the beginning. Lizana scored a clever victory over Naiad in Class P, being sailed in expert manner from start to finish. Red Wing broke the jaws of her gaff, but was not obliged to withdraw from the contest. Maydic, Cicada and the catboat Rascal did not finish the race. The summaries follow:

Sloops—Class M—Start, 3:00.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Red Wing, J. B. O'Donohue.....	5 31 48	2 31 48	2 31 39
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon.....	5 39 15	2 39 15	2 39 15
Maydic, W. H. Childs.....	Did not finish.		
Sloops—Class N—Start, 3:00.			
Era, E. H. M. Roehr.....	5 56 46	2 55 46	2 55 25
Bagheera, Hendon Chubb.....	6 06 22	3 06 22	3 06 22
Sloops—Class P—Start, 3:05.			
Lizana, D. S. Wylie.....	4 22 03	1 17 03	1 14 45
Naiad, Dr. J. B. Palmer.....	4 24 03	1 19 03	1 19 03
Bonito, Haviland Bros.....	4 25 53	1 20 53	1 19 52
Sloops—Class Q—Start, 3:05.			
Ogeemah, Alfred Mackay.....	4 34 23	1 29 23	1 24 15
Mary, Max Grundner.....	4 32 50	1 27 50	1 27 34
Wraith, Calvin Tompkins.....	4 36 58	1 31 58	1 28 43
Miss Judy, D. D. Allerton.....	4 52 10	1 47 10	1 47 10
Karma, J. C. Erskine.....	4 59 40	1 54 40	1 50 28
Cicada, A. D. O'Neill.....	Did not finish.		
Sloops—Class RR—Start, 3:45.			
Beta, Snedeker & Camp.....	5 25 03	1 40 03
Alpha, Holcomb & Howell.....	5 29 15	1 44 15
Gamma, A. H. Platt.....	Did not finish.		
Catboats—Class V—Start, 3:15.			
Colleen, W. F. Remmey.....	5 03 57	1 48 57	1 48 57
Martha M., Richard Moore.....	5 06 12	1 51 12	1 50 04
Rascal, D. G. Whitlock.....	Did not finish.		

Corinthian Y. C.

Marblehead, Mass.—Saturday, Aug. 27.
THE sixth championship race of the Corinthian Y. C. was sailed off Marblehead on Saturday, Aug. 27, in a light S.E. breeze. In the 18-footers, Fudge took the lead soon after the start and held it all over the course. The wins in the handicap classes were all easy, going to Cossack, Sally VII. and Khalifa respectively. The summary:

18ft. Knockabouts.		
Fudge, C. H. W. Foster.....	Elapsed.	
Bat, C. F. Adams.....	1 22 35	
Arrow, E. A. Boardman.....	1 23 06	
Boo Hoo, R. Boardman.....	1 23 35	
Moslem II., B. D. Parker.....	1 25 00	
Hugi, A. E. Chase.....	1 28 20	
Otter, A. D. Irving.....	1 28 35	
Privateer II., Alden & Carleton.....	1 29 26	
Moslem I., J. T. Eustis.....	1 33 08	
Class D.		
Carmon, C. H. Johnson.....	1 33 30	
Class A—Handicap.		
Cossack, H. A. Morris.....	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Louise, Mr. McWilliams.....	1 34 24	1 34 24
Katonah, J. J. Feeley.....	1 41 09	1 41 09
Halcyon, H. W. Peabody.....	1 42 57	1 42 57
	1 51 42	1 47 00
Class B—Handicap.		
Sally VII., L. F. Percival.....	1 35 10	1 35 10
Wasaka, C. Reed Anthony.....	1 39 40	1 39 40
Sauquoit, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.....	1 41 55	1 41 55
Dorel, G. L. Batchelder.....	1 44 48	1 41 57
Class C—Handicap.		
Khalifa, R. F. Tucker.....	1 50 15	1 50 15
Rowena, Stephen Bowen.....	1 57 30	1 51 15
Carina II., H. S. Wheelock.....	2 20 45	2 14 30

Plymouth Y. C.

Plymouth, Mass.—Thursday, Aug. 25.
THE annual Y. R. A. open race of the Plymouth Y. C. was sailed in a reefing S.W. breeze. Medric got the start in the 22-footers, and led to the first mark, when Peri II. went out ahead and led to the finish. The 18-footers were well bunched until the windward leg, when Hayseed went out ahead, with Menace second. Soon after the windward mark had been turned, Hayseed's mast went by the board, and Menace led to the finish. Pocahontas was an easy winner in the first handicap class. Challenge finished first in the second handicap class, but lost to Alice on time allowance. The summary:

Class E—22-footers.		
Peri II., George Lee.....	Elapsed.	
Medric, H. H. White.....	1 40 11	
Warrior, S. C. Winsor.....	1 43 06	
	1 51 35	
Class I—18-footers.		
*Menace, J. H. Hunt.....	1 51 15	
Miladi II., F. R. Adams.....	1 53 50	
Again, L. B. Goodspeed.....	1 54 23	
Arbeka II., F. P. Bowden.....	1 56 02	
Kittiwake V., H. M. Jones.....	1 56 05	
Kittiwake IV., E. H. Ellison.....	2 03 13	
Hayseed, H. L. Bowden.....	Dismasted.	
Osprey, A. R. Train.....	Disabled.	
Napier, B. S. Permar.....	Disabled.	
Mirage II., J. W. Olmstead.....	Disqualified.	
Aspinquid II., C. M. Foster.....	Disqualified.	
	*Protested for fouling turning mark.	
First Handicap Class.		
Pocahontas, Dr. Merrill.....	Elapsed.	Corrected.
As You Like It, W. T. Whitman.....	1 41 15	1 41 15
Usona, A. L. Lincoln.....	1 49 57	1 45 57
Thelma, A. C. Jones.....	1 54 50	1 48 50
Goblin, R. M. Lothrop.....	1 59 18	1 52 18
Hustler, R. C. Robbins.....	2 05 00	1 56 00
Marvel, I. M. Whittemore.....	2 05 09	1 56 09
Moondyne, A. K. Shaw.....	2 09 21	2 02 21
Memento, Dr. Dawes.....	Withdrew.	
Second Handicap Class.		
Alice, E. W. Watson.....	2 16 10	2 06 10
Challenger, E. B. Atwood.....	2 13 19	2 13 19

Huguenot Y. C.

New Rochelle, L. I. Sound—Saturday, Aug. 20.
BOISTEROUS weather conditions rather spoiled the tenth annual regatta of the Huguenot Y. C., sailed on Saturday, Aug. 20. Nearly thirty boats were entered for the event, and but six actually started; of this number only three finished.
The programme provided for nine classes, but only two filled, the raceabout class and the 25ft. class.
None of the club's regular regatta committee were present, but Messrs. Harry C. Ward, G. W. Kean and J. E. Sanborn kindly consented to act, and the race was admirably handled.
The course was from the starting line off the eastern end of Whortleberry Island; thence to red and black buoy off north-easterly end of Execution Rock, bearing S.E. by E.; thence to red spar buoy off southwesterly end of Hen and Chickens Reef, bearing N.; thence to mark boat at starting line, bearing S.W. This course was covered three times, making a total distance of 11 1/4 miles. There was a nasty sea on, and with the strong S.W. breeze, the boats had a reach to the first mark, a beat to the second, and then another reach.
The raceabouts were sent away first, at 1:40. Tartan was first off, followed by Hobo and The Kid. Tartan drew away from Hobo, and the latter boat dropped The Kid, so that at the end of the first round Tartan was 1m. 30s. in the lead of Hobo and Hobo was 2m. ahead of The Kid. Hobo cut down Tartan's lead somewhat on the second round, but the former was never in danger of losing the race. On the third round Tartan drew ahead again, and finished a winner. The Kid withdrew.
The 25-footers were started at 1:45. Wintje was first away, followed by Heron and Reverie. At the end of the first round Wintje led Heron by 2s. Reverie split her jib and withdrew. On the second round Heron carried away her starboard spreader, and in order to save her mast, Mr. P. Le Boutillier, the boat's owner, was forced to withdraw. Wintje finished alone. The summary:

Raceabouts—Start, 1:40—Course, 11 1/4 Knots.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Tartan, A. H. Pirie.....	3 20 45	1 40 45
Hobo, Frenor L. Park.....	3 21 05	1 41 05
The Kid, Oliver Harriman.....	Did not finish.	
25ft. Sloops—Start, 1:45—Course, 11 1/4 Knots.		
Wintje, W. H. Clark.....	3 44 15	1 59 15
Heron, Philip Le Boutillier.....	Disabled.	
Reverie, H. C. Southwick.....	Disabled.	

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound—Saturday, Aug. 27.
ELEVEN boats started in two classes in the club race held on Saturday, Aug. 27. The raceabouts were sent away at 3:10, and of the four starters, Nathalie had rather the best of the race from the beginning, and won by 1m. 38s. from Merrywing.
The seven contenders in the 15ft. class got away at 3:15. Cayenne went into the lead at the start and was never headed. Chipmunk was second, finishing 1m. after Cayenne. Sabrina was third. The summary:

Raceabouts—Start, 3:10.		
Nathalie, F. G. Stewart.....	Finish.	
Merrywing, H. M. Crane.....	5 36 02	
Jolly Roger, T. B. Bleeker.....	5 37 40	
Scamp, J. R. Maxwell, Jr.....	5 40 55	
	5 43 57	
15-footers—Start, 3:15.		
Cayenne, Colgate Hoyt.....	6 01 55	
Chipmunk, T. S. Young.....	6 02 55	
Sabrina, C. W. Wetmore.....	6 03 55	
Imp, S. L. Landon.....	6 07 10	
Bobs, W. A. W. Stewart.....	6 15 30	
Bairn, W. J. Matheson.....	6 19 55	
Brownie, R. W. Gibson.....	6 24 15	

Mr. Thos. S. Young has offered a prize for a ladies' race in the 15ft. class belonging to members of the S. C. Y. C., the course to be in the inner harbor at Oyster Bay, and each boat to be sailed by a lady. Preparatory, 11 A. M.; start, 11:05. Chart of the course will be ready later. The club offers a second prize if four boats start, and a third prize if seven boats start, with the intention of completing the course.
The race for the Robert Center memorial cups will be sailed on Monday, Sept. 5, open to raceabouts and 15-footers belonging to members of the S. C. Y. C. Preparatory 2:15. Start: Raceabouts, 2:20; 15-footers, 2:25.

Boston Y. C.

Boston, Mass.—Saturday, Aug. 27.
A SPECIAL club race of the Boston Y. C. was sailed off the Hull station of the club on Saturday, Aug. 27 in a light S.E. breeze. In the first handicap class L'Aiglon led, but lost to Mildred II. on corrected time. Mildred won easily in the second handicap class and Dorchin took an easy win in the 18-footers. The summary:

First Handicap Class.		
Mildred II., G. S. Moses.....	Elapsed.	Corrected.
L'Aiglon, E. W. Hodgson.....	2 04 49	1 58 44
Jingo, Geo. B. Doane.....	2 01 19	2 01 19
	2 03 23	2 03 23
Class I—18ft. Knockabouts.		
Dorchin, A. W. Finley.....	2 03 49	
Gertrude, H. E. Lynch.....	2 19 01	
Nicknack, E. B. Holmes.....	2 19 30	
Bonito, G. H. Whitman.....	2 26 40	
Aladdin, Keith Bros.....	2 43 24	
Humbug, C. W. Cole.....	2 44 30	
Second Handicap Class.		
Mildred, C. A. Coleman.....	2 31 10	2 23 35
Scapegoat, W. P. Keyes.....	2 38 29	2 38 29

Brenton's Reef Cup.

Brenton's Reef Lightship to Sandy Hook Lightship and Return, Aug. 22 to 24.

After about the slowest contest ever sailed for the Brenton's Reef Cup Mr. Wilson Marshall's three-masted schooner-rigged auxiliary Atlantic won this historic, if seldom raced-for, piece of plate last week, over a 264-mile ocean course, from Brenton's Reef Lightship to Sandy Hook Lightship and return.

Incidentally Atlantic defeated the auxiliary Resolute by over nine hours and the Atlantic record-holder Endymion by nearly seventeen hours. The race was sailed under rather trying conditions, for while the yachts had a good breeze to start with on Monday morning, Aug. 22, which was increased to half a gale at Sandy Hook, the wind gradually dropped to a whisper off the Long Island coast on the return trip, and the yachts had hard work to finish at all, Endymion being becalmed for 14 hours.

While it was originally intended to start the yachts on Saturday, Aug. 20, the race was postponed to Monday morning on account of the S. E. gale and heavy sea, and as the New York Y. C. fleet had disbanded there was only a handful of spectators out to see the starters on Monday morning.

They included the three-masted auxiliary Atlantic, owned by Mr. Wilson Marshall. She is 187ft. over all, 135ft. on the waterline, 31ft. beam and 15ft. draft. She was designed by Messrs. Gardner and Cox, and built by Townsend & Downey at Shooter's Island last year, and her tonnage registers 303 tons gross and 206 tons net. Atlantic outside of a cruise to the West Indies last year won nearly all of the squadron runs in the auxiliary class on the recent New York Y. C. cruise, and was a decided favorite among the yachtsmen.

Resolute, owned by Mr. James W. Masury, was designed as an auxiliary schooner by Mr. A. Cary Smith and fitted with a four-cylinder gas engine, but recently her propeller was taken off. She is built of steel and measures 124ft. over all, 90ft. on the waterline, 23ft. 5in. beam and 14ft. 2in. draft, while her tonnage is 128 gross tons and 110 tons net.

Endymion is a keel schooner, designed by Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, and holds Atlantic record, having crossed, from Sandy Hook to the Needles, during the summer of 1900, in 13 days 20 hours, when she logged 304 knots in one day. She was built for the late George Lord Day, but was afterward purchased by Mr. George Lander, Jr., the present commodore of the Indian Harbor Y. C. She measures 137ft. over all, 100ft. on the waterline, 24ft. 4in. beam and 14ft. draft, while her tonnage registers 144 tons gross and 116 tons net.

While there was little wind at Newport on the morning of Aug. 22 it increased considerably in strength before the yachts arrived at Brenton's Reef Lightship, and was blowing a fine whole-sail breeze from the S.S.W. when the yachts were started at 10:45.

Resolute was the first away at 10:45:11, carrying a working staysail and small jibtopsail over her lower canvas. Endymion followed under about the same canvas at 10:46:13, while Atlantic, which boat took plenty of time, was last at 10:50:10, breaking out two staysails as she went over the line.

Atlantic soon began to outpoint and outfoot her rivals, and passed Endymion off Point Judith in less than an hour after the start, and then drew by Resolute shortly after 1 o'clock, just off the bell buoy at Block Island. Atlantic was never headed afterward. At 7:14 P. M. Shinnecock Light was made out, and the wind increased considerably so that the Highland Light loomed up in the W.N.W. at 2:30 on Tuesday morning. At 3:32 A. M. Sandy Hook Lightship was abeam with none of the other boats in sight. Then came a change of wind from the N.E. which increased in force until it was necessary to have a double reef in Atlantic's spanker and clew up the topsails. At 4:38 A. M. Atlantic, headed E., passed Resolute westward bound, and at 7:11 A. M. the leader, which boat was fairly flying along at a 12-knot gait, had Fire Island abeam and passed Shinnecock Light just before noon.

The wind began to die out here and reefs were shaken, and by 1 o'clock Atlantic was almost becalmed. It was little better than a drift for seven hours, but at 9 o'clock in the evening Block Island Light was made out due N. about three miles. At 2:20 Wednesday morning Point Judith was sighted. Then the breeze freshened and hauled to the N.W.¾W., and Atlantic finished at 3:29:26 on Wednesday morning. Resolute, which was the second boat to finish, arrived at 12:43:04, or shortly after noon, being beaten 9h. 18m. 32s. Endymion was not reported until 7:56 Wednesday evening, or 16h. 30m. 26s. astern of the leader.

	Start A. M.	Finish	Elapsed
	Aug. 22.	Aug. 24.	Time.
Atlantic	10 50 05	3 29 26 A. M.	40 39 21
Resolute	10 45 11	12 43 04 P. M.	49 57 53
Endymion	10 46 13	7 56 00 P. M.	57 09 47

The Brenton's Reef cup, which is one of the most valued trophies in the possession of the New York Y. C., was originally presented to the club by ex-Commodore James Gordon Bennett in March, 1871. The first race was sailed on July 25, 1872, starting from Sandy Hook, when J. Malcolm Forbes' 240-ton schooner Rambler defeated Jacob Voorhis, Jr.'s, 175-ton schooner Madeline, which boat put into New London and did not finish.

The same boats raced again on Sept. 19, 1873, starting from Brenton's Reef Lightship, and the Rambler was again the winner, covering the course in 43h. 25m. 32s., while the Madeline took 47h. 18m. 41s.

In the third race, from Sandy Hook Lightship, July 26, 1876, the starters included S. J. Colgate's 191-ton Idler; 170-ton America, owned by Gen. B. F. Butler; James Stillman's 197-ton Wanderer, William Voorhis, Jr.'s, 211-ton Tidal Wave and the 138-ton Canadian cup challenger, Countess of Dufferin, owned by Major C. Gifford. The race was sailed in a strong wind, and the Idler won in 32h. 18m. 16s., while the Wanderer took 34h. 28m. 51s. The others were not timed at the finish.

There was no racing for the cup for nine years, when Sir Richard Sutton's unsuccessful cup-hunting cutter Genesta challenged for the cup in the fall of 1885. The start was made from Sandy Hook Lightship, and the Genesta easily defeated Caldwell H. Colt's schooner Dauntless, covering the course in 48h. 19m. 40s.

The cup was taken to England, and in 1893 C. R. Packer, then the owner of the Genesta, resigned the cup to the Britannia, owned by the Prince of Wales, now King Edward. Royal Phelps Carroll's Navahoe then challenged for the cup. The race was started on Sept. 14, 1893, and the course was from Needles Light-house to Cherbourg Breakwater and return. The yachts sailed a record-breaking race, averaging close to 12 knots per hour, and, while the Britannia finished 3s. ahead, the race was given to the Navahoe on protest, as the finish line had been moved. Since then there have been no races for the cup until last week's contest, which was won by Atlantic.

DUNCAN CURRY.

Bensonhurst Y. C.

Bensonhurst, L. I.—Saturday, Aug. 27.

The Bensonhurst Y. C. held an interesting handicap regatta on the afternoon of Saturday, Aug. 27, over courses in the Lower Bay. Twenty-nine boats started in four divisions. The winners were Smoke, Trouble, Kelpie and Martha M. Handicaps were based on the average elapsed times made by the different boats in races of the year. Commodore Arthur C. Bellows offered prizes for the winner of each division. The handicaps under which the craft competed were as follows:

Classes M, N and P—Maydic, allowed Bobtail, 2m.; Vivian II., 2m.; Bagheera, 5m.; Era, 6m.; Red Wing, 6m.; Naiad, 12m.; Smoke, 16m.; Dorothea, 18m.; Indian, 20m.; Caribou, 20m. Class Q—Miss Judy allowed Mary 1m. 30s.; Ogeemah, 3m. 30s.; Wraith, 4m.; Trouble, 4m.; Careless, 5m.

Classes RR and Marine and Field Special—Kelpie allowed Beta 1m.; Esperance, 2m.; Gamma, 3m.; Trio, 7m.

Catboats—Classes V and W—Colleen allowed Martha M. 1m.; Rascal, 2m.; Boozie, 2m.; Orient, 7m.; Rosalie, 8m.; Beth, 8m.

The event was started in a light S.W. breeze, which at the beginning was hardly strong enough to send the boats over the line. Before the finish, however, it increased enough to make the end of the race a spirited one. Boats in Classes M, N and P went once from the start off Ulmer Park out to the bell buoy at the entrance to Swash Channel, thence to Craven Shoal and home, a distance of 9 nautical miles. The first leg was one of windward work, and the next a broad reach. The short journey from Craven Shoal home proved a run in which spinnakers were carried.

The other starters covered the regular Association course, leaving all marks to port. They had no windward sailing. It was a reach to the Marine and Field Club, another reach to Fort Hamilton, a close-hauled board to the Atlantic Y. C. and a run home. The journey was covered twice, aggregating 8 nautical miles.

The finish of the boats going the outside course was a fine one, the first four being very close to one another. Smoke, winner of the division, was eighth to end of the race, beating Bagheera on corrected time by only 16s. Of the smaller craft Trouble won from Ogeemah by 49s., Kelpie beat Esperance 5m. 45s. and Martha M. was far in the lead of Rascal. Caribou was disqualified for fouling the stakeboat at the start. The summary:

Sloops—Classes M, N and P—Start, 3:05.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Smoke, L. H. Dyer	5 40 15	2 35 15	2 19 15
Bagheera, Hendon Chubb	5 29 31	2 24 31	2 19 34
Era, E. H. M. Roehr	5 31 16	2 26 16	2 20 16
Red Wing, J. B. O'Donohue	5 31 33	2 26 33	2 20 33
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach	5 20 06	2 24 06	2 22 06
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon	5 29 32	2 24 32	2 22 32
Naiad, Dr. J. B. Palmer	5 39 40	2 34 40	2 22 40
Maydic, W. H. Childs	5 28 44	2 23 44	2 23 44
Dorothea, C. F. Dingsen	6 06 35	3 01 35	2 43 35
Indian, H. F. Menton	6 21 36	3 16 36	2 56 36
Caribou (yawl), J. E. Nicholson	Disqualified.		

Sloops—Class Q—Start, 3:10.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Trouble, W. A. Barstow	4 40 26	1 30 26	1 26 26
Ogeemah, Alfred Mackay	4 40 45	1 30 45	1 27 15
Miss Judy, D. D. Allerton	4 39 07	1 29 07	1 29 07
Mary, Max Grundner	4 41 02	1 31 02	1 29 32
Wraith, Calvin Tompkins	Did not finish.		
Careless, F. J. Havens	Did not finish.		

Sloops—Classes RR and Marine and Field Special—Start, 3:15.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Kelpie, W. K. Brown	4 54 19	1 39 19	1 39 19
Esperance, T. A. Hamilton	5 02 05	1 47 05	1 45 05
Beta, Snedeker and Camp	5 06 13	1 51 13	1 50 13
Trio, C. H. Clayton	5 32 03	2 17 03	2 10 03
Gamma, A. H. Platt	Did not finish.		

Catboats—Classes V and W—Start, 3:20.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Martha M., Richard Moore	4 55 50	1 35 50	1 34 50
Rascal, D. G. Whitlock	5 06 03	1 46 03	1 44 03
Boozie, A. Kobel	5 08 05	1 48 05	1 46 05
Orient, Richard Rummell	5 16 00	1 56 00	1 49 00
Colleen, W. F. Remmey	5 09 11	1 49 11	1 49 11
Beth, H. F. Eggert	Did not finish.		
Rosalie, F. A. Bolles	Did not finish.		

Rhode Island Y. C.

Narragansett Bay, R. I.—Saturday, Aug. 27.

The eighteenth annual open regatta of the Rhode Island Y. C. was sailed off Potter's Cove, Saturday afternoon, Aug. 27, in a moderate S.W. breeze that afforded some fairly interesting sport. The event was also the last race in the Narragansett Bay Y. R. A. series, postponed on account of the storm from the previous Saturday. There were twenty-two entries arranged in eight classes. The winners were the sloops Little Rhody, Micaboo, Oriana, Unique and Tyke, the cat Mblem and the launch Neon.

There was particular interest in the special classes for Newport 30-footers and the Warwick Neck one-design 15-footers. Only two of the 30-footers were entered, and these started what promised to be a close and exciting race, but both followed too close inshore along Prudence Island and grounded on North Point, about 15 minutes after the start. G. Widener's Eleanor got off in a short time, and sailed the first round of the course. Breeze, owned by W. G. Roelker, Jr., however, remained hard and fast for more than an hour. Eleanor did not cross the line at the finish of the first round, and while waiting for a decision as to sailing the second round according to schedule, fouled the committee boat. The committee suggested a new start, and a sail once over the course. This was agreed to and carried out by Breeze, but Eleanor protested, claiming the race on the first round, and withdrew. The committee were in a quandary, not being able to give the prize to Breeze under the peculiar circumstances, and in like manner being unwilling to give Eleanor the decision, as the latter did not complete the course, and in any event would have been disqualified for the foul that was made. The trophy is a \$100 cup offered by former Commodore A. E. Austin, in accordance with his annual custom, and the committee concluded to refer the vexatious question to the donor of the cup for decision. The only equitable way seemed to be to hold a special race for the trophy later.

Little Rhody administered a sound drubbing to her old rival, Priscilla, finishing more than 8m. ahead, notwithstanding that she had to assume more than two feet above her measurement in order to race in Priscilla's class. The 25-footer Micaboo gave Flying Fish an even more pronounced defeat. In the 21ft. class Oriana finished a little over a minute, corrected time, ahead of Wenonah, which took second prize. In the 15ft. class the scow Unique had no trouble in beating out Martha and Terror by more than 20m., and the little Terror captured second prize. The Warwick Neck one-design class put up a lively little race, Tyke defeating Zilla by 1m. 35s., while a third prize went to Zu Zu. The two 30ft. cats also had a close race, Mblem leading throughout, and finishing a little over a minute ahead of Elizabeth. Only two launches were entered, and N. G. Herreshoff, Jr., in Neon, won out, the other launch, Ragna, only covering the course once, through some misunderstanding.

The course was a triangular one, sailed twice over by the larger boats, a total distance of 16 miles, while the smaller craft sailed the course once. The race was in charge of the club regatta committee, consisting of F. S. Nock, Dr. H. B. Potter, B. L. Barnes, C. H. Mathewson and H. A. Pike.

The summary:

Special Class—Newport 30-footers, for Austin Cup—Course 16 Miles—Start, 2:10.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Eleanor, G. Widener	Did not finish.	
Breeze, W. G. Roelker, Jr.	Did not finish.	

30ft. Sloops—Course 16 Miles—Start, 2:14.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Little Rhody, C. F. Tillinghast	3 40 15	3 39 21
Priscilla, Wood Bros.	3 48 27	3 48 27

25ft. Class Sloops—Course 16 Miles—Start, 2:16.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Micaboo, W. R. Tillinghast	3 53 53	3 53 53
Flying Fish, C. D. Ingersoll	4 06 56	4 02 05

21ft. Sloops—Course, 8 Miles—Start, 2:18.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Oriana, F. Pardee	2 03 30	2 03 30
Wenonah, H. Wetherell	2 08 32	2 04 43
Mistral (yawl), D. Thurber	2 13 35	2 10 00
Dazzler, C. D. Reynolds	2 19 30	2 19 30

15ft. Sloops—Course 8 Miles—Start, 2:20.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Unique, J. Whitehead	2 09 48	2 06 16
Terror, W. B. Frost	2 32 00	2 26 41
Martha, W. S. Baxter	2 29 57	2 29 57

Warwick Neck One-Design Class—Course, 8 Miles—Start, 2:22.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Tyke, Merriman Bros.	2 21 00	2 21 00
Zilla, E. R. Bancroft	2 22 35	2 22 35
Zu Zu, R. C. Watrous	2 26 30	2 26 30
Zest, F. M. Smith	2 28 40	2 28 40
Zip, W. W. Aldrich	2 29 20	2 29 20

30ft. Cats—Course 16 Miles—Start, 2:26.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mblem, G. E. Darling	3 38 08	3 38 08
Elizabeth, W. D. Wood	3 39 22	3 39 22

21ft. Launches—Course 8 Miles—Start, 2:45.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Neon, N. G. Herreshoff, Jr.	0 55 54	0 55 54
Ragna, C. F. Olsen	Did not finish.	

F. H. YOUNG.

Moriches Y. C.

East Moriches, L. I.—Wednesday, Aug. 17.

TWELVE boats started in the women's race of the Moriches Y. C. held on Wednesday, Aug. 17. There was a two-reef breeze from the S.W., and all the starters finished the 8-mile course in good time. All the boats were sailed by women.

Naiad finished first, but lost on corrected time. Lorna won, Zim was second and Brunhilde was third. The summary:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Naiad	55 54	55 54
Sappho	1 00 50	57 47
Sybil	1 00 20	56 50
Esther	1 00 28	55 23
Dannie D.	1 00 40	55 03
Coquette	1 02 15	55 39
Brunhilde	58 25	51 37
Hironde	1 00 56	53 56
Lorna	58 02	50 53
Enigma	1 01 40	53 12
Zim	1 00 41	51 27
Briesies	1 01 50	55 13

Jamaica Bay Y. C.

Rockaway Beach, L. I.—Sunday, Aug. 21.

THE Jamaica Bay Y. C. held an open race on Sunday, Aug. 21. There were ten starters in the five classes. The winners were Baby Roger, Diana, Pauline B., Boozie and Charlie D. The gale of Saturday disabled a number of the boats entered, so the list of starters was rather smaller than was expected.

At 2 o'clock the preparatory was given. The sloops and cabin cats were not ready, so the open cats, which had to go twice around a shorter course, were sent off in advance. The course for sloops and cabin cats was from a mark off the clubhouse to the black spar buoy off Barren Island, to a stake boat in Broad Channel, thence to the starting line, once around. The wind at the start was N. by W. and gave the open cats, which started first, a reach around the course. The sloops and cabin cats had a reach over the first leg and a half of the second, then a beat to the second mark and a run home. The summary:

Class E—Sloops.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Baby Roger	3 30 00	6 02 20	2 32 20
Kismet	3 30 00	Withdrew.	

Class H—Cabin Cats.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Diana	3 30 00	4 50 47	1 20 47
Lizzie Green	3 30 00	4 58 19	1 28 19

Class K—Open Cats.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Rival	2 18 00	4 49 15	2 31 15
Pauline B.	2 18 00	4 38 16	2 20 16

Class L—Open Cats.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Doctor	2 20 00	5 11 46	2 51 46
Boozie	2 20 00	4 57 37	2 37 37

Class M—Open Cats.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Charley B.	2 22 00	4 49 33	2 27 33
Alert	2 22 00	5 03 30	2 41 30

Atlantic Y. C.

Sea Gate, L. I., Thursday, Aug. 25.

Ten craft started in the fourth race for the Havens' challenge trophy for classes M and Under, which was sailed over courses in Gravesend Bay on the afternoon of Thursday, Aug. 25. There was a strong breeze blowing and a choppy sea. In these conditions the Bar Harbor 30-footer Red Wing was very much at home and won out easily, defeating W. H. Child's Maydic, scratch boat, by 1m. 42s. elapsed time and 3m. 50s. corrected time. Era, defender of the trophy, was third boat, and Bobtail, challenger, fourth, to the end of the journey. Vivian II. was disabled just before the finish, when making a fine fight with Red Wing for first place. Bagheera, Lizanna, Trouble and the yawl Kate withdrew.

The event was started at 3 o'clock P. M. in a S. breeze. The course led to a stakeboat off Ulmer Park, thence to a mark off Fort Hamilton and home to the start off Sea Gate. The first two legs were reaches and the last to windward. The journey was sailed three times, aggregating 11 nautical miles. Under the conditions governing the Havens cup, a craft winning three contests in any one season secures permanent possession of the trophy. To date Bobtail has won two races, while Era and Red Wing each have a single contest to their credit. Vivian II. has challenged for the trophy. The summary:

Sloops—Classes M and Under—Start, 3:00.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Red Wing, J. B. O'Donohue	4 50 50	1 50 50	1 48 42
Maydic, W. H. Childs	4 52 32	1 52 32	1 52 32
Era, E. H. M. Roehr	5 02 26	2 02 26	1 55 59
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach	5 03 23	2 03 23	1 37 24
Smoke, L. H. Dyer	5 29 54	2 29 54	2 17 33
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon	Disabled.		
Lizanna, D. S. Wylie	Disabled.		
Bagheera, Hendon Chubb	Did not finish.		
Trouble, W. A. Barstow	Did not finish.		
Kate (yawl), J. S. Negus	Did not finish.		

New Rochelle Y. C.

New Rochelle, Long Island Sound—Saturday, Aug. 27.

THE club race of the New Rochelle Y. C., held on Saturday, Aug. 27, proved to be a very satisfactory event. There were 18 starters, and all but two of the boats finished. The winners were Bubble, Alga, Sayonara and Joke. Firefly won a special trophy, offered for the boat making the fastest elapsed time over the course.

The wind was light from the S.W. The starters in the sloop and yawl classes covered a 4½-mile course twice, while the catboats sailed over the triangle once. The summary:

Sloop Class—Start, 3:05—Course, 9 Miles.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Firefly, G. P. Granbery	5 09 10	5 01 04
Wanda, Mr. Toll	5 23 08	5 19 00
Laddie Boy, G. H. Patterson, Jr.	Did not finish.	
Ethel, Dr. Frantz	5 28 00	5 14 00
Clutha, J. L. Mitchell	6 00 40	5 35 37
Dod, D. Ed. Dealy	6 00 20	5 37 17
Bubble, H. M. Lloyd	5 21 45	4 59 36
Sibyl, H. T. Noyes	Did not finish.	

New Rochelle One-Design Class—Start, 3:05—Course 9 Miles.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Acc, R. N. Bavier	5 16 00	5 16 00
Alga, J. D. Sparkman	5 14 50	5 14 50

Yawl Class—Start, 3:10—Course 9 Miles.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Fleetwing, Charles Fletcher	5 39 43	5 39 43
Sayonara, J. P. Donovan	5 41 43	5 29 34

ANOTHER AMERICA'S CUP CHALLENGE?

SIR THOMAS LIPTON has again been in touch with Mr. George L. Watson, the Scotch designer, and recently made a visit to the Clyde. It is only natural that these facts should offer foundation for the rumor that he is again to challenge for the America's Cup.

Of the three challengers Sir Thomas sent out to the States, the Watson-designed boat, Shamrock II., made by far the best showing. This craft was practically Columbia's equal. Watson can do better, and would have to do very much better in order to turn out a boat that would in any way equal Reliance. If a challenge is accepted under the new rule of measurement, the designers on both sides will have to work along decidedly new lines, and much of the experience gained from the older boats will not be available.

The English designers are accustomed to turning out compact craft of the type which it is believed the new rule will produce, and for this reason alone they will be less handicapped than ever before.

The present season has not been an active one, and as races for the America's Cup rather detract from the sport at large than add to it, we shall be sorry to see another challenge filed, as we do not want to see two stagnant seasons follow one another. It will be very instructive, however, to see what the new rule will produce. It needs a good practical test, and such an event would certainly afford it.

British Letter.

Harmsworth Cup Races.

IF THE reliability trials for motor boats in Southampton water were more satisfactory than was anticipated, bearing in mind the comparatively short period since this type of craft came into being, the same cannot be said of the eliminating races for the British international cup, which took place over a course laid between mark boats off Ryde Pier and Old Castle, Point Cowes, on July 30. Last year, it may be remembered, only three boats were entered, and there were no foreign competitors, all three boats being of British manufacture, the firms represented being Edge, Thornycroft and Wort & Beadle, and the cup was won with ridiculous ease by Edge's boat, Napier Minor. This year the entries were far more numerous. Five boats represented the British section, while France was represented by three and America one. Of the British contingent Edge entered two, last year's winner, Napier Minor, and a longer and more powerful boat, Napier II. Napier Minor is only 35ft. long with 55 horse-power, and Napier II. is 40ft.—which is the limit allowed—and has 90 horse-power. Messrs. J. E. Hutton entered a 40-footer, designed by Linton Hope, a boat whose appearance gave every promise of speed. She is fitted with a six-cylinder engine of 150 horse-power. Messrs. Thornycroft were represented by a 40-footer, Champak, 120 horse-power, and Lord Howard de Walden entered Fer de Lance, 40ft. long with a twelve-cylinder engine, whose horse-power has been variously estimated at from 150 to 300. France entered the lists with a 100 horse-power Gardner-Serpollet steam engine in a 39.3ft. hull; a 40-footer owned by M. A. Clement, and the little Trefle-à-Quatre, which is only 30ft. long and is fitted with a Richard Brazier motor. Trefle-à-Quatre has already given a good account of herself in the Mediterranean, and came with a good reputation. America sent over a Smith & Mabley boat, 40ft. long and 150 horse-power, designed by Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of Tams, Lemoine & Crane.

This was quite a respectable entry, and had all the entrants in perfect working order, some most interesting racing must have followed. As it turned out, however, the whole affair was disappointing. Two of the British boats, Champak and Fer de Lance, were not in condition to run and the Gardner-Serpollet boat did not turn up. The eliminating races were to have been run in three heats: Napier II. and the Thornycroft boat were drawn for the first; Napier Minor and Fer de Lance for the second, and the Hutton boat drew a bye. Napier II. and Napier Minor both had walkovers, and the Hutton boat did not get round the course, breaking down soon after the start. For the actual cup race there were five heats down on the programme, but they were in a great measure disappointing. In the first heat Napier II., the Smith & Mabley boat and M. Clement's Bayard were drawn together. Bayard had something wrong with her propeller soon after the start and gave up. Challenger led Napier II. for a time, and then she partly broke down, Napier II. eventually winning by 1m. 44s. In the second heat Napier Minor had a walkover, the Gardner-Serpollet boat not having turned up. Trefle-à-Quatre had a walkover. The fourth race was between the two Napiers, Napier II. winning by 16s. She came to grief, however, directly after, through starting some of her plates, so the honor of defending the cup fell to Napier Minor. The final race for the cup, which was between Napier Minor and Trefle-à-Quatre, was, at the request of King Edward, postponed until 4 P. M., so that their majesties, the King and Queen, could personally view the struggle from the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert. The two boats started punctually at 4 P. M. Napier Minor soon drew ahead and made a steady gain over the course which she completed in 23m. 38s.; Trefle-à-Quatre taking 24m. 27s. The result was hailed by cheers and whistles from the steam yachts, and the jubilation was great when it was known that Britain held the cup for another twelve months. According to a report, which appeared in one of the leading daily papers on Aug. 10, Napier Minor has since been disqualified, as the result of a protest by Trefle-à-Quatre, the contention being that since Napier II. beat Napier Minor, she alone had the right to de-

fend the cup. If this is so the Harmsworth cup goes to France; but if the report of the disqualification is true, it has not had the wide publicity it should have had.

Cowes Week.

Cowes week opened on Aug. 1 with the usual matches of the Royal London Y. C., but the weather was paltry and spoiled the racing to a great extent. Eight boats started in the big handicap, in which the German Emperor's Meteor was placed at scratch. Both she and Ingomar were called upon to give the others a very liberal allowance, but in the prevailing light airs and calms Meteor could not stem the tide and she subsequently gave up. Ingomar gave a very fine light weather display for a schooner, and she and White Heather were in close company throughout the match, the schooner leading the fleet home but only saving her time for third prize. She was, however, disqualified for fouling White Heather, which was the winner, Brynhild taking second prize and Therese third. The new Fife 52-footer, Maymon, was the winner in her class, Camellia being second.

Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta.

On Aug. 2 the Royal Yacht Squadron opened their regatta with the usual race for club boats for His Majesty's cup, when eight boats came to the line, of which only three can be classed as even modern fast cruisers, the others being slow or obsolete. It is a pity that this race is not made an open event, for, owing to the dearth of fast boats in the squadron, the race is becoming, more or less, of a farce. The owners of Glory and Brynhild, two of the three efficient starters, have only been members of the squadron for two or three years, and if it had not been for the presence of their boats, the only yacht with any pretensions to speed would have been the German Emperor's Meteor. The weather was again paltry, and although Meteor sailed well whenever there was any wind and actually had all her time off the fleet during the part of the race, she was badly served over the last portion, and lost the King's cup to Brynhild, which saved her time from Glory by the narrow margin of 1m. 20s. This is the second King's cup Brynhild has won at Cowes in three years. Lucida and Maymon were the winners in the 52ft. class. On the following day there was a big entry for the German Emperor's cup, thirteen boats of all sizes, shapes and ages taking part in the race. Ingomar again distinguished herself by brilliant sailing under conditions by no means suitable for schooners, but the handicap was too much for her, though she was fourth boat on corrected time, and only 1m. 18s. behind the winner. Col. Bogot's famous old Watson 40-rater, Creole, was the fortunate boat, securing the trophy by 6s. from White Heather, while Merrymaid beat Ingomar for third prize by 41s. On Aug. 4 the big boats were kept by themselves. Ingomar won the Cowes Town cup, Valdora taking second prize and White Heather the third. The squadron regatta was brought to a finish on Aug. 5 with a handicap for yachts exceeding 100 tons and races for the 52-footers and the South Coast one-design class. Ingomar won the chief event, Merrymaid just saving her time from White Heather, which took third prize. Maymon and Moyana were winners in the 52ft. class and L'Amoureuse was first of the one-designers. The weather during the week was paltry and disappointing, especially for the big ships, but Ingomar performed well enough to make it clear that she has no peer among the schooners on this side.

E. H. KELLY.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

POWER BOAT RACES FOR THE GOLD CHALLENGE CUP.—The challenge sent by the Manhasset Bay Y. C. for the gold challenge cup was accepted by the Columbia Y. C. The races will take place on September 22, 23 and 24, and will start at 2 o'clock on each day. The launch Shooting Star will represent the challenging club. Mr. E. J. Stone will act for the Columbia Y. C., and Mr. F. A. Hill will represent the Manhasset Bay Y. C.



CHALLENGE FOR THE SEAWANHAKA CUP.—The Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. has received a challenge for the Seawanhaka cup from the yacht club located at Oshkosh, Wisconsin. This place is the home of Messrs. Jones and La Borde, the designers and builders of White Bear, the boat that made such a strong bid for the cup this year.

Canoeing.

Vacation Days in a Canoe.

THE canoe is the original American craft, the invention of the Indian. It is as native in its essence as the buckskin shirt, the snowshoe and the moccasin. It is the craft of the man of the woods, hunter, trapper, fisherman and explorer. It penetrates into the wilderness on shallow and intricate waterways where no other boat can travel.

Then, too, how handy it is, how it answers like a live thing to the twist of the paddle! Rowing seems mechanical by the side of the free movement of the single blade.

The canoe is well adapted to our rapid rivers and inland lakes, east and west. One need not go to the wilderness streams of Maine, or northern Wisconsin, or Canada to enjoy the sport. In all parts of the country there are swift little rivers, dashing down mountain valleys or winding through the farms and villages of the lowlands, which afford plenty of sport for the canoeist.

In New England are the beautiful reaches of such

rivers as the Connecticut, while Pennsylvania can boast of the Susquehanna, the blue Juniata and, above all, the Delaware, each with its peculiar charm of scenery and association.

The Delaware is an ideal stream for the canoe, as it is very rapid in its upper course and passes through a region of unrivalled natural beauty. An interesting trip may be made from Port Jervis, N. Y., all the way down to Philadelphia. As far as the Delaware Water Gap, where a range of the Blue Ridge crosses its course, the river flows through a wild valley bordered on each side by mountains and cliffs, which seem far below to form an interlocking barrier. On the New Jersey side rise the lofty ridges of the Shawangunk range, and on the right tower the steep cliffs of the uplands of eastern Pennsylvania, shaggy with ancient forests and indented with deep ravines where mountain streams have worn their way, and where waterfalls, pouring down the heights, roar among the rocks.

The river winds through the rich bottom lands, or, where the valley contracts into a woody vale, rushes in a deep, narrow channel. Green islands with shady groves and sandy beaches occur frequently, offering cool retreats from the noonday sun and camping places for the night. The river is for the most part shallow and stony, and roars down long series of rapids, broken by riffs and obstructed by boulders, but here and there it sleeps in long, deep, placid stretches.

If the canoeist is also a fisherman, there are gamy black bass to be taken in the dark water of the swirling eddies at the foot of the riffles, and pickerel along the shallow reedy shore. Bald eagles may often be seen sailing out from their eyries high in the cliffs or perched on some dead tree rising above the forest.

Along this stretch of river there are no railways, no factories and no towns of any size to foul the air and taint the stream. There are only summer resorts, fishing camps and hamlets, while a fine hard shale road follows the right bank at the foot of the cliffs.

After the river has forced its way through the wondrous triple gate of the Water Gap, with its mountain barriers rising sheer and grim above the water, it flows through a flatter and more settled country with fewer features of natural beauty.

The Susquehanna in some respects resembles the Delaware, but the coal mines and factories along its banks have changed its aspect in many places. Its course through the Wyoming Valley, once a scene of surpassing natural grandeur and primeval loveliness, is now marked and marred with huge culm banks, towering black breakers and more or less squalid miners' villages and factory towns.

Its upper reaches flow through a still beautiful region, and fleets of canoes are often seen on its waters. Each town of any size along its banks has its canoe club, which takes its annual outing on the river, starting usually from some place on the upper waters in New York State.

Then there are little streams or creeks which conduct the canoeist through quiet pastoral country and quaint villages, under old stone bridges, past cattle grazing, lazy fishermen, hard-working haymakers. Such a stream is the Conestoga (it might well be called the Meander, so much does it wind and twist and involve itself in labyrinthine mazes), which flows through Pennsylvania Dutchland in Lancaster county.

In contrast to the wild forest along the Delaware, here are toy trees, Noah's Ark cattle, quaint farmhouses with huge barns, picturesque old water mills, solid stone bridges, built in the early days of the Republic, over which the coaches used to rumble on the Philadelphia pike.

The people, the Amish, Mennonites and other sects in flat felt hats and long coats, and women in bonnets and plain drab dresses, with their outlandish dialect, fit in with the foreign aspect of the country. The canoe is always an object of mild-eyed curiosity to these peculiar people of Ephrata, or Eden, or Paradise, as they love to name their villages.

In the vast network of lakes and streams in the forests of northern Wisconsin and about the headwaters of the Mississippi there are unrivalled opportunities for the canoeist for roughing it in earnest in the real wilderness. There are, too, in the more settled parts of the west innumerable streams fit for the canoe.

The writer recalls with especial pleasure a journey down a northward flowing river of Minnesota. It was in early summer, and the river was in flood, and was racing down its valley with breakneck speed, spreading itself over the lowlands and dashing against the sandstone cliffs along its bank. The exhilarating tonic of the air on these bright summer days, coupled with the speed of the descent, fairly intoxicated the senses. The canoe flew past the banks, sometimes taking a short cut through the flooded forest, dodging overhanging limbs, fallen trees and submerged stumps. The ridges, clad in low forests of birch and oak and other hard woods, seemed scarcely to have felt the touch of man. A few rude cabins among the hills were the only signs of human habitation.

Descending any of these swift rivers, the canoeist has plenty of chance to display his skill with the paddle. As the canoe slips down the turbulent waters of the rapids there are hidden reefs to be avoided, rocks and sunken logs to be cleared, and a course to be picked out where there is safe going. There is hardy pleasure, too, in working with strength of back and arm up stream against a stiff current, following the eddies and slack water along shore or poling up inch by inch in the rapids.

There is no better way to spend a week or ten days of vacation than by taking such a canoe trip. Almost any river will do; each has its peculiar attraction. You launch out upon the stream, carrying your all with you, leaving your cares behind and abandoning yourself to the current of adventure. You can speed your way or loiter along as you choose, loafing at noon under the water-loving elms and bathing in the cool stream. At night you pitch your tent within sound of the murmuring water and launch out again in the cool of the morning mist before the sun has risen above the eastern ridges. And you come back to the ordinary world tanned and hearty after your contact with the river, the sun and all out of doors.—New York Evening Sun.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

The United States Revolver Association.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Aug. 23.—Inclosed herewith is the announcement of the annual championship matches of the U. S. Revolver Association.

I inclose conditions of the matches, prizes, and prize winners in the past:

A. L. A. HIMMELWRIGHT.

The annual championship matches of the United States Revolver Association will be held simultaneously during the week of Sept. 11 to 17, inclusive, at the following places:

Boston, Mass.—At the Walnut Hill range of the Massachusetts Rifle Association.

New York, N. Y.—At the Creedmoor range of the New York State Rifle Association.

Chicago, Ill.—Under the auspices of the Chicago Sharpshooters' Association.

St. Louis, Mo.—Under the auspices of the St. Louis Sharpshooters' Association.

San Francisco, Cal., at the range of the Golden Gate Rifle and Revolver Club.

Official representatives of the United States Revolver Association have been appointed to conduct these matches at the respective places.

For further information address J. B. Crabtree, secretary-treasurer, 525 Main street, Springfield, Mass.

Conditions of the annual championship matches, regular or outdoor events:

Match A—Revolver Championship.—Open to everybody; distance 50yds.; 50 shots on the Standard American target, 8in. bullseye, 10-ring, 3.36in. Arm, any revolver. Ammunition, any. The score must be completed in one hour or less from the time of firing the first shot. Entrance fee, \$5; no re-entries.

Prizes.—First, the championship silver cup, to be held until the next annual competition, and a gold medal; second, a silver medal; third, a bronze medal. A bronze medal will also be awarded to any competitor, not a prize winner, making a score of 425 or better.

1900....First prize.....	A L A Himmelwright.....	422
Second prize.....	J A Dietz, Jr.....	420
Third prize.....	T Anderton.....	417
1901....First prize.....	J A Dietz, Jr.....	419
Second prize.....	C F G Armstrong.....	411
Third prize.....	C E Tayntor.....	353
1902....First prize.....	Thomas Anderton.....	438
Second prize.....	R H Sayre.....	434
Third prize.....	E L Harpham.....	427

Match B—Pistol Championship.—Open to everybody; distance 50yds.; 50 shots on same target as Match A. Arm, any pistol. Ammunition, any. The score must be completed in one hour or less from the time of firing the first shot. Entrance fee, \$5; no re-entries.

Prizes.—First the championship cup, to be held until the next annual competition, and a gold medal; second, a silver medal; third, a bronze medal. A bronze medal will also be awarded to any competitor, not a prize winner, making a score of 435 or better.

1900....First prize.....	J B Crabtree.....	427
Second prize.....	J A Dietz, Jr.....	423
Third prize.....	A L A Himmelwright.....	416
1901....First prize.....	T Anderton.....	453
Second prize.....	C H Taylor.....	430
Third prize.....	J A Dietz, Jr.....	422
1902....First prize.....	T Anderton.....	463
Second prize.....	A L A Himmelwright.....	447
Third prize.....	J A Dietz, Jr.....	443

Match C—Military Championship.—Open to everybody; distance 50yds.; 15 consecutive strings of 5 shots at the same target as Match A. Each string must be shot within the time limit of 15 seconds, taking time from the command, "Fire." Misfires and shots lost on account of the arm becoming disabled while firing any string will be scored zero. If a shot is fired after the time limit has elapsed, the shot of highest count will be deducted from the score. No cleaning allowed. Arm, any military revolver, or any military magazine pistol. Ammunition, the full charge service cartridge. The score must be completed on the same day. No sighting shots will be allowed after beginning the score. Entrance fee, \$5; no re-entries.

Prizes.—First, the championship trophy, to be held until the next annual competition, and a gold medal; second, a silver medal; third, a bronze medal. A bronze medal will also be awarded to any competitor, not a prize winner, making a score of 535 or better.

*1900....First prize.....	R H Sayre.....	300
Second prize.....	J A Dietz, Jr.....	287
Third prize.....	T Anderton.....	282
*1901....First prize.....	R H Sayre.....	325
Second prize.....	J A Dietz, Jr.....	294
Third prize.....	G B Young.....	263
1902....First prize.....	R H Sayre.....	579
Second prize.....	J A Dietz, Jr.....	535
Third prize.....	R S Hale.....	530

*In 1900 and 1901 the military target with 4in. by 5in. elliptical bullseye was used; possible 375.

Match D—Military Record Match.—Open to everybody; distance 50yds.; 5 consecutive strings of 5 shots under the same conditions as Match C. Entrance, \$1; entries unlimited.

Prizes.—First, a gold trophy, to be held until the next annual competition, the trophy to become the property of the competitor winning it three times; second, a silver medal; third, a bronze medal. A bronze medal will also be awarded to any competitor, not a prize winner, making a score of 190 or better.

1902....First prize.....	Thomas Anderton.....	206
Second prize.....	R H Sayre.....	203
Third prize.....	R S Hale.....	199

The annual championship matches of the United States Revolver Association for 1903 were held during the period of the meeting of the National Rifle Association, Sept. 2 to 12, inclusive. Arrangements were made to conduct these matches at Sea Girt, N. J.; Boston, Mass.; Chicago, Ill.; St. Louis, Mo., and San Francisco, Cal. The prize winners and order of the contestants in each match are as follows:

Match A—Any Revolver.—First prize, the championship silver cup (value \$200), to be held by the winner until the next annual competition. Inscribed on the cup, in raised ornamental letters, is, "This cup represents the Revolver Championship of the United States of America." The name of the winner, the year, and the score are also engraved on the cup each year. To the winner is also awarded a gold medal (value \$25), with the same inscription on the reverse side as appears on the cup. Second prize, a silver medal, with inscription on reverse side. Third prize, a bronze medal, with inscription on reverse side. A bronze medal of the same design is also awarded to all competitors making scores of 425 or better.

J E Gorman, at San Francisco, Cal.....	8 10 10 10 10 7 9 10 8 8-90
Cal.....	8 10 10 10 10 7 9 10 8 8-90
	7 9 9 10 10 10 9 9 8 8-89
	10 10 10 10 10 8 10 8 10-96
	8 9 8 10 10 10 7 10 9 8-95

Second Prize.	
A L A Himmelwright, at San Francisco, Cal.....	7 8 9 10 10 10 10 10 9 10-93
	9 7 10 10 9 8 9 8 7 10-87
	8 8 7 8 10 9 10 8 7 10-85
	8 9 10 8 10 9 8 9 9 10-90
	9 9 10 9 9 9 7 7 10 10-89

Third Prize.	
J B Crabtree, at Sea Girt, N. J.....	7 8 8 8 9 10 10 10 10 10-90
	7 8 8 8 9 9 9 10 10 10-88
	6 8 8 8 9 9 10 10 10 10-88
	8 8 8 8 9 9 9 9 9 10-87
	7 8 8 8 9 9 10 10 10 10-90

Medalists.	
Wm H Luckett, at Sea Girt, N. J.....	89 87 89 88 85-438
W C Pritchard, at San Francisco, Cal.....	86 84 83 89 91-433
John A Dietz, Jr., at Sea Girt, N. J.....	92 80 83 89 86-431
E L Harpham, at Chicago, Ill.....	83 81 90 84 92-430
T Anderton, at Sea Girt, N. J.....	87 89 87 85 79-427
A P Proctor, at Sea Girt, N. J.....	86 88 85 90 77-426
C L Bouve, at Sea Girt, N. J.....	86 89 86 85 80-426
Total.....	424
E H Kessler, at St. Louis, Mo.....	414
P A Becker, at San Francisco, Cal.....	412
L C Hinkel, at San Francisco, Cal.....	412

S E Sears, at St. Louis, Mo.....	416
W L Ekvall, at Chicago, Ill.....	401
W T Church, at Chicago, Ill.....	398
E P Creecy, at St. Louis, Mo.....	397
John C. Burn, at Sea Girt, N. J.....	386
H G Tiffany, at St. Louis, Mo.....	364
M Summerfield, at St. Louis, Mo.....	359
Henry Freese, at St. Louis, Mo.....	330

Match B—Any Pistol.—First prize, the championship silver cup (value \$175), to be held by the winner until the next annual competition. Inscribed on the cup, in raised ornamental letters, is, "This cup represents the pistol championship of the United States of America." The name of the winner, the year, and the score are also engraved on the cup each year. To the winner is also awarded a gold medal (value \$25), with the same inscription on the reverse side as appears on the cup. Second prize, a silver medal, with inscription on reverse side. Third prize, a bronze medal, with inscription on reverse side. A bronze medal of the same design is also awarded to all competitors making a score of 435 or better.

First Prize.	
T Anderton, at Sea Girt, N. J.....	8 9 9 9 9 10 10 10 10-94
	6 8 8 9 9 9 10 10 10-89
	8 8 8 9 9 10 10 10 10-91
	8 8 9 9 9 9 10 10 10-92
	8 8 9 9 9 9 10 10 10-91

Second Prize.	
E H Kessler, at St. Louis, Mo.....	7 8 8 8 10 9 10 9 9 9-87
	9 10 10 8 10 8 9 10 10-93
	10 9 10 8 10 7 8 10 9 10-91
	9 9 9 10 7 9 10 10 8 8-89
	9 9 10 10 8 9 8 8 8 9-88

Third prize.	
E L Harpham, at Chicago, Ill.....	9 9 9 10 7 10 9 10 8 8-89
	10 10 9 8 9 9 9 10 10 10-93
	9 8 9 10 9 10 10 9 9 8-91
	9 8 10 9 9 8 7 7 7 7-81
	8 9 9 10 9 10 9 8 10 10-92

Medalists.	
J A Dietz, Jr., at Sea Girt, N. J.....	92 84 93 87 90-446
R S Hale, at Sea Girt, N. J.....	92 82 92 92 86-444
A L A Himmelwright, at San Francisco, Cal.....	84 86 89 90 89-438
A R Whittier, at Sea Girt, N. J.....	89 83 89 89 85-435
G. Armstrong, at San Francisco, Cal.....	425
F M Gordon, at Chicago, Ill.....	414
Wm G Krieg, at Chicago, Ill.....	400

Match C—Military Revolver.—First prize, the championship silver trophy (a silver bowl; value \$450), to be held by the winner until the next annual competition. The trophy bears the inscription, "The Military Revolver Championship of the United States of America." The name of the winner, the year, and the score are also engraved on the cup each year. To the winner is also awarded a gold medal (value \$25), with the same inscription on the reverse side as appears on the trophy. Second prize, a silver medal, with inscription on the reverse side. Third prize, a bronze medal, with inscription on the reverse side. A bronze medal of the same design is also awarded to all competitors making scores of 535 or better.

First Prize—R H Sayre, at Sea Girt, N. J. Second Prize—C. L. Bouve, at Sea Girt, N. J.

Twenty-five Yards.		Twenty-five Yards.
10 10 10 9 8-47		5 7 8 8 8-36
8 8 8 9 10-43		7 8 9 10 10-44
10 10 9 8 7-44		4 8 9 10 10-41
10 10 9 9 9-47		5 8 9 10 10-42
10 10 9 7 6-42-223		8 8 8 9 10-43-206
Fifty Yards.		Fifty Yards.
5 6 6 7 7-31		6 7 8 9 9-39
6 7 8 9 10-40		5 7 8 10 0-30
5 7 8 10 10-40		3 4 6 6 10-29
*9 9 8 9 10-36		6 8 8 8 9-39
5 5 8 8 8-34-181		3 5 8 8 10-34-171
Seventy-five Yards.		Seventy-five Yards.
4 5 5 5 7-26		3 4 5 7 8-27
10 9 7 7 5-38		4 4 5 5 7-25
9 9 4 4 3-29		4 4 6 6 0-20
10 10 9 7 4-40		5 6 7 8 0-26
3 4 5 7 9-23-161		4 5 7 7 7-30-128

*Shot before word of command; counted 0.

Match D—Military Revolver (Re-entry).—First prize, a gold trophy (a laurel wreath surrounding a scroll, mounted on an ebony shield; value \$150). Between the scroll and the wreath is a ribbon, on which, in raised letters, is, "The United States Revolver Association." At the top of the scroll is engraved "Military Record Match," and the name of the winner, the year, and the score for each year are engraved on the scroll below. This trophy is held by the winner until the next annual competition, and is to become the property of the competitor winning it three times. Second prize, a silver medal, with inscription on the reverse side. Third prize, a bronze medal, with inscription on the reverse side. A bronze medal of the same design is also awarded to all competitors making a score of 190 or better.

First Prize.	
Thomas Anderton, at Sea Girt, N. J.....	7 7 8 8 10-42
	8 8 9 10 0-35
	7 8 9 9 9-42
	7 8 9 9 10-43
	7 7 8 9 9-40-202

Second Prize.	
R H Sayre, at Sea Girt, N. J.....	6 7 7 8 8-36
	6 8 8 9 10-41
	7 8 9 9 10-43
	5 7 8 8 9-34
	6 7 8 9 10-40-194

Third Prize.	
C L Bouve, at Sea Girt, N. J.....	5 4 9 9 10-37
	6 7 8 8 8-37
	5 6 8 8 9-36
	7 8 9 9 10-43
	7 7 8 8 8-38-191

M H Smith, at Sea Girt, N. J.....	186
R S Hale, at Sea Girt, N. J.....	178
J B Crabtree, at Sea Girt, N. J.....	165
G B Young, at Sea Girt, N. J.....	157
F E Healy, at Sea Girt, N. J.....	156
C F G Armstrong, at Sea Girt, N. J.....	141
M C Mummia, at Sea Girt, N. J.....	141
Wm H Luckett, at Sea Girt, N. J.....	133
A L A Himmelwright, at San Francisco, Cal.....	124

National Marksmen's Reserve.

UNDER date of July 15, and by order of the Acting Secretary of War, Major George L. Gillespie, in a form designated as Circular 29, extracts from the proceedings of the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice at its session, are published for the information of the public.

Concerning the plan for a National Reserve of qualified riflemen, the following conditions, duly approved, were announced as governing the qualifications:

"1. All members of the National Rifle Association and of affiliated organizations are eligible to compete.

"2. They must be citizens between the ages of 18 and 45.

"3. The course will consist of twenty-one shots; five shots for record at 200, 300 and 500yds.; two sighting shots allowed at each range, which must be taken.

"4. Arm.—The U. S. magazine rifle, caliber .30, or a rifle that has been viewed and stamped by the National Rifle Association (see conditions, page 5, paragraph 4, General Order No. 53, War Department, March 23, 1904), on page 140 (sic) must be used. Ammunition, U. S. service or private makes that come within the rules.

"5. Entrance fee, 25 cents. Official score sheets can be secured from the secretary of the local affiliated organization, or if not a member of any local organization direct from the secretary of the National Rifle Association.

"6. The score sheets of those who make a total score of 50 points at all ranges will be forwarded to the secretary of the National Rifle Association, who will tabulate them and forward to the War Department. All those who qualify will receive a national marksman button."

The following is added from the preamble of the circular:

"In the consideration of plans for the encouragement of rifle practice in the United States your committee believes that the following facts relative to the military situation in the United States will become apparent:

"1. Our permanent military establishment or regular army must be small, and in the event of a war with one or more of the first-class powers of the world we must depend very largely upon the militia and the volunteers for our fighting force.

"2. In estimating the military efficiency of a soldier if we consider ten points as a standard of perfection at least eight of these points are skill in rifle and revolver shooting.

"3. With the modern long-range small arms it is all important that the soldier should know how to shoot and to hit what he shoots at. If he cannot do this, the chances are about ten to one that the effect of the shot is lost. In other words, the results are similar to those reached when a man goes quail shooting and fires at the flock when the birds get up.

"By the plans proposed hereinafter, if followed, we believe that the United States will within a few years have more than 1,000,000 men who will have for practical purposes on the line of battle nearly all the requirements for the most efficient soldiers in the world, and this great attainment will be reached by a very small expenditure of money by the Government—that is, we propose to educate our young men and boys over fifteen years of age to be an army of expert rifle shots. In drawing up these recommendations, your committee has given much consideration to the plans adopted by the civilized nations of the world for the purpose of encouraging rifle shooting among their citizens. To those who are accustomed to the use of firearms we believe one thing is evident beyond all question, and it is that a high degree of skill in rifle and revolver shooting and the confidence which a knowledge of this skill gives will make a timid man brave and a brave man more courageous.

"Proceeding to a consideration in detail the whole scheme of rifle practice is subdivided into three distinct heads or lines of work:

"Encouragement of rifle practice in the State militia where necessary.

"Encouragement of rifle practice in military and other schools.

"Encouragement of rifle practice among those individuals who may be called upon to serve in time of war.

"We would also subdivide the various headings to which consideration should be given in each of the three subdivisions above named as follows: First, shooting galleries. Second, field ranges. Third, arms. Fourth, ammunition. Fifth, supervision. Sixth, inducements. Seventh, literature. Eighth, publicity."

Plans for the encouragement of rifle practice in the State militia are elaborately set forth, after which plans for the encouragement of rifle practice in military and other schools, and among those who may be called upon in times of war, are presented as follows:

"In considering the matter of the encouragement of rifle practice among school boys, one cannot help being impressed with the urgent necessity for the early training of the individual in rifle practice. It may be assumed that 60 or 70 per cent. of the aggregate of a large body of volunteer troops would be under the age of 25. In cities, where boys often commence business careers at the age of 18 or 20, it is oftentimes hard for them to get the time, even if they desire it, to practice with small arms. Therefore, if we are to get any considerable measure of ground work for our whole scheme of rifle practice, we must commence when the boy is at school and offer every encouragement which will conduct to that end. It is therefore essential that wherever possible indoor ranges be provided in public schools and other institutions, and that a special endeavor be made to promote the use of private and other ranges by schools.

"Considering the matter under the several specific heads, we arrive at the following:

"First—Shooting Galleries.—Indoor shooting galleries can be provided with so little expense, and are so necessary, that special pains should be taken to see that every public and private school throughout the country is equipped with such a range. The establishment of country graded schools with the larger buildings enlarge the possibilities of work in this direction tremendously. Every institution of learning having an army officer detailed as instructor should be required to provide suitable indoor ranges, and a certain definite amount of rifle practice should be required as part of the military instruction by every student.

"Second—Field Ranges.—The ranges already existing for States' practice should be open to the schools under appropriate regulations, and every institution of learning having an army officer detailed as instructor should be required to provide a range at least 300yds., preferably 500yds., and a definite course of rifle practice should be required as part of the military instruction by all students.

"Third—Arms.—The matter of arms to be used for school practice is one of vital importance. It is desirable to commence at an early age to instruct a boy, but it is not possible for him to use the regulation piece, and it is undesirable that he should use any one of markedly different design than that he will be expected to use later.

"At present the cadet rifle as issued to the various colleges is of the old Springfield design, using black powder. It is presumed the Krag carbines will soon be discarded by the cavalry arm of the regular establishment, and these pieces, of which there are, it is understood, a considerable number, would seem to supply a suitable weapon for use in schools. Therefore, there should be immediately issued, say, ten pieces to each school having an army officer detailed as instructor as soon as available for general distribution. These should be issued as part of the equipment to such institutions. Also one carbine to each twenty-five scholars should be issued to public schools possessing indoor ranges and carrying on rifle practice. These arms should be chambered to receive the regulation cartridge, in order that expended shells may be used for loading for indoor practice and with reduced charges at short ranges.

"Fourth—Ammunition.—Twenty-five rounds of ammunition, or material equivalent to the cost thereof, should be issued free for each qualification, in accordance with the regulations hereinafter prescribed, by the United States Government through the adjutant general of the State. Any additional material necessary for school practice to be sold by the United States Government at one-half its actual cost.

"Fifth—Supervision.—The matter of supervision of school and civilian rifle practice would seem to be quite an important one, and it is believed better results will be obtained if inspection and direction by the United States Government of this matter be had, and to this end your committee would recommend if possible one officer to each State shall be detailed from the National Guard organization under the title of 'United States Inspector of Civilian Rifle Practice,' having the rank and pay, when detailed, of captain. His duties will be the encouragement and supervision of civilian rifle practice in schools and outside of National Guard organizations, to report to and be under the direction of the General Inspector of Rifle Practice of the Militia Division of the Army.

"Sixth—Inducements.—A course of school practice should be prescribed which would qualify a student as a 'sharpshooter,' 'junior sharpshooter,' 'marksman,' and 'junior marksman,' a junior marksman or sharpshooter being a boy of less than 15 years of age.

"The National Rifle Association should encourage the promotion of affiliated rifle clubs in the institution of learning and in all branches of the Young Men's Christian Association.

"Special pains should be taken to provide at rifle meetings events for students, with a view to encouraging rifle practice in the schools. The United States Government should issue a State school championship medal for individuals, a State team trophy to be open for competition among teams of eight individuals from the several schools of the State, and a national school trophy, which should be held by the team making the best score in the State competition; in case of a tie, the two teams to be transported at Government expense to some one place where a final competition can be held.

"Your committee would recommend for the purpose of defraying cost of individual State championship badges that an annual appropriation of \$5,000 be sought, and for the purpose of providing the several State trophies and the national school trophy an appropriation of \$20,000 should be asked for. The initial expense will be all that will be necessary in the case of the State and National School trophies because they will be held by the winning teams until the next competition occurs.

"Seventh—Literature.—Each institution having or intending to have an armory range should be provided with a book which would give full information as to the construction of ranges, course of instruction, methods of loading, regulations regarding care of ammunition, arms, etc., and the existing laws, States and Federal, pertaining to public property, rifle practice, etc. This book should be issued on Oct. 1 in each year, and should include statistics as to ranges, competitions of the previous year, the standing of the States in rifle practice, etc.

"Eighth—Publicity.—It is extremely desirable that the public press of the country should be brought to appreciate the urgent necessity of rifle practice, and to this end the National Rifle Association should establish a bureau of public information, which would promulgate through the various State associations articles for publication in the various papers.

"If means can be found to defray the initial expense, a school

boys' paper on rifle practice, to be generally distributed through all the schools and to as many subscribers as possible, would seem to be a most excellent means of reaching the public at large, and particularly the youth, in whose mind it should firmly establish the idea that every one who expects to serve his country in time of need should educate himself while he may in the use of the rifle.

"In consideration of this, one of the most important branches of the whole scheme of rifle practice, your committee would point out that it is, as in the case of school boys, especially desirable to induce practice by the younger men, because, as above stated, by far the larger part of an army in the field would be made up of very young men, so that every endeavor should be made to carry on more particularly the practice of young civilians, which it is to be hoped will be generally commenced while at school.

"Proceeding to consider the matter under its several heads: "First—Shooting Galleries.—In all new armories for National Guards care should be taken to provide range facilities beyond the needs of the actual organization for which the armory is being built, as at comparatively insignificant cost there can be provided extra ranges, so that facilities may be furnished for civilian rifle practice. In country towns it will no doubt be possible to fit up in halls, where needed, additional indoor ranges.

"Second—Field Ranges.—There remains so much to be done in connection with furnishing ranges for the regular establishment and for the National Guard, both of which should be open for civilian rifle practice, that during the next year or two it is presumed little can be done outside of the ranges required for the army and militia, but it would appear to your committee that a most careful study should be given, and at once, to the matter of eventually establishing sufficient range facilities to permit of quite general civilian rifle practice, and for the purpose of this study there should be assumed an active rifle practice by, say, 500,000 and 1,000,000 individuals, and a definite plan should be formulated which will eventually provide facilities sufficient for the number of men above named.

"As one of the greatest difficulties in carrying on rifle practice economically is the matter of expense of maintaining ranges, providing markers, etc., it would seem to be wise to consider the utilization of such regular troops of the army and marine corps as may be available as scorers and markers at ranges at which civilians will practice, and in the location of stations for troops in the future, consideration might be given to this most necessary service.

"The education in rifle practice of large bodies of men would seem to render necessary the establishing of ranges near the large centers of population, if possible within reach of trolley cars at reasonable fares, and in the selection of barrack sites, if any are hereafter established near the cities, consideration should be given to coupling with the establishment of troops a large range.

"In many cases it may be possible to establish near large posts of the army or marine corps ranges of no great length perhaps, but of large capacity for civilian rifle practice. It is especially desirable to have ranges near posts, so that the troops so stationed may be utilized as scorers, markers, and instructors, and a short range is infinitely better than none at all.

"Third—Arms.—At present it is not possible for the civilian to obtain the national arm, and if he had it, there is little or no chance for him to find a place to practice with it. This latter we hope will be changed, and in order to render it possible for civilians to practice, it is suggested that the National Rifle Association purchase at \$10 each for resale to its affiliated organizations to not exceeding 25 per cent. of the aggregate strength the national arm of the regular pattern. It is believed that many organizations of riflemen now using other kinds of arms will gladly avail themselves of the opportunity both to affiliate with the National Rifle Association and provide themselves with the proper arm if this inducement is held forth.

"Fourth—Ammunition.—Your committee recommends that the National Rifle Association be permitted to purchase at cost such amount of field ammunition as may be required for resale to its affiliated organizations at the same price, and that each year there shall be issued to each affiliated organization free of cost through the National Rifle Association, fifty rounds of field ammunition for each qualification as a marksman made during the preceding year; in lieu of the above the organization to be given authority to draw component parts suitable for armory practice, powder, primers, bullets, etc., in case they do not desire to take the whole amount in field ammunition.

"Fifth—Supervision.—The supervision of the issue of arms and ammunition to the organizations and various clubs, etc., by the National Rifle Association will naturally entail considerable clerical expense.

"Your committee recommends that the National Rifle Association be authorized by law to use the mails under the usual franking privilege in the conduct of its business; later when it can be seen what measure of the work the National Rifle Association will be called upon to perform, it should receive some financial support.

"The supervision and instruction of the various clubs, etc., shall come under the charge of the United States Inspector of Civilian Rifle Practice.

"Sixth—Inducements.—The same specifications referred to for the militia organizations for qualifications as experts, sharpshooters, marksmen, etc., shall apply to civilians, and it would seem desirable that the Government should furnish each civilian expert, sharpshooter, or marksman with a button of an appropriate design.

"It would also seem desirable, when sufficient organizations exist to render it proper, that the Government should provide State and National trophies to be competed for by rifle clubs.

"Seventh—Literature.—The National Rifle Association should be provided with a sufficient number of the rifle practice books referred to under the head of State militia, and the individual instruction books should be purchasable for a nominal sum from all postmasters.

"Eighth—Publicity.—The assistance of the press should be enlisted to encourage rifle practice among civilians in every necessary way, and it should be generally understood that it is a patriotic thing for a man to learn how to shoot; furthermore, that those who do not know how to shoot will not be considered when applying for enlistment in time of war, provided others can be had who possess this most necessary qualification.

"The National Rifle Association should, it would seem, establish a corresponding secretary in each State, with whom and through whom matters can be taken up and assistance rendered in the matter of enlisting the public press in disseminating information regarding the aims of the Government and the National Rifle Association.

"We would also recommend that in all legislation providing for the sale of arms or ammunition at cost or less, a provision should be embodied to the effect that the amounts received be held by the Ordnance Department for the purchase of similar material from domestic manufacture. Your committee believes that such a provision would remove the objection commonly urged to the sale by the Government of arms and ammunition because of the possible antagonism of the regular manufacturers."

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at Four-Mile House, Reading road, Aug. 21. Conditions, 200yds., off-hand, at the 25-ring target. Payne was declared champion for the day with a score of 221. He was also high on the honor target with 67 points. The scores:

Payne	221	219	218	217	217
Odell	218	218	211	207	205
Freitag	207	204	196	192	190
Hofer	206	198	196	192	185

Only eight members were present to-day, and but four shot for publication. On account of the light attendance the awarding of the Topf trophies was postponed until the next regular shooting day, Aug. 28. The scores of the winners are appended.

Payne 2271, Nestler 2212, Hofer 2158, Trounstine 2129. The shoot was in progress from Jan. 31 to July 31 inclusive, and the ten best scores of each member to count. The ones scoring the most points in each class were constituted the winners:

First Class.	
Payne	232 229 229 228 227 226 225 225 225 225—2271
Hasenzahl	231 230 224 223 223 223 222 222 222 221—2241
Gindele	228 225 225 221 219 218 216 216 215 214—2197

Second Class.	
Nestler	224 223 223 222 222 221 220 219 219 219—2212
Roberts	224 223 221 220 219 219 218 218 218 217—2197
Bruns	222 220 219 218 216 216 215 214 211—2162
Odell	219 215 215 214 213 213 212 212 210 209—2132

Third Class.	
Hofer	225 222 219 219 215 213 213 213 210 209—2158
Hoffman	218 216 214 213 211 210 209 209 209 209—2118
Lux	209 208 206 205 203 202 201 201 200 200—2035

Fourth Class.	
Freitag	217 216 215 210 209 208 207 204 204 203—2093
Trounstine	225 218 215 214 213 212 210 208 208 206—2129
Drube	212 208 200 199 198 198 197 193 192 191—1988
Uckotter	198 198 198 197 194 193 192 192 191 189—1992

Presque Isle Rifle Club.

ERIE, Pa., Aug. 20.—The club held its weekly shoot to-day while a gale of wind—there was no mistake about this gale; it was one—was blowing from the west. Messrs. Embrow, Warner and Truesdale were visitors. Scores:

W A Parker	78 68 73—219	W J Lexcr	56 54 50—160
A Mount	69 68 66—203	C J Embrow	26
J Stidman	70 69 66—205	E L Warner	40
J Almeda	68 67 66—201	M Truesdale	29
J Bacon	63 63 62—188		

CABIA BLANCO.

Rifle at Eaton.

THE annual reunion of the Preble Deer Hunters' Association and Preble County Rifle Club will be held at Eaton, on Sept. 2. Prizes to the amount of \$100 will be offered in the contests, which are open to all riflemen in the valley. All shooting at 100yds., off-hand, four shots, 48 possible.

Dayton Sharpshooters.

THE concrete target pits at the Dayton Gun Club's grounds were inspected on Aug. 26 by a committee of the Dayton Sharpshooters and pronounced all right. A new firing shed will be erected at once, and the September shoot of the Sharpshooters will be held on their new range.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

- Sept. 5.—Lowell, Mass., Rod and Gun Club Labor Day tournament, E. J. Burns, Sec'y.
- Sept. 5.—Auburn, N. Y.—Labor Day tournament. Knox and Knapp, Mgrs.
- Sept. 5.—Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club fourth annual Labor Day tournament. C. G. Blandford, Capt.
- Sept. 5.—Dover, N. H., Sportsmen's Association annual Labor Day tournament. D. W. Hallam, Sec'y.
- Sept. 5.—Washington, D. C.—Analostan Gun Club Labor Day Shoot.
- Sept. 5.—Maine State championship tournament, given by the Portland Gun Club.
- Sept. 5.—Muncie, Ind.—Annual Labor Day shoot of the Magic City Gun Club. F. L. Wachtell, Sec'y.
- Sept. 5.—Utica, N. Y.—Riverside Gun Club tournament. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y.
- Sept. 5.—Springfield, Mass.—Fall tournament on Labor Day; \$25 added. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
- Sept. 5.—Richmond, Va.—Tournament of Virginia Trapshooters' Association. W. A. Hammond, Sec'y.
- *Sept. 7.—Irwin, Pa., Rod and Gun Club tournament.
- Sept. 6.—Litchfield, Ill.—Consolidated Trapshooters' Congress tournament. L. A. Cummings, Sec'y, Bunker Hill, Ill.
- Sept. 7.—Huntington, W. Va.—The Interstate Association tournament, under the auspices of the Huntington Gun Club. L. H. Merrick, Pres.
- Sept. 9-11.—Chicago, Ill., Trapshooters' tournament. E. B. Shogren, Sec'y.
- Sept. 14-15.—St. Louis.—Afro-American Handicap. T. H. Cohron, Sec'y, Pleasant Hill, Mo.
- Sept. 19-21.—Atlantic City, N. J.—Seashore Gun Club target tournament.
- Sept. 20-21.—Lincoln, Ill.—Lincoln City Gun Club tournament.
- Sept. 22.—Moberly, Mo.—Missouri League of Trapshooters.
- Sept. 27.—Morgantown, W. Va.—Recreation Rod and Gun Club amateur tournament. Elmer F. Jacobs, Sec'y.
- Sept. 28-29.—Concordia, Kans.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Concordia Gun Club. L. S. Myers, Sec'y, Elmer E. Shaner, Mgr.
- Sept. 28-29.—Homer, Ill.—Homer-Ogden Gun Club tournament.
- Oct. 4-5.—Crawfordsville, Ind., Gun Club tournament.
- *Oct. 4-5.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club.
- Oct. 6-7.—Dalton, O., Gun sixth annual tournament. Ernest F. Scott, Capt.
- Oct. 6-7.—St. Marys, Pa.—Two-day shoot.
- Oct. 12-13.—Sistersville, W. Va., Gun Club fall tournament. Added money to all events, and prizes. Ed. O. Bower, Sec'y.
- Oct. 12-13.—Indianapolis, Ind., Gun Club fall tournament. James W. Bell, Sec'y.
- Oct. 18-19.—Litchfield, Ill.—Consolidated Trapshooters' Congress.
- Oct. 18-20.—New London, Ia., Gun Club tournament. Dr. E. C. Cook, Sec'y.
- Nov. 1-3.—St. Louis Mo.—World's Fair shoot; live birds and targets. Alec D. Mermod, Mgr., 620 Locust street.
- *Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League tournaments. C. G. Grubb, Sec'y, Pittsburg.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Mr. John S. Wright, Secretary-Manager, writes us as follows: "There will be prize shooting on the grounds of the Brooklyn



J. L. D. MORRISON

Gun Club on Labor Day, Sept. 5, at 2 P. M. Take Kings County 'L' to Crescent street station; thence by hacks to the grounds, on Kaiser's Farm."

At the tournament of the Mountaineers, held at Chattanooga, Tenn., Aug. 23 and 24 the high averages of the two days, shooting at a total of 400 targets, were as follows: Mr. J. S. Fanning 388, a 97 per cent. total; second, Mr. C. G. Spencer, 385, 96½ per cent.; third resulted in a tie between Messrs. F. C. Riehl and S. Moody, of Bessemer, Ala., on 380, a 95 per cent. average.

Labor Day, being a day without labor, will be observed in due form in the office of FOREST AND STREAM. Therefore, we request our correspondents to mail their matter at their earliest convenience this week.

The contest for the English Hotel cup, between Messrs. Michaelis and Wands will take place on Saturday of this week at Indianapolis. The Indianapolis Gun Club will hold a shoot on Labor Day, at which merchandise prizes will be objects of contest.

Mr. James W. Bell, Secretary Indianapolis, Ind., Gun Club, informs us that "Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 12 and 13, have been selected as dates for our fall tournament, which will consist of sweepstakes and merchandise prizes. I will mail you programme as soon as received from printer."

The Secretary, Mr. C. G. Grubb, writes us that "the Irwin Gun and Game Club will hold their tournament under the auspices of the Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League, one day only, Sept. 7, and not two days, as originally advertised." He further writes us that "the Ruffsdales Rod and Gun Club, of Ruffsdales, Pa., cancel their tournament to be held Sept. 14 and 15, under the auspices of the Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League."

The programme of the Bolivar, N. Y., Gun Club tournament, to be held on Sept. 13, consists of twelve events each at 15 targets, \$1.80 entrance. The totals are 180 targets, \$21.60 entrance. Jack Rabbit system will govern the moneys. Fifteen dollars will go to the high guns, divided into three parts, \$7, \$5 and \$3, first, second and third respectively. Ship guns, etc., to the secretary, Mr. J. F. Care. Shooting begins at 9 o'clock. Committee of arrangements: Messrs. Al. Stohr and J. F. Care.

Mr. C. G. Blandford, the energetic Captain, has sent out a postal card bearing the following: "Just to remind you that there will be a good attendance of shooters at the fourth annual Labor Day tournament of the Ossining Gun Club on Sept. 5. Added money. One hundred target race for championship of Westchester county and the Burns trophy. Lunch and shells on the grounds. We are hoping to see a bunch of our friends. You are included. Shooting starts promptly at 11 o'clock."

The Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. Elmer F. Jacobs, writes us as follows: "The Recreation Rod and Gun Club wishes to announce, through your columns, an all-day shoot, and claims the date of Sept. 27. The programme, which is in course of preparation, will consist of about fifteen events, a five-man team race, and sweepstakes to suit the crowd. The entire shoot will be conducted on purely amateur lines. All are invited to attend. Programmes may be had after Sept. 10, on application to the secretary."

The Secretary, Mr. E. J. Loughlin, writes us that "the annual Labor Day sweepstake shoot of the Riverside Gun Club, of Utica, N. Y., will have a programme of seven events, five at 10, one at 20, and one at 25 targets. Entrance \$1 in each. Targets extra at 1 cent each. The jack rabbit system will govern the division of moneys. There will also be free merchandise prizes, entrance cost of targets. Programme commences at 12:30 o'clock. Grounds located at Riverside, foot of Meadow street, close to all depots. Extra events, time permitting."

Mr. J. L. D. Morrison, of St. Paul, Minn., has accepted a position with the U. M. C. Co. as their representative in the Northwest. As a trapshooter he is one of the most skillful. As an amateur, he ranked with the leaders in the use of the shotgun, whether amateur or professional. He was runner-up in one of the recent G. A. Handicaps, and made highest general average at the recent G. A. H. at Targets held at Indianapolis. He is of pleasing, gentlemanly personality, and able in business. We take pleasure in publishing his portrait this week.

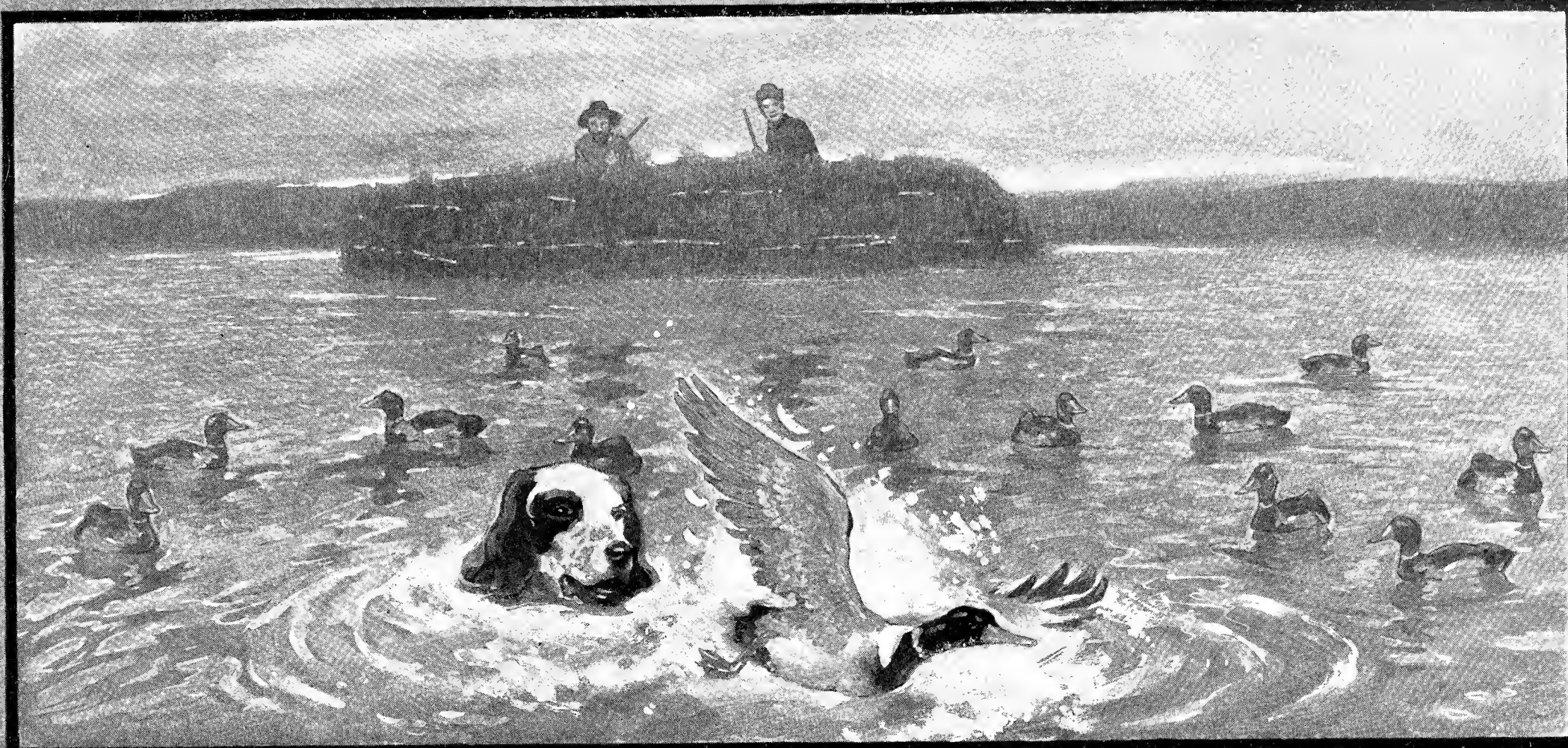
At the W. P. T. S. L. tournament at Tarentum, Pa., Aug. 25 and 26, shooting at 165 targets on the first day, the high averages were as follows: First, Mr. G. Cochran and Mr. J. R. Hull, tied on 146 out of 165; second, Mr. E. D. Fulford, 145; third, Kelsey, 141; fourth, a tie on 130 by Messrs. Curry and Pontefract. Second day: First, Mr. E. D. Fulford, 164 out of 175; second, Mr. J. R. Hull, 158; third, Mr. J. A. Stoops, 155; fourth, Mr. Curry, 149. High average for the two days: First, Mr. E. D. Fulford, 369 out of 340; second, Mr. J. R. Hull, 304; third, Mr. Curry, 279; fourth, Mr. J. A. Stoops, 272.

The programme of the Interstate Association tournament, given for the Concordia, Kans., Blue Ribbon Gun Club, is now ready for distribution. The popular expert, Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, Secretary-Manager of the Interstate Association, will manage the tournament. Twelve events are provided each day, 15 and 20 targets, entrance \$1.50 and \$2; added money \$7.50 and \$10. The dates are Sept. 28 and 29. Meals and shells obtainable on the grounds. Targets, 2 cents. Sept. 27, practice day. Guns and ammunition prepaid and marked in owner's name, care of the secretary, L. S. Myers, will be delivered on the grounds free.

At the Interstate tournament given for the Hot Springs, S. D., Gun Club, Aug. 24 and 25, the gold medal for the contestant making the highest general average of the programme was won by Mr. C. B. Adams, with a score of 332 out of 345. Second high average was made by Mr. H. C. Hirschy, 324; third, Mr. C. W. Budd, 312. Of the amateurs, Mr. H. E. Palmer was high with 326; three, Messrs. F. T. Waugh, H. Anderson and Fred Bills, tied on 323 for second; Mr. R. J. McNish was third with 311. The silver loving cup was won by the Hill City, S. D., team.

The Chicago Trapshooters' Association have issued the programme of their amateur fall target tournament, to be held on Sept. 9-11. Added money and guaranteed purses, \$250; merchandise prizes, \$150. Shoot will begin at 9 o'clock. "No bang no bird," which signifies that a contestant may reject such targets as displease him. Ship shells to Messrs. Von Lengerke & Antoine, 277 Wabash avenue. Eleven like events are provided each day, eight at 15 and three at 20 targets, \$1.50 and \$2 entrance. All shooters winning a place divide the purses equally. Prizes for high averages. On the first day there will be an extra event at 25 targets, entrance \$2.50, surplus and \$75 added. Handicaps 16 to 20yds. On the second day the programme also provides the Autumn Handicap race, 50 targets, \$5 entrance, \$100 added to the purses. Mr. E. B. Shogren, secretary, 940 First National Bank Building.

BERNARD WATERS.



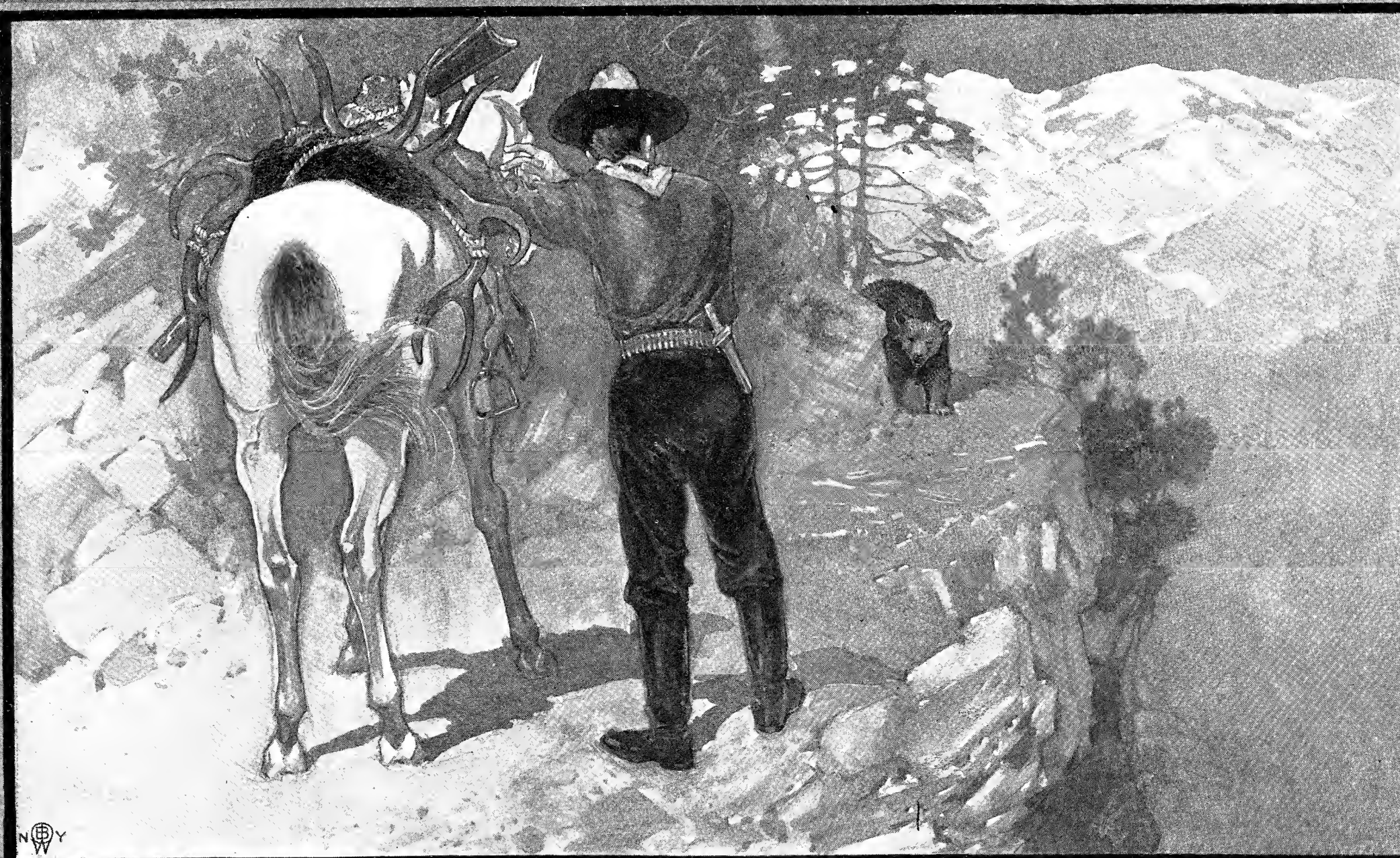
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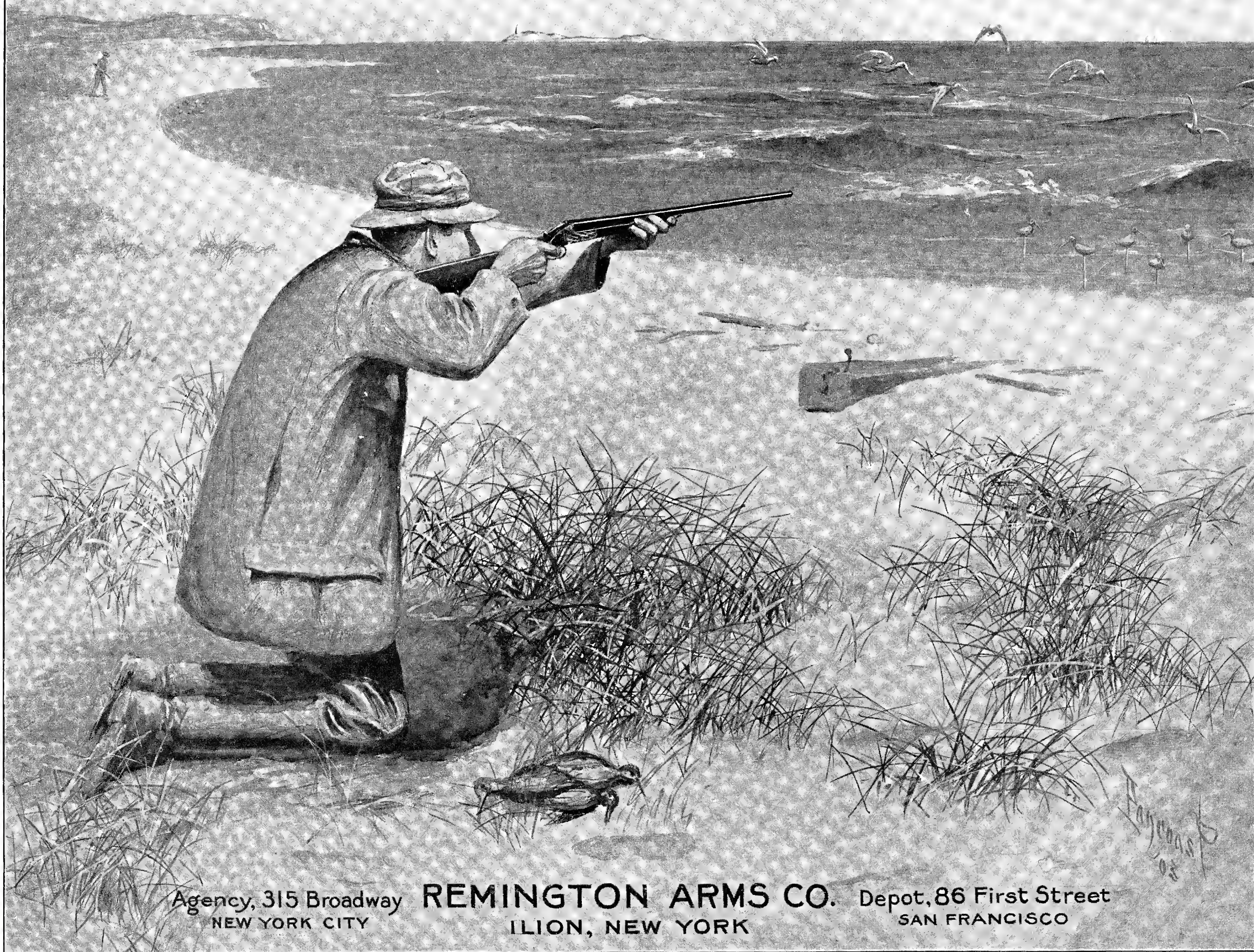
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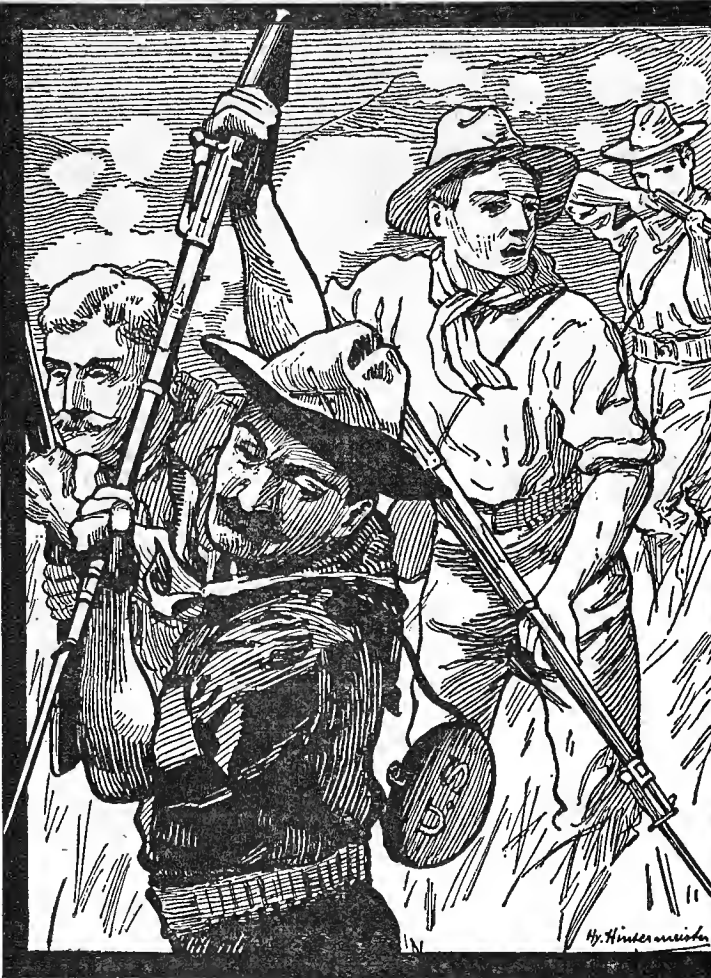
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114-116 Market Street, San Francisco.

In the Black Hills.

HOT SPRINGS, S. D., Aug. 25.—The seventh tournament of the Interstate Association series for the season of 1904 was given at Hot Springs, S. D., Aug. 24 and 25, under the auspices of the Hot Springs Gun Club.

Hot Springs is situated at the foot of the southern slope of the Black Hills. On the north and west it is protected by the pine-clad hills, dressed in never-fading green; to the south lies the valley of the Cheyenne River, decked in a profusion of flowers, and to the east are the famous Bad Lands, so rich in geological formations. The scenery is charmingly romantic and beautiful, and is declared by many to equal in grandeur the scenes of Switzerland and the Yellowstone Park, having a wonderful variety of beautiful valleys, bubbling fountains, rippling streams, precipitous cañons, lofty mountains, winding caves, magnificent landscapes, aromatic flowers and lovely drives. There is no other spot on earth where so great a variety of natural formations is found in so small a space. There is something peculiarly inviting, inspiring and invigorating in the surroundings. Here you may loiter on the banks of a murmuring river or repose peacefully in the cool shade of some sequestered grove or stand on the summit of a mountain to behold the beauties of the landscape until it fades out of sight, or meanders through the subterranean caverns of an endless cave.

The location of the shooting grounds of the Hot Springs Gun Club is unique. Traveling through Hot Brook Cañon, along roads hemmed in on either side by huge rocks and dense forests, you emerge suddenly into a natural park, which in summer is clad in verdure, beautified by fragrant flowers; fringed with scrubby oaks and stately pines, with an occasional cluster of handsome shrubbery. Here, too, we find Hot Brook, a mountain stream, which flows into Fall River. Great bald peaks of red sand stone rise perpendicularly to giddy heights, and stretching out as far as the eye can reach is magnificent landscape, with its forests of pines, broken occasionally by a beautiful field. This park is known as the Chautauqua grounds, and the Hot Springs Gun Club was indeed fortunate in being able to secure it for trapshooting purposes. The large pavilion in which the Chautauqua meetings were formerly held was partitioned off to form a cashier's office, gun and shell room, lunch room and room for spectators. The grounds are equipped with a Leggett trap and a set of expert traps, arranged Sergeant system. The Leggett trap faces northeast and the set of expert traps southwest, neither of the backgrounds being favorable for high scores. However, some very creditable records were made during the tournament.

Thirty-three contestants took part in the tournament the first day, of which number twenty-eight shot in every event. A high wind, amounting sometimes almost to a gale, prevailed during the whole day, but even with this handicap, some very good scores were made. Among the manufacturers' representatives, Mr. C. B. Adams was easily in first place, with Mr. H. C. Hirschy second and Mr. C. W. Budd third. Among the amateurs Mr. H. Anderson was first; Mr. W. J. Smith second, and Mr. H. E. Palmer third.

Thirty-three contestants faced the traps the second day, twenty-seven shooting in every event of the day. The conditions were more favorable than on the first day, and the scores as a whole were very much better. Mr. H. C. Hirschy was in first place among the manufacturers' agents, Mr. C. B. Adams second and Mr. C. W. Budd third. Among the amateurs, Messrs. Palmer and Bills were tied for first place, with Mr. Waugh second and Mr. Anderson third.

Mr. C. B. Adams won first general average among the manufacturers' representatives with a score of 332 out of 345. Mr. Hirschy was second with 324 and Mr. C. W. Budd third with 312. Mr. H. E. Palmer was in first place for general average among the amateurs with 326 out of 345 shot at. Messrs. F. T. Waugh, H. Anderson and Fred Bills tied for second place with 323, and Mr. R. J. McNish was third with 311.

The gold medal to the contestant making highest average, shooting through the entire programme, both days, went to Mr. C. B. Adams.

The silver loving cup for teams of five men (shot in connection with event No. 7 the second day) went to the Hill City, S. D., team.

During the afternoon of the second day, Capt. A. R. Hardy gave an exhibition of fancy rifle shooting which was greatly enjoyed by all.

The cashier's office was in charge of Mr. J. G. Bradley. Mr. Harry A. Gayhart had charge of affairs locally, and as is usually the case, did not do himself justice in the shooting line. Mr. Marshall Sharp assisted Manager Shaner.

The trade was represented by Messrs. Budd, Adams, Shearer, Sharp, Hirschy and Capt. A. R. Hardy.

The scores of both days follow:

Aug. 24, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	at.	Broke.
Targets:	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	170	153	
C W Budd.....	17	14	13	18	13	15	19	14	14	15	170	153	
H A Gayhart.....	15	13	14	19	13	14	18	14	14	19	170	153	
G L Moffatt.....	19	13	13	17	13	14	18	14	13	16	170	150	
H E Palmer.....	17	15	14	18	14	13	20	15	14	19	170	159	
R D Miner.....	17	12	14	17	13	13	18	13	13	19	170	149	
C B Adams.....	19	15	13	19	15	14	20	15	15	20	170	165	
F E Allen.....	17	14	13	19	13	12	15	14	13	19	170	149	
R Flanders.....	18	15	14	16	11	14	19	13	11	18	170	149	
R Walker.....	20	15	10	17	12	15	17	15	13	17	170	151	
W T Smith.....	18	14	14	19	14	14	19	14	15	19	170	160	
H C Hirschy.....	18	14	14	17	15	13	16	15	14	20	170	156	
E W Bird.....	18	14	12	20	12	14	16	13	13	18	170	150	
G C Wooster.....	18	12	13	16	13	12	18	13	13	19	170	147	
W B Craven.....	16	14	10	14	10	85	64	
G W Coats.....	16	10	14	18	14	14	19	14	14	18	170	151	
A H Hardy.....	19	12	14	17	14	12	18	14	13	18	170	151	
B Rogers.....	15	15	13	16	14	14	16	13	12	20	170	148	
E R Juckett.....	18	13	14	17	12	11	16	13	12	14	170	140	
L F Babcock.....	16	11	8	9	6	1	100	51	
J E Brooks.....	17	15	8	14	14	19	13	14	17	170	149	
E Hargens.....	17	14	15	17	12	13	17	13	14	18	170	150	
L C Booth.....	17	14	12	17	13	14	17	15	13	17	170	149	
F T Waugh.....	17	15	14	19	14	15	17	12	15	20	170	158	

A P McDowell.....	18	13	14	18	11	12	17	14	12	20	170	149	
N G Taylor.....	17	10	11	15	13	14	17	14	13	17	170	141	
R J McNish.....	18	15	10	17	14	12	19	14	15	20	170	154	
F E Chapman.....	13	14	12	17	12	12	15	13	14	15	170	137	
J Bonicamp.....	17	12	11	16	7	11	16	14	12	15	170	131	
H Marty.....	10	8	9	50	27	
Fred Bills.....	17	13	15	19	12	14	18	15	14	19	170	156	
H Anderson.....	20	15	17	13	13	19	14	15	20	170	161	
W R Morgan.....	13	15	12	10	16	85	66	
W L Yancey.....	6	15	6	

Aug. 25, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	at.	Broke.
Targets:	20	15	15	20	15	15	25	15	15	20	175	159	
C W Budd.....	16	14	13	20	14	12	23	13	14	20	175	159	
G L Moffatt.....	19	9	15	19	12	14	20	13	18	13	175	152	
H A Gayhart.....	18	13	12	17	12	14	22	15	14	18	175	155	
H E Palmer.....	19	15	15	19	13	15	25	13	14	19	175	167	
R D Miner.....	19	12	15	18	11	13	24	12	12	19	175	155	
Fred Bills.....	19	15	15	19	15	13	23	15	14	19	175	167	
H Anderson.....	18	15	15	18	13	13	23	14	14	19	175	162	
A P McDowell.....	17	12	15	17	13	11	21	14	9	20	175	149	
R T McNish.....	16	14	13	17	11	15	24	13	14	20	175	157	
H C Hirschy.....	19	15	15	20	14	13	23	14	15	20	175	168	
R Flanders.....	18	13	14	17	13	13	22	14	13	18	175	155	
Burt Rogers.....	18	13	13	17	13	14	20	11	14	18	175	151	
R Walker.....	18	15	15	20	12	13	20	13	13	19	175	158	
F T Waugh.....	19	14	15	20	12	15	24	14	13	19	175	165	
A H Hardy.....	19	12	15	17	13	15	19	14	14	17	175	155	
G W Coats.....	18	15	11	18	14	14	23	13	12	18	175	156	
E W Bird.....	17	13	15	18	13	15	22	15	15	17	175	160	
F E Allen.....	16	15	12	16	12	11	24	11	15	18	175	150	
W T Smith.....	16	14	13	19	13	11	21	11	11	15	175	144	
L C Booth.....	15	12	13	16	12	13	20	14	15	12	175	142	
H G Taylor.....	19	12	15	13	13	14	22	11	11	15	175	145	
G C Wooster.....	17	14	13	17	13	14	23	13	12	17	175	153	
E R Juckett.....	17	12	12	17	12	13	20	13	14	17	175	147	
J E Brooks.....	18	15	13	16	11	14	22	11	14	19	175	153	
C B Payton.....	15	7	10	11	8	11	12	125	74	
O M Trager.....	17	15	13	12	12	10	13	125	92	
E Hargens.....	19	12	11	13	14	12	22	14	13	19	175	149	
C B Adams.....	19	13	15	20	14	15	24	15	14	18	175	167	
J Bonicamp.....	20	12	14	11	8	12	19	12	13	18	175	139	
E V Dunkin.....	13	11	9	16	10	110	72	
L F Babcock.....	25	14	
F E Chapman.....	25	21	
Jos Buckman.....	15	10	

Ohio Trap.

Rohrer's Island Gun Club.

DAYTON, O.—It is doubtful if any gun club has grounds better suited for the purpose and with more beautiful natural surroundings than those of the Rohrer's Island Gun Club, of Dayton.

The club house is built under the branches of two immense willows, on the banks of a branch of Mad River, and affording shade at all hours of the day.

The grounds are large, perfectly level and with a clear sky background, unobstructed by trees or buildings. In the far distance is a ridge of low hills.

There are three trap pits. Refreshments are furnished in the club house free to all, on every shooting day, good in quality and unlimited in quantity, and the officers and members vie with each other in extending hospitality to their guests. A jollier, freer-hearted crowd of shooters it would be hard to find.

The officers of the club are: J. Schaerf, President; W. E. Kette, Secretary; Joe Hohm, Treasurer; Geo. Rohrer, Captain.

Aug. 24, the regular shooting day of the club, was all that any sportsman could desire. It was perfectly clear, rather warm, but with a light, cooling breeze.

The medal event was first shot with an entry of fifteen. Six men qualified. Engle dropped out in the first shoot-off. Lockwood in the second; Chambers and F. Oswald in the third, and Hanauer was defeated by Rohrer in the fourth.

The afternoon's sport was closed with a team match, Hanauer and Miller being captains of the opposing teams. The best scores of the day were made in this shoot. Lockwood was high man with 25 straight. Miller and Smyth were close seconds with 24, the former losing his last target, and Smyth dropping his 21st. The match was closely contested, there being only one target between them when five men on each side had finished, the score then being Miller's team 113; Hanauer's, 112. In the last squad Oldt and Kette (Miller's) walked away from Sirran and Chambers, with a score of 39 to 32, and put their team 8 targets in the lead, the total being 152 to 144.

The day's scores: Medal shoot, 25 targets, handicap, extra targets to shoot at: F. Oswald shot at 31, broke 28; H. Lockwood 30, 27; Geo. Rohrer 30, 26; P. Hanauer 27, 25; H. Engle 35, 25; F. Chambers 35, 25; H. Oswald 27, 22; C. Smyth 26, 22; J. Schaerf 30, 22; Joe Hohm 30, 20; Wm. Oldt 30, 19; W. Kette 28, 18; J. Sirran 30, 18; C. Miller 25, 18; J. Gemin 35, 12.

Shoot-off No. 1: Lockwood shot at 12, broke 10; Hanauer 10, 10; Chambers 14, 11; Rohrer 12, 10; F. Oswald 12, 10; Engle 14, 9.

Shoot-off No. 2: Hanauer shot at 5, broke 5; Chambers 7, 5; Rohrer 6, 5; F. Oswald 6, 5; Lockwood 6, 3.

Shoot-off No. 3: Hanauer shot at 5, broke 3; Chambers 3; Rohrer 4.

Team shoot, seven-man teams, 25 targets per man: Miller's Team—Miller, captain, 24, Rohrer 23, H. Oswald 23, F. Oswald 22, Engle 21, Oldt 20, Kette 19; total 152.

Hanauer's Team—Lockwood 25, Smyth 24, Hanauer, captain, 23, Sirran 22, Schaerf 21, Hohm 19, Chambers 10; total 144.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

Cincinnati, Aug. 27.—Eighteen shot in the cash prize event Harig led with 41. Don Minto and Steinman tied for second on 40. Medico third with 38.

Four scores were shot in the cup race: Medico (18) 21, Harig

(19) 18. This makes thirty-eight entries with Peters and Gambell still in the lead. Ahlers has gone to camp, twenty miles north of Detroit City, Minn., where he will be the guest of Emil Werk.

The weather to-day was fine, a clear sky and cool. A strong wind blew across the traps. The scores:

Cash prize shoot, 50 targets: Harig (20) 41, Don Minto (16) 40, Steinman (16) 40, Medico (19) 38, Tuttle (16) 37, Pfeiffer (16) 36, Boeh (16) 35, Keplinger (16) 35, Falk (18) 33, Roanoke (17) 31, Peters (18) 30, Herman (17) 29, Smith (16) 25, Maynard (20) 23, Merkle (20) 21, Cottingham (16) 20, A. Andrews (16) 19, Myers (16) 15.

Dayton Gun Club.

DAYTON, O.—The weather clerk furnished, Aug. 23, the prettiest day for shooting which we have had in this section for many weeks. The tournament, Aug. 23, was given to dedicate the club's new grounds.

The three trap pits, in a straight line, are of solid concrete, the only wood about them being a shelf in front of the trappers and the door. Thirty thousand targets can be stowed in each. When the proposed club house is built and other improvements made which the club has in view, the grounds will be second to none in the country, and the club will be able to pull off the largest tournaments, as far as accommodations are concerned.

To the south of No. 3 trap pit will be the firing shed of the Dayton Sharpshooters, and 200 yds. to the east of this point concrete rifle pits are nearly completed.

Fifty-seven shooters took part in the sport, twenty-one of whom shot the entire programme. A large number of spectators were present. Messrs. John L. Theobald, C. H. Cord and Z. A. Craig were unrelenting in their efforts to keep things running smoothly and in looking out for the comfort of visitors. Supt. J. E. Barnes was always on hand when needed.

Tents were provided for shelter at the firing points, and refreshments were served all day.

Messrs. O. H. Bailey and John Curphy had charge in the office.

Messrs. H. Reigle and F. Whitacre gave good satisfaction as referees and scorers at Nos. 1 and 3 sets of traps. No. 2 was not used.

Among the visitors were Arthur Gambell, A. C. Dick, L. Pfeiffer, D. Pohlar, W. R. Randall, C. M. Peters, D. D. Gross, H. Jergens, E. B. Barker, Frank See and Milt Lindsley, of Cincinnati; Frank D. Munlist, Tippecanoe City; W. A. Watkins, Centerville; A. W. Ryan, Troy; L. Anderson, Xenia; Dr. F. R. Evans and Mrs. Evans and F. C. Dial, Franklin; Wm. Poole, E. Watkins and Capt. Ben Downs, of Springfield.

C. H. Cord left his camp on Mad River and came to the city to attend the shoot, and rendered great assistance to the managers, besides shooting in every event. As soon as the last shot was fired he packed up and started back to camp, where he is spending this month.

when the shoot for the handicap medal took place. Nine members took part in the contest, Sinan winning with a score of 34 out of 40 shot at.

The Hamilton, O., Gun Club's twelfth trophy shoot of the season was held on Aug. 25, with ten shooters in the contest for the badge. Doc and Steinman tied for first on 45 out of 50. Stickles and Smith were second with 43 each. E. D. C. third with 42. Mrs. Ayres and Parker fourth with 40 each. Ayres 38. Link and Wesley tied for sixth place on 35.

W. P. T. S. L. at Tarentum.

TARENTUM, Pa., Aug. 27.—The Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League, held a successful shoot at Tarentum, Pa., Aug. 25 and 26, under the auspices of the Tarentum Gun Club. The weather was as if made to order, barring a fair crossing wind that at times made the targets a little hard and accounted for a few goose eggs, which spoiled some of the scores.

First average on the first day went to Geo. Cochran, of Rodfield, Pa., and Jack Hull, each breaking 146 out of 165. E. D. Fulford, was second, with 145. Kelsey, of Pittsburg, Pa., third, with 141, and Mr. Curry, of Tarentum, Pa., fourth, with 130, along with Mr. Pontefract, of Pittsburg, Pa., with 130.

First average on second day went to E. D. Fulford, with 164 out of 175. Second, Jack Hull, with 158. Third, J. A. Stoops, with 155. Fourth, Mr. Curry, with 149.

High average for the shoot went to E. D. Fulford, with 309 out of 340. Second, Jack Hull, with 304. Third, Mr. Curry, with 279. Fourth, J. A. Stoops, with 272.

The trade was represented by Messrs. Chas. G. Grubb, E. D. Fulford, H. S. Watson and H. P. Fessenden.

Aug. 25, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	146
Cochran	15	13	14	12	15	13	14	12	13	11	14	146
Hull	14	14	13	13	12	14	13	14	14	13	12	146
Fulford	15	13	15	14	13	13	14	11	11	15	11	145
Kelsey	14	14	13	12	11	13	11	14	14	12	13	141
Curry	14	11	13	12	13	13	11	11	8	12	12	130
Pontefract	13	14	10	14	10	8	10	15	12	11	13	130
Smith	11	12	13	12	14	12	8	11	9	11	8	121
Greiner	11	10	8	12	12	9	10	11	13	10	11	118
Stoops	11	9	7	8	11	12	12	12	14	12	9	117
Squier	3	9	9	14	11	12	11	15	13	11	8	116
Andrews	13	11	11	12	12	12	9	11	11	11	11	114
Garland	11	12	13	12	10	14	10	13	11	12	10	107
Kelly	11	12	12	14	10	12	9	10	13	10	13	103
Noble	13	14	9	11	10	1	14	13	10	10	10	98
Wilson	8	11	11	14	10	10	11	9	8	9	12	92
Klingensmith	13	12	13	9	10	9	8	10	10	7	10	91
Thurnhurst	11	9	9	7	8	9	10	4	10	10	10	67
Hall	11	8	9	7	8	9	9	7	11	8	10	62
McLaughlin	11	8	6	5	10	11	13	6	10	10	10	51
Lytie	8	7	5	9	7	3	10	10	10	10	10	49
McMahon	11	8	11	8	11	3	7	7	10	10	10	47
Dyer	8	9	8	9	8	7	9	10	10	10	10	42
Knode	13	14	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	38
Wyeth	11	14	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	30
McCall	5	6	8	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	29
Burner	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	18
Brown	9	7	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	16
Zimmerman	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4

Aug. 26, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Broke.
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	164
Fulford	13	18	14	19	14	20	14	18	15	19	158
Hull	14	17	14	17	13	18	13	18	13	19	158
Stoops	11	17	13	17	15	20	13	17	14	18	155
Curry	14	18	12	17	12	14	13	16	15	18	149
Greiner	12	16	13	17	11	17	11	18	14	16	145
Smith	9	17	11	16	11	14	10	10	10	10	78
McCall	9	11	7	13	8	10	6	10	10	10	74
Knode	19	14	16	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	49
Dunn	8	12	11	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	31
Squier	12	14	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	26
Coss	14	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	14

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Aug. 24.—The Hunters Arms Handicap trophy, the main weekly event of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club, resulted in a number of excellent scores: Kershner, one of the two scratch men, shot in fine form and made a perfect string. The scores:

Score. Hdep. Tot'l.			Score. Hdep. Tot'l.		
Kershner	25	0 25	Rickman	23	5 28
Clark	23	2 25	Borst	20	8 28
Adkin	23	2 25	Stewart	22	0 22
Norton	22	4 26	Sumner	17	5 22
Donovan	20	7 27			

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Aug. 25.—The scores made at the regular weekly shoot of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	25	25	15	10	Targets:	10	15	25	25	15	10
Traver	9	17	16	9	9	9	Du Bois	5	8	18	21	9	5
Perkins	7	9	18	22	13	9	Marshall	22	20	9	4		
Hans	7	11	23	25	10	10							

Event No. 3 was for the Condit medal, and event No. 4 for 1,000 Peters shells. Hans secured both wins. The club has installed a new rapid-fire trap.

We have heard of all kinds of odd reasons for matrimony, but the following, contributed by Vicar, is the most original of them all. He says: "Some years ago I had among my parishioners a collier who was an enthusiastic rabbit courser, and generally regarded as a confirmed bachelor. One day he startled all his friends by getting married, and when he was asked how he had come to do such an unexpected thing, he answered: "Well, ye see, it's this way, I agree wi' ye 'at Betsy yonder is no beauty. If she had been I shouldn't have wed her. But that there dog o' mine, he was simply pining for some one to look after him while I was away at the pit. I couldn't bear to leave him in the house by hissen, and I hit on the idea of marrying Betsy. She's not 'andsome, but she's mighty good company for t' dog."—Exchange.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Aug. 20.—The totals of the different contestants in the events of the Indianapolis Gun Club, Aug. 20, are appended:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Parry	150	132	Steffen	65	46
Moller	150	124	Charles	100	76
Vonnegut	50	16	Halish	100	61
Gregory	125	98	Shearer	50	32
Hill	50	28	Robinson	100	69
Anderson	100	87	Gohen	50	12
Bill	100	85	Douglass	75	64
Dixon	125	94	Morgan	50	40
Leib	80	62	Smith	50	9
Wands	75	64	Adams	50	32
Parlington	115	98	Brennerman	50	28
Lawrence	115	102	Buch	75	62
Moore	90	79	Finley	100	86
Hill	65	59			

For Morrison cup, 50 targets, distance handicap: At 18yds.—Parry 44, Moller 40, Bill 44, Wands 41, Lawrence 45, Parlington 40. At 17yds.—Dixon 33, Gregory 45, Moore 40. At 16yds.—Anderson 43, Leib 43, Hill 44, Steffen 34, Charles 33, Finley 41. At 14yds.—Halish 33, Shearer 32, Robinson 28, Morgan 38, Buch 42.

Aug. 27.—The practice events at the shoot of the Indianapolis Gun Club to-day numbered eight. Each was at 25 targets. The totals were as follows:

Shot at. Broke.		Shot at. Broke.	
Parry	150 131	McCammon	50 20
Lawrence	125 110	Robison	100 72
Finley	125 107	Scott	125 99
Dixon	200 138	Gasper	125 83
Gregory	150 113	Michaelis	175 142
Charles	100 80	Wands	200 170
Adney	100 66	Moore	125 93
Anderson	101 81	Shearer	75 49
Hice	125 67	Buch	50 40
Williams	50 31	Schroyer	50 43
Bell	175 147	Voris	25 23
Steffin	75 57	Moller	100 77
Hill	75 58		

For Morrison Cup, 50 targets each: At 18yds.: Parry 44, Lawrence 42, Bell 41, Wands 42, Moller 36. At 17yds.: Gregory 33, Moore 39, Adney 32, Dixon 35. At 16yds.: Finley 47, Hice 43, Charles 38, Hill 40, Steffin 39, Anderson 41. At 14yds.: Robinson 40, Gasper 35, Shearer 38, Buch 40.

Oak Hill Gun Club.

PITTSFIELD, Mass., Aug. 22.—In the competition to-day Mr. J. E. Ranshousen made the excellent score of 104 out of 125 shot at. There were thirty-five contestants, some of whom were from North Adams, Dalton, New Lebanon and Housatonic, besides the professionals, Messrs. Fred Gilbert, E. W. Reynolds and T. E. Doremus. A disagreeable cross-wind caused the targets to take erratic flights. Mr. Gilbert broke his first 75 targets straight and established a new record for the grounds. Mr. Reynolds made second high average. Each of the five events was at 125 targets.

Shot at. Broke.		Shot at. Broke.		
Gilbert	125	123	F Ranschousen..... 50	43
Reynolds	125	108	Wood..... 50	42
Doremus	125	75	McHale..... 50	41
J E Ranschousen.	125	104	Ryan..... 50	30
J Ranschousen.....	125	97	Van Alshine..... 50	29
J Martin.....	125	96	Beron..... 50	28
Costine.....	125	82	F Vosburg.....125	99
Boudreau.....	125	80	A Vosburg..... 50	25
Shedd.....	100	86	Mullen..... 50	17
Messenger.....	100	78	Thompson..... 25	20
Shearer.....	100	68	Gambell..... 25	17
Grosbeck.....	100	63	Cleghorn..... 25	16
Lew.....	100	56	Jones..... 25	16
Bowers.....	100	48	Gordon..... 25	13
Hubbard.....	75	55	Sheridan..... 25	12
Haight.....	75	50	Reime..... 25	11
Henry.....	75	49	Harrington..... 25	7
Hayden.....	75	38		

Trap at London.

LONDON, Ont., Aug. 20.—This "Forest City" of Ontario has a live and progressive gun club, the Springwood Gun Club. Its members meet for practice Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. The grounds are easily reached by trolley cars. The club house is a most comfortable one, and the grounds are large enough for several sets of traps. A portion of the background is bad; a dark bank of low trees. They are now using Sergeant's system, unknown traps and unknown angles.

Mr. Leach, of the Ithaca Gun Co., was with them at the practice shoot this afternoon. The clouds were lowering and dark, which kept the scores down.

Below are the scores of the winners, all shooting from the 18yd. mark:

First event, 15 birds: Glover 11, Leach 11.
Second event, 25 birds: Glover 22, Leach 22.
Third event, 15 birds: Leach 13, Glover 11, Screaton 11, Tillman 11.
Fourth event, 10 bird: Glover 8, Leach 8, Finch 7, Tillman 7.

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

First average on the first day of the Tarentum, Pa., two-day shoot, Aug. 25-26, was tied for by Mr. Geo. Cochran and Mr. Jack Hull, each using Winchester shells. The amateur average for the two days was won by Mr. Curry, with Winchester shells.

The U. M. C. Co. write us that their short range loaded shells are an entirely new type of shotgun ammunition, exclusively controlled by that company, designed especially for brush and field shooting at short ranges, with either choke or cylinder barrels, and that they give practically the same spread and penetration at 20yds. that is obtained with regularly loaded shells at 40yds. This result is accomplished entirely with the wads, which have a cylindrical hole punched through their center, permitting the powder gases to enter the shot charge at its center, causing a uniform spread at short ranges.

The Winchester Repeating Arms Co. have put on the market a new single shot .22cal. rifle, known as the Thumb Trigger Model, which, as its name indicates, is a decided novelty in .22cal. rifles. The trigger, which is located on the upper side of the grip at the rear of the bolt, is operated by pushing down with the thumb. The thumb trigger model is made in the take-down style, with an 18in. round barrel, and has the same simple and reliable bolt action which made the Winchester model, 1902, such a popular gun. It will handle either the .22 short or .22 long, rim-fire, cartridges, and lists at \$3.50. Notwithstanding the low price, at which it is offered, it is made with the same care which characterizes all rifles of Winchester manufacture.

Mr. F. G. Simpson, of Winnipeg, Man., at the Dominion Fair, Aug. 1 and 2, won the challenge cup emblematic of the amateur championship of Canada, with a score of 47 out of a possible 50. On the next day he broke straight, and in the shoot-off for the trophy again broke the possible. His score for the second day's shooting was 124 out of a possible 140. Mr. Wm. L. Boyd, of Richmond, Va., a strict amateur, won the loving cup presented by the Peters Cartridge Co., on Aug. 5, at Richmond, with a score of 49 out of a possible 50. Mr. M. E. Atchison, Giddings, Tex., at the Ennis shoot, July 27 and 28, broke 362 out of a possible 400. At the same shoot Mr. Mexia won high average on July 29, with 184 out of 190. At the Cincinnati tournament, Mr. J. Quincy Ward, of Paris, Ky., a strict amateur, made the highest average on July 22, with a score of 186 out of 200. Mr. Ward also made highest average for any one time, or 93 per cent. Mr. J. Greene, Avon, N. Y., on July 27 and 28 won first general average with a score of 306 out of possible 340. Mr. Greene is an amateur shooter and a strong advocate of the Parker gun and is a comer. Each of the aforementioned used a Parker gun.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

J. T., Saratoga Springs.—Can you inform me where I can send two valuable pointer dogs to be cared for a few months? I want the location very near to New York city. I have read your paper weekly for twenty-two years. Ans. We think that Mr. John N. Lewis, Campgaw, N. J., can fill your requirements.

Hammerless, Edgemere, L. I.—Will you kindly answer the following: A contends that he can shoot woodcock, grouse, etc., in the State of New York, come into Jersey State (Weehawken) en route to New York city, and the officials cannot take the birds from him. B says they can. Who is right? Ans. They can, and the former practice has been to do it. We are advised that this year game, properly authenticated, will be permitted to come through.

E. M. H., Bangor, Me.—I have a large kennel of pointers. I am desirous of making the acquaintance of a good, honest, reliable man, to break dogs. Can you furnish me with the address of such a man? Ans. We presume that our correspondent desires to engage the entire time and service of a trainer. We do not know of one who would work on salary. In our Kennel columns this week there is mention of a trainer such as our correspondent describes. If any one knows of such a trainer and will write of him to us, we will be pleased to forward his letter to our correspondent.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

World's Fair Scenic Route.

BECAUSE of its magnificent mountain, river and cañon scenery, its famous battlefields, and points of interest, and because of its superior equipment and physical condition, providing all the comforts and safeguards of twentieth century travel, the Chesapeake & Ohio is unquestionably the most attractive route between the Atlantic Seaboard and the Mississippi Valley. World's Fair and through tickets by this route allow stop-over at Virginia Hot Springs and Greenbrier White Sulphur, the two most fashionable and famous mountain resorts in the country. Solid trains Washington to St. Louis, with New York connection via Pennsylvania Railroad.—Advt.

Rules for the 100-Year Club.

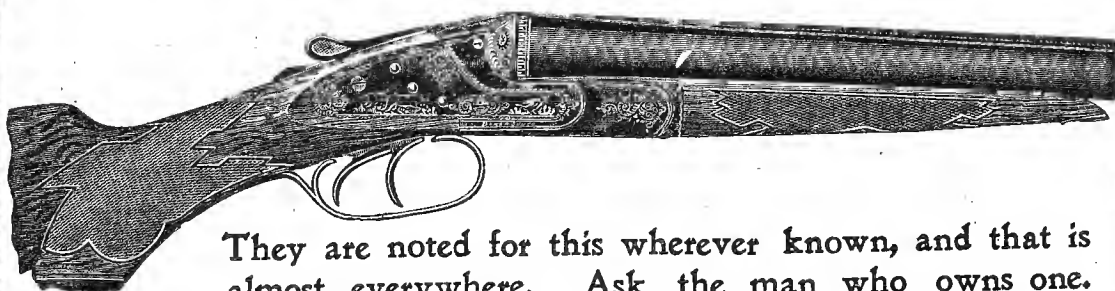
Sir James Sawyer, an English physician, has formulated the following nineteen rules for prolonging life to 100 years:

1. Eight hours' sleep.
2. Sleep on your right side.
3. Keep your bedroom window open all night.
4. Have a mat to your bedroom door.
5. Do not have your bedstead against the wall.
6. No cold tub in the morning, but a bath at the temperature of the body.
7. Exercise before breakfast.
8. Eat little meat and see that it is well cooked.
9. For Adults.—Drink no milk.
10. Eat plenty of fat, to feed the cells, which destroy disease germs.
11. Avoid intoxicants, which destroy those cells.
12. Daily exercise in the open air.
13. Allow no pet animals in your living room. They are apt to carry about disease germs.
14. Live in the country if you can.
15. Watch the three D's—drinking water, damp and drains.
16. Have a change of occupation.
17. Take frequent and short holidays.
18. Limit your ambitions; and
19. Keep your temper.

Yachtsmen will read with interest of Jefferey's combined Meltin' Pot and Paying Ladle, by which Jefferey's Patent Marine Glue may be applied to seams by any workman without previous experience. The device seems a very useful one, economical of glue and protective of the material in which the glue is run. It is for sale by L. W. Ferdinand & Co., of 152 Federal street, Boston.

BAKER GUNS SHOOT HARD

and are SAFE.



They are noted for this wherever known, and that is almost everywhere. Ask the man who owns one. Fine Trap and Medium Field Grades, \$25.00 to \$200.00 and up. Inquire of your dealer or send for full descriptions.

BAKER GUN AND FORGING CO.,

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

A PENNSYLVANIA "FISHING BEE."

WHEN the owner of a dam near St. Augustine, Pa., resolved upon draining it the other day, two enterprising citizens saw in the event vast fishing possibilities, and by contract acquired the purchase, upon payment of \$75. They then sold for \$2 each tickets "good for one share in the fishing party to be held at Andrew Carel's Dam near St. Augustine." Several hundred ticket holders and their friends gathered at the rendezvous on August 24, a piece of the breast of the dam was knocked away, wire netting having been placed across the opening, and the scene that followed "beggared description." As told in the Johnstown Tribune: "Men and boys armed with seines and gig spears, and even clubs, rushed into the water, killing and capturing by hundreds the fish and eels which lay in a great squirming mass in the bottom of the stream. The 'fun' lasted for hours before the 'sportsmen,' literally exhausted with the exertion of landing their catch, rested from their labors and set about dividing the prey." The fish, which had been thrown about promiscuously on the ground as soon as killed, were gathered into forty-two piles, and the promoters of the "bee" had just about completed the allotment of the heaps to various sub-divisions of the party when the crowd was thrown into sudden consternation by the appearance of Fish Warden Spangler. There was a frantic rush to escape recognition, but most of the "prominent citizens present" had already been identified by the representative of the law, and as further evidence, there were the cards attached to the several heaps of fish giving the names of the owners. The participants are liable to prosecution under several provisions of the law; arrests and fines have followed, and more are to come. As a case of wholesale fish law violation and wholesale collecting of fines, the Carel Dam bee is without a precedent.

SMOKE AND SMELL.

A BROOKLYN court has held that a section of the Sanitary Code which forbids the owner of a building to allow smoke to escape from it is unreasonable because in restraint of trade and against public policy, and is void. "The mere permitting of harmless smoke to come out of a chimney cannot be made a crime," said the court. "Such an ordinance as this, if literally and strictly enforced, would close every manufacturing establishment in this vicinity. Of course, it is well within the power of the Board of Health to prevent the use of soft coal or the burning of any noxious thing creating a nuisance or interfering with the health of the public, but this is no such ordinance."

This whole subject of smoke and smells in the neighborhood of human habitations presents very complicated problems which are extremely difficult of solution. On the one hand are vast business interests represented by a thousand and one factories giving forth more or less dreadful and noxious stench, and on the other hand are the great collections of humanity, where the air should be pure and healthful. The two are bound together, and they have been accepted as a necessary combination. This has come about because the factory and the town have naturally developed and grown with corresponding pace together. A new factory means more people to be supported by it, and to live convenient to it. A growing town means more people to work in more factories and larger facilities for manufacturing. The two have progressed together thus naturally, and communities have acquiesced in the conditions, until now the average city has the curse of factory-polluted air so firmly attached to it that reform would be most difficult.

Nevertheless this conjunction of smoke and gas and fume exhaling districts and residence centers is radically wrong in principle; and like every artificial condition that is radically wrong, it may be remedied when-

ever public sentiment shall be aroused to the requisite stage.

The factory smoke and stench nuisance is firmly established only because public indifference has permitted its growth. There are, to be sure, certain weak and nullified statutes, like the Sanitary Code section which a Brooklyn justice has just made light of; but there is no strong and adequate law backed up by a healthy public sentiment. As conditions exist to-day, there is nothing in legal prohibition nor in public reprobation to halt the projector of a stench-exhaling factory in a place where it may make miserable the days or nights of a thousand people. But to accept this as a permanent condition of things is to believe that the community is not growing wiser; that our children will be satisfied to endure the conditions we abhor but have not the wit to rid ourselves of; and that the public comfort and the individual citizen's inalienable right to pure air in his home and his surroundings are never to be vindicated. The general sanitary conditions of our day are vastly superior to those of the past; the conditions of the future will be better than those of to-day, and the improvement will, we may be confident, include the air of great cities.

ABOUT ADVERTISING.

COMPARATIVELY few people appear to understand the great interest attaching to this subject—one of the most important elements of commercial success. If we think about it at all, we are likely to imagine that the concern whose goods are described is the one chiefly interested in any advertisement, but a little consideration will show that this cannot be the case, for unless the combined interest by individuals at large at least equals that of the advertiser, his advertising will not pay, and he will lose money and stop.

It has often been said that judicious advertising is the key to business success. This is no doubt true, but the qualification is most important; the advertising must be judicious. A periodical may introduce the advertiser to just the public he wishes to reach, but unless he has something to say to that public which will interest it, his advertising will profit him nothing. Given, however, a good medium, good articles to be described, and good judgment in describing them, and the result of his advertising is not doubtful. The advertiser will receive from the public he reaches far more money than he has paid for his advertising space.

We have weekly in the FOREST AND STREAM examples of this sort, where dealers in goods of various kinds have advertised them each week for ten, fifteen, twenty or thirty years without a break. Keen, hard-headed business men do this because it pays them—because it is as necessary for them to let the public know what it is they have to sell as it for them to have a place to sell it in. The expense of advertising is as necessary to them as the expense of rent. No matter how good an article may be, it can have no considerable sale unless the public knows of its existence.

Moreover, people do not consider, understand or believe statements made to them once or twice only. In the rush of every-day life a statement or a name read but once is at once forgotten, but read ten or a hundred or a thousand times, it becomes familiar, is accepted as fact, and unconsciously has its effect on our actions. The successful advertiser reckons on this familiar principle of human nature, and keeps the name of his articles before the public. Little children know of Pears soap, Sapolio, the Goldust Twins and Quaker oats almost as soon as they can talk, and when the time comes to make purchases, this long familiarity with a name inevitably—if perhaps unconsciously—makes itself felt.

Advertising costs money, and it is only the article which possesses real merit that can stand heavy advertising. Although, by attractive advertisements, people may be beguiled for a time into purchasing some inferior article, no amount of advertising will create a permanent demand for something that is worthless. It is the good things which survive in the struggle of competition, because the poor things—though they may start off with a rush—ultimately cease to sell and the money needed to pay for advertising fails to come in.

On the part of business men who have given but casual

thought to the subject of advertising, there is often little apparent comprehension of its possible effects. They sometimes appear to think that the handing over of their copy to a periodical to print, and then paying its bills is all that they have to do, while, in fact, much more is required. Unless the advertiser gives to his announcements the same intelligent thought that he does to other branches of his business, he cannot expect to receive the full returns to which his expenditure of money should entitle him. Absolute neglect of his advertising may result in its absolute failure, no matter how excellent the goods that he has to sell, or how effective the medium he uses to declare their worth; while, on the other hand, thought and study over the method of advertising will be likely to bring him, without the use of additional capital, returns far in excess of anything to which he has been accustomed.

It is manifestly to the advantage of a periodical publishing advertisements that those who use its columns for that purpose should receive adequate returns for the sums paid to it. Unless the advertiser feels pretty confident that he is receiving from his sales more money than he pays the periodical, he is likely to recognize that he is playing a losing game, and to stop advertising. But it must be remembered, as already said, that the periodical cannot do the whole work; the duties of advertiser and periodical are reciprocal. Both must work together for the common end—success to the advertiser.

REBUILDING THE EARTH.

MR. JAKES has chosen for his paper on irrigation a title which is sufficiently striking to attract attention and yet may defeat its purpose by exaggerating any actual task to which the people of this country might address themselves with a reasonable expectation of accomplishing its fulfillment. We may not "rebuild the earth," but we might "rebuild" little bits of it. Here and there on the expanse of the continent, bits have been rebuilt. California has made over immense tracts of desert into fruitful acres. The Southwest is piece by piece, fraction by fraction, being transformed from arid waste to blooming fertility. Mr. Jaques, if we understand his plea, would not have irrigation enterprises limited to that area recognized as desert lands. He argues for a storage of the waters everywhere; that the supply may be conserved for use as required. He would rebuild the watersheds of the New England hills as well as those of the prairies of the West.

MANY a man who has knocked about the Northwest coast in old times will feel a pang of regret to learn of the death of Capt. Michael A. Healy, best known as Healy of the Bear. He commanded this Revenue cutter for a number of years, and made an annual cruise to Point Barrow in the Arctic Ocean, the northernmost settlement in United States territory. On this voyage it was his custom to stop at the various Esquimaux settlements in Alaska to learn the condition of these people, in whom he took the greatest interest. They were devoted to him. When gold was discovered in Alaska, he predicted the ruin to the native population, which swiftly followed. Captain Healy was a man of most kindly heart, and at the same time of the greatest daring and most dogged determination. He was born in Georgia in 1839.

THE Mandans of the Upper Missouri visited by Henry were pictured by George Catlin twenty years later. During the intervening period there had been no influence to change the tribe in its life and customs. The drawings by Catlin give a graphic representation of the Indians in their villages. The buffalo dance, the horse racing and various other aspects of Indian life are depicted in the "Letters," from which we have reproduced the illustrations given to-day.

A SYSTEM of wireless telegraphy has been devised for use in the Rocky Mountains to signal forest fires. Stations will be established at various points where expert observers will be stationed to give warning whenever a fire breaks out, and to summon help. The first experimental stations will be established in the Black Hills.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Are Anglers Born or Made?

WE who have to do with anglers are accustomed to hear that fishermen, like other great men, are born, not made. That a man takes to angling as an eel to wriggling—because he has to. That he fishes because he cannot help it. That he is made of clay just a little different from other and less favored mortals. That his love for the wildness of nature is of a different and more irresistible kind than that of his neighbors and friends. Every book, essay, and poem on angling or anglers reflects this view. Anyone who is familiar with such literature, or who comes frequently in contact with fishermen, will testify that I have not misstated the case.

Having heard this asserted so often and so positively, and having seen it lived up to so faithfully, I had come to believe it implicitly, although I have sometimes wondered if those who had to fish, who could not help it, continued their enforced sport if transported to the desert of Sahara, or if landed by a mischance in the penitentiary. Until lately, however, no real doubt ever entered my mind. Now I am become a skeptic, and the tale that follows is largely responsible for the change.

One spring there came, I am told, a new parson to a parish in a quiet Ohio town. I do not know that there was anything especially remarkable about the new parson, except his pleasant, cordial manner, and the air of robust health and vigor that surrounded him. Neither do I know that there was anything particularly worthy of note in the quiet town to which he came. It was just an ordinary town—there are thousands such—a prosperous business community; the men attending to their work, to their families, to politics, to their churches. Ordinary, every-day men and women they were, apparently well contented with the quiet lives they led. It is related that all, both men and women, were pleased with the new parson; his cordial manner and undoubted interest in them taking them by storm. The fact that the first question he asked was about the fishing in the vicinity, and the second concerning the anglers in the town, failed to arouse either wonder or suspicion.

Perhaps you will have surmised that the parson was an angler. He was; an enthusiastic, inveterate, heart-and-soul angler—one of the kind who fish because they have to, because they cannot help it. He had grown up in a mountain town in Pennsylvania, where the principal interest of life appeared to be fishing; where the streams were filled with trout, the river with bass, various runs and creeks and dams and canals with pike and catfish and eels, and where there was something to catch all the year round; where people who knew asserted that there were more men who loved fishing, and more women who hated it than in any other town in the State, and where the honor paid to a good angler was greater than that accorded to the President. The parson's principal and far most precious impedimenta, if the truth had been known, consisted of the various angling implements his means had permitted him to buy, or his friends had been persuaded to give him. Before accepting his new charge, he had made diligent inquiry and had learned that it was situated in the midst of a good fishing country, and that its streams were accessible, and likely to be all that the heart of an angler could desire. No one ever said that this and not the opportunities and emoluments offered was the real reason he accepted the charge, but it certainly did not move him to refuse it.

As I said, one of the first things he did on arriving at his new home was to make inquiries on this vital point, but nobody knew anything about it. As to fishermen—there was one old fellow who lived somewhere around who did fish sometimes somewhere, and this fact alone seemed sufficient to condemn him in the eyes of the person who furnished the information. The parson was not discouraged, but pursued his inquiries, ran down the man who fished, and learned that he had not been misinformed as to the character of the streams, and that he had evidently fallen on his feet.

Now what happened? The parson proceeded to indulge in his favorite sport in the open and flagrant way to which he had always been accustomed. He haunted the streams during his leisure hours and became accustomed to their peculiarities. He carried home large strings of bass, right through the public streets, stopping at store doors and the porches by the way to show them with the usual pride of the successful angler. He made presents of fish to various parishioners, and sent them as dainties to the sick and convalescent of his flock. He wore the usual disreputable garb of the angler in the usual shameless way. He openly arranged his work so as to get off when conditions were right. He told endless stories of his good and bad days to audiences that gradually became appreciative. He showed his store of tackle, and explained its merits and demerits to whomsoever he could persuade to examine it; lent his sporting literature, books and magazines, to whoever cared to borrow them; instructed the small boys of the village how to obtain bait. In short, behaved toward the fishing in the frank and open manner to which he had been accustomed in the Pennsylvania town aforementioned, where everybody masculine fished, more or less.

It is useless to deny that at first the inhabitants of the staid Ohio village, particularly those connected with the parson and his church, were scandalized and alarmed, looking at each other and wondering what sort of man

this was. But the parson proved as ardent in his work as in his play, and little room was found for criticism in that quarter, and soon signs of the spread of the contagion became apparent. First a few of the younger and rasher of the men of the village took to attiring themselves in their oldest clothes and—rather shamefacedly, to be sure—following the parson through the streets with fishing rods over their shoulders and bait buckets in their hands. That they also began to follow him into his church and to aid him in various ways—just as shamefacedly, be it added—perhaps made the observers more lenient in their judgment. Soon these young men, too, began to bring back strings of bass, stopping to show them and to relate the manner of their capture. And the shamefacedness disappeared. The town gradually fell into line. The demands for tackle—rods, lines, bait buckets, hooks, flies, reels, etc.—so increased that various stores added this department to their stock. Old and worn out clothes took on a fictitious value; book stores added sporting literature to their lines; in fact, before many years the village became thoroughly infected. Wives and mothers became experts at making minnow nets for catching bait, and the youngsters at using them. The men came to know a good fishing yarn when they heard it. The newspapers gave advice freely on the subject. One favorite and never old subject of conversation became the prospects as they related to the fishing. The book stores displayed the latest publications; new sporting goods attracted immediate attention, and wives no longer worried over what they should give their husbands. Indeed, in time, the most flattering gift a man could send to his Congressman or to his sweetheart came to be an unusually fine mess of fish.

To show how thoroughly inoculated the community became, it hardly needs the story that was told and currently believed during the later years of the parson's life; told, be it added, with only a smile and a shake of the head by even the most conscientious of the parson's flock. It was said that when he contemplated holding service at certain outlying schoolhouses, where he had become one of the bright spots in the people's lives, the privilege of accompanying him was greatly appreciated. These schoolhouses were almost all built on the banks of some of the streams. The parson usually went on a week day and held the service in the afternoon. The man who went along was not expected, so it was said, to attend service, but to spend the time in getting the tackle ready, and the bait caught, and he was always required to keep in plain view from the windows of the little building, so that the parson could keep an eye on him and see that he played fair. If the man was unable to resist the temptation and started to fish, the parson's final "Amen!" was said to follow so quickly that the congregation would have been startled had they not, too, had an eye out of the window, and known the state of affairs.

Thus was the town transformed from a quiet, slow-going village into a community of men who, according to the parson, actually enjoyed life. This character it is said to preserve unto this day.

A second generation has appeared since then. These latter, I am told, regard themselves as true anglers—as men who fish because they have to, because they can't help it. They exhibit all the characteristics of the true angler. But, knowing what I do, I cannot help asking myself, are these claims reasonable? Does this case upset the delightful fallacy of the angler as to his heaven-sent prerogative, or does it not? In short, are anglers born or made?

JUSTINA JOHNSON.

Boyhood Days in Illinois.

My boyhood home was a pioneer farm in northwestern Illinois, my parents having settled there in 1847. The nearest town was on the Mississippi River, at least fifteen miles away. Our house was on the rolling prairie, but a quarter of a mile south you entered the hazel bushes; then came the burr oaks and black jacks, then the mighty white oaks, black oaks, hickories, hackberries, walnuts, butternuts, buckeyes, etc., stretching away for five miles south, and extending from east to west for fifty miles at least. That timber was a wilderness that remained unsettled until after the Civil War. The various streams ran from east to west with that line of timber and emptied into the Mississippi River. Only a half mile south of our house was the first stream, called Pike Run. Whether this stream was named after the great Pathfinder, Zebulon M. Pike, or on account of the kind of fish caught there in the early days, I do not know; but that pike were very plentiful in it during the fifties I know to be a fact. There are no fish in Pike Run now, and the run only runs after a heavy rain.

My first fishing excursion took place in June, 1857, when I was not quite eight years old. After my father and my Uncle Tom, who lived with us, had plowed corn all day, they decided to go to Pike Run that night and fish by moonlight. Some one had told my uncle that the fish bit well at night, and he was anxious to try it. I was told that I could not go, but must go to bed, but as both the men were going, and there was no other person about the place who cared to sit on me, I arrived at the run almost as soon as the men. Father had crossed the run and taken up a good position on the other side, and Uncle Tom had climbed out on a leaning tree that reached clear across the stream, and they soon had their lines in

the water and were quietly waiting for bites. There were a great many strange sounds down on the ground where I was—owls hooting and screeching, frogs croaking, and once in a while a stick would break, as though some large animal had stepped upon it, and I soon felt very spooky; so I climbed up and out on the leaning tree close to Uncle Tom, right over the middle of the creek, and laid myself out at full length along the body of the tree, with my arms around it, and in this position watched and waited for developments. I had no intention of going to sleep, but I waked up just as I landed on my back and sank in four feet of very chilly water. Father fished me out, and held a very animated conversation with me for a few minutes, and then we all went home. As my clothes consisted of not over a yard and a half of check hickory, I was about dry when I got home, and as Uncle Tom said that nothing but suckers would bite at night, and that we would go again soon in daylight, I went to bed happy.

A few days later the prairie breakers came to do some breaking for my father, and they had eight yoke of oxen and a monstrous big plow that had a pole along the top of it that was used to regulate the depth of the furrow, and about the first thing they asked about, was where they could get some good whip-stocks. I was on deck in a minute, and went with one of them to the run, where we cut a good supply of young hickories from twelve to fifteen feet long, as straight as arrows, very slim and willowy, and to one of these they fastened the whip-lash, which was made out of platted or twisted leather, and was ten to twelve feet long, and to this was attached a buckskin cracker on the end, about a foot and a half long; and I noticed that when the driver would knock a fly off a steer's rump, that he would bow his back away up and twist himself almost out of the yoke, and seem to want to pull the whole load himself for a few minutes; and if either of these men crossed the plains in the early days, I can tell how the Indians learned to swear. When the prospectors crossed the plains in 1860, bound for Pike's Peak, if they met an Indian and asked him how many teams he had met on the road, he would hold up two or three fingers and say, "Whoa haw gaw dams," meaning so many teams of oxen.

A few days after the prairie breakers came, they took a notion that there were young wolves in one of the dens near our house, and concluded to dig them out, so when one morning Uncle Tom reported to them that the old mother wolf had gone out for a walk they went at it, and after digging for a while one of them slid down into the den and handed out the young wolves, eight or nine of them, not much larger than kittens, and Uncle Tom knocked them on the head. While the men were digging for the wolves, my father had walked down to the den, with the old Kentucky rifle on his arm, to watch the fun, as I supposed; and while I was intently examining the young wolves, the rifle cracked, and the old mother wolf, who had just looked over the brow of the hill, was kicking her last, with a little round hole in the center of her forehead.

One bright October morning in the fall of that same year, we were all getting ready to ride eight miles in the big lumber wagon to visit one of my grandfathers, when we noticed a drove of deer on the next ridge, not a quarter of a mile from our house. Some were lying down and the others standing around in lazy contentment, when suddenly there was a scramble and a race. Two or three big prairie wolves had come down the hollow and started after the deer, and it was a pretty sight to see those deer jump the high board fence on the east side of our place, one at a time, and make for the woods south of us. The fence had only three boards, but they were the three upper ones, the two lower boards of all fences having been left off until after the repeal of the hog law some years later. The wolves went under the fence, and soon all disappeared in the woods. The sight of deer and wolves was quite common in those days, but that was the only time I ever saw the one chasing the other.

One cold, blustering morning a little later, one of the children had been looking out of the window and reported that there was a strange dog looking through the fence. Father told us to keep still, and he took down the old rifle from its hooks on the wall, then opened the door very quietly three or four inches, poked the gun out, and almost instantly there was a sharp report and the strange dog—that turned out to be a big timber wolf—rolled over dead. I made an inspection and found that same small round hole in the center of the forehead, and I do not remember to have ever examined an animal—hog, beef, or anything else, that my father shot that did not have that little round hole just in the center of its forehead. That old rifle shot a very small ball, not less than sixty to the pound, and the stock ran the whole length of the barrel, and it was nearly six feet long. It afterwards became a close companion of mine in many an outing in the woods and fields.

The next summer I began to make excursions into the woods, and as the summer advanced they became more frequent and extended. One day about the first of July I made a trip of more than three miles from home, and found a place in the timber where nearly all the trees had been cut, the wood hauled away, and nothing left but the stumps. This was a "hooking quarter." I expect that many young men of to-day never heard of a hooking quarter. There were many of them in western Illinois in

the early days. It was generally a well timbered quarter section of land whose owner lived back east, or it belonged to some estate, or at least there was no owner or agent in the neighborhood to look after it, and for some of these reasons stealing timber from it was considered safer than from other lands in the same wood, and when once a quarter had acquired the name of hooking quarter, people went to it for timber as though they owned it, or it at least was public property; and these quarters were usually entirely denuded of their timber before any of the adjoining timber was touched.

But to me at that time it was quite a sight to see a whole quarter of land denuded of its timber. But it made a grand place to spend my time. It was full of sunshine, birds, and flowers. I found a log seat and from this watched the birds and the squirrels. Then a wild turkey led her brood of young ones out into the sunshine, and in plain sight they skirmished for their dinner. A doe and a spotted fawn came out of the shadows of the wood, and while the doe cropped the blades of grass made sweet by sun and dew, the fawn played about her, jumping over low stumps and logs or little piles of brush. A pheasant came out and ran along a log to the other end, like a minstrel coming on the stage, and there he drummed, then shook himself and flew away, and a brown thrasher in the nearest tree said, "Look there, look there; come here, come here; what's the matter?" And although this place was more than three miles from home, it became a favorite place, in which I spent many long and glorious days. On all these excursions I had one companion—a dog. His name was Watch. He was a very large brindle dog, with very heavy head and jaws, and his match did not roam the woods. He was very quiet, always attending to his own business, and his business was nearly always with me; and while I sat on a log he laid at my feet, with his great head on his paws and his eyes always on me.

One bright July day I was at my usual occupation, sitting on a log in the hooking quarter, with Watch lying before me with his nose on his paws, when I noticed that Watch was looking very intently past me, and that the hair along his back was slightly raised, and he was showing signs of uneasiness that made me turn and look in the same direction, and there, about ten feet from me, stood an old man, and with the man a little benched-legged dog. The man was tall, stooped-shouldered, with grizzly hair and whiskers, and he had a long rifle in his hands. As soon as I looked around, he spoke to me, and said, "How de do, boy." I spoke to him, and he came and sat down beside me on the log. His dog by that time had come nearer, and was growling and making a good deal of fuss, as though he wanted to fight Watch, but Watch laid still with his eyes on the old man, and paid no attention to the dog. Then the old man said: "Don't let them dogs get to mixin'; I expect your pap needs that dog of yours," and I wondered what he meant. His dog was hardly as big as a coon, one of those old-fashioned penny dogs, with bench legs, and white and yellow in color; but I finally said, "Watch won't hurt your little dog," and the old man laughed and shook all over for a while, and then he said: "Whose boy be you?" and when I told him, he said, "Live out there on the perarie?" and when I said yes, he told me that he lived about two miles from where we were sitting, and that he farmed a little and made barrels and kegs, and that if our folks wanted any pickle kegs to tell them to come over and get some. Then the old man told me that he was watching a bee tree, and that just as soon as the bees swarmed, he was going to cut it and get the honey, and that if I happened around at the right time I could have some of the honey, and I made up my mind to be around.

The next morning when I entered the hooking quarter I saw the old man running as hard as he could, and beating on an old tin pan, and I made up my mind that he was crazy; but my curiosity got the better of me, and I followed him, and he soon stopped. He had been chasing that swarm of bees, and they had settled on a low bush, and he went home and got a hive, and soon toted them home, while I looked on from a respectful distance. When we arrived at his house, his wife set out a lunch of cold corn-pone, cold catfish, and some home-made cheese, which was very light in weight and color, and I made a hearty meal.

I spent the afternoon with my new-found friends, and had a very pleasant time. One of the things that interested me most was a fish pen. There was a small brook, fed by springs, that came into the stream just at the old man's house, and the water in this brook was very cold, as well as pure, and he had fenced in about a rod square of this brook. Along the sides, the fence was made of pickets driven into the ground, but across the ends it could not be driven into the ground on account of the solid rock bottom, so the pickets were stood upon end on the rocks and laced together with hoop poles, and in that pen were about a dozen catfish of different sizes, some as large as ten pounds, and then there were three or four fine pike, and a hundred or more sunfish. These he had caught in a net out of the large stream and put into his pen, where he could dip them up when wanted, and he told me he penned them up that way because if left in the large stream they would not be good to eat in dog days, and if kept in the cold spring water they would be good all summer. As eight hours or less constituted a day's work for the old man, he decided to cut the bee tree the next morning; so after another feed of cold catfish, cold pone, and home-made cheese, I scampered for home, and waited very impatiently for next morning to come.

I was on hand next morning, and did not stop at the bee tree, but went to the old man's home and found him about ready to go. He took a tub, an ax, and some matches, and we started, and after a brisk walk of about twenty minutes we arrived at the tree. After deliberately looking around the tree a few times, the old man went to chopping, and in about half an hour the tree came down with an awful crash, but it was not a story-book tree, and did not perform like Washington Irving's or Cooper's bee trees. They always split open from end to end, but this old tree remained as solid as a rock. The old man looked it over carefully from end to end, and finally decided, to his own satisfaction, where the honey was, and then he cut out a log about twenty feet long and prepared to split it. He first made some wooden wedges, and it seemed to me that he was the slowest mortal I had ever

seen, and it was after noon before he laid that log open; but when he did lay it open, it disclosed the most wonderful store of honey, and the old man said it was the greatest store of honey he had ever found in a bee tree, and that he would have to go home and get his wife and the ox team and some more tubs, and he left me to watch the tree. Before starting, he had built several little fires under the tree, and smoked the bees very thoroughly, so they would not trouble us, and I was to watch and not let the tree get on fire. As soon as he was out of sight, I commenced to investigate the honey, and taste it, too. At what had been the top of the hive, the honey was very light colored, and very good, but as it was followed downward along the hive, it was much darker, and finally it was as dark as mahogany wood. I began tasting at the light-colored honey, and gradually worked downward to the darker honey. The darker was the richer and better, so I filled up on that. While I was eating, a bee had crawled inside of my trousers, just below the belt, and as I happened to lean a little too hard against the tree, he stung me. It hurt awful for a minute or two, but not enough to prevent me from finishing my dinner. But before I had finished, I began to have awful pains. They grew worse and worse; I wished for the old man, and made up my mind that he was not coming back. I threw myself on the ground and rolled and tumbled, but it did no good. The paid got worse and worse, and I concluded I had been poisoned, and that I must die. But that did not help the pain, and long before the old man and his wife arrived, I had become perfectly reconciled to die, but I could not stand the pain. At last they came, and I was lying on the ground unable to get up, white as a ghost, and suffering all the torments, perfectly willing to die if they would only stop the pain and let me die easy. They saw what was the trouble at a glance, and while the old lady went home after some milk, the old man pulled some weeds and fed me, or made me eat them. I never knew what the weeds were, but think the old man said it was either boneset or pennyroyal. At all events, the pain gradually got better, and when the old lady arrived and gave me a drink of milk I soon got so I could stand up. But I was still a very sick boy, and so sore that I could hardly move; and to add to my discomfort a storm was coming up, and the old man told me I had better try to get home before it rained, and that I could come back some other day and get some honey to take home, but I told him he could have all the honey, and I started for home. It was nearly sundown, and the storm struck me before I had traveled a mile, and such an awful rain! It came down in torrents, and when I reached Pike Run, just at dusk, it was a raging flood, high enough to swim a horse. But Watch had crossed, and came back before I got to the bank, and as he turned around as though about to start in again, I grabbed him by the back of the neck, and in we went together. I had made the mistake of getting on the upper side of the dog, and when the torrent swept us both off our feet, my legs went under the dog, and they were badly scratched, and the blood was running down in streams when we got out of the water. Just as we crawled up the bank, Uncle Tom came over the hill on a horse hunting for me and pulled me up behind him, and I was soon at home. I did not want any supper, and was put to bed. After rolling and tumbling about on the bed for a while, I fell asleep, and then I dreamed. I dreamed that a panther got me and took me into an old log cabin, and began to grind some corn stalks on an old grindstone to cut me up with, when, just as he raised up the corn stalks, and felt along the edge to see if they were sharp, I made a break for liberty, stubbed my sore toe and fell, and just as the panther landed upon me I awoke and found mother sitting by my bed putting cold cloths upon my head.

A. D. McCANDLESS.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Trails of the Pathfinders.—XVII.

Alexander Henry (The Younger).

(Continued from page 194.)

In August, 1801, Henry was on his way to a new post on the Pembina, the one which Langlois had established the year before. He intended to establish also a post at Grandes Fourches, the site of the present town of Grand Forks, North Dakota. This business, and his travels to other subsidiary trading posts that he built at various points, occupied the autumn. Game was abundant, and so were fish. The Hudson's Bay Company, the opposition, were not far off, and there was some intercourse between the men of the two companies. On March 14, during a drinking match, occurred one of the fights among the Indians which were so common in those days of abundant liquor. "Gros Bras, in a fit of jealousy, stabbed Auposoi to death with a hand-daguer; the first stroke opened his left side, the second his belly, and the third his breast. He never stirred, although he had a knife in his belt, and died instantly. Soon after this, Auposoi's brother, a boy about ten years of age, took the deceased's gun, loaded it with two balls, and approached Gros Bras' tent. Putting the muzzle of the gun through the door, the boy fired the two balls into his breast, and killed him dead, just as he was reproaching his wife for her affection for Auposoi, and boasting of the vengeance he had taken. The little fellow ran into the woods and hid. Little Shell found the old woman, Auposoi's mother, in her tent; he instantly stabbed her. Ondainoiahe then came in, took the knife, and gave her a second stab. Little Shell, in his turn, taking the knife, gave a third blow. In this manner did these two rascals continue to murder the old woman as long as there was any life in her. The boy escaped into Langlois' house, and was kept hid until they were all sober."

March 15, a swan, a turkey-buzzard, and a hawk, the first spring birds, were seen; and by the middle of April wildfowl were plenty, and calves were becoming numerous. Passenger pigeons were passing north, and toward the end of the month some Indians came in with thirty-six whole beaver in a skin canoe. In May came the news of a Sioux attack on the Salteurs, in which seven of the latter were killed. Henry planted his garden, and soon after made ready for his departure to join the brigade.

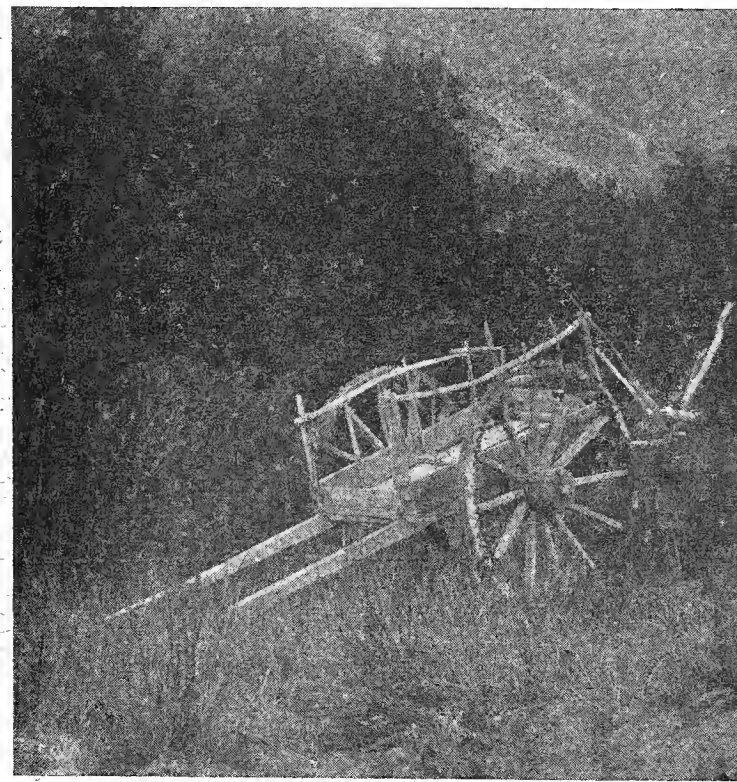
The next September he was back again at Panbian River, trading with the Indians, and, of course, handing

out rum to them. His entry for February 15 contains a small temperance lecture which represented what he sometimes preached, but never practiced. As he says: "The Indians totally neglected their ancient customs; and to what can this degeneration be ascribed but to their intercourse with us, particularly as they are so unfortunate as to have a continual succession of opposition parties to teach them roguery, and to destroy both mind and body with that pernicious article, rum? What a different set of people they would be were there not a drop of liquor in the country. If a murder is committed among the Salteurs, it is due to a drinking match. You may truly say that liquor is the root of all evil in the West."

Spring came on with the usual signs, and about the usual time. The women were making sugar at the last of March (1803), and it was noted that spring that very few buffalo drifted down the river. The plains of the Red River were covered with water from the sudden melting of the snow, and the men suffered much, for they were continually on the march, looking up Indians along every stream. The water was commonly knee-deep, and in some places much deeper, and was usually covered with ice in the morning, making the walking tiresome, and often dangerous. Some of the best men, Henry says, lose the use of their legs while still in the prime of life. The Indians were now bringing in the proceeds of their spring hunt, and exchanging it for rum. When the time came around, Henry interrupted his hunting and his trading to plant his garden, sowing potatoes, cabbage, and many root crops. With the end of May came the mosquitoes, a terrible pest. Among the articles traded for was maple sugar, an important article of food in that country. As usual, about midsummer, Henry started down the river with his furs, and reached Fort William July 3.

On the 29th of the same month he started on his return journey, with a brigade of eight canoes; and about two months later, September 20, found himself at the present Winnipeg, and somewhat later at the old post on the Panbian River.

Horses had now begun to be used in the trade at this point, and Henry grumbles about them in a long entry, which is worth reproducing: "It is true they are useful



A RED RIVER CART
No metal in its construction.

animals, but if there were not one in all the Northwest we should have less trouble and expense. Our men would neither be so burdened with families, nor so indolent and insolent as they are, and the natives in general would be more honest and industrious. Let an impartial eye look into the affair, to discover whence originates the unbounded extravagance of our meadow gentry, both white and native, and horses will be found one of the principal causes. Let us view the bustle and noise which attended the transportation of five pieces of goods to a place where the houses were built in 1801-02. The men were up at break of day, and their horses tackled long before sunrise; but they were not ready to move before ten o'clock, when I had the curiosity to climb on top of my house to watch their motions, and observe their order of march.

"Antoine Payet, guide and second in command, leads the van with a cart drawn by two horses, and loaded with private baggage, cassettes, bags, kettles, and mashque-minces. Madame Payet follows the cart, with a child a year old on her back, very merry. Charles Bottineau, with two horses and a cart, loaded with 1½ packs, his own baggage, and two young children, with kettles and other trash hanging on to it. Madame Bottineau, with a squalling infant on her back, scolding and tossing it about. Joseph Dubord goes on foot, with his long pipe-stem and calumet in his hand. Madame Dubord follows on foot, carrying his tobacco pouch with a broad bead tail. Antoine Thellier, with a cart and two horses, loaded with 1½ packs of goods, and Dubois' baggage. Antoine La Pointe, with another cart and horses, loaded with two pieces of goods, and with baggage belonging to Brisebois, Jasmin, and Pouliot, and a kettle hung on each side. Auguste Brisebois follows, with only his gun on his shoulder and a fresh-lighted pipe in his mouth. Michel Jasmin goes next, like Brisebois, with gun and pipe, puffing out clouds of smoke. Nicolas Pouliot, the greatest smoker in the Northwest, has nothing but pipe and pouch; those three fellows have taken a farewell dram, and lighted fresh pipes, go on brisk and merry, playing numerous pranks. Dormin Livernois, with a young mare, the property of Mr. Langlois, loaded with weeds for smoking, an old worsted bag (madame's property), some squashes and potatoes, a small keg of fresh water, and two young whelps, howling. Next goes Livernois' young horse, drawing a travaille, loaded with baggage and a large worsted mashguemate belonging to Madame Langlois. Next appears Madame Cameron's mare, kicking, rearing,



MANDAN DANCING FOR THE COMING OF THE BUFFALO.
From Catlin's "Letters on the North American Indians."

and snorting, hauling a *travaille* loaded with a bag of flour, cabbages, turnips, onions, a small keg of water, and a large kettle of broth. Michel Langlois, who is master of the band, now comes on leading a horse that draws a *travaille* nicely covered with a new painted tent, under which his daughter and Mrs. Cameron lie at full length, very sick; this covering or canopy has a pretty effect in the caravan, and appears at a great distance in the plains. Madame Langlois brings up the rear of the human beings, following the *travaille* with a slow step and melancholy air, attending to the wants of her daughter, who, notwithstanding her sickness, can find no other expressions of gratitude to her parents than by calling them dogs, fools, beasts, etc. The rear-guard consists of a long train of twenty dogs, some for sleighs, some for game, and others for no use whatever, except to snarl and destroy meat. The total forms a procession nearly a mile long, and appears like a large band of Assinaboines."

Early in November Henry went over to the Hair Hills. In March, on a journey from the Hair Hills to his home, he mentions he traveled in the night always, preferring to do so at this season of the year, partly to avoid snow blindness, and partly because the cold of the night makes travel easier than during the day, when the snow is melted and soft, and dogs and sledges sink deep into it. In April, when he was chasing buffalo, he came near leaving his bones in the plains, a prey for the wolves. "This was occasioned by my horse stumbling while at full speed. I was just drawing my gun from the belt to fire, holding it by the barrel, near the muzzle, when the sudden shock caused the priming to fire the gun; the ball passed near my hip and struck in the ground, and the gun flew some distance. I was in the midst of the herd; a fine large calf passing near me, I dismounted, caught him by the tail, and held him fast; he began to bleat, when instantly the mother turned and rushed at me; I was glad to let go and run to my horse. As I reflected on my narrow escape, it brought to my mind a similar affair which happened to me some years ago at Michipicoten, when shooting wildfowl in the spring, in a small canoe. In attempting to remove my gun from my left to my right side, passing the muzzle behind my back, the cock got fast in one of the bars, and, on my pulling the gun forward from behind me, she went off; the load grazed my right side, taking a piece of my belt and capot away."

In April he bought a beautiful white buffalo skin; the hair was long, soft, and perfectly white, resembling a sheep's fleece. Early in May extraordinary numbers of wild pigeons were seen, and the Indian women were preparing the ground for their farming. With the summer came the usual packing of the furs, and the journey to Kamanistiquia. The return journey was a short one, and Henry reached the Panbian River early in September. In October he writes, as showing the excellence of his horse, that one day he ran an elk five miles before killing it; then chased a hare, which he killed after a long pursuit; and finally, toward evening, he ran a herd of buffalo, and killed a fat cow for supper. Besides these long races, he had covered about thirty-six miles of travel.

This winter, because he refused to give credit to an Indian for a blanket, Henry was twice shot at, but missed. On his return to his post that summer, he learned of an attack on a small camp of his Indians by Sioux a month earlier. This is the story as Henry gives it, and it may be retold because it illustrates Indian modes: "My beaupère (father-in-law) was the first man that fell, about eight o'clock in the morning. He had climbed a tree to see if the buffalo were at hand, as they were tented there to make dried provisions. He had no sooner reached the top than two Sioux discoverers fired at the same moment, and both balls passed through his body. He had only time to call out to his family, who were in the tent, about a hundred paces from him, 'Save yourselves, the Sioux are killing us!' and fell dead to the ground, his body breaking several branches of the tree as it dropped. The noise brought the Indians out of the tent, when, perceiving their danger, the women and children instantly ran through the plains toward an island of wood on Tongue River, about a mile distant, and on a direct line toward the fort. The men took their arms and made off also, keeping in the rear of their women and children, whom they urged on. The four surviving men had not gone more than a quarter of a mile when they saw the main body of the war party, on horseback, rushing down upon them. Crossing Tongue River, and in a few moments coming up with them, the Sioux began to fire. The four men, by expert maneuvers and incessant fire, prevented the enemy from closing in on them, while the women

and children continued to fly, and the men followed. They were within about two hundred paces of the wood, and some of the most active had actually entered it, when the enemy surrounded and fell upon them. Three of the Salteurs fled in different directions; Grand Gueule escaped before they were completely surrounded, but the other two were killed. One who remained to protect the women and children was a brave fellow—Aceguemanche, or Little Chief; he waited deliberately until the enemy came very near, when he fired at one who appeared to be a chief, and knocked the Sioux from his horse. Three young girls and a boy were taken prisoners; the remainder were all murdered and mutilated in a horrible manner. Several women and children had escaped in the woods, where the enemy chased them on horseback, but the willows and brush were so intricate that every one of these escaped. A boy about twelve years old, whom the Sioux pursued, crawled into a hollow under a branch of willows, which a horseman leaped over without perceiving him. One of the little girls who escaped tells a pitiful story of her mother, who was killed. This woman, having two young children that could not walk fast enough, had taken one of them on her back and prevailed upon her sister-in-law to carry the other; but when they got near the woods, and the enemy rushed upon them with hideous yells and war-whoops, the young woman was so frightened that she threw down the child and soon overtook the mother, who, observing that the child was missing, and hearing its screams, kissed her little daughter—the one who relates the story—saying, with tears streaming from her eyes: "Take courage, my daughter; try to reach the woods, and if you do, go to your eldest sister, who will be kind to you; I must turn back and recover your youngest sister, or die in the attempt. Take courage; run fast, my daughter!" Poor woman! She actually did recover her child, and was running off with both children, when she was felled to the ground by a blow on the head with a war-club. She recovered instantly, drew her knife, and plunged it into the neck of her murderer; but others coming up, she was despatched. Thus my belle mère ended her days."

This same story is told by Tanner, who was then an Indian captive, living with the Chippewas. Tanner even mentions Henry's name, and speaks of his father-in-law having been killed. The Salteurs were determined to avenge the death of their relations, and Henry furnished them with ammunition for their war journey. Later, he visited the battlefield and the Sioux camp, and judged from the sign that there must have been about three hundred men in the Sioux party. In October the remains of the Sioux killed by Little Chief were discovered by some of the Indians; and the certainty that their enemies had met one loss was some satisfaction to the Salteurs.

Although Henry had made an agreement with Mr. Miller, an agent of the Hudson's Bay Company, by which the rum to be given to the Indians should be limited, the winter did not pass without deaths due to drinking. One of these was an accident where a drunken Indian knocked

down a gun which, exploding, killed one of Henry's men, who was lying on a bed in the next room. The profits for the season's work in 1805 and '06, as given in Henry's diary, are nearly three thousand five hundred pounds.

Early in July, 1806, after his return from down the river, Henry made preparations to set off on a tour to the southwest, to the country of the Mandans, who then, as now, lived on the Missouri River. There had been heavy rains, and the plains of the Red River were covered with water, or else were so muddy that travel was slow and exceedingly laborious. The horses often sank up to their knees in mud, and at times had water up to their bellies, while the little rivulets which they crossed they were obliged to swim, carrying on their heads such articles as they wished to keep dry. Mosquitoes were a veritable plague, and Henry had prepared a mask of thin dressed caribou skin, which in some measure protected him; but those who were not provided with some defense suffered terribly. Only when the wind blew was there any relief from the pests. They were more than once obliged to make rafts, and when they were naked, hauling the raft back and forth, they had no defense against the mosquitoes. The horses suffered as much as the men.

The final start for the Mandans was from the establishment on Mouse River, and the party consisted of seven persons, of whom one was a Salteur, a brother-in-law of Chaboillez, who had undertaken to guide the party to the Mandans. It was midsummer, and they traveled west-southwest over delightful prairies, where antelope were exceedingly abundant. After crossing Mouse River, they found buffalo in great plenty, and all in motion, from east to west. It was the rutting season, and the herds were noisy and excited. On the 18th of July, as they were crossing the high Missouri plains, they came in sight of the buttes, called *Maison du Chien*, now commonly known as the Dogden Buttes. This is one of the great landmarks of the country, and many stirring adventures have taken place within sight of it. A little later they could see the high red banks of the Missouri before them, a long way off. When they reached the Missouri, they found plenty of tracks of people there, and an abundance of last year's corn cobs. The winter village of the Minitaris was near. A well-defined trail led down the river, and they were several times in danger of breaking their necks in deep pits, which the natives had dug in the path to catch wolves and foxes in winter. Some of these were ten feet deep, and hollowed out in places to about thirty feet in circumference, while the entrance was no wider than a foot-path, and about five feet in length. "These holes are covered with dried grass, at the season when the wolves are caught, and every morning are found to contain some of those animals. In summer the grass grows strong and high about the mouths, entirely concealing them until one arrives upon the very brink, and he is in danger of tumbling in headlong." Down the river about five miles they came to a Mandan village. The people received them pleasantly, and the Black Cat, the chief, took them to one of his houses, which was kept for strangers. The people were desirous to trade, and could not understand why the white men should have come so far out of mere curiosity. As usual in these permanent villages of earth lodges, the horses at night were confined in one part of the lodge while the people slept in the other. The Mandans had large earthen pots of different sizes, from five gallons to one quart, used solely for boiling corn and beans. The Black Cat was told the next day by a Canadian who lived in the neighboring Mandan village, who his visitors were, and at once brought out the American flag, given him in the autumn of 1804 by Captains Lewis and Clark, and hoisted it over the hut in which the strangers were staying. When they were about to cross the river and go to the opposite village, they packed up such goods as they had, and the few things they had purchased, chiefly provisions, and gave them into the care of the chief. "These people are much given to thieving, but in the hut in which a stranger is lodged his property may be left in perfect security; none dare touch it, as the master conceives his honor concerned in whatever is placed under his immediate protection. Out of doors, if they can pick your pocket or pilfer any article, it is gone in an instant, and search would be in vain; every one would wish to appear innocent, although they are not offended when accused of stealing, but laugh the matter away."

Henry and his people crossed the river in bull-boats, and were well received at the other Mandan village. He noted the expertness of the young men in getting the horses across, one swimming ahead with the rope in his teeth, while others swam on each side, and in the rear, driving each horse very rapidly. He also saw the bull-boats, which were evidently a new vessel to him. They had hardly reached the village when there came in some Pawnees from down the river on an embassy to treat for peace. They could not speak the language either of the Mandans or the Minitaris, but they talked freely in signs; and this



A MANDAN HORSE RACE.
From Catlin's "Letters on the North American Indians."

sign language seems to have been a surprise to Henry. He says: "They hold conversations for several hours upon different subjects, during the whole of which time not a single word is pronounced upon either side, and still they appear to comprehend each other perfectly well. This mode of communication is natural to them. Their gestures are made with the greatest ease, and they never seem to be at a loss for a sign to express their meaning."

The houses, villages, and customs of the Mandans were all new to Henry. The house he lodged in measured ninety feet in diameter.

These people collected their fuel in the spring, when the ice broke up, and great quantities of wood drifted down. The young men were accustomed to swim out among the drifting ice and bring in the trees, however large, which they hauled out on the bank. Immense piles of driftwood were seen opposite each village, and some of the trees were very large. While collecting this driftwood, they also drew to land great numbers of drowned buffalo, of which they were very fond.

He noticed—as many others have—that some children were gray-haired, and that others were blond. A Minutari was seen with yellow hair, something not unexampled in old times.

The men wore their hair twisted into a number of small tails, hanging down the back to below the waist. In some of them it trailed on the ground. The Cheyennes to-day tell us that a hundred years ago the men of their tribe wore their hair in the same fashion. From the village of the Mandans they went on up the river to those of the Soulier and Minutari villages. Here they met Mackenzie and Caldwell, employees in the service of the Northwest Company, who had been residing some little time in the village.

Henry was not particularly well pleased with his reception here, and indeed the Indians paid little attention to the white men, and seemed to despise them. He pays tribute to their physical qualities, and says they all have manly and war-like countenances. The village, which formerly contained nine hundred houses, now had only

with increased celerity and twofold force, whence it requires a much longer time for the freighted winds to return it to the lands again; this to the direct destruction of his own works and to the detriment of the very scheme of nature. He has swept away forests and left a withered waste behind with such frenzy as to suggest that he is afraid of passing away before he can compass all and be compelled to leave some of the lavish wealth of nature to posterity. As yet nothing has been done toward the rebuilding: the trend of the age is toward destruction. Some outcry has been made at the destruction of the forests, and some feeble efforts made to restore them; that is all, so far, on that side of the question.

Drainage sometimes lapses for a short period during protracted drouths, but the first shower starts it up again. Not one word has yet been said or action taken looking to a general construction of reservoirs, with due regard to economy of space, to take the place of lakes, marshes, and swamps that are being drained. Drainage is a great factor in production. But what is land without water?

Who has ever wandered in the lake lands of the North and East and viewed its forest-crowned slopes and clover-decked hills, and again the withered plains and hills of the West and Southwest and not marveled at the difference? The difference is not of soil, for the soil of the arid plains is vastly superior to the soil of the lake lands. It is not in rainfall, for, eliminating local showers, it is about equal. The difference is in formation. The lake lands retain their moisture while the arid lands discharge it immediately back to the ocean. There are no disastrous floods, and seldom long drouths, in the lake lands, because there is no rapid drainage. What moisture comes from afar is retained and rises and falls again and again in local rains. The history of the arid west is of flood and drouth. Its cause is plainly seen. A like result may be reached in any far inland country by artificial drainage and forest destruction without rebuilding.

My life has been spent in these two sections, and much thought has been given to this condition. That part of the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha Railway

took place. At the same time New England was withered by drouth and scorched by fire, and a general discussion ensued in newspapers and periodicals on irrigation and flood prevention by a reservoir system. Few, however, seemed to grasp the idea. Most people jumped to the conclusion that reservoirs would have to be dug of sufficient capacity to hold the excess of rainfall in flood times. Seeing how stupendous a work it would be, some were inclined to scoff. Others thought the end could be gained by damming the running streams and forming gigantic reservoirs. But the danger of such a course was too easily detected by the casual observer. The result of such a course was seen at Johnstown, Pa., and various other places. A better way is to stop it in detail before it gets dangerous.

In this article I propose to further show how it may be done, but first let us take a look at the real stumbling blocks in the path of progress in this line. It seems absurd to say that it will or is likely to take a thousand years for this and future ages to understand any problem that is either simple or practical. A backward glance will show many reasons for believing that it will. However, to judge the future by the past, will not do in all cases; but human nature changes rather slowly, if at all, and man will be found to be stumbling over the same big ego a thousand years hence as now.

An old legend telling of the discovery of the art of cooking illustrates one phase of the situation very aptly. In this legend we find the human race living in houses, though utterly devoid of any knowledge of cooking. The diet was fruit, roots and berries, eaten raw, with perhaps a few raw oysters. There were pigs in those days as now, but then the pig was kept in the house and worshipped as a divinity. Anon it transpired that a house took fire and was burned to the ground. The pig, being forgotten, was left inside and roasted to "a queen's taste." The owner, in clearing up the wreck, smelled the savory odor of roast pig and tasted thereof. Tempted beyond resistance by the flavor, he fell to and did eat a veritable wolf's meal of burnt pig. Detected in the act, he was haled before a justice to be tried for heresy. At the trial, his defense was that burnt pig was really good to eat—better than anything before known to man. As he was "a ward keeper" of great influence, the judge listened to his plea, and ordered the rest of the burnt pig brought into court. A smell of the pig strengthened his case, a taste ended it, while judge and jury fell to and finished the roast, and the case was marked off the docket. Thus roast pig came to be a part of the diet of kings and the very rich. The roasting was done by putting the porker in a house, and then burning the house. This style of cooking held good for several hundred years. Presumably then, as now, schools were maintained to advance the interest of the different sciences. Cooking had its department. Scientists were appointed and supported by public tax to do nothing but advance the art of cooking. Societies were formed, debates instituted, and conventions held; rivers of ink flowed, and even wars were waged to settle mooted questions as to whether this, that or the other style of architecture was best adapted to the common end of roasting pork. But the fact that an erstwhile divinity was good to eat remained the single discovery of its thousand years.

Most of the discoveries of man are made by accident, and so the next improvement in the art of cooking came about. It came to pass that a workman was sent into the forest to build houses for the purpose of roasting pigs. There was to be a convention of delegates from all the schools of science devoted to cookery. As such conventions always ended in a feast and general jamboree, many pigs would be required. At that time pigs were so numerous that a great many ran at large in the forest. It happened that a tree fell on a pig and killed it. The workman was greatly alarmed at this, for the penalty was very severe. It was now about the sixth hour, and the workman sat down to eat what little there was in his dinner-pail and to try and think of some way to escape punishment for killing the pig. He had labored hard, and after eating the few roots and a nut or two which the pail contained, he was still very hungry. There was the pig; if it were only roasted he could eat it and satisfy the cravings of his stomach while destroying all evidence against himself. Finally it occurred to him to build a fire of broken branches and burn (as cooking was then called) the meat by holding it against the fire, one side at a time. He built his fire and when the coals glowed red, he held the pig against them, but in doing so he burned his fingers. Then he tried holding it between two sticks, but dropped it into the ashes. Necessity is said to be the mother of invention; if so, hunger is at least its grandmother. Thinking for a time, the workman at last sharpened a stick, and, thrusting it through the pig, held it to the coals, and the thing was done.

After eating his fill of pig, something he had not tasted before, he bethought him that he had made a great discovery. He would see the faculty and relieve them of further trouble on the score of cooking, and they, in turn, glad to be relieved of so great a burden, would proclaim him a great man in the land of his fathers. Away he went forthwith to seek the faculty. He was a very foolish fool. The faculty listened with horror to his revelations. Was the science of cooking to be done away with in this slapdash manner, and by a mere workman? Was their easy living to be thus taken away? Never, never! And they fell on the workman and destroyed him. But generation after generation may be tortured to death by error, even to a thousand, but truth cannot be destroyed until the last human mind is destroyed with it. Thus it smoldered in the minds of the faculty until it finally contaminated other minds which held no prejudice and broke out afresh, and the stick method of cooking came into general vogue.

This legend may not be strictly true as to the facts set forth, but where it applies to human nature it is strictly true. Though the scope of man's intelligence has been vastly increased since those days, human nature remains practically the same.

The real labor of rebuilding the earth is in removing prejudice, jealousy, self-seeking, self-glorification, and ignorance, and that the time limit of a thousand years is none too great. That once done—and it can only be done by the commoner—the work of digging ditches, building dikes, and constructing the necessary machinery will be a mere bagatelle.

It may appear strange at first glance, but the ground



MANDAN VILLAGE ON THE UPPER MISSOURI.
From Catlin's "Letters on the North American Indians."

a hundred and thirty, smallpox and other diseases having reduced them to that number. While in this village the white men found it dangerous to stray out of the hut without a good stout stick to keep off the dogs, which were so numerous and savage as sometimes actually to attack them. The people had many horses, which they valued highly; and Henry greatly objected to their custom of apparently becoming dissatisfied with their bargain after a trade had been concluded, and returning and taking back the article they had sold, while giving up the price paid for it. For example: "One of the natives had a turkey cock's tail, great numbers of which they get from the Schians, and which served them as fans; this was a new and fresh one of beautiful hue. I gave him five rounds of ammunition for it, with which he appeared well satisfied, and left me, but soon returned with the ammunition, and demanded the tail. Being loath to part with it, I added five more rounds to the price, which he accepted and went away. However, he soon reappeared, and I added four more; but to no purpose, for he continued to go and come until the payment amounted to thirty rounds. Upon his next appearance I offered forty rounds; but he would no longer listen to any offer, threw down my ammunition, and insisted upon my returning him the tail, which I was obliged to do."

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Rebuild the Earth.

BY E. P. JACQUES.

RAIN seldom falls in exact proportion to the need of man. Periods of over-supply are followed by periods of no supply at all; floods rush down and destroy the works of man, often in a single day, in amount equal to the life efforts of many thousand people. Drouths follow and nullify the efforts of other thousands. The one washes away the seed in planting, the other withers the stalk in growing time. In this way half the possibilities from the efforts of man are destroyed, while the burden of support is increased in corresponding degree.

This was so from the beginning and has been intensified by man's own efforts. In his zeal to reclaim the land from the waters, he has laid tiling, dug ditches, and straightened watercourses, draining swamps, lakes, and marshes; tumbling the rainfall back to the distant ocean

that connects St. Paul with Duluth, runs through a very picturesque section of the lake lands of Wisconsin. I have been over that line occasionally for the last twelve years. The last trip was made on "The Twilight Limited," an evening train, both ways, between the two cities. It is a beautiful ride, and was described in part in a letter to the St. Paul Yell, where I had this to say in noting the rapid settlement of the country:

"To make room for more, the ax and dredge are driving the wild things in nature through ever-narrowing limits to extinction. When shall we see the rebuilding begun with equal vigor? When will reforestation and irrigation be begun in a common sense way? When shall we see each swale, ravine and gorge throughout hill and mountain country turned into reservoirs, holding in check floods and increasing rainfall alike? This would open the way to practical forest building, while water for irrigation would be at hand. An amount equal to that spent in destruction during the Spanish-American war would advance the work to a stage where all would understand how practical and simple it was, and that understanding by the masses would in turn insure the finish. But why expect mankind to understand such a problem by a less process than the slow growth of a thousand years?"

This letter was not published, but the next issue of the Yell, in a short, crispy editorial, said this: "If some of the pumpkin huskers of the back counties would devote less time to literature and more to their pumpkins and potatoes, leaving economic subjects to someone who knew something about them, there would be more prosperity and less crop failure, beside giving our overworked waste-basket a much needed rest."

A few days after this the great floods of 1903 occurred in the West. In another editorial on the subject, the Yell exploited itself thus: "It would be a simple matter to impound the surplus water in the hills around the head of the streams by damming the ravines and gorges. That would prevent disastrous floods and leave the water where it belongs to be used in irrigation later on."

This was a great hit, and the Yell was quoted far and wide, and among the members of Congress from the stricken district there was quite a strife as to who should be first to introduce a bill that would lead to action on that plan.

The events that led to making the discussion a national event, was that soon after the great floods of 1903 in Kansas and many other Western States, in less volume,

plan of the greater part of the United States is made up of blocks of land one mile square laid one against the other like the squares of a checker-board. The ground plan of most other countries is somewhat similar to that of the United States. These blocks or squares are sometimes laid to form great levels, but as a general rule in terraces rising from a great gutter on the one hand to cone or dome in the center, and slanting away again to a great gutter on the other hand. The blocks are not made with any regularity of plan as to their upper surface, but roll and dip or are level and again even slopes as chance may dictate. At least it seems a chance, until you note how accurately the blocks fit one against the other, continuing each slope, wall, gutter or cone to a nicety, and then you realize that the mechanism is wonderful indeed. So closely are they joined that water running from the higher to the lower squares passes over the seams as readily as if the whole were a solid block. Herein is the weak place in nature's plan, as far as it relates to man, and is the place where the rebuilding should begin.

Water never falls on a single square (or section) in sufficient quantities to cause floods dangerous to life or property. Each and every square has capacity to absorb its own rainfall; very few squares have insufficient rainfall to produce a good crop if the rainfall could be applied at the proper time. Floods are caused by water running from block to block, until, having gathered from many thousand squares and concentrated in one gutter, it overtaxes the capacity of the gutter and spreads afar over the land, causing death and destruction. Drouths are caused by the rainfall running too rapidly from the upper squares before it can be absorbed to any great extent, and carried by gravity to distant and lower squares, where it gathers in too great quantities on the low lands, and causes swamps or is returned to the ocean, whence it takes the winds—often contrary for weeks and even months—too long to return it to the lands again. If the water that falls on each square was retained there until it filtered through the soil or evaporated, the disaster of flood and drouth would both be averted.

On each of the four sides of each and every one of the many squares that go to make up the whole of the general ground plan is a roadway sixty feet wide, more or less, with the seam between the squares as its center. These roadways lead up hill and down, across the country from ocean to ocean east and west and from limit to limit north to south. They are the key to the situation.

Grade them to as near a level as possible, making waterproof embankments across all dry ravines and hollows, and the water that falls on each square will run to the lowest point and stay there. The ravines will be the reservoirs, and the road grade the dams. These grades should be high enough to render overflow in any single wet spell impossible. Each reservoir should have a valve and drain under the grade to let off the water by degrees where overflow is threatened. But with only one mile to gather in most of the reservoirs, would have a capacity far in excess of the water supply. Thus what water fell in any part of the country would remain there with the exception of what fell directly into running streams.

The running streams should be left unobstructed. The flood tide should be cut off in detail before it reaches the running stream. In *Forestry and Irrigation*, July, 1903, Guy Elliott Mitchell has this to say:

"Every manufacturer in the United States has had a twofold economic interest in the great floods which have been sweeping down the Missouri and the Mississippi. The most generally recognized interest lies in the fact that much property has been destroyed, many farms devastated, and the purchasing capacity of a large number of producers crippled, handicapped, and in many cases obliterated. Another feature of the flood problem which is not so often thought of is the question of the solution of this national problem through the construction of Government storage reservoirs. It has been demonstrated beyond question that a comprehensive system of reservoirs to store and regulate flood waters which can be depended upon every spring at the heads of the Missouri, the Arkansas, the Platte, and their tributaries, would so reduce the flow of the Missouri River before it reaches St. Louis as to keep not only it, but the Mississippi within safe bounds.

"Of course, the flood sufferer who sees a great yellow surge going by St. Louis six or seven feet higher than the danger line, may well express some skepticism as to the possibility of the Government or any other agency constructing reservoirs sufficiently gigantic to impound all the excess of water.

"But the reservoirs themselves would be only a part of the storage system. Of course the construction of such reservoir would mean that the waters safe in them would be used for irrigation, and official surveys indicate that something over 30,000,000 acres is the amount of land which can be irrigated from the water supply running eastward from the Rocky Mountains. Had such a system been in operation, the June floods would have been diverted, first into the great storage reservoirs necessary to irrigate this land; second, into the hundreds if not thousands of miles of canals, ditches, and laterals necessary for its irrigation; and third, under the land itself. The stored waters would not be used until the dry months of July and August, when the Missouri and its tributaries are but shallow meandering streams; but during May and June the watering of this great area of land, soaking it to a depth of a couple of feet, would be done directly from the streams themselves, or rather from the great canal system which would be necessary to carry the water inland from the rivers. This immense body of cultivated land would therefore act as a sort of sponge, and the effect would be to reduce the flow of the Missouri as though a vast obstruction had been thrown across its bed, and its water flooded over all the land.

"The Mississippi is able to take care of its own floods or of the floods of any of its tributaries; but when all the rivers which flow into it go on the rampage, death and destruction must be the outcome. The equalization of the flow of the Missouri River would in a great measure mean the control of the Mississippi, and a greatly decreased annual expenditure for flood protection under the River and Harbor bill.

"The carrying out of such a Government policy would not only palliate the floods, but furnish homes for hundreds of thousands of prosperous farmers, and result in vast good to the entire nation. We would have a dense

farming population occupying small individual areas of land, and contributing to the prosperity and growth of hundreds of towns and cities where now the country is in many places only very sparsely settled."

Now, it is not a question of building reservoirs gigantic enough to hold the floods in check at all. A gigantic reservoir is a menace to the country below; so is a reservoir constructed by damming a running stream. Such a reservoir must in time become full to the brim, and then, when heavy rains set in, disaster is sure to follow as in the case at Johnstown, Pa. To provide small reservoirs is the proper way; and nature has constructed them in thousands and hundreds of thousands. The only thing necessary is the dams, and the grades required to make good roads will furnish dams also.

The question of funds for so great a work now arises. With all agreeable and willing, this part of the business would be as trifling a matter as the work of actual construction itself. But what about those barnacles? Yet this is not a question of purifying politics, but of irrigation and flood prevention, and we will proceed as if leeches were unknown. When the War of the Rebellion broke out, it found the Government without funds or munitions of war with which to conduct it; yet funds were raised, arms manufactured, and the war conducted to a successful issue. In this war with the elements, may we not proceed in the same way, even though there are not thousands of our fellow-men to be shot down, nor yet other millions of dollars' worth of property to be burned up and destroyed. War, even in peace times, is an expensive way of proving our greatness. In an estimate of a recent naval parade lasting a week the cost was placed at \$240,000. In a cartoon accompanying the estimate, Uncle Sam was represented as remonstrating at the expense, which the Chief Executive excused on the ground that it amused the children so. But perhaps the children might be amused some other way. \$240,000 would grade at least one hundred miles of average road and build all the necessary bridges at the crossing of running streams; supplemented by other grades at each section line, these grades would be well nigh eternal. With no floods to tear them out, a well constructed bridge would last a hundred years. The cost of a single discharge from a 13-inch gun in target practice, counting expense of ammunition and damage to ship, would grade an average mile of road; while the cost of building and equipping a first-class battleship judiciously expended in damming the dry runs around the source of the Kaw and its tributaries would have averted the Kansas City flood, while the saving in flood damage during that one event would have amounted to twice the original investment. The cost of sending a shipload of live soldiers to the Philippines would grade several miles, while the cost of returning the dead ones would grade other miles, and the profit on the investment would be a hundredfold. We raise money for all these purposes; why not in a better cause?

It is indeed a sad thing to mortgage the future of unborn generations for purposes of destruction, or even for temporary improvements, with incidental boodle; but when the improvement is such that many generations to come will be benefited, there is no reason why bonds should not be issued to cover the cost.

If this Government of forty years ago could equip and keep three or four hundred thousand men in the field for four years, surely the Government of to-day can enlist and keep a million afield indefinitely doing irrigation and road work. The outbreak of war and the increase of expenditure incidental thereto have always been followed by general revival of business and increased prosperity. The expenditure necessary to vast internal improvement would have a like effect and be a great deal more stable, as the enormous expenditures are adding to the taxable property rather than destroying it. There is work for all to do, and there is money to pay for it. Capital is always ready to invest in Government bonds, and labor is half the time seeking employment. It is not a matter of going into debt, but of borrowing money to enlarge our business, and in a very substantial way at that.

Someone shouts, "Grafters!" Well, of course there will be grafters. But we might as well argue against the sailing of ships because barnacles collect upon them, as to stop needed improvements because of the weight of grafters that are sure to attach themselves to the work. The cost of the Civil War was something over six billions of dollars. Six billion dollars would grade every mile of roadway between the Alleghany and the Rock Mountains, Canada and Mexico to a level with the general incline of the country. Such grades would absolutely control the flow of water in the Mississippi River and all its tributaries. There would be no large dangerous bodies of water; but it would be held in such small details as to be reliable and safe, and the control would be perfect. It would secure the rich bottom lands along the streams immunity from overflow and double their value. It would secure water for irrigation wherever needed. It would provide perfect roadways. It would make the Mississippi basin, now the richest country of like scope on the face of the earth, doubly productive and doubly reliable.

Following the expenditures of the Civil War came a period of business activity that lasted for more than ten years. During that period there was more invention, more general improvement and a more rapid increase in general wealth than was ever known in the history of the world before. Slave became free, poor men independent, and rich men millionaires. "Grafters" multiplied more than an hundredfold and waxed fat to an extent hitherto unknown. This activity would have been none the less if the same amount of money had been expended in improvement; while, on the other hand, there would have been no devastated country to rebuild, no 300,000 pensioners to support, and we would have increased the producing capacity of the country by five.

Wooded Areas of European Countries.

The percentage of the wooded areas of European countries, as compared with their total areas, is as follows: Finland, 51.2; Sweden, 49.3; Russia, 40.4; Austria, 32.6; Luxembourg, 29.1; Hungary, 27.7; Germany, 26.1; Servia, 24.9; Turkey, 23.4; Norway, 22; Roumania and Switzerland, 21.4 each; Bulgaria, 20.8. The other European countries have less than 20 per cent. of woodland. England has the smallest wooded area, 3.6 per cent.—Richard Guenther, Consul-General, Frankfurt, Germany.

Ways of Camping Out.

BUTLER, Mo., Aug. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of August 27, "One of the Joneses" describes in a very pleasing manner his method of enjoying a vacation without the expenditure of very much time or money.

I read the article with pleasure, and wish I could personally thank my friend from Haverhill for his contribution to our paper. His mention of steamed clams and fried eels makes my mouth water.

Unfortunately, I am another of your subscribers who are chained to business, and thought possibly my method of securing a vacation might be of interest to your readers.

Those who are familiar with the conditions existing in a county seat town in the Middle West, are well aware that there are some days in each week when the farmers do not come to town in very large numbers, and if one is so disposed, he can usually arrange to slip away for a part or all of the day for a tramp through the woods and fields, filling his lungs with fresh air and getting the kinks out of his muscles.

My hunting partner is somewhat younger than I am and quite as enthusiastic. We arrange where we will go and what we will go after, depending on the season.

We have a camp outfit that is original with us, and while it might not suit all, is handy and easily carried in our pockets. We use common tin plates with two holes punched in the rim, through which a bent wire is placed resting on the bottom for a handle, thus making a skillet of each plate. We usually take three or four each, as when nested together they can be carried in the back of our hunting coats without being in the way. Our coffee-pot is flat, about two inches thick, in which we can pack our eggs to keep them from breaking, and this slips very nicely into a side pocket. Potatoes, bacon, sandwiches, in fact, almost anything can be carried around in the other pockets without being cumbersome.

If in the winter, and we are after rabbits, we carry a .22 caliber rifle; so you see we are not very heavily loaded. We strike off across the fields, tramping along like two boys, for three or four miles or more, picking up a cotton-tail now and then, missing some, but having fun just the same. About noon we look for a sheltered place in which to camp, build our fire, and cook our dinner, which I can assure you is eaten with a relish. After dinner we will probably have a friendly scrap at a target. We loaf away an hour or two in this manner, then pack up our outfit and continue our circle toward home, having tramped eight or ten miles, but feeling no more fatigued than if we had walked down town and back.

My hunting partner is no fisherman, but my wife is the real thing when it comes to fishing; and to tell the truth, she usually has me badly beaten when the strings are counted. When I go home to dinner, she will say, "Papa, what do you say if we go fishing this afternoon?" Well, you know just what papa says. We drive to a pond only a short distance from home, where there are bass, crappie, cats, and sun-perch. Of course we have a basket well filled with lunch, and a small box of ice to keep things cool. When supper time comes, I build a fire, clean some fish, get out the cooking outfit, and we have our supper cooked to a turn and relished as only a camp meal can be by two hungry persons. We get home by dark after a very enjoyable afternoon—a part of our vacation—and anxious to go again.

As I am on the shady side of sixty, it makes me feel young to get out in the open, and, like my friend from Haverhill, I feel better for these short trips, taken, if possible, every week in the year by

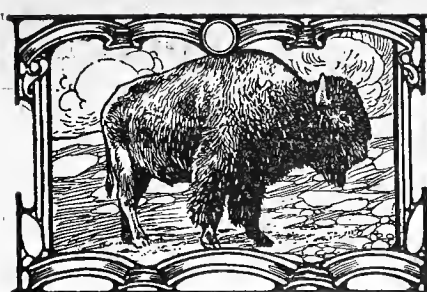
ANOTHER ONE OF THE JONESES.

BROOKLYN.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was much interested in an article in last week's *FOREST AND STREAM* entitled "Camping Out," with the date line Haverhill, Mass. The story was told entertainingly, and the facts were as stated. This I know, having often gone over the ground twenty years or more ago. I was born on the Merrimac, eight miles above Haverhill, and those eight miles were the hardest part of the journey—rapid water and not enough of it. Lawrence has a great dam across the river to drive numerous factories along its banks, and generally in July and August not much water passed over the falls. The Government, with Captain Eads in charge of the work, drilled out the rapids in the river and built jetties at its mouth to keep Plum Island from making a bar sinister. The scenery is certainly worth a visit. The Indian name Merrimac means "joyous water."

If you consider this worth publishing, and it appears in *FOREST AND STREAM*, the means employed for putting it in type will no doubt be the Linotype. The person in charge of The Tribune Linotypes declares that Mergenthaler took the larger part of his mechanical ideas from the older Burr (later called the Empire) typesetters. And so with our first Brooklyn bridge: the Roeblings got their design from the old chain bridge over the Merrimac mentioned by "One of the Joneses," even to the plan of securing the supporting cables or chains to anchorages, which is a difficult feat in suspension bridge building.

J. T. M.

The animals of the "weasel" family, so called, are mostly very active and vivacious, and in some cases have developed set forms of play. The Cape ratel, a badger-like, honey-eating member of the family, but with much of the activity of the polecat, has an amusing habit when kept in menageries of running round and round in circles, and of varying this performance by turning somersaults, like a street arab running by the side of a coach. Stoats are extremely playful. Often a solitary stoat will come into a ride in a wood and there dance, run after its tail, and twirl round in a *pas seul* of solitary exuberance. Both stoats and weasels are also said to gyrate in this manner in order to fascinate small birds. A description of such a scene was given recently in W. Hudson's reminiscences of Hampshire scenes. But otters are perhaps the most playful of all the tribe. Intensely active and full of high spirits, they play both in the water and on land. In North America their favorite winter amusement is tobogganing. They find a place where a frozen waterfall makes a smooth ice slope, or a hard snowbank gives a chance of a glissade, and slide down this, running back again by a side track to enjoy the same delightful sensation.—*London Spectator.*



NATURAL HISTORY



Migrations.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Aug. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For a period of twenty-five years I have been an observer of the migration of the above, and as it may be of interest to some of the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM*, I will state a few facts on the subject.

The martins are the first birds to leave for the south—I mean the first flights of birds. Last year was the earliest on record, which was July 26; usually the first flight starts on August 12, followed by another, if the weather is clear, on the 18th; if not, then usually on the 19th or 20th.

They breed here in large numbers, and as soon as able to fly and take care of themselves, select some roost, always choosing a number of large shade trees, where they keep up an incessant twittering through the night, making it a veritable nuisance to people living near-by, and the heat of their bodies can be felt for quite a distance; permission has often been asked and granted by the authorities to drive them away, and so their roosts have often been broken up. Year after year thousands have been shot by permission, the average boy thinking it great sport to be allowed to take a gun and shoot into flocks that look like great swarms of bees, just to see them fall. This shooting may have caused their early flight last year.

When getting ready for their long journey, thousands of them begin circling, going higher and higher; thousands of others following, and all at once a long string of those following will be seen to break away and return to the roosts; those circling look like an immense swarm of bees. I have observed them through a strong field glass until they completely disappeared, seemingly still rising; where their destination is, I do not know. They go to an immense height, always starting about sunset, and I think travel the entire night. The last flight leaves us about September 1.

Bull-bats or night-hawks: The first flight leaves here August 27 to 29; they fly rather high, but not out of sight, as they are not a long flight bird, stopping on their way to feed, and rising again with their craws filled.

The chimney sweeps are the last of the swallow species to leave us, staying here until frosty nights come. They congregate in immense numbers, settling in some unused chimney to roost, going into it in a continual stream, seemingly taxing the capacity of the roost to hold them all, and after the first real frosty night they all leave for their winter home.

Butterflies migrate all during October. One fall *FOREST AND STREAM* published an article giving an account of a very heavy flight passing New York city. Just twenty-seven days later an immense number passed here, all headed for the south, and seemingly in a big hurry.

S. B. Dow.

Some Animals I Have Studied.

VI.—Major, the Clown Dog.

THE small "ugly red dog" mentioned in "Some Knowing Dogs" (*FOREST AND STREAM*, August 29, 1903), was a natural or self-taught clown. To amuse spectators he would turn somersaults, forward or backward or sideways, standing or running, high ones or low ones, over and over, or so long as the performance seemed to produce sufficient amusement. Sometimes he even stood on his head for a brief moment in a manner that surely was not accidental or unintentional. He went through these antics without anybody's command or suggestion. This was a case of instinct and reason (or thought) combined. Dogs and all sorts of canines, even in their wild state, roll and tumble about with more or less skill when feeling comfortable, safe and happy; but reason, and not anything less, caused him to like applause and to choose time and place to win it.

One of his favorite tricks was to snatch an ear of corn from the hogs in the pasture and run with it, while the whole herd followed, squealing indignantly. He would stop occasionally to allow them to catch up, lay the ear down, and wait until the nearest hog almost had his nose upon it, then seize it and run on; and all this time the expression on his face was indescribably roguish; he had a very beautiful face despite his ugly color. He so well knew the nature of the pigs that he could lead them thus as long as he liked. When they began to tire of the useless chase, and seemed about to turn back, he had such an ingratiating look, and such a persuasive way of exhibiting that corn, turning it over and over, as if to call particular attention to all its fine points and superior qualities, that no hog of his acquaintance could resist the temptation to renew the pursuit. The hogs did not show such a lack of intelligence, either, as may at first appear in persisting; for their past experience with him taught them that they might confidently expect this little diversion at feeding time every day, if he happened to be present; and he took care never to be absent, unless upon most urgent business, such as chasing a rabbit or digging after a mole or chipmunk or keeping a squirrel up a tree. They understood, too, that after a good long run, he would at last drop the ear, and pretend to forget about it until the nearest pig pounced upon it, quickly followed by the others. If "actions speak louder than words," they emphatically informed me that that ear always was the best I threw out, for they would all take after it as soon as it was carried off, while I was still throwing out others.

He was the best untrained "fetch and carry" dog I ever knew. At the shingle-mill, about one hundred yards from the house, if given a shingle, knife, piece of glass, coil of hay-wire, or small rod of iron, and told to "Take it to Mrs. M.," he would almost always immediately obey. Arriving at the back door, and finding it shut, he would

scrape or thump the object against the door, or pound the floor of the porch with it, until the lady appeared. He almost always desired to help carry in the wood and kindlings; also he liked to be allowed to take hold of one side of every basket or bucket, even when held much too high for him, and pretend to assist in carrying it. Now, although we encouraged him in all that, and sometimes rewarded him for real or mimicked services, we had taken no pains to teach him; why, it would be hard to say, for when an animal shows any unusual desire to please, I generally exert myself to cultivate its talent.

He hadn't the slightest fear of a rifle, but would hold a wild hog by the ear and coolly look into the muzzle of the gun that pointed to shoot it. If the hog dropped at the shot, he would let go and stand calmly by; if otherwise, he would hang on, even though the powerful animal dragged him. This, I take it, showed reasoning; he desired to be useful, and reasoned how to be so.

He was a "mighty warrior," too, despite his small size. As an instance, one of our half-wild sows came up with some large, lively pigs. When one of these had been caught, two big men hurriedly dragged it inside the yard for marking, while another temporarily beat the sow off. But she was so terrible in her wrath that she broke his guard and burst through the gate as if it had been a toy. Major seized her, and not only prevented her from snapping a man's leg off (possibly), but soon, with a little assistance, dragged her back out of the yard. And there he, tireless as an automaton, held or retarded her until all the rest of the pigs that could be captured were marked, although she foamed at the mouth and ground her teeth, and shook herself with rage. I am convinced that only superior intelligence, not strength, enabled him to overcome this really formidable adversary, who was many times larger than himself, and surprisingly quick also.

He seemed to know how to take hold of almost anything, after a little investigation; and if he caught on improperly, he saw his mistake as soon as any man did, and lost no time in changing his hold.

In one important particular he was just like all the "smart" dogs (and men) of my acquaintance: if he placed himself in a ridiculous plight purposely, he liked to be laughed at; if accidentally, laughter offended him, as he showed by his deprecating look and manner. This evinces a high order of intelligence in dogs, whether it does in men or not.

If one held a rock in the hand ten seconds, then threw it away, no matter where or how far away it fell, provided it did not get into some inaccessible spot, he never failed to find it, though sometimes the search was long, and return it to the hand of the thrower, if the thrower seemed indifferent about its recovery; but if the thrower wanted the rock badly enough to start to meet him on his return with it, he would run away with it, occasionally looking back to challenge pursuit. The ability to find the rock may have been merely animal and purely instinctive—it is a common enough quality among dogs of many varieties—but the desire to return it to the thrower, probably for the fun of seeing it thrown again, or the roguish propensity to flee with it (now, boys, please don't pun about "a wise dog taking a stone to flea himself with"), must have resulted from a course of thinking—a reasoning from cause to effect. If it was only instinct, then only instinct induces a man to pay to see a show; but, on second thought, I must admit that anything but reason causes men to enter some shows, pay or no pay.

He was as much at home in the water as any smooth-haired dog I ever knew, but appeared to have no object but sport for entering it. The tricks he performed in that element for fun only were numerous and ingenious—very similar to the antics of the average eight-year-old boy who goes swimming without parental consent in company with other wild, bad boys of different ages. Ye jolly boys of forty to eighty summers! Look back a little. You can still appreciate those gay old times. I own up I am still charmed with such sport—while not exactly excusing disobedience—and cannot conceive of a time when I shall be too old or too infirm to at least look on with delight.

And this calls up another point of resemblance between men and dogs. Both like sports, hilarious enjoyments, and, when they can not participate, show the keenest interest or sympathy in merely serving as spectators. If a dog likes a show at all, he follows it in every detail—absorbed, enraptured! Just closely observe him and see. First he shows subdued wonder, then alert attention, pleasure, anxiety; he trembles with excitement, his favorite actor seeming to be about to fail; he is sorrowful, perhaps eager to fly to his succor. Now he barks with triumph, and in the end the victory is as much his as his friend's.

This picture is not overdrawn; I have seen the reality many a time. The dog not only is happy in the pastimes of his fellows, and of men, but the sports of all animals, no matter how much his inferiors, amuse him.

The dog is probably the only animal that has more love for mankind than for his own race. At any rate, that he does love man more than dogs, more than his own near kin—aye, more than himself, even, in some instances—there need be no doubt. Evidences by the thousands have accumulated since the dog took the place of the falcon in man's life at home and abroad. Indeed, long, intimate association with man has evolved in the canine mind and heart a love and admiration for man which has been the best possible incentive for mental growth in the dog. And I claim that the dog mind is not stationary, notwithstanding the many brilliant dogs of the past, but is still developing, not keeping pace with man's mind, of course, yet ever and steadily improving.

L. R. MORPHEW.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

All the game laws and fish laws of the United States and Canada are given in the "Game Laws in Brief."

Protection for the Musk-ox.

If there are any musk-ox robes lying about, and are to be had at a reasonable price, corner them. That is the advice given by a veteran and wholesale furrier.

Just now they are worth, retail, from \$100 to \$200 a set, according to their condition, and they are a great favorite in Canada. What their price will be next winter and the next is difficult to foresee.

When Governor Moody, of Hudson's Bay, the first Governor which that territory ever had, goes back to Fullerton, which is to be made the capital of the district, he will see that no more musk-ox, which virtually only inhabit the Canadian possessions near Hudson's Bay, will be killed for export. The Eskimos and Indians will be permitted to kill the animals for food and will, naturally, be permitted to sell the heads and pelts, but they will be severely punished if they kill more than they need.

Whalers will be prevented from buying the skins, as they have been doing in the past. It has been for some time a mystery what the whalers really saw in the bay where whales have been thinned out pretty well. It was generally supposed that they did a good contraband trade in whiskey, arms, and ammunition; but Governor Moody's visit brought to light the fact that thousands of musk-ox have been brought away by these ships upon each return voyage.

Two ships which Governor Moody visited during his stay in the Arctic regions had respectively 200 and 300 musk-ox on board, brought to them by the Eskimos. They pay them in provisions, a small amount for each animal.

Considering the retail price of the skins, and the fact that the whalers receive \$50 each for the head from wholesale furriers, a shipload of musk-ox is not a bad investment.

The Canadian Government, admitting that the native needs the flesh for food, the pelt for clothes, and the soft wool that is rubbed off from the skin in the molting season for underwear, is afraid that the animal will become extinct, and, therefore, forbids the killing, except as a necessity.—*Montreal Dispatch Boston Herald.*

The Gopher and Spotted Fever.

THE pernicious insect supposed heretofore to be a wood-tick, that is responsible for the disease common in certain parts of Montana and Idaho in the spring, known as spotted fever, is, according to medical experts, an animal parasite. It is found particularly upon the gopher, the pest of farmers in many localities. The disease produced by the bite of this insect is similar in some respects to spinal meningitis, but it is even more deadly, the percentage of recoveries being very small. Every farmer's boy who has pursued the elusive gopher to his hole and beyond through the tunnels that connect the various chambers of his subterranean abode, knows how utterly impossible it is to exterminate these creatures by active assault or blockade. Thus, while to exterminate the gopher is to exterminate the tick and destroy the possibility of the contagion known as spotted fever, the chance of immunity from the scourge through war upon this creature is very remote. Gophers seem to thrive upon the toxin produced by the bite of their special parasite, while to human beings it is fatal. This is one of the idiosyncrasies of nature that is inexplicable, and to meet and counteract it is the task to which the bacteriologist has set himself. He will, no doubt, succeed in time in producing the anti-toxin necessary to nullify the bite of the parasite. The season of spotted fever ends for this year with the present month, and it is hoped that scientific research will disclose the anti-toxin sought before the season of the pernicious activity of the gopher tick again comes round.—*Portland Oregonian.*

Duck Eggs in the North.

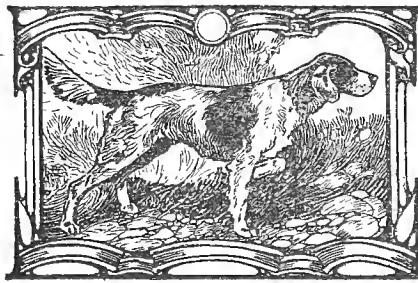
Editor Forest and Stream:

A friend writes as follows: "When I was in Cayuga, N. D., last fall hunting, I met a gentleman from Iowa who told me that there were vessels running into the Hudson's Bay every year and loading with wild duck eggs that are collected there by people who make a specialty of collecting them each year and delivering them to the different agents of these vessels. Those people have certain rights agreed upon for territory from which to collect eggs, the same as a farmer has his particular piece of land to cultivate. For instance, I have a certain island, or a part of it, or a certain piece of the shore right, and you have yours, and we do not trespass or interfere with each other. These eggs are carefully packed and shipped to England for food purposes. I noticed by the papers that you are trying to get some arrangement made with the Canadian Government about fishing on international waters for the purpose of protecting the fish in those waters. It seems to me just as important to protect our wild ducks, geese, brant, and in fact all of our game birds that go across the line to nest and raise their young. Just think of a ship loaded with eggs, and then think what a lot of birds it means that has been destroyed. The gentleman who told me this is a first-class sportsman, and he told me that he would lay the matter before the game wardens; also their North Dakota Senators. He says on some islands there are thousands of nests, and they collect the eggs each day, and when a bird wants to set they break up the nest, and in a short time they will commence to lay again, and that they figure on, I may say, two crops a year. I have been told of this thing, and I believe it is a fact, and I think there should be something done. It is certainly worth investigating."

If the facts are as given by my correspondent, this matter should have the immediate attention of the Canadian authorities.

SAM. F. FULLERTON.

[This appears to be a variation of the old duck egg fake story.]



GAME BAG AND GUN



From Dawn Till Sunset.

It was early morning. As yet the first long, mellow rays of an October sun had not appeared over a level stretch of land, marsh, and tree-line bordering on one of the great lakes. A thin blue night fog still hung in wreathy clouds near to the frosted, sandy earth that constituted a fertile island nestling within the wide expanse of marsh land.

Now and again in the uncertain morning light a mallard, widgeon, or sprightly little teal arose from a shallow pond hole where it had been feeding, and after circling about low over the marsh, giving vent to an occasional quack, settled down out of sight in some new locality.

As the yellow glow crept up into the eastern sky behind the feathery willow trees growing along the lake beach, separated from the island by a narrow strip of water and rushes, large flocks of blackbirds commenced sweeping in streams and clouds across the former, heading for the marsh, their harsh, chattering murmur first growing louder and then dying away as they sped on. Numerous other birds chirruped among the scrubby underbrush, while, despite the crisp freshness of the air, a song sparrow put forth a brave trill of melody, and once, from the row of dark, heavy-limbed Norway spruces standing on the north end of the island, came the clear, sweet whistle of a cardinal.

A small brown cottage stood but a short distance from the row of spruce trees that afforded a sheltering protection against cold winds. It spread over the ground in a picturesque rambling fashion, for it was only one story high, and as the light of the rising sun grew brighter, a column of smoke curled up from a short, stubby-looking chimney that surmounted the roof, proving that the occupants, like their outdoor neighbors, were awake and astir. Finally the big glowing disc moved up into the sky from a bed of fiery color, and the white frost that covered the stiffened ground and clung to every withered grass-blade sparkled like a thousand diamonds.

The back door of the lodge opened, as the shafts of sunlight struck on the glistening little window-panes, and two figures emerged, while from the warm, snug interior issued the appetizing fumes of coffee and breakfast. The foremost was Pete, an experienced punter; and Billy, in the rear, was striving, under his father's tuition, to learn that art. The former's genial French countenance, made more genial by contact with the spicy crispness of the atmosphere, beamed forth from beneath a peaked corduroy hunting cap, while his stout legs were encased in trousers of like material several sizes too large, so that they looked like little brown barrels. These were stuffed into a pair of hip rubber boots, and the upper half of his ample figure was clad after an equally appropriate fashion. For a minute he stood on the doorstep, looking intently out toward the marsh; then he turned to Billy, standing behind him, saying: "I'm a-stuck at where ter go. Suppose he'll know all right," giving a backward jerk with his thumb toward the interior of the cottage, where at that moment the Veteran and I were gathering our things together and adjusting rubber boots preparatory to the day's shoot.

"Pete's getting worried, I guess," commented the Veteran, wisely divining that the punter was in a perplexed state of mind from his solemn and thoughtful appearance when a few minutes previous the question had been put to him as to the likeliest place to go to obtain a good bag. Like Al., who presided over the kitchen with grace and fidelity, he was subject to worried spells.

The Veteran, entering the former's domain a minute later, eyed him with concealed amusement. "Come, Al., haven't you got those lunches put up yet?" he asked, knowing well his dislike of rush or hurry, and that to urge either only meant increased slowness on the latter's part.

"Well, I'm wrapping these things up as fast as I can," he answered, taking the question most seriously, as usual, but nevertheless growing more slow and nervous as he endeavored to roll the rather unappetizing form of a cold muskrat in a napkin. Although these poor abused marsh denizens are looked down upon by some as an article of food, to those who have eaten them, properly prepared, they afford an excellent and never to be despised dish.

"Here they are," said Al., at length, handing the lunch boxes to Billy, breathing a sigh of relief as he did so, and coming outside where we stood watching the flight of a string of widgeon, evidently intent on alighting near the location we had thought of as a shooting ground for the day.

There were two ways of reaching our intended destination: one by rowing down the river, thence around into a creek, and finally punting through the marsh until a favorable pond hole was found; the other by walking to the southern extremity of the island, where a strip of this same marsh area divided the island from the beach and lake. Thus we had our choice between a watery roadway or a short, pleasant walk down the island, and as Pete had a boat load of decoys and other needful articles, the Veteran concluded to divide up, and while the punters were to go by the former route, we would walk and meet them at the end of the island.

"I'll let Billy come an' get you while I'm pickin' out a place an' buildin' a good blind," were Pete's parting words before he disappeared around the corner of the cottage.

"Well, I hope you will find a good place," answered the Veteran, in a tone of significance that caused Pete to eye him with a worried expression.

"Do der best I kin," said he, accompanied by a nod of comprehension. "Come on, Billy," and away went the two in the direction of the dock, where their ungrateful but comfortable and useful punt boats awaited them, Pete clumping heavily along as though matters of weighty im-

portance rested on his broad, sturdy shoulders; Billy, as usual, following behind.

The cottonwood trees on the west side of the cottage, standing in a single line like the big protecting spruces, were slowly dropping their broad golden leaves as the frost nipped off the delicate stems, and before starting out on the walk down the island we perceived moving about in the bare branches a number of bluebirds, unfearful of our presence, and uttering those soft spring-like notes so welcome to the ear. It was the same everywhere on the island; wild life was seen in various forms. Here were birds singing and twittering on this snappy autumn morning, while quail whistled as the evening shadows fell; ducks quacked in the distant marsh, yellowlegs called sweetly overhead, and now and then an old marsh hawk flapped lazily along in search of a wounded duck. At night the muskrats came forth and held full sway in the dark waters of the moonlit creeks, splashing, diving, and feeding to their hearts' contents, while out on the bay, shrouded in the uncertain, misty light, rafts of canvas-backs and other ducks pulled tender wild celery roots from the shallow bottom, and thousands of mud hens croaked and fed close to them. Surely, I thought many times to myself, this is a sportsman's paradise.

The frost was melting fast under the mild, beaming shafts of the sun, and the sandy road as we tramped along on our way to the end of the island, felt soft and yielding, while the tracks of woodchucks, rabbits, and delicate quail tracings were in many places as plainly visible as though marked on a fresh snow. After brushing through a thick growth of rich red sumac, withered goldenrod stalks and brambles on a narrow path that was a cramped continuation of the road, we neared the creek where Billy was to meet us, when, with beating wings, several widgeon sprang from the water, but unfortunately too far for a shot, so they sped away unmolested. Some distance out in the yellow marsh we spied Pete, evidently at work constructing a blind about the duck boat that lay on the edge of a pond hole, and after Billy's arrival we were soon heading for his direction, seated comfortably in the punt boat, our hearts warming as we observed the number of birds stirred up by our presence in the neighborhood.

"There is some difference in the appearance of this water now from when the carp are in here," said the Veteran, looking down into the shallow crystal depths that appeared almost like a huge aquarium, so luxurious was the growth of plants. "Then it's simply a mud hole, and swarming with fish from one end to the other," he added.

Pete, as we pushed in to where he was putting the finishing touches on a well-made blind, looked up inquiringly. "How you like this place?" he asked of the Veteran. "Pretty good, eh?"

"Did many ducks get up when you pushed in?" questioned the Veteran, in return.

"It were full of 'em," answered Peter, as he stuck a wild rice stem in the blind. Then he pushed out in the pond hole, and soon had a flock of decoys bobbing serenely on the blue water ruffled by a light northerly breeze. After a slight discussion, created by the fact that we would have to take turns shooting in the blind, and that I was to enjoy the first trial, the argument ended after the usual fashion, and I stepped meekly over into the hidden recess of the duck boat, while the Veteran pushed off with Pete to a place of concealment, calling back. "When you've killed some birds I'll come over and we'll change around." So I was content to settle down, open cartridge boxes, and lay them in a handy position, load up, and wait for the ducks.

Perhaps I had sat thus for ten minutes or more, occasionally raising my head and taking a look around for any feathered marsh denizen that might be approaching, when "Mark!" and I raised up with alacrity as the word reached my ears. "Quack, quack, quack!" came sonorous notes and urging calls from Pete, doing his best to bring on the three cunning widgeon that I now espied winging their way low over the marsh and on the lookout for a favorable alighting place. They kept steadily on, apparently not heeding the decoys, and heading across the wind, while I watched them cautiously, now and then peering over the top of the blind. Then, as though some new idea had suddenly struck them, or perhaps having decided that a nearer investigation of the decoys might prove worth while, when nearly opposite the blind's position, they swung around, heading up against the light breeze, and came straight in. Waiting until the foremost threw up his wings to alight, I raised suddenly to a sitting posture, and holding a little to one side on account of the wind's direction, I pulled the first barrel. At the report there was a splash, as the widgeon collapsed and struck the water, while the remaining pair recovered themselves with surprising quickness, mounting up from their hovering attitude almost before I could put in a second shot, which, however, availed but little, and they swung by to the left, more wary and wise than ever. After satisfying myself that the bird knocked down would not come to life and creep off unobserved, as often happens when they are apparently dead, I loaded up and slid down out of sight.

How the warm, golden sunlight and bright reflection on the water did tan one's face, not with a hot, disagreeable touch, but with a pleasant glow. Several times, so effectual was the deceptive appearance of the blind, that red-wing blackbirds came and hopped over the rush-covered stern or clung to a rice stem close beside the screen, uttering soft, rich trills. I came to the conclusion, as I listened, that one of their notes is distinctly like the sound of running water—a liquid gurgle of refreshing melody.

The next ducks to come in were, queer to relate, another trio, but this time they were black ducks. I saw them moving up my way from the opposite side of the

marsh, and was ready as they drew within range, flying almost in a line, and not strung out one behind the other. On they came, while I lay low, with the usual preliminary palpitations, watching their approach through open slits in the blind, but instead of pulling down toward the decoys as they drew near, they kept on in their flight, passing directly overhead, and offering a splendid shot. Holding, as I thought, well ahead of the center bird, I fired the first barrel with no effect, and put in the second on the duck to the left with the same result, and before I could load again they were far out of range. It almost seemed as though their eyes twinkled with derision when those black, plump forms showing in large clear marks against the sky, skimmed by, so near and yet so far, both shots falling behind. With vain misgivings I heard the Veteran shout, "Mark ahead!" and espied a single duck coming for the decoys—one of these self-same cunning old dusks. After much circling around behind and in front of the blind, just out of range, and evidently making a keen inspection of the decoys, he slowly dropped in, and before recovering from his surprise, as I raised up to shoot, he collapsed and fell with a splashing plump. To make sure of things, I gave him the contents of the second barrel, in order that there should be no danger of his giving me the slip, as several previous lessons had taught, now feeling in a decidedly better frame of mind, with shaken confidence partially restored. How different are the after-effects of a kill and a miss! The one elates with satisfaction and pleasure, and the other plunges us into the depths of chagrin; that is, if the shot was not very difficult; yet without the latter the fascination of shooting to a great degree would be lost, for it is just these misses that keep up one's enthusiasm and tend to improve all shooting capabilities by urging a careful manipulation of either rifle or shotgun.

"Flock of teal coming in on your right. Mark!" sang out the Veteran, whose watchful eye was ever on the keen lookout from his place of concealment, and almost before I had time to cock the gun, there was a zip and whirr of wings, as by shot six round, compact little objects going like bullets. "Wait until they come around again," was my mental decision, and in fact they were past before I could do or decide much of anything. Now, however, they had made a sweeping turn, and were coming back on the outside of the decoys at a good rate of speed as I raised up to shoot. Rip! went the first load of shot, and one of the green-wings dodged at the report, flew uncertainly for a short distance, and then sailed head first into a patch of wild rice with folded pinions. Singling out the rear bird with the second barrel, I shoved in well ahead of him and fired. Through good fortune I happened to center him in the load, for down he came, thus making a brace, much more than I had hoped to bag.

"Hey! Mark left!" called Pete, loudly, and with my fingers all thumbs I endeavored to load hastily, and of course, as luck would have it, jammed two cartridges one after the other, until I was in a perfect fever of anxiety and excitement trying to dislodge them. Ducks were certainly coming thick and fast, I mentally concluded, bruising fingers as I tugged at the tightly wedged shell, and at last, with a supreme effort, out it came; in slid a couple that behaved themselves and I sat erect just as a handsome gadwall, flying low and well on the left hand, came sailing along. It was an easy shot, for he was moving slowly, and on firing he crumpled up and dropped with a splash close beside the boat.

For a time there was a lull, and I leaned back, watching the expanse of waving feathery-topped rice, stiff rushes, and blow-guns with my eyes just above the level of the blind, when all at once there was a soft whirring noise close to the boat, and I grabbed the gun a moment too late, as by skimmed a single widgeon that had come up behind unawares.

Pintails, with their long necks and watchful eyes, were the next ducks to come investigating the decoys, some few minutes after the widgeon had given me such a clever slip, and as these came from the rear as well, I fortunately was on the lookout, and lay very quiet as they passed, waiting for them to swing around and give me a better shot. Sure enough, the whole flock turned and came back, as I had anticipated. Just as the first pair alighted, while the others wavered with beating pinions above them, I fired, taking the first shot at one swimming among the decoys, and giving a hovering bird the contents of the second barrel. Down he came, while the first duck lay on its back, requiring no further attention, and it is needless to say that the remainder of the flock beat a hasty retreat; too hasty, in fact, for they were gone before I could give them a parting salute. A few minutes after this, I thought I perceived a slight movement in the grass on the left side of the pond hole, and raising up to obtain a better view, here was one of the "coony" old pintails creeping quietly and stealthily away. In order to obtain a better view of him, I was forced to stand up in the boat, and as it had no support on either side, it was a trifle unsteady, so, as I fired, the recoil of the gun nearly sent me over backward into the water, and only by a wild balancing feat did I regain myself. It may be assumed that I sat down with alacrity. Nevertheless, I had the pintail, and was therefore contented, although the next time I had occasion to shoot a cripple, my bump of caution was more on the alert.

A little later I counted up the birds floating in the pond or lodged in a tuft of grass, and found there were ten, so I thought it high time that my companion should change places with me, and hailed him accordingly, adding that I was quite ready to investigate one of Al's lunch boxes. This last consideration brought him over; and now ducks, beware!

Located in this new position with a natural screen to hide both punt boats, through which we had a good view of the decoys, for only the Veteran's head showing now

and then above the yellow blind marked the place where he was concealed, I now proceeded to look into the welcome little red lunch box.

Pete and Billy kept watchful eyes roving over the wide stretch of marsh, and suddenly the latter, holding his nose tight, commenced a grunting series of quacks that sounded more like music from the sty than the voice of a respectable duck. But he made a brave effort, and, aided by Pete's more practiced and realistic calls, the four mallards that had been espied, came on steadily toward the decoys. Two pale blue puffs of smoke arose from the distant blind, as both barrels spoke, and to each down whirled a duck, while Pete, in the other end of the boat, gave a sigh of satisfaction. "Look der!" he suddenly exclaimed, "one of dem ducks is goin' to fall," and sure enough, a third bird after flying some little distance beyond the blind, had collapsed into the marsh. "Better get dat crip, all right," said Pete, looking at me, and receiving an answer in the affirmative, we pushed out in the direction of the cripple. On coming up with him, no finishing shot was needed, and it proved to be a splendid drake mallard in perfect feather.

Pete now proceeded to take out his tin lunch trunk; it could not be called much else, for it was always amply supplied with quantities of pickles, cold muskrats, ducks, and bread, from which he drew liberally when so inclined. Billy likewise carried a hearty supply of nourishment, and on opening the box that formed a seat for his boat, displayed a tempting array of juicy Baldwins, from which I was very glad to help myself. What other fruit could take the place of apples? Their external beauty and appearance only add to the pleasure of eating that unexcelled flavor and substance within, and then to put one's nostrils close to the apple itself and sniff long the sweetest of orchards and blossoms, is an unfailing delight. So I sat on the stern of Pete's boat and ate apples, watching the Veteran pull a brace of ducks and sometimes more from nearly every flock that came to him, while single birds fared badly. It is always a pleasure, as well as a source of valuable instruction, for a novice to have the opportunity of observing an experienced game shot making clean, quick, accurate kills, and it is more of a privilege and future benefit to have such a one for an instructor.

"Pretty soon you see dem black ducks work round and give der boss a shot," remarked Pete, moving to a crouching position in order to be well out of sight, and commencing to quack softly, while we peered out, watching closely the pair that were circling uncertainly near the decoys, but keeping out of range. "Now they's goin'," he muttered. "You fellers will ketch it in a minute. Ah, how's dat fer a bully shot, eh?" as at the reports from the blind, sharp and ringing, first one duck and then the other turned a somersault and came twisting down.

"He's wavin', so we push over and see what he want," remarked Pete, suddenly, a short time later, and on nearing the blind the Veteran stood up in the duck boat, saying, "Now you can get in here and shoot until toward the middle of the afternoon, then I'll come back and change places and stay till sundown."

"All right," said I, in return, well pleased with the plan. "How many birds did you knock down?"

"A dozen or so, I guess," he answered. "We must have twenty-five ducks all told."

"You bet, an' more, too," put in Pete, who had been pushing around retrieving fallen birds, and laying them on the stern of his boat as one after the other they were picked up, shaken, and safely landed.

For the second time we exchanged places, and here I was again comfortably ensconced waiting for the obliging duck that might choose to come my way. He was not long in coming. I happened at the moment to be lying back in the boat, when "Mark overhead!" from a distant voice caused me to start up and cautiously crane my neck around to look above, and with a whistling whirr of wings by went a black duck, but going so fast that I concluded to wait and let him work around again. At first I thought he intended to keep on going, but evidently not, for after taking a wide circle, he headed around in a favorable direction, coming up to the decoys away to the leeward. On he kept, and expecting he would swing around behind the blind and come in, I had my eye on him all the time, peering through the grass. Finally he turned and came as I had anticipated, but when within a short distance of the blind, directly behind me, he switched around and headed straight across from his previous line of flight. This was too much, and twisting around in a cramped, awkward position, I half raised up and pulled trigger as he passed behind on the right, and, to my surprise and pleasure, down he tumbled, with closed wings and limp form. This shot I enjoyed very much, not from the punch I received on the nose when firing in an unnatural posture, but from the thought of the three wily birds that had escaped previously and the satisfaction that for once an old dusky had been caught in practicing his wiles.

Five widgeon—one of which I succeeded in wing-tipping, although there was a good chance to make a double—next came to the pond hole, and shortly after a single spoonbill sailed in who threw back his wings and put forth his spreading orange feet in a slow assured manner as he prepared to alight leisurely among the outside decoys. But just at that instant I fired, and added another duck to the bag. Out of three scudding little green-wing teal, I knocked down one, but they came in much easier than the bunch that visited the decoys during the morning, and were inclined to settle down on the further side of the hole, when a moment later this idea was rudely dispelled, as they rose again and passed by on the left.

The golden yellow of the marsh took on a deeper tint as the afternoon radiance of the sun streamed in from the west, and flocks of ducks were lifting more frequently from the various pond holes. I sat up for a time—that is, **with my head above the screen**—in order to better enjoy the picturesque outlook over the marsh, and incidentally to keep an eye out for any birds that might come my way. Finally five pintails that had been wheeling about uncertainly in evident search of a new feeding ground, headed up toward the decoys, and a minute later were sailing in. I picked out one just about to alight, and tumbled him over with the first barrel, but the second worked poorly, merely wing-tipping a bird that we never recovered. After this I bagged a half dozen or more ducks, and then, looking around, I perceived the Veteran and Pete pushing over toward the blind. I was glad to exchange places

with the former, for certainly I had more than a full share in the day's shooting.

"Pete can push you over to the island, and when I come home in an hour or so, we'll stay out and perhaps pick up a few ducks flying over, toward dusk, if the wind blows," said the Veteran, as he pushed alongside of the duck boat, and, bidding au revoir to the scene of a pleasant and fruitful shoot, I stepped in Pete's boat. A few minutes later, after a short punt across the strip of marsh that intervened, I landed on the island. On the way across, we came on a crippled widgeon that allowed us to push quite close before jumping unexpectedly into the air. However, I had a cartridge ready in case of such an emergency, and as he started up I managed to knock him down, this time for good. Pete had several of the ducks last shot in the boat, having left the remainder with Billy; these three I carried with me. Somehow it always was a source of enjoyment to take a little game along when homeward bound, and if the bag was small I liked to carry it all. The memory of two of the first ducks I ever shot will always remain vivid, and a good part of the pleasure connected with the episode was in carrying both home, triumphant and contented, in the dusk of an October evening. Walking up the island, I experienced the same feeling of contentment that comes after a successful day afield, no matter where it may be, in woods, marsh or upland.

"What luck?" questioned Al, as I entered the kitchen, after hanging the birds in a small woodshed that served as a rough but useful game larder. So I told him of the day's favorable outcome, and how much the lunch boxes had been appreciated.

"Well, this is a pleasant place out here," he said, looking down the island from the doorway with an ill-concealed homesick expression. "Yes, I've had a very nice time worrying the days away," and at this I was forced to laugh outright, but it seemed to me that the ducks were about the only individuals that had "to worry the days away" in this country overflowing with a sportsman's milk and honey.

When the big red disk of the setting sun was slowly sinking down behind the distant marsh, I saw the Veteran's figure walking up the island, and a short time later we were strolling back again, discussing the best location for our stands. Finally it was decided one of us would go down to the lower end while the other remained further up toward the cottage on an open piece of ground protected by a tall growth of underbrush on the west, and as this was the direction from which most of the ducks came, it formed all the concealment necessary.

Leaving the Veteran here, I moved down a couple of hundred yards below him and took a stand in a thick clump of sumac, where I had a good view of the marsh and the glowing horizon. Off in the west was a rich band of orange-red sky, and a cool breeze carrying with it a frosty touch blew across the island, while the line of marsh land faded and grew more indistinct as I strained my eyes toward its broad expanse. Suddenly I espied a dark moving spot against the sunset glow. On it came, dodging and twisting, straight over the island; when nearly opposite I pulled up and fired, holding a long distance ahead of the fast-going teal. But on he sped, if anything faster than before, disappearing in the darkening twilight like a dusky shadow. Rip! Rip! came two sharp cracks from up the island, and a second later there was a dull thud, as down came the Veteran's bird close to where he stood.

For a second time I discovered three swift scudding forms coming my way, low down, and flying like animate bullets. They were on top of me before I realized it, but just as they were going overhead, I succeeded in bowling over one of the three, and down he came like a dark ball, striking the ground right by my feet, and bouncing quite a distance from the impetus of his flight. A minute after I knocked down this bluewing, a bunch of three or four more whirled past on the left, so close and so unexpectedly that both barrels went off into space. Several shots from the Veteran's location, followed by the sound of falling ducks, told their own tale, and once, looking up that way, I saw a bird come tumbling out of the air at such a height it seemed almost impossible that a load of shot could have pulled him down. The light was growing dimmer, and the forms of the birds melted more indistinctly into the fading sky, so when another teal—this time a single one—went by, presenting a cross shot just above the line of grass and bushes, it was in reality good luck that I happened to hold about right, and bag him. But a few minutes before I was on the point of starting homeward, I noticed a duck coming up on the left, flying higher than most of the former birds. He offered a fair and tempting mark as he came within range, and, leading well ahead, I pulled trigger. With beating wings he came whirling down and landed in the grass quite near by. And then commenced a running match, for unfortunately he was only wounded, and made every endeavor to escape. Away he flopped, and I after him, falling into holes and tripping over briars in the tangle of thick undergrowth, made more impenetrable by the poor light. Finally I made a successful rush, and, nearly falling on top of the hard pressed duck, secured him safely. It proved to be a beautiful drake widgeon, and now, as the growing darkness made further shooting impossible, I found my way out to the path, and walking up the island soon came on the Veteran, who was waiting for me. Four birds were scored to his bag of the evening, two heavy black ducks, one gadwall, and a spoonbill.

Behind us, as we walked up the island, arose the round, bright face of the moon, shining with a yellow harvest brilliancy, and contrasting in beauty to the dull orange sunset still visible in the west. Here and there overhead the stars commenced to appear, faint points of burnished silver, and as we entered the warm, inviting interior of our shooting lodge with contented hearts, night was settling down in quiet peacefulness.

CAMILLA.

Doves in New Jersey.

THE dove is protected in New Jersey. It is included in the category of wild birds "other than a game bird," and as such may not be killed at any time. We understand that many shooters in New Jersey are killing doves this year; but in so doing they are violating the law.

Handy Game Carriers.

MILES of columns of matter have been published on the subject of the proper clothing for the shooter. Garments are made which consist of a lot of pockets and a few brass buttons, good enough for those who fancy going into the woods in stuffy armor, but not satisfactory to the squirrel shooter. He leans toward old trousers or knickerbockers, a cap or small hat of neutral tint, and some sort of footgear in which he can slip about without upsetting all the loose stuff in the woods. A flannel shirt of no special color completes the rig, and it is sufficient.

Equipped thus, with only the rifle to carry, the first squirrel or grouse he shoots is easily taken care of; but when a second and a third are added to the string, it becomes a bit awkward, for the feathery or furry legs have a way of slipping out of one's hand, and whenever another shot is to be fired, it is necessary to drop the string somewhere in the grass, and pick up each individual again after the additional meat is secured or missed. Stringing bloody game on the belt has its disadvantages, and, in my opinion, no better method can be employed than that so often followed by the backwoodsmen of the Southwest. For the benefit of those who are not familiar with this plan, a description will not be out of place.

Take one of the middle toes of a hindfoot in the left hand, and with the right split the toes on either side down an inch or so. Then slip the point of a knife-blade under the tendon of the middle toe and push a bit of string through, tie a knot in the string, and you have a handy carrier. When other meat comes your way, add it in the same manner. The tendons of a squirrel's foot are tough as wire, and will not tear out in carrying. Very many of the old squirrel shooters of the backwoods cut a strip of bark for this purpose from willow, elm, or other trees that have tough inner bark. A willow, sassafras or apple sprout will also answer the purpose, but the handiest thing I ever used was a strip of belt-lacing leather, one end of which was cut rather thin, to be handy in slipping the thong through the opening made with the knife-blade under the tendon; but both ends can be tapered, while the middle of the strap may be left a half-inch or so in width. The thong need only be a foot or fifteen inches in length, and when a squirrel is added to the string, a common square knot or a granny knot will hold until there is another addition. Being full of oil, this lacing leather will not knot hard, like cord.

Rabbits, grouse, or other small game may be treated in the same manner as squirrels for carrying, and I know of no cleaner way of lugging the game about while hunting than this.

This belt-lacing leather is valuable in other ways, too; and every outer should carry two or three thongs to the woods with him. It may be used for sling straps for guns; for repairing a broken gun-stock or canoe paddle, etc.; in fact, in numerous ways. Cow-punchers often have two or three of these thongs tied to their saddles for emergency use, and it is surprising how often they find them handy in making hurried repairs.

PERRY D. FRAZER.

A Minnesota Memory.

WHEN one meets an old friend, he always extends the hardy and horny right hand of fellowship, and if they are in each other's company for any length of time, they invariably refer to some things that happened in bygone days—things brought to mind by the meeting, and probably never thought of for years. Such was the case with myself yesterday. Being at leisure the other day, I concluded to clean my artillery. I have two pieces in the battery, representing the heavy and the light. The heavy consists of a .45-90 single shot Winchester that has seen service for quite a number of years, and was the pride of my heart until I found another love in the shape of a .30 Government Winchester, since which time the "heavy artillery" branch of the service has been kept in the scabbard, and treated as an old and trusted friend; kept on account of the many scenes of pleasure with which it has been associated, it having been my "good pard" in many a good hunt. While cleaning the heavy artillery, I stood full in front of a mounted moose head—one I had killed with the old gun in '97 near the headwaters of the Cloquet River, in St. Louis county, Minn.

The gun and the trophy taken together started me thinking of those hunts in the grand old State, and the capture of this trophy in particular, which took place on the first day of November, in '97, after a long day's tramp, as much for pleasure as hunting. I had started at eight in the morning to locate a good moose ground, and after spending the time until about three o'clock searching for the proper place, I concluded to look up the barrens—i. e., where the fire had destroyed the large timber—for it is there that the large game is mostly congregated after the freezing weather comes on. It was only a short distance; and although it would throw me about eight miles from the railroad and nearly fifty from any other kind of a road, it was near the Breda River, which would be good for a hand-sled or toboggan, and make the work of getting in and out very easy compared with other places.

About half-past three I reached the barrens and found plenty of signs of moose and deer. Being pretty well fagged, I sat down at the edge of a clump of brush to rest and smoke, intending to make a start for home so soon as the smoke was finished. I had been thus occupied for about ten minutes, when I spied a black spot on the opposite hillside, which looked as if it might be alive. After a few minutes, it moved, and I saw it was a moose, but whether cow or bull I could not tell. I took chances on its being a bull, and brought up the artillery and got ready for action. After deciding the distance to be about 500 yards, I took careful aim at the top of the shoulders, and fired. It seemed to be several seconds before the bullet reached the mark, but when it did, I knew that the work had been fairly done. The moose gave a great bound and disappeared in the strip of brush at the brow of the hill near which it had been standing. When I reached the spot, I found nothing to indicate that the bullet had found the mark. The track was plain, and after about thirty yards I came to the victim, dead. The wound was just behind the shoulder.

One who has taken a hand at dressing so large an animal, knows what a job I had on my hand. They also

know that after it was finished there was no time left to make the trip home. I camped that night, and the next morning made a start for home, very much elated over the set of moose antlers, the like of which I had not seen for size and regularity combined. There are 13 points on each horn, and scoops nearly the same; 54-inch spread, and, as near as I could estimate weight, 50 pounds, which was short of the actual weight about three pounds.

Cther hunts have I taken in that country, alone and with companions, and several moose have I taken, but none to compare with this one. DR. J. P. BUSH.

Guns and Gun Feats.

NILWOOD, Ill., Aug. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been greatly entertained and interested by the "Bark and Anti-Bark" articles in *FOREST AND STREAM*; especially by M. D.'s contribution, as it explains the cause of the death of a spruce hen killed by myself in September, 1893. The hen was sitting on a small branch of a scrubby tamarack tree, about twenty yards from me. Thinking to shoot off its head, I took careful aim, and at the report of the gun the bird fell. Upon picking it up, I could find no trace of a wound, and was much puzzled as to the cause of its death. After examining the tree and branch carefully to see if I had barked it, I put the bird in my pocket and when I got home told my partner of the circumstance. He suggested that the bullet had probably just touched the top of the head and not broken the skin. We then skinned the bird to see if any bruise was on it, and found nothing to indicate that the bullet had touched it, and concluded that death was caused by fright. The gun used was a .40-50 Remington, and I am now of the opinion that "wind contusion" fixed the bird.

I have never tri'd barking squirrels. My neighbor, Mr. Street, says he did it once, and that in his early days it was done very often. He also says they snuffed the candle, but to do so and not extinguish the light was never done while he was around.

My experience in barking is confined to one shot that not only killed, but cleaned. The victim was a grouse sitting on a limb of a balsam tree, its head showing full above the next limb. Here was a chance for a bullseye! Alas! the bullet hit the limb instead of the head, glanced down and hit the bird in the back, and the way it "put scatter" to that bird was a caution. I noticed a large piece fall about fifteen feet from the tree, and went to see just how large a piece was left, and found it was the full breast of the bird, with one wing attached. The breast was skinned slick and clean, and not a scratch on it. In fact, I couldn't have done the job nicer in the regular way, and I think this beats killing without breaking the skin, as the whole thing is done at once. Of course, the legs and back were minus, but they don't amount to much anyway.

I got a large buck by barking his horn about an inch above the hair. The shock knocked him down, and from the way he was lying he must have lit on his horns. At least he was lying on his back, with horns sticking in the ground. When I got to him he was apparently dead, and I was about to cut his throat when he winked one eye in such a natural manner that I became suspicious, and shot him again. The first bullet had cut about half its thickness through the side of the horn. I had the head mounted and presented it to an old hunting and fishing companion, with a written statement of the capture. This fell into the hands of the editor of our county's leading paper, who gave the head a write-up and me some gratis sarcasm on my story about the killing. Some time I'll tell how this same editor killed a deer when it was not in sight of the shooter. J. P. B.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Seldom have I read anything with more interest during the quarter of a century and more that I have been a squirrel hunter and a member of the *FOREST AND STREAM* family, than the discussion relative to barking squirrels, snuffing candles, etc. With your permission, I would like to state a few facts obtained from hard and long experience.

I fired my first shot at a chipmunk twenty-eight years ago, using a long Kentucky rifle carrying round bullets somewhat less than .32 caliber in size. Since then I have had a hobby—almost a weakness—for squirrel shooting, and although it has been my good fortune to have hunted and killed many big-game animals, my preference is for squirrel shooting with an accurate rifle. I, too, had the idea that I could bark squirrels with a rifle bullet, and as my head had early in life been filled with such yarns, I tried constantly to do this. Later on, when the Winchester repeating rifle first appeared in small calibers, I purchased one of .38-40 caliber, and later one of .32-20, and tried again to do the trick. These were followed by a still more accurate single-shot rifle of .32-40 caliber, with Lyman sights; then by two others of different make, but both .25-20, and latterly several rifles taking various .22 and .25 caliber cartridges, the latest being a Winchester automatic rifle taking a high-power special .22 caliber cartridge and mounted with a telescope sight, as were also two of its predecessors. Before I was content to use any of these rifles on squirrels, I experimented long and carefully with the ammunition and the sights, shooting at 25 and 50 yards on a machine or solid bench rest, using a sandbag under the forearm. When a rifle was ready for the squirrels, it would place every shot in a one-inch paster at 25 yards, and do almost as close grouping at 50. If not, it was not taken out. In other words, if the front sight was held on a squirrel's head and I missed, it was my fault and not the rifle's. By this I by no means wish or intend to convey the impression that I do not miss. Indeed, I miss squirrels very often, for I am not a very steady holder offhand, and for that reason, like the Indians, prefer to get up close and obtain a rest, if possible, in order to be sure of a clean shot, or a clean miss. While I do not say that squirrels cannot be barked, I will say that I do not believe they can save by some scratch or fluke. Having tried to do this hundreds of times, always to fail, it would be remarkable if I should believe a thing that seems impossible with the most accurate rifles obtainable. While I could give dozens of similar instances, a few will suffice. One squirrel, lying along a horizontal limb high up in a hickory tree, refused to present a fair shot, and going to a tree almost under it,

I fired at the limb directly under his belly, with the result that the limb was cut and broke off, the squirrel coming to the ground with the end, then running up another tree, from which I dislodged him with a shot through the head. In skinning this one, I found the belly bruised for a space as big as a silver quarter, yet the squirrel "lit running," and only a head shot downed it. Another large gray hid on an oak limb less than fifty feet from the ground, and failing to get a shot, I went up directly under the limb, and resting the rifle alongside a tree trunk, fired as before. The bullet must have gone far enough through the limb to splinter it on top, for the squirrel was hoisted fully two feet, and came to the ground within four feet of me. As the woods were open there, and the squirrel refused to tree, I chased it clear across the bottom land and up a hill until it distanced me and evidently gained the home tree. Another squirrel was barking at me when shot. It was knocked to the ground, but regained the tree, and made such a peculiar noise that I bent every effort toward bagging it. Examination proved that its lower jaw was shot away clean, the second bullet going high, through the head. It was resting head down when first hit, and the bullet peeled the fur off its belly and bruised the flesh badly, yet it was a very lively squirrel until it received the second shot. A fox squirrel was shot from one side, the bullet taking off the lower jaw entirely and part of the upper jaw, but although it was knocked to the ground, it first hid in a hole at the base of another tree, and being dislodged, ran up to the very tip of a tall hickory, and was not finished until the third shot, which broke its neck. A companion crippled a fox squirrel, which clung to grapevines. We shot away the vine to which it clung, whereupon it went higher up the tree, was dislodged again, fell into the vines again, which we succeeded in cutting by shooting from rests, only to see the squirrel cling in another place, then come down after a head shot. We found this one shot in five places, any wound seemingly being sufficient to paralyze it. Another time I broke a large gray's hindleg, bringing it to the ground, then chased it over a very steep cliff and lost it. Next day a companion shot it, plowing a deep furrow under its belly, so that it was knocked out of a tree overhanging a cliff, it falling nearly 200 feet, but it ran up a big oak tree and was dislodged with a shot which broke its left foreleg, and we finally finished it with a shot through the head as it clung to the tree thirty feet above the ground.

Dozens of times I have placed a bullet directly under a squirrel in the bark of various trees, knocking them to the ground, but never have I seen one which showed the least inclination to lie there. I have asked old backwoods hunters to try to bark squirrels with their muzzleloaders, but they always failed, and I have yet to hear one say he had ever done this or seen it done. Even on young and tender squirrels the same applies, so far as I have learned. Using a telescope sight, and shooting at distances ranging from forty yards to ten—more often the latter than the former—if I have failed utterly to kill my first squirrel without breaking the skin, the person who will make me believe barking can be accomplished "has got to show me," as they say in Missouri.

The nearest approach to this was when, seeing three young prairie dogs sitting beside a burrow one day, I fired at the loose ground under them with a Sharp's rifle, 100 grains of powder, and a 550-grain bullet, and knocked the little dogs so far away that I caught them all and took them home with the intention of making pets of them, for they suffered little, apparently, from the shock. But they all died eventually, as I believe, from improper food. Perhaps, however, they died from being barked, so to speak.

I was sitting behind a log one day in the Highlands of the Hudson, watching for a squirrel that had hidden in a hole in a tree, when another one appeared on another tree, not forty feet from me. Holding the cross-hairs of my telescope directly under the squirrel's heart on the bark, I fired, elevating the little fellow a foot, and cutting a big chunk of bark off the tree trunk. If he died from the shock—which must have been relatively terrific—it was not for some time afterward, and judging from his speed and agility, so far as I know, he may still be running. If a round bullet and a squib of powder will impart more shock than my smokeless load, then it might be reasonable to forget common sense and go back to the old muzzleloaders.

Someone has said in this controversy that the old rifles would shoot where they were held. This is not in accord with the facts as I have found them in days and weeks in the backwoods, hunting and shooting at a mark with men who used old Kentucky rifles of a superb type. I have found that in matches, as well as in hunting, these men hold off the mark, not on it, very often. They will fire a shot or two at a black spot on a tree trunk, then make a cross a little below and to the right or to the left, representing their group center. They then fire three shots, or five, aiming at the black, their bullets going into a very small bunch at or near their cross. Again common sense explains this. The front and rear sights being fixed, it is not possible to alter them for drift of the bullet and for elevation. But do not attempt to explain these things to the backwoodsman, who merely knows his rifle shoots a trifle left or right, but cannot explain why. My telescope sight is so fixed on the rifle that when sighted to hit center at 25 or 50 yards, allowances must be made for a longer shot, but, unlike the old open sights, guesswork is reduced greatly, the object being magnified. But squirrels are shot under fifty yards with very rare exceptions.

Regarding snuffing candles, I have seen this tried with the finest target rifles of all calibers, at distances ranging from thirty feet to as many yards (you cannot see well enough to aim at fifty yards). Invariably the light went out if the bullet hit the wick or passed too near the flame.

Recently I have made numerous experiments at driving nails. Note this: My rifle, if shot on a bench rest, will hit a ten-cent piece every time at 25 yards. At this distance I use a black paster cut with a .25 caliber wad-cutter. The cross-hairs show clearly on the quarter-inch paster. Note this also: The telescope is mounted on the left-hand side of the barrel, so that my Lyman sights are left in position for use if desired. Both sights are almost exactly the same distance above the bore. If the rifle were fixed in a vise, both sights would be aligned perfectly on the bullseye. This paster is about the size of a nail head. The telescope sight magnifies six times, and

is remarkably clear and perfect. With it I can see the paster well enough to hold on it carefully at 50 yards. Turning to the Lyman sights, at that distance it would be impossible to hold on the paster, as I have proved time and again by trying to do this with the open sights, then looking through the telescope, to find an error of an inch or more. At 25 yards I can hold on the paster with the open sights at times fairly well, but generally the error is from a half inch to an inch. By trying again and again, I have found that I can hold accurately on the paster at 18 yards, but no further—and the oculists tell me that my vision at long range is above normal. These Lyman sights are as far superior to the old open sights as the telescope is superior to the Lyman, for seeing the object clearly. If I cannot see a dead black paster well enough to feel sure of hitting it occasionally at 25 yards, I respectfully ask to be shown how to hit a nail head at 50 yards, or even at 20. Now, it happens that my target at 25 yards is placed on heavy planking against a board fence not yet sufficiently weather-stained to render its nails entirely invisible. These nail heads are larger than the pasters mentioned, but it is with great difficulty that I can hold the cross-hairs of the telescope on them, and I cannot locate them at all with the Lyman sights. My experience has been that in shooting at a tack head, if hit at all, it will be bent out of shape, and either be knocked aside or driven partly into the backing. In other words, if it is possible to drive a tack into a board as one would with a hammer, it must be struck squarely on the head every time. Will the old-time tack-drivers tell us that we cannot shoot as well as they, even on a machine rest? I would point out that there are now several rifle makers who will guarantee their barrels to keep ten shots in a circle less than three inches in diameter at 200 yards, rest. Were the old-time rifles better than these?

Is it not a fact that jockeying and trickery were commonly practiced by riflemen a century ago, and is it not probable that this barking and other things were mentioned so often that they came to be taken for truth? When a boy I believed the Indians and cow-punchers to be superb shots, and it was a hard pill to swallow when, in being among them for a long time, I found them about the poorest shots of all. PERRY D. FRAZER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Here are two opinions I asked for on the subject of barking squirrels. Both are old-time hunters, who, like myself, began to hunt with muzzleloaders, and have had wide experience. The first one was in reply to a question put by me to J. H. Rushton, the well-known canoe builder, of Canton, N. Y. He said:

"I grew up in the backwoods, learned to use the peashooter, and when at my best delighted in hunting squirrels and 'patridges,' making it heads or nothing. I've tried barking, but never succeeded. I either hit the squirrel or missed him. I've thrown a squirrel 20 feet, sure, off the side of a tree, but he would always light right side up and run like everything. Never got one that way, and of course, after a dozen trials, more or less, gave it up. I shot at one once upon a time and have not got over laughing yet. A big gray ran up a very large hemlock, and try as I would, I could not locate him; but at last I did so. There was a dead limb 50 or 60 feet from the ground, and I discovered hair on it, but, try as I would, all I could see was that—the gray being stretched along the top of the limb. The situation was such that I had to get almost under him to see where he was. After a time I grew tired and decided to play a trick on him, so got under the limb, and, shooting almost straight up, held for center, and let go. Up went the squirrel into the air—it seemed several feet—and then he came down. Of course I expected to see a dead squirrel. Not much. He struck the ground within six feet of me with a thud, and it seemed a grunt; gathered his feet under him, looked at me with the wildest eyes I ever saw, and left like a streak of greased lightning. And I just doubled up and laughed until the tears ran. I suppose my bullet tore a sliver off the top of the limb, and that hoisted him."

The other letter is from S. D. Barnes, the well-known writer on outdoor topics, who writes me from his home at Bald Knob, Ark., as follows:

FRIEND FRAZER—Wish you hadn't appealed to me for an opinion on this squirrel-barking case. I am a great respecter of old traditions, and it looks tough for all the boys to be questioning Dan. Boone's record this late in the day. Jumping on Rud. Kipling's "raw, rantangled log-jam" and "smoky Indians" was all well enough, since Kip is only an Britisher, and has no rights that we are bound to respect; but it's different with Dan'l. He "b'longs of us," and we should stand ready to shed our coats whenever his achievements are called in question. I am positively certain that George Washington chopped down apple trees as a regular after-dinner diversion; that Israel Putnam rode his blind mare down a perpendicular cliff, and "legged" that old mother wolf in her den, and that Daniel Boone barked everything he shot at—from Indians to snowbirds. All this is history, and its truth defies refutation.

I never shot at a Kentucky squirrel. Maybe a susceptibility to nervous shock was a peculiarity of the reds and grays found in that region a hundred years ago. Maybe they are that way yet. Possibly there are atmospheric conditions, don't you know, or something else of that sort. Anyway, we hear of lots of men who drop dead over in Kentucky, and a painstaking investigation of these numerous cases might develop proof of barking. I once owned a Kentucky foxhound that would bark in his sleep. Again, down in Texas, I knew a Kentuckian who liked to make positive statements, and each and every one followed by the formula, "An' that's the word with the bark on." I often wondered whether his stories would stand a little judicious "barking," but his hearers who hailed from the Blue Grass State would not undertake the process, and none of the rest of us felt competent.

It is really unfortunate that you feel impelled to mix yourself up in this discussion, for the balance of testimony is dead sure to go against you. Undoubtedly Daniel Boone barked those squirrels. It was ordained by Fate that they should die in just that way; but they were the last of the lot so foredoomed. If Dan'l could come back to earth to-day, he could use the entire output of rifle cartridges from our three biggest factories and never bag a squirrel that he didn't hit. That's the word with the bark on, and I'll stand by it, even if my own personal

reputation for marksmanship and veracity goes as high as Gilderoy's kite. I have shot squirrels for thirty-five years, and the greater part of the time with a rifle. I have hunted them in a dozen States and Territories, from Minnesota to the Gulf, and with arms of all calibers and weight of charge, from a .22-30 to a .45-70-550. Before muzzleloaders went out of date, I had killed enough squirrels to fill a grain car to the load limit line, and since then I guess I've doubled my score. I've hit them everywhere that a squirrel could be hit, from the tip of the nose to the last hair on tail, and it stands to reason that I have missed them just as extensively and thoroughly. But nary a one ever succumbed to the shock of a bullet that missed his vitals. Of course, I have often cut the limbs from under them, or seen them thrown into the air by the bullets passing between their bodies and the wood, and some of the squirrels so brought to the ground were retrieved by my dog, but they were very much alive up to the time his jaws closed upon them. So much for the chance of accidentally barking a squirrel.

And now as to accomplishing the same feat designedly. More than thirty years ago I read of Boone's achievements along this line, and set myself to equal them, and since then I have essayed the same thing a score of times, always unsuccessfully. I have planted dozens of bullets directly under the hearts of squirrels, big and little—under their throats and jaws—at the very tips of their lovely little noses. I have grazed them with round balls from muzzleloaders, and soft-lead, hollow-pointed, and metal-cased bullets from breechloaders; but it invariably required something a bit closer than a graze to do the work. Which fact induces me to say that the squirrels of to-day are not as those of long ago. My experience has been that you are never sure of one until you get him. Shoot him almost in half, and maybe he'll dig his toenails in the bark and swing there in midair for twenty minutes; break all four of his legs, and he'll balance his body across a limb and rest secure; blow his head into fragments, and he'll cling to the tree a full minute before falling; not invariably, of course, but quite frequently. But don't try to bark him. You will only waste your ammunition.

S. D. BARNES.

BALD KNOB, Ark.

PERRY D. FRAZER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Quien Sabe, in the number of August 27, seems to doubt M. D.'s statement that the wind of a ball will kill a man. I had at first intended to let the doctor attend to this case himself; he no doubt can give a more scientific explanation of it than I can, though he may not have had as many of these balls shot at him as I have had; but Quien Sabe includes me in the number that he fires his broadside at, so I have concluded to ask him a few questions, all without our getting mad about it, of course.

Has Quien Sabe ever had a three-inch shell that was fired out of a field gun pass so close to his head that it knocked him down and made him think that a mule had kicked him? I have had it treat me that way. The shell was not meant for me, I suppose, but for my gun; but it missed us both. Had it passed a foot nearer me I would have been in the list of killed or missing once more. I figured in two of those lists as one of the killed during "our late unpleasantness," but always refused to stay killed.

And does he not know that if he stood on the deck of one of our battleships when the ten or twelve-inch gun was being fired, within forty feet of its muzzle, the blast from it would kill him as dead as the proverbial mackerel? If he does not know it, allow me to tell him that it would.

CABIA BLANCO.

NUTLEY, N. J., Aug. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* About five years ago, while hunting deer in Humboldt county, California, I succeeded in barking a squirrel after the manner of Daniel Boone and his fellow hunters, as described in the anecdote. It was of the kind known there as the redwood squirrel, somewhat smaller in size than our red squirrel. Its color is a deep reddish brown on the back and outside of the legs, shading to a much lighter brown on the underside. It was crouched on the limb of a large cedar, distance about twenty yards or so; the rifle used was a .30-30. At the shot it rose slightly from the limb and came to the ground dead, quite in accordance with the programme. On my telling the story in camp, it was generally laughed at. One old fellow who had grown up in the woods, however, seemed to know about this method of killing squirrels. When I picked the squirrel up, I noticed a slight perforation through the skin over the belly, showing that something had struck there.

Once before I tried the same trick on a squirrel sitting on a fence-post. The bullet cut a groove through the top of the post, directly under the animal, but the only result in this case was an enormous squirrel leap and disappearance of the squirrel up a tree. I also tried to stun a mountain quail by shooting close to its head, thinking that the wind of the bullet might disable it sufficiently to permit of its capture while alive. The effect of this shot was only to daze the quail for four or five seconds; then it flew rapidly off. From the result of these few experiments, my impression is that in order to successfully bark squirrels, the bullet must pass under the bark on which the squirrel is crouched, but near enough to the surface to break the bark and force it outward. The bullet passing near the squirrel or cutting the bark under the squirrel will have but little effect.

The soft lead bullets used in the old rifles may have had something to do with the success of the trick, as such a bullet flattened somewhat on striking the wood and spread sideways, thus adding to the force of the concussion. The bullet used in barking my squirrel was the mushrooming sporting bullet. The experiment is easily tried in any place where there are squirrels, and it is safe to shoot a rifle in the air, using different kind of bullets and striking at different distances under the surface on which the squirrel lies.

The principal difficulty will be, I think, in holding straight, as it will probably be necessary to hit within one-eighth of an inch of the point aimed at, or even closer. Nowadays men do not live with a rifle in their hands. Of course the closer the squirrel hugs the bark, the greater the effect of the shock will be upon it. If the bark is so thick and soft that it will not tear out over the bullet, there will probably be no effect.

JOSEPH KINGSLAND.

Comparison of Rifles.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A few more remarks seem necessary to make clear my position taken in your issue of August 6.

First, I must disavow any claim to being "posted on scientific facts." My opinions as to the Kentucky rifle were admitted to be only conjectures. I cannot find any precise record of the rifling or powder charge used in these rifles, but would be very glad to hear where such can be obtained.

Mr. Darby believes that a high velocity would not have been attained in the Kentucky rifle without "stripping." Now it is true that with a long bullet a quick twist is needed to prevent tumbling, and the bullet must either be jacketed or move with a low velocity; but where the diameter of the bullet is equal or nearly equal to its length, a slow twist may be employed and a high velocity attained without a jacket. Examples of long bullets are: The Krag-Jorgenson—Length of bullet, 1 3-16 inches; diameter, .30; ratio, 26-100; twist, 1 in 10 inches. Accordingly the Krag requires a jacket to utilize its high velocity of 1,960 foot seconds.

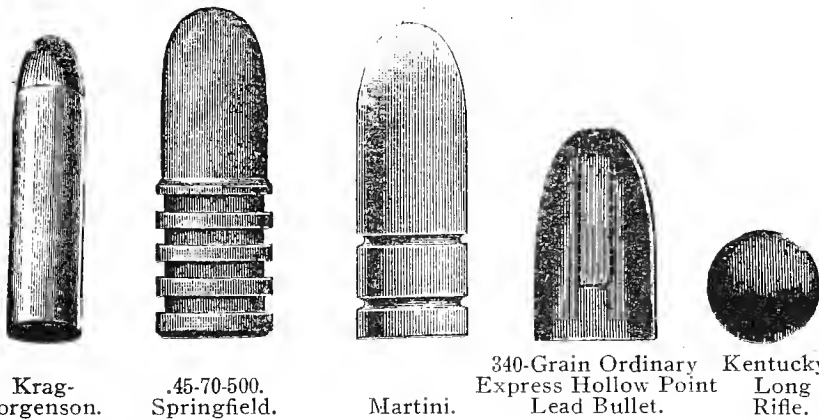
The Martini-Henry and .45-70-500 Springfield—Length, of bullet, 1 1/4 inches; diameter, .45; ratio, 36-100; twist 1 in 22 inches for the Henry rifling and about the same for the Springfield. Accordingly, since these bullets were not jacketed, their velocity had to be low—1,295 foot seconds for the Martini, 1,179 foot seconds for the Springfield.

Example of short bullet: .50 express; length of bullet, 7/8 inch; diameter, .50; ratio, 57-100; twist, 1 in 72 inches. Accordingly this express attains a velocity of 1,800 foot seconds without a jacket.

Other high velocities attained with black powder and without a hard jacket are .45-150-270 express, 1,913 foot seconds; .45-130-310 express, 1,812 foot seconds; .577-164-502 express, 1,680 foot seconds.

Even the 4-bore elephant rifle, with a bullet weighing 1,257 grains, attains a velocity of 1,500 foot seconds. These figures are from "The Gun and Its Development," by W. W. Greener. The same author recommends a twist of 1 in 84 inches for spherical ball rifles. Yet Mr. Darby says: "Those rifles had a very slow twist, about one turn in twenty or twenty-four inches." This sentence seems to me self-contradictory. I hope Mr. Darby will not think me discourteous if I ask his authority for it.

Again, my critic says the express rifling has a twist of 1 turn in 16 inches, and a long heavy bullet. Greener



Length.—Krag-Jorgenson, 1 3-16; .45-70-500 Springfield, 1.25; Martini, 1.25; 340-gr. Express, 7/8; Kentucky long rifle, 52.
Diameter.—Krag-Jorgenson, .30; .45-70-500 Springfield, .45; Martini, .45; 340-gr. Express, .50; Kentucky long rifle, .52.
Ratio.—Krag-Jorgenson, .26; .45-70-500 Springfield, .36; Martini, .36; 340-gr. Express, .57; Kentucky long rifle 100.
Twist.—Krag-Jorgenson, 1 in 10 in.; Martini, 1 in 22 in.; 340-gr. Express, 1 in 72 in.
Velocity.—Krag-Jorgenson, 1,960 ft. sec.; .45-70-500 Springfield, 1,179 ft. sec.; Martini, 1,295 ft. sec.; 340-gr. Express, 1,800 ft. sec.

gives the twist as 1 in 48 to 72 inches, and the bullets are short and light in proportion to their diameter, as he can see for himself if he will pay me a visit or examine the pictures in any English gun catalogue.

Now, all the above shows that with the length and diameter of the bullet equal, or nearly equal, a velocity closely approaching that attained with smokeless powder and jacketed bullet has been given by black powder to an unjacketed projectile. I must admit it does not prove this to have been the case with the Kentucky rifles, but their weights and the slight elevation possible with their back sights suggest heavy charges of powder and high velocities. In the quotation from Audubon in FOREST AND STREAM August 6, we find the following: "Pouring as much powder from his horn as will cover it. This quantity is supposed to be sufficient for any distance within a hundred yards." This is rather vague, but certainly gives the impression that fairly large charges were used for long range.

Davy Crockett's rifle fired a bullet which weighed about the same as that of the Krag. As in the express, its bullet was short and light in proportion to its diameter. If, then, it agreed with the military smokeless rifle and the express in burning a large charge of powder, it seems to me the comparison is close enough to be interesting.

In regard to the flat trajectory, and smokeless discharge of nitro powders, my meaning was not that these advantages were secondary in point of importance, but only in point of time. Historically the experiments which produced the smokeless powder rifle were undertaken for the purpose of reducing the weight of ammunition. It is true, however, that the incidentals have proved of more value than the prime object. You will remember that Saul went in search of his father's asses and found a kingdom.

Mr. Darby says: "Experiments with the full jacketed bullet proved that it had no so-called explosive effect whatever." He is evidently unaware of the fact that while an explosive effect is rarely produced in practice on live animals, it is almost always produced in experiments on dead ones. Let me quote from a few articles published while the arm was still in its experimental stage:

"The skull at short range will be extensively ruptured, the brain more or less disorganized, and large pieces of the cranial vault may even be thrown out through the torn scalp to a distance of several meters, as though an explosion had occurred

within. Such experiments have often been made upon the cadaver."—Article in Warren and Gould's Text Book of Surgery, by Surgeon-General Torwood, U. S. A.

"The explosive of the bullet on * * * all vital organs, or on cavities is enormous, especially when these are full."—Lieut.-Col. J. D. Griffith, Mo. Nat. Guard. Proceedings of the Assn. of Military Surgeons of the U. S., Vol. VII., 1897.

"It is now apparent that conclusions drawn from experiments made on dead animals or men are not borne out by what is observed when living men are wounded by small-caliber projectiles. It is steadily becoming more and more evident that the appalling destruction produced in dead animals and cadavers by small projectiles is not experienced when men are hit by them under ordinary conditions."—Prof. Stevenson, of Netley, in "Wounds in War," p. 35, 1897.

The literature of the time is full of accounts of experiments on dead men which, as I said in my first letter, seemed to prove that explosive effects would be produced on live ones. However, it has worked out, the adoption of the full mantled bullet can hardly be attributed to humane motives.

Mr. Darby thinks that smokeless powder was adopted to increase the power of the rifles. He forgets that while nitro powders are more powerful than black, a smaller quantity is used; that while the pressure generated is greater, the area of the base of the bullet—where alone it is efficiently exerted—is less.

The following table gives for each smokeless powder cartridge a black powder cartridge of nearly equal strength.

Black Powder.	Smokeless Powder.
.38-55 940 ft. lbs.	.25-35 W. C. F. 967 ft. lbs.
.40-72 W. 1360 ft. lbs.	.30-30 1269 ft. lbs.
.45-90-300 1466 ft. lbs.	.303 Savage 1365 ft. lbs.
.45-70-500 1551 ft. lbs.	U. S. N. 6mm. 1563 ft. lbs.
Springfield 236	
Martini Henry 1797 ft. lbs.	Italian Mannlicher.... 1790 ft. lbs.
.45-125-300 1786 ft. lbs.	Krag Jorgensen 1887 ft. lbs.
.50-100-450 1917 ft. lbs.	Spanish Mauser 1890 ft. lbs.
.450-130-350 Express... 2703 ft. lbs.	.35 W. 2600 ft. lbs.
.500-138-444 Express... 3124 ft. lbs.	.405 W. 3200 ft. lbs.
.577 Holland special... 3625 ft. lbs.	.400 Jeffery Cordite 3343-3388 ft. lbs.
8-bore elephant rifle, 5232 ft. lbs.	.45 Holland special... 5004 ft. lbs.
4-bore rifle 6316-8832 ft. lbs.	.600 Jeffery Cordite 6000-8000 ft. lbs.

The term "high power," as applied indiscriminately to smokeless powder rifles, seems to me to be most inappropriate, and to lead to confusion of ideas.

It is true that most, although not all, the governments which have changed from black to smokeless powder have slightly increased the power of their arms. But this increase has been in no case sufficient to cause material increase in efficiency or to justify the expense of adopting a new weapon. It was not for an increase in power that the change was made, but for a more efficient method of applying it.

DAVID E. WHEELER.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Post Mortems on Burst Guns.

As a general rule, the public hears exceedingly little about the instances of burst guns which are bound to arise so long as shooting remains a popular sport in this country. There are, however, a certain number of persons who gain an exceptional amount of experience in dealing with the burst guns that are from time to time thrown up as wreckage from the world of sport. The greatest difficulty which faces the person who endeavors to make a careful inquiry into the circumstances of an accident, is the almost complete absence of reliable statistics upon which to base a sound opinion. The cartridge which causes the accident is necessarily lost, the shell only remaining for examination.

There is, as a rule, very little difficulty in obtaining samples of the batch of cartridges in use at the time of the accident, and it necessarily follows that these must be subjected to careful test and scrutiny. Unless there happens to be proof positive that some serious error of loading has been committed, it is unwise to lay the blame on the cartridge. An examination of the pressure obtained from a certain number of them may show a few individual high records, but even then it is exceedingly difficult to lay down the dividing line between what is reasonably safe in a sound gun and what may be considered as dangerous. We know that ordinary well loaded sporting cartridges give pressures between three and three and a half tons during the warmer months of the year. There are, however, many instances of commercial cartridges which appear to give thorough satisfaction to the shooter in which individual records of over four tons are encountered. In interpreting results of this kind, it is necessary to bear in mind that the actual charge in the cartridge which gives a high pressure cannot be ascertained beforehand. Consequently it is impossible to say whether a relatively high pressure is produced when all the circumstances of the loading tend to produce excessive results, or whether only one or two of them have been in active operation. This means that an even higher pressure than the maximum obtained in taking a series may have existed in the particular cartridge that caused the accident. If the general characteristics of the ammunition suggest the presence of faults that ought not to occur, then of course the ammunition must be regarded as under suspicion; but even so, it very seldom happens that a clear case is made out against the cartridge.

There is, however, a very satisfactory piece of general experience which appears to characterize investigations of this sort. It is that accidents very seldom occur with the better known varieties of English nitro powder. These, as is well known, are carefully regulated by the manufacturers so as to produce a reliable level of result when reasonably well loaded. They are bulked in such a manner that overcharges are promptly evidenced by the undue space occupied by the contents of the cartridge. Such powders are specially manufactured to suit the requirements of the English market, with the result that they mostly receive fair and intelligent treatment from the cartridge loader. It is, therefore, the little known and exceptionally bulked powders that are liable to be so loaded as to produce doubtful results. A powder which occupies so small a space that it may easily be overcharged without the fact being apparent to the loader, necessarily opens the way to accidents of manipulation; and if it be badly regulated so that an ordinary charge puts an unusually high strain on the gun, then two possibilities at least exist for the production of unduly severe pressures. If combined with these is stiff and resisting wadding and hard turnovers, there is no obvious limit to the pressure that may be experienced. Consequently, when dealing with burst guns, a large amount of valuable but still indirect evidence may be obtained from a care-

ful examination of the cartridges submitted by the user, such experiments as are made necessarily including a systematic analysis of the characteristics of the powder itself.

When we look to the gun for further information, it generally happens that a fresh vista of doubtful possibilities is opened up. Burst guns frequently disclose slight defects of shape and workmanship which may or may not have assisted in bringing about the destruction. There are few rents in a gun barrel that do not disclose to the observer of an imaginative turn of mind slight evidences of flaws or other interruptions in the homogeneity of the metal. These must be duly balanced against the apparent past history of the weapon, the observer being thus informed as to the probability or otherwise of the weapon having stood the test of a course of hard practical service.

The nature of the injury to the weapon must also be carefully considered. If the breech end of an apparently sound barrel is blown away, it must be assumed that a pressure existed which metal of ordinary tenacity could not be expected to withstand. The nature of the burst gives some slight indication to those who have had experience in such matters as to whether an obstruction has been the cause of the high pressure. If an obstruction lies immediately in front of the chamber, say a 20-bore cartridge dropped by accident into a 12-bore barrel, then the effect is to increase the pressure in the chamber without evidence of special strain where the obstruction exists. On the other hand, if the obstruction lies a little more forward so as to be struck by the shot after it has been set in motion, the seat of greatest strain is removed from the chamber to that portion of the barrel where the obstruction lies. The greater the distance between the breech and the obstruction the more powerful is the rending

action that is exercised, so that obstructions existing near the muzzle blow the barrel into pieces.

Another class of injury to which barrels are subject is the formation of rents or tears in the thinner forward parts of the tube. When these exist it is necessary to pay very careful attention to the thickness of the barrel walls and the concentricity of the exterior and the interior. An entirely different class of injury that is frequently encountered, consists in strains on the action which cause an opening of the fastenings of the breech. These generally arise from the use of violent cartridges working as often as not in combination with a gun of doubtful antecedents, the design and workmanship of which is not of the best. Barrels which are set too close together to allow proper space for the insertion of the extractor leg frequently break away along the obvious line of least resistance. Considering that many weapons which give way in this manner have evidently received many years of constant wear, it is difficult to lay down with any precision just why the structure breaks down under the strain of the particular cartridge that causes the accident. In such instances, and, in fact, in many others, the burst seems to arise from accidental combination of a somewhat over-powerful cartridge and a gun which possesses an insufficient margin of strength for present-day commercial cartridges. It may, therefore, fairly be said, in speaking of most gun accidents, that of many possible causes it is very difficult to pick out the probable one. In fact, the verdict of "found burst" seems very often to be the only logical conclusion to which a jury of experts can come.—Arms and Explosives.

* * * The current number of Game Laws in Brief gives laws of all States and Provinces. Price 25 cents.

Non-Residents in North Dakota.

I believe that all non-resident hunters should be required to pay the full fee of \$25, and see no good reason why an exception should be made in favor of those who are the owners of land in the State. A fraudulent use, I think, is frequently made of this latter clause, as it is an easy matter to temporarily transfer the title of land in order to evade the payment of \$25 for a permit. It would only be fair in case all non-residents are charged the \$25 fee if they were granted some privileges in regard to shipping game out of the State. It is almost impossible to prevent the shipping of some game, and it would be better if it were done openly, under the supervision of the game warden or his deputies, and with stringent regulations as to the number of birds or animals shipped.

C. H. STENSHOEL,
Game Warden District No. 2.

Big Game in the Canad an Northwest.

TRAPPERS who have hunted on the north fork of the Saskatchewan, and at the head of the Sunwapa, report bighorn sheep to be more plentiful than ever before in their remembrance. They brought many bear skins with their winter furs last spring.

Mountain goats are numerous on the mountains south of Leachol in the Ice River district, and sheep have appeared on the lower summits. It seems to have been a good winter for big game in the mountains.

Good reports about the game also come from Wilcox Pass, where larger numbers than usual of bighorn have wintered. Goats are reported to be plentiful about Glacier Lake.



Fish Chat.

BY EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

Sport With the Black Sea Bass.

ONE of my friends writes me he had been having "a high old time among the sea bass near Atlantic City. Not hand-line fishing, thank you, but with rod and reel, and I find it as strong a fighter as I want to tackle, a five-pounder being all my bait-rod will stand."

My friend "knows a good thing when he sees it." The black sea bass, while not being as gamy as the striped bass, is a strong, stubborn fighter, its depth and thickness of body giving it great muscular power. It is true, its runs are not very long. I refer now to fishing for it with rod and reel, but it "sags down" with remarkable tenacity, coming to the surface only after a most dogged resistance, and it sometimes, though rarely, breaks water before it comes to the landing net.

With bait-rod and fairly stout tackle, the angler obtains really a high degree of sport with this species, much more exciting sport, in fact, than the average fisherman anticipates in making his maiden trial among them.

Of course, I do not mean to imply that this bass ranks in gamy qualities with squeteague and one or two other marine species, counting out the incomparable striped bass entirely, but it furnishes a most enjoyable recreation to those who are taking their outing at the sea shore.

Distribution of Sea Bass.

This species ranges all along the Atlantic Coast from Delaware to Maine. It is, I think, rather rare south of the "Banks" off the Delaware Breakwater, and north of Cape Cod it is also far from abundant, although it has been taken on the Maine coast.

If it ever reaches the shores of Nova Scotia, the fact seems to have escaped the notice of the hand-line fishermen of that Province whom I have questioned concerning it. Along the coast of New Jersey it is very abundant, and in Buzzard's Bay and Vineyard Sound it is quite numerous, the returns printed in the reports of the Massachusetts Commissioners on Fishing showing it to be an important catch in the weirs, pounds, etc.

Tackle and Bait.

In angling for sea bass, one needs to use a stout rod such as is employed in striped bass fishing. Of course, if one were certain that he would not hook a fish that weighed more than three or four pounds, a lighter rod would suffice; but one never knows how large a fish may take his bait, and a ten-pounder on a six or eight-ounce rod at the end of ten or fifteen fathoms of line would give the angler all the work he desired to bring the fish to the surface, and to the landing net. As for bait, I have always found this fish to be far from fastidious; it seems to be "always on the feed," and anything in the way of bait seems to go. A piece of herring, sheddar crab, or quahog, is usually employed, and I have found that a small crab, such as is used in tautog fishing, often proves a taking lure. Hooks should be strong and of pretty wide bend; a bait of generous proportions is most desirable, for the mouth of this species is large, and its appetite seems to crave a large mouthful. When the hook strikes home, it holds securely, for the mouth of the bass is as tough as leather.

Breeding Habits.

Genio C. Scott, in speaking of these, says: "This fish, like many herbivorous fishes of the Orient, lays its eggs and they are vivified on the weeds and among the shells of the bottom. This process continues from May until August, and the shoals remain on the banks until most

of their annual progeny leave the shell, when they all resort to deeper water for the winter. A shoal of a pair of fish number probably five thousand, which attain the weight of half a pound and over; not more, because ground sharks and other marine carnivora thin their ranks when fingerlings." As a table fish, it is considered by many persons equal, if not superior, to the cod, and for a chowder it ranks second to no other fish.

Cod With Rod and Reel.

Now, I do not want to be set down as a pottering bait-fisherman, for I am not; but there are times when one has to seek recreation with bait-rod or go without angling entirely, fish of the higher classes being unobtainable. I recently found myself in this situation and was forced to rely on the gamy pollock for sport, there being no other fish at hand worth angling for.

On one occasion our boat was anchored over a sandbar, or bank, over which the young flood tide was running like a mill race. The water over the bar was about six fathoms in depth, but the swift tide made the employment of a quite long line necessary.

I was using bait on that day, and to keep my line below the surface was obliged to attach to it a sinker. I let my rod rest across my knees while I attended to a companion's line, and when I had finished my occupation my rod was still permitted to remain quietly as before. At length I lifted it and began to draw up the line, when I felt an extremely heavy tug, and then the fish that had seized it darted away with the speed and strength of a bass. What species it was I could not determine, but that it was not a pollock, I was certain.

After a persistent struggle, in which my fish made several quite sharp runs and attempted to range deep in the water, I brought my captive to the boat. It was a beautiful rock cod. If my brothers of the angle are so situated they cannot use thin fly rods, I advise them to rig their tackle for a bout with one of these fish. I had never before taken one; and the pleasure I had in capturing my first beautiful prize was, therefore, doubly great. I do not offer it as a new acquisition, for, doubtless, there are many who have taken it with rod and reel long before these lines are written, but I will say to all, that if they are in a locality where rock cod abound they will never regret it if they succeed in taking a few large ones on tackle that is light enough to afford the fish a proper range and play.

A Frog's Provender.

In recent issues of FOREST AND STREAM there have been a number of topics discussed which seem to have created more than a passing interest, and one of them, that relating to the frog's diet, has elicited from observers a number of quite important facts. That the frog captures small birds which come to the shore of ponds, etc., to drink or bathe, there can be no doubt, but that it is also capable of catching small snakes, meadow mice, fishes and insects of all kinds and sizes is not generally known, even its own relatives are utilized to complete its menu.

On more than one occasion have I seen a small snake caught and pouched by an old green veteran of the meadow pool, and once discovered a large frog with a striped snake partially coiled around its head, the frog having two or three inches of the snake firmly held in its mouth.

It was quite comical to see old Rana's efforts to uncoil the snake with its paws; in vain it pushed and pulled, the snake knew its business and attended to it. I never knew what the outcome was, for, as I incautiously drew near, the frog leaped into the water and swam away. That a frog should eat a snake is reversing the usual order of things with a vengeance, for if there is any enveloping to be done the snake generally attends to that business.

After all, the frog's existence is not "all pie." During its tadpole stage of life it is in constant peril from turtles, various fishes, crows, raccoons and a number of other animals; even the fish-loving mink does not turn up its nose at a nice, plump "pollywog," and it is a lucky wiggler that escapes all these foes.

When its tail is absorbed and its legs appear, the little leaper has no end of enemies, and as it increases in size they seem to increase in size and voracity also.

I dare say that every angler has seen two frogs leaping about, one in active pursuit of the other, the leader uttering comical little shrieks as he jumped away, and undoubtedly the thought came to his mind that the jumpers were merry little chaps and having a picnic all by themselves.

Oh, no! they were not playing "tag," neither were they engaged in that wildly hilarious game of "leap frog," nor that side-splitting jolly game of "follow my leader." No, it was quite a different kind of recreation they were indulging in; it was simply a strenuous effort on the part of "the party of the first," or the leader, to escape being pouched, and an equally earnest attempt of "the party of the second part" to engulf the fugitive.

Yes, a wart-backed, old green bullfrog is a great gourmandizer, and he will jump at anything in motion that is not too large to be swallowed. I have, more than once, seen a medium sized one capture one of those large yellow, swallow-tailed butterflies, with black and bronze spots on its wings, and "gulp it down without a gasp," as one of my old guides would say. Those butterflies often come to the edge of pools to drink; they spread five or six inches between wing tips, but their size has no terrors for the "monarch of the pool," quite the contrary rather.

I once had a friend, there is a coolness between us now; he asked too much of me. He said to me one day, one lovely day in June: "There is a lot of big, fat bullfrogs in the pond yonder," pointing to a small, muddy pond on the edge of an adjacent swamp. "It would be great fun for you to take a pole and line, put a piece of red flannel on your hook, and bob it over them, you'd catch a lot, I'm sure; their hind legs, nicely fried, are simply an epicurean delight," he added by way of inducement. I replied that, "I have eaten them more than once, but as for fishing for them with a bait of red flannel, not much! it's too much of a drop from salmon angling to catching bullfrogs; I draw the line at pollock."

The Size of a Frog's Appetite.

The frog's capacity for enveloping his comrades and assimilating them was once shown by an incident which occurred under the observation of one of my acquaintances. He had returned from the country with a lot of frogs, large and small, which he had obtained for one of the New York educational institutions. I have forgotten how many frogs there were, but they numbered over twenty I am quite certain. These he put into a large bird cage, the wires of which were close enough together to prevent even the smallest from escaping. On the third day he went to the cage to see how his captives were doing and found, greatly to his surprise, that all had disappeared with the exception of two old "moss-backs," and they were eyeing each other askance apparently in doubt as to which would be the "last survivor of the whole ship's company," as he expressed it.

As an insect-catcher the frog is quite expert, even such quick-moving species as the dragon fly often falling victims to its dexterity. Fishes are also often captured, and good sized ones, too, a fingerling trout having been found in the stomach of a frog, which was not more than six inches in length.

When Trout Will Not Feed.

Mr. Chambers, in *FOREST AND STREAM*, July 30, states that, his experience has been, there are certain times when trout will not feed, refusing every variety of fly and bait. In his communication he says, that on a recent occasion, although the pool on which he was fishing was full of trout and they were rising to the surface and even jumping all around his flies, not one would accept his lures.

Mr. Chambers' experience in this respect is not unique, every angler will tell the same story; time and again have I been provoked beyond measure by such vagaries of the spotted beauties, and have wondered, as does Mr. Chambers, what prompted the fish to act in such a manner.

On one occasion, as I was fishing Old Frogfoot, a reservoir pond near Wareham, Mass., the water was kept in continual motion by the trout rising, even leaping above the surface, apparently in play, but evidently not feeding at all, for I could not see that they captured any of the insects which were flying around. This was just at sunset, when trout are generally supposed to be feeding. Like Mr. Chambers, I tried every variety of fly, but none of them seemed to have any attractions; the trout were playing, not feeding. It was not from fear they declined my lures, for some of them were breaking water only three or four feet from my boat.

Barometric Influence.

All of us have had blank days in trout fishing for which we could not account, for all proper conditions, such as light, breeze, ripple, etc., were present; we knew the trout were there, and in goodly numbers, too; they simply would not rise.

I have let my boat quietly drift over the pool on such an occasion, and, peering down into the water, have discovered the fish lying closely together at the bottom, almost without moving a fin. In late years I have come to the conclusion that the fish are influenced in their movements by barometric changes, and it has seemed to me that when a storm is approaching, the trout settle down, as if awaiting its advent.

Queer Vagaries.

I was once fishing that magnificent pool at northeast Margaree, Cape Breton, known locally as Solomon's Cellar. It is without exception the very best trout pool I ever cast a fly upon, and such glorious fish as it contains! I was busily at work on it one day, and had taken two or three heavy fish; they had been in rising mood, and would come to any fly that was put out to them. The last trout I landed was a silvery beauty just up from the sea, its weight overrunning three pounds. After that fish was landed, I resumed my casting, but the trout had evidently changed their minds, for not one would deign to notice my flies. The pool was about three casts in length and two in width, but its water was so clear I could see fish in it two or three rods distant from my casting place. Not a rise did I get, although I changed my flies two or three times, and I concluded it would be better to rest the pool a while. My guide and I seated ourselves beneath the shade of a tree near-by and burned a little tobacco. As we were enjoying our smoke, my companion exclaimed excitedly, pointing to the pool, "There's the trout, sir, swimming around like a school of mackerel." I looked in the direction he indicated, and saw thirty or forty swimming in a compact body near the surface of the water along the edge of the pool. I watched them as they moved around the shore, and saw them traverse the entire pool in a regular, methodical way several times. At length, when they were at the lower end, I resumed my station at the upper end or inlet, and recommenced casting, planning to drop my fly just ahead of the school as it came toward me. I did so, but they paid no attention to it whatever. Around the pool they traveled, almost in a compact mass, time and again, but my flies were not noticed.

"I guess you've caught their leader," exclaimed my guide, "and they are looking for him. They won't take anything now, anyway."

Now, why those trout acted in that manner, so entirely different from the ordinary ways of trout, I have never been able to understand. They evidently were not anxious to escape from the pool, for if such had been their desire, they could easily have done so, the outlet being free from any obstruction, and I can lay their strange performance to nothing but a caprice to which these fish are often subject.

Jumping Salmon Will Not Take the Fly.

Every old salmon angler has had his days when, although the fish were jumping all around him, not one would accept his fly. I have had many such days, and excessively aggravating occasions they were, too. I used to believe that if I hung to them patiently I could induce one at least to "come in out of the wet," and so I diligently continued to cast over them, but though they jumped all around me, and even splashed the water in my face as they dropped back into the pool, not one would respond to my efforts.

A Concord River Trout.

BOSTON, Aug. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I thought it might be interesting to your readers to know that a squarc-tail brook trout was caught by me in Concord River, Concord, Mass., recently measuring 15½ inches in length, and weighing 2½ pounds when taken from the water. The fish put up a good fight, and as I was not fishing for trout, I was quite as much surprised, probably, as the fish was. Mr. Wm. Ballard, of Lexington, was in the canoe with me.

EDWIN C. STEVENS.

The London Casting Tournament.

It should have been said that Mr. E. J. Mills, of this city (who, by the way, is a son of Mr. Thomas B. Mills, not of William Mills, as our English contemporary had it), did not go to England specially to contest in the tournament. He was abroad for his health, and thus deserves all the more credit for his pluck in taking part and sustaining so well the credit of America in the friendly competition.

Fish and Fishing.

The Philology of the Ouananiche.

IN the interest of science and philological truth, it seems quite necessary to notice the renewed attempt to impose upon the credulity of the readers of some current sporting literature in regard to the derivation of the word ouananiche. I see that the old fiction of ouanan or wanan meaning salmon, and iche being a diminutive—hence ouananiche, little salmon—is again insisted upon, though neither ouanan nor wanan, nor anything of the kind signifies salmon in the Montagnais language, as pretended. The Montagnais equivalent for salmon is ouchachoumac (pronounced who-sha-shoo-mac), and little salmon in this dialect would therefore be ouchachoumaciche.

Dry Fly-Fishing for Trout.

I suppose that we see and hear so little in America about dry fly-fishing because of the rarity of the conditions which called it into existence in the south of England, where it is essentially a product of the over-fished chalk streams, so sweetly embalmed for us in the writings of Charles Kingsley. We have such ample opportunities for successful trout fishing on this side of the Atlantic that there is small temptation for us to change the manner of our sport. Should our favorite stream become over-fished to such an extent that the trout become scarcer and shyer, we simply move away to some other fishing water, where the fish are more plentiful and less educated. Yet I doubt not that there are many partially abandoned trout waters near some of our large centers of population which would well repay the attention of the dry fly-fisherman, and I am quite sure, from what I saw an English angler do the other day in a Canadian lake, that there are trout in the heat of summer in many of our waters to be attracted and risen by the dry fly which can rarely be induced to take any notice of an ordinary cast. Two of us had been quite unsuccessfully whipping the surface of the water for over an hour, though we knew it to be almost a virgin lake, and our Indians assured us that it was full of beautiful trout, though they had only taken them through the ice in winter with bait. We had no reason to doubt their word, but if the fish were there it was apparent that they were not on the feed, for there was no sign of a rise at the insect life on the surface of the lake. It was suggested to our English companion that here was an opportunity for him to try his favorite sport of dry fly-fishing. He promptly explained that the conditions were by no means those which would call for its practice on English waters, but as our conversation in camp had largely turned upon this particular branch of the sport, and the Londoner had promised to seize an opportunity of illustrating it for us, he at once consented to do so.

I suppose that almost every reader of *FOREST AND STREAM* knows that in dry fly-fishing the very finest of tackle is used, with a single artificial fly made very small, dressed with upstanding wings, and cast with a scientific calculation of direction and force, the object aimed at being to deliver the imitation fly in the exact presentment of the natural insect, and in a manner that would insure its floating upon the stream as if it were the real thing. What may not be quite so generally known in regard to this branch of the sport is that the dry fly-fisherman in the old land is supposed to remain perfectly inactive, possessing his soul in patience until such time as the trout are seen to be visibly rising at and taking the fly sailing down the stream.

The conditions at the lake to which I have reference were then altogether different to those usually looked for by the dry fly-fisher. Nevertheless success at once attended the efforts of our English friend; rather, I imagine, to his own astonishment, and new possibilities in summer angling for trout at once occurred to my mind. In less than an hour half a dozen splendid trout from eight to twelve ounces each in weight had been secured.

While enthusiasts in the art fit themselves out with special rods, reels, and tackle throughout, this expense may well be dispensed with. Any ordinary light fly-rod and tackle answers the purpose, but the casting-line should be fine and the fly dressed upon an eyed hook, instead of being whipped on to a strand of gut. The latter mentioned method of fastening the fly causes it to stand very little of the kind of casting necessary. It is requisite, in order to make the fly float, to dry it in the air between each cast, by making several sharp false casts in the air, and if this is done with flies fastened on fine gut in the old way, it frequently happens that the fly is flicked off. Most dry fly-fishermen find that they can considerably reduce the amount of beating the air which would otherwise be required for drying the fly, by anointing it with odorless petroleum or coal oil, all that is necessary of it being a touch of the camel's hair brush on hackle and wings. A couple of casts in the air will then suffice for drying the fly. With this precaution, and a properly tied fly, it is astonishing how comparatively easy it is for quite a novice at the practice to fish throughout the wettest day with his fly always floating upon the surface, especially if it be made with the wings standing out from the body like those of a butterfly, and with rather more hackle than is needed in wet fly-fishing.

I am not aware whether American anglers have experimented very much with dry flies in American or Canadian waters, though I know of several who practice the art when on the other side of the ocean. As already explained, the conditions here are very different. Still, I cannot but think that there is a field for the dry fly-fisher in America, even of a different nature than that which invites him when in southern England, and it would be interesting to learn what anglers of resource and experience who are readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* have to say about it.

Favorable Conditions for Trout Fishing

I HAVE a letter before me from one of the camps in the vicinity of Lake Edward, which speaks in glowing terms of the conditions of weather and water now obtaining there. Clear, bright, balmy atmosphere by day, with chilly nights, are the prevailing weather conditions, while since the subsidence of the heavy rains referred to in my last letter, the water has fallen to about its normal condition, and correspondingly colder than usual at this time

of the year, owing largely, no doubt, to the influence of the recent rains. Log fires are built every night and morning in the club houses, and campers out of doors sleep at night with a fire in front of the open tent or lean-to. My correspondent remarks that while the gorgeous sunset arrives all too early in the evening to presage the termination of the day's sport, the sunrise is none too early for the diligent fisherman. He thus intimates that the early morning fishing for trout is good at present, as well as the evening fishing. Personally I have seldom found this to be the case at this time of the year, my best success in morning fishing, except in summer, having invariably been after the rays of the sun have warmed the surface of the water after a cold night. Even in salmon fishing I have never found the very early morning fishing to be of much account, and hence have entirely given up rising before daylight to reach the pools as soon as it is light enough to see the fly upon the water, a practice still indulged in by many anglers. On the other hand, I well remember returning to camp one morning at half-past eight, after an hour and a half's fishing, with three salmon in the canoe, weighing respectively thirteen, fifteen, and seventeen pounds. Judging from my earlier experiences, I should have done no better if I had fished the same pools that morning from half-past three to seven o'clock as well.

But to return to the letter already mentioned, which reports the trout as rising very freely at present, the writer of it seems to anticipate quite an early winter. Not only is the weather cold at nights, but many dead leaves, he says, are already upon the surface of the water in shady pools, often becoming entangled upon the angler's cast of flies. This certainly shows the season to be further advanced in the north than it is at Quebec.

From other sources I learn that several members of the Nonantum Fish and Game Club are having fine trout fishing upon their preserve, among the number being Mr. R. H. Brown, of New Haven, president of the club. The best sport here is reported from the dam at the outlet of Commissioners' Lake, and from Big Ear Lake and a deep bay behind the club house. The members of the Metabetchouan Club now in camp at Lake Kiskisink have been making good catches at the outlet of the lake, in the lily-pads, and also in Briggs' pool and in the Metabetchouan River.

Many fishing parties are at present encamped upon the limits of the Triton and Tourilli clubs, and a rather remarkable feature of all the reports from these and other preserves is the frequent reference to the unusually large number of moose and caribou seen in the woods and crossing the different lakes. If big game is as plentiful everywhere this autumn as it is in the Lake St. John country, we are surely about to enter upon a most successful hunting season.

Bright and Dark Flies.

One of the guides who was attending a friend and myself upon a recent angling expedition, became quite pronounced in his criticism of our choice of flies. While the weather was bright, we used bright flies, and when the sky was overcast and there was more or less darkness upon the face of the water, we changed our casts and employed darker flies. Though it was patent to all that the brighter of the natural insects frequented the surface of the water in the sunlight, and vice-versa, and though we were enjoying very good average sport, the guide, who had always been accustomed to follow the old rule of bright flies for dark weather and darker ones for bright days, continued to shake his head, doubtless believing that we were throwing away our chances of greater success. It is quite astonishing to me that so many fishermen should still adhere to the old-time practice in their selection of flies, altogether irrespective of the promptings of nature, as illustrated by the character and the color of the flies which appear upon the surface of the water. So long ago as 1867, the late Mr. Burgess, in his "Angling and How to Angle," was evidently under the impression that the anglers of his day were learning better. "Old anglers," he said, "used to affirm that in dull weather a bright fly should be used, and in bright weather a dull fly. Modern anglers know better than this, and practice has confirmed their knowledge. Bright insects belong to sunny weather, as philosophy and reason have pointed out." It is not so many years since I found myself fishing with a black dose or dark fairy for salmon in bright weather and with a silver-doctor on cloudy days, and I continued the practice until I was persuaded by wise friends and careful observation that I was flying in the face of nature by using bright flies when none but dark ones were on the water, and dark ones when all the natural ones upon the water were bright. It is reasonable, of course, to make use of bright flies in any weather under such exceptional circumstances as when the water is so heavy and dark that none others could be seen by the fish, and for night fishing there can be no doubt that large silver-grays are the best flies for salmon, and that equally bright flies are necessary to secure trout by night. But this is quite in accordance with the rule already laid down, for with the settling down upon the water of the shades of night, come also the white moth, and other light colored insects.

Chub are Plentiful.

I suppose that it does not matter very much to many anglers whether chub are plentiful in Canada or whether they are not, for if anglers come so far north at all, they may just as well have trout fishing as fishing for chub. But I am led to refer to the abundance of chub in Canadian waters because of the enthusiasm which I saw displayed the other day by an English angler who was enjoying what he considered magnificent sport with these despised Canadian fish. They were rising to his flies with an avidity worthy of a better fish, and though they gave rise to no very protracted battle, yet their first rush after feeling the hook was not unlike that of a trout. With this first show of resistance, however, their struggles ceased, and they came quickly to the net. The best of this sport is the rapidity with which the fish rise to surface lures. Wherever they are found they are usually plentiful, and it is by no means uncommon to find them from a pound to two pounds in weight. If the sport were more cultivated, specimens could undoubtedly be found of from two to four pounds each, but because trout are also usually

found where chub abound, the rising of the latter to the angler's flies is considered to be more or less of a nuisance, and when it can be seen that one of them is rising, an effort is usually made to snatch the fly away from it. I remember the late Mr. Cheney passing rather a favorable judgment upon the flesh of a Canadian chub which had been carefully cooked immediately after having been caught out of a cool stream, and the famous fishculturist was far from declaring it so unfit for food as some authorities have done. In this connection, one recalls Canon Kingsley's statement that a most accurate imitation of the chub may be made by taking one of Palmer's patent candles, wick and all, stuffing it with needles and split bristles, and then stewing the same in ditch water.

If Canadians do not prize the chub, or outouche, as it is called by the French-Canadians, as an article of food, they make considerable use of its flesh for bait. The smaller specimens are used whole for spinning and trolling, and the white flesh of adult fish is cut up into squares and employed in bottom fishing for ouananiche, pike, pike-perch, touladi or namaycush, and large brook trout.

Even Kingsley, too, admitted that in spite of the contempt in which they are generally held, they afford very good sport. There is certainly trouble enough taken to catch it, and all the early fishing books, as well as many of the more recently published guides for British anglers, devote considerable space to directions for taking it. It will be borne in mind that Walton, on account of its shyness, speaks of it as "the fearfulest of fishes," and I well remember how, as a boy, hour after hour was often vainly spent by me upon the banks of a tributary of the Trent, not far from Dove, endeavoring to seduce the chub from its clear pools with gentles, worms, and paste. I had not then attained to the dignity of a fly-fisher, and it was indeed a prize to catch a chub.

The distribution of the chub, both in Canada and the Northern States is very wide, the fish being often found in waters of such elevation that its existence in them would scarcely have been suspected. Trout waters in which none of these chub are to be found are much more highly esteemed by anglers and fishculturists alike than those containing them; for not only have the chub an unenviable reputation as eaters of the spawn of better fish than themselves, but they are fond of disappointing the trout fisherman by seizing his flies. This latter can usually be avoided by imparting a fairly rapid movement to the cast, and by keeping the flies pretty well upon the surface of the water, since it is usually some little distance below the surface that they are taken by the chub, and then when almost stationary, as in the case of fly-fishing for whitefish.

Fishing Personals.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Brackett, of Boston, only left for home a few days ago, having spent the whole summer upon their salmon river.

Mr. John P. Elton, Mayor of Waterbury, Conn., has sold his share in the St. Marguerite Salmon Club.

A share in the same club was recently purchased by the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke. The price is understood to have been in the neighborhood of \$1,200.

Vice-Admiral Douglas and party are now fishing the Montmorency River at Beaver Meadows.

Colonel Andrew C. P. Haggard, D. S. O., is once more in America. He has gone to Maine, where he will visit some of the more popular of the fishing waters, which he may describe for the Field and for Blackwood's Magazine. He will also revisit Quebec.

Much regret is expressed by the many friends of Mr. Geo. E. Hart of Waterbury, that illness prevents him from paying his intended fall visit to the Lake St. John country.

Mr. A. W. Hooper, of New Haven, is at present in camp at Commissioner's Lake, with other members of the Nonantum Club.

Lady Erskine, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Macpherson, and Mr. and Mrs. Edson Fitch, are camping on the preserves of the Stadacona Fish and Game Club.

Colonel Starkey and friends, of England, have had a very successful salmon season this year upon their river, the St. Anne des Monts, in the county of Gaspé.

General W. W. Henry, U. S. Consul at Quebec, has been re-elected president of the St. Bernard Fish and Game Club.

A Monster Cod.

A fisherman off the Gaspé Coast in the Gulf of St. Lawrence caught a codfish last week which weighed 74 pounds. I have heard reports of larger specimens, but have never seen them; but the fish here reported was seen by a reliable party who has given me the details.

The recent capture of an octopus is also reported from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, but fortunately the creeping horror was not a large one. Still it took a fisherman some time to kill it. E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Lake Champlain Pike.

EAGLE LAKE, Ticonderoga, N. Y., Sept. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The great scarcity of pike in this lake this year is a source of wonder to many. During the long drouth in spring and early summer of 1903, large specimens of this fish were found floating about the waters lifeless. There seemed to be no cause for the mortality, but it is now believed to have been caused by the growth of worms in the liver of the fish, similar to those reported in FOREST AND STREAM lately as having attacked the pike in New England waters. It is thought that they may have eaten small fish in the shallows already affected by this parasite. At any rate, almost no pike have been taken by trolling, where from twenty to fifty specimens weighing from 5 to 20 pounds each are usually taken with the spoon every season. Many who expected the cool nights would bring on the fishing, have been forced to seek their favorites on the sunken islands and other known resorts of this pirate of the waters. Up to date, 3½ pounds for a pike caught by a hotel guest is about the record. Only two years ago the writer saw several specimens running from 37 to 42 inches in length, and weighing from 17 pounds upward, caught in the same lake. The scarcity of bass and perch is not so marked, catches of the former of from ½ to 3

pounds each are common. The record was made by Mr. Edward Runge, of Island Cottage, who landed a fine small-mouthed bass weighing 5¼ pounds. Mr. Runge is a great lover of angling, and has caught many fine bass this season. He was pulling up anchor near the bridge, and had allowed a cane pole and line baited with a large crawfish to trail after the boat. The great bass seized and bolted the bait, jerking the rod overboard. It was recovered just in time, and an exciting game of scientific work without a reel took place. The angler called for help to aid in landing the fish, but none came, and he finally succeeded in getting his prize on board by the aid of a net.

This lake contains perch often weighing 1½ pounds, of most excellent quality. There were formerly quantities of suckers which almost filled the tributary brooks in springtime, and old farmers tell of their success with the spear and snare in pursuit of these large fish, which are a favorite early in the season with some country people. The catches were often measured by the bushel. Not one of these peculiar fish has been observed here for years. They have been exterminated by man and fish enemies.

The presence of some young lake or brown trout under the lily-pads in the outlet, has started a discussion regarding the stocking of Eagle Lake with landlocked salmon and trout like Weld Pond, mentioned in your issue of August 13, 1904. It has the same surrounding mountains and tributary brooks of cold water which would shelter the young salmon and trout. There are abundant cold springs close to the shores and running into the lake, forming places suitable for large speckled trout, and the supply of shiners, crayfish, and minnows is very great. The depth of the lake is about 50 feet in places, and there are various reefs and shoal rocks affording resting places for adult fish. Best of all, this is natural trout water, and the bass, pike, perch, and sunfish were introduced by residents fifty years ago. The lake is 3½ miles by ¾ of a mile. It is believed by some that the small-mouthed bass are "running out" by close interbreeding, to use a local expression. The climax has been reached, and the question now is, shall the lake be restocked with bass and pike or be restored to its proper place as trout water. The friends of the latter plan assert that there are enough of the pike and bass here now, and that the attention toward salmon fishing will diminish the drain upon the lesser fish and allow them to regain their numbers. The summer residents here are numerous, there being twelve cottages, small and large, besides a hotel and boarding-house. All are anxious for the future best interests of the angler, and those in charge of the State fish hatcheries should detail an expert to study the case of Eagle Lake, Essex county, as was done in the case of Weld Pond. Several of our neighboring small mountain lakes have been recently stocked with State fish, and are now yielding fine catches of brown and rainbow trout of large size. Old Lake Pharaoh has always been famous for splendid redmeated speckled trout. PETER FLINT.

A California Frog Ranch.

Owned and Run by a Woman who Gets a Good Income From It.

A WRITER in Out West describes interestingly a frog ranch owned by Miss Edith Stege in Contra Costa county, California: Richard Stege, father of the present owner, is said to have been the first man to cultivate frogs in California for the market. The idea came to him from observing the boys spend their holidays catching frogs about the marshes on his place, and learning that an afternoon's work would yield them a dollar or two. Since his death a few years ago, his daughter has been the sole occupant of the family home and proprietor and manager of the entire estate, froggery included.

The frog-ponds cover more than six acres, and are four in number, besides the small pools where the tadpoles are kept. It is necessary to keep them carefully divided according to size, since the frog is one of the most cheerful of cannibals. Anything of his own kind, from a tadpole up, is fair game for the larger frog that can catch and swallow it. Indeed the eater does not insist on swallowing the whole of his victim. If a part of it can be brought within reach of the digestive fluids, the banquer is content to let the rest of his meal dangle out of his mouth till room has been made for it inside. In spite of every precaution, one of the larger frogs will occasionally be found of a morning in the midst of the pollywogs and wearing that placid smile which betokens that a sufficiency of pollywogs are most satisfactorily in the midst of him. This poaching is accomplished in spite of tight board fences more than three feet high inclosing each pool.

The pools in which the tadpoles are kept are lined with cement and are not more than one foot deep. As they grow to sufficient size, they are skimmed out with a long-handled dip and put in with their larger relatives. These pools are deeper, and the bottoms are of mud, in which the frogs bury themselves during the winter. All the pools are carefully drained to prevent overflow, and all of the water may be drawn off within a few minutes, if at any time necessary. The ponds are covered with green lacework of the algæ so thickly that it looks like a single leaf, but underneath the water is fresh and pure.

While they remain at home, it is not necessary to feed the frogs, large or small. They forage for themselves, a part of their diet consisting of insects which venture unwarily near, but the principal reliance of the adults being upon the larvæ, found in the muddy bottom, and young fish and spawn. The tadpoles are more inclined to a vegetable diet, the chief dish being supplied by the algæ. The frog, by the way, has teeth in his upper jaw, the tadpole having a horny beak instead. When the frogs have to be shipped long distances to the market, they are put into barrels, with plenty of green moss, the water changed on them every day, and their hunger satisfied with a diet of oatmeal and liver, or oatmeal and dried blood. By this method, they are shipped as far as the Hawaiian Islands with very small loss—perhaps a couple from a shipment of many dozen.

The native California frog is small of size, though

delicate of flavor. Frog raising had not been a business for long, before it occurred to the experimenter that an increase in size would be desirable. Accordingly, frogs of the largest and choicest brands were imported from as far east as Baltimore and Florida. These stood the journey well and thrived exceedingly under the change of climate. Some of them, brought from the east eight years ago, are still to be found in the Stege ponds, twelve years being the average life of a frog. The "thoroughbreds" may be distinguished by their yellow throats, with a pale green about the mouth, and a purplish green upon the back. But among the many varieties which swim about the pools and sun themselves in the grass, epicures pronounce just the right cross between the larger eastern and the small California to be the finest eating. The combination of size and flavor is asserted to put the finest product of Paris to the blush.

Race suicide is far removed from any practice of the frog, and the breeder profits greatly by the size of the frog families. The female spawns from 2,000 to 8,000, of which perhaps 10 per cent escape the dangers from the many hungry enemies and reach maturity. The eggs appear on the surface of the water as a sticky scum, large clusters of them being gathered together with a gelatinous envelope. This mass presently separates into individual globules, which turn black as they increase in size. When the tadpole at last emerges, his first food is the envelope which has protected him. At this stage he has gills, and extracts the necessary oxygen only from the water. Later on he loses his gills and must come to the surface at frequent intervals to get his supply of air. During the first part of his career, he has a tail which serves him as both rudder and paddle-wheel. In these earliest days, it not uncommonly happens that the larvæ of the dragon-fly, or some other of his aquatic enemies, just miss getting him whole, but succeed in snapping off his tail, in which case he is able to grow another one rapidly. But a little later, he loses his tail for good, and is obliged to discover the use of the legs that are beginning to sprout. He is the most comical sight when he has ceased to be wholly tadpole and has not quite become a frog—with some tail, a great deal of hindleg and a very little foreleg.

The owner of this ranch does more active work at the frog business than any of the men in her employ. When a large order comes in, she puts on her rubber boots, short skirt and "jumpers," and goes to work with the net. Most of the frog-catching is done at night, a boat carrying a lantern with a large reflector, a dip, and some one who knows how, being all the essentials. The light being thrown on the water, one inquisitive Monsieur Crapaud after another comes up to investigate, the net is placed over him, and his leap for escape lands him a safe captive. Of the knack required in using the net, the expert owner of this ranch says: "If you try to dip under the frog, as you would with a fish, he will escape every time. You must put the net down over him and when he jumps it will be right into it. Sometimes they are difficult to catch because they have hidden in the deep mud. The only way then is to drain off the water and go after them. That is what we have to do to catch the small frogs when they are of sufficient size to go with the larger ones."

Last year—which was counted a poor one—the Stege ranch sold to San Francisco markets 2,600 dozen frogs' legs, netting a profit of more than \$1,800. The price of frogs varies, according to the season and the size of the frogs, from \$1 to \$8 a dozen. They are shipped alive to hotels and restaurants. Lately the "poulette," in which all the muscular part of the frog is used, has come into fashion, and the once popular "fried frog's legs" are less esteemed.

A Kineo Fish Story.

NEWELL MITCHELL, one of the Indian guides who are located here, went on a fishing trip in quest of lakers, and when he returned to shore he had a 17½-pound togue to show for his skill as an angler. This is not the largest togue ever taken in Mooshead by any means, as there is a record of a 26-pounder, but it is sufficiently large to be worthy of mention, for it is a number of pounds larger than the average togue which is landed here in the course of a season. As a rule, so the experienced guides and fishermen say, more are taken that tip the scales at less than eight pounds than exceed the 10-pound limit. But even then the man who can successfully land even an 8-pound togue has accomplished something of which he may well feel proud.—Rumford Falls (Me.) Times.

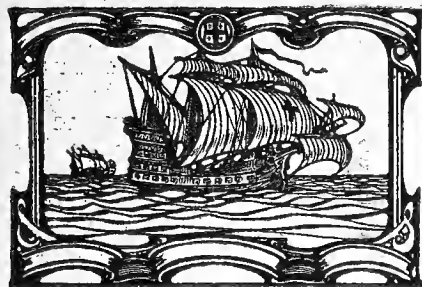
The Kennel.

Pointer Club Trials.

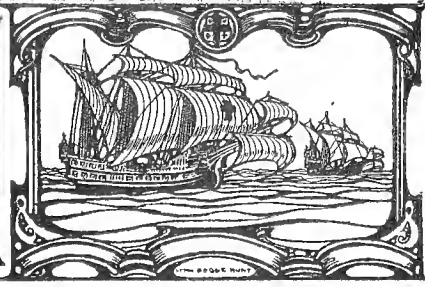
THE fifth annual field trial of the Pointer Club of America will be held at Barber, North Carolina, commencing December 12. Entries to all stakes, with the exception of the Members', will close on November 1. The events to be run are the Derby, All-Age, Free-for-All, and Members' stakes, and with the exception of the latter will be open to the world. Members' stakes to close before starting. The entry fee to the Derby and All-Age stakes will be \$10, and an additional \$5 to start; Free-for-All, \$10 to enter and \$15 to start. A silver trophy, value \$50, will go to winner of first money of each event. The adoption of an open race system is a new departure for the club, as well as the holding of their trials in the South, and good results are anticipated. C. F. LEWIS, Secretary.

Points and Flushes.

Mr. C. H. Keith, of Nutley, N. J., has these pointer puppies for sale from his thoroughbred bitch Cornish Dolly by Joe Gray, combining the best blood of both American and European pointer stock. They were whelped July 20, 1904.



YACHTING



THE INEFFICIENCY OF RACE COMMITTEES.

MANY cases of incompetency, indifference, and flagrant violations of rules on the part of those in charge of yacht races have come to our notice during the past season. It is time the situation received more than passing attention.

If a yacht club is to thrive and prosper and be a factor in the sport, it should have plenty of racing events, for it is this that keeps up the enthusiasm of the members. The racing, to be beneficial, must be of the cleanest sort, and to this end only the most efficient and reliable men, who really have the interest of the sport and their club at heart, should be put in charge.

Good men to serve on race committees are hard to find, for those who are qualified for the work in many cases do not care to serve. Frequently men accept an office in a club when they are not conversant with the duties of the position. Then again there are men whose vanity is touched when an office is offered them, and they agree to serve when they have not the remotest idea of doing any work.

But that capable men are to be had there is no question, and this is demonstrated to the satisfaction of those who have ever done any racing in Massachusetts waters; for there the events are invariably well handled. The Eastern men are not different from those elsewhere, only a little more enthusiastic and painstaking. There is a marked contrast in the way the Massachusetts clubs, both large and small, handle their races when compared with the racing organizations in New York and on Long Island Sound.

It is not an unusual thing to see more starters in a single class on an Association race on Massachusetts Bay than there are in all the classes of a Sound event. This is true in cases where the clubs under whose auspices the races are given are of the same size and strength. This is not entirely due to the efforts of the race officials, but they have much to do with it.

An interesting letter was received at this office not long since from a well known New York racing yachtsman, who is a member of numerous clubs in this vicinity, and this is the first season for some time past that his boat has not been seen in the Sound races. He decided to cruise this year, and went East around the Cape. When he was sailing into Marblehead harbor a launch came alongside with an Eastern Y. C. race official on board, and he was invited to participate in a race that was to be held that day. The owner of the New York boat was forced to refuse, as he had been sailing all night and the boat was loaded down with dunnage. He consented, however, to join the Eastern Y. C. fleet on their cruise, an invitation for which had also been extended. He did not get a prize on any of the squadron runs; but he was deeply impressed with the clean-cut way the Race Committee went about their work. The boats that raced were all properly classified, whether cruising or racing craft, and everything was carried out without the slightest hitch. After each race and within half an hour of the time the Regatta Committee's boat reached the harbor, a launch was sent through the fleet and the owner of every boat that had raced received a complete type-written summary of the run, with the corrected times and all other details worked out accurately. In addition, complete instructions and sailing directions for the next day's run were given out. All this is as it should be. It is absolutely refreshing to hear of a series of races, and difficult ones to manage at best, having been handled without error or effort.

To turn to the Sound racing again, the events at Larchmont have always gone off smoothly, and for this reason the club has forged to the front, and is without a peer as a racing organization in this country.

The following case gives a very fair idea of the manner in which the average small Sound club races are conducted. A club located at the western end of the Sound gives one or two races a season, and its Race Committee is composed of five men. At their annual race this year all the committeemen had arranged to be away, and they tried to fill their places as best they could. At the last moment they found an old racing man who would look after the event. As the Regatta Committee had done no missionary work beforehand, and the few entries they had secured were kept away by bad weather, the race was a marked fizzle. This club has been carried on for three years by its commodore. He was a good natured chap and a hard worker; the rest of the officers and committeemen saw this, and they let him do all the work.

Those who read in these columns the account of the Lipton cup races at Chicago, must have been taken aback by the gross mismanagement of the earlier races of the series. We mention this to show how general and wide-

spread is the evil of mismanagement, and that it is not confined to any particular section or club.

The ocean race for the Lipton cup given by the Brooklyn Y. C., would have been a very successful event had the affair been properly managed. The conditions governing this match stated that no boat would be allowed to start if she violated the conditions outlined. This being the case, it was distinctly the Regatta Committee's duty to see that all the competitors conformed in every detail to the rules; and if any boat violated any rule she should not have been permitted to start. Yet this committee allowed Newasi to start and sail a 330-mile race, only subsequently to disqualify her for carrying a professional navigator after she had finished second. The owner of the boat, some days before the race, notified the chairman of the committee that he was to employ a pilot. The decisions of almost all race committees are final, as in this instance. Newasi's owner spent a good round sum putting his boat in condition for the contest, and then, after having sailed a capital race, was disqualified, simply because the Race Committee had neglected to do its duty in the first place.

Newasi's owner is rated as one of the cleverest amateurs in this country. He has been a boat sailer from boyhood, and his racing career has been an absolutely clean one. He never wilfully violated a sailing rule or regulation, and unless advised by someone in authority, he would not have carried a professional in the ocean race, when he knew that he would be protested, and thus jeopardize his chances of winning a prize. The Regatta Committee rendered its decision without giving Newasi's owner a hearing, and allowing him to explain and clear up a most trying situation. Such methods give a very bad impression.

This was not the only instance in which this committee was derelict in its duties. Newasi went outside Nantucket Shoals because the Regatta Committee failed to notify her owner that they had reversed their decision on this point at the eleventh hour. She lost four or five hours by going the extra distance, as the breeze was lightest at that juncture. Most of the boats cut across the shoals. When the boats reached Marblehead, no member of the Brooklyn Y. C. Race Committee was on hand. The times were taken by an Associated Press representative and some Boston Y. C. members who happened to be there. The lights at the finish line were not placed as the sailing regulations directed, and in trying to finish, the winners narrowly escaped bad accidents, for they crossed the line in the night.

Boat owners with large vested interests should come to the fore now, stop complaining about the poor racing, and instead see that efficient men are placed on race committees, men who have the time and inclination to do some work for their clubs, men who are popular and who can go among owners of both the racing and cruising craft and cause them to enter and start their boats. Special classes are easily arranged, and there should be classes for auxiliaries and cruisers, and good, useful, and substantial prizes for all.

We believe great improvement may be achieved by a change in this direction. Some good, healthy reorganization on the part of many of the race committees would infuse the sport with new life and vigor.

British Letter.

THE rumor that Napier Minor has been disqualified for the British International cup turns out to be quite correct, and the cup has been awarded to Trèfle-à-Quatre, and is now consequently held by France. It appears that after the race, M. Brasier, in whose name the French boat was entered, lodged a protest against Napier Minor on the ground that as she had been beaten in the eliminating race by Napier II., she was not qualified to run. It will be remembered that in the said race Napier II. won by several seconds, but came to grief herself through being twisted round too suddenly owing to her helm being put hard over, and she started some of her plates leaking so badly that the pumps could hardly keep her afloat. Under the circumstances Mr. Edge determined to run Napier Minor, and she won easily enough, but the International Commission for the British International cup decided—and quite rightly—that Napier Minor had no *locus standi*, and Trèfle-à-Quatre was declared the winner. Although one naturally feels that the cup has been won, not by the fastest boat, but on a mere technical point, there can be no doubt as to the wisdom of the Commission's decision, as in all races, especially in those which partake of an international character, nothing in the shape of irregularity should be permitted. Moreover, races for motor boats are, or should be, not mere tests of speed, but also of reliability of construction and seaworthiness, and in these latter qualities Napier II. appeared sadly deficient. She started some of her bow plates shortly before this while running from Southampton to

Cowes, and could not bear the strain imposed upon her hull by a sharp turn in smooth water. The chances are that, had she raced against Trèfle-à-Quatre, she would have come to grief before the finish, and the ultimate result would have been the same. Some people seem to think that Mr. Edge has a grievance because he was not allowed to win the race with his other boat, but if the conditions barred him from winning with her, there is nothing more to be said. If motor boat racing is ever to become a real sport—which it certainly is not at present—owners must be satisfied to be represented by one boat, as in yacht racing; but while there is no doubt a great future in store for motor engines, as applied to yachts and launches, it is more than probable that the flimsy, unseaworthy type of cockleshell which is to-day called the racing motor launch, will die a natural death in a very few years. It has absolutely nothing to recommend it beyond its extreme discomfort. Of course, like the racing motor car, it is a necessary evil, and, like the fast car, it is merely a stepping-stone to improvements in motors for useful and practical purposes. Racing motor launches are practically nothing more than trade advertisements in this country, and very few private owners will give the exorbitant sums required for these costly and uncomfortable craft.

In the cross channel races from Calais to Dover on August 8, the motor boats were favored with ideal conditions. The sea was as smooth as glass, so that fast times were done by the racers. England, France and Belgium were all represented, and there were six classes in all, and a race for fishing boats with motors. In the large racer class, Mercedes IV. was an easy winner, beating Napier Minor by over 5m. Titan II. was 4m. astern of Napier Minor, and Trèfle-à-Quatre had some trouble with a valve, and was left behind. A Belgian boat, Princess Elizabeth, won the race for small racers. There were thirty-seven boats entered in the various classes, but only twenty-one actually started. Mercedes IV. made the passage in 1h. 7s.

It is a pity that the weather was not finer for the race round the Isle of Wight given by the Royal Portsmouth Corinthian Y. C. on August 6, for it would have been interesting to see how Ingomar would have done over such a course. However, it rained so hard that out of an entry of thirteen, only three boats came to the line—the yawls Brynhild, Therèse, and the schooner Adela. Therèse was in receipt of 25m. from Brynhild, but so well did she sail in the fresh breeze that she finished only 1½m. astern of her.

The weather during Clyde Week was rather paltry and fluky, but on the whole the handicaps worked out well, and the racing in the 52ft. and ex-52ft. classes was keen and close. On the first day, August 9, Valdora just beat Ingomar for first prize, and the American schooner took second prize from White Heather by a very few seconds. Maymon and Camellia were the winners in the 52ft. class, and Gauntlet won first prize in the ex-52ft. class by 19s., Viola taking second prize. There was no race for the big boats on August 10, the principal match being a handicap for yachts over 50 but not exceeding 100 tons. The 65-footer Zinita was fluked out of a winning position by Creole, and Tutty was similarly robbed of second prize by Palmosa. On August 11 the race for the Town cup produced a good entry and excellent sport. There was a fresh breeze and the finishes of the first seven boats on handicap time was wonderfully close. Therèse took the cup with 1m. 5s. to spare from Rosamond, which beat Ingomar for second honors by 8s. Maymon won the cup presented by the fourth Earl of Desart, Camellia taking second prize and Lucida the third. Ingomar did not race on the closing day at Clyde, as Mr. Morton F. Plant had given a cup for the handicap class. Zinita won this event pretty easily, although she did not make a particularly good show to windward. Valdora and Therèse took second and third prizes.

At the regatta of the Royal Southern on August 13, Ingomar took first honors, and in the last two matches she sailed under the burgee of the Royal Albert Y. C. at Southsea on August 15 and 16, she took a second and a first. The Nicholson cutter Merrymaid, which has been much improved by some trifling alterations, won the Albert cup on the first day, but on the second Ingomar had all the luck of a fluky day, and won her last race for the season, White Heather taking second prize. Her owner has every reason to be satisfied with her performance, as she has won nineteen prizes in all, including two prizes for the best time over the course. Her record reads: Twenty-four starts, twelve firsts, four seconds, and one third, and the two special prizes just mentioned. This is a very fine record for a schooner that has had to sail against so many smart cutters and yawls, and one which a few years ago would have been looked upon as quite impossible to attain.

E. H. KELLY.

A Beacon for Plum Beach.

NOTICE is hereby given that a triangular white beacon surmounted by a lantern cage has been erected about one hundred feet from the point of Plum Beach, on the easterly side of the entrance of Manhasset Bay, Long Island.

Commencing September first, and in future during the yachting season, the Manhasset Bay Y. C. will maintain a red lantern upon this beacon, the purpose of which is to mark the extreme point of the beach, which at night, and particularly at high water, is very hard to locate.

The beacon was erected through the courtesy of Mr. S. H. P. Pell, who is a member of the club and owns Plum Beach.

EDW. M. MACLELLAN,
Secretary.

Atlantic Y. C.

Sea Gate, L. I.—Sept. 1-3.

The series of four open races was started by the Atlantic Y. C. on the afternoon of Thursday, Sept. 1. Prizes were offered under the usual conditions, to winners in each event, and also to the craft making the best record on points for the entire series. In the system employed the first boat gets 16 points, the second 11, the third 7, the fourth 4, the fifth 2, and the sixth, 1 point.

First Race—Thursday, Sept. 1.

The first race on Thursday was sailed under ideal conditions. A whole sail breeze from the S.E. blew from the start to finish. There was plenty of windward work for all classes. Eleven craft entered, all but one of which finished. The winners on corrected time were Maydic, Bagheera, Naiad and Ogeemah.

Starters in classes M and N had a reach to Craven Shoal buoys, a beat to Buoy No. 6, about a mile to the E. of West Bank Light, and a run home to the start, off Sea Gate. The distance was covered twice, aggregating 14 knots. The smaller craft sailed the regular Association course, leaving all marks to port. It was a reach to Ulmer Park, a run with spinnakers set to the Marine and Field Club, a close reach to Fort Hamilton, and a beat home. The course was sailed twice, aggregating 2 knots. The summary:

Sloops—Class M—Start, 3:00.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Maydic	5 30 45	2 30 45	2 30 45
Red Wing	5 33 32	2 33 32	2 30 49
Sloops—Class N—Start 3:00.			
Bagheera	5 42 00	2 42 00	2 41 01
Bobtail	5 42 42	2 42 42	2 42 42
Sloops—Class P—Start, 3:05.			
Naiad	4 26 54	1 21 54	1 21 54
Bonito	4 22 50	1 22 50	1 21 56
Smoke	Disabled.		
Sloops—Class Q—Start, 3:05.			
Ogeemah	4 30 55	1 25 55	1 20 31
Spots	4 32 12	1 27 12	1 25 18
Careless	4 34 50	1 29 50	1 29 13
Trouble	4 35 12	1 30 12	1 30 12

Second Race—Friday, Sept. 2.

In the second race, sailed on Thursday, there were, besides the boats competing in the initial contest, D. S. Wylie's Lizana and Max Grundner's Mary. Spots did not start, making an even dozen craft entered in the event. The breeze was light from the S.E. The winners on corrected time were Maydic, Bobtail, Lizana and Ogeemah. The competitors sailed the courses as covered the first day, and with the wind in the same quarter, each leg offered the same proposition as encountered. The struggle among the boats sailing the outside course was ended after one round. There was a slight mix-up of starting signals. Ogeemah was the only craft going over at the proper time, and the race committee decided to time her at the signal on which she crossed and not disqualify the others. The summary:

Sloops—Class M—Start, 3:00.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Maydic	4 43 36	1 43 36	1 43 36
Red Wing	4 58 33	1 58 33	1 57 07
Sloops—Class N—Start, 3:00.			
Bobtail	4 42 46	1 42 46	1 42 46
Bagheera	4 45 59	1 45 59	1 45 29
Sloops—Class P—Start, 3:05.			
Lizana	5 15 40	2 10 40	2 07 28
Naiad	5 17 52	2 12 52	2 11 58
Smoke	5 18 01	2 13 01	2 13 01
Bonito	5 21 41	2 16 41	2 14 52
Sloops—Class Q—Start, 3:05.			
Ogeemah	5 25 23	2 15 23*	2 09 58
Mary	5 20 04	2 15 04	2 14 32
Careless	5 24 29	2 19 29	2 19 25
Trouble	5 25 11	2 20 11	2 20 11

*Time from 3:10.

Third Race—Saturday, Sept. 3.

Additional starters in the third event on Saturday besides those already mentioned were S. E. Vernon's Vivian II., and D. D. Allerton's Miss Judy. Spots was again an absentee. The winners on corrected time were Maydic, Bobtail, Lizana and Miss Judy. A fine wholesail breeze from the S.E. favored the racers. Courses were sailed with all marks left to starboard. Boats in classes M and N went twice out to West Bank light; from there to Craven Shoal, and home to the start, off Sea Gate. The first leg was a close reach; the second a run, and the third another reach home. The whole distance was figured at 15 knots. The smaller craft sailed the regular Association course, and was a run to Fort Hamilton, a close reach to the Marine and Field Club mark, windward work to Ulmer Park and a reach home. Twice around the course, figured 7 knots, Ogeemah protested Mary, and Trouble took the same action against Careless. Both protests were on the "starboard tack" grounds. The standing on points for the series prizes at the end of the third day was as follows:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Maydic	5 11 00	2 11 00	2 11 00
Red Wing	5 14 37	2 14 37	2 11 43
Vivian II.	5 16 17	2 16 17	2 13 34

Sloops—Class N—Start 3:00.			
Bobtail	5 15 23	2 15 23	2 15 23
Bagheera	5 17 02	2 17 02	2 15 58

Sloops—Class P—Start, 3:05.			
Lizana	4 24 10	1 19 10	1 15 58
Bonito	4 27 25	1 22 25	1 20 37
Naiad	4 27 01	1 22 01	1 21 07
Smoke	4 26 27	1 21 27	1 21 27

Sloops—Class Q—Start, 3:05.			
Miss Judy	4 25 20	1 20 20	1 20 04
Ogeemah	4 30 47	1 25 47	1 20 23
Wraith	4 32 47	1 27 47	1 24 16
Mary	4 30 12	1 25 12	1 20 40
Careless	4 32 59	1 27 59	1 27 22
Trouble	4 34 45	1 29 45	1 29 45

Southern Y. C.

Lake Pontchartrain, La.—Saturday, Aug. 27.

The triangular cup race between Chewink III., Calypso and Invader, sailed over the course of the Southern Y. C., at New Orleans, was won by the first named after a closely finished contest.

At the start there was a very light air, Chewink and Invader finding soft spots, so that they barely held steerage-way and they were compelled to take handicaps of 4m. 30s. and 5m. 12s. respectively. Calypso seemed to sail better than ever before in a light weather, and crossing the starting line with good way on she ghosted ahead fast. A change had been made in her ballasting, seemingly for the better, and she was also using live weight, about a thousand pounds of lead having been left ashore and her crew of seven was increased to fourteen heavy men. The wind continued light and baffling, and at times there was none at all. When half way over the second leg of the 5-mile triangle Calypso was thought to have a lead of about 6m. She had tacked out into the lake and Chewink had been permitted to split tacks and stand in shore, until fully 2 miles separated them. Invader was third boat, and she held a position in tacking between the two. It was a toss up where the next breeze was coming from, there being indications both to N. and S. It came from the S., off shore, and the result was that Chewink had an easy lay, after getting it first by some time, for the next stake. Chewink beat Calypso to it by 4m., and Invader was exactly 4m. behind the second boat. On the reach over the next side of the triangle to the home stake Chewink gained just 1s. on Calypso, while Invader fell back more than 2m. When the yachts were on the second leg of the triangle there was a second shift in the wind, and this time it came from the opposite direction—that is, N. It came in the shape of a howling rain squall with a velocity of close to 30 miles an hour. Again Chewink was to windward. She was so far ahead that time was taken to reef, while the skippers of the other two chanced carrying full sail through it, a desperate stern chase, truly. Chewink rounded the next turn and squared for home just 2m. ahead of Calypso, and the latter got there 7m. 15s. sooner than Invader, which boat was now being handled with eased peak. She had the most difficult performance at this time, as she had a longer way to beat up in the teeth of the squall and through steeper water to fetch the outer mark. All three yachts finished the 10 miles

in impressive style, Chewink leading Calypso by 1m. 12s. and Invader by 7m. 6s.

As usual after the race the crews of the competing yachts, the Regatta Committee and invited guests dined together in the best of fellowship. It is to be hoped that these friendly contests will continue a while, for the advent of these yachts has certainly brought the southern yachting fever to a register of high degree, and the growing interest in the sport is something to be proud of, indeed. The summary:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Chewink III., Hardy, Glenly & Hardy.....	3 35 17	3 33 17
Calypso, S. F. Heaslip.....	3 35 34	3 35 34
Invader, Palestine-Viguerie Syndicate.....	3 40 23	3 37 53

L. D. SAMPSELL.

New York Y. C.

Glen Cove, L. I. Sound—Tuesday, Aug. 30.

The 70-footers Yankee, Rainbow, and Virginia sailed the first of a series of sweepstake races on Tuesday, Aug. 30. Yankee won, beating Rainbow 4m. 29s. and Virginia 11m. 36s.

The Regatta Committee was on board the steam yacht Free Lance, which boat was turned over for their use by Mr. F. Augustus Schermerhorn, the owner. The start was made off Mott's Point, where Free Lance anchored at 12:30. The breeze was fresh E.N.E., and course signals were soon displayed. The boats covered a 21½ mile triangle. The first leg was N.E. 10 miles, the second W.S.W. 7½ miles, and the third S.W. 4 miles. This gave the boats a beat, a spinnaker run and a close reach.

The three contestants came to the line with jackyard topsails aloft, but this gave them too much sail for comfort, and all substituted working topsails. Mr. Harry Maxwell was at the wheel on Yankee, while on the other two boats the owners were in charge.

The preparatory was given at 1:15, and 10 minutes later the starting signal was heard. Yankee was first away, 11s. after the gun,



BRENTON'S REEF CUP.

Virginia following 4s. later. Rainbow held back and took full advantage of the two minute time limit. When she did cross, she was handicapped 11s.

All the boats tacked inshore. Yankee opened up the gap on her competitors steadily, and Rainbow pulled up on Virginia and crossed her bow at half-past two. As the boats gybed around the first mark they were timed as follows: Yankee, 2:51:15; Rainbow, 2:56:20; Virginia, 2:59:55.

Booms were eased off to starboard and spinnakers were set to port. On the run to the second mark off Parsonage Point, Yankee beat Rainbow 38s., and Virginia 2m. 3s. The times at the second mark were: Yankee, 3:14:15; Rainbow, 3:46:58; Virginia, 3:15:58.

Reaching jibtopsails were set for the close fetch to the finish line. Yankee continued to increase her lead, and finished at 4:05:15. The summary:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Yankee, J. R. Maxwell.....	4 05 15	2 40 04
Rainbow, C. Vanderbilt.....	4 11 33	2 44 33
Virginia, W. K. Vanderbilt.....	4 16 55	2 51 40

Edgewood Y. C.

Narragansett Bay, R. I.—Saturday, Sept. 3.

The first of a series of three fall club regattas was held by the Edgewood Y. C. Saturday afternoon, Sept. 3. Not much interest was displayed in the first event, for, although the weather conditions were perfect, there were but five entries. These were in two classes and both put up some very pretty racing, despite their thinness.

Only two of the 30ft. cats entered. Mblem led Elizabeth over the starting line by 10s. and maintained a lead throughout, finishing 33s. ahead. The two boats were well handled and it was a nip-and-tuck affair from start to finish. Three 15-footers formed the other class, and they also made a scrappy little race, Seamory winning out by a little less than a minute. The 30-footers were sent 4 miles to windward and return, while the little fellows had a course a trifle under 5 miles. The wind was almost due S. and a rattling two-reef breeze at the start, but before the finish it lightened to some extent, and the 30-footers were able to shake out their reefs and finish under full sail. The summary:

30ft. Cats—Start, 3:00—Course, 8 Miles.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mblem, G. E. Darling.....	4 36 38	1 36 38
Elizabeth, W. D. Wood.....	4 37 11	1 37 11

15ft. Cats—Start, 3:05—Course, 5 Miles.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Seamory, Scattergood.....	4 36 30	1 31 30
Don, Langdon	4 37 25	1 32 25
Lucy, Smith	4 41 18	1 36 18

F. H. YOUNG.

Rhode Island Letter.

Providence, R. I.—Sept. 3.

WITH all the talk of another challenge for the America's cup for next season, and the gossip of the challenger to be built during the coming winter for Sir Thomas Lipton, people in Bristol are beginning to be interested. Of course, the main interest in Bristol, aside from the sport of the race itself, is in the expectation of an order for a new defender being placed with the Herreshoffs, in the event of a challenge being sent over here and accepted. As usual, the Herreshoffs themselves are saying very little about the matter, but it is understood that they are prepared to begin work should an order be received, and whether the boat should be built under the rule in use for several years past or under the new rule adopted by the New York Y. C., it is said that the Bristol designer has the lines of both types pretty well in hand, and would be prepared to undertake the task without delay. Should a new boat of the Reliance type be desired, she will be likely to prove some five minutes faster on a 30-mile course than the last cup defender built.

Indian Harbor Y. C.

Greenwich, L. I. Sound—Saturday, Sept. 3.

The fall regatta of the Indian Harbor Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, Sept. 3. The Regatta Committee, composed of Messrs. Frank Downe Jones, Charles E. Simms and Thomas J. McCahill, were on board Mr. W. R. Proctor's steam yacht Margaret. The start was scheduled for noon, but lack of wind made a two-hour postponement necessary. The wind finally came in from the E., then veered to S.E., and finally steadied itself in the S., from which quarter it blew a good sailing breeze.

Margaret established the starting line off Great Captain's Island, and the preparatory was given at 2:30. The three 70-footers were sent away 5m. later. Mr. J. Roger Maxwell had the wheel on Yankee, and Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., steered Virginia. In the absence of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mr. Newberry D. Lawton was in charge of Rainbow. Mr. George A. Cormack and Mr. H. De B. Parsons were also on board. The seventies crossed on the port tack. Yankee led, followed by Virginia and Rainbow. All three soon took the starboard tack, but Rainbow soon went back to the port tack again. Yankee and Virginia caught the S.E. breeze first and drew away from Rainbow.

Virginia led at the first mark, and Yankee was 20s. astern. On the second leg Yankee passed Virginia, and from that time on was never headed. She beat Virginia 3m. 50s. and Rainbow 7m. 55s.

At 2:45 the 36-footers started. Spasm drew well ahead, and beat Mimosa III. over 3m. over the 15-mile course. Anoatok finished third, 35s. behind Mimosa III.

In the 36ft. class for yawls, the cruiser Escape tried conclusions with the smart racing craft Memory. Memory beat Escape 7m. 54s. elapsed time.

Nike had no competitor in the 30ft. sloop class, and she took a sailover.

Eight starters in the raceabout class made matters lively. These boats covered a 10-mile triangle, and Rascal was the winner; Busy Bee was second.

There were four starters in the 25ft. sloop class. Snapper beat Maryola 5m. 32s. Heron was third. Firefly had a run of ill-luck and finished last, which is rather unusual.

Wa Wa beat Owatonna 1m. 13s. in the Indian Harbor one-design class. Anawanda was third.

In the 18ft. sloop class Louie Bell had no competitor, and she withdrew.

Two Chesapeake Buckeyes sailed in a special class. Dorothy II. won by 2m. 46s.

The cruising yawls Maya and Peggy sailed a match race, and Maya won easily from Peggy by 8m. 23s.

The summary follows:

Sloops—70ft. Class—Start, 2:35—Course 22 Miles.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Yankee, J. R. Maxwell.....	5 45 12	3 10 12
Rainbow, C. Vanderbilt.....	5 53 07	3 18 07
Virginia, W. K. Vanderbilt.....	5 49 02	3 14 02

Sloops—Class M—Start, 2:45—Course, 15 Miles.		
Mimosa III., T. L. Park.....	5 57 25	3 12 25
Spasm, E. D. King.....	5 50 51	3 05 51
Anoatok, W. G. Brokaw.....	5 58 00	3 13 00

Yawls—Class M—Start, 2:45—Course, 15 Miles.		
Memory, H. M. Raborg	6 00 12	3 15 12
Escape, George Mathews.....	6 08 06	3 23 06

Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 2:45—Course, 15 Miles.		
Nike, V. I. Cumnock.....	5 58 42	2 13 42

Raceabout Class—Start, 2:50—Course, 10 Miles.		
Cricket, Howard Willets	5 16 31	2 26 31
Tartan, A. H. Pirie.....	5 16 14	2 26 14
Hobo, T. L. Park.....	5 22 08	2 32 38
Busy Bee, R. T. Wainwright.....	5 15 24	2 25 24
Howdy, George Mercer, Jr.....	5 25 50	2 35 50
Rana, Howard Willets	5 17 50	2 27 50
The Kid, Oliver Harriman.....	5 22 15	2 32 15
Rascal, S. C. Hopkins.....	5 14 54	2 24 54

Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 2:55—Course, 10 Miles.		
Firefly, G. P. Granberry.....	5 25 36	2 41 36
Heron, P. Le Boutillier.....	5 28 18	2 42 02
Snapper, F. S. Page.....	5 17 02	2 32 02
Maryola, C. W. Allen.....	5 22 34	2 27 34

Indian Harbor One-Design Class—Start, 3:00—Course, 10 Miles.		
Kenoshi, Clifford Mallory.....	5 40 32	2 40 32
Anawanda, E. C. Ray.....	5 41 39	2 41 39
Wa Wa, J. Montells.....	5 35 18	2 35 18
Omatonna, George Lander, Jr.....	5 36 31	2 36 31

Sloops—18ft. Class—Start, 3:05—Course, 10 Miles.		
Louie Belle, J. M. Williams.....	Did not finish.	
Special Class—Chesapeake Buckeyes—Start, 3:00—Course, 10 Miles.		
Dorothy I., W. R. Martin.....	5 40 26	2 40 26
Dorothy II., E. Remington.....	5 37 40	2 37 40

Yawls—Match Race—Start, 3:10—Course, 10 Miles.		
Maya, E. I. Sanford.....	5 17 53	2 07 53
Peggy, F. S. Hastings.....	5 26 16	2 16 16

Stamford Corinthian Y. C.

Stamford, Conn., Saturday, August 27.

The annual regatta of the Stamford Corinthian Y. C., was sailed on Saturday, August 27. The winners were Mimosa III., Cricket, Adelaide and Louise Bell. The boats covered a 12-mile course.

There were four starters in the 36ft. class. Sapho and Mispah did not finish. Mimosa III. and Anoatok, sailed a close race and only 7s. separated them at the finish.

Cricket sailed a smart race and won from Tartan. Snapper was a poor third.

Adelaide beat Hiawatha handily in the 25ft. catboat class and Louise Bell defeated Minion in the 18ft. catboat class.

At the start the wind was W. but veered to the S. and freshened later. The summary:

Class M.—Sloops not over 36ft.—Start 2:05

	Elapsed
Mimosa III., T. L. Park.....	3 17 25
Anoatok, W. G. Brokaw.....	3 17 32
Sapho, James Ferris.....	Did not finish
Mispah, Mansfield Thomas.....	Did not finish

Raceabouts.—Start 2:10.

Cricket, Howard Willets.....	2 55 30
Tartan, A. H. Pirie.....	2 56 00
Snapper, G. Ward.....	3 10 20
Rascal, L. C. Hopkins.....	3 14 15
Rana, Howard Willets.....	3 14 20
Howdy, G. Mercer, Jr.....	3 18 00
Hobo, T. L. Park.....	3 19 00
Buoy Bee, R. L. Wainwright.....	3 15 30

25ft. Cabin Cats—Start, 2:15.

Adelaide, L. Scofield.....	3 39 45
Hiawatha, Harry Dayton.....	3 50 00

Open Cats not over 18ft.—Start, 2:20.

Louise Bell, J. M. Williams.....	1 55 30
Minion, Will Gillespie.....	2 01 45

Moriches Y. C.

Cape Cod Y. C.

Provincetown, Mass.—Thursday, Sept. 1.

On Thursday, Sept. 1, the scene of Cape Cod's yachting festival was changed from Wellfleet to Provincetown, where the Cape Cod Y. C. held the first of a series of three Y. R. A. open races. There was a good whistles breeze, S.S.W. at the start and backing to a little E. of S. toward the finish. Warrior got the start in the 22ft. class, but Peri II. took the lead before the windward mark was reached and held it to the finish. In the 18ft. class Arbecka II. got the start, but Hayseed went into the lead soon after and was never headed by Miladi II. second and Again third. In the handicap class Pocahontas was the leader, but Usona won on corrected time by 29s. In the summary of this class, only the elapsed times were given. In the special handicap class Meemer got the start. Wasaka led on the windward work, but Meemer more than made it up on the reaches, and Meemer was first across the finish line. Both were scratch boats. The summary:

Class E—22-footers.		Elapsed.
Peri II., George Lee.....	2 20 49	
Clotho, Cheney & Lanning.....	2 32 51	
Warrior, S. C. Winsor.....	2 35 06	
Medric, H. H. White.....	2 44 26	

Class I—18-footers.		Elapsed.
Hayseed, H. L. Bowden.....	2 51 56	
Miladi II., F. R. Adams.....	2 53 45	
Again, L. B. Goodspeed.....	2 56 59	
Arbecka II., F. P. Bowden.....	2 57 14	
Kittiwake II., H. M. Jones.....	2 57 21	
Mirage II., I. W. Olmstead.....	2 57 22	
Menace, I. H. Hunt.....	Withdraw.	

Handicap Class.		Elapsed.
Pocahontas, D. R. Merrill.....	2 52 29	
Usona, A. L. Lincoln.....	2 53 07	
Graydog, Fred Grosse.....	3 08 07	

Special Handicap Class.		Elapsed.
Meemer, R. C. Nickerson.....	2 30 04	
Wasaka, S. R. Anthony.....	2 30 05	
Early Dawn III., J. E. Doherty.....	Withdraw.	

Friday, Sept. 2.

The second race of the Cape Cod Y. C. was sailed in a moderate and somewhat unsteady breeze. In the 22ft. class Peri II. got the start and led all around the course, with Clotho in second place. It was another day for Hayseed in the 18ft. class, with Again a good second. Sentinel got the start in the handicap class, but Usona went out ahead of her soon after, and led to the finish. In the special handicap class Meemer got the start and led to the finish line, but Early Dawn sailed close enough to get first on corrected time. The summary:

Class E—22-footers.		Elapsed.
Peri I., George Lee.....	2 11 30	
Clotho, Cheney & Lanning.....	2 12 01	
Warrior, S. C. Winsor.....	2 16 05	
Medric, H. H. White.....	2 16 15	

Class I—18-footers.		Elapsed.
Hayseed, H. L. Bowden.....	2 26 12	
Again, L. B. Goodspeed.....	2 30 04	
Arbecka, F. P. Bowden.....	2 32 47	
Kittiwake, H. M. Jones.....	2 32 55	
Menace, J. H. Hunt.....	2 33 12	
Miladi, F. R. Adams.....	2 34 01	
Mirage, J. W. Olmstead.....	2 35 59	

Handicap Class.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
Usona, A. L. Lincoln.....	2 26 08	2 26 08	
Sentinel, George Crawford.....	2 27 25	2 26 20	
Arawak, A. H. Baker.....	Withdraw.		
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty.....	2 06 36	1 59 36	
Meemer, R. C. Nickerson.....	2 03 02	2 03 02	

Saturday, Sept. 3.

The closing race of the Cape Cod Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, Sept. 3, in a S.S.W. breeze. The breeze was fresh at the start, but flattened soon after and freshened again at the finish. Peri II. got the start in the 22-footers and had the race well in hand until the breeze flattened, when Clotho passed her. A mishap with Clotho's spinnaker gave Medric the lead and she held it to the finish. The 18-footers went over the line in a bunch, Arbecka II. having a little the best of the start. Hayseed again pulled out a lead, however, before the windward mark was reached, and won her fifth consecutive race in the Cape Cod Bay series. In the handicap class Arawak got the start, but Usona passed her before the windward mark was reached and led to the finish. In the special handicap class Meemer and Wasaka had another warm contest all over the course. Meemer finished first, with Wasaka second; but Early III. dawn took first on time allowance. The summary:

Class E—22-footers.		Elapsed.
Medric, H. H. White.....	2 21 55	
Opitsah V., S. H. & H. I. Foster.....	2 23 16	
Clotho, Cheney & Lanning.....	2 23 46	
Peri II., George Lee.....	2 24 44	
Warrior, S. C. Winsor.....	2 25 08	

Class I—18-footers.		Elapsed.
Hayseed, H. L. Bowden.....	2 41 10	
Arbecka II., F. P. Bowden.....	2 44 18	
Kittiwake II., H. M. Jones.....	2 46 18	
Mirage II., J. W. Olmstead.....	2 49 14	
Menace, J. H. Hunt.....	2 49 26	
Again, L. B. Goodspeed.....	Disabled.	

Handicap Class.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
Usona, A. L. Lincoln.....	2 42 41	2 42 41	
Arawak, A. H. Baker.....	2 47 59	2 44 57	
Sentinel, George Crawford.....	Disabled.		

Special Handicap Class.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty.....	2 19 25	2 12 25	
Meemer, R. C. Nickerson.....	2 15 25	2 13 25	
Wasaka, S. R. Anthony.....	2 16 50	2 16 50	

Frontenac Motor Boat R. A.

Frontenac, N. Y.—Saturday, August 27.

The successful regatta of the Frontenac Motor Boat Racing Association which was held here Saturday afternoon, August 27, is sure to prove a decided impetus to the new sport in the Thousand Islands region where it has grown so popular. Five thousand persons witnessed the day's interesting events in which a large fleet of fast boats contested, including some of the best in the country.

Among the boats here for the races was Vingt-et-Un II. which has recently been purchased by Mr. Willis Sharpe Kilmer of Binghamton. A lively contest was expected when she was to meet Adios, recently purchased from H. J. Leighton of Syracuse by Mr. S. H. Vandergrift, but early in the regatta Vingt-et-Un II broke a water pipe leading to her cylinders, and was out of the races for the remainder of the day.

The first event was a handicap race for boats of more than 60-rating, according to the rules of the American Power Boat Association. The entries were Picton, owned by Mr. R. K. Miller of Clayton, Roma owned by Mr. Louis Hunt of Brooklyn, Too Easy owned by Mr. W. S. Kilmer of Binghamton, the Vingt-et-Un II also owned by Mr. Kilmer, Papoose owned by Mr. Fitz Hunt of New York, Priscilla owned by Mr. H. A. Richardson of Dover, Del., and Radium owned by Dr. E. E. Campbell of Alexandria Bay. It was won by Too Easy in 1h. 5m. 7s. Priscilla made the best time over the 19½-mile course, covering it in 57m. 26s. It was in this race that Vingt-et-Un II broke down. Roma and Radium also had accidents with their machinery and had to withdraw.

In the second race, which was a handicap event for boats with a rating of less than 60, Capt. Henry S. Johnston, of Clayton, won in his Teal, a 25ft. boat, with three-cylinder 7-horsepower Leighton engines, which covered the course of nearly twenty miles in 1h. 20m. 47s. Kitten, owned by Mr. George Hall, Mayor of Ogdensburg, was second. Ye-Na-Diz-Ze, a boat of the canoe type, was third, and the others failed to finish.

In the grand free-for-all, Adios carried off the honors of the day. She is a 55ft. boat of Leighton manufacture, fitted with 8-cylinder 120-horsepower engines. Her nearest competitor was Priscilla, which she allowed to follow her around until the last lap, when she crept ahead, and using only five of her eight

cylinders, sped over the finish, having covered the course in 57m. 5s. Priscilla was 27s. behind her.

In the evening at Hotel Frontenac the annual dinner of the Frontenac Motor Boat Racing Association was held, at which the silver trophy cups, valued at \$2,000, were presented to the victorious boat owners. Plans were made at this meeting for races of a still more extensive nature to be held next summer. The summary:

Race I.—Handicap.			
Picton.....	60.84	2 20 14	4 01 10
Roma.....	61.95	2 21 14	4 01 10
Too Easy.....	63.60	2 23 02	3 28 09
Papoose.....	78.30	2 35 18	3 37 10
Vingt-et-Un II.....	79.35	2 36 01	3 38 25
Priscilla.....	79.35	2 36 01	3 38 27
Radium.....	80.55	2 36 49	3 39 27
Race II.—Handicap.			
Kitten.....	45.01	4 00 00	5 29 00
Sure Thing.....	46.35	4 02 45	5 29 00
Teal.....	47.85	4 05 28	5 26 15
Ye-Na-Diz-Ze.....	49.05	4 07 34	5 38 20
Putsey.....	53.10	4 13 54	5 38 20
Put-Put.....	55.20	4 16 54	5 38 20
Race III.—Free-for-all.			

Entries: Adios, Priscilla, Papoose, Radium, Too Easy, finishing in that order. Time, 57m. 5s. Course, 19½ miles.

SAM COOK.

Boston Y. C.

Boston, Mass.—Friday, Sept. 2.

THE Boston Y. C. held a squadron run from Hull to Provincetown, on Friday, Sept. 2, where the yachts joined the fleet of racing yachts contesting in the Cape Cod bay circuit. The best of cruising weather was experienced, the yachts having a light S.W. breeze. It was calm in spots but held fairly well on the whole and the yachts made very good time. In all of the classes the yachts were remarkably close for so long a run. The sloop Golden Rod led the fleet into port and won in her class. In the second class L'Aiglon was a winner, with Jingo only 2m. behind. A little over a minute separated Kcewaydin and Thelema at the finish of the third class. The summary:

First Class.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
Golden Rod, G. E. Bruce.....	5 40 55	5 40 55	
Katonah, W. W. Williams.....	5 48 22	5 41 30	
Diamond, F. W. Gowing.....	6 15 30	6 01 50	
Magnolia, E. P. Boyton.....	6 20 37	6 06 57	
Elaine, A. W. Chesterton.....	6 24 35	6 10 55	

Second Class.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
L'Aiglon, F. W. Hodgson.....	6 12 05	6 12 05	
Jingo, G. B. Doane.....	6 14 05	6 14 05	
Opitsah, S. H. Foster.....	6 19 53	6 16 10	
Cynthia, C. L. Pond, Jr.....	7 06 33	6 40 32	

Third Class.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
Keewaydin, T. W. Souther.....	6 49 35	6 49 35	
Thelema, A. C. Jones.....	6 50 46	6 50 46	
Gringo, W. H. Brown.....	6 53 54	6 52 54	
Quill, J. F. Cole.....	7 18 55	7 14 49	
Jack Rabbit, W. H. Bradbury.....	7 19 09	7 15 03	
Ruth, H. C. Hartshorn.....	7 29 02	7 16 44	
Sue, T. W. Powers.....	8 13 54	7 32 54	

Saturday, Sept. 30.

A special race of the Boston Y. C. was held in Provincetown Harbor on Saturday, Sept. 30. The Regatta Committee of the Boston Y. C. invited the committee of the Cape Cod Y. C. to be its guest on the Boston Y. C. committee boat Confidence, and the both races were conducted from the same boat. The starts of the Boston Y. C. race so closely followed those of the Cape Cod Y. C. that it was as if there were only one event. Golden Rod did all the leading in the first class, but lost to Elaine on time allowance. L'Aiglon won from Jingo in the second class and Gringo was the winner in the third class. The summary:

First Class.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
Elaine, A. W. Chesterton.....	2 24 45	2 05 45	
Golden Rod, G. E. Bruce.....	2 05 52	2 05 52	
Shiessa, Alfred Douglass.....	2 25 01	2 12 21	
Diamond, E. H. Gowing.....	2 37 28	2 14 40	
Third Class.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gringo, W. H. Brown.....	2 26 42	2 26 42	
Thelema, A. C. Jones.....	2 28 25	2 28 25	
Aspenet, E. W. Remick.....	2 53 30	2 45 50	
Ruth, Miss Edith Scott.....	3 02 17	2 49 30	
Sue, T. W. Powers.....	Withdraw.		

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound—Saturday, Sept. 3.

NINE of the 15-footers started in the race for the cup offered by Mrs. Thomas A. Youngs on Saturday, Sept. 3. The conditions governing the match stated that a woman must be at the stick during the race. Baron, sailed by Mrs. A. E. Matheson, won, defeating Chipmunk, handled by Miss Mary Youngs, by 2m. 1s. The boats sailed over one of the inside courses, a distance of 10 miles.

After the race for women, the raceabouts and 15-footers sailed again, this time handled by men. Sabrina won in the one-design class and Merrywing beat her two competitors in the raceabout class. The summary:

Seawanhaka 15-footers—Start 11:05.		Finish.	Elapsed.
Baron, Mrs. A. E. Matheson.....	2 29 46	3 24 46	
Chipmunk, Miss Mary Youngs.....	2 31 47	3 26 47	
Cayenne, Mrs. W. A. W. Stewart.....	2 35 03	3 30 03	
Brownie, Miss Elizabeth Hoyt.....	2 36 10	3 31 10	
Sabrina, Miss Edith Landon.....	2 37 35	3 32 35	
Fly, Mrs. E. W. Burnham.....	2 40 02	3 35 02	
—, Mrs. George Bullock.....	2 40 10	3 35 10	
—, Mrs. Christine Roosevelt.....	2 41 17	3 36 17	

Seawanhaka 15-footers—Start, 3:55.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sabrina, C. W. Wetmore.....	5 22 05	1 27 05	
Babs, W. A. W. Stewart.....	5 23 38	1 28 38	
Cayenne, Colgate Hoyt.....	5 25 45	1 30 45	
Imp, L. L. Landon.....	5 25 46	1 30 46	

Raceabouts—Start, 3:50.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
Merrywing, H. M. Crane.....	5 48 05	1 58 05	
Jolly Roger, T. B. Bleeker.....	5 50 11	2 00 11	
Nathalie, S. G. Stewart.....	5 54 30	2 04 30	

Erie Y. C.

Erie, Pa.—Sunday, Aug. 28.

THERE was a lively ten minutes up at the Erie Y. C. on last Thursday afternoon. A hurricane from the west preceded by a heavy black cloud that almost turned day into night, struck the city. The larger boats that were lying at anchor in the basin, dragged their anchors and ran down the smaller boats, but not much damage was done.

The new yacht Wasp, captain Benms, was over in Misery Bay, the captain and his party being ashore at the time, the safest place for them just then; but they boarded the yacht in a hurry and no doubt prevented her from going to the bottom.

This gale only lasted about ten minutes and was then followed by one of the heaviest rains I have ever seen, but it only lasted a quarter of an hour. No great amount of damage was done here but this is about the only city in the lower lakes that escaped both damage and loss of life.

CABIA BLANCO.

Beverly Y. C.

Wing's Neck, Buzzard's Bay—Monday, August 22, 1904.

THE 35th regatta of the Beverly Y. C. was sailed off the club house on Wing's Neck on Aug. 27, 1904, in a light S.W. breeze. The day had been set apart by the club for a reception to the New Bedford Y. C., and the race was therefore postponed a half hour in the hope that the visitors might arrive in time to see the start. The wind, however, which had been light at the head of the Bay, proved to have been still lighter off New Bedford, so the New Bedford Y. C. fleet made extremely slow progress, and when at 1:30 they were not in sight, the judges decided to start the race without waiting for them. The judges were Messrs. F. E. Cabot, F. A. Eustis and P. B. Chase.

There were only two entries in the 30ft. class, and Praxilla won easily. Young Miss had already won the championship, and Mr. Whittemore therefore took this occasion to try out an

old mainsail which the Herreshoffs had re-cut for him with the intention of improving it. He found that it had not been much improved. In the 21ft. class Terrapin was sailed by Mr. Joshua Crane, Jr., and easily beat Illusion, but was protested by the latter boat for the position she took at the start. The question raised is a delicate one, and has been appealed to the full committee. In the 18ft. class Jap again won, and in the 4th class Cats Allison 2nd was the victor. Maori, who finished second, was protested for not rounding one of the marks, and disqualified. Miss Dabney, in Fiddler, defeated the whole 15ft. class.

The times of the Beverly Y. C. race in detail are given below. About 2:30 the first boat of the New Bedford fleet arrived and crossed the line, thus winning a hearty salute from those present, and a cup which the Beverly Y. C. gave to the first of the New Bedford boats to reach their anchorage. The second boat was only a few hundred yards behind. For the next hour the visitors arrived rapidly, and about 3 o'clock they all came ashore and were entertained at lunch.

30-footers.		Elapsed.
Praxilla, J. Parkinson, Jr.....	2 25 50	
Young Miss, D. L. Whittemore.....	2 27 28	

21-footers.		Elapsed.
*Terrapin, L. S. Dabney.....	2 41 40	
Illusion, C. M. Baker.....	2 44 58	

18-footers.		Elapsed.
Jap, G. P. Gardner, Jr.....	2 52 48	
Wizard, F. W. Sargent, Jr.....	2 53 20	
Hindoo, N. H. Emmons.....	2 53 52	

Fourth Class Cats.		Elapsed.
Allison 2nd, S. B. McLeod.....	2 58 40	
Howard, H. O. Miller.....	2 05 25	
Maori, W. S. Whiting.....	disqualified	

15-footers.		Elapsed.
Fiddler, Miss Dabney.....	2 04 03	
Eaglet, R. L. Bacon.....	2 05 31	
Teaser, Mrs. R. W. Emmons.....	2 05 32	
Fly, Miss Williams.....	2 05 54	
Ranzo, M. H. Richardson, Jr.....	2 07 20	
Jub Jub, H. Stockton.....	2 08 21	
Flickamaroo, Miss Emmons.....	2 10 32	
Vim, F. W. Sargent, Jr.....	2 10 38	
Compress, S. A. Weld.....	2 12 10	

*Protested. No decision.

Wellfleet Y. C.

Wellfleet, Mass.—Monday, Aug. 29.

On Monday, Aug. 29, Cape Cod's annual series of Y. R. A. open yacht races was opened by the Wellfleet Y. C. A great amount of interest was taken in the races, people coming from all parts of the Cape, from Buzzard's Bay to Provincetown, and also from Boston. Conditions were somewhat fluky, the wind going from W.S.W. to N. E., and it was light throughout the race. In the 22ft. class Medric had the weather berth at the start, and she led all around the course, with Clotho second. Mirage II. had a fine position in the start of the 18ft. class, to weather of all, and in such a position that every boat to leeward was blanketed.

Reaching to the first mark, Again got a lead, while the other boats were luffing, and was first around the mark. Just before the windward mark was reached, Arbecka II. passed Again. After the mark was turned, Hayseed took the lead and held it to the finish. In the first handicap class, Marvel won out after a close race with Arawak. In the second handicap class Usona did the leading. Areyto led Early Dawn III. around the course in the second handicap class. The summary:

Class D—25-footers.		Elapsed.
Areyto, L. D. Baker.....	1 58 35	
Early Dawn II., J. E. Doherty.....	2 01 43	

Class E—22-footers.		Elapsed.
Medric, H. H. White.....	1 56 25	
Clotho, Cheney & Lanning.....	1 58 10	
Warrior, S. C. Winsor.....	1 59 35	
Peri II., George Lee.....	2 00 10	

Clotho, Cheeney & Lanning.....	1 58 29
Warrior, S. C. Winsor.....	1 58 10
Peri II., George Lee.....	1 59 35
	2 00 10

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

UNQUA-CORINTHIAN Y. C. MEETING.—The annual meeting of the Unqua-Corinthian Y. C. was held at the club house at Amityville, L. I., on Saturday evening, August 27, and the following officers were elected: Com., Francis A. Williams; Vice-Com., Charles P. Mollineaux; Rear-Com., Edward Bleeker; Sec'y, George Booth; Treas., Marshall A. Woodman; Board of Governors—William R. Bleeker, Judge E. P. Foster, Fred. B. Daltzell, J. H. Ruwe, Delancey T. Smith, and Rufus J. Ireland.

SEASIDE PARK Y. C. OFFICERS.—At the annual meeting of the Seaside Park Y. C., held at the club house on Barnegat Bay, on Saturday evening, the following officers were elected: Com., Mayor Weaver; Vice-Com., Joseph T. Richards; Rear-Com., Frank W. Thacher; Recording Sec'y, Herman Muller; Financial Sec'y, Llewellyn Collings; Trustees—John D. Johnson, Joseph Cross, Alexander Middleton, H. T. Weber, and J. C. Rainear.

SCHOONER HILDEGARDE MEETS WITH ACCIDENT.—The large iron schooner Hildegard, owned by Mr. E. R. Coleman, of Philadelphia, Pa., struck a submerged wreck or an uncharted rock off Naskeag Point in Eggemoggin Reach, on the Maine coast. The yacht was on the way from Bar Harbor to Newport. After striking, she made water fast, and the sailing master, Captain Cyrus Masters, beached her on Hay Island to prevent her sinking. The owner and his guests were landed at Sargetville. A diver examined the vessel's bottom and made temporary repairs so that she could be towed to New London, Conn., for a survey and overhauling. Hildegard was designed by Mr. A. S. Chesebrough and built by the Harlan & Hollingsworth Co., at Wilmington, Del., in 1897. She is 103ft. waterline, 135ft. over all, 26ft. breadth, and 16.9ft. draft. Several of the yachts that participated in the Eastern Y. C. cruise struck on the same place that Hildegard did, but were not seriously damaged.

MANCHESTER Y. C. ANNUAL MEETING.—At the annual meeting of the Manchester Y. C., held at the club house, Manchester, Monday, August 29, the following officers were elected: Com., S. Parker Bremer; Vice-Com., Edwin A. Boardman; Rear-Com., Augustus P. Loring, Jr.; Sec'y, Norman F. Greeley; Treas., H. B. Pearson; Meas., David Fenton; Executive Committee—Edward S. Grew, S. Parker Bremer, Edwin A. Boardman, Horace B. Pearson, F. W. Fabyan, A. Farwell Bemis, George W. Wigglesworth, T. K. Lothrop; Regatta Committee—George W. Mansfield, chairman; Reginald Boardman, Charles E. Cotting, Jr.; R. De B. Boardman, Horace B. Pearson; Board of Judges—George W. Mansfield, William A. Tucker, S. Parker Bremer, Edwin S. Grew, Arthur Woods.

SLOOP YACHT SIBYL SOLD.—Mr. H. T. Noyes, of New York city, has purchased the sloop yacht Sibyl from Mr. T. M. R. Meikleham, through the agency of Mr. Stanley M. Seaman, New York. The same office has also chartered the sloops Sasqua to Mr. G. F. Schmidt, of New York city, and Carrie to Dr. Bugbee, of St. Luke's Hospital.

NEW BROKERAGE FIRM.—Mr. Ernest E. Lorillard, formerly manager of the brokerage department of Messrs. Cary-Smith & Ferris, and Mr. Frank H. Walker, formerly manager of the brokerage department of Messrs. Gardner & Cox, have formed a co-partnership for the purpose of conducting a general yacht brokerage business. Their offices are at 41 Wall street, New York city.

INGOMAR'S ENGLISH RECORD AND RATING.—The following note about the American schooner Ingomar is from the London Field of August 20:

"The American schooner Ingomar, brought over by Mr. Morton F. Plant, Commodore of the Larchmont Y. C., has now finished her season, and will shortly sail across the Atlantic on the return voyage. The Ingomar was flying nineteen winning flags when she arrived in Southampton Water on August 18. These included two special prizes for the best time over the course, twelve first prizes, four seconds, and one third prize in twenty-four starts. This, we should say, is the best annual record ever made by an American yacht over thirty registered tons when racing in European waters."

We publish a list of the events in which Ingomar participated:

	Finish.
June 18—Dover-Heligoland (handicap).....	0
June 21—Cuxhaven (wrong course).....	0
June 24—Kiel.....	First
June 26—Kiel.....	First
June 28—Kiel to Eckernforde.....	First
June 29—Eckernforde to Kiel (handicap).....	Second
July 1—Kiel to Travemunde.....	First
July 3—Travemunde.....	First
July 14—Deal (handicap).....	First
July 15—Dover (collision).....	0
July 18—Dover to Ostend (handicap).....	First
July 22—Ostend (handicap).....	Second
July 25—Dover to Boulogne (handicap).....	First
Aug. 1—Cowes, Royal London Y. C. (handicap).....	0
Aug. 3—Cowes, Royal Yacht Squadron (handicap).....	0
Aug. 4—Cowes (handicap).....	First
Aug. 5—Cowes (handicap).....	First
Aug. 9—Ryde, Royal Victoria Y. C. (handicap).....	Second
Aug. 11—Ryde, Royal Victoria Y. C. (handicap).....	Third
Aug. 13—Calshot Castle, Royal Southern Y. C. (handicap).....	First
Aug. 15—Portsmouth, Royal Albert Y. C. (handicap).....	Second
Aug. 16—Portsmouth, Royal Albert Y. C. (handicap).....	First
Starts, 22; firsts, 12; seconds, 4; third, 1; extra prizes, 2; total, 19.	

CATBOAT DOT SOLD.—The catboat Dot that was owned and raced so successfully by Mr. Charles T. Pierce, has been sold to the Cunningham Brothers of Yonkers, N. Y.

Yachting Fixtures for 1904.

Members of race committees, and secretaries, will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future.

SEPTEMBER.

8. New York, autumn cup, Glen Cove.
10. Seawanhaka, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., fall, Oyster Bay.
10. Larchmont, club race, Larchmont.
11. Mass. Y. R. A., rendezvous at Hull.
17. Manhasset Bay, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., fall, Sand's Point.
24. Riverside, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., fall, Riverside.

Canoeing.

Officers of A. C. A., 1904.

Commodore.—C. F. Wolters, 14 Main St. E., Rochester, N. Y.
Secretary-Treasurer—John Sears Wright, 519 West Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—L. C. Kretzmer, L. C. Schepp Building, New York.
Rear-Commodore—W. A. Furman, 846 Berkeley Ave., Trenton, N. J.
Purser—M. Ohlmeyer, Jr., 201 Palisade Ave., West Hoboken, N. J.
Executive Committee—H. L. Pollard, 138 Front St., New York; N. S. Hyatt, Ossining, N. Y.; H. C. Allen, 64 Prospect St., Trenton, N. J.
Board of Governors—R. J. Wilkin, 164 Montague St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Racing Board—H. L. Quick, Yonkers, N. Y.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—H. W. Breitenstein, 511 Market St., Pittsburg, Pa.
Rear-Commodore—Frank D. Wood, Buffalo, N. Y.
Purser—Frank C. Demmler, 526 Smithfield St., Pittsburg, Pa.
Executive Committee—Jesse J. Armstrong, Rome, N. Y.; H. C. Hoyt, 26 S. Goodman St., Rochester, N. Y.
Board of Governors—C. P. Forbush, 164 Crescent Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
Racing Board—Harry M. Stewart, 85 Main St., East, Rochester, N. Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Henri Schaeffer, Manchester, N. H.
Rear-Commodore—H. M. S. Aiken, 45 Milk St., Boston, Mass.
Purser, Edw. B. Stearns, Manchester, N. H.
Executive Committee—B. F. Jacobs, Jr., West Medford, Mass.; D. S. Pratt, Jr., Wellesley Hills, Mass.; Marcus Butler, Lawrence, Mass.; William W. Crosby, Woburn, Mass.
Board of Governors—Paul Butler, U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.
Racing Board—Paul Butler, U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.; H. D. Murphy, alternate.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Chas. W. McLean, 303 St. James St., Montreal, Canada.
Rear-Commodore—J. W. Sparrow, Toronto.
Purser—J. V. Nutter, Montreal, Canada.
Executive Committee—C. E. Britton, Gananoque, Ont.; Harry Page, Toronto.
Board of Governors—J. N. MacKendrick, Galt, Ont.
Racing Board—E. J. Minet, 125 Vitre St., Montreal, Canada.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Burton D. Munhall, care of Brooks Household Art Co., Cleveland, O.
Rear-Commodore—Chas. J. Stedman, National Lafayette Bank, Cincinnati, O.
Purser—Geo. A. Hall, care of Bank of Commerce, Cleveland, O.
Executive Committee—Thos. P. Eckert, 31 West Court St., Cincinnati, O.; Dr. H. L. Frost, 10 Howard St., Cleveland, O.
Board of Governors—Henry C. Morse, Peoria, Ill.

How to Join the A. C. A.

From Chapter I., Section 1, of the by-laws of the A. C. A.:
"Application for membership shall be made to the Secretary, and shall be accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and by the sum of two dollars, one dollar as entrance fee and one dollar as dues for the current year, to be refunded in case of non-election of the applicant."

A. C. A. Membership.

The following have been proposed for membership to the A. C. A.: M. C. Berrien, Daniel P. Mitchell, Louis G. Kaempfer, Clifford E. Dunn, Freeman P. Land, William A. Ayen, New York city; R. D. Vreeland, F. D. Vreeland, Paterson, N. J.; Walter W. Forbush, Ulysses S. Thomas, James J. Cranus, Buffalo, N. Y.; Clarence E. West, Syracuse, N. Y.; C. A. Edson, Skaneateles, N. Y.; Lacie Lyons, New Orleans, La.; Edwin H. Coane, Jr., Philadelphia; Henry L. Kehrl, Newark, N. J.; H. F. Fisher, Toronto, Ont.; J. Cam Douglas, Smith's Falls; John Monahan, Brockville, Ont.; William Seekings, Brockville, Ont.; Jos. Champagne, Brockville, Ont.; J. H. Rushton, Jr., Canton, N. Y.; Porter B. Van Deusen, B. E. Wilson, A. H. Vayo, Rochester, N. Y.; C. S. Cooper, Rome, N. Y.

New Publications.

The Trail of Lewis and Clark.*

FROM the pen of Mr. Olin D. Wheeler, who has done so much to make known the resources of the Northwest, has just been published by G. P. Putnam's Sons an interesting and valuable work on the Lewis and Clark expedition. The two beautiful volumes come with a special fitness in this year of 1904, and the study is the most complete and most valuable that has yet appeared.

Mr. Wheeler is particularly well qualified for the work that he has undertaken. He is an old resident of the West, traveled over it in the days before the railroads, and is a good frontiersman—able to care for himself wherever he may be. More than that, he has always been deeply interested in the early West, is familiar with its literature, and wields a practiced and a graceful pen.

It was when Mr. Wheeler was looking up material for a chapter on Lewis and Clark to appear in the 1900 issue of Wonderland, the beautiful annual published by the Northern Pacific Railroad concerning the region tributary to that line, that he became impressed with the necessity for a commentary on the journey of Lewis and Clark

*The Trail of Lewis and Clark, 1804-1806. A story of the great exploration across the Continent in 1804-1806; with a description of the old trail, based upon actual travel over it, and of the changes found a century later by Olin D. Wheeler. Two volumes, with 200 illustrations. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1904.

fuller than had yet appeared. With this in mind, he began to gather the material for such a work, and since then he has followed over much of the route traversed by the heroic explorers of one hundred years ago, has identified their trail in its entirety, located the different natural features of the land which they mention, and sometimes has been able even to place their very camping sites.

The work is a study in its best sense, and is not an edited reprint of the explorers' narrative. The author tells the story in his own words, but illustrates it by all the material that is accessible. The original manuscript journals of Lewis and Clark have been studied, as well as the other accounts, and these are quoted, commented on, and explained by the author, out of the wealth of his knowledge of the West of early and of later days.

Besides going over the trail of the explorers, Mr. Wheeler has visited the tribes that they visited, and from these tribes has gathered much traditional information about the explorers' visit. In one case he spoke with an old woman who, as a child, distinctly remembered the coming of Lewis and Clark to her people; and also found among the Blackfeet an aged man, more than one hundred years old, who appears to have been one of the misnamed party of "Minnitares of Fort de Prairie"—really Piegan Blackfeet—with whom Captain Lewis had the fight in what is now northwestern Montana.

The question of the death of Captain Lewis is extensively gone into, and it is pointed out that it is altogether probable that instead of committing suicide in 1809, as has been believed, Captain Lewis was murdered for his money at the lonely tavern in Tennessee.

In finding out for us what became of certain members of the expedition, concerning which we knew nothing, Mr. Wheeler has performed a good service to history. Dr. Coues, in his edition of Lewis and Clark, knew but little about the subordinate members of the party. Mr. Wheeler brings together much additional information that has come to light since the Coues' edition was published, and has himself discovered what became of William Bratton. He has much to say about the wife of Chaboneau, the Shoshone captive among the Minitari, who practically guided the expedition westward, and who, all through the long journey, proved herself as good a "man" as there was in it. This was Sacagawea, Bird Woman, to whom it is proposed soon to erect a monument, although the Geological Survey has already named after her a noble peak in the Rocky Mountains. The history of the baby that Bird Woman carried on her back across the continent is known, and something of him Mr. Wheeler tells.

The first volume of the work deals with the Louisiana Purchase, the organization and personnel of the expedition, its start, its winter at Fort Mandan, and its journey up the Missouri River to the Three Forks. The second volume tells of the westward journey from the Three Forks to and down the Columbia River; the history of Fort Clatsop; the start back and the journey of the two commanders of the expedition to the mouth of the Yellowstone, and then down the Missouri to St. Louis.

As we go through the volume, we find material of the greatest interest. The untouched West, its inhabitants, brute and human, the slow development of the country, at first only in the direction of the fur trade and then, about forty years ago, beginning to move more rapidly, are described fully and with real feeling. Many fac-similes and many verbatim quotations are given from the journals of Lewis and Clark, and these excerpts tell us more of the real men than we could ever learn by reading their edited narratives. Maps of the route from start to finish, with all the side trips that were made, help us to a very complete and intelligent comprehension of the most important journeying ever undertaken in America.

The task of finding fault with good work that has been done is notoriously an easy one, and the writing of two large volumes presupposes an occasional slip or error. Mr. Wheeler says that Arikara seems to be a Mandan word. This is a mistake. The tribal name unquestionably comes from the Pawnee word A-ri'-ki or U-ri'-ki, meaning a horn, and the tribal name for this section of the Caddoan family is thus the precise equivalent of the name of the main Pawnee tribe, which comes from Pā-ri'-ki, meaning also horn.

The illustrations and maps which adorn the pages of "The Trail of Lewis and Clark" are many and beautiful. Some of the illustrations are in colors, and all are spirited and possess the true flavor of the old West. Each one serves its especial purpose, and none could have been omitted without detracting somewhat from the value of the book.

Mr. Wheeler has given us in "The Trail of Lewis and Clark" a model of what an American historical study should be, and every one who is interested in the early history of the western country, and desires to be informed as to the happenings of those historic days which began a century ago, must have this work at his hand for continuous reference. That it must be in all public libraries goes without saying.

An Unfortunate Influence.

Ol' Mistuh Jones, he 'low'd dat he
Wus as sure of heaven as a man could be;
An' he sniffed aroun' an' he put on airs,
An' he wouldn't 'ten' to his own affairs;
An' he acted in such a haughty way
Dat de neighbors 'lowed dey wished he'd stay
To home, instid of his braggin' aroun',
'Cause we couldn't all travel whah he was bound.

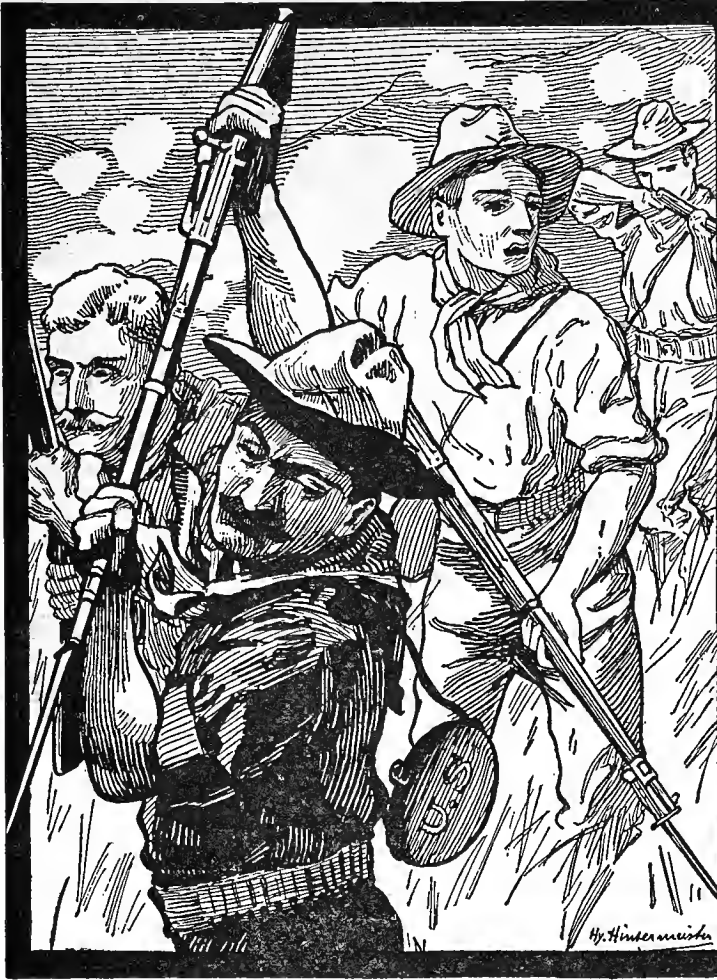
But de very worst about Mistuh Jones
Wif his braggin' in dem contemptuous tones,
Was de way dat some of us went an' did.
We got so reckless we done backslid.
An' we had our doubts, as sure as fate,
'Bout gettin' in past de pearly gates.
An' some of 'em said dat dey didn't much care
If ol' Mistuh Jones was a-goin' there.

—Washington Star.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

National Rifle Association.

THE interstate shooting tournament of the National Rifle Association of America began at Sea Girt, N. J., on Sept. 3, under favorable conditions.
The Wimbledon cup match took place on Sept. 3. The com-



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petition was open to all citizens of the United States. Distance, 1000yds. Twenty shots. Any rifle and any position without artificial rest.

The light was dull and there was a gusty wind, consequently there was a dearth of high scores. The match was won by Dr. George E. Cook, of the Manhattan Rifle and Revolver Association. The leaders in this contest were as follows:

Dr. Geo. E. Cook, Manhattan R. and R. Assn.....	88
Lieut. Wm. A. Tewes, First New Jersey.....	85
Capt Wm B Martin, Second New Jersey.....	83
Capt C B Winder, Ohio.....	83
Harry M Pope, Massachusetts.....	83
Lieut K K V Casey, New York.....	81
J E Murray, Ohio.....	81
Lieut C S Benedict, Ohio.....	81
Maj Arthur Rowland, First New Jersey.....	79
Lieut. W. H. Richards, Ohio.....	78
Corp Stewart W Wise, Massachusetts.....	76
Lieut J W Smith, Ohio.....	74
A E Perkins, Pennsylvania.....	74
Lieut Arthur E Wells, New York.....	74
Lieut H L Smith, First New Jersey.....	73
Lieut W C Gannon, Fourth New Jersey.....	73
Pvt Howard Gensch, First New Jersey.....	73

Some of the other scores were: Serg. A. Van Kelst, Second Troop, New Jersey, 69; Sergt. W. L. Farr, Second New Jersey, 68; Pvt. P. J. O'Hare, First New Jersey, 66; Lieut. M. A. Rice, First New Jersey, 65; Sergt. J. R. Williams, Second New Jersey, 64; Corp. C. L. Silvester, Second New Jersey, 62; Pvt. Theodore Gabriel, First New Jersey, 54; Sergt. H. E. Williams, Second New Jersey, 50; Commissary Sergt. F. Phillips, First Troop, New Jersey, 46; Capt. J. Madison Hare, Third New Jersey, 38; Capt. W. S. Price, Third New Jersey, 30.

The all-comers' revolver match, open to everybody, five shots at 50yds., military revolver, with not less than 4lbs. trigger pull, entrance 50 cents, entries unlimited, was won by Lieut. R. H. Sayre, of New York. The five prizes were won as follows: Lieut. R. H. Sayre, 130; Col. Thomas Anderton, Massachusetts, 125; C. F. Armstrong, 124; Maj. S. J. Fort, Maryland, 122; Maj. G. B. Young, District of Columbia, 121.

The inter-club match was for teams of five men from organizations affiliated with the National Rifle Association. Ten shots per man; distance, 200yds. Any military rifle. This contest was won by the Ohio State Rifle Association. The scores follow: Ohio State Rifle Association—Capt. C. B. Winder 44, Lieut. J. C. Semon 46, Lieut. W. H. Richards 43, H. E. Simon 43, Lieut. C. S. Benedict 47; total 223.

Manhattan Rifle and Revolver Association—Dr. George E. Cook 48, John Corrie 41, H. E. Evans 42, G. H. Hudson 47, C. F. Armstrong 43; total, 221.

Ohio State Rifle Association (second team)—Lieut. J. W. Smith 43, Lieut. E. B. Harter 44, Sergt. W. Z. Roll 45, Sergt. C. E. Orr 43, Corp. Wayne Frye 44; total, 219.

Third New Jersey—Sergt. A. H. Pfeil 44; Sergt. W. L. Hall 43, Sergt. J. A. Hobart 41, Corp. A. W. Muller 43, Capt. W. S. Price 46; total 217.

First New Jersey—Corp. Gabriel 40, Pvt. P. J. O'Hare 41, Pvt. H. Gensch 45, Lieut. Smith 46, Lieut. W. A. Tewes 44; total 216.

New Jersey State Rifle Association—Capt. A. H. Graff 43, Capt. W. B. Martin 42, Capt. F. Phillips 40, D. Young 42, J. L. Kuser 42; total 209.

Italian Shooting Association, New York—Ettone Minervini 42, C. De Felice 38, Edward De Lienna 41, Luigi Reali 45, Giuseppe Brandi 42; total 208.

Massachusetts Rifle Association—Thos. Anderton 41, T. K. Keller 42, R. S. Hale 37, G. T. Humphrey 45, H. M. Pope 43; total 208.

Squadron A—Sergt. G. De W. Williamson 42, Pvt. H. Bayard 33, Lieut. R. H. Sayre 43, Ord. Sergt. G. P. Herrick 40, Vet. Sergt. A. D. Shepard, Jr., 46; total 204.

Fourth New Jersey—Lieut. W. C. Gannon 45, Pvt. W. J. Wright 39, Sergt. R. G. Smith, Jr., 39, Sergt. F. J. Reiners, Jr., 40, G. A. Lidell 37; total 200.

Ohio State Rifle Association (third team)—Capt. C. S. McKenzie 41, Pvt. J. E. Murray 42, Corp. Ross Frye 40, Sergt. C. B. Chisholm 36, Lieut. Benjamin South 40; total 199.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at Four-Mile House, Reading Road, Aug. 28. Conditions, 200yds., offhand, at the 25-ring target. Payne was declared champion for the day, with the good score of 228. Mr. Odell seems to be getting back into his old form again. He raised his record to-day by scoring 225, his former record being 224. He is well pleased with his new muzzle-loading Schoen barrel, and he declares it shoots just where he holds. The Topf trophies were awarded to the winners to-day, and consisted of four fine medals of artistic design, and are a credit to Mr. Dietrich, the maker of them. Our semi-annual 100-shot championship match takes place next shoot, and two weeks later the annual prize shoot takes place. Drube and Hofer tied for high score on the honor target, with 67 points each. A light wind blew all day, varying from 4 to 9 o'clock. The scores:

Payne	228	225	218	217	214	Drube	208	200	194	...
Odell	225	218	216	216	213	Freitag	200	195	193	190
Hofer	220	213	194	193	187	Hoffman	197	191	190	189
Bruns	215	206	205	203	196					

Presque Isle Rifle Club.

ERIE, Pa., Aug. 27.—The club had a fine day for the shoot to-day, and a visitor made the high score. He is Dr. A. C. Wheeler, of Le Boeuf, a former Erie man, and an old club member. Scores:

A C Wheeler.....	80	76	73	229	J Bacon	73	67	63	203
J Stidman	77	75	71	223	G C Rahm	59	59	59	177
S C Long	71	70	67	208	W W Jordan.....	58	56	56	169
J G Germann.....	79	65	61	205					

CABIA BLANCO.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

*Sept. 7.—Irwin, Pa., Rod and Gun Club tournament.
Sept. 6-7.—Litchfield, Ill.—Consolidated Trapshooters' Congress tournament. L. A. Cummings, Sec'y, Bunker Hill, Ill.
Sept. 7-8.—Huntington, W. Va.—The Interstate Association tournament, under the auspices of the Huntington Gun Club. L. H. Merrick, Pres.
Sept. 9-11.—Chicago, Ill., Trapshooters' tournament. E. B. Shogren, Sec'y.
Sept. 13-14.—Jacksonville, Ill., Gun Club tournament.
Sept. 13-16.—Paducah, Ky., Trapshooters' League.
Sept. 14-15.—St. Louis.—Afro-American Handicap. T. H. Cohron, Sec'y, Pleasant Hill, Mo.
Sept. 19-21.—Atlantic City, N. J.—Seashore Gun Club target tournament.
Sept. 20-21.—Williamsport, Pa.—West Branch Rod and Gun Club tournament. H. A. Dimick, Sec'y.
Sept. 20-21.—Lincoln, Ill.—Lincoln City Gun Club tournament.
Sept. 21.—Bristol, Conn., Gun Club tournament and sheepbake. E. R. Burwell, Sec'y.
Sept. 22.—Moberly, Mo.—Missouri League of Trapshooters.
Sept. 22-23.—Waterloo, Ia., Gun Club tournament.
Sept. 27.—Morgantown, W. Va.—Recreation Rod and Gun Club amateur tournament. Elmer F. Jacobs, Sec'y.
Sept. 27-28.—Manning, Ia., Gun Club two-day amateur tournament. G. A. Rober, Sec'y.
Sept. 28.—Concord, Staten Island.—Richmond Gun Club all-day shoot. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
Sept. 28-29.—Concordia, Kans.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Concordia Gun Club. L. S. Myers, Sec'y, Elmer E. Shaner, Mgr.
Sept. 28-29.—Homer, Ill.—Homer-Ogden Gun Club tournament.
Oct. 4-5.—Crawfordsville, Ind., Gun Club tournament.
*Oct. 4-5.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club.
Oct. 6-7.—Dalton, O., Gun sixth annual tournament. Ernest F. Scott, Capt.
Oct. 6-7.—St. Marys, Pa.—Two-day shoot.
Oct. 12-13.—Sistersville, W. Va., Gun Club fall tournament. Added money to all events, and prizes. Ed. O. Bower, Sec'y.
Oct. 12-13.—Indianapolis, Ind., Gun Club fall tournament. James W. Bell, Sec'y.
Oct. 18-19.—Litchfield, Ill.—Consolidated Trapshooters' Congress.
Oct. 18-20.—New London, Ia., Gun Club tournament. Dr. E. C. Cook, Sec'y.
Oct. 26.—Concord, Staten Island.—All-day target shoot of the Mullerite Gun Club, on the grounds of the Richmond Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
Nov. 1-3.—St. Louis Mo.—World's Fair shoot; live birds and targets. Alec D. Mermod, Mgr., 620 Locust street.
*Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League tournaments. C. G. Grubb, Sec'y, Pittsburg.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The New Britain, Conn., Gun Club announces a tournament to be held on Sept. 17.

As a consequence of Sept. 5 being a holiday, we are forced to postpone publication of a number of trapshooting reports till next week.

The Secretary, Mr. G. A. Rober, writes us that the Manning, Ia., Gun Club will hold a two-day tournament for amateurs on Sept. 27-28. Some trophies and \$100 will be added.

At the Du Bois, Pa., Gun Club tournament, Sept. 1 and 2, the high averages of the two days, 375 targets, were as follows: J. A. R. Elliott, 363; W. H. Heer, 361; E. D. Fulford, 359; Mr. Millen, 349. Mr. Elliott made a run of 136 on the second day.

The five high averages for the Peters cup, in the competition of the Grand Forks, N. D., Gun Club, for the season of 1904, were as follows: W. M. Ferguson, 86; R. Frazee, 83; E. C. Cooper, 80; C. A. Hale, 76; Dell Baughman, 79. The Hunter Arms Co. medal was won by Harry McNichol, with an average of 75 per cent.

The Bristol, Conn., Gun Club tournament and sheep bake will be held on Sept. 21. Shooting will commence at 9:30. Targets, 1½ cent. There are twelve events on the programme, 10, 15 and 20 targets, a total of 190 targets, \$15.85 entrance. Guns and packages addressed to the Secretary, E. R. Burwell, will be delivered on the grounds free.

Mr. Geo. L. Carter, of Lincoln, Neb., writes us as follows: "I am requested to advise you that the Broken Bow, Neb., Gun Club will give a tournament on Sept. 29 and 30. There will be about \$200 added money, and the dates are those just preceding the opening of the prairie chicken shooting season in this State. I anticipate a splendid tournament. G. J. Campbell is president and J. A. Elliott is secretary."

Mr. A. A. Schoverling, 2 Murray street, New York, writes us as follows: "All-day target shoot of the Mullerite Gun Club, on grounds of Richmond Gun Club on Wednesday, Oct. 26, 10 A.M. Special 100-target event; 100 shells for this event, given away by management. Also all-day shoot of the Richmond Gun Club, Concord, S. I., on Wednesday, Sept. 28. Programmes later. Targets thrown from Tribune trap, run by electric motor. Special events."

Mr. Edward F. Markley, Secretary, writes us that "the Independent Gun Club team, ten men, of Easton, Pa., and the Allentown, Pa., Rod and Gun Club, will shoot a team match Saturday, Sept. 10 on the grounds of the latter club at the Duck Farm, near Allentown. As this is the second race of a series of three to be shot, great interest is being taken in it by the local shots. The Allentown team, having won the first match, the Independent team are making great efforts to put a team out that will bring home this race."

The programme of the Afro-American Trapshooters' League target handicap to be held at St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 22-23, enumerates a long list of merchandise prizes. The events are at 10 and 15 targets on the second day, with one, the Grand Afro-American Handicap, for the Hunter Arms Co. championship trophy, at 50 targets, \$11 entrance, optional sweepstakes, \$2.50. Several of the events have \$2.50 added money. Sept. 22 is practice day. Targets, 2 cents. Lunch and shells obtainable on the grounds. T. H. Cohron, secretary, Pleasant Hill, Mo.

BERNARD WATERS.

St. Paul Rod and Gun Club.

St. PAUL, Minn.—The club shoot held Aug. 27 was favored with good weather conditions. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Arthur	10	11	13	11	13	13	13	12	13	15
Holt	11	13	12	11	10	14	14
Allgauer	10	11	9	8	13	11	14
Breen	8	11	9	12	12
Frankel	8	9	11	10	9
Bentz	10	7	7	7
Mac	9	6	13	8	7
Hunsaker	1	10	6	6	6
Butler	8	9	6	2	6
Hildred	7	6	9	12	9
Robertson	4	5	9	5	8	3	10
Dreis	7	8	9	5	11	8	7
Novotny	12	12	11
Schilbach	6	8	10	7	9	10	10
Alncss	3	4	6	5	3
Pleiss	11	14	13	14
Bakeman	11	12	14
Bazille	9	8	11	10	12
Lovering	8	5	12	8	8	9
Emerson	10	13	9
Dunn	5	8
Kirschbaum	11	10
Corcoran	12	10	14	13	14	12	14

Aug. 28.—This closes a very successful season of the club. We were a little late in getting our new grounds in shape, but have smashed 61,000 targets, and taken in forty-seven new members.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	10	at.	Broke.
Perry	10	10	11	12	10	13	9	100	75
Pleiss	11	10	8	11	60	40
Tony	11	9	8	9	9	75	46
Bakeman	12	14	11	14	10	75	61
E Novotny	12	13	13	15	14	75	67
Busse	5	5	4	6	6	75	26
Bush	7	6	7	6	5	75	31
Dreiss	9	7	6	7	3	75	32
Costello	9	7	11	7	10	75	44
Pfister	10	9	12	12	9	75	52
Robertson	8	4	2	45	14
Lund	7	13	11	11	12	75	54
Schulstad	4	10	11	12	9	75	48
Joe Novotny	10	12	11	50	33

Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.—The Springfield Shooting Club held a practice shoot on their grounds, at Red House Crossing on the afternoon of Aug. 31. Only a few members turned out, although the day was perfect for shooting. The tie in the badge contest between Janser and Douglass will be shot off at the next practice shoot.

Scores in badge contest, 25 targets, distance handicap, follow: Janser, 16yds., 18; Douglass, 22yds, 18; Kites, 21yds., 15; Snow, 16yds., 15.

Scores in regular events, all shooting from 16yds., follow:									
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	25	10	10	at. Broke.
Douglass	10	7	..	7	8	17	5	..	75 54
Kites	8	10	8	8	22	5	6	85 67
Snow	7	7	7	15	55 36
Coats	6	8	10	7	40 31
Janser	6	6	20 12
Bagg	7	20	4	6	55 37
Pease	3	..	3	..	20 6
MISFIRE.									

MISFIRE.

WESTERN TRAP.

Wyeth Trophy.

St. Joseph, Mo., Aug. 31.—As there was a match on here between Wm. Clayton, of Kansas City, and Mr. Gorman, of Topeka, Kans., for the Wyeth trophy, a one-day target shoot was pulled off at the same time.

Twenty of the Northwest Missouri and Northeast Kansas shooters came together, and a good shoot was held, which was remarkable for large and even scores. Each set the pace—and a hot one it was, 172 out of 175. Timberlake was at his best and scored 168; Dougherty 167, Arnhold 166, Cunningham 166, Scovill 166, Monton 166, Moine 163, Gorman 161, Zim 159, Klinehaus 156, Stout 150, Kleinbrodt 140, Montgomery 136.

The live bird race for the championship and the Wyeth trophy was at 100 birds. The first 25 showed both in very equal form, and one bird only escaped from each, making a tie. In the second 25 Clayton made another 24, but, as it proved here, Gorman was outlucked in the draw and he lost 5, 3 of them out of 4 in succession. As Clayton missed but one out of his last 50, there was no hope for Gorman, though he missed but 3 out of his half.

Reference to all the matches shot here for this trophy will disclose some wonderful scores by all who have shot on these grounds. While not seeking to take any of the laurels from the shooters, there is evidence sufficient to cause the thinking shooter to realize that there is something wrong with the birds. They are handicapped in some way—long confinement, dark, slow traps, lack of wind, or some cause for not being more deceptive.

In Other Places.

It is claimed that the biggest little shoot on earth will be that of the fourteenth annual tournament of the Clinton, Ont., Gun Club, to be held in October. There will be \$350 guaranteed.

Starting in with the fall months, as there is no chicken shooting in Indiana, similar to Northwestern States, the members of the gun clubs in the towns of Crawfordsville and Indianapolis met and tried for supremacy at the traps. Crawfordsville, widely known for many reasons, one of which being the home of Mayor Ed. Voris, a democrat in a republican town, won out with 20 targets to spare.

Elmer Shaner was in Kansas City first of the week. Reports have it that he was in conference with the Schmelzers, with the view of holding a big shoot on their grounds this fall. He and his estimable wife were in St. Louis last week resting from their labors connected with the Interstate shoot at Hot Springs, S. D. They paid a visit to the only World's Fair, and then hastened on to his other field of labor, Huntington, W. Va.

The Jamestown, N. D., sportsmen have organized a local game protective association, and have offered a reward of \$50 for information which will be sufficient to convict violators of the State game laws.

Algona, Wis., is getting into line late in the season, having just organized a new gun club with officers, viz.: President, Jas. Sheldauer; Secretary, W. H. Machia; Treasurer, Frank Bohman. A start is made with twenty-six members. The new men are desirous of becoming so well versed in the use of the shotgun as to be enabled to successfully compete with other clubs.

Secretary L. Meyers, of the Concordia, Kans., Club, reports that Shaner's outfit has arrived, and that on Sept. 28 and 29 there will be a gathering of prominent trapshooters for the Interstate tournament. Bear in mind this is Wm. Heer's town.

Nichols Park was opened at Jacksonville, Ill., last week. One of the prime features was a tournament, and it proved a strong drawing card. There were a number who shot at targets for the first time, and those are the men who can be relied upon to help build up a gun club at this place, the home of the once famous State.

At Springfield, Tenn., on Aug. 27, there was a team match between Ewell Gun Club and the Tracy City team. With eight men on the side and 100 targets each, Ewell won with 628 to 571.

There is much more trapshooting this season than for several years past in "old Missouri." Last week the shoot at Clark was well attended by many shooters from Huntsville, and these boys captured many prizes. Denny Holland, of Moberly, came off with the Hunter Arms Co. medal with 246 out of 275.

The Homer-Ogden Club shoot Thursday last resulted in a tie shoot, and was finally won by Postmaster McKinley, over Clark. The prize was a cup donated by the Hunters Arms Co.

The Bloomington, Ill., shooters received an invitation to shoot with the Mason City on Sept. 1. Mr. Carothers accepted, and went home with highest honors.

Saturday last there was a shoot at St. Cloud, Minn. Outside friends were guests, and some good scores were made.

The Hollenbeck Gun Co. has an offer out to locate in any town where stock is forthcoming. Mansfield, O., has been considered the most prominent bidder. Only \$30,000 is required.

The Lafayette, Ind., Gun Club was organized in 1885, and has given one or more tournaments annually; so the tournament on Sept. 8 and 9 will be the eighteenth. Thompson, Muller, Blistain and Livenguth have been the pushers for many years.

The mayor of Peoria has extended an invitation to the Hollenbeck Gun Co. to send a representative to that city to look over the ground, with a view of locating its factory there.

A movement has been started which, if carried out, will re-awaken interest in shooting at the traps in the city of Painesville, O. The gun club will come to life through a new organization, and new grounds will be secured and traps reset, and then target shooting may be indulged in with profit and pleasure.

The Third Ward Gun Club, of Two Rivers, Wis., has extended its life by filing corporation papers for a period of fifty years.

Joe Marks carried off the prizes for best marksman at the Highland Park shoot, Detroit, Mich., last week.

Little Rock, Ark., is active in the shooting line. Tuesday has been set apart as ladies' day, and the members can invite their best girls to shoot at that time. All desiring to become members should correspond with the secretary. There will be a big shoot held there in September or October, open to adjoining States.

Trapshooting is on the increase in California. Last week the Millwood Gun Club held their meet and smashed up many of the clay saucers.

The Fergus Falls shooters held a shoot last week in August as a "good-by," as ducks and chickens are now too enticing.

A late organization of trapshooters is that of the Gulf Coast Trapshooters' and Game Protective Association, which has been organized by clubs from the cities of New Orleans, Biloxi, Miss.; Mobile, Ala.; Meridian, Lowell and Hattiesburg, Miss. Tom Chamberline, of Mobile, President; T. O. Goodbrod, of Mobile, Secretary; Maurice Kaufman, of New Orleans, Tournament Manager. The objects are to foster trapshooting and protect fish and game.

The Lima, Ill., Gun Club met last Saturday. The Gold medal was handed to Dr. Worley, on his score of 19 out of 20 targets.

In casting up the scores made during 1904 by the members of the Waco, Tex., Club, it was found that Harvey Merrill won the medal for highest average. J. A. Dryden came next.

The Owosso, Mich., Gun Club has held the required number of contests to decide the prizes for 1904. The silver cup went to J. Roosevear; W. S. Beebe won pair of boots; Chas. Ching, the gun case. Owosso is quite a trapshooting center, and matches will be held every Thursday until October.

There is a new club, the Industry Gun Club, at Muncie, Ind.

It would not seem as though the trapshooting season should close in Texas with the coming of September; yet the National Club, of Laredo, report holding the last shoot of the season last week, which resulted in Mr. Fly holding the Alexander medal and Jackson the booby prize.

Kenosha and Waukegan, Ill., gun club members have been exchanging hospitalities, and last week the Kenosha boys did the entertaining, and did it well.

Much interest was centered in the result of the match held Labor Day, at Taylor, Tex., as there was a team match between Austin and Taylor at 100 targets per man.

Mrs. Johnson won honors at the last shoot of the Minneapolis, Minn., Gun Club tournament.

T. E. Hubby has been traveling in the territory of New Mexico. He was last heard from on his return to El Paso, from which point he went out to Fort Bliss to shoot with army officers.

The Crawfordsville, Ind., shooters beat the Lebanon boys easily, as 211 is to 176 in their last match. Another is scheduled for three weeks.

Should like to hear from Mr. Shaw as to the Kansas City shoot.

The member of the Indianapolis Gun Club making best score on Labor Day was awarded a sole leather gun-case. Other prizes were awarded.

The Elwood, Ind., Gun Club and the New Paris Gun Club shot a match at Elwood on Labor Day.

Out in South Dakota there was a club shoot held in which the Vermillion proved too strong for the Spirit Mound boys. Other clubs, viz.: Fairview and Meckling, are holding a contest for a fine Winchester shotgun.

Renovo Tournament.

RENOVO, Pa.—The second annual tournament of the Recreation Gun Club was held on Aug. 23 and 24. The trade representatives in attendance were Messrs. J. A. R. Elliott, Frank E. Butler, E. D. Fulford, Luther Squier and J. R. Hull. In the high average of the two days, Mr. Elliott was first, Mr. Fulford second. Of the amateurs, Mr. Clyde Dechant was high for the two days.

The Du Bois five-man team won the loving cup with a score of 171 out of a possible 200.

Aug. 23, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	15	20	15	10	20	15	15	20	15	10	15
Elliott	10	11	20	13	8	18	14	14	18	13	14	9
Squier	7	11	18	11	6	14	11	13	18	7	9	8
Fulford	8	13	19	14	9	18	13	14	16	14	14	7
F Hull	8	14	18	12	7	18	12	13	18	14	15	8
J Butler	8	13	17	14	8	15	12	14	15	14	9	9
C Dechant	8	14	14	14	9	18	13	14	20	14	13	9
C Flock	7	12	17	12	7	14	11	13	16	10	14	9
M C Kepler	9	13	11	14	8	13	11	15	15	10	10	8
F J Steel	8	4	12	8	6
R B Johnston	7	13	15	13	8	17	14	14	15	13	13	7
L W Quinn	6	13	17	12	7	19	15	13	15	14	11	9
F Guinzburg	9	14	19	13	9	17	13	12	15	15	14	10
Dr Sullivan	6	11	16	13	7	14	12	14	17	13	10	7
W C Everett	8	12	16	14	7	12	10	14	17	12	12	10
H A Dimick	7	12	16	12	9	10	10	11	13	12	10	...
H Irwin	8	13	6
G B Dechant	10
B J Sawyer	10
J S Smith	7

Aug. 24, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	15	20	15	10	20	15	15	20	15	10	15	10	15	20
Elliott	10	13	20	13	9	20	13	15	19	15	14	9
Butler	8	10	17	11	9
Fulford	10	12	16	12	9	15	15	13	18	15	12	9
C Dechant	8	14	17	13	9	16	14	12	19	13	11	8	14
G Dechant	8	6	9	9	8	13	13	8	10	...	11	4	...	15	...
F J Steel	4	9	14	12	4	13	9	11	16
B J Sawyer	7	12	11	12	9	18	14	12	14	...	8	15	...
B M Wade	6	7	7	7	7	9	14	...	13	13	6
M C Kepler	12	14	12	10	20	11	13	16	...	12	7	17	17
J J Wentzel	5	14	8	...	5
A Schwenck	11	...	10	6	...	12	...
H Irwin	8	6	4	17
T Irwin	8	6	...
W Washburn

The team contest, four men, 50 targets, had scores as follows: Du Bois Team—Quinn 43, Guinzburg 47, Sullivan 41, Quinn 40; total 171.

Renovo Team—Kepler 37, C. Dechant 47, J. Smith 28, Sawyer 43; total 155.

Williamsport Team—Everett 43, Dimick 42, Flock 41, Johnston 41; total 167.

Ewell Gun Club.

CARTER'S CREEK, Tenn., Aug. 30.—While reading about trapshooting all over the country, it may be of interest to some to know that away down in this good section of middle Tennessee we are not entirely out of the game.

The Ewell Gun Club was organized about three years ago, and now has a membership of twenty-five. On July 4, 1903, we gave our first all-day public shoot, and on that occasion had sixty-five shooters and five hundred visitors present. On July 4, 1904, we gave our next shoot, with seventy-two shooters and eight hundred

visitors, including many ladies, making the shoot in every way a great success.

Recently, after some correspondence with the gun club at Tracy City, this State, a team match was arranged; eight men on a side, 100 shots, 15 the man, the mountain boys to make us a visit and shoot the match on our grounds. The down train on the morning of Aug. 25 brought the visitors in. They were strangers to a man, but proved as fine a set of boys as one would care to meet. Their club was only recently organized, and they shoot wonderfully well for their practice. The match was shot in the forenoon, and some practice shooting done after dinner. The scores for the match are as follows:

Tracy City Team	Ewell Gun Club
Targets:	Targets:
Dr Hayes	25 25 25 25
T J King	21 19 18 22
W H Foster	17 19 20 18
C E Werner	18 16 18 18
E C Norvell	22 10 15 20
S Werner	17 15 15 17
L M Hines	12 17 19 18
G W Tidman	17 19 18 19
	16 15 17 20
	Allen Campbell
	25 25 25 25
	R B Campbell
	23 23 22 24
	R C Jameson
	18 21 19 20
	C W McMeen
	21 22 17 22
	J H Sedberry
	15 13 17 22
	W E Babb
	20 19 24 22
	J Redman
	23 18 18 19
	C P Southall
	19 18 21 22
	Allen Campbell
	19 16 14 20

BABB.

Montreal Gun Club.

MONTREAL, Aug. 29.—Following are the scores of the winners at the regular practice shoot of the Montreal Gun Club at their grounds, Saturday, the 17th. Mr. N. P. Leach was a visitor and took a hand in with the boys. The conditions were bad for good scores—bad light, worse background, and the wind blowing almost a gale, which made McDuff's (W. T. Lyne) average of over 96 per cent. a remarkable one. Five expert traps were used:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot
Targets:	20	10	10	15	10	10	5	5	at. Broke. Av.
McDuff	20	8	10	15	10	10	4	...	80 77 .962
Leach	16	6	12	60 44 .733
Redmond	16	10	...	12	9	9	5	4	75 42 .866
Kearney	14
Canalish	5	5

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Aug. 31.—The victorious contestant at the shoot of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club to-day was Mr. Harry M. Stewart, who scored 24 out of 25 from scratch. But others with handicaps scored the full 25 in the contest for the Hunter Arms Co. trophy.

Norton, Donovan, Devine and Borst tied for the point. The scores follow:

Score. H'cap. Total.	Score. H'cap. Total.
Borst	22 8 30
Devine	18 10 28
Donovan	20 7 27
Norton	22 4 26
Stewart	24 0 24
Clark	22 2 24
Weller	21 3 24
Adkin	18 2 20
Coughlin	13 7 20
Rickman	14 5 19

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

At the fall tournament of the Du Bois, Pa., Gun Club, Sept. 1 and 2, J. A. R. Elliott won the professional general average, and Mr. Millen, of Du Bois, Pa., won the amateur general average. They used Winchester factory loaded shells.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

Walter Hatch, Amesbury.—Under Interstate rules, the parties you mention are unquestionably professionals.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

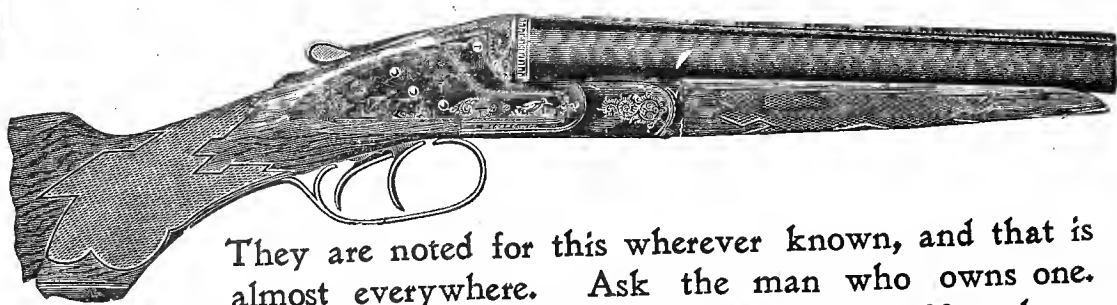
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Proctor's.

Another instance of Mr. Proctor's enterprise was shown recently in the presentation at the Fifth Avenue Theatre of "The Climbers," the play which, more than any other, was responsible for the great vogue of Clyde Fitch, its author, when originally produced at the Bijou Theatre by Amelia Bingham. It was not intended that this play should be diverted to stock company use for two seasons, it being the intention to present it by special company during that time. Mr. Proctor secured its use for a single week, and it will be done at the Fifth Avenue Theatre during the week of Aug. 29, after which it will revert to the combination, which will present it during its road tour. For this single week's engagement Mr. Proctor has prepared special scenery from the original models, and in every particular the production is as carefully made as though it were intended for a run. That is part of the Proctor plan. Whatever is done is done thoroughly and as carefully as though the production of a week was the offering of a season. In many instances of late, authors have declared that the revivals of their plays for a single week have exceeded the original productions in point of merit.

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Bound Brook, N. J., Aug. 20th—1st Average (Professional). 1st Average (Amateur).
Pittsfield, Mass., Aug. 22—2d Average (Amateur).
New City, N. J., Aug. 28th—1st and 2d Averages (Amateur).

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FOREST AND STREAM

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

THE FOREST RESERVES.

PERHAPS the most important economic problem of the western half of the continent to-day is that of irrigation. For twenty-five or thirty years settlers have been leading the water out of the streams and moistening their garden patches or fields, and for hundreds of years before that the Indians of the Southwest practiced the same irrigation, supporting themselves by agriculture. As the West settled up, and more and more people took water from the streams and spread it over their fields, it became evident that under natural conditions there was not water enough to go around—not enough to support a considerable population. So it is that within the last two or three years the Government has been giving more and more attention to this subject, and plans have been made and are being carried out for the storage of waters by the nation on a colossal scale. Years and years ago it was pointed out that many of the streams running from the eastern flanks of the Rocky Mountains often went dry in late summer, because all the water had been taken from them for this purpose, and now irrigation by private persons on streams running from the west flanks of the mountains has gone far enough to show what will happen to the rivers in many cases unless their waters are stored and controlled.

At the foundation of the whole question of water supply and water storage stands the great question of forest preservation, or as we have spread out before us in the western country, the Forest Reserve system. The growth, the prosperity, nay, even the continued habitability of the whole arid region of the West, depends on the management of the Forest Reserves. The farmer cannot grow his crops, nor the cattleman range his stock, nor the miner run his mill without water—without a supply of water on which he can depend throughout the season. This is gradually coming to be understood, though it seems to have taken people a long time to comprehend it.

With water, agriculture and other industries can flourish. The splendid crops of many portions of the further west testify what water will produce from the most arid soil, and even the once hopeless Idaho deserts, with their crops of sage brush and greasewood, now produce splendid crops of sugar beets, which in their turn call for factories and a constantly growing population. The importance of these facts is gradually coming to be recognized by farmers, miners, and by western people generally, but too often selfishness or stupidity interferes with the proper preservation of the forests.

The three great dangers to which the forests are exposed are fire, the lumbermen, and the grazing of stock. In many parts of the West the present season has been one of terrible drouth, and in consequence of destructive fires; the lumberman, with his portable saw mill, we have always with us, and the sheep and the cattlemen are always anxious to drive their herds into the Reserves.

It is not long since we published bitter complaints from residents of Wyoming that the domestic stock was not allowed on the Forest Reserves, and that much of its grass was therefore going to waste. Recently we have learned that a tract of country in the Teton Forest Reserve has been badly injured by cattle. Along parts of Pacific Creek the grass has been eaten off as completely as if sheep had grazed over it, and the valley is full of cattle for a long distance. In August the whole country looked and smelled like a cattle yard, much of the ground being worn so bare and being so cut up by hoofs that considerable soil is certain to be washed away by the first heavy rain. These cattle are reported to belong to a man down at the lower end of Jackson's Hole, who has obtained a permit to range some 400 head of cattle up on Pacific Creek for this season.

It may very possibly be that there are portions of tim-

ber reserves where cattle may be permitted without doing much harm, but the best authorities, we believe, are of opinion that cattle should be rigidly excluded from the Forest Reserves, certainly from any Reserves where young timber is growing. It seems especially unfortunate that these cattle should have been turned into the heart of what is now the finest game preserve in the West.

In many portions of the Teton Forest Reserve the game conditions are extremely gratifying. Elk are abundant, and perhaps nowhere outside of the Park can one see so many. A party last month riding upon the ridge running west from Two Ocean Pass, just north of Buffalo Fork of Snake River, passed within fifty yards of a band of cows and calves which were estimated at from 400 to 500. Deer and bear appear also to be numerous. The country at the head of Buffalo Fork is full of elk, and there are plenty of beautiful meadows with fine grass where they range in winter. But there are no elk and no game of any kind on Pacific Creek where these cattle range. The game laws are fairly well enforced, and the feeling of the bonafide settlers and guides has recently changed greatly in favor of these laws.

Of course we all dislike to see the game crowded out by domestic stock; but this perhaps is a sentimental view that would not appeal to the utilitarian. What should appeal to everyone, however, is the fact that the introduction of cattle means the destruction of the seedling trees, the cutting up of the soil and its washing away by heavy rains, and is thus the beginning of a process of denudation in the mountains, the full effects of which are to be seen in the southern Rockies, where the mountain tops are as dry and as desert as the valleys below.

MARTIN J. HEADE.

ANOTHER familiar and prized name has been taken from the roll of FOREST AND STREAM's contributors. Martin J. Heade, the Didymus of these columns, passed away at his home in St. Augustine, Fla., on September 4. The sense of personal loss is keenly felt, for Mr. Heade was one who from a casual correspondent had on close acquaintance come to be a personal friend, regarded with affection and esteem. His was a character that commanded respect, a personality that endeared.

Mr. Heade was born in 1819, at Lumberville, Pa., near the home of Bayard Taylor. His father, a prosperous farmer, encouraged the boy's taste for art, and sent him while still in his teens to Italy for study. He passed two years in Rome, and spent some time in England and France. Returning to America he had studios in Providence, Boston, and New York, and afterwards made extended visits to Central and South America. His later years were passed in St. Augustine, where his studio in the Ponce de Leon was well known to winter visitors.

Mr. Heade began his artistic career as a portrait painter; but, writes Tuckerman, in the "Book of Artists," "the love of travel was strong within him, and few of our artists have roved more about the world." The tropics, with their gorgeous vegetation, appealed to him most strongly, and his name came to be identified with tropical landscapes. In this field he achieved fame; the Emperor of Brazil was so pleased with his paintings that he bestowed a decoration upon the artist. A painting rich with South American vegetation, and singularly true to nature in atmosphere and general effect, was the subject of unstinted praise by Agazzi and other explorers of the Amazon. While in South America he made a fine collection of birds and butterflies, many of which afterward were transferred to canvas in elaborate and authentic studies. He was no less successful in painting the quieter and more familiar scenes of the New England coast country—Point Judith and the marsh lands with their hay-ricks; and again he turned with like success to studies of still-life, putting on canvas the Florida magnolia and the Cherokee rose with a vraisemblance so perfect as sometimes to be astonishing in the illusion.

Nor did his skill diminish with the advance of age. The last year of life found him at the easel painting landscapes characterized by the same wonderful atmospheric effects that had won admiration for his earlier work, and fixing on the abiding canvas the evanescent floral beauties of a Florida springtime. A picture sweet in the memory of those who saw it was that of the artist in his St. Augustine home, thus painting northern marsh land and

southern flower, and joying in the possession of faculties unimpaired and a hand which had not lost its cunning. Pleasing, too, was the picture of the artist and his friends, the hummingbirds, whose confidence year after year he won in such degree that they came fearlessly to perch on his hand and drink the sweetened water he kept on hand for them. Other wild birds on the grounds shared in some measure the same confidence. The last contribution Mr. Heade sent, published in our issue of August 6, recorded his experiences with the hummingbirds this year. From youth Mr. Heade had a decided taste for field sports, and in his day was a noted shot. He was an intelligent and sympathetic student of natural history. He was a frequent contributor to the press; the pen-name "Didymus" has been looked for by readers of this journal for a quarter century.

THE LESSON OF SHAM BATTLE.

THE recent sham battle, held on the historic ground where some decades ago shams were at a risky discount, gravely matured into sham victory and sham defeat. The sham conflict is said to have resulted in many benefits to the art of war. The daily press of high and low degree—than which there is no higher authority extant on all the refined technique of great military fights without fighting—generously proclaims that the recent conflict between the Blues and the Browns has taught many valuable war lessons in strategics.

Who can dispute that word of wisdom? Strategics! Comprehensive in its import, convincing in its acoustic properties, all of war without war. For the man of peace who is learned in the ways of war, the word strategics is a safe word at all times. It enables the peaceful war critic to use his whole war curriculum en masse. The average citizen will never know precisely the particular details of the lessons which the strategics embody, if indeed he would not be satisfied to consider them as being too profoundly occult for his comprehension.

The daily press, however, seems to have missed the distressing counterblast of doubt consequent to the doubtful compliment concerning strategics that our redoubtable Colonels and Captains and other mighty chieftains higher, lower, and intermediate, who are trained professionally and nicely in the art of war, should learn so much that is valuable in strategics from the action of a sham battle seems incredible. One's prejudgment would have been that the chieftains had a prior knowledge of war strategy according to their prior training and the requirements of their military profession. To admit that our accomplished military officers learned valuable lessons in such manner, unavoidably imputes that, though warriors, they knew not war.

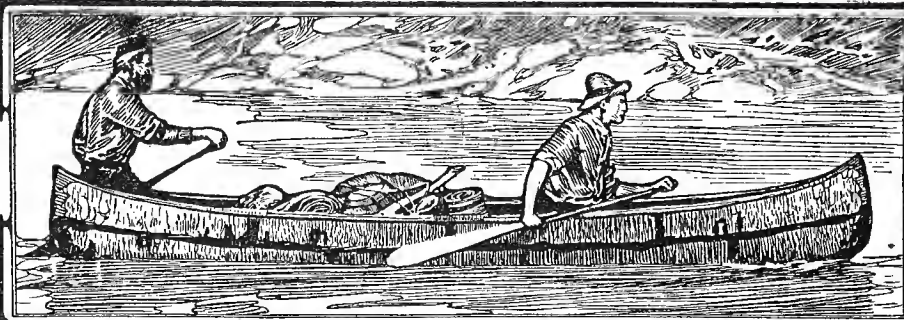
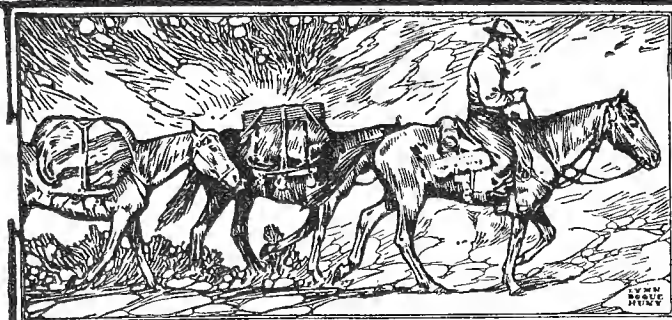
Nevertheless, the sham battle truly provided a material object lesson concerning the strategics of peace. It conclusively proved that men, taken from their every-day vocations and hurried into a sham battle, were physically unfit for such arduous effort.

The real history of the sham struggle is not a history of lessons in war. It is a lesson in how a commissary department should be managed, and how men should be prepared by seasoning exercise for tasks which require strength, quickness, and endurance.

The history of the sham battle consists mostly in a recountal of the hardships and sufferings imposed on men physically unprepared for the strenuous activity of a military campaign. Thousands suffered from exhaustion consequent to over-exertion, to insufficient food, water, and sleep. A press dispatch of September 10 states:

Corps Headquarters, Gainesville, Va., Sept. 10.—One-half of the militiamen who participated in the four days of maneuvering were too badly used up to participate in the review at Wellington today. The review closed the annual army maneuvers for the Atlantic Division, the reviewing officer being Lieut.-Gen. Chaffee. The review was witnessed by a large number of people, who had been attracted to the zone of the war game.

The matter of physical preparation, as it concerns the people, seems to be viewed as a negligible quantity by the people themselves. They will recklessly and thoughtlessly engage in difficult tasks, such as mountain climbing, big-game hunting, etc., without proper physical preparatory training. And yet no one of them would for a moment seriously entertain the idea that a horse fresh from the farm was in proper condition to engage in a race or even do active road work which required speed, endurance, and power.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

A Story of the Second Bull Run.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Two armies made up of the troops of the regular army are about to hold a mimic war over exactly the same ground on which two real armies held a real one forty-two years ago this month. One of these armies will be commanded by General Bell, the other one by General Fred. D. Grant.

By the way, in passing, General Grant is an old acquaintance of mine. He and I both at one time belonged to the same troop, F of the Fourth Cavalry. He was sent to it when he left West Point as its second lieutenant. As soon as he came to us he wanted very much to hunt buffalo. We took him out and found him all the buffalo he wanted, and left a lot of them just where we found them that neither he or we wanted. But that has nothing to do with this story.

In September, 1862, Generals Pope and Lee faced each other on the same ground that this mimic battle is to be fought over, and fought a real battle there that lasted part of three days. This was the second battle of Bull Run, or Manassas, as it is generally called.

Late in the afternoon of the third day, Stonewall Jackson undertook to turn our left, and came within an inch of doing it, too; but Sykes' regulars and our division—the Pennsylvania Reserve, "Governor Curtin's Regulars"—were sent to the left on the double quick. Then we charged, and Jackson quit for supper. It was supper time, anyhow. Had Jackson succeeded in what he had tried to do, this second Bull Run would have been a repetition of the first. He would have driven us into Washington again. This is a matter of history.

When we made that charge, I went a little too far, and not getting back quick enough, stayed there. They took me prisoner. I and about a dozen others who had been taken in at the same time that I was, were sent to the rear under a guard of cavalry with a sergeant in charge of it. We were marched back for a mile or more; then came to a creek that had steep banks thickly covered with bushes on our side of it. The cavalry tried to cross it in several places, and finding that they could not, at last the sergeant told us to cross here and wait for him; he would cross up above, he said, where his artillery had crossed in coming in here.

I crossed, but did not wait for him. I did not want his escort any longer. Just as I had forced my way through the bushes after crossing, I found a man close to my elbow; he and I were the only two here; the rest had crossed up above us.

"Let us get out of this," I said to him; "I don't want to go to Richmond."

He did not either; but he did not know which way to go, he said.

"I do," I told him. "Come on." After looking up the creek to see if that cavalry had crossed yet, and not seeing them, we started off down the creek on a run, but keeping in close to the brush. I had not gone far before I was halted. "Halt there, you Yanks, and come back here!"

"Go to hades and stay there!" I answered, but kept on running.

A whole volley was fired at us, but none of the shots came near.

"Get across the creek," I told my partner, "they cannot cross here after us." And crowding in through these bushes again we got across to the side we had started from, then kept on down the creek, still close to it. I did not want to get out into the open ground. There were several parties of Confederate troops in sight, but all some distance off yet. There was danger of the cavalry riding down on the other side and firing through the bushes at us; but they would have to fire by guess; they could not see us, so I took the lesser risk. We kept on down the creek for over a mile, then I called a halt. It was getting dark, but the moon would soon be up. "What kind of a scout are you?" I asked my partner. He said he had never done any scouting.

"Then stop here while I do some now. The Confeds must have a picket out here now somewhere; I want to find just where. We don't want to run on top of it."

I kept on across, going more carefully than we had been going. That picket line should be close, I thought; but after going a few hundred yards further and not seeing any signs of it, I stopped and began to examine the country as well as the light would permit. Off to my left, and in the rear of where I was now, was what I took to be a low hill, and I thought I saw houses on it. Stooping down I looked along the sky-line, and now saw that there were several mounted men on the hill; but they seemed to be at rest—an outpost, probably. I had got through their lines without knowing it.

I had told my partner when leaving him that if I did not find the picket I would whistle, then he could come on; but I was afraid to do any whistling here; those men might hear me. So I went all the way back, and both of us started on again, and went nearly another mile, still close to the creek. Then I stopped again. The creek was now running south; if I followed it I might get inside of their lines again before I knew it; so I struck off to my left, leaving the creek behind. I wanted to get out on the battlefield and find out just where I was. Less than another mile brought us out on the field at about the place we had made that charge a few hours ago. Neither of us had a gun; they had been taken from us; but there were plenty of them here. I picked up a

Springfield rifle and its cartridge-box which some wounded man had dropped, and loaded the rifle, and felt safer. Then going on I soon came to another gun that I wanted more than the Springfield. It was a Sharps rifle that had been dropped by a man out of our brigade; and now I knew just where I was. These Sharps were carried by the "Bucktails," or Kane Rifles, who were our sharpshooters. I took the Sharps and gave my partner the Springfield. I turned this rifle in afterwards to the company that it belonged to; they hated to lose one of these guns.

Keeping on now, I soon met our stretcher bearers, who were looking for the wounded, and an officer with them told me just where to look for my regiment, which had been sent out on picket. I had been going straight away from it, but I turned in the right direction and soon was halted with the challenge of "Who comes there?"

"Friend without the countersign," I answered.

"What regiment do you belong to?"

"The Eighth Reserve."

"Well, it is right here. Come on in."

I walked in and found the whole regiment lying in line just behind the pickets, and hunted up the colors; our company was one of the two color companies.

"Where have you been all night?" asked the lieutenant in command.

"Over across the line. I had an invitation to take supper with Stonewall Jackson, but his supper was not ready when I got there, and so I did not wait."

"Well, I have you marked killed, Johnny."

"Then mark it off. I am not killed—only half scared to death this time. But they sent enough shots at me to-night to kill half a dozen men had they been hits."

My partner was still with me. I had him lie down there until next morning, then he hunted up his own Iowa regiment.

As it afterward turned out, I had all this running for nothing. Had I stayed where I was, I would have been let walk home next day; for while we were on the retreat to Washington, and just below Fairfax Court House, the prisoners who had been taken when I was joined us. They had been paroled on the field. One of them told me that the sergeant had reported that two of us had tried to escape, but that he had shot us both.

I was not in his company long enough to get his name; but if he is still living and should see this, it may serve to inform him that it was the moon he shot, and not us.

In the summer of 1887 I attended the G. A. R. encampment at St. Louis, and stayed there a week seeing the city, though I had seen it often before, and one afternoon while walking down Broadway, a man wearing the Grand Army button ran up to me and seizing my hand called me by name. I did not know him from a crow, and said so.

"Well," he said, laughing, "just go down there a few hundred yards and see if you can see anything of that Reb picket line, then give a whistle and I'll come on."

I knew now who he was, and hunting up a beer saloon (they are not hard to find in St. Louis), we sat in there for the next hour comparing notes.

He was a farmer out near Cedar Bluff, Iowa, and asked me to go home with him and stop all winter. I did not go. Had I taken advantage of all these invitations I have been given at one time or another, I might have put in half of my time in visiting.

I once rode my horse about 150 miles in twenty-two hours to hunt up a doctor to cut off a cowboy's arm after he had tried to blow it off with a shotgun, dragging the gun by the muzzle. When he was cured and ready to go home, he wanted me to go with him to the Ozark Mountains in Arkansas, but I could not get away. Again, an old planter down in Texas wanted me to stop a year with him; he could not get his negroes to work unless I was around; I had them scared half to death, telling them I would put them in jail down in town. I was acting deputy sheriff then.

CABIA BLANCO.

An Ideal Vacation.

THERE were four of us. We were chums, and we had arranged to spend our vacation on Charleston Lake, a picturesque little body of water nestling among the hills, about twenty miles beyond the Canadian border.

One of our number was private secretary for a Wall street banker; another was an officer in an electric company, a third was a prominent young lawyer, the fourth (the writer) a reporter on the staff of a daily paper. Uncle Russell, Edison, Judge, and Greeley, respectively, were the pseudonyms which we had long familiarly applied to ourselves. We agreed that we would recognize none other during our outing.

The Judge had been at Charleston Lake, and he became so eloquent over its attractions that we readily adopted his suggestion to spend two weeks camping upon its islands or along its rock-bound shore.

Our first view of the majestic St. Lawrence as we stepped from the train at Morristown, a sleepy little village, was impressive. We had read of its vastness, but we had been unwilling to admit that it could possibly surpass our noble Hudson, either in extent or grandeur. In a few moments the superiority of the latter had faded away, like a fog before a gale. We looked across the wide expanse of deep blue to the Canadian shore rising green and indistinct in the distance; we turned our gaze

in a southwesterly direction, and the horizon of our vision was again shut off by a vista of foliage.

"Is there a bend in the river just above here?" I inquired of a man at work upon the wharf.

"Nope," he indifferently replied, as he stooped to continue his work. "Thousand Islands," he grunted, in evident disgust because of my ignorance.

"The Armstrong," Edison observed, as we stepped aboard the ferry. It was a combination car, freight, cattle, and passenger steamer.

"See that boy over there?" It was Uncle Russell who spoke. "I overheard him ask his father if this is the boat that went to the bottom of the river a few years ago."

We were interested. We looked over the guard rail at the blue water surging around the vessel's hull as she plowed her way toward Brockville on the Canadian shore.

"We would drown in there as quickly as in the restless, dirty brown water at Coney," Edison remarked.

"Why don't you inquire about the diving ability of this boat, Greeley?" observed the Judge, turning to me.

"Hi, there, Cap!" I called to the only member of the crew in sight. "It has been reported that this boat made a peculiar and unexpected trip to the bottom of the river a few years ago."

"Humph!" the sailor replied. "She went down in one hundred feet of water, if that's what you want to know."

"What caused her to sink?" the Judge asked, before I could frame a question.

"Dunno," he replied. "Never was explained. She just sank about two hundred feet from Brockville dock. When raised and pumped out, her hull was sound and port-holes closed."

"I hope she will not take another such freak while we are on board," Uncle Russell nervously observed.

As we crossed the gang-plank, a dirty, ragged, uncouth tramp attracted our attention. He carried a red carpet bag, faded and much worn.

"Go on," the Custom House officer said to him, with a wave of his arm. Possibly he was afraid of vermin. The tramp had every appearance of being very much alive. When he had shuffled himself a few yards away, the official apparently relented. At least he called him to return. The tramp complied, with evident reluctance. When the carpet bag was opened we were unable to restrain an exclamation of astonishment. It was filled with jewelry. He was a professional smuggler in disguise.

Our way was by train to Athens, the nearest station to our vacation Mecca. We saw a very antiquated looking engine and train of two cars when we arrived at the station. If the number of letters upon a locomotive tender would constitute an important railway line, then the road over which we were about to travel would be one of the most important on the continent. "B. W. & S. S. M. R. R.," we read in unison. A boy was seated on the platform near-by munching peanuts. "What do those letters stand for?" Uncle Russell asked him.

"Brockville, Westport, and Seldom See Money," the youth promptly replied.

Later on we learned the name of the road from our tickets. The engine was old and weatherbeaten; the sheet iron covering over the boiler was disfigured with numerous indentations, which bore silent testimony to the battering and exposure it had endured during its many years of service. The smoke-stack was crowned by a mammoth hood about four feet in diameter. The tender contained about two cords of wood. No coal could be seen. Our trip was eventful. The road abounded in curves and other eccentricities. Edison sarcastically remarked:

"Its builders avoided every big tree that stood in the way. It was cheaper to build around them than to cut them down."

Ballast was as scarce as snow in August on a Nevada desert. We were becoming accustomed to the rolling and lurching of the car, when the train suddenly stopped. Pushing our heads through the open windows, we saw the train crew, assisted by some of the passengers, rapidly replenishing the supply of fuel from a wood-pile. We had got comfortably settled again, when a screech of the whistle, followed by a grinding of the brakes, convinced us something had gone wrong. We hastened to the platform. "What's the matter, Cap?" I asked the brakeman. "Rails spread?" "Hot box?" "Cow on the track?" "Wash out?" the others asked simultaneously.

The brakeman made no reply. We followed him down the steps to the ground. When he turned his eyes to the rear of the train we did likewise. We saw a man running away from the train as though a band of Apache Indians were close upon his trail.

"Somebody run over?" I inquired.

"Naw," a passenger said, "his hat blew off."

We looked at each other in silent amazement. Very accommodating road, we thought.

"Is he the President of this country or the owner of the road?" the Judge asked the passenger, who was evidently willing to be communicative.

"Why, he is the editor of the Athen's Reporter," the passenger responded. "Have you never heard of Bethnel Loverin? They stopped the train last week at a crossing a little further out here while the newsboy sold a cigar to a farmer who was hoeing corn in a field near-by."

We were obliged to remain in Athens over night, or hire a wagon to transfer us to our destination. We chose the former. There had been an election that day, and in

the evening the victors celebrated. We mingled with the men, old and young, who surrounded a huge bonfire. We had just reached our hotel, when our attention was attracted by a cry of distress coming from some distance down the street. Arriving upon the scene, we discovered a farmer had overturned his wagon into a deep ditch, and he was underneath the debris. A man with a voice that penetrated the still atmosphere of the night like the bellowing of an angry bull, and who was frequently called Mort, appeared to be superintending the work of extricating the imprisoned person. Aided by the dim light of a lantern, he worked rapidly and with vigor, talking incessantly as he proceeded.

"Here!" he shouted, "Get hold of this wheel. You fellows take that wheel there. When I give the word, all lift together."

A delicate looking individual—Doctor, the men called him—was nervously moving in and out among those who had gathered at intervals, stating what, in his opinion, should be done. Mort suddenly turned on him.

"Shut up, you darn fool!" he shouted. "What do you know about getting a man out from under a wagon? You may be able to saw his leg off, or give him some dough pills, but you are in the way here."

The Doctor subsided.

In a few minutes the wagon was removed and the man lifted from the ditch. A sack of flour which he was taking home had burst, and he was covered with it. When it was ascertained that he was unhurt and drunk, Mort's exasperation knew no bounds.

"You drunken loafer!" he shouted, "I got out of bed when I heard you call for help, and I have worked here nearly half an hour to rescue you. You might have lain in the ditch until doom's day, had I known you were drunk!"

In his utter disgust he shoved the staggering man into the ditch, picked up his lantern, and started homeward, still muttering in his anger.

From the brow of a slight elevation we obtained our first view of Charleston. The highway ran down a gradual incline to the water's edge. Little islets studded the lake. Some were clothed with a luxuriant growth of evergreen, ash, and willow; others contained dark gray granite rocks, with intermittent patches of moss clinging closely to the crevices, contrasting strangely with the rich green of the shrubbery, while here and there a huge boulder, scoured by innumerable storms, and bleached by the rays of a scorching sun for centuries, barren of any vestige of verdure, glistened in the distance above the rippling water, white and solitary. We were in ecstasies over the picture presented.

We had leased for two weeks an island cottage, and we quickly arranged for the use of a boat. We had provided an ample stock of miscellaneous provisions, and were well furnished with fishing tackle and bait. We had two Winchesters and an abundance of ammunition. We were at first inclined to grumble because of the meagre furnishings of our cottage. The rusted stove, rude chairs, rustic table, and sleeping bunks filled with boughs of evergreen, were uninviting, accustomed as we were to city comforts. Later we congratulated ourselves because we had no furniture to keep in order or utensils other than our scanty outfits to clean.

Profitable from a healthful standpoint, and supremely enjoyable our outing proved to be. Our days from early dawn until eventide were fully occupied rowing, fishing, bathing, shooting, or in exploring some of nature's marvelous and beautiful creations. When one became monotonous, we substituted another. We obtained many beautiful specimens of fish, catching them in the quiet of secluded bays and inlets with hook and line. When wearied of this pastime, trawls were brought forth and put into use. Bass and pike weighing from two to six pounds were secured. Some we ate; the surplus we gave to picnic parties and to farmers living upon the lake shore. We wasted much ammunition endeavoring to shoot a loon, finally being successful. We also shot a magnificent blue crane, which measured, with wings extended, over four feet from tip to tip. Both birds were expressed to New York to be mounted.

Upon a clear day we ascended Blue Mountain, which rises heavenward a thousand feet or more. Its sides are interspersed with crags and deep ravines, and covered in many places with a thick growth of shrubs and trees. Fallen timber which strewed the ground made our ascent more difficult. It was the blueberry season, and the bushes were heavily laden with that fruit. Upon our return we quickly filled the dishes which we had. The heat was oppressive, but the landscape view which we obtained from the summit amply repaid us for our exertions.

Nestling at our feet the lake appeared a miniature pond, the islands little patches of gray or green upon its surface of deep blue. Twenty-five miles away to the east, with the aid of a glass, we could see the church spires of Brockville gleaming in the sun, and about the same distance southward those of Gananoque. We followed the sinuous course of the lake's outlet through the hills and valleys as it wound its way like a thread of silver toward the majestic St. Lawrence. Many villages and farm dwellings came within the range of our vision. They appeared like little block buildings such as children amuse themselves with. The beauty of the scene will never be obliterated from our memory.

Near the end of the second week, our supply of condensed milk became exhausted. Edison suggested we buy from a farmer, whose home was on the shore near-by. We had not shaved since we left New York, and we were an uncouth, sunburned looking group when we appeared in the farm-yard. The farmer was milking, and did not discontinue his work when we approached. He looked us over carefully, I observed, and, I imagined, with some suspicion.

"We are not tramps," I said to him, "although in appearance we may be more disreputable than the average hobo. We are camping on the lake yonder. We have no milk. Will you sell us some?"

As he peered at us from underneath his shaggy eyebrows, I detected the glimmer of a twinkle. "I have ten cows to milk," he said. "If you'll each milk one, I'll be gummed if I'll not give yer some milk."

Milking cows was new to us. It seemed simple. We believed we were competent to do the work suggested, and accepted his proposition.

"Which one shall I milk?" I asked, as with pail and stool in hand I stood before him.

"Try that one over there," he said, pointing to a spotted cow lazily chewing her cud in a corner of the yard. Her left side was toward me. I placed the stool on the ground and sat down, putting the pail between my feet. She stepped about a yard away from me. "Whoa there!" I exclaimed.

"You're not driving a hoss," the farmer called to me. "Never say 'Whoa' to a cow. Say 'So, Boss.'"

I shifted my stool and again got ready to begin operations. I reached out my hand. Bang! I saw a hoof shoot out and backward. My pail, badly indented, rested against the fence about ten feet away. I was upon my back sprawling upon the ground. The cow was running wildly around the yard.

"You tarnation fool!" the old man shouted, "don't yer know better than to try to milk a cow from the left side?"

I acknowledged my ignorance. Why it is necessary to sit down on the right side, I do not know; I can vouch, however, that it is very essential. It was long before my comrades ceased laughing over my discomfiture. In the midst of the excitement—amusement it was for the old man and my chums, and while I was brushing the dust from my faded clothes—a roar of laughter came from the house. I turned and got a glimpse of pink and frizzes wiping dishes at the kitchen window. This increased my mortification.

My second effort had a more successful termination, but my wrists ached, and my fingers were so cramped and knotted that several minutes elapsed before I succeeded in straightening them out.

The next day I suggested we offer to exchange some fish we had caught that morning with the farmer for a chicken. "Roast chicken," I said, "will prove a pleasing substitute for fresh fish."

"Did you ketch them fish?" the farmer asked, when we had explained to him the exchange we wished to make.

"Where do you think we got them?" the Judge inquired.

"Dunno. I didn't think the suckers round here were tame enough to let you fellers ketch them."

We joined in a laugh at the farmer's good-natured raillery.

"See here," he said, "you dawggawnd city chaps are spilin' for somethin' to do. You help me to git in the field of grain this afternoon and I'll give you yer supper and a chicken ter boot."

Rowing and bathing had hardened our muscles, and we grappled with the work vigorously. During the afternoon we overheard the old man tell his daughter, "If these tarnation city chaps can eat the way they work, you'll need lots of grub or they'll clean the table for you."

The last sheaf was in the barn when the supper horn was blown. We were tired and ravenously hungry when we sat down at the farmer's table. The supper was a marvel.

"I have eaten at Sherry's and Delmonico's and other high priced restaurants," the Judge said, in afterwards discussing the meal, "but I have never, since I left my mother's home, eaten such palatable victuals as were placed before us this evening. That cream pie was a wonder. I shall never forget it."

"Take these fellers into the parlor, Carrie," the farmer said, when we could eat no more, "and give them some music. I am going to milk."

"Don't you want them to help you?" the young woman innocently inquired.

"Greeley is anxious to get better acquainted with that spotted cow which tired to shake hands with him last night," Uncle Russell remarked.

"I have no desire to renew my acquaintance with her," I asserted, as they all joined in a hearty laugh at the memory of my experience.

Our hostess proved no mean pianist, and we whiled away a pleasant hour singing and enjoying the musical entertainment which she provided.

We were loath to break camp and return to city life and the stern realities of business.

When in a barber shop in Athens, I noticed Edison lingering around a photographer's cabinet of pictures on exhibition near the door, but I attached no importance to his absence when he disappeared for a few minutes.

Last week, when in his room, I saw his watch lying on a table. Inside the cover was a photo. It was the farmer's daughter.

I have already arranged for a week's vacation at Christmas. It is my intention to see Charleston Lake in winter. Whether I shall merely call at the old farmhouse or extend that formality into a visit of two or three days' duration, will depend entirely upon the reception the old man—or, to be more specific, his daughter—shall give me. Of course my contemplated trip is a profound secret, not even Edison or my other comrades having been apprised of it.

GREENE BUSH.

NEW YORK, August, 1904.

The Necessity of Forest Reserves.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The article by E. P. Jaques, entitled, "Rebuild the Earth," in your issue of September 10, deals with a question too long delayed in this country. We cannot agree with the writer that his theory for storage of water for irrigation purposes would be practical, but do most heartily agree with him regarding our present destructive methods of handling our lands.

We should not lose sight of the fact that Palestine of Biblical days was a "land of flowers and honey." To-day it is a desert, made so by man in his thoughtlessness and ignorance in the manner he handled the forests and agriculture lands.

The downfall of Spain dates from the time that agriculture was interfered with by drouths and floods. Germany, France, and all the older European countries have discovered that the methods pursued in the past cannot be continued without ruin to the whole country.

Our natural resources have been so immense that we have failed even to consider the future. Agriculture depends upon water supply—a water supply which can be counted upon in advance. As we have cleared our lands, our streams have diminished in size in summer and become torrents in winter. We are to-day producing deserts on a small scale, but they are surely growing.

Our forests have acted as our reservoirs; as we destroy these our water supply becomes more interfered with. It

is well to attempt to reclaim the arid West, but while doing this, we should also consider the East, and conserve our water supply by regulating the cutting of wood land. Better do this to-day than to be compelled to irrigate or reforest in another generation to come.

No, I cannot agree with the writer of the article referred to in his theory of dam building throughout the country. Such dams would necessarily occupy the valleys, viz., the best agricultural lands; such dams would require constant watching and repairs; they would always be a menace to those living below; it would be difficult to secure control of such sites for dams.

To my way of thinking, much more certain results could be secured by forestry. Stop the indiscriminate cutting of timber, reforest waste lands, especially the steep mountain lands; this method would use only the lands of least value. Such reservoirs would require no attention except to keep out fire; they would not be a menace to inhabitants in the valleys, but would furnish perpetual recreation and outing places.

As our forests disappear, we are beginning to realize their true value. Cities are after park lands; States are after lands for economic reasons to-day which were practically given away a generation ago. The National Government is taking up forestry and irrigation because our scientists to-day see that past methods pursued mean ruin for the future.

We must protect our water supply. We can only do so by reserving small and large areas of forest lands. Every State should own such land and lend every possible assistance to the National Government in the establishment of forest reserves.

C. P. AMBLER.

Minnesota Forest Reserve.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Sept. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The townsit boomers are abroad again in the land. We read every few days of petitions being signed by the Indians to have the 231,000 acres of forestry land "opened up to settlement," and in a few weeks it will be in order for the townsit boomers to threaten us with another Indian war at Leech Lake, if the Indians are not speedily placated by the opening up of the aforesaid forest reserve "to settlement."

It is evident that for years to come the advocates of forestry reserve in Minnesota will always have the townsit boomers with them.

When a few years ago the reserving of the entire Chippewa Reservation as a forest reserve was advocated, the townsit boomers jumped into the political frog-pond and by loud and frequent peeping so influenced our Minnesota delegation at Washington, that it mistook the noise of a half dozen industrious frogs for the plaints of the entire northern part of the State. And they heeded them, and the outcome of the matter was the Morris bill, which forever and a day settled the forestry question as far as the Chippewa Reservation is concerned. It was a compromise bill, and the townsit boomers were there present and solemnly pledged themselves as satisfied with its provisions.

The boomers got what they wanted—the reservation was "opened up to settlement" and they and the Winchester farmers were happy. But do they remain content, and are they inclined to keep the bargain they entered into? No. They cry for more. Stir up the Indians. Have them sign petitions. Open up the lands for settlement, be they sandy or swampy or covered with timber. The crying need of the boomers is more land, so disregard the treaty entered into in connection with the Morris bill and "open up" the lands. The townsit boomer is not easily pleased. His wants are far-reaching.

They have some reservoirs at the head of the Mississippi and these are secured by dams, and certain flowage lands are necessary in connection with this reserve of water.

The purpose of these dams is to hold water in reserve that it may be gradually fed into the Mississippi and insure navigation at St. Paul. It is said that the water reserve now in hand would insure navigation at St. Paul for one hundred days during the dry season. Think of it! The townsit boomers, the same old crowd that fought every move made by the advocates of the Minnesota Forest Reserve, have the impudence and audacity to demand that the dams be discontinued and that the flowage lands be "opened up for settlement."

How close and dear to the heart of the boomers are the poor settlers standing in line, Winchesters in hand, waiting for the boomers to find them a place to rest their weary heads.

The boomers fooled the Minnesota delegation a part of the time, but repetition is not likely. The idea of reforestation has come to stay in the State of Minnesota. The forest reserve flag is flying over the Chippewa Reservation and it will "stay put," the boomers to the contrary notwithstanding.

I question, in the face of public opinion, how far our delegation at Washington would care to go in this matter of again placating the boomers.

Of course, Judge Morris is now out of it all, but yet, no doubt, sees what is going on and recognizes the gloved hand of the boomers, his former constituents, in the Indian petition and other press items. If the Judge would express himself (being on the bench it may not be right that he should do so), I certainly would like, for one, to hear what he personally thinks of the present actions of his friends, the boomers.

But one thing is certain, with such a wise and far-seeing man and such an advocate of forestry as President Roosevelt in the Presidential chair, the boomers will have to stir up a first-class Bear Island Indian uprising to attract his attention in this matter of opening up more lands "to settlement" on the Chippewa Reservation.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

A Simple Mosquito Bar.

I WAS fishing in a section where the mosquitoes were almost unbearable, and where mosquito nets at night are unknown. By accident I found a piece of wire-netting about 8 by 10 inches. This I sewed lengthwise on a flour sack near the bottom, and cut out that part of the sack covered by the wire-netting, and the affair was ready to be put over the head. Breathing is easy, and the stiff netting keeps the screen in suitable position during sleep, and the wearer is immune from "skeeters."

M.

Rebuild the Earth.—II.

BY E. P. JAKUES.

The Voice in the Hills.

FILLED with the possibilities of the situation, I wandered away one balmy afternoon in autumn to where the hills were as nature made them, except for a wire fence stretching here and there across them. Now and again I note fine reservoir sites. Here is a section of land with six ravines crossing it (most of them have three or less), each of the six is a reservoir site, and the water of the entire section would be held on less than five acres of ground. Five hundred dollars would do the grading, and five hundred more would make a perfect roadway on two sides of it. Indeed, the opportunities to improve on nature are very great. But I will lie on this sunny slope, with that tussock of grass for a pillow, and think it over.

Ah! it is a pleasant place to rest, fanned by the soft south wind, the buffalo grass plain stretching beyond, a glint in the yellow sunlight. But see! What a change has come across the face of nature! That ravine, last instant dry, has become a long, winding lake of sparkling water. Its slopes are studded with great oak, maple, walnut and ash trees, the growth of perhaps a hundred years. But no! less than half of that time has passed since the seed was sprouted. Such things grow quickly where land, water and culture are combined. There, too, is a railroad grade that must have been made in the last few minutes. "No, not a railroad, just a common country road that has been there for more than a hundred years. All roads are graded to a level now. For the first hundred years they were just common embankments of earth which were washed down by the rains and became rough from heavy traffic in wet weather, but now they are crusted by the new process cement to the consistence of steel, and resist the erosions of water and traffic alike. Those objects you see flitting back and forth there, fleet and silent as feathers racing before the wind are motor cars, some of them capable of carrying several tons of freight. But most of them are pleasure cars with a capacity of two, four or six passengers. No, they are not run by gasoline power, but by a powder that was invented to take its place when gasoline became too costly. The powder is smokeless and odorless, and explodes under pressure with a force just according to the resistance. Unconfined, it will burn but not explode. The outward thrust of the piston rod places a new charge of powder and the return explodes it. The charge is easily regulated to any power required up to the full capacity of the engine. It is very cheap, and the work of a single man for a day will produce enough to run a long railroad train one hundred miles. Yes, the railroads all use it on account of cheapness, safety and inexhaustible supply. Long-distance travelers and freight are mostly carried by rail. Horses are never used except for amusements. They are kept for exhibition and pets only, and are bred purely for speed and intelligence. The engine is used to drive the carriage on the road or the plow in the field, and for running all classes of machinery.

"In your day you built stand-pipes and pumped water into them to get pressure. Now we impound the water in the high lands and use it to water the lands further down the slope. Between each two streams that lead from mountain top to ocean is a divide or higher ridge of land that slopes away to the ocean, parallel to streams, only on a much higher level. This ridge also slopes to either stream. Down each of these divides is a main pipe-line which taps the highest reservoir in the mountain tops. Along the slopes of these watersheds are hundreds of gullies leading away to the streams on either hand that have been worn deep by the floods of past ages. These gullies are turned into reservoirs by our system of road grading and the water that falls on each water shed is retained there; when the slope of the main pipe-line brings it below any of these reservoirs they are tapped by switch lines, so that the water in them can be used anywhere on the watershed or in the valley below. It is possible to use water from that reservoir on land three hundred miles away and almost at a moment's notice, too. No, it is neither impossible nor incredible, but just as natural as it is for water to run down hill. Of course the perfecting of such a system is the work of centuries, but its benefits are felt as soon as the first reservoir is finished. Its tendency is to reduce the damage done by floods by just so much, and however small the scope of land redeemed, it increases production just so much. The work was originally begun by stockmen of this slope, who threw dams across the ravines to make pools for stock water. Later land owners were annoyed by the overflowing of their richest lands in the small creek bottoms by water that came down through ravines from the hills; then the idea occurred to some to raise barriers in the ravines and impound the floods. When the hot winds and drouth of July and August came, those impounded waters held immediately above their growing crops proved their salvation. It proved a great success, for it was the certainty rather than the mere guess.

"Whenever conditions permitted, others adopted the same plan, and for a time it was kept up with good results; but the opportunities for individual effort in that line were very limited, and when it came to combined action it was well nigh impossible. According to your histories, what your age was pleased to call its leaders seem really to have been anchors. Even in individual effort there were many lapses. After years of successful operation came years of complete abandonment. Excessive rains for several years rendered irrigation unnecessary; the reservoirs drained too much territory, and the dams were poorly constructed; neglected, they were washed away. Then would come a series of dry seasons, and the dams would be partially rebuilt with no rains to fill them. The few would be discouraged by the jeers of the many, and the work would lapse altogether. If individuals were slow to grasp the situation and act upon it, your social forces were a great deal slower.

"The study of the growth of irrigation is a very interesting one, for it includes the history of the growth and development of man. Its history is about as old as the history of man. Systems seem to have been evolved, successfully used for centuries, and then discontinued and forgotten only to be re-evolved as something entirely new. Away back in those dark ages the political body was made up entirely of socialistic organizations. No

matter what they were called, be it tribe, clan, sect, party or church, they were all socialistic orders; they were all organized for mutual benefit to their members. 'Tis true, they expected these benefits to come at the expense of the other orders, for at that time there was no thought of good coming to man except at the expense of some other man; so firmly fixed did this idea become, that there was no effort in any other line. Around each larger socialistic order were smaller orders, and forming part of the first, made up exactly as the larger orders were. Each tribe or order had a working class whose duty it was to furnish a grub stake for chiefs and medicine men. This was the foundation on which all clans rested. Without a grub stake the sages would have been weak, indeed, though they laid claim to supernatural power, and held sway by being majestically mysterious. Some of the clans, it was claimed, were made up entirely of the laboring classes, though it was noticed that the sages of this class, once they had a firm grip on their following, ceased to labor and lived just like the sages of the other clans—out of the labor of their following. Every advance came from the workers. In their efforts to wrest a grub stake from the grasp of nature they came in practical contact with the problems to be solved, and gradually gained in knowledge. From knowledge thus gained, all education



MARTIN J. HEADE.

had its source, though the sages laid claim to being the fountain head of all knowledge. Had there been no necessity for a grub stake, there had been no education; all advancement was made by labor; not with the aid of its sages, but in spite of them. But the course of a ship that is dragging an anchor is necessarily slow.

"Supplying the needs of the world came to be less than pastime, but invention and experiment took the place of the costly wars of your time. The soldier is no more. The inventor who supplies needful things, the actor who amuses, or the writer who supplies interesting books, are the heroes of this age. Brave men there are in plenty when there is need for them. Indeed, I think the thoroughly manly man is more common to-day than ever before.

"Not all attempted inventions were successful; but few efforts were without results of some kind. As, for instance in the last half of the twenty-ninth century one of our brightest geniuses started out to build an air ship. He failed, but ended up by building a submarine vessel, so that now it is as easy to explore the bottom of the ocean as in your day it was to sail upon its surface.

"Oh, yes, for very many years it was supposed that there was only water enough to irrigate a small fraction of the great plain east of the Rocky Mountains. Events have proven otherwise. Look at the face of nature, gashed and seamed in all directions by the rushing floods. Where floods have been they will come again. For thousands of years water has been carried from the ocean inland by the winds. There they fell in rain and rushed back down the rather steep incline to the ocean again. The great erosion that has taken place is among the great wonders of the West. Had there been something to retain the waters the vast slope would have been a well watered country through all time. But they were quick to go and slow to return, hence the withered condition of the largest body of all fertile land on earth. Try to keep a shingle roof damp under a blazing sun by pouring water upon it, and it requires a constant stream. Place a sponge upon the roof and saturate it, and an occasional application does the trick. The reservoirs act as sponges, and hold the water for a much longer period. Using water for irrigation does not lessen the amount of water in existence. Spread upon the land it does its work, evaporates, and returns in rain or seeps through the soil to the streams, whence it may be diverted and used again and again. Imagine all the water brought inland by the winds to be trapped and held where it fell. There would

be no less water come inland the next year, and a double amount of moisture would be the result. When the sponge of atmosphere, earth and reservoirs are filled to their utmost capacity, the water left to flow back to the sea will be in exact ratio to the water brought inland by the winds. When the work of grading was first taken by townships and county organizations it was very slowly and grudgingly done, for they were doubtful of results, and felt they were laboring for the future without possible gain to themselves. Many mistakes were made. Often work commenced at the wrong end of the ravines, and the first rain would wash away the grade. Lapses generally followed these disasters, and but for individual effort the work had never been carried to success. From individual performances it was demonstrated that results were immediate. Reservoirs were constructed, crops saved from flood, and later irrigated from the surplus, all in the same year. When State and nation took up the work, a new trouble arose. Each large appropriation was surrounded by such a swarm of grafters (I think that is what they were called in that age) that the very earth trembled beneath their tread, and it was seldom that a single dollar seeped through them and reached the work it was intended to perform. When there was a large fund, irrigation congresses were of daily occurrence. Costly engineers were employed to formulate plans, when the road overseers would have begun the work at once. When any of these plans were completed, it was a sure sign there was nothing left with which to carry them out.

Large corporations took up the work; but against this there was a general outcry, as well there might be, for they not only appropriated all results, but the resources of nature as well, to their own use. The work of the corporations, however, was practical, and had great educational value. Slowly the work proceeded, and slowly the waters accumulated. Older systems of irrigation were benefited as well as the new. Streams maintained an even flow through rainless periods, and supplied the ditches; irrigation wells became less liable to exhaustion, and rainfall increased. The very climate changed. Blue grass spread from Kentucky to the Rocky Mountains. Nor did the benefits end with the irrigated district. Rivers came to have a regular flow, but overflows no longer occurred. The lower Mississippi country was redeemed as well as the bottom lands along all streams. The rivers were improved and made into fine waterways, but they are only used for pleasure and fishculture. The waters became pure and clear as crystal from being filtered through the soil. Fish thrived amazingly; the reservoirs were used for propagation as well as the streams, and to-day the fish business of this once great desert is more important than that of the Atlantic Coast.

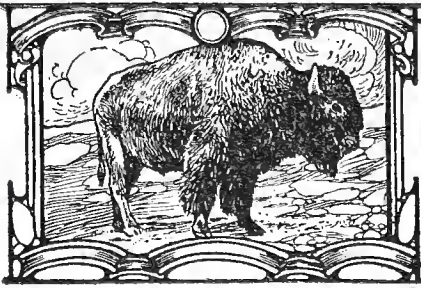
"The Government owns most of the land now, and rents it direct to the user, though some individuals still retain title to their land, it is rather cheaper to rent from the Government. The rent amounts to the same thing as an individual owner who pays taxes for protection, and prevents any possible monopoly of land. No, it is not the old single-tax idea, as all classes need protection for their property and pay taxes in proportion to the amount of property protected, no matter what the property consists of. Everybody has leisure these days. The question is not of how to live, but of how to amuse oneself. Exploring the fields of invention is a favorite diversion, and great inventions result. Even now a man is at work on a system through which he expects to make the entire earth habitable by tempering all climates. He expects to force the hot air from the equator through pipes to the poles, and cold air from the poles to the equator, tempering the whole. He maintains that once the pipes are laid and the current started, the flow will be eternal. I confess that results seem quite as problematical to me as this irrigation scheme evidently seemed to the people of your age. The knocker, however, is not tolerated in this age. There is no r—m—"

The voice died away in an indistinct murmur. In straining to catch the words, something snapped like the breaking of a thin glass globe; the long line of graded road faded out. The flitting tram cars ceased to flit. Where the great oaks were was only blue-stem grass. The voice was only the crooning of the wind through its nodding stems. I was back in the grafter's age—the early twentieth.

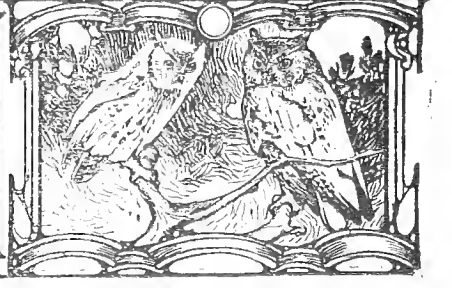
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A Doctor's Hurry Call.

In response to a hurry call, Dr. Rowland Cox, Jr., of New York, made a 74-mile trip to Eagle Lake. Much of the journey had to be made in a canoe, and the doctor established a record which old guides say it will be difficult to break. A guide who had been sent out from camp early that morning telephoned the doctor late in the afternoon from Chesuncook Lake that a young woman was critically ill at Eagle Lake camp, and he was wanted there. Preparations were immediately begun for the journey, and at 8 o'clock in the evening the doctor, accompanied by two guides, left for the northeast carry by special steamer. A few hours' rest was obtained, and at 3:30 o'clock the following morning the party was astir, and at 4:45 had taken its canoe across the two-mile carry, launched it in the west branch of the Penobscot, and was ready for the long trip. The distance from this point is 54 miles by lake and river, and the route is down the west branch to Chesuncook Lake, across Chesuncook Lake to Umbazooksus Stream; up this stream to the lake of the same name, across Mud Pond carry, two miles, to Chamberlain Lake; down this lake to the dam; across the dam into Eagle Lake to the camp, which is known as "Zeigler's old camping ground." Ordinarily two days are counted on to make the distance, and "fair winds" are depended on, but the doctor and his guides covered the distance in twenty-two hours, an average speed of over four miles an hour. He reached the camp at 6 o'clock Tuesday evening, in spite of nasty head winds on Chamberlain Lake (eleven miles) and Eagle Lake (seven miles). Making allowance for stops and delays, which include the two-mile Mud Pond carry, the speed was nearly five miles an hour for thirteen consecutive hours, a record which seems incredible. The young woman's illness proved not to be serious, and it was not necessary to bring her out, as had been expected. The doctor left the camp the following morning, reaching Kineo the next night.—Kineo (Me.) dispatch in New York Herald.



NATURAL HISTORY



Some Animals I Have Studied.

VII—Fishes.

I AM not at all assured that fishes possess much intelligence; though, being so very unlike ourselves in all particulars, and living as they do in almost another world, our opportunities for constant, comprehensive observation are too crude to give us the right to positively assert that they lack wisdom, despite their very small brain in a very large head—but an article on "Hearing in Fishes" (FOREST AND STREAM, p. 421) induces me to relate some of my experience with them, and to include the article in this series.

Although I am not aquatic, nor even amphibious, I believe I can claim greater familiarity with fishes in their own element than most men, for I have an intense admiration for them, and for water, and I know no greater pleasure than in the close study of them, in all possible conditions. While I am an indifferent fisher, I know no one who can at all compare with me in getting acquainted with fishes, taming them, training them, and associating with them intimately. I can go to a river or lake where the fishes are free and shy, and in three or four days, without the use of drugs or traps, or aught but food and kindness, I will have a little group of them (generally small ones, I confess) so confiding that they will eat in my hand, or follow me wheresoever I wish, that a fish can go. They seem to "fall in love" with me and to actually like to be handled. I had one pet perch, in Illinois, about four inches in length, that would swim into my hand, held barely below the water's surface, and allow me to carry her to the house, a distance of two hundred feet, and back, at a fast walk, without making any effort to wriggle off—although, when she showed signs of discomfort, I always hurried back to the pool, or quickly placed her in a tub of water at the house. She would revive in a minute and swim on to my hand again. Sometimes she would force herself upon my hand when I held it dry above the water. Whenever I stood by the pool she would come up immediately and look into my eyes as intently as might any land animal.

The pool was small, not more than ten feet in diameter, and two or three deep (but with a depth of mud underneath that I would not like to tell of if I knew), yet it contained more than a thousand fishes of several species, from an inch to ten inches in length, all apparently at peace with each other, if I except two voracious —* which were constantly popping up and snapping the smaller catfish on the surface.

Their motions were hawk-like—they were quicker than any house cat. They struck the surface with a resounding whack! as if from above instead of below, and went under again with a "bock!" out of all proportion to their size; the out-and-under motions and the snapping up of their prey all occurring as quickly as I could snap my fingers. They not only were continually snapping up catfish, but killed, as if for sport, when they were satiated—if they ever were that. In their formidable jaws a 2½-inch catfish was cut in two pieces as easily as a shingle-knife slices off a hot shingle, and so suddenly that no human eye could follow the act. I was sorry I had ever added them to my collection. I tried to catch them, but they would not bite a hook, even when baited with one of the "cats" they had killed. For that matter, none of my fishes would bite a hook, no matter how baited, nor pay the slightest attention to it. Some of the larger ones had been caught with hooks. Did they warn all the others? Did they describe the angler's outfit in words, or instill in them a fear of it by their own terrified avoidance of it? "But fishes are dumb!" declare the too-practical naturalists. So that settles it, as to the first query. The second query suggests the true explanation then? Yes—but the trouble about that, is that not one of them ever showed any fear. Not the least. They simply behaved as if unaware of the hook's existence. They would not budge even when it fell on their backs, or touched their very noses. Yet remove the bait and throw it in, or hold it in the hand, and it is immediately seized. What are we to say about that? I, for one, give it up. I have a theory, however, but it is too unscientific to offer. These fishes, crowded as they were, were not very fastidious in their appetite; they would eat anything a chicken would. They were especially fond of hornets and hornet grubs, or larva. I found a small hornet's nest (I say small, because along the Wabash, high up in the shellbark hickories, there were numerous nests as large as flour-barrels) one day, and kicked it, having mistaken it for a rotten hickory stump. It was an unfortunate accident all around, but the inhabitants would accept no apology; so I retreated, rather hurriedly—after about ten seconds' delay—for I realized I was needed at home. But I came again, with stratagem, captured the nest, took it to my fish pool, tore it to pieces and threw it in. The fishes, big and little, fairly piled on to each other to get at the contents.

Whenever I appeared on the bank with a biscuit (perhaps not a fish in sight at first), in a few seconds the whole surface of the water would be covered with a struggling, shining multitude of fishes, sometimes entirely hiding every bit of water, and even heaping together two or three deep at the edge next to me. "Stop right there, now, romancer!" exclaims some indignant scientist. "You have betrayed yourself! Such a small pool could not keep alive a single day a fraction of the amount of fishes you imply your pool contained!" Well, I dislike to seem to disagree with science, but I am stating only facts known to all of my neighbors there. There must have been some mysterious aerating quality about the porous banks of the pool, or in the mud beneath; but however

that may have been, the water always remained at nearly the same level, and never acquired any unwholesome odor, although it had no outlet above ground. I "started" stocking the pool early in spring, and never lost a fish, except from violence, all summer and fall. I left there early the following winter. I am sorry I cannot better explain why the fishes lived. But they did, and so happily that I continued adding to their number as occasion offered. It gave me a rare opportunity for studying fish manners and habits. In very hot weather they suffered a little, as there was no shade, even the shores being almost level with the water, although the pool was cut in the south bank of a ravine (it was at the top of the bank or ridge, not at its base). At daylight, before the sun appeared, I often found them arranged all around the edges of the banks their bodies half out of the water, cats, perch, silversides indiscriminately mixed, enjoying the dewy air. Sometimes the larger cats would slowly push a few of the perch entirely out of the water. The latter would make no resistance, but lie on one side contentedly until nature warned them they had been out of water long enough to be dangerous to health, when, "spat!" they would flap back. I was surprised to find that perch are less afraid of leaving the water than cats, although I have known the latter to live more than a day in a dry dishpan in the shade. I learned a lot of surprising things. I had always doubted the ability of fish to hear. I received proof that mine could—or that sound vibrations affected them, either in the water or out of it, and I don't care whether it is called hearing or not. It matters not to me whether sound enters their "chamber of Corti" through the top of the head, or through the tail; it gets there, all right, which amounts to the same. Not only did they hear, but they seemed to distinguish between a few sounds. One sound frightened them at any and all times and under all circumstances, causing a regular piscatorial panic—and an insignificant sound at that! It was simply the hawking sound a man makes when clearing his throat after breathing dust or when aggravated with a cold. Why they feared this sound or were pained by it I know not. But every fish of every size would vanish at the sound, whether loud or moderate, even if feeding at the time. In a few minutes they would come up looking about wonderingly, and under they went again quick as a flash every time the sound was repeated. I made a number of experiments to determine what they could hear and how different sounds affected them; but, wonderful to tell, this seemed the only sound that could startle them more than once the same day. They quickly became used to all other sounds, seeming to prove they remembered. Indeed, I have established in my own mind that fishes hear, remember, understand a few things, and possess the passions of love, hate, fear, joy and curiosity—all very limitedly compared with mammals. The perch shows all this much more plainly than any other fish I have had the privilege of studying. I have also found that some varieties see in air perhaps as well as in water, instead of being unable to see at all in air, as many people suppose. Nor can I convince myself that they are so near-sighted in water as scientists believe, no matter how unfavorable to long sight the structure of the eye may appear to the savants. If any naturalist reader would care to learn all the particulars or evidence tending to prove the long sight of fishes, and will ask me through this paper, I will endeavor to carefully write my experiments (and accidents), which have caused my belief, and which I believe will convince any person that fishes see some distance.

I found that a crayfish or crawfish in shallow water could quickly nip off the tail of a catfish fifty times bigger than himself! This astounded me, for the crayfish is very delicate, and sometimes loses one or more of his powerful "pinchers" at a blow so slight as to cause a small fish no discomfort whatever. Besides, it is a very cowardly "insect." Its nippers are, in themselves, one of the greatest wonders in animal creation—possessing prodigious power, yet connected with the body by a ridiculously small, hair-like member. It appears that the nipper is so constructed, like a mighty engine, as to need only nourishment and moving impulse from the body, or boiler, to make it appear the main thing. My catfishes invariably were sundered about one-third their length from the tip of the tail—at a very fleshy part. Sometimes the fish would struggle violently to get back into deeper water, where the enemy would have been just nothing to him, but he seldom could get away in time; though, occasionally, he was fortunate enough to disarm (literally) or smash his despicable foe, whether by skill or accident I never could determine. My opinion is, that in such a situation, he is too excited and terrified to exercise any intelligence, if he possesses it—like a man in a nightmare—and I am sure, from my own observations, that a man's helpless horror under the grip of the incubus is no evidence of a lack of courage or wisdom, nor even of a want of goodness.

I found, too, that the mink is a great destroyer of fish, choosing the larger and finer ones with unerring cunning, and, reversing the custom of the crayfish, cutting off the head end, for the blood, rather than the flesh, is what is sought by the mink; and as fishes possess very little flowing blood, a great many are required to satisfy the mink. After his repeated plunges into the pool have so alarmed the prey that they keep down, however, he will eat some of the heads he has strewn about the shores, if he is still hungry. I say "shores" instead of "shore," because he carries a fish straight across, instead of returning to the bank from which he entered the pool—if the pool is small.

At first the fishes neither fear nor resist him, nor make any effort to get out of his way—that is, in a crowded pool like mine. But, seemingly attracted by the queer appearance of his bushy, trailing tail, or intoxicated with the odor of it, pursue him, even nibbling at it, thus giving the smiling scoundrel an easy job to take his

pick. He crosses and recrosses the pool, generally in a straight line, as if he had no other object than to get across, and each time he picks up a fine fish in, or slightly past, the middle of the water. I had opportunities to observe all this as leisurely as my wrath would allow, for the minks were numerous there, and bold, until I shot at one with a revolver, so close that the fire seemed to swallow his whole body! (I wish all exchanges of FOREST AND STREAM would, if the publishers consent, copy this note about the mink, in the interest of fish preservation, for I do not believe our fishing brethren are fully aware of the awful destructiveness of this wily rodent. Of course, there are other destroyers, notably the raccoon, but the latter eats the flesh and the bone, and is content with very small fishes often left slowly perishing in pools that are drying up; besides, he seems to prefer crayfish, which are, I suppose, everywhere regarded as a nuisance, and are in no danger of extermination so as to "throw nature out of balance.")

I intimated that some of my fishes, having been taken with the hook, might have told others; yet I have known the sporting fishermen to catch a fish in a clear stream, where it could be easily observed, throw it back, hook it again, and even toss it back and retake it the third time! Does this indicate that all fishes lack sense, or simply that some of them are "feeble-minded," or that there are professional "dare-devils" among them, as among men?

L.R. MORPHEW.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

About Katydid.

Nor in many years have I heard the katydids so clamorous as this year. I suppose it simply means that there are more katydids. The note of this insect is certainly not musical, and yet it has a charm of its own. Of a fall night what more reposeful than those drowsy iterations of "Katy did—Katy didn't?" Insomnia appears to be a growing trouble in these days of nervous haste and worry. Well, if I were a doctor and a man came to me and said he couldn't sleep, I would recommend him—if the season were the fall—to get close to woods full of katydids. There I'll guarantee he'd sleep. At first he might think the insects a nuisance, and calculated only to aggravate his malady, but gradually they would work their spell upon him, and even while declaiming against them, or meditating a flight back to town, he would fall into the arms of Morpheus. We can imagine how that man would speak of the katydids in the morning.

Perhaps, though, he would not be justified in giving the whole credit to them for his cure. There is another insect—the snowy tree cricket, to wit—which is usually found singing, or stridulating, if you please, alongside of Katy. The notes of the two are not dissimilar, but those of the cricket are softer and mellower and heard at a distance are not unlike the jingling of sleigh bells. Some poet, indeed, has called them "musical moonlight." While, then, Katy dominates the night, the snowy tree cricket serves admirably the part of an under-chorus, and to the two combined should be given the credit for that blessed balm which superinduces sleep.

But there is a question for some naturalist: Why do those insects sing rather in the night than in the day? It may be answered, because they prefer to. But that will not do. There is a reason for everything, and naturalists above all men should be engaged in finding it out. The locust sings during the day and the katydid during the night. Why?

NEW YORK, September.

The Ignis Fatuus.

IN the nature of things I should suppose that many of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM have, in the course of their woodland experiences, "met up" with the *ignis fatuus*, jack-o'-lantern, will-o'-the-wisp, or whatever it may be called; yet I do not recall ever to have seen any mention of this phenomenon in your columns. Indeed, the literature of the *ignis fatuus* is rather limited in quantity. I have examined several cyclopedias and such other sources of information as were at hand, but I have found very little on the subject.

Many years ago, when I was a boy, coming home one night from meeting at Hopewell church in company with several others, we saw away across a low, flat interval a light moving along. It was in all probability a lantern in the hand of some one returning like ourselves from church; but somebody remarked that it might be a jack-o'-lantern. This led to some conversation among the company as to the nature of this meteor, much of it very profound of course, as might be expected of a lot of untaught rustics on a subject upon which more learned men have not even yet been able to agree. Many anecdotes of the delusive nature of the aforesaid jack, how he had led persons who had presumed to follow him into swamps and wildernesses to their complete undoing, were related. This was my first knowledge of the *ignis fatuus*.

Nor have I been able to add much definitely to this small fragment of doubtful information. One of the cyclopedias which I consulted describes the will-o'-the-wisp as a luminous meteor, appearing during summer and autumn nights on marshy land, near stagnant water, in graveyards, and other places where decomposition is going on. It is an unsteady bluish light, usually seen a few inches above the surface of the ground, sometimes stationary, but commonly moving with great rapidity. It appears brightest at a distance, and recedes from the observer as he tries to approach it; thus travelers have frequently lost their lives through being deluded by it into dangerous bogs. This author does not attempt to explain the cause of the *ignis fatuus*; but

*I leave out the name of the variety, because I never knew it. They were scaleless, smooth, slimy; form much like "mud-cat," but without spurs. Each eight inches long.

another writer says that it is likely phosphoretted hydrogen, as this, escaping into the air, is known to burst into a flame. He says it is produced by the decay of animal matters, and if thinly diffused here and there over the surface of a marsh, may present the changing, flickering light in question. Carburetted hydrogen, he adds, bubbling up through marshy ground, may be set on fire by phosphoretted hydrogen, and thus add to the extent and permanence of the flames.

Many years after the Hopewell meeting incident, I was living on the outskirts of a large town on the Allegheny Mountains. My house stood at the foot of a gently sloping hill, a shoulder of which rounded off and meeting a similar slope formed a nook, what country people call a draft, a water-course, and from a swampy spot at the upper part of this draft a tiny stream of water issued and found its way down a small valley densely covered with bushes and overhung by trees. This spring-head and its little run of water were just across a field at the back of my house. Some apple trees grew in this field. From my upper windows, or by walking twenty paces from the door, the marshy spot might be seen. About the spot *ignes fatui* were sometimes observed.

One summer evening I remember several of these meteors, three or four of them, were there at the same time. They were bobbing up and down and flitting about the place, just as on a hot day one has seen several butterflies hovering over a muddy spot in the road. They did not appear to explode, or die out, or go away, but remained at the place as long as we cared to watch them. If it were to do again I think I should walk over there and investigate the matter at shorter range; but I did not feel much interested in it at the time, and the uncanny reputation of the thing somewhat interfered. But I remembered distinctly that on going up to bed, I looked out of the window at the top of the stairs and the jack-o'-lanterns were still there. The weather was very warm, and the sash had been taken out of this window for better ventilation. But as I was looking

out, one of these meteors left the marsh and came sailing across the field directly toward me. If I remember rightly, another one went sailing away among the trees in the orchard. Some light breeze may have sprung up and thus carried them away. But of one of them I am as positive as I am of anything that ever happened me in my life. This one came straight on toward me until, when it was not more than twenty feet away, I suddenly put in the sash, which stood just at my foot, for I thought that the meteor was going to come into the room; and so I have no doubt it would have done, being borne on the light indraft. It came close to the window, and then being deflected, as I suppose by the reaction of the current of air, it sailed along the side of the house, turned the corner, and passed on down the street and finally disappeared.

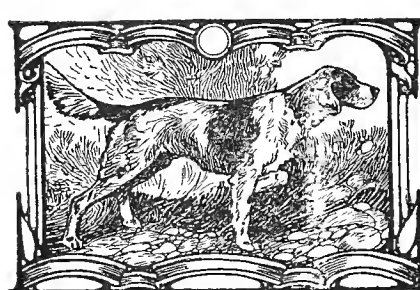
Now I had a close, though a very brief, look at this particular jack-o'-lantern. It was not bright and shining like a flame, but a round, well-defined ball of light, resembling a small globe of ground glass inclosing a jet of gas. It was white, but not bright; I think its illuminating power must have been very little. It did not move swiftly, but simply floated along on the light wings of the gentle breeze, just as we see the "witches" of thistle down floating along on an autumn day. This is not adding much to the natural history of the *ignes fatuus*; but perhaps some one can give us more.

T. J. CHAPMAN.

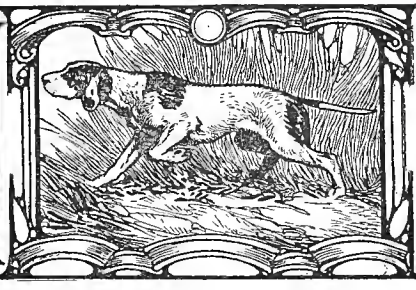
IN an account of a residence in Cuba in the '40s, John Glanville Taylor relates an amusing *ignis fatuus* incident. He is writing of the mountains near Gibara:

"The highest peak of La Silla, and the summit of the Colorado are both remarkable for the exhibition of a very curious phenomenon which takes place on two or three of the coldest nights in the year, generally in the beginning of February; and it is the appearance of a bright light, said to be of a conical shape and considerable size. Though it appeared one of the years I was a resident in Cuba, I had not the good fortune to see it,

the peaks not being visible from where I was staying. I never heard any philosophical explanation of this, nor am I aware whether or not similar appearance has been elsewhere observed. So I have merely classed the apparition with the *ignes fatui*, which I, as well as of course so many of my readers, have observed dancing about in the bogs of Clare and Galway, and which have frightened many an honest Paddy returning from fair or wake, as much as the light in question does the 'Montunos' of Cuba, of whom I have heard some very amusing stories. Among them, of an Englishman returning from Holguin in company with a 'Montuno,' when, as they turned at full speed an angle of the forest road, one pitch dark night, behold! high aloft loomed out the towering crest of the Cerro, now of a sudden brilliantly illuminated by the mysterious beams of the phantom light! However much the seasoned nerves of the Englishman might have been disturbed by the apparition, it upset the Spaniard in more ways than one, as he threw himself headlong from his horse, and, straightway falling on his knees, besought the Englishman, as there was no Padre at hand, to confess him, and before his companion, now bursting with irrepressible merriment, could say a word, poured out a torrent of accounts of yet unwhitewashed sins, a recapitulation of which, however much it enlightened my acquaintance as to the personal failings of the Montuno, could not be attempted, for something of the same causes which have influenced (as is hinted) my Lord Braybrooke in his selections from the life and diary of Mr. Pepys. I have some idea, also, that perhaps these large caves themselves may have something to do with the generation of the gases which produce this effect. I have once witnessed an exhibition of *ignes fatui* on a large scale in Ceylon, where they are looked on by the Singhalese mountaineers of the most ignorant class with the utmost horror, though, as a matter of course, at the same time believing them, as they do, to be 'Yakshyos,' or living devils, and what is more, their own friends and relatives deceased; so in none of these three cases cited does ignorance seem to be bliss!"



GAME BAG AND GUN



Excusable Regicide.

"ROUGHING it" is an expression which we have long associated with the worst kind of hardships undergone for the sake of sport. But modern enterprise has made that phrase a misnomer when taken in the sense in which it was formerly understood. A number of years' experience camping out and hunting in the West have convinced me that every reasonable comfort can be enjoyed without sacrificing the principal object which lies nearest the heart of a thorough sportsman—good hunting.

The last outing I had in the West, was in Wyoming, in the Jackson Hole country, and I realized then how thoroughly a guide, who enjoys the comforts of life himself and has the real love of sport, can contribute to the success of a hunting trip. A guide who likes to make himself comfortable will generally think of what is necessary for the comfort of those who engage his services.

Early in October I started out from St. Anthony, Idaho, with my guide, Ed. Sheffield, on one of the most pleasurable and successful hunts I have undertaken. A couple of days' drive and we reached Shives' ranch, at which place we got ready the pack outfit. A day's loaf at this spot while everything was being got in readiness was very pleasant, as it gave me a chance to stretch my limbs and to admire the grand perspective which no words can possibly describe in a way that would bring the natural picture to the eye. The Teton peaks, covered with perpetual snow and dazzling bright, furnished an attraction which never palled on the mind, and they were ever visible from the plain but tidy ranch. Flocks of ducks frequented the ice cold stream near by, which cut its way through the virgin soil.

The horses having been corralled during the day's wait, everything was arranged for the morning start. The next day I rose bright and early to commence the final stage of the journey. When the last pack had been "cinched" and everything was in readiness, we began our last day's journey to the hunting grounds. It was a long monotonous ride—much of it through thick timber with no stop for lunch or rest, because the heavily laden beasts could not lie down with their packs on and we did not care to delay them. At length, after crossing a rocky ravine and a swift running stream and climbing a steep ascent, we arrived at Two Ocean Pass. There we found an ideal spot to camp. In a short time everything was unpacked, and the two tents were pitched. The tired beasts that had borne the brunt of the day's work tumbled over and rubbed their backs in the dust and snorted with delight.

The next day I started out on horseback with my guide, Sheffield, while the ranchman, Shives, I had engaged as cook and general helper, remained behind and minded camp. We took several dogs along with us, because they might be useful in rounding up lions or "cats," as they frequently call the cougar or wildcats in that section. The day passed without result, except that I lost my Seitz spy glasses, which hung on to the pommel of my saddle by a leather strap, this had evidently caught on something and snapped. When the guide heard of the loss, he exclaimed with great confidence, "We must find them to-morrow." I was somewhat inclined to be skeptical about his being able to recover the lost property, but I assented to his going out next day with a little dog he called "Maiden," a cross of a black-and-tan foxhound and a bloodhound, and as intelligent a little animal as I ever saw. He

came back in a few hours with the glasses, and I was curious to learn how he managed to discover them. While following our trail of the day before, he stopped to call the dog which fell behind him and stood yelping at something which he had passed; when he examined the object, it proved to be the glasses. They were not immediately in the line of the trail but had rolled down hill and were some dozen feet away from it. I wonder if that dog overheard our previous conversation and knew what we wanted!

Although for a couple of weeks the climate had been cool and exhilarating, often freezing at night, still we had as yet no snow. Snow was wanted, because it makes the hunting good and when traveling the impress of the foot is practically noiseless, and does not alarm the game. Moreover, when the snow accumulates in deep drifts it drives the elk and deer out of the higher elevations down into the lower country, where they collect in large numbers and become bolder.

One evening on the way back to camp the guide was explaining to me why he thought that we would be apt to find bull elk with the best heads separated "from the bunch of cow elk." The old bulls, it would seem, after a time are driven off by the younger bulls, which in turn take charge of the herds of cow elk. The conversation was suddenly interrupted, for, on a knoll, about 300 yards away, we saw two fine bulls all by themselves. To dismount and take aim with my Mauser after gauging the distance, was a matter of a few seconds. The furthest of the two bulls was a stately monarch, and he had a set of antlers which tempted me as much as a crown could have tempted Caesar. The first shot fortunately took effect behind the shoulders and made him sag on his knees, but he immediately recovered and started to run. The next shot was over him and, before I could fire again, the other bull ran in between and blanketed him, receiving the ball. They both then stood still several seconds, while two more messengers of death sang a doleful dirge on their errand of destruction, and then they both disappeared over the hill.

The atmosphere in that country is naturally very blue; but there was a tinge of blueness in the air at that time which I am sure was not natural. Sheffield said he was not the cause of it, and I know that I was not to blame. I have heard of somebody swearing until the air became blue, but this does not seem to be one of those cases.

However, we were both convinced that the first bull was hit twice at least, and more than likely would not go a great ways. It was inexpedient to follow him up at that time, because he was still fresh and strong. It seemed best to go back to camp and come out the next day and track him, because he would be liable to run only a short distance and then lie down to rest and become stiff and incapable of running any great distance. On the other hand, if pursued, he might continue to run while his strength held.

With anxious hearts we returned to camp, noting with apprehension the lowering clouds that were beginning to darken the sky. The indications of a storm which would cover the ground with snow were not welcome at that particular time, as much as I had desired it previously. Fresh snow will obliterate the tracks and destroy the scent on the ground. If that should happen, I had small expectation of securing my trophy. The next morning the guide looked into my tent and said that everything was covered with snow. I immediately went out to see for myself. There, sure enough, it lay several inches deep. It covered the trees, bending the branches under their weight and transform-

ing, as if by magic, the rugged landscape into a fairyland. It was beautiful—but it was disappointing.

After breakfast we set out, taking one of the dogs with us. When we reached the spot where the elk had been shot the keen-scented dog began to sniff the tops of the sage brush which stood about two feet high. We followed him as he confidently pursued his way through the sage brush and timber, until finally, ascending a small knoll, I espied just over the crest the tops of the antlers spread out like the branches of a tree. The noble elk was stretched out in beautiful and stately repose, his neck supported against a fallen tree, which held up his antlers, as if determined that even in death they should not be defiled by touching the ground.

At last my trophy was won, and I had something to show to admiring friends. A post mortem examination upon the carcass of this monarch of the Rockies, conducted by a coroner's jury composed of my guide Sheffield and the ranchman Shives, resulted in a verdict of excusable regicide, caused by two bullet wounds inflicted by a "tenderfoot."

The remaining days of the hunt passed most pleasantly, and I added one more trophy to my collection, but not so handsome a one as the first. Nor does that one appear to as great advantage, although it has been handsomely mounted, as it did in its natural surroundings, resting upon the head of the finest animal this continent has produced.

E. F. R.
NEW JERSEY.

A New Rocky Mountain Club.

BOSTON, Sept. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Rocky Mountain Country Club, mentioned in my last letter, is so unique in character that I think your readers will like to know more about it.

The club grounds are located at the base of the Rocky Mountains at Centennial, Wyoming, which is thirty-five miles distant from Laramie, and is 8,000 feet above sea level. Mr. Isaac Van Horn, a well-known State street banker and broker, with large business interests in Wyoming, and who has traveled over the whole West from Canada to Mexico, became fascinated with the natural attractions of the Medicine Bow forest reservation, and his vivid descriptions of what he had seen have so interested several of his neighbors in Brookline and Boston that they decided to take the necessary steps to form a sportsmen's club. The location is on the edge of the last bit of virgin country in the wild west. There the cowboy still flourishes, the hunter of big game and the pioneer trapper are lords of the woods and the mountains. Not only deer and elk, but the highly prized big-horn, or mountain sheep, are there yet.

The president of the club is the eminent corporation lawyer of Boston, Marquis Fayette Dickinson; the vice-president, Gov. Fenimore Chatterton, of Wyoming; Mr. Van Horn is treasurer. Among the trustees are such men as Henry M. Whitney, of Boston, and Irving F. Baxter, United States District Attorney of Nebraska; while among the members are several Boston and western men of large means and important business interests. The entrance fee is \$100, and the annual dues are the same amount. A round trip ticket from Boston will cost about \$200, and the expense of living on arrival will not be less than \$25 a week.

One of the most delightful features is the admission of ladies, who are expected to play a very important part in the diversions. Mrs. Van Horn is a skillful horseback rider; Mrs. B. Frank Bennett, of Brookline, whose husband is a charter member, will be quite at home in

following the hounds. The president's daughter, Miss Jean Dickinson, took the highest honors last spring at the Brookline riding school exhibition, both for riding and for skill in handling a horse.

Work on the buildings is just beginning. The location was selected by J. C. Olmstead, brother of the late Frederick Law Olmstead, and Frederick H. Bond, Jr., is the architect. The dormitory will have forty suites, most of them with baths, so visiting members and their friends will have all the comforts of civilization although in the heart of the wilderness. The limit of membership is fixed at 250, but of course only a small percentage of that number will be at the club at any one time. The chairman of the polo and hunt committee is F. Percy Williams, of Cheyenne, who has a pack of the finest wolf-hounds obtainable, is familiar with the grounds, and can break a broncho as well as any cowboy.

The objects of the club, as described by Mr. Van Horn, are to provide "a restful spot in the Rockies where, in congenial companionship, gentlemen of the East and of the West may find rest, sport, and pleasure." Every one who has tasted the delights of the chase will wish the members the fullest success in this novel scheme for utilizing the bounties of nature in the far away Rockies. At the same time it is to be hoped that they will not forget the more humble sportsmen confined in stores, offices or work shops, who must, perforce of conditions, seek the recreation of field sports in near-by localities, and in ways that involve very moderate expense, and only for short periods of time. They consider themselves fortunate if able to take the dog and gun into the covers for a half day's shooting a week, or for one or two days in a month. They are not less circumscribed in the enjoyment of angling. For such, in every State, the proper care, protection, and propagation of game and fish in near-by covers and waters are what count. Our more fortunate friends can aid mightily in this work, not only by contributing of their means, but by their influence in forming public sentiment in favor of salutary laws and their strict enforcement.

In Massachusetts there are many conspicuous examples of men who, though accustomed to make large outlays to secure field sports for themselves, are always ready to do their share toward fish and game protection in their own State. I have no doubt the same is true in other States.

Mr. Van Horn informs me that on the reservation are fine trout streams, and that the work of stocking them was begun three years ago, 1,000,000 fry having been deposited each year.

The members are looking forward to the enjoyment of royal sport on the completion of the buildings next year. The enterprise has certainly been inaugurated under the most brilliant auspices. CENTRAL.

Boyhood Days in Illinois.—II.

(Concluded from page 215.)

ONE morning late in March the following spring, Uncle Tom came in and said: "It is time to sow oats, the blackbirds are coming." After breakfast I went out and saw a line of blackbirds flying straight north; the stream of birds was not over fifty feet wide, but it reached from the horizon on the south to that of the north, and continued without intermission for three whole days. I do not know whether they flew at night or not, but this was a sight that could be witnessed every spring for many years. But as the country settled up the birds seemed to stop with us, and while they came in droves, the great stream of birds going north was seen no more. And if they happened along about the time the farmer was sowing his oats, it was a race to see whether the farmers got their oats in the ground, or the blackbirds got it. Scare-crows would have no effect on them, and shotguns were almost unknown, so the children were brought into play to keep the birds away until the oats could be covered with the harrow.

A few days later the wild geese came, harrowing the sky, and they came by the thousand and alighted all around us to feed, and then hurried away to the far north. The ducks came, too, and every slough and creek and pond was full of them, and many of them stayed with us for weeks.

Then came the wild pigeon. That was a sight that few men under fifty years of age can remember, and no man will ever see again. They came by countless thousands and were days and days in passing; and they came every year, without any seeming diminution in their numbers, until about 1865, when they ceased to come all at once and altogether, and I have never seen one since. Had they dwindled down in numbers, year after year, and finally ceased to come altogether, I could understand that man in his destructiveness had caused their extinction, but as they stopped coming all at once I have always been at a loss to account for it. Did they take some other route, or were they suddenly exterminated by some disease, or other catastrophe?

About five miles from our house the pigeons had a roosting place. It was in a wite oak timber, which covered about a thousand acres. They did not nest there, but simply rested on the journey. I visited that roost many a time when every tree seemed so full of birds that it would be impossible for another bird to find footing on it. I never killed one of these birds, and I never knew any one else to kill or disturb them. When the first snow fell that fall, my father took the old rifle and the old white horse, early in the morning, and went into the woods to hunt for deer and came home along in the afternoon with a fine buck tied on the old horse. The deer was skinned and dressed; and what we could not eat fresh was salted down, like pork or beef. The hide was tanned and I reveled in long strings of yellow buckskin for whip lashes and shoe strings, which I often put to other uses.

It has always seemed strange to me, that my father did not hunt more; there was such an abundance of game of all kinds around us. Each fall when the first snow fell we had a deer, and on pleasant days in winter he would take the old rifle and go into the woods and bring home a great bunch of red squirrels. And on cold frosty mornings in winter he would sometimes bring in two or three prairie chickens with their heads shot off, and that was the extent of his hunting.

Never but one deer in a winter. He seemed as careful and saving of the deer as he was of our own cattle. But that was not the extent of the prairie chickens that we had. He made traps out of lath, with a spring door at the top, and sprinkled corn in and around them, and we often took out from six to twenty chickens the next morning. But we never kept more than three, the rest being turned loose, and the way they would get away from that neighborhood, when turned loose, was a sight. These traps were about fifteen inches high, and the four sides were just the length of a lath, and they were always set in the field among the corn shocks.

But if he would trap chickens, he would never plow a nest under when he found one in the field, but always left a good strip of land unplowed and allowed the hen to sit and hatch undisturbed.

The prairie chickens were so abundant then, that it did not seem possible that the supply could ever become exhausted, and their booming in the spring mornings was like low rumbling thunder. I have seen them by thousands at a time, after they flocked in the fall; and when the fields or prairie was covered by one of these large flocks and you put them suddenly to flight, the sound was something terrific. But the country settled up rapidly and, before I cast my first vote, the pigeons and the prairie chickens were gone. Geese and ducks were seldom seen. The deer had crossed the Mississippi, and in the place of all these were corn and hogs. And from rambling through Elysian fields I turned to the drugery of the farm.

A. D. McCANDLESS.

Guns and Gun Feats.

KELLER, Wash., Sept. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been very much interested in the discussion of the merits of rifles.

My active experience with rifles dates back to 1853; it was then that I resighted the first rifle I used to any extent.

And as to squirrels, I have been after them since I was big enough to follow my father when he went squirrel hunting, for I used to turn them for him, and when he would knock one out of a tree I would be the first one to light on it like a duck on a June bug.

During my time I have used or resighted nearly every kind of a rifle that has been manufactured. Among those I have resighted were two express rifles; they were Decimals, 5, and the charge was 5½ drs. Curtis & Harvey's Diamond grain powder, and 300-grain bullet. They were brought to Idaho by Messrs. Croasdale and Alex. Barrington, with whom I went out on their first hunt for big game. They secured sheep, deer and elk, and were well pleased with the hunt. When we were in the woods I got them to compare their sights with those I had put on the Winchester I was using, and they had me resight their rifles. Then Mr. Barrington had me make a set of sights, and these he sent to the London Field, which praised them editorially.

As to the merits of the different rifles, breechloader or muzzleloader, if I were going to shoot for my life or money, up to 300 or 400 yards, I would, with fair conditions, shoot a muzzleloading rifle with a round ball. Quite a number of years ago Mr. Alvord shot a 200-yard match in California, and he used a match rifle with telescope sight, and made an 80-inch string at 100 shots, measured from the center of the bullet hole. I do not believe such shooting was ever done with a breechloading rifle.

I have often attended shooting matches where it took center to get sixth choice. The shooting was done with muzzleloading rifles at 40 and 60 yards, 40 offhand or 60 with rest. The six choices were, first four took the four quarters of the beef; the fifth took the hide and tallow, and the sixth took the lead.

During the Nez-Perce war, the Indians at the first fight secured fifty-four Government Springfield carbines. There are few better rifles made, and I think that all that saved most of us at Cottonwood was the fact that they had been using any kind of old rifles, most of them Winchester model '66, and they had been used to holding over at anything like long range, and they had not got used to the way the carbines shot, as most of their shots passed over our heads.

After the war was over, three of us sent to the Sharps Manufacturing Company and bought three long-range rifles; they cost us \$90 each there, and when we got them together, with loading equipment and some ammunition, they cost us, laid down in Lewiston, \$135.50 each. We used them for a few years, but I never liked them; they were too big and too long, shot too much ammunition, and the recoil was heavy after they got a little dirty, as soon occurred if one was among game.

The most accurate shooting breechloader I have used or resighted was the .38-55 Marlin, with metal-patched bullet. This would come nearer shooting the bullets into one hole than anything, and had it not been too heavy, I should have kept it as long as I wanted a large caliber rifle. With it I have barked eight squirrels without a miss; and I shot it at six deer and probably 100 grouse, and never shot at a thing with it I did not kill, although I had to shoot one deer twice. I had it fitted with a Malcolm telescope sight, which I found to be perfect for rest shooting, but rather slow for the mountains. I sold the rifle but kept the sight, which I will fit to a .22, for there is little big game left, and all the shooting we now do is with a .22. Few hunters have any idea what a rifle a .22 is. I went hunting on Labor Day six years ago, and shot nine times with a Marlin .22 long rifle cartridge and killed six grouse, all shot through the head, and two deer, one shot through the head and the other I broke its back. There were five of us out, and the other boys got two Franklin grouse.

The next Labor Day I went out alone, and I killed four sharp-tail grouse at three shots and six blue grouse at six shots, and a buck that dressed 182 pounds, at 175 yards; and this with a .22 Stevens Favorite. Both these .22 were sighted with the Lyman peep sight and a silver front sight filed down till very thin, not half the thickness of a dime.

With the atmospheric conditions favorable, I do not think there is a cartridge made that will make a better target up to 500 yards than the .22 long rifle.

In regard to revolvers, I have never been without one

since 1853, and I have killed all kinds of game with them. I never found any other cartridge revolver that shot as accurate as the old Colt Navy .36 caliber with the round ball. I never could understand how it was you could load them with the round ball and then shoot them, and they would shoot where you held them; then load them with the same amount of powder and the conical ball and they would shoot 6 inches high in 20 yards, and it is the same with the S. & W. revolvers of to-day. I have had the S. & W. .32-44 and the .38-44, and the .44 target, and they all will shoot 6 inches higher in 20 yards with the conical ball than they will with the round ball.

Yesterday I was out and I shot twice at grouse; one shot was about 40 yards, the other not quite so far; I hit both heads.

As to the sights, there is nothing that compares with the Lyman peep sight; and if a man's eyes are normal, he can file the hind sight down till it has the hole in the peep half filled out, and he will have the quickest sight ever used, and one that is as near perfect as it is possible to make it; for then when you put the bead on the target you have the same as three dots in a row, and they are a great help in keeping from canting the rifle to the right or left. I used mine that way till my eyes got so old that I could not see the front sight. Now I have to use a small aperture, so that I can see but one front sight. When it gets so that I cannot hit the head of a grouse on average of six out of ten, then I'll have the telescope on my rifle; but as long as I can beat the rest of the boys without the telescope, I shall be content to use the Lyman peep sight. LEW WILMOT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There is no one who is so qualified to testify in the affirmative as the one who does a thing. The one who tries and fails has no evidence. The person who did not see a thing that others saw is a poor witness. I can get the affidavits of two or three dozen men in this city to the statement that a stranger calling himself Bogardus (not Captain Bogardus), on our common, repeatedly tossed an empty can some 15 feet high and hit it five times with balls from a .22 repeater before it touched the ground. Yet one of your contributors recently mentioned this feat as an impossibility, as he put it, a pipe dream. We were not all dreaming. We could hear the balls hit the can, and the punctured cans were in evidence. He broke bluerocks with one barrel of his shot-gun, then broke the largest piece with the second barrel, stating before the trap was sprung just what he would do. Likewise he nipped a small piece out of first one, then the other, side of a target; and took a piece out with one barrel, then broke the target with the second, after telling us what he would do. Now who will say the feats we saw him perform were impossibilities? G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We gun cranks and yarn-spinners are a queer lot, after all. When we get into a gabfest over some question of shooting or of natural history, in the free-for-all columns of FOREST AND STREAM, some of us wax mighty "tetchy," and read into one another's letters meanings that cannot be extracted from the text. Then we jump the other fellow good and hard and demand to know what he means by his insinuations. This peculiarity has cropped out noticeably in the "myth-busting" symposium. A fellow can't ask an innocent question without being accused of doubting some other chap's statements. Recently I said that the debate between several correspondents had left me puzzled, and I asked why the wind of a rifle bullet that kills a squirrel or injures a man will not blow out a candle? Mind you, I believe that the wind of a bullet will blow out a candle, but there are others who assert the contrary.

Now Caba Blanco says I have fired a broadside at him and comes back at me with facts concerning the effects of cannon balls, which I never dreamed of questioning. Queer that he did not see that I was talking only about the candle-snuffing feat, and did not even suggest a doubt of M. D.'s statements. I cannot see where there is the least ground for disagreement or debate between Caba Blanco and myself. If he will show me that a rifle bullet hitting the wick of a candle does not put out the flame, it will still be up to him to explain why, before calling on me to answer questions that are irrelevant to the subject. Suppose I have or have not dodged three-inch shells or been around where ten-inch guns were fired; what has all that to do with candle-snuffing? Nobody need answer that question—it answers itself. Just for a novelty, let us stick to the point and refrain from drawing far-fetched inferences. QUIEN SABE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Now that the squirrel-barking case is reopened, permit me to say, with all due respect for the decision heretofore rendered, that the testimony of competent witnesses like Messrs. Frazer, Rushton and Barnes, is entitled to more consideration than most of the testimony on the other side. Mr. Frazer's observations of the vital tenacity of squirrels confirm my own, some of them being almost exactly parallel to the case I cited in my original "myth-busting" article in the Evening Post, around which this controversy rages. It appears to me that Mr. Frazer has demonstrated by the scientific method that the legendary feats of marksmanship are fanciful exaggerations, and that the cases of squirrel barking cited by a few correspondents as of their own experience were probably accidents or imperfectly observed facts. The testimony of those who tell what their grandfathers told them is negligible, and I do not think the sentimental faith of the admirer of an entertaining writer of reminiscences can be treated as evidence at all.

It is strange that none of the faithful, who came so valiantly and clamorously to the rescue of the squirrel-barking legend, has had a word to say in support of the candle-snuffing story. And yet the assertion that Kentucky riflemen habitually snuffed candles at fifty yards *without extinguishing the flame* is made as positively as the other. Audubon says in so many words that he saw the thing done. Is not his evidence as conclusive on the one point as on the other? If we are bound to accept one story because Audubon told it, we cannot reject the other.

I see as yet no sufficient reason for believing that the riflemen of Kentucky habitually either barked squirrels or snuffed candles. It seems to me that the preponderance of expert and positive evidence is against the legends, and I submit that the "myth-busters" have the better case.

Let me say that I do not doubt the sincerity of anyone who has taken part in the debate, and I trust that none will consider my argument as a personal reflection. It must be remembered that Audubon wrote long after the events; that his temperament was artistic, and that it is quite conceivable that his imagination was stimulated by the effort to recall to mind the remarkable feats of skill he had witnessed in his wanderings. The romance of the woods impressed him strongly, and it might well be that it affected his writings, and led him into unconscious exaggerations of the picturesque. Absolute accuracy in reminiscence is very rare. Its absence does not connote conscious inaccuracy.

ALLEN KELLY.

So He Got to the Wedding.

"HELLO! Is this Judge Kenworthy?"

"Yes, and are you Charles Hughes, of Utica, New York?"

"I am sir, and I wish to plead guilty to a violation of the game laws of this State."

"Very well, Mr. Hughes; I will fine you \$50, and warn you not to repeat the offense."

This conversation over 200 miles of wire constituted the trial of a rich Eastern attorney last Sunday before Justice of the Peace Kenworthy, of Willits. The unique trial by telephone was evolved in the fertile brain of Chief Deputy Vogelsang, of the Fish Commission, who had arrested Hughes on an eastbound train for killing deer in Mendocino county in violation of the game laws.

The defendant had been camping near Willits for several weeks. It came to the ears of the Fish Commission that he had shot deer before the season opened. They could not prove this, however, but one of the deputies succeeded in finding a doe hide near Hughes' camp. A warrant for the arrest of the sportsman was issued, but he could not be found in Mendocino county. Vogelsang learned that the man was coming to this city, but could not find him here.

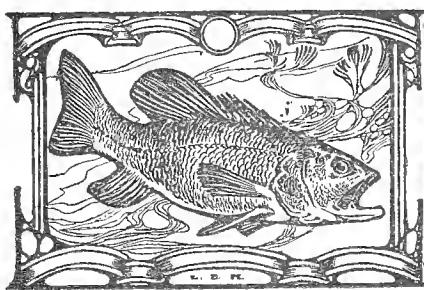
A Mendocino county deputy heard from one of the lawyer's friends that he would start for the East on Saturday's overland train. Vogelsang knew that his quarry's name was Hughes and that he was probably on the train, so the officer got aboard. Hughes got wind of the fact that he was followed, and instead of showing his through

ticket, paid a cash fare to Sacramento. Members of the lawyer's party said the man's name was E. J. Lovett.

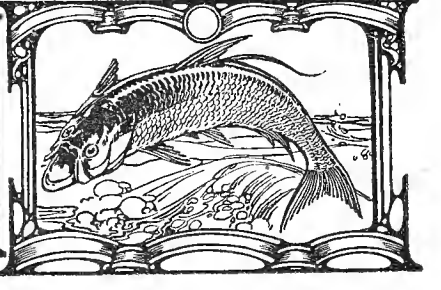
By process of elimination, Vogelsang finally spotted his game, and, with the aid of the conductors, made him acknowledge his identity. Officer, prisoner, and the prisoner's friend alighted at Sacramento and spent Saturday night at the Golden Eagle Hotel. Hughes said he was due in Buffalo, N. Y., to attend a wedding in which he was to be best man, and could not possibly return to Mendocino county. Vogelsang decided to do the best he could for his victim under the circumstances, and evolved the idea of a telephone trial.

Justice of the Peace Kenworthy, of Willits, who had issued the warrant, was called up by telephone and the matter explained to him. Attorney Craig, of Willits, was engaged to represent Hughes, and the trial by telephone took place as previously mentioned.

Hughes paid Vogelsang \$50 and received a receipt in return. Sunday night he again set out for the wedding in Buffalo. The experience cost him \$28 for a Pullman for himself and friend to Chicago, \$3 for a ride to Sacramento, \$5 for room and breakfast for himself and friend at the Golden Eagle, and \$50 fine. He was greatly pleased at Vogelsang's courtesy in not making him return to Mendocino county, and complimented the Fish Commission on its vigilance.—San Francisco Call, Sept. 7.



SEA AND RIVER FISHING



In Colorado Waters.

DENVER, Colo., Sept. 9.—I met Judge D. C. Beaman yesterday, just back from the Gunnison with Judge Maxwell and a large bunch of other expert fly-casters, including John M. Walker and "Parson" Tom Uzzell. "Oh, we got a few little ones, but not a single big fellow. Fact is, the water is too high and muddy for good fishing. None of us got anything worth mentioning. However, the stream is running down and I am willing to be plucked of the beard for a false prophet if you do not hear good reports from all along the Gunnison in ten days or two weeks." If such men as these score goose eggs, it is useless for others to make a try. But, as Judge Beaman says, the promise of the best sport of the season is in sight within two weeks, and it will likely hold fair clean up to October 31, when the law descends on all anglers.

We out here are now in the midst of the most gorgeous weather brewed in the whole country. Down on the plains, where is situated Denver, the trees are still green and the grass simply exudes color; up in the mountains, however, Col. Frost has been putting in some bold strokes with his color brush and mahlstick, and the effect is stunning. Like the prevailing shades of feminine fashion the waning summer, the forests are donning delicate champagne tints, mode browns, and those browns that mix with reds and sepias. The result is gorgeous; one with half an eye for landscape forgets his rod and fly a goodly part of the time and goes mooning after some of the shades painted of no artist's hand save Dame Nature's.

And more's the pity, since nearly all have had their vacations and returned to grind at desk and counter and private office. However, business—blessed, lucky business—took the writer to Lake Alicia last Saturday, and he, being forehanded, took with him his lancewood and book of flies—merely as a matter of good faith. The object of the trip was soon despatched, but the writer is leaving Colorado for a siege of several months, and the temptation to "linger and wallow in the lap of nature" was not to be resisted. Let the reader project his astral body through a few hundred miles of space and come with me. We arrive at Thomasville, a pretty little station on the Colorado Midland, and, having already advised a certain Mr. Engelbrecht of our coming, there are in waiting trusty saddle horses, with safest of stock saddles well cinched to their round little bodies. There is some baggage; this is slung upon the backs of patient and surefooted little Rocky Mountain "canaries." Half a dozen compose our cavalcade. As we pass through the principal street of the town we raise a cloud of dust, causing a couple of vagrant dogs to follow and testify their displeasure with sundry yips and barks. Before us lies a mountain trail straight up eight miles. 'Tis the only way to reach Lake Alicia. The sun is simply "corking hot," but none seem to feel it, so pure and sweet and bracing is the atmosphere, like a mouthful of crisp champagne. A climb of two hours brings us to our destination, around which is clustered a number of rustic cottages, accommodating a little colony of some thirty pilgrims. We arrive near the dinner hour, and the cheerful voice of our host bids us "wash up and come to dinner." No need to ask after appetite. We follow to the dining room, wondering sub-cutaneously if indeed there will be enough to go round—considering our own great capacity. Fresh eggs, fresh butter—just think of keeping ten cows up at that altitude of 9,250 feet—fresh vegetables and fruits of all kinds. And don't forget the fried trout, caught in the morning hours from the lake by some of the early rising guests. Only a mile from the lake is Fool's Peak, a wise man's paradise, 14,240 feet high. During the afternoon we ascend to its summit and squint over into the backyard of Routt county, 150 miles away. We then turn our gaze on Pike's Peak, 200 miles distant; Mt. Sopris, 60 miles away; Snow Mass, aptly so named; the Crested Butte range; Maroon Peaks near Aspen; and those literary sentinels of the Rockies, Mounts Princeton, Yale, and Harvard, east of Leadville.

The trout in the lake become very active as the sun crawls over the divide, and if you are so inclined you can break a spear—or your rod, for that matter—with some really interesting fighters of that glacial body of water. A large catch you will not get, if measured by number, but there are some big lunkers there, and well worth the effort as we found. Sometimes it is the fly,

at others the deep troll or a bleached minnow. Our first effort was rewarded with a quartet whose combined weight marks the five-pound notch—good enough sport for any gentleman. Eight o'clock A. M. at this season is early enough to go rowing, the mornings being eaten of a keen desire to imitate the Arctic zone.

Within two miles of fair Alicia is what is called a box cañon, one of the most imposing feats of nature to be seen anywhere in the whole State. There are several caves within easy reach of the "ranch," and a visit to these helps consume the time till the trout are again "at home" to anglers. How deep these caves are we never learned; they are just the kind of homes we used to people with bogies and hobgoblins and "things" when we were in short pants. Is it any wonder that after spending three whole days up here with "God's own things," we return to the plains at the foothills with chest inflated, head up, and neck arched, ready to take up the gauge of battle again? Colorado's mountains of gold may make a few men wealthy; there is even greater treasure here—health and happiness for all who seek.

Taken all in all, the passing fishing season has been rather disappointing. Little snow fell during the winter, and many Solomons presaged a dry summer. Instead, we have had nothing but rain and cloudbursts. The rivers were never so full and never so muddy. Colorado streams are full of trout, and it is indeed a "scrub" who cannot make a somewhat fair killing in a day's outing; but the season's average catches have been away below normal. Never before during a four years' residence have I been unable to take as many as, or more good sized trout than, I wanted. This season, however, I have come perilously close to being "skunked" more than once. And my plaint is the plaint of hundreds of others. Too much water, too much roil, too much natural food. No lack of trout. But they could not be tempted, in some cases; in others, could not be got at. Some of the best pools on the Gunnison, on the Eagle, and on the Laramie and the North Platte, have not been ruffled by a fly the whole season because of high water. But I am advised of a general recession of waters now, and small flies and bleached minnows ought to do the business in the big streams till the middle of October at least.

Speaking of the last named two streams, Messrs. Bryan Haywood, Harper M. Orahoad, J. C. Bailey, and George Orahoad, all crackerjacks with the fly, are just back from a five days' circuit of the two rivers. "Nary a nothing," says Bryan to me, says he; "but the water will be fine next week, and you will have the sport of your life if you time your visit the middle of the month." So with ginger and blue quills, march browns, alders and golden-ribbed hares' ears, No. 12 and 14, we—that is, our wife and ourselves—are promising ourselves a five days' wagon drive from Laramie to John and Jack Hunter's two places on the North Platte, thence to King's ranch at Binghamton, thence along the Wood's Landing road to Wood's Landing on the Laramie, stopping at divers places long enough for morning and afternoon casting; last back to Laramie. The other half of "we" is provided with overalls, elk-soled boots, well hobbled with soft nails, a sweater and perfect tackle. She has never cast a fly, her knowledge of these "critters," beyond "shooing" a certain pestiferous brand outside the pale of the screen doors every summer, being nil. But there are no roses in her cheeks; she wakes each morning reluctantly and begins the day with the plaint, oft-repeated, "Oh, I am so tired." This is to be our real honeymoon outing, though marriage is an old song with us, and, thank God, its music is the sweetest we wot of; our wanderings promise to take us to all sorts of out-of-the-way places between here and Southern California. We have set no limit to our tramp—just going to keep going like a pair of sure-enough runaway kids till the roses bloom in her cheeks, till she is no longer "so tired," till her eyes grow brighter with the fire of youth, till her facial contour again assumes the curves and dimples of young maidenhood. Of the incidents of this trip I may have more to say in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM from week to week, if ye discriminating editor does not consign my stuff to the tender mercies of the office cat and the blue pencil.

I fear there is more of rumination and anticipation in this potpourri than of news. But the anticipation of returning to nature's fold makes my thoughts wander. Never before in Colorado's history have so many arrests

and convictions been made and had for violations of game and fishing laws, and there are still four months to run. My memory is not so weak but I can hark back to the time when I read a book by a game hog now reformed. The scene of his carnage was Florida, and he proudly burdened his song with boasts of going forth to kill and destroy and maim game and fowl and fish daily. That was more than a score of years ago, when Florida's supply of game and fish seemed to me inexhaustible. But the acts of this prince of game hogs and his disciples soon wrought so that the legislators of the "Flowery land" had to safeguard their game and fish in many ways to save the seed. Colorado has come near to the same fate. Even the passage of four years has reduced the goodness of the game grounds, of the fishing streams. Our last Legislature saw the writing on the wall and made some really good laws. They were stringent, particularly against "foreigners" and sporting goods men have been known to inveigh and allow as how many eastern sports have refused to seek big game here because, forsooth, they had to pay a license of \$25 for the privilege of shooting a single deer with horns in a season. Doubtless some of the sporting goods men have failed of sales, which is only matter of individual concern. But there is another side to the question—one that concerns vitally the people of the State and the country at large. While the figures are not complete, the present year's work not being ended, a comparison is cause for gratification and encouragement. Game and Fish Commissioner Woodard gave the figures to me. During 1903 there were twenty-six arrests and convictions under the game law and three under the fish law. This law went into effect on July 12 of that year, but it was practically inoperative because of lack of physical equipment until 1904. During 1904, and up to September 1, there have been forty-three arrests and convictions under the game law and thirty-one arrests and twenty-nine convictions under the fish laws. Mr. Woodard is confident that fully as many more arrests and convictions will be secured before the close of the year. Some idea of the difficulty of the task of the State's game wardens may be obtained from the fact that the entire work is done by fourteen paid game wardens (five chief wardens and nine sub-wardens), scattered over a territory almost as big as New England and New York combined. Wisconsin, with one-fifth the territory to patrol, has sixty-seven paid game and fish wardens; Illinois 162.

As to the working of the "one man, one deer" law: in 1902 621 deer with horns, which means a male deer of a year old or over, were shipped out of the State from Debeque, Rifle, Newcastle and Glenwood Springs. In 1903, since the new law went into effect, 80 deer were shipped out of the State. As a result of the stoppage of the wholesale slaughter of these animals, the number of one-year-old deer is already on the increase, says Mr. Woodard. And it is said that before long elk will be found again in the mountain fastnesses.

"Of course it is a hardship on the New York State fellow who used to come here and bag three deer to be allowed to kill only one," said Mr. Woodard. "But he is only party of the second part, and a very secondary part, too. What we are after is the conservation of the game of the State. The resources of Colorado are, first, precious metals; second, agriculture; third, game and scenery. The way the devastation of game has been going on, the only thing we'd have to offer the sportsman wayfarer in a few years would be scenery; and no one would come thus far to shoot the grandest inanimate scenery. So these laws were made; and they appear to be pretty good, too, though perhaps at fault in some details. If, however, they preserve and perpetuate our big game they will have served a most useful purpose. That is what we are trying to do."

W. F. Givens, of Florence, game warden, has made the record so far. His salary is \$100 a month and one-third of the fines imposed. The records show that his income since June 1 has been between \$300 and \$400 a month. He takes his wagon, starts down stream, and lets no guilty one escape, whether he be in possession of undersized trout or caught casting after 8 P. M. He is credited with nine arrests and nine convictions in one week. Charles A. Purington, in the Loveland district, arrested eight "awell" anglers from Denver, and convicted seven of them after the hardest kind of legal battling. "The other fellow," not yet convicted, is a bright star in the local angling firmament, and he avowed his determination

to spend \$1,000 to escape conviction. Meanwhile the trout taken from his reel lay on ice in cold storage, and measure less than six inches, while the legal size is seven. He would give much to escape the stigma, but it seems that he is "cinched." A good lesson is needed.

Last year 2,896,000 young trout were planted in all Colorado streams. Before the close of the planting season of 1904, Mr. Woodard promises that the 6,000,000 mark will have been reached. Which seemeth a good presage for ye angler of 1905. J. D. C.

Newfoundland's Free Salmon Fishing

BEFORE me is a list of named salmon rivers that may be leased in Quebec and Canadian Labrador, the prices for the right to fish varying from \$50 for one stream to as much as \$1,250 for like rights on another. Even then salmon fishing has been very poor this year. Experts like Mr. Merston and Mr. Chambers have stated in your columns that salmon fishermen on the Restigouche and Cascapedia have been greatly disappointed, as well as anglers who have cast flies on streams in Quebec and Nova Scotia.

Yet for a round-trip fare of about sixty dollars from New York to St. John's and return, including over 1,100 miles of travel on the island in excellent sleeping and dining cars all the way, I found excellent salmon fishing at five or six different and widely separated points last month, in eastern, central and western Newfoundland. This fishing was free as the air. One may leave New York Sunday noon, passing through Portland, St. John, N. B., Truro, N.S., and along the superb Bras d'Or Lakes to North Sidney, Cape Breton, where the steamer Bruce will carry him ninety miles to the western terminus of the Newfoundland Railroad, and Wednesday before noon he may fish the pools of the superb Codroy River, about thirty miles from where he landed on the island. Such anglers as Lord Leighton and W. D. Reid took very heavy salmon from those pools in June and July; but they were not very plentiful. However, the fish were numerous in the Humber, Gander, Exploits, Grand and St. George's rivers. Heavy salmon were also taken from Harry's Brook, but the water was too low, and big fish were scarce.

Harry's Brook is formed by the spilling out of the waters of St. George's Pond, a splendid mountain lake



A SECTION OF FIRE-SWEPT FOREST AT CRABBE'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, JUNE 30, 1904.

about fifteen miles long and two miles wide. Since I left that stream, I have reports from it that the rains have made abundant depth of water, and that the salmon fishing is magnificent. In the foot of the lake, just before the water feels the current of the stream, and over a space of five hundred feet each way, large fish were lying on the 30th and 31st of August and September 1. About 400 salmon were there, some of enormous size—30 to 35 pounds each.

As a rule, the best salmon fishing in Newfoundland means living under canvas. The sportsman should not risk failure by going when the water is low or while the fish are not running or lying in pools. He is almost sure of good sport with the salmon; but it is much wiser to write to the guide and have him telegraph when the stage of water is right, and the fish are "on hand." But the fishing is there, and with reasonable conditions may be enjoyed in royal measure. Here is specific mention of a very few results of the fishing, taken almost at random. Some of this fishing was personally seen by me; the rest is vouched for by reliable men:

Mr. C. A. Walker and party of three, during the first week in August, secured 176 salmon in one week on the Upper Humber. Mr. Walker caught the largest, which weighed 22 pounds.

On Friday, the 22d July, nine salmon were caught at South Branch Codroy by a party who left Tompkins by morning train and returned in the evening.

Sir Brian Leighton, on Saturday, June 18, took five salmon, one 20 pounds. On the same day a 10-pound salmon was caught in Stephen's Pool, and a 20-pound one in Grendell's Pool, and parties from Philadelphia were getting all the fishing they wanted at Fischell's Brook. Twenty-five salmon were also taken between the mouth of Gambo and falls, weighing from 20 to 22 pounds each.

On June 10, at Robinson's Brook, Mr. Sears captured a 28-pound salmon, and Mr. McDougal, of Bank of Nova Scotia, Halifax, captured a 24-pound salmon and two 10-pound ones. Besides these, several other large fish were taken.

Vice-Admiral Douglas, of the B. N. A. fleet, secured good fishing during the first week in July on Codroys.

First salmon for season at Crabbe's was taken on June 27.

Salmon were very thick on all the west coast rivers from July 1.

At Crabbe's from July 7, trout and salmon were very plentiful in the rivers.

Mr. Mott took six salmon at Stephen's Pool, South Branch, on June 27.

A great many salmon were going up the river at Gambo on July 8.

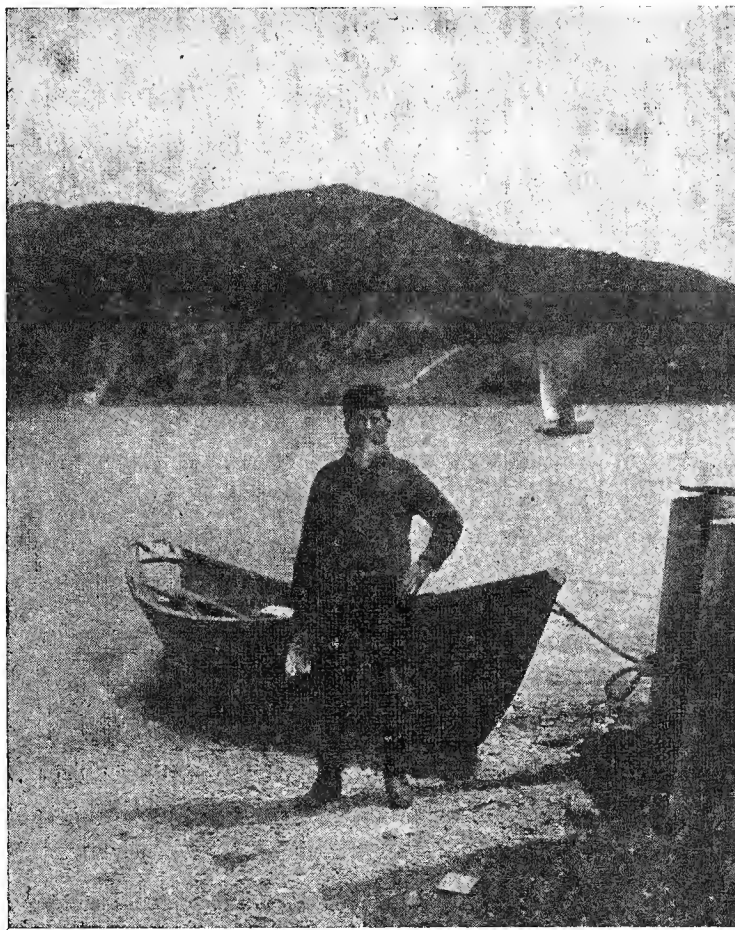
Thirty-six salmon were caught at the mouth of Klity's

Brook week ending Aug. 8, weighing 8 to 12½ pounds.

A 25-pound salmon was taken at the Forks, Little River, on July 28.

Major Ashburnham caught three salmon on June 7 at Little River, weighing 10 to 12 pounds.

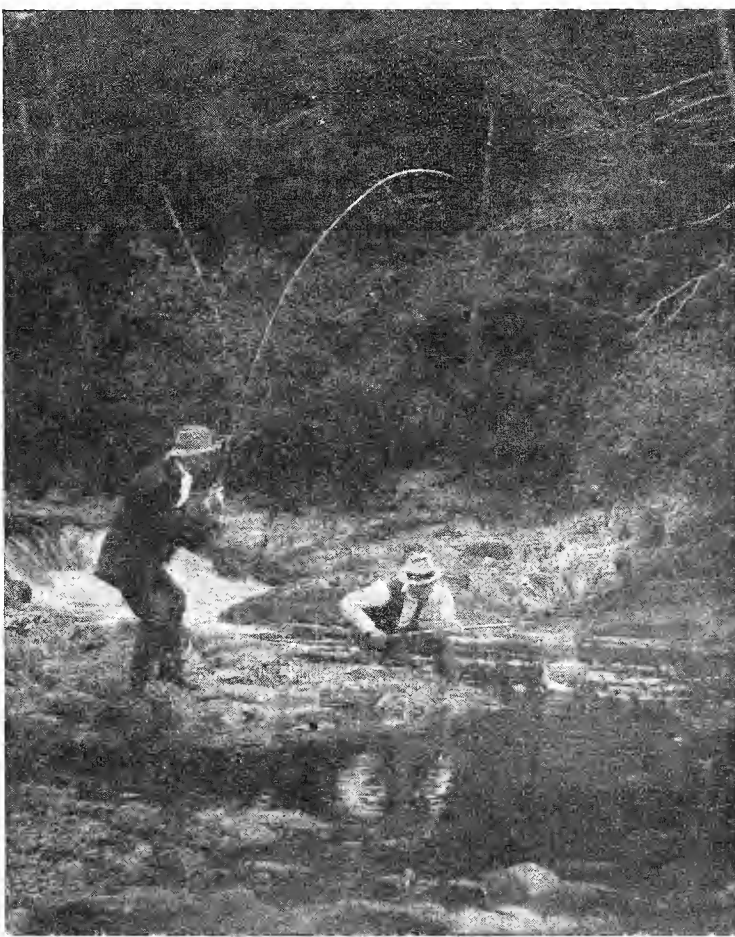
At Bay St. George, I took from one stretch of deep, clear, green water about three hundred feet long and sixty feet wide, salmon, grilse, brook trout and sea trout. That was on July 9 and 10, 1904. The fish were leaping every few moments. Peter Benoit, of Stephenville, who



JAMES FOLEY, THE SKIPPER.

must be the best guide on the West Coast, had charge of our camp. In addition to his own services, he supplied excellent tents, boats, cooking utensils, and a strong boy to help him, all for \$3 a day. The weights of the fish were more than satisfactory—I was delighted. Four kinds of game fish from one pool! That was the kind of sport "Pete" showed to me. Two hours on that one deep, steady run of water repaid me for all expense and trouble.

At North Sidney, Cape Breton, we found a conductor of the Interecolonial Road who had brought thirty-five fine salmon from Newfoundland. At Rosa Blanche, on the south coast of the island, trout eleven inches long were offered for ten cents a dozen, with no buyers. I took sea trout near the pier at Placentia, in salt water, until I was ashamed, and stopped. Twelve-inch sea trout were selling for 15 cents a dozen. A seven-pound codfish there cost eight cents; they are not sold by the pound. Here is a picture of James Foley, the skipper of the smack that I boarded there. I saw a 28-pound salmon sold to a hotel



LANDING A YOUNG SALMON OR GRILSE AT MURPHY'S FALLS.

landlady in Placentia for \$1. Think of that, ye Camp-Fire Club diners in New York!

The ouananiche were plentiful in Red Indian and Grand lakes. Salmon were being taken at Glenwood, Grand Lake and Gambo, and parties returning from Long Harbor River in Fortune Bay told me the salmon were running very large there. In short, the fish were plentiful and the fishermen very few, with a bewildering choice of salmon waters, all free. On the upper west coast, at Bonne Bay and River of Ponds, and even at the Codroy, right on the line of the Newfoundland Road, fish after fish had been taken that weighed twenty pounds or over. The names, weights and dates of these catches were in most cases supplied, are before me as I write this, and are not included in the catches already mentioned.

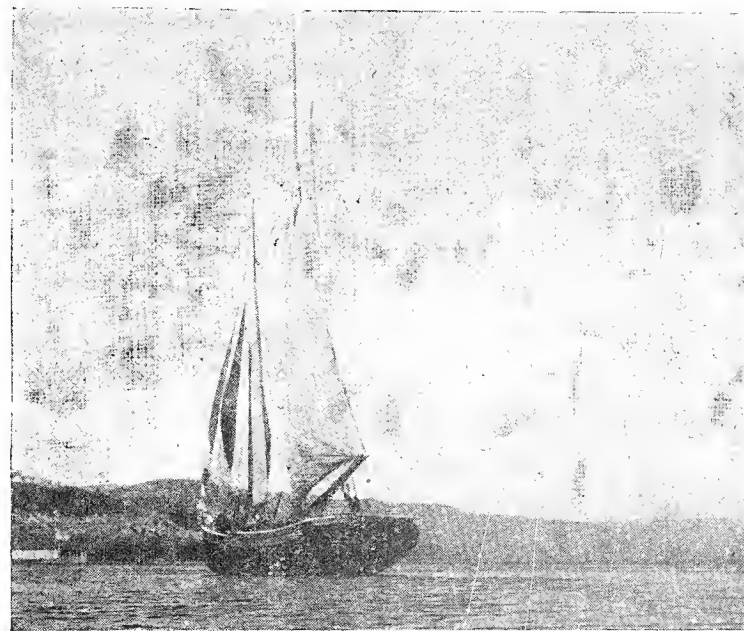
The trout fishing was absurdly good. Trout are as

common in those lakes as shiners are in the States. For example, at Harbor Grace, Louis Williams and four others brought seventy-two dozen trout on the train, a shameful killing. All catches of trout are counted by the dozen. Right near Whitbourne in eastern Newfoundland, Mr. P. D. Park caught 182 trout as fast as he could take them off the flies. His comrade got eighty-five. And this is one of the catches selected at random. At the Narrows on Bottom Brook, in spite of the rising to the flies of the myriads of salmon fry, I repeatedly landed enough beautiful brook trout in four or five minutes for a full fish meal for four hungry campers. Trout are not appreciated in that island, being regarded as we do perch and sunfish; only they are far more numerous.

Anglers who live at St. John's, Newfoundland, have had excellent sport this season on the Salmonier Stream, taking salmon, very fine grilse, and trout. This river flows south by west on the Avalon Peninsula into St. Mary's Bay. It is reached from Holyrood Station, thirty-three miles out from St. John's, where the railroad passes along Chapel's Cove, a salt-water arm of Conception Bay. On July 1, 1904, for miles along that beach was a row of dead caplin (the small salt-water fish used by the cod fishermen for bait), at least two feet wide (and often four feet) and from six inches to two feet high. They had been cast ashore and killed by the surf, and were being carted away for bait, food, fertilizer and oil.

The drive by wagon from Holyrood to Murphy's on the Salmonier is seventeen miles over a fair country road. Mr. Murphy can care for sportsmen, and will guide them to the "lower pools," as he calls them, about three miles down the river, where an angler is absolutely sure, at the proper season and stage of water, to get royal salmon fishing. A picture is sent to you herewith of two men landing a grilse (a young salmon three years old) at the little pool near Murphy's "hotel."

The lower pools are locally known as Pincent's Falls pools. Three men have camps there, permanent houses. Their names and addresses are Jim Roach, Salmonier, Newfoundland; Mr. Hurley, also at Salmonier; and Mr. Welsh, Peat House, Salmonier Road. Each one will guide and board anglers. I know of no other spot where



ON BAY OF ISLANDS.

the accommodations are so good and all ready during the entire salmon season, and where excellent sport is absolutely sure to be had from about July 1 to September 1. Further down and right at the little village of Salmonier, there is again most excellent fishing at a place called Sandy Point. From the lower pools one may pass by canoe down the stream, with two or three small portages, enter salt water, go around Hareot Bay and Point in less than two hours, and enter and go up the Rocky River to the line of the railroad at Whitbourne, fifty-seven miles out from St. John's, with good salmon fishing all the way in the fresh water. A Mr. Finley, with two friends (three rods), took this trip on July 1 and 2, and came into Whitbourne with 52 fine salmon. But anglers who fish the Salmonier should select guides through Mr. Murphy, who can be addressed at Holyrood, or write to one of the owners of the three camps at Pincent's Falls.

The only two drunken men that I saw in Newfoundland were Salmonier guides. But anglers who may think of visiting the island for the salmon fishing, should be absolutely sure beforehand that there is enough water in the rivers selected to allow the fish to run up, and that they have commenced running, or they may deplore the trip, and come away saying there is no salmon fishing in Newfoundland. For example, in July, 1903, a party visited the falls just above Willow Steady on the upper Humber River, and three anglers took only one grilse in two days. But at the same place, a picture of which I will send you, Mr. Arthur Whitman and Mr. Jones, fish merchants of Halifax, and a Mr. Morrow, a hardware dealer of the same city, took sixty superb salmon in six days. Twenty of these fish were landed on July 11, 1904. Thirty-five of the catch were heavy, the largest weighing twenty pounds. Their head guide was Oliver Benoit, of Nardini's Crossing. Forty-one leaping salmon have been counted there in one minute by a held watch.

I make no attempt to describe the wildness and beauty of the scenery. It is unique, and "must be seen to be appreciated." When such mountains as Blomidon at Bay of Islands rise over 2,000 feet and show patches of snow in July that are a mile long, no words can describe the scene. But I pay my tribute of respect to the mosquitoes and black and sand flies. Let no angler live there under canvas without a good supply of fly repeller.

There are abundant forests, whose varying shades of green delight the eye, and views of dense tufts and areas of ferns and wild flowers, even that supposedly semi-tropical blossom, the orchid, blooming beside the railroad track. But there are very wide areas of blackened timber. Some of my sportsmen friends who may be interested in blackened timber, are furnished here with a view of a little section of burned woods at Crabbe's, Newfoundland, on June 30, 1904.

L. F. BROWN.

On Staten Island Waters.

THE July morning broke in all its glory; the dawn breeze sprang up and scattered the dewdrops from the bushy heads of timothy, while hundreds of sparrows twittered in the hemlocks that shaded the rear of the house. The level rays of the sun fell in a golden flood across the floor and danced in fantastic fret-work on the opposite wall. This was long before the advent of the so-called alarm-clock; but what enthusiastic angler ever slept out his allotted time?

Downstairs we found father and grandfather with the fishing baskets and rods. My brother carried the lunch-basket, while I buckled to the old store water jug. We boarded the first car bound for the Port. We took a short-cut through the old rolling mill grounds, and went down over an old, almost effaced, gravel path, the remains of the old colonial post road; for before the advent of steam cars the traffic was conducted from New Amsterdam to Philadelphia largely by water to Elizabethport, called by old timers to this day the P'int (point), and from there by stage-coach to Philadelphia, the colonial capital. Old Eleck the boatman was waiting our arrival, and slowly we rowed out into the Sound, which lay tranquil and glassy as a mill pond on a quiet day. Far as the eye could see, huge banks of horse-mussels, shining and black, stuck out from the banks in countless thousands; large clumps of seaweed floated with the tide, rising on its gentle undulations, with here and there a little ruffle of the surface marking the place where the dawn breeze reached down and touched the surface of the Sound, while the southing of the tide under some shelving bank lent a freshness to the scene, and the eddying spray brought the odor of brine, full of life and vigor, to our nostrils. That was a life worth living! Ever and anon, in tender reverberations across the meadow, drifted the love call of the summer yellowleg, or the call of the golden-breasted meadowlark; crickets chirped, and heavy green-headed horseflies buzzed by, dodging the broad-winged dragon flies. Little knots of beach birds and sandpipers flitted past from time to time, rising ahead of the boat and skimming along just over the water to alight further on and repeat the same performance again and again before rising and disappearing over the meadow, all the time tremulously calling, "peek, p-e-e-k, p-e-e-k!" Rounding a point of land, a flapping on the bank attracted our attention to a huge blue heron, which rose clumsily on the wing, flying, as it seemed, elbows first, with legs hanging down like the stems of two old Dutch pipes, as he called rapidly, "Qu-a-a-k, qu-a-a-k," and circled broadly back across the meadow behind the skiff, where he could pursue his piscatorial pastime unmolested.

And now rose the sun over the blue hills of Staten, bringing with it the fresh morning breeze, rippling the surface from shore to shore, while myriads of swallows were seen skimming over Sound and meadow. In came the oars and up went the sail, and in a few seconds, heeling over to catch the breeze, the skiff skimmed along over the water like some animated thing, dashing the spray from under her forefoot and creating a drowsy lapping under her counter. The skiff, painted green with a white gunwale, was the boat par excellence for such trips; tight as a handbox, sturdy and staunch, with a centerboard let through the ceiling, not sufficiently high to rise above the first thwart, for these boats, some twenty feet over all, have an exceedingly light draft, even when loaded; clinker-built, with a 6ft. beam, and as neat as the inside of a watch-case. For the skiff is the oyster-man's house. He is in it from 4 in the morning to 7 at night. It becomes his pride, his hobby, and when his day's dredging is done, and all the seed sold, then it's "smoke-ho!" and he looks forward to his race home with his fellow dredgers with pleasure. In the race his cull boy takes a hand, too; every skiff carries a cull boy to cull the dead oysters from the seed as it is hauled up and dumped on the cull board.

Old Eleck was known from Sandy Hook to Robins' Reef as one of the best in his line. The journey down was utilized in rigging up the tackle, so that as soon as we hove to off Smoking Point, where at mean low water we would have some thirty or thirty-five feet of good tide-water under our keel, we might begin work without any impediment. The lunch was stowed forward and covered with canvas—chicken, ham and tongue sandwiches, fruit and watermelon; while the well in the stern was bailed full of clean salt water to keep our fish fresh.

"Looks laik a good day f'r feesh," says old Eleck. "We'll try 'r luck off Smoky P'int the fust o' flood, 'en then move up tu Fresh Kill; seems a laikly spot f'r bass." We hove to around the upper shore of Smoking Point, let go our anchor, and five lines baited with shedder crab quickly sank to the bottom. Grandfather got the first strike, and landed a good sized kingfish; father came next with a 3-pound weakfish; then my brother took a fine weakfish out of the wet; then old Eleck and I—I came last. Old Eleck would never use a rod and line; it was beyond his bounds of propriety. He "cud'nt git it used tu them squirley line pullers [reels], en ez tu holdin' a pole—he jest cud'nt du it; ef he got a bite on th' pole, he cud hook 'em, but he'd be swizzled ef he wudn't lay th' ole thing daown an' yank in han' ov'r han'!" And so he did "yank 'em" in hand over hand, as fast as he could bait.

It seems strange to me now, after I've had years to reflect over it, that we, having the latest improved tackle—we always tied our own silk-worm gut leaders, calculated to deceive the most fastidious fish—had no better success than old Eleck, whose line was a heavy cotton trot-line, such as carpenters and masons use as chalk-lines, and a heavy sinker of some six ounces. No leaders garnished Eleck's line; no, sir, no "new-fangled contraptions" for him. He liked the good old ringed hooks, made of thick wire resembling a heavy cod-hook. These he preferred to set at right-angles and close to the line, and when baited with rich shedder crab, the cast resembled somewhat the limb of an apple tree in fruit, all ready for the members of the squeteague family to pluck. They plucked it, and came back for more. He rarely missed a strike. I have seen him baiting my line for me, meanwhile holding his own between his teeth, get a strike, raise his head suddenly, lay my line aside, and yank another fish out of the wet. This I have seen him do more than half a dozen times. There was a story of old John, Eleck's father, an old seadog, tanned until his hide resembled

gunnysack, who was in the habit of imbibing pretty freely of the cheering but inebriating decoction commonly known as "corn-juice." One day, when in this condition, he lay asleep in the stern sheets of his skiff, close to the gunwale, a bass struck the line wrapped round his finger; old John struck, lost his poise, plunged overboard, seized his line in his teeth, swam back, clambered in and landed a monster bass; then baited up and lay down to finish his nap. I have never been able to verify the truth of this story, but take it for what it is worth. It was told to me by men over thirty years of companionship with whom has not led me to doubt their statements. Whenever the name of old John was mentioned, the story followed; it was as fixed a landmark as any shore beacon. Eleck inherited none of these proclivities from his paternal ancestor; water suited him inside and out, and he was as kind, truthful, and abstemious a companion as one would care to meet. He was always very circumspect in talking of "th' ole gent," and it reflects credit upon him or his memory. Doubtless Eleck inherited his father's ability to catch fish with his eyes closed. Suffice it to say he did.

I find that weakfish prefer a large bait; they want a mouthful, and I, for one, say give it to them. Eleck used large baits and caught fish with his primitive tackle. True, the fish were school fish and feeding on the run, therefore not having time to scrutinize the tackle. I have had better success with large baits and in using shrimp, for there are times when they literally turn their backs upon shedder crab, yet fall a victim to shrimp. At such times as this use plenty—eight or ten on the hook. In chumming with shrimp, always squeeze them before tossing them (the chum) overboard; otherwise they will swim back and lie under the boat and you will sacrifice not only good bait, but your day's pleasure.

We fished that day off Smoking Point, Tuff's Point, the old Blazing Star Landing, Fresh Kills, Shell Point in Prall's River, the Southeast Reach and the Northwest Reach behind Buckwheat Island. Fishing the flood tide and high water slack, we moved to the South Reach of Fresh Kills, where midway between the mouth and the first bend a small creek empties into it with a succession of eddies and foam patches, underneath which at mean low water there is a hole or pot with a depth of twenty-one feet. Anchoring above this, we cast over into it. Father got a tremendous strike, and, after tiring him out, landed a 5-pound striped bass. While this performance was in progress, grandfather was having a fight, and landed the companion to father's bass, also a 5-pounder. My brother hauled in a fine kingfish, while Eleck and I got the proverbial "fisherman's luck." We then moved over to Shell Point, in the lee of Dunker's Island, and caught porgies and sea bass. From here we hauled off into the Southeast Reach of Prall's River, and took more bass and weakfish. We then moved up behind Buckwheat Island, where we took more weakfish and porgies, while father landed a 3½-pound eel.

Thus ended the day, with 101 weakfish, bass, kingfish, and porgies; of these last we had but five. The neighbors came in for their share, while the sweetest morsel of all was the eel.

The sail home was a repetition of the sail down, save that the declining sun colored the sky a glorious coral pink, and the water, taking its coloring from the sky, and reflecting the sedge banks, made a beautiful medley of violet, purple, crimson, pink, gold, pale yellow, Vandyke, green of various shades, burnt sienna, sepia, and madder; while the sun glowed like molten metal as it sank in the murky sea fog. Swallows flew over, and occasionally a flight of black ducks rose and disappeared over the meadow, where occasionally they breed even at this late day.

And all this has passed away. Grandfather scored his last catches back in the '80s, and we who are left struggle daily in the heated thoroughfares of the city. Old Eleck no longer rides the tide or sails on the reaches. The skiff is a thing of the past. But still the tide flows on, and eddying waves cast their foam upon the meadow banks, while the shore birds flit along the sedge or sail to their nests in the gloaming; and all that is left to us is the recollection of the days that were. As I sit here writing, I have but to close my eyes, and memory carries me back over that vista of years, and the morning seems as fresh, the sky as bright, and the brine as crisp as of yore; and the enjoyment—well, the recollection is almost as sweet as the realization. And so, with the immortal poet, I say:

"Old men forget,
Yet shall not all forget,
But they'll remember with advantage
What feats they did that day."

G. W. BEATTY, M.D.

Fish and Fishing.

Successful American Anglers.

THE September influx of American anglers is by far the largest of the present season. Some of the clubs that had scarcely any guests during the spring fishing season are now quite crowded, and from the reports so far received, it would seem that the fall fishermen are enjoying the best sport of the year. While neither the spring nor summer fishing was what might have been expected, nothing could be more favorable than the present conditions of both weather and water.

Messrs. A. W. Hooper, of Boston, and R. H. Brown, of New Haven, are among the members of the Nonantum Fish and Game Club who have had some very successful fishing on Lake Commisnaire. The Metabetchouan Fish and Game Club have been entertaining a house full of guests during a good part of the season. Since the departure of Senator Edmunds and party, there have been visits from Mr. White, president of the New England Watch Company, of Waterbury, Conn., and party, and Mr. Taylor, of Waterbury, among many others.

Distinguished parties have been fishing on the preserves of both the Triton and Tourilli Clubs. Among others who have had good sport on the waters of the Tourilli Club, may be mentioned Dr. Robert T. Morris, of New York; Hon. Chas. Fitzpatrick, Minister of Justice of Canada, and party; Lady Erskine and Lieut. Erskine, of

England; Glen Ford McKinney, of New York; Dr. Elbridge Adams, of Rochester, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Oliver, Baltimore, Md.; Dr. Edward Martin, Philadelphia, and Dr. F. McKernan, Dr. Samuel Lloyd, and Dr. Robert B. Lohran. On the Triton tract the other day, Judge Swayne, of Toledo, O., who had a private camp on Lac des Passes, killed three trout in succession running from four to six pounds each.

At Lake Edward some exceptionally good trout fishing has been had during the last few days by the Rev. W. W. Boyd and son, of St. Louis, and also by a number of officers from the British flagship *Ariadne*; at least two of whom—Messrs. Willoughby and Compton—were also lucky enough to kill a caribou each, though the open season for these animals only dates from September 1.

In many other localities along the line of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway there are at present many anglers encamped.

Fisheries of the Yukon.

Inspector Stewart, of Dawson City, has sent to Ottawa a report upon the fisheries of the Klondike, from which it may be seen that the far northwest corner of the continent offers many attractions to the angler. These are not, however, taken very much advantage of by residents of the Yukon, who, as a general rule, have "other fish to fry." Grayling appear to be abundant. They are caught in the Klondike River and in the eddies along the banks of the Yukon River. They make their appearance there about April 1, remaining until June, to reappear in the month of September and run until the close of navigation, or about the middle of October. Their usual weight is about half a pound to a pound and a half, and they are very plentiful in some sections and command a good price at some seasons of the year, especially in April, when they sell for a short time for a dollar a pound. There is a good demand for them at Dawson. Whitefish, the great lake trout, king salmon and dog salmon are also quite plentiful. In consequence of the low temperature of the water inhabited by the great lake trout and the whitefish in the Yukon, both fish afford good sport to the angler.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

The Kennel.

The National Beagle Club of America.

CAMDEN, N. J., Sept. 7.—The Fifteenth Annual Field Trials of the National Beagle Club of America will start on October 31, 1904.

The judges will be Thomas Shallcross, of Providence, R. I., and Thomas Griffith, of Redlands, Md.

The trials will be held at Wheatley Hills, L. I., on the estate of the late William C. Whitney, where the trials have been held in previous years.

The following gentlemen constitute the Field Trial Committee: Charles R. Stevenson, chairman, 106 Market street, Camden, N. J.; Henry Dickson Bruns, M.D., New Orleans, La.; Ernest Gill, Baltimore, Md.; Samuel Frothingham, Lenox, Mass.; Harry T. Peters, New York city; A. J. Purinton, Palmers, Mass.; George B. Post, Jr., New York city; George F. Reed, Barton, Vt.; William G. Rockefeller, New York city; William Saxby, Stony Brook, L. I.; D. F. Summers, Downingtown, Pa.; Bradford S. Turpin, Roxbury, Mass.; Charles F. Brook, Sandy Springs, Md.; Harry Payne Whitney, New York city; James W. Appleton, New York city; C. Staley Doub, Frederick, Md.; James McAleer, Bellevue, Pa.; John Caswell, Prides Crossing, Mass.

CHAS. R. STEVENSON, Secretary.

New England Beagle Club.

WORCESTER, Mass., Sept. 10.—The Eleventh Annual Field Trials and the First Annual Dog Show of the New England Beagle Club will be held at the Grafton Country Club, Grafton, Massachusetts, beginning Monday, November 7, 1904.

The dog show will be held under American Kennel Club rules, and will be a four-point show.

All classes, including the winners, will be divided for 15 and 13-inch dogs and bitches.

The judging will commence Tuesday evening, November 8.

First prizes will be silver medals; seconds, thirds, and reserves, appropriate ribbons.

Entries for the dog show close Tuesday, November 1.

The field trials will begin with the Derby Stake on Monday morning at 9 o'clock, and the other classes and stakes will follow as usual.

Entries for the field trials close Friday, November 4.

CHETWOOD SMITH,
Chairman Field Trial Committee.

Pacific Advisory Committee.

BERKELEY, Cal., Aug. 31.—At the meeting held on August 30, the following resolution was passed by the Pacific Advisory Committee of the American Kennel Club, and the committee requests the favor of its publication in the columns of your valued periodical.

PACIFIC ADVISORY COMMITTEE, A. K. C.,
J. P. NORMAN, Secretary.

EXCERPT FROM MINUTES OF MEETING OF AUGUST 30.

The following extract was read from a letter appearing generally in the sporting press, purporting to be signed by Norman J. Stewart, secretary of the Western Kennel League: "At the same time it became known to us that the A. K. C. intended fighting the League in its own territory. We were told that A. K. C. shows would be held in every town which at present gave W. K. L. shows. In one case, at least, money (the amount, I believe, was \$300) and a guarantee of fifty dogs from San Francisco, was offered to some fanciers of the North to get up a show under A. K. C. rules in opposition to the W. K. L. club in the town. It is always hard to get information of such offers, as they are naturally made sub rosa, but it is only fair to assume that similar offers were made to other fanciers in other towns."

The chair called for the personal assurance of each

member as to the truth of the allegations contained in the foregoing as affecting each personally, and after each member had denied that he had, either privately or in his capacity of member of this committee, offered any monetary subsidy or consideration to aid any show to be held in the North under the rules of the American Kennel Club in opposition to shows held under the rules of the Western Kennel League, it was moved and seconded that the statement published in the sporting papers over the alleged signature of Norman J. Stewart, Secretary of the Western Kennel League, that the American Kennel Club, or anyone having authority to speak for the American Kennel Club, had offered any monetary subsidy to aid in holding a show in the North under the rules of the Amer-

ican Kennel Club in opposition to shows held under the rules of the Western Kennel League, was, in so far as this Pacific Advisory Committee of the American Kennel Club or any of its members are concerned, an utter fabrication, devoid of any foundation in substance or in truth. Carried.

Points and Flushes.

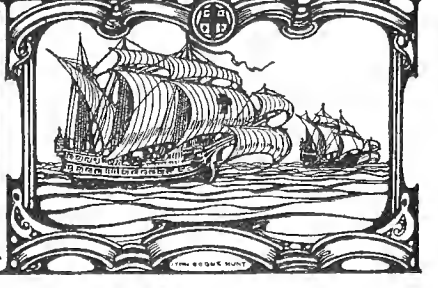
THROUGH the courtesy of the publisher, Mr. H. B. Donovan, 124 Victoria street, Toronto, Canada, we have a copy of the Canadian Kennel Club Stud Book, Vol. VII. It contains registrations No. 6,527 to 7,058, and winnings

for the year ending August 31, 1903. The information it contains concerning the advantages of membership in the Canadian Kennel Club is worthy of perusal and consideration. Mr. Donovan will gladly furnish particulars to applicants.

Spratt's Patent, 450-456 Market street, Newark, N. J., will send gratis to applicants a colored map of the World's Fair grounds at St. Louis. The location of the buildings, railroad terminals, entrances, streets, etc., are accurately portrayed. The map is a Rand, McNally production, therefore its accuracy is unquestioned. An index facilitates reference to any point desired.



YACHTING



Walker Cup Races.

THE second annual series of races for the Walker cup, held under the auspices of the Country Club, of Detroit, began Tuesday, September 6.

The 21ft. restricted class was adopted only last summer amid a hurricane of opposition from some of the leading yachtsmen, on the grounds that it had been abandoned in the East, and for that reason must be very faulty, indeed. But the members of the Country Club are an ambitious lot of enthusiasts, and once a start has been made, will not stop except for good reasons. They argued that the class as set forth in their restrictions was radically different from that used in the East, and produced a more wholesome type of boat. The result was that the club finally adopted the class, and later succeeded in having the Inter-Lake Yachting Association become its sponsor. Having gained its point, the members became very active, and when the starting gun was fired for the first race, Detroit was represented with five boats, as follows: Spray, designed and built by Parker, of the Marine City Boat Works, of Marine City, Mich. She was sailed by her owner, Mr. H. T. Schmidt. While she is undoubtedly one of the fastest boats of her size and type ever built, it is a singular fact that she was the first sailing vessel ever built by Mr. Parker's concern. Ste. Claire was designed by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, and was built by Wood at City Island. She is owned by Commodore Franklin H. Walker, donor of the trophy, and was sailed by Mr. Sydney Russell. She was the only keel boat of the five. Pirate was designed and built by Mr. Joe Poulliott, of Detroit, and was practically an improved Little Shamrock. She is owned by Mr. E. Leydon Ford, and was sailed by Mr. Henry Moran. Eyota was designed by Messrs. Burgess & Packard, and was built by Bryan, of Wyandotte, Mich. She is owned by Mr. Kenneth Stevenson, and was sailed by Mr. Roll Potter, of Toledo. Ventura was designed by Mr. Chas. L. Seabury, and built at Morris Heights. She is owned by a syndicate headed by Mr. John H. Smedley, Jr., and was also sailed by him. In addition to these five, there were two other entries, Yo San, ex-Little Shamrock, of the Columbia Y. C., of Chicago. She is owned by Commodore Fred. Price, who also sailed her. Yo San is a Small Bros.' creation that was turned out last year as a competitor for the Lipton cup races. After the Chicago races she was shipped to Detroit, where she entered the Walker cup races and succeeded in capturing the cup. The other entry was Rooster II., of the Lakewood Y. C. of Cleveland. Rooster is a Crowninshield production of two years ago, and was built by Lawley. She was purchased last spring by Messrs. W. F. Nash and Geo. Hall to compete in the Detroit races. These seven boats made a magnificent fleet, and, being well matched, furnished some of the best racing ever seen on fresh water. The weather man assisted in the festivities by dishing out his choicest brand.

First Race, Tuesday, Sept. 6.

Course, windward and leeward; three miles to the leg, twice around. Velocity of the wind, from six to nine miles an hour. Direction, E.-N.E. Start, 2:30.

Skipper Moran got Pirate over first, but according to the judges was a trifle previous, and they ordered him back. This was not entirely to his liking, so he filed a protest, on what he claimed a technicality. With Pirate sent back, Ste. Claire got the best of an indifferent start, with Ventura 2s. behind, followed 23s. later by Spray. Pirate gybed and recrossed the line, having lost 1m. 10s., with Rooster just ahead of her. By gybing, Pirate damaged Yo San and Eyota's start somewhat, much to the chagrin of the two skippers. The fleet got away on the starboard tack, and were doing well in the light breeze. Yo San was the only one that did not take kindly to the weather conditions, so her skipper put her on the other board, and took a long leg toward the Canadian shore. Ste. Claire soon worked out to weather with Spray on her lee quarter, where she hung for a long time. Seven minutes after the start, Rooster went about on the port tack, and the entire fleet, with the exception of Spray, followed suit. Pirate was looking very high, and apparently outfooting the entire fleet. After Spray came about, she again went after Ste. Claire and hung on remarkably well, but young Russell held his advantage, and Spray finally went off on the other board. The fleet had split tacks, with Spray, Rooster, and Ventura on the starboard tack, with the others on the port. Rooster came about, and Spray crossed her bow, but Nash passed between Spray and Ventura, Spray immediately coming about with her on the port tack. Yo San held her port tack for fully 30m., when Price put her on the starboard tack. Ste. Claire came about, followed by Pirate and Eyota, and mixed it up with Rooster, just crossing her bow, the latter coming about to windward of her wake. In the heat of the excitement, the fact that Pirate was a contender had temporarily been lost sight of, it being conceded that Ste. Claire had the lead by a safe margin.

Spray and Rooster went about to the port board, and then it was seen that Pirate on the starboard was considerably ahead, having done some great work while on the other leg. She was to windward of Ste. Claire, and seemed to be doing better work as the breeze freshened, which was now blowing about eight miles an hour. Just a short distance from the mark, Ste. Claire came about, and Pirate crossed her bow at least 200 yards to the good. Pirate went about and beat it up with Spray right at the stake. Schmidt had gained a little, and Pirate just managed to cross his bow, coming about on his weather and giving her back wind. Pirate gybed around the stake, 16s. ahead of Spray, followed 15s. later by Rooster. Ste. Claire was next 2m. 35s. behind the leader. Mainbooms were eased off to starboard, and spinnakers were gotten out slowly by the three leaders—Pirate, Spray, and Rooster—who were all in a bunch. After about 10 minutes of sailing, Spray began to pull away from the bunch, and got a fairly good lead. Rooster and Pirate indulged in a luffing match, which was cleverly taken advantage of by Ste. Claire, which boat pulled up on the leaders and made the run in 18s. less actual sailing time than Spray.

Spray hauled on the wind for the completion of the first round, just 1m. 25s. ahead of Rooster. Pirate was 10s. behind Rooster, with Ste. Claire 26s. behind Pirate. Yo San had done some excellent work, both on the beat out and the run home, and rounded just 19s. after Ste. Claire. Ventura and Eyota were completely out of it, and rounded about 6m. after the leaders. The boats started off on a port tack toward shore, but the breeze took a shift toward S., and began freshening rapidly. Skipper Schmidt had previously taken advantage of this, but when the others saw the importance of this move, it was too late in the day. He made the stake on a long and short hitch in magnificent style, and gybed around the mark 5m. 5s. ahead of Pirate. The wind had again become fluky, and Schmidt finally set a balloon and spinnaker to port. Pirate was the second boat around, and she got there 1m. 50s. ahead of Ste. Claire, with Rooster following 1m. 25s. later. Eyota, Yo San, and Ventura rounded in the order named some five or six minutes later. Another shift backed Spray's headsails, and she had to take in her spinnaker. The wind continued hauling, and a little later Spray doused her balloon and set a No. 1 jib, coming home close-hauled on the port tack. It was a victory more for the skipper than for the boat, and was won on his good judgment. One of the pleasure fleet got in Ventura's way, which hindered her quite a bit. A race had been scheduled between Pats, a Seawanhaka boat, and Red Coat, another of the famous scows, but owing to the former's late arrival, this had to be postponed, and accordingly the first of a series of three will begin to-morrow. Summary of the first race. Start, 2:30:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Per Cent.
Spray, Schmidt	5 16 15	2 46 15	100
Ste. Claire, Russell	5 20 05	2 50 05	85.7
Pirate, Moran	5 21 20	2 51 20	71.4
Rooster II., Nash	5 23 12	2 53 12	57.1
Eyota, Potter	5 25 10	2 55 10	42.9
Yo San, Price	5 25 36	2 55 36	28.6
Ventura, Smedley	5 31 05	3 01 05	14.3

Judges—C. D. Mower, official measurer New York Y. C.; Commodore F. H. Osborn, Columbia Y. C.; Commodore John Davis, Windsor. Timers—John W. Dyar, Vice-Commodore C. G. Jennings, C. H. Hodges, Country Club.

Second Race, Wednesday, Sept 7.

Wind, velocity from six to eight miles; direction, S. by E.; course, quadrangular, three miles to a leg, once around; start, 2:30.

Wednesday's race was sailed in a breeze varying from six to eight miles an hour, which held quite true. With the wind S. by E. the first leg of the 12-mile square laid N.E. gave the boats a broad reach; the second S.E. a beat; the third S.W. a close reach, and the fourth N.W. a spinnaker run.

The start was an excellent one, only 16s. being required to get the first four over the line. Ste. Claire got the best of the start, being over 5s. after the gun, followed 3s. later by Pirate, 2s. later Ventura went over, followed 11s. later by Yo San. Eyota got a poor start, being 1m. 20s. behind Ste. Claire. With ballooners drawing finely, the fleet were off with started sheets for the mark, with main booms to port. There was little excitement on the first leg, except to note how closely they hung together. Ste. Claire maintained her lead and hauled around the mark only 15s. ahead of Ventura, the second boat. Pirate rounded 4s. later, and was followed 16s. later by Spray and YoSan, who rounded as one boat. Eyota, although getting a poor start, managed to pull ahead of Rooster on the way down and was next to the last boat around, 52s. behind Ste. Claire, and having made up 22s. on the leader in the three miles of reaching. They hauled around the mark on the starboard tack for the windward leg, with Ste. Claire gradually drawing away from the bunch; she was clearly outpointing and outfooting the fleet. Potter in Eyota quickly saw that he was not holding his own,

and put his boat about on the port board and split tacks with the fleet. Yo San had done the same thing a moment before. Little attention was paid to Eyota, the main interest being centered in the fleet proper, but when the second mark had been arrived at, Potter put her about and showed his boat to be an excellent second, and well to windward of the rest of the fleet. Early on the leg Ste. Claire opened up a gap, and Ventura sagged way off to leeward. Pirate had Spray right behind her, with Rooster trailing astern. Spray split tacks and went off on a port board, holding it for some minutes. After some 20 minutes on the starboard board, Ste. Claire came about and crossed Pirate and Rooster's bow a quarter of a mile to the good. Spray and Ste. Claire converging on opposite tacks, the former crossed with a quarter of a mile lead, but Spray had Pirate by a slight margin when they came together. From this time on, Pirate began to act badly, and gradually dropped back. After several short tacks, the leaders came together for the stake, Ste. Claire and Spray on the port tack and Eyota on the starboard. It was then seen what had been accomplished by Eyota, and she rounded just 1m. 2s. after Ste. Claire, and 2m. 50s. ahead of Spray. The third leg was a close reach on the port tack to the last mark, and was a parade, in which Ste. Claire was the leader, and having gained 1m. 19s. more over Eyota on this run, rounding 2m. 39s. ahead of the latter. Spray picked up on this leg, and rounded 1m. 42s. after Eyota, and 4m. 21s. after the leader. Pirate slipped by Rooster on the way down, though the Cleveland men did their best to prevent it. Good work marked Ste. Claire's race, and after rounding the last stake for the run home, had her spinnaker and balloon drawing in 10s. Rooster evidently got things mixed up with her light sails, for after fussing around some time, sent a man aloft, during which Yo San slipped by her. The last leg—a beautiful spinnaker run—suited Ste. Claire admirably, increasing her lead every second. When Ste. Claire crossed the finish line a winner she was given a great send-off from the spectators, and as Eyota crossed second, she was also handsomely remembered. Spray crossed third, Pirate fourth, and Yo San fifth. Following is the summary:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Per Cent.
Ste. Claire, Russell	4 43 15	2 13 15	185.7
Eyota, Potter	4 49 15	2 19 15	128.6
Spray, Schmidt	4 50 25	2 20 25	171.4
Pirate, Moran	4 53 11	2 23 11	128.5
Yo San, Price	4 56 21	2 26 21	71.5
Rooster II., Nash	4 56 30	2 26 30	85.7
Ventura, Smedley	5 01 43	2 31 43	28.6

In the special race between the two Seawanhaka boats, Pats and Red Coat, the former did the trick by about 3m. She was handsomely sailed by Mr. Lorimer, of Chicago; while Red Coat was sailed by her owner, Mr. Russell Alger, Jr., of Detroit. Had the breeze been a little stronger, it would have been more to the liking of the two. Following is the summary:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Start, 2:20.		
Pats, Lorimer	4 42 48	2 22 48
Red Coat, Alger	4 45 12	2 25 12

Third Race, Thursday, Sept. 8.

Course, triangular, three miles to the leg; wind, N.; velocity at start, 15 miles and freshening.

The third and deciding race for the Walker cup was in every sense of the word the best of the series. The two preceding events were sailed in light breezes, which always favor certain boats. There were many in the fleet that were hoping for a good stiff breeze, especially Rooster, who, since her advent on fresh water, has demonstrated herself to be a heavy weather craft. The course was a triangular one, the first of the series, and was decidedly acceptable to many. The cup looked very much like Ste. Claire's property, owing to the fact that she had won one first and one second, and she had only to come in second in to-day's contest to secure the coveted trophy. Accordingly, to-day's race was more bitterly fought than the other two races, in the hope that Ste. Claire would finish worse than a second, which would mean another contest, and a chance for another race, which might turn the tide in another boat's favor.

The start, like that of the two previous days, was scheduled for 2:30. The conditions were much better for a spirited race than on the two previous days. The breeze was fully 15 miles an hour, with a prospect of considerably more before the conclusion. The start was the prettiest seen here in many years. Ventura, Ste. Claire, and Pirate came up to the line abreast, timed to the second, with Ventura to windward. Ventura gybed not a boat's length back of the line and sailed nose and nose parallel to the starting line, while the last five seconds were being counted. At the gun they gybed and crossed the line, Ste. Claire and Ventura at 2:30:05, Pirate 1s. later, Spray 4s. later, Rooster 7s. later, Yo San 8s. later, and Eyota 10s. behind. It was the first time the fleet were ever together in such a wind and sea. Ste. Claire pulled away on the reach, and the fleet with one tack tied in strung out for the first leg. The four miles were made in 22m. Ste. Claire rounded at 2:50:35, and started

off on the port tack. Yo San rounded at 3:00:10, and Spray at 3:00:32. The last boat around was Rooster, who made it at 3:02:06. Ventura lost her spinnaker halliard, but hung on far behind. Rooster carried away a halliard, and Eyota parted a stay, both dropping out. It was a disappointment to see the two out of the race, especially the former, who considered it her weather. She had been doing excellent work up to the time of the accident, despite a bad start. Spray had two reefs tied in, which seemed to be too much for her. It is the general belief that had Schmidt not been so precautious he would have done better. Ste. Claire, the best and most consistent performer of the fleet, met her equal and was clearly outsailed on this leg by Yo San, the Chicago craft, the latter being on the starboard tack. Yo San had the great Detroit craft headed and forced her in stays. Spray fell down badly on the beat to windward. Yo San turned the stake at 4:14:10, Ste. Claire 4:14:10, and Pirate at 4:17:35. Ste. Claire was up with her spinnaker in 15s. and had made up Yo San's lead. The Chicago craft was very slow in getting out her light sails, and from the time Ste. Claire slipped by her it was her race. After considerable loss of time with her spinnaker, Yo San finally set a jib, giving up the attempt to make her light sail work. The wind was now so strong that it required two men on the outer end of Ste. Claire's spinnaker boom to hold it down. She crossed the finish line at 4:42:30, Yo San crossed at 4:43:47, and Pirate at 4:49:10. Ventura, the last of the fleet to finish, coming along in a crippled condition, but game to the very last, crossed the line at 4:58:10. Thus ended the greatest race—in fact, the greatest series of races—ever sailed in the lower end of the lakes. Ste. Claire had won the cup, with two firsts and one second. The great surprises were the second place winners, especially Yo San and Eyota, who prior to the races had done practically nothing. Rooster was a decided disappointment, and she was figured a factor. In the special race for the Seawanhaka boats, Pats won again, thus completing the series with two straight wins. At no time did the Detroit boat, Red Coat, have a possible chance of winning. In the first race the winner won by 3m., but in to-day's race she won by over 20m. Pats also beat the winner of the Walker cup, Ste. Claire, by 7m. 7s. Races are to be held by this club Friday and Saturday, the result of which will appear in the next issue of FOREST AND STREAM. C. W. SCHMIDT, JR.

"The Inefficiency of Race Committees."

Editor Forest and Stream:

A portion of article headed "The Inefficiency of Race Committees," which appeared in issue of Sept. 10, contained some such glaring misstatements of facts in regard to the management of ocean race by the Regatta Committee of the Brooklyn Y. C., that we do not consider same can be passed without answer.

The owner of Newasi never notified the chairman of the Regatta Committee that he intended to employ a pilot, and the first the chairman heard of his having done so was when protest was filed against the Newasi.

The third paragraph of printed conditions of the race read:

Crew limited to five, all amateurs. One professional may be carried as steward or cook, but must do no work on deck, nor assist in any manner in navigating the vessel.

We note your article does not state that the consent of the Regatta Committee was obtained for this one boat to violate the printed conditions of the race.

When the Regatta Committee, the morning of the race, made the rounds of the boats, and asked for the names of those composing the crew, the owner of Newasi failed to give name of Capt. Chase, the professional pilot, which may be readily verified by looking at newspaper accounts of the crews, published the morning after the start. The name of another man was given, however, who we believe did not start. The Race Committee could not possibly have had any interest in this concealment, or change of crew. Furthermore, the chairman of the Regatta Committee, at the request of the other members, asked Newasi's owner to call on him, and explain matters if possible. The owner of Newasi may not have considered this an official hearing, because not held at the clubhouse; but the owner having acknowledged to me that he did carry a professional pilot directly contrary to printed conditions, there was no alternative but disqualification, which no one regretted more than the Race Committee.

Regarding the cutting across the shoals. This was referred to in the instructions merely as a caution, and was discussed the evening before the start, at the clubhouse, by all the captains, without being referred to the Regatta Committee for an official decision. The committee took no part in the discussion of this matter.

While there may have been cause for complaint in that no member of the Race Committee was at Marblehead at the time of the arrival of the first boats, it should be borne in mind that the race was a particularly fast one, and the committee made an error in calculating the time.

If we are to be criticised, the statement of facts on which the criticism is based, must be correct.

D. G. WHITLOCK,

Chairman of Regatta Committee, Brooklyn Y. C.

[Our statement that the owner of Newasi notified the Chairman of the Regatta Committee that he was to carry a pilot was based on information given us directly from Newasi's owner.]

RECENT SALES AND CHARTERS.—Messrs. Macconell & Cook have sold the sloop Valhalla II. to Mr. S. W. Ferguson. The boat's rig will be changed to that of a yawl, and auxiliary power will be installed. The same agency has chartered the sloop yacht Phoebe to Lieutenant W. J. Hawkins, U. S. A., and also sold the launch Wanoka to Mr. W. B. Ellis, of Freehold, N. J.; and the knockabout Raduga to Mr. H. B. Miller, of Groton, Conn.

CAPE MAY CUP RACE.—The schooner Atlantic, owned by Mr. Wilson Marshall, won the 212 nautical mile race for the Cape May cup. She beat Endymion, owned by Mr. George Lauder, by 1h. 5m. 2s. The start was made Saturday, September 10. The official times were: Atlantic, 30h. 33m. 10s.; Endymion, 30h. 33m. 18s. A full account of the race will appear in our next issue.

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound—Saturday, Sept. 10.

THE annual fall regatta of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. was held on Saturday, Sept. 10. Owing to the light N.E. wind that prevailed, ten of the thirty-four starters were unable to finish.

The course for the 70-footers was from the starting line N.N.W. 3 miles to and around markboat; thence E. by N. 1/2 N. 4 miles to and around markboat; thence S.W. by S. 4 1/4 miles to the starting line; distance 11 1/4 nautical miles.

Yankee got the start. Virginia was next, and Rainbow last. The first leg was a beat, and Virginia took the lead not long after the start, and was first around the outer mark. The next leg was a reach, but a shift of wind enabled the boats to carry spinnakers part of the way. The third leg was a spinnaker run, and Virginia held her lead until well up to the finish line, when she ran out of the breeze and was passed by Yankee, which boat won by 11s. Rainbow was a bad third, and was beaten 7m. 18s.

The four starters in Classes L and M covered course No. 2, from the starting line, N.N.W. 3 miles, to and around markboat; thence E. by S. 1/2 S. 2 1/4 miles, to and around markboat; thence S.W. by S. 2 1/2 miles to the starting line; distance 8 1/4 nautical miles.

Rondinella and Maydie, two cruising boats, had no chance in the light air with Mimosa III. and Spasm. Mimosa III. won, beating Spasm. Maydie was third.

Nike had no competitor in Class N, and she was forced to take a sailover.

The ten raceabouts went twice over course No. 3, from the starting line N.N.W. 2 miles, to and around markboat; thence E. 1/2 N. 2 1/4 miles to and around markboat; thence S.W. by S. 2 1/2 miles to the starting line; distance 6 3/4 nautical miles.

Maryola opened up a big lead on her competitors, and gave Tartan, the only other boat to finish, a bad beating.

In the 25ft. class Heron, cleverly sailed by her owner, Mr. Philip Le Boutellier, won her first race of the season, beating Firefly by the narrow margin of 13s.

Wa Wa won easily in the Indian Harbor one-design class. Kenoshi was second. Cayenne ran away from her four rivals in the Seawanhaka one-design 15ft. class, and was an easy winner. In Class R, Pommerean had a sailover. The summary:

Sloops—Class H—Start, 12:50—Course 1 1/4 Miles.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Rainbow, C. Vanderbilt	5 08 50	4 18 50
Yankee, J. R. Maxwell	5 01 32	4 11 32
Virginia, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.	5 01 43	4 11 43

Sloops—Classes L and M—Start, 12:55—Course 8 1/4 Miles.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Rondinella, F. H. Davol	5 43 28	4 48 28
Maydie, W. H. Childs	5 40 27	4 45 27
Mimosa III., T. L. Park	5 32 12	4 37 12
Spasm, E. D. King	5 32 33	4 32 58

Sloops—Class N—Start, 12:55—Course 8 1/4 Miles.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Nike, Victor I. Cumcock	5 29 58	4 34 58

Raceabout Class—Start, 1:00—Course 1 1/2 Miles.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Maryola, C. W. Allen	5 59 03	4 59 03
Tartan, A. H. Pirie	6 28 09	5 28 09
The Kid, Oliver Harriman	Did not finish.	
Howdy, George Mercer, Jr.	Did not finish.	
Rana, Howard Willetts	Did not finish.	
Busy Bee, R. T. Wainwright	Did not finish.	
Hobo, T. L. Park	Did not finish.	
Jolly Roger, T. B. Bleeker	Did not finish.	
Merrywing, H. M. Crane	Did not finish.	
Nathalie, T. G. Stewart	Did not finish.	

Sloops—Class P—Start 1:05—Course 1 3/4 Miles.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Firefly, G. P. Granberry	4 20 13	3 15 13
Heron, Philip Le Boutellier	4 20 00	3 15 00

Indian Harbor One-Design Class—Start 1:15—Course 8 1/4 Miles.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Kenoshi, C. D. Mallory	6 19 25	5 04 25
Anawanda, E. C. Ray	6 25 30	5 10 30
Wa Wa, J. Montels	6 13 04	4 58 04
Owantanna, Geo. Lander	Did not finish.	
Shoshone, G. F. Domack	Did not finish.	

Seawanhaka Y. C. 15ft. Class—Start 1:20—Course 8 1/4 Miles.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Cayenne, Colgate Hoyt	5 20 10	4 32 10
Bairn, W. S. Matheson	6 09 13	4 49 13
Imp, S. L. Landon	6 07 48	4 47 48
Sabrina, C. W. Wetmore	6 05 44	4 45 44
Fly, W. E. Roosevelt	Did not finish.	

Dory Class—Start, 1:25—Course 6 1/2 Miles.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Dory B, L. Montant	6 12 59	4 47 59
Dory A, Miss L. Roosevelt	Withdrew.	

Class R—Start 1:25—Course 8 1/4 Miles.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Pommerean, W. H. Appleton	6 37 54	5 17 54

Beverly Y. C.

Mattapoisett, Buzzard's Bay—Saturday, Sept. 3.

THE Beverly Y. C. sailed its 360th regatta at Mattapoisett on Sept. 3, for prizes which were presented by the gentlemen of Mattapoisett. The race was open to all yachts, and classes were provided for everything below 30ft., and also for all the regular restricted classes. The 15-footers, however, allowed the Mattapoisett one-design 15ft. boats, which were designed last year by Messrs. Burgess & Packard, of Boston, to sail with them. The judges were Messrs. F. E. Cabot and Charles Whittemore.

The race was started at 1:30 in a fair breeze from S.W. to S. In the 30ft. class, Arabian appeared for the first time this season. Mr. Robert Winsor, Jr., having just returned from Europe. Praxilla won and Arabian got second, defeating Young Miss by a small margin. Krieker was first in the fourth class cats, and Hindoo won among the one-design 18-footers. In the combined class of 15-footers, under the condition prevailing, there seemed to be very little choice between the two designs, for the Burgess and Herreshoff boats were sandwiched in about evenly. Ranzo, a Herreshoff boat, took first place, and Ceyx, a Burgess boat, took second place, and so on down. Among the 15ft. cats, Wren was the winner.

The course for 30-footers was from the judges' yacht, leaving black can buoy at Nye's Ledge, to buoy No. 13 off Bird Island on port, red buoy No. 2 (Angelica), red buoy No. 6 on starboard, to judges' yacht, 13 miles.

The course for fourth class cats was from the judges' yacht, leaving black can buoy at Nye's Ledge, to red buoy, S.W. Bird Island, on port, red buoy No. 2 (Angelica), red buoy No. 6 on starboard, to judges' yacht, 11 1/2 miles.

The course for 18-footers and 15-footers was from judges' yacht, leaving red buoy No. 6 on port, to flag buoy (inside Angelica), black buoy No. 2 and stakeboat on judges' yacht on starboard and repeat, 7 1/2 miles.

30-footers.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Praxilla, J. Parkinson, Jr.	2 04 03	
Arabian, R. Winsor, Jr.	2 04 17	
Young Miss, D. L. Whittemore	2 05 16	

Fourth Class Cats.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Krieker, W. H. Jameson	2 16 58	
Allison II., S. B. McLeod	2 17 52	
Maori, A. S. Whitney	2 18 07	
Howard, H. O. Miller	2 19 16	
—, E. A. Winsor	Withdrew.	

18-footers.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hindoo, N. H. Emmons	1 36 32	
*Wizard, F. W. Sargent, Jr.	1 37 20	
*Jap, G. P. Gardner, Jr.	1 37 20	

15-footers.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Ranzo, M. H. Richardson	1 39 40	
Ceyx, Miss Warren	1 40 51	
*Raccoon, J. L. Stackpole	1 41 12	
Teaser, Mrs. R. W. Emmons	1 41 48	
Catspaw, S. D. Warren, Jr.	1 42 01	
Spindrift, W. S. H. Lothrop	1 42 12	
Eaglet, Miss Codman	1 43 02	
Compress, S. M. Weld, Jr.	1 43 16	
Fly, Miss Williams	1 43 28	
Fiddler, Miss Dabney	1 43 29	
Flickamaroo, Misses Emmons	1 44 06	
Coot, A. Maury	1 44 12	
Vim, F. W. Sargent	1 44 27	
Jub Jub, Howard Stockton	Withdrew.	
Manahone, C. A. King	Withdrew.	
*Protested.		

15ft. Cats.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wren, Nat Whitney	1 51 25	
Dodo, Philip Bliss	1 51 31	
Henda, Miss Richardson	1 51 31	
Chewink, Miss Bullivant	1 54 30	

Wing's Neck, Buzzard's Bay—Monday, Sept. 5.

THE Beverly Y. C. sailed its 361st regatta off the club house on Sept. 5. The race was open to all yachts under 30ft. waterline length. Mr. F. E. Cabot acted as judge.

As there was but one entry in the 21ft. restricted class, that boat, Terrapin, was classed with the next larger class of the same rig, which made her sail against the 25ft. jib and mainsail boat Thorana, designed by Hanley and owned by Mr. T. B. Wales. The race between these two was exceedingly close, Thorana winning by only a few seconds. In the 30ft. class, Young Miss was first, Arabian second, and Praxilla third. Jap was first in the 18ft. one-design class, and Hindoo second. In the regular fourth class cats, Mr. Jameson's Krieker took first place, with Maori second, but a long ways behind. In the third class cats, in which there had been no entries all the season, Quissetta and Helena had a race, in which the former won by a very large margin. In the 15ft. one-design class Peacock was first, and Mr. Sargent's Vim was second, with Miss Dabney, in Fiddler, third. Peacock has not appeared in many races this year, owing to Mr. Winsor's absence in Europe. In the fifth class cats, Vim won by a good margin, and in the smaller jib and mainsail class, Mr. Stone's No. 8 beat the old 999. The many protests which were made have not been definitely settled yet. The summary follows:

30-footers.	Elapsed.
Young Miss, D. L. Whittemore	2 28 01
Arabian, Robert Winsor, Jr.	2 29 14
Praxilla, J. Parkinson, Jr.	2 30 40

25-footers.	Elapsed.
Thorana, T. B. Wales	2 42 38
Terrapin, L. S. Dabney	2 42 41

18-footers.	Elapsed.
Jap, G. B. Gardner, Jr.	1 49 45
Hindoo, N. H. Emmons	1 53 01
Wizard, F. W. Sargent, Jr.	1 53 42

Second Class—Cats.	Elapsed.
Quissetta, J. W. Perry	2 47 39
Helena, Geo. E. Phinney	2 54 58

Fourth Class—Cats.	Elapsed.
Krieker, W. M. Jameson	1 48 15
Maori, A. S. Whitney	1 52 00
Howard, H. O. Miller	1 54 55
Allison II., S. B. McLeod	1 59 47

15ft. One-Design Class.	Elapsed.
Peacock, R. Winsor	1 54 50
Vim, F. W. Sargent	1 55 04
Fiddler, Miss Dabney	1 56 45
Eaglet, Miss Codman	1 57 40
Compress, S. M. Feld, Jr.	2 00 44
Ranzo, M. H. Richardson, Jr.	2 01 16
Teaser, Mrs. R. W. Emmons, 2d.	2 03 20
Fly, Miss Williams	2 03 45
Jub Jub, Howard Stockton	2 04 29
Uarda, John Parkinson, Jr.	2 05 46
Flickamaroo, Misses Emmons	2 07 30

Fifth Class.	Elapsed.
Vif, A. Winsor, Jr.	2 18 38
Pedro, J. J. Heard	2 22 45

Fifth Class Sloops.	Elapsed.
No. 8, Ed Stone	2 03 22
999, Wm. Swan	2 03 25

Beverly Y. C.

Beverly, N. J.—Monday, Sept. 5.

THE fall regatta of the Beverly Y. C. was sailed on Monday Sept. 5. Six classes filled, and there were twenty-five starters. A good full-sail breeze held all through the race, and the water was smooth, making ideal racing conditions, and fast times possible. Fiona won in the catboat class, Priscilla finished second, and Peerless third. Priscilla was disqualified for fouling one of the mark buoys.

In the one-design class, No. 6 won. Dorothea beat Pumpkin handsly in the jib and mainsail class.

E. H. Cortright won by 1m. 20s. in the Lark class, and No. 14 got first in the class for mosquito boats. Spark won the launch race. The summary:

Catboats—Start, 1:30.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Fiona, John W. Perkins	3 36 43	2 00 43
Peerless, H. Craythorn	3 39 50	2 09 50
Priscilla, P. C. Clark	3 40 28	2 10 28
Carolyn II., C. C. Rianhard	3 48 24	2 18 24
Gertrude, G. W. Holloway	3 49 09	2 19 09

One Design Class—Start, 1:35.	Finish.	Elapsed.
No. 6, J. H. Reese	3 50 05	2 15 05
No. 7, E. W. Crittenden	3 51 07	2 16 07
No. 1, A. G. Cook	3 51 45	2 16 45
No. 4, J. W. Hamer	4 01 00	2 36 00

Jib and Mainsail Class—Start, 1:35.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Dorothea, Chas. Sommervell	3 37 40	2 02 40
Pumpkin, W. Frismuth	3 54 09	2 19 09

Larks—Start, 1:00.	Finish.	Elapsed.
E. H. Cortright	2 10 30	1 10 30
Woodnut Pettit	2 11 10	1 11 10
Wilson Hall	2 11 25	1 11 25
Herbert Taylor	2 23 40	1 23 40
Theo. Bonfield	Withdrew.	

Mosquito Boats—Start, 1:55.	Finish.	Elapsed.
No. 14, T. H. Walnut	3 05 48	1 50 48
No. 15, Edward B. Showell	3 06 09	1 51 09
No. 10, Harry H. Cooke	3 06 50	1 51 50

Launches.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Maxine, J. B. Dilks	4 37 08	5 38 08	1 01 00
Spark, S. K. Haines	4 44 08	5 39 07	0 54 59
Aurora, J. S. Clark	4 40 26	5 39 43	0 59 17
Mung, L. N. Walton, Jr.	4 40 26	5 42 02	1 01 36
Dart, S. Cravthorn	4 41 02	5 42 14	1 11 12
Imp, N. S. Heston	4 30 00	5 42 30	1 12 30

Duxbury Y. C.

Duxbury, Mass.—Saturday, Sept. 10.

THE last regular race of the Duxbury Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, Sept. 10, in a light N.E. breeze. Miladi II. won in the 18ft. class with Again a close second. Ocean won in the handicapped class. The summary:

18ft. Special Class.	Elapsed.
Miladi, F. R. Adams	2 32 35
Again, I. B. Goodspeed	2 33 50
Menace, H. Hunt	2 34 38
Kittawake, H. M. Jones	2 34 42
Aspenquid, C. M. Foster	2 37 40
Osprey, A. Train	2 42 30
Domino, C. C. Clapp	2 43 10

Handicap Class.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ocean, H. Kellogg	2 45 40	2 24 40
Fanny D., E. Seymour	2 49 45	2 45 09
Old Honesty, H. Clapp	Withdrew.	

Kittawake V. won the championship of the season in the 18ft. class and also won the cup offered by Commodore C. C. Clapp for the series of three days' racing in Duxbury Bay. Challenge won the season's championship in the handicap class.

Y. R. A. of Massachusetts.

Boston, Mass.—Sunday, Sept. 11.

THE Y. R. A. of Mass. celebrated the closing of the racing season by a rendezvous at Hull and a yachting parade from Hull to City Point, on Sunday, Sept. 11. There was a light E. breeze and a smooth sea, all that could have been desired for the purpose, and the yachts turned out to the number of about 200. It was mostly cruising yachtsmen's day, for owners of these yachts came forward more readily than did the owners of racing yachts, of which there were very few in the parade.

Upon signal from the Association flagship, anchored off the Hull station of the

Atlantic Y. C.

Sea Gate, L. I.—Monday, Sept. 5.

THE last of the series of four races arranged by the Atlantic Y. C. was sailed on the afternoon of Labor Day, Sept. 5. Twenty-three boats started in the different classes. The winners were Vivian II., Bobtail, Naiad, Miss Judy, Delta, Kelpie and Colleen. Prizes for the best showing on points for the series were won by Maydic, Bobtail, Naiad and Ogeemah. Prizes were also offered for each individual regatta. Regardless of two protests yet to be decided, the records of the different boats for the entire series were as follows:

Maydic, 3 firsts; Red Wing, 2 seconds; Bobtail, 3 firsts; Bagheera, 1 first; Naiad, 2 firsts, 1 second; Lizana, 2 firsts, 1 second; Bonito, 2 seconds; Ogeemah, 2 firsts, 2 seconds; Miss Judy, 2 firsts; Spots, 1 second; Mary, 1 second; Karma, 1 third; Delta, 1 first; Kelpie, 1 first; Colleen, 1 first.

The closing race was held in a light fluky breeze, which blew from the N.W. Starters in Classes M and N went once over a 12-mile course. It was a close reach from the start off Sea Gate to West Bank Light. Then came a dead beat to Old Orchard Shoal Light and a reach home. The other boats sailed twice over the Association course. It was close hauled work to Fort Hamilton, a run to the Marine and Field Club, a broad reach to the mark off Ulmer Park and a close reach home to the start off Sea Gate.

Naiad led the smaller boats from start to finish. Miss Judy also sailed well. Of the craft going outside, Maydic and Bagheera got becalmed off the second mark and were very late in finishing. Vivian II. was the first boat home. The whole series was a success, and is likely to become an annual feature. The summaries follow:

Sloops—Class M—Start, 3:00.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon.....	6 24 12	3 24 12	3 22 02
Red Wing, J. B. O'Donohue.....	6 38 00	3 38 00	3 35 11
Maydic, W. H. Childs.....	7 00 58	4 00 58	4 00 58

Sloops—Class N—Start, 3:03.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach.....	6 43 03	3 40 03	3 40 03
Bagheera, Hendon Chubb.....	7 00 11	3 57 11	3 56 20

Sloops—Class P—Start, 3:05.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Naiad, Dr. J. B. Palmer.....	4 43 51	1 38 51	1 37 57
Lizana, D. S. Wylie.....	4 48 50	1 43 50	1 41 40
Smoke, L. H. Dyer.....	4 55 31	1 50 31	1 50 31
Bonito, Haviland Bros.....	Did not finish.		

Sloops—Class Q—Start, 3:05.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Miss Judy, D. D. Allerton.....	4 48 24	1 43 24	1 43 17
Ogeemah, Alfred Mackay.....	4 57 06	1 52 06	1 46 16
Karma, J. C. Erskine.....	5 07 45	2 02 45	1 57 58
Mary, Max Grundner.....	5 04 43	1 59 43	1 53 09
Careless, F. J. Havens.....	5 07 51	2 02 51	2 02 47
Trouble, W. A. Barstow.....	5 15 30	2 10 30	2 10 30
Spots, R. C. Veit.....	5 21 18	2 16 18	2 14 53

Sloops—Class RR—Start, 3:15.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Delta, J. J. Mahoney.....	5 29 39	2 14 39	...
Beta, Snedeker & Camp.....	5 33 53	2 18 53	...
Alpha, Holcombe & Howell.....	5 37 32	2 22 32	...

Marine and Field Special—Start, 3:20.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Kelpie, M. K. Brown.....	5 35 11	2 15 11	...
Esperance, T. A. Hamilton.....	5 38 21	2 18 21	...

Catboats—Class V—Start, 3:20.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Colleen, W. F. Remmey.....	5 27 03	2 07 03	...
Rascal, D. G. Whitlock.....	5 32 59	2 12 59	...

Ocean Race—Sept. 3-5—240 Miles.

Arthur F. Luke's schooner, Corona, won the ocean race of the Atlantic Y. C., which started on Saturday, Sept. 3. Geo. Lauder's Endymion, the other contestant, was defeated by 7h. 10m. 5s elapsed time, and 7h. 13m. 36s. corrected time. The course led from Scotland Lightship to Fire Island Lightship, thence to the North East End Lightship off Cape May and back to the starting point.

Each competitor took her own finishing time when Scotland Lightship bore due E., magnetic. Corona finished at 8:27:43 Sunday night, averaging 7.6 knots for the course. Endymion was becalmed off Sea Bright, N. J., at about the same time her opponent passed the lightship. She finished at 3:38:43 Monday morning, having averaged 6.3 knots. The summary follows:

Ocean Race for Schooners.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Corona.....	Sept. 3.	Sept. 4.	31 23 43
Endymion.....	1 05 00	*3 38 48	38 33 48

*September 5, A. M.

Lynn Y. C.

Lynn, Mass.—Monday, Sept. 5.

THE annual Y. R. A. open race of the Lynn Y. C. was sailed off Bass Point, Nahant, on Monday, Sept. 5, in very light and fluky breezes. For the greater part of the time the yachts did little more than drift. In the 22ft. class Clotho had the best of the start, but Opitsah V. went out ahead on the windward leg and led to the finish. In the 18ft. class Bat had the best of the start, but on the windward leg Moslem II. took the lead. Bat passed Moslem II. again before they reached the starting line and led on the second round of the course. Winniahdin got the start in the Lynn Y. C. one-design 15-footers and led all around the course. L'Aiglon led from the start in the handicap class. Vera II. took a sailover in the Y. R. A. 15ft. class. The summary:

Class E—22-footers.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Opitsah V., S. H. & H. I. Foster.....	Sept. 3.	Sept. 4.	31 20 10
Clotho, Cheney & Lanning.....	1 05 00	*3 38 48	38 33 48

Class I—18-footers.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Bat, C. F. Adams 2d.....	Sept. 3.	Sept. 4.	31 20 10
Arrow, E. A. Boardman.....	1 05 00	*3 38 48	38 33 48

Class T—15-footers.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Winniahdin, Spratt & Watson.....	Sept. 3.	Sept. 4.	31 20 10
San Toy, W. H. Redlon.....	1 05 00	*3 38 48	38 33 48

Handicap Class.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
L'Aiglon, E. W. Hodgson.....	Sept. 3.	Sept. 4.	31 20 10
Toss, Fred Ford.....	1 05 00	*3 38 48	38 33 48

Bristol Y. C.

Narragansett Bay, R. I.—Saturday, Sept. 10.

THE fall regatta of the Bristol Y. C., held Saturday afternoon, Sept. 10, proved a failure, owing to lack of wind. There were twenty-six boats entered in the event, enough to have provided some very interesting sport in several of the classes. But only six boats finished, two of these were launches, while the four sailing boats given time covered only half of the two rounds with this unsatisfactory finish. The winners were the 15-footer Minnow, the Herreshoff launch Neon and the knockabout Oriana, the latter getting a sailover prize. Most of the other boats drifted about the bay until the five hour time limit had expired, and about dark were towed home.

In the 36ft. sloop class there were three entries, the Hera, Senator Aldrich's Lady Mary and Commodore Comstock's Cornelia. Hera's owner, Mr. James M. Garland, of the New York Y. C., followed the boats during the afternoon in his steam yacht, Barracouta, and about dark towed a long string of the becalmed racers back to the clubhouse. In the second class, the 20ft. sloops, there were Vice-Commodore C. F. Tillinghast's Little

Rhody and Priscilla and Julacoa, and these had the same luck that attended the rest of the fleet, and did not finish. The third class had the Micaboo, Aliee and Procyon. The fourth class had Oriana and Redwing, the latter being caught in the tide in addition to being becalmed. None of the five cats that started were able to finish.

The only sailing race that was finished was the 15ft. one-design class, in which Minnow, sailed by Miss Frances Lippitt, finished half the regular course 27s. ahead of Wenonah. With the launches, Nat Herreshoff Jr.'s Neon finished more than 20m. ahead of Dr. Church's Dixie. The summary:

First Class—Start, 1:40.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Lady Mary.....	1:40	Did not finish.	
Cornelia.....	1:40	Did not finish.	

Second Class—Start, 1:43.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Little Rhody.....	1:43	Did not finish.	
Priscilla.....	1:43	Did not finish.	

Third Class—Start, 1:46.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Micaboo.....	1:46	Did not finish.	
Aliee.....	1:46	Did not finish.	

Fourth Class—Start, 1:49.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Oriana, F. Pardee.....	1:49	4 12 05	
Redwing, J. M. Garland.....	1:49	Did not finish.	

15ft. One-Design Class—Start, 1:55.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Minnow, Miss F. Lippitt.....	1:55	3 35 15	
Wenonah, S. Wetherill.....	1:55	3 35 42	

First Class Cats—Start, 2:00.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Nobska.....	2:00	Did not finish.	
Mac Hope.....	2:00	Did not finish.	

Fifth Class Cats—Start, 2:12.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hesper.....	2:12	Did not finish.	

Launches—Start, 2:20.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Neon, N. Herreshoff, Jr.....	2:20	2 55 26	
Dixie, Dr. H. W. Church.....	2:20	3 15 55	

Newport and Conanicut Y. C.

Narragansett Bay, R. I.—Monday, Sept. 5.

THE Newport Y. C. and Conanicut Y. C. held a joint regatta on Labor Day for prizes offered by Commodore Scannevin, of the former club, and it proved one of the most interesting events of the season for small boats. There was a fair N. W. wind, enough to make good racing, and there was a good number of entries in each of the four classes. The winners were Skraeling, Wenonah, Thrysa and Vesper II.

The race in the cat class was very good, the two Vespers, between which there has been a great rivalry all summer, being very close in the first part, but Vesper II. winning out by a good margin. The 15-footers also put up a good race. Miss Grosvenor, of Providence, sailed her boat, Eaglet, but while she is generally among the leaders, on this occasion she was the last in her class to cross the line, young Mr. Wetherell's Wenonah finishing first, with a 4m. lead over Mr. E. D. Morgan's Whisper. The prettiest race of the day was between the knockabouts, several of which came over from Jamestown. Mr. Willoughby's Skraeling had an easy victory, coming in over 8m. ahead of her nearest competitor, the little 15ft. Wenonah making the next best time over the course.

The course was from the starting line off Goat Island at the N., to and around the dolphin at the S. end of the island, thence to and around a mark ½ mile N. of Taylor's Point, passing S. and W. of Rose Island, thence back to starting point. Distance, 6 miles. The summary was as follows:

Class for Knockabouts—Start, 10:50.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Skraeling, Willoughby.....	10:50	12 23 50	1 33 50
Rowdy, Smith.....	10:50	12 32 10	1 42 10

One-Design 15-footers—Start, 10:53.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wenonah, H. Wetherill.....	10:53	12 32 45	1 39 45
Whisper, E. D. Morgan.....	10:53	12 36 55	1 43 55

First Class Cats—Start, 10:56.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Thrysa, Kimber.....	10:56	12 45 16	1 49 16
Faleonita, Kerr.....	10:56	12 54 57	1 58 57

Second Class Cats—Start, 10:59.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vesper II., Plummer.....	10:59	12 47 04	1 46 43
Vesper, Fraser.....	10:59	12 54 37	1 54 37

Class E—22-footers.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Opitsah V., S. H. & H. I. Foster.....	Sept. 3.	Sept. 4.	31 20 10

Larchmont Y. C.

Larchmont, L. I. Sound—Monday, Sept. 5.

FORTY-NINE boats started in the fall regatta of the Larchmont Y. C., that took place on Labor Day. The breeze was light and variable from start to finish, and racing was hardly satisfactory or conclusive. The winners were Yankee, Weetamoe, Spasm, Tern, Alert, Rascal II., Una, Dorothy, Jeebi, Flim Flam, Arizona, Cotton Tail, Scud, and Atlantic.

The Regatta Committee postponed the start 45m. in the hope that the wind would freshen. The preparatory was given at 12:30, and the 70-footers were sent away at 12:35. At this time the wind was E. of N. All three of the 70s were swinging their largest club topsails. Rainbow was first away. Yankee was next and Virginia was last. Soon after the start the wind veered to N.W., and some of the boats set spinnakers; but they were not carried long, as the wind soon shifted again. Yankee was favored by the fickle breeze, and drew into the lead. After the shift in the breeze, the first leg turned out to be a close reach after all. The second leg gave the boats a little windward work, and another shift of wind made the last a close reach. After Yankee took the lead she was never headed, and she beat Rainbow 9m. 31s., and Virginia 13m. 57s. The boats were to have covered the 15-mile triangle twice, but were stopped at the end of the first round, as the breeze was so paltry.

The sixties were the next boats to start at 12:40, and both these craft raced with working gafftopsails. The strong ebb tide carried Neola over the line before the gun, and she was forced to return and recross. The boats had a 2m. interval to cross in, and Neola was handicapped 52s. This gave Weetamoe a good start, and she won. Neola made a very fair showing, as she finished only 2m. 9s. behind her rival. The sixties covered the 15-mile triangle once.

At 12:45 the three starters in the 30ft. class were sent off. Spasm found the light air to her liking, and beat Anoatok 1m. 9s. Minosa III. did not have her share of luck, and was beaten by 12m. 20s. These boats covered the smaller triangle of 11 miles once. In Class M for yawls, Tern sailed a remarkable race, and left her two competitors far astern. Tern is a full-bodied cruising vessel, yet her performances, particularly in light weather, are truly remarkable. Escape, another cruising boat, managed to defeat Memory, a racing craft, easily.

Alert and Nike, the two starters in the 30ft. class, were both carried over the starting line by the ebb tide before the gun. Alert sailed a good race, and won by over 3m.

Of the eight starters in the raceabout class, two were swept over before the starting signal. Rascal II. showed up to good advantage in the fluky conditions, and won, beating Busy Bee by 3m. 36s. Tartan was third.

Una won, as usual, in the 25ft. sloop class. Rogue was among the number that were ahead of the gun, but she managed to finish in second place. Grasshopper was a poor third, and Heron withdrew.

Dorothy won easily in the Larchmont one-design class, beating Vaquero II., the only other boat to finish, 1m. 5s. In Class Q, Jeebi beat Una by 1m. 5s. Luto II. was a poor third, and Skip did not finish. Flim Flam had no difficulty in winning in Class R. Mystral was second, some 6m. 59s. behind.

Arizona scored a victory over her only competitor, Chichioker, in the Manhasset Bay one-design class. Gloomy Gus pushed Cotton Tail hard for first place in the Horseshoe Harbor one-design class, but the latter won out by a small margin. Scud carried off first honors in the Hempstead Harbor one-design class. Wif Waf was 1m. 11s. behind.

The big auxiliaries Atlantic and Vergemere were started at 1:30. Atlantic was first over the line, but Vergemere crossed with better headway, and soon passed the black three-master. Atlantic recovered her lead, however, and was ahead at the first mark. Atlantic made substantial gains on the windward work on the second leg. She continued to increase her lead, and won by 4m. 3s. Atlantic allowed Vergemere 3m. 3s. The summary:

Sloops—Class H—Start 12:35—Course 15 Miles.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Yankee, J. R. Maxwell.....	3 31 05	2 56 05	
Virginia, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.....	3 45 02	3 10 02	

Sloops—Class I—Start 12:40—Course 15 Miles.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Weetamoe, H. F. Lippitt.....	4 04 41	3 24 41	
Neola, George M. Pynehon.....	4 06 50	3 26 50	

Sloops—Class M—Start 12:45—Course 11 Miles.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Anoatok, W. G. Brokaw.....	3 55 29	3 10 29	
Spasm, E. D. King.....	3 54 20	3 09 20	

Sloops—Class N—Start, 12:50—Course 11 Miles.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Nike, V. L. Cumnock.....	4 13 34	3 23 34	
Alert, J. W. Alker.....	4 10 09	3 20 09	

Raceabout Class—Start 12:55—Course 11 Miles.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Howdy, George Mercer, Jr.....	4 47 53	3 52 53	
Hobo, T. L. Park.....	4 51 00	3 56 00	

Sloops—Class P—Start 1:00—Course 11 Miles.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Grasshopper, H. C. Pryor.....	5 18 14	4 18 14	
Rogue, A. B. Alley.....	4 53 38	3 53 38	

Sloops—Class Q—Start 1:05—Course 5½ Miles.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gazabo, H. T. Vulte.....	3 33 26	2 28 26	
Luto II., F. D. Currier.....	3 44 20	2 39 20	

Sloops—Class R—Start, 1:10—Course 5½ Miles.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Flim Flam, A. D. Prince.....	3 39 39	2 29 39	
Mystral, John P. Clarke.....	3 45 40	2 35 40	

Manhasset Bay One-Design Class—Start 1:10—Course 5½ Miles.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Chichioker, J. P. Mohr.....	3 53 06	2 43 06	
Arizona, George A. Corry.....	3 45 49	2 35 49	

Horseshoe Harbor Class—Start 1:15—Course 5½ Miles.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gloomy Gus, L. H. Riley.....	4 07 20	2 52 20	
Cotton Tail, J. J. Courtney.....	4 06 41	2 51 41	

Hempstead Harbor Class—Start 1:1

Stuyvesant Y. C.

Flushing Bay, L. I. Sound—Sunday, Sept. 11.

THE fall open regatta of the Stuyvesant Y. C. was held Sunday, Sept. 11, over the club courses: Port Morris to Gangway Buoy for Classes A, B and C; Stepping Stones Light for Classes D, E, G and H, and College Point Buoy for Class F. Wind N.E., very light and fluky.

Winners as follows: Class B, Clytie, Morrisania Y. C.; Class D, Pearl, Williamsburg Y. C.; Class F, Anna A, Stuyvesant Y. C.; Class G, Mavis, Hudson River Y. C.

Classes A and C, not finishing within the time limit of six hours, will be re-sailed Sunday, Sept. 25, at which time a special race between Ripple and Jack Rabbit will be sailed for a cup held from last year, which was never decided, owing to accidents to both boats.

The Hudson River boats Frank and Mavis were delayed over an hour by delay in opening the N. Y. C. R. R. bridge on their way over, but started on their arrival, Mavis winning and Frank only losing by a few minutes. Summaries:

Class A—Cabin Sloops—Start, 11:40—Gangway Buoy. Length. Finish. Doctor, Williamsburg Y. C. 35.01 Bedouin, Stuyvesant Y. C. 32.06

Doctor ran on Sunken Meadow while waiting for start; was hauled off a half hour later and started over the course. Bedouin finished 5:52.10, over time limit for class. No race.

Class B—Cabin Sloops—Start, 11:40—Gangway Buoy. Clytie, Morrisania Y. C. 25.06 5 26 27 Columbia, Stuyvesant Y. C. 27.06 5 42 03 Exile, Morrisania Y. C. 25.08 5 41 16 Spider, Stuyvesant Y. C. 22.02 Jack Rabbit, Stuyvesant Y. C. 26.04 May L., Stuyvesant Y. C. 25.06 5 42 12

Spider sailed around College Point Buoy and was disqualified. Jack Rabbit did not sail over full course.

Class C—Cabin Sloops—Start, 11:40—Gangway Buoy. Teddie, Jr., Stuyvesant Y. C. 25.10 Whiteaway, Stuyvesant Y. C. 27.06 Alva, Stuyvesant Y. C. 28.00 Allegro, Stuyvesant Y. C. 24.06

Time limit 6 hours. Teddie, Jr., crossed line at 5:40:09; others not timed. No race.

Class D—Cabin Sloops—Start, 11:45—Stepping Stones. Pearl, Williamsburg Y. C. 24.00 4 06 55 Ripple, Stuyvesant Y. C. 23.00 4 38 24

Pearl wins by 31m. 29s.

Class E—Cabin Cats—Start, 11:45—Stepping Stones. Spray, Williamsburg Y. C. 20.00 No class. Sailed over.

Class F—Open Cats—Start, 11:50—College Point. Anna A., Stuyvesant Y. C. 17.06 2 42 45 Frank, Hudson River Y. C. 19.09 2 46 58 Sadie L., Stuyvesant Y. C. 13.06 2 44 54

Frank delayed in starting till about 1:05. Anna A. wins by 2m. 9s. over Sadie L.

Class G—Start, 11:45—Stepping Stones. Leonora 29.06 Did not fin. Mavis 24.04 1/2 Not timed.

Mavis delayed in starting till after 1 P. M., but finished well within time limit for class.

Class H—Open Cats—Start, 11:45—Stepping Stones. Ping Pong, Morrisania Y. C. 20.09 5 30 21 Flash, Jr., Orum Y. C. 22.04 Flash, Jr., did not cover course. Ping Pong finished after time limit. No race.

Quincy Y. C.

Quincy, Mass.—Monday, Sept. 5.

A CLUB handicap race of the Quincy Y. C. was sailed on Monday, Sept. 5, in a fluky S.W. breeze. The summary:

Class A. Elapsed. Corrected. Josephine, F. H. Smith 1 40 58 1 17 52 Marvel, I. H. Whittemore 1 43 50 1 20 07 Hustler, H. W. Robbins 1 47 47 1 23 25 Moondyne, W. H. Shaw 1 46 52 1 24 33 Dorothy III, F. F. Crane 1 47 27 1 25 16

Class B. Thelma, F. V. Cheney 1 46 51 1 17 40 Swallow, A. S. Hamlin 2 02 30 1 33 23

One-Design Class. Betty B., R. R. Bolles 1 14 30 Ella S., G. F. Swift 1 14 51 Irene M., M. Ziolkowski Withdrew.

Motor Launches. Eleanor, Gould & Hamblett 1 14 53 0 49 13 Marjorie, A. H. Taber 1 10 18 0 58 38 Iona, P. Catarius 1 07 08 1 07 08

Saturday, Sept. 10. The last race of the Quincy Y. C. for the season was sailed on Saturday, Sept. 10, in a fluky E. breeze. Josephine won in Class A, Miji in Class B, Usona in the 21-footers, Ethel in the one-design class and Eleanor in the power boat class. Championships for the season were awarded to Marvel, in Class A, Usona in the 21ft. class, and Betty B. in the one-design class. The summary:

Class A. Elapsed. Corrected. Josephine, F. A. Smith 1 14 34 0 58 05 Marvel, I. M. Whittemore 1 17 14 1 00 18 Moondyne, W. H. Shaw 1 18 34 1 02 38 Hustler, H. A. Robbins 1 20 33 1 03 13 Dorothy III, F. F. Crane 1 19 48 1 03 57

Class B. Elapsed. Miji, M. M. Cannon 1 33 45 Patrice, G. G. Saville 1 38 45 Disabed.

21ft. Class. Usona, A. L. Lincoln 1 15 20 Harriet, A. A. Lincoln 1 13 14 Enigma, G. W. Sargent 1 26 06

One-Design Class. Ethel S., G. F. Swift 1 10 41 Betty R., R. R. Bolles 1 10 51 Inez, M. Ziolkowski Withdrew.

Motor Launches. Elapsed. Corrected. Eleanor, Gould & Hamblett 1 22 08 1 05 13 Van, W. H. Shaw 1 36 39 1 12 45 Marjorie, A. L. Taber 1 29 03 1 26 05

New York Y. C.

Glen Cove, L. I. Sound—Thursday, Sept. 8.

The New York Y. C. held its races for autumn cups on Thursday, Sept. 8. The Regatta Committee was on board Mr. J. L. Mott's steam yacht Candida. Commodore S. Nicholson Kane was assisted by Mr. A. Cary Smith and Mr. Paul E. Stevenson. Mr. Newbury D. Lawton, one of the regular members of the committee, was aboard Rainbow with Mr. George A. Cormack.

Candida established a starting line off Mott's Point. The preparatory signal was given at 12:20, 50m. later than the time scheduled. The breeze was of good strength and held true from the S.S.W. throughout the race.

At 12:25 the 30-footers started. Spasm led over the line, with Mimosa III, next and Anotok last, handicapped 4s. Mimosa III, soon took the lead, and was never headed. These boats were to have covered a triangle of about 12 miles, but the second mark must have gone adrift, as it could not be located by the racing boats, so they kept on, and rounded a mark off Centre Island. Mimosa III, beat Spasm 26s. Anotok did not finish.

The seventies and the sixties started on the same gun. Weetamoe was first over, followed, as named, by Yankee, Rainbow, Virginia and Neola, which boat was handicapped 17s. These boats covered a triangle of 21 1/2 miles. The first leg was a spinnaker run, the second leg a reach, and the third leg was a beat. At the first mark, Yankee was leading, but all three gybed around the mark within 7s. of one another. Weetamoe led Neola 1m. 27s. On the second leg Neola closed up on Weetamoe. Virginia and

Yankee sailed a close race, but the former was 20s. ahead at the second mark, off Shippin Point. The times at the second mark were: Virginia, 1:53:06; Yankee, 1:53:25; Rainbow, 1:53:50; Weetamoe, 1:58:10; Neola, 1:58:25.

Rainbow tacked over toward the Long Island beach, leaving Virginia and Yankee to fight it out alone. Virginia got Yankee under her lee and kept her there. Rainbow sailed beautifully, and won, beating Virginia 2m. 17s., and Yankee 4m. 42s. Weetamoe drew away from Neola a little, but the latter boat won by 1m. 1s. The summary:

Sloops—Class II. Start. Finish. Elapsed. Yankee, J. R. Maxwell 12 30 26 3 23 24 2 52 58 Rainbow, C. Vanderbilt 12 30 37 3 19 53 2 48 16 Virginia, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr. 12 31 18 3 21 51 2 50 33

Sloops—Class I. Weetamoe, H. F. Lippitt 12 30 15 3 26 22 3 06 07 Neola, G. M. Pyncheon 12 32 00 3 37 06 3 05 06

Sloops—Class M. Spasm, E. B. King 12 25 18 3 13 42 2 48 24 Mimosa, T. L. Park 12 26 47 3 14 45 2 47 58 Anotok, W. G. Brokaw 12 27 00 Did not finish.

Jamaica Bay Y. C.

Rockaway Beach, Long Island—Monday, Sept. 5.

THE annual Labor Day regatta of the Jamaica Bay Y. C., that took place in Sept. 5, was a success. Sixteen sailboats and fourteen launches participated in the event. The winners were Baby Roger, Ariel, Pauline B., Lochinvar and Alert. The summary:

Sloops—Class C—Start, 2:04. Ianthe 6 50 18 4 46 18 Baby Roger 6 48 35 4 44 35 Kissinet Disqualified. Jennie Dit not finish.

Cabin Cats—Class H—Start, 2:14. Diana 6 03 42 3 49 42 Ariel 5 32 30 3 18 30 Lizzie Green 6 11 14 3 57 14 Lulu Dit not finish.

Open Cats—Class K—Start, 2:10. Wilbur B. 5 56 15 3 46 15 Pauline B. 5 46 38 3 36 38 Netta Dit not finish. Alta Dit not finish.

Open Cats—Class I—Start, 2:20. Lochinvar 4 34 40 2 14 40 Boogie 4 19 30 2 59 30

Open Cats—Class M—Start, 2:22. Alert 4 42 18 2 20 18 Free Sailed wrong course.

Launches—Class A—Start, 3:00. Polly 4 39 47 1 39 47 Willida 4 35 25 1 35 25 Jennie L. 4 37 33 1 37 33 Gracie 4 40 25 1 40 25 Annie B. Dit not finish.

Launches—Class B—Start, 3:02:24. Hallie 4 53 55 1 51 31 Tony Dit not finish.

Launches—Class C—Start, 3:03:06. Dory 4 38 00 1 35 54

Launches—Class D—Start, 3:06:12. Rockaway 4 40 52 1 33 50

Launches—Class E. M. E. W. Dit not finish.

Launches—Class F. Nadine Dit not finish.

Launches—Class G—Start, 3:14:49. Arastra 4 28 42 1 13 53 Naomi 4 38 18 1 23 20

Launches—Class H—Start, 3:49:20. Josephine 4 38 32 0 49 12

Manchester Y. C.

West Manchester, Mass.—Thursday, Sept. 8.

AFTER having been twice postponed, the Y. R. A. open race of the Manchester Y. C. was sailed off West Manchester on Thursday, Sept. 8. The breeze was N.E., light at the start and steadily increasing to the finish. Peri II. was across the starting line first in the 22ft. class, with Medic on her weather quarter. Peri II. led at all the marks and, in the increasing breeze near the finish, increased her lead. The 18-footers were bunched at the start. Otter led at the first mark, but on the next leg Arrow took the lead and held it until they were on the beat to the finish, when she lost the lead to Bat, mostly on account of being shy one man in her crew. In the 15ft. class, Cigarette had the start and led about halfway over the course, when Niebelung took the lead and held it to the finish. Tarpon led in the handicap class, but lost to Peachierine on time allowance. The summary:

Class E—22-footers. Elapsed. Peri II., George Lee 1 28 00 Medic, H. H. White 1 30 4

Class I—18-footers. Bat, C. F. Adam 2d. 1 37 00 Arrow, E. A. Boardman 1 37 26 Boo Hood, Reginald Boardman 1 37 56

Moslem II., B. D. Barker 1 38 43 Otter, A. D. Irving 1 38 55 Arbeka II., F. P. Bowden 1 39 41 Hugl, A. E. Chase 1 39 55 Fudge, C. H. W. Foster 1 42 48 Privateer II., Alden & Carlton 1 43 38

Class T—15-footers. Niebelung, E. G. Loring 1 57 48 Cigarette, Morton Prince 1 59 52

Handicap Class. Elapsed. Corrected. Peachierine, David Fenton 1 41 38 1 26 38 Tarpon, E. S. Grew 1 31 54 1 29 24 Khalifa, R. F. Tucker 1 33 32 1 33 32

Seaside Park Y. C.

Seaside Park, Barnegat Bay—Saturday, Sept. 3.

THE annual open race of the Seaside Park Y. C. for the championship of Barnegat Bay was held on Saturday, Sept. 3. There were nine starters. The wind was S.E. and puffy, and there was a lump of sea. The course was from Barnegat drawbridge, 10 miles to windward and return.

Hummer got the start, followed by Romp and Ruhama. Helen was the last to start. Humma sprung her mast and withdrew. Alfarata won by 37s.

The judges were Messrs. C. J. Rainear, A. L. Gaudy, Thomas Cameron, Thomas Shibe and Herman Muller. The summary:

Start. Finish. Elapsed. Corrected. Alfarata, H. Marshall 1 18 52 3 45 01 2 26 09 Merry Thought, W. Smith 1 18 19 3 45 25 2 27 06 Volsung, M. Swayze 1 16 03 3 52 24 2 36 21 Romp, F. O. Bailey 1 15 34 3 49 00 2 33 57 Ruth, V., J. Sprague 1 17 47 3 50 40 2 32 53 Empress, F. W. Thacher 1 16 48 4 00 15 2 43 27 Helen, M. Maupay 1 19 19 3 58 12 2 38 53 Ruhama, C. W. Rainear 1 15 53 4 15 00 2 59 02 Hummer, Capt. Bailey 1 15 22 Disabled.

Merry Thought was second. The dispute relative to third position between Volsung and Romp will be determined when the former is remeasured.

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.

Edgewood Y. C.

Narragansett Bay, R. I.—Monday, Sept. 5.

THE second of the fall races of the Edgewood Y. C. was held Monday afternoon, Sept. 5, in an extremely light wind that provided hardy more than a good drifting match. On this account a special short course was given, a triangular course near the clubhouse, sailed three times over by the larger boats, giving a distance of 6 miles, while the 15-footers went twice over. Of the two 30-footers entered, Mblem got the lead at the start, and although Elizabeth soon afterward passed and opened up a good stretch of water between, she was not able to hold up in going to windward in the light air, and steadily dropped behind, Mblem finishing 5m. ahead. With the 25ft. cats Mae Hope and Rival No. 1 made a fairly close race, the former winning by 2 1/4m., which was too much for the Rival's allowance to overcome. With the little fellows, Modox and Seamory held together fairly well over the two rounds, the former winning by a trifle under 3m. The summary:

30ft. Cats—Start, 2:55. Finish. Elapsed. Mblem, G. E. Darling 4 12 10 1 17 10 Elizabeth, W. D. Wood 4 17 19 1 22 19

25ft. Cats—Start, 3:00. Mae Hope, D. C. Stranger 4 35 25 1 35 25 Rival No. 1, C. May 4 37 57 1 37 57

15ft. Cats—Start, 3:05. Modox, H. Possner 4 42 50 1 37 50 Seamory, H. Scattergood 4 45 44 1 40 44 Don, J. Langdon 5 02 27 1 57 27

South Boston Y. C.

South Boston, Mass.—Saturday, Sept. 10.

A CLUB race of the South Boston Y. C. was sailed from City Point to Hull on Saturday, Sept. 10, in a light E. breeze. Arbutus was the winner in the first class, and Vexer in the second class. The summary:

First Class. Elapsed. Corrected. Arbutus, W. L. Young 2 38 40 2 20 15 Tantrum, C. G. Jones 2 43 32 2 20 24 Emma C. Heard, S. D. Perkins 2 47 32 2 28 18 Eclipse, A. F. Leary 2 54 27 2 29 57 Owaissa, W. Kelley 3 04 35 2 40 20 Thialfi, Dr. Soule Dit not finish.

Second Class. Vexer, J. F. Cashin 2 39 05 2 13 22 Myrtle, P. J. Moran 2 47 08 2 16 11 Marguerite, Wilbert Soule 2 42 26 2 17 09 Evelyn, Edward Eaton 2 54 30 2 28 47 Nancy Hanks, G. W. Lane 2 59 07 2 32 20 Hawk, W. G. Doyle 3 06 05 2 38 51 Clarada, W. H. Gowey 3 16 52 2 46 59 Louise, Lee B. Johnson Dit not finish.

Corinthian Y. C.

Marblehead, Mass.—Sunday, Sept. 11.

THE Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, wound up its racing season with a handicap race from the clubhouse to Boston Lightship and return, on Sunday, Sept. 11. A chronograph was offered by Commodore John O. Shaw for the winning yacht, and other prizes were offered by the Regatta Committee. There was a light E. breeze, and the yachts raced in thick fog all over the course. Sauquoit got the start and had a lead of about 10m. on Opitsah V. at the lightship, but on the return Opitsah V. cut down this lead to 10s., thus getting the Commodor's prize easily on corrected time. The summary:

Elapsed. Corrected. Opitsah V., S. H. & H. I. Foster 4 52 35 4 32 07 Fudge, C. H. W. Foster 5 52 45 4 48 27 Medric, H. H. White 5 09 14 4 48 46 Sauquoit, T. K. Lathrop, Jr. 4 52 17 4 52 17 Setso, Lewis & Talbot 5 15 45 4 55 17 Seboomook, B. H. Smith 5 08 02 4 59 16 Privateer II., Alden & Carlton 6 03 50 4 59 32 Peri II., George Lee 5 23 05 5 02 37 Hugl, A. E. Chase 6 24 16 5 19 58 Carina II., H. S. Wheelock 6 12 00 5 32 19 Niebelung, E. G. Loring Withdrew.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

RIVERTON Y. C. OFFICERS.—At the annual meeting of the Riverton (N. J.) Y. C., held on September 6, the following officers were elected: Com., William R. Ellison; Vice-Com., E. B. Showell; Treas., H. J. Mitchell; Sec'y, T. H. Walnut; Meas., John H. Reese; Finance and Executive Committee—H. J. Mitchell, J. C. S. Davis, C. W. Davis, C. C. Rianhard, and H. H. Cooke; Regatta Committee—H. J. Mitchell, J. H. Reese, and H. H. Cooke.

SALES AND CHARTERS.—The following transfers have been made by Mr. A. J. McIntosh: Auxiliary yawl Granatsa, owned by Mr. N. M. George, chartered to Colonel W. C. Skinner, of Hartford, Conn.; steam yacht Charavi, Mr. Walter Hauxhurst, to Mr. E. M. Fulton; steam yacht Augusta, Mr. John B. Herreshoff, to Mr. Robert Murray.

The motor boat Express, formerly owned by Mr. Morton F. Plant, has been sold to Mr. George B. Wilson; motor boat Ripple, from Mr. John Hays Hammond, to Mr. George R. Branson; motor boat Kara, from Mr. Walter R. Herrick to Mr. Charles W. Billings; sloop Vabasso, from Mr. William Bell Waite to Dr. Chalmers Sargent; knockabout Corona, from Mr. John E. Beggs to Mr. R. S. Richardson; knockabout Helene, from Mr. F. J. Schussel to Mr. E. F. Darrell; sloop Valiant, from Mr. F. Herbert Smith to Mr. W. H. Parsons, Jr.; yawl Dream, from Mr. W. Winslow to Mr. George Chapman; knockabout Sunshine, from Mr. J. Langdon Schroder to Mr. A. H. Morris; motor boat Kismet, from Mr. Frank Waterman to Mr. H. G. F. Martin.

VENETIA PURCHASED BY MORTON F. PLANT.—The British-built steam yacht Venetia has been purchased by Mr. Morton F. Plant from Mr. F. W. Sykes, of Leith, Scotland. Venetia was designed by Messrs. Cox & King, and built by Hawthorns & Co., Ltd., at Leith, in 1903. She is 196ft. long, 27.15ft. breadth, and 15.65ft. depth. She has five bulkheads, is fitted with electric lights, and her registered tonnage is gross 588.84, net 229.57, and by the Thames measurement 664. Her engines are of the triple expansion type, with cylinders 16in., 26in., and 42in. in diameter by 27in. stroke.

Yachting Fixtures for 1904.

Members of race committees, and secretaries, will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list, and also changes which may be made in the future.

SEPTEMBER.

17. Manhasset Bay, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., fall, Sand's Point.
24. Riverside, L. I. Sound Y. R. A., fall, Riverside.

Canoeing.

Officers of A. C. A., 1904.

Commodore.—C. F. Wolters, 14 Main St. E., Rochester, N. Y.
Secretary-Treasurer—John Sears Wright, 519 West Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—L. C. Kretzmer, L. C. Schepp Building, New York.
Rear-Commodore—W. A. Furman, 846 Berkeley Ave., Trenton, N. J.
Purser—M. Ohlmeyer, Jr., 201 Palisade Ave., West Hoboken, N. J.
Executive Committee—H. L. Pollard, 138 Front St., New York; N. S. Hyatt, Ossining, N. Y.; H. C. Allen, 54 Prospect St., Trenton, N. J.
Board of Governors—R. J. Wilkin, 164 Montague St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Racing Board—H. L. Quick, Yonkers, N. Y.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—H. W. Breitenstein, 511 Market St., Pittsburg, Pa.
Rear-Commodore—Frank D. Wood, Buffalo, N. Y.
Purser—Frank C. Demmler, 526 Smithfield St., Pittsburg, Pa.
Executive Committee—Jesse J. Armstrong, Rome, N. Y.; H. C. Hoyt, 26 S. Goodman St., Rochester, N. Y.
Board of Governors—C. P. Forbush, 164 Crescent Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
Racing Board—Harry M. Stewart, 85 Main St., East, Rochester, N. Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Henri Schaeffer, Manchester, N. H.
Rear-Commodore—H. M. S. Aiken, 45 Milk St., Boston, Mass.
Purser, Edw. B. Stearns, Manchester, N. H.
Executive Committee—B. F. Jacobs, Jr., West Medford, Mass.; D. S. Pratt, Jr., Wellesley Hills, Mass.; Marcus Butler, Lawrence, Mass.; William W. Crosby, Woburn, Mass.
Board of Governors—Paul Butler, U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.
Racing Board—Paul Butler, U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.; H. D. Murphy, alternate.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Chas. W. McLean, 303 St. James St., Montreal, Canada.
Rear-Commodore—J. W. Sparrow, Toronto.
Purser—J. V. Nutter, Montreal, Canada.
Executive Committee—C. E. Britton, Gananoque, Ont.; Harry Page, Toronto.
Board of Governors—J. N. MacKendrick, Galt, Ont.
Racing Board—E. J. Minet, 126 Vitre St., Montreal, Canada.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Burton D. Munhall, care of Brooks Household Art Co., Cleveland, O.
Rear-Commodore—Chas. J. Stedman, National Lafayette Bank, Cincinnati, O.
Purser—Geo. A. Hall, care of Bank of Commerce, Cleveland, O.
Executive Committee—Thos. P. Eckert, 31 West Court St., Cincinnati, O.; Dr. H. L. Frost, 10 Howard St., Cleveland, O.
Board of Governors—Henry C. Morse, Peoria, Ill.

How to Join the A. C. A.

From Chapter I., Section 1, of the by-laws of the A. C. A.:
"Application for membership shall be made to the Secretary, and shall be accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and by the sum of two dollars, one dollar as entrance fee and one dollar as dues for the current year, to be refunded in case of non-election of the applicant."

A. C. A. Amendments.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sept. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:*
In accordance with Article XII. of the Constitution of the American Canoe Association, I beg herewith to give notice that at the next meeting of the Executive Committee, the following amendments to the constitution will be proposed, viz.:

Article III. Strike out "Secretary" in the fourth line.

Article V., Section 1. Strike out "dash" after secretary in second line, and insert "a."

Section 2. Beginning after "Committee" in third line to read as follows:

"The terms of office of the Commodore, Secretary, and the Treasurer shall be for one year from the first day of October in the year in which they are elected."

Article VI. Section 1. Strike out the word "Treasurer" in the ninth line.

Section 3. Strike out the word "Secretary" in the fifth line on page 8. Strike out the word "Secretary" in the second line on page 9. Strike out the word "Secretary" in fifth line and add to the section the following:

"They shall by ballot elect a member of the Association to act as Treasurer of the Association, whose term of office shall be as provided in Article V., Section 2."

Article VII. Strike out the word "Secretary" in the twenty-third line.

Article IX., Section 1. Strike out the whole of the section, and insert a new section to read as follows:

"It shall be the duty of the Secretary to keep a record of the proceedings of the Association and of the Executive Committee; to print annually under the supervision of the Board of Governors, the Association Year Book, and to attend to such other duties as may from time to time be assigned by the Commodore."

Section 2. Strike out all the section, and insert the following new section to read:

Section 2. "It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to receive all moneys due the Association from every source; to pay all proper bills on the written approval of the Commodore and a member of the Board of Governors; to make no other payments unless ordered by the Board of Governors; to collect all fees, dues, etc., and to pay to each purser on approved order the amount due his respective division; keep a record of all moneys received and paid, and render a written statement of the same to the Board of Governors at each stated meeting; report to the Board all names of those members who have not paid dues in accordance with the by-laws; present an annual report for audit at least fourteen days before the annual meeting in October; furnish the Secretary copies of the list of members of the Association, and to each purser a list of members of their respective divisions, and such other duties as may from time to time be assigned by the Board of Governors."

Section 3. Strike out the word "Secretary" in the first line on page 10, and also the word "Secretary" in the first line and in the third line on page 11. Strike out the word "Treasurer" in the fifth line on page 10.

The following amendments are also proposed in the By-Laws:

Chapter I., Section 1. Strike out the word "Secretary" in the second and fifth lines.

Section 2. Strike out the word "Secretary" in the fourth, seventh, eleventh and nineteenth lines.

Chapter V. Strike out the word "Treasurer" in the seventh line.

Chapter VII. Strike out the word "Treasurer" in the first, fourth and ninth lines.

Chapter VIII. Strike out the word "Secretary" in the fifth line.

Chapter X. Strike out the word "Secretary" in the sixth line, and strike out "and" in the same line, and after "Silver" in the seventh line insert the following: "And after Treasurer the same letters supported by a key in silver."

Chapter XI. Strike out "Treasurer" in first line.

Chapter XII. Strike out "Secretary-Treasurer" in eleventh line and insert "The Vice-Commodore of the division in which the Commodore resides."

ROBERT J. WILKIN.
A. C. A. 47.

New York C. C.

Bensonhurst, L. I.—Saturday, Sept. 10.

The fall regatta of the N. Y. C. C. was held over courses in Gravesend Bay on Saturday, Sept. 10. Besides the canoe events, cups were offered by J. C. Erskine and Commodore D. D. Allerton for first and second boats in a race for the new one-design class of the Marine and Field Club. Gamma and Beta were the only boats to finish the 3½-mile course in the light wind blowing. The event for decked sailing canoes was won by Mab, after sailing a course of 1½ miles. The summaries follow:

Sloops—Class RR—Start, 4:22.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Gamma, A. H. Platt.....	6 20 00	1 58 00
Beta, Snedeker & Camp.....	6 25 00	2 03 00
Alpha, Holcombe & Howell.....	Did not finish.	
Delta, J. J. Mahoney.....	Did not finish.	
Decked Canoes—Start, 5:30.		
Mab, F. B. Palmer.....	6 12 17	0 42 17
Bronco, D. B. Goodsell.....	6 15 57	0 45 57
Aziz, H. H. Smythe.....	6 20 13	0 50 13
Zaidee, F. C. Moore.....	6 33 23	0 53 23

One man, single blade, paddling, ½ mile—Won by G. H. King, Knickerbocker C. C.; G. H. Morrissey, New York C. C., second. E. S. Fales, D. B. Goodsell, F. G. Palmer and R. de F. Bagley also started.

Tandem paddling, single blade, ½ mile—Won by Hattenbrun and Danburg, Undercliffe C. C.; Wright and Plummer, New York C. C., second; King and Boell, Knickerbocker C. C., third.

One man, paddling, double blade, ½ mile—Won by L. Danburg, Undercliffe C. C.; G. H. Morrissey, New York C. C., second.

Club fours, single blade, ½ mile—Won by Wright, Parsons, Morrissey and Barnes; F. Speidel, Sweet, Bigelow and C. Robinson, second; Cosgrove, Hawthorne, Rea and Bayley, third.

Gunwale paddling, ½ of a mile—Won by W. L. Inslee, New York C. C.; G. H. Morrissey, New York C. C., second; J. J. Hattenbrun, Undercliffe C. C., third.

Upset paddling, ½ of a mile—Won by W. L. Inslee; W. L. Sweet, second; J. J. Hattenbrun, third.

Tilting contest—First heat, Bayley and Rea beat Sweet and F. Speidel. Second heat—Cromwell and De Camp beat King and Harrison. Third heat—Bayley and Rea beat Inslee and Morrissey. Final heat—Cromwell and De Camp beat Bayley and Rea.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Presque Isle Rifle Club.

ERIE, Pa., Sept. 3.—A good day for shooting to-day, and some good scores were made. Scores:

W A Parke.....	79 74 73—226	A Mount	74 69 68—211
H C Wahlgren.....	75 74 73—222	J Bacon	67 64 61—192
J Stidham	75 73 71—219	W W Jordan.....	47 41 32—120
J Almeda	76 71 69—216	Truesdale	51 27 — 78
E D Allen.....	74 70 69—213		

Mr. Truesdale was a visitor.

CABIA BLANCO.

Zettler Rifle Club.

THE Zettler Rifle Club announces their thirteenth annual shooting festival, to be held on Sept. 26-27, at Union Hill, N. J. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock each day. Intermission from 12 to 1 o'clock. The events, ring target, at 200yds., 21 prizes, from \$50 to \$1; bullseye, 18 prizes, from \$20 to \$1. Both of the foregoing are open to all-comers. Target of honor, 20 prizes, from \$20 to \$4. Special ring target, open to everybody. Judge's target and ladies' target of honor. The secretary is Mr. F. Hecking.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Sept. 13-16.—Paducah, Ky., Trapshooters' League.
Sept. 14-15.—St. Louis.—Afro-American Handicap. T. H. Cohron, Sec'y, Pleasant Hill, Mo.
Sept. 19-21.—Atlantic City, N. J.—Seashore Gun Club target tournament.
Sept. 20-21.—Williamsport, Pa.—West Branch Rod and Gun Club tournament. H. A. Dimick, Sec'y.
Sept. 20-21.—Lincoln, Ill.—Lincoln City Gun Club tournament.
Sept. 21.—Bristol, Conn., Gun Club tournament and sheepbake. E. R. Burwell, Sec'y.
Sept. 22.—Moberly, Mo.—Missouri League of Trapshooters.
Sept. 22-23.—Waterloo, Ia., Gun Club tournament; \$1,000 added. E. M. Storm, Sec'y.
Sept. 22-23.—Waterloo, Ia., Gun Club tournament.
Sept. 27.—Morgantown, W. Va.—Recreation Rod and Gun Club amateur tournament. Elmer F. Jacobs, Sec'y.
Sept. 27-28.—Manning, Ia., Gun Club two-day amateur tournament. G. A. Rober, Sec'y.
Sept. 28.—Concord, Staten Island.—Richmond Gun Club all-day shoot. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
Sept. 28-29.—Concordia, Kans.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Concordia Gun Club. L. S. Myers, Sec'y. Elmer E. Shaner, Mgr.
Sept. 28-29.—Homer, Ill.—Homer-Ogden Gun Club tournament.
Sept. 29-30.—Centralia, Ill., Trapshooting Club tournament. T. W. Rice, Sec'y.
Oct. 4-5.—Crawfordsville, Ind., Gun Club tournament.
Oct. 4-5.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club.
Oct. 6-7.—Dalton, O., Gun sixth annual tournament. Ernest F. Scott, Capt.
Oct. 6-7.—St. Marys, Pa.—Two-day shoot.
Oct. 12-13.—Sistersville, W. Va., Gun Club fall tournament. Added money to all events, and prizes. Ed. O. Bower, Sec'y.
Oct. 12-13.—Indianapolis, Ind., Gun Club fall tournament. James W. Bell, Sec'y.
Oct. 18-19.—Litchfield, Ill.—Consolidated Trapshooters' Congress.
Oct. 18-20.—New London, Ia., Gun Club tournament. Dr. E. C. Cook, Sec'y.
Oct. 26.—Concord, Staten Island.—All-day target shoot of the Mullerite Gun Club, on the grounds of the Richmond Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
Nov. 1-3.—St. Louis Mo.—World's Fair shoot; live birds and targets. Alec D. Mermod, Mgr., 620 Locust street.
*Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League tournaments. C. G. Grubb, Sec'y, Pittsburg.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM goes to press on TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The Centralia, Ill., Trapshooting Club will hold a two-day shoot on Sept. 29-30. Mr. T. W. Rice is the secretary-treasurer.

In the contest for the Morrison cup, at the shoot of the Indianapolis, Ind., Gun Club, Sept. 10, Messrs. Bell and Gregory were high guns, with a score of 46 out of 50, a 92 per cent. performance.

We are informed that, "The programme for the Waterloo, Ia., Gun Club's fall tournament has been issued, and copies may be had by addressing E. M. Storm, secretary. The shoot will be held Thursday and Friday, Sept. 22 and 23. The programme calls for 210 targets each day, and \$100 added money will be donated by the club."

The Independent Gun Club, of Easton, Pa., and the Allentown Rod and Gun Club, met in a team contest, 10 men and 25 targets each, on the grounds of the Allentown club on Sept. 10. The Independent team won by a score of 192 to 177 out of a possible 250. Each team now has one win. The deciding contest is a possibility of the near future.

The programme of the Homer-Ogden tournament, to be held at Homer, Ill., Sept. 28-29, announces that \$200 in cash and merchandise prizes will be added. On the first day ten events are at 15 targets, \$1.50 entrance, and two at 25 targets, \$2.50 entrance. The two latter are handicaps, 14 to 20yds., and constitute one event for a gold medal. Prizes for high amateur average will be given. On the second day there are nine events at 10, 15 and 20 targets, entrance \$1, \$1.50 and \$2, and one, the last, a handicap at 100 targets, \$7 entrance. The secretary is Mr. C. B. Wiggins, Homer, Ill.

The Philadelphia Record had a "special despatch" as follows: "Shamokin, Pa., Sept. 5.—In a 13-bird pigeon match on Bunker Hill to-day between Mark Jones, of this place, and George Markle, of Hickory Ridge, the latter won a \$600 purse by grassing seven birds to his opponent's six." This, as a "special despatch," is first rate; but as showing how unlucky the number 13 is for Jones—it surpasses first rate. It will be noted, however, that Markle was high average for "grassing." The despatcher, otherwise careful, was careless in omitting mention of the longest run, and other doings of excellence which would give more substance and color to such a famous contest.

The programme of the Mullerite Gun Club tournament, to be held on the Richmond Gun Club grounds, Concord, S. I., Oct. 26, provides four events, one at 10, two at 20 and one at 100 targets, entrance 65 cents, \$1.35 and \$3.50, and added money \$2, \$3 and \$20. Totals, 150 targets; entrance, \$6.85; added money, \$28. Event 4 is the Mullerite handicap, 100 targets shot in 25 target events. The management will give 100 Mullerite loaded shells who pays the entrance fee of \$3.50. Amateur making high score will receive a handsome gold medal. The added \$20 will be divided \$8, \$5, \$4 and \$3, class shooting. Targets 1½ cent. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock. The Tribune Magazine trap, run by electric motor, will be used. Team race between New York and New Jersey, if time permits. To reach the grounds, take Staten Island ferry at foot of Whitehall street to Staten Island, thence by Port Richmond trolley via Concord to corner of Serpentine and Clove roads.

BERNARD WATERS.

Norwich Gun Club.

NORWICH, Conn.—There was a large attendance at the tournament of the Norwich Shooting Club, held on Sept. 3. The presence of Mr. Gilbert, Doremus, Reynolds and other experts made it very interesting. Mr. Gilbert broke 198 out of 200. High gun prizes were taken by Mitchell, Mason, Noble, Searles and Johnson. The scores follow:

Shot	at.	Broke.	Shot	at.	Broke.
Fred Gilbert	200	198	Wells	125	96
J A Mitchell.....	200	180	Olcott	85	59
Mason	200	184	Ames	100	77
Noble	200	180	Herbert	95	76
Searles	200	178	Doremus	35	27
Johnson	200	178	Francis	55	31
Powel	200	173	Richards	30	28
Taft	200	172	Ulmer	70	49
Noyes	200	163	A Mitchell.....	70	53
Coffin	200	161	Austin	60	53
Reynolds	200	160	McCord	50	48
Edgerton	200	140	Wright	35	28
Bugbee	190	148	Beebe	45	33
Jordan	180	139	Kellog	45	31
Sanderson	180	135	Newell	55	46
Miller	180	116			

The team shoot resulted as follows: Norwich, 70; Whitinsville, Mass., 68; picked team, 65; professionals, 55.

I. P. TAFFT, Sec'y.

Avosting Gun Club.

NEW PALTZ, N. Y.—The Layton cup was the main prize at the Labor Day shoot of the Avosting Gun Club. The Layton cup, a handicap allowance contest at 25 targets, resulted as follows: Geo. Hasbrouck (12) 22, Sullivan (9) 25, W. Hasbrouck (8) 16, Snyder (2) 25, L. Hasbrouck (10) 20, W. Moore (3) 24, Upright (8) 25, Weed (9) 19, C. L. Dubois (4) 16, S. Elting (15) 22, Adams (9) 25, H. Hasbrouck (9) 23, Johnston (6) 21, Slater (2) 20, Josiah Schoonmaker (15) 25.

Shoot-off ties: Snyder and Schoonmaker 25 and divided, Schoonmaker taking cup, Snyder taking Sportsman prizes. Sullivan 24, W. Hasbrouck 21, Upright 21, Adams 21.

Sportsman contest, 25 targets: Snyder (2) 25, Layton (12) 25, L. Hasbrouck (10) 25, W. Moore (3) 25, W. Hasbrouck (8) 25, A. Slater (2) 25, H. Hasbrouck (9) 21, W. Upright (8) 20, T. Sullivan (9) 22, Adams (9) 19, Schoonmaker (15) 25, Terwilliger (12) 23, Johnston (6) 21.

Shoot-off ties: Snyder 25, Schoonmaker 25, Moore 20, Slater 20, Layton 23, W. Hasbrouck 21, L. Hasbrouck 21. Snyder and Schoonmaker divided.

Derry Gun Club.

DERRY, Pa., Sept. 9.—The Derry Gun Club held its monthly cup shoot yesterday afternoon. A large number of shooters, including Messrs. E. D. Fulford and Harry Watson, were present. Mr. Hackett, the former Derry crack, was not in his usual good form. Mr. Fulford gave a fine exhibition of shooting.

The results were as follows: Fulford 96 out of 100, Stewart 90 out of 100; Best 77 out of 100; Hackett 70 out of 100; Meyers 80 out of 85; Campbell 55 out of 75; Kelly 49 out of 60, and E. J. Kelley 38 out of 50.

In the cup shoot Myers, Smith and Kuntz tied with 47 out of 50. In the shoot-off at 10, Myers captured the cup with a straight score. Smith second with 9, and Kuntz third with 8.

Warwick Gun Club.

WARWICK, N. Y.—The following scores were made at the fifth shoot of the season of 1904 at the Warwick Gun Club grounds on Sept. 9.

The scores are very good, considering the rainy weather and wind.

We were glad to see Messrs. Elliott, Heer and Butler with us. The next and last shoot of the season will be held Oct. 14, same conditions and programme. We hope to see a number of visiting shooters present.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	15	15	15	10	25	20	10		
Elliott	9	15	10	15	10	14	10	14	10	14	10	14	10	18	5
Heer	8	14	7	13	9	15	8	13	13	14	13	10	18	5	
Markley	7	12	9	14	7	14	9	15	12	11	10	24	10	5	
Ogden	7	12	8	12	9	12	7	11	13	14	9	9	19	15	8
Tuthill	7	12	8	14	10	14	8	11	13	14	10	20	10	7	
Edsall	9	11	6	10	6	11	10	12	10	9	10	20	10	7	
Rogers	7	13	6	11	6	11	8	9	10	13	10	20	10	7	
Butler	8	6	6	7	7	11	5	10	10	10	10	20	10	5	
Hendrickson	7	12	8	14	19	14	8	11	10	10	10	15	10	5	
Duning	11	7	12	5	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	
Williams	11	7	12	5	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	
Kendig	10	12	7	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	
Benedict	3	5	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	
Jessup	3	5	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	
Smith	3	5	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	

JOHN B. ROGERS, Capt.

Lawrence Gun Club.

LAWRENCE, Mass.—A social shoot was held on the club grounds Monday afternoon, Aug. 29. The club was honored with the presence of Mr. Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia., the noted smasher of clay targets. Twenty-nine men tried their skill, and a most enjoyable afternoon was spent by the shooters and many spectators. Representatives of the Boston, Dover, Haverhill and Lowell gun clubs were present.

Mr. T. E. Doremus, who is accompanying Mr. Gilbert on the New England tour, rendered valuable assistance as official scorer and general squad hustler. The grand smasher ground them out to the tune of 219 out of 225, the last 90 without a miss, and the last 25 shooting from the 20yds. mark.

Shot at.	Broke.
F. Gilbert	225 219
Gerrish	90 63
Carlisle	100 86
Doremus	55 40
Langley	155 117
Kirkwood	150 139
G. W. Hall	100 88
Hallam	115 87
Lockwood	105 80
Johnson	100 76
E. Guenette	125 76
Reynolds	45 24
Parkhurst	100 65
Webster	45 33
McDonald	45 20
Griffin	30 16
Stillings	45 35
Burriage	45 32
C. E. Dean	75 67
Carter	25 6
Wingate	15 10
B. Guenette	35 10
Miller	100 88
Banliew	25 7
Tozier	75 51
C. W. Reynolds	25 10
Blanchette	25 16
Ozier	15 1
Dumont	15 5

R. B. PARKHURST, Sec'y.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Sept. 7.—In the fourth contest for the Hunter Arms Co. silver cup, 25 targets, at the shoot of the Rochester Gun Club to-day, Messrs. Adkin and Stewart, Scratch men, broke 25 straight.

Brk.	H'cap.	Tot'l.
Clark	23	24
Adkin	25	27
Borst	22	7
Norton	20	3
Rickman	17	5
Kershner	22	1
Darby	12	10
Griffith	22	5
Donovan	18	5
Stewart	25	0
Summer	21	5
Bonbright	23	2

The contests for the Hunter Arms Co.'s silver cup have added to the shooting interest in considerable measure.

Riverside Gun Club.

UTICA, N. Y., Sept. 7.—The Labor Day shoot of the Riverside Gun Club had a good attendance. The weather was ideal. An unusually large crowd of spectators was present from the beginning to the end of the day's sport. The principal event was the club's championship gold medal contest. George Gangloff won it. The Jack Rabbit system of dividing the moneys proved very satisfactory.

The winners of the merchandise prizes were: George Newton, multiplying reel; D. Loughlin, fountain pen; E. Smith, box of cigars; George Emery, bottle of wine; E. Smith, silver card tray; George Newton, silk umbrella.

The next shoot will be held on Sept. 19.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	10	25	15	20	10	Targets:	10	15	10	25	15	20	10
W. Hughes	10	13	8	22	8	13	8	Teller	11	6	21	8	10	10	10
Watts	8	9	7	19	10	17	9	Lawrence	11	6	21	8	10	10	10
D. Loughlin	8	14	10	22	9	18	7	Schultz	7	11	6	21	8	10	10
Smith	7	15	10	22	9	18	7	Rayland	8	9	17	9	12	10	10
Newton	9	15	9	22	8	20	8	Emery	9	6	17	9	12	10	10
Clarke	8	7	8	20	9	10	10	Harvey	7	6	17	9	12	10	10
Gangloff	8	8	8	25	7	18	7	Bacon	20	9	16	10	10	10	10
Dechie	7	7	9	21	8	10	10	M. Teller	8	9	16	10	10	10	10
Jones	6	5	8	17	10	10	10	Sloane	8	8	16	10	10	10	10
B. Sabine	9	6	10	10	10	10	10	Infalible	14	22	19	8	10	10	10
Cook	12	5	16	8	8	10	10	Johnson	12	18	10	10	10	10	10

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., Sept. 5.—The target and live-bird shooting match held on the Spring Valley grounds, this city, to-day, between Brooke Harrison and George D. Humbert, two well-known club men, was witnessed by a large crowd of friends of both shooters. The first match was at 50 targets, Harrison winning by a margin of 4, the score being 46 to 42. The second match was at 25 live birds, Humbert to stand 28yds., while Harrison, who has won quite a few matches in the past ten years at the trap, stood at 30yds.; the match resulted in a tie, each man killing 20 birds. Harrison had 3 dead out of bounds, while Humbert had 1. The birds were a fine lot of old flyers, and the high wind from the score toward the traps assisted the birds, and made shooting difficult.

At the conclusion of the match, Stewart Lutz, of the Spring Valley grounds, served a fine chicken and waffle dinner in the spacious dining room of the club house, Messrs. Harrison and Humbert having as their guests forty of their friends.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Sept. 5.—The monthly target and live-bird shoot of the Ashley Gun Club, of Ashley, a suburb of this city, to-day resulted in the following scores: Live birds, best out of five: Miller 5, Smith 4, West 4, Evers 3, Roth 2. Clay birds, best out of 25: Evers 20, Miller 18, Smith 17, Conrad 14, Roth 11.

Pen Argyl, Pa., Sept. 1.—The Mountain View Gun Club held one of the most successful shoots in its history here to-day.

Young was high gun in the trophy shoot, breaking 22. Summary: Trophy shoot, 25 targets: Fowler 20, Felt 20, Lobb 10, Tucker 13, Dawc 10, Frome 16, Serfass 15, Young 22, Morsh 14. West Chester, Pa., Sept. 3.—At the semi-monthly shoot of the West Chester Gun Club on the grounds east of town, this afternoon, Harvey was high gun with a string of 22 targets. The turnout of the members was unusually small, the other scores being: Ferguson 19, Eachus 16, Gill 14.

DUSTER.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Westwood Gun Club.

Westwood, N. J., Sept. 5.—The shoot of the Westwood Gun Club to-day was well attended. In event 14 first prize was a flag, event 13 was the club medal shoot. Event 12 was a merchandise event. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	20	20	25	20	20
Richter	9	11	12	15	10	10	9	10	10	14	18	17	10	10
Eickhoff	7	10	11	12	12	12	14	10	10	15	16	16	10	10
Merrill	7	5	8	7	6	9	11	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Harland	5	7	9	10	10	9	12	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Vosselman	5	9	8	6	6	12	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Carrough	8	12	12	6	11	13	14	11	9	13	19	22	14	10
Lundy	7	10	13	11	7	7	8	7	10	10	14	10	10	10
Winters	3	6	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Ramsy	1	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Gruman	7	13	12	13	11	12	11	10	10	11	13	16	10	10
Post	14	14	13	11	10	10	10	10	10	15	17	19	15	10
Van Buskirk	8	10	10	10	4	2	7	6	10	10	11	10	10	10
Spath	12	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	16	14	10	10
Reeves	11	11	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	19	18	10	10	10
C. Westervelt	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	12	14	10	10	10
Hudson	7	12	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Hasbrouck	11	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Haring	6	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Milloy	10	11	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	11	13	10	10	10
F. Westervelt	9	13	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	11	11	10	10	10
J. Blauvelt	5	8	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	13	12	17	10	10
Lewis	11	6	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	7	10	10	10	10
Wilkins	6	8	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	5	10	10	10	10



PROFESSIONALS IN ATTENDANCE AT SPRINGFIELD, MASS., TOURNAMENT, SEPT. 5.
Fred Gilbert. H. S. Welles. T. Ed. Doremus.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	15	15	15	15
Town	9	5	6	10	10	6	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Wells	7	8	9	22	6	13	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Brown	6	7	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Eickhoff	5	10	6	17	8	11	11	8	10	12	14	20	10	10	10
Cocklin	6	7	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Harland	4	8	9	3	8	7	8	18	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Vosselman	7	13	6	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Richter	15	12	9	15	14	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Merrill	5	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Linesch	8	6	5	6	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10

Edgewater, N. J., Sept. 3.—The programme to-day numbered thirteen events. The scores are appended, as are also those of Aug. 27.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	10	10	25	10	15	10	15	10	15	15	15	2
Town	9	5	6	10	10	6	10	10	6	10	10	10	10
Wells	7	8	9	22	6	13	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Brawn	6	7	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Eickhoff	5	10	6	17	8	11	11	8	10	12	14	20	10
Cocklin	6	7	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Harland	4	8	9	3	8	7	8	18	10	10	10	10	10
Vosselman	7	13	6	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Richter	15	12	9	15	14	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Merrill	5	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Linesch	8	6	5	6	9	10	10	10	8	6	10	10	10

WESTERN TRAP.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Sept. 6.—The Labor Day shoot, held here under the auspices of the Cumberland Park Driving Club, was considered to be the best and most successful heretofore held. The visitors were many, and all stayed in the game from start to finish, as the entrance was targets only. The prizes were so numerous that every one present had something to show when they reached home.

The team trophy was the center of attraction, and as the Cumberland Club only won over the Franklin Club by one small target, one can imagine the high tension to which the members were brought, as the very last shot alone decided the race. The scores were 484 and 483 out of 600. Ewell Club made 445 and Tracy Club 420.

Harris was high man, 112 out of 120; Campbell, 100. Harris made the longest run, viz., 45.

Harold Money was present, and was shooting well as usual, and for same carried away a silver match box.

The special prizes were won as follows: Silver loving cup for high gun and Winchester rifle for the long run, to W. G. Harris; a bronze clock to R. B. Campbell; a set of clothes brushes to W. I. Polk.

Congress of Central Illinois.

Litchfield, Ill., Sept. 9.—The fifth shoot for the series of the Congress of Central Illinois Trapshooters was held here Sept. 6 and 7. The weather was fine and the crowd fairly large, especially the first day. John Boa was high in the professional line, with Frank Riehl second. Crosby and Spencer were present one day and made things lively.

In the amateur class, C. B. Wiggins was easily high, and in fact was high over all with 324 to his credit. Clay came second with 325. Groves third, 320. This was the first time that Cummings, the secretary, was absent. He was called home on the first day. The grounds here are the admiration of all who see them, and there is one more shoot yet to complete the year. This will come off Oct. 18 and 19. All are invited to come. It should be understood that the handicaps are not severe. The management here is the finest ever. Just come and see for yourself. The scores for the two days follow:

Shot at. Broke.		Shot at. Broke.	
Cummings, 19.....	140	Stoner, 16.....	175
Crosby, 20.....	175	Lawrence, 16.....	159
Wiggins, 19.....	175	Van Gundy, 16.....	166
Boa, 19.....	175	Burton, 17.....	162
Riehl, 19.....	175	Hall, 17.....	157
Vietmeyer, 18.....	175	Groves, 16.....	162
Lewis, 17.....	175	Keck, 16.....	137
Robley, 17.....	175	Cottrell, 17.....	158
Crothers, 18.....	175	Montgomery, 17.....	128
Clay, 18.....	175	Mermod, 17.....	159
Kellar, 16.....	175	Thompson, 16.....	105
Snell, 16.....	175		

Shot at. Broke.		Shot at. Broke.	
Crosby, 19.....	175	Lawrence, 16.....	146
Riehl, 18.....	175	Snell, 16.....	146
Wiggins, 19.....	175	Van Gundy, 16.....	159
Boa, 18.....	175	Keck, 16.....	133
Clay, 18.....	175	Stoner, 16.....	145
Groves, 16.....	175	Vietmeyer, 17.....	145
Hall, 17.....	175	Herman, 16.....	85

At Staunton.

Staunton, Ill., Sept. 8.—The holiday was spent, in so far as the gun club and their friends were concerned, in shooting at the trap. Over twenty shot through the day, and all expressed gratification for the able management of the projectors, Messrs. Snell, Wall and Camp. The topmost "trigger puller" and straight gunpointer was C. B. Wiggins, the well-known shooter and tournament promoter from Homer, Ill., who lost but 4 out of 180. John Boa was close after him, losing but 8. The traveling men were Messrs. Boa, Spencer, Hart Bronough and Leslie Standish, who filled the important position of cashier. The scores:

Shot at. Broke.		Shot at. Broke.	
Cummings, 18.....	180	Winans, 16.....	123
Wiggins, 18.....	180	Wall, 16.....	150
Clay, 17.....	180	Spere, 16.....	70
Boa, 17.....	180	Spencer, 16.....	171
Le Page, 17.....	180	Camp, 16.....	149
Keller, 17.....	180	Postner, 16.....	107
Lawrence, 16.....	180	Bycroft, 16.....	90
Baggerman, 16.....	180	Meyers, 16.....	45
H. Snell, 16.....	180	Harris, 16.....	30
T. Snell, 16.....	180	Carrer, 16.....	15
Burton, 16.....	180		

At Stratford.

Stratford, Ia., Sept. 7.—With cloudy weather, though very little wind, the day set for the shoot at Stratford, Ia., was ushered in. Hence good scores were made by the seven who took part. The score made by the old man, Budd, was especially fine, missing but 3 out of 200, having one run of 99. The amateurs shot well, Hoon getting 188, Patterson 186 and Peterson 185.

F. C. Whitney was present and assisted the management in the office. The busy season being on, together with the open game season, accounts for the small attendance.

The Story and Hamilton county medal was shot off and resulted in another win for Hoon, who this time made 50 straight, and Peterson, his contestant, was not far in the rear, with 47.

At Owensboro.

Owensboro, Ky., Sept. 7.—Another Labor Day has passed, and with it has gone into history the most enjoyable shoot ever held by the local gun club. There was only one missionary present, Mr. Tom Cassity.

The Rudd House challenge medal was the most interesting match, being at 50 targets. Mr. Overstreet scored 47, while Jim Lewis was pressing him very hard with 46.

Mr. Overstreet was challenged on the spot, and the match was set for Sept. 16.

In the course of the day's events Jim Lewis shot at 220 targets and broke 208, Overstreet 199, Newman 197, Herr 192, Griffin 190, Lancaster 180, Bennett 178, Mouton 175, Brown 172, Stout 172, Dawson 169, Tanner 174. Altogether, there were fifteen others who did not shoot through.

The officers are proud of the many young shooters, who will be well to the front by next year. The shoots will be held regularly until Oct. 28, when the season will close with the annual shoot for the loving cup.

Progressive Club.

East St. Louis, Ill., Sept. 6.—The last club trophy shoot of the old Progressive Club was held on Sunday. Only the high per cent. men were out, and they were out to win, and the excitement ran high.

Huff was the best on this occasion, and he won out only after a miss-and-out shoot with Thos. Ruff and P. Baggerman.

Ivan Ruff was shooting a new gun, and was not at his best. W. H. Clay was the high per cent. man for the day and the season, also was high in the Peters trophy events. It was Huff who made the longest run—that of 40.

This club has been prosperous, and consistent in shooting, as in competition with other clubs of St. Louis, it has won the Peters trophy twelve times in succession.

On Sept. 18 there will be an all-day tournament, which will probably close the season's shooting at the Progressive grounds.

In Peoria.

Peoria, Ill., Sept. 5.—It will be of interest to note that on Sunday the members and friends of the old Peoria Gun Club met on the old grounds at the half-way place. Ida Harris came over and shot for the first time in many moons, and showed that idleness has not set him back any, as he lined out 48 out of 50, thus winning Class A trophy. George Hermann, of Bartonville, won Class B and the Peters medal with 48.

In Other Places.

The Recreation Gun Club, of Cleveland, O., announce a tournament to be held on their grounds, Oct. 28.

Webb City, Mo., after a state of quietness, has come to life, reorganizing the gun club, and has started on the tranquil life of trapshooting prosperity.

At the Staunton, Ill., Gun Club tournament, held Sept. 5, the high average was won by C. B. Wiggins, of Homer, Ill., as in shooting at 180 targets he scored 176. John Boa was second with 172.

There was a shoot at Shickley, Neb., last week. The home team scored over Edger. Each had five men, 50 targets. The winner had only ten to the good. This is the second time Shickley has won. The first match Edger lost by the small margin of 4 targets. Another match will be shoot soon.

Rollo Heikes stopped over at Canton, O., on his return from the Michigan shoots, and proved that he is fast gaining his old time form, as he broke 172 out of 180.

Sept. 15 a barge shoot, conducted by the Iceberg Gun Club, of Beardstown, Ill., will be held. All who have heretofore attended these shoots are loud in their praise.

At Union, Ia., a tournament will be held on Sept. 20 and 21.

The Springfield Gun Club, of London, Canada, celebrated Labor Day by holding a shoot. The Smith gold medal event was won by Glover on the shoot-off. McBith got first prize and Webb second. Scranton immediately challenged Glover, and the holder won again with a score of 17 to 14. In the silver spoon event Glover also won.

The best shoot yet held by the Bridge City Gun Club, of Logansport, Ind., was that of Labor Day. There were twenty-three shooters present.

Ed Voris, the well-known Indiana trapshot, took his seat as mayor of Crawfordsville on Sept. 5. He has held many cups and championships that have come through his unerring aim when contesting with the shotgun.

There will be three more contests held by the Sandusky, O., Gun Club to decide the ownership of the Cedar Point trophy. At this writing Frank Schnaitter, Jr., leads with 113. The next man is Miller, 111; Valentine, 110; Deist, 109; Couter, 106.

A very hotly contested team shoot was held at Taylor, Tex., Labor Day. The Austin Club finally landed well to the good, viz., 261 to 173. The prize was \$50 cash. J. A. Jackson, of Austin, was the top man with 46.

Harold Money did his stunt of labor on Labor Day at Shelbyville, Tenn., when he lined out 25 straight, while Tandy made 24.

The Biloxi, Tex., Gun Club held a meeting on Sept. 2, to decide as to the best manner of contesting for the Hunter Arms Co. medal. Weekly shoots are being held and considerable interest is taken in trapshooting.

The club at Aastad, Minn., held their final 1904 shoot Sept. 1, and will now turn their attention to game shooting. M. E. Bergerund won the silver cup on 43 out of 50.

The San Diego Gun Club has accepted an invitation from the Los Angeles Club to participate in the seventeenth semi-annual target tournament, to be held Oct. 8 and 9. Latest reports say that at least enough will attend to qualify in the team race.

Much interest is being awakened in the trapshooting line at El Paso, Tex. Many new and enthusiastic members have been added during this season, and they show by their presence at the weekly meets that they are not liable to drop it after a short trial.

The officers at Fort Bliss, near El Paso, have taken up the shotgun, and have organized a gun club. Last week several of the El Paso shotgun cranks were invited to lunch and shoot with them, and a royal time they enjoyed. Hubby was present and gave a fine exhibition, losing but 1 target out of 75.

When you read of a club throwing targets 75yds. for practice or in tournaments, you can gamble that the attendance will drop off until there will not be more than two or three left. Fast targets—that is, beyond 45yds.—has been the death of more clubs and has put more shooters out of the game than all other objections combined. Shooters cannot break hard targets, and will not try. Remember that beginners should be encouraged, and they must shoot by themselves, and targets should not be thrown over 35 or 40yds. Try this, and double your membership.

While shooting in the Northwestern States is practically at a standstill, there are many prospective ones in the Southwest, viz., Silver City will hold one Sept. 17 and 18; Tucson, Sept. 27 and 28; Albuquerque and San Angelo will both hold shoots in October, while Nov. 15 will usher in the big shoot at El Paso.

T. E. Hubby has become somewhat enthusiastic over the proposition to hold an Interstate tournament during August of next year at Cloudercroft, Tex.

At the last coming together of the Bay City, Mich., Gun Club Allan and Coe captured the medals.

The Lebanon, Ind., Gun Club will hold an open tournament on Sept. 26. All the neighboring clubs will be represented.

Crawfordsville, Ind., Gun Club, without the help of Mayor Voris, easily defeated Lebanon in a match at Adney's Park on last Friday, with a score of 211 to 176. Wait until they meet Indianapolis on the G. A. H. ground, then see if they don't lower their colors.

The Granville, Ill., shooters advertise a shoot to be held Sept. 15, open only to the amateurs of Putnam, Marshall and Bureau counties. The Schmeizer trophy will be included in the last three events of the programme.

A new gun club has been organized at Jacksonville, Ill. It sports the name of Nicholas Park, with James A. Groves, President, and T. H. Buckthorpe Secretary. The start is made with twenty-five members.

Shimmer was high man at the Clarksville, Ia., one-day tournament held last week, breaking 173 out of 200. H. Steege and Lee Graham came next with 170. Shillady 154, Wygle 151, Brokaw 147, Nichols 131. The Clarksville club, with Slimmer at the head, is well to the front this year as an up-to-date shooting center.

You have heard of the seven Deweys at Fergus Falls as trap shots, well they are chicken slayers as well, and on Aug. 30 they shot their last club match for the season. Imagine, six strong young farmers as they stride across a stubblefield, each armed with a Winchester pump, putting up a covey of prairie chickens, and then the result—the end of the brood. At 50 targets Charley and John 48, Byron and Morris 47, Afton and Will 45 each. Some 1,000 ducks and chickens will fall to their guns ere the snow falls. They live in the hunters' paradise.

Later information has intimated that Elmer Shaner was looking over the shooting ground with a view of preparing a report as to the feasibility of holding the next G. A. H. on the Blue River. It seems at this early date that Denver, Omaha, Kansas City and Indianapolis, all have bids in. On the previous showing made Indianapolis has them all "skinned a block," yet Chicago should not be overlooked. The location, the grounds and all things necessary are favorable to Chicago. Will the old Watson Park management get busy?

The Ho-On-Kc Rod and Gun Club are interested in rifle shooting as well as shotgun, as there are many opportunities for capturing deer where this club is situated, in the copper country near Houghton, Mich.

The first basket dinner of the Corner Rod and Gun Club, of Fort Wayne, Ind., was a grand success. The amusements were plenty and the entertainments excellent. Music by band, singing, speech making, banquet, and the finale a badger fight. Long life to the now thoroughly organized rod and gun club.

The gun clubs at Fairview, Spirit Mount, Meckling and Norway, S. D., are engaged in a contest for a fine shotgun donated by an Eastern arms company. The first shoot was won by Spirit Mount, with 91 out of 125.

Many of the target shooters of the town of Clinton, Ia., are fostering the idea of organizing a gun club. From late reports received, the scheme will materialize.

At the Kalamazoo, Mich., shoot, Sept. 1, C. A. Young was high man with 195 out of 200, and Pop Heikes was next with 191. Taylor, of Ohio, was high amateur, 187, and Kit Shepardson next with 186. The shoot was not continued on the second day for lack of patronage.

Silver City, N. M., Gun Club wish it understood that on Sept. 17 there will be a tournament held by their members.

There is a new gun club at the town of Kellogg, Minn. The officers are D. S. Paul, President; F. T. O'Flarey, Vice-President; F. W. Heuer, Secretary; Peter Schriests, Treasurer. The first shoot resulted in O'Flarey getting 8 out of 10; John Salzman 8, Collier 7, Miller 7, Plein 6, Hauer 5, Robinson 4, Paul 4, Schriests 1.

Aug. 31 was a closing day for 1904 at the Springfield, Minn., Club grounds. Geo. P. Foster won the handsome Peters trophy with 41 out of 50.

At the last shoot held by the Omaha Gun Club there were present such well-known shots as Dave Elliott, the brother of Jim, as well as P. J. Hindman and George Carter, of Lincoln, Neb.

Fred C. Whitney, of Des Moines, Ia., the expert cashier and secretary, had charge of the office at the Clarksville, Ia., tournament.

The McLean County Gun Club, Bloomington, Ill., held the regular weekly shoot Sept. 7. In the 25 target event for the medal, Crothers again won first, though he was placed on the 20yd. line. Thus his score of 23 is extra good.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Sept. 3.—The following scores were made on our grounds Sept. 3. Trophy winners: Thomas, Class A, on a score of 24; Kampp, Class B, on 21; Kehl, Class C, on 5. In the cup shoot, McKinnon won in Class A on 23; Kampp in Class B on 22; Ostendorp in Class C on 20.

Cup shoot, 15 singles, 5 pairs.

Pollard.....	01111101111101	10 11 11 11 10—20
Thomas.....	01111111011110	11 11 10 10 11—29

Kampp.....	111101111111110	11 11 11 11 10—22
Horns.....	11110100010011	11 00 11 10 10—14
Johnson.....	01111111011111	01 11 11 01 11—21
Richards.....	10011011111111	11 01 11 11 11—21
Dr. Huff.....	10010110101001	11 01 11 11 01—17
McKinnon.....	111011111111011	11 11 11 11 10—23
Hathaway.....	01111110011111	11 11 11 00 11—20
McDonald.....	11110111111111	10 11 11 00 10—20
L. Freisted.....	110010011010110	01 11 11 10 10—15
H. Freisted.....	001110100000101	00 00 10 01 00—10
A. Freisted.....	101011100100110	10 10 10 00 01—12
Dr. Sherwood.....	110111000100000	11 00 10 10 10—10
Mrs. Sherwood.....	001010000101101	00 01 00 00 00—7
Kehl.....	101000101010011	00 10 00 00 10—9
Shultz.....	110110111001000	00 10 11 01 00—13
Krieg.....	111101111110111	10 11 11 10 11—21
Travis.....	111110000111111	01 01 10 11 11—18
Ostendorp.....	111111101110111	00 11 11 01 11—20
Russell.....	00000010101010	10 00 10 10 10—8

Trophy shoot:

Pollard.....	01111101100111011111	—19
Thomas.....	11101111111111111111	—24
Kampp.....	11111110101011011111	—21
Horns.....	1000100110011110000011	—11
Johnson.....	00101111111111111110	—20
Richards.....	11011111111110010111	—19
Dr. Huff.....	11111110100011101111	—20
McKinnon.....	10011111111111111111	—23
Hathaway.....	11111111111111111100	—22
McDonald.....	111111111111111001010	—21
L. Freisted.....	000100001110101011011	—14
H. Freisted.....	00100001000010100001	—6
A. Freisted.....	01001001010101010101	—14
Dr. Sherwood.....	1010010011111011111001	—16
Mrs. Sherwood.....	0010100111100000001001	—9
Kehl.....	00000001010001010000010	—5
Shultz.....	0010101010010011001101	—11

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 10.—The appended scores were made to-day on our grounds, on the occasion of the fifth shoot of the third series. McKinnon won Class A trophy on 25 straight, Kampp won Class B on 21, and Morris Class C, on 16. In the cup shoot, which followed, Dr. Shaw won Class A on 25 straight, Snyder won Class B on 22, and Dr. Skillman Class C on 17.

The day was not a favorable one for trapshooting, it being hot and windy, making the flight of the targets erratic and at times very difficult. Twenty-one shooters were present.

Trophy, 25 targets:

Dr. Meek.....	111001000111011111101	—17
Thomas.....	1111100011111111111001	—20
Horns.....	101001111110101001001	—14
Kehl.....	010010101111001000010110	—12
Kampp.....	1101011111111111111111	—21
Dr. Skillman.....	01000100111100001110111	—14
Richards.....	10011111111111111010101	—19
Hathaway.....	1101111001111111111111	—32
McKinnon.....	1111111111111111111111	—25
Johnson.....	0010110110000011111011	—15
McDonald.....	1101011001111111111111	—20
Dr. Shaw.....	01100110011000010101111	—15
Travis.....	1101011001111111111111	—20
Geotter.....	1100001011111111111110	—18
Hubbard.....	1111111011111111111111	—24
Snyder.....	1111111110111110010010	—19
Nelson.....	1111111011010101111110	—20
Morris.....	10000010001000001010001	—7
Ball.....	1110111110100010001101	—16
Shultz.....	0001000011001000101010	—9

Cup shoot, 15 targets, 5 pairs:

Dr. Meek.....	101111110111010	10 10 10 10 00—15
Thomas.....	011111111111111	11 11 11 10 00—21
Kehl.....	010001111111101	00 00 00 11 00—12
Kampp.....	101111111111001	11 01 00 11 40—18
Dr. Skillman.....	11111111101111	00 10 00 10 10—17
Richards.....	11111111101111	10 01 11 11 00—20
Hathaway.....	111111111111111	10 10 10 10 10—20
McKinnon.....	111110111111110	11 10 11 01 11—21
Johnson.....	100111111011010	11 11 01 01 01—19
McDonald.....	110111111111111	10 11 11 10 10—20
Dr. Shaw.....	111111111111111	11 11 11 11 11—25
Travis.....	111101100011111	—11
Geotter.....	111110110110111	10 10 11 10 01—19
Hubbard.....	111110101010101	11 11 11 11 00—18
Snyder.....	011011111111111	11 11 11 11 01—22
Nelson.....	111001100101010	—9
Morris.....	111101100100101	11 10 10 10 01—15
Ball.....	110110001100111	11 11 10 11 11—18
Shultz.....	011111000111001	10 10 11 10 01—15

Mr. Gilbert's Brilliant Shooting.

A correspondent writes us as follows:

After Mr. Fred Gilbert's wonderful record of 392 straight at Spirit Lake, Ia., the last of July and the first of August, in the making of which he used odds and ends of shells he had at his home in that town, many of the shells having been on hand for three or

O. C. S. A. Gun Club.

UTICA, N. Y.—Labor Day shoot of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association Gun Club was held at their grounds. Fifty-one shooters took part. There were shooters from Syracuse, Albany, Canajoharie, Little Falls, Herkimer, Ilion, Rome, Sherburne, Clinton and Norwich.

Henry Borden, of Norwich, received high average, breaking 126 out of a possible 135; Geo. Palmer, of Sherburne, second high average, breaking 114 out of 135. E. D. Fulford shot, filling up squads, breaking 213 out of a possible 230.

In the merchandise event, prizes were awarded as follows: First, Teesdale, shooting jacket; second, John Deck, 100-loaded shells; third, W. J. Jordan, hunting hatchet; fourth, W. Herman, pipe, and fifth, Wm. P. Dexter, two bottles of whiskey.

The weather was ideal for trapshooting. This club is fast coming to the front, holding some of the largest shoots in the State. The New York State Association made no mistake when they selected Utica as the place for holding the State shoot in 1904:

Event:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	15	10	20	15	10	15	15	10
Borden	9	12	15	10	19	12	10	14	15	10
Palmer	9	12	11	9	12	12	10	10	13	10
Lewis	7	7	6	7	13	8	7	7	10	8
Nick	7	7	6	7	12	10	6	7	10	7
Herman	7	11	10	7	13	13	5	10	12	10
Deck	6	12	11	7	12	15	8	12	10	5
Eddy	5	10	9	7	12	9	7	10	10	..
Elliott	7	9	10	7	13	9	7	12
Barlow	7	7	10	7	7	12	7	11
Marx	7	11	..	7	13	11	7	11
Fulford	14	14	9	19	13	9	15	14	9	..
Mills	..	9	11	7
Wright	..	9	10	5	14	11
Humphrey	9	7	17	13
Tomlinson	9	8	12	12
Bingham	10	8	15	13	10
Armstrong	7	8	16	12	8	11
Kokasch	9	7	14	13	6	10	11	6
Brunner	9	8	19	11	7	13	10	8
E Edwards	7	16	12	7	12
W Wagner	7	17	12	9	12	9	10
Hayes	5	14	9	8	11	11	..
Klausner	7	8	13	8
Richards	7	14	11	7
J Wagner	15	11	7	12	13	7
Bennett	12	13	7	10	11	7
Teesdale	12	15	7	13	12	..
Long	14	11	6
Keeler	13	..	8	12
Finster	15	12	8	14	11	9
Barker
Jordan	14	8	11	12	7	..
T Cantwell	12	7	10	10	6	..
Thoman	11	6	11	11	7	..
F Windheim	11	6	12	11	8	..
Bills	11	8	11	14	9	..
Hoff	11	7	11
Warren	12	6	13	12	7	..
Miller	13
W Dexter	10	6	..	9	6	..
Brayton	9	..	11	..	6	..
Jones	11	6	10	..	6	..
Ludwig	11	6	10	..	6	..
R Owens	8	13	12	7
S Cantwell	10	12	11	7
Eggleston	11	..	6
U. M. C. A.	11	7
Barnard	10	7
Brown	10	7
Sprausen	9	6
Dolin	9	7

Ohio Trap.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI.—The weather conditions were good Sept. 3. There was quite a good attendance. Among the visitors was the veteran Henry Goodman, who gave up the shooting game about two years ago, but still takes an interest in the sport and likes to renew his acquaintance with the boys.

Eighteen shot in the Parker prize gun shoot, Medico and Nye tying for high gun on 88 actual breaks.

Parker prize gun, 100 targets handicap of added targets: Medico (12) 88, Nye (18) 83, Randall (15) 87, Peters (20) 87, French (20) 80, Herman (30) 80, Jay Bee (25) 77, Boeh (40) 71, Kramer (40) 63, Keenan (40) 60, Keplinger (43) 57, United (47) 53, Wallace (68) 32, Pohlar (35) 63, Andrews (55) 41, Jack (30) 61, Maynard (18) 69, Gambell (10) 74.

The shoot arranged by Supt. Gambell for Labor Day afternoon was a success. There was a good attendance of shooters and spectators, among the latter a number of ladies. No shooting was done in the morning, although several were on hand in time for the "shooters' dinner," served from 11 to 12 by Mrs. Gambell. These dinners are always a drawing card to any of the doings of the club.

Twenty-one took part in one or more of the events, thirteen shooting the entire programme. Among those present were Z. A. Craig and La Rue, of Dayton, both of them good shots and members of the Dayton Gun Club. J. J. Faran put in an appearance early in the afternoon, having just returned from his vacation in Michigan, and started into the game in the fourth event. Captain was at the grounds, but was forced to remain on the veranda as a looker-on, owing to a severe injury to his right thumb, which prevented his handling a gun.

The programme consisted of ten 15-target events, \$1.50 entrance, three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Once cent for each target thrown was set aside as a purse to be divided between the four low guns.

Z. A. Craig was high gun with 135 out of 150; Harig, second, 134; Grau, third, 133, and Sunderbruch, fourth, 122. Gambell had charge of the office work, assisted by Henry Goodman, and did not do himself justice at the score. The scores:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Craig, 18.....	150	135	Foley, 18-16.....	150	112
Harig, 18.....	150	134	Gambell, 18-16....	150	104
Grau, 19-18.....	150	133	Bleh, 17.....	135	96
Sunderbruch, 18.....	150	132	Faran, 18.....	105	90
Barker, 19-18.....	150	129	Dewire, 16.....	105	83
Randall, 17.....	150	126	Andrews, 16.....	120	70
Medico, 18.....	150	125	Pfeiffer, 19.....	90	69
Maynard, 17.....	150	120	Don Minto, 16.....	75	63
Rybolt, 16.....	150	117	Cook	75	54
Dick, 17.....	150	114	Krehbiel	75	50
La Rue, 16.....	150	114			

September 10 was hot and close, no wind. Maynard and Herman leave on Sept. 14 for Otter Tail, Minn., near the Indian reservation, where they will do some duck and chicken shooting. From there they will visit at Emil Werk's camp near Detroit City, Minn.

Cash prize shoot: Gambell (16) 44, Peters (18) 41, Maynard (20) 37, Falk (18) 37, Kenan (16) 37, Andrews (16) 36, A. Sunderbruch (20) 35, Boeh (16) 33, Keplinger (16) 29, Wallace (16) 21.

Here He Goes Gun Club.

The Here He Goes Gun Club, of Cincinnati, has a membership limited to twenty and a waiting list of more than that number. The grounds are pleasantly located on the farm of Mr. Ed. Story, about ten minutes' walk from the end of the Elberon avenue car line. Here they have a nice little club house and three expert traps fitted with electric pull. A few of the members had a little shoot on Sept. 2. In the regular events H. Osterfeld was high with 31 out of 35. Gambell second with 30. Pfeiffer third with 24. In the first team match Gambell and Pfeiffer broke 20 and 21 respectively, a total of 41, and were tied by Osterfeld and Pohlar who broke 21 and 20 in the order named. In the shoot-off at 5 targets each, Gambell's team won with 10 straight to 8 by the other team. The second match was closely contested, Gambell and Pfeiffer scoring 19 and 24 respectively; total 43, and Osterfeld and Pohlar 22 and 20 in order given, a total of 42.

Rohrer's Island Gun Club.

The Rohrer's Island Club, of Dayton, O., had an all-day picnic on their regular shooting day, Aug. 31, to which were invited not only the members with their wives and children, but also the members of other clubs with their families. The occasion was

known as "Chicken Day," and a hot dinner was served from 11 to 12.

The shoot for the medal was held at 9:30. The scores in the medal shoot follow, eighteen members shooting, and Wm. Oldt winning the medal after three shoot offs, with Miller and P. Hanauer: Wm. Oldt (35) 27, C. F. Miller (29) 28, P. Hanauer (27) 25, Joe Hohm (30) 23, Wm. Kuntz (35) 23, C. Smyth (29) 23, W. E. Kette (34) 22, G. C. Rohrer (29) 22, J. Schaerf (30) 22, C. Ballman (32) 19, H. Oswald (30) 18, Wm. McCullough (35) 18, H. Lockwood (27) 17, H. Engle (32) 17, J. Rost (35) 17, Gus Sigrist (33) 16, H. Kroger (35) 15, F. Chambers (34) 15.

Some of the Dayton sportsmen are ready to start on their annual hunting trips for big game. Dr. N. B. Custer will spend a month in the mountains of Colorado and New Mexico.

Ed G. Sander and Lon Groweweg, of Dayton, and Bryan Stedman and Judge Shoup, of Greene county, go to New Brunswick for a month, hunting moose, caribou and deer.

Notes.

Eight members of the Hamilton (Ont.) Gun Club entered the thirteenth contest for the club trophy on Sept. 8, and Parker won the badge with the good score of 48 out of 50. After the medal shoot a team match was pulled off, Parker and Link captains. Each shot at 25 targets: Link 23, Ayers 23, Shumaker 19; total, 65. Parker 22, Steinman 24, Mrs. Ayers 18; total, 64.

The regular shoot of the Indianola Gun Club, of Columbus, O., on Sept. 3 was attended by nineteen shooters. Stanley Rhoads missed but 4 out of the 80 targets shot at and made the only straight 25 of the day. Frank Siebert did the next best work, making two 23s and a 21.

H. E. Smith is a shooter who is destined to be in the front rank if he continues to improve as he has since the first of the season.

Many of the members of the Dayton (O.) Gun Club were off dove hunting, and the attendance on Sept. 3 was very much smaller as usual, only five members taking part in the contest for the Gem City medal. W. A. Watkins, of Washington Township, was the winner, with 23 out of 30 shot at.

The Rohrer's Island Gun Club, Dayton, O., suffered from the same cause as the other gun clubs, the open season on doves and squirrels taking many of its members to the fields and woods.

Only five members shot in the medal contest, which was won by Wm. Oldt for the second time, and this time without a contest. His score was 23 out of 32. At the conclusion of the medal race three matches were shot, four men on a team, 25 targets per man.

In the first match Miller's team won with 83 to 79. The second and third matches were won by Oldt's team with 83 to 82 and 77 to 71. In the total for the three matches Oldt's team led by three targets, the score being 239 to 236. The only straight in the series was made by C. H. Cord.

The N. C. R. Gun Club, of Dayton, O., have built a clubhouse on their new grounds, and will hold shoots every Saturday until the opening of the quail season.

BONASA.

South Framingham Gun Club.

SOUTH FRAMINGHAM, Mass., Sept. 1.—Inclose clipping from Framingham Evening News, giving account of a shoot held by our club on Aug. 30.

E. W. FULLER.

At the traps of the South Framingham Gun Club on the Holliston road this afternoon, Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia., smashed 135 clay birds without a miss. He was here as the guest of the club and he opened the eyes of the spectators by his marksmanship, smashing birds which the spectators thought he had not the remotest chance of hitting.

The shoot consisted of nine events of 15 birds each, members of South Framingham, Boston, Greenfield, Watertown and Needham clubs competing. The summary:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Broke.
Gilbert	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	135
Doremus	6	11	9	11	10	57
Newton	12	13	10	9	13	12	3	12	14	103
Allen	11	6	10	13	11	13	14	1	211	101
Kirkwood	12	14	13	13	14	11	14	12	12	115
Lane	9	12	9	12	10	15	14	13	..	94
Rogers	10	10	13	6	8	11	11	69
Raymond	12	11	11	10	9	9	13	9	..	84
Prouty	10	11	10	10	10	8	59
French	12	9	6	10	8	11	7	12	..	75
Fuller	11	9	12	12	11	10	7	11	9	92
Rice	8	12	12	9	7	11	59
Clark	6	9	9	7	7	9	9	56
Muldown	11	7	14	10	11	53
Fenton	11	11	9	11	12	10	64
Hewins	9	10	9	8	6	42
Lincoln	11	10	12	11	7	61
Isham	7	12	11	30

SOUTH FRAMINGHAM, Mass., Sept. 5.—To-day the final shoot of the South Framingham Gun Club was held, at its traps on the Holliston road. There were eight events, one at 10 birds, five at 15, one at 20, and the finals in the prize cup match, open to members of the club only, 25 targets.

The prize cup shoot during the season was won by W. I. Lincoln, E. W. Fuller, second, and Theo. F. Rice, third.

The third, fourth and fifth events, 50 targets, unknown angles, was won by Herbert, first, \$3; P. H., second, \$2.

The sixth event, 15 unknown, merchandise prizes, was won by Herbert, Underhill second, and Staples third.

The seventh and eighth events, unknown, merchandise prize shoot, was decided as follows: Herbert, first; Staples, second; Fuller, third; Brown, fourth, and L. E. Isham, fifth.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	25	15	20	15	15	15	15
Herbert	10	..	14	17	14	15	15	15
P. H.	8	..	14	18	12	9	8	11
George	6	6	6	7	..
P. H., Jr.	6	..	4	2	..	5
Lincoln	5	4	9	8
L E Isham	7	20	10	18	12	8	11	9
E A Staples	9	24	13	15	10	11	14	13
D C Raymond	9	16	7	7	8	7	10	6
E W Fuller	9	23	11	15	12	8	11	13
F C Underhill	7	19	3	8	9	12	10	10
W L Bowen	8	20	9	15	13	8	11	12
F P Hewins	0	20	13	11	8	7	10	6
L French	4	17	4	9	6
C R Hill	4	18
R S Bowen	5	15	6	6	6	8
L W Prouty	8	20	12	14	9	9
A E French	4	10	7	13	3
T F Rice	7	21	8	11	11	7	9	..
Fenton	..	11	14	11	9	10	10	10
J H Amberg	..	10	9	10	8	9	10	7
L A Isham	..	9	11	7	8	11	7	..
Carpenter	..	6	10

Interstate Tournament at Huntington.

HUNTINGTON, W. Va., Sept. 10.—The Interstate Association tournament, scheduled for Huntington, W. Va., Sept. 7 and 8, was not such as would be classed a success. The attendance did not amount to much more than a "corporal's guard." No one seemed to know just why such was the case, but the most plausible explanation was that this particular section of the country has had a surfeit of trapshooting for the time being.

The first day's attendance was so small that Mr. F. H. Merrick, President of the Huntington Gun Club, and Manager Shaner, of the Interstate Association, deemed it advisable to declare off the second day's events. Mr. C. Amos, an amateur, Mr. Harold Money and Mr. C. O. Le Compte were the only visitors present to take part in the tournament. The scores of the one day follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	20	at	Broke.
H Money	14	14	15	15	15	14	14	14	14	14	13	15	16	200	187
C H Amos	7	5	6	7	9	75	34
C F H Merrick	12	13	13	11	12	14	12	11	13	11	11	12	16	200	161
Dr. O Shattuck	15	13	14	15	14	11	14	14	13	15	13	13	19	200	183
C O Le Compte	14	15	13	14	13	11	13	10	11	13	15	12	15	200	169
W M Prindle	14	10	11	10	11	75	56
J M Hawkins	10	11	12	10	12	13	10	11	13	12	12	9	14	200	149
E E Sample	13	14	12	12	12	12	13	12	12	12	150	124
Lee Marcum	13	9	11	45	33
W S Vinson	13	12	12	6	12	10	8	..	105	73
F L Frazier	11	12	14	9	13	80	59
J Stevenson	9	15	9
E C Van Vleck	10	15	10

rowed one, which was the cause of his dropping below his average shooting.

Only one club member got into the prizes, Le Noir, who won the Carleton reel. We hope Fred will have as good luck using it as he did in winning it.

The way Harley Keyes smashed 19 out of 20 with his little 16-gauge was a caution. Harley says the 16 is good enough for him.

Everybody says, when speaking of the tournament, that "it was the finest yet."

MISFIRE.

A nicer afternoon for trapshooting was never made than on Sept. 10, when some twenty-five shooters gathered on the grounds of the Springfield Shooting Club to participate in the practice shoot and meet Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, who was the guest of the club. Mr. Elliott gave a very nice exhibition of shooting, breaking 117 out of 125 targets shot at, an average of 93.35 per cent.

Some good scores were put up by club members. The Somerville, Conn., Club sent up several shooters. As Mr. Elliott was in a hurry to catch a train home, he shot in each squad in each event, which used his shells up very quickly, leaving him a little time to visit with the boys. Scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	Broke.
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	20	25	at.	
Kites	6	4	8	7	9	9	8	9	17	18	135	95
Bradford	5	5	3	2	4	4	2	8			105	33
Dimock	7	13	5	12	5	4	12				90	59
Cooley	6	9	9	12		7	17	17			105	77
Arnold	7	6	10	14	9	11	9				90	71
Coats	6	9	9	12		9	13	7	12		80	54
Le Noir	8	8	8	13	9	13	10				80	69
P. Lathrop	3	6	7	10	6	10	7				80	49
E. Lathrop	7	4	9	10	5	8	6				80	49
Chapin	4	6	6	5	6	5					70	32
Janser	3	3	3	5	8		5	5			75	32
Parsons									5	5	45	21
Kimball	4	0	5	5	4						55	18
Adair						3	5				50	16
E. Bagg						9	7	7	5		50	28
F. Bagg						6	5	6	6		50	23
Boughton	4		4	4	6						45	18
Douglass						10		10	4		40	24
Hawes									6		35	22
Joy							7	5			25	12
Rice								7	4		20	11
Cady	4	5									20	9
Cone						3	1				25	4
Williams											10	1

DuBois Tournament.

DuBois, Pa., Sept. 3.—The fall tournament given by the DuBois, Pennsylvania, Gun Club, on Sept. 1 and 2, was one of the most successful shoots held in Western Pennsylvania this year. Everybody present seemed to enjoy themselves, and everything went along very smoothly. The spectators were on hand in good numbers, and among them were a few leaders who seemed very much interested in the shoot. Forty-eight shooters took part the first day, of which thirty-two shot the programme through, which called for 200 targets, but was cut down to 175, on account of darkness. J. A. R. Elliott was high gun the first day with 170 out of 175. W. H. Heer was close up with 168. E. D. Fulford was tied with Mr. Millen, of the DuBois Gun Club, each getting a third place with 165. Fourth place went to A. Sizer, of Kane, Pa., and L. B. Fleming, of Pittsburgh, Pa.

On the second day the attendance fell off a little. Still, thirty-three shooters took part, of which twenty-six shot through the programme. E. D. Fulford was high gun on the second day with 194 out of 200. J. A. R. Elliott and W. H. Heer tied for second place, only losing one more target and finishing with 193 each. Third place went to C. W. Hart, of Buffalo, N. Y., with 189. Fourth place went to A. Sizer with 187.

General average for the two days, at 375 targets, resulted as follows: J. A. R. Elliott, first, with 363; W. H. Heer, second, with 361; E. D. Fulford, third, with 359; Mr. Millen, fourth, with 349. J. A. R. Elliott made a run of 136 on the second day. Mr. Millen won the amateur average for the two days.

The trade was represented by L. J. Squier, W. H. Heer, E. D. Fulford, H. C. Watson, J. A. R. Elliott and H. P. Fessenden.

Sept. 1, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	Shot	Broke.
Targets:	10	10	15	15	15	15	10	10	15	15	15	15	15	at.	
J. A. R. Elliott	9	10	14	15	15	15	15	9	10	15	14	15	14	170	
W. H. Heer	10	10	12	14	15	14	12	10	10	15	15	15	15	168	
E. D. Fulford	10	10	12	14	15	14	12	10	9	14	15	12	12	165	
Millen	9	10	14	14	14	14	10	10	13	14	15	15	15	165	
Sizer	9	9	13	14	14	14	14	9	8	14	15	13	14	161	
Fleming	10	10	14	11	14	14	15	10	9	14	13	14	13	161	
H. W. Hart	9	9	12	13	15	13	15	8	10	13	15	13	13	158	
E. W. Kelly	7	9	14	15	15	13	14	9	9	15	15	11	15	160	
Squier	8	10	14	14	13	11	14	10	9	14	15	11	13	156	
Cochran	8	8	15	14	15	13	13	7	8	13	14	12	13	157	
DeShant	10	8	14	13	14	12	14	10	5	10	14	15	13	152	
McCreight	7	9	13	14	14	14	14	8	8	14	11	12	15	152	
Everett	9	10	12	14	15	12	13	8	9	10	14	13	14	153	
Butterbaugh	10	8	13	14	12	13	13	9	9	12	12	13	13	151	
Brown	9	7	13	10	14	12	13	8	10	14	14	12	14	150	
Wolfe	10	7	15	13	14	12	13	10	9	12	10	14	11	150	
Guinzberg	5	9	14	12	11	13	14	7	8	13	14	15	15	147	
Stoops	9	8	13	12	11	14	11	8	8	15	11	13	14	147	
Connolly	7	10	11	14	11	14	13	8	10	14	13	11	14	150	
Quinn	7	10	13	11	14	11	10	8	7	15	12	15	13	146	
Bilting	8	6	13	14	15	11	11	8	7	13	13	11	15	146	
Sullivan	9	8	14	11	13	13	12	10	8	11	11	12	12	144	
Burgoon	7	8	7	12	14	9	13	6	9	15	14	12	12	140	
Myers	10	8	13	13	12	12	9	6	9	11	10	6	10	139	
Smith	10	8	12	15	13	14	12	7	9	10	10	11	12	144	
Stuart	6	10	12	10	11	12	11	8	9	13	10	11	10	133	
Best	7	8	12	12	11	14	13	7	8	11	12	13	8	136	
Johnson	9	8	12	13	12	14	12	9	7	13	12	15	11	147	
Flock	7	7	12	13	13	13	8	10	7	13	14	12	13	143	
Dinger	8	9	9	13	11	10	13	8	9	13	10	11	9	133	
Dimick	5	8	11	13	10	11	15	3	8	12	12	13	13	134	
Greiner	5	7	9	8	9	12	11	8	7	12	8	14	10	124	
Sheldon	8	8	12	15	8	12	9	7	8	12	14			113	
Irwin	9	9	13	11	15	14	12	8	8	12				112	
Anderson	8	10	9	9	12	12	15	5	8	13	13			111	
Bastain	5	7	12	12	9	11	12	8	9	10	10			103	
Speers	6	7	9	9	10	7	6	5	5	13	13			93	
Jessop										7	13	13		66	
Bailey										13	5	8	14	64	
H. G. Hart										9	10	4	7	11	10

Long	12	7	7	11	12	11	60
Koch	10	11	7	4	5	7	44
Kenyon							45
J. M. Kelly	6	4	6	5	7	11	38
Furnee	9	10	7	6			32
Thurston	7	8	13	9			53
Leach					11	15	26
Tipton						10	5

Sept. 2, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	Shot	Broke.
Targets:	10	10	15	15	15	15	15	10	10	15	15	15	15	25	at.	
Fulford	9	10	15	15	14	15	15	10	10	13	15	15	13	25	194	
Elliott	6	9	14	15	15	15	15	10	15	15	15	15	14	25	193	
Heer	9	9	14	15	15	14	15	10	10	15	14	15	15	23	189	
C. W. Hart	9	10	15	15	14	15	15	10	10	14	13	15	13	23	185	
Cochran	9	5	15	15	14	15	14	10	10	14	14	15	14	23	187	
Sizer	10	10	14	15	12	13	12	10	10	15	14	15	13	24	184	
Millen	9	9	15	15	14	13	14	8	10	14	14	13	12	24	183	
Irvin	8	8	12	13	15	15	15	9	8	14	12	15	15	24	182	
Fleming	10	10	13	13	15	13	13	8	7	15	13	15	13	25	181	
Burgoon	8	9	14	15	15	14	13	8	10	13	12	12	15	23	181	
Wolfe	10	9	10	14	13	14	15	9	8	14	14	12	15	24	180	
Guinzberg	7	10	15	13	12	14	13	10	9	15	12	14	15	21	179	
Bilting	8	9	13	15	12	14	11	10	7	15	14	15	12	24	180	
Connolly	10	9	14	15	14	13	14	9	8	13	14	13	15	19	177	
E. W. Kelly	8	9	13	14	15	13	13	9	7	14	15	13	12	22	176	
Butterbaugh	9	9	12	12	14	14	14	9	9	13	12	13	12	24	174	
Quinn	9	7	15	12	15	13	15	10	6	14	13	10	14	21	174	
Stoops	7	8	14	13	14	13	12	9	8	14	14	14	14	21	175	
Sullivan	9	9	14	12	14	14	11	8	8	12	14	14	14	24	169	
Flock	7	9	15	15	13	15	11	8	7	10	12	12	14	21	167	
Squier	8	9	13	14	14	14	11	10	8	12	11	11	13	19	163	
Brown	5	6	14	15	13	11	11	10	7	15	13	12	10	21	162	
McCreight	8	9	14	10	11	12	10	9	9	10	14	12	11	23	157	
Dimick	5	9	14	13	10	15	11	7	9	12	13	14	11	24	152	
H. G. Hart	6	9	7	11	12	9	13	7	8	13	11	13	10	20	113	
Everett	7	10	15	13	13	13	13	9	7	13				20	112	
Johnson	9	7	14	12	13	15	11	8	9	14				21	106	
Greiner								14	10	8	7	12	10	11	13	21
Rhines												15	15	12	23	65
Hahne								8	11	10						29
Bastain	7	5														12
J. M. Kelly	5	6														11

Team race for the Hibner trophy, events No. 9 and 10 on the second day:

DuBois team No. 1—Guinzberg 24, Millen 24, Burgoon 23, Kelly 21; total, 92. DuBois team No. 2—Wolfe 22, Butterbaugh 22, Sullivan 20, McCreight 19; total, 83. Williamsport team—Johnson 23, Dimick 21, Everett 20, Flock 17; total, 81.

H. P. F.

Traverse City Tournament.

TRAVERSE CITY, Mich.—The two days' tournament of the Traverse City Rod and Gun Club

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In this island are men having ankles, with spurres, like to cockes; here are hogges with hornes, a riuer stored with fish, and yet so hote, that it flaieth off the skinne of any creature which entreth it; there are oisters so large that they cristen in the shells; crabbes so strong that with the claws they will breake the yron of a pick-axe; stones which grow like fish, wheeof they make lime.—PURCHAS HIS PILGRIMAGE, edition of 1613.

THE AIR OF THE FOREST.

In the popular estimation two aspects of forestry are prominent. The forest is regarded as a conservator of water supplies, and thus to be of immediate and direct value to the citizen of to-day; and it is regarded as a producer in the distant future of a crop of wood which shall bring a money return to the citizen of a later generation. The public in general is not greatly interested in posterity, which it feels has never done anything for it, and to which, therefore, it owes no debt, and for this very natural reason much more emphasis has been laid on the forest as a source of water supply, and much more interest felt in this aspect of the forest than in the crop which it is to produce. It is true that existing forests and wood lots, by judicious treatment, may be made to yield crops of fuel or of merchantable timber which will more than pay the cost of gathering them, and that by judicious treatment the value of such forests or wood lots continually increases and their yield grows larger. But after all it takes a long time to harvest a crop of trees, and the man who plants a forest can only expect that his successor will harvest the crop.

Another aspect of forestry, of immediate practical interest to us all, is the influence of the forests on the public health. We talk commonly enough of the pure air and water of the forest, but we use the words in so general a sense that they mean little except to dwellers in the city. Nevertheless there are various factors involved in the forest's relation to health which are of great importance. The water, the soil, the air and the climate of forests differ from those of the naked plain and also from those of the seashore.

The relation of the forest to the public health was recently taken up by the American Public Health Association, and the question was submitted to a committee of which Prof. Wm. H. Brewer, of Yale University, is the chairman. Prof. Brewer's eminence as a student of agricultural problems is well known, and the report prepared by him contains a well considered estimate of the subject.

In regions where the annual rainfall is less than ten inches, forests rarely occur, and more than this amount is required to a luxuriant growth. On the other hand, in warm climates no amount of rainfall will prevent forest growth. In certain localities in India where more rain falls annually than anywhere else in the world, there are luxuriant forests. Here the rainfall is often 600 inches yearly, and sometimes more than 800 inches.

Aside from the very consideration that forests conserve the rainfall is the important fact that as a rule forest waters are purer than those of an unforested region. It is probable that forests slightly increase the rainfall, but if so the increase is small. What is probable is that they equalize the rainfall.

Forest waters are purer than those from cultivated land. The undisturbed soil of the forest gives up less of the decaying matter on or near the surface, and less of the mineral matter from the soil than is taken up by waters flowing over cultivated lands, which are stirred, mixed, and manured so as to promote chemical changes in the mineral matter which is thus rendered more soluble and so more easily taken up by flowing water. For similar reasons forest waters are clearer and cleaner than other

waters; they pick up in their flow much less of the soil, and also fewer living organisms.

Besides its importance to agriculture, the conservation and regulation by the forests of the rainfall has an important relation to public health. The water drunk by the inhabitants of cities and towns comes from a wide watershed, and it is important that the flow of springs and streams should be even and regular rather than that they should be torrential at one time and feeble at another. The importance of this process to the public health can hardly be over-estimated.

That forest air is usually wholesome and that it is beneficial in many forms of disease is well understood. It is probable, however, that the curative properties of forest air have been overestimated in the past, and that much of the good attributed to the air may really be due to the more wholesome outdoor life led by the invalid who dwells in the forest. At the same time it is well understood that ozone has a curative value, and that the forest air is richer in ozone than that of cities or even of towns or cultivated fields. That the forest air is cleaner than that of cities is obvious, and the cleanliness of the air we breathe has a close relation to health. Forest climate is likely to be milder and to be less subject to rough, harsh winds. The temperature is very much more uniform than that of the open country. In hot weather it is not so hot, in cold weather not so cold, and the daily, monthly, and yearly range is distinctly less. There is also less range in the humidity.

These remarks apply chiefly to temperate climates. If in rainy countries, the forests of the tropics are not places for invalids, nor even for people who are weak.

The relations of forestry to the public health are only now beginning to be appreciated. Yet the good work of protecting and saving existing forests has been undertaken by a number of States, though for other reasons than those here given. It is evident that no hard and fast rules for this protection can be laid down, for local conditions are so unlike that different methods must be practiced in different sections. One thing, however, is clear: that in almost every State there are considerable tracts of land more valuable to the State and its inhabitants as forest than they ever could be as agricultural land. Such lands ought without delay to pass into the hands of the State, to be treated by it as may seem best for the public interests.

A PICTURE FROM PORT ARTHUR.

LAST Monday's correspondence of the New York Times from the seat of war presents the Japanese soldier in a dual character most surprising. In one we have the fighter whose fierceness, intrepidity, and dash have excited the wondering admiration of the world. The Russian Prince Radziwill, who arrived at Che-Foo from Port Arthur September 18, the Times correspondent writes, declares that the men of both armies are absolutely venomous in their antagonism. "Gen. Stoessel has addressed his garrison, saying that the present mood of the Japanese indicates clearly the necessity of resisting them to the last drop of Russian blood, because if the Japanese soldiers enter the fortress it will undoubtedly be impossible for their officers to control them and prevent a massacre."

In contrast with the fighting machine here described, turn to the Japanese soldier as an angler who goes fishing between battles. "Another souvenir of home life which the soldiers have brought into Manchuria," writes the Times correspondent at Tien-Shi-Tien, "is a fishing line in every knapsack. From the commanding general, Kuroki, down to the humblest coolie who trots after his master's horse, they are disciples of the rod. Seeing the mild-eyed boys sitting for long hours by the banks of mountain streams waiting for a three-inch minnow to bite at an angleworm, it is hard to realize them as the same fighting men who storm rocky embankments under showers of shrapnel and bring back the huge Cossacks of awesome reputation as docile captives."

Thereafter let no one say that he is too busy, has too much work to do, and has no time to go fishing. The Japs are busy, and the work they have to do is to take Port Arthur; yet they find time between whiles to go fishing.

Of angling as the strenuous man's recreation, this picture from the siege of Port Arthur is altogether unique.

SNAP SHOTS.

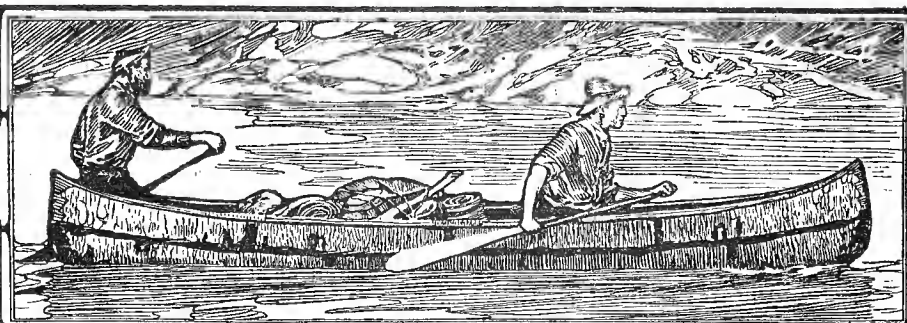
THE outcome of the agitation in Minnesota a year or two ago over the Chippewa Indian Reservation forest lands was the establishment of a Forest Reserve of 231,000 acres. This result was a compromise with the timber cutters, who strove to secure the opening of the entire tract for lumbering operations, meaning the destruction of the woods. The lumbermen are by no means contented with the existing conditions. They want the rest of the timber lands; and to that end are seeking to induce the Indians to petition for an opening of the reservation for settlement, which means the cutting of the timber. There is no genuine demand of this sort by the Indians. There is no popular sentiment in Minnesota in support of any such proposition. There is no support of further "settlement," save only on the part of a small body of speculators who are hungry for the profit they see in denuding the area of its forests. The true sentiment of the people of Minnesota is well expressed in the communication from the pen of Mr. Charles Cristadoro, in our last issue, in which it was declared: "The idea of reforestation has come to stay in the State of Minnesota. The forest reserve flag is flying over the Chippewa Reservation, and it will 'stay put,' the boomers to the contrary notwithstanding." Indeed, the probability is that instead of ever diminishing the reserve boundaries, Minnesota will enlarge them.

WHAT is claimed to be the highest record grouse bag for Great Britain was made the other day near Sheffield by Rymington Wilson and eight other guns, who scored 2,748 birds in a day's shooting, the best bag previously made having been 2,648. Such feats are achieved with credit in Europe, but the Atlantic lies between the grouse moors of Great Britain and the quail covers of the United States, and the ocean itself is not too vast for measure of the difference of sentiment prevailing in the two countries respecting record bags. This difference is due in large measure to the different economic conditions. In America we disapprove inordinate killing because it means excessive drain on a natural game supply which cannot be maintained artificially. In Great Britain the birds are raised as abundantly as poultry, and to kill 2,748 in a day means no more as to game supply than the killing of broilers by the poultryman. More will be provided in due time to meet the demands of another season.

STATE GAME COMMISSIONER JOHN A. WHEELER reports that prairie chickens and quail have increased in Illinois to a gratifying extent; and that a decided change of public sentiment is manifested in support of the game laws. Commissioner Wheeler has himself done much to create a feeling of co-operation between deputy game wardens and citizens. The wardens have been instructed to advise farmers and land owners through the local press and verbally, that if they will notify the authorities by telephone or wire, prompt action will be taken. If he shall continue to have the support of those who are most closely touched by the game laws, Commissioner Wheeler will find protection simplified.

THESE are the days when the invitation to the field is strong. It is in the blue of the sky, the golden effulgence of the sunlight. It is in the date of the calendar confronting us at our desks, in our offices and shops and homes. It is in the memory, which at this time comes with peculiar force, of the early autumn days of past years. It is in the knowledge that deer are reported abundant in the woods, in the rosy reports that come from the game field. These are the days when game law digests and railroad schedules are consulted; and one plans and schemes and contrives to reconcile his going away and the continued serenity and progress in his absence of the little world which centers about him. It is strange how one always thinks when he gets back home that something must have happened while he was away, and stranger still is it that nothing ever has happened.

From various sections come reports of a good game stock for the season of 1904. The Adirondack deer, the shore birds and ducks of the coast, the quail and prairie chickens of the West, are in fair supply.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Some Shingle Mill Folks.

WHEN Jones came down from Wisconsin to inspect our southern timber and decide whether it was worth while attempting to turn it into wood pulp, I was glad to hear him disclaim the slightest inherent fondness for hunting or fishing. The Arkansas Legislature had but lately traced a dead-line in the pathway of sportsmen from other States, and I knew I must lead Jones through a region replete with opportunity and temptation, guarded by the usual number of constables and deputy sheriffs. As a rule, the man who cares nothing for firearms and fishing is not especially welcome as a companion in my trips to the woods, but this was an exceptional case. Jones agreed to be good, and I trusted him.

"All I want is a glimpse of the virgin forests," said he. "But, while I am hunting for paper stock, I'd like a chance to study your natives and their manners and customs. Show me old-fashioned folks in homespun—the men with muzzleloading squirrel-rifles, the old women knitting in the chimney-corners, and the girls carding, spinning, and working the looms."

I explained to him that the homes of our primitive folk were in the hills, and that the bottom lands, because of the influx of enterprise to till their rich lands and convert their forests into good, hard cash, were no longer as in the days of the original Arkansaw traveler. "But maybe I can find some characters worthy of study," I added, encouragingly. "I've found one already," he responded cheerfully, and the reply set me to pondering, for I'm blest if it didn't sound just as though he meant me.

It was well along in December and the fall rains had given place to clear weather and heavy frosts. As is usually the case at that season, the river and creeks had spread over the low grounds, and overland travel to the point we wished to reach was entirely out of the question. I approached the subject of a canoe trip with considerable doubt, for the average Northern man has a holy horror of a dugout, and almost invariably capsize the first one you get him into. Jones eyed the craft critically, gave it a shove off the shore, and jumped in well amidships, catching his balance like an experienced log-runner. "Our Indians up home could give you fellows cards and spades in boat-building," he told me, paddling back to load in our baggage. "There's no shape to this old ark, and there's too much timber in its bottom. Get forward, there, and let me furnish the motive power. I haven't swung a paddle since a year ago last August." So I made myself comfortable on a roll of blankets with my .25 rim-fire across my lap, filled and lighted my pipe, and pointed out the course he should follow. The work of paddling did not seem to hinder Jones from looking at the trees and asking questions, while I was too thoroughly satisfied with my own job to insist on a change. Presently it developed that my companion had a fairly good eye for game. "There's a squirrel in the fork of that big tree," he announced. "Can you kill him?" I could and did, and then Jones paddled on without comment, looking guilty and remorseful, as is seemly in one who has prompted a deed of slaughter. In a few minutes I saw a coon on some drift a hundred yards to the right of our course, but said nothing, waiting to see if Jones would discover and identify it. "Lighter colored than they are up north," said he, as though taking it for granted that six pounds of flesh and fur could not be overlooked by the casual eye. "Don't shoot him—there's a wood duck under that willow ahead yonder." And then he checked up paddling, and I potted that duck with a 200-yard shot which I never expect to duplicate. "A bully little rifle!" exclaimed my non-sporting friend, surprised into momentary forgetfulness. "I wouldn't mind changing places with you a while—if this wasn't Arkansas, and I knew how to shoot."

When the sun was still an hour above the western horizon, we ran the dugout ashore on a hardwood ridge lying only a foot or two above the flood level. Jones wanted to assist in stretching our little shelter tent and getting supper ready, but I objected. "Remember what is expected of an explorer. Here's a 160-acre island with nary a Crusoe, and maybe you'll find a big crop of wood pulp ripe and ready for harvesting." He started leisurely into the interior; then retraced his steps. "I'll take the rifle—for protection, you know." "Sure," said I. "There was a bear killed on this ridge in '79." A squirrel came skurrying down the trunk of a hickory, found a comfortable seat on one of the lower limbs, and commenced chattering his astonishment at our presence. I expected Jones to shoot, but he contented himself with drawing a long and careful bead, and then tossed the rifle on our blankets. "Wish he was one of your idiotic lawmakers," he growled. "Here, let's get busy with that tent."

Next day, as we drew near the shingle mill, Jones' interest was aroused by the, to him, unique logging work going on around him. Said he, "I have seen loggers at work on six feet of snow, but never before in ten feet of water." So I gave him a discourse on the southern cypress, and the approved methods employed in getting it to the saw. When a tree is anywhere from six to fourteen feet in diameter at the ground and dwindles to twenty-four or thirty-six inches some ten feet higher up, common sense suggests the policy of chopping or sawing it above the "bulge." In the dry season scaffolding is

employed to furnish the axman footing at the proper level, generally of a most insufficient character in the eyes of an amateur. The swell butt of a large cypress is usually a mere shell. A hole is chopped through to the hollow and a slab or split board driven in, upon which the workman stands to fix another "springboard" higher up; so continuing until the right height is reached. Not every man can ply the ax while balancing on a six-inch footing, and for this reason it is customary to cut cypress when the overflow is at its highest level. Formerly, when the work was all done with the ax, the chopper would stand in a dugout, the craft swinging away from the tree as he raised his ax, and back again as the blow fell, thus giving additional force to the stroke. There is quite a knack in this sort of chopping, as anyone can easily learn by practical test; but as a matter of precaution, the first lesson should be taken where the water is quite shallow. At present a crosscut saw is employed in felling the timber, two men working together in a "John boat." Sometimes the tree refuses to fall in the direction intended, and a boat is smashed and maybe a man crippled or killed, but such occurrences are rare.

Once down and afloat, a single log is taken from the trunk, sawing it off as far up as the timber is good and reasonably clear from knots. This is done by a single man, who stands either in a boat or on the log itself, with a saw from which one handle has been removed—the blade, of course, being steadied by the water. We ran across an old fellow so employed, and halted to watch him at his labor; but he caught sight of my rifle, and would do nothing but examine and criticize it. "Party gun," he admitted, "but too dadgummed leetle in the hole. Might dew fer a bluff, though, like Ben Tidwell's six-shooter. Ever hear 'bout that? Well, Ben's the shingle-packer hyar at Bradley's, an' las' summer he gits down with the chills an' sends fer two gallons of whiskey. When she come, the boys all hinted 'round fer a drink, but Ben wouldn't hyar 'em. One night they holds a caucus an' 'cided things had ter go dif'rent, an' so the gang goes in on Tidwell an' Big Sam Springer does the talkin'. 'Ben,' sez he, 'we on'y ax what's right 'twixt man an' man. Fotch out that jug an' save yerself trouble.' Ben sizes up the crowd, sorter hesitates a minnit, an' then dives under his bunk. 'Jug's thar,' he sez, settin' it on the table; then he reaches fer a big cap-an'-ball navy six an' monkeys with the hammer. 'Which one of you all is driest,' sez he, 'kin take the fust pull.' The boys look at the jug, then at Ben. 'Tidwell's got a mighty bad color,' allows Big Sam Springer. 'Mightily like yaller janders,' sez Tom Pate. 'Mebby he'll need all this whiskey.' An' then all the fellers allowed they wa'n't much dry nohow, fust one an' then t'other slidin' fer the door; an' as the last one groes out, Ben slings the six-shooter atter 'im. 'She hain't had a load in her fer five year,' sez he, 'but she was sure a peach afore I broke the mainspring an' then bent the bar'l crackin' hick'rynuts.'"

Dave Bradley, owner and manager of the shingle mill, proved an object of interest to Jones, even as he had to me in the earlier days of our acquaintance. He would never acknowledge to a college education, but his knowledge of ologies and isms sometimes made our conversations a bit too lopsided for my own comfort, as in the old days when I used to respond "Yes'm" to my teacher's "You will doubtless remember, etc." Once I asked Bradley why he was not holding down a chair at some university, instead of hiring mill hands at a dollar a day and paying them out of the commissary at a mere 100 per cent. profit. "Emotional insanity, my dear boy," said he. "It's the old story of a whole life spoiled by the idiocy of a single moment." Which, as Jones said, was "plenty vague, and might mean either a case of mother-in-law, horse stealing, or backing the wrong poker hand." Bradley seemed to be a jolly good fellow, and if he knew the gnawing of remorse for past misdeeds there was no reading the fact in his merry eyes or detecting a false ring in his laughter. His idea of a pleasant conversation was to do practically all the talking himself, and I never knew a listener to object, because Bradley's stories were interesting. One day he sent a boy to call us to the commissary, where a trio of trappers were trading furs for provisions. Two of the three were father and son—woodsmen of the ordinary type, and, from their language, reared in the woods. They were garbed in brown duckings considerably worn, but clean and showing the darning and patching of a careful housewife, whose home might be a mere pole shanty hidden away in some cane-brake. To give a comprehensive description of the third man's appearance is beyond the possibilities of type. Jones contended that even a photograph would fail to give his strongest claim to particular notice, and I agreed with him. Whispered Bradley, "He is a skunk catcher—a specialist, as you might say. I buy the fur, but he retains the aroma, and most of the grease seems to have soaked into his clothes. I'll tell you about him after a while."

"I wanted you to see that fellow," said the mill owner, when we were again alone. "His present name is Johnson, but it was something else before he left England, and there was a chance that he might some day claim a title. You wouldn't think it, but twenty years ago he was one of the slickest gamblers that made a living plucking pigeons in our lower river towns. Grim fate overtook him one night in a card game at Helena. A young Mississippiian sat in the game, staked and lost his last dollar, and then raised a rough house. I haven't the slightest

doubt he had been robbed, but he was very foolish to start a gun play with a fellow like Johnson. They took the boy home next day for burial, and Johnson found it convenient to seek greener fields and pastures new. Two years later he was behind a roulette layout on an Ohio River boat, when a dead ringer of the Helena party slipped into a chair facing him. 'Johnson,' said he, 'I know you for a murderer and a cheat; now, suppose you prove to me that you are not a coward, as well.' 'How?' inquired Johnson, suddenly gone as pale as a sheet. 'At the next landing we will go ashore and exchange shots. It's more gentlemanly than potting a fellow across a table; but if you prefer that sort of a death, you can get it by the slightest treacherous move. Fight fair, and possibly you will live until one of my younger brothers gets old enough to take up the quarrel.' Johnson agreed to the proposition, but was only fighting for time, for his nerve had entirely fled. The boat whistled for a landing about 9 o'clock that night, and passengers and crew tumbled ashore to witness the duel; and then it was discovered that one of the principals was missing. Johnson had quietly slipped into the river, swam to the Illinois side, and struck a bee-line for the Rocky Mountains, where for a time he found safety. At Cripple Creek, the winter after the big strike, his enemy again found him, and this time there were two brothers in company. Johnson was in a saloon and went out of the back door a moment after they entered at the front. The poor devil was simply frantic with terror, and the railroad trains that hustled him along toward Arkansas were not half speedy enough to suit him. When you come to think of it, three days is a short time for transforming a spick-and-span gentlemanly gambler into such a nondescript as you just now saw; but, all the same, Johnson managed it somehow, and a greasy, ill-favored and worse flavored trapper he has been from that day to this. Not a very successful one, either, though that should not be charged against him, for he lacked the advantage of early training. Take the best of men out of their business latitude and they are no good; in proof of which statement I will tell you another story:

"Along the merging line of that which people are pleased to term a higher civilization and the semi-savagery of pioneer days, countless little social tragedies are continually cropping up, direful enough in their effect upon the party or parties concerned, though the world would count them of little moment. When Dave Parker went to the penitentiary for embezzlement, a host of former friends wondered at his downfall, but its cause was no mystery to me, and I had long foreseen some such an ending for a good man who deserved a far better fate. Dave was my partner when I first butted into this shingle business, and a likelier or smarter fellow never drew the breath of life. He was a born hustler, continually had a dozen irons in the fire, and none of them burning, and could make ten dollars to my one any day in the week. In a year or two he was running a big real estate business at the county seat, and clearing hundreds of dollars a month in commissions. His pet scheme was to sell a certain twenty thousand acre tract as a game preserve, and he eventually got in correspondence with the right party, a northern millionaire, who came down to look over the ground, and brought his daughter with him. She was an ex-society belle, grown a little too aged to hold her hand against younger rivals, but still sufficiently attractive to turn Dave's head for good and all. To do the woman justice, it was doubtless a case of mutual attraction, for my old partner was a handsome, manly fellow, with that brusque, careless courtesy of manner that somehow finds its way straight to the hearts of womankind. They were together continually for a couple of weeks, and a month after her return home Dave followed her. Just what transpired upon his forcibly breaking into the swell social circles of upper tendom, I never learned. It is easy to guess that his lack of culture caused a sensation, and caused no end of chagrin to his lady love. Anyway, she gave him an unmerciful calling down and packed him back to the swamps, and two or three days later wrote him a letter full of agonizing self-reproach for her heartlessness and begging his return. So Dave once more hit the trail for Gotham, and this time made so flagrant an exhibition of his ignorance that the lady packed her trunk and absconded across the Atlantic. The next time I saw Parker he was a bit downcast, but a long way from utter discouragement. Books on etiquette became his regular nightly study, while his days were employed, as formerly, in piling up the dollars. Then suddenly he sold out his business and disappeared, and I afterward learned she had written him from Paris, telling how bleak and lonely life had grown to her, and how she yearned for a chance to beg his pardon for the crime of desertion. Dave was away the better part of a year and acquired quite a passable knowledge of western Europe, for she led him a merry chase around the circle and never once did he as much as catch a glimpse of her golden hair. He came home dead broke and afoot, and I staked him for a fresh start in business; but he took to drinking, and went from bad to worse as rapidly as man ever did. Maybe his fickle-minded love took the trouble of sending a private detective to look him up. At any rate a letter came, and I afterward found it, with others from the same source, between the leaves of his mother's old family Bible. She was 'astounded' to hear certain facts which were not anticipated, and he must never expect to see her again, for she had gone 'way, 'way off in compliance with a self-

imposed sentence of perpetual exile. He musn't worry about her, for she was all right, only awfully lonely, and must continue so, since Fate had ordained that she must live and die an old maid. And she gave her new and permanent address at the head of the sheet. Oh, it was a peach of a letter, and what did Dave do but sit right down and write her father that he was into a safe deal that would clear him a neat fortune, providing he could get a temporary loan of \$5,000 to help carry it through. The money came by return mail, Dave hastened to his charmer and had the door slammed in his whiskey-bloated face; and that night he was pulled out of the gutter dead drunk, and every cent of his fraudulently obtained money gone. What did he do? Why, as a last proof of his love, he hoboed his way as far as possible from the lady before penning a brief confession of fraud and surrendering to the law.

"Another case in point was that of Montgomery Gray, who attempted to make something of himself somewhere else and failed because of his natural limitations. He struck the mill bubbling with the theory that civilization was a failure, and a primitive life the only one worth living, bought the first forty acres of land offered him, pitched together some rough boards for a home, and married Bob Pilkington's plump and comely daughter. All this was in accordance with his plan of campaign, but the girl was a fool to have him, for all of his city garb and manner and education. He was physically incapable of hard work, and lacked enterprise and gumption to profit by the labor of others. Malaria got him down and staid with him all the first summer. The little money he had brought with him vanished dollar by dollar, and the coming of winter found the young couple at the verge of starvation. I found some easy work for Gray to do, and none too soon, for he was shoeless and his clothing was in rags and tatters. In my stock of dry goods was a pair of cheap cotton pants that he fancied and also a nobby little derby hat which appealed directly to his taste. I had thought of giving them to him, but believed it best not to lead him into the habit of accepting charity. 'Don't sell them to anyone else,' said he on starting home Friday evening. 'To-morrow I'll have \$6 coming and possibly I can spare the \$2.25 for their purchase.' Next morning Mrs. Gray told him what groceries were needed, footing up a total of \$3.50. He was whistling as he started out at the gate—actually whistling! for the first time in months. 'Monty,' she called. 'Yes, dearest,' 'You'll have ter fetch me a pair of shoes. Bradley has some toler'ble good ones fer a dollar.' 'All right, Sally.' The derby had sailed out of his reach. 'An' 'bout ten yards of calico—somethin' in leetle figgers.' Good-by, pants! Gray halted and clutched both hands in his hair; then suddenly reassumed his cheerfulness. There was still a quarter he could call his own. Twenty yards further, and again that commanding voice: 'A bottle of snuff, Monty—don't fer-git it.' Poor devil! He sank on his knees in six inches of soft mud, cut savagely at his throat with a dull pocket knife, and his troubles came to an end then and there. 'I wouldn't have thought it of Monty,' was his wife's verdict. 'Killed hisself jes' 'cause I axed him ter buy me some snuff—an' me as good ter him as ever a woman could be!'"

S. D. BARNES.

The Sign Language.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In his account of the younger Henry in the number for September 10, Mr. Grinnell makes a statement that rather surprised me. It was that Henry, on his visit to the Mandans, first saw the sign language used there by the Pawnees who had come there to make a treaty of peace. I had supposed that long before this Henry would not only have seen the sign language, but might have learned to use it himself. It would have come useful to him very often in his business.

This sign language is known to every tribe from the Lake of the Woods to the Rio Grande. I first saw it used when a boy by the Teton Sioux, and since then have seen it almost times without number. Since first seeing it, I have often thought that whoever invented the deaf mute alphabet might have got his first idea of it from the Indian sign language. I understand, of course, that the deaf mute uses signs to represent the letters that spell his words, while the Indian, having no alphabet, uses signs for the words themselves.

When a boy I drove a team from St. Paul clear across Minnesota and hundreds of miles south and west of it. The wagon belonged to a party of young men from the East who were hunting; they and I put in nearly a year there. While we were still in Minnesota we picked up a small band of Dakotas, who kept us company that winter and the following spring, until a cavalry expedition from Fort Laramie met us and turned the Indians back home. The men in this party would often use the sign language at my request; and a boy of my own age who was with them could use it. This boy was my hunting companion, and I might have learned it from him. He did teach me to kill buffalo, while I taught him English. I did pick up a few of his signs, as the one for a camp, "one sleep," a horse running, a deer and a buffalo, and the request for a drink of water.

While I was with the Comanches I was one evening in the chief Asahabit's lodge (we had just got home after an all-winter buffalo hunt), when a Pawnee chief paid us a visit. Our chief and he put in about an hour holding a conversation in the sign language, and every once in a while in the course of the story Asahabit would make some reference to me, as I could tell by the Pawnee looking at me, and once when he looked he laughed.

After he had left, I asked our chief what all this confab had been about, and he told me that each of them had told the other all about the previous winter's hunt. The laugh had been over a turkey hunt that I had made, when my saddle mule deserted me and left me to walk home. The chief could have taught me the sign language, if I had taken the trouble to learn it; we could talk to each other in both his and my language then.

A white interpreter by the name of Clark, whom I saw more or less of for a good many years in that country, could use the signs as well as an Indian could, and often used them when he might have spoken in the Indian's tongue. He spoke several of their languages. At another time, Chief Asahabit and I were out a few miles from the Wichita agency when we met the Apache chief Eugene.

His band was at that agency then, and may be there yet. Eugene was driving a wagon loaded with rations which he had just drawn, and stopping he addressed me in English. Then he and Asahabit carried on their conversation in English. I thought at the time that they did it because I was there, but on asking Asahabit about it, he said that Eugene did not know the sign language.

"Why don't the Apaches know it? I thought all tribes did."

"Yes, many Apaches do, but he don't; he is too stupid to learn."

I knew him better than that, and on paying his camp a visit a few days after, I gave him the sign for a drink of water. He called a squaw to bring it. "Do you know all the sign language?" I asked.

Yes, certainly he did, and he seemed to be surprised at my doubting that he did. I did not tell him, though, about Asahabit's estimate of his intelligence; it would not have served to make them any better friends, and they were none too good friends as it was.

I have asked old Indians about the origin of the sign language. None of them seemed to know how old it was; it is probably nearly as old as the Indian.

CABIA BLANCO.

The Improved Wilderness.

My eye, roving over a newspaper page filled with correspondence from the summer resorts, was caught by the name of an Adirondack lake that I knew years ago—no matter how many—before it had been discovered by the crowd, and I read how the railroad has brought it out of the wilderness and developed it into an "improved" resort, with new and modern features, hotels, and all the conveniences.

That word "improved" annoyed me. To my mind the forest, the lake and stream are perfect as nature made them, and the works of man only mar them. In the years gone by, my lake was in the heart of the ancient wood, and known and loved by a few. Its waters were vexed only by the paddle, and the laugh of the loon was the harshest sound that broke its spell of silence. The forest around the lake was unbroken, unscarred by ax or fire, whispering the mysteries of the world as God made it, and a thrill with the life of the wild.

It is all "improved" now. The pulp mill vandals discovered the forest and hewed great gashes through it to the lake. The railroad followed through one of the gashes. Hotel men built hideous packing cases on the shores of the lake and invited all the world to come and be packed into the boxes and "enjoy nature." Shrieking locomotives drove the deer affrighted from his morning drink, and sent him bounding far into the woods, and yelping steamboats and coughing vapor launches banished silence from the moonlit lake at night.

Those were some of the improvements wrought in the years when I was far away and did not know that the lake had been discovered, and they struck me as a blow in the face when I stole away from the clatter of the city and thought to find peace and rest in the woods as of old. I went in by the old way, a long drive through the woods, and found the log cabin that used to shelter a few fishermen and hunters grown into a hotel full of vacation guests, mostly women. The landlord smiled pityingly when I arrived in the night, and told me I could have come all the way by rail to the other end of the lake and taken the steamer direct to his landing, thereby saving some hours and team hire.

It was no part of my plan to idle about a hotel and listen to the chatter of the veranda; and so I inquired of the landlord if any of the crowd had found an old camp by a certain spring in the woods some miles away. He assured me that none of his guests would think of venturing out of sight of the house without a guide, and as there were no longer guides to be hired—all the old-timers having steady jobs on the steamboats or in the mill down the river—it was not likely that the camp was occupied.

In the morning I stowed blankets, provisions, and an ax in a canoe and paddled away up the lake, around the point and up a stream that comes into the lake through a part of the forest not yet devastated by the pulp mill Philistines, and then I took the short trail to the camp. The old, open bark shelter was there, but it was occupied by a party of lads who had made it air-tight with tarpaulin, and installed a stove inside with iron pipe sticking up through the roof. They were afraid of the night air, and had sealed themselves up to avoid catching colds. Their camp equipage would have foundered the pack train of a cavalry troop, and it had been transported in big trunks and packing cases. They had all the modern conveniences and comforts of home.

They were good boys, but they were totally ignorant of all the forest laws and of the rights of a stranger in camp; for it is the law of the woods that no man may monopolize an open camp when a forest traveler arrives and seeks shelter. However, I soon had shelter of my own making, and as the boys looked as if they were about tired of camping out, I prepared to stay by the spring, confident that soon I would be alone.

There was one disturbing feature of the situation. Someone had built a closed camp, a small frame house, close by. It was locked and the windows were boarded up, and perhaps it would remain so for a week or two, I thought. Vain thought. Two days later a man came and opened the house and set it in order. I meditated flight deeper into the woods; but the woods might be full of campers, and it would be as well to remain and see what sort of an outfit would turn up.

The next morning a little steamboat came tooting up the creek, shoved her nose against the bank and landed a party of three men and three women, with a wagon-load of baggage, including two barrels of beer, cases of liquor, and a stack of guns. The outfit was installed in the closed camp, and as soon as the trunks were unpacked the newcomers got out the guns and began practicing at marks.

It was still in the close season for game, and the deer had been coming down to the creek fearlessly and playing in the open grassy places. I had sat quietly in the canoe and watched a half-grown fawn play for an hour within fifty yards, and I had heard the bucks at night feeding among the lily-pads in the backwater, and passing my bivouac on their way to an old salt-lick in the woods. No more of that, I thought, when my new

neighbors began shelling the woods. They were up bright and early the next morning to try their guns again, and for an hour or more the forest rang with the roar of their artillery.

Just as well, after all, I reflected, that the wild things should be notified early and thoroughly to get out of the neighborhood before the opening of the hunting season, and my approval of the bombardment became more pronounced when several would-be deer slayers, each one accompanied by a guide, paddled up the stream before night to get into the "flow" on one of the adjacent ponds, and I saw that all of them were provided with jack lights for illegal use in floating for deer. The season would open at midnight, which accounted for the influx of hunters.

Not wanting a deer, and carrying no rifle, the bombardment kept up at intervals through the day by my neighbors of the beer barrels did not worry me, and so I chuckled as I thought of the other fellows floating around in the chill mists all night looking and listening for the game that would not come. It occurred to me, too, that the safest place in the Adirondacks that night would be elsewhere than on any pond in the immediate vicinity, and I wondered if the season would be opened with the usual "mistaken for a deer" incident.

Several of the floaters had tales in the morning of having heard and fired at deer in the dark, and all had excellent excuses for missing. The favorite excuse, given in confidence, was that the man who paddled wiggled the boat at the critical moment. I didn't believe there was a deer within a mile of the flow during the night, and I reflected upon the inscrutable wisdom of Providence that denied to the average "vacationer" the skill to hit anything he thinks he aims at with a rifle. Surely Providence stood watch that night in the Adirondacks.

During the day I wandered deep into the forest, out of hearing of the guns, and sat upon a moss-covered log for an hour or two to renew acquaintance with the wood folk. If one wishes really to meet and know the wood folk, it is well to cultivate the difficult art of sitting on a log.

I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of a spotted fawn within an hour. The dainty little thing came trotting out of a thicket straight toward me, and stopped, wide-eyed and inquisitive, a dozen yards away. Rather an odd looking stump she thought, perhaps; but obviously a stump, because it did not move. A step nearer, and still no movement. Then she turned her side toward me and pretended to look away, but kept me within the angle of her vision. In a few moments her confidence in the harmlessness of the strange stump was established, and she played fearlessly in the open, jumping over low bushes and capering like a young calf in the fields.

Soon the mother came into view, looking for her little one, and being older and wiser than little Spotted-sides, she had serious doubts about that stump as soon as she saw it. She stopped short, alert and suspicious, glancing alternately at the motionless figure and at the fawn. The instant she caught the attention of the little one, the doe turned toward the thicket with a quick movement that said almost as plainly as words, "Come along, quick. There's danger!" Her head was turned over her shoulder toward the fawn, and her ears were erect and stiffened. In that attitude she made one short, quick step. In pantomime of that expressive sort the mother communicated her alarm to the fawn. Not knowing why or wherefore, the little one bounded to her side, and in a moment they were gone like shadows.

It was worth an afternoon of sitting on a log to see that lesson in caution given to the fawn, and to watch through the screen of a bush for half an hour the busy rummaging of a small black bear through a swamp at the foot of the slope about a hundred yards distant.

When the bear had wandered out of sight in his search for small game among the rotted logs and tussocks, the stump arose, stretched its joints, and went back toward camp.

Early in the morning I tumbled all my duffle into the canoe and paddled down stream to the lake, and thence back to the hotel. Why? Well, mainly because on the way back to camp I heard something "spat" against a dead spruce a few feet from my head, and picked up a .45-90 bullet that had hit the tree hard enough to flatten its nose. Air infected by microbes of that size must be unhealthy.

Arrived at the end of the lake, I beached the canoe, gathered up the duffle and went into the hotel, and in the doorway I bumped against a man carrying a bag of golf clubs. Aversion to the railroad vanished. Any other method of locomotion would be too slow to get me away from the improved Adirondack lake and its hotels with modern conveniences.

Yet, after all, is it anything better than selfishness that inspires us—who like to have a whole county to ourselves when we go to the woods—with such violent aversion to "improved" resorts and summer crowds? The "vacationer" who lives in a hotel goes rowing for exercise and steamboating for pleasure; who calls a trout-rod a fish pole, and is quite capable of losing himself in a ten-acre pasture, possibly gets as much pleasure out of his visit to the lakes as the woodsman gets out of a season of roving in the wilderness. And there are a great many more of him.

It is quite possible that my way of enjoying an outing is not so vastly superior to that of the man with the golf outfit as it seems to me, and as all we vagabonds of the woods are in the habit of assuming. Of course we are the elect, and some of us prate a good deal about "love of nature," as if that were a special virtue distinguishing us from the rest of the crowd and entitling us to special consideration, not to say admiration. Perhaps love of sociability on a hotel porch also is a virtue, and it may be maintained that two barrels of beer are as enjoyable in camp as an insufficiency of blankets and a plethora of bacon and beans.

Suppose we substitute for "love of nature," which is a badly worn phrase and commonly an affectation, just plain survival of the primitive traits in man. But that is getting into the domain of philosophy where the trails are crossed and hard to follow. The common, every-day selfish human nature of the matter is that I despise an "improved" wilderness because the improvements, which make it possible for hundreds to enjoy themselves, spoil my sport and interfere with my enjoyment of what was the day's work of primitive ancestors. ALLEN KELLY.

Rebuild the Earth.—III.

The Result.

It was a fearful drop, but I had the plan. I would proclaim it and save a thousand years of the busy world's time. If there was to be irrigation, there must be water. The only source of supply is what is brought inland by the wind. It has been demonstrated that the freight of the winds is not regular enough unless it can be longer held. The only possible place to hold it is in the hollows between the hills. If floods are to be prevented, water must be held from rushing pell-mell down the slope to the ocean at least until the streams can carry it off without overflow. To hold it would surely supplement all known plans of flood prevention. Every reservoir completed would advance both causes just so much, and help build up a road system beside.

As I sit here I notice that travel on the road in this farming community is represented by three carriages to one lumber wagon; three of leisure and pleasure to one of business. Could the horses that draw the carriages back and forth be put to work on the road for six months the grade over which they travel would be completed. Concentrate the effort, township, county, State and nation, and it is soon done.

The material is nearly all on the ground. A few thousand reservoirs in the Kaw River country would have saved Kansas City and other towns along that stream. A thousand along the upper Cottonwood, and that stream would not have gone out of its banks during the freshet of 1903. But it is not for me to figure. There are thousands of engineers and other officials who are paid large sums to figure out just such problems and act on them. I will simply call attention to the fact.

Picking up a paper, I note that Senator Blank has seen

and comprehended the plan advanced by the Stubville Daily Yell, and proposes to act upon it. All that is needed to make the plan complete is to tack on road grading. On the spur of the moment I wrote thus:

"Senator Blank, Capitol. Dear Sir—I take the liberty of addressing you on a subject I deem of great importance—i. e., irrigation and flood prevention, and wish to call your attention to a plan to reach that end by a system of road grading. Grade all the roads to a level across all dry ravines, and the water that falls on each section of land will be impounded there. Such a system throughout the Mississippi Valley would control the flow of that stream as well as all its tributaries. In most hill countries the ravines have sufficient capacity to hold all the water that falls there until evaporation redistributes it. Such a system would make the half desert lands of western Kansas, Texas, Nebraska, and the Dakotas the most productive lands on the face of the globe. It would make possible the rearing of splendid forest there, and the withered plain could be turned into the most productive farms. All countries would be benefited greatly, whether subjected to extreme drouth or not, by the operation of such a system.

"The building of levees to control the floods after they have gathered is vain, without supplemental work, and only makes disaster worse by its suddenness when they do give way. In detail the floods may be safely controlled. Each reservoir should have its drain to switch the water from sections where it is not needed to other sections where it is; and also for letting the water off gradually where a reservoir proves unequal to its task.

"Irrigation can be accomplished by running the water to the hill top lower down by means of ditches as of old or by the pump system of the Louisiana rice farms. The cost would not be so stupendous as it might seem, and the improved road system would be worth all its cost, while the millions of acres of overflow lands redeemed,

the saving from floods and consequent irrigation would be clear gains. When the battle of the Mississippi is successfully fought, it will be fought not in the valleys, but in the hills. I remain,

"Respectfully yours,

DURHAM, Kas., Nov. 13, 1903.

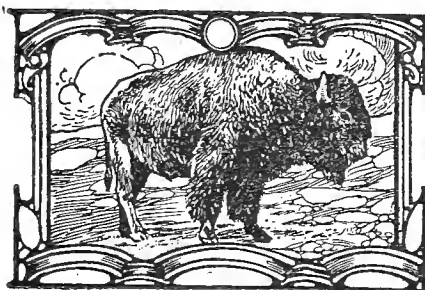
When an answer came, it was so irrelevant that I could only conclude that the heading and signature only had been read, and the letter answered at random to fulfill the demands of courtesy.

In the meantime, irrigation and good roads conventions were of daily occurrence. To each of these I sent a similar letter. I kept this up for a month, and watched for the upheaval. But no upheaval came. Everything went on as calmly as if no bomb had been exploded among them. One after another they adjourned with a plan to get an appropriation to raise money to make plans for another appropriation. Then I tried the magazines and newspapers, but time after time the cat came back, with a note of thanks, and evidence of not having been even opened.

The Mail and Breeze answered on a postal card that it could not use our article on "Immigration." It might also have added "There are no good articles on immigration unless we write them."

I am in despair. The plan is a good one. In fact, for the purpose in hand, there is no other possible way. Yet I am convinced that there are obstacles in the way which nothing less than the erosion of a thousand years can wear away. The trouble with the ship of progress is in the pilot house. The powerful engines are all in shape and work smoothly; they were made by practical mechanics. The coal bunkers are full. The engineer has steam escaping from the safety-valve. The roustabouts are idle and demanding employment. Where are the pilots?

E. P. JAGUES.



NATURAL HISTORY



Some Animals I Have Studied.

VIII—More About Canine Character.

I BELIEVE I have heretofore declared that, according to my experience, dogs possess a more striking individuality than is observable in any other species of animal lower than man; and that this is one of the most convincing evidences of superiority, of the possession of mind, thinking power—almost reason, even. Dogs can, and do, adapt themselves to a greater variety of conditions than any other beast—than any two others. For instance, take horses and cats—probably the dog's greatest rivals, as to intelligence, in man's estimation*—the world over. Are they found occupying as many positions of their own will, not compelled save by affection for some human being, living under as diverse conditions, as dogs? To make my meaning plainer, horses dislike to be anywhere but on solid ground, and cats are usually afraid of water; yet any even ordinary dog is perfectly happy with the man he loves anywhere, not excepting positions of peril and very evident discomfort. Of course his entire confidence must be won ere he will willingly accompany you in a balloon, or remain in any entirely new and startling position (and this is also true of your human friend), but he can be won to it by love alone, and no horse or cat could be.

Now, I lay down this general rule concerning instinct and reason: The more nearly the individuals of a species are like each other in character, the more they are governed by instinct instead of reason, and vice-versa.

Whenever any animal performs an act unnatural to its species—contrary, say, to its supposed instincts—is it not fair to allow that the act resulted from thinking? If animals think at all, can they not be encouraged to think more than they naturally do? Yes, I say, and guided by this opinion of their powers I need only to be assured of an animal's strong affection for me to undertake cheerfully and confidently to teach it to develop extraordinary and unsuspected powers; and often they astonish me by going beyond my utmost hopes. Understand, I am not a professional animal trainer; only a lover of nature keenly alive to latent possibilities, and always ready to take advantage of every opportunity that comes into a very busy life to drink new inspiration from her inexhaustible fountain.

In writing of "Coallie the Snake Dog," I mentioned her queer self-taught habit of bringing rocks out of the water, and stated that she had been known to carry out some that were quite heavy, but did not say how heavy. Since that writing I weighed one of her larger trophies obtained in water not quite deep enough to swim her, but requiring her to put her head under and keep it there half a minute or more while trying to get a firm hold on it. The rock was not put there at that time, either, nor pointed out to her, but was discovered by herself while she was wading about, and while I was preparing, with the boy Chester, to take a bath. Of course, though, after she had taken it from its mossy bed and was carrying it shoreward, struggling with a zeal worthy of a better cause, we encouraged her by calling her a good dog, and shouting and laughing boisterously.

The rock was white and yellow quartz in black granite, very hard and slippery, and weighed eight pounds strong. She weighs twenty-three. Since then she has brought out a slightly larger looking rock which I have not yet weighed.

Later: The last mentioned rock is still unweighed, but last night (August 1) she found another near the place

whence she brings the greater number of them, and I promptly weighed it after we came back to the house, finding its weight to be a little more than nine pounds. Why she took a fancy to this particular stone would be impossible to tell, but I guess it's because she prefers to do something difficult. It is not only hard and slippery, but it is thick and without any part small enough for her to take squarely between her jaws. She can get but one hold on it, and that is at a very slight steeply sloping projection, and to take hold of it there requires a pressure many times greater than the mere weight. The stone is 4 inches thick at thinnest part (Coallie could, perhaps, open her mouth that wide at the extremity, but when a dog's mouth is opened its widest, there is no power to grip even the lightest object), $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches at thickest, and $4\frac{1}{2}$ by 6 inches wide. It is quartz, stained yellow in every cavity or seam by the action of iron in the water; there is iron in everything here.

I am sorry there was no camera near to take Coallie in her struggling with that very elusive stone. I should like a picture of her in at least two positions—with her head under the water trundling the stone, now this way, now that way, while trying to find a gripable spot; and again, triumphantly wading out with it.

Chester and I rendered such an encore that she trundled it back into the water, using her nose on it as effectively as the scarab uses its hindlegs on the ball of manure, only even more energetically, several times, never stopping until it found some place deep enough to completely cover it, and each time carrying it out with greater ease and skill; although the last time she came out where the bank was steep, so that she had to stand on her hindlegs in order to lift it above the first step. Talk about grit, tireless energy, etc.!

Some day I mean to find how large a stone she can swim with without allowing her head to be submerged. In the Ouachita I once tested her ability and willingness to swim out with quite small ones from a place too deep for her to get to the bottom. Swimming slowly outward, I would call her from the shore, then dive and bring up any stone I could get hold of, and hand it to her. At one time she had gotten directly over me before I came up. I saw her (the water was delightfully clear) and held the stone above my head as far as I could reach as I rose. She was whirling round and round, all alertness, and snatched the stone from my fingers just under the surface! I consider this a valuable experiment. It suggests a number of useful things a brave, gritty dog, so trained, might do in emergencies.

She carried every rock to shore, without hesitation. But none of them were large enough to strain her powers, the largest being scarcely as big as a goose's egg.

We have a much smaller dog than Coallie—a terrier named Gipsy—who was mothered by two cats, Tommy and Lucy, having been weaned prematurely. The weather was chilly at nights, and they slept with her in her little nest, keeping her warm. They adapted themselves to this task of their own accord, and probably not without selfish motives, for the bed was snug and comfortable and in a safe place. Tommy, who was "a mighty hunter," soon began to bring in game and give to her. Sometimes, when he came in very late, and perhaps like other Tommies, with a reprehensible smell to his breath, she would growl at him and refuse to let him come to bed. But he took the rebuke very meekly, and calmly waited for her to change her mind. If Lucy happened to rise and look out at that time, Gipsy would violently throw her out to keep Tommy company. She could easily conquer either or both of the cats at the first, owing to their good nature and her own willfulness and masterful impetuosity, although less than half the size of the smaller one (Lucy), and with undeveloped teeth. Perhaps Mrs. M. was correct when she opined that "Maybe they know she will grow to be powerful here-

after, and are wise enough to try to win her friendship now!"

However that may have been, they did win her. Never, under any circumstances, did they resent any of her rough treatment or erratic ways, or fail in their kindness to her, and she was too proud and honorable to greatly injure any intelligent creature that did not resist.

Tommy would implore her in the humblest manner to let him in. He would reach over the top of the box and rub his cheek against her, even while she was growling, then prostrate himself on the floor, as if to say, in the exaggerated Oriental fashion, "Behold, my queen! I gladly lick the dust that is honored by being near thee," and go through all the well-known ingratiating tactics of felines; and finally she would relent, sigh, and say: "Well, get in, confound you!" and Tommy always understood. My own bed was near, and I suppose I heard the row every time, for I am a very light sleeper whenever there's trouble about.

The three became very affectionate, especially as Coallie, who was at first jealous, carefully avoided the new dog, or threatened her if the latter came near her, and Tommy was always at her service. As Gipsy merged from puppyhood to doghood, Coallie made friends with her, finding that she was not to be treated coldly on the newcomer's account, and the whole menagerie would stand on their hindfeet under the sassafras in the front yard to be fed, bite by bite; no, not Lucy, by the way; she was always bashful, and would not, and still will not, "perform."

Last summer we added a pet pig to the attractions, and he also quickly learned to stand on his hind feet and beg for even a very small bite of bread. The unscientific fact is, too, that he learned the trick merely from watching the dogs, and not with human help. Of course he stood up very awkwardly, but that was all the more amusing.

Coallie has had two litters of pups, and I will now mention another instance of the difference in the disposition of dogs. We went down to the brook with the two grown dogs and took one of the pups along to initiate it into the "Amphibian Club"—composed of certain domestic animals and ourselves. We crossed over and the dogs went with us. After some hesitation, the pup leaped in and attempted to follow us. Unfortunately, in his effort to avoid deep water and select a place that seemed shallow enough for wading (surely a case of thinking, although erroneous thinking), he fell into very swift water and was washed helplessly down stream. Then what happened? Why, while his mother sat unperturbed watching him, as if sure he would make it all right, and smiling encouragingly, little Gipsy walked swiftly out on a willow that almost touched the water, said willow very slender and trembling, directly in his course, and when he was hurled against it she reached out and caught him by the "scruff o' the neck" and jerked him ashore! Another case of thoughtfulness or I don't know what thinking is. It certainly required presence of mind, quick judgment, and no little skill, though the pup was in no real danger, for there was a calm pool a little further down.

At some other time I would like to describe Gipsy's power over almost all other animals hereabouts—a power which I attribute chiefly to a human-like mind, which gives her an imperious, confident, overawing manner toward brutes, while in man's society she is humility itself.

One other tiny dog—also a terrier—I have known who possessed the same mysterious power. I called him Terry, the Dog King, for all dogs everywhere seemed to fear or admire him; even big, surly dogs never known to show respect for small or weak creatures. I saw him catch "old Jumbo" (probably a 70-pounder) by his tail as he was trying to jump over the fence at his own home, and jerk him back into the yard, and the shaggy giant didn't even growl about it, although we expected to see

*Certain unenlightened tribes of men place the monkey in the front rank, and say that it could talk human language, but is too cunning. But it, in its free state, occupies too small a part of the globe to be considered here.

him literally eat the impudent little interfeerer. Woe to any other dog hereabouts that had dared so insult him! But when he turned to look at his captor, who stood bristling, with head held high, chest expanded, growling in a low, authoritative way, he bowed as to a superior—a lawful ruler, and quietly went away. There were more than a dozen men present, and I think half of them witnessed the incident. At another time I saw this insolent little monarch chase a large young hound, who was howling in ridiculous terror, into his own yard, into the very faces of three more (grown) hounds. And then he retreated, slowly and in good order, as they stood growling helplessly. In both instances the punished dog had started to "get after" something in the street, which Terry would never allow. He seemed to consider himself a peace officer.

In my next I shall tell about a pig more remarkable than any I ever heard of. L. R. MORPHEW.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Sleeping" Wild Ducks "Awakened" by "Telepathy."

Populus vult decipi.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When some "students of natural history" who "write" are at a loss for some topic, a standard means of seeing themselves in print is to loudly deny as critics, various statements about animal intelligence that have been made by Mr. W. J. Long or Mr. Seton. These attacks, inaugurated by Mr. John Burroughs, whose especial antagonism to Mr. Long's books is well known, enable the smaller critics to call Mr. Burroughs the "dean of our natural historians," and to speak in reverence (in which the writer joins) of his old age, which is somehow supposed to clinch the truth of their "criticism" of Mr. Long and Mr. Seton.

I have seen the famous swinging bird's nest that hangs by its twine string over the table in Mr. Long's study at Stamford, Conn., and also two or three written certificates that the nest was actually so fashioned and suspended by the parent birds, whose movements, the certificates say, were watched from day to day as the nest was constructed by them. There were further certificates that Mr. Long's equally famous woodcock with a broken leg actually did make, adjust and wear a clay jacket or cast around that leg while it was healing; and that the bird had brothers elsewhere that had done the same thing.

Without venturing an opinion on the merits of these somewhat amusing controversies, and the judgment and taste with which they have been waged in various magazines, it may be stated that some very instructive sidelights have been thrown upon them.

For example, a certain sporting club invited Mr. Long to speak before it at a club dinner. He talked to the hundred or more diners over an hour, paid his own expenses to and from New York to do this, and received no compensation other than what must have been most desired by him—the gratification of knowing that he had been honored by the invitation, and that his courtesy had been much appreciated by brother sportsmen who expressed to him their interest and delight.

More, several members of that sporting club have stated to me that they were present and heard Mr. Long's address, and that they are positive that it contained no direct or implied reference to Mr. Burroughs, much less any mention of his (Mr. Burroughs') name, and that Mr. Long was not aware that soon, at the next dinner of the club, Mr. Burroughs would speak, and attack Mr. Long's books.

Mr. Burroughs did speak at the next dinner, although he stated in opening that he had not expected to do so. Mr. Long, who had been invited to be a guest at the second dinner, was finally quietly advised that he had better not be there.

I was present at the second dinner. The first half of the speeches consisted of a carefully prepared attack on Mr. Long, and the lauding of Mr. Burroughs, who was preceded by a student of the behavior of monkeys in cages. Their observed conduct while thus imprisoned was supposed, by implication, to enable that speaker to say whether birds could build swinging nests, and wear their broken legs in clay casts. At least, "monkeyshines" was about all he mentioned. That speaker smoked eight cigarettes during his talk of one hour: I counted them. Then he retired in favor of Mr. Burroughs, who mentioned Mr. Long by name at least twenty times as one who had published as facts, what he must know were not facts.

Result, a feeling of revolt on the part of a considerable percentage of the members and diners, who in some cases did not hesitate to stigmatize the speeches as the height of bad taste, as showing grievous lack of courtesy and appreciation to a speaker whom they had asked to be their guest, and who had gratuitously journeyed to town and furnished them with a free talk. And several were very bitter, asserting that no one man owned a monopoly of bird lore, and should not be encouraged to believe he did.

That is one side light. It is submitted without comment.

Another side light may be found in a communication or article by Mr. Burroughs in the July issue of Outing. See second column of page 497:

"For some years I have noticed that ducks can seem to 'feel' the presence of the hunter when asleep. Certainly I have found sleeping ducks more difficult of approach than ones whose minds were occupied in feeding, watching, swimming, etc. Here is one example among many that come to mind. Hunting one day on the Hudson, I saw four black ducks (*Anas obscura*), or dusky mallards asleep on a large ice floe. When I paddled slowly near I found the ice so placed that I had great difficulty in getting within gunshot, and only succeeded in so doing after working around the ice, requiring half an hour or more. During this time my mind was most active in getting through these obstacles, hardly thinking of the ducks, who slept soundly without ever looking up. Then all changed; my mind turned on the ducks, so to speak, a furious current as I dropped the paddle for the gun. Instantly up went every duck's head—not one, but all four at the same instant. Time and again, with but one exception, I have had the same thing happen. And this

without showing myself above the battery, or making any noise or rocking the boat or even checking its slow forward movement."

No man ever actually saw two or more dusky mallards (*Anas obscura*) that were all actually asleep together.

I studied and followed ducks during portions of my angling vacations and summers for over twenty years, and not only on the comparatively duck-deserted waters of the Hudson River, but at Currituck, Albemarle, and Pamlico Sounds, in Virginia and North Carolina, and at Monroe Flats, Michigan, Campbell Lake on Vancouver Island, Mabel and Sugar lakes in British Columbia, and along the Seymour and Anesty Arms of the Shuswap lakes. Dusky mallards were at all these places. They swarmed on the east shore of James Bay and along the north shore of Lake Nepigon, flying in separate bands as a rule, but sometimes with myriads of other ducks. I have seen at least fifteen acres of ducks, with many dusky mallards among them, on Devil's Lake in southern Michigan; and there especially, as well as at most of the other places mentioned, I watched the birds through field-glasses from blinds, masked boats, shore thickets, from among tall water-weeds and reeds, and behind bars with my head scarcely above the marsh grass. Often groups of them would come, swimming or propelled by wind, close to shore, around points or into coves; and dozens of times carried right along within from 20 to 150 feet of the field-glasses and the man behind them. I assert with utmost emphasis that I never saw even one group of dusky mallards whose members were all asleep or that all really seemed to be asleep at the same time. Always at least one of the immediate company of ducks, even while burying the end of his bill or part of his head under feather or wing, or while resting his head down close to his back, kept a very keen peep-eye open and busy, watching, acting as sentinel, looking for possible danger signals.

More, how could any man, be his years and observations many or few, know that ducks riding on either stationary or drifting ice upon or along a river, and that he had "great difficulty" in approaching within gunshot, were actually asleep; and not only that, but "sleeping soundly?" No man could tell that, even when within ten feet of them, much less when trying to "approach within gunshot." And what shall we say of the model sportsman and naturalist who, "time and again," drops his paddle and reaches for his gun to shoot at ducks who are not only sitting at rest upon ice, but are believed by that would-be shooter to be asleep?

Does not the above extract from Outing demonstrate that Mr. Long is not the naturalist who should be charged with lack of accurate observation and correct statement, and as asserting something he never knew? I have seen ducks literally by hundreds of thousands right in their best homes, on floating ice in rivers, lakes and streams, feeding in sedges and among aquatic vegetation, or squatted down on shore or bars, singly and in couples, companies, flocks and groups; ducks that were quiet, with heads laid back and with half-closed or shut eyes; and hundreds of times these birds were dusky mallards, or, to be pedantic, the *Anas obscura*. And always without fail, even casual scrutiny through field-glasses showed one or more vigilant members of that duck party. No swoop of eagle or osprey, approach of beaver, otter or fox, bear, seal, hunter, or other danger, would have been unnoticed. I have fifty times reached for my own gun before putting dusky mallards to flight before I shot, and that act merely, with my "mind turning furiously on the ducks," never budged them. But showing myself to the sight of the sentinels raised them instantly. This was the experience of other hunters also.

These watch birds of the dusky mallards may always be known by the slight jerks of their wings at intervals of five to ten seconds, by their sinuous wriggles slowly passing through body and wings; by slower, deliberate expansion and contraction of the feathers of the lower neck and body, by a low quacking that cannot be heard by a human being more than thirty feet distant, and by slow change of the position of the head.

That was the only way in which the four dusky mallards on some ice floe of the almost duckless Hudson were "sound asleep." Yet they were buried in defenseless slumber, with consciousness lost, a prey to dangers, and with "minds not occupied!" Their wakefulness when swimming about is asserted to be a less sure protection than their "sound sleep;" for when an unseen shooter reaches for his gun, no matter how silently, on the same and next instant all wake!

This is asserted to be duck-and-man telepathy!

Numerous other inaccuracies in the writings of Mr. Burroughs could be mentioned. The above is merely a sample.

No sport could be more full of fascination and harmless joy than the pursuit, with field-glass and camera, of web-footed wildfowls in their really remote, undisturbed haunts. Success with the field-glass will then be easy. But real results with the camera will be difficult to obtain. This means careful and patient concealments, alert observation, and availability of the direction, shifting, and power, of the wind and light. Best results mean absolute banishment of the dog and gun, and becoming a harmless part of the environment of the birds that are to be watched and studied. Only such observers as are, in a certain sense, the unintruding guests of the ducks, can secure closest knowledge of them. "Studying" them from parlor-car windows and steamer portholes when a guest of exalted personages, or while using club houses at Currituck Sound or steamers on the Columbia River, and then coming back to New York and writing, "When I was in Alaska" or "At Currituck Sound," etc., means practically nothing of actual truth or knowledge of these birds.

Later, space will probably be requested by me for mention of personally watched conduct of these same dusky mallards; of their pride in the white color of the feathers on the under coverts of their wings, and their display of that ornament during the selection season, when they coquette and mate; and how and from where they gather feathers and down for lining their nest and for covering the eggs when the female temporarily leaves it, the males already having deserted the female right after incubation; and two photographs, secured after several fruitless attempts to snapshot other couples, one of a pair of these birds engaged in building a nest, the important male bird bossing the job, and indicating to the working female what dry sticks, twigs, dead bulrush and plant stalks,

withered marsh grass, etc., it was his lordly pleasure that she should use; and the other photograph showing another pair very busy punishing, with dilated neck-feathers and partly extended wings, a too inquisitive muskrat strenuously defending himself while beating a hasty retreat. Also mention of the slight variations in size and faint green tinge, of the usually grayish-white eggs; and how these dusky ducks turn their heads to look and watch from side to side when in flight; and how, while among thousands of other ducks, they yet as a rule feed and fly in their own groups, doing this also at night while swimming about with surprising restlessness and sleep-destroying quacks, when most of the other ducks are comparatively quiet, the dusky mallards being identified by their own well-defined cries. And specific instances will be added of actual observation in widely separated regions, and not from club houses and trains and steamers, of some other kinds of ducks that either drive away, or will flee from, dusky mallards; and how, when their ducklings are hatched, at the very first alarm the coward father, solely concerned about his own safety, and having already deserted the female, leaves by limited express, while the mother bird remains to share the danger of her little balls of brown fuzz, measuring her own speed of retreat to the swimming or flying strength of her ducklings. Also giving specific instances to show that the scent of this, perhaps the most ceaselessly vigilant and cautious of all the wild ducks, can detect the "wind" of a human presence that has been and remains quite silent, and concealed entirely from the sight of the birds, but from whom toward the birds the wind is blowing. Further, how, while feeding among marsh grass or plants on low or even partly submerged ground, they crossed the trails of then absent sportsmen, detected them by a scent quite as keen as that of a hound on the track of a fox, and flew away.

All this, however, will be another story. If detailed here, each allegation would probably be used as a peg on which to hang a dispute, and thus befog the force of the already demonstrated absurdity of the extract from Outing as quoted above. That method of defense is well known, and cannot be permitted here on the real and sharply defined allegation, denial, and demonstrated inaccuracy. What is vital here, is to emphasize the manifest and stern duty of Mr. Burroughs, viz., that before he criticizes statements about bird life and conduct as made by others, until he reaches a condition of antagonism to them personally (however much he might disclaim that in self-deception), he should first keep himself well within the safe rule for the serious student of nature as laid down in his own admirable words in the August issue of the Century Magazine, viz.: "This" (the truth) "he will not get from our natural history romancers."

L. F. BROWN.

Cyclones.

We had a blow here in St. Paul two weeks or so ago. I was away from home at the time, as, in fact, were all the family, and further than having the yard fence blown down and an attic window blown in, I suffered no damage. Cyclones are measurable in intensity like other things, and while there was certainly some damage done in the way of uprooted trees, distributed chimneys, broken windows, and uplifted roofs, I am inclined to think that in its severity this late blow was a zephyr as compared to the one experienced at Lake Vadnais, in the vicinity of this city, one Sunday evening thirteen years ago.

The storm cloud assumed the shape of a gigantic funnel, whirling and twisting like a top over the surface of the earth, bounding along and seemingly hitting the high spots only.

I went out to see the effects of the storm the following day. As we neared the scene of disturbance, I noticed a plowed field well planted, more or less irregularly, with small tombstones, which proved to be nothing more or less than shingles driven narrow end down well into the soft earth. These came from one of the destroyed farmhouses half a mile or so away. In the middle of the field was planted an immense girder, erect, and several feet in the earth, like a mighty javelin.

Before reaching the banks of the lake, we rode by a tamarack swamp. Of all the inextricable tangles, that was one. Trees uprooted and standing upside down with branches and roots and trunks in one tangled mass, were there by the score. It seemed as if nothing short of a first-class forest fire would or could ever straighten out that mess.

Presently we emerged from the swamp road and came in sight of the lake. Two farmhouses had been there, but now nothing was left but the bare foundations. The houses themselves had been scattered to the four corners of the earth, and the occupants whirled into the lake, whence their bodies were afterward recovered.

In one corner of a demolished snake fence I saw a bundle made up of a bed quilt, a part of a rocking-chair, a lamp-stand, and a window-sash, all wrapped and secured by some strands of barbed-wire fencing into a bundle that defied the hand of man to unloosen except with an ax. The houses had been shaded by a couple of fine trees, which now stood branchless and with trunks naked of any bark and white as the driven snow.

These trees had been in the worst of the storm, for they were filled with seams caused by the torsion of the tornado twisting the tree like unto a rope and then the tree recovering. Against the trunk of this tree, well up, were three dead chickens. One of them had been caught by the head, another by the leg, and a third by the wing. In each case the fowls had been blown into and nipped by the open seams of the tree as they closed when the tree righted itself. At the moment when the seams had opened, the chickens had been carried up against them, and the gaping seams had closed in upon the head, wing, and leg of each bird. There was the tree and there were the chickens, and—wait a minute. I have in my possession a photograph of the tree, showing the birds hanging dead from the surface of the stump, just exactly as I have described it.

The surrounding field of corn was standing, but only a foot or so above ground. The stalks were frayed into threads by the action of the sand-laden wind. The leaves of the smaller trees and saplings that bent before the storm showed the leaves frayed and stripped by the current of sand that swept over them. Many theories were advanced as to why and how the large trees were de-

nuded of their bark. I have always contended that the whirling mass of sand carried along by the rotating cloud simply acted like a gigantic sheet of sandpaper, and rasped the bark loose from the trees. The suction did the rest.

Many and curious are the effects of a wind of this kind. It has been frequently stated that wheat straws have been found driven an inch or more into a fence rail. This is on a par with the fact that a candle can be driven through an inch board.

Somewhere up in the Dakotas I heard of a light of glass showing holes through which a cambric needle could be passed, the holes presumably having been made by particles of sand driven by the wind through the glass. I think this story is a matter of evidence, and is on record in connection with some evidence given in a matter which arose in relation to a tornado insurance case. I will admit myself that I have wondered how the glass withstood the impact.

When this cyclone hit Lake Vadnais, I was at River Falls trout fishing. The rain commenced about 5 P. M., and then it began to hail. I can remember a cow in an adjoining pasture driven almost frantic by the ceaseless pelting of the hail stones. Lightning played vividly until dark, the sky assuming a brassy hue that lasted all during the night. Every time the electric fluid lighted up the sky we could see the ugly, brassy clouds above. I remember the night well, for it was my fate to sit up with a sick comrade who was as near the cholera without actually having it as one could imagine.

All night long the lightning flashed and mirrored back the brassy clouds. And ever since then a high wind, lightning, and a collection of brass-hued clouds has led me to believe that there was "something doing" in that quarter.

On the prairies of Kansas, cyclone cellars—dugouts sometimes connected by a passageway from the cellar—are in order, and as far as they go are all right in their way, but the propensity of running into one's house cellar during a cyclone, in a case of fire accompanying the collapse of the house, becomes a very serious undertaking. Cyclones may be necessary now and then to clear up the atmosphere, but if they must come, it's just as well that they be over in the next county. CHARLES CRISTADORO.

A New Sheep from Kamchatka.

In the Bulletin of the American Museum of Natural History, Dr. J. A. Allen describes a new sheep from Kamchatka, which is to be known as Storck's sheep. Mr. Allen writes:

"The Museum has recently received from Mr. George H. Storck, a well-known fur dealer and taxidermist of this city, two fine skulls of sheep from Kamchatka, representing two species, one being the *Ovis nivicola*, and the other an apparently undescribed species. Both were obtained in that country personally by Mr. Storck, and their history is thus beyond question. The *nivicola* specimen was taken between Milko and Petropavlovsk, southwestern Kamchatka; the other 'was taken about 110 verst east of Fort Tigil on the west side of Kamchatka.' Mr. Storck adds: 'I have seen several skulls up there, taken in that section, and they are all the same; that is, the horns are thin at the base and have a double curve. * * * Specimens of this sheep are very hard to get, as they are found only in the central range of mountains in the northwestern portion of Kamchatka; and it is the most difficult place to travel in that I have ever faced, both on account of the roughness of the country and the almost constant storms that rage all

through the winter, which is practically the only season when one can travel in the interior.'

"The Fort Tigil specimen is strikingly different from any previously described species, having somewhat the type of horns of *Ovis ammon*, but it is much smaller than any of the known forms of the *O. ammon* group. It may bear the name of its discoverer, and be called *Ovis storcki*, sp. nov.

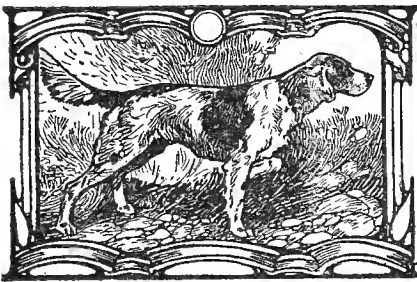
"In answer to my inquiries about the occurrence of white bighorns in Kamchatka, Mr. Storck's reply is of interest, as he has traversed the whole interior of the peninsula, from north to south, on commercial expeditions for the purchase of sable and other furs. He says: 'In reference to white mountain sheep, I do not believe that any exist in Kamchatka. I have never seen or heard of any, or seen any fragments of skins. If there is such a sheep it must come from north latitude 59 degrees. That part of the country is never hunted; it is inhabited by wandering Koraks, who live entirely on the reindeer, and never kill anything except wolves, and then only to protect their herds.'

Grouse for Stocking.

STAMFORD, N. Y., Sept. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A fund has been raised by the sportsmen of this town with which to try the experiment of interbreeding the ruffed grouse with a view to increase the number in coverts. If you can tell me where live birds can be procured you will greatly oblige me, and assist this laudable enterprise. Is it legal to import them from Canada?

G. LENOX CURTIS.

[The birds might be supplied by E. B. Woodward, 302 Greenwich street, New York. For permit to import from Canada, apply to the Secretary of Agriculture, Washington.]



GAME BAG AND GUN



Success at Last.

ON September 8, with my friend, W. W. Tracy, we were met as the train rolled into Boiestown, N. B., by my guide, Daniel Munn, whom I had engaged on my trip of the year before to take us to the home of the big antlered moose, and by that whole-souled purveyor of quaint hospitality, Ambrose Holt, of Pleasant Ridge, who was ready to drive us seven miles to his farmhouse, where we were to stop over night on our way to the woods. Our greetings were hearty. In response to my inquiry if there were many signs of game this fall, Daniel said, "Yos, there be plenty." Continuing, "Archie saw the largest moose the other day at Harris Lake that he ever saw." This was encouraging. Archie had returned only a few days before from the Dungarvon (whither we were bound), where he had spent part of the summer in place of Daniel, who had been with a gentleman from Connecticut on a salmon trip, as warden on that stream. After the greetings were over, we found Mr. Adams, who relieved us of several "cart wheels" for some yellow bits of paper, which gave us permission to shoot one moose and one caribou each. Besides our own, we also secured one for Daniel, Archie, and Thos. Munn, who were to accompany us as guides and cook. Soon we were off, stopping only once at Thibodeaux's, where Daniel had had our provisions put up for our six weeks' trip, until the Holt farm was reached.

We awoke by 5 A. M. the next morning, and after breakfast packed our duffle for the woods. We found plenty of trees across the logging road, and with four to handle the axes, we made but slow progress with our heavy load, part of which we were obliged to leave for the team to come back for later. We made camp near Salmon Stream, pretty tired after our first day's tramp, not having seen any big game, although moose and deer signs were plenty. Partridges, however, were much in evidence. We counted fourteen spruce in one covey.

Early in the morning we started again. No game, but lots of birds were seen. Will was anticipating great sport with the fly-fishing, for which mainly he was going into the woods, although he proposed to keep a weather eye out for fear a bull should charge him in the two or three weeks he was to stay.

By three o'clock we reached the fish house of Mr. Neal's of Fredericton, who had been guided by Daniel for seven years, and who had kindly given him permission to use it on this trip. We at once started for the dam at the foot of the deadwater, about a mile from camp, and here it was a pleasure to see Will catch trout enough in half an hour weighing from ¼ up to 5 pounds for the supper and breakfast for six hearty eaters.

By the time we got back to camp the others had come and were making things ready for the night. It did not take Thomas long to cook the fish. We began to realize the pleasures of camping in the deep woods where fish and game were plenty. We had some time on our hands before the season opened on the 15th.

Daniel sent Archie to get his canoe, which he had left about a mile below camp hid in the bushes, but he found that someone had "borrowed" it and had forgotten to return it. This caused us all much concern, as we had planned to use it in hunting the deadwater with. But the guides were equal to the occasion, and by night they had made a raft which under the circumstances answered our purpose very well.

September 12. Will and Daniel went up the deadwater to try the fishing and to look for game signs. They got plenty of fish, and reported fresh signs abundant. Archie and I went on a tour of investigation to Harris Lake, thence to the big barren. We saw some ducks and lots of partridges. At the lake it looked as though there had been a big drove of moose there all summer. The shore was all cut up with the many fresh tracks, mixed in now and then with the round hoof marks of the caribou.

When we reached the barren we found the signs just as plenty there, too. It was then that we wished it were the 15th, and we wished so a good deal more a little later, when, coming away from the bog, we met a bull headed for the barren. We admired for a moment or two the 12-inch palms he carried, and as he trotted off expressed the wish that he would hang around a few days longer, when we were in hopes to call again.

On our way back I nearly stepped on a porcupine, which I did not notice in the twilight. Watching him moving off in his slow, peculiar way, Archie asked, "Why don't you shoot him?" "What for?" I asked. "For game," he said. I preferred other game, I thought, and did not believe in killing anything that I did not have a use for. A gentleman who was with me on a previous trip seemed to have a perfect mania for destroying every porcupine he came across, even killing one in the tent, where he had taken refuge; afterwards he spent two or three hours trying to pick up the quills scattered around.

On the 13th we all went up to the deadwater at the dam, where Will, Daniel and I took the raft and went up the river. We had not gone more than sixty rods when a good bull swam across a bog only a short distance ahead. When he got across as he went ashore he acted as though he had got a faint scent of us, starting to run one way, then changing right back again, not seeming to know just where the scent came from. At last he took a course right to the west and was out of sight.

Next day the guides cut out the trails to the Peaked Mountain lakes and felled trees so that we would be able to get across the streams.

On the morning of the 15th we got an early start, Will with Daniel heading for McConnell Brook barren and Harris Lake, while Archie and I took the trail for Bamford Lake. Neither had been there before, but just at noon we came in sight of it. We saw a moose just coming down to the water's edge; he stood some time looking around, then, taking a long drink, waded out. There was a moose path around the shore which we followed, getting within fifteen or twenty rods of him. We saw that he had only a small set of antlers, so quietly watched him. He seemed to enjoy himself hugely as he waded and swam around after the lily-pads for half an hour or more.

As he was working our way, I thought of the camera which we had left with our dinner when we first saw him, and sent Archie back for it. He had gone but a little way when I noticed the moose started as a change of the wind carried the scent to him. Swimming to the shore he trotted across the bog, stopped for a moment, then disappeared in the woods.

At camp we found the others had returned before us. They seemed very much excited, and they could not eat until they had told all about "their troubles." At first they went to the barren and stayed until well into the afternoon. Not seeing anything, they went to the lake. They had been there but a little while when two deer came in at the lower end. While they were watching these, two moose came in on the opposite side. Then interest centered in their direction at once. After half an hour they saw the bull come out of the woods and cross the beach to get a drink. He had a very large set of antlers, but was too far off for a shot (about 500 yards). He turned and went back into the edge of the woods again to wait for the cows. Daniel proposed that they work their way around the pond and try and sneak up to him, for he rightly judged that he would not leave while the cows were in the water. Proceeding cautiously they had gone nearly to where the cows were still feeding on the lily-pads, when Daniel, who was a few steps ahead, saw the old fellow standing broadside directly across the path they were following, some six or eight rods from them. Leaning far back to one side, he motioned to Will to shoot, but Will did not see the bull nor understand his signs, so he stepped up and asked, "What?" When he spoke, away went the bull. He saw him then, but too

late to shoot. They were so near that Daniel could almost count the points on the wide blades, with a spread of about 5 feet; he thought there were about thirty. They were greatly disappointed to lose the chance of getting the big head, but pleased to think they had seen three moose the first day of the season. On their way back they counted eighteen partridges.

The next day Daniel and Will went to Bamford Lake, where they saw a bull, but with small antlers, and started another. I went to Harris Lake and the barren, and saw only a porcupine and a doe, which I tried to photo at thirty feet, but was a little slow; she jumped when I was trying to center her in the finder.

September 17 it rained all night and to nearly noon. Will with Archie went to the deadwater, but did not see any game, while Daniel and I started for Bamford Lake. Just as we came in sight of Peaked Mountain barren in a bend of the path we met "Tim Lynch" not over twelve rods away, his antlers reaching across the logging road we were following. I was ahead when I saw the big fellow as he stood facing us. I raised the rifle, and as I did so, Daniel, who had just come up close to me, said: "Shoot quick! Shoot quick! Shoot quick as lightning or he will jump!" This disconcerted me, and I fired before I had the sights fairly on him. He made one or two jumps and was out of sight. We followed him some distance by a few drops of blood now and then, but he went to a hardwood ridge and although we managed to find blood for about a quarter of a mile, it seemed to stop, and we lost the track and the widest set of antlers I ever saw. After it was all over, Daniel remarked, "I never saw nothing like it." Apparently the beams extended out 18 inches before the palms began to widen, then there were wide palms spreading out as they extended very high, and with the extreme top points spreading out on each side 6 or 8 inches more. No wonder we both exclaimed that it was a 6-foot spread. I am well aware that it is almost as hard to find an authentic case of a 6-foot head being taken outside of Alaska as it is to pick up hen's teeth in the winter. Nevertheless this one had every indication of reaching or even exceeding that much looked for size. It goes without saying that we were bitterly disappointed, but took our medicine as every moose hunter should. There seems no reason, excepting Daniel's great haste for fear the moose would jump, causing me only partly to get my sights in place, why I should not have got him. Perhaps some may say that it is only the big fish that get away. However, to illustrate the great spread of the antlers, suppose we call the distance between the burrs 7 inches, beams extending out 15 inches instead of 18 inches, as these looked to be, the very long blades only 12 inches each instead of 15 or 18 inches, spreading outward, and the tip points spreading out at least 6 inches more. This makes 73 inches. I honestly believe a tape would have shown at least the 6-foot mark, perhaps more.

September 18. Weather clearing up. At the McConnell Brook barren Daniel called out a big bull, the first one that had answered. He came out on the opposite side of the barren about 400 yards off, but would not come any further, and while they followed the edge of the barren for a quarter of a mile, they could not cross a deadwater nor get any nearer, so they did not shoot.

September 19. We had not had any moose meat yet, although we had had chances to get small specimens which we refused, and as Will was only intending to stay about two weeks, we decided to get the first one with antlers that we could. Well, that evening found us with one to our credit, but with only a spread of 41 inches. However, the meat came in handy at that time. We saw one deer to-day.

September 21. Will and Daniel saw three deer at Bamford Barren. I went to the deadwater; saw a dead salmon of about 15 pounds which probably had been killed with dynamite.

September 22. Archie started for the settlement for a

team to take out Will and his moose head, as his time was about up. Daniel and Will went for a few fish for dinner. While they were on a raft fishing, a bull with a good set of antlers came down to the water about fifty yards from them. They watched him for a few minutes, when he turned and went back to the woods.

September 23. Went to Bamford Lake. When I was coming back, heard something break a stick only a few rods away, followed by an inquiring grunt from a bull. I could not see him, but listened for four or five minutes to the low grunting, then decided to try and sneak up to him. Went toward him a little way and stopped; not hearing anything, gave a low call, which started him right in front and not over three rods from me. But I was too slow and lost the chance. That evening Archie came back with William and his team. Said that he had seen two bulls and a cow on his way out. He had to climb a tree, as they came by him in the road, and he did not have a rifle. He said that one had a fine set of antlers, and he had a good chance to examine them, as they went by within ten or twelve feet of him. Will proposed to start for home in the morning. Daniel had been troubled with a sore ankle for four days. It was paining him a good deal and was becoming worse, so advised him to go out to the settlement and have a doctor attend to it. I agreed to wait at least two weeks for his return, hoping that he would get back in time for the calling season, which evidently, owing to the very warm weather, was extremely late.

September 24. Will got an early start for home, having had a very pleasant time. From this time until October 2, Archie and I hunted faithfully every day all the surrounding country within a radius of fifteen or twenty miles, seeing some moose, but nothing that equaled our expectations. Late one afternoon as we were coming toward camp, Archie said: "Look at those two porcupines." Looking in the direction he pointed, I saw one of them, but not the other, so I went into the bushes, and just as I came in sight of him, he was going across a small open space. Then I noticed it was a small bear cub instead of a porcupine. I did not suppose that a bear and a porcupine would be together.

October 2 we selected a new route to a distant pond, and from a point of observation on its shore Archie saw two moose some 200 yards away, standing in the bushes near the edge of the water. They were cows. It seemed as if they wanted to go into the water; but for some reason each one evidently was waiting for the other to go. One would go in a few steps, then the other would start the other way, and the first one would come back. This was repeated several times, and led us to mistrust that perhaps they had other company near, and were showing signs of much jealousy. It was not long before we heard the grunt of a bull. Then the cows soon waded out, and evidently enjoyed themselves drinking and swimming around, biting off the lily-pads now and then.

Our interest centered in the direction the bull was coming, as we could tell by his frequent grunts; but half an hour elapsed before the old fellow broke through the bushes and stepped out in full view. He had enormous antlers.

For full five minutes he stood facing us with head erect, taking in his surroundings, and making a grand scene for a camera. Then he lowered his head and drank so long that we looked to see if the pond was lower. Raising his head he looked for a moment or so toward the cows, then turned to go back. This was the opportunity I was looking for; I was on my knee with rifle ready, and as he turned and exposed his shoulder, I fired, and missed. Turning back again to see where all the noise came from, he again faced us. Getting on to my feet I looked for a place where I could see him through the bushes (we were about five rods from the water), and finding one waited for him to turn again. For nearly ten minutes he stood without moving, then slowing swung his great antlers round and took one step backward. As his shoulder came again in view, the express rang out, and down he went as if struck by lightning. The rifle was a .50 caliber, 130-440 charge. Going to the edge of the water we watched to see if he would attempt to get up, but he did not; so we started to go around the pond to where he lay. We had got nearly to the upper end when we heard another bull grunt several times, calling the cows which were still in the water. When we got nearly abreast of them they decided to leave their dead mate and away they went in a hurry. A few steps more and we came in sight of our game. One of the big antlers with its 14 points was out of sight in the mud and water. Here our troubles commenced. First we took a snap with the camera just as he fell, showing both the game and the point 200 yards away where we stood when I shot him. Then we scoured the woods for logs to place in the water so we could get out to him. After working two hours we found that we could not move him at all, but had to give it up and go back to camp, intending to bring an ax in the morning. I suggested that we use our compass and blaze a way over the ridges in an almost direct line toward camp. It was hard work with our knives, but we managed to save about three miles, and in due time reached the supper that was waiting. Daniel came in that night. This was the second time we had been in luck to-day. He had a story to tell. Starting before light that morning, he had made about six miles from home when he heard some moose. With his birch horn he called a few times, the bull coming so close that he backed out of the logging road a few steps, so as to be handy to a tree in case it charged. Soon it came in sight about two rods from him; placing the sights on the shoulder he fired, then again and again, as rapidly as he could work the lever of the .38 Winchester. At the fifth shot, down the bull went, and another one finished it. After having shot six times, and as he was admiring the pretty set of antlers, spreading 42 inches, he heard another bull. Once more taking up the horn, he gave a low call, then another as the game came in sight with two cows. This one had a fine big set of antlers, large in every way, but Daniel had his quota and was obliged to wait for the one with the big head to leave, so that he could attend to the one he had. All three stayed there ten minutes, the bull standing within ten feet of the dead one all this time, before leaving. Daniel quickly dressed the game and went back to the settlement for help to get him home. Then giving directions for taking care of it when it reached his house, he shouldered his pack once more and started for camp. He was pretty tired after his long walk, for it was twenty-six miles from his home to camp, and

he was in four miles when he killed the moose, and went back to the edge of the settlement, four miles, and back again, making thirty-four miles he footed it that day.

By day-break Thomas called us to breakfast, and soon we were off. Crossing the river on some logs we had arranged there the evening before, they started in to brush out a trail to get the big head through. When we reached the pond, a little after 10, Daniel admired the big antler sticking up out of the water, but incidentally remarked that it was a small moose even if it did have big antlers. I thought he would be very apt to change his mind before we got it out of that hole. For the next two hours we put in some of the hardest work I ever did on my hunting trips. Finally, with the aid of the rope by means of a lever pulley, as the pointer noted the noon hour we got the carcass on to solid ground, only eight feet from where it had lain. Not until then did we have a chance to see the huge proportions and examine the very long, widespread antlers (over 5 feet), with their extremely even points, 14 points on each side. At last Daniel broke the silence: "What a big moose! What awful large antlers! Never saw one that would begin to compare with it." A friend with me in the same region in 1902 got the largest one secured in New Brunswick that year, and had it set up free of expense by Emack Bros., of Fredericton, who had advertised that they would mount free the largest head got in New Brunswick that season. Although the head secured by my friend was an extremely large one, this was much larger and much more symmetrical, the first five brow points on each side being almost as near alike as two peas. We were all very willing to rest a while as the kettle boiled again for dinner. Hanging up all the meat but one hindquarter, we at last started for camp. Daniel went first with the head with its weight of about 95 pounds. It afterward weighed, when thoroughly cleaned and the bone, etc., inside chopped



READY TO SLED IT OUT.

out, leaving only the shell, 64 pounds. Then came Archie with a leg of meat, and I with a whole load in the scalp. We were a tired though happy lot when we struck camp that Saturday night. After breakfast the next day, Daniel and Archie started for a load of the meat, while I stayed to salt the scalp. Two young men from a near-by lumber camp appeared on the scene. Their surprise was great when they saw the antlers, which they greatly admired. Just before they started back one of them said that Mr. Rice, the genial photographer of Boiestown, was at their camp. Being acquainted with him and Mr. Pond, the foreman in charge, I sent an invitation to them to come down to our camp to see the head, and at three o'clock they came.

The next day we went together to a barren ten miles away; I in hope of meeting one of those "woodland tramps," he looking for a moose to equal mine. When we got there we found a large beaver dam nearly twenty rods long and two empty houses. We saw where the beaver had been caught the spring before, and noticed the stakes used to slip the chain ring over, also where the trappers had cut the dam twice to set their traps, the last time almost to the very bottom to catch the last one left. It is a pity, but it seems that, in spite of the law, the last one will soon be caught, and it will not be long before the beaver will be numbered with the buffalo. We drew a blank as to moose, and the following day, too. Daniel called a bull up very close, but the fickle wind spoiled their chance before he came in sight. Mr. Rice stayed a few days longer, and while the moose were plenty, still he was unable to find what he was looking for. We greatly enjoyed his company. I afterward saw him at Boiestown, and he told me that as he was passing McConnell Brook barren on his way out he had called out a big bull, but could not get near enough for a shot, and did not see any more.

The next day we went to the region where Will got his moose, and found that a bear had nearly finished what was left there of the carcass. The track, deeply indented in the hard ground, showed that he was very large and heavy, so we decided to build a deadfall for him. It took us all day to build it, for we wanted to make it heavy and strong enough to hold him sure, if he got into it.

I decided that while looking for caribou I would try to get a photo of a bull moose, Daniel, who is the best caller I ever heard, proposing to give me a chance. One day on a ridge in the burnt woods near the deadfall, Daniel called for half an hour or more without getting an answer, finally remarking that most callers did not call long enough, for oftentimes moose would start from a long way and might not answer at first, or might be so far away that he could not be heard if he did. He said that he was going to call for an hour or more. At last we heard a bull grunting, apparently coming toward us and then going back. This he kept up for quite a while. As he came nearer we could hear him strike the trees with his antlers, and as he came over a low ridge through the burnt rampikes we had an exhibition such as I never heard or saw before. The dead trees were very thick together, and from two to six inches or more in diameter; when Daniel called, the bull would start with a rush, swinging his antlers right and left, making a racket as loud as a dozen men would make striking the trees with sledge hammers. For two or three rods he would clear a path like grass before a mowing machine, then stop and shake his head and call the cows along nearly to him.

By this time Daniel would call again. This would apparently arouse his ire, for he would start with another rush, breaking down everything before him for a short distance, stopping again to rest, only to repeat at the next call. This he did several times right in sight of us, but when he had cleared a path almost to the edge of a bog, he stopped and we could not call him any nearer.

We were on an open ridge about 100 yards away, and decided to try and work our way nearer. After a few steps we lost sight of him, but went on, and as we neared the place where we had seen him we heard something start and go over the ridge. Daniel hurried to the top in time to see the two cows going off. I had stopped where I had last seen the bull, for I was sure he would not run—he was too ugly. As Daniel came back, I noticed the bull standing behind some bushes not over thirty or forty feet from us, but so screened by them that I could not get a picture, and of course could not shoot, as we both had our game limit. Daniel tried to get a better view, but stepped on a branch, which cracked and started him. Instead of following the cows and going back the way he had come—he was near the edge of the burnt strip—he turned and went right out into the opening we had come through. I hurried after him, but when I got in sight, he was nearly twenty-five rods away, too far for an exposure.

How I wished that Mr. Rice had been with us. He could have got a prize that many never saw the equal of.

The blades were entirely different from my big 5-foot set, being very wide, at least 20 inches, spreading very wide at the tips, and with a great many points, one of the largest and handsomest set of antlers I ever saw. Although I had not got a snapshot. I had had an experience of perhaps a lifetime. The one thing lacking, besides possession and a photo, was a phonograph that would have recorded the terrible racket as the dead trees went down like a whirlwind before his powerful head-gear. We followed him some two or three miles, thinking that as good a direction to go as any, and started him again. Daniel called and got an answer several times, the bull once more coming nearly to us, but the fickle wind started him in a hurry, and we went back to camp.

We waited a few days longer, hoping that the bear would come back, but as he had eaten the meat about all up before we discovered it, we came to the conclusion that he had left it for good, and as the caribou seemed to have left this region, too, Archie went out to the settlement for the team to take us back. A few days later William came for us, and in two days we were back again at Mr. Holt's. Here the next morning I bade adieu to our guides, and with the big head carefully loaded with our other things, started for Boiestown. I supposed that I was then out of the game country, but it proved not so, for as we were driving through some woods a lynx ran across the road some five or six rods ahead of us.

I would like to speak a good word for our guides and helpers, one and all. I can heartily recommend them in every way, and their hunting grounds, in which a summary of the game seen foots up as follows: 30 moose, 21 bulls, 9 cows, three of the bulls as large as any outside of Alaska; 9 deer, 1 bear, 1 lynx, 2 foxes, lots of ducks, and more partridges than I ever saw on a trip before. Although it had taken twenty-eight years to secure the prize, I certainly was satisfied with my "success at last."

CHAS. D. BUTLER.

The Old Hunter's Bean Story.

THE Old Hunter and I were eating supper by our camp-fire after a hard but successful day's hunt. "Colonel, please pass the beans," says he. I passed them.

We finished supper and filled our pipes. "Colonel, them are beans sorter remind me of a bean deal that I made once." I scented a story and asked for it, and finally got him started.

"It was this way," he began. "I and a pard were out on a hunting and prospecting trip in the foothills. We had a pack horse and took grub a-plenty, but when we was about to our stopping place the darned horse fell in fording a stream and rolled over a few times, and all our flour and meal was spoiled. About all he had left was bacon and tobacco. We was upset like but went to hunting and prospecting and waited to see what would happen; but we knew that one of us would sure have to go in soon for flour, and it were about ninety miles—and a hundred and eighty miles was no joke. Well, one morning pard he took the horse and started on to the fork to get an elk, as they was scarce around our camp. Way long toward night I seed the smoke about half a mile below, and I thought it might be Injuns. Bymby I heard a shot and I couldn't stand it no longer, so I sneaks down that way and, coming near the smoke, I hears men talking, and I knewed that it was Injuns, so I just nozed along and, coming in sight, I seed four wagons and a lot of pilgrims. I walks up and hails them, and the gang flocked around me like buzzards round a carcass. They was the darndest outfit that you ever seed. One pilgrim was from Old Missouri, another lank cuss was from Vermont and one little dude was from Boston, and the rest was from nowhere in particular. They had got together somewhere and had struck out to find what they wanted. The man from Old Missouri wanted to find a place to start a cattle ranch; the Green Mountain man was after a farm. The Boston man wanted air, and the balance was after anything that was loose. I sorter looked them over and squinted into the wagons and seed dead loads of grub and thinks to myself, now is our chance to get flour and such. After a spell I got kinder tired answering their darned fool questions and sorter hinted round that I'd like to buy some flour, but, darn their fool hides, they wouldn't sell a pound for gold dollars. Then I asked for beans; yes, they had two sacks, but wouldn't sell a bean. The fact was they had everything that we needed, but they wouldn't sell a thing for my gold coin. They was frying bacon and it sorter struck me that they didn't have any fresh meat, so I sorter drifted round and began to talk hunt, and their ears stuck up at once. Then I found out that they had a few old scatterguns, and the dude had a good Winchester the same size as mine, but the only time he had shot it off it kiked him over and come close to killing a horse. He hadn't let any one else shoot it, and they were hungry for fresh meat and was eating bacon. Well, I felt sure that I had them, and told them

that game was powerful scarce, but if they would stay a day or two that I thought I could help them out. I seed that they was as ornery a lot of pilgrims as ever herded into one bunch, and as it was getting dark I started for home.

"I got about half way when I hears something in the brush, and getting down close to the ground I seed the tips of the horns of two bull elk. They was moving enough so that I could make out which way they stood, and, being right close to them, I figured out about where to shoot, and bangs into one of them, and he dropped; t'other one jumped and stooped, and I gave it to him as he tumbled down. Them blame pilgrims heard me shooting, and I could hear them buzzing like a nest of hornets. By this time it was powerful dark, and I wanted to take the inards out of them elk, so I scratched round and gets some bark and dry wood and soon had a big blaze lighting up the elk in great shape. I had got one fixed up when the whole band of pilgrims come, with lanterns and guns and the darned dude with his Winchester.

"Cornel, you just ought to seen them darned fools act. The dude wanted the horns (he called them antlers), 'Old Missouri' wanted the hides, and they all wanted meat. I told them that I wanted that 'ere meat to jerk for winter; that it war fine meat, and would last me till spring, and that game was so scarce that I sure couldn't get any more, and that I considered it was a dispensation of Divine Providence in my behalf that I got the elk sorter like the ravens feeding Elijah. They wanted to take a hindleg right off and pack it to camp and cook it, but I sorter thought that them old bull elk mightn't be quite as tender as a spring chicken, and told them I wouldn't cut them elk up till morning, but I gave them the livers, and away they went. I had figured it out the liver was about so, whether it was old bull or out of a calf. I was sorter suspicious of them 'ere pilgrims, and camped right there and kept up a fire all night. 'Long in the morning they come; they was full of liver and was feeling good; they wanted both of them 'ere elk, and they wanted them bad. Finally, after enough dickering to have bought the Pacific Railroad, I swapped them 'ere elk for 200 pounds of flour, 200 Winchester cartridges, some baking powder and matches, and their two sacks of beans. There was a big row about the beans, and I thought that I would have to lower my hind sight, but I began sharpening my knife and getting ready to cut up the elk, and that fetched them. I made them take a horse and pack their plunder to camp and give me a bill of sale of it afore I would let them touch the elk. They then loaded their elk on to a wagon and was just going to start along when up comes my pard leading our horse with the hindquarters of an elk and two saddles of venison loaded on the horse. I introduced my pard to the pilgrims, and we lights out for camp afore they had time to catch their breath.

"You ought to seed my pard when I showed him that 'ere grub and cartridges and truck. I told him the whole yarn, and he says, 'You served the ornery cusses right. If they'd let us have a sack of flour, we'd give them the two elk.' Well, in about an hour up comes the dude and Old Missouri. The Missouri man had a tale of woe. First the meat was tough. I grinned and asked him if he calculated that old bull elk was going to be all tenderloin and stuffed with young turkey. Then he tried to get mad, and said that I had cheated them, and spoke of the load of meat that my pard had brought in. I told him that Providence was taking care of my pard, and again referred to Elijah and the ravens. That made him so mad that he quit talking, and the dude commenced. He thought that I had cheated them, and I told him about the 'antlers' and how fine they was to hang up in the halls of his ancestors in Boston. Then he begged for beans, and said that they thought that they had some more, but was mistaken, and that there wasn't a bean left in their camp, and he wanted us to give them back a sack. I called his attention to my first trip to their camp and their refusing to sell me a pound of flour or a bean. He begged and almost cried, and I told him if they would give us their Winchester and all the cartridges and 100 pounds of sugar that they could have a sack of beans, but that we was only doing it out the kindness of our hearts and on account of a kind Providence providing for us. Well, they swapped, and that is the end of my bean story." HUNTER.

The Expenses of an Outing.

Editor Forest and Stream:

SOME inquiries have been made in regard to the expense of a western hunting trip after big game, and what is necessary to make it a success. In regard to expense a great deal depends upon how much or how little one can be satisfied with. The average man, used to the ordinary comforts of his civilized environments, should be careful to see that he does not neglect to supply himself with as many of these as he can without too greatly increasing the expense and the bulk of what has to be taken.

The season of the year makes a difference also. Late in the fall or during the winter any one who is not accustomed to camping out in cold weather will find a tent with a light portable sheet iron stove, which can easily be carried on a horse's back, very serviceable.

The last hunting trip I took in the West was late in the fall, and I had everything complete. I will enumerate what I had and then state the cost: I had a guide and a cook; a tent for myself and another which served as quarters for the two men with me, and also for a dining room; a sheet iron stove for each of the tents, which, with several lengths of pipe to get rid of the smoke, weighed very little; two folding tables and several chairs which packed into very little space; plenty of warm bedding and underwear; a liberal supply of canned stuff—soups, meats, vegetables, preserves, etc.—besides the usual standbys, flour, bacon, my rifle, ammunition, etc., and a few books to read when I was tired of hunting and wanted to loaf in camp. The cost was as follows: Guide, \$5 per day; cook, \$3 per day; eight packing horses, 50 cents apiece per day; six dogs, no charge.

Provisions, consisting principally of canned stuff from 15 to 20 cents a can, I purchased at St. Anthony, Idaho. I had about \$60 worth of canned stuff, and had some left over after camping out thirty days. In round figures it cost me about \$14 a day while camping out. This expense can be cut down, if one wishes to economize. Great care, however, should be taken about attempting to cut off too much.

I have heard adverse criticism in regard to canned goods, but in my own experience I find them most serviceable. What are generally sold contain, as a rule, a large quantity of water, and this adds unnecessarily to the weight and bulk. A great deal of the stuff can come in condensed form, and before cooking water can be added to it.

The success of a hunting trip depends almost entirely upon the guide. Great care should be taken against securing the services of any one without first finding out something about him in advance. If you are fifty or one hundred miles out in the wilderness and your guide should prove unsatisfactory, you cannot conveniently dispense with his services. In that case you have nothing to do but to make the best of a bad bargain.

With the disappearance of big game most everywhere, and the greater difficulty of securing it, more skill and special knowledge are required now than formerly. There are a good many men who have been out and shot large game who would not make competent guides. The man whose time is limited must select as his guide someone who has a good knowledge of woodcraft and understands the habits of wild animals. E. F. R.

Massachusetts Fish and Game.

Boston, Sept. 17.—Editor Forest and Stream: The action brought by Warden Bent against Charles Letendre, of Swansea, for having in possession three black ducks, resulted in the discharge of the defendant, which was followed by the arrest of Oscar Mailhot, the attendant in charge, who has been found guilty and a fine of \$60 was imposed by Judge Lovett. An appeal was entered. The case is of considerable interest from the fact that hundreds of these birds are kept by sportsmen for use as decoys.

For the taking of shellfish in that portion of New Bedford Harbor condemned as contaminated waters by the State Board of Health, and in which the taking of bivalves was prohibited by the Fish and Game Commission, twenty-eight arrests have been made. It is not improbable, in case fines are imposed, that appeals will be taken, as these are the first cases that have been brought under the law of 1901 which was enacted to safeguard the public health.

For the last few days Chairman Collins has been examining ponds which he commenced soon after his appointment as chairman of the board by Governor Wolcott in 1899. These examinations, designed to determine the depth, character of the bottom, and especially the temperature at different depths, can best be prosecuted in the summer and early autumn, and are of great value in determining the kinds of fish best adapted to propagate in them.

Commissioner H. O. Stanley, who has made a magnificent record in practical fishculture in Maine, told me he had no doubt many of the ponds in this State are adapted to landlocked salmon.

Your readers who have fished in the lakes of the Pine Tree State for the past twenty years have had substantial proof from their own observations of the results of judicious stocking. Years ago trout and salmon fry were planted, but Mr. Stanley tells me they are now planting fingerlings only. Some of us have been urging this method for Massachusetts the past six years, and at the present time our commissioners would be glad to adopt it if the hatcheries furnished adequate facilities for the rearing of fingerlings. Just here is where our State is deficient, and it behooves the fishermen and Commissioners to set to work at once and in earnest to remedy this defect.

Gunners who have been out for shore birds along the south shore, report getting a few plover, peeps, and yellowlegs, but birds are not very plentiful. The severe storm of this week has driven in many sea fowl, and many coot have been killed. At Nantasket the summer visitors are being succeeded by devotees of the rod and gun. Some of the winter hotels have already put "coot stew" on their bills of fare.

Many big catches of smelts have been reported of late from the Weir River and the waters about Nantasket Point. Gunning stands are being put in order for shooting ducks and geese. Mr. George Gorham Peters and party left Scituate a few days ago with Captain Robert Webster in charge of his launch, for a second trip to Nantucket after birds. Mr. Peters' anchorage is in the North River, a short distance from his summer home. The people along the lower portion of the river have been anxiously and vainly looking for results of the shad-planting of several years ago. They charge the failure to the rubber factory up river. I anticipate they will be heard from under the "Gilded Dome" next winter.

A gentleman who has a farm a few miles from this city, has adopted a plan for saving the quail about his place for several years during the winter. He keeps them well supplied with grain, and they look for it every day just as much as his domestic fowls do.

Several gentlemen who contributed last spring toward the purchase of quail, urge that steps be taken to persuade the hunters to refrain from killing quail this fall. I doubt not many bird hunters would be influenced by remonstrances from friends. Some—those who read such papers as the FOREST AND STREAM—may be able to restrain their inclination to secure large bags and content themselves with three or four or even a couple of birds. The man who hunts for the market never gets enough. If he can, he will get ten or twelve from a bevy of fifteen in the afternoon, and go out next morning for the rest. It would be well for every one to remember this fall that, according to the best judgment of many sportsmen, there is not one quail now in our State where there were twenty one year ago. Moderation in shooting and large expenditures in restocking for one or two years more can alone avail to bring back the numbers of 1903.

Mr. S. A. Tucker, well known as the Parker gun man, tells me that in a section of Rhode Island where he, with three others, has the shooting privileges over several hundred acres, from investigation recently made, there are enough birds if they are not killed off this fall to replenish the stock in a few years.

Most of our shore hotels that do not cater to sportsmen in the autumn are now closed, but many of our city residents are lingering in the mountains and have been getting good strings of trout in the branches of the Pemigewasset and in Baker's River. Ex-President G. W.

Wiggin, of the State Association, who has a summer home in Sandwich, N. H., tells me that President Cleveland recently got a fine lot of black bass in Asquam Lake.

Dr. W. C. Woodward, of Middleboro, enjoyed his trip to Newfoundland very much. Lack of rain early in August made the fishing poor, but on the 16th he killed five good ones, the largest 21 pounds.

Many of our sportsmen are already preparing for trips in pursuit of big game next month. CENTRAL.

Abyssinian Game.

UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER SKINNER writes from Marseilles, France, concerning the Abyssinian sportsman and his game:

The Abyssinian is a great lover of firearms of every description, and the best revolvers and carbines find ready sale in the country. The Abyssinian army is equipped with the Gras, the Weterli, and the Remington rifles. The chiefs and under chiefs are armed with modern rifles of small caliber and rapid fire. The importation of arms has been regulated and interdicted, except under authorization regularly accorded by the Government. The sale of arms to the uncivilized and conquered tribes is forbidden, and is only permitted at present among the Christian Abyssinians.

The elephant, rhinoceros, and hippopotamus are still numerous in various parts of the empire. Lions of moderate size are found in the wooded mountains; and of a very much larger size in the warm plains. Leopards of enormous proportions are found in the neighborhood of Boulga and Ankobar. The guepard, lynx, hyena, wolf, wild dog, and jackal may be encountered very generally. The droves of buffalo, almost destroyed by the bovine pest in 1897, are now multiplying rapidly. In the western part of the country giraffes are occasionally encountered. The ostrich, of a very fine variety, is common. The zebra is met with on the plains of moderate altitude, and the wild ass in the rocky mountains to the north. Antelopes and gazelles of every conceivable variety and in great numbers are found everywhere. In the region of the Hawash River we frequently saw as many as 50 and 100 antelope moving together. Among the more notable varieties are the bubalus, koudou, oryx, and gnu. Many species of chamois are also found more or less generally, among which is a diminutive species, known locally as the "dig-dig," the weight of which rarely exceeds ten pounds. Included in a long list of other animals more or less frequently encountered are the boar, wild hog, badger, marten, hedgehog, and many others which have not been studied.

Among the birds are included the bustard (giant, medium and small), guinea fowl, the red partridge, heath cock, partridge, grouse, pigeons and doves, ducks, teal, curlew, and woodcock. Among the birds of which the plumage is sought are the marabout, crane, heron, black-bird, parrot, jay, and hummingbirds of extraordinary brilliancy. Birds of prey include varieties of the eagle family and the vulture. The thousands of varieties of insects and butterflies would delight the scientific student.

Guns and Gun Feats.

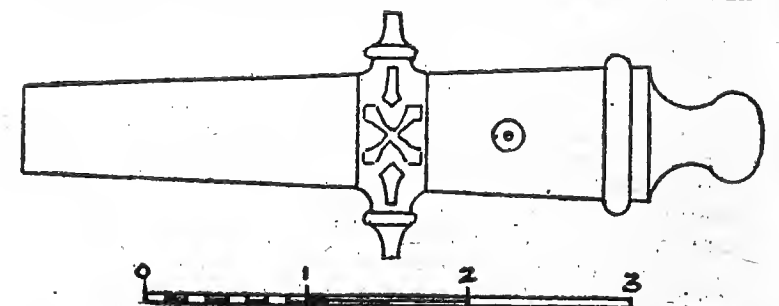
NORTHWOOD, N. Y.—Editor Forest and Stream: I once shot a squirrel I couldn't see, and killed him without hitting him. With my father, I was walking up an old woods trail near Little Black Creek above Northwood. We saw a red squirrel run into a hole in a beech stub. I fired at the hole, and the squirrel came tumbling out and to the ground, where he flopped around. Examination disclosed no open wound, but the skull was fractured into small pieces. The rifle was a .32 caliber rim-fire long. I am not an accurate shot usually, but I have killed ruffed grouse on the wing with a rifle—one a cross shot. George Pardy here habitually shoots running rabbits with a rifle. Shotgunners have had entirely too much prominence of late years, and I am glad to see rifle wisdom and rifle lore getting due share of attention. The reason modern rifle users don't get the old-time effect from their projectiles, seems to be due to the speed of modern bullets. A hammer will disable quicker than a razor. A BB cap will kill quicker at close range than a .22 long rifle cartridge when used on small game. Game shot in the vitals travels further these days because the shock of modern bullets is that of a knife blade, and not of a hammer. R. S. SPEARS.

Another 100 Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

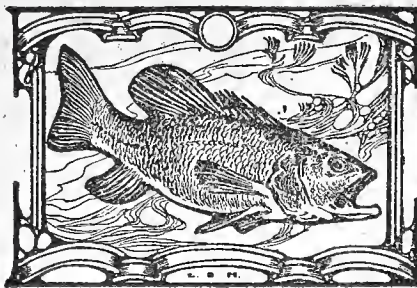
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WHILE still-fishing from Niagara River at Fort Erie, Ontario, Canada, opposite Buffalo, Dr. Cohen, of Buffalo, caught on his hook a small brass cannon 4½ inches in length. Without doubt this miniature cannon was made by a British soldier while stationed at "Old Fort Erie" nearly a century ago, and was lost in the river. It is probably a fac-simile of a cannon in use at the fort at that time. Between the trunnions on the upper and under side there is a cross-patonce, with a "broad arrow" run-



ning from each trunnion to between the two arms of the patonce. This "broad arrow" mark shows that the miniature piece was copied from a British cannon, as this mark is used on all British ordnance. The bore of this miniature piece just admits a .22 cartridge.

Dr. Cohen presented the find to me some five or six years ago, soon after he "caught it." My opinion has always been that he should have presented it to the Buffalo Historical Society. But the Doctor knew that I had a propensity for acquiring any such old thing, and I never thought of proposing to him to donate it to the Historical Society. Ultimately it may get there. J. L. DAVISON.



SEA AND RIVER FISHING



Camp Lockwood.

THERE is much that might be said about Camp Lockwood that I am sure would prove interesting to everybody who has ever camped in the wilderness, as well as those who may take it into their heads and out of their pocketbooks to do so. But, like many other seemingly great events in life, it is my firm belief that the events that transpired there are most interesting to those involved. Consequently the only logical excuse I can find for betraying the secrets of that wildwood session is the possibility that I may inadvertently encourage someone else to indulge in the mysteries of housekeeping where the servant girl problem does not enter, and one is glad of it.

Camp Lockwood, in the beginning of its existence, resembled a well governed, well groomed camp-meeting outfit of a religious persuasion that not many people believed in. Our party consisted of nine persons when we pitched out tents. The ladies of Camp Lockwood were plainly but well gowned, and each one wore one of those serious expressions made up of, we will say, ten component parts—nine parts real heart hope, one part fear. Of the expressions of the men, one might say that of the ten component parts, nine were fear and one hope. Nine well mixed faces of this sort were, to say the least, impressive. In betraying this first secret of Camp Lockwood, I am bearing in mind the fact that I must find some reason and make it public for all these expressions. Camp Lockwood was located on the Manistee River in Michigan, thirty miles from a looking glass; and of the nine principals in this camping party, four were women, and not one had ever slept outside of a bolted door before. These two facts all by themselves are enough to make the average woman look mysterious and even solemn, notwithstanding the fact that three of them had fearless husbands with them, and the other one her dauntless father as protector against everything real and most things imaginary. From my own standpoint of thought it now occurs to me to say that the imaginary evils of the wilderness were the things which caused me the deepest anxiety and the only unhappiness I felt while there. In comparing notes with my fellow-campers, I verified my own thoughts.

It is indeed singular, however, how soon the average woman can forget—providing, of course, she has a boon companion to help her. Her native courage is unassailable. We all know this. But in the time of imaginary danger she needs company, and for the first few sunsets in Camp Lockwood, husbands and others were in great demand. But native courage grew apace, and soon any one of our fair companions would enter a dark tent unhesitatingly, but generally with her arm around the waist of one of her fair and brave companions. It's a singular thing, but a real true one, that in an encampment of ladies, if one of them wants lavender water or a clean handkerchief, the very desire becomes infectious; it's good for the druggist, but hard on the washerwoman. This infection, I noticed, was most pronounced after dark, and the same infection applies to my reference to forgetfulness. They help each other to dispel the dangers of our tame and well tramped wilderness. They look the heroines of old just so long as the other tent is within reach of a fish-pole. In further relating the life of Camp Lockwood, it occurs to me to deal with incidents rather than generalities. In this way I am more apt to earn the everlasting affection of my friends as well as increase the circulation of *FOREST AND STREAM*—bearing in mind the fact that the ladies of Camp Lockwood have many friends.

We made our camp just where we did because we knew the trout fishing was good there; and while not a picturesque country, it is a very healthy one. Our captain of industry, Mr. Harry Widdicombe, of Grand Rapids, with his usual forethought for the comfort of everyone, devised the idea of driving a well in order to have excellent drinking water for our party. This was done before the tents were up. I do not know the name of this pump, nor just how far down they drove to get water, but we had well water and well people during our entire two weeks' stay.

Twenty-four hours after our settling down, Mr. Widdicombe was elected mayor with only one dissenting vote—his own. Mr. Russell W. Woodward, of Elizabeth, N. J., on account of his love for all the sweet things that nature supplies, was dubbed the Professor. Mr. C. L. Lockwood, of Grand Rapids, did considerable protesting over the naming of the camp Camp Lockwood until he was notified of, or waked up to, the fact that it was for Mrs. Lockwood and not himself that the name was selected; which reminds me to remark how easily some men are quieted down. Mr. Ralph Widdicombe, being an expert with the fly and rod, and having no one to defend but himself, was looked to to supply the camp with trout until the time came when the encumbered members of our party could be spared. I found myself being called the Duke. I didn't ask why at the time, thinking I might find out later; but I never did, and I don't know now. However, it was a short name, sounded well, and, like Ralph's dog, I soon got used to it, and many a time did the dog and I both respond at the same time, but the other Duke got the most petting.

I recall that in my early experiences in the far West, most eastern people were called tenderfeet; and while the same conditions in a way exist to-day, they do not apply so well, as was seen by the real display of enthusiasm shown by the Professor's daughter. At four o'clock on the second morning, going from camp alone, she disappeared with Mr. Lockwood's waders. At six the alarm was sounded, and Ralph was soon on his way through the brush to one of the small tributaries to the Manistee River. A mile from camp he came to a bridge, and just above the bridge, in the middle of the stream, he discovered Miss Mabel casting feathers like a veteran. Not caring to disturb so fair a bit of fishing, he dropped into the creek and started fishing himself. At this particular point, however, there was much overhanging brush, and

good fly-casting was necessary for successful work. On reaching the bridge, Miss Mabel sat down and watched her unconscious companion break his second leader, and then called to him that from "her experience he would find more trout in the brook." The young lady from the East supplied her own breakfast the second morning in camp, and with her the other ladies became large contributors and consumers of all meals thereafter.

Some of the most delightful evenings I have ever known have been spent in Mr. Woodward's library. His vast collection of fishing pictures and books have shown me what a remarkable class my love of fishing has placed me in, besides bringing about the sweetest friendship I have ever known, at the same time allowing me the privilege that sometimes comes with such a friendship of telling of the conversion or emancipation of a fisherman.

Like many fishermen of the old school, this splendid disciple of Izaak Walton was essentially and by right a bait-fisherman, had been one for many years, and bade fair to end his days plugging for trout, and thus to be deprived of that peculiar sensation of striking a flying trout with a No. 10, as well as missing many sessions of that school of patience known only to the fly-fisherman.

When Mr. Woodward accepted the invitation for himself and daughter to become members of this camping and fishing party, I'll not accuse him of supplementing his acceptance by saying, "Can I get plenty of anglerworms out there?" but the question certainly was asked the same evening. And supposing, as I did, that the whole earth was full of anglerworms, I replied "Yes." It was not until we reached Grand Rapids that I learned a new bit of interesting natural history—that the anglerworm follows the plowshare; but finding good company in Mr. Widdicombe in my innocent deception, we landed thirty miles from an anglerworm with cruel secrets in our hearts.

The first day in camp Mr. Woodward didn't fish. He studied the flowers, rested, and looked for worms, but looked in vain. Tuesday the second day a grasshopper's life wasn't safe within a mile of camp. Wednesday, with the assistance of the ladies, a landing-net was converted into a minnow-net by adding mosquito netting to it, and our pretty little minnows by the improvised wharf grew scarce and timid, and, like the grasshoppers, became the victims of the chubs. Had our encampment been on a public highway, there would have been a poster nailed to a tree which would have read: "Wanted—Half peck of fat 'night-walkers'; \$10 half peck; anglerworms same price. All farmers, mechanics, and everybody else take notice." In the meantime, daily the flies went swirling through the air, and our big live box in the river became plentifully supplied with trout; and I—well I, through sheer sympathy, avoided my best friend, while my conscience smote me hard. The next day I succeeded in getting Mr. Woodward to go with me. On this day he was able to accept the truth, but not to analyze it. The Mayor took him the next day, and he got as far as "addition," before night. On Saturday one of the teams went to town for supplies, mail, and other things. Just how much of Mr. Woodward's money went along, he has never told. Suffice it to say that on Sunday he met the team well down the road and footed into camp with his precious little can of wary anglerworms from somebody's little garden spot far away.

On Monday he was to fish with Ralph, and the way in which that can of worms was forgotten when the boat pushed off down the swift current of the Manistee is a mystery, but they were, and, as fortune would have it, the trout rose that day splendidly. It was dark that night when these two anglers dropped from the wagon by the camp-fire, and we all knew from the peculiar tilt of Mr. Woodward's hat and the keen squint in his eye that "something was doing." On counting their catch for the day, the results were R. W. two in excess of R. W., and all done with flies. Entering his tent, Mr. Woodward was heard to remark to a small can of anglerworms near the entrance, "My little friends, you and I have parted company."

Next day, however, he weakened just a little. It was his day with me. He looked at that can fondly, with the remark, "I know some deep holes up the river where you would fit well; my love for you is not entirely dead, but I'll leave you for another day." About ten o'clock that morning we were surprised to see a man fishing the river just below us; a second look assured us that he wouldn't be in our way long, for he was a "plugger." Mr. Woodward was fishing well ahead of me, but I closed the gap between us as fast as I could to see these strangers of the same "lodge" meet. I really expected to see a salaam of some sort, not fewer than three perfectos and two anglerworms exchanged, and an invitation to dinner extended. But not so. With a "Good morning. What luck?" my friend passed this man by like an express train losing a freight train.

While sitting on the edge of our boat at noon eating our lunch, Mr. Woodward was about half-way down a slab of bread cut all the way across the loaf, when a trout leaped a couple of hundred yards up the river. That slab of bread was never finished. He grabbed his rod and struck off up against a ten-mile current nearly waist-deep after that trout. Unable to pull his floating creel along, he went without it. In fifteen minutes he was back. I asked him if he caught that fish, and if so, what had he done with it. He assured me he did; then he took the trout out from between his head and his hat, put it still alive in the live box, and went on fishing.

That evening by the camp-fire we told him his conversion was complete. He replied by saying, "No, but my emancipation is."

A feature of particular interest to all fishermen was our care of the fish we caught. We used only floating live boxes, which we tied to our belts. On leaving the river at night, our boats were put on the wagons, then the well in the boat was filled with water, the trout were transferred to it, and when we got to camp these live fish were

put into a live box in the river. For meals as many as were needed were taken out with a small net. In this way we fed fifteen people sufficient trout each day, and when we broke camp we turned loose over 250 trout from seven to fourteen inches long. There will be good fishing there next year.

The ladies of our party—Mrs. Widdicombe, Mrs. Lockwood, Miss Woodward, and Mrs. Batten—all became seasoned campers, and dealt out to us all the comforts and many of the luxuries of home; and while I know that it is the nature of the average woman to stop the clock of time, the general sentiment in parting seemed to be, another summer cannot come soon enough.

T. E. BATTEN.

An Outing in the Ozarks.

I am tired of planning and toiling
In the crowded hives of men;
Heart-weary of building and spoiling,
And spoiling and building again,
And I long for the dear old river,
Where I dreamed my youth away,
For a dreamer lives forever
And a toiler lives but a day.

THUS I mused as I sat at my desk one fine day in June, and decided right then I would go the very next day to one of the beautiful streams in the Ozarks. I called on my old friend, Col. Elder, a disciple of Izaak Walton, and as true a sportsman as ever cast fly or put gun to cheek. The Colonel being agreeable to a week's outing, by 7 o'clock the next morning we were aboard the Frisco, with baggage checked for St. Clair, Mo. Our destination was the hospitable home of Mr. Emil Mantels, on the banks of the Bourbeuse River, seven miles from St. Clair. At the farm we received a hearty welcome, and, having donned outing clothes and gotten fishing tackle together, were called to dinner. Our hostess made all kinds of excuses for not having time to prepare anything, but the table fairly groaned with the products of the farm.

This was not our first trip to the farm; we knew the lay of the land and headed for the boat landing. The Colonel is an expert carsman, and we were soon at a point where, in less than an hour, we had a bucket full of minnows that would discount any sure lure bait ever invented. Then we drifted down to the fishing ground; but it was early in the day and "nothing doing," so I climbed up on a big rock overhanging the river and, in a reaching position, gazed on the beautiful surroundings. A kingfisher would fly lazily by, and now and then a turtle would come to the top of the water and then disappear. Occasionally a bullfrog would croak in the distance.

The soft, balmy June breeze fanned my cheek as I looked out over the beautiful clear waters, and I thought of the old Indian legend our host had told us, "That whosoever drank of the water of the Bourbeuse would return again." My mind wandered back to the days of Hiawatha, Nocomus and the laughing Minnehaha, when, suddenly, I spied an Indian, dressed in war paint and with eagle feathers in hair, poke his head up over the rock. He came creeping toward me, nearer, nearer. I tried to call to the Colonel, but my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth. Closer came the savage. I could see his hideous countenance, and almost feel his hot breath on my cheek; he grabbed me by the throat. "Hal! Hal!" he cried, "I've got you."

I heard an awful splashing in the water below, and as I peered over the edge of the rock I beheld a sight that would make the blood of a sportsman tingle with ecstasy. The Colonel had hooked a four-pound bass, and it was putting up a royal fight.

After the fish was safely landed in the boat, I regained my seat and remarked to the Colonel that I must have been asleep on the rock. "Yes," he said, "I think so; you've been very quiet up there for the last hour and a half." Just then my cork started for the bottom of the river, and Colonel's followed suit. We both got busy, and for three hours had excellent sport. On reaching the boat landing, we transferred from our strings into the live box nine bass, two crappie, one channel cat and one eel.

The days following were one round of pleasure; with excursions over hills, down through the shady dells, and hunting and fishing. We were loath to go when it came time to do so. After thanking our host and hostess for the pleasures we had enjoyed during our short stay, we bade them good-bye and started on our journey home.

O. J. L.
St. Louis, Mo.

Horn Pouts in a Trout Pond.

Boston, Sept. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As a subscriber and interested reader of your columns, I take the liberty of trying to secure information and advice on a subject that is both puzzling and irritating, inasmuch as I have hitherto been unable to obtain much satisfaction.

I have a splendid trout pond of about ten acres in Vermont, fed by cold springs, gravelly bottom, with abundant food. A few years since horn pout were let into the waters by accident. They have become so numerous that I drew off the water last week at large expense, hoping to rid the pond of the pouts. I saved the trout and killed millions of pouts, but the larger ones in numerous quantities hid themselves in the mud or deposit on the bottom, which varies in thickness from one to two feet all over the pond.

The question that now puzzles me is to exterminate those concealed in the mud. Some have advised me that two months' time will kill them; others say a winter's freezing will be necessary to exterminate. I shall be glad to hear from expert advice.

HORN POUT.

To Broder's Cabin.

THE Red Gods called in the summer solstice, and an impaired constitution—the legacy of a two years' ramble in tropical America—cried for relief to the mountains, the tamaracks, and the balsam firs. The cattleman, Smith, companion of last year's outing to Klamath and Crater lakes, delicately hinted that a similar excursion would nicely fill out his programme for the present year, and Police Judge Edgar had intimated that a month spent in aboriginal simplicity with two or three boon companions in the heart of the Sierras would be the most satisfactory substitute for musty court rooms and harassing criminal problems of anything within the range of possibilities. In short, the pressure from different quarters became so strong that the writer succumbed, and after adjusting every business obstacle, nothing remained but to decide the route.

To the north the big trout of Klamath offered a strong temptation; but the lovely mountain meadows, the higher altitudes, and the incomparably grander scenery of the Kaweah and Kern River country appealed to our memories with irresistible power, and the morning of July 6 found us at the Santa Fe depot in Berkeley, on the way to Visalia. Arriving at our destination, we found Mr. Huntley, our host of two years ago, awaiting us with a carriage, and we were rapidly driven to his residence, two miles out on the Mineral King road. As we entered the fan-palm shaded driveway that leads to the mansion, we saw Mrs. Huntley standing in the doorway, who welcomed us with a gracious hospitality that placed us at once as much at our ease as if we had just arrived home, and after a hasty toilet we were ushered into the dining room, where we did ample justice to a bountiful repast.

The high summer temperature of this section had been duly considered when the mansion was built; great trees shaded its roof and broad verandahs encircled both lower and upper stories, our beds for the night being spread in the rear end of the latter to give us the full benefit of the little air that was stirring.

It was a glorious view that greeted our vision as we lay on our couches and looked toward the east. Sixty miles away, sharply defined against the clear, blue sky by the rising sun, the great range culminated in a series of peaks that represent the highest points in our country outside of Alaska. Saw Tooth Peak, over 13,000 feet, was plainly in view, but so lofty were many of the adjacent summits that we could only identify it by its singular shape.

Early in the day we drove to town for the necessary supplies for the trip, while the two lusty Huntley boys, Wilfred and Chester, the former of whom had decided to go with us, overhauled and repaired the kiacks.

Between Visalia and Lemon Cove there is 18 miles of valley road, the last half being through the dreaded "hog-wallow land," destitute of shade and blistering in the sun, while the next twelve miles to Three Rivers over low foothills are but little better. Two years ago Dexter and the writer had plodded over this on foot leading a pack-horse, sweltering in the heat and choking with dust and thirst; it was not a pleasant memory, and we determined to avoid it if possible. Arrangements were therefore made by which we were to be taken that night in a wagon to Three Rivers, where the boys were to meet us with the pack animals. This plan worked to perfection; we reached the citrus groves and little hamlet of Lemon Cove about 10 P. M., but all its inhabitants seemed to be in bed; not a light was visible even in the big brick hotel where Dexter and I had vainly endeavored to woo the drowsy god with the assistance of all the cooling drinks the place afforded, and at 12:30 we unhitched in Britten's corral at Three Rivers and spread our blankets beneath an oak tree, where we slept soundly until broad daylight.

Soon after sunrise the boys—who had traveled nearly all night—came in with a horse and three burros; two of the latter were heavily packed, and the others under saddle. It is thirty miles from Three Rivers to the Giant Forest, most of which is a stiff upward grade, but every mile of it took us into a cooler, more invigorating atmosphere, with colder and purer streams, and the last ten were in the tall timber of the Sierras, which we were longing for as the hunted deer longs for the water brooks.

We made a two days' trek of it, stopping the intervening night just within the park at a water trough where we had camped two years ago; the grade at this point ran for several miles along a steep side hill covered with chaparral; this made good browse for the burros, and we bought hay and grain for the horse from a freighter encamped there.

The next day we reached the Broder & Hoppin camp in the forest, and the ensuing three days were spent in this delightful retreat visiting the big trees, washing our clothes, and resting generally. The Park guards this season are a regiment of colored cavalry, the same who did such gallant service at San Juan Hill. Some of the officers were white, and some colored, and the commanding officer, Captain Hamilton, was said to be a son-in-law of General Chaffee.

On my previous visit to the Park I had been puzzled to account for the scarcity of deer there, in a region well adapted to their wants and rigidly protected. Later I heard it asserted by several individuals that while the soldiers allowed no civilians to shoot there, which was perfectly proper, they never neglected to kill them themselves at every opportunity, something which I think the Government did not contemplate; one man stating that seventy-five dry hides were sent out from one camp. So much for hearsay, now for facts. When we were there two years ago, we did not see a deer in the Park or hear of one being seen. This year they can be seen almost every day within sight of the tents of the Broder camp, which speaks well for the fidelity of the colored troopers.

The Government has completed a wagon road into the forest as far as Moro Rock that necessitated heavy blasting in many places, and short ladders have been placed upon the rock itself to facilitate the ascent. A substantial picket fence has been erected around the General Sherman sequoia, and several new trails made. Parties were coming and going every day, and Broder had more than thirty pack mules out with tourists.

We had intended to go from here to the King's River

Cañon, but the late rains, so essential to the growth of the summer grasses, having failed to materialize this year, feed was reported to be very scarce in that section, and on the 14th we started for Alta Meadows, nine miles distant and 3,000 feet higher than the forest. We arrived there early in the day, and how glad I was to see them once again. There they lay before us in all their pristine loveliness, with their wonderful profusion and variety of flowers, the fairyland home of the butterfly, hummingbird, and water ousel. Here around the campfire of two years ago had gathered that galaxy of brilliant men—Merriam, Muir, Wittell, and Keith; here Dexter and the writer had sought to renew their youth by a snowball game just above on the summit of Alta Peak.

There is a sharp descent on either side of the Alta range; our packs were still quite heavy, and the climb had been so severe on the burros that we decided to relieve them somewhat by taking the horse, a gentle, powerful animal, although rather too large and clumsy for mountain trails. Beautiful as Alta was, it was lacking in some of the attractions we were seeking; there was no fishing there, and, being within the Park, no hunting was permitted. Starting early the next morning, we soon reached the Park line, where a squad of cavalry were encamped, who broke the seals to our guns, and the Judge started out ahead to look for deer. The trail now took down the Buck Cañon, one of the steepest and most difficult in that section. The horse, unused to the pack, made poor headway, and finally slipping from the narrow path fell, rolled over a couple of times, and brought up against a large fallen tree about fifty feet below, with the pack under him and his feet helplessly in the air. Fortunately he escaped with a few slight bruises, and after removing the pack we soon had him again on the trail, but in the fracas the writer was thrown violently to the ground, and striking his knee against a rock, was so badly crippled that he was obliged to take to the saddle, and the accident ultimately changed the programme of the trip.

We had now reached the haunts of the blue grouse and mountain quail; in the high pines and firs we found the former fairly abundant, and every meadow had its colony of quail, while along the trail a few deer tracks indicated that some of these had ventured beyond the confines of the Park. But a few deer tracks do not always assure venison, and after dropping down over 3,000 feet we made camp in a clump of sequoias at the edge of a little wet meadow. The Judge came in hungry and tired, having hunted faithfully all day without seeing a hoof. For several years past the most of the deer in this country have for some unknown reason forsaken the higher altitudes for an elevation of 4,000 or 5,000 feet, and are much more abundant in the vicinity of the Kaweah power house than they are in the more remote and higher sections, where there would seem to be more security.

Our next camp was at Cliff Creek, a fine, clear, rapid stream, well stocked with trout and environed by magnificent timber and bare, rocky cliffs many hundreds of feet high. Its only drawback was a dearth of feed, and for that reason we stayed but one night.

The next day we climbed up through the forest that abounded with blue grouse to the top of Timber Gap, and looked down upon the cabins of Mineral King, 2,000 feet below us. As we descended we passed the ruins of the quartz mill that first brought this district into prominence, and from which it received its name. The rise and fall of the Mineral King mining district, with all its skyrocket effects, has had many duplicates, both here and in Nevada, but there were some features connected with it that merit at least a passing notice. The district came into prominence in 1878, when a number of well to do men, few if any, however, being experienced miners, had built a road in from the valley and erected a ten-stamp quartz mill. The rock assayed well, and seemed to be in unlimited quantities; there was plenty of water and timber, and although the elevation was 8,000 feet, a town sprang up almost in a night in true mining camp style, with one long street up the cañon, three hotels, saloons, etc., and about 1,500 inhabitants. The mine itself was nearly a thousand feet higher and had a kind of a double wire trolley arrangement by which the ore was conveyed to the mill, the weight of the descending loaded buckets pulling up the empties.

Everything went on swimmingly until after a couple of months' run a batch of the supposed bullion was taken down for assay, when it was found that all the precious metal it contained could be put into a small baking powder can, the antimony and arsenic in the ore having so sickened the quicksilver used in amalgamating that it destroyed its separating qualities, and nothing had been saved.

The result was that the people got out of there even faster than they had gone in; winter was approaching, with its snowfall of from ten to twenty feet, and a kind of the devil-take-the-hindmost stampede ensued, only five or six deciding to hibernate there until spring. This prompt action doubtless saved many lives, for during the winter a snow-slide swept the mill, all of the hotels, and most of the other buildings, into the bottom of the cañon, 100 feet below, practically wiping out the whole town.

All this took place twenty-five years ago, but as we passed the ruins of the mill it was interesting to note the terrible havoc wrought by the avalanche. The 50 horsepower engine, protected by the overhanging wall of the ledge, out of which a portion of the mill site had been blasted, had escaped with the loss of most of its lighter attachments; but everything else had been swept away. The 4-inch wrought iron cam shaft was bent into an ox-bow; the great mortar blocks five feet square, twelve feet long, and bolted down with 2-inch iron rods, had been torn out and carried many rods down the hill. Of the pulleys, nothing remained but the hubs, and the amalgamating pans, six feet in diameter, of heavy boiler-plate, were twisted out of all recognition, and some of them had been carried to the creek bed, 400 yards away.

We did not stay long at Mineral King, of which more anon, but pushed on over the divide to the headwaters of the Little Kern, and early in the afternoon of July 21 we drew up our animals in front of the Broder cabin. As we crossed Farewell Gap we found the same huge snow-drift, or one just like it, that we had traveled over two years ago, and below it the flower beds of lupins, Mari-

posa lilies, columbines, etc., that were there then, except that they were a little less gorgeous this time, either because we were two weeks earlier or from the failure of the usual late spring rains. Up to this time the weather in the mountains had been delightful, not even a shower to discommode those traveling without tents; but clouds had begun to gather away in the direction of Mt. Whitney, and we could hear the low muttering of distant thunder as we lifted the kiacks from the burros and placed them beneath the friendly roof.

Two years' wear and tear with no repairs had made some changes for the worse in the interior of the Broder cabin; the bunk we had used by night and the table at which we eat had both been partially dismantled, and probably used for fire-wood by some storm-bound tourists or hunters, and some of the chinking blocks had gone the same way; but the roof was in a good state of preservation, and the fireplace still serviceable.

Our first care was to cut enough boughs for our couches from the silver firs that grew everywhere about us, and then the rods were jointed for a cast in the waters of the Little Kern, a stream which, small though it was at this point, always had an inexhaustible supply of trout. It was here that the piscatorial talents of Wilfred, the boy of the party, blazed forth with most effulgent ray; all the rest of us were easily distanced in the contest, and in a couple of hours we secured over 30 fine trout, as many as we had any present use for. My unfortunate knee had not healed as rapidly as I had hoped for, and climbing among the rocks of the creek became so painful that I was obliged to give up fishing for the remainder of the trip; the loss, however, was only that of my own sport, as one man could easily supply our camp from this prolific stream.

The next day we had our first thunder storm. They began about two weeks earlier than usual, and occurred nearly every day during the remainder of our stay in the mountains. There was no day during which there was not more or less sunshine, but the storm sometimes lasted several hours, with a heavy precipitation that seriously impaired the fishing.

Eighteen miles east of the Broder cabin by a direct but very steep trail, or thirty-five by a circuitous but much easier one, there is a body of water about a mile long and one-quarter as wide; it is called Kern Lake, and was created about twenty-five years ago by a landslide that dammed the Kern River. It abounds in large trout that lurk among the sunburned logs and stumps that furnish them with admirable retreats and destroy the angler's tackle at the same time. There is good fishing from its banks, but several parties have packed in canvas boats, and there is an old dugout there that can, by industrious bailing, still be kept afloat.

It had been our intention to visit this lake and cast for some of the lunkers known to be there, but the unexpected early rains, coupled with my own crippled condition, and the fact that we had no tent, was sure to make the trip over the now slippery trails one of discomfort and possible danger; there was plenty of trout where we were; not so large, perhaps, but equally palatable, and coming, as we did, solely for health and pleasure, we did not care to include in the trip any more disagreeable features than were necessary, and as none of the party would consent to go and leave me behind, it was decided to turn back and spend the balance of our vacation at Mineral King. Fate had again decreed that the Broder cabin should be the limit of our wanderings, and on the morning of the 24th we brought in the burros and started up toward the Gap. The brush was still wet with the last shower, but the sun was shining gloriously, woodchucks were sunning themselves on the rocks that overhung their burrows, and mother quail sounded an alarm note to their half-grown broods as we climbed the steep ascent, but long before we reached the summit the clouds were again pouring down upon us a cold, pitiless deluge of rain and hail that chilled to the bone both man and beast. Farewell Gap, however, is a barrier that the earlier rains seldom cross, and once well down on the other side, we rode out of the storm into the sunshine again, and this, the most unpleasant experience of the whole trip, became only a memory.

We made camp at Mineral King that night in a tamarack grove that sloped gently down to the bank of the stream. It was an ideal spot, and the surroundings were so agreeable that we determined to stop a week there. The trees were not so thick but that the grasses, flowers, and strawberry plants grew like a carpet among them; hummingbirds and butterflies were flitting constantly from flower to flower; several of the little rodents locally known as tamarack squirrels were our nearest reliable neighbors. The stream was a favorite haunt of the water ousel, and although it was unmercifully whipped by the constant stream of tourists and summer residents, a few fine trout could always be taken by the skillful caster that were larger and of a more delicate flavor than were those of the Little Kern. All about us were hundreds of acres of pasturage, guarded on the sides and upper end by ranges thousands of feet high, and at the lower end where the road came in by a gateway and a short line of fence that spanned a narrow space in the cañon; stock could be turned loose without rope or hobble; and to our horse who, bred in the valley, detested mountains, or the burros who never voluntarily ascended any place over fifty feet high, it was as secure as the valley of Sinbad.

To the east, giant Saw Tooth reared its mighty peak 5,000 feet above our heads; its summit was probably nearly four miles away as the crow flies, but it seemed to overshadow the camp. While it is much more difficult to climb than Mt. Whitney, it has often been successfully ascended from Mineral King. Zerah and the Judge made a gallant attempt to scale it, but failed after they had reached the tooth, 1,000 feet from the summit, which is almost perpendicular. At an elevation of 11,000 feet they found two small sheets of water known as the Monarch lakes, in one of which many large trout could be seen. Two precious hours were wasted in a cave where they had sought refuge from a shower, and the sun had set when they turned their reluctant steps downward.

It was a lotus-eating life we lived that week in the tamarack grove. There was nothing of the bustle about camp that characterized our nomadic days. More than once old Sol peeped over the crest of Saw Tooth and

found us still in our blankets, idly watching the birds and squirrels among the trees, or dozing to the music of the murmuring stream. A few yards away there gushed out from under a large rock a soda spring, whose cold, sparkling, pungent waters we relished exceedingly. There were other mineral springs about us—sulphur, iron, and even arsenic—but we regarded them as mostly medicinal, and for a beverage always turned to the first.

Breakfast under the above conditions was invested with a delightful uncertainty that would have appealed to the most romantic temperament. The first to arise was expected to build the fire and get on the coffee; later arrivals dropped into such positions in the department as happened to be vacant. It was only when fried cakes were to appear in the breakfast menu that anything like method was discernible; the privilege of making these had by a unanimous verdict been assigned to the Judge, who, with only a short practical experience, had developed a deftness and grace in flipping slapjacks that was as surprising as it was mysterious, and which Zerah and I, whose judgment from many years' experience in that direction was entitled to some consideration, pronounced nearly perfect. The probable source of this elicited much active discussion, Zerah being inclined to regard it as an innate proposition, while the writer confidently asserted that it was the result of the Judge's long and successful career as a technical contortionist in adapting knotty legal situations to harmonize with his own views. A personal appeal to the Judge himself did not elucidate matters, his explanation being regarded as preposterous. In the early days of California mining, an expert at this art was entitled to some perquisites and privileges not accorded his less fortunate contemporaries, and it was stated that the highest grade of operators were able to toss a cake up the chimney and running outside to catch it right side up in the frying-pan before it reached the ground. It was a mistake of ours that the Judge was not submitted to this crucial test while we were at the Broder cabin.

After breakfast had been served on the great flat rock that answered for a table, Wilfred usually jointed his rod and quietly faded away in the brush along the stream, as it was no light task for even a good angler to supply the necessary amount of brain food for four hungry men from the educated denizens of Mineral King Creek. The writer, although confined rather closely to camp, found an abundance of entertainment about him. There was plenty of reading matter, and when this grew irksome, it was interesting to watch the tourists who were coming and going every day, and could be seen for miles as they toiled up the trails to Timber or Farewell Gaps. The wild life about us was a never-ending source of pleasure. The blue grouse seemed to be well posted on the game laws, and brought their full-fledged broods boldly down to the stream within a few yards of camp; one full-grown approached within thirty feet of the fire, and for many minutes watched our operations with the greatest interest from the lower limb of a tamarack, a rather unusual proceeding, even in the close season. It is only fair to observe, however, by way of explanation, that the Judge at that moment was executing his inimitable pancake act.

We were a short distance below the majority of the tents and cabins that clustered about the stuffy little store; the average number of people being about seventy-five, some stopping only a day or two, and others for the season. Among these we found Dr. Montgomery and Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, of Lemon Cove, who had been our associates at the Broder cabin on a stormy night two years ago.

Three times a week the stage came in bringing the mail, and then everybody hastened to the store to hear old Mr. Cutter call off the letters. The fact that a large majority never expected a letter made not the slightest difference; they were just as anxious to get there.

On the morning of July 31 we broke camp and started for Grunegen's Ranch, eighteen miles away on the steep down-grade that leads to Visalia, where we arrived early in the afternoon, and spent the night, the next day's drive of twelve miles landing us again at Three Rivers, where we found Chester Huntley awaiting us with a two-seated wagon and a span of horses. The delightful climate of Mineral King had now been replaced by the torrid heat of the citrus belt, and while Chester started homeward with the burros early in the afternoon, we waited until nearly sunset before following in the wagon. At 11 P. M. we drove in under the giant oaks of the Huntley domain, to find Mr. and Mrs. H. awaiting our arrival; a bountiful supper was already spread for our refreshment, after which we gladly sought our couches on the upper veranda to dream of our return to the Broder cabin.

FORKED DEER.

A Monster Cod.

UNDER this heading, Mr. E. D. T. Chambers speaks of a cod taken off the Gaspé Coast which weighed 74 pounds. While this is a large fish, still a great many much larger have been taken. On pages 138 and 139 of Vol. I., Section 5, of Brown Goode's Report of Fisheries, it is stated that on Bank Bradley occasionally one would be taken as large as a porpoise, weighing 70 to 80 pounds; and considerable numbers of cod weighing nearly 100 pounds each were taken as late as 1879, ten to fourteen miles from Point Miscou. It is also stated that these large fish were only taken at night; trawls set in the daytime caught only small fish. On page 220 of Section 1 of the Fishing Industry of the United States by the same author, we are told that Captain King Harding, of Swampscott, took one weighing 101 pounds. On July 22, 1873, Miss Fannie Belis, of St. Louis, on board of yacht United States, caught a cod weighing 130 pounds. Captain G. H. Marten caught off Chatham a codfish which weighed dressed 111 pounds. Captain Stephen Marr, of Gloucester, saw a cod taken on George's Bank which, after being evacuated, weighed 136 pounds. Captain N. E. Atwood, on the same page, tells of seeing one which weighed 160 pounds. This fish he describes as being "not much larger than an ordinary fish weighing 75 pounds, but very thick." The father of the writer bought a cod taken on a hand-line off Isle au Haut by Captain Andrew Lunt, of Brewer, Me., which weighed 112 pounds. M. HARDY.

* * * The current number of Game Laws in Brief gives laws of all States and Provinces. Price 25 cents.

Fish Chat.

BY EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

Coloration of Fish.

I HAVE at different times presented my views in FOREST AND STREAM in relation to the coloration of trout, etc., claiming that mere coloration, no matter how varied it may be among different specimens, should not be regarded as of sufficient importance to justify separating certain groups into distinct varieties. This opinion I advanced pretty fully in the issue of July 23 last. A short time after the article was printed, I received several letters from valued correspondents in which the opinions I had expressed were indorsed in no uncertain language. One of the gentlemen who wrote me—I wish I had permission to use his name here—says:

"I am perfectly delighted with all you say about peculiarly marked trout. With all you say I entirely agree, because my own experience and observation force me to the same conclusion. A man knows little of fish who places any great stress on their coloration. * * * Like yourself, I have handled the trout of Maine, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Quebec, and Massachusetts, in all kinds of lakes, rivers, streams, ponds, brooks and estuaries (salt water), but have never found among them any such differences in markings and colors as would lead a fairly intelligent man to class them as separate varieties, much less into different species. * * * We have here a number of lakes and streams in which trout are taken differing from each other in shape and colors much more than the 'sea trout' in salt water differs from one that never smelt salt water.

"So far as my own researches into the causes of this have guided my opinions, I attribute the difference more to the colors of the bottom than to any other cause. Of one thing I am convinced—change the habitat of trout and you change the coloration."

I make this liberal extract from my friend's letter, not because it is an indorsement of my views, although as such it is very pleasant to me, but chiefly that I may put on record an opinion which, it seems to me, ought to be public property.

In addition to the facts I presented in the article above referred to, I would offer still another. A number of years ago I visited the studio of an artist in Boston, who had, although comparatively young, achieved considerable fame from the merits of his still-life pictures. I cannot now recall his name, but will say it was not our old friend Walter M. Brackett, whose paintings of fish have given him a world-wide reputation. Among the pictures he had recently painted was one of a six-pound Rangeley trout. The coloration of the fish he had painted was simply gorgeous. I have, first and last, handled great numbers of those trout, but among them all not one, so far as I could remember, approached in hardly any degree that magnificent coloration. The drawing of the fish was superb—every fin ray, eyes, gill covers, almost the minute scales, even, being depicted with absolute fidelity. But the color! It seemed to me it was altogether too brilliant. As I paused before the painting in closest scrutiny, the artist asked me how I liked his trout. I replied that I thought the painting was a remarkably fine piece of work, but if I dared to criticise it I should say it was altogether too highly colored.

"It may seem so to you," he answered, but the coloration is an exact reproduction from nature, and here is the original study," he continued, taking down from a shelf a small painting. "I made this at the Upper Dam last fall, its accuracy can be vouched for by all who were in camp at the time." I replied I did not question its accuracy, but I had never before seen a trout in such gorgeous livery.

This incident occurred in June. In the following September I was at the Upper Dam, and while I was there the artist, Mr. Coolidge—I now remember his name—arrived, he being an ardent angler as well as painter. A day or two subsequent to his arrival I took a trout in the pool at the end of the quick water below the dam which was of about the size of the one he had painted, and the coloration was fully as brilliant. Never have I before or since seen two such magnificently hued fish in those waters. They had all the gorgeousness of the most brilliant nuptial dress, multiplied tenfold, if such an expression is allowable. The eyes of the artist glistened triumphantly as he gazed upon my beautiful prize. It seemed, as he afterward said, as if I had caught it to substantiate the statement he had made concerning the other fish.

Ordinarily the large trout taken in those waters, even at the close of the season, are far from being beautiful fish, so far as form and color go, and the two I have named were exceptions to the rule. It is not impossible that some writers on viewing my fish when laid side by side with one of every-day colors, would class them as quite distinct varieties, but to an old Rangeley angler they could not be reckoned as such.

In Lake Edward, and in some of the other P. Q. lakes, the majority of the trout are very handsomely colored, even long before the nuptial dress is assumed; but among them all the difference in coloration is not sufficient to class any as varieties.

I have taken trout in Lake Edward quite early in the season—almost as soon as the ice went out, in fact—and more than half of them were very highly colored. I have often wondered at this fact, for the season for spawning had not many months past, and the belief is that after the spawn is cast the fish not only lose their bright lines, but also have a gaunt, dishevelled look, so to speak. The bright colored fish I creeled were plump and well-conditioned, and I can account for this only by the belief that some of those trout do not spawn annually; or in other words, they do not all mature their ova in the same year.

Anglers and others who are interested in our game fishes, will add much to our fund of information concerning them if they will look into this matter and have the question settled once for all whether the salmon and trout spawn annually or biennially.

Coloration of Black Bass.

Every black bass angler has noticed the great variation of color that exists in these fish in different localities. Sometimes bass are creeled from the same water varying all the way from a yellowish brown to a dingy black. I have seen dozens of such bright fish, almost as light

colored as white perch, which have been a long time in fresh water—I do not mean the bass were silvery in color, but yellowish to brown in their varicolors—taken from the wharves at Detroit, Mich. At first I could not identify them as black bass, they were so different from any I had seen. Just across the river, however, at Windsor, fish of very much more sombre hues were being landed, and even after laying specimens of each catch side by side and comparing them, I could hardly be reconciled to the belief that they were of the same species, i. e., the small-mouthed black bass. Although those fish were separated only by the river, which is not wide at that point, the separation seemed sufficient to cause the difference in color, and this proves that my correspondent and I are right in our belief that "a change of habitat produces change of coloration." In many of the ponds of Plymouth county, Mass., one takes variously colored bass, ranging all the way between the colors I have named, some on fine sandy bottoms being extremely bright, while those from more muddy or rocky bottoms are, as a rule, much more darkly colored.

It may be fancy on my part, but it has always seemed to me that the bass taken over bright bottoms were more gamy than those over darker ones. They seem to make stronger runs and leap more frequently and higher than do the others. They do not wander about very much even in the same pond; they seem to be local in their habits, quite home lovers, and the bright ones, consequently, are not often taken in the localities in which the others domicile themselves. All this, of course, is meant to apply to such ponds as I have named. In rivers they seem to follow the current considerably, but not so rapidly as one would suppose. I knew of a lot of these fish which escaped from a protected pond into a river, and it was over two years before any were caught at a point not much over two miles from the place in which they entered the stream.

Does the Black Bass Always Hibernates?

I think not, and for the following reason, although Scott and some other writers describe it as a hibernating species: I have more than once taken good fish through holes in the ice when fishing for pickerel, the bait used being a live minnow. On one occasion I, with some friends, had a number of lines set in a pond in eastern Massachusetts, and during the day the flags were tilted quite as often by big yellow perch as by pickerel, and now and then a black bass was drawn up through the holes, greatly to the surprise of all who were present.

Those bass were strong, active fish, and had no appearance of having been awakened from a hibernating sleep. Mr. Scott cites several instances of the bass being torpid in the winter, hiding in crevices of submerged ledges. There were no rocks in the pond I refer to, the bottom being of clear sand and gravel, the only deposit of mud in it being around the borders, where aquatic plants flourished in the summer months. Whether these fish abandon the habit of semi-hibernation in such localities as this pond, I cannot say; but those we caught were as lively as any taken in the summer, and well-conditioned, too.

Vari-Colored Tautog.

Variation of color of tautog, or blackfish, is often quite marked. Prof. Goode, in his valuable work on fishes, figures a specimen which must have been quite gray in color, with the irregular markings peculiar to this species, and I have taken several as light as the one he figures.

Well-conditioned tautog are often of a yellowish green, or rather light green color on their sides, and I have occasionally seen them almost yellow. Ordinarily, however, the dingy black prevails. And here again we see the effect environment has on coloration. Those tautog which are taken in deep, clear water are much brighter than those creeled from water which is constantly filled with sediment and mud. Thus the tautog caught from the surf-beaten cliffs which are surrounded by the pure water of the ocean are brighter colored and more gamy than those taken in the water of the harbor. Those fish which the angler delights to conquer from the great rocks of Eastern Point, Gloucester, seem to be different in every way from those taken in the harbor, just as the tautog which are caught over the kelp-covered sunken ledges off Cohasset are incomparably brighter, stronger and more gamy than those taken in the muddy water of Weymouth River not many miles distant.

Change in Color of Pickerel.

Every old pickerel fisherman has noticed the great variety of coloration that is found in a day's catch of these fish. This diversity of color has led to considerable error among writers, causing them to classify and describe some half dozen species when they were all identically the same. I have taken pickerel in ponds in Massachusetts which varied all the way in color from a golden sheen on their sides to a dingy, dirty gray. In the same body of water, and perhaps not five rods apart, one captures a bright golden fish and the next will be muddy colored, and as ugly shaped as it is colored. In a great stretch of meadows around the lower in the Schoodic Lake system, where the bottom of the water is of a deposit of alluvium brought there in years long past by the rivers and brooks which empty into the lake, the pickerel are almost invariably dirty gray on their sides. I have taken great numbers in that lake, some of them of large size, but none showed the bright coloration exhibited in fish caught over a cleaner bottom.

Per contra, there is an extensive range of meadows in Massachusetts through which a sluggish river meanders, tapping here and there wide trenches which have muddy bottoms throughout, the bed of the river being mostly of gravel. In the trenches the pickerel vary in color from very bright to dingy, while in the river they are generally light in color, almost yellowish, with beautifully graduated marks and bars of different shades of brown. Pickerel, as a rule, do not wander very much; each individual seems to be content to remain in his own lurking place, and this fact seems to show that the environment does not always affect the coloration of the fish.

Coloration of Deep Sea Fish.

If one stands on the wharves where "bankers" and other deep sea fishermen land their cargoes, he will notice that the cod are of a great variety of coloration, ranging from light yellow to dark grayish brown. I have asked the

fishermen what, in their opinion, was the cause of this variation, and while many professed ignorance in the matter, most of them said the change was due to the bottom over which the cod were feeding. Haddock also show this variation, but not in such high degree as the other. Pollock do not show much difference in coloration; in a hundred of these fish of all sizes, one can detect but slight variation. This may be accounted for perhaps by the fact that they are mostly surface feeders, and as their range is wide their coloration is not affected by the character of the bottom any more than is that of mackerel, bluefish, squeteague, etc.

Apropos of pollock, I find, according to the last Fisheries Report, that it ranks third in importance among the commercial fishes caught last year in the Dominion waters. In the preceding Report there is printed the following strong protest against the destruction of pollock by dynamite:

"The methods employed by many avaricious fishermen this year on the pollock grounds at Grand Manan have been the subject of much sharp and bitter criticism all through the Maritime Provinces. I refer to the killing of them by exploding dynamite cartridges in their midst, by which means, no doubt, half of the fish are lost to the fishermen by their not coming to the surface after the explosion. A law should be enacted prohibiting the landing of fish killed by dynamite, and also the fitting out of boats for this unpopular method of fishing. It is the unanimous desire that this dynamiting should be stamped out completely, and it seems that a law as outlined above would be effective."

Diligent inquiry among fishermen, conducted as quietly as possible, seems to lead to the belief that this nefarious method of capturing the pollock still exists. Of course, no one will say outright that, of his own knowledge, it is still carried on; but such an inference may readily be drawn. If it is continued, there may be a necessity for combined efforts on the part of the American and Dominion governments, for it is a serious menace to one of our most valuable food fishes, which, according to the report above named, shows in the catch of that year a decrease of about 4,000 quintals less than that of the preceding year.

Fishes at the World's Fair.

The fish tribe have the advantage of having a special building devoted to their interests, that of the United States Fisheries Commission. There the young of the black-spotted trout, brook trout, shad, and other species may be seen, and the process of hatching them witnessed. Around the building is a covered gallery or closed arcade lined with aquaria, those on one side being for fresh water fish, such as trout (black-spotted, rainbow, lake, Dolly Varden, brook or speckled, and the imported Loch Leven and brown), whitefish, maskinongé, pike-perch, pike, golden ide, goldfish, catfish, paddle fish, buffalo fish, carp, lake sturgeon, and numerous kinds of gar, bass, catfish, sunfish and perch. Among the brook trout are a number of albinos. A portion of this exhibit is by the State of Illinois.

The salt-water aquaria contain the sheepshead, conger eel, triggerfish, mullet, sea catfish, pigfish, squirrelfish, coney, channel bass, Nassau grouper, the tautog, with its almost human lips; the winter flounder, flat as a sheet of paper, and effacing itself in the sand, from which it scarcely differs in color; the curious triangular trunkfish, marked with conventional star-shaped patterns, as if dressed in calico; the toadfish, an ugly fellow, bearing a striking resemblance to his terrestrial namesake; and the angelfish, of the Gulf coast, with its great wing-like fins which give it some resemblance to the fallen variety of angel at least. There are also lobsters, terrapin, hermit crabs, horseshoe crabs, blue or edible crabs, living conch shells, and various other forms of marine life, to say nothing of the vitoscopic pictures elsewhere that one can hardly believe to be other than living.

In the middle of the building is a tank belonging to the State of New Jersey, in which terrapin swim and crawl

and a number of seals bask, swim and frolic, to the great delight of all visitors, to whom their almost human intelligence is a constant source of wonder.

Somewhat similar, and equally popular, is the tank in the Forestry building filled with beavers from Canada, who are constantly swimming to and fro with their flat, spade-like tails, gnawing sticks, or attempting to build them up into dams, delicately washing their food, or otherwise making themselves interesting.

There are several exhibits of living fish in the same building, most notable of which are those of Pennsylvania and Missouri. The Missouri aquaria illustrate several of the brilliant successes of the Government fish propagation work. Besides fish native to the State, like the black bass, grass pike, croppie, sunfish, bullhead and channel catfish, and the imported German mirror and leather carp, to say nothing of inedible species like the dogfish and gar, there is a fine exhibit of rainbow trout and brook trout from the mountain streams of the Ozark region which have been successfully stocked. The rainbow trout now ascend the Missouri streams every spring. They have become abundant in the Niangu River (including Lake Hahatonka), the Merrimac springs and Blue Springs, on the Merrimac River, and are frequently found in the Current River.

The brook trout are found in the Merrimac, Piney, and Gascondy, and even the grayling, which is of very recent introduction, is beginning to appear.

Bequest of a Trout Pocket.

DENVER, Colo., Sept. 8.—Last fall, just a little later in the season than the present, I was coming up from Chama, in the southern part of the State, to Denver. In order to make time, I had taken a Denver and Rio Grande freight train, which promised to land me in Alamosa in time for connection with an early north-bound passenger. As we approached the summit of Cumbres pass, some 10,000 feet in altitude, the drawhead of a flat car parted, and I missed that Alamosa train by several hours. But I do not regret the delay; it opened up to me one of the finest trout streams it has ever been my good fortune to visit. I have never said a word about it to a soul, promising in my own mind to again visit the spot and have a "hack" at those handsome fat fellows. It came about this way:

The delay necessitated the despatch from Chama of a wrecking crew. Jack, the jolly conductor, "allowed" that this would mean three or four hours waste of time. Mike, the witty Irish "brakie," hazarded that we might kill the time and a few likely trout for the home folks if we only had a piece of string and a few threads of colored yarn, there being no flies in the caboose commissary. Luckily, I had half a dozen royal-coachmen in my pocketbook, given me by an enthusiastic sportsman a few days previous, and Mike scrimmaged up a few yards of coarse wrapping twine. A heavy jack-knife soon converted a couple of willow wands into six-foot rods, and, with a battery of three royals each, we were soon casting in the narrow little creek a few rods from the railroad track. It is Wolf Creek, I think.

The water was so low that one could stride the brook in many places, but there were some deep holes. The cold nights had given the stream a frappé temperature, the frosts had killed off most of the flies and bugs, and those gentle trout were just lying in wait for Mike and me.

It was something like taking prize candy from the neighbor's baby. Talk about rises. Why, those little scamps just fell over each other and broke off fins in their efforts to be "next" first. A couple of crocus sacks served as creels, and they were in requisition from the moment we hit the stream. Approach a deep pool from the shady side, drop the flies gently, and start to draw them back. There was a rush as of a myriad hungry fellows, and, after a short play, in would wriggle three little beauties. Not so little, either, as trout go, for some of them measured thirteen inches, and very few were less than nine. Back into the same pool again, and the

first operation was repeated. Never saw such avid little devils, and yet they were not thin and skinny. Nearly every one was of the native variety, and they fought like Japanese soldiers. A strange thing was that in some of the pools one would not get a single rise, though the little fellows could be seen swimming about in happy abandon, while in the next pool we could not feed 'em artificial flies fast enough. Four times within two hours I made a three-ply killing, and rested with forty-seven to my credit. I am sure that another trout would have run me over the limit, though I did not weigh my catch. As to Mike—well, I am constrained to write him down a "game hog." He said he was "fishing for the babies" at home and the neighbors, too, and that he did not have such an opportunity more'n once a year, and durned if he wasn't going to get all that was comin' to him." And he did—some ten pounds over the limit. However, he had to divide with the conductor and engineer, and his claim that they had "fished vicariously," though he did not quite express it that way, had much to do with lulling my conscience into forgiveness.

A ten-year-old freckle-faced boy who could not kill the limit in three hours on that stream should be spanked and sent to bed without supper. I had intended saving this pretty streamlet that flows into Chama River for my own and the delectation of a few friends, but I am leaving Colorado's gold-girt mountains and purling streams next week, so I bequeath it to him who will. The place is far away from the usual haunts of man; there is only a section house at the summit of the pass, and few, indeed, are they who loiter that way. May my knowledge benefit some brother reader of FOREST AND STREAM.

DILWORTH CHOATE.

Susquehanna River Fishing Notes.

SAYRE, Pa., Sept. 10.—Reports say that for some time past illegal fishing has been daily indulged in on the Susquehanna from Ulster to the State line. Tuesday evening, September 6, Special Game and Fish Inspector W. E. Shoemaker, of Laceyville, assisted by policeman Spencer Brougham, of Sayre, rounded up a company of illegal anglers consisting of J. Hall, Al. Cohn, J. M. Hoose, and J. E. Bliser, and before Justice Murray, of Sayre, the first named pair paid a fine and costs amounting to \$30. The last named paid a like sum, and in addition the cost of a suit of clothes which officer Shoemaker ruined in effecting the capture of Hoose, who endeavored to elude the officer by jumping into the river. Shoemaker is made of the right metal, and promptly followed his man into the water, effecting his capture at the point of a revolver.

Later the same evening officer Shoemaker captured Edward A. Cole and his son Claude, who had in their boat an illegal gig and two rock bass. Cole and his son plead "not guilty," and qualified in the sum of \$200 to appear before Justice Murray September 13 for trial.

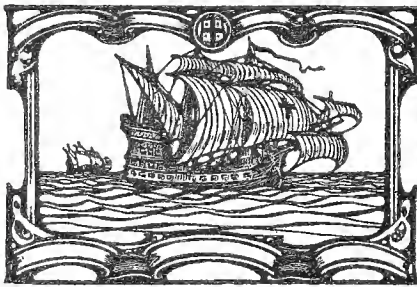
If this preliminary move against the fish law violators results in the disruption of the notorious combine that has for several months operated along the Susquehanna, it will be heartily appreciated by all law-abiding anglers.

Ideal fishing conditions continue to prevail in Susquehanna waters, and the bass are biting plenty good.

M. CHILL.

A Pittsfield Set Line.

EMILE JARDAN, Louis J. Marcelle and Carl Bölzer were in the district court of Pittsfield, Mass., the other day, reports the Springfield Republican, charged with violating the fish and game laws. The complainants were Game Warden W. K. Henry and Special Police Officer Worth Stearns. The officers found the defendants fishing in Onota Lake Sunday morning at 4 o'clock, using a line 1,000 feet long, on which were 200 hooks. The defendants pleaded guilty. A fine of \$20 is the minimum in a case of this kind, and the court fixed the fine on Marcelle, with the agreement that Jordan should pay half the amount, which he did. Bolzer, who had no part in setting the line, was fined \$2.50.



YACHTING



TRIAL RACES FOR CANADA'S CUP CHALLENGER.

It is more than probable that American-designed and built yachts will participate in two, if not three, international events in 1905. The Royal Canadian Y. C. has already accepted the Rochester Y. C.'s challenge for the Canada's cup; the Oshkosh Y. C. has filed a challenge with the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., and unless a challenge is received from an English club, it is likely the former will be accepted; and Sir Thomas Lipton has signified a willingness to have another try for the America's cup, provided he can find a designer to whom he can intrust the work of turning out a worthy challenger.

Of the three events, the races for the Canada's cup will be of the greatest benefit to yachting in general. The rules under which the contesting boats are designed are reasonably sure to produce vessels of good speed and permanent value, as was exemplified in the cases of Strathcona and Irondequoit, the last two contenders for the trophy.

The challenging and defending clubs have decided on smaller boats for the next contest, and the size adopted—30-footers—has met with general approval, and we believe the reduction in size was a sensible move for many reasons, principally because it will mean more trial boats

on both sides for the right to compete for final honors.

Racing boats are excessively expensive in original cost and final running, and the size in every case should be kept down as small as is compatible with the dignity of the event. Up to a certain point it is just as much a test of designer's skill, crew's seamanship, and skipper's cleverness in small boats as in large, particularly when the helmsman is to be an amateur.

For the benefit of the club and the sport at large, we sincerely hope the Rochester organization will see its way clear to throw open the trial races for the selection of a challenger to all boats enrolled in any recognized yacht club in the United States. It is not likely that any but clubs located on the lakes would enter trial horses, but it would in no way detract from the club's distinction in the event if a yacht from another club were selected as a challenger. The challenger would of course sail under the Rochester Y. C. burgee. If the club were to do this, it would create a very favorable impression among yachtsmen, and would undoubtedly add to its prestige.

The Rochester Y. C. won the last races by a very narrow margin, and the result was due to better handling rather than to superiority of Irondequoit's design over that of Strathcona. The death of Arthur Payne, the emi-

nent English designer, which gentleman turned out the boats for the Canadian club, will make the task easier for the Americans; but granting this to be the case, no stone should be left unturned to secure the fastest possible boat as a challenger. There is no better way of doing this than by permitting outside competition in the trial races.

There are a number of keen racing men in Detroit who would no doubt come to the fore if given an opportunity, and the Chicago men would be represented without a question by two or three, if not more, boats. Now that the Chicago Y. C. is offering a thousand dollar trophy for boats of the size selected for the Canada's cup races, a good fleet of new craft is doubly certain.

Aside from the good racing these boats would afford, they would prove a better investment for the owner than is usual in the case of most racing vessels. They can be run economically, one paid hand should suffice, and the unsuccessful boats would make the foundation for a fine class of racing cruisers on the Great Lakes. Boats of this size have been extremely popular in the East for racing and cruising. No finer vessels can be found anywhere than the Buzzard's Bay 30-footers, or the more recent Bar Harbor 30-footers. Keeping such craft in mind, the western yachtsmen should profit by the experience gained

in the East, and follow along the lines found to be successful elsewhere.

We can see no objections to inviting general competition in the races for the selection of a challenger by the Rochester Y. C. and everything in favor of it. By all means let the races be open to all.

Cape May Cup Race.

Sept. 10 to 12—212 Miles.

AFTER having been lost or forgotten for nearly a score of years, the famous Cape May cup, presented to the New York Y. C. way back in 1872 by ex-Commodore James Gordon Bennett, suddenly jumped into the center of the aquatic stage a few months ago when Commodore Morton F. Plant announced his intention of challenging for it when he went abroad with his schooner yacht Ingomar.

As the cup was won by the English cup challenger Genesta in 1885, and subsequently successfully defended by King Edward's cutter Britannia, it was generally supposed that the cup was in the custody of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes, but a search of the historic castle failed to reveal this ancient trophy, when Britain's leading yacht club decided that it had no right to defend it.

Windsor Castle's treasure vaults were then raked over by the royal tooth-comb, but still no cup, and finally the search was extended to Sandringham House, and there, among the royal curios, the long lost trophy was found. No time was lost in returning the cup to the New York Y. C., and last week's race between Atlantic, Endymion, and Vergemere was the result.

So far as last week's race is concerned, the yachts were started at the bell buoy off the Point of the Hook at 1:25 P. M. on Saturday afternoon, but as the yachts mistook the location of the starting line, Vergemere was the only boat not handicapped.

Both Atlantic and Endymion were so far to the eastward of the line that they were unable to get back in time in the light E. air against the strong ebb tide, and as a result Atlantic was penalized 6m. 30s. and Endymion 26m. Vergemere, however, lost all of her advantage at the start by making a short hitch just after she crossed the line, and as a result Atlantic took the lead, with Vergemere second and Endymion last.

All Saturday afternoon the yachts held down the Jersey coast on the port tack and towards evening the wind died away to nothing. Soon, however, the wind freshened to a good sailing breeze, and with spinnakers to port the yachts made fast time to Cape May. Captain Loesch, sailing a slightly better course, soon brought Endymion to the front, while Vergemere took second place.

They were timed at Five Fathom Bank lightship, off Cape May, on Sunday morning, as follows: Endymion, 3:01:00; Vergemere, 3:08:00; Atlantic, 3:23:00.

It was blowing fresh from N. by E. then, and sheets were flattened in for the beat home. Atlantic and Vergemere stood well off shore and on the second tack Atlantic crossed Vergemere's bow, which soon withdrew from the race and went into Delaware breakwater.

Atlantic then turned her attention to Endymion, which boat was keeping in close to the shore, and, after a hard fight, the three-master finally took the lead about six o'clock Sunday morning. There was quite a heavy sea on then, but the boats made good weather of it and all Sunday kept up their windward battle down the Jersey coast, but toward midnight the wind shifted to the W.

Endymion caught the reaching breeze first, but not soon enough to catch Atlantic, which finished at 3:58:16 Monday morning, while Endymion was not timed until 5:01:18, and as a result Atlantic won, covering the course in 28h. 33m. 16s., beating Endymion by 1h. 5m. 2s. Summary, start 1:25 P. M., Saturday, September 10:

	Sept. 11 A.M.	Sept. 12 A.M.
Atlantic, Wilson Marshall.....	3 23 00	3 58 16
Endymion, Geo. Lauder, Jr.....	3 01 00	5 03 18
Vergemere, A. C. Bostwick.....	3 08 00	Did not finish.

In view of the revival of ocean yacht racing, and the talk of a transatlantic race for the German Emperor's cup next spring, and the amount of talk and criticism this particular race has brought out, I would like to make a few suggestions which I trust will be taken in the spirit in which they are written. Before I start in, I would like to say that I believe Atlantic won fairly and squarely, and would have won any way, no matter what happened before or during the race.

To begin with, the New York Y. C.'s original circular called for a start off Sandy Hook lightship, but someone, in looking over the old deed of gift, discovered that all races for this particular cup must be started at Buoy No. 5, off the Point of the Hook (a very bad place to start big yachts, by the way.) When Commodore S. Nicholson Kane, who is always willing to oblige, discovered this, he cancelled the original circular, and issued a new one calling for a start off Buoy No. 5. Unfortunately, the entrance to New York harbor changes from time to time, and now there is no Buoy No. 5 off the Point of the Hook, a bell buoy having taken its place some years ago. The result was neither the flagship Delaware, which was used as a committee boat, nor any of the contesting yachts could find the missing buoy, and the Delaware finally anchored off the bell buoy, which was about where Buoy No. 5 used to be, while the three yachts, thinking that possibly there was a mistake in their instructions, went out to Buoy "No. 5 G" in Gedney's channel, some distance to the E.

Now, while under ordinary circumstances it would have made little difference where the starting line was located, it made a great difference in this particular instance, for the yachts were way to the E. of the line, and had to work back in a light wind against a strong ebb tide. Not only this, but Atlantic and Vergemere being auxiliaries came out under their own power, while Endymion, which was furthest to the eastward, had thrown off her tug's tow line when she arrived at what her skipper thought was the starting line.

When the yachtsmen discovered their error, Atlantic, which had in the meantime shut off her power, was the nearest to the line, while Vergemere, which was about in a line with Endymion, came steaming back.

Racing auxiliaries as sailing craft is a comparatively new game, but if these boats are to be raced as such,

they should either have their propellers taken off or their engines sealed down before the start, and there should be no use of power even for hoisting sail.

Vergemere got over with the handicap gun, Atlantic was penalized 6m. 30s., and Endymion 26m.

Another point brought out by the race, was that nothing should be left to the option of the contestants, and that they should be instructed to round marks either to port or starboard. In this race the yachts had the option of leaving the outer mark (Five Fathom Bank lightship) on either hand, the supposition being that in a long race like this the yachts would be some distance apart. As it happened, only 7m. separated Endymion and Vergemere at this mark, but if they had been a few minutes closer together, Endymion, which was leading, might have elected to round the mark to windward, while Vergemere might have gybed, then who would have had the right of way, and who would have been to blame if there had been a collision? Someone will probably say this is far-fetched, but I recall an ocean race of the Atlantic Y. C. from Gardner's Bay to Sea Gate when Katrina, Sachem, Ramona, Coronet, and Thistle finished almost like one boat, only 4m. separating the first and last yacht, when Katrina beat Sachem by just 1s. for first honors.

The official circulars also stated that the yachts should take their own time at the end of the race, and should finish 100 yards from the lightship. Now, it would be better to pay the captain of the lightship a small amount to take the yachts' time at the finish, which they would



CAPE MAY CUP.

probably be glad to do for nothing, and 100 yards might be far too close for a 200ft. yacht like the Atlantic to come to the lightship under certain conditions where she might need more space to maneuver in.

According to the times taken by the owners of the two leading boats, Atlantic finished at 3:58:16, and Endymion at 5:03:18 on Monday morning, but according to the telegraph operator at Sandy Hook, Endymion was only half an hour behind Atlantic when they passed the Point of the Hook, instead of being over an hour behind as the official figures have it. Whether it was 30 or 65 minutes of course made little difference in the result of this particular race, but nothing should be left to chance and some disinterested party should always take the times so there could be no room for argument. The angle of view makes a big difference in the finish line of a race, and outsiders, not yacht owners, should decide when a line is properly crossed.

The historic Cape May cup for which the yachts raced was first offered for competition in 1872 by ex-Commodore James Gordon Bennett, or the same year the Brenton's Reef cup was offered, but, unlike the last named trophy, it is not a perpetual challenge trophy, but becomes the bona fide property of any yacht holding it successfully through three consecutive contests.

The first race for the cup was sailed on October 10, 1872, when the schooner Dreadnaught, owned by Alden B. Stockwell, defeated Palmer, owned by Rutherford Stuyvesant. Dreadnaught covered the course in 25h. 5m. 40s., or the fastest time on record, beating Palmer by 1h. 39m. 25s., whose time was 26h. 45m. 5s.

The second race was arranged between J. N. Loubat, owner of the schooner Enchantress, and Dreadnaught, which was to have been sailed in October, 1873, resulted in a walkover for Enchantress, as Mr. Loubat refused to allow Dreadnaught time to repair damages sustained by Dreadnaught in a previous race.

The third race was sailed in September, 1877, between Dreadnaught, then owned by Charles J. Osborn; Rambler, W. H. Thomas; Vesta, Samuel M. Mills, and Idler, Samuel J. Colgate. Idler won, covering the course in 40h. 35m. 10s., with Rambler second, Vesta third.

It was eight years before another race was sailed for the trophy, when Sir Richard Sutton, owner of the unsuccessful cup hunter Genesta, challenged for the cup, and the only yacht which came forward to defend the cup was Caldwell H. Colt's old schooner Dauntless. As the wind was very light and dead ahead, the modern cutter had

little trouble in beating the old-time two-sticker, and the cup was taken across the Atlantic.

John Jameson, owner of the cutter Irex, challenged the Genesta for the cup, and on August 14 and 15, 1886, in a race from the Needles to Cherbourg, France, and return. Irex won, covering the course in 27h. 10m. 28s., while Genesta took over 30h.

In 1889 the yawl Wendur challenged for the cup and sailed over for the prize, as the Irex failed to defend the trophy.

In August, 1893, the cup was forfeited by Wendur to the Prince of Wales' Britannia, who was challenged by Royal Phelps Carroll's American cutter Navahoe. The race was sailed in September of that year, and Britannia won, though she lost the Brenton's Reef cup to Navahoe after a very close race.

When Commodore Plant took Ingomar abroad this year, he challenged for the cup. In looking over the records, it was discovered that as Britannia had been sold out of the Royal Yacht Squadron, the cup had long ago been forfeited to the New York Y. C., so the Squadron had no right to defend it.

DUNCAN CURRY.

"Inefficiency of Race Committees."

Editor Forest and Stream:

The letter which appeared in the September 10 issue of FOREST AND STREAM, by Mr. D. G. Whitlock, chairman of the Regatta Committee in charge of outside race to Marblehead under auspices of the Brooklyn Y. C., certainly demands a reply in refutation of the insinuations of attempted deception on my part in the matter of Newasi carrying a professional pilot in the race.

Chairman Whitlock's memory can scarcely be so defective as not to recall a visit I made to his office to consult him on the pilot or navigator subject. I then informed him of an interview I had had with one most interested in the success of this race, and one holding a high position as a sea lawyer, who had defined those who would be eligible to act as navigators or pilots in the race. This definition was as follows:

"Any one who is not a paid yachting man. He may be connected with the navy; may be an officer in the merchant marine, or a Gloucester fisherman, but he must never have received pay in any way in connection with yachting."

Mr. Whitlock was aware that I proposed employing such a person, and also knew that the object of my visit was to have the correctness of this definition either affirmed or denied. While Mr. Whitlock did not give written consent to such a pilot being engaged, he did not deny the right of so doing. Perhaps he did not know. But if he did, and he was the judge, not I, who had come to him for advice, it was manifestly unjust for him to permit Newasi to start, if he knew that a protest could be sustained against her should she finish among the leaders.

Again, if as Mr. Whitlock has caused to be put in public print the statement that I never notified him of the intention of employing a pilot, how, then, does he explain the visit above alluded to?

Some time after my return to New York, I was informed over the telephone by a friend—not by a member of the committee—that the latter were holding a meeting, and that it was advisable for me to be present. It was impossible to go at once, but when I reached the office specified, the committee had adjourned. The next morning Chairman Whitlock was sought at his office, and the fact of Captain Chase being a member of Newasi's crew was immediately acknowledged, for there had been not the slightest attempt at concealment, although this is unfairly and unkindly insinuated in Mr. Whitlock's article.

Regarding the following paragraph in Mr. Whitlock's letter:

"When the Regatta Committee, the morning of the race, made the rounds of the boats, and asked for the names of those composing the crew, the owner of Newasi failed to give name of Capt. Chase, the professional pilot, which may be readily verified by looking at newspaper accounts of the crews, published the morning after the start. The name of another man was given, however, who, we believe, did not start."

I was not on board Newasi at the time the committee made this visit, but a member of my crew who talked with them makes the following statement: "The committee came alongside, and on being asked to come on board, declined, and said, 'You are all right.' They did not ask for the names of the crew, and no names were given at this time." Further, while on shore, at the request of one of the officials, I gave the names of all members of my crew, specifically giving Capt. Chase his title. His name, with his title, appeared in many of the morning papers. Who gave the erroneous name to the other papers I do not know.

I received no official notice of the protest against Newasi, and only learned of such protest being filed through the daily papers. The committee never notified me of any meeting held to consider such protest, and I have never had any opportunity to officially state my case. The only communication on this subject from the committee is a letter dated August 24, 1904, in which I am informed that Newasi had been disqualified.

As to cutting across the shoals: At an informal meeting held at the Brooklyn Y. C. the night before the race, it was agreed by the owners of every yacht to keep to the eastward of the shoals. The commodore of the Brooklyn Y. C. put the question, and a vote was taken on the subject. Shortly after this I left the meeting with my crew and went on board Newasi. If the subject was again brought up and the agreement reconsidered, it certainly showed inefficiency on the part of the officials in charge of the race not to notify Newasi of this change.

If the Race Committee had taken the trouble to find out what conditions were prevailing along the coast (and this could have been done without difficulty), they would have learned that everything was favorable for a fast run. There is no excuse for their not having had at least one of their committee at Marblehead when the boats finished. As the signals marking the finish line were not placed as specified in the instructions, Newasi barely escaped a bad accident, which, had the wind been stronger, could not have been avoided.

A. H. W. JOHNSON,
Owner of Sloop Newasi.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Sept. 19.—The yachting season in Massachusetts Bay has now practically closed, and those yachtsmen who delight in racing during the greater part of the summer months are sorry that it is so, for it has been one of the best seasons in many. As usual, the majority of open races were sailed under the rules of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts. Although one of the classes of this organization did not fill, and there was no racing in another, the Y. R. A. season was very successful. The Y. R. A. champions, as announced by Secretary A. T. Bliss, are Chewink IV. in the 30ft. class, Clotho in the 22ft. class, Hayseed in the 18ft. knockabout class, and Vera II. in the 15ft. class. It is rather remarkable that in three out of four of these classes the champions were designed by Messrs. Small Bros. The 30-footer, Chewink IV., was designed by Herreshoff.

Two classes failed to get records in the Association lists. One of these was the once popular 25ft. class, and the other the new 21ft. class adopted last winter. There were two 25-footers ready to race, but the clubs did not seem to be disposed to take care of them. The whole trouble is that which caused much conflict during the two seasons previous to this one, and much adverse comment in other sections, where class legislation in Massachusetts Bay has been looked upon as emulative; simply the production of extreme racing machines, embodying more or less freak ideas, in a class from which such types were intended to be barred from the start. The other class, the 21ft. class, was unsuccessful because only one yacht was built for it, and this was because, under the rules governing the class, yachts would be produced that were slower than yachts of 21ft. waterline already in existence. The medium between these two obstacles is what must be

Class C—30ft. Cabin Yachts.

	Starts.	First.	Total	Average
Chewink IV., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	10	8	883.3	88.3
Wasaka, S. Reed Anthony	5	2	250.1	50.0
Sauquoit, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	8	2	383.3	43.7

Class E—22ft. Cabin Yachts.

Clotho, Cheney & Lanning	17	6	1381.7	76.7
Peri II., George Lee	20	9	1442.5	72.1
Opitsah V., S. H. & H. I. Foster	8	2	602.0	57.3
Medric, Herbert H. White	21	4	1201.6	57.1
Warrior, S. C. Winsor	18	1	771.7	42.8
Tayac, Wm. H. Joyce	6	2	264.4	24.2
Urchin, John Greenough	6	2	259.3	24.1
Setsu, Lewis & Talbot	2	2	12.5	1.2

Class T—15ft. Cabin Yachts.

Vera H., Hjalmar Lundberg	11	7	875.0	79.5
Tabasco, Jr., Harry H. Wiggin	10	4	750.0	75.0
Ventus II., C. Keith Jevcar	7	2	450.0	64.3
Nibelung, E. G. Loring	2	1	150.0	27.3
Little Misery, A. P. Loring, Jr.	2	2	100.0	18.2
Cigarette, Dr. Morton Prince	2	2	50.0	9.1

Class I—18ft. Knockabouts.

Hayseed, Herbert L. Bowden	18	7	1569.5	87.2
Bat, Chas. F. Adams, 2d.	11	6	929.2	84.4
Arrow, E. A. Boardman	10	1	881.6	80.1
Arbeka II., F. P. Bowden	22	1	1478.3	67.2
Miladi II., F. R. Adams	16	1	1058.7	66.2
Kittywake V., H. M. Jones	11	1	708.5	64.4
Hugi, Alfred E. Chase	11	2	599.0	54.4
Again, L. B. Goodspeed	13	1	685.3	52.8
Moslem II., B. D. Barker	10	2	562.0	51.1
Mirage II., J. W. Olmstead	19	2	927.5	48.4
Menace, J. H. Hunt	14	1	677.7	48.3
Dorchen, A. W. Finlay	9	2	471.6	42.8
Bonito, Geo. H. Wightman	9	2	468.2	42.5
Napier, D. S. Permar	15	2	632.8	42.1
Boo Hoo, Reginald Boardman	7	2	434.4	39.4
Privateer, Alden & Carlton	12	2	343.6	28.6
Humbug, Chas. W. Cole	7	2	309.4	28.1
Alladin, G. P. & A. Keith	8	2	283.9	25.8
Aspinquid II., Chas. M. Foster	7	2	218.3	19.8
Fritter, Caleb Loring	7	2	195.0	17.7
Moslem I., J. Tracey Eustis	8	2	177.8	16.1
Gertrude, Hector E. Lynch	5	2	150.7	13.7
Otter, A. D. Irving	2	1	150.0	13.6
Kittywake IV., E. H. Ellison	3	2	127.2	11.5
Domino, Chas. C. Clapp	3	2	111.9	10.2
Yankee, Frank W. Atwood	4	2	94.7	8.6
Nicknack, Edwin B. Holmes	5	2	53.2	4.8
Biza, Alfred Douglass	2	2	43.7	3.9
Osprey, A. R. Train	3	2	18.1	1.6
Myrmidon, John Noble, Jr.	1	2	11.1	1.1

reached in order to reorganize successful classes of 25-footers and 21-footers.

The largest class to be raced under Y. R. A. rules was the 30ft. class, which was adopted by the Association last spring. Three yachts were built for this class—Chewink IV. and Wasaka by Herreshoff, and Sauquoit by Messrs. Burgess & Packard. Out of ten starts, Chewink IV. took eight firsts and then stopped racing, as she could not be beaten for the championship. Whether or not new yachts will be built for the class another season is problematical, as the class has not received anything like unanimous indorsement from the racing men, or cruising men, either.

In the 22ft. class, four yachts—Clotho, Peri II., Medric, and Warrior—attended nearly all of the Y. R. A. races that were given. Clotho, which as a centerboard boat last year, could not be measured into the class, was made a keel boat last spring, and managed to measure in at the first of the season. She and Peri II. were very close on percentage throughout the racing. Clotho seems to be able to win in light to moderate breezes, while Peri II. gets the gun in heavy weather. In very light airs Opitsah V. and Medric have it out. Warrior, the only centerboard boat in the class, won her first race on Memorial Day, and did not succeed in getting another.

Yacht owners in this class, and in every other Y. R. A. class, are loud of their praises of Mr. Herbert H. White, who owns Medric. Mr. White is a very consistent racing man, and keeps at it just as hard when he is behind as when he is ahead. He is also the owner of the steam yacht Wild Goose, which accompanies Medric on all racing circuits. In calm weather Mr. White not only takes Medric in tow, but also takes a line from any of the other yachts, which are generally very glad to avail themselves of his offer for assistance. On one occasion, when it was dead calm at Manchester after the close of a race, and there was a race at Marblehead on the following day, Wild Goose had eleven yachts in tow. When the fleet started from Wellfleet for Provincetown on August 31, there was not a breath of air. Mr. White told all hands to hook on to Wild Goose, and towed them the whole distance, about twenty-two miles. Two of the yachts—Early Dawn and Warrior—started out early, and trusted to getting a breeze. They had still miles to go when the rest of the fleet was anchored at Provincetown. As there was no prospect of any breeze, Mr. White got Wild Goose under way again and went after them, towing them to the harbor. Mr. White may not have won the championship

in his class, but he has won something else which is of far more value.

The most popular class of all was again the 18ft. knockabout class, in which the records of thirty boats are given in the Y. R. A. returns. There have been as many as twenty-three of these boats at the starting line of more than one race, and they make things hum when they are striving for vantage. Bat, one of the Boardman one-design boats, started off at the first of the season at a gait that made it look as if it were all off with the rest of the boats. After a few races, however, the others com-

Class C—30ft. Cabin Yachts.

	1904	F. G. Macomber, Jr.	S. R. Anthony	T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	Sauquoit
May 30	100	100	100	100	100
June 17	33.3	67.7	100	100	100
July 27	100	100	100	100	100
July 28	100	66.7	100	100	100
July 29	100	50	100	100	100
July 30	100	66.7	100	100	100
Aug. 2	50	100	100	100	100
Aug. 11	100	100	100	100	100
Aug. 12	100	100	100	100	100
Aug. 13	100	100	100	100	100
Totals	883.3	250.1	350	43.7	
Averages	88.3	50	35.0	43.7	

menced to come up, and at the end of the season Bat took second place, while Hayseed, from the board of Small Bros., captured the championship. Hayseed won five straight races in the Cape Cod Bay series that put her in first place. Had more boats gone to the South shore, it would undoubtedly have been a question whether or not Hayseed would have come out ahead; but she stuck to the racing and deserves her championship. Arbeka II., which finished fourth in this class, was the only boat in any Y. R. A. class which sailed all of the races scheduled.

Half a dozen boats were out for the racing in the 15ft. class, which was tried out this season for the first time. Vera II. sailed more races than any other boat in the class, and she also took more first prizes in proportion to the

Class E—22ft. Cabin Yachts.

	1904	Clotho, Cheney & Lanning	Peri II., George Lee	Opitsah V., S. H. & H. I. Foster	Medric, H. H. White	Warrior, S. C. Winsor	Tayac, W. H. Joyce	Urchin, John Greenough	Setsu, Lewis & Talbot
May 30	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100	100
June 17	100.0	87.5	37.5	25.0	62.5	50.0	75.0	12.5	
June 18	100.0	25.0	75.0	50.0	50.0	50.0	50.0	50.0	
July 16	57.1	100.0	85.7	71.4	28.6	42.9	28.6	42.9	
July 27	100.0	75.0	50.0	25.0	50.0	50.0	50.0	50.0	
July 28	75.0	100.0	25.0	50.0	50.0	50.0	50.0	50.0	
July 29	75.0	100.0	25.0	50.0	50.0	50.0	50.0	50.0	
July 30	100.0	83.3	66.7	33.3	50.0	16.7	16.7	16.7	
Aug. 2	80.0	40.0	100.0	60.0	20.0	20.0	20.0	20.0	
Aug. 11	42.9	100.0	57.1	28.6	14.3	85.7	71.4	71.4	
Aug. 12	100.0	0.0	83.3	0.0	66.7	0.0	0.0	0.0	
Aug. 13	100.0	66.7	83.3	33.3	16.7	50.0	50.0	50.0	
Sept. 1	75.0	100.0	66.7	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	
Sept. 2	75.0	100.0	66.7	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	
Sept. 3	75.0	100.0	66.7	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	
Sept. 4	75.0	100.0	66.7	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	
Sept. 5	75.0	100.0	66.7	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	
Sept. 6	75.0	100.0	66.7	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	
Sept. 7	75.0	100.0	66.7	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	
Sept. 8	75.0	100.0	66.7	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	
Sept. 9	75.0	100.0	66.7	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	
Sept. 10	75.0	100.0	66.7	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	
Sept. 11	75.0	100.0	66.7	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	
Sept. 12	75.0	100.0	66.7	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	
Sept. 13	75.0	100.0	66.7	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	
Sept. 14	75.0	100.0	66.7	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	
Sept. 15	75.0	100.0	66.7	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	
Sept. 16	75.0	100.0	66.7	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	
Sept. 17	75.0	100.0	66.7	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	
Sept. 18	75.0	100.0	66.7	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	
Sept. 19	75.0	100.0	66.7	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	
Sept. 20	75.0	100.0	66.7	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	
Sept. 21	75.0	100.0	66.7	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	
Sept. 22	75.0	100.0	66.7	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	
Sept. 23	75.0	100.0	66.7	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	
Sept. 24	75.0	100.0	66.7	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	
Sept. 25	75.0	100.0	66.7	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	
Sept. 26	75.0	100.0	66.7	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	
Sept. 27	75.0	100.0	66.7	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	
Sept. 28	75.0	100.0	66.7	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	
Sept. 29	75.0	100.0	66.7	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	
Sept. 30	75.0	100.0	66.7	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	33.3	
Total	1381.7	1442.5	602.0	1201.6	771.7	264.4	259.3	12.5	
Average	76.7	72.1	57.3	57.1	42.8	24.2	24.1	1.2	

number of starts. She is a very fast little boat, and appears to be good under almost any conditions. It is believed that this class will become quite popular. A number of orders have already been placed for new boats for next season.

The accompanying record of the Y. R. A. yachts are from tables issued by Secretary A. T. Bliss. It is quite likely that some changes will be necessary on account of pending protests and other things, but it is unlikely that there will be any changes in the relative positions of the yachts.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Rhode Island Letter.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sept. 17.—Mr. Frank Croker, of New York city, is having a fast automobile boat built by the Herreshoffs at Bristol. It is the first attempt of this firm to construct an out-and-out auto boat. Their Swiftsure, though shaped on these lines, is operated by steam. The Croker boat is now all planked in and is a flush-seamed craft, differing from Swiftsure in this respect. She is now being equipped with a Mercedes engine of 90 horsepower, and a speed of 24 miles an hour is expected. She is more like Standard than Swiftsure in lines, having ends on something of a similar model, with an extremely flat underbody and a very light draft. She is planked with mahogany, finished bright.

Talk of the probability of a new challenger for the America's Cup still takes up much attention in Bristol. The Herreshoffs are all ready to discuss plans if the syndicate for a defender broach the project of building a new boat. There is little doubt expressed about the Herreshoffs being able to design a new model that would beat Reliance 5m. in a 30-mile race. It is understood that some experiments have been made in the boat shop with a view to ascertaining to a minute degree the bending resistance required in steel plating shaped to cover the angles of the hull of a scow type of boat.

The probability is strong that there will be a revival of interest in the local 30ft. cat class next season. For various reasons a decline in interest was noticeable this year, but if plans now talked of materialize there will be plenty of sport in this class another season. At least a half dozen yachtsmen, including one in Bristol, one in Fall River, and several in Providence, are earnestly considering the advisability of building boats for this class during the coming winter. Several of them are owners of boats in smaller classes and have for a long time been enthusiastic racing men. Probably at least three of those who are now considering the matter will conclude to build for the class, and there may be more. At all events, it seems a practical certainty that at least a half dozen of the 30-footers will be in the field next season.

F. H. YOUNG.

Challenge for Canada's Cup.

THE challenge for the Canada's Cup sent by the Royal Canadian Y. C., of Toronto, to the Rochester Y. C., of Charlotte, N. Y., has been accepted. The following correspondence passed between the two organizations:

Toronto, Sept. 10, 1904.—To the Rochester Yacht Club, Charlotte, N. Y.: The Royal Canadian Yacht Club hereby challenges for the Canada's cup, to be sailed for during the coming year.
Yours, truly,
STEPHEN HAAS, Com.
On behalf of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, Toronto, Canada.

Rochester, Sept. 12, 1904.—To the Royal Canadian Yacht Club: The Rochester Yacht Club hereby accepts your challenge for the Canada's cup. Yours truly,
WM. H. BRIGGS, Vice-Com.
On behalf of the Rochester Yacht Club, Rochester, N. Y.

The conditions governing the match for the Canada's Cup to be sailed between yachts representing the Rochester Y. C. and the Royal Canadian Y. C., are as follows:

Rules.—The racing rules shall be those of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes as existing at this date, subject to such additions and variations as are herein provided, and in accordance with the Deed of Gift, dated Jan. 16, 1897.

Construction.—The yachts shall be of wooden construction, in accordance with the scantling tables in the rules above mentioned.

Size of Yacht.—The competing yachts shall be in the 30ft. L.V.L. class.

Number of Races.—The winner of three out of five races shall be declared the winner of the match.

Date of Races.—The first shall be sailed on Saturday, Aug. 12, 1905, and the other races on consecutive days thereafter until completed, Sundays excepted.

Courses.—The races shall be sailed on Lake Ontario off Charlotte Harbor on courses to be hereafter agreed upon.

The first shall be a triangular course.

The second shall be windward or leeward and return.

The tug bearing the buoy shall start at the time the preparatory gun is fired.

The third and fifth shall be similar to the first.

The fourth shall be similar to the second.

The triangular races shall be twice around an equilateral triangle of 9 nautical miles.

The windward or leeward races shall be four nautical miles to windward or leeward and return. Twice around.

The triangular courses shall be so sailed that one side of the triangle shall be laid to windward (first if possible).

In windward and leeward races all buoys shall be left to starboard, and in triangular races all buoys shall be left to starboard or port, as directed by the judges.

Time.—All races shall be started at 11 o'clock A. M.

Any race not sailed in 5½ hours by the winning yacht shall be resailed.

The start may be postponed by the judges:

1. In case of fog.

2. If, in their opinion, the space around the starting line is not sufficiently clear at the time appointed for starting.

3. In case both yachts consent to a postponement.

4. In case of serious accidents to either yacht, as hereinafter provided.

5. Should such a course appear to them desirable.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

RECENT SALES AND CHARTERS.—The following transfers have been made through the agency of Mr. Stanley M. Seaman, New York: Auxiliary catboat Keystone, Mr. Ernest M. Bull to Mr. Frederick T. Mason, New London, Conn.; Sloop Kangaroo, O. F. Smith, to Mr. C. W. Wright, Brooklyn, N. Y., and the jib and mainsail Knave, W. N. Bavier, to Mr. E. Hope Norton, of New York City.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ENGINE AND BOAT BUILDERS.—A meeting of the executive committee of the National Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers was held Tuesday evening, September 13, at the Hotel Manhattan, Madison avenue and Forty-second street, New York city. Several matters of importance concerning the welfare of the Association, as well as matters pertaining to the National Show, were discussed. The report of the committee appointed at the last session of the executive committee, held prior to this meeting, was received and unanimously adopted, and it was finally decided that a National Show be given under the auspices of the National Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers and the Sportsmen's Exhibition Company, to be known as the Motor Boat and Sportsmen's Show. The dates selected were from February 21 to March 9, 1905, and the place Madison Square Garden, New York city. This will be the first National Show the engine and boat-building industry has ever held, and from the assurances given by the officers and members of the Association, it will be the largest exhibit ever given in this country, and in connection with the Sportsmen's Exhibition Company will give the public a show such as has never before been given. The chairman of the executive committee announced the appointment of the following committees—Committee on Legislation—J. H. Schoonmaker, chairman; A. Snyder, E. A. Riette, J. M. Truscott; Committee of Exhibition—Henry R. Sutphen, chairman; J. S. Bunting, A. Massenet, S. J. Matthews; Committee on Transportation—H. R. Lozier, Jr., chairman; J. S. Bunting, H. N. Whittelsey, J. B. Smalley. The following were elected to membership: Active, Mr. James Craig, Jr.; Mr. W. L. Fay, representing Fay & Bowen Engine Co.; Mr. R. B. Clark, representing Giant Gas Engine Co.; Mr. Morris M. Whitaker, representing the Canada Launch Works. Associate—Mr. C. R. Mabley, representing Smith & Mabley, Inc.; Mr. Charles F. Splittorf.

OCEAN CITY Y. C. OFFICERS.—At a meeting of the Ocean City (N. J.) Y. C., the following officers were elected: Com., C. Howard Schermerhorn; Vice-Com., R. R. Sooy; Sec'y, Rolla Garretson; Treas., Senator Lewis M. Cresse; Trustees—W. Scott Hand, Oswald J. De Rousse and Dr. C. E. Edwards; Executive Committee—Charles F. Wall, L. M. Cresse, John N. Zurn, J. H. F. Dixon, H. F. Stanton, T. S. Mitchell, and George W. Powell.

OCEAN RACE TO SHELburne, N. S.—Some members of the Shelburne Y. C., of Shelburne, N. S., are trying to interest the Eastern Y. C. in an ocean race, the course to be from Marblehead to Shelburne. We trust the plan will be consummated, as such a race would afford fine sport, and open up some new cruising grounds to the Eastern men.

LAUNCH BUILDING AT HUNTINGTON'S YARD.—There is building at the yard of the Huntington Mfg. Co., New Rochelle, a 38ft. launch from designs made by Mr. R. M. Munroe. The boat will be used in Florida. The work of hauling out at this yard has been going on for some time past, and there is already a number of boats on the beach and in the basin.

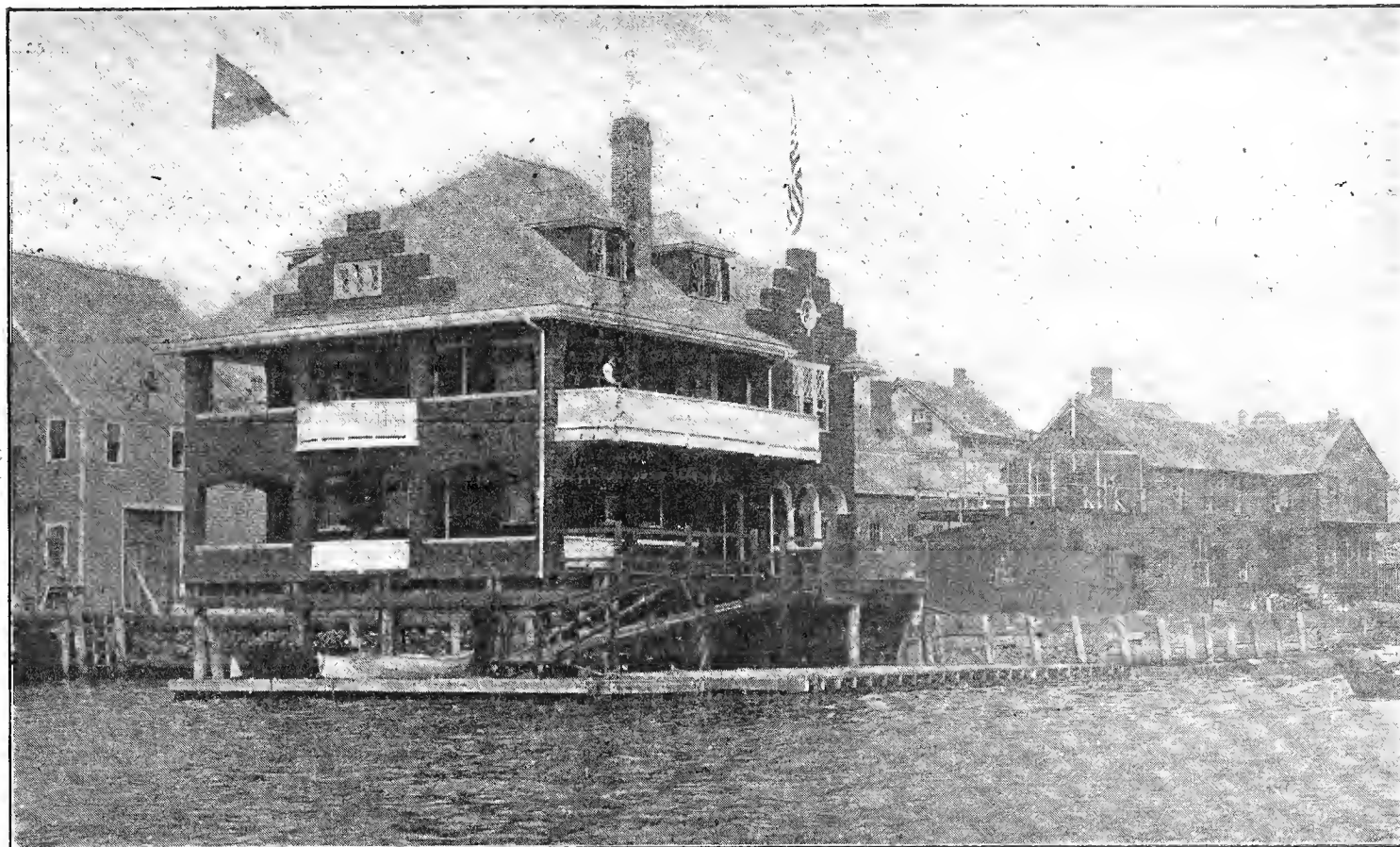
CALYPSO-CHEWINK III. MATCH RACE A FAILURE.—A match race arranged by the Regatta Committee of the Southern Y. C. between the crack 25-footer cabin sloops Chewink III. and Calypso, which have been racing pretty hard ever since their advent South, resulted in a dismal failure of the "drifting match" sort on Saturday, September 10.

LARGE PRIZE OFFERED FOR FIRST MOTOR CRAFT CROSSING ATLANTIC.—Mr. G. L. Charley has offered \$10,000 for the first motor boat to cross the Atlantic. The proposition has aroused interest among the manufacturers on both sides of the Atlantic. The conditions governing the event are so vague that that matter can hardly be discussed intelligently at this time. That the plan is perfectly feasible there is no question, for a small kerosene launch—the Abel Low—has already made the passage.

NORTHPORT Y. C. ELECTION.—At the annual meeting of the Northport Y. C., held a few days ago, the following officers were elected: Com., J. B. Morrell; Vice-Com., Charles Van Iderstine; Flag Officer, Raymond Morse; Sec'y, H. Davis Ackerly; Treas., Murray S. Brown; Trustees—Edward Thompson, J. B. Morrell, J. W. Hiltman, H. Davis Ackerly, D. P. Morse, N. S. Ackerly, and Charles Van Iderstine. The treasurer's report showed the club to be in a flourishing condition. There now is a balance on hand of \$2,375.

YACHTS DAMAGED BY GALE.—A N.E. gale that had been moving up the coast broke on this neighborhood on Tuesday, September 15. The wind reached a velocity of seventy miles, and was accompanied by a continued and heavy downpour of rain. Much damage was done all along the coast, and shipping of all kinds suffered severely, although not to the extent it did in the gale of a year ago. The last gale in which yachting interests suffered severely happened on Thursday, September 17, which was almost a year ago to the day.

Yachts both large and small were swept ashore along Gravesend Bay, New Rochelle, Glen Cove, and Oyster Bay, and all were more or less damaged. Reports state that considerable damage was done on the New Jersey coast.



BOSTON Y. C.—STATION AT MARBLEHEAD.

The old sloop Orion dragged ashore at Sea Gate and tried conclusions with the breakwater off the Atlantic Y. C. The owner, his family, and the crew were rescued without difficulty, but the boat was badly damaged.

The big schooners Lasca and Endymion went ashore at a point about half way between Coney Island Point and the Atlantic Y. C. house. Both were pulled off uninjured.

The schooner Loyal dragged her anchors and collided with the racing sloop Baghera, the cutter Isolt, and the little racing sloop Trouble. Isolt came down on Vivian II. and Era. Wraith went ashore and lost her bowsprit.

At Oyster Bay and Cold Spring the shore was strewn with yachts in a more or less disabled condition.

Fortunately no lives were lost, and no serious accidents reported. Yacht owners who remain in commission during the fall should look to their moorings and ground tackle.

RAINBOW DISABLED.—Virginia and Rainbow were to have sailed the first of a series of match races under the auspices of the New York Y. C. on Thursday, September 15. The N.E. gale that had been blowing for the two days previous had let up, but the wind had worked around to N.W., and was blowing with a strength of over thirty miles. The Regatta Committee, consisting of Messrs. S. Nicholson Kane, Paul Eve Stephenson, and Eugene Lentillon, were on board Mr. R. A. C. Smith's steam yacht Privateer. The starting line was off Mott's point, Hempstead Harbor. The preparatory signal was made at 2 o'clock, and the starting signal at 2:10. Rainbow was under full mainsail and jib, while Virginia had two reefs tied in. Rainbow had the best of the start, and was coming down to the line when the main sheet slipped on one of the bits, allowing the boom to bring up against the mast head runner. The boom was sprung, and the yacht was taken in tow by her tender, Mirage, and taken to City Island. Virginia withdrew after the accident, and the race was off.

ONE-DESIGN CLASS FOR SEA CLIFF Y. C.—Some twelve members of the Sea Cliff Y. C. have agreed to build from one-design moderate sized jib and mainsail boats. The new class is in the hands of a committee composed of Messrs. Allan Pirie, Harry North, and W. S. Silkworth.

DODGER LAUNCHED.—The big gasoline yacht Dodger was launched at Woods' yard, City Island, on September 13. The boat is built of steel from designs by Messrs. Gardner & Cox. She is 90ft. waterline, 94ft. 4in. over all,

and she will develop a speed of 23 miles. Dodger was built for Mr. H. I. Pratt, and she is equipped with two 250 horse-power gasoline engines. Her fuel tanks have a capacity of 1,000 gallons. The boat is very roomy below and her quarters will be comfortably fitted up.

Knickerbocker Y. C.

College Point, Long Island Sound—Saturday, Sept. 17.

ONE of the features of the ladies' day programme of the Knickerbocker Y. C., held on Saturday, Sept. 17, was the race for launches. The course was from College Point to Gangway buoy and return—15 Miles.

Mercedes VI. and Catch Me made their maiden appearance in the racing field. Mercedes VI. won easily, beating Catch Me 17m. 27s. Catch Me started in order to give Mercedes VI. a race, and the former ran out of fuel before she finished.

In the open launch class Effie won. Dolphin carried off the honors in the canopy top launch class.

Besides the motor boat races, there were classes for sailing yachts. There were thirteen starters in five classes. All the starters covered an 8-mile course, except the Hampden dories, and they went only 4 miles.

In the 43ft. class Pailite II., a "Gil" Smith production, was beaten by Gurnard on corrected time. Ouananiche was the winner in the 30ft. class on corrected time. The other winners were: Irene, Shovonne and Indian. The summary:

Open Launches—Start, 3:00—Course, 15 Miles.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Esgeka, H. Kuhler.....	5 05 40	2 05 40
Effie, A. A. Leger.....	4 59 58	1 59 58
Dike, O. D. Dike.....	5 19 55	2 19 55
Meno, R. R. Abranz.....	5 39 41	2 39 41
Cabin Launches—Start, 3:05—Course 15 Miles.		
Brunhilde, F. R. Rix.....	5 24 31	2 19 31
Allenia, S. H. Allen.....	5 24 15	2 19 15
Stump, J. Sulzbach.....	5 47 58	2 42 58
Dolphin, C. A. Dien.....	5 24 12	2 19 12
Auto Boats—Start, 3:10—Course, 15 Miles.		
Mercedes VI., W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.....	3 56 55	0 46 55
Catch Me, J. E. Martin.....	4 14 22	1 04 22
Sloops, 43ft. Class—Start, 3:50—Course, 8 Miles.		
Gurnard, L. H. Zocher.....	5 24 50	1 34 50
Nautilus, J. J. McCue.....	5 29 19	1 39 19
Pailite II., W. Beam.....	5 22 46	1 32 46
Corrected time, Gurnard, 1:32:39.		
Sloops, 30ft. Class—Start, 3:55—Course, 8 Miles.		
Feydeh, W. H. Hayward.....	5 32 15	1 37 15
Ouananiche, R. Sands.....	5 33 26	1 38 26
Exile, E. Delevante.....	5 36 04	1 41 04
Porgie, J. C. Honey.....	5 38 18	1 43 18
Corrected time, Ouananiche, 1:35:47.		
Yawls, 30ft. Class—Start, 3:55—Course, 8 Miles.		
Cruiser, W. S. Coddard, Jr.....	Did not finish.	
Irene, Daniels & Allen.....	5 48 00	1 53 00
Catboats, 18ft. Class—Start, 3:55—Course, 8 Miles.		
Shovonne, G. J. Stelz.....	5 47 14	1 52 14
Dorothy, L. Englert.....	5 30 16	1 55 18
Hampden Dories—Start, 3:55—Course, 4 Miles.		
Indian, J. O. Sinkinson.....	5 07 30	1 12 30
Blackbird, R. Sands.....	5 24 15	1 29 15



BOSTON Y. C.—STATION AT HULL.

Manhasset Bay Y. C.

Port Washington, Long Island Sound—Saturday, Sept. 17.
The annual fall regatta of the Manhasset Bay Y. C. took place on Saturday, Sept. 17. The twenty-seven boats that started in the race were favored with light breezes that blew from almost every quarter. At the start it was S.W., a little later it went to S.E. After veering to N.W. it finally went back to S.W.

The Regatta Committee, made up of Messrs. Charles D. Mower and Fred A. Hull, were on board Commodore A. H. Alker's steam yacht Florence. They sent the boats over a 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ -mile triangle. The start was made off Execution Light, from there the boats went to Matinecock buoy, thence to Scotch Caps and back to the starting line.

None of the 70-footers turned up, and the "bronze sixties" having gone out of commission, the largest boats to start were the 30-footers. Nike, having no competitor in the 30ft. class, went up and sailed against Spasm in the 30ft. class. Nike won by 6m. 24s. corrected time.

Of the five starters in the 25ft. class, Una had a shade the better of Snapper and won by 9s. Gloria and Corona have yet to be measured before their corrected time can be figured.

Jeebi captured first in the 21ft. class, Luto II. was next and Gazabo third. Skip was not measured.

Only two of the Larchmont 21-footers came to the line. Vaquero II. not only defeated her only competitor, Dorothy, easily, but led the fleet all over the course.

It is seldom that only two starters are seen in the raceabout class. Tartan and Mavis were the only contestants that materialized. Tartan won by less than a minute.

In the Indian Harbor Y. C. one-design class Kenoshi had no difficulty in disposing of Anawanda, her only competitor.

Plover won in the 18ft. sloop class. Arizona and Chickeoka had a fair race in the Manhasset Bay one-design class. Chickeoka won, and Pup, the third starter, was hopelessly beaten.

The raceabout Maryola and the little sloop Virgeth sailed together in a special class. Maryola won. Mr. Charles J. Lincoln's dory No. 7 won in her class. The summary:

Sloops, 36ft. Class—Start, 12:30—Course, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ Miles.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Spasm, E. D. King.....	3 19 41	2 49 41	2 49 41
Nike, V. I. Cumnock.....	3 18 44	2 48 44	2 43 17

Sloops, 25ft. Class—Start, 12:20—Course, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ Miles.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Una, W. B. Duncan, Jr.....	3 31 46	3 11 46	3 11 46
Snapper, F. S. Page.....	3 33 00	3 13 00	3 11 55
Firchly, G. P. Granberry.....	3 52 33	3 32 33	3 32 33
Gloria, H. P. Brown.....	3 47 50	3 27 50	Not meas.
Corona, R. S. Richardson.....	3 57 38	3 37 38	Not meas.

Sloops, 21ft. Class—Start, 12:20—Course, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ Miles.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Luto II., F. P. Currier.....	3 59 51	3 39 51	3 39 51
Gazabo, H. T. Vuite.....	4 04 02	3 44 02	3 43 38
Ethel, J. F. Frantz.....	4 06 39	3 46 39	3 46 03
Jeebi, A. M. R. Brown.....	3 58 36	3 38 36	3 34 04
Skip, C. M. Pinckney.....	3 57 47	3 37 47	Not meas.

Sloops—Larchmont 21-footers—Start, 12:15—Course, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ Miles.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vaquero, J. M. Marb.....	3 12 23	2 57 23	2 57 23
Dorothy, L. G. Spence.....	3 41 08	3 26 08	3 26 08

Raceabouts—Start, 1:53—Course, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ Miles.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Tartan, A. H. Pirie.....	4 32 12	2 39 12	2 39 12
Mavis, G. L. Pirie.....	4 33 10	2 40 10	2 40 10

Indian Harbor One-Design Class—Start, 12:25—Course, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ Miles.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Kenoshi, C. D. Mallory.....	4 08 22	3 38 22	3 38 22
Anawanda, E. C. Kay.....	4 07 07	3 42 07	3 42 07

Sloops, 18ft. Class—Start, 12:30—Course, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ Miles.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Plover, Howard Place.....	4 02 02	3 32 02	3 32 02
Dory, A. Blank.....	4 33 00	4 03 00	Not meas.

Manhasset Raceabouts—Start, 12:25—Course, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ Miles.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Arizona, G. A. Corry.....	4 08 41	3 43 41	3 43 41
Chickeoka, J. P. Mohr.....	4 07 41	3 42 41	3 42 41
Pup, T. W. Ratsey.....	4 20 00	3 55 00	3 55 00

Sloops, Special Class—Start, 1:10—Course, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ Miles.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Maryola, C. W. Allen.....	4 17 10	3 07 10	3 07 10
Virgeth, Addison Hanan.....	4 22 10	3 12 10	3 12 10

Dories—Start, 3:48—Course, 5 Miles.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
No. 7, Charles J. Lincoln.....	5 07 15	1 19 15	1 19 15
No. 1, Thomas Wilson, Jr.....	5 10 30	1 22 30	1 22 30

New York C. C.

Bensonhurst, L. I.—Saturday, Sept. 17.

The open fall regatta of the New York C. C. and the last of five races to count on the season's championship of Gravesend Bay took place on the afternoon of Saturday, Sept. 17. Twenty-six craft entered the contest. The winners were Maydic, Bobtail, Lizana, Ogeemah, Beta, Esperance and Martha M. Sandpiper scored a sauover. Winners of championship honors in the different classes will not be definitely known until corrected returns are sent to the secretary of the Association by the Regatta Committees of the component clubs.

The race was sailed in a light breeze, which was blowing from the S.E. at the start, but slanted into the S.W. before the end. Nearly half of the starters were becalmed just before the finish. The last boat to complete the journey did not cross the line until after sunset.

The regular Association courses were sailed, leaving all marks to starboard. Starters in Classes M and N had a pair of close hauled hitches from the start off Ulmer Park to the Sea Gate mark, another reach, on which baidooners were carried, to the Craven Shoal buoys, a run from there to Fort Hamilton, a reach to the Marine and Field Club mark and a close-hauled leg home. The journey was covered twice, aggregating 10 knots. The other craft sailed the same course, omitting the Craven Shoal buoys. The leg across the bay from Sea Gate to Fort Hamilton was a reach.

Maydic, Lizana and Ogeemah did the best work of the day. Era and Miss Judy were disqualified for fouling at the start. The latter was the first of the Class Q craft to end the race. A resumé of the season will appear on some future date. The summaries follow:

Sloops, Class M—Start, 3:05.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Maydic, W. H. Childs.....	4 52 40	1 47 40	1 47 40
Red Wing, J. B. O'Donohue.....	5 09 00	2 04 00	2 02 04

Sloops, Class N—Start, 3:05.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Bobtail, E. F. L.....	5 12 05	1 52 05	1 52 05
Era, E. H. M. Roehr.....	Disqualified		

Sloops, Class P—Start, 3:10.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Lizana, D. S. Wyne.....	4 39 55	1 39 55	1 36 18
Naiad, Dr. J. B. Palmer.....	4 52 11	1 42 11	1 41 11
Bunito, Haviland Bros.....	4 59 48	1 49 48	1 47 35
Smoke, L. H. Dyer.....	5 01 18	1 51 18	1 51 18

Sloops, Class Q—Start, 3:15.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ogeemah, Alfred Mackay.....	5 00 52	1 43 52	1 42 41
Mary, Max Grundner.....	5 05 58	1 50 58	1 50 21
Trouble, W. A. Barstow.....	5 08 58	1 53 58	1 53 58
Careless, F. J. Havens.....	5 09 19	1 54 19	1 54 15

Sloops, Class R—Start, 3:20.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Beta, Snedeker & Camp.....	6 43 27	3 23 27	
Gamma, A. H. Platt.....	6 48 10	3 28 10	
Delta, J. J. Mahoney.....	6 48 50	3 28 50	
Alpha, Holcombe & Howell.....	Did not finish.		

Marine and Field Special—Start, 3:20.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Esperance, T. A. Hamilton.....	6 17 52	2 57 52	
Kelpie, W. K. Brown.....	6 30 00	3 10 00	

Catboats, Class V—Start, 3:25.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Martha M., Richard Moore.....	5 19 30	1 54 30	1 53 12
Colleen, W. F. Kemney.....	5 19 03	1 54 03	1 54 03
Orient, Richard Rummell.....	Did not finish.		
Rascal, D. G. Whitlock.....	Did not finish.		

Edgewood Y. C.

Narragansett Bay, R. I.—Saturday, Sept. 17.

The last of the three fall races of the Edgewood Y. C. was sailed Saturday afternoon, Sept. 17, and with this event the yachting season in Narragansett Bay practically comes to a close. This final event was an open regatta, but there were only eight entries all told, including three outside craft. The winners were the cats Elizabeth and Rival No. 1, and the knockabout Hope.

There was a light N.W. breeze that shifted to the S.W. and freshened materially at times, so that a fairly good race was held.

Interest centered in the work of the two 30ft. cats Mblem and Elizabeth, which have been rivals for first honors all the season. Elizabeth got away first by 2s., but Mblem had the best position, and led over the first round by 10s. Then Elizabeth forged ahead and secured the lead, gradually opening out the distance until she finished nearly 3m. ahead. Including this final race, Elizabeth has won ten races this season and Mblem has taken eight. Mblem, however, wins the Edgewood "cock of the walk" pennant, on points, as she was already two points ahead of Elizabeth on the season, and with the last event gained one more to Elizabeth's two, making a total of 45 to 44.

Rival No. 1, sailed by Harvey J. Flint, of Wanderer III., was successful in the 25ft. class, defeating Mae Hope by more than 11m. In the knockabout class the winner was Hope, a Herreshoff one-design 15-footer, owned by R. Colt, a son of Col. Samuel P. Colt, of Bristol, which defeated Terror by 11m.

Priscilla, the Wood brothers last fall river sloop, came over with the hope of again engaging Little Rhody, but as she had no competitor, she did not start.

The course was a short triangular one, sailed three times over, and giving a total distance of 11 miles. Messrs. A. C. Davis, Fred Gammell and Fred Griffith, of the Edgewood Y. C. Regatta Committee, acted as judges. The summary:

Knockabouts—Start, 2:29.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hope, R. Colt.....	5 12 50	2 43 50
Terror, W. L. Frost.....	5 23 48	2 54 48
Martha, W. S. Baxter.....	Did not finish.	

30ft. Cats—Start, 2:41.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Elizabeth, W. D. Wood.....	4 44 33	2 03 33
Mblem, G. E. Darling.....	4 47 29	2 06 29

25ft. Cats—Start, 2:43.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Rival No. 1, C. Mays.....	5 01 50	2 18 50
Mae Hope, D. C. Stranger.....	5 13 10	2 30 10
Patience, E. C. Cook.....	5 30 40	2 47 40

F. H. Young.

Riverton Y. C.

Riverton, Delaware River—Saturday, Sept. 10.

The first power boat race of any importance to be held on the Delaware River was given by the Riverton Y. C. on Saturday, Sept. 10. The Riverton Y. C. is to be congratulated on the showing made, for the race was better in many respects than any given on Long Island Sound, where there are many more motor craft.

The course was 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles, starting at Riverton pier, up the river to red spar buoy No. 52, down to black buoy No. 41, twice around.

The races were held under the American Power Boat Association rules. There were fifteen starters, and all but three finished. The light N.E. breeze was not strong enough to make the water rough. The winners were Nada III. and Unique. The summary:

First Class.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Lovica, C. B. Mitchell.....	Withdrew.	
Elizabeth, F. F. Wachter.....	4 32 22	1 57 13
Maude Blair, John Blair.....	5 26 12	1 42 48
Wizzard, R. R. Bender.....	5 25 55	1 41 49
New Jersey, France.....	Withdrew.	
Anna Belle, W. H. Wolstencroft.....	5 38 00	1 47 14
Nada I., Helen Godschalk.....	5 03 08	1 03 27
Nada III, Clarence Godschalk.....	5 01 52	1 02 11

May, J. F. Machell.....	Finish.	Elapsed.
Withdrew.		
W. Schmitt, L. E. M. Byers.....	5 44 58	1 42 07
Nan, Otto Holzworth.....	5 22 48	1 18 40
Red Devil, George N. Bakely.....	5 16 33	1 06 45
Now Then, Dr. Ruch.....	5 21 28	1 11 40

40ft. Class.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Boomerang, E. H. Godschalk.....	5 18 06	1 01 48
Unique, H. E. Dantzebecker.....	5 27 46	0 58 53

Beverly Y. C.

Wing's Neck, Buzzard's Bay—Saturday, Sept. 10.

The Beverly Y. C. sailed its 362d regatta on Saturday, Sept. 10, in a W.S.W. breeze. Mr. R. W. Emmons, 2d, acted as judge. The winners were Praxilla, Maora, Jap, and Fiddler. The summary:

One-Design 30-footers.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Praxilla, J. Parkinson, Jr.....	3 46 50	
Young Miss, D. Whittemore.....	3 50 54	
Arabian, R. Winsor, Jr.....	Did not finish.	

Fourth-Class Cats.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Maora, A. W. Whiting.....	2 56 55	
Howard, Howard Miller.....	2 53 43	

One-Design 18-footers.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Jap, G. P. Gardner, Jr.....	2 21 12	
Hindoo, N. F. Emmons.....	Did not finish.	

One-Design 15-footers.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Fiddler, Miss Dabney.....	1 18 59	
Teazer, Mrs. R. W. Emmons, 2d.....	1 19 07	
Ranzo, Maurice Richardson.....	1 19 30	
Compress, S. M. Weld.....	1 20 01	
Fly, Miss Williams.....	1 21 07	
Vim, D. Sargent.....	1 21 08	
Uarda, The Misses Emmons.....	1 24 45	

Season championships were won by the following boats: 30-footers, Young Miss; 21-footers, Terrapin; 18-footers, Jap; 15-footers, Fiddler.

Ladies' cup for best record of the season: 15-footers, won by Teazer, Mrs. R. W. Emmons, 2d; fourth-class catboats, not decided, owing to protest.

Canoeing.

A. C. A. Meet.

Sugar Island, St. Lawrence River—Aug. 11 to 18.

Thursday, Aug. 11, 1904.

Event No. 6. Unlimited Sailing Race.—Six miles; limit 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours; open to any canoe coming within the A. C. A. rules. Weather showery and squally; wind west, strong; sea heavy. Start, 10:40:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
D. B. Goodsell.....	11 41 15	1 01 15
M. Ohlmeyer.....	11 45 45	1 05 45
W. W. Crosby.....	12 06 50	1 26 50
W. Carmalt.....	12 12 45	1 32 45
J. E. Zdzieniewicz.....	12 13 30	1 33 30

Event No. 17. Special Class Sailing Race.—Weather cloudy and threatening; wind north and strong; sea choppy. Decked class 3 miles; open class 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Start, 2:40:

Class A—Decked.	Finish.	Elapsed.
D. B. Goodsell.....	3 10 00	0 30 00
F. C. Moore.....	3 10 40	0 30 40

Class B—Open.	Finish.	Elapsed.
W. W. Crosby.....	3 07 25	0 27 25
E. F. Wyer.....	3 32 00	0 52 00

Event No. 14. Novice Sailing Race.—Three miles; limit 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours; weather cloudy; wind north; sea moderate. Start, 4:25:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Ralph Britton.....	5 03 30	0 33 30
B. F. Cromwell, Jr.....	Withdrew.	

Friday, Aug. 12.

Event No. 15. Club Sailing Race.—Once around Sugar Island. Weather clear; wind light, N.E.; sea smooth. Start, 10:30:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
F. C. Moore, N. Y. C. C.....	10 56 00	0 26 00
D. B. Goodsell, N. Y. C. C.....	10 57 45	0 27 45
E. A. Bennett, N. Y. C. C.....	10 59 05	0 29 05
A. W. Scott, K. C. C.....	11 07 10	0 37 10
L. A. De Camp, K. C. C.....	11 07 20	0 37 20
W. Carmalt, N. Y. C. C.....	11 13 50	0 43 50
E. J. Wright, N. Y. C. C.....	11 15 10	0 45 10
B. F. Cromwell, Jr., K. C. C.....	11 29 47	0 59 47

Won by New York C. C., having first three men finish.

Event No. 3. Sailing Record Race.—Four and one-half miles; limit 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours; weather cloudy; wind light, S.W.; sea moderate. Start, 2:40:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Points.
D. B. Goodsell.....	4 00 55	1 20 55	6
F. C. Moore.....	4 01 30	1 21 30	5
E. A. Bennett.....	4 02 45	1 22 45	4
Ralph Britton.....	4 12 00	1 32 00	3
W. Carmalt.....	Not timed.		2
J. J. Hattenbrun, Jr.....	Not timed.		1

Event No. 13. Fours Paddling Race.—Double-blade, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile straightaway. Weather clear; wind none; sea smooth. Start, 4:41:45:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Points.
Herb Begg, A. G. Mather, R. Britton, M. C. Berrien.....	4 45 25		
E. H. Stoner, E. H. Demmler, R. Owen, F. C. Demmler.....	4 45 35		
D. P. Mitchell, F. P. Land, E. A. Bennett, J. A. de Camp.....	4 45 50		
L. Danburg, B. F. Cromwell, Jr., A. Van Dohlen, J. J. Hattenbrun, Jr.....	4 45 20		

Last crew, though finishing first, was protested for taking water of first crew, and protest was sustained by Regatta Committee, thereby disqualifying the crew from position in the race.

Event No. 2. Paddling Record Race.—One-half mile straightaway. Weather clear; wind none; sea smooth. Start, 5:25:15:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Points.
J. J. Hattenbrun.....	5 29 25	0 04 10	4
R. Britton.....	5 29 35	0 04 20	3
W. Carmalt.....	5 29 45	0 04 30	2

magnanimity and sportsmanlike qualities shown by Mr. Mather in the very embarrassing position in which he was placed. Special Event. Tail End Race.—one-quarter mile down the wind. Weather clear; wind very strong S.W.; sea rough. Race not timed; course not measured. First R. P. Nichols; second, H. O. Palmer; third J. E. Plummer, fouled finishing buoy; fourth, C. H. Parson, did not finish. A. M. Hannah and R. Britton were protested and protest sustained.

Event No. 22. Tilting Tournament:
First bout: Cromwell, tilter, and De Camp, paddler, beat Britton, tilter, and Mather, paddler.
Second bout: Danburg, tilter, and Hattenbrun, paddler, beat Zdzankiewicz, tilter, and Van Dohlen, paddler.
Third bout: Bouse, tilter, and Nichols, paddler, beat Ohlmeyer, tilter, and Reichert, paddler.
Milson, tilter, and Hannah, paddler, a bye.
Owing to lateness of the hour, committee called off tournament, to be resumed following morning.

Thursday, Aug. 18.
Event No. 22. Tilting Tournament, continued:
First bout: Danburg and Hattenbrun beat Cromwell and De Camp.
Second bout: Rouse and Nichols beat Milson and Hannah.
Finals: Rouse, tilter, and Nichols, paddler, beat Danburg, tilter, and Hattenbrun, paddler, and won the tilting championship of the A. C. A. for 1904.

Postponed Event No. 1. Combined Sailing and Paddling Record Race.—Weather clear; wind none; sea smooth. Start, 11:39.
Finish. Elapsed. Points.
R. Britton.....12 34 10 0 55 10 3
W. Carmalt.....12 33 13 0 56 15 2
J. J. Hattenbrun, Jr.....12 37 50 0 58 50 1

Note.—The result of the three record races gives the record for 1904 to Ralph Britton, of Gananoque, with 9 points; Carmalt, of New York C. C., and Hattenbrun, of Undercliff C. C., tied for second place with 6 points each.

Postponed Event No. 4. Trophy Sailing Race.—Nine miles. Weather clear; wind N. and puffy; sea moderate. Start, 2:30.

Finish.
Mab, F. C. Moore.....4 09 28
Buzard II., D. B. Goodsell.....4 12 54
Guenn, R. Britton.....Not timed.

Note.—F. C. Moore wins the sailing trophy of the A. C. A. for 1904.

Referee, R. J. Wilkin. Judges, E. A. Burns and J. W. Sparrow. J. K. Hand, clerk of the course.
Committee: H. M. Stewart, Chairman; F. C. Hoyt, C. P. Forbush and Herb Begg.

Palisades Park.

THE work of appropriating land along the New Jersey bank of the Hudson for the new Interstate Park, is practically completed, as there are only a few acres yet to be acquired. The park will extend fourteen miles along the west shore of the Hudson River. A magnificent boulevard will traverse the length of the park, running along the water's edge. In speaking of the project, the New York Herald had the following to say:

"There are several other phases of the Palisades Park project which are at present receiving the attention of the commission. There was a time when the Harlem River was practically the center for aquatic sports. The crowding of that channel has of late years been driving oarsmen and canoeists away, and they are looking for other places in which to establish their headquarters. On the west side of the Hudson they will find such a haven, is the belief of the commissioners.

"We feel quite certain," said Mr. J. Du Pratt White, the secretary of the commission, "that Palisades Park will be a place of resort for all who are interested in aquatic sports. The water is shallow along the western bank, and there will be splendid opportunities for rowing contests and also for canoeing. Many small sailboats, sloops, and catboats are constantly seen along that part of the river. There will be piers and landings established for their benefit. This will give the aquatic interests something of a home, and the ideal surroundings will make the park a place of resort which they will greatly appreciate.

"In fact, the commission is now doing all that it can in a small way to encourage these interests. No rowing will be permitted, and the unruly element will be kept away if possible. We are now patrolling our land to prevent any depredation being made by such persons, for the cutting down of valuable trees and the destruction of landmarks will not be permitted.

"We have always taken great pleasure in welcoming canoeists. Even at this time we are issuing permits to them to camp on the land. The canoeist is a scientific camper. He goes ashore, pitches his tent, establishes an abode which is a delight to the eye, and in half an hour, if need be, he can disappear, leaving no trace behind him. He does not spoil anything. He is too much of a gentleman and possessed of too much right feeling to deface objects of natural beauty. It is the intention of the commission to provide places where men of that class may establish camps. Every facility will be offered to them.

"Spots will be set aside for campers under the supervision of the commission. The unexcelled view of the river, the wild beauty of the place, and other conditions, should make the Palisades Park of especial interest to those who love an out-of-door life. There are now many campers along the shore, and on Saturdays and Sundays the small tents can be seen close to the edge of the river. There has been little trouble experienced from those who make temporary abiding places at that point, although, of course, the commission is obliged to see that no trees are cut down. In order that there may be no confusion and that the campers may not unwittingly trespass on private property, we are issuing permits. Those who hold them may then be able to select a desirable camping place in advance."

"That the Palisades reservation is becoming popular as a resort for campers, was seen on a trip to that region made recently by a reporter for the Herald, who set out in a sloop, starting from the New York side. On the western bank as far as Alpine were seen at intervals the small tents close to the shore. Here the campers had established themselves in the most comfortable fashion. A few of them had fires made from driftwood, but the majority used lamps of alcohol or kerosene for cooking. Small tables, supported by collapsible legs, were spread under the diminutive awnings. Camp chairs were set up in some of the abiding places. Back of the tables were small tents, where the campers might sleep. The water which they used was supplied by the clear spring which flows from the living rock. The sources of most of these springs are uncontaminated, and the water was clear, sparkling and deliciously cold.

"Model camps, indeed, were those which had been established by the canoeists. In the hold of the slender canoes, wrapped in stout brown canvas, was stored everything which was essential to make camp life a joy. From the canoes were brought forth material from which were built square tents, cooking apparatus and vessels,

and an apparently inexhaustible store of provisions. The canoeists extend their lines throughout the territory which is to constitute the Palisades Park.

"Many small sailboats and naphtha launches were lying off the Palisades reservation, while the occupants took a view of the towering cliffs and of the rich verdure and the jutting crags of the land which they were one day to possess. The opening of the park to the public will be appreciated by a large class of the population, of whom those seen on the day were the vanguard.

"Above the city there are many opportunities for fishing, and in the neighborhood of Englewood is a colony of fishermen which has for generations made its living from the river."

Sailing With Canoes.

IN addition to the scores who spend summer days aboard steam yachts, sailing vessels, and motor boats, there is quite a body of men in the city who prefer smaller craft for their pastime and give their spare moments to canoeing. To the real water lover canoe sailing has advantages over the management of larger boats, and attractions to be found in no other kind of aquatic sport.

Canoeing, more than any other kind of sailing, rests squarely on the skill of the man in the boat. There is little difference in the construction or character of canoes within a given class, which throws the responsibility for victory or defeat on the canoeist to an extent which is true with no other kind of vessel. Supremacy in canoe management comes only with years of experience, but once attained is a factor which can be depended upon to make good in all contests. There is no chance for an indifferent hand to win through the merits of a boat for whose workmanship he can claim no credit.

On this account canoeing has a personal element which makes it absorbing. It brings one into a closeness of touch with the water—sometimes more than a mere touch—which is its main charm. Many persons spend an afternoon on the water sitting in a wicker chair under the after deck awning of a trim steam yacht, and believe that they are fond of the water. What they are really fond of are the chair and the shade and the breeze and other things which usually go with the excursion.

The canoeist does not find his enjoyment of the water in that way. He is not a believer in homeopathic doses. He takes to the water in a spirit of comradeship for a rough-and-ready frolic. There is the same difference between sailing a canoe and traveling on a steam yacht as between horseback riding and driving in a buggy.

In canoe racing one does not wear a yachting cap and white duck trousers. He goes out in a costume which will serve him equally well in the water and out of it, balancing himself within reaching distance of its surface as his canoe skims the waves, conscious of, but indifferent to, the fact that a trifling accident or error of management may immediately eliminate this distance, turning the contest for him into a swimming and not a canoe race. Of course, it is assumed that he can swim. Swimming should be regarded as a prerequisite to any kind of yachting, but is an indisputable necessity in canoeing.

To the spectator also canoe sailing offers some distinct advantages over other exhibitions of watermanship. The majority of yacht races are uninteresting to the observer on shore. To see the maneuvering of the race and get into the spirit of the contest, it is necessary to be aboard one of the competitors or some official boat having the freedom of the course. At best the most one can usually expect to see is the finish, and often this is so scattered as to lose all the elements of a contest. With canoes it is different. The races are for short distances, usually not much over a mile, and are held on smooth water inshore, where they may be followed perfectly by the spectators. There is no long delay with the boats in the remote distance or out of sight waiting for the finish. Several canoe races can be sailed while the vessels in a big yacht race are coming to the starting line, and a regatta of a dozen events can be concluded in less time than a single race among larger boats. Then, too, the unexpected is constantly happening in canoe races. This relieves any race from dullness and keeps the attention of the onlookers fixed on the contest from start to finish.

Canoeing is naturally less popular in a seaboard town than inland. The majority of expert canoeists are to be found away from the coast, usually on fresh water lakes and adaptable rivers. With so many other kinds of boating and water sports, one is apt to be diverted toward something else unless he was brought up to it in another locality.—New York Post.

Red Dragon C. C.

ON Saturday, Sept. 10, the Red Dragon C. C., of Philadelphia, held the fall regatta of its 21st racing season at the club house, Wissinoming, Pa.

The ideal weather favored a large gathering, and the various events were well contested by amateur canoeists from different organizations along the Delaware River. The most interesting event for the Red Dragons was the club trophy race. This is the half mile paddling championship of the club, and is always closely fought among its best blade handlers. All contestants used the regulation racing model, Mr. Edward K. Merrill being the winner; time, 3:10. M. D. Wilt, a close second. MacLister and Mitchell were the other entries.

Mr. Merrill, the victor, is one of the younger members of the club, and he used a canoe of his own design and construction, thereby deserving more than usual credit.

Other events of an exciting nature were the broom race, tilting tournament, double blade half-mile, and tandem single blade. In all but the double blade the Red Dragon members carried off the first prize. In all of the races first and second prizes were offered, all being handsome and appropriate trophies to the lucky winners. The events and winners follow:

Broom race—Won by E. K. Merrill; second, T. L. Hammersly. Time, 1m.

Club trophy, ½ mile—Won by E. K. Merrill; second, W. D. Wilt. Time, 3:10.

Tilting tournament—Won by Merrill and Wilt; second, Lewis and Hammersly.

Double blade, ½ mile—Won by H. C. Hammersly; second, W. D. Wilt. Time, 2:05.

Tandem single blade, ½ mile—Won by Wilt and Merrill; second, Hammersly and Tompkins. Time, 3:27.

The swimming, hand paddling and tandem double blade races were called off on account of darkness.

Officials: Starter, H. W. Fleishmann; timekeeper, Fred W. Noyes; judges, Joseph Edward Murray, Clifton T. Mitchell.

WILL K. PARK.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Sept. 15,

Park Island C. C.

SOME two hundred persons were present at the Park Island C. C., of Trenton, N. J., held at Park Island on Monday, Sept. 5. The officials were: Starter, Arthur Wood; judges, D. B. Goodsell and William Holcombe; clerk, T. C. Moore; referee, D. B. Goodsell.

The summary follows:

DOUBLE BLADES, TANDEM, LADY AND GENTLEMAN, ½ MILE.

1. C. W. Stark, Miss Wood, P. I. C. A.
2. T. L. Hammersly and wife, Monte Cristo C. C.
3. F. W. Donnelly and wife, P. I. C. A.

SWIMMING RACE, OPEN, 100 YARDS.

1. G. S. Morrissey, N. Y. C. C.
2. E. A. Stark.

SWIMMING RACE, P. I. C. A.

1. R. G. Lucas, P. I. C. A.
2. J. A. Fritz, P. I. C. A.

TILTING TOURNAMENT.

1. Frederick Gilkyson, F. W. Donnelly, P. I. C. A.
2. P. K. Tompkins, D. W. Anders, Monte Cristo C. C.

BROOM RACE, 100 YARDS.

1. W. B. Maddock, P. I. C. A.
2. H. T. McNiece, P. I. C. A.
3. G. S. Morrissey, N. Y. C. C.

TANDEM OVERBOARD, 100 YARDS.

1. Frederick Gilkyson, M. S. West, P. I. C. A.
2. F. W. Donnelly, W. A. Furman, P. I. C. A.
3. W. B. Maddock, C. R. Smith, P. I. C. A.

DOUBLE BLADES, ¼ MILE.

1. Chas. W. Stark, P. I. C. A.
2. M. D. Wilt, Red Dragon C. C.
3. Geo. S. Morrissey, N. Y. C. C.

DOUBLE BLADES, TANDEM, ¼ MILE.

1. C. W. Stark, H. T. McNiece, P. I. C. A.
2. F. W. Donnelly, P. I. C. A.; J. K. Hand, N. Y. C. C.
3. H. A. Hill, M. C. Hill, P. I. C. A.

SINGLE BLADES, ¾ MILE.

1. M. D. Wilt, R. D. C. C.
2. E. D. Anderson, P. I. C. A.
3. G. S. Morrissey, N. Y. C. C.

SINGLE BLADES, TANDEM, ¼ MILE.

1. P. K. Tompkins, D. W. Andrews, Monte Cristo C. C.
2. H. P. Moorhead, C. W. Stark, P. I. C. A.
3. F. W. Donnelly, H. T. McNiece, P. I. C. A.

HAND PADDLING, 100 YARDS.

1. E. D. Anderson, P. Q. C. A.
2. H. A. Hill, P. Q. C. A.
3. Chas. R. Smith, P. Q. C. A.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

CANOEES SOLD TO THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.—Two of the cruising class canoes designed by Daniel B. Goodsell in 1903, have been sold to sportsmen in the Hawaiian Islands. If they prove satisfactory, a number of others will be built. One of the creations captured the Elliot trophy this year at the annual meet of the Atlantic Division of the American Canoe Association. The boats are 17ft. over all, 13ft. 9in. on the waterline, 3ft. 6in. beam, and 5in. draft. They are designed to a displacement of 52 pounds, and carry 140 square feet of canvas. The two which have been sold are to be shipped by rail to San Francisco, and will go from there by steamer to their new destination.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Kennel.

The National Foxhunters' Association.

PRESIDENT WM. WADE has sent out the following circular relative to suitable localities for the annual meet: "For some years it has been impressed upon members of The National Foxhunters' Association that a trial should be held somewhere outside of Kentucky, and this feeling is quite as prevalent among Kentucky members as among those of other States. It should go without saying that but for the vigorous support of Kentucky, both in membership and entries, the association would have fallen to pieces long since, and members outside the State of Kentucky owe Kentucky members much for their work.

"But still, it is not well that the National Association should be set down as purely an institution of one State, no matter where that State may be, and to keep the idea alive that ours is a National Association, we must have meets outside Kentucky now and then.

"Therefore, I would be glad if you would express your views and your suggestions of suitable localities in States neighboring to Kentucky.

"The essential requirements for a meet are, foxes reasonably plenty; sufficient and good accommodations for those attending the meet; that horses fit for hunting are readily obtainable; that the country be reasonably open, and that the point is on some through line of railroad running through cars past that point. As an illustration of this point, any such station on the C. & O., Norfolk & Western, or Southern railroads in Virginia, western North Carolina, or Tennessee would be right.

"I hope it will not be concluded from the foregoing that it is determined the next trials shall be held outside of Kentucky, as the present intention is only to collect information as to good localities in other States.

"Therefore, it is hoped Kentucky members will give full information as to desirable locations they may know of. Awaiting your kind reply, I am yours very truly,

WM. WADE,

President National Foxhunters' Association."

Points and Flushes.

The premium list of the Sixteenth Annual Foxhound Field Trials and the Second Annual Foxhound Show, to be held by the Brunswick Fur Club, Barre, Mass., in October, can be obtained of the secretary, Mr. Bradford Turpin, Roxbury, Mass. Full information is given concerning classes, fees, etc. Entries close October 1.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Sept. 21.—Bristol, Conn., Gun Club tournament and sheepbake. E. R. Burwell, Sec'y.
Sept. 22.—Moberly, Mo.—Missouri League of Trapshooters.
Sept. 22-23.—Waterloo, Ia., Gun Club tournament; \$1,000 added. E. M. Storm, Sec'y.
Sept. 22-23.—Waterloo, Ia., Gun Club tournament.
Sept. 27.—Morgantown, W. Va.—Recreation Rod and Gun Club amateur tournament. Elmer F. Jacobs, Sec'y.
Sept. 27-28.—Manning, Ia., Gun Club two-day amateur tournament. G. A. Rober, Sec'y.
Sept. 28.—Concord, Staten Island.—Richmond Gun Club all-day shoot. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
Sept. 28-29.—Concordia, Kans.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Concordia Gun Club. L. S. Myers, Sec'y. Elmer E. Shaner, Mgr.
Sept. 28-29.—Homer, Ill.—Homer-Ogden Gun Club tournament.
Sept. 29-30.—Centralia, Ill., Trapshooting Club tournament. T. W. Rice, Sec'y.
Oct. 4-5.—Crawfordsville, Ind., Gun Club tournament.
*Oct. 4-5.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club.
Oct. 6-7.—Dalton, O., Gun sixth annual tournament. Ernest F. Scott, Capt.
Oct. 6-7.—St. Marys, Pa.—Two-day shoot.
Oct. 10-11.—Carthage, Mo.—Seventh tournament of the Missouri League of Trapshooters. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y.
Oct. 12-13.—Sistersville, W. Va., Gun Club fall tournament. Added money to all events, and prizes. Ed. O. Bower, Sec'y.
Oct. 12-13.—Indianapolis, Ind., Gun Club fall tournament. James W. Bell, Sec'y.
Oct. 18-19.—Litchfield, Ill.—Consolidated Trapshooters' Congress.
Oct. 18-20.—New London, Ia., Gun Club tournament. Dr. E. C. Cook, Sec'y.
Oct. 26.—Concord, Staten Island.—All-day target shoot of the Mullerite Gun Club, on the grounds of the Richmond Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
Nov. 1-3.—St. Louis Mo.—World's Fair shoot; live birds and targets. Alec D. Mermod, Mgr., 620 Locust street.
Nov. 17-19.—Tampa, Fla.—Tampa Bay Rod and Gun Club, \$400 added. J. A. Hansbrough, Sec'y.
*Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League tournaments. C. G. Grubb, Sec'y, Pittsburg.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The next shoot of the Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club will be held on Oct. 1.

The programme of the Centralia, Ill., Amateur Trapshooters' Congress, provides two more contests, one on Sept. 29 and 30, the other on Nov. 3 and 4.

On Saturday of this week a return match is fixed to take place between teams of the Meadow Springs Gun Club and the S. S. White Gun Club, on the grounds of the former club, Philadelphia.

On the grounds of the Richmond Gun Club, Concord, Staten Island, a match is fixed to be held on Sept. 24, at 1 o'clock, between teams of the New York Athletic Club, Castleton Gun Club, and Richmond Gun Club.

On the Point Breeze race track, Philadelphia, the Point Breeze Gun Club weekly shoot on Sept. 17 is conspicuous by some good scores. Mr. Walter Harrison broke 90 out of 100 targets, and Mr. S. C. Aiman was a good second with 85.

The Garfield Gun Club, of Chicago, finished their seventh and last trophy shoot of the third series on Saturday of last week. These contests have been notable for the large number of contestants who participated throughout the series.

Mr. Phil B. Bekeart, of San Francisco, was a visitor in New York in last days of last week and the early part of this week. He journeyed toward Atlantic City, where he purposed to tarry for a short while, thence en route to the far Western coast.

The Montclair, N. J., Gun Club has provided a silver loving cup as a prize to the member making the longest consecutive run from Sept. 17 to Jan. 2, inclusive. The full conditions are posted in the club house. Mr. Edward Winslow is the secretary.

Mr. C. B. Clapp writes us as follows: "The seventh tournament of the Missouri League of Trapshooters will be held at Carthage, Mo., Oct. 10 and 11. Address J. P. Leggett, Carthage, Mo., or the secretary of the League, Dr. C. B. Clapp, Moberly, Mo."

At the regular monthly handicap of the Clearview Gun Club, at Darby, Pa., Sept. 17, Mr. Morris G. Bell led with 23 out of 25, but was tied by Dr. Charlton, the allowance of each completing a full score of 25. A shoot-off resulted in a tie of 25, then in a toss up, Dr. Charlton won.

Mr. Edward Banks, of the DuPont Company, Wilmington, Del., was a visitor in New York several days past, attending to business matters. He left for his home about the middle of this week. He reports gratifying progress in the growth of his egg plant, or, rather, his hen ranch. He seems to be gradually losing his fondness for New York, as might be expected, in view of the abundance of good sport, reed bird and rail shooting and fishing in season, with which Wilmington abounds.

The Secretary, Mr. J. A. Hansbrough, writes us as follows: "The first annual tournament at targets and live birds, given under the auspices of the Tampa Bay Rod and Gun Club, Tampa, Fla., will be held on Nov. 17, 18 and 19; \$400 in added money. Two days at targets and one day at live birds. During the week of South Florida Fair reduced rates on all railroads. For programme address the secretary."

The programme of the fourth annual tournament for amateurs, to be held on the Rising Sun Gun Club grounds, Rising Sun, Cecil county, Md., Oct. 5 and 6, announces that \$5 will be added. On the first day twelve events, each at 15 targets, \$2 entrance, \$1.50 added, will be provided. On the second day there will be ten events, of which nine are at 15 targets. The tenth will be at 40 targets, 80 cents entrance, and will determine the championship of Cecil county. It is open only to county residents. High amateur and professional averages will have \$4 each. Shooting begins at 10:30. Ship shells to the Rising Sun Gun Club. Sliding handicap, 16 to 20yds. Messrs. Cecil Kirk and H. Linn Worthington will manage the shoot.

BERNARD WATERS.

Chicago Trapshooters' Association.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 15.—The Chicago Trapshooters' Association tournament, held Sept. 9, 10 and 11, at their grounds at Watson's Park, Burnside, was the most successful target tournament held in Chicago since the times when the State shoots were held here.

The officers of the Association put forth a good programme, with plenty of special races and merchandise prizes to make it worth while to have shooters go a good distance from home to attend, this shoot, and they certainly did come from many parts. The first two days were beautiful days for the sport, with the exception of a pretty stiff incoming wind. The last day it rained, but not enough to hinder finishing the programme in good time.

The details of the shoot were in the hands of E. B. Shogren, secretary of the Association, and Fred Lord and H. W. Viemeyer. The cashier's office was in charge of C. A. Shogren and Leslie Standish, who gave valuable assistance in making up the squad sheets and getting the squads up to the traps.

Seventy shooters took part in all or part of the events of the three days, and as it is the open season, many Chicago shooters were away on their annual hunts who otherwise would have been in attendance.

Ten professional shooters were in attendance, and considerable interest was taken in the work done by these men. When such good men as W. R. Crosby and Fred Gilbert strike town there is bound to be something doing in the shooting line. And then there was Tom Marshall, Frank Riehl, C. A. Young, John Boa, Cadwallader, Fred Lord, H. W. Viemeyer and Keck, the one-armed wonder.

W. R. Crosby again gave some of his remarkable performances at target smashing, and was in the lead each day, missing but 5 the first day out of 180 and 9 each of the next two days, getting a total score of 514 out of 540 targets. Fred Gilbert was easily next with a total of 504 out of 540 for the three days, Marshall getting 492, John Boa 491, and C. A. Young 490.

Among the amateurs Lcm Willard, Chicago's best amateur trap shot, was first, with a total of 491 out of 540. O. N. Ford, of Central City, Ia., was second with 490. Kit Shepardson, of La Grange, Ind., third with 376. Guy Burnside, of Knoxville, Ill., fourth with 375.

Most interest centered in the autumn handicap trophy race on the afternoon of the second day, which was at 50 targets, with \$50 added to the purse, and the \$50 trophy cup. Handicap from 16 to 20yds. There were thirty-eight entries in this event, and at the close of the race Max Kneussl, of Ottawa, Ill., and R. L. Slimmer, of Clarksville, Ia., were tied with 46, and after three shoot-offs, the cup finally went to Kneussl. These shoot-offs were greatly enjoyed by the shooters and large number of spectators present, as the shooting abilities of these two men were about on a parity.

On the last day the special feature was the consolation handicap trophy race of 25 targets, with twenty-six entries; \$25 was added to the purse, and the cup, valued at \$25, to go to the winner. Lem Willard, Shepardson and W. D. Stannard tied with 24 each. On the first shoot-off Willard and Stannard again tied with 22 each, Shepardson dropping one less. On the final shoot-off Stannard broke 24 and Willard 19, which gave the cup to Stannard.

Notes on Tournament.

The wind played havoc with good scores the second day—incoming. My, how those targets did climb!

The Indiana boys showed up in good numbers. Come again, boys.

Dr. Hann came from Texas, and got in first money in the 25 target race on Friday.

You ought to see the "smile that won't come off" on the faces of Lord and Viemeyer.

Crosby held up his reputation as the greatest of target shots.

Chief Iron Man kept the honors at home by winning first average.

Fred Gilbert dropped more targets than is customary with him. The uncertain flight of the targets will make even the best miss some.

Hanagan was the only one to get 25 straight in the big race. The cup seemed to be his then, but they all fell down at the second trap.

Tom Marshall said that Chicago has finally awakened, and should soon be the greatest of trapshooting cities.

Burnmeister, Gilbert's side partner, was badly out of form.

Burnside won two pairs of ball-bearing oarlocks the first day. Hanagan won an Ithaca gun and a Bristol steel rod. J. R. Graham got a Marlin 16-gauge repeating shotgun. Willard got a set of shooting pictures. Loring got a gun case and a shooting coat. Stannard and Scott each got a gun case, and nearly every shooter won an ideal gun cleaner for making a straight.

Just as the first squad had finished the first event the last day it commenced to rain, and it looked for a while as if it would put a stop to the game for the rest of the day; but it soon cleared up, although being cloudy all day.

Kneussl said he was afraid to go through the heart of the city with that big cup under his arm—a little bit scary about the hold-up men.

The greatest proportion of the shooters indorsed the system of equal moneys, and more shot through because of this.

Geo. Roll tried to shoot a new gun, and then he quit after the second day.

E. W. Bird came from Fairmount, Minn., to see how we run a shoot here.

W. A. Davis, formerly secretary of the Paducah, Ky., Gun Club, is now a Chicagoan, and came out and shot in a few events.

Over twenty home shooters shot through a day's programme.

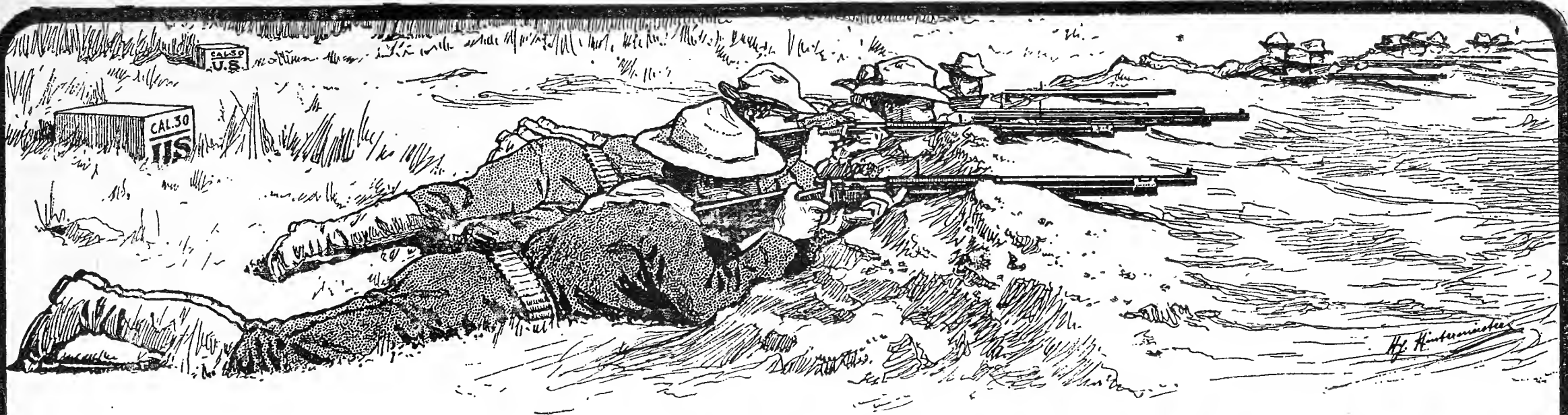
Sept. 9, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Shot
Targets:	15	15	15	20	15	15	15	15	20	15	20	at.
Rambo	14	13	14	17	12	13	12	13	17	14	15	180
L. C. Willard	12	14	14	20	15	14	13	12	20	13	18	180
O. N. Ford	14	12	14	20	14	15	12	14	19	15	18	180
Geo. Roll	11	13	12	16	12	13	12	13	14	12	16	180
Kit Shepardson	14	14	15	17	13	15	13	15	18	12	18	180
Fred Lord	13	15	14	13	12	12	13	13	14	10	16	180
F. Gibson	13	13	14	17	11	14	13	13	15	15	15	180
Winesberg	12	13	11	18	11	15	13	15	19	13	17	180
John Boa	13	10	15	18	11	15	14	13	19	13	17	180
Cadwallader	12	14	12	20	10	9	11	11	17	12	17	180
Fred Gilbert	14	15	13	19	15	14	13	15	19	14	18	180
Burnmeister	13	12	8	15	10	11	13	12	13	11	13	180
G. Burnside	10	12	15	18	14	14	11	12	20	14	19	180
Hanagan	12	13	13	18	12	14	11	12	16	14	18	180
W. R. Crosby	15	15	14	19	15	13	15	15	20	15	19	180
Slimmer	9	12	12	16	1	213	11	13	13	9	18	180
Loring	11	11	9	19	11	12	13	13	17	13	11	180
Engstrom	13	12	12	18	4	13	12	11	17	14	17	180
Kneussl	12	12	12	18	11	11	13	13	18	12	17	180
Viemeyer	13	14	6	17	11	13	13	14	17	14	17	180
Dr. Hann	11	13	12	15	7	12	95
Ben Scott	14	15	11	19	11	15	12	12	19	13	17	180
Tom Marshall	14	14	15	17	13	13	14	13	18	14	19	180
Young	15	13	11	17	15	14	14	18	13	20	180
E. W. Bird	12	14	13	12	14	12	11	12	19	12	15	180
J. R. Graham	10	13	14	15	15	15	14	16	8	14	180
Sargent	10	10	15	14	16	85
Apple	12	16	35

Twenty-five target special race for guaranteed purse of \$75, distance handicap. Scores: Rambo (18) 22, C. Willard (20) 21, O. N. Ford (20) 20, G. Roll (19) 19, K. Shepardson (20) 20, F. Lord (16) 22, F. Gibson (17) 20, Winesberg (18) 19, G. Burnside (18) 23, Hanagan (18) 22, Slimmer (16) 21, Loring (16) 19, Engstrom (16) 19, Kneussl (16) 24, Viemeyer (16) 22, Dr. Hann (16) 24, Ben Scott (18) 19, J. A. Graham (18) 15, Sargent (16) 19, Apple (16) 23, Steenberg (16) 16, Shogren (17) 22, Curtiss (16) 21. Dr. Hann and Max Kneussl divided first money on 24 each.

Sept. 10, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	Shot
Targets:	15	15	15	20	15	15	15	15	20	15	20	at.
Tom Marshall	13	15	14	17	13	13	14	14	18	15	20	180
L. C. Willard	14	13	13	19	15	12	12	14	18	11	16	180
O. N. Ford	14	14	13	20	13	13	14	13	17	9	17	180
Geo. Roll	11	13	11	19	14	14	11	13	18	12	16	180
Shepardson	13	13	12	18	13	13	14	13	17	14	18	180
Fred Lord	14	11	10	17	10	9	12	14	15	13	18	180
F. Gibson	11	12	11	17	15	11	14	14	16	14	17	180
Twelfth	12	13	12	17	11	11	11	12	16	14	17	180
John Boa	13	13	13	18	13	14	15	13	20	15	19	180
Cadwallader	13	12	11	16	11	12	13	17	17	14	18	180
Fred Gilbert	14	13	15	19	12	15	14	14	18	14	20	180
Burmeister	15	10	10	14	8	8	12	10	9	10	11	180
Burnside	12	14	12	20	13	10	12	14	17	14	17	180
Riehl	11	15	12	18	12	13	13	14	17	15	15	180
Crosby	15	13	14	20	15	14	14	15	18	15	18	180
Vietmeyer	11	13	12	15	9	13	10	10	15	12	11	180
Loring	11	14	14	17	11	13	11	9	14	15	14	180
Scott	11	8	13	12	14	14	17	13	130
Kneussl	12	11	12	18	11	13	12	14	16	13	18	180
Slimmer	15	12	11	18	10	12	11	14	14	12	14	180
Stillson	10	13	11	12	9	15	13	11	17	14	19	180
Apple	11	12	11	13	65
Alex Vance	13	12	11	14	9	12	9	13	15	12	12	180
Young	15	14	11	16	12	13	14	13	18	13	16	180
Zacker	10	11	8	12	7	9	11	12	14	12	13	180
Winesberg	10	12	10	18	12	11	13	14	19	13	17	180
Martin	12	13	8	12	10	11	11	14	14	11	9	180
Rambo	11	11	14	15	14	11	14	12	18	14	17	180
W. D. Stannard	12	15	10	18	12	14	11	11	16	15	19	180
Shogren	12	12	13	16	14	8	10	110
J. R. Graham	13	14	11	17	15	12	11	14	15	13	18	180
E. W. Bird	11	7	10	17	11	10	8	15	17	13	18	180
Hanagan	12	15	11	17	9	7	11	11	15	15	20	180
E. Brown	11	16	6	13	10	13	12	12	15	180
Weber	10	13	17	14	18	85
Davis	7	13	14	9	65
Kinney	16	13	17	55
Porter	9	12	10	55
Bowers	14	12	15	55
F. P. Stannard	16	10	19	55
Dr. Carson	12	17	35
Barribal	14	20
Dr. Morton	13	20
Parker	9	20



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WESTERN TRAP.

JACKSONVILLE, Ill., Sept. 15.—The second shoot of the circuit of Illinois tournaments now in progress was held here Sept. 13 and 14. There were the best of the Illinois trap shots, together with seven traveling men. The full delegation of Illinois men were present, viz., Viemeyer, Crosby, Boa, Riehl, Gilbert and Young. It was interesting to note the rivalry between Gilbert and Crosby, and when the "smoke had cleared away," they had made a tie, 381 out of 400. Gilbert "fell down" in one event, when he lost 4, thus the tie. John Boa came third, with Young fourth. Burnside was high amateur, beating out Tom Hall by 1 target, viz., 361 to 360. Groves, the "booster" for the home club, was next, with 341. Scores:

Sept. 13, First Day.

Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.
Viemeyer, 16.....	200	Englebrecht, 16.....	156
Crosby, 16.....	200	Jansbery, 16.....	65
Gilbert, 16.....	200	Morris, 16.....	155
Boa, 16.....	200	Seymour, 15.....	70
Young, 16.....	200	Knottensberg, 15.....	80
Riehl, 16.....	200	Todd, 16.....	75
Cad, 16.....	200	Pruitt, 15.....	55
Hall, 17.....	200	Horney, 15.....	60
Burnside, 17.....	200	Craig, 17.....	190
Groves, 17.....	200	Limc, 17.....	200
Ramsey, 16.....	200	Crothers, 17.....	170
Magill, 16.....	200	Rawson, 16.....	55
Stuck, 16.....	200	Alderson, 16.....	30
Snell, 16.....	200	Davis, 16.....	170
Goebel, 16.....	155	Dad Gilbert, 15.....	140
Masters, 16.....	200	Scott, 17.....	170

Sept. 14, Second Day.

Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.
Viemeyer, 16.....	200	Craig, 17.....	200
Crosby, 16.....	200	Hall, 17.....	200
Gilbert, 16.....	200	Burnside, 17.....	200
Boa, 16.....	200	Groves, 17.....	200
Young, 16.....	200	Ramsey, 16.....	200
Riehl, 16.....	200	Magill, 16.....	200
Cadwallader, 16.....	200	Goebel, 16.....	200
Snell, 16.....	170	Scott, 17.....	200
Caldwell, 16.....	200	Harney, 16.....	50
Ramsey, 16.....	200	Todd, 16.....	50
Davis, 17.....	200	Monig, 16.....	80
Lewis, 18.....	155	Englebrecht, 16.....	10

Peters Lovin Cup.

Marshall, Tex., Sept. 12.—The second contest for the Peters loving cup was held here to-day and proved very interesting, as there was a tie on 24 out of 25 between Dr. Hall and Koeppe. In the shoot-off the Doctor held the best nerve and won out. There were several other doctors present, which shows that doctors appreciate recreation. Other scores were: Dr. Taylor 23, Bonner 22, W. A. Bell 21, Henderson 22, F. O'Leary 21, Mundere 19, Nelson 18, Hcyn 18, Barns 17, Rosenbrough 16, Davis 16, Carter 14, Dr. Hartsill 13, Jennings 12, Bill 11, Whaley 6, Scales 3, T. Whaley 3.

At Lexington.

Lexington, Ky., Sept. 14.—As sure as the week rolls around just so sure the members of the Ashland Gun Club get together and have rare sport with the bluerocks.

The Mountaineers.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Sept. 10.—The Mountaineers have a loving cup, donated by the Hunter Arms Co. For this trophy the club meet monthly and contest. At the end of the year the one who has made the highest score will become the owner. Each shoot calls for 50 targets—30 singles and 20 pairs—which gives a variety of shooting. The last shoot resulted as follows: Plummer 45, O'Connell 43, Webb 41, Roy 39, Morrison 38, Brown 38, Henderson 37, Stanley 36, Wilbrank 35, Ellis 30, Roberts 28.

Post Trophy.

Broken Bow, Neb.—In connection with the Clayton-Blevins match for the Denver Post trophy, held here Sept. 7 and 8, there was held a two days' tournament. Some very good scores were recorded, although there were but ten shooters present. Those present expressed themselves as well pleased with their entertainment.

Clayton is after all the Western trophies, and this being his third attempt to capture the trophy, it was a case of "have to." Standing at 19yds., Clayton made the very fine score of 92, while the distance no doubt handicapped Mr. Blevins, as his score of 82 will show.

Clayton will be called upon to defend the cup again, as it will be up during the tournament to be held here Sept. 29 and 30. This shoot will be the last one held before the game season opens and should have a large attendance. There was only one trade man present, A. H. Hardy, and he made good by winning high average with 162 out of 170. Old Dan Bray was second, 155. Waddington got in the second day, and was high, as he failed to "bust" but 3. Scores first day, 100 targets: Hardy 96, Bray 95, Scaney 91, Campbell 91, Blevins 93, F. Blevins 87, Kerr 85, Talbott 44, Clayton 92. Second day, at 70 targets: Clayton 62, Carter 61, Waddington 67, Bray 65, Campbell 66, Kerr 66, Hardy 66, Blevins 61, Mitter 63.

At El Paso.

El Paso, Tex., Sept. 10.—The El Paso Gun Club is alive to its interests, and the club events are well patronized, and when the tournament dates arrive, all will be in good shooting trim. Some very fine scores were made, viz:

Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	Total.
Rand	25	25	24	24	24	25	142
Shelton	19	21	19	23	21	19	122
Davis	13	9	6	11	39
Hill	23	17	23	21	23	..	107
Williams	24	21	20	16	81
Neff	14	11	16	14	55
Stewart	18	17	11	19	19	..	84
Tuttle	18	20	21	19	15	..	93

In Other Places.

The seventh meet of the Missouri League of Trapshooters, which will be held at Carthage, Mo., Oct. 10 and 11, will extend over two days; the first that of the League; the second the Carthage Gun Club, with \$100 added money.

The Berca, O., Gun Club held their shoot Sept. 13. Brown now leads for the badge. After this the seventh shoot. The fourth annual shoot of the Nappanee, Ind., Gun Club will be held Sept. 29. The management will do all possible to make the event interesting. Many programmes have been sent out, and a big attendance is expected.

The Utica, O., Gun Club was defeated on last Friday by a team from Licking, as with four men to the team, each 25 targets, the score was 92 to 78.

Notice has been served by five-man team of Men's Welfare Gun Club, of Dayton, O., that they will shoot any team of factory working men of the same city. For particulars address W. C. Breen, of the N. C. R. Co.

It appears that on Labor Day and prior most of the members of the Bridge City Gun Club held unusual practice, so that a slim attendance was the result on the last meeting day, Tuesday last. Theo. Sample, as on last occasion, proved to be the best shot.

The fourth shoot for the season by the Dixon, Ill., Gun Club was held Saturday. A few only were present, but some good scores were made. The next shoot will occur in two weeks.

Another gun club has sprung into existence. This time it is the Welfare, of the N. C. R. plant, at Dayton, O. Their opening shoot was held last Saturday, and the scores would indicate that they are not novices. A team shoot was held thus: five men, 50 targets. Breen's team won with 200 to 195.

The East Side Gun Club, of East Saginaw, Mich., will hold a merchandise tournament on Sept. 25. The prizes are estimated as being worth \$400. The shoot to conclude with a live-bird and a chicken event.

There will be several club contests held this fall by the Freeport, Ill., Gun Club. Waddington won first, A. C. Knorr second and Baldwin third.

There will be several club contests held this fall by the Marion, O., Gun Club, and the members will attend strictly to getting in best shape.

At the close of the Lafayette Gun Club tournament the badge was won by F. V. Nichols, of Medaryville, Ind. He had to shoot off the tie with Joe Blistain, each getting 46. Scores: Spencer 47, Riehl 44, Keck 37, Clark 40, Nichols 46, Brown 43, Thompson 40, Livenguth 43, Blistain 46. Spencer made the high average for the tournament, 373 out of 400. Riehl second, 361; Nichols made 347, Livenguth 343, Brown 340, Thompson 333.

The Wakarusa, Ind., shooters were treated to a good time when on Friday they journeyed to Ernest Beebe's place, northeast of town.

Mayfield, Minn., now sports a regularly organized gun club, and when the game shooting is slack will try out the bluerocks.

The semi-monthly shoot of the Janesville, Wis., Gun Club was held Saturday at the Athletic Park. As there are now twenty-five members in good standing, the attendance was large. The next shoot will be held the coming Friday, at which time the Emerald Grove, Milton and other nearby towns are expected to furnish shooters who will help swell the throng, and a 50 target event will be the added attraction.

A gun club has been started at Hobart, Ind., and should succeed, as there are now twenty-four names enrolled.

Announcement is made that the Recreation Gun Club, of Cleveland, O., will hold regular practice meets at least until after the tournament, to be held Sept. 28.

On Sept. 12 the Kansas City shooters gave a dinner in honor of Wm. Clayton, who so easily defeated Oscar Blevins, the Western target shot, in their match at Broken Bow, Neb., for the Denver Post trophy.

On Sept. 25 there will be a match between the live-bird teams of Kansas and Missouri, to be held at Elliott's Blue River Shooting Park, same being for the Elliott trophy and a side bet of \$100. The Missouri team will be W. M. Clayton, Harry Tipton, Doc Leavel, Paul Franke and Dr. Plancke. Kansas will have the best team, the one that has formerly won together, viz: Ed. O'Brien, Ed. Arnold, Henry Andersen, J. J. Gorman, and G. W. Paxton.

The Quincy, Ill., shooters are still at practice, though their tournament was held last week. It is certain that their order will cease when the Southern duck flight begins to arrive. It was Griffin that led the pace and captured both the medal and the trophy on two straight scores of 20.

You would not suppose that there could be found in Jacksonville, Ill., fifty-four men who could shoot a clay target; yet, such was the case, as on Labor Day two teams of twenty-five each shot a match. The one captained by Pratt made 455 to Capt. Benson's team's 451. While some on either side broke but 3 out of 25, others averaged from 16 to 24.

Reports from Boston, Ind., show that at the annual gun club meet Arthur Nelson won the medal, which is emblematic of the championship. He scored 95 out of 100.

Chas. Vermilya, of Columbiaville, won the highest honors at the eighth annual shoot held last week at Vassar, Mich. Ralph Trimble, Fred Foster and John Cox were present at the Greenfield tournament, held last week, and made things lively. Wm. Rennick, of Detroit, won the high amateur score, for which a special prize was given by the club.

Bloomington, Ill., Sept. 14.—The interest shown by members of the McLean County Gun Club is very gratifying to the officers. The gold medal event brought out a new winner in Mr. Ridge.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Sept. 17.—The appended scores were made on our grounds

to-day on the occasion of the seventh and last trophy shoot of the third series. Bullard won Class A trophy on 22; W. Einfeldt Class B on 21, and Dr. Skillman Class C on 15.

In the cup shoot, which followed, Bullard won again in Class A, W. Einfeldt again in Class B, and Birkland, Jr., in Class C. The day was a very unfavorable one for target shooting, as a small hurricane blew directly across the traps, making good scores almost impossible.

The entire club will be re-classified before next shoot.

Trophy contest, 25 targets:

Thomas	1111111100011110111011111—19
W Einfeldt	110111111111111111111111—21
Dr. Skillman	110110101110110100100111—15
A McGowan	0011010101010000100111101—13
Richards	110110000101011111110111—17
Bullard	111111111111111111111111—22
Snyder	111111000110111011111110—18
McDonald	110101011111111111111111—19
Dr Meek	111011011111111111111110—20
Fraunholz	111111111111111111111111—24
Kehl	0100001111011010010000101—11
Horns	110001111111111111111111—14
Dr Reynolds	1111010001100001111111—16
Birkland, Jr.	101100001010101001000010—9
Geotter	111110111110101011111111—19

Cup shoot, 15 singles, 5 pairs:

Thomas	111011111111111	10 10 01 11 11—21
W Einfeldt	110001111111111	11 11 01 11 10—20
Dr. Skillman	0101000011010101	11 11 01 10 10—14
A McGowan	010000010011100	00 00 10 10 10—6
Richards	111111011110111	10 10 11 11 10—20
Bullard	111100111110111	11 11 11 11 11—22
Snyder	111001100111111	11 10 11 11 11—19
McDonald	101101101101010	10 01 11 11 11—18
Dr Meek	111111100100000	11 10 11 11 10—17
Kehl	101101010000001	10 10 10 01 10—12
Horns	011110001111011	10 10 10 11 11—17
Dr Reynolds	010101111111111	00 11 11 10 11—19
Birkland, Jr.	001110110101011	10 11 11 10 10—15
Geotter	110001111111101	10 10 01 01 11—16

Other events at 10 targets each:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Thomas	6	7	9	9	7	Dr Meek	8	6	9	6	8
W Einfeldt	10	6	9	8	7	Fraunholz	10	7	10
Dr. Skillman	9	5	4	4	4	Kehl	6	4	3
A McGowan	3	3	3	Horns	7	5	5	5	5
Richards	9	8	6	6	5	Dr Reynolds	7	4	6	7	..
Bullard	9	6	10	Birkland, Jr.	5	8
Snyder	9	8	9	8	9	Geotter	7	7	9
McDonald	6	8	8	7	7						

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI.—Sept. 17 was an ideal day for trapshooting, and there was a good attendance, twenty members shooting in the Parker prize gun event. There is but one more contest in this series, which will be shot on Oct. 1, and then will come the shoot-off of the ties, in which probably a dozen or more will participate.

In the shoot to-day Randall was high man with 95 actual breaks, and made a run of 60 straight. Gambell shot more like himself, and finished second with 90.

The boys will not go to Dayton on the 21st, as planned. The match has been postponed until Sept. 28.

Ackley returned from his summer's outing at Sau't Ste. Marie, on the 15th. He shows much improvement in health, and reports having had some fine fishing.

Williams, who spent his vacation in the Pine Tree State had some fine duck shooting on the Cape. He attended the State shoot held at Portland, and spoke of the excellent work done by the Portland Gun Club's team in the race for the five-man team championship.

Gen. Shattuc was out and visited with the boys awhile.

Parker prize gun, 100 targets, handicap of added targets:

Hdep. Brk. Tot'l.			Hdep. Brk. Tot'l.				
Randall	15	95	100	Knight	35	65	100
Gambell	10	90	100	Dougherty	45	57	100
Williams	18	83	100	Kenan	45	57	100
Peters	20	85	100	Roberts	50	52	100
Faran	18	82	100	Wallace	60	43	100
Jay Bee	25	77	100	Barker	14	85	99
Willie	25	75	100	Boeh	40	59	99
Andrews	55	67	100	Medico	12	88	98
Keplinger	35	63	100	Framer	40	53	91
Ackley	35	65	100	Trimble	0	87	87

Col. Thomas W. Paxton.

The funeral of the late Col. Thos. W. Paxton was held at Elk's Temple on Sept. 16. Col. Paxton was a member of the Cincinnati Gun Club, and was one of the founders of the famous Pelee Fishing Club. He was an enthusiastic sportsman and will be greatly missed by the devotees of the gun and rod. He was a man of fine physique, quiet dignity of carriage, of mild speech, always willing to do for others, with entire forgetfulness of self, which endeared him to all who knew him.

N. S.

The Tipton Gun Club, of Tipton, Mo., held its regular medal shoot on Sept. 15. The medal was won by King, with 20 out of 25. In the other events shot, Hawver broke 46 out of 53. Hotel 25 out of 30, and Swallow 19 out of 32. Mr. Samuel Hawver made a new club record. At 35 targets, 5 being thrown on one call, "Pull," he broke 30, using a Winchester gun. He broke the first 11 straight. It was the best exhibition of marksmanship which has been seen on the grounds in the past two years.

At the regular shoot of the Here He Goes Gun Club, on Sept. 11, the sport consisted of team races.

The N. C. R. R. Gun Club, of Dayton, has one new grounds. On Sept. 10 the entire outfit was dedicated, a good crowd of shooters and spectators being present.

In the handicap medal shoot of the Dayton Gun Club on Sept.

FOREST AND STREAM.

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No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

ACCORDING TO THE RULE OF OBY.

NOW THIS was the weather rule of old Old Oby, who was the father of Oby's son Obadiah, who was the father of 'Diah, who was the father of Oby, who was the father of Old Oby's son 'Diah, who was the father of Lwin' Oby, whom nobody ever believed, and who was the last of this particular race of Obadiahs. This was the rule of Old Oby the weather prophet: Kill a black duck, or a broadbill, or a coot, or a sheldrake, in August; pluck it, and take note of the feathers. If it shall have pin-feathers on the breast, there will be an open fall and winter. If, instead of the pin-feathers, there shall be found the breast covering of thick, fur-like down of the winter jacket, this will mean an early fall and a hard winter.

As a foreteller of weather to come, Old Oby had great repute in his day and in his own country on the south side of Long Island. There are many duck shooters who consult the sign of the wild duck's breast, and implicitly believe in it. Mr. Miles Wood, of Brooklyn, who has followed the ducks of Long Island and North Carolina and Virginia for seventy years, more or less, reports that he has often tested Old Oby's rule, and the results have been such as to give him faith in it. In the middle of October, 1902, he found the broadbills, black ducks, and sheldrakes still in the pin-feather stage of plumage, indicating an open winter; and, as everyone knows, the winter of 1902-3 was a mild one. In the autumn of 1903, ducks killed in the early part of the season were found to be covered with down and to be without pin-feathers; this meant cold weather, and the winter of 1903-4 was a hard one. This season the ducks have moved south very early; a Currituck correspondent reports that they have already reached those waters in great numbers. A broadbill, a sheldrake, and a black duck, killed on Long Island on September 17, were found to be without pin-feathers, to have their full coat of thick brown down on the breast, and to be as fat as they usually are in November. By weather prophets who prognosticate according to the rule of Old Oby, this is taken to signify that the winter of 1904-5 will be one in which the duck shooter will do well to use No. 2's and 3's instead of 4's and 5's when he goes after his game, and to lay in an extra ton or two of coal for his home.

A PHASE OF FIELD TRIALS.

It is commonly accepted that the field trials of the Tennessee State Sportsmen's Association, held in 1874, were the first held in the United States. Since that pioneer event, a multiplicity of field trials have been held in every section of the United States and in Canada.

Since the first trial, the intervening years have been happily distinguished by a beneficent and progressive advancement in the arts and sciences. The traditions and beliefs pertaining to the professions of law, medicine and divinity have undergone great and improving changes. The political, social and mechanical worlds have not escaped the transforming hand of progress. In innumerable instances, old ways and means, once excellent, have become obsolete, having been superseded by the newer and better order of things.

Yet in all these radical mutations of time and progress in worldly affairs, field trial interests seem to have possessed a charming immunity from change. It is as if they were perfection from the outset. In sentiment and associations, they seem to be alike everywhere. Their traditions, beliefs, procedure and affectations of good fellowship and brotherly sportsmanship have been maintained inviolate from time immemorial. They are as immutable as light and love.

Let us compare the remote field trial days with the near, which is the equivalent of comparing the near with the remote, or with any other.

At all times there were five dominant factors, namely, the club members and owners of dogs in competition; the dog handlers, the judges, the sporting press and the dogs. Each one had a distinctly special field, and each one thought himself, or itself, the most dignified, important and indispensable.

In the remote days the field trial procedure, in a general way, was much as follows: Some weeks or days before the trials were held, sundry altruistic letters from amiable sportsmen appeared in the sportsmen's press descanting ornately on the incomparable benefits which accrued to

sportsmanship from practical field trial participation. In many instances the philanthropic writers were owners of dogs which they hoped in good time to graduate into the public stud, but that benevolent purpose did not necessarily hoodwink them to the nice amenities of sportsmanship. It was held that the trials at large promoted valuable acquaintance, good fellowship, good friendship, and higher standards of sportsmanship. Indeed, those sentiments were among the first solemnly set forth in the constitution of every field trial club. From a socialistic viewpoint they were perfect sentiments.

The next conspicuous stage was the selection of judges, and the publication of their names in the sporting press. Year by year they were eulogized in due stereotyped form. It was called to mind that they were men of vast experience, iron will, and judicial impartiality; popular among their fellows, and without doubt men who would give the contestants perfect satisfaction.

The next step in order was a poem in prose in respect to the fitness of the grounds, the abundance of birds, and the good will of the local residents. When the concocter of the poem in prose wrote those things, a nimble fancy was oftentimes more essential than the facts.

After the trials were run, the truly active, acute and interesting stage had arrived. The press, with every upward and downward stroke, flayed the judges. Their mistakes, great and small, real or imaginary, were set forth with an earnestness which would do credit to the fate of nations. The able judiciaries before the trials were too debased for a dunce's halo after the trials. Stupidity, partiality, inefficiency and unworthiness were then their chief traits. They were hardly fit to associate with such upright and honest men as the handlers. The handlers won the lime-light in the next stage of the field trial consequents. Each one had a dog which was well bred, well owned, and incomparable as a worker. The judges, therefore, were wrong, and the reporters were wrong in their criticism of the judges, in so far as their dogs were ignored or mentioned unfairly.

And thus year by year is acquaintance and good fellowship promoted by field trials, and the standards of good sportsmanship elevated to greater heights for all good sportsmen to emulate, but not to surpass.

SOME WILDWOOD POISONS.

ALTHOUGH it is a well understood fact that there are many poisonous plants growing in all parts of the country, comparatively little is known about them. Most people in the East have experienced, or seen in others, the dreadful effects of the poison ivy; while on the other hand, in the West, plants acting in another way—as the larkspur, or poison weed; the loco, or crazy weed—are very well known, and the damage done by them is exceedingly serious. So great is the harm done by loco in some portions of the West, that between 1881 and 1885 the State of Colorado paid out no less than \$200,000 in bounties in the hope of exterminating the plant. It is hardly necessary to say that these efforts were ineffectual.

Over much of the Middle States and of southern New England the poison ivy grows in enormous abundance; fences, stone walls, hedgerows and tall trees are covered by it, with beautiful effect to the eye, but with dire results to the person going too near the plant, provided he or she is sensitive to the poison. On the other hand domestic animals—and no doubt wild ones as well—appear to be unaffected by the poison. Cows, horses, mules and goats eat the leaves readily, and apparently without ill-effect. They push their way through thickets of the vine, and seem never to suffer from it.

The human subject is variously susceptible to the ivy poison. Some individuals can handle the plant without danger; others cannot go near it without great subsequent distress. Some people will be very badly poisoned by passing to the leeward of a fire in which the stems of the ivy are burning.

There is a great variety of plants which poison animals and people who eat them, but most of them are not especially attractive, and are eaten chiefly in curiosity and ignorance by little children. Deaths from eating jimson weed occur very frequently in and near large cities, and it is but a few weeks since several cases of the kind were reported in a suburb of New York.

There are two mushroom-like toadstools or fungus

which are violently poisonous. These belong to the genus *Amanita*, and are called fly-killer, fly fungus, and poison fungus. The first one is perhaps the best known of all the poisonous fungi, and has been used in Europe as a fly poison for hundreds of years. While bearing a close resemblance to the common mushroom, it may be distinguished from it by having white instead of purple gills, by its warty cap, its bulbous stem, and by the fact that it grows in forests where the edible mushroom does not grow. The so-called death-cup or bulbous *Amanita*, is even more poisonous than the fly-killer, and should always be avoided, for cases have been known where handling it has caused trouble. This species also has white gills and grows in woods, though sometimes getting out on to the lawns. Both these fungi have a collar about the stem just below the head.

False hellebore, known also as Indian poke, pupper root, earth gall, crow poison, devil's bite, wolfsbane and bugbane, is also poisonous if eaten. It is a stout perennial plant from two to seven feet high, bearing large plaited, stemless leaves, and a terminal cluster of greenish or yellowish flowers, blooming in May to July. Human beings have been poisoned by eating the roots, and horses by eating the leaves; but certain ruminating animals, as sheep and elk, appear not to suffer inconvenience from eating it.

The pokeweed is well known to every American country boy, and most of them have made red ink from its berries, which are also greedily eaten in autumn by many birds. The young shoots of this plant are commonly eaten as greens, but these should be well boiled, and the water should be changed once before the stems are eaten. Poisoning has occurred from eating the root and the fruit; but, on the other hand, as has already been said, the birds eat the berries with impunity.

Several species of larkspur are regarded by stock growers as destructive to cattle. They are among the first plants to show their green leaves above the soil in spring, and are therefore eagerly sought for by cattle, often with fatal results. It is quite possible that animals accustom themselves to this plant, and that if eaten in small quantities in conjunction with other plants, the percentage of deaths resulting is very small.

The leaves of the wild cherry are said to be fatal to cattle, which soon after eating are afflicted with labored breathing, convulsions and death. In all such cases there is an evident odor of prussic acid in the breath.

The damage caused by loco is well known. Horses, cattle, and sheep are affected by it, but horses most of all. An animal which has eaten loco is for a time crazy (*loco* Sp.). It seems not to be able to see, and cannot altogether control its movements. Apparently starting to go in one direction, it will suddenly turn off to one side, and perhaps run into a fence or building. After it has acquired a taste for the plant, it continues to eat it, searching for it everywhere, and after a few months or years dies.

Allied to the loco is what is known as rattlebox, rattleweed or wild pea, a familiar plant from the Atlantic Coast to the Missouri River, and even beyond in New Mexico. It acts somewhat as loco does, but is much less violent.

Two species of euphorbia are poisonous to eat or to handle. The bitter, milky juice when it touches the skin causes redness, itching, and often a breaking out of pimples and blisters, while if by any chance the seeds are taken internally in any quantity, death may ensue. In certain sections where the bees resort largely to the blossoms of the euphorbia, the honey is made unsalable, being disagreeable to the taste and mildly poisonous.

Poison ivy, poison oak, and poison sumach, are found over most of the country, and are perhaps the best known and most distressing of the poisonous plants of America. Investigations recently made show that the poison is a non-volatile oil, found in all parts of the plant. Like all oils, it is insoluble in water, and therefore cannot be washed off the skin with water alone. Alcohol, however, readily removes it, and its effect is destroyed by an alcoholic solution of sugar of lead. Mr. V. K. Chestnut, author of an interesting pamphlet on poisonous plants of the United States, published by the Agricultural Department, has this to say about the effect of the oil on the skin:

"Numerous experiments show conclusively that the oil

produced precisely the same effect as does the plant itself. When a very minute amount is placed upon the skin, it is gradually absorbed in the course of a day or so, and within certain limits the effect is proportional to the time of contact. In an experiment performed by the writer, the oil was applied to four places on the left wrist, and these were carefully guarded to prevent spreading. At the end of an hour one of the spots was thoroughly washed by successive applications of alcohol. In three hours the oil from a second was washed off in the same manner, and the others were cleansed three hours later. There was little or no effect on the first; that on the second was more marked, but did not equal that produced on the last two, which was about the same in each. The spots were within an inch of each other, but remained wholly distinct, a fact which very clearly shows that the affection is not spread by the blood. Subsequent applications of an alcoholic solution of sugar of lead gave speedy and permanent relief."

The best remedy is a saturated solution of 50 or 75 per cent. proof alcohol with powdered sugar of lead. The most effective means of getting rid of the poison ivy is by uprooting the plants. This, of course, can only be practiced by persons not susceptible to the poison. The poison sumach, also called poison dogwood, poison elder, and poison ash, is a tree rather than a vine. It is not less dangerous than the more common poison ivy.

Certain buckeyes—especially the red buckeye—are more or less poisonous; cattle sometimes are killed by eating the fruit of the red buckeye. The allied horse chestnut and Ohio buckeye are poisonous to some extent, while on the other hand some of the California Indians use the fruit of the California buckeye for food, after removing the poison by roasting and leaching.

Two species of water hemlock—one found from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains, and the other in the central region and toward the Pacific Coast—are violent poisons. They are sometimes eaten by cattle and sometimes by children, as they have a pleasant taste and an aromatic odor. The root and root stock are most violent poisons.

The poison hemlock is an old world plant which has become naturalized in the United States. This is believed to be the poison that Socrates drank, and so is historically very old.

The black nightshade, known also as common nightshade, is an introduced weed which is generally distributed in suitable locations. Cattle occasionally are killed by eating the plant, but comparatively few cases are fatal.

A Collection of Antique Arms.

A SPORTSMAN of this city, who has been a subscriber to *FOREST AND STREAM* from its very beginning (and his subscription is now prepaid for more than a year), has a small collection of pistols and guns, notable rather for their mechanical peculiarities than for artistic or rich ornament. We have recently looked them over, and now present in an illustrated supplement page some pictures from photographs of a few that seem to us particularly worthy of note.

No. 1 is a Japanese match lock pistol. The barrel is of iron, octagonal in shape, possibly cast iron, very thick, bore 0.40 inch, 1 inch outside at muzzle, 1.25 at breech, and 12½ inches long; total length of the pistol is 23 inches. The barrel is inlaid throughout its length with a tracery of very fine silver winding about like a vine, and the wooden stock is very finely finished and polished. The pan is a projection of the same metal as the barrel, and has a swinging brass cover, which is shown open in the photograph. The lock plate, springs, hammer and trigger are all of smooth brass. The hammer is shown at full cock in the photograph. In the end of it is a small piece of slow match or punk. The small knob, near the grip, is the trigger, and when it is pressed, the hammer, actuated by the brass spring on the outside of the lock plate, carries the slow match to the powder in the pan and ignites it, and the piece is discharged. There is no date upon it. Match locks are still used by some of the Chinese and Tibetans.

No. 2 is a wheel lock pistol. The barrel is 18 inches long, and has a caliber of 0.45 inch or gauge 50. The entire length of the piece is 26 inches. The pan is attached to the lock plate; underneath it, and with its edge rising into the pan, is a wheel. This wheel is wound up by a key or crank, which is shown in place on the photograph, and which is removed as soon as the wheel is wound up. The hammer, or cock, carrying a piece of flint or of iron pyrites and acting under the force of a strong spring, presses the flint or pyrites against the edge of the wheel. When the trigger is pulled, a strong spring inside the lock plate causes the wheel to revolve with great force and velocity, striking a shower of sparks from the pyrites into the powder in the pan, and the piece is discharged. Wheel locks are said to have been invented in Nuremberg in the year 1515, to supply the demand for poachers at night, because the carrying of lighted slow match for match locks disclosed

their whereabouts to game keepers and guards. Wheel locks are frequently shown in illustrations of early Colonial and Canadian history.

No. 3 is a horse pistol, very strongly built to stand rough usage. The barrel is 10½ inches long, with a bore of 0.66 of an inch or 16 gauge. Length from butt to muzzle, 16 inches. It has an iron ramrod hung on a swivel to prevent its loss. It was used by cavalry.

No. 4 is one of a pair of very finely finished duelling pistols made by Tatham & Egg, of London. Its bore is 0.63 or gauge 19. The barrel is 9 inches long, and from butt to muzzle it is 14 inches.

No. 5 is a pistol which bears the Liege proof marks, though it was bought in Syria some years ago. The barrel is 7 inches long, and has bore of 0.68 of an inch, or 15 gauge. Length from butt to trigger, 6 inches, and from butt to muzzle, 15 inches.

No. 6 is a very old Spanish pistol, of large bore. The works of the lock are all on the outside of the lock plate, and it has a belt hook to carry it upon belt or sash without a holster. The barrel is 4¾ inches long, bore 0.73 of an inch or 12 gauge, and length over all, butt to muzzle, 10 inches.

No. 7 is a double-barreled flintlock pocket pistol made by Barbar, of London. It has but one hammer and one cock, or pan cover. There are two depressions in the pan to hold the priming powder, one for each barrel, one of which, for the left barrel, can be covered by a slide moved by a knob or projection, to be seen in the photograph. All the iron work, except the barrels, is deeply engraved in relief. The barrels, including chambers, are 5 inches long, with bore of 0.45 of an inch. Butt to muzzle, 10½ inches.

No. 8 is a pocket pistol made by Rainkin of Paris. The barrels are placed "over and under" instead of side by side, as in No. 7. There is but one hammer and pan cover. The bottom of the pan is a cylinder which can be revolved by the handle fastened by a screw, which can be seen in the photograph. This cylinder has a small segment cut out of it, which carries the priming powder for the left barrel. When the cylinder is so turned as to keep the priming powder in its segment away from the sparks of the flint, the right barrel is fired by the ignition of the priming powder in the pan above its cylinder bottom, then by closing the pan, cocking, and turning the cylinder so as to expose the priming powder in its segment to the sparks from the flint, the second barrel is fired. The barrels are 3½ inches long, bore 0.40 of an inch, and total length 8 inches.

No. 9 is a handsome and graceful officer's pistol, such as are frequently seen worn in belts and sashes in portraits of officers of our navy in the time of the Revolution and the War of 1812. The barrel, including chamber, is 5 inches long, with bore of 0.58 inch, or gauge 23, and the total length from the butt to muzzle is 10½ inches. The stock is inlaid with fine silver work, the butt plate is a grotesque masque in silver.

Nos. 7, 8, and 9 are all breechloaders; that is, the barrels are unscrewed and taken off the breeches in order to load. The chambers in the breeches are then filled with powder, and the bullet, which is very slightly larger than the bore of the barrel, placed upon it, the barrel is then screwed on again. When fired, the bullet is compressed and passes through the barrel without any windage.

No. 10 is a dainty little French pocket pistol, only 7 inches long over all. The barrel is 3 inches long, with a bore of 0.23 of an inch. The trigger guard and other mountings are of silver, and the top of the barrel is inlaid with gold, and the stock with silver filagree.

No. 11 is a brass pocket pistol with a bayonet. The bayonet folds under the barrel, the point of it catching in the trigger guard, which is movable. When the trigger guard is pressed the point is released and a spring causes the bayonet to fly into the position shown in the photograph, where it is "fixed" by a catch. It is bell-muzzled horizontally, but not vertically, the horizontal diameter at the muzzle being 1.10 inches and the vertical 0.70 inch. Its length from butt to muzzle is 8½ inches, and from butt to point of bayonet, when fixed, 11½ inches. It has the Liege proof marks.

No. 12 is a blunderbuss. The barrel is of brass, 14 inches long, having a bore of 0.77 inch, 10 gauge, except at the muzzle, when in a length of six inches it is enlarged to 1.1 inches, making a "bell-muzzle." The whole length of the piece is 26 inches. About a hundred years ago blunderbusses were much used for house protection, as revolvers are nowadays, and hung over the fireplace in the kitchen of farmhouses. They are often seen in illustrations of English life; for instance, when a country gentleman is going in a carriage with his wife and daughter to visit a neighbor, his carriage is guarded by some half dozen servants on horseback, armed with blunderbusses. The load was a handful, more or less, of buckshot or slugs. This piece was made by Brander & Potts in 1804, and bears the Tower proof marks.

No. 13 is the first breechloading musket used by the United States Army. It was made at the Harper's Ferry Arsenal under Hall's patent in 1838. This one has a

flintlock, though both muskets and carbines were afterward made, under Hall's patent, with percussion caps. The breech block is shown raised and ready for loading, in the photograph. The breech block was simply pushed down into place and line with the bore to make it ready for firing. It is a smoothbore, 28 gauge, or 0.55 inch caliber. The ramrod was only used as a cleaning rod.

No. 14 is a muzzleloading "saw-handled" percussion cap pistol, with hammer and nipple underneath the barrel, which made it practicable to have the rear sight and front sight far apart. Its bore is 0.18 of an inch, and the rear and fore sights are 6½ inches apart.

No. 15 is an eight-barreled "pepper box," percussion cap, self-cocking revolver, having the Liege proof marks. The hammer is entirely concealed; differing in that respect from the six-shooter "pepper-box" of the California forty-niner, which was made in Worcester, Massachusetts. The barrels are of fine pattern Damascus, with bore of 0.19 of an inch.

No. 16 is a pocket knife having a pistol barrel on the back of the handle with a nipple or tube for a percussion cap projecting from the breech or rear end of the barrel. It is shown at full cock in the photograph. The trigger folds up into the knife handle for carrying in the pocket. In the butt is a small magazine for carrying spare ammunition. The cover of this magazine is shown open in the photograph. Close to it, on the side, is a small bullet mold, with the handle pushed into a receptacle, by means of which a bullet can be made to fit the barrel, the bore of which is 0.30 inch. It is 6½ inches long from butt to muzzle, and the larger knife blade is 3½ inches long. It bears the Birmingham proof marks, and was made by Unwin & Rodgers, Sheffield.

No. 17 is the "Le Mat" patent, percussion cap, revolver. The cylinder has nine chambers of 0.41 inch bore. The axle upon which the cylinder turns is hollow, and forms a barrel of 0.64 inch bore, 18 gauge, for a large ball, or a load of buckshot. The head of the hammer is movable, and can be adjusted to strike the caps firing the chambers or the barrel in the axle. In the photograph it is adjusted to strike and fire the large barrel. The smaller barrel is 7 inches long, and the pistol is 14½ inches long from butt to muzzle, and weighs 3½ pounds. It is said that in our Civil War, Forrest's Confederate cavalry was armed with these revolvers. A pocket pistol on this principle, using eight 0.22 caliber rim-fire cartridges in the cylinder, and one 0.32 in the axle, was patented in this country in 1880 and manufactured in Connecticut.

No. 18 is a double-barreled pocket pistol on the Lefauchaux principle, using the pin-fire cartridge. It has two hammers with secret triggers, for carrying in the pocket. The barrels are 2½ inches long, and from butt to muzzle it is 6 inches long, caliber 7mm. It illustrates fully the principles of Lefauchaux, whose invention, in 1836, of the pin-fire cartridge in copper, brass, and paper, and dropping down the barrels of guns from the breech made breechloaders practicable for modern sportsmen.

No. 19 is a pin-fire Lefauchaux revolver, 0.45 caliber, 6 shots, 6 inches length of barrel. It was carried by a distinguished officer of the Sanitary Commission during our Civil War.

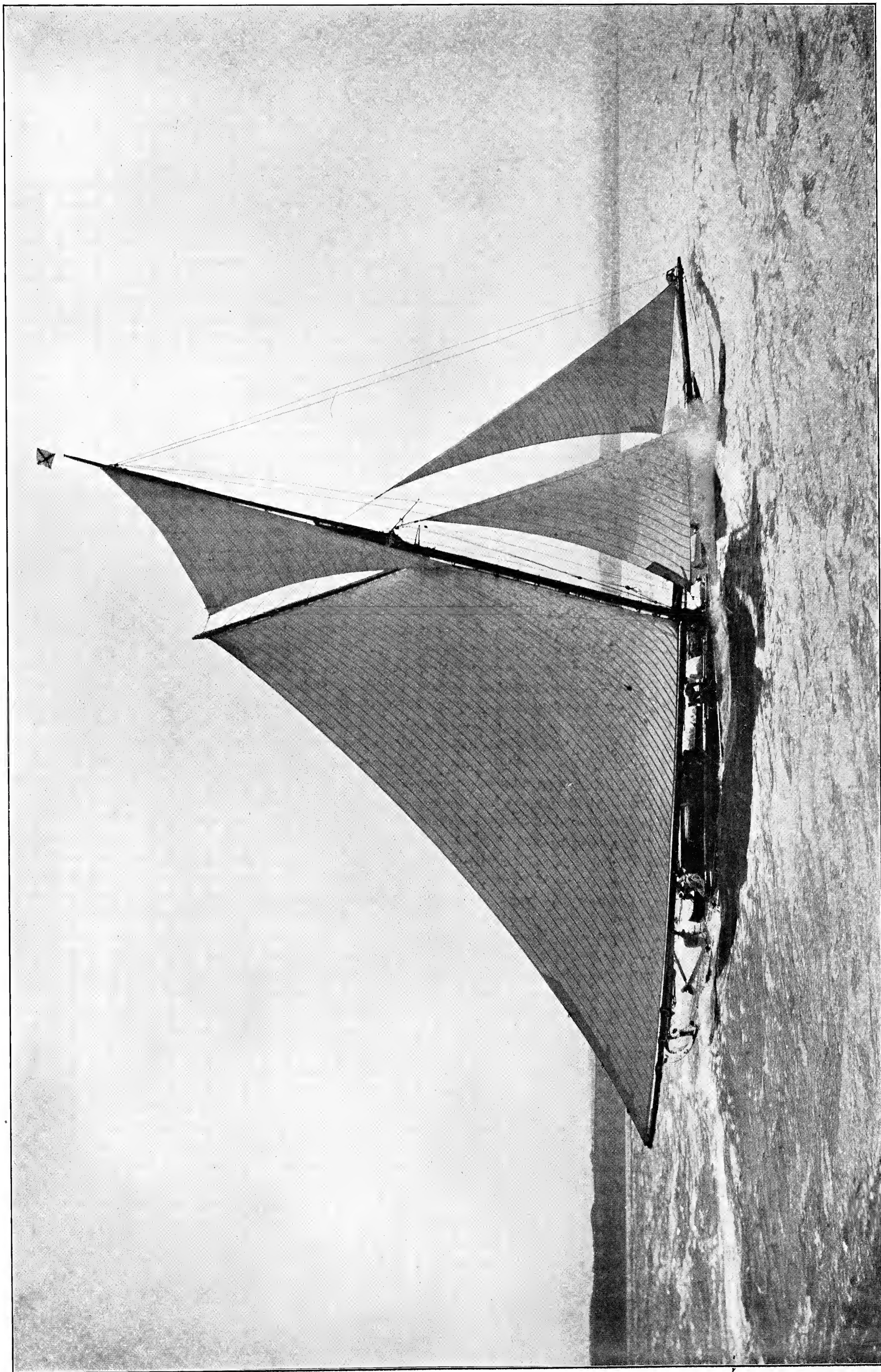
No. 20 is a percussion cap breechloader, with steel barrel, bronze lock and action cover, and wooden stock or grip. The breech block is drawn back from the base of the barrel to allow insertion of combustible envelope cartridge by a lever, which folds back against the stock. The lever is shown in the photograph half way between the stock and trigger guard, and the breech block is partly withdrawn from the barrel. The barrel is 6 inches long, total length 11 inches, bore 0.23 inch; patented in United States in 1850 and made in New York.

There is also in the collection a case of percussion lock duelling pistols, with all their furniture of flasks, loading and cleaning rods, bullet molds, etc., all in complete order. It was made by John Blanch, who was brought up in his trade by Joe Manton, and is mentioned in Col. Peter Hawker's "Instructions to Young Sportsmen," published in 1820, as one of the reliable London gun makers. Blanch was gun maker to His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, which approximately fixes the date of the pistols as between 1811 and 1820.

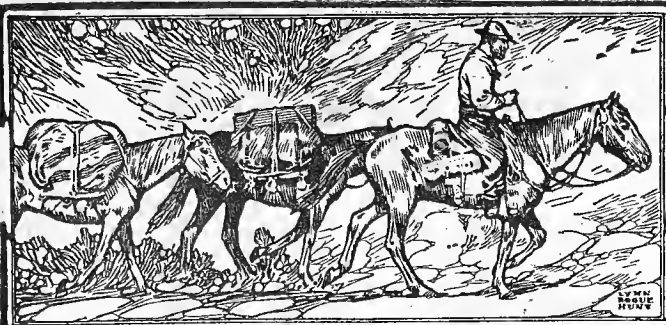
Besides these, there are in the collection a very fine pair of Derringer pistols, gold and silver-mounted; a finely finished pair of double-barreled flintlock carriage pistols; some Turkish flintlock pistols, which seem to have been made rather for ornament than for use; several very small Damascus barrel, ivory-stocked, vest-pocket pistols; a double-barreled flintlock shotgun, 30-inch barrels, 20 gauge, 6½ pounds' weight, made by D. Egg, of London; a three-barreled, 32 caliber, rim-fire cartridge, pocket pistol, with a broad knife-blade, which projects from the muzzles like a bayonet; Colt's revolvers, National revolvers, with special cartridges; a pair of brass-barreled flintlock pistols, with brass lock plates and furniture; an Allen patent breechloading shotgun, the breech opening being like the Snyder musket; Spencer repeating carbine, Maynard, Burnside, Merrill, and Sharp carbines.



A COLLECTION OF ANTIQUES.



"ALL SHE CAN SWING TO."



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Wig-Wagging the Last Antelope.

As COMMONLY regarded, the Great American Desert is not a sportsman's paradise; but, considered from the point of view of those who prefer quality to quantity, it contains a numerous population of birds and animals once common to a much wider range, but now driven to seek safety in the heart of a section that less often feels the foot of man. It was my good fortune to spend some four months in and around Death Valley about a year ago, and Bob, my half-breed Piute guide, brought this last statement home to my mind in a most vivid manner when he led me one afternoon to a sheltered nook in the Panamint Mountains, whence we had an undisturbed view of a band of about fifty bighorns feeding in perfect security at a distance of less than one hundred yards. This Indian knew the country perfectly, and often spoke to me of his band of "deer," by which, of course, I supposed he meant some herd of white-tailed deer that he had found living a comparatively restricted life in any one of the little valleys with which these mountains are scarred. Like most of the breeds of the region, however, he was not given to overmuch talking; but some months later, when we had pitched a temporary camp up near the northwestern end of Death Valley, he came to me and begged me to go and see "his deer." So the next morning, in that noiseless hour that comes just ere the sun lifts itself over the eastern rim of the world, I followed him away out over the level floor of the desert toward a blue-gray line of buttes which, so he told me, marked the rise of a river. Those who know the desert know, perforce, the desert river, shallow, slow-flowing stream that it is, rising from some fissure spring in the low hills, twisting itself through ten or fifteen miles of sloping plain, and finally losing the last silver thread in the insatiable sands. For a space it enlivens its world and makes possible the maintenance of the scant grasses and the few flowers that invariably fringe its brim. To it, too, come the wild things of its world, not alone, to drink its waters, but to feed themselves with that which its waters bring from the soil. Following them in the everlasting order of the hunter people the world over come such primal men as manage to eke out an existence in this barren land; but for some reason, probably because it was in a way somewhat off the beaten trails of this part of the desert, no camp of Piutes had been pitched upon the banks of the stream to which my companion was leading me. This much I gathered in the rare intervals of his loquacity; the rest I learned by keeping my eyes open as we rode along.

From early dawn until noon we passed slowly over as level a bit of country as can be found anywhere in the world, the well-trained ponies keeping up that rolling lope for which animals of their kind are noted and which puts behind them miles of which the rider scarce may take account until he has reached his destination. The sun at the zenith found us fully forty miles from camp, and well within the shadow of a range of lava buttes which extended some five miles on either side of the clump of mesquite trees whereunder we paused to rest our horses and eat the lunch brought from the well-stocked larder of the camp cook. Then the way led on up through a defile in the lowest part of the range—a narrow gorge through which, in all probability, no white man had ever passed before, and on down to a little spring which flowed fitfully from a crevice in a lava-covered wall of conglomerate, wrought by the fires of long ago into a hard-nosed nothing short of the patient cutting of the water could ever overcome. Below the spring other tiny streams, born of like sources, joined the main brook, until, where it broke away from the hills, it was a stream of some twenty feet in width and a foot or two in depth. Lush grasses studded with wild flowers innumerable and a thin line of scrubby mesquite shrubs bordered the watercourse for a few yards on either side, but of animal life there was very little visible save a few long-eared jack-rabbits that slept away the heated hours in fancied security in the shade of the leafiest of the mesquites. For perhaps ten miles we followed the river bed, startling hares from their forms and stopping only to kill two of the dreaded "sidewinders," as the little yellow rattlesnakes of the desert are called, until the stream began to dwindle appreciably in volume and the verdure along its banks became a mere straggling line of green. Then suddenly, as if by some strange magic of nature, the narrow coulee into which the river had sunk spread out into a miniature lake—a mere pond of some hundred feet in length and width and scant depth of not more than a couple of feet. Here the stream ended, and, motioning for silence, the Piute dismounted, tied his horse to one of the many convenient mesquites, and started on foot around the western edge of the pool. Following his example, I soon joined him, and a few steps in the yielding sands brought us to a ridge of sand hills, thrown up by the last receding waves of the mighty sea that once covered this desert, and which now blocked the further progress of the watercourse down which we had come. Along the base of the sand hills, headed ever toward the sun, now getting well down in the west, our course led. At last the half-breed seemed to know by some fine form of intuition that we were opposite the thing we sought, and, dropping flat on his face, he crawled to the top of the ridge, motioning me to follow. I did so, peering through the screen of greasewood bushes at the top of the sandhills at the little valley spread out below.

Beginning at the very base of the sandhills, and evi-

dently an underground outlet for the small lake we had just left, a narrow thread of green showed where water was flowing. Here and there groups of stunted mesquites offered shade, and all in all the sight was one refreshing to the eye long accustomed to the dead sameness of a desert landscape. But none of these things drew my attention as did the seven animals that fed unsuspectingly along the brook. "My deer!" whispered the savage at my elbow, yet he showed no desire to kill, and I am sure my only wish was for the old pony Premo now boxed up at camp more than sixty miles away. These were his deer; and yet they were not deer, they were pronghorns, the last band known to California—very possibly the last to be left alive of all the few depleted herds that yet remain in the New World, for it will, to my thinking, be many a day before the hunters of the outside world draw bead on these treasures of this primitive Ishmaelite. Long we lay there and watched them play and eat and rest, and then rouse themselves to graze again amid the grasses. Then we tied an old red handkerchief to the end of a slender greasewood stick and with this improvised flag caught the attention of the watchful old leader, who, at first sight of the new object on his field of vision, raised his head with a snort we easily heard and dashed off down the valley, followed by his whole band, seven in all, two bucks and five does, as nearly as we could make out without glasses, though one of the supposed does might have been a yearling buck. After a while, seeing that the flag continued to wave, the whole herd came back, slowly and with mincing steps, yet plainly overcome by their curiosity. So we drew them, patiently and so carefully lest we make the least sound, that they came up within less than a stone's throw of our hiding place, and there, when we took the flag down, fell to grazing on the young shoots of the shrubs. And so we left them, none the worse for our coming; ourselves—one of us, at least—much the wiser if not the better for having seen this bit of a life that is fast passing away forever.

That night we camped on the banks of the little lake, killing one of the many rabbits of the region for our supper, and sleeping through the white desert night as only they can sleep who live the life of the wild. Next day the willing ponies turned their noses toward camp, carrying us in in somewhat less time than we required to cover the ground the first day. But in all that silent, sixty-mile ride homeward, and in all the days that I knew him and hunted with him afterward, the taciturn half-breed never said ought of why he held this little band so sacred, or when and how he had discovered them.

HARRY H. DUNN.

Trails of the Pathfinders.—XVIII.

Alexander Henry (The Younger).

(Concluded from page 216.)

ON July 28 they started on their return to the north, in constant fears and alarms lest the Assinaboines should steal their horses. A few days later the horses, troubled by mosquitoes, broke their ropes, and eight of them ran off in their hobbles. These could not be found again, and some of the people were obliged to go forward on foot, while the baggage was loaded on the remaining horses.

On his journey back to the Pembina River, Henry had an experience comical to read about, but not to endure. "We took the traverse for the mountain, but on coming to Cypress River found it had overflowed its banks about three acres on each side, and could find no fordable place. We were obliged to turn out of our way some miles, in going to where we perceived a large, dry poplar tree, and a few stunted willows, but there we had the mortification to find that the wood stood on the opposite side of the river. There being no alternative, we unloaded our horses and stripped. I crossed over, collected what brush I could find, and with the poplar formed a raft, so very slight as to carry scarcely more than fifty pounds' weight. The mosquitoes were intolerable, and as we were obliged to remain naked for about four hours, we suffered more than I can describe. The grass on each side was too high to haul our raft through to dry land; we could use it only on the river by means of two long cords, one fastened to each end. Ducharme hauled it over to his side, and after making it fast, he went to dry land for a load in water up to his armpits, whilst I waited with my whole body immersed until he brought down a load and laid it upon the raft. I then hauled it over and carried the load to dry land upon my head. Every time I landed the mosquitoes plagued me insufferably; and still worse, the horse that I had crossed over upon was so tormented that he broke his fetters and ran away. I was under the cruel necessity of pursuing him on the plains entirely naked; fortunately I caught him and brought him back. I suffered a good deal from the sharp-pointed grass pricking my bare feet, and mosquito bites covered my body. The sun was set before we finished our transportation. The water in this river is always excessively cold, and by the time we got all over, our bodies were as blue as indigo; we were shivering like aspen leaves, and our legs were cut and chafed by the coarse, stiff grass. We shot an old swan, and caught two young ones that could not fly; this made us a comfortable supper."

Henry reached the fort August 14.

"One of our hunters killed thirty-six prime bears in

the course of the season on the Hair Hills. Whatever number of bears an Indian may kill in the summer or fall is considered of no consequence, as they are valueless and easy to hunt," Henry records; "but after they have taken up their winter quarters the Indians glory in killing them."

In August, 1808, Henry finally left the Panbian River, on his way westward, bidding adieu also to the Saulteur tribes, among which, as he says, he had passed sixteen long winters. His journey was through Lake Winnipeg to the Saskatchewan and Lake Bourbon, now known as Cedar Lake. On the 22d he passed old Fort Bourbon, established in 1749 by Verendrye, and entered one of the channels of the Saskatchewan. Wildfowl were very abundant as they pushed up the river. At last they entered Sturgeon Lake, and reached Cumberland House. They kept on up the stream, ascending the north branch, meeting Indians from time to time, some of whom were Assinaboines, called Assinaboines of the Saskatchewan, and as they had before this purchased some horses, they were fearful that these might be stolen. It was now September, and the bushes were loaded with chokeberries and service berries. Buffalo paths running in every direction were deep and numerous. Ammunition was issued early in September to the men for purposes of defense. Soon buffalo were met, and here Henry first ran these animals over the rough ground of the plains, covered with large round stones, and pierced at frequent intervals with badger holes. On September 13 he reached Fort Vermilion, where was a fort of the Hudson's Bay Company, and found the Blackfeet all about. Here Henry wintered, expecting to be visited by numerous tribes from the south.

Just before Christmas, in December, the Blackfeet invited Henry and his Hudson's Bay neighbor to come to their camp and see buffalo driven into the pound. The two men went in dog sledges, and were kindly received by the Indians, but the weather was insufferable, being foggy, and the wind was contrary. They viewed the pound, where they "had only the satisfaction of viewing the mangled carcasses strewn about the pound. The bulls were mostly in retire, none but good cows having been cut up. The stench from this inclosure was great, even at this season, for the weather was mild." From the lookout hill, buffalo were seen in enormous numbers, but as the wind was unfavorable, every herd that was brought near to the pound dispersed and ran away. After having been there two days, Henry became disgusted, and returned to the post; but he was followed by a number of Blackfeet, who arrived the next day, and told him that they had scarcely left when a large herd was brought into the pound.

Under date of September 6, 1810, is an entry which will interest those who took part in the well remembered discussion of Kipling's poem, "The Red Gods." "Gratton erected his bellows and began to make irons for the poles of the Columbia canoes." This 94-year-old contribution to the literature of the subject is interesting.

On the 26th of September, 1810, Henry set off on horseback, westward; the canoes, of course, coming up the stream. Their destination was Rocky Mountain House, a post located on the north Saskatchewan River, a mile and a half above the mouth of Clearwater, three miles below Pangman's Tree, so named from the fact that Peter Pangman carved an inscription on it when he first sighted the mountains in 1790.

On the way up the stream they found signs of beaver extremely abundant; but although one of the Indians set traps in the hope of taking some, the winds blew the smoke of the camp toward the traps, and the beaver did not leave their houses that night. The next day, however, they took two, the signs still showing the presence of great quantities of beaver. Ahead of Henry was a camp of Sarsees, twenty-five lodges, which had just left, for at their camp on Medicine Lodge River, a branch of the Red Deer, the fires were still burning. They must have made a good hunt here, since the bones of beaver, bear, moose, elk and buffalo lay about their camp in great quantities. That afternoon they met five lodges of Bloods and Sarsees, with whom they camped. Game was abundant, and Henry notes on the 5th the appearance of a herd of strongwood buffalo, the bison of the hills and mountains, so different in appearance and some of their habits from those of the prairie. Here, too, were seen the fresh tracks of a grizzly bear, measuring fourteen inches in length.

When they reached the fort they found the Piegiens friendly and quiet, but suspicious of the whites. "These Piegiens had the fresh hide of a bull they had killed at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. This was really a curiosity; the hair on the back was dirty white, and the long hair under the throat and forelegs iron-gray, and sides and belly were yellow. I wished to purchase it, but the owners would not part with it under any consideration." It is well understood that white buffalo, or those that are spotted, or indeed of any unusual color, are very highly esteemed by the tribes of the plains. Henry has referred to this before, and I have called attention to the sacredness of the white buffalo's hide among the Blackfeet, Bloods, and Piegiens, and among the Cheyennes further to the south.

It was now an active time, Bloods, Piegiens, and Sarsees coming and going, bringing in some beaver, for which

they received tobacco, rum and liquor, and occasionally a gift of clothing to some man who had brought in an especially good lot of beaver. On November 4 the traders had in store 720 beaver, 33 grizzly bears, 20 buffalo robes, 300 muskrats, 100 lynx—not a bad trade for the season of the year.

November 9: "I rode up river about three miles to the rising ground on the north side, where Mr. Pangman carved his name on the pine in 1790. This spot was then the utmost distance of discoveries on the Saskatchewan toward the Rocky Mountains, of which, indeed, we had a tolerable view from this hill. The winding course of the river is seen until it enters the gap of the mountains, a little east of which appears another gap, through which, I am told, flows a south branch that empties into the Saskatchewan some miles above this place. The mountains appear at no great distance, all covered with snow; while we have none." The arrival this day of an express from below brought the news that an act of Parliament had been passed prohibiting spirituous liquors among the Indians.

The weather was now cold, the river occasionally choking up with ice, and snow fell. The canoes were split by the frost, and axes broke while the men were chopping with them. Men were sent out to get dogs for hauling, and as soon as the country became covered with snow, dog trains were sent down to lower Terre Blanche to bring up goods. Gros Ventres of the Prairie had just returned with sixty horses, stolen from the Flatheads, and others had gone off to try to take more. On the 27th of December, "Our hunter had killed a large grizzly bear, very lean, and, as usual with them in that state, very wicked; he narrowly escaped being devoured. They seldom den for the winter, as black bears do, but wander about in search of prey."

In February Henry made a trip to the Continental Divide, to where the waters of a branch of the Columbia rise within a very short distance of the Saskatchewan. He was obliged to tell the Piegiens that he was going down the stream instead of up. Travel was by dog sledge, and over the frozen river, in which there were no air holes to be seen. On the way up, during the first day they found a carcass of a deer that had been killed by wolves. The ice was of great thickness, so that at night, when a man was endeavoring to get water from the stream, he was obliged to cut with an ax for an hour before it flowed. As they went up the stream, the banks grew higher and near together, and at one point there was seen tracks of animals coming down the mountains among the rocks. "These are the gray sheep which have been seen about this place, and which delight to dwell among precipices and caverns, where they feed on a peculiar sort of clay." Dr. Coues places after this statement a question mark in brackets, but the reference is evidently to a "lick," a place where a mineral spring has given a saline taste to the earth round about. Such licks are common enough in the Rocky Mountains and many other places, and are regularly visited by sheep, which often gnaw away the earth in many places and over a considerable space. A little further up the stream they were in full view of the mountains. The river being low, flowed through numerous channels, some of which were free from ice; others, which were frozen, had water flowing over the ice. On account of the wind there was little snow on the gravel bars, and the hauling was hard for the dogs and bad for the sleds.

On the 5th, he overtook his people, who had started several days earlier, and who had killed three sheep and three cows. Here Henry stopped for a day, and sent off three men to hunt sheep, wishing to obtain the entire skin of an old ram. This they failed to secure, but one of them had seen the track of a white goat. The next day, keeping on, sheep tracks were seen, and Henry indulges in reflections on the wonderful places which they passed over, and their sureness of foot. The following day, "Shortly after leaving camp, we saw a herd of about thirty rams feeding among the rocks on the north side. They did not seem to be shy, though the noise of our bells and dogs was sufficient to have alarmed a herd of buffalo two miles off. The rams stood for some time gazing at us, and did not retreat until some people with dogs climbed up to fire at them, when they set off at full speed, directing their course up the mountain. I was astonished to see with what agility they scaled the cliffs and crags. At one time I supposed them hemmed in by rocks so steep and smooth that it seemed impossible for any animal to escape being dashed to pieces below, but the whole herd passed this place on a narrow horizontal ledge, without a single misstep, and were soon out of sight." Here Henry seems to have seen his first flock of dippers, which interested him not a little; and on the ice above this point he found the remains of another ram which had been run down by wolves and devoured.

There were plenty of buffalo on Kutenai Plains, which they now reached, but they killed none, a hunter firing at a sheep having driven them off. Moose and elk were plenty here, as well as white-tailed deer and grizzly bears; and here, too, were seen "white partridges"—in other words, white-tailed ptarmigan. Still following up the river, the snow grew deeper and deeper, so that at length they were obliged to take to snowshoes, and to beat a path for their dogs. On the 9th of February they reached the Continental Divide, and passing through thick forest, came to a small opening where three streams of Columbian waters join. The brook thus formed is Blueberry Creek, which runs into the Columbia. That morning, when leaving camp, in the Kutenai Park, a place where the Kutenais used to drive buffalo over the cliff, Henry had left his hunter, Desjarlaix, behind, telling him to try to kill a white goat. Shortly after his return to the camp, his hunter came in and told Henry that he had seen large white goats on the mountain, directly off Kutenai Park, where he had been trying since daybreak to get a shot at them. "He was almost exhausted, the snow being up to his middle, and the ground so steep as not to admit of snowshoes. He had worked about a quarter of the way up the mountain, but had been obliged to abandon the attempt to reach the animals. They did not appear the least shy, but stood gazing at him, and cropping the stunted shrubs and blades of long grass which grew in crevices in places where the wind had blown the snow off. As I desired to obtain the skin of one of those animals, I gave him dry mittens and trousers

to put on, went with him to the foot of the mountain, and I pointed out a place where I supposed it was possible to reach them. We could perceive all three, still standing abreast on the edge of a precipice, looking down upon us, but they were at a great height. He once more undertook the arduous task of climbing up in pursuit of them, while I returned to the camp. A hunter in these mountains requires many pairs of shoes (i. e., moccasins), the rocks are so rough and sharp that a pair of good strong moose-leather shoes are soon torn to pieces. The white goat is [not] larger than the gray sheep, thickly covered with long, pure white wool, and has short black, nearly erect horns. These animals seldom leave the mountain tops; winter or summer they prefer the highest regions. Late in the evening my hunter returned, exhausted, and covered with ice, having labored in the snow till his clothes became all wet, and soon after stiff with ice. He had ascended half way when the sun set, which obliged him to return."

The next day Henry wished to send his hunter out again, but the poor fellow was so done up and his legs so swollen by the exercise of the day before, that the effort was given up. They therefore started down the river, past the camp of the day before, where they found that the men had killed sheep, buffalo, a large black wolf, and a Canada lynx. The following day they saw a herd of rams on the rocks, and tried to get a shot, "but one of our men, being some distance ahead, and not observing them, continued to drive on, which alarmed and drove them up into the mountains. I regretted this very much, as the herd consisted of old rams with enormous horns; one of them appeared to be very lean, with extraordinarily heavy horns, whose weight he seemed scarcely able to support. When the horns grow to such great length, forming a complete curve, the ends project on both sides of the head, so as to prevent the animal from feeding, which, with their great weight, causes the sheep to dwindle to a mere skeleton and die. We soon afterward saw a herd of buffalo on the hills near the river, but on hearing the sound of the bells they ran away, and appeared much more shy than sheep." Continuing down the river, they reached the fort, February 13.

Henry finished the winter at Rocky Mountain House, and in May, 1811, started down the river to Fort Augustus.

There is now a long break, extending over two years, in Henry's journal, the third part, as Dr. Coues has divided it, being devoted to the Columbia. November 15, 1813, finds him at Astoria, the scene of so many trials of fur traders, and the place about which so many books have been written. The journal for the two intervening years has not been discovered. It may yet turn up, and if it shall, will undoubtedly give us much interesting information. What we do know is that he came to Astoria from Fort William, but how he got there we do not know. They came, however, in bark canoes, for a contemporary writer says so much as that. Not only was Henry here on the west coast, but his nephew, William Henry, who had been frequently associated with him in past years, even back on the Pembina River. The character of the Indians here interested Henry, and he makes his usual frank and not always elegant comments on them. On November 30 the British ship Raccoon reached Astoria, captured the place, and thereafter it was a British trading post, under the name Fort George. Duncan McDougal, the chief factor, had left the Northwest Company to enter Mr. Astor's service, in 1810, but without any particular hesitation he surrendered to the British ship, although the Indians were only too anxious to defend the place for the Americans, and to assist the white men in holding it. As a matter of fact, however, most of the employees of Mr. Astor were British subjects, and were only too glad to have the place taken.

There was a good deal of uncertainty as to whether the ship was British or American, and considerable alarm felt by the British sympathizers at the post. The story is well known. The Raccoon stayed at Fort George for about a month, and then sailed away.

Much time was expended on the final settlement of the accounts between McDougal, who had been Mr. Astor's representative at Astoria, and the representatives of the Northwest Company, who were now in possession; but at last this was all finished, and on December 31 the Raccoon made sail, and disappeared behind Point Adams.

Rains were constant, and they and their property suffered much from wet and dampness. With this spring, Henry for the first time seems to have seen the Indians catching smelts and herrings, and describes the well-known rake used on the western coast: "They had a pole about ten feet long and two inches thick, on one side of which was fixed a range of small sharp bones, like teeth, about one inch long, a quarter of an inch asunder, the range of teeth ascending six feet up the blade. This instrument is used in the smelt fishery." As is well known, the Indians sweep this instrument through the water in places where the small fish are schooled, and at each sweep of the rake, from one to a half dozen fish are empaled, when the implement being brought to the surface and held over the canoe, the fish are jarred from it into the vessel. On the 28th of February a ship, the Pedler, brought Mr. Hunt, who was second to Mr. Astor in the management of the P. F. Company, and headed the original overland Astor expedition in 1810-12.

There was now a gathering of all the partners and those interested in the Northwest Company and the P. F. Company, for a settling of accounts between Hunt and McDougal. The Pedler got under way April 2. On April 4 a brigade of ten canoes set off up the river. This left a small contingent at Fort George, and this contingent very ill provided. They had a little spoiled California beef, and a little bad grease. Besides this, all they had were the smelts which the Indians were catching, which were largely spoiled, and which the men would not eat, and the little provision that they could buy from the Indians, a few beaver, deer, and elk—called *biche* by Henry. Besides this, many of the men were ill, and fourteen were in hospital at one time. To help out the lack of sugar or molasses, they experimented in making a decoction of camas root, which produces a kind of syrup, preferable to molasses for sweetening coffee. Among the skins brought in by the Indians were occasionally those of tame cats, which Henry conjectures to be the offspring of cats lost from Spanish ships that had been cast ashore.

April 22 a ship was seen, which proved to be the Isaac Todd, and had on her Mr. J. C. McTavish, who was to take charge of Fort George, as governor. Work went on, loading and unloading the ship, buying provisions, the annoyances of small quarrels between various people. The entry in Henry's diary of May 21, 1814, is partly finished, and then ends with a dash; for on Sunday, May 22, Alexander Henry, Donald McTavish, and five sailors were drowned while going out to the ship.

So perished Alexander Henry, the younger, after twenty-two years of adventure, extending from the Great Lakes to the Pacific, and from the Missouri River north to Lake Athabasca. It may fairly be said of all the books that have been written by the early travelers and traders in America, this is the most interesting and the most curious. It is not—as its eminent editor has said—a book for boys and girls, but may be read with profit by men.

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

Denuding the Mountains.

WYMORE, Nebraska, Sept. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The editorial in the current number of *FOREST AND STREAM*, as well as the letters of Mr. C. P. Ambler and Mr. Charles Cristadoro on the subject of forest reserves, contain many practical ideas on a subject in which we of the West are especially interested; and while I have not the scientific knowledge to be of much assistance in discussing the subject, or kindred subjects, I want to make an effort to suggest a few thoughts. In the first place, after many years' residence in the arid West, I have discovered that we always have our best crops when there is an abundance of snow in the mountains west of us. The snow melting in July and August supplies the streams used for irrigating purposes at that season of the year when it is most needed; and I am told by men who have studied the subject, that this melting snow cools the air and condenses the warm and moist air meeting it, until it comes back across the plains in rain. From this I conclude that snow storage is of the first importance, and this brings us right back to the subject of forest reserves. The great pine forests of the Rocky Mountains are the great snow storage reservoirs.

But these are being cut at a fearful rate, and I would like the assistance of *FOREST AND STREAM* or its readers in finding by what authority it is being done. I have four acquaintances who have formed a company and gotten possession of a large body of timber land about seventy-five miles from Denver along the new Moffatt Railroad, and this company already has its saw mills at work cutting and sawing the timber. One of the parties tells me that they get title to the land, that it costs them \$2.50 per acre, with additional cost of advertising, etc., making the total cost about \$400 a quarter section; and that they used some script, and had the assistance of other parties in taking the land, who afterwards conveyed to the company. He also said it took some manipulation, but that they had a good thing, and no doubt they have. This same thing is being done by other companies and individuals, and the mountain lands denuded of its forest.

In the U. S. Statutes that I have (not up-to-date, however), I find no authority for this, and would like to know where it can be found. If it is found, would it not be well for the great *FOREST AND STREAM* family to put our shoulders to the wheel, and by a united effort get the authority repealed? While getting this authority repealed, let us make an effort also to have the registers and receivers of our land offices put on a salary, and take away the \$14 filing fees now allowed by law. The fee system has been one of the great evils of our land laws. Under the salary system, these officers would represent the Government; as it is now, they are retained by, and represent, the fellow that wants the land. If he does not get the land, they don't get the \$14.

Mr. Ambler has given us the watchword—"Stop the indiscriminate cutting of timber."

A. D. McCANDLESS.

A Pillow of Pine Needles.

COMING home a few evenings ago I detected the "aroma of the pine" about the room, and on inquiry, a small pine-needle pillow—a department-store product—was produced. When I retired that night I placed it under my pillow, and the memories brought back as I inhaled the fragrance of the woods, set me dreaming of the lakes and the forest. I was carried back to the lake shore, the smouldering embers, the stars overhead, the splash of the water on the beach, the cry of the loon and the sighing of the wind through the pine tops. And I dreamed that, awakened by an early robin, I turned out from my lean-to with its bed of boughs, took a dip in the lake, and rigged my rod, worked my way in the boat along the silent and likely spots where the trout were on the alert for an early breakfast. I picked up a trout alongside a submerged tree-top, two or three more by a sunken log, and yet another alongside a rock, and I return to camp. The bean-pot and coffee are in evidence as we fry our trout. The smoke from the birchen logs adds fuel to our appetites and flavors our woodland meal.

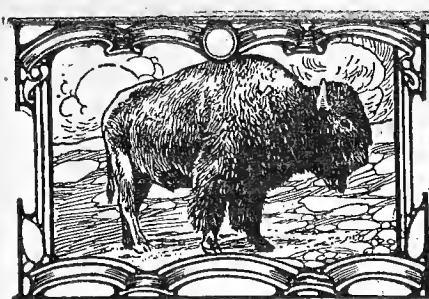
How fragrant are the woods, and pleasant are the waters to look upon. I pass from one spot in my dream to another. I am living over again trips that have been many moons apart. I am out on the prairie one moment, following the dogs and the chickens, and the next amidst the briars and scrub oaks after the whirling Bob White. The cool, damp shades of the swamp encircle me as I wade along after the dog and hear the woodcock flush.

Now I am out upon the south exposed hills amidst the birches and hemlocks and the lordly partridge and the fully grown woodcock engage my attention. I dream I am out upon the wind-swept stubble, well covered in my pit, and I listen expectantly to the long V far in the distance swiftly honking its way toward me and the decoys.

And then again it is dusk, and I am on a duck pass between two rice lakes, and the mallards and teal twist and dart above my head.

Lord! what a night I have had all because of a little pillow of fragrant pine needles regaling my nostrils, and by association carrying me back to days spent with rod and gun.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.



NATURAL HISTORY



No Panthers in Maine.

BANGOR, Me.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Maine is to many people a howling wilderness from one end to the other, and the mere mention of "woods" brings to the minds of these fearful ones visions of ravening wolves, bears and panthers, while the horrible, indescribable "Indian devil" lurks in the background, waiting for a chance to attack the unwary and inexperienced hunter who may be abroad unprotected. It seems to those acquainted with Maine's timberland territory almost ridiculous to attempt to "explain away" such erroneous ideas, but there are so many people of intelligence in other directions, who give to the world such strange ideas concerning the recreation regions of this State, that one feels compelled to rise in defense of the finest hunting and fishing region in the Atlantic States, if not in the country.

In all Maine there is not, and so far as one is able to ascertain never was, a real, live panther or American lion; and yet there are people living who tell the most wonderful stories of hairlifting experiences when face to face with enormous specimens of this lithe, strong but cowardly giant of American cats. In the course of a recent conversation with that thorough naturalist and hunter, Mr. Manly Hardy, of Brewer, than whom there is certainly no better authority on natural history of this State living, the writer was deeply entertained and interested in learning something about the occurrence (?) of panthers in Maine and their natural range.

Recent letters received by Mr. Hardy indicate one of those periodical awakenings for information on this subject, which occur every few years, or as often as some frightened individuals report having been through thrilling experiences with panthers or "Indian devils." So thoroughly stirred was Mr. Hardy by the several inquiries received, that he didn't rely upon his own knowledge, but wrote to some experienced hunters whom he knew, to see if such a thing as a panther had ever been seen or killed in the New Brunswick woods, which are naturally but a continuation of the same forest area.

One of the letters, in making the inquiry, suggested that the writer had already some slight information, or thought that he had, since he referred to the fact (?) told him by a son of the late Henry Clapp, of Brownville, who in his day was famous as a hunter and trapper, that Henry Clapp had killed a panther and had a fearful fight with one once. As a matter of fact, Mr. Hardy knew Henry Clapp very well indeed, bought all his skins of him for many years, and from personal knowledge of the man's experiences he knew that Mr. Clapp had never killed a panther in the woods of Maine, nor indeed had he ever seen one.

In 1852 Mr. Hardy's father began buying furs in Maine, and his business was continued after his death by his son, so that for an unbroken period of eighty years the present Mr. Hardy can trace the history of wild animal life in the woods of this State. In that time Mr. Hardy has been deeply interested in all questions pertaining to the natural history of his native State, and has been a keen observer, as his record as a naturalist proves. He has heard of a great many cases of panthers, appearances of so-called, and of killing at various times of these animals, and has spent much time and effort to trace the stories to a beginning. In every such case the story has been proved to be a hoax, with a wildcat as the original, or even less than that.

"In one case, occurring several years ago," says Mr. Hardy, "I felt as though I had something positive to work on: It was prominently reported in the papers that a certain man in Aroostook county had killed a panther, and that the skin of the animal was in the hands of an up-river taxidermist to be mounted. I wrote to the man, whose address was given in full in the reports, and he told me it was nothing of the sort; to pay no attention to the story; that it was the yarn of an ambitious Boston drummer, who had set out to beat a story told by a fellow salesman, and that he had never seen a panther, much less shot one. This," concluded Mr. Hardy, "was the closest I ever came to getting actual knowledge of a panther killing in Maine, although I have followed every report in the papers for years, every such case proving false when traced to its source."

"Dave Libbey, of Newport," continued Mr. Hardy, "who writes under the name of 'Penobscot,' is certain that he once fired at a panther, and there is no more honest man living than Dave Libbey; but he didn't see the animal very clearly, and missed, and while Dave (I know him well) undoubtedly thought he saw and shot at an actual mountain lion, it is unreasonable to suppose that in all these years only one mountain lion has been in the Maine woods, and Mr. Libbey is the only hunter that has seen one."

Of course there are lots of reported encounters with panthers in various parts of Maine, and the stories of some of those who think they have seen these fearful animals are enough, almost, to drive sportsmen away from the State altogether. But it is safe to say, that there is not, within the borders of the State, any animal from which a man need have much to fear, unless possibly it is a bull moose in the rutting season. Then he is in no mood to be trifled with, and the sensible hunter will give his majesty a wide berth, as then is the close season on moose, except toward the latter end, when, by the use of the call, the moose may be lured within shooting distance.

"The only panther skin I ever saw in Maine," continued Mr. Hardy, "was offered me on the market at Bangor once. As I was going along through the square a man who knew me, although I didn't know him at

all, held up a panther skin and asked me what I would give him for it. I was interested at once, and asked him where he got it, saying that I knew it couldn't have come from Maine. The fellow then told me that it had been sent him from Washington by his brother, who was then in that territory.

"I once met a man who was an old hunter of panthers in the Rockies, and he showed me two small, insignificant looking hounds that he hunted them with, and it showed what cowards these animals are by nature, to know that, before I ever met him, he had killed thirty panthers with those dogs, and I knew of his killing several more before I left him. They are great cowards, and although they'll weigh as heavy as 200 pounds apiece, a small dog can so cow them that they are at the mercy of the hunter.

"But I don't pretend to know about New Brunswick, so I wrote down to Adam Moore, 'Big Ad. Moore,' we always called him, and asked him to get the experience of Henry Braithwaite, another old hunter. I have just heard from him that he never saw a panther in New Brunswick, and that I can put any man down as a liar who claims to have ever seen one there. He makes it very strong, and ridicules the idea of panthers in the woods of the Province."

Asked by a correspondent as to the "Indian devils" reported to be frequent in the woods, Mr. Hardy tells some very interesting things to bear out his statement that an "Indian devil" is any animal seen or heard in the woods that the person seeing or hearing can't tell what it is. At one time and another the woods of Maine have been inhabited, according to the vivid imaginations of superstitious woodsmen, with every dangerous animal of tropical and far eastern countries, and the so-called "Indian devils" is nothing but a loup-cervier, a large wildcat, or a hedgehog, all of these and others having at times figured in "real experiences" with this dreaded monster of the woods of Maine.

HERBERT W. ROWE.

Wild Life at the World's Fair.

ST. LOUIS.—There is scarcely a bird that flies in the air, a beast that walks upon the earth or a fish that swims in the sea water, to whatever part of the world it may belong, including even the creatures that had the hey-day of their existence in the prehistoric age, that is not in some way represented, at least in picture, effigy, skeleton or mounted specimen. But there is also a goodly representation of living animals. The live stock exhibits are of extraordinary size and excellence, and wild animals are to be found of every kind, and from every portion of the globe, including several very extraordinary species that have never before been on exhibition in the United States.

A great variety of living birds, to all extents and purposes in a free state, are exhibited by the National Zoological Park (under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution) in Washington city, in an immense aviary near the Government Palace, consisting of several acres of ground covered with a wire netting large enough to rise above the tops of the trees. This is longitudinally divided into two compartments. Among the species represented in the one devoted to the larger birds are the American egret, snowy heron, demoiselle crane of southern Europe, sacred ibis of Africa, the wood ibis, white ibis, brown pelican, white pelican, night heron, ambriga or snake bird, cormorant, Canadian goose, snow goose and blue goose, and especially the roseate spoonbill, who is undoubtedly "the belle of the ball." On the other side are smaller birds, such as the nightingale, goldfinch, pine siskin, bunting, Indian dove, Java sparrow, bullfinch, canary finch, California partridge and variety of wild ducks, such as the green-winged teal, blue-winged teal, wood duck, wandering tree duck, Java tree duck, mandarin, pintail and mallard. Particularly striking are the exquisite blue and yellow tropials from South Africa, the cardinal grosbeak, Australian wood pigeon, crested pigeon, white or albino Java sparrow, blue bird, indigo bird, red-headed woodcock, and nonpareil finch. Much attention has been attracted by the curious nests built by the African red-billed weaver birds since they have been on exhibition. They are made in two parts, so as to enable the birds to escape with their young from monkeys, snakes, and other enemies.

Elephants, camels, dromedaries and llamas are in evidence in large numbers in several of the Asiatic shows. E. C. Cowston, of South Pasadena, Cal., the father of the ostrich breeding industry in the United States, exhibits a herd of several score of fine ostriches, including the champion racing ostrich, Black Demon.

One of the greatest attractions at the Chicago Exposition of 1893 was the display of trained animals by Hagenbeck, who supplies, from his headquarters at Hamburg, Germany, practically all the wild beasts, both trained and untrained, possessed by any of the great circuses and menageries of America and Europe, but who had never previously exhibited in the United States. He has now returned for the first time since, with three times as many animals as he had then, and a show altogether superior in every way. Besides all the specimens to be found in the largest menageries, and exhibitions of animal skill, intelligence, and amenability to training far surpassing those to be seen in the best circuses. Hagenbeck's has several animals of quite unique interest, such as (to say nothing of the frolicsome baby elephant and other very interesting specimens of animal infancy) the zebrule, a cross between the horse and the zebra, already of commercial importance; a very curious un-named cross between the lion and the tiger, and, above all, a blue-nosed mandril, a fantastically shaped and rainbow-tinted monster of the monkey family.

Isolated animals are found in other parts of the Exposi-

tion, sometimes the most unexpected ones; for example, the tricky little monkey that divides the honors in the Negrito village with the curious little Philippine pigmies; but the nearest approach to the ordinary out-of-door zoo is the outside fish and game exhibit of Missouri, situated just west of the Forestry building, and under the charge of J. H. Ridgway, the State Superintendent of Fish and Game, and a brother of the celebrated Washington ornithologist.

In the center is a large pond, surrounding which are cages containing specimens of the puma, mountain lion or American panther, gray wolf, gray fox, red fox, coyote, black bear, raccoon, opossum, woodchuck or groundhog, red squirrel, eagle, wild turkey, wild goose, wild duck, great horned owl, quail, China, English or ring-neck pheasant, golden pheasant, silver pheasant, and Amherst pheasant. The pheasants are particularly showy birds, familiar to the hunter, but very remarkable to those who have never seen them. There is in the collection an albino white squirrel, pure white with black eyes.

The collection of wild turkeys is the best in the State, including ten fine birds captured especially for this display, and one of them bearing traces of his capture in a missing leg. The ordinary rail-pen trap was used, into which they are baited through a hole in the ground that enters it from below, and which they are unable to find again.

Among the wild geese are the Canada goose, Hutchins goose, cackling goose, greater snow-goose, lesser snow-goose, white-fronted goose, and blue-winged goose. The only other variety found in the State is the barnacle goose, which only comes occasionally, and is ordinarily a saltwater bird.

The duck cage originally contained sixteen out of the twenty species in the State, and there still remain mallards, dusky ducks or black mallards, pintail, blue-winged and green-winged teal, baldpates, wood duck, and Texas tree duck. One of the mallards seems to have been missed in the wing-clipping bee held early in the season, and consequently flies about at will through the open top of the inclosure, sometimes doing sight-seeing around the Exposition grounds, but more frequently swimming in the open pond, instead of the little arm of it to which alone his imprisoned comrades have access.

The pond is inhabited chiefly by catfish and buffalo fish. It now contains also a sturgeon. The king of the pond is a large Missouri pelican, by far the most solemn and important looking personage to be seen in the Exposition.

The Wapiti.

BY W. A. WADSWORTH.

From the Report of the New York Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission.

THERE is no animal left on earth that compares in majesty and beauty with the American stag (*Cervus canadensis*), which I shall speak of as the elk "because everyone else does it" (an excuse for wrongdoing since the beginning of sin), and if he can be successfully introduced into the Adirondacks he will be the greatest addition that can be made to their attractiveness. He is really most at home among the grassy slopes and forest glades of the real mountains, and may hardly take kindly to the rolling, thickly timbered country of which our State forest is principally composed. He wants open spaces over which he can roam, and succulent grasses on which he can feed, and the leaves, sprouts, marsh growths and lily-pads, so loved by the moose and deer, are not natural to him.

It is true they were found all along the Alleghenies from Virginia upward, and the hat-rack in our house in the Genesee Valley is made of elk antlers killed there some sixty years ago. But western New York contained more glades and open spaces in its forests, and the underbrush was less dense than in the North Woods. They are all gone now, not only from our own State, but from all the vast expanse between there and the Rocky Mountains, and the great droves of thousands which many living men have seen, have been so broken up that elk practically exist in any quantity only at the Yellowstone Park, where they are preserved by the National Government, but slaughtered whenever they get outside of its limits, which do not extend far enough to the southward to fully take in their winter range.

There is a great local pretense that they are killed off by "Eastern dudes," "Toorsts," "Indians," etc.; but the majority are taken late in the season by men who go into the mountains for meat for winter use, and by pot-hunters wanting the hides or teeth. The former have little value, but the two small tusks called the "ivories," found in the upper jaw, have, by a strange perversion, and without the approval of its officers, become fashionable as a badge among some of the members of a well-known society.

So many a noble beast has died in the snow, leaving head, hide and carcass to rot untouched, to furnish a foolish ornament to some fat and worthy club man who never saw forest, mountain, or camp-fire, and is so ignorant of the lore of his own fraternity as not to know the difference between the great prehistoric Irish elk, from which it derives its name, and the American wapiti, which is technically no elk at all.

We have heard so much of the sport of elk hunting from all sorts of writers from the President down, that it seems ungracious to find fault with it. But they are a very large animal, a naturally tame and stupid animal, and a gregarious animal. With the wind in my favor, and by keeping absolutely still, I have had a herd browse up so close that I could have touched them with my hand; and during the rutting season the bulls will, if alone, come trotting up to even a very poor imitation of their "whistle," or keep on answering it if with the herd.

I do hope that if introduced here it will be as a "beast

of ornament," not as a "beast of the chase." One live elk is worth more to any forest than a ton of his meat, and neither are worth failing to welcome all our fellow-citizens to our beautiful State, and making them forget its advantages by vexatious game laws founded on local prejudice and petty spite.*

The wapiti is a large dun or slate-colored deer with slender legs, a black face, pointed nose, and a curious looking light colored patch on the rump. The males weigh about eight hundred pounds or more, and their fine antlers are too well known to need description. They formerly inhabited the slopes of the Alleghenies, and roamed in vast bands over the broken prairies of the upper Missouri. To-day they are found only in the western mountains, and I can but describe their habits as I know them there. It is the common usage to speak of bull, cow and calf elks; but there is nothing bovine in their ways and habits, the young especially being far more like colts than calves in their play, and having the same trick of working their lips when trying to make friends with an older or stronger animal.

They are born in May or June, and stay with their mothers during the summer; but they are foolish, trusting little beasts, and will come whinnying at a gallop toward a stranger if separated from their dams. Toward the end of August the females begin to get together, and are soon joined by the males, over whom, as well as their young, they seem to keep watch, being continually on the lookout while feeding, and moving ahead on the march, the big bull usually bringing up the rear.

The male drops his horns in early spring, and in early autumn retires high up the mountains so as not to be bothered by flies during the slow process of growing new ones. On the spot from which the old horns fell, there appears a spongy growth, seemingly all blood vessels, which increases at the rate of nearly an inch a day, gradually hardening around a central core until the full size is reached. Then, when fully hardened, the outer skin, or "velvet," dries up, splits, and seems to itch, for they are continually rubbing it off against small trees, "shaking" (them) as it is called, during which time, of course, they are making so much noise and so occupied that they are easily approached. About the first of September, fat, sleek, and with branching antlers, they come down to join the herd.

Might makes right among deer as well as among men, and dispositions vary as with us. There certainly is some fighting; and it really would seem hard to spend so much time and labor growing such glorious things to butt one's enemies with and never use them. But I have rarely seen a drove, however small, in which there were not several bulls, and they are usually feeding quietly together. If a stranger comes whistling through the timber saying he is "the best man," the statement is not taken on faith by the head of the herd, and there is trouble immediately; but one curious fact is that the young bulls, instead of staying and watching the fun, as men would, flee in a panic of terror.

On the whole, they seem a peaceful animal when undisturbed, browsing in bands along the mountain side and walking every now and then out on some jutting crag or promontory, where they seem to enjoy the broad outlook, and make superb pictures against the sky-line. When frightened, they go off at a long, lumbering trot, taking naturally to the most difficult ground, over which they seem to travel as easily as if it were smooth.

The elk "whistle" varies very much, so that it doubtless has different meanings; but it is assuredly not a sign of fear or signal of danger, as is often stated. It is a defiance, and is promptly answered by any other bull that hears it. If he is with his herd he usually stays there waiting for the stranger; but if alone he is apt to start toward the sound to investigate, and he will come up pretty close before deciding what to do; I have seen them come within fifty feet of a pack train in answer to an imitation of it, and then, notwithstanding the noise and talking, follow along abreast for a mile or so, challenging at intervals, and never over one hundred yards away.

The sound itself is at times a series of gasping grunts, resembling the beginning of an ass' bray followed by a distant steam "siren." At other times there is a musical whistle running through several notes, which, rising clear and sweet through some lonely mountain glen, can neither be forgotten, imitated or described.

It may interest some whose hunting yarns have been questioned to know that among the early settlers there was a story that elk fell down in a fit when startled, which may account for the numberless persons who say they have shot them, seen them fall, and never found them; for, strange as it may seem, even such a big beast can be missed with a modern rifle, as I personally know. And they are said to like horses and dislike sheep, though they have the sheep trick of traveling in single file; and I have seen a yearling bighorn ram walking solemnly along a mountain trail after a big bull elk.

*The laws of Wyoming require every non-resident of that State to pay a license of forty dollars, which allows him to kill two elk only; and also that he shall not go hunting unless accompanied by a hired "guide," who will act as a spy on his actions. No one but a resident of Wyoming can be a guide; but any resident can by paying one dollar, whether he knows anything about the mountains or not.

A Squirrel Saving Club.

A UNIQUE club has recently been organized in Evanston for the preservation of squirrels. Co-operating with the school children, who form its membership, the policemen of Evanston have established stations for the distribution of nuts and grain to the city's pets. One-fifth of the 500 squirrels are being fed by the police department, while donations are constantly arriving from Evanston families to the "squirrel fund." The work of the school children is done from six school houses, in each of which a branch club has been organized. Boys who shoot squirrels are being arrested.—Detroit News-Tribune.

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.

All the game laws and fish laws of the United States and Canada are given in the "Game Laws in Brief."

Some Animals I Have Studied.

IX.—An Obedient Pig.

WHILE sojourning in central Illinois we had a young sow, which died, leaving us one tiny, disconsolate pig. I took it to the house, and we decided to try to rear it "by hand"—although but a short time previous we had woefully failed with two others. Not only had we failed, but we had been completely disgusted with the whole pig creation by the incessant and horrible squealing and the ungrateful biting and kicking of the stubborn little foundlings, which absolutely refused to have anything to do with us. But this one was teachable at the start, looking intently into our faces whenever we spoke to him, and patiently submitting to our handling, albeit he was surprisingly independent, being "lively as a cricket" the first hour of his birth. True, he "had a mind of his own," and promptly manifested his displeasure whenever offered anything entirely unsuitable, and even behaved arbitrarily toward things he did like, insisting on upsetting and mussing all vessels of food offered him—at first. But he managed to absorb enough to live, and about the third day approved of a plan of feeding we had by that time devised so as to take his meals gladly and skillfully. All ordinary human methods of feeding a pig had been tried and discarded while experimenting with the other two. Watching this one's instinctive rooting and kneading motions, I at once conceived the idea of giving him something to satisfy that propensity, instead of merely something to drink; and which at the same time should yield him nourishment. I tried light, spongy bread, soaked full of warm milk. But this was too tender; he soon punched it to pieces, scattered it, and squeaked with disappointment (not in a discordant, hateful manner, as had the others, but in tones that were either plaintive or comical, always). So I tried the toughest, most insoluble biscuit I could find (probably one of my own making—no woman nor professional cook could hope to equal me in evolving indestructible biscuit). It was a success. The battle of life was won. He was delighted—and so were we. In a few days he began to gnaw off portions of the bread and swallow them with the milk. After that, it was easy to coax him to eat warm potatoes, boiled cabbage, beans and peas. I have told this in detail, hoping some other benevolent would-be pig-saver may grasp easy success at once, and be spared the usual annoyances.

The house cat was at first alarmed at the newcomer's lively, erratic movements and clattering noises, and behaved toward him in a manner which—though it would take too much space to explain why—suggested that we name him "Bug," which we did. And in two or three days he accepted the name and afterward promptly responded to it on every occasion. The cat also soon comprehended the joke and showed that he knew who was meant whenever "Bug" was mentioned.

The pig grew slowly, but always seemed perfectly lively and healthy, save that he acquired the annoying habit called "stump-sucking," common to mammals prematurely weaned or orphaned—as in the case of a cat recently described in FOREST AND STREAM by some puzzled writer. I would herewith say to him that he has my sympathy, as I believe there is no cure for the habit when begun early, or when caused by too sudden weaning; though when adopted at or near maturity, by mere association with some "stump sucker," removal from such company and a few severe rebukes on slightest attempt to perform the trick, would be likely to reform any intelligent animal. I believe I could have prevented Bug from confirming the habit had I at once undertaken it; but at first it looked so comical that I could not find it in my heart even to scold him. Besides, the motion is instinctive at birth, and if the young creature is denied its natural mother it must seek a substitute; and the less satisfactory the substitute, the more likely the natural infantile performance is to become an unnatural, permanent habit. While the habit is not dangerous, it soon becomes monotonous, and delays or prevents development, by keeping the animal from spending sufficient time in taking real nourishment. If some contrivance, attractive to the creature and containing an abundance of suitable pabulum, so arranged as not to be too rapidly yielded up and ever maintained at the right temperature, could be put in its way, it might be that the orphan, after a suitable time, could be gradually weaned away from it and settled to the eating of solid food without continuing the "baby habit;" but it would be necessary to gradually thicken and harden the food in the implement, and the same time making the outside feeding more and more attractive, which, you see, would be very troublesome and expensive, so that few could afford to undertake it, even for a valuable colt, not to mention a common pig or kitten.

When the pig became able to live on solid food, he was turned loose in the yard and allowed to roam, night or day, through the garden as well; and now he began to show his extraordinary affection for us, by learning to leave everything unmolested that we forbade him, by walking with the utmost carefulness among the young chickens and turkeys—which fairly swarmed about him in daytime after the gnats which encircled him—and by always coming as soon as possible when called. His submissiveness resulted entirely from love, not fear, for it was never necessary to punish him severely during his whole lifetime. Once, after he had learned to eat raw potatoes, he went out into the patch and uprooted a whole row before being discovered; but as soon as I yelled, "Bug! Get out of that, you rascal!" he fled, grunting and squealing his apologies. He never again disturbed them. We had a wild strawberry patch in a ravine. He liked to go there with us, and the first time he ran eagerly ahead, mangling many of the best berries. We simply pushed him gently behind us, saying: "No! No, Bug! Back! You mustn't go ahead!" After which, without protest or resistance, he quietly remained in the rear, eating contentedly the over-ripe and deformed berries. He would eat a berry, grain of corn or crumb of bread from one's hand without the slightest injury or pain to the latter. No dog was ever more careful. At two months he had perfectly

learned such commands as: "Get out of that!" "Let that alone!" "Quit that!" "Go away!" "Stand still!" "Come here!" "Lie down!" "You may have that!" "Go ahead!" Yet it was generally necessary to prefix "No, no!"—rapidly uttered—to the fifth order, or to wave the hand toward him in a repelling manner. No motion or gesture was necessary with the other orders.

But his most incredible characteristic was his woman-like gentleness and cat-like cautiousness. No living thing is more innocent or careless about keeping out of the way of moving objects than young turkeys are; yet he would lie down in a packed flock of them without squeezing even the slowest—and how to do so he taught himself. They simply would not move aside one hair's breadth; so he would begin by kneeling, then slowly, almost imperceptibly, he would lean to one side, gently pushing them from under as he settled down, though they were so heedless, so unmindful of their danger, that when he settled his last two inches, some soft, downy Turk would just be creeping serenely from under his comparatively huge bulk.

This wonderful feat was performed every day—often several times a day—except when raining, throughout the vernal season, with unvarying success, for he was popular with the turks until they were nearly matured.

Only once did he hurt a turkey—nay, he didn't do it then; the turkey hurt itself, using him as a means. It caught one of its legs between the toes of one of his hind feet when he lifted it to take another step. The scene that followed truly "beggars description." He stood perfectly still, holding his foot five inches above the ground, and squealing with horror while the poor fool Turk, then about the size of a leghorn hen, chirped and fluttered and twisted about. I witnessed the whole of the accident. When I caught the turkey and released it, the pig seemed as sorry as a dog who has made some unpardonable error. But the poor turk's foot was turned wrong-side-before, and it was never set right.

I have not over-estimated this wonderful pig in anything; instead, I have hesitated to describe even his commonest traits, lest I provoke ridicule, since even the great Audubon, whose name I hold sacred—but no matter, he has plenty of friends, and time will yet vindicate him in everything but the candle-snuffing. I thought myself that he had been deceived, juggled with, about that, as soon as I read his accounts; yet, nothing is impossible.

It was pitiful to see that pig trying to hurry to his feed, with forty young, helpless, serene turks fairly choking his progress, so that he dared not lift a foot, but must shuffle slowly and painfully along, while almost bursting with impatience.

I don't recollect how long he lived, but think about eight months. He died quite suddenly, and from what cause I never discovered. But he lived long enough to win many human as well as animal friends, and to achieve all the renown a reasonable pig could desire. And always, to the day of his death, he was gentle, careful, cleanly and obedient—the most intelligent, faithful and trustworthy brute (leaving a few dogs out of the calculation) I ever intimately knew.

L. R. MORPHEW.

Stories of the Good Green Wood.

STORIES OF THE GOOD GREEN WOOD. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York, publishers.

This is an exceptionally instructive nature book, written by Clarence Hawks, the "Blind Poet of New England," whose previous works of like character, "The Little Foresters" and "Master Frisky," from the same publishing house, have won him popularity among the young people, and added to his already deserved reputation as an author and poet.

These stories are brand new, drawn fresh from the green wood, and are not dry enough to burn. Their subject-matter has been gleaned by personal observation in early youth under the tutelage of an intelligent rustic mentor by the name of Ben Wilson, who taught him to keep still in the woods if he wished to see anything; and any sportsman who will condescend to accept the various hints proffered will gather a stock of wood lore of rare quality, and thus be likely to enlarge their bag of game. Fox hunters will learn some tricks of reynard which were inexplicable before. Squirrel hunters will detect the presence of the little animals by apparently meaningless signs; and they will discover that it is useless to hunt gray ones where there are red ones. His story of how the turtle got his shell is as good as any Indian legend, and the situation where the young truant who went chestnutting was persuaded to use his shirt for a nut bag, while he shivered in the frosty air, and then went home and sat for an hour, heroically, with it on, lest his mother should discover where he had been, is unique, if not dramatic. The illustrations by Charles Copeland are very true to nature, and he and the author are most fortunate in having been able to snap his kodak on a partridge in the act of drumming.

The wonder to all readers is how anyone blind from his youth up can write so vividly and accurately. The explanation would be that lapse of time develops and intensifies the spectra originally cast on the mental and optical lenses, instead of blurring and effacing them. Hawks says the best time to read the book of nature is "when autumn turns the leaves." But the leaves of the "Good Green Wood" may be read with profit and delight at any time.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Didymus.

WYMORE, Nebraska, Sept. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It was with a sense of personal loss that I read of the death of Mr. Heade, the Didymus of FOREST AND STREAM. We have taken great pleasure in all his contributions since the paper first entered our home, especially in his hummingbird stories this summer. I had made a mental picture of him, as I have of all the FOREST AND STREAM family, and in that picture he appeared as a young man. He was so enthusiastic and entertaining that to learn that he was 85 years old was a surprise indeed. And what a splendid life his was.

A. D. McCANDLESS.



GAME BAG AND GUN



Notes From the Game Fields.

Pheasants in Massachusetts.

BOSTON, Sept. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a gathering of a few officers of the State Association the past week Mr. Sylvester, president of the Wide-Awake Club, of North Attleboro, reported that one of the members, Mr. L. Morse, has been successful in rearing quite a number of quail this season, which were hatched by one of his bantams and are now strong, hardy birds. The sportsmen are watching this experiment with high hopes. Mr. A. B. F. Kinney also spoke of the live partridges raised in Worcester which have been mentioned in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

The solution of the problem how to raise our native game birds, especially quail and partridge, is worthy of the efforts of our sportsmen who have the facilities for making experiments in this line. I have known several persons who have made similar attempts, but met with failure. Should any of your readers know of successful experiments in this country I should be much pleased to hear from them through the medium of your paper.

The opinion prevails among hunters of experience in our State that the results of liberating pheasants by the State for the past ten years has accomplished very meagre results and has demonstrated that these birds can never be made to take the place of our native birds. The opinion prevails generally among experienced shooters, who have hunted them, that, even if the covers contained a hundred fold more than there are now, an open season of two weeks would suffice to clear them all up. All admit they are a handsome bird and enliven the landscape. As giving promise of future sport, very few look for anything of the sort. Some have gone so far as to tell me they "would as soon shoot barnyard fowl as pheasants."

In an educational point of view their rearing by the State may have been of some value. Again this effort on the part of the State may have had some tendency to stimulate owners of large estates to do something in the same line. So long as the money comes easy, and the legislators are so inclined, I do not propose to wage any warfare on those in authority, but I do hope they will seek other means of replenishing our badly depleted covers.

Mr. Andrews, of Hudson, who bought and liberated some quail last spring, suggests that an appeal be sent to all the "dog-and-gun" men of the State to refrain from killing quail this season, so as to give them a chance to reproduce next year—or, if not abstaining wholly, to be content with small bags. Mr. Andrews has recently become a member of the State Association for the sole purpose, as he says, of doing all he can for the preservation of our game and fish—more especially the former. He has taken the trouble to get lists of all hunters in his place, the city of Marlboro, which, by the way, he characterizes as "the city of poachers," and several neighboring towns. His earnestness is contagious, and if there were even a few such men in every town they would do much to leaven the masses.

Mr. O. R. Dickey, on a recent trip to New Hampshire, saw eleven passenger pigeons a few miles out from the city of Manchester. As usual he and his companion got some birds on this trip.

Looking through the market the other day I met a dealer who has handled game and has been active years gone by before legislative committees. He told me, with much apparent satisfaction, that only last week his wife saw three deer together on his farm in Natick, and one was a fawn. Reports have recently come to hand of deer seen in Newburyport and in Salem.

Several of our hunters are preparing for an early trip to the Maine woods and others to New Brunswick, whither Dr. Heber Bishop has already gone.

Mr. Davis, of Umbagog Lake, Me., says deer are as plenty as ever about his section, and he looks forward to a good fall business. As to the effect of flowing the Magalloway basin, as is proposed, he said the addition of another lake could not be otherwise than beneficial to business. Naturally those having farms or camps in the valley would be loth to leave them even if assured of liberal damages for loss of their property.

CENTRAL.

The Pennsylvania Outlook.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Sept. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Indications point to a fair supply of game in this State at this time. Notwithstanding our very severe winter, quail seem to be fairly abundant. For many years it has been the belief of this office that, where coveys of quail were allowed to run intact, that is, a large covey permitted to run without being broken up, by shooting or in some other way, two or three or more hens would lay in the same nest, the cock birds would fight over them with the result that no young would be produced; while, if the covey was shot down to say half a dozen or separated artificially, each pair of birds would produce a covey. This seems to be confirmed anew. In many parts of this State last winter our quail were compelled to go it alone—that is, the birds, owing to the scarcity of food were compelled to separate, each bird taking care of itself, or a limited number going together. This spring cock birds seemed to be calling their Bob White everywhere, and we are getting reports of birds from many directions. We are so impressed with this additional evidence that we propose to introduce a section in the new law that we

hope to have passed this coming winter, permitting the trapping of quail at certain times for the purpose of separating a covey to increase the chances of propagation. I will send you a copy of the proposed bill before long, and hope you will find space to publish same in full. We are of opinion that the great majority of those who violate the game law, do it, not because they are vicious, but rather because of thoughtlessness, or because it is the custom to do so in the community in which they may reside.

We desire to take the whole State and, I might say, the whole community of people who hunt game and who feel well disposed toward game and bird protection, no matter where they may reside, into partnership in this matter, and have enacted a law that is fair and just to the people, as well as one that will give protection to our birds. We want to protect all our birds for the good they do while living, and the game bird, for the additional good, that cannot be expressed in words or figures, derived by a day afield with the gun. We want the people to understand the law before it is passed, and to have as many as possible in each community join with us in seeing it is obeyed after it is passed.

JOSEPH KALBFUS,

Secretary of the Game Commission.

In Vermont.

SHELDON JUNCTION, Sept. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In spite of the extremely cold and long, dreary winter of 1903 and 1904, the ruffed grouse wintered well, for they are very plentiful here in northwestern Vermont this season. While the coveys are not large, they are numerous.

Woodcock are very scarce, a few scattering birds are occasionally found in the grouse covers.

Gray squirrels should soon be abundant, as there is a great nut crop, both beechnuts and butternuts.

We have noticed quite a number of deer signs, but no so many as in former years; and we have every reason to believe that they are being shot out of season by a class of fellows who are wondering about the woods with magazine rifles, and almost daily we hear of their being run by foxhounds. Evidently, the game wardens are not taking as much interest in enforcing the laws as they did in Commissioner Titcomb's time. Then it was a question of game and fish protection, now it seems to largely be a question of politics.

There is a feeling among the largest farmers in this vicinity to have the open season on deer closed for at least five years; they look on deer as ornamental and not destructive to crops. It is only a few grumblers and a few pot-hunters that are anxious to "kill something" that make complaints about these beautiful animals being destructive to grain and other crops.

The other day our setter started out from a small clump of pines a rare kind of fox. It was either a cross or a black fox. At this season of the year, when they are a little distance away, they look nearly alike. I, however, believe that when it is caught it will prove to be a "black."

During the past two weeks the weather has either been very cold or extremely wet.

During a trip along the north shores of Lake Erie recently, we were informed by the old duck-shooters there that the northern ducks were coming in a full month earlier than usual, which means a cold autumn and an early winter.

STANSTEAD.

Rhode Island's Restricted Variety.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sept. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In regard to the outlook for hunting in Rhode Island this year, we have a close season on quail, partridge and woodcock, and so our hunting will be limited to shore birds and wildfowl shooting. There has been a fair abundance of the former, while the season for the latter has not commenced as yet. Reports are that there are a goodly number of partridges this year; quail not so abundant, owing to the severe storms of last year, and it is a little bit early for woodcock flight. Very few pairs of these birds now remain to breed with us, and we have to rely for our supply upon the migratory birds from the north. Migration usually sets in about the first of October and lasts for three or four weeks.

JOHN H. FLANAGAN.

Secret.

The Loaded Gun in the House.

BEARING a woman in a critical condition from a gunshot wound, Edward Morrison's naphtha launch raced in a gale across Jamaica Bay, early yesterday morning, while a doctor worked over her. Several times the frail craft was in danger of swamping and had to be bailed. The woman was Mrs. John Wiesbrod, of 128 Woodbine street, Brooklyn, who was accidentally shot in the breast. The accident occurred at the summer home of Edward Morrison, on Black Hall Island, near the Rockaway Inlet. Mrs. Wiesbrod was asleep shortly after midnight yesterday when the slamming of a door by a gust of wind threw a shotgun from a rack in an adjoining room. The weapon was discharged, and the full load of shot tore through a thin frame partition, lodging in the woman's side.—*New York Times.*

An Exposition of Game Laws.

THE current number of the *Game Laws in Brief* is dated July. It contains the game laws of every State and Province from Newfoundland to New Mexico. The provisions are given plainly, and completely, so that with the *Brief* in his pocket the shooter may know precisely what the law is as to season, number, license, export, and all other details.

Hints on Deer Shooting.

THERE is not a finer animal to shoot than a white-tail buck weighing 200 pounds or more, when in the short blue coat, with a pair of pink, freshly peeled antlers surmounting his graceful head. The satisfaction in hunting and bagging such a deer, especially if a good, clean, creditable shot has been made, is of lasting duration. Aside from the actual pleasures of still-hunting, shooting on a pond or watching a favorable ground where deer are likely to be seen early in the morning and toward sundown, the sportsman, if he kills one under these conditions, is well repaid for patience and perseverance in other ways.

In the first place, he obtains a beautiful trophy in the shape of the buck's head when mounted; secondly, a soft, handsome skin that may be hung on the wall, used as a rug or made into gloves that will prove a comfort when hunting in cold weather; and thirdly, he supplies himself with a delicious game meat, none of which need or should be wasted.

Various opinions are held as to which is the most noble, stately member of the deer family, and, in fact, every hunter of this branch of big game has his own special favorite. Here is one who considers a rugged, lordly bull moose the king of all deer, the goal for his hunting ambitions, while again many experienced hunters maintain that a fine blacktail is unsurpassed.

An eminent writer on big-game shooting affirms the wapiti deserves first place, and there are others who will travel to wild remote regions in order to hunt the caribou. And so we find a multitude differing widely in their opinions.

The following, however, includes only the whitetail, or Virginia deer, those whose habitat is in the Adirondack Mountains. As everyone knows the range of this deer covers an enormous area, and that in different localities they vary both in size and habits. The southern deer is much smaller than the majority of the northern and western animals, while in weight Maine bucks, as a general rule, are heavier than those of the Adirondacks, although there are always exceptions in both cases. In certain parts of the West the whitetail inhabits the low river bottoms and is more of a skulking bush deer, but where they are found in the woods or mountains this trait practically disappears, although they are always keen and on the alert. In some cases, if left undisturbed, they will become very tame, even old gray-faced bucks, and I remember seeing one evening in August three of these big fellows ravaging a side hill garden situated near well-populated summer camps that were within full sight of where the deer fed and people continually moving around; but they ate on unconcerned, unless someone came too close to their vicinity, when they would canter easily off into the woods and return again at a later hour.

Another instance of almost extraordinary tameness was that of a small doe, often seen along a certain stretch of a wood road, who became so accustomed to horses, wagons and people that she paid practically no heed to them, and would stand browsing by the roadside only a few yards distant while a party of onlookers in a wagon stopped to admire her.

How deer contrive to live through an Adirondack winter is a puzzling question. During seasons more severe than others many perish, hundreds, one might say; and the decisive proof is the scarcity the following spring and fall. The worst condition for killing them is a moist, deep snow without a heavy crust, just so light that it fails to hold them up. They break through and, unable to move, those at all weakened die miserably, while, no doubt, the larger, stronger deer under certain circumstances succumb to the same fate. As a general rule deer will not suffer severely if they are able to get around and obtain the little nourishment the woods offer them and, with a deep but flaky snow or a hard crust, they fare very well. Let the former conditions prevail, however, and they are in a bad way. I have known as many as twenty-four carcasses or remains of winter-killed deer to have been found within a comparatively small area, and myself have several times seen a pitiful bunch of hair with a few bleached bones that marked the spot where, perhaps, a fine buck or doe had perished. But, let us leave such sad results of bitter northern weather and return to a later, more favorable period, for the sportsman can judge for himself how the deer have wintered, by their scarcity or plenty.

In the spring the deer, in their long gray coats, do not appear as thin as they really are, but when during the latter part of May and June this old hair has fallen out and been replaced by the summer red coat, one can detect with little difficulty the poor and well conditioned animals. The horns of the bucks by May are usually just commencing to show; soft, stubby prongs, like those of a yearling. Around the middle of that month I once saw a buck with a pair of small knobs on his head, and when seven or eight weeks later I happened to come across him again, I knew it was the same animal from his size and the locality he inhabited, he had a fine, well developed set of antlers.

During the latter part of June, July and August deer work a great deal around the ponds and lakes, feeding on the succulent water plants and endeavoring to rid themselves of the tormenting insects. It is an amusing as well as a pretty sight to see a long-eared doe or velvet-horned buck leisurely swimming about, picking off juicy green lily-pads in the cool water on some warm summer day, thus cleverly escaping from the flies.

Their red coat at this season shows very plainly, especially in the open or on a pond, and they can be seen a long distance if the sun is in a favorable position; but

in the woods they are much harder to discern, and often an inexperienced, untrained eye will pass over a deer within close proximity.

When, during the forepart of September, they almost entirely leave off feeding around the water and, in fact, there is usually little food left by them, the summer coat is rapidly shed and the soft, beautiful fall blue coat donned. They are now even more difficult to see in the woods than before, melting into the background of gray tree trunks and old logs with perfect harmony. Too perfect, perhaps, on certain occasions when the hunter hears the bushes crack, and looks a moment too late as a fine buck bounds out of sight.

The bucks are in their prime condition from the middle of September to the same time in October. With exceptions all the does are fat and sleek at this season, many being just as watchful and wild as the bucks who, with bright newly peeled horns, excel in appearance their looks at any other time.

Very few deer may be found on the ponds after the hunting season opens, so only a small per cent. of those shot are killed in this manner. They move around through the woods much more than at an earlier period, feeding and remaining in the vicinity of clearings, especially if oats or any other grain is planted there, besides, frequenting knolls and mountains as a favorite ground. A good, though expensive way to help deer through a coming winter, one of the few feasible plans I have seen carried out with success besides felling saplings in hard weather for them to browse off, is to plant a field or clearing with potatoes, cow-peas, buckwheat or oats, and fence the former varieties around in rope. This is about the most servicable method to prevent them from eating the young shoots, and then when the grain or vegetables are well ripened take it down and allow the deer to feed at will. The nourishment they obtain from such a larder gives them an extra coating of fat for the winter, strengthens and invigorates those under-conditioned, and in every way is a decided benefit to withstand cold and starvation.

The rifle most popular at present with a great many of those who hunt in the north woods is the .30-30 caliber, and where they are found the soft-nose bullet is usually apparent in almost every case. Not so often, however, are they found in the hands of practiced sportsmen, who realize that a high power rifle is far from essential for shooting in this region where very long shots are practically impossible. Also, an extra amount of danger attaches itself to that element, considering the distance one of these bullets will travel. Out west, where the conditions are entirely different, it is undoubtedly an all around meritorious weapon, for most of the shots are at long ranges, so that high power velocity becomes a necessity, whereas in the Adirondacks it is not. And it always seemed to me that the credit of a shot should not be placed to the bullet but rather to accuracy and knowing the correct point to aim for. On the other hand, a running shot or stationary one of several hundred yards, usually, the prevailing condition out west, the best of game shots will not always be able to hit in the exact spot, and therefore require a bullet more deadly in its effects. But, where the ranges are comparatively short, say under one hundred yards, a solid old-fashioned lead bullet is quite sufficient for anyone knowing the rudiments of deer hunting in this locality. Certainly a good sportsman must feel better satisfied if he makes a clean creditable shot with one of these than bringing in a deer torn and mangled by a soft-nosed bullet.

The former makes a small, almost invisible hole where it penetrates, and a very little larger mark, should it come out on the opposite side. A useful and advantageous weapon for an experienced man, but not a novice, is a three-barreled gun, two-shot barrels with a rifle barrel underneath; a lever throws the plunger of the right-hand barrel on the latter and thus it may be manipulated with great ease and quickness. The .38-55 caliber is usually the size bore of the rifle, and with buckshot, fine shot and ball always ready it proves more than servicable on many occasions if one comes on a flock of partridges, or jumps a deer when buck-shot is very welcome, for nine times out of ten shooting at a running object in thick timber with a rifle even at close range would be a clean miss. To do well with this gun, the hunter must bear in mind the fact of drawing down rather fine on the object he is shooting at; and here lies the disadvantage for the novice, as in the moment of excitement he is liable to forget this necessity, take a full bead, fire, and, in all probability, lose the deer.

Shooting high is a common fault with many, especially beginners, for when thrown on their own resources, usually accompanied by a pounding heart as they draw up to aim, with a great majority the thought not to take too coarse a bead is forgotten and misses or unsatisfactory kills result.

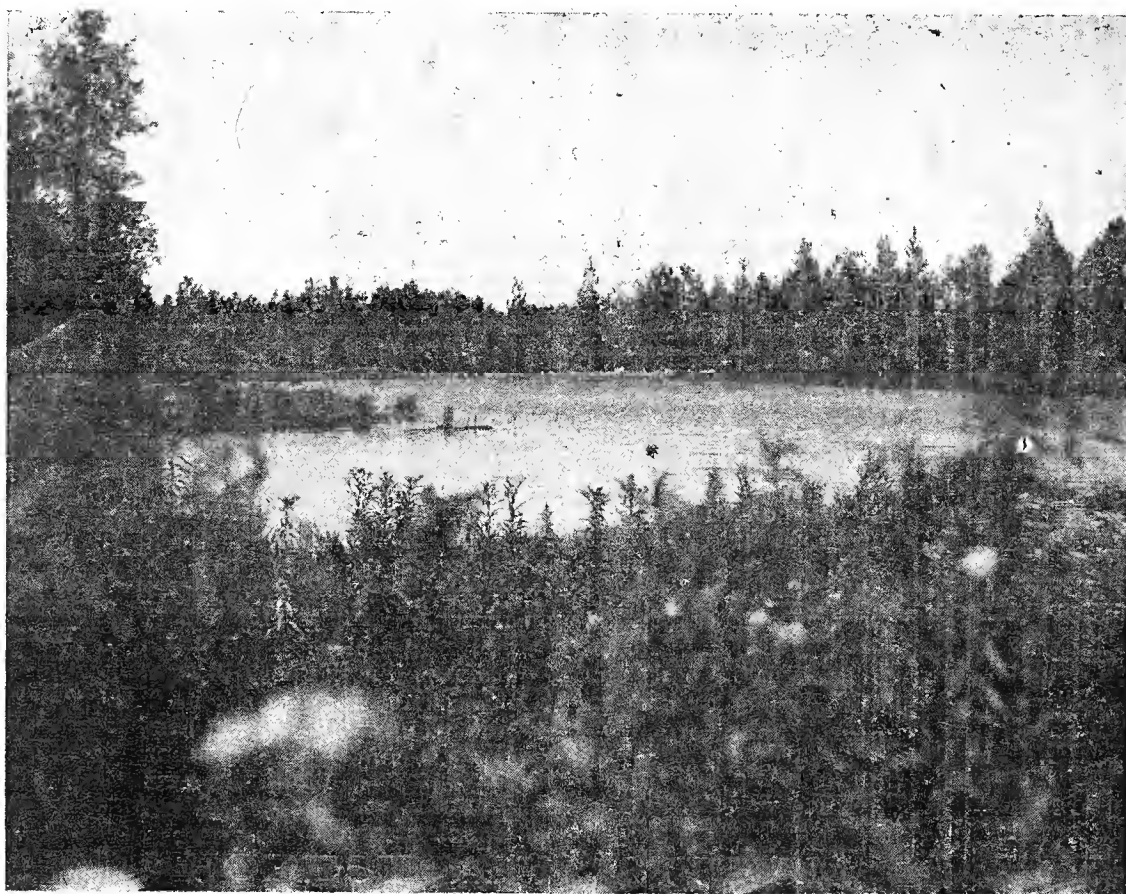
Thus, the best remedy in the beginning for one not desiring to make these so-called "botches" from untrained nerves and lack of experience is to have a rifle sighted a little low in order that a full bead may be taken with safety. Express sights are good for the reason of their sharp, well-defined outlines, and where a rifle is properly sighted, that is, so the hunter can hold practically the same on a deer from forty to a hundred yards, they prove most favorable. A .38-40 caliber with these sights is a light, handy weapon for shooting in the woods, while a .40-65, although a trifle heavier to carry, is very effective in disposing of

a large deer that, even if struck in the right spot, would probably run farther with a bullet from the former than one from the latter. But here, as in the case of favorites in big-game shooting, the choice of a rifle is a matter of taste and judgment.

Perhaps it would not be out of place to spare a few words to an essential point connected with successful hunting, namely, a proper knowledge of where to hold on a deer, varying with the different angles he is standing at, and under various conditions, whether in the woods or in the open.

For instance, here is a deer standing in a clearing, no trees, brush or undergrowth to obstruct the full view of his outline; a broadside shot being the first presented, hold on the center of the shoulder, a little below what might be calculated as a middle line. A good plan told me by one of experience, is to draw up on the foreleg when taking aim, as it affords an admirable mark in determining the shoulder's center. Perhaps the deer now turns, heading away from the hunter's position and offering a quartering shot; a bullet placed anywhere in the side or behind the shoulder, provided it is not high, will rake forward and surely prove fatal.

Standing head on or facing the hunter, a deer's chest and neck look no wider than the edge of a knife blade and confines the bullet to narrow limits. However, if hit in either of these places, excepting a mere graze, the deer will be bagged with the credit of an especially good shot as well, provided the animal stood at a fairly long range.



A FAVORABLE RESORT FOR AN EVENING HUNT.

Undoubtedly one of the most difficult positions is when the deer stands head on, partly quartering. The point of the shoulder should be the mark, and only a bullseye will answer satisfactorily, for if the bullet strikes farther back, although mortally wounded, the deer will go a long distance before giving in, escape the hunter and cause him deep mortification. Missing amounts to very little compared with the after effects on a sportsman if he wounds and loses a deer, for he is far from what many misguided people consider him, namely, the essence of hard, unfeeling cruelty.

Shooting in the woods where deer invariably are partly obscured by brush, trees and fallen timber entails a good deal more difficulty in placing the bullet in the proper spot than when in the open with nothing to hide the outline. Often only the head and neck will be seen if one comes on a deer standing behind a brush-pile or windfall, and should be a fairly long distance off in the woods, it is no easy matter to make a successful neck shot. Again, nothing but the quarters of the animal may be visible from the hunter's position, and if such is the case, it is always better to wait until a more favorable stand is taken before firing. Even though the deer might be ready to run, in nearly every instance it is advisable to let it go rather than make a "botch" shot, unless it is an especially large buck, when the temptation could hardly be resisted.

Pond shooting under certain conditions is hard, while at other times it becomes comparatively easy, according to the weather, sun and wind. Should there be a breeze, causing the boat to have a rocking, unsteady motion, it is by no means an unusual occurrence to miss a deer clean at fifty yards. Otherwise, on a calm day and even going up with the wind, there is little motion and the conditions are therefore far less difficult. Numerous have been the downfalls of unsophisticated hunters who considered that a bullet need only hit a deer to kill it, and the result of such ideas is disastrous, for where one animal is properly shot and killed, scores are miserably wounded and lost.

A good plan to follow, when practicing at a target simply for the purpose of improving one's game shooting, is always to shoot off-hand if the distance is not over a hundred yards, thereby gaining steadiness and increased confidence. Seldom when still-hunting in the woods one has the opportunity of getting a rest of any kind, so it is better to be independent, and then, if the conditions are such that an advantageous rest may be taken, the benefit is all the greater. As regards to position when shooting, all old and experienced sportsmen advocate a natural upright posture, no humping, awkward crouch, but gripping either rifle or shotgun

firmly, especially with the left hand, which is held well forward on the barrels. Nowadays in the target practice of both Army and National Guard, the left hand is held very close to the right, and in some cases overlaps it; but, whereas, this is probably beneficial in the latter, in game shooting, the former undoubtedly is the best position and certainly the most convenient.

Various methods of deer hunting are practiced in the North Woods, although within recent years many of the old ways have been restricted by the law, and undoubtedly for the good in the case of hounding. Nevertheless it was exhilarating and pleasurable on a frosty autumn morning, when the mountains were a glory of red, yellow, and russet, to watch on some lake or pond, with eyes and ears strained for the first glimpse of the driven deer or voices of the hounds. If the mellow baying drew nearer, making one's heart beat fast with expectation, it was a thrilling sight to see a fine buck break from the woods bordering the shore and plunge into the water.

The chase that followed was the sport in which the pleasure lay, for when it came to the shooting, unless the sportsman allowed the animal to reach shore, taking a hard shot just before it disappeared from sight, there was little sport about the thing. In fact, it always seemed an unsatisfactory way of bagging a deer; and then the many instances of butchery ensuing from the practice was sufficient to turn many sportsmen against it.

Jacking was practically done away with when the open season was changed to September 1, but as much of the enjoyment lay in the fascination of floating on a wilderness lake with the dark, silent woods surrounding, and everything shrouded in the wonderful mystery of night, the same pleasure may be partaken of nowadays in July and August, armed only, however, with a jack-light.

In certain localities deer are hunted by stationing the sportsman on a runway, while another man or guide takes a circle through the woods in the vicinity, starting up a deer that perhaps may give the hunter a shot if it happens to go his way. But undoubtedly a large element of danger attaches to this method, and probably a number of fatal accidents have occurred from its practice.

Pond shooting is most enjoyable, but of course there is not much chance of killing deer in this manner by September. However, during the early part of the month, if one watches faithfully on some favorable lake or pond, he may pick up a small buck or a well-conditioned doe. It is a curious thing that but seldom or never are really large deer killed in this way, and it only goes to show how well big bucks can look after themselves. Sometimes during August it is not unusual to come on one feeding or swimming along the shore, but such an occurrence at a later period would be quite remarkable. Once while fishing on a secluded lake bordered by unbroken forest, we happened to round a point that hid a picturesque little bay from view, and here a pleasant sight met our eyes. Standing on a high grassy

bank shelving up to the woods from a narrow sand beach, was a handsome buck with head erect directly facing our position. His horns curved in symmetrical lines against the dark trees, and his broad, deep chest proved that he was an old-timer. But a short distance from him, knee-deep in the water, stood a sleek doe, broadside, her ears poked inquiringly forward as she looked at the buck, evidently having noticed his startled attitude. This was one of the few occasions that we chanced to surprise a large deer on a pond or lake in the daytime. As a general rule it is a hard matter to paddle up to deer on a sheet of water if they are at all wild or on the outlook for boats, and even with the conditions perfect, an approach of under a hundred yards becomes a difficult proposition; and the ensuing shot, if taken, is not by any means an easy one. However, there is some advantage in the fact that the outline of the animal usually can be seen clearly, unless it happens to stand behind a log or alder bushes or in the long grass of a marsh.

Peep sights are advantageous in the open or on a pond, but they become practically useless in the woods, on account of the various lights and shadows. Here, as in the practice of shooting offhand at a target, it is perhaps best to use open sights, purely from the same point of view, in that it makes one more confident and independent. The average rifle, however, generally does not have peep sights, and this is meant only to include three-barreled and others so equipped.

To spend the day watching on some woodland lake is very pleasant, especially should it culminate in bagging a good deer; and to illustrate better such an outing, perhaps it would be worth while to give a short account of a successful incident.

The weather should at least be clear in order to thoroughly enjoy hunting after this method; and in fact if it is cold, cloudy or wet, the chances of obtaining a shot are reduced more than ever; whereas sunshine and warmth are decidedly favorable. Supposing that the pond is surrounded by wild picturesque scenery with no sign of civilization to mar its seclusion and quietude, and also that deer are not few nor far between in the vicinity, we find this mellow September morning two hunters stationed on the watch point projecting from the shore about half-way down the pond. It commands a good view of nearly all the little bays and stretches of yellow marsh grass bordering the edge of the woods; the still reflections broken here and there by a light breath of wind, or by a widening circle where a second before a plump trout leaped out to seize a tempting fly. One of the hunters, with field-glass at hand, is keeping a sharp lookout, scanning the shores with his field-glass

and with his own keen sight, while the other perhaps enjoys a siesta as he sits in the sweet scented huckleberry bushes that grow over the point.

What pleasant meditations can be indulged in on such occasions, with the atmosphere of peaceful solitude acting like a restful balm to the mind and the worries of the outside world dispelled. From the timbered hill across the pond comes the wild scream of a hawk, and blue-jays call shrilly to one another in reply; a squirrel rattles noisily up the small pitch pine standing near-by; and now suddenly the watcher on the rocks leaves his position quietly, while the eyes of his companion fix themselves on a moving red spot which has appeared on a strip of marsh half a mile or so away.

Gently the guide boat is slipped out, and one of the men seats himself in the bow facing ahead, stepping carefully on the soft bed of hemlock boughs covering the bottom, for even at a long distance deer that are wild will, with their acute hearing, detect any strange noise and disappear before one is fairly started out after them.

Silently the boat moves up the pond; but in a few minutes glasses are brought to bear on the object, and after a moment's scrutiny they turn back, for a closer view reveals a thin, mule-eared old doe.

At noon the hunters go a short distance back in the woods and unload their pack basket of frying-pan, coffee-pot, and perhaps a fresh venison steak, building a small fire, over which the latter is soon sending up an appetizing aroma that greets their nostrils most fragrantly. Every now and then one of the two walks out to the pond and takes a good survey of the shore, in order that no deer may give them the slip while they are feeding the inner man. Thus after the relish of an outdoor repast and a taste of camp-fire, they return to the watch ground, hoping for better success during the afternoon.

Not until the sun is lowering in the west, and cool shadows are reflecting in the water, is anything seen. Then up the lake, where the last brilliant rays strike on the shore, bringing out every line and detail with clear distinctness, they perceive a deer partly hidden behind a fallen tree. For the fourth time the boat is pushed silently out, and with the powerful glare of the sun in their favor, they glide quickly toward the red object, walking slowly along in the water. As they draw nearer it proves to be a good sized deer, and a still closer inspection shows a pair of horns surmounting the head. At intervals the buck looks up uneasily, for undoubtedly he is a wild chap, as shown by a certain nervous, proud manner; but his keen nose fails to detect anything unusual, and the light of the sun hides the oncoming boat. Seventy-five yards or so off the hunter in the bow holds up his hand, and at the same instant as the other stops paddling, the buck throws back his head with a start, for now he can discern a blurred, dark object moving toward him in the path of sunshine. But the peep sight is on his shoulder before he can change his broadside position, and at the report he gives a springing bound into the air, whirls, and dashes into the woods. Both men listen intently to the sound of cracking bushes, followed by absolute silence, and then one whispers, "He's down," the other nodding in pleased assent, nevertheless knowing well that a deer in the hand is worth two in the bush. Pushing ashore at the spot where the buck disappeared, they find the trail and follow it with great caution. But there is no need of a second shot. Here he lies behind a moss-covered log, stone dead, a bullet hole through the center of his shoulder. This is a pleasant moment, and although the deer is not a 200-pounder, he is a fat, handsome three-year-old, with slim velvet horns; and the clean shot the hunter has made perhaps warms his heart most of all.

In a certain region of the Adirondacks with which I am familiar, there existed a large clearing of eighty acres or more, surrounded on every side by thick woods, and not within the immediate vicinity of any human habitation. A good part of it was covered by clumps and thickets of birch, poplar, and beech saplings of forty years' growth, while some open stretches were under a meagre cultivation, usually planted with oats or buckwheat, for long since had the last blackened stumps crumbled away. It was an ideal hunting ground for both still-hunting or watching, as there were quantities of feed suited to a deer's palate, and after a favorable winter a number of animals were always to be found in and around it. Undoubtedly there are clearings like to this one in various parts of the North Woods offering the same conditions, and where by careful hunting one would obtain just as good results.

On the south side of the cleared land mentioned, a strip of saplings separated a large field, bordering on the woods, from the main clearing, and also a smaller one adjoining the former, both being invisible from each other. When the long, gray shadows had commenced to fall, and the glow of the western sky was growing fainter, a big buck was liable to step forth from the dark seclusion of the woods, where he had probably been quietly lurking for an hour or more, and cause the watcher in the distant blind to grip his rifle and get under control a momentary attack of buck fever. The gray outlines of a deer's body melting into the equally neutral color of the earth, makes him practically invisible at a hundred yards if it is twilight or early morning, and therefore at half this distance to place the bullet in a killing spot is far from easy. As the forward sight is chalked, in order that it will show more clearly, the chance of shooting high is increased, unless the rifle shoots a little low, as it should under such conditions, for even an old hand becomes liable to graze or break a deer's back in a poor light. There are times when one of these large bucks will take a notion to come out early in the afternoon, and still more often, as every hunter knows, they will not show themselves at all, only those deep, heifer-like tracks one runs across sometimes, betray the owner's presence.

Still-hunting on old log roads, trails or carries are the only ways this mode of hunting can be pursued successfully during the earlier part of the season. In November it is a different consideration when a soft snow muffles any sound and one can travel through the woods very silently; but before this, to hunt quietly where a twig cracks at each step, logs have to be clambered over, one has really more to do watching his feet than keeping

a sharp look out for deer. Perhaps on a stormy or rainy day by good luck a deer might be come upon unawares, but the chances are very slight of ever doing so. On the other hand, where a comparatively open path or road is hunted, especially if after a shower, and also if a wind is blowing, one becomes pretty sure of seeing deer with careful hunting.

Even on a bright, quiet afternoon, and toward sundown, considering that deer are plentiful in the neighborhood, the hunter may obtain a shot and be well rewarded should he do so, as the conditions require an extra amount of caution. Moccasins, with or without rubbers, are a good all-around outfit for the feet, and one not used to the former putting on the latter over them makes walking much less tiresome. The woods almost everywhere are cut up with log roads, tote roads, trails and carries, so it is therefore the best plan to confine



A 246-POUND BUCK.

still-hunting to such places and not try the unbroken forest, provided any measure of success is anticipated.

Seeing deer in the woods, unless they chance to stand out in plain view, is something that must be cultivated and taught by experience. Often only an ear, leg, horn, or small portion of the body will be visible, and it is for such objects the eye must search. The keen sight of some of the natives in this region is remarkable, as is their ability to follow up a wounded deer. A trail that will be almost invisible to many unless they stoop and examine the ground closely, moving very slowly, one of these men will follow at a rapid walk.

This method of hunting is undoubtedly one of the most pleasant, and when autumn frosts have colored the leaves in rich, varied hues, the woods, if anything, be-



THREE VENERABLE HUNTERS.

come a more constant source of delight. With those sweet, nut-like odors of fall in one's nostrils, and the fact that each cautious step may bring a deer in sight, adds a sensation of anticipation and free enjoyment experienced by all followers of the game trail.

Nevertheless, every mode of hunting, barring pot-hunters' ways and wiles, has its own intrinsic merits and pleasures, so it is somewhat amusing to read in recent able works on these topics the harsh criticism all methods of shooting receive, except those suited to the author's personal taste. It is very well for the expert still-hunter, who has had both time and opportunity to learn and study the rudiments of that art, to hold up his hands in horror at the thought of killing a deer by any simpler means, such as shooting in a clearing or watching a runway, but what difference does it make to the deer, provided he is properly shot and killed? Certainly to place the muzzle of a rifle practically against the animal's body, as was often the case in hounding or crusting, now prohibited by law, was always shunned by sportsmen, as any brutality will ever be detested; but to condemn

other methods of hunting except following a deer by stealth, is without reason or foundation.

Nowadays, as the limits on all kinds of game shooting draw narrower, one appreciates and enjoys more every bit of fur or feather brought to bag, and to him who cares especially for deer hunting, the staunch old Adirondacks, striving bravely to cling to their wild, virgin solitude, proves a near-by source of unfailing pleasure, offering woodland areas where one of America's noblest game animals still lingers. PAULINA BRANDRETH.

Duck Shooting in Australia.

Our party consisted of three old hands in one trap and three young larrikins in the other. We left Outram at 9 o'clock on Friday morning. The weather was somewhat threatening, but it kept fine all the way up to the Sutton, where we camped. A rabbit had a queer little tent here, made up in a corner of the old hut at the Sutton. I had rather a long yarn with him. He was evidently an educated man. He seemed to have had a university education, and had traveled in different parts of the world. His father had been an officer in India; it was quite a treat to speak to a man who took such an intelligent interest in things in general. It was queer to see the high class of books he read, stuffed away in a little tent affair, covered over with sacks. A good many people would call it a dog's hole. One had to crawl into it.

We started off next morning in good time, the gentlemanly rabbit helping us to pack. The roads were in better order than at any time I have ever seen them, especially up to Deep Stream. On the mountain itself there was a strong cold wind blowing, with misty sleet, which made things exceedingly unpleasant. Half-way over the mountain the party in the other trap were somewhat unfortunate in breaking one of their swingle-trees. We had to make a rough one out of a piece of firewood we were carrying, fastening this in the center with some fencing wire, and attaching the traces at the ends in the best way we could. I say we, my part of it was to hold the reins till they got the job done. However, we pushed on, and got down into the Upper Taieri Flat about half past twelve, and forded the river above the big lagoon a little later. We camped by the rocks just this side of the Green Swamp, our party putting the horses on one side of the fence and the other party putting theirs on the other side, hoping thus to keep the horses from straying. Nearly all of the party, after having lunch, went up to the flat to dig mimis, while I stayed back to put up the small tent. There were any number of ducks flying about, a good few geese and an enormous quantity of swans. We were in a good part (in fact, the best) of the flat. There was any amount of water in the lagoon, and being first in this place, there was a lagoon for each member of the party (six in all). We had high hopes for the morning. During the evening it was somewhat unpleasant to notice that the lagoon that runs up from the river between the fence and the rocks was rising rather rapidly to our camp.

Next morning, about half-past two, the old hand of the party became restless, and started talking away like a Chinaman, although neither of the other two gave him any encouragement, as they were both enjoying a pretty good sleep. However, his continued efforts in the Chinaman direction had their effect at last, and one of the party became more wakeful. All hands were turned out about half-past four, although there was no possibility of doing any shooting for two hours. However, after having a hasty breakfast, we were all dragged through the swamp, those without gum boots or fishing trousers having a bad time of it, as there was a heavy frost on. Owing to the lagoon and the Deep Creek being somewhat higher than we expected, it took us a good deal longer than we thought it would to reach our mimis. I trudged on in the dark behind one who I thought was the "old hand." After following him about half a mile, I heard him give a satisfied grunt, and put down his trappings by his mimi; then I knew I had been following the wrong man, and had to find my way back. By the time I had the canvas decoys blown up and attached by cords on a good long line the day was breaking, and the ducks were beginning to come in. The "old hand" soon began to make good practice, bringing down right and left in first-class style in no time, and before long we had the start of a good bag, though I was shooting poorly. However, things slackened off somewhat during the day, and although there seemed to be such an enormous quantity of ducks during the eve of the first, it turned out on the whole to be rather a poor day. I had the good fortune to bring down three geese the first morning, the "old hand" getting one, the other members of the party on that day got none. Swans there were in plenty; in fact, never more so; but we did not bother with them at all. Ducks of all sorts were coming in—paradise, grays, spoonbills and teal—there was plenty of variety. Unfortunately, the water kept on rising, and during that day it rose about 9 inches, the wood decoys and the natural ones having to be shifted every now and then. There was a cold, bitter wind, and occasionally sleeting showers coming down all day, and we were all glad to leave our mimis much earlier than we would have done if the day had been finer. Counting up the scores that night, the blacksmith had made a good bag by himself on the top of the lagoon (about forty-four), the old hand about twenty-two and myself fourteen. The others, having no decoys, had not done nearly so well—about twenty between the three of them.

Next day the water was still rising, being about 3 feet off our tent door. We shifted some of the goods out of our tent, but as we thought the water would go down now, we did not bother to shift the tent, there being little time so early in the morning. The ducks were flying even better than the first day, although we did not do quite so well. Total for three men, 107 ducks for two days. When we got back to camp we found that the water had come right up into our tent. We had to shift it on to higher ground among the tussocks, nearly all the cut tussocks and the tent being wet; the bedding being at the head of the tent was luckily for us, dry. We now thought it was time to

see what the river was like, as regards the Ford. The lagoon that we had come over by the rocks to our camp, was now too high to cross, even in gum boots. Artie went down to the crossing, but could see no signs of the gravel slopes that lead down to the river proper. They were all covered with water, and the water was still rising. It was obvious we could not get out of the flat for a day or two, unless we went out in another direction. The following day, two or three had a try at the shooting, but the ducks were now pretty well driven out of the flat. The "old hand" and I started for the top of the flat, where Mr. C. D. Smith was camping. The "old hand" took a try in the Black Gorge leading to the north, while I went over to Mr. Smith's camp, which was situated near the mouth of the Gorge, which comes from a more southerly direction, down which the Deep Creek flows, all muddy, owing to the sluicing done in the claim much higher up. Mr. Smith told us that we could get out at the head of the flat on the Blackball road, and that it was twelve miles by this road to Linburn station, and that we could get to Kokonga in time for those who wished to catch the train. We started about 9 A. M.; however, he must have under-estimated the distance, for we never got there till hours after the train had left, and it was 7 o'clock before we reached Hyde. From where we had camped, along the Blackball road, and through Patearoa, was too big a drive for the horses in one day. Two of us came in by the train, and the rest went on to Middlemarch, intending to stop there for that night. Altogether, except for the cold wind and the flood, it was a most enjoyable trip, and the drive through Patearoa was especially enjoyable, the weather being simply perfect.

When I took back instructions as to how to get out of the flat, via Linburn, our party seemed quite hopeful, but they talked on me a good deal as to the estimate of the time it would take to reach Hyde. We did not start at 7 o'clock, as advised, but we got away at half-past nine. We found we could not get out of the flat, (being so heavily loaded as we were), at anything above a walking pace. For myself, I enjoyed the drive immensely; it was such a perfect day. When we got to the river at Patearoa, they looked very doubtful at it, and I had to wade across it in my fishing trousers, before they would tackle it. I found when I got about the middle of the river, that I had all I wanted, and in fact, if I had not had a strong staff, I would not have managed it. Even then, they did not feel very confident about it, for they loosed one of the horses from the trap and tried it that way first. I then saw that it is a simpler matter for a man to cross a river on horseback. The horse has a tremendous weight above the water, while a man by the time he is up to the waist, has very little weight to put against the stream. Then too, the horse's legs are comparatively thin, while a man with waders on, creates a good deal of disturbance in the water.

As regards the size of shot. I had most success with No. 5. I had No. 5 in the right barrel, and No. 4 in the left. I got my geese each time with the right barrel, but failed to score with the left.

There were two or three little things in regard to the camping-out that struck me. The first is that instead of having the tucker box lid (the tucker box is a great institution) to open in the ordinary manner on the top, in such a way that you cannot get into it, on account of the blankets, etc., being packed on top of it, the idea is to have the lid to open backwards and downwards, (baker's cart style), having two or three shelves in it. This is very convenient when camping on the roadside. When you put up your tent, this box can be lifted down, and set inside the tent, and the lid lying on the bottom of the floor, makes a fairly handy table. Of course, the idea could be extended by setting up the box about eighteen inches above the ground, and have the lid rest on another two legs, the space underneath the box could be utilized for keeping the fire-wood dry, and so on.

Another notion was to take up some large bags of cheese cloth. The game can be laid out in these singly on the ground, in a shady spot, and there is not the slightest fear of flies bothering them. Another notion was to lay out about fifteen yards of calico at night, so as to catch all the frost there is; then when coming away, to wrap up your game in this, two by two. I found my tent fly, which I folded early in the morning, was still frozen together after traveling a day and a half, and by all appearances will keep so for a week. This would help the game while traveling.

Another thing I noticed, that instead of cutting the bread with a knife with jam on it, or with tinned fish, or perhaps flavoring it with candle grease occasionally (as is often done by those who seem to think that "camping it" is "hogging it"), a good idea is to have a quantity of the bread made into sandwiches, and put in a tin box, like biscuits. This keeps things nice and clean.

Re the tent. The one I took was a 6 by 8 (calico), and although it seemed to me quite big enough, the others were grumbling that it was on the small side. It is fitted up with rings sewn all around the lower edge, and can thus be pegged down tightly to the ground. It not only helps to keep the tent steadier in wind, but also prevents draughts coming in round the edge. There is a fly for it, so one need have no fear of the wet coming in, and there is a square fly that one could use on an extra ridge pole, and upright in front of the tent, either for hanging game in, or for keeping the tucker box and having lunch, without disturbing the bedding.

Next to the tucker box in our estimation, comes the fire box. This is an ordinary oil drum, with an opening at bottom and cross wires to stand the billy on; as the billy can be boiled with a tenth of the fuel, it will be seen that this is a big item, when on a trip in a treeless region like Central Otago. The oil-drum is wired on to the axle of trap when traveling. Don't forget a bottle of kerosene, to kindle the fire on a wet morning in a swamp almost discourages the oldest hand.

ARTHUR MCCARTHY.

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Southern Shooting.

HOTEL MECKLENBURG, Chase City, Va., Sept. 22.—Here I am, over in Virginia, and a little out of my North Carolina beat, but yet very much at home among these dear Virginians, who, by the way, are very largely North Carolinians. This bit of a letter is to be a sort of chat about sporting matters in the two States, and I am sure will interest not a few FOREST AND STREAM readers.

First of all, about the partridges in North Carolina. The "crop" is a very large one, and there is a surprising number of double broods. June was very dry and simply perfect for the first brood, and these birds are big fellows, while the youngsters, locally known as "squealers," are tiny as yet. The shooting season does not begin in most of the counties until Nov. 1, and when it comes it will find some of the late broods not fully grown. More peas have been planted this year than ever before, and the farmers are very generous toward the birds in not gathering the peas too closely. I make bold to say that this cornfield pea is the best food for partridges on earth. They relish it, they thrive upon it, and I really believe it increases the size of the birds. It is planted after the wheat is cut, and thus gives a double crop to the farmer.

The Audubon law has been very closely enforced in North Carolina, this year, and certainly Secretary Gilbert Pearson has every reason to felicitate himself upon the character and earnestness of the work. From the sea to the mountains the good news comes of what the enforcement of the law has done. The shore birds are breeding again, and Chief Game Warden John W. Upchurch, who has a wide territory under his supervision, tells me that the "rookeries" of the tern and other birds on the beaches are again becoming somewhat populous. The arrest of the men who hunt ducks by night on the North Carolina sounds has contributed a great deal to break up the abominable practice of "fire-lighting," which at one time threatened to drive away or destroy the ducks, brant and geese. The fact is that a lot of the people who went into this fire-lighting business were very desperate fellows, and it required stern treatment to put an end to their work.

The Audubon Society has had some amusing experiences in the matter of making arrests. The very funniest of all these was the case of a negro who in August captured and killed a mother 'possum and her six youngsters, cooked the whole lot, and had just finished eating them when the warden swooped down upon him. It cost him a pretty penny to get out of the scrape, and if he had not put up the money he would have been sent to the roads for a term of service. The season for 'possums does not open until Nov. 1.

As to the killing of partridges, the negroes and pot-hunters and a few countrymen have given most of the trouble in the matter of enforcing the law, which some of them seem to think infringed upon their rights; but it can truly be said that sentiment in favor of the partridge has developed more largely in the past two years among the North Carolina farmers than ever before. Virginians here tell me they think the birds are better cared for in North Carolina than they are here.

There is to be an extension of club shooting on the North Carolina sounds, and at least four new clubs, composed of Northern people, will build club houses in that section. Another thing which is of interest to sportsmen is the lease for a long term of years of the Atlantic & N. C. Railway by R. S. Howland, of Providence, R. I., and Asheville, N. C. He tells me he intends to develop Morehead City and Beaufort, two coast towns, a couple of miles apart, as winter resorts. Beyond any question, there are no finer places on the Atlantic coast between Florida and the north for winter fishing, and I do not know of any places where the summer and autumn fishing, particularly for Spanish mackerel and bluefish, is finer. The stretch of salt-water sounds is vast, the country is threaded with rivers with broad estuaries, and with deep creeks, with fresh-water lakes here and there, and in fact, the whole region is a hunters' paradise. Newbern will also be made an important center for sportsmen who enjoy the charming winter climate of eastern North Carolina, which has just enough coolness in it to give it zest. My prediction is that this development is going to interest many sportsmen in the North.

It will be remembered that the writer was at Pinehurst in March and told of Mr. Tufts' extensive experiment in breeding partridges there. The news is that the birds have done very well indeed, among them being almost three thousand which were brought in from Kansas. These Kansas birds are considerably darker than the North Carolina partridges, as has already been mentioned.

The number of Northern men who have kennels and shooting preserves in North Carolina is increasing all the time. Some of these people get control of shooting privileges on private lands around their places, by paying taxes on such lands. Some persons tell me that this is not the best plan, but insist that the best way is to let the guides arrange the matter, unless one can lease all the territory for a radius of miles, not missing any farms; their argument being that if any farmers are skipped they become very sour toward sportsmen, saying that the tax is not paid on their land, but is paid on their neighbors', and that they do not care for anybody to come upon their places. While the law in North Carolina in most counties makes it a trespass to hunt upon the lands of another without permission, yet farmers in the majority of cases are courteous about the matter. Of course, there are some gruff ones, and I know some who will not allow even their own neighbors to hunt on their lands. Such men are naturally execrated by their neighbors who are sportsmen.

The fox hunting is going to be good this season. In North Carolina foxes are found all the way from the coast to the mountains, and very nearly all are gray, the red fox being really a rarity. Over here in Virginia the red foxes are as plentiful as or perhaps more so, than the gray ones. Old hunters tell me that there is more real sport in chasing a gray fox than a

red, for the reason that the gray is apt to take a more tortuous course in his run, while the red, perhaps more daring or more confident of his powers, will steer a very straight course for many miles.

Over here at Chase City, Col. W. T. Hughes at the Hotel Mecklenburg has just installed a notably good pack of hounds, and to these will be added some from North Carolina. For example, Sidney Cooper is going to bring over his pack from Henderson, N. C. I was very much impressed by what a hunter said about the deer in this section. His remark was that he wished every deer was dead; that they interfered so much with the dogs in the chase of the foxes. It was quite a disparaging remark to make about such noble game as the deer, but it must be remembered that this man is a fox hunter and nothing else. It seems singular that deer should be so numerous in this rather thickly settled section of Virginia, but such is the case. The country is very fine for hunting either deer or foxes, with just enough roll to it to give zest to the chase. The fact is that here, as in North Carolina, you get the actual fox, and don't have to bother with dragging a dummy and then chasing nothing. The Virginians are like North Carolinians—they want the real thing when they go after it, and they smile at a lot of the sporting news which they read.

Cover is good in this section for partridges, and I find a good supply of the vetch, known as the partridge pea, of which they are so fond. This place is but a little ways from North Carolina and roads radiate in every direction. It is to be made quite a winter resort for sportsmen. There really is no reason why as good sport of a dozen kinds should not be had in both States. There is a club on the Roanoke River near here, where two thousand partridges, brought over the border from North Carolina, were turned loose last spring. This was really in violation of the North Carolina law. I asked how it was managed, and was told the birds were caught in traps and nets in North Carolina and brought in wagons to the grounds of the club, and there turned loose.

Good shots among the country people are increasing in number all the while, and some of the best city sportsmen are put to it to hold up their end when they go out in the fields with not a few of their country friends. Good guns and ammunition are responsible for a great deal of this, and the farmer who ten years ago never thought of shooting on the wing, is now able to make a fine record, to have birds on his table and often to sell not a few. The partridge is always salable, and the demand for these birds North is simply astonishing. If you go in a restaurant in this part of the country a partridge on toast will cost you just a quarter of a dollar, and he is cooked just right, too. What would he cost up North? The hotels and swell clubs there are clamorous for birds, so as to get them in cold storage, and they encourage pot-hunting and all that sort of thing, through local men, wherever they can. A gentleman from Hillsboro, N. C., tells me that the law is evaded there as to shipment of partridges in a rather curious way. He says the birds are handed to employees of the railway and carried by the latter to the State line, and then turned over to somebody. Birds may be sent out of Virginia in the same way, but it is very certain that the shipment has been immensely curtailed in both States by the Audubon law. The express companies declare that no birds are going out with their knowledge, and they submit gladly to the inspection of all packages by wardens. In North Carolina there will be many new game wardens this autumn, and they will have their hands full, no doubt, to keep people from evading the law.

A little later in the year I expect to go in the "sound country" of North Carolina and to send to FOREST AND STREAM some news notes from that watery world.

The reports which will come in this fall of the success of the breeding of pheasants will be awaited with interest. They have been turned loose in some localities, but it is very hard to induce a lot of people to join in preserving them. Negroes, who are born pot-hunters, and who will usually shoot anything that runs or flies, are especially troublesome in all these matters. They have an utter contempt for game laws of all kinds. There are very few negroes in the country who do not own one dog, a half-starved cur or mongrel of some kind, as a general thing. These dogs range far and near, and the number of partridge eggs they consume is certainly large. Not many people have taken this matter into consideration; but it is a fact, nevertheless, and one to be reckoned with. One thing must be said, however, and that is that the number of negroes in the country is diminishing quite rapidly. They are going to towns or saw mills, and thousands of them are drifting north, never to return in all probability. It must not be thought that there are not any white pot-hunters, for there are such, all of course being sneaks, who kill birds on the sly in any sort of way, and dispose of them in the same manner.

I have been much interested in reading in FOREST AND STREAM about the "barking" of squirrels. I have seen several men do this with the old-fashioned long-barreled rifles. I have seen both fox and gray squirrels killed in this way, and the skin uncut. At the crack of the rifle if the bullet entered the upper edge of the limb, just under the neck or head, they popped up in the air and then fell to the ground, stone dead. I have skinned and examined some of these squirrels, and found that the flesh was bloodshot just at the point where the bullet passed underneath. I have seen squirrels thus shot by a man sixty-two years old, some being on the very highest pines and oaks. He did not think it unusual, and said his father "shot close up to seventy years."

FRED A. OLDS.

The Danvis Stories.

WYMORE, Kansas.—One of the family circle said the other day: "I like the Danvis stories better every day; Uncle Lisher and Aunt Jerushy, Sam and Hulda, Joseph and Antwine, and even Granther Hill and old Drive, are all still alive. All but poor Peltier; and I expect Sam is cutting up his corn and getting ready to go down to the East Slang after ducks now." A. D. McCANDLESS.

From Ducks to Polish Girls.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

When my copy of the paper came to-day, I looked to see whether it had been finally determined yet whether the ducks can smell or not. I think they can; if they cannot, there is nothing the matter with their sight. They can see all right, as witness the care they take in keeping away from our blinds. There is one bird that I cannot be convinced can smell—the wild turkey. I have crawled up almost on top of him when he was feeding, with the wind blowing right from me to him. I had learned enough to keep out of his sight; there was no danger of his smelling me. I would not crawl up on a duck that way, though, and would not try to do it.

Often, when helping to build a blind for the benefit of the ducks, I think of one I helped to build away back in the sixties, down in Virginia, and I have to laugh at it. The blind was meant to conceal a battery of 6-inch guns for the benefit of the Confederates, not ducks. In theory the Confederates were supposed to march up a road and run on top of this blind, then fall over it. In practice they did nothing of the kind, but halting their own battery a mile away, began to throw shells at us. They threw them too high, and while they were getting the range, we got our battery out of that, then put it where it should have been put in the first place. This was Easton's battery of the regular artillery. He had lost the most of his men in the fighting before Richmond, and we volunteer infantry took his battery to see if we could work it. We could, and kept it in action all day at the battle of Malvern Hill, refusing to be relieved when the other batteries were. We kept a six-mule team busy all day hauling up ammunition for us, and when the fuss was all over, General Fitz John Porter sent his staff officer to compliment us. "Tell the General," our lieutenant (a regular himself) told him, "that this battery has been kept in action to-day by a lot of volunteers."

"Well, they had no business being in the volunteers," the staff officer replied. Then turning to us, he said: "You men should go to the regulars." More than one of us took his advice and afterward went to the regulars.

I got a letter a few days ago from a man who had lately been on an outing with two small boys, his son and

nephew. While in camp the boys went after berries and found poison ivy—or what we call poison ivy—the botanists tell us that it is not an ivy at all. He had a terrible time getting his boys to a doctor. He did not need any doctor had he known, as he does now, that he had at least one antidote right in camp. Bathing the poisoned place in a strong solution of salt and water would have stopped all smarting right away. The cure would come later. Or bicarbonate of soda used instead of salt would have done still better. I have used the bicarbonate of soda dry, and have found it to work all right. Another one is what we call the lobelia (I do not know its botanical name; we boys used to call it wild tobacco, for the leaves when chewed have a slight taste of tobacco). The leaves are boiled and the poisoned place bathed in the water. Plantain leaves, which may be found almost anywhere, are another cure. Bruise the leaves, then bind them on.

Some persons seem to be immune to ivy poison. It has never hurt me, and I destroy it wherever I find it. I use care when doing it, taking the least possible risk; but I have had men tell me that the ivy would poison them if they only passed where it grew and did not touch it. That, I think, is a notion, though. The poison is in a gum on the outside of the leaf. It must touch the skin to poison it.

Another weed I never fail to destroy when I find it growing, unless there is too much of it, is what farmers call jimson weed. Jamestown weed, or stronium, is its proper name. A small green pear-shaped fruit grows on it in the late summer. Two of these, if eaten, will kill a child as surely as a dose of arsenic would. Very few of our boys would try to eat them; the children of for-cigners often do. I know of several cases where this pear has killed Polish children; and in one case I took some of these pears from two small boys just in time to prevent their killing themselves with them.

Children try to eat curious things at times. Last summer I found a party of half-grown Polish girls in among some sumach bushes, trying to eat the hard, brown berries that grow on them. I told the girls that these were poison. I know, of course, that they contain nothing except tannin, but they were never meant to be eaten.

CABIA BLANCO.

Ducks on Currituck Sound.

CURRITUCK, Sept. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Just as last year at this time, blue-winged teal are here in countless thousands. With the exception of last season, we have never seen anything like it before, and we old hunters do not understand it. I remember once, on August 9, 1870, shooting ten blue-wings and sixteen sprigs; but since that time until last season, the blue-wings seemed to be scarce. Unfortunately, our season to shoot over decoys does not open until November 1, and the blue-wings all leave about October 15. We do not see them in the spring.

Sprigs and black ducks began to arrive this season on August 20, ten days sooner than last season. There are also thousands of them here, which is unusual. Our yellow-leg shooting has been the best we have had in many years, and they are still abundant. I was out three days last week, and bagged 135, 122 and 70 respectively.

Strange to say, I have not seen a golden plover this season, and there are very few black-breasts, while last season I shot large numbers of them—more than in many years before.

Those who expect to visit Currituck for duck shooting may feel sure of good bags. Our waters are filled with an abundance of the best duck food, and the ducks are being protected. I may say to the young duck shooters along the line, whether "ducks do smell," that when shooting black ducks, teal, sprigs or any of the marsh ducks, they will kill more birds if they place their decoys so the ducks will not have to come to them directly to the leeward. We always try at Currituck to select a point pointing east or west, if the wind is north or south; and pointing north or south if the wind is east or west. This gives the shooter a broadside shot, which enables him to kill his birds dead and helps him to double them. If there is a gentleman who wants to know for certain if "ducks can smell," and will visit me at Currituck, I'll prove it to him. I except canvas-backs, redheads, blackheads, and all ducks that dive for their food.

MORE ANON.

* * The current number of Game Laws in Brief gives laws of all States and Provinces. Price 25 cents.



A Well Larded 'Coon.

From the Log of Camp Nessmuk.

THE fishing was rather good that summer we had the experience with the 'coon. Emerson and George had been up Kettle Creek on their famous first day's fish, when they were in duty bound to "catch more fish, more pounds, more inches, than any other two in camp," for, forsooth, was not this the burden of their boast from year's end to year's end; and was it not distinctly bad form, in their eyes, to slip up Kettle Creek before they had exercised their loudly proclaimed prerogative? Howbeit, they did not always make good, but on this occasion they succeeded. The other came straying in, leg-weary, but with trout in their creels to be duly admired. Is this not half the pleasure in catching 'em? The supper dole, cooked as only "Pap" can cook trout, had been most generous befitting a lucky first day, and there remained a goodly portion for the morrow's breakfast. These were placed in the "spring-house," a bucket sunk deep in the icy waters of an old "tail race" that emptied into the near-by 'Sock, hard by the camp, for cold storage.

Supper over, Pap gathered up his tackle; dish-washing at Camp Nessmuk never falls to the lot of a recognized fisherman, and announced to Pard, his inseparable shadow when on fishing bent, that they would have a try at the big ones in the cold water at the mouth of Dry Run, some half mile up the 'Sock, which they had located earlier in the day on one of their many trips up and down the "big creek." No matter what his luck, Pap consistently refused the lure of the smaller streams, sticking closer than a brother to his beloved 'Sock. Near about nine by the camp clock, they returned; Pap in the lead, with that strong, steady lope of his, Pard on a dog-trot some half dozen yards behind, as usual. Truly a picturesque pair as they step out of the gloom into the light of the great "Nessmuk fire" blazing before the tent. Pap, long, lank and tireless, in homely gray; Pard short, wiry, and full of nervous energy, with trousers stuffed into gaudy golf stockings gartered above the knees with bits of fishing-line, a broad rattlesnake belt encircling his waist, a loosely knotted bandana around his throat, a pair of glasses perched above a brown Vandike beard, and the whole topped with a big white sombrero, the crown wound round and round with a tangled confusion of leaders and flies.

"Any luck?" en chorus from those gathered round the fire.

"Of course. What do you take us for?" from Pap.

"Aren't we the recognized meat purveyors of Camp Nessmuk?" by Pard, who seldom or never catches any when fishing with Pap.

Then Pap modestly produces three goodly 'Sock trout, and tells how they would not take the fly, though he tried 'em on one and all, from his favorite coachman to a white-miller; but fisherman means resourcefulman, as I have elsewhere recorded, and Pap, who was the duly constituted meat-getter as well as mentor of Camp Nessmuk, was prepared for just such contingencies, and forthwith baited a 3-hook leader with worms aplenty, leading it so as to sink it to the bottom. In the deepening twilight this usually proved effective, when all else failed with the big fellows which lay moodily in the cold waters at the mouths of the smaller streams, awaiting

the uncertain June rise upon which to ascend the colder stream for the torrid dog days.

His catch—beauties above 12 inches, were added to the bunch in the "spring-house."

As we view it, one of the drawbacks to Pap's mentorship of camp, is an irresistible impulse to rise betimes in the morning. Just as one is becoming comfortably adjusted to the inequalities of his balsamy bed, Pap is heard wrestling with the ground-built stove, and by six o'clock it is, "Breakfast—everybody wash."

George always considers this last clause a personal matter, somewhat in the nature of a reflection, as he tardily and sleepily appears upon the scene.

Upon this particular Tuesday morning, when Pap repaired to the spring-house for the breakfast trout, he found an empty bucket. We were rudely awakened with the startling intelligence that someone or something had gone through our larder and lifted the trout.

We had eggs for breakfast.

But 'twas a mystery who got those trout.

It was now up to us to hustle for meat. Eight hollow, hungry souls cannot be sustained on air, even though it be filled with the life-giving ozone, about which we brag so freely and know so little. We just must have trout; everybody to the streams. By supper-getting time we had reassembled with trout in the pan and a breakfast in sight.

That evening it was long after dark when Pap, Pard, and Fred returned from the late fishing up at the mouth of Dry Run with four large ones—a 14-incher among them.

Next morning when Pap began his breakfast preparations, he discovered the lid off the bucket, and the four large trout missing; the others were, apparently, intact. The mystery deepened.

During the day, Pap discovered a track in the muddy bank of the tail race, just below the spring house. An examination disclosed that it was a 'coon track. It needed no Sherlock Holmes to put two and two together to surmise the culprit.

That night we prepared for our nocturnal visitor. It was near midnight when Pap, who always slept with an ear and an eye to the front, heard a scratching down at the spring-house. He reconnoitered, but the 'coon, scenting danger, beat a hasty retreat down the race. Some time later he returned and again awakened Pap, who roused Pard, and they hastily planned their campaign. Pap got the gun—a small Flobert—and Pard armed himself with the hatchet, thinking of bears, no doubt. As they were sallying forth, I awoke, grasped the situation, and picked up the lantern, dimly burning. The 'coon was busy, but when Pap blazed away at him, he cut for the brush lickety-split. In the morning the trout were none the less for the adventure.

A 'coon is nothing if not persistent, and he does dearly love fish. I've seen veritable paths worn along the edge of the water where the 'coons nightly raced up and down on fishing bent. They likely did not disdain the half-grown tadpoles that fairly made black the shallows along shore. We were hardly in bed the following night until he was back at his old trick, and one and all jumped out of bed to enjoy the fun. Pard picked up a club, I took the lantern, and the assault was on. But the 'coon was too intent on the work in hand to pay the slightest attention to what we might be up to, and Pard boldly approached and got in several vicious licks—mostly on the

bucket—before his 'coonship beat even a reluctant retreat, and then only so far as the bushes on the opposite bank.

Some time during the night he returned, and, baffled in getting at the trout, clawed the lid off the lard bucket and generously helped himself to Peter's prime leaf-lard. That he had put his foot into it, was quite evident next morning, when someone remarked, "Wherever he is, he's a well larded 'coon, anyhow."

WILLIAM WALTERS CHAMPION.

Fish and Fishing.

Some of the Food of Fishes.

AMONG the visiting American anglers whom I had the pleasure of meeting in Quebec last week, were Dr. Robert T. Morris, of New York, the talented author of "Hopkins' Pond and Other Stories," and his friend, Mr. Glenn Ford McKinney. When one calls to mind the pleasures afforded by the reading in *FOREST AND STREAM*, of the majority of the sketches comprising the doctor's attractive little book, it is scarcely possible to avoid a feeling of regret that our old friend should be so tied down by professional engagements as to be unable to contribute as frequently as he did a decade or more ago, to the columns of contemporary sporting literature, from his rich and varied store of experiences, and from the result of his careful observations in forest, lake and stream.

When the doctor and his friend called in on me last week, they were just out of the woods, having spent some time in fishing and exploring upon the limits of the Tourilli Fish and Game Club. The doctor and Mr. McKinney are both very much interested in the stocking of barren waters with fish and in the subject of food for fishes. Where some of the best trout fishing is now to be had on the Tourilli tract, Dr. Morris found that the lakes were well supplied with ephemera. There are some lakes, notably Lake Crapaud, on the Tourilli limits, which a few years ago contained no fish at all, and which have been most successfully stocked by the club. Not so many years ago a number of small trout were planted in Lake Crapaud. The water was so thick with minute insect life at the time, that it was scarcely possible to lift a glass of it, even out of the middle of the lake, that was fit to drink. Microscopic entomostraca, such as the daphnia and cyclops, literally swarmed in it. As trout multiplied, which they did very rapidly, the water was speedily cleared of much of this minute insect life, notwithstanding the almost miraculous rapidity with which the various entomostraca increase. There is little doubt, judging from a recent reference to some notes which I made during my last visit to Lake Crapaud, that though the entire water of the lake is not now thick with the entomostraca as it was before there were trout in it, yet there is still much of this food for the fish on the mud and on the foliage of the water plants, as well as of ephemera. And the trout have so well thriven upon it that specimens over six pounds in weight have been taken out of the lake, and they are certainly some of the most brilliantly colored fish that can be seen anywhere.

There are still many opportunities for successful fish-cultural operations on portions of the Tourilli tract, as

in almost every part of Northern Quebec, for rich in their fish supply as are most of the rivers and lakes to be here met with, it not infrequently happens that the explorer stumbles upon new waters which Dame Nature has apparently overlooked entirely, when so lavishly distributing her wealth of fish life in Canadian waters. It may be that no waterfowl, such as those which were responsible, perhaps, for the original planting of trout spawn in neighboring lakes, have dropped the fertilized eggs of *fontinalis* from either their mouths or legs, into these comparatively barren waters, and as they are shut off from any direct communication with other waters containing trout, they are still uninvaded by the monsters of the brook.

Dr. Morris and Mr. McKinney explored many waters teeming with fish food, but without the game fish which might subsist upon it; and the result of their observations is likely to lead in the near future to the planting of useful varieties where they do not now exist at all. There are some waters on this tract which are apparently well adapted for the support of ouananiche, and if these can be procured they will probably be introduced into them, after the planting of either ciscoes, smelt or suckers as additional food for them. I am inclined to think that it might be better to try the Atlantic salmon itself in these waters. It would undoubtedly become somewhat dwarfed from inability to descend to salt water, but would probably, for at least some generations to come, retain a greater bulk and a more gamy nature than the ouananiche into which it would undoubtedly degenerate in future ages. And except for the wicked designs of evil men, there is no good reason why the St. Anne River, which flows through a good portion of the Tourilli tract, should not be made again what it once was—a good salmon river. Fishways would have, of course, to be erected at the different milldams, and saw-mill men would have to be made to observe the law prohibiting the dropping of sawdust or other mill refuse into the river; and, necessarily, the stream would have to be carefully guarded from its mouth up.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Belgrade and Some Digression.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

"The best black bass fishing in the world" was on the letter heads of the paper furnished by the proprietor of the Belgrade, located on the Belgrade chain of lakes in the State of Maine. We were somewhat skeptical when we first saw the statement and wrote for a bill of particulars, but Mr. Hill answered and said he meant small-mouth black bass, and that you really couldn't expect to get the best black bass fishing without the presence of *M. dolomieu*; so we decided to give Belgrade a chance to "make good" and incidentally find out if the hotel was as comfortable as it looked in the picture.

Thus in the early part of July two anglers left the cares of home and business for what proved to be one of the most enjoyable and well spent of vacations. Suffice it to say, that the verdict is that Belgrade deserves the praise meted out by the letter head, and that we found everything at the hotel, except closet room—but that is another story.

Fishing at Belgrade, by the intervention of the bait-man, the boat and the guide, is reduced to the simple formula of sitting in a chair and playing a bass. That is all you are actually required to do, and if ever that becomes too tiresome, the guide will play the fish for you while you simply hold down the chair. All this is brought about by the fact that the bait-man always has bait, and plenty of it, the boat is the best of its kind, and the guide, after you are seated in your chair, rows the boat, selects the fishing ground, drops the anchor, takes up your rod, baits the hook, makes the cast, nets the fish, takes it off the hook, and then repeats; as a matter of fact, if you need exercise, don't go to Belgrade, for in angling there you can't get more than I have outlined, except at the risk of becoming unpopular with the guides; they need the exercise themselves, and besides, if they are not allowed to work off a little of their latent energy, they become more talkative than the village barber. They told us, however, that in mid-August the bass are not all over the lake, as in July, but are found in deeper water, and in certain places only. August, then, is the time to fish, for the guide can find his exercise at the killick and the oars, and perhaps at times waive the unwritten law and allow you to bait your own hook and make a cast.

Angling at Belgrade is precisely like business, a daily occupation; however, in business you go to work because you have to, and hate to miss a day because it costs money; in angling on Grand Lake you start out every morning because you want to and cannot resist, and you dislike to miss a day because it would cost you peace of mind, and the thought that the other fellow might come in at night with a big one.

We knew we were 100 per cent. daft over fishing when we left New York, but we found a hotel full of people just like us, and even worse, and we were 150 per cent. daft after the first day's fishing. We met men who had been there six weeks and even longer without missing even a part of a day on the lakes; it takes good fishing and plenty of it to hold thus even an Izaak Walton.

The fishing regulations afford a fine example of wise and timely legislation, and we are undoubtedly indebted to this legislation for the really great fishing that the lakes afford, and the fact that the small-mouth bass is certainly on the increase.

A number of years ago when market fishermen on these lakes were shipping bass to market by the barrel, and each angler was doing what most of his brothers did—catching large quantities of bass and bringing the catch ashore and then abandoning the fish at the boat house, so that it became necessary to employ a man whose sole duty it was to clear out the boats and remove the dead fish, a law was passed which abruptly stopped the nefarious work of destruction and saved the fishing. The feeders of the lakes were all made closed streams and the retained catch per person was limited to ten fish per day, all fish beyond that number to be returned to the water; The

result now is that practically no fish are brought in, and all fish are returned to the water alive except the few that are eaten on shore at lunch hour; the guides use disgorgers, and very few fish die by the hook. Natives and visiting anglers all seem to appreciate what the law has done and is doing, and take a genuine pride in the enforcement.

The angling community at Belgrade was made up of numerous types; many seek the pleasures of the gentle art, but each one seeketh in his own peculiar way and holdeth views which are in many cases peculiarly his own. The great line of demarkation is that which divides the fly-fisherman and the bait-fisherman. From this we deduce modified types and the first classification would be as follows:

- (1) Fly-fisherman.
- (2) Fly-fisherman and bait-fisherman.
- (3) Bait-fisherman.
- (4) Plain pluggers.

In the first class we find men who never fish with anything but the fly, and who are the real simon-pure, unadulterated fly-fishermen, to whom the word bait is positively distasteful, like a dose of rhubarb and soda to the child. The gentlemen who have reached this high estate can climb no higher in piscatorial altitudes; they can breathe no more rarified atmosphere; they stand on the summit and look down with pity on their brethren who are groping below. However, he who uses a fly is not always of Class 1, for, like the summer man, who later returns to the ribbon counter, the angler who flirts a fly in your presence may not be able to cast, or he may have a box of frail blood worms in his coat-tail pocket, and backslide when beyond your observation.

The other three classes speak for themselves, and are more easily identified.

We met many anglers at Belgrade, but few of the first class; most of the gentlemen whose peculiarities were observed formed part of a large flotilla of bait-fishermen and plain pluggers, who daily cast and plugged in the waters of Grand Lake with the dainty frog, the delicate shiner, the elusive grasshopper and often with the timid night-walker.

First and foremost, there is an impression of an Episcopal clergyman, High Church, but a pluggers. Every morning he could well say, like Peter, "I go a-fishing." He was continually on the move unless the fish were biting particularly well, and he never stayed longer than five minutes in one place, except under very favorable conditions. Being anxious to get the bait down to the bottom without waste of time, he used a heavy sinker. Somehow, the hook and sinker not only found the bottom quickly, but very often seemed to cling to the resting place with malice aforethought. When these periods of unwonted tenacity arrived, he vainly attempted to pull everything into the boat or (as the guides put it), "tried to land the State of Maine."

I can see him now—in action at such a crisis—violently pulling and hauling, switching the water into foam, working his arms up and down as rapidly as the piston-rod in an engine, and finally desisting from sheer exhaustion. I can see the guide take the line gently in his hand over the side of the boat, hold it taut, thrum it a few times, and release the tortured hook without commotion, and peace would again preside over the house; like some young medical men, the bishop had no patience.

There was also a professional man who caught few fish, but never missed a strike. He always gave the fish plenty of time to gorge, the time allowance varying with the bait. His schedule ran about as follows: Ten minutes for an ordinary worm, fifteen for a frog and twenty-five for a minnow. It really paid to fish in his neighborhood and see him in action, complacently paying out yard after yard of line from the reel, while the bass rambled and rambled, and then to see with what patience he lit his pipe and smoked away the minutes while the fish swallowed and gorged and gorged and swallowed. At last, when the accepted time had arrived, he would "soak it to 'em" in villainous glee, and unless the leader had become digested or the line gave way, the victim was bound to come to boat with the hook firmly imbedded deep in the interior of the tail. The surgical operations that took place in the doctor's boat, with the guide as the surgeon, the disgorgers as the sole instrument and the doctor as the impatient clinic, certainly rivalled anything in the realm of surgery—appendicitis wasn't in it at all. Little did you know, good doctor, that the "doctor's time" became a byword among us, and after missing several strikes, we would vow to give the "doctor's time" on the next bite.

One man in the community fished entirely with a fly, but as a fly-caster he was far from a success; his guide agreed on that point after feeling the hook. He used the fly-rod in much the same manner as an angry parent; the atmosphere was always warm in the neighborhood of his boat, and the water roiled and foam-flecked. When the baby bass, who ranged along shore in the vicinity of his casts, saw or felt the combined agitation produced on the water by the swaying boat and seething line, they tarried not—it was a case of action equal to reaction, and in the opposite direction.

He wore out many flies, but not by rises—fast traveling over the surface and rapid maneuvering through space were the annihilating factors. He also lost many flies, taken by heavy fish. One such tragedy came within my observation. Being much interested in calisthenics, we were watching our friend, as, with regularity of action and rhythmic sweep he whipped the water. Suddenly, while attempting to jerk the flies from the water, they appeared to be victims of stoppage in transit, the rod doubled and then sprang back; the fly and leader had parted. We were then within talking distance, and this conversation took place: "Lost him! That was a fine rise! Fully three pounds! Tore the fly right off." We expressed sympathy, and as our boat slowly pulled along over the memorable spot where the rise occurred, Bradley quietly slipped his hand over into the shallow water and picked up the fly, which had caught on a rock.

When our genial friend told that night about the three-pounder that ravenously rose to and ruthlessly

made off with the Parmachenee-belle, I again sympathized, but told not, for I knew that such delusions were the sustaining factors in his angling, and that without them he could not find sufficient moral support to keep on with the daily round.

Then there was a man who caught the five-pounder and immediately became "chesty" and had to give away all his headgear. He was a good man and a gentleman until he caught that fish; but during the rest of his sojourn he conversed only with celebrities, ate lunch alone with his guide, wore a Tuxedo to dinner and cut down the waiter's allowance because that dignity failed to rise to the occasion and fan the requisite amount of oxygen. After he left us his guide thought it about time to come out into the lime-light and tell how he hooked and landed the fish while his client was peacefully slumbering on shore.

Two men in a boat anchored near us one afternoon. The fish were biting well, but it was plain that the gentlemen had not fished before. They had been lucky in their shopping, however, and had evidently kept away from Vesey street and department stores, for their tackle was all right. Gracious! how they angled! The more portly of the two was able to make a cast of six feet, measuring at right angles from the vest line, while his comrade fairly reveled in casts of ten feet, provided his friend was quiet and the guide ducked at the proper moment. After the hooks were in the water, it became a set-line festivity, and the only fish captured hooked itself, and then signalled to be pulled in. Oh, the promising young frogs that gave up their lives in vain; all because our friends had yet to learn that to hook a bass you must "soak him."

Eddie B., one of the meekest of all the non-strenuous guides and the holder of the village reputation for patience, took out two anglers for their first day's fishing. That night Eddie's patrons reported that he had used violent language and that they had dispensed with his services.

We looked up Eddie, and found him in the drug store buying anti-stiff, and a patent medicine strongly recommended by the druggist and known as "Old Doctor Ripley's Resurgent Re-invigorator or Imbricated Indian Tonic." Between gasps and in a weak voice, Eddie submitted the following brief: "I only swore once, and then I cussed real solid. I took 'em to the ledges (two miles) and they fished three minutes, and then we went to Pinkham's Cove (four miles); they did not like it there because the bog was unhealthy; then we fished to Chutes Island (five miles), and on the way over, the man asked me if I had ever rowed a boat much before. We went ashore, and I built a fire and was tryin' out the pork, when the woman saw a spider, and we had to move away. I put out the fire, put things in the boat, and she said: 'Let's go over to that pine grove just over there' (just over there was three miles). Well, I cooked dinner, and he said it would be better to bring a cold lunch next time and eat in the boat; then I rowed 'em to White Horse Shoals (four miles) and to Rome Shoals (two miles). When we got to Rome they were sure Mr. Fairchild and Dr. Paxton were catching big ones down by the Point, so I rowed there, and then they wanted to go to Upper Hoyt's Island (six miles). Well, I'd just started rowin', when the woman said, 'Now, Mr. B., it's getting late, let's see how fast you can row.' Then, then," said Eddie, "I just cut out and I cussed. I'd been savin' up for a spell, and I let out pretty solid."

It is perhaps needless to say that the lover of nature was present at Belgrade, for all anglers are as a rule nature lovers, and given to draining the cup of individual communion.

Love affects persons in many ways, but usually the tongue remains passive while the heart and soul wax energetic. One man among us combined the attributes of both Cyrano de Bergerac and Christian, and his soul and vocal chords seemed to work in close harmony with nature at all times. That man could "see things" in nature that the old dame herself never dreamed she possessed. His after luncheon nature fests will always be remembered.

KENNETH FOWLER.

Snappers Near New York.

PRINCE'S BAY, Staten Island, N. Y., Sept. 21.—Good bluefishing can be had now at Prince's Bay, Staten Island. This may sound large and leaning to a fish story, but it's a fact. Do not get your sailboat and trolling lines and squids ready; you will not need them. Go and stand on the dock and you can catch all you care for, and some to give away. Leave your clumsy old fish-pole at home, and use a light bait-rod. Trout tackle is just the thing, with a hook just large enough to hold a small spearing. The fish run from six inches to a foot in length, and are gamy to the last, giving a light outfit all it can do. Now and then a mackerel comes along and puts up a stiff argument. Two or three were caught from the dock this morning, and they are not to be despised. But the large "snappers," as the young bluefish are called, give the most sport. The bait can be procured at several places near-by. If anyone wants a little fun with light tackle, now is the time. Besides giving the sport, the fish are good to eat; they are as good a pan fish as can be caught.

Another 100 Sportsmen's Finds.

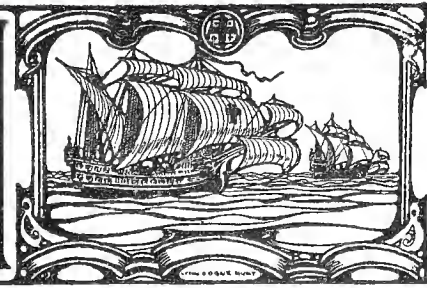
Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

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No. 102 was of an American who fished up a miniature British cannon in the Niagara river. Here is one of an Englishman who fished up an American rifle in British waters. Mr. William Hearder, of Plymouth, writes to the London Fishing Gazette: "One of our fishermen on Saturday, while hauling a spiller which he had laid for conger, was surprised to see the butt of a rifle come up in his face. The hook caught in the trigger guard; it was an old breechloader of the Remington type, and although the butt is rather worm-eaten and the barrel covered with crustacea and barnacles, the hammer and spring are perfect."



YACHTING



SPORT AND ADVERTISING.

We find in our English contemporary, *The Yachtsman*, the following terse and very interesting description of the America's Cup situation viewed from the English standpoint:

"The evident determination of Sir Thomas Lipton to challenge and race for the America Cup at any cost and at any sacrifice, compels us to adopt an attitude at once antagonistic both to him and to his methods. We do so with confidence, knowing that we speak for a large body of British yachtsmen—if not, indeed, for all—and feeling the responsibility of our duty to the public. To yachtsmen in a position to know the state of affairs, we can say nothing of which they are unaware—for them the America Cup was a sealed book after the contest of 1895; to those intimate with Sir Thomas Lipton and his personal affairs we can still say less; but to the public, which has but one meaning for the word 'sport,' and which, we consider, has largely been imposed upon as far as this matter is concerned, we would address ourselves.

"To avoid mincing matters, and to go at once to the root of the matter, let us say that we consider the America Cup, so far as Sir Thomas Lipton is concerned, to be from first to last a huge advertisement. Business men who know Sir Thomas Lipton's great capacity are aware that his advertising genius has raised him to his present position. The America Cup contest has undoubtedly been his *chef d'œuvre* in this particular line, and has, both directly and indirectly, brought him greater profit than any other effort he ever made. We think that an all too pliant press has already too long lime-lighted the show, and an all too simple public meekly stood by and watched the prostitution of its noblest sport. The all-devouring thirst for sport which can only find vent in such blossomings we cannot understand. Our home racing languishes for lack of support; but it is, at all events, the purest of our national sports, and would, therefore, be but a badly-placed hoarding. Sir Thomas Lipton's commercial field is America, so American must be the setting. But that concerns us little; if the Yankee is out-Yank'd, it is his own look out; we hold our brief for the British public who may not get near enough to hear the ring of the metal.

"Under such conditions it may readily be conceived that the result is quite immaterial, and to discuss the unfair conditions of the contest under any rule would be but a waste of words. We live by sport and we live for sport, and will always do our utmost to further it; but we will not further tolerate this now too transparent masquerading poster. Fortunately such sport is an exotie, but lest it should establish an overlap it is our sacred duty to luff it off the course—pass us who will.

"To those of us who know the inner workings of the past three races, it is little surprising that our principal yacht architects have washed their hands of the affair, and the hunt for a designer to undertake the work may prove as arduous as the search which discovered the Royal Ulster Y. C. as a backer for the first of the challenges. We are personally glad of it, as the designer's share in the proceedings was the only one we could conscientiously take an interest in. We have heard much of the influence of such 'sport' on the friendly relations of the two great Anglo-Saxon nations; but one blood flows on both sides of the Atlantic, and we know that the dignity of both would be sadly hurt if they thought for one moment that their friendly ties were secured by such cheap blandishments—we look to our bonds of friendship to be united by truer ties. We have not the slightest desire to interfere with business methods and enterprise; but we cannot sit by and see dragged into them the sport of which we are so justly proud."

On this side of the water we have long been very tired of the effort of a grocery syndicate, with goods to sell at retail, to advertise itself and its wares at the expense of our favorite sport, and it is remarkable that this view of the situation has not presented itself to the British press before; for no man in the world holds his sport so dear as does the Briton. Perhaps the truth has been realized in England, but *The Yachtsman* is the first paper with courage to give the facts. The situation is delicate, and one may touch upon it only with reluctance; but the time had come for the exposure of one of the cleverest advertising schemes ever perpetrated, a scheme which has produced results which probably could not have been secured through legitimate channels at anything like Sir Thomas's expenditures for his racing. No individual nor concern ever obtained so much free notice as has this aspirant to international honors in the realm of sport. Win or lose, it made no difference. Business boomed in either event. No man could help posing as a good sportsman when this very stand was the play that caught the public and filled the coffers.

Something in the line of *The Yachtsman's* remarks has found its way into print from time to time in this country; but the position of the Americans as the challenged party precluded, on the part of those having the defense of the Cup in charge, any official criticism of the motives of the challenger. Whatever may have been the feeling of the New York Yacht Club, nevertheless, so long as the challenge came from a club of recognized standing, the dictates of good taste, not less than those of good sportsmanship, forbade any questioning of the actual purpose of

the owner of the Shamrocks. No other course was open to the Cup defenders than to defend it. In defending it, no other assumption was permissible than that those who were competing for it were moved by the generous impulses and worthy ambitions which usually stimulate and give zest to the sport of yachting.

Now, however, since the challengers themselves have opened the discussion, and have rendered it possible to make known without violation of good taste the true feeling of American yachtsmen respecting the Lipton races, we may look for a frank expression of disgust at the whole monumental advertising scheme.

The rumored fourth challenge through an unknown organization has all the familiar appearance of another advertising campaign. There probably will be no fourth challenge from the quarter now under discussion; but no matter from what source a challenge may come, let the contests be kept absolutely free from any taint of commercialism.

Gold Challenge Cup Motor Boat Races.

Hudson River, September 22, 23, 24.

THE second series of races to be held this season for the American Power Boat Association Gold Challenge Cup, took place on the Hudson River, off the Columbia Y. C. house, on September 22, 23, 24.

The first series of races for the gold trophy took place earlier in the season, and there were but three starters in the event. Standard won the series easily, but her victory was not a great one, as the only other boat of any merit was Water Lily, and she was never dangerous.

The second series of races was a great success in every particular, both in point of management and in the number of starters. It may truthfully be said that these races are the only ones that have been given this season anywhere along the coast that really were of any importance. They have been the saving clause of the season, from the viewpoint of the racing power boat owner, and it is fortunate that the summer was brought to a close by such a gratifying series. Yachtsmen are now satisfied that the high speed power boat is no longer a myth, and with the changes and improvements that are bound to be made during the winter in the design and construction of hulls of power boats and their engines, some really good racing and consistent performances may be looked for next season.

The following tables give the particulars of the ten boats that started in the races:

Boat.	Club.	Owner.	Engine.
Shooting Star, Manhasset Bay, H. A. Lozier, Jr.			Lozier
Marcirene II., Cape May, J. W. Allison			Grant Ferris
Challenger, Audubon, Smith & Mabley			Smith & Mabley
Vingt-et-Un, Chippewa, W. S. Kilmer			Smith & Mabley
Mercedes, U. S. A., Rhode Island, H. L. Bowden			Mercedes
Macaroni, Atlantic, C. L. Tangeman			F. I. A. T.
Josephine, Jamaica Bay, A. J. Buschmann			Mahler & De Groot
Mercedes VI., American, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.			Mercedes
Flip, Hartford, C. D. Holmes			La Roach
Speedway, Columbia, C. L. Seabury			Speedway

	H. P.	W. L.	Rating.	Allow.
Speedway	64.45	39.3	72.84	0 19 20
Mercedes, U. S. A.	42.02	31.11	72.30	0 20 05
Challenger	119.44	39.6	83.35	allows.
Vingt-et-Un	59.72	30.10	79.55	0 10 17
Macaroni	40.33	31.11	68.10	0 26 55
Josephine	19.08	29.11	53.40	0 59 17
Mercedes VI.	39.52	39.9	65.70	0 31 12
Shooting Star	24.07	37.08	65.55	0 31 29
Flip	38.09	34.10	65.10	0 32 17
Marcirene II.	34.40	34.50	54.25	0 56 55

The allowance is figured for races over a 32 nautical mile course.

Thursday, September 22—First Race.

The first race of the series took place on Thursday. The day was cold, and the breeze blew directly down the river. The water was quite smooth. The boats had a head wind and a head tide on the first leg up the river, and a fair wind on the home leg, although they bucked a little tide for part of the distance.

The Race Committee was composed of Messrs. Fred. A. Hill, Manhasset Bay Y. C.; F. J. Stone, Columbia Y. C.; and H. De B. Parsons, American Y. C. The race was scheduled for 2 o'clock, but the start was delayed an hour in order to allow the upstream mark boat to be placed off Piermont. As a matter of fact, the launch was so slow in getting to her place that she was forced to anchor fully a knot short as she was overtaken by the racing boats.

The Race Committee adopted the admirable plan of sending the boats off in their handicap times, i. e., the starter receiving the largest allowance was first to start, being sent away as many minutes ahead of the scratch boat as that craft was forced to allow her. Thus Marcirene II. started 56m. 55s. in advance of Challenger, the scratch boat. Theoretically this would bring the boats pretty well together at the finish, the only time of interest for the spectators in a motor boat race, and as a matter of fact worked out fairly well.

The preparatory signal was fired at 3 o'clock from the dock in front of the Columbia Y. C., where the committee had taken up its position.

The boat receiving the most time was Josephine, and she was sent away first, handicapped 17s. Marcirene was next, 23s. after her signal. The third boat to start was Flip; she was 30s. behind. Shooting Star was next away, getting a rather better start, for she was handicapped but 7s. Mercedes VI. was 12s. after the gun, and Macaroni 17s.; Mercedes U. S. A., 9s.; Speedway, 20s.; Vingt-et-Un, 10s.; and Challenger, 2m. 9s. This latter

boat was disabled, and withdrew immediately after the start. She dropped a pin from her thrust bearing, and was unable to cover the course.

Mercedes VI. showed remarkable speed, and overtook the leaders very fast. She was leading long before the upstream mark had been reached. Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., who was steering Mercedes VI., had difficulty in locating the outer mark, and had to stop his engine and make inquiries, losing some two or three minutes thereby. The times at the upstream mark follow:

Mercedes VI.	4 16 30	Mercedes, U. S. A.	4 27 05
Josephine	4 18 38	Speedway	4 27 14
Shooting Star	4 23 00	Vingt-et-Un	4 33 18
Macaroni	4 23 10	Flip	Not timed
Marcirene II.	4 26 00		

Mercedes VI. continued to get away from the fleet on the home leg, and finished an easy winner by 11m. over Macaroni. As the course was short, the Race Committee adjusted the times accordingly. The summary follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Josephine	3 05 00	5 25 25	2 20 25
Marcirene II.	3 07 22	5 31 27	2 24 05
Flip	3 32 00	5 19 26	1 47 26
Shooting Star	3 32 48	5 13 07	1 40 19
Mercedes VI.	3 33 06	4 54 35	1 21 30
Macaroni	3 37 22	5 05 43	1 28 21
Mercedes, U. S. A.	3 44 12	5 08 54	1 24 42
Speedway	3 44 57	5 07 10	1 22 13
Vingt-et-Un	3 54 00	5 09 57	1 15 57
Challenger	4 04 17	Disabled.	

The standing in points follows: Mercedes VI., 10; Macaroni, 9; Speedway, 8; Mercedes, U. S. A., 7; Vingt-et-Un, 6; Shooting Star, 5; Flip, 4; Josephine, 2; Marcirene II., 1; Challenger disabled.

Mercedes VI. covered the 30 nautical miles in 1h. 21m. 30s. Vingt-et-Un did better, however; her time was 1h. 15m. 57s. Mercedes averaged 22.85 nautical miles over the course, and Vingt-et-Un averaged 23.70.

Mercedes VI. was designed and built by Mr. Robert Jacob at City Island. The design embodies a number of Mr. Vanderbilt's own ideas. Mercedes is 40ft. waterline, 3ft. 8in. breadth, and 7in. draft of hull. She is a lap streak boat, and planked with 3/8in. material. The 60 horse-power Mercedes motor develops only 39.52 horse-power. The total weight of the boat is in the neighborhood of 1,200 pounds. The deck openings are protected by aluminum covers.

Vingt-et-Un was designed by Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane. The boat has been a very consistent performer as motor boats go since she made her appearance. The figures for the world's record are under dispute, a number claiming the honor. Whether Vingt-et-Un holds the world's record over a 30-knot course or not is a question, but in any event she is very close to it.

Friday, September 24—Second Race.

The starters in the second race had an opportunity to test their weatherly qualities, and in this respect a number of the boats were found wanting. Vingt-et-Un distinguished herself by not only winning the race, but by making fast time over the course as well.

A strong S.E. breeze made the river lumpy, and off Yonkers the water was quite rough.

The preparatory signal was given at 2 o'clock. Josephine was the first boat to have started, but just before the starting gun her propeller caught in a mooring and was torn off. This put her out of the race, but the others got away in fair shape, with the exception of Challenger, which boat failed to materialize. Marcirene II., Flip, Shooting Star, Mercedes VI., Macaroni, Mercedes, U. S. A., Speedway, and Vingt-et-Un started in the order named.

When a few miles from the starting line, the hose connecting with the water jacket of Macaroni's motor got adrift, and she drifted around for the better part of an hour while the engine was allowed to cool.

Mercedes VI. took the lead before reaching the upstream mark, but Vingt-et-Un, coming fast, was close behind. The times at the mark follow: Mercedes VI., 3:40:39; Vingt-et-Un, 3:41:14; Marcirene II., 3:41:27; Speedway, 3:42:00; Flip, 3:42:25; Shooting Star, 3:42:26; Mercedes, U. S. A., 3:50:42.

The boats were now driving into a strong wind and sea, and solid water as well as spray was coming aboard continually. Mercedes VI. proved very wet, and she shipped so much water that it was necessary to stop the motor and bail her out to keep afloat. She was finally taken in tow and brought back to the club house. Speedway and Shooting Star both had an unpleasant time of it, and it was found to be wise to stop and pump out. While the other boats were trying to overcome the difficulties of rough water, Vingt-et-Un was driving along, making good speed and reasonably free from water below. She finished a winner by a good margin. Flip, the second boat to cross, showed up well, and was not bothered to any marked extent by the sea. The summary follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vingt-et-Un	2 54 00	4 21 03	1 27 03
Flip	2 32 00	4 47 59	2 15 59
Marcirene II.	2 07 22	4 59 20	2 51 58
Mercedes, U. S. A.	2 44 12	4 59 29	2 15 17
Speedway	2 44 57	5 14 38	2 29 41
Mercedes VI.	2 33 05	Did not finish.	
Shooting Star	2 32 48	Did not finish.	
Macaroni	2 37 22	Did not finish.	

The standing in points for the two days' racing follows: Vingt-et-Un II., 15; Speedway, 12; Mercedes, U. S. A., 11; Flip, 11; Mercedes VI., 10; Macaroni, 9; Marcirene II., 8; Shooting Star, 5; Josephine, 3; and Challenger, 0.

Vingt-et-Un covered the 32 nautical miles in 1h. 27m. 3s., averaging 22.055 knots an hour.

Saturday, September 24—Third Race.

The third race demonstrated that of the boats Vingt-et-Un was certainly the best sea boat and the most re-

liable of the lot. She won the third race and the Gold Challenge Cup.

None of the boats are intended for use in rough water, and the weather conditions for Saturday were more trying even than on the day previous. Macaroni caught fire during the race and was badly injured. Mr. William Wallace, a motor car and boat enthusiast, and Louis Stempfer, the machinist, had a narrow escape.

The boats were sent over the 32-knot course. Going up stream the starters had the strong S. wind astern and a head tide. Coming back they had a head wind and encountered the first of the flood.

The preparatory was fired at 2:30. Josephine's starting gun was heard 5m. later; she was handicapped 10s. Marcirene II. was next away; she was only 4s. late. The others crossed as named: Flip 9s.; Shooting Star, 2s.; Mercedes VI., 6m. 50s.; Macaroni, 15s.; Mercedes, U. S. A., 12s.; Speedway, 15s.; Vingt-et-Un, 12s.; and Challenger, 17s. Of the ten boats to start, only half the number finished.

Just after crossing the starting line, Shooting Star broke her clutch and was forced to withdraw. Mercedes VI. had trouble with her motor before the start, but managed to get away 5½m. after her gun. The engine ran fairly well until she reached a point off One Hundred and Fifty-first street, when it gave trouble again. She was taken in tow by the launch Miss Swift. Josephine and Challenger also got in trouble. They were so late in finishing that they were not timed.

When within a couple of miles of the upstream mark, Macaroni took fire. The boat was all ablaze amidships, and her two occupants had worked their way well forward and aft. Fortunately, the 15 gallons of gasoline in her tanks did not explode, and Messrs. Wallace and Stempfer were taken off the boat before the flames reached them. When Mr. Bowden, owner of Mercedes, U. S. A., saw Macaroni was afire, he immediately went to the rescue; after lending what assistance he could, he went on and finished the race.

The times at the outer mark follow: Speedway, 4:13:15; Flip, 4:15:35; Vingt-et-Un II., 4:16:30; Marcirene II., 4:17:40, and Mercedes, U. S. A., 4:22:40.

Vingt-et-Un made good weather of it on the run back, and won out easily. Speedway also did well, and finished second. Mercedes, U. S. A., was third. The summary:

	Hdcp.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vingt-et-Un II.	3	24 00	4 54 24	1 30 24
Speedway	3	14 57	5 00 34	1 45 37
Mercedes, U. S. A.	3	14 12	5 09 15	1 55 03
Flip	3	02 00	5 14 26	2 12 26
Marcirene II.	2	37 22	5 34 17	2 56 55
Josephine	2	35 00	Did not finish.	
Mercedes VI.	3	03 05	Did not finish.	
Shooting Star	3	02 48	Did not finish.	
Macaroni	3	07 22	Did not finish.	
Challenger	3	34 17	Did not finish.	

Vingt-et-Un covered the 32-mile course in 1h. 30m. 24s., averaging 21.25 knots. Speedway went over the course in 1h. 45m. 37s.

The standing in points for the three days' racing follows: Vingt-et-Un II., 25; Speedway, 21; Mercedes, U. S. A., 19; Flip, 18; Marcirene II., 14; Mercedes VI., 10; Macaroni, 9; Shooting Star, 5; Josephine, 3, and Challenger, 0.

Mercedes VI., Mercedes, U. S. A., and Macaroni have been protested on their ratings. All will be remeasured.

Macaroni, the boat that caught fire, was designed by Messrs. Burgess & Packard for Mr. C. H. Tangeman, and built for the purpose of participating in the races for the Gold Challenge Cup. She was a mahogany boat, 31.1ft. on the waterline, and fitted with a F.I.A.T. motor. It is said that the boat caught fire through the breaking of the feed-pipe. This allowed the gasoline to run into the motor of the boat, where it ignited.

Atlantic Y. C.

Sea Gate, L. I.—Friday, Sept. 23.

SEVEN boats started in the fifth race for the Havens challenger cup, which was held over courses in Gravesend Bay on the afternoon of Sept. 23. The winner on corrected time was Lizana, smallest boat of the fleet. She sailed a grand race and succeeded in defeating Vivian II. 3m. 29s. for the 11-mile course. The Havens cup was offered this year by the rear-commodore of the Atlantic Y. C. It is open to boats in Classes M and N belonging to the Sea Gate organization, and must be won three times for permanent ownership. In the races held to date, Bobtail has two victories to her credit and Red Wing, Era and Lizana one each. J. B. O'Donohue, owner of Red Wing, has challenged for the trophy. It has not been decided whether the race will be held this season or not.

The boats in the last struggle for the trophy went three times over a triangular course, leaving all marks to port. The first leg from Sea Gate to a mark boat off Ulmer Park was a broad reach, and in the fine S. breeze blowing, ballooners were carried to port. Gybing at the mark the same sails were employed for another reach to the second mark off Fort Hamilton. The journey home was dead to windward. Era withdrew on the first round and Bobtail and Bagheera on the second, all of them being too far behind to stand any chance of victory.

Just before the finish of the race, which was a spectacular one, Red Wing lost her jib, as did Vivian II., a little later in similar manner. Vivian II. crossed the finish line 7s. ahead of Maydic and 13s. ahead of Red Wing. Lizana was the last of the survivors to end the race, but with a liberal allowance won out in handy manner. In competitions for the Havens cup all the starters race in one class on time allowance according to the new rule of rating adopted by the Sea Gate Club. The summary follows:

	Sloops—Classes M and Under—Start, 3:00.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Lizana, D. T. Wylie	4	58 08	1 58 08	1 42 45
Vivian II., S. C. Vernon	4	46 13	1 46 13	1 44 14
Red Wing, J. B. O'Donohue	4	46 26	1 46 26	1 44 18
Maydic, W. H. Childs	4	46 20	1 46 20	1 46 20
Bagheera, Hendon Chubb	4	Did not finish.		
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach	4	Did not finish.		
Era, E. H. M. Roehr	4	Did not finish.		

Saturday, Sept. 24.

The fall regatta of the club, the last regular scheduled event of the season of 1904, occurred on Saturday,

Sept. 24. Outside courses were sailed. Of the sixteen yachts to start all finished. The winners on corrected time were Red Wing, Bobtail, Lizana, Ogeemah and Beta. Trouble won the cup offered by Mr. Hendon Chubb for the first Atlantic Y. C. boat to finish in Class Q. Again Lizana distinguished herself by excellent work. Crossing the starting line 4m. 20s. after the gun for her class, she sailed through the entire fleet of smaller boats, beating out to Old Orchard Shoal Light and was the first to gybe around the mark for the spinnaker run home. She finished 5m. 46s. ahead of Ogeemah, second craft to end the journey.

Classes M and N went once out to the Southwest Spit buoy and return, a distance of 14 miles. It was a beat out and a run home. Red Wing and Vivian II. made a fine race of it, the fresh W. breeze being much to her liking. Bobtail led Bagheera by a good distance during the greater part of the race. The other starters went to Old Orchard Shoal Light and back, a distance of 12¼ miles.

The boats which worked up along the Staten Island shore by a series of short tacks had much the better of the argument. Bonito, Naiad and Smoke stood out into the bay more and made a poor showing in consequence. Trouble and Spots did better than usual, closely following Ogeemah at the finish of Class Q. Beta and Gamma, two of the Marine and Field Club new Class RR craft, sailed a plucky race in fresh conditions, the former winning out at the end by 2m. 23s. The Regatta Committee, which consisted of Messrs. Henry J. Gielow, Fred Vilmar and Bartow S. Weeks, was on board the tug Union. The starting line was to N.E. of Coney Island Point. The summaries follow:

	Sloops—Class M—Start, 11:15.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Red Wing, J. B. O'Donohue	1	49 05	2 34 05	2 33 54
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon	1	50 33	2 35 33	2 35 33
	Sloops—Class N—Start, 11:15.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach	1	57 17	2 42 17	2 42 17
Bagheera, Hendon Chubb	2	00 17	2 45 17	2 44 18
	Sloops—Class P—Start, 11:20.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Lizana, D. S. Wylie	1	58 29	2 38 29	2 32 53
Benito, Haviland Bros.	2	08 23	2 48 23	2 45 15
Naiad, Dr. J. B. Palmer	2	06 56	2 46 56	2 45 32
Smoke, L. H. Dyer	2	11 54	2 51 54	2 51 54
	Sloops—Class Q—Start, 11:20.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ogeemah, Alfred Mackay	2	03 15	2 43 15	2 33 47
Spots, R. C. Veit	2	04 36	2 44 36	2 42 20
Trouble, W. A. Barstow	2	03 32	2 43 32	2 43 32
Karma, J. C. Erskine	2	19 12	2 59 12	2 51 23
Careless, F. J. Havens	2	20 51	3 00 51	2 59 46
Miss Judy, D. D. Allerton	2	21 58	3 01 58	3 01 30
	Sloops—Class RR—Start, 11:25.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Beta, Snedeker & Camp	2	37 11	3 12 11	...
Gamma, A. H. Platt	2	39 34	3 14 34	...

New York Y. C.

* Glen Cove, Long Island Sound—Tuesday, Sept. 20.

THE Regatta Committee of the New York Y. C. arranged a special race for the three 70-footers, Yankee, Rainbow and Virginia, on Tuesday, Sept. 20. A class was also provided for the three 36-footers, Spasm, Anotok and Mimosa III. Unfortunately, the wind was light from the N.E. all day.

Mr. William Gardner and Mr. Paul E. Stevenson assisted Mr. S. Nicholson Kane in the handling of the race. The Race Committee were on board Mr. R. A. C. Smith's steam yacht Privateer.

The start was made off Station No. 10, N. Y. Y. C., at Glen Cove. The course was 10 miles N.E. to a mark off Shippan Point, then 7½ miles W.S.W. to another mark, and then S. ½ W. 4 miles to the finish line.

The starting signal was given at 1:25. Rainbow was first away, on the starboard tack; Yankee crossed second, on the port tack, and Virginia was last, on the starboard tack.

The yachts were unable to finish within half an hour after sunset, so the race was called off. At this time Rainbow was considerably over a mile in the lead. The owners of the 30-footers withdrew on the first leg, as they saw it would be out of the question to cover the course within the time limit.

Friday, Sept. 23.

The six boats that were unable to finish the race sailed on Tuesday started in another contest on Friday. A class was also provided for raceabouts, and five of these craft came to the line. The winners were Rainbow, Mimosa III. and The Kid.

None of the regular Race Committee were on hand, so Captain Fred M. Hoyt very kindly consented to act. The race was splendidly managed in every particular.

The start was again made off Station No. 10, N. Y. Y. C., at Glen Cove. The wind was fresh from the S.W. The 70-footers were sent over a 21-mile triangle. The first leg was a spinnaker run of 4 miles to Parsonage Point, the second a broad reach of 7½ miles to Shippan Point, and the third a beat of 10 miles to the finish line off Mott's Point.

The preparatory was given at 2 o'clock. Mr. Harry Maxwell put Yankee over the line first. Virginia was next, with Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt at the wheel and, although Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt was the last over with Rainbow, his boat, was berthed better than the other two. On the spinnaker run to the first mark Rainbow slipped into first place, and Virginia passed Yankee.

The times at the first mark were: Rainbow, 2:45:04; Virginia, 2:45:14; Yankee, 2:45:17. Balloon jib topsails were broken out for the reach to the second mark. Rainbow continued to draw away from the other two boats. Yankee and Virginia indulged in a luffing match, in which Virginia came off second best, and Yankee again took second place. At the second mark the times were: Rainbow, 3:26:10; Yankee, 3:27:15; Virginia, 3:28:30. Rainbow and Yankee stuck together on the beat home, while Virginia went off on her own hook. The race between Rainbow and Yankee was a very pretty one, and although the Maxwell craft was well handled, she was beaten 1m. 24s. by Rainbow.

The 36-footers and raceabouts covered an 11½-mile course. From the starting line they went to the Parsonage Point mark, thence to another mark anchored between Matinicock and Oak Points. This gave them a run, a reach and a beat.

The 36-footers started as named, Spasm, Mimosa III. and Anotok. The Brokaw craft took the lead on the run to the first mark and showed her two rivals the way

around until the windward work proved too much for her and Mimosa III. was enabled to take first place. Mimosa III. won by a comfortable margin, and Spasm was second.

In the raceabout class The Kid won and Cricket was second. A protest was filed by Cricket against The Kid for forcing the former about where she had the right of way. The summary:

	Class H—70ft. Sloops—Course 21½ Knots.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Yankee, J. Rogers Maxwell	2	11 28	4 43 34	2 32 06
Virginia, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.	2	11 59	4 47 48	2 35 49
Rainbow, Cornelius Vanderbilt	2	12 00	4 42 42	2 30 42
	Class M—36ft. Sloops—Start, 2:15—Course 11½ Knots.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Spasm, E. D. King	4	12 19	1 57 19	1 57 19
Mimosa III., Trenor L. Park	4	10 12	1 55 12	1 55 12
Anotok, W. G. Brokaw	4	15 03	2 00 03	2 00 03
	Class O—Raceabouts—Start, 2:20—Course, 11½ Knots.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Cricket, Howard Willets	4	29 54	2 09 54	2 09 54
Rana, J. Macy Willets	4	30 18	2 10 18	2 10 18
Hobo, Trenor L. Park	4	33 17	2 13 17	2 13 17
Busy Bee, R. T. Wainwright	4	33 25	2 13 25	2 13 25
The Kid, Oliver Harriman	4	29 29	2 09 29	2 09 29

Monday, Sept. 26.

The race, arranged for the 70-footers by the New York Y. C., on Monday, Sept. 26, brought out all three of the boats in commission. The contest was sailed in a light breeze, but a wind and rain squall that broke as the boats were finishing made matters lively for a time.

The Regatta Committee was on board the tow boat Unique, and the start was made off N. Y. Y. C. Station No. 10, at Glen Cove. The first mark was off Shippan Point, 10 miles from the starting line, thence 7½ miles to a mark off Parsonage Point and back to the finish line.

The preparatory signal was given at 1:30, and the boats were started at 1:40. Yankee led over the line in the best berth. Virginia was next and Rainbow last. When the boats started the wind was S., and they carried balloon jib topsail. The breeze freed a little, going to the W., and the boats set spinnakers. The times at the first mark were: Yankee, 2:46:47; Virginia, 2:48:46; Rainbow, 2:49:12.

It was a close fetch to the next mark, but a very slight shift of wind made a couple of hitches necessary. Yankee increased her lead over Virginia, and this boat pulled away from Rainbow. At the second mark the following times were taken: Yankee, 4:05:49; Virginia, 4:11:20; Rainbow, 4:18:15.

It was a beat to the finish line, and at this work both Virginia and Rainbow cut down Yankee's lead materially. Yankee finished a winner, beating Virginia 3m. 1s. and Rainbow 7m. 4s.

Both sailors and amateurs got a good wetting when the squall broke, and after crossing club topsails were gotten down on deck with difficulty. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Yankee, J. Rogers Maxwell	1 40 30	4 55 42	3 15 12
Virginia, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.	1 40 53	4 59 06	3 18 13
Rainbow, Cornelius Vanderbilt	1 41 19	5 03 35	3 22 16

Riverside Y. C.

Greenwich, Long Island Sound—Saturday, Sept. 24.

THE fall regatta of the Riverside Y. C., held on Saturday, Sept. 24, marks the close of the racing in the Long Island Sound organizations for the season of 1904.

The lateness accounted for the small number of starters, but the thirteen craft that put in an appearance enjoyed some lively sport. The winners were Spasm, Tartan and Vergeth.

The Regatta Committee, made up of Messrs. Charles P. Tower, George T. Higgins and Charles F. Kirby, were on board the auxiliary yawl Alga, owned by Rear-Commodore A. R. Starr, Riverside Y. C. The committee boat took up her position near the gas buoy off Great Captain's Island. The preparatory was sounded at 1:30, and the three 36-footers were sent away at 1:35. These boats covered an 18-mile course from the starting line to Matinicock buoy to Lloyds Neck and back to the finish line. The wind was strong from the S.W., and the puffs that swept off the Long Island shore at frequent intervals laid the boats well out. Spasm had no trouble in getting away with Anotok, which boat found the wind a little brisk for her to do her best. Mimosa III. met with a slight mishap and withdrew.

The raceabouts and Class P boats went over a 14½-mile triangle. From the starting line to Matinicock Point Buoy, thence to Centre Island buoy and back to the finish line.

Of the four starters in the raceabout class only two finished. Tartan sailed a capital race and beat The Kid 12m. 7s. Busy Bee and Howdy withdrew.

In Class P Vergeth finished a winner by 5m. 25s. Maryola was second, and Firefly was a close third. Heron did not finish. The summary:

	Sloops—36ft. Class—Start, 1:35—Course, 18 Miles.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Anotok, W. G. Brokaw	4	36 21	3 01 21
Spasm, E. D. King	4	28 33	2 53 33
Mimosa III., Trenor L. Park	4	Did not finish.	
	Raceabouts—Start, 1:45—Course 14½ Miles.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Tartan, A. H. Pirie	4	32 18	2 47 18
Busy Bee, R. T. Wainwright	4	Did not finish.	
The Kid, Oliver Harriman	4	44 25	2 50 25
Howdy, George Mercer	4	Did not finish.	
	Sloops—Class P—Start, 1:50—Course, 14½ Miles.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Maryola, C. W. Allen	4	49 04	2 59 04
Snapper, Francis H. Page	4	55 56	3 05 56
Firefly, G. P. Granberry	4	49 19	2 59 19
Vergeth, Addison Hanan	4	43 39	2 53 39
Heron, P. Le Boutillier	4	Did not finish.	
Pampero, R. T. Bailey	5	01 11	3 11 11

RECENT SALES.—Mr. Stanley M. Seaman has made the following sales through his agency: The hunting launch Shack, owned by Mr. Jacob I. Bergen, of this city, to Mr. Gain Robinson, Springfield, Mass.; the racing catboat Trilobite, for Mr. James D. Sparkman, N. Y. Y. C., to Mr. Z. Mayhew, Jr., Brooklyn, N.Y.; the 40ft. cruising yawl Genevieve, by Mr. Conrad Stein to Dr. Alfred R. Starr, Riverside, Conn. Mr. Phillip L. Howard, New Rochelle Y. C., has sold his knockabout Caper, of the New Rochelle one-design class, to Mr. Daniel K. Hanna, Cleveland, O. The boat has been shipped to Tupper Lake.

Gas Engines and Launches.

(Continued from page 468.)

Multi-Cylinder Engines.

MULTI-CYLINDER engines in the two-cycle type have until quite recently been constructed by adding successively separate cylinders of the number desired. While these in a great many cases have given satisfaction, they have as a whole been unsatisfactory. The principal trouble with these engines being that when operated by one vaporizer, they have been inclined to flood in the after-cylinders; that is to say, the gasoline gas being of greater specific gravity than air, of course has a tendency to go to the lowest point, which of course in the majority of boats would be the after-cylinders, as in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred the engines are necessarily set on an incline; the distance apart of the separate cylinders also tending to condense the vaporized gasoline, flooding the bases of the engine, with the consequence that no two of the cylinders have a uniform mixture of gas, and in many cases the after-cylinders refusing to work at all. In order to avoid these difficulties, we notice the multi-cylinder engines have separate vaporizers for each cylinder. While in theory this is good practice, on the other hand it is almost impossible to obtain the correct regulation of each individual cylinder while they are all in operation. In the past year there has been placed on the market a number of multi-cylinder engines with the cylinders in one casting and surrounded by one water-jacket. By this means we bring the cylinders very close together, and maintain them all at an even temperature, using one vaporizer, the connections from it to the engine being by this plan very short and compact, so that we may now be said to be entering fairly on an era of successful multi-cylinder two-cycle engines. We might add, before closing this subject, that we do not consider these engines in their very best form adapted to the novice. Owing to their high speed, their number of moving parts, it is very difficult to detect and locate defects of adjustment or troubles of any kind, and determine in which cylinder the trouble exists. In the four-cycle multi-cylinder engine we have an entirely different proposition, and especially in the double cylinder we find this type very successful. Of course the double cylinder four-cycle engine produces the same results and only has the same number of movements as in the single cylinder two-cycle, therefore a four-cycle four-cylinder is equivalent to a two-cylinder two-cycle engine. One of the principal troubles of the multi-cylinder engine has been the ignition, as of course they are very hard on generators and batteries. It is the universal practice now to use a separate generator or battery for each cylinder. Before taking up the subject of difficulties, we will take up the subject of oils, wire, gasoline, and batteries.

Batteries.

The forms of batteries now universally employed are the dry and the wet battery; in both the dry and wet batteries the elements employed are zinc and carbon and a solution of salts of different forms. In the dry battery the case or envelope is of zinc, forming one of the elements. Into this is inserted a slab of carbon, the battery is then filled with a damp solution of salmomiad; this filling is of many different materials, being saturated with the salts. The battery is then hermetically sealed and ready for business. Should the battery dry out, it will become inactive. Of course they can be recharged to a certain extent by boring a hole in them through the top and adding sufficient water for redamping. This, however, is not successful, as the batteries are so cheap it is hardly worth the trouble. The dry batteries are made in a number of different sizes; No. 2, that is the next to the smallest size, is the one usually employed for marine work. While on this subject it would be well to explain that the voltage of all different size dry batteries is the same, about 1½ volts, but the amperage increases with the size of the cell. If you will look up in any electrical work, you will find a definition of voltage and amperage expressed in such terms that you will probably not understand it. I will therefore endeavor to make the subject clear to you. By taking the flow of water through a pipe and the electric current passing through a wire as a synonym, the volume of water which will pass through a given pipe representing the amperage, the force of the water passing through the pipe the voltage. Wet batteries employed on gas engine work are now universally what are called the Edison-Leland. This is what is known as a closed circuit battery. We believe that the Edison Company have a patent of some description on this form of battery, but as we have seen the battery and used it many years before the advent of the Edison-Leland, we would therefore assume that the patents are on the manufacturers' design, or amalgamation of certain of the elements. In this battery we have the usual carbon and zinc element in a solution of caustic soda or potash called electro-sodium. In order to prevent the evaporation and slopping over, it is customary to place about half an ounce of paraffine oil on top of the solution. This makes a very powerful battery, but it is too bulky for very small boats, and is expensive to start with and maintain. The best method in using batteries is to employ a double set, say each set to contain six batteries, being connected to the engine through a double throw switch, using one set for half an hour, and then charging on to the other set. This will always keep the batteries up to about their full capacity, and one set is regaining its lost vitality while the other is in use. Great care should be exercised in wiring up the battery to see that all connections remain firm, as a loose connection will cause all kinds of trouble. The latest and best method of connecting batteries together is by means of copper ribbon with holes punched out in the end for the binding-post connection. A very good plan in using dry batteries is to dip them, after being assembled, in melted paraffine wax; in fact, a great many are put up immersed solid in wax; but of course as the wax surrounding the batteries has to be poured in hot, it tends to over-heat them, and consequently dry them out; therefore we think the dipping process is much better. In using any kind of battery, care should be taken to keep it dry. In small boats without any cabin, by far the better plan is to have the bat-

teries in a neat box with a suitable handle, so that it can be removed and put in a dry place. Of course with the wet batteries this is not possible. The wiring necessary to connect the batteries with the engine should be made with wire of ample size and thoroughly insulated, and if any joints are made, they should be either soldered or thoroughly covered with wiring tape. All exposed terminals should be kept bright, and where a terminal is made by twisting the wire into a ring, it is a good plan to flatten the ring by pounding it and give the binding-post a better hold. Also at all terminals the wire should be wound into a corkscrew or coil so that new terminals can be cut without shortening the wire, and these coils also tend to prevent the terminals from jarring loose. In wiring up batteries in connection with a magnet or dynamo, care should be taken that the batteries are absolutely cut out when the generator is working, otherwise the generator will throw back on the batteries and produce a short circuit, which will soon use up the batteries.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Sept. 26.—There is probably no yacht club in the country which takes a greater interest in the racing of yachts of 30ft. waterline and under than the Boston Y. C. Each year it establishes championships for the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts classes and, this year, two handicap classes were added to the championship list of the club. Cups for the winners of the championships were offered by Commodore B. P. Cheney. They were won by the 30-footer Chewink IV., the 22-footer Clotho, the 18-footer Hayseed, the 15-footer Vera II., the 25-footer Jingo, in the first handicap class, and the 21-footer Scapegoat in the second handicap class. Nine races were held in all, and in figuring the championships, it is assumed that a yacht shall have started in at least six of the nine races scheduled. The races of the club were so arranged that there was no conflict with races scheduled by any other club. In fact, the Boston Y. C. has in every way aided smaller clubs of the Y. R. A. in bringing the boats to their races and by giving up dates. A notable incident of this was the splitting of the mid-summer series of open races to enable the Quincy Y. C. to hold an open race when the tide was right and when the yachts were held together in the vicinity.

The work of Chewink IV. was much the same as in the Y. R. A. series. She won steadily from the start. In two of the races, however, Sauquoit was disabled when she held good positions. The work of Clotho, in the 22ft. class and Hayseed, in the 18ft. class, was notable for steadiness. The championships of both these boats is undoubtedly due to the fact that they were always near the top, even if they did not finish first. The closest work was between the 15-footers, Vera II. and Tabasco, Jr., with Vera II. showing up a little the better. Jingo, in the first handicap class, was the only yacht in any class to sail all nine races. Scapegoat, in the second handicap class, had little difficulty in winning the championship. Both Jingo and Scapegoat were designed by Crowninshield. The following table of percentages is published through courtesy of Mr. Foster Hooper, Secretary of the Regatta Committee:

30ft. Class.			
	Starts.	Per Cent.	
Chewink IV., F. G. Macomber, Jr.	8	79.1	
Sauquoit, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.	8	56.2	
Wasaka, S. R. Anthony.	5	53.6	
22ft. Class.			
Clotho, Cheney & Lanning	8	85.0	
Opitsah V., S. H. & H. I. Foster.	7	63.5	
Peri II., George Lee.	6	60.5	
Medric, H. H. White.	8	56.6	
Warrior, S. C. Winsor.	5	38.6	
Setsu, F. B. Talbot.	2	9.4	
18ft. Class.			
Hayseed, H. L. Bowden.	8	93.5	
Bat, C. F. Adams, 2d.	7	77.0	
Arbeka II., F. P. Bowden.	7	67.3	
Napier, B. S. Permar.	7	64.7	
Mirage II., J. W. Olmstead.	8	63.7	
Boo Hoo, Reginald Boardman.	4	53.5	
Miladi II., F. R. Adams.	4	53.4	
Dorchen, A. W. Finlay.	8	47.3	
Benito, G. H. Wightman.	6	39.7	
*Otter, A. D. Irving.	3	37.1	
Aladdin, George P. Keith.	8	35.4	
Privateer II., Alden & Carleton.	8	35.2	
Fritter, W. C. Loring, Jr.	5	31.7	
Humbug, Cole & Bacon.	4	27.8	
Again, L. B. Goodspeed.	4	26.6	
Gertrude, H. E. Lynch.	4	23.3	
Nicknack, F. B. Holmes.	5	9.0	
Biza, Alfred Douglass.	2	7.1	
Domino, C. C. Clapp.	1	6.2	
Cuyamel, H. L. Bowden.	1	3.3	
15ft. Class.			
Vera II., H. Lundberg.	7	83.3	
Tabasco, Jr., H. H. Wiggin.	8	78.1	
Nibelung, A. P. Loring.	2	19.4	
Little Misery, A. P. Loring.	2	16.6	
Cigarette, Dr. Morton Prince.	1	4.1	

*Protest of Otter by Mirage not decided. The same may change slightly the percentage of both yachts.

First Handicap Class.		
Jingo, George B. Dodge.	9	90.0
L'Aiglon, E. W. Hoagson.	5	60.0
Kit, H. B. Whittier.	4	32.2
Opitsah III., W. F. Whitney.	3	26.9
Mildred II., S. P. Moses.	5	26.6
Meemer, R. C. Nickerson.	3	18.0
Ellema, B. D. Amosdem.	1	16.6
Thelma, A. C. Jones.	2	15.0
Al Kyris, A. M. Moody.	1	11.1
Kiuna, A. W. Larnard.	1	8.3
Opah, W. C. Lewis.	2	5.5
Mashnee, James S. Whitney.	1	4.1
Helcn, F. R. Neal.	1	2.7

Second Handicap Class.		
Scapegoat, W. P. Keys.	7	83.8
Jacobin, T. W. King.	4	53.5
Anne, C. B. Pratt.	3	34.9
Clarita, Walter Burgess.	3	34.8
Tunipoo, C. A. Cooley.	4	26.6
Mildred, C. A. Coleman.	3	26.1
Widow, H. W. Friend.	1	16.6
Aspenet, E. W. Remick.	1	13.3
Minerva, Walter Shaw.	1	11.1
Gadfly, C. W. Chapin.	2	10.7
Gringo, W. H. Brown.	1	8.3
Clarice, J. F. Harvey.	1	5.5
Spinster IV., L. M. Clark.	1	4.7
Sue, T. W. Powers.	1	2.7

Although the Eastern Y. C. had considerable of a contract on its hands to get the larger classes of racing yachts together, and it also had considerable work in connection with its series of power boat races, it still found time to give a series of races for smaller

classes, as it has during the previous two seasons. In giving this series of races the Regatta Committee consulted with the Boston Y. C. and the Corinthian Y. C., and with the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts, in regard to the selection of dates, to the satisfaction of all racing men. For the special open races classes were provided for Classes L, E. Y. C., and Y. R. A. 22-footers. Cups in each class were offered by Commodore Laurence Minot. At the end of the series Dorel and Wasaka were tied in Class L. In the sail-off, on Saturday, Sept. 24, Dorel won out. She is a 30-footer, and was designed by Crowninshield in 1900. In the 22ft. class Peri II. won the Commodore's cup with three firsts out of five starts. She was designed by Messrs. Burgess & Packard. Bat took the Commodore's cup in the 18ft. class with three firsts out of five starts. I am indebted to Mr. Louis M. Clark, Secretary of the Regatta Committee, for the following table:

	July 2.	July 4.	Aug. 1.	Aug. 18.	Aug. 19.	Starts.	Firsts.	Seconds.	Thirds.
*Dorel	1	1	1	2	3	2	1	0	0
*Wasaka	1	1	1	2	3	2	1	1	1
Chewink IV.	1	1	1	2	3	5	1	2	2
Sauquoit	2	5	2	6	5	5	0	2	0
Meemer	3	4	3	4	4	4	0	0	1
Khalifa	3	4	3	4	4	1	0	0	0
Chewink II.	3	4	3	4	4	1	0	0	0
Halcyon	3	4	3	4	4	1	0	0	0

Class E—22-footers.									
*Peri II.	1	2	3	1	1	5	2	0	2
Opitsah V.	1	2	3	1	1	4	1	2	0
Medric	1	2	3	1	1	4	1	1	0
Clotho	2	5	2	3	3	3	0	2	0
Urchin	4	1	3	3	4	1	0	2	0
Setsu	3	4	3	3	4	1	0	0	1
Tayac	3	4	3	3	4	1	0	0	0
Warrior	7	3	3	3	4	1	0	0	0

Class I—18ft. Knockabouts.									
*Bat	1	1	5	2	1	5	3	1	0
Arrow	3	3	1	1	3	5	2	0	3
Hayseed	2	2	3	2	3	3	0	2	1
Boo Hoo	2	4	3	4	4	4	0	1	1
Aladdin	10	12	2	2	3	3	0	1	0
Dorchen	8	8	2	2	3	1	0	0	0
Arbeka II.	5	5	2	2	3	0	0	0	0
Benito	7	6	10	5	3	0	0	0	0
Moslem II.	7	7	7	6	3	0	0	0	0
Otter	9	9	6	6	4	0	0	0	0
Mirage II.	6	10	2	2	2	0	0	0	0
Aspinquid II.	5	11	2	2	2	0	0	0	0
Privateer II.	4	13	9	8	4	0	0	0	0
Hugi	w	w	12	2	2	0	0	0	0
Fudge	w	w	4	3	0	0	0	0	0
Fritter	8	2	2	1	0	0	0	0	0
Miladi II.	4	4	2	1	0	0	0	0	0
Napier	8	2	2	1	0	0	0	0	0
Menace	11	2	2	1	0	0	0	0	0
Moslem I.	14	7	2	2	0	0	0	0	0

*Wins commodore's cup. d, disqualified. w, withdrawn.

In the Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, two championships were awarded. Medric, a Burgess & Packard creation, took the championship in the 22ft. class, and Bat scored her second championship in the 18ft. knockabout class. The Corinthian Y. C. had a most successful season, having a total of 533 entries in all races. I am indebted to Mr. Herbert S. Goodwin, Chairman of the Regatta Committee, for the following table:

22ft. Class.		
Medric	.850	Athlon .233
Peri II.	.755	Clotho .200
Opitsah V.	.513	Tayac .147
Setsu	.480	
18ft. Class.		
Bat	.836	Hugi .434
Arrow	.738	Arbeka II. .427
Boo Hoo	.702	Otter .292
Fudge	.696	Fritter .147
Moslem II.	.614	Moslem I. .089
Hayseed	.558	Humbug .017
Privateer II.	.462	

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Shelburne Y. C.

THE past season has been a most successful one for the Shelburne Y. C. The work on the new club house is progressing favorably. The annual regatta was a particularly attractive affair, as there was a good list of starters, and the boats were favored with plenty of wind, making the racing interesting.

We publish herewith a resumé of the racing: Shelburne Cup, open to members of any recognized yacht club, to become the property of a winner three consecutive years; won by Menotah, Chester Club, Captain Samuel J. Allan. Fishermen's race, first class, open to fishermen's boats over 26ft. waterline; first prize, Captain Job Nickerson; second prize, Captain Ira Stephens. Second class, open to fishermen's boats under 26ft. waterline; first prize, Captain Judah Crowell; second prize, Captain Clifford Atwood. Shelburne Home Cup, open to yachts not exceeding 28ft., won by Commodore Hervey's Souriquois.

Commodore Hervey gave a dinner party to the officers of the steamers, the officers of club and the captains of the yachts that competed for the Shelburne Cup.

Admiral Sir Archibald Douglas, who was unable to be present, sent the twin-screw cruiser Indefatigable, Captain William J. Grogan, to stay at Shelburne during the regatta. The Dominion Protective Service steamer Curlew, was on hand. Captain Pratt, her commander, not only took the judges and members of the club and their families on board his steamer and followed the yachts around the course in each race, but himself acted as one of the judges.

A series of aquatic sports, consisting of log poling, log rolling, single rowboat race, double rowboat race, climbing greased pole, and a tug-of-war on floats in the water, have been added to the club's programme.

Duxbury Y. C.

Duxbury, Mass.—Saturday, Sept. 24.

In a club race of the Duxbury Y. C., for 18ft. knockabouts, sailed on Saturday, Sept. 24, Domino and Miladi II. collided at the first mark. Domino's mast was carried away and a number of planks were stove in on Miladi II. Commodore C. C. Clapp, owner of Domino, sustained a broken leg. Again won the race by nearly 3m. The summary:

	Elapsed.
Again, William Facy.	1 10 00
Kittawake, H. M. Jones.	1 12 50
Aspinquid II., E. C. Vinal.	1 13 32
Domino, C. C. Clapp.	Disabled.
Miladi II., P. Ford.	Disabled.
Menace, H. Hunt.	Disqualified.

British Letter.

THE negotiations between Sir Thomas Lipton and the New York Y. C. are apparently at a standstill. Naturally everybody in this country who understands the difficulties which the old rule imposed upon the designers of recent Cup challengers, is anxious that the next races should be sailed under the new rating rule, and the reason for this is obvious. The old rule encouraged such a thoroughly bad type of boat, from every point of view except that of actual speed, that it was considered imperative in the interests of American yachting to alter the formula and place such restrictions upon the skimming dish type—of which Reliance is by no means the most extreme example—as would effectually give the death-blow to any future attempt to produce such unseaworthy and dangerous vessels. This being the case, it seems hardly fair that a rating rule which has received such sweeping condemnation should be kept alive for use in what is far more important than any inter-club fixture, namely, an international series of races. Whichever rule is used, the advantages are all on the side of the defenders, but if the old rule is adhered to, it would simply mean that the challenger's chances of success are nil. Even supposing Reliance were considered good enough to defend the Cup, it is evident that the challenging boat must be of a more extreme type still to have any reasonable prospect of winning. Such a boat, however, would be quite unfit to make the passage across the Atlantic, and from what one can gather, neither of our leading designers will undertake the design. Matters seem, therefore, at present to be at a deadlock, but it is persistently rumored that Sir Thomas is so anxious to race again that he will sail under the old rule rather than not at all. The general opinion on this side is that he would be very ill advised to do so, and it is hoped that the difficulty of enlisting one of our leading designers into his service will not be overcome unless the New York Y. C. agrees, in common fairness, to future races being sailed under the present rule of measurement. It has never yet been definitely stated that the club will not agree to this, but apparently it will not give its decision until a challenge has been forwarded. If this is the case, the best course for Sir Thomas Lipton to pursue would be to issue the challenge, and if he finds the races are to be sailed under the old rules, he can withdraw it. The latest rumor is that Mr. Watson, with whom Sir Thomas has been in consultation for some time past, has definitely declined to undertake the work of designing a new challenger. If this be true, and Mr. Fife also cries off, then the soundest plan would be to postpone all ideas of the contest until a more favorable opportunity arises. Some people are in favor of one of our younger designers being given a chance, and Mr. Mylne's name has been freely mentioned. It is, however, too big a jump for a man, no matter how clever he may be, to thus suddenly bridge the gap between a 52-footer and a 90-footer, and it is very doubtful whether Mr. Mylne would undertake such a responsibility. That Mr. Watson's pupil is a very able naval architect, there can be no doubt whatever; but so far his efforts have been chiefly confined to the small classes on the Clyde, the South Coast one-design boats, the Clyde one-design 20-ton class, and a couple of 52-footers. We have only two men capable of turning out such large cutters—Watson and Fife, the former of whom has turned out one boat as good as her opponent—namely, Shamrock II.—and another which would have been a great deal better had she not been fiddled about with just before she left England. The latter boat referred to is of course Valkyrie II. In her first season, 1893, she beat Britannia twice out of every three times they met, and yet she was altered just before she crossed the Atlantic to meet Vigilant without any trial having been made to see whether she was an improved boat or not. The result was disastrous, although, tinkered up as she was, she would have beaten Vigilant in the last race had it not been for the tearing of her spinnakers in the run home. When Vigilant came over to British waters the following year, she met more than her match in Britannia, which was manifestly an inferior boat to Valkyrie II., and the last named boat showed by her poor sailing in 1904 how much she had been spoilt the previous year by the ill advised alterations. Fife has never produced a boat so nearly equal to the Cup defender she had to meet, but, like Watson, he has had plenty of experience, and has, like him, been over to watch the races, and it is to one or other of these men that Sir Thomas Lipton naturally looks for the lines of his new boat. It is to be hoped that all difficulties may yet be swept away, and that a new challenge will be issued under conditions which will put the challenging side on more equal terms with the defenders than has been the case during the past few years.

The West of England regattas began this year well and ended badly. Quite a respectable gathering of boats graced Weymouth Bay on the occasion of the Royal Dorset Y. C. regatta on August 20, though much disappointment was expressed at the absence of the South Coast one-design class which had been catered for right away on to Plymouth. Unfortunately a light, unsteady wind prevailed at Weymouth, and there was some fluking. Rosamond and Merrymaid found a lucky start which put them far ahead of White Heather at the beginning of the race and so enabled Rosamond to save her time for first prize, Merrymaid taking second and Creole third. In the 52ft. class, Maymon sailed in her peerless light weather style, and in spite of a big fluke which put Lucida in the van, the new boat wore her down and won handsomely. With the exception of Gauntlet, the ex-52ft. class finished up the season at this regatta. The six big handicap boats which had sailed at Weymouth went on to Torquay, as did the four 52-footers. A hard wind sprang up on August 22 at the Town regatta shortly after racing commenced, and one of the mark boats broke adrift, so that the big race was rendered null and void. Creole lost her bowsprit and Merrymaid her spinnaker boom in the squalls. Maymon won the 52ft. race, Lucida taking second prize. The big race was re-sailed on August 24, Zinita winning in a light air, with Rosamond second and White Heather third. On August 23 the regatta of the Royal Torley Y. C. was carried through in light airs. The big handicap boats were split into two divisions, exceeding 100 tons and over 50, but

not more than 100 tons Thames measurement. White Heather won the first race and Zinita the second. Maymon gave another inimitable display of light weather sailing in the 52ft. class, Moyana taking second prize. There was only one day at Dartmouth this year, August 26, the regatta of the Royal Dart Y. C., where there were matched for two classes the big handicap boats and 52-footers. White Heather sailed the forty miles at an average pace of 11.5 knots, but in such a quickly sailed race she could not save her time from the others. Rosamond, Valdora, and Merrymaid being the prize winners. Lucida had left for home, but the other three 52-footers were joined by Gauntlet. They sailed a very close race, Maymon beating Moyana by 1m., which in turn defeated Gauntlet by 1m. 40s. The subsequent channel races from Dartmouth to Plymouth and the regattas at Plymouth, do not call for comment, excepting to say that they were not as successful as might have been hoped, owing to the scarcity of yachts there. The season on the whole has been more successful than was anticipated, and the weather has been quite exceptionally fine throughout.

E. H. KELLY.

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound—Saturday, Sept. 17.

THE day set aside for a club reunion was Saturday, Sept. 17, and a goodly number of the older members of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. turned out. The gathering was an interesting one, as many of those on hand have been closely identified with the history and development of American yachting.

The races for the 15-footers, in which only the older members could participate, were the star attraction. The race sailed in the morning was for the Alfred Roosevelt memorial cup. The wind was very light from the S.W., and the actual racing was anything but exciting. The interest was not allowed to lag, for the participants and the onlookers, who followed the racing boats in launches, kept up a running fire of suggestions and comments.

The boats covered a 6½-mile course. Cayenne was first around the outer mark. On the next leg Bairn, Sabrina and Chipmonk were all dangerous at times. Cayenne managed to hold the lead and she finished a winner by 27s. Bairn was second. The morning race was for members who joined the club previous to 1883. The summary:

Special race for old members who joined prior to 1883; inside course, 6½ miles. Start, 11:05:

Boat.	Crew.	Helmsman.	Finish.
Cayenne—Wm. Foulke,	Chas. E. Willis.	2 19 04
Bairn—J. W. Beekman,	F. de P. Foster	2 19 31
Sabrina—C. A. Sherman,	H. W. Eaton.	2 19 46
Chipmonk—Thos. S. Young,	J. R. Fred Tams.	2 20 34
Fly—W. E. Roosevelt,	J. E. Roosevelt.	2 20 59

The afternoon race was open to members who joined between 1883 and 1893. The boats covered the same course, but under different conditions, as the wind had increased to a fresh sailing breeze.

Cayenne proved herself quite as smart in a fresh breeze as in a drift and romped away from her competitors. She was 1m. 45s. ahead at the outer mark. Bairn fouled the mark and was disqualified. Cayenne won by 1m. 57s. Imp was second. The summary:

Afternoon race for members who joined between 1883 and 1893. Inside course, 6½ miles. Start, 3:35. Wind S.W., fresh:

Boat.	Crew.	Helmsman.	Finish.
Cayenne—McG. G. Foster,	R. W. Gibson.	5 04 38
Imp—C. A. Sherman,	C. W. Wetmore.	5 06 35
Bairn—Alfred Ely,	W. C. Kerr.	5 07 54
Sabrina—H. C. Rouse,	Colgate Hoyt.	5 08 30
Bobs—W. A. W. Stewart,	A. P. Stokes.	5 09 31
Fly—R. A. C. Smith,	W. J. Matcheson.	5 14 10

At the annual dinner given after the race all hands gathered around the festive board. The losers explained why they didn't win, and the winners explained why they couldn't lose. The whole event was a great success, and the affairs of the club were brought to a close for another season.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

ORDERS FOR NEW DESIGNS.—Orders for designs recently received by William H. Hand, Jr., of New Bedford, Mass., include the following: A 26ft. launch for Mr. J. Parker, of Mobile, Ala., for use in Buzzard's Bay; a 35ft. W. L. (55ft. over all) cruising sloop for A. R. Meyer, of Kansas City; a 17ft. W. L. catboat for Oliver Ricketson, of Pittsburgh, Pa., for use in Buzzard's Bay; an 18-footer for E. P. Hussey, M.D., of Buffalo, N. Y.; an 18-footer for Edw. P. Hendrick, of Portsmouth, N. H.; and a racing keel sloop to rate at 19ft. under the N. Y. Y. C. rule for George Stinkel, of Wiborg, Finland.

INGOMAR ARRIVES.—The American schooner Ingomar, owned by Mr. Morton F. Plant, arrived at New London, Conn., at nine o'clock Friday morning, September 23. She was 25 days out from Southampton, which port she left on Monday, August 29. Actual time of passage was 24 days, 22 hours, 37 minutes. Bad weather was encountered pretty much all the voyage, and she was hove to on several occasions. The log-book gives the days' runs as follows: August 29, 129; August 30, 133; August 31, 124; September 1, 124; September 2, 165; September 3, 95; September 4, 100; September 5, 80; September 6, 78; September 7, 137; September 8, 84; September 9, 182; September 10, 130; September 11, 95; September 12, 75; September 13, 73; September 14, 73; September 15, 159; September 16, 158; September 17, 56; September 18, 80; September 19, 156; September 20, 190; September 21, 218; September 22, 237; September 23, 126. Ingomar is now being put out of commission, and she will be hauled out and put in winter quarters at the Riverside Shipyard.

SCHOONER LURLINE ARRIVES AT SAN PEDRO.—The schooner yacht Lurline, owned by Captain H. H. Sinclair, arrived at San Pedro, Cal., on September 11, after a six months' cruise in the Pacific. Lurline is 75ft. long and 21.2ft. breadth; for such a small boat she has given a remarkably good account of herself. Captain Sinclair

was accompanied by his wife and daughter and Mr. Lew Freeman. Lurline left San Pedro on February 15 last. Their first stop at Honolulu was made only after a voyage in exceedingly rough weather. Quite a long stay was made at Honolulu, and the remainder of the time was spent in cruising around the islands. Leaving the Hawaiian group, the party sailed to the little-visited Marquesas Islands, and thence Lurline wended her way among the Society Islands, tarrying at Papete, the chief port of quaint and distant Tahiti. An interesting sojourn was made among the Fiji group, and also a call at Apia, German Samoa.

A New Phase of the Case.

He took the lady in his boat;

She was a buxom neighbor.

She said: "It's really capital."

He muttered, "It is labor."

—Washington Star.

Canoeing.

A. C. A. Meet.

THE twenty-fifth annual camp of the American Canoe Association, held at Sugar Island, in the St. Lawrence, Aug. 5 to 19, marked another step in the progress of the A. C. A., being with one exception the largest camp on record, and, better still, being a camp where people stayed from start to finish, rather than merely "fitting" into camp and out again.

It also marked an epoch in the Association's history, in that the executive committee re-elected the outgoing commodore, C. Fred Wolters, of Rochester, the first time that this has ever been done. It proved two things; that a man can be commodore and still have enough canoeing enthusiasm to assume the burden again, after the arduous duties prior to and during camp; and that the confidence reposed in Commodore Wolters last year was not misplaced. Seldom, if ever, have the men of the A. C. A. been so lucky in their choice of an executive, and if the sentiment of the camp just over counts for anything, 1905 will see probably the largest and best camp in the Association's history, with C. Fred Wolters at the helm again.

The arrangement of camp was about as last year, except that the officers made their own camps where they pleased, and thus did away with the bothersome idea of official headquarters tents. Instead, there were but three tents at headquarters—the commodore's, the secretary-treasurer's and the store tent, where the ever-active and genial camp-site committee man, H. W. Breitenstein, made his headquarters. These tents were in use by day, but at night officers and men all camped where they chose, making the various club centers far more attractive than they would otherwise have been.

The committees were efficient, and all plans for the success of the camp were certainly carried out as well as they have ever been.

The racing suffered for want of competitors, for the prizes were well chosen and the Regatta Committee worked hard for the success of the annual races, and it was not their fault that so few toed the mark in response to their husky megaphoned calls for entries. The entry of several open canoes with considerably less than 60 sq. ft. sail area marked a new departure in the three "record" races, although the record, itself, was won by the regulation type of sailing craft—16ft.x30in. The two open canoes that finished in all three races, however, did well, and more of this class of racing may confidently be expected next year. Reg. Blomfield, of Toronto, carried off the paddling honors, being the best man by all odds that has attended camp in almost a decade. The sailing trophy was won by F. C. Moore, of N. Y. C. C., and the Dolphin trophy by D. B. Goodsell, of the same club.

The mess arrangements were excellent, but while the general mess forms a central meeting place for the campers at large, and is for that reason a good idea, more than ever this year was noticed the disposition of the men to mess for themselves, and with the results of their day's fishing and the supplies from the camp store—the best one ever run at camp—those who camped for themselves lived well.

All in all, Sugar Island in 1904 was a great big success—thanks to the officers and committees and to that never-failing spirit of good-fellowship that permeates the entire body politic of the A. C. A. This year saw a few of the old-timers who had failed to show up last year—R. J. Wilkin, President of the Board of Governors; F. G. Mather, the "Last of the Mohicans;" Frank G. Palmer, of the N. Y. C. C., fresh from Boeas del Toro, Panama, and others were warmly welcomed back to the fold.

So long as officers are chosen with discretion and members do their share toward the success of camp, just so long will the Annual Camp be the Mecca of the summer for its jolly fellows and pretty girls, and so long will it stand for all that is clean and wholesome in the way of sport and recreation.

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Proposed Amendment.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Sept. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I hereby give notice that at the annual meeting of the American Canoe Association, I shall move to amend the constitution as follows:

Article VI., Section 1, to read: "Executive Committee. In each Division there shall be elected one member for the first one hundred or fraction thereof, one member for the second hundred or fraction thereof," etc. If a Division has 90 members it shall be entitled to one member of Executive Committee, and if 390, it shall be entitled to four members, and so on.

This article has long been subject to different interpretations, and I propose this change to make it more definite.

JOHN S. WRIGHT.

Knickerbocker C. C. Fall Camp.

"Heave away, my bonny boys,
Heave away, heave away;
Heave away, and don't you make a noise,
For we're bound for Australia."

HUMMING the above refrain as they bent to the task of preparing for the cruise, the members of the Knickerbocker C. C. "heaved away" with a will, for they were preparing for their annual fall encampment and regatta, which was held at Hermit Point-on-the-Hudson, Labor Day, and the two days previous thereto. It is not always possible to start for camp as a fleet, and this was no exception to the rule; but as the canoes started from the club house singly and in pairs, cries of "I'll see you later" were exchanged, and the cruise was started and the craft were "bound for Australia."

Hermit Point, as you will see by the cut, is truly "a thing of beauty and a joy forever," being one of those delightful bits of landscape with which nature has so liberally endowed the Palisades of the Hudson. Situated about eight miles up the river from the Knickerbocker club house, it is within easy paddling and sailing distance, and therefore easily accessible to the members and visitors. The ruins of an old pier form a

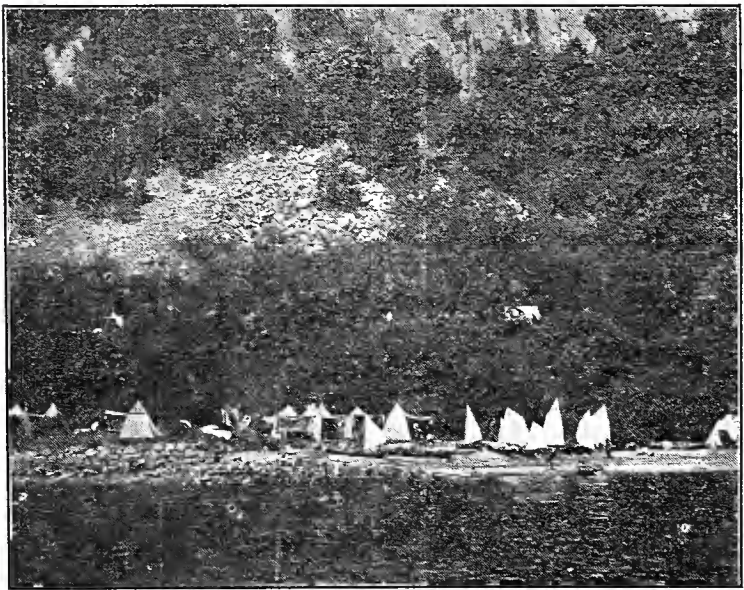


Tilting Match—Knickerbocker C. C. Regatta.
Photo by A. E. Sanford.

breakwater, behind which smooth water is nearly always found, even on the roughest days. There is a wide, firm, sandy beach and an excellent spring of clear, cold, sparkling water, which, considered altogether, make this spot an ideal camping place, and to which it is a pleasure to go, forgetting all business cares and live close to the bosom of mother nature, a life which is idealistic in every meaning of the word.

Only a small portion of the encampment is visible in the photograph. The tents extended some distance up the beach to the right, and nearly filled the small plateau up the hill, the dense foliage hiding most of the tents on the plateau.

Three things are uppermost in the minds of the average canoeist while in camp: Canoeing, eating and sleeping. I have placed them in what I conceive to be their proper order; canoeing first, because that is the prime object in coming to camp; eating, because the



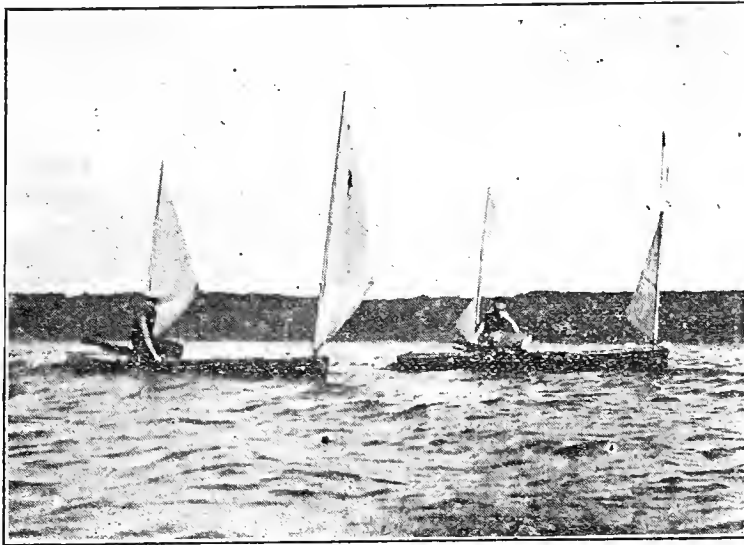
"Hermit Point"—Knickerbocker C. C. Camp.
Photo by A. E. Sanford.

exhilarating exercise derived from the use of the paddle produces an appetite which is nothing short of marvelous; sleeping last, because that seems to be always the last thought of one who has never undergone the experience—mere words cannot convey the delight which is experienced at rolling up in a blanket and lying down on a cot, look out at the sparkling beauty of the heavens and be crooned to slumber by the sleep-inspiring chorus of the night. On arising with the birds in the morning, what would more naturally suggest itself than a refreshing dip in the cool waters of the Hudson? After the dip, breakfast; after breakfast, a morning on the river, dinner, and afternoon spent in sailing or paddling, as fancy may dictate, then supper. In the above list, you have the business part of the day's programme, but it would never do to slight a very important number on it, the camp-fire.

As the sun was throwing its last faint rays beyond the crest of the Palisades, the boys commenced gathering material for the camp-fire. An old disused dock furnished ten-foot timbers about one foot square, at the butt, and these, heaped up in a pile on the beach when lighted made a fire which could be seen for miles around. After the fire had become well kindled, the boys placed their chairs around it in a semi-circle, and to the music of club songs, disposed of large quantities of corn and

potatoes, which were roasted in the embers. Jokes, good-natured chaffing and stories, all liberally interspersed with songs, contributed to fill out the evening to the full limit of enjoyment.

The races were held on Labor Day, which dawned bright and clear, with a 15-knot breeze from the N.W. and a strong flood tide running. The combination of these two weather conditions filled the river with white-capped waves, which made the sailing races highly interesting spectacles, and taxed the skill and knowledge of the skippers of the various craft to the utmost. The 85-foot event was started ten minutes after the 65-foot



A Close Finish—Knickerbocker C. C. Race.
Photo by A. E. Sanford.

event, and although the course was six miles, the smaller class was not overhauled before the finish. An idea of the exciting nature of the sailing races may be derived from the cut, which shows the close finish of the 85-foot class. The paddling events were remarkable for their stubborn contests from start to finish, there not being more than one length's difference between the winner and second man in any event. Ben J. Cromwell, Jr., vanquished all comers in the tilting contest, thereby becoming champion of the Hudson. Since entering this class, Cromwell's form has improved remarkably, as only two years ago he was a raw recruit; but constant practice has made of him an expert in this sport, his foot-work being especially remarkable. The race of the Stockwell brothers in the tandem doubles was one of the best ever seen on the river, and their stroke was a beautiful type of machine-like precision.

Camp was broken about dusk, and as the fleet floated down the Hudson homeward bound, the unanimous opinion of the canoeists was that the meet had been a tremendous success, and the camp and regatta committee, composed of Louis Reichert, chairman; W. G. Jones, Jr., and M. Ohlmeyer, deserved great credit for their efforts to make the camp the success it proved to be, and for their taste in choosing the handsome prizes.

A. C. A. Executive Committee Meeting.

To the Members of the Executive Committee, Board of Governors and Racing Board:

The annual executive meeting of the American Canoe Association will be held at Rochester, N. Y., October 15, 1904.

C. F. WOLTERS,
Commodore.

JOHN S. WRIGHT, Sec'y-Treas.

Why He Changed His Mind.

"WE have an invitation to float down White River with a canoe party," said a Nevada contractor to a Nevada lawyer.

"I'm too busy to go—couldn't think of it," replied the lawyer.

"They tell me," continued the contractor, "there is a bar about every half mile."

"A what?"

"A bar."

"Every half mile?"

"Every half mile."

"How long does it take a canoe to travel a half mile?"

"About ten minutes."

"I might arrange to go," said the lawyer. "I need a rest. Tell the boys to hold the place for me. I'll be with them if I don't break a leg!"—Kansas City Journal.

Animals at Play.

WHEN even trout have a form of play, it cannot be matter for surprise that both beasts and birds share the pleasure which frolic of a kind gives to the cold-blooded fishes of our rivers. But the degree in which their sport takes the form of game varies. Some animals will play with objects, just as a child amuses itself with a cup and ball or with a spinning top. Others play in company and use the element of competition and mock contests. But perhaps the commonest games of all are those in which they use their unique powers of speed, flight, climbing or diving in a kind of display in which they often combine the sense of successful physical achievement with some added satisfaction, evidently clear to their consciousness of doing this in company. The latter points to a rather highly organized degree of consciousness; but in view of the combined performances and displays of certain animals, especially birds, it is difficult to think that this can be absent. On one of the fine and still afternoons of the past winter, in the complete aerial repose which follows a day or two of cyclonic storms, when the London sky is "washed blue" after the downpour of rain which commonly follows these disturbances at a height of some 300 feet above the Green park, the London gulls were engaged in a form of combined aerial play, floating in a

long series of wide circles of very nearly the same diameter, though the number of birds in each varied. Though when seen from below this long ribbon-like festoon of floating birds seemed to be on a plane, they were really flying in spirals, rising and descending by setting their wings at different angles. As fresh birds from the region of the river saw this choregic game going on, they flew up in detachments and fell into place, adding to the number of circles, until the distance from the first to the last equaled nearly the whole length of the park. They then drifted slowly westward, maintaining the same order and concerted movement.

There is no doubt that many species of birds, especially those which frequent the surface and shores of water, are fond of this decorous play. Homer hints at it in his description of the happy birds on the Meander. Virgil notes the pleasure of the swans in their combined flight—*Aspice bis senos latantes agmine cygnos*. And following Homer's cranes to the continent of Africa, where they engaged in winter warfare with the pygmies, J. G. Millais has noted that every evening on the banks of the Nuanetzi River the cranes assembled and spent the last hours of daylight in aerial play, "floating spirals" over the African stream. The "floating" game is enjoyed by several species of English birds other than gulls, but not in such a combined form. Certain states of the air, when the winds are hushed and the sunbeams are bright, invite them to the sport. Rooks will ascend at such times to great altitudes, soaring in spirals and descending only to rise again. But it is the play of individuals in company, not in concerted movement. Wood pigeons do the same, and occasionally the ravens by the cliffs. The latter birds have a form of aerial play peculiar to themselves and "tumbler" pigeons. In the middle of a high flight they suddenly cease to move their wings, and fall headlong through the air, croaking loudly, as if to call attention to the joke. The water tournament of ducks, both wild and tame, and of domestic geese are a regular part of their activities. The call to play seems to come to them from the sky, just as in the case of the birds which combine for aerial games. When the sun is at its brightest and hottest, they are suddenly seized with an impulse to begin the sport. Beating the water with their wings, they rush hither and thither on the surface, and then dive one after another, keeping the fun going until they are all out of breath. It is very seldom that geese are seen to dive, but when playing this game they do so as instantaneously as does a dabchick or water hen, though the complete immersion and descent of so overgrown a bird as a fat domestic goose must entail considerable effort.

These combined displays are not common among mammals. The case of the "waltzing mice" naturally suggests itself. These little creatures run in circles incessantly, and when a number of them are together they appear to be acting by a common understanding. It is said, however, that these mice are suffering from an hereditary form of brain disease, which makes it impossible for them to run otherwise than in circles. But the roe-deer in the woods near Cawdor Castle have regular rings in which they amuse themselves by running in circles. By far the most playful of the young of the various animals are kids. They seem to have imagination as well as extraordinary activity, and being able to climb or leap on to almost any place which takes their fancy, their success in games such as "follow my leader," or the well-known one of "holding the fort," which is also played by lambs and puppies, is great.

Their exploits in this way sometimes cause serious anxiety to their mothers, who may be heard bleating in an agitated manner when they see one of their adventurous young standing on top of a wall, or running over a beam lying across a sawpit, during the progress of these games. Horses, if not ingenious in devising games, will play at almost any age. A mare of 22, which had been worked in a brougham in London for nearly the whole of her life, was taken down into the country and turned out with a young filly in a meadow. The change was so exhilarating that both did nothing but play, in a rough way, all day long, the old mare being the keener. They pretended to fight, pursued one another, and generally indulged in the rough antics which are appropriately named "horse play," till the coachman separated them, declaring that the old mare tired herself more than if she were in the shafts. Cattle, on the other hand, never seem to play at all, whether young or old.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

National Rifle Association.

In the opinion of military experts, the action recently taken by the National Rifle Association of America at its annual meeting at Sea Girt, N. J., looking toward the abolishment of annual membership in the Association and confining the membership to clubs or other organizations, will have a most important bearing upon the future of rifle practice in this country. Heretofore the National Rifle Association has been composed of life members, annual members and affiliated clubs. It is now proposed to make it strictly a central or governing body for the shooting clubs of the country, both civilian and military, and to confine its membership to representatives of these organizations rather than to individuals. The Association recommended to the board of directors that suitable action should be taken to effect this change, and there is no doubt the recommendation will be adopted. In treating on this subject, in his annual report, Lieut. Albert S. Jones, the secretary of the Association, pointed out that, although only five years have elapsed since the reorganization of the National Rifle Association, there are affiliated with it fifty active shooting organizations, representing nearly every section of the country and every class of shooting. Within the last year eighteen organizations, eleven of them military, five civilian and two State organizations, affiliated with the National Association.

Another action by the Association cannot fail to receive favorable comment from all those interested in rifle shooting, and that was the adoption of a resolution suggesting to the board of directors the advisability of holding the national meeting of the Association at the same time and place with the contest for the national trophy. It was never intended that the contest for the national trophy should be separated from that of the National Rifle Association, and the act of Congress creating the trophy provided that it should be shot for under rules and regulations of the national board, which is largely made up of trustees of the National Rifle Association. This year, however, the national match got side-tracked into a strictly army competition, contrary to the wishes of the national board, which brought the national trophy into existence. By uniting these two contests the number of prizes will be greatly increased, as will the attendance, for it is impossible for many of the expert marksmen to take four or six weeks away from their business in the fall of the year to

devote to these contests, as would be necessary were they held separately.

The announcement was made at the annual meeting of several additional prizes, which will be offered next year for long-distance shooting, as well as in the revolver matches.

In his annual report, Lieut. Jones suggested that all affiliated military organizations hold a competition for the National Rifle Association medal previous to the fall meeting and send to such meeting, at the organization's expense, the winner as the official representative of that organization in the President's match for the individual military championship of the United States. Many foreign countries have a plan similar to this, the difference being that the preliminary shoots are held by countries or cantonments. Such an arrangement would stimulate a great deal of friendly rivalry with the organizations for the honor of being sent to the big shoots.

Estimating Distances.

The probability that Congress will make provision at its next annual session for a large annual appropriation to be devoted to the purchase of ranges, the equipment of ranges, indoor and outdoor, distribution of ammunition to organizations of riflemen, etc., in accordance with the plan drafted by the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice, is responsible for renewed interest in rifle and revolver shooting. There are three—"yea, even four," as the Psalmist might say—requisites to good marksmanship: a gun, a target, ammunition and a place to shoot. The national board has announced its desire to secure an enrollment in the National Marksman's Reserve of from 500,000 to 1,000,000 men, and if Congress is really in earnest, adequate provisions must be made for the guns, ammunition, targets and, above all, ranges.

But, pending appropriations for this purpose, those desiring to learn to shoot, can find considerable amusement and experience that will be valuable later with a rifle, by undertaking to estimate distances. In the days to come, more and more attention will be paid to shooting at unknown distances, and to get into the front rank of shooters, skill in estimating distances is essential. Practice in this can be obtained very easily by first learning to step distances correctly, one step to the yard, and then, in course of a stroll through town or country, selecting an object, estimating the distance and counting the number of steps necessary to reach it.

This proposition appears to be a simple one, but it is more difficult than it seems, and the results—especially if the trials are made by parties of four or more—will be amusing, as well as instructive. Some time ago a party of thirty-five or forty gentlemen, the most expert rifle shots in the country, were gathered at Sea Girt, N. J., for the matches on the result of which depended the selection of a team to go to England to shoot for the Palma trophy. Some one asked how far it was to a certain fence, and immediately every man estimated the distance. After much good-natured bantering, the distance was paced, and the result was ludicrous. Every one had over-estimated it, the closest guess being 50 yards out of the way, while the majority exceeded it by 200 yards.

Do you know?

That at 30 yards the white of a man's eye is plainly seen, and the eyes themselves up to 80 yards?

That at 100 yards all parts of the body are seen distinctly, slight movements are perceptible, and the minute details of the uniform can be distinguished?

That at 200 yards the outlines of the face are confused, and the rows of buttons look like stripes?

That at 400 yards the face is a mere dot, but all movements of the legs and arms are still distinct?

That at 600 yards details can no longer be distinguished, though files of a squad, if the light is strong, can be counted?

That at 800 yards the men in a squad cannot be counted, nor their individual movements distinguished?

At 1,000 yards a line of men resemble a broad belt; the direction of their march can, however, be readily determined. At 1,200 yards cavalry can be distinguished from infantry, and at 2,000 yards a mounted man usually appears as a mere speck.

Yet in these days of long-range weapons, battles are fought at a distance of 1,000 yards, and it is desirable for marksmen to qualify at that range. The new rifle, with which our troops are to be equipped, has a maximum effective fighting range of 4,781 yards, or more than two and one-half miles. In other words, a bullet from this rifle will kill or disable at a greater distance than the man firing it can distinguish an individual enemy from the surrounding landscape.

Presque Isle Rifle Club.

ERIE, Pa., Sept. 17.—The following scores were made to-day, a good many of the shooters being visitors:

W A Parker.....	82 75 75—232	G E Shafer.....	68 67 64—199
J Bacon.....	75 73 72—220	F D Allen.....	67 66 65—198
J Almeda.....	76 73 71—220	G C Hahn.....	67 64 59—190
Dr A C Wheeler.....	78 73 66—217	J W Paul.....	61 48 47—156
*W S Wheeler.....	78 70 66—208	W J Leyer.....	60 50 45—155
J G Germann.....	73 71 69—213	W W Jordan.....	59 49 43—151

*The score-keeper made this score 213; I can only find 208 in it. CABIA BLANCO.

Rifle Notes.

The annual King shoot of the Dayton Sharpshooters will be held at their new range, on the Dayton Gun Club's grounds, on Oct. 20. There will be free-for-all events and riflemen will be welcome.

The silver cup given to the Dayton Sharpshooters by Michael J. Schwind, and which has been contested for the past few years, will be presented to John F. Beaver, by unanimous vote of the society. He has won it three times this year, and each time by the same score, 118 out of a possible 125, five shots, 200yds., muzzle rest. A new cup will be offered at the May contest, and any member winning three of the six contests will become its owner.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Sept. 28.—Concord, Staten Island.—Richmond Gun Club all-day shoot. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
Sept. 28-29.—Concordia, Kans.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Concordia Gun Club. L. S. Myers, Sec'y. Elmer E. Shaner, Mgr.
Sept. 28-29.—Homer, Ill.—Homer-Ogden Gun Club tournament.
Sept. 29-30.—Centralia, Ill.—Trapshooting Club tournament. T. W. Rice, Sec'y.
Oct. 4-5.—Crawfordsville, Ind.—Gun Club tournament.
Oct. 4-5.—Allegheny, Pa.—North Side Gun Club.
Oct. 6-7.—Dalton, O.—Gun sixth annual tournament. Ernest F. Scott, Capt.
Oct. 6-7.—St. Marys, Pa.—Two-day shoot.
Oct. 10-11.—Carthage, Mo.—Seventh tournament of the Missouri League of Trapshooters. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y.
Oct. 11.—Batavia, N. Y.—second annual fall tournament of the Holland Gun Club.
Oct. 12-13.—Sistersville, W. Va.—Gun Club fall tournament. Added money to all events, and prizes. Ed. O. Bower, Sec'y.
Oct. 12-13.—Indianapolis, Ind.—Gun Club fall tournament. James W. Bell, Sec'y.
Oct. 15.—Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Poughkeepsie-Ossining team match.
Oct. 18-19.—Litchfield, Ill.—Consolidated Trapshooters' Congress.
Oct. 18-20.—New London, Ia.—Gun Club tournament. Dr. E. C. Cook, Sec'y.
Oct. 26.—Concord, Staten Island.—All-day target shoot of the Mullerite Gun Club, on the grounds of the Richmond Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
Nov. 1-3.—St. Louis Mo.—World's Fair shoot; live birds and targets. Alec D. Mermod, Mgr., 620 Locust street.
Nov. 17-19.—Tampa, Fla.—Tampa Bay Rod and Gun Club, \$400 added. J. A. Hansbrough, Sec'y.
*Western Pennsylvania Trapshooters' League tournaments. C. G. Grubb, Sec'y, Pittsburg.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM goes to press on TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

Mr. D. A. Upson, of Cleveland, O., famous as one of America's most skillful trapshots, returned recently from a shooting trip in the chicken country. He enjoyed excellent sport.

The attractions of the fields and woods where birds and beasts abound have tempted many away from their regular domicile, hence there is less activity in trapshooting matters at this season.

The second annual fall tournament of the Holland Gun Club will be held at Agricultural Park, Batavia, N. Y., Tuesday, Oct. 11. The programme will be issued in a few days. Messrs. James Knickerbocker and Chas W. Gardiner are the members of the committee.

Capt. C. G. Blandford writes us as follows: "Kindly announce that the next team shoot between the Poughkeepsie and Ossining. N. Y., gun clubs will be held at Poughkeepsie on Oct. 15. All members of this club are requested to be present on the club grounds for practice Oct. 1."

The fourth annual tournament, under the auspices of the Raleigh, N. C. Club, in conjunction with the State Fair, Oct. 19-20, has a programme of ten events, each day, open to all amateurs; \$2 entrance, \$7.50 added. Total of added money, \$150. The Lyon trophy, valued at \$100, will be shot for by North Carolina amateurs only, and the highest score made on Thursday, Oct. 20, in extra event, will be declared the winner. This cup must be won twice in succession to become property of the shooter. Targets 2 cents; sliding handicap, 16 to 20yds. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Moneys divided 40, 30, 20, 10. Mr. R. T. Gowan is the secretary.

The programme of the first annual tournament, given by the Recreation Rod and Gun Club, of Morgantown, W. Va., Sept. 27, provides ten events, at 15, 20 and 25 targets, three of which have merchandise prizes. Event 6 is the five-man team race, 25 targets per man. Events 7, 8, 9 and 10 are governed by the Jack Rabbit system. Shooting commences at 9:30. Guns, shells, etc., delivered on the grounds free. The programme further states that "it will be entirely optional with shooters whether they shoot for prizes and money, or simply for practice. Merchandise prizes will be shot for under a sliding handicap, viz.: Each contestant will get to shoot at as many extra targets as he misses in scheduled event, also one extra additional target for every three targets missed in scheduled event. Example: J. Brown shoots at 15 targets, breaks 12; he is entitled to come to score and shoot at 4 more targets. If he broke 11, he would get five extra; if 10, he would get 6 extra, and if 9, he would get 8 extra targets. For further information address Elmer F. Jacobs, Sec'y."

BERNARD WATERS.

Recreation Rod and Gun Club.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., Sept. 23.—The Recreation Rod and Gun Club held its twenty-fifth regular weekly shoot this afternoon at Recreation Park, with sixteen guns out. The gusty wind conditions made good scores very hard to make, and as a consequence, our percentages were not up to the average for the past month.

The club championship medal was won for the week by Capt. John M. Cobun, with an average for the afternoon's programme of 90.2 per cent.

In the club event, Price was high in Class A, with 24. Cobun was high gun in Class C, with 17. The scores:

Ten targets: Dawson 7, Price 5, Jacobs 8, Jas. H. Smith 5, J. L. Smith 9, B. S. White 7, Taylor 8, Geo. F. Miller 7, Kennedy 8, Van Voorhis 8.

President's cup, handicap: Dawson shot at 18, broke 16; Price 19, 17; Jacobs 18, 11; J. H. Smith 22, 13; J. L. Smith 19, 9; B. C. White 18, 15; Taylor 20, 16; Geo. F. Miller 21, 13; Cobun 22, 18; Kennedy 18, 13; Moreland 19, 13; Herd 20, 11; Cronniger 20, 9.

Club prizes, 25 targets: Dawson 20, Price 24, Jacobs 18, Jas. H. Smith 17, J. L. Smith 15, B. S. White 19, Taylor 18, Geo. F. Miller 16, Cobun 24, Kennedy 15, Moreland 17, Herd 11, Cronniger 16, Chas. White 13, L. P. Smith 15, Van Voorhis 22.

Fourth event, club team race, eight men, 15 birds per man: Price, captain, 14, Dawson 11, Geo. F. Miller 11, Kennedy 10, Moreland 11, L. P. Smith 10, Herd 9, J. L. Smith 10; total 86.

Cobun, captain, 14, B. S. White 10, Jacobs 13, Jas. H. Smith 13, Van Voorhis 10, Taylor 13, Cronniger 8, Chas. White 12; total 93.

E. F. JACOBS, Sec'y.

"Pigeon Main."

THE following, concerning a "pigeon main," is taken from the Norfolk, Va., Chronicle: The pigeon main between Norfolk and South Norfolk will take place Sept. 20 at Lafayette Park, beginning at 2:30 o'clock, for \$100 a side. Well-known shots, representing Norfolk in this shoot, are Capt. E. O. Lambert, Capt. Washington Lambert and Mr. F. L. Jarvis. Those representing South Norfolk are Mr. Henry Grenalds, Mr. C. C. Grenalds and Mr. T. M. Claud.

All these gentlemen are well known as experts with the gun in this special line of work, and an interesting entertainment is promised to all lovers of the sport. Newport News, Suffolk, Cape Charles and Baltimore will participate in the sweepstakes.

Mayor Riddick will contest with Mr. James Ridgewell, shooting 10 birds each for a setter dog, presented by Capt. Wash. Lambert. The judges of the contest will be Mayor Riddick and Mr. James Ridgewell.

After the shoot, Capt. Wash. Lambert will endeavor to lower the world's record of breaking 100 glass balls, the record being 4 minutes and 29 seconds. This feature of the day's sport will no doubt be very interesting to all. Half the gate receipts go to the Boys' Home.

Aquidneck Gun Club.

NEWPORT, R. I., Sept. 21.—Eighteen contestants participated in the shoot of the Aquidneck Gun Club in the weekly shoot. The main event was the semi-monthly contest for the Winchester gun and the weekly shoot for the gold badge. Scores:

Events:	1 2 3 4	Events:	1 2 3 4
Targets:	10 15 10 15 T	Targets:	10 15 10 15 T
Powel, 19.....	8 12 8 12—37	H A Peckham, 18	6 10 6 6—28
Alexander, 19....	6 9 7 15—37	Coggeshall, 17....	4 6 5 9—24
Griffin, 20.....	7 12 7 11—37	E S Peckham, 19	3 8 5 8—24
Hughes, 19.....	6 11 6 10—33	Lewis.....	7 13 7 8—35
Gosling, 18.....	7 12 5 13—37	Eggers.....	9 13 8 10—40
Dring, 18.....	5 11 6 13—35	Aldrich.....	8 12 6 9—35
Bowler, 20.....	7 8 8 9—32	Bullard.....	8 13 7 9—37
Hamilton, 16....	8 7 6 8—29	Bonney.....	5 6 5 11—27
Graham, 16.....	6 10 5 7—28		

Medal event: Powel 22, Alexander 18, Griffin 15, Hughes 22, Dring 17, Bowler 17, Lewis 21, Eggers 23, Aldrich 23, Bullard 16, Bonney 14.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Seashore Gun Club.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—The shoot of the Seashore Gun Club, was held here Sept. 19, 20 and 21; the scores are appended:

Sept. 19, First Day.

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Targets:	15 20 25 20 15 20 15 20 20
Elliott.....	14 18 25 19 14 20 12 19 20
Butler.....	13 15 20 14 12 14 10 13 17
Fanning.....	15 19 24 19 15 17 12 20 19
Apgar.....	13 19 20 18 15 18 14 18 18
McHugh.....	12 15 22 10 14 15 10 12 ..
Lupus.....	12 16 18 17 12 16 14 13 17
Foord.....	12 17 21 19 13 20 13 19 17
Malone.....	14 17 17 17 11 14 12 17 16
Chew.....	9 10 13 19 9 13 12 19 14
Waters.....	14 20 24 19 15 19 14 16 20
Bryan.....	13 14 20 16 13 17 8 19 17
Garrigue.....	13 19 22 18 13 20 13 17 19
Ward.....	13 19 19 13 13 15 12 10 ..
Frank.....	14 13 18 9 11 14 14 18 ..
Pratt.....	15 14 21 18 12 14
Clark.....	12 15 19 15 10 15 13 17 18
Welles.....	11 19 21 15 14 17 12 14 18
Torpey.....	11 18 19 15 15 14 8 11 ..
Johnson.....	14 16 23 18 13 20 13 19 18
Hackett.....	11 16 18 16 10 16 11 12 17
Young.....	9 14
Herold.....	8 8
Ritter.....	14 18 19 17 9
Frank.....	8 8
Fisher.....	9 9
Bennet.....	14 18 22 16 13 15 12 16 ..
Buck.....	10 10
Evans.....	12 15 .. 15 14 14
Bisset.....	14 19 18 20 13 19 11 19 ..
Huber.....	16 .. 17 15 .. 17 13

Sept. 20, Second Day.

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
Targets:	15 20 15 20 25 15 20 20 20 25
Elliott.....	15 19 13 18 25 15 19 20 23
Butler.....	8 16 10 16 15 10 15 19 11 17
Fanning.....	14 19 13 19 25 15 19 17 25
Apgar.....	15 20 15 18 22 15 17 18 17 24
McKelvey.....	12 18 13 17 23 13 19 18 15 22
Lupus.....	12 18 11 17 17 12 16 16 8 21
Foord.....	10 20 15 20 24 14 20 19 18 25
Malone.....	14 17 11 77 23 11 17 15 15 24
Chew.....	8 8 12 15 23 10 13 17 12 20
Waters.....	14 14 10 14 22 11 18 19 14 24
Bryan.....	14 17 11 15 20 13 15 20 12 23
Garrigue.....	13 16 14 16 23 14 18 20 17 23
Clark.....	13 17 12 18 .. 13 17 17 14 17
Welles.....	13 19 14 18 22 13 20 17 17 24
Johnson.....	15 15 14 19 22 14 19 19 15 23
Aiman.....	15 17 11 16 18 12 17
Stevens.....	7 15 11 12 16
Buckwalter.....	15 16 14 18 25 13 19 18 ..
Evelen.....	12 .. 14 14
Colemans.....	14 19 15 17 25
Torpey.....	10 18 12 17 19 12 16 16 10 ..
Evans.....	.. 14 11
Tallman.....	.. 12
Parker..... 8 11 13 9 ..
Hackett..... 14 18 19 15 21

Sept. 21, Third Day.

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6	Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6
Targets:	15 20 25 15 20 25	Targets:	15 20 25 15 20 25
Elliott.....	14 20 23 14 20 22	Johnson.....	9 14 24 15 19 23
Foord.....	14 17 25 11 20 18	Walker.....	3 4
Fanning.....	14 18 25 14 18 21	Evelen.....	11
Apgar.....	14 19 23 14 20 23	Hackett.....	12 18 19 11 17 24
Waters.....	14 19 23 12 20 22	Torpey.....	13 15 19 14 17 19
Welles.....	11 20 22 13 17 24	Marshall.....	7
Garrigue.....	14 14 19 9 18 23	Parker.....	6
Pratt.....	11 14 20 13 14 20	Young.....	13
Clark.....	13 .. 21 13 16 18	Loder.....	.. 17

Fairview Gun Club.

Fairview, N. J., Sept. 24.—A strong wind blew during the afternoon, making shooting very difficult, no two targets taking the same kind of light. Chas. Sedore's score of 25 straight, was remarkably good shooting. The scores, each event at 25 targets:

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
Targets:	15 20 25 15 20 25
S Glover.....	21 19 15
Chas Sedore.....	18 25 17
C Hoessick.....	11 9 22 11 .. 10 ..
H P.....	18 13 11 10 14 17 12 20
Dr Moeller.....	15 18 20 21 18 16 13 17
Con Sedore.....	20 17 16 .. 17 .. 18 18
H Von Lengerke.....	23 20 24 23
Geo Sauer.....	21 18 22 22 22 14

Bound Brook Gun Club.

BOUND BROOK, N. J. Sept. 17.—The last shoot for the Pardoe cup was shot to-day. Mr. F. K. Steele wound things up by winning the cup three successive times, which is not an easy thing to do. He is to be congratulated, as he made a good fight for it under discouraging conditions. Mr. Steele is a hard worker in the club. It was a popular win. Mrs. Pardoe visited the club and took a try at the bluebirds, making a good score for the first trial.

Our club is considering putting up three silver cups to be shot for in classes.

Events:	1 2 3 4	Events:	1 2 3 4
Targets:	10 10 5 10	Targets:	10 10 5 10
Dr J B Pardoe.....	7 6 2 ..	Martin.....	4 3 3 4
Mrs J B Pardoe.....	2 3 ..	B Prugh.....	4 .. 4 6
F K Stelle.....	7 4 8		

Pardoe cup, club racc. Mr. Martin was a visitor:

	Broke.	Hdcp.	Total.
Dr J B Pardoe.....	100100111110111011101111—18	2	20
B Prugh.....	1111100000101011100000—11	12	23
F K Stelle.....	1111101111101001110001—18	10	25
Martin.....	011111010100001110000000		10

Montclair Gun Club.

Montclair, N. J., Sept. 24.—Some fourteen men lined up at the traps at the shoot of the Montclair Gun Club. The wind was very strong at times, and this was productive of some very uneven scores.

Event No. 2, prize a buckhorn-handled corkscrew, was tied for by Mr. Kendall and Mr. Geo. Batten, and on the toss, went to Mr. Batten.

Event No. 3, a team match, five men on a side, captained by Messrs. Babcock and Batten, was won by Mr. Babcock's team; score 79 to 75.

All the shooting done from now to Jan. 1 will count on the match for the silver loving cup for the member who makes the longest consecutive score on any one afternoon.

Mr. Kendall did the best to-day with 19 straight. Mr. T. E. Batten was not in his usual form, owing to a recently dislocated shoulder.

CHARLES DALY GUNS.



No. 375. DIAMOND DALY.

Prices, \$125.00 to \$500.00 Net.

The Locks and Action are the genuine Anson & Deeley system—Charles Daly pattern—which means that the frame is one inch longer than the regular Anson & Deeley frame, making the leverage greater. Deeley locks the safest and best; they are the most expensive to make and are used by several of the leading makers of high-class guns. The Lock parts are highly polished and finished better than most guns costing twice as much.

The stocks are made of selected Italian Walnut, with pistol grip and rubber butt plate. The Fore End is fitted with the celebrated Deeley & Edge patent fore end snap.

The Barrels are "Krupp's Genuine Fluid Steel," marked "Fluid-Steel-

SPECIFICATIONS:

Gauges, 12, 16 and 20.

Barrel, 26, 28 and 30 inches long.

THESE guns have been made in the factory of Charles Daly, in Suhl, Prussia, Germany, for the past thirty-five years. This town produces only high grade guns and there are probably more fine guns and rifles made here for the aristocracy of Europe than in any city in the world. We have had the pleasure of selling thousands of these fine guns to gentlemen in the United States, and our customers can testify to the shooting qualities, fitting, balance and beautiful lines of **Charles Daly Guns**. It is conceded that no gun makers give more attention to details, such as the inside lock work, fitting of the locks and woodwork, finishing of the barrels, etc., than does the **Charles Daly Gun Factory**.

Our aim has been, and will continue to be, to make only the highest grade guns and we shall, as in the past, spare no expense to turn out the best gun in the world, 50 per cent. better than those of other makes which are held at the same price.

J. P. SAUER & SON GUNS

THIS firm has for some years made these guns for us, under contract. They have been introduced in this country as the **Charles Daly Field Gun**. The very fact that we have allowed them to bear the name of **Charles Daly** is a guarantee of quality, as there is no better known and more carefully made gun in the world than the **Charles Daly**.

Messrs. J. P. Sauer & Son being desirous of increasing their business in the United States, have, therefore, requested us to sell these guns under their own name, and in order to facilitate matters, have placed us in a position to sell them at prices which will place them within the reach of all sportsmen wishing a strictly first-class gun at a moderate price. Hereafter the guns will be made in all popular weights that are required by American sportsmen—light, medium and heavy, for upland, duck and trap shooting.



No. 108. Three Barrel Hammerless.

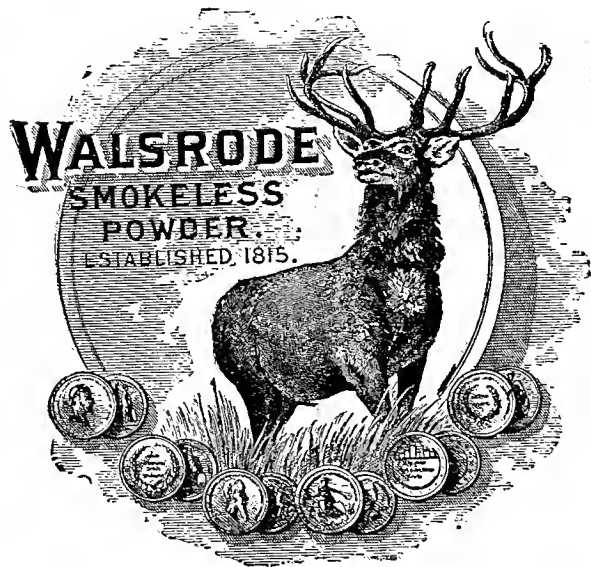
Prices, \$90.00 to \$200.00 Net.

The Lock parts are "Krupp-Essen" on the rib. These barrels are equal or better than used in many guns costing three times as much. The guns are bored on the same system that has made the Daly gun renowned for its wonderful shooting qualities. The Rib is beautifully matted with a large Extension Rib which, with two bolts on the lug, gives it three distinct catches.

Drops, 2 1-4 to 3 inches.

Weights, 5 1-4 to 7 3-4 pounds.

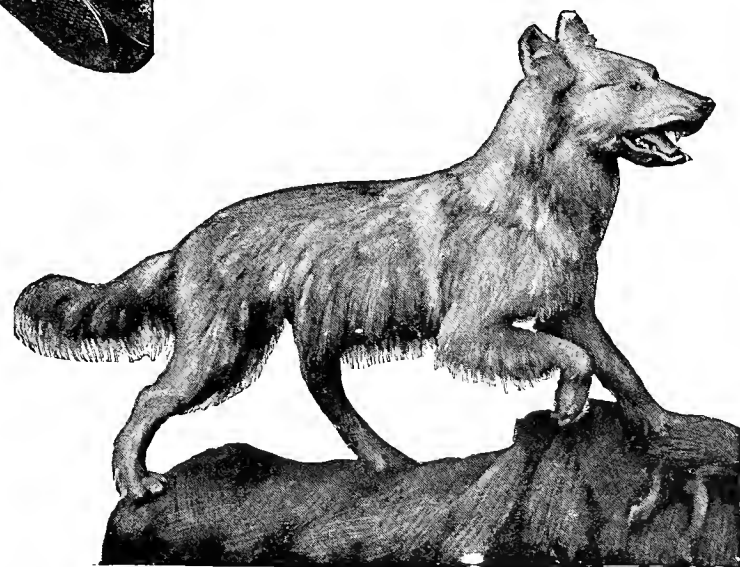
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your shells loaded with
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THREE SAMPLE GUN BARGAINS.

The "Fremont" Single-barrel Shotgun

SIMPLEST, SAFEST, STRONGEST and BEST Single Gun for the price on the market.

DESCRIPTION: 12 Gauge. Barrels, 30 and 32 inch. Plain Steel. Stock, Fine Walnut, Elegant Hard Rubber Butt Plate, special design.

Our price, \$3.50

NOTE.—This gun has full pistol grip, something you will find only on the highest grade guns.

Double-barrel Back Action Shotgun

Top Snap Action, Laminated Figure Steel Barrels, Extension Rib, Back Action Steel Locks, Pistol Grip, Checkered Stock and Fore-arm, New Style Circular Hammers, Improved Patent Plungers, Polished Case Hardened Frame, Patent Snap Fore-end, Rebounding Locks, etc.

Our price, \$9.00

Double-barrel Bar Lock Shotgun

Top Snap Action, Laminated Figure Steel Barrels, Extension Rib, Bar Locks, Pistol Grip, Checkered Stock and Fore-arm, New Style Circular Hammers, Improved Patent Plungers, Polished Case Hardened Frame, Patent Snap Fore-end, Rebounding Locks, etc.

Our price, \$10.00

We sell Harrington & Richardson, Hopkins & Allen, Forehand and Stevens Single-barrel Guns at same price.

We will ship these guns express paid, if you send cash with order.

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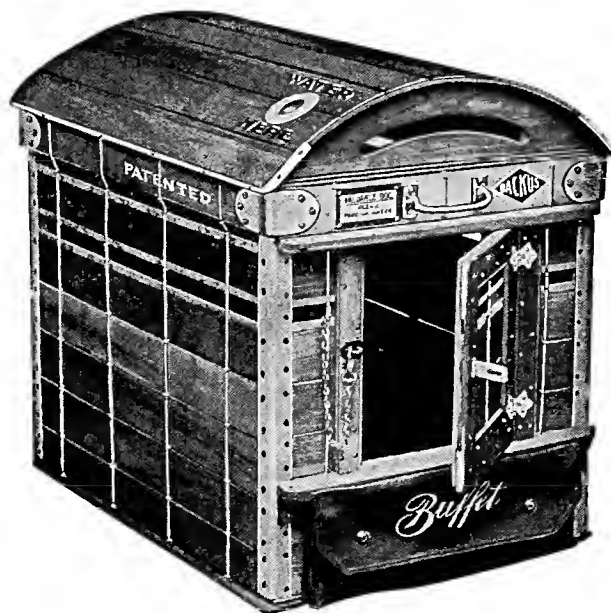
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Will Improve Your Dog's Coat.



DOG CRATES.

In manufacturing these dog crates, we keep two points constantly in view. One is to save the money of the dog owner; the other is to save the life and limb of the dog. We accomplish the first by making the crate so light that the express charges will be greatly reduced, the saving on the first two or three trips often paying the cost of the crate.

No. 1.	Length, 24 in.;	width, 17 in.;	height, 18 in.	\$ 9.00
No. 2.	" 30 "	" 18 "	" 22 "	10.00
No. 3.	" 36 "	" 21 "	" 26 "	12.00
No. 4.	" 42 "	" 24 "	" 32 "	16.00
No. 5.	" 48 "	" 30 "	" 36 "	22.00
Special oval top crate for two setters.....				15.00
Dog Carrying Baskets.....				\$3.00 to \$6.00

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LATEST LIST OF

DENT'S DOG REMEDIES.

N. B.—The articles marked by a star can be sent by mail if desired. Postage extra.

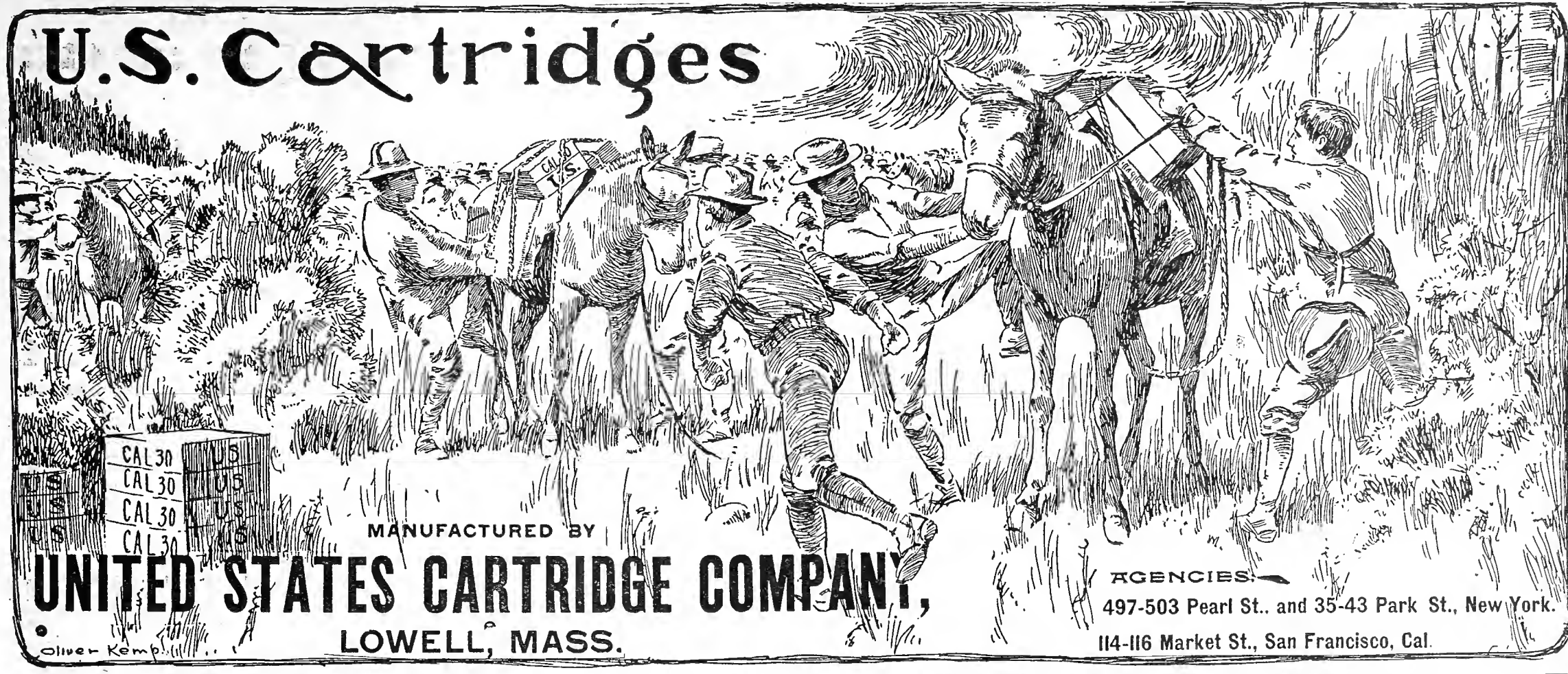
Dent's Distemperine (Liquid),	\$0.50
" Distemperine (Pills), Postage 2c.50
" Vermifuge (Liquid)50
" Vermifuge (Capsules) post, 2c.50
" Tape-worm Exp. (Caps), post, 2c.50
" Pepsinated Cond. Pills, post, 2c.50
" Blood Pur. & Cooling Pills, post, 2c.50
" Laxative Tablets, post, 2c.50
" Diarrhoea Tablets, post, 2c.50
" Canker Lotion (Tablets), post, 2c.50
" Eye Lotion,50
" Mange Cure,50
" Skin Cure,50
" Fit Cure,50
" Chorea Remedy,	1.00
" Goitre Cure,	1.00
" Germol (Disinfectant)25
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WESTERN TRAP.

Paducah Tournament.

PADUCAH, Ky., Sept. 19.—The four-day tournament held Sept. 14-17, was not as largely attended as it should have been, considering the very liberal programme and the combined effort of the Paducah Gun Club and the Kentucky State League.

Two days were given up to target shooting and two to live birds. In the target events Marshall led and won the average, with Brody, Spencer, Ben Starr and Anderson close up and fighting until the last. If "our Tom" keeps going, he will get well up in the high average tournament list before the season closes.

The live birds were not, as a rule, of the corking kind; yet now and then there was a good one, which spoiled straight scores. Still, there were too many straights. In the 12-bird event ten went straight, half those entered. In the 25-bird handicap, seven killed out, and then it took 35 to decide the handicap tie.

The championship of the State is now with Ben Starr, who killed 60 straight in the shoot, and for the tournament, 119 straight, which is a remarkable score, and may never be beaten.

The weather was fine, and the officers are not discouraged with the poor attendance and will endeavor to hold two big shoots next year. The scores:

	Sept. 15—	Sept. 16—	Total—
	Shot at. Broke.	Shot at. Broke.	Shot at. Broke.
Marshall	195 182	195 178	390 360
Brady	195 180	195 178	390 358
Spencer	195 178	195 178	390 356
Wilson	195 164	195 166	390 330
De Compt	195 162	195 160	390 322
Q Ward	195 175	195 170	390 345
Clay	195 154	195 162	390 316
Anderson	195 178	195 177	390 355
Meaders	195 155	195 151	390 306
M Starr	195 183	195 169	390 352
Mercer	195 177	195 168	390 345
Ben Starr	195 179	195 177	390 356
P C Ward	195 162	195 165	390 327
Armstrong	195 164	195 168	390 332
Guy Ward	195 166	195 175	390 341
Money	195 182	195 164	390 346
Hansboro	195 157	195	390 157
Pinkston	195 152	195 150	390 302
Moss	195 169	195 154	390 323
Morgan	195 168	195	390 168
Edwards	195	195 144	390 144
Floyd	195	195 128	390 128
Eaker	195	195 122	390 122
Provwse	195	195 165	390 165
Davis	195	195 154	390 154

Live Birds, Sept. 15.

Event 1, entrance \$5, 7 birds: Anderson 7, B. Starr 7, Marshall 6, Brady 7, Wilson 7, Page 5, Wagner 7, Edwards 5, Le Compte 5, Q Ward 6, Clay 7, Spencer 7, Armstrong 6, Duncan 6, Kennedy 6, M. Starr 7, Hansboro 6, Alexander 7, Lyons, 2, w., Money 7.

Event 2, \$10 entrance, 12 birds: Marshall 12, Brady 11, Le Compte 12, Duncan 12, Q Ward 12, Clay 12, Spencer 12, Kennedy 9, Ben Starr 12, Edwards 10, Hansboro 6 w., Money 12, M. Starr 9, Anderson 12, Page 11, Wilson 10, H. Beyer 12, Alexander 9, Armstrong 11, Prowse 10, Davis 11.

Event 3, \$15 entrance, 20 birds: Marshall 20, Brady 19, Edwards 18, Le Compte 18, Duncan 20, Q Ward 19, Clay 20, Spencer 20, Kennedy 18, B. Starr 20, H. Beyer 16, M. Starr 4 w., Money 13, Page 20, Anderson 20, Lyons 1 w., Davis 18, Wilson 18, Alexander 17, Armstrong 19.

Sept. 16.—Event 1, \$5 entrance, 7 birds: Lyons 7, Page 6, B. Starr 7, Wilson 7, Edwards 6, Le Compte 6, Duncan 6, Marshall 6, Anderson 7, Spencer 7, Q Ward 7, Clay 7, Kennedy 6, Brady 7, Prago 6, Armstrong 7, Carver 7, M. Starr 6.

Event 2, \$10 entrance, 25 birds: Brady 23, Lyons 24, B. Starr 25, Q Ward 25, Clay 24, Kennedy 22, Carver 25, Page 23, Duncan 25, Davis 10 w., Mercer 22, Armstrong 23, H. Beyer 21, M. Starr 25, Marshall 25, Wilson 24, Edwards 23, Anderson 23, Prago 18, Le Compte 23, Money 23, Alexander 19, Spencer 25.

Shoot-off: B. Starr 35, Q Ward 34, Duncan 33, M. Starr 25.

Afro-American Trapshooters' League.

St. Louis, Sept. 23.—During the past two days the colored trapshooters of this country have been holding the second grand Afro-American handicap at targets, at the DuPont Park, this city.

St. Louis was selected on account of the cheap rates to the World's Fair. The weather man was kind, and nothing lacking save that the wind was strong, and as the traps still face the sun, the shooting was difficult during the last afternoon, when the championship was decided.

The attendance was not so large as expected, though several States were represented, viz.: J. Edward Deaton, Dayton, O.; J. W. Maxey, Springfield, O.; D. C. Lawry, Urbana, O.; J. R. Roundtree, B. T. Willis, Chas. Johnson, F. Milliken, W. E. Tucker, Little Rock, Ark.; J. Crockett, S. A. Edwards and Leon Jordan, Kansas City, Mo.; T. H. Cohron and R. H. Monday, of Pleasant Hill, Mo.

The first day was taken up with eleven 10-target events, with optional sweeps to suit those present. Roundtree won the first general average with 78 out of 110, and he had the pleasure of having his board bill paid for two days, while Milligan won the hunting coat and Edwards a box of cigars.

The second day was the most interesting, as a number of valuable prizes were listed, viz.: Marlin shotgun, Ithaca hammerless, Hunter Arms Co. challenge trophy, Rawlings Sporting Goods Co. and others that caused the competition to be exciting.

The champion from Dayton, O., Deaton, proved much too strong for the others; yet he did not capture either of the gun prizes, as Lawry won the Marlin and Crockett the Ithaca. He, however, ran away with the championship with 42 out of 50, being 5 to the good over all. Then to show what he could do, made a straight in the last event. Hailing from Dayton, no doubt, he has often watched the "Daddy of 'em All" smash 'em up, as he has the quick, snappy way that makes target smashers who win. Scores follow:

Sept. 22, first day.—Shooting at 110 targets, eleven events of 10 targets, the totals were: Tucker 40, Edwards 70, Johnson 65, Monday 62, Willis 55, Jordan 66, Crockett 61, Roundtree 78, Cohron 65, Milligan 77.

Sept. 23, second day.—The programme had a total of 190 targets for this day.

	Shot at. Broke.		Shot at. Broke.
Tucker	165 96	Jordan	155 103
Edwards	190 96	Mulligan	190 125
Willis	190 122	Monday	165 82
Crockett	190 122	Deaton	190 161
Johnson	190 116	Mosie	165 81
Cohron	190 110	Lawry	165 110
Roundtree	190 130		

Webb City Tournament.

Webb City, Mo., Sept. 22.—The new gun club held its first shoot on Thursday at the grounds south of town. The club starts well, and a club house will soon be erected that will accommodate all who may attend. Some fair scores were made, while others can improve. B. Gammon made 24 out of 60, J. J. Gettinger 29 out of 50, C. E. Jones 25 out of 50, Al Dixon 43 out of 50, Herman Jones 26 out of 60, Teddie Brevier 33 out of 70, Bass George 40 out of 70, Phil Gray 30 out of 70, Cook 0 out of 10, Bob Jones 21 out of 70, McLoughlin 43 out of 60, McCormack 6 out of 30, Hamilton 21 out of 40.

Guthrie Tournament.

Guthrie, O. T., Sept. 17.—The Neal and Harris tournament, although not largely attended, was a success in every way. Shooters were present from Kansas, Missouri, Oklahoma, Indian Territory and Texas. The trade was represented by Hubby, Sharp, Faurote, Aughtrey. Jim Head was present also, but he had too much business in town to spend much time at the shooting grounds. The shooting was somewhat difficult on both days owing to the high wind, and the shooters were kept busy figuring where to put their shot charge so the targets would duck into it. The high average the first day was made by Boston and Huston, Faurote second and Reust third. Faurote made high average the second day, Hubby second and Harris third. For both days Faurote was high man, Reust second and Hubby third. The White trophy event was warmly contested and resulted in a tie between L. R. Owen, of Cushing, and T. B. Newton, of Skedee, each breaking 48 out of 50 targets. Owen won trophy in the shoot-off.

Silver City Tournament.

El Paso, Tex., Sept. 22.—The shoot at Silver City, N. M., was a good one, most of the scores averaging well. The interest was centered in the team shoot, five men from El Paso, Tex., composed of Rand, Burdick, Hitt, Campbell and Shelton. The Silver team was Farnsworth, Loyne, Carter and Powell. The second and last events counted on the \$150 cup, and the El Paso boys report having been entertained so grandly that they could not shoot their best. Rand, 166, and Burdick, 161 out of 175, were high men of the programme.

Missouri League Tournament.

Moberly, Mo., Sept. 24.—The sixth tournament of the Missouri League of Trapshooters was held Sept. 22 and 23, with fine weather, but light attendance. It would seem that the border towns would have been represented, and there are many good towns near by in the center of the State where good gun clubs used to flourish.

The manufacturers' agents were quite numerous. Billy Heer, M. Sharp, Tom Marshall, Charles Spencer and W. H. Viemeyer.

The scores show that Bill Heer had to get very busy on the last day to beat out Marshall for high average. Spencer, Holland and Thomas made a tie. Dr. Clapp could not hold up the second day, as he was busy with the management.

The high scores for those who shot through the two days' programme, 400 targets, were: Heer 384, Marshall 380, Spencer 363, Holland 363, Thomas 363, Clapp 355, Dr. Hickerson 338.

In Other Places.

San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 20.—The weather man was good to us on the coast when it came to the last shoot of the Golden Gate Gun Club, of Ingleside. Of course, the finals were hotly contested in each class. The Bekeart challenge cup brought together Nauman and Webb against Holling. Each man a tie on 92. In shooting off the tie, Nauman outstayed the others. Out of 50 he got 49, Holling 47, Webb 44.

Information is at hand to the effect that on Oct. 2 the Corner Rod and Gun Club, of Fort Wayne, Ind., will open the fall shooting season with a 50 live-bird match between Hugh Clark, of Wabash, and Max Witz, of the home club. This will be the opening match on the new grounds, where in the future many of the principal shoots held in the State of Indiana will take place. This large club will exert an influence which will serve to bring the rusty guns from their neglected places, and good matches will result in the near future.

The Trenton, O., Gun Club held a shoot Sept. 28. J. Haaman, of Hamilton, was official scorer, while H. Schoenfeld is president. J. H. Keer is secretary and H. Goebel treasurer of the home club.

The Serena, Ill., Gun Club has a membership that most large cities would be proud of. The last shoot at Cedar Stock Farm was a great success.

The Houghton, Mich., Gun Club held their annual meeting on Thursday night and officers were re-elected for the coming year: J. H. Rice, President; R. M. Edwards, Vice-President; J. M. Vivian, Secretary; F. I. Cairns, Captain; Members of Executive Board: John C. Pryor and J. J. Lealand. President Rice has donated a cup to competition. The invitation is extended to all shooters to join in the weekly shoots.

W. D. Harlow was the winner of the club trophy on the occasion of the last meeting of the Kalamazoo, Mich., Trapshooters' Association, as he broke 35 out of 40. Taylor was second with 33, and Den Bleyker third. High average for the season wins the cup.

J. K. Thibault, W. B. Miller and Col. J. A. Woodson, members of the Capital City Gun Club, Little Rock, Ark., will on Sept.

30 contest against George Clements, Eugene Arnold, of the Pine Bluffs. A goodly lot of new members has been added to the Little Rock club, viz.: W. T. Tyler, Geo. Hershman, J. W. Bressler, J. C. Moore, W. E. Taylor, H. L. McFarlin, A. T. McMillan, J. E. Joyce, G. A. Harvey, E. C. Bagley, H. W. Morrison, John W. Dickinson, J. and J. W. Batch.

The Dayton, O., Gun Club has leased the Rudy track, and will fit up grounds, where every Friday those fond of the recreation of shooting at the traps will be made welcome. A tournament will be held Oct. 6 and 7.

Robert A. Marks, of Springfield, Ky., has been appointed game warden, and announces that he will prosecute violators under the new law.

Jack Rabbit and per cent. systems will both be used by the Dayton, O., Gun Club, for the tournament to be held Oct. 14.

The second shoot of the N. C. R. Men's Welfare League was held Saturday. During the week another trap was set up, and now all the shooters can be accommodated.

The Houghton, Mich., marksmen have signified their willingness to match shoot with any other club in their county. It is yet a question as to who will knock the chip off the shoulder.

The Reed City, Mich., trapshooters have organized a gun club, and shooting meets will be held.

"Now on and now off" was exemplified in the match with Indianapolis, wherein Crawfordsville lost. Cook, who in the first shoot made 48, fell to 31, and thereby lost the match by 6 targets. Cooper with 46 was high for Indianapolis, and Uncle John Detrich, with 45, was high for Crawfordsville. Stillwell, Long and Voris shot well enough to win, but Snyder was almost as bad off as was Cook. There is a difference between shooting over magautrap and the expert.

The North End Gun Club, of Port Huron, Mich., has been resurrected, and shoots are now on for the fall season.

It is almost a certainty that there are no clubs in Tennessee strong enough to beat the Hermitage, of Nashville, not so long as Andy Meaders can smash 99, Watkins 93, Legler 90, Armstead 87, and Chas. Arx 87. Gallatin club tried it last Thursday, and though Harris made 93, Carr got 86, Frazer 83, Morrison 80 and Baber 79. Meaders was so much in form that his total score for the day was 124 out of 135.

Wm. Overstreet and Clem Brown have challenged Jim Lewis, Owensboro, Ky., Gun Club, to shoot a match for the medal. Lewis made 42 to Overstreet's 40 during the last contest, while Brown made 39.

Frank Bills is holding up the reputation of Sioux City, Ia., as a shooting center, as on his last attempt he lined out 71 out of 75 targets shot at.

E. J. Shirliff, game warden at Kilbourne, Ill., has issued warrants for W. R. Baldwin, of Delavan; H. J. Pattenbaugh, of Mackinaw; Edward Mcobery, of Armington; H. J. Dadds, of Morton, and John Ramsey, of Manito, all wealthy citizens who are accused of shooting between sunset and sunrise, contrary to law.

At a meeting held in St. Paul, Minn., a new gun club was formed. It is the Minnesota River Gun Club, with Capt. Whipple as President; J. H. Odell, Treasurer; Harry Goodson, Secretary. The preservation of game birds and fish will enter very largely into their activity.

The members of the Little Rock, Ark., Gun Club are raising a fund to purchase a glass eye for the boy who lost his eye while working at the traps.

The Fort Harrison Fishing Club held their meeting at Terre Haute, Ind., and elected officers as follows: Christian Morlock, President; Chas. Hocker, Vice-President; Frank Fishbeck, Treasurer; E. H. Mullen, Secretary; Fred Ellenberger, Charles R. Carter, Michael Jacobs, Trustees.

During June, July, August and September the Dubuque, Ia., Gun Club held shoots. At the close of 1904 season the Class A was won by E. M. Jaeger; Class B, Ed Ryan won; Henry, Michael and Ryan were tied up to the last shoot. J. J. Murphy won four times. Those who won B and C will go up to A and B for 1905. The club members were active during 1904, and all went well.

C. F. Gilstrap, of Taylor Gun Club, will manage the shoot to be held at Bryan, Oct. 19 and 20.

The directors of the gun club at Bloomington have selected E. K. Crothers, James Gray, T. Rabbourne, Edward Howard, Clark Gideon and Howard Steele as a committee to look after the prizes to be distributed at the Oct. 19 tournament.

Will Redderson distinguished himself by making the only straight score at the Hutchinson, Kans., club shoot on Saturday last. Five events were shot off, and contests were exciting.

Tom Casetty, of Nashville, Tenn.; Harold Money, from all over; Tom A. Marshall, of Keithsburg, Ill.; W. H. Heer, of Concordia, Kans., and E. G. Wallace, of Marshalltown, Ia., were visitors at the World's Fair during last week.

N. R. Huff, secretary of the old, but still progressive gun club of East St. Louis, Ill., writes that their last tournament was a failure owing to rain. The next attempt will be that of Oct. 30, which will be just before the World's Fair Handicap.

The Lake View Rod and Gun Club, of Calumet, Mich., is taking an active part in the enforcement of the game laws, having employed a man to patrol the woods in search of game law violators. This might serve as a reminder to other gun clubs that such actions greatly assisted the game wardens in their work.

And now comes Routard, Ill., one of the latest to get into the harness, as an interesting shoot was held last Tuesday. This will be repeated monthly.

What was fully expected to be the best live-bird shoot held in northern Illinois was held at Oak Park, Tuesday of this week. The second annual shoot of the Blackwell Gun Club will be held Oct. 26 and 27, with \$200 added money. Urban Tracey, secretary, and Chas. Cornelius manager.

The Juneau, Wis., Gun Club has hung up an \$18 medal. The entrance fee will be 50 cents, and should any one win it three times in succession, the medal becomes his property.

Ernest F. Scott, captain of the Dalton, O., Gun Club, has forwarded a programme for the Oct. 6 and 7 tournament. It provides for a good time, with all manufacturers' agents shooting for targets only. The events are all 10 and 15, there being a total of fifteen.

A friendly match was shot at the town of Quincy, Mich., Saturday. The prizes were numerous, being cash and merchandise. The team shoot was a hot one: Girard scored 57, Quincy 55, and Coldwater 54. All present reported having had a good time.

The East Saginaw Gun Club held a shoot Sunday, and there were indications that the attendance was very large. Many prizes were up for competition.

W. J. Rand, Will Peck, Stafford Campbell, G. L. Hitt, mem-

bers of the El Paso, Tex., Gun Club, attended the shoot at Silver City.

Twenty prominent men of Marion, Ind., have organized a gun club named Sterling. Some of them are good shots and will show up well at the traps. Harry McClellan is secretary.

Waverly, Ia., Sept. 22.—The shoot held here yesterday was well attended. The scores were low. This will be best accounted for by the cloudy sky, a wind and a dark, deceiving background. Expert traps and bluerock targets were used, and the management was first class. Those in charge surely were made to feel the appreciation of those present.

C. W. Budd and F. H. Lord, with 109 out of 120 were on an equality as to target busting. Robert Jackson came next with 107, as high amateur.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Sept. 24.—The appended scores were made to-day on the occasion of the first trophy shoot of the fourth series. Kamp won Class A trophy on 23, Dr. Skillman Class B on 13 and Dr. Reynolds Class C on 20.

In the cup shoot, which followed, Thomas won Class A on 21, Cook Class B on 16 and Dr. Reynolds Class C on 16.

Owing to the threatening weather and the fact that very many of our regular shooters are now in pursuit of the elusive duck and the wily jacksnipe, our attendance was not up to where it should be, only ten members showing up for the occasion. Another application for membership received to-day, making fifteen on the waiting list.

Cup shoot, 15 singles, 5 pairs:

Kamp10101011101110	11 11 11 11 11—20
Thomas1111111101111110	11 11 11 11 11—23
Dr. Meek000100011111001	10 10 10 10 00—11
Reynolds1000011111111111	10 00 00 11 11—16
Birkland, Jr.001001110101111	10 11 01 10 10—15
Lanigan11011111001110110	10 11 11 11 01—20
Dr. Skillman110110001100111	01 00 10 10 01—13
Kehl110001100111011	10 00 10 00 00—11
Ferguson011111111111111	10 10 10 10 10—19
Cook010101100111101	10 11 01 11 01—16

Trophy event, 25 targets:

Kamp11111110101111111111	23
Thomas10110111101111101111	21
Dr. Meek11111101111101101111	20
Dr. Reynolds11011011101111011011	22
Birkland, Jr.11001111001101010111	17
Lanigan11011011101111111111	22
Dr. Skillman110011000110001101010	13
Kehl100010110111011001101	15
Ferguson10111011111111010111	20

Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI.—The attendance on Sept. 24 was not so large as usual, fifteen shooting in the cash prize event. The weather conditions were bad—cloudy, poor light and strong wind from the right. Pohlar and Peters tied for first on 46. Tuttle finished second with 45.

The last shoot in the Parker prize gun series will be shot on Oct. 1, and the shoot-off of ties will take place on the 7th. There will be ten men in the shoot-off, and their handicaps will be adjusted according to their per cent. in the series.

In the cup race there are fifty-four entries. Peters, Gambell and Medico still lead with 24 each. No scores were shot for the cup to-day.

The shoot for the Phellis trophy is off for the present. Supt. Gambell received notice from the Dayton Club that they could not shoot on Sept. 28, but would name an early date.

Mr. F. Tuttle, of the Peters Cartridge Co., has just ventured from a trip to the Adirondacks, where he had some fine pickerel fishing. His trip did him good, judging by the way he broke them to-day.

Tuttle and Peters shot a match at 25 targets each, against Keplinger, Myers and French. The latter team won by 47 to 35.

Supt. Gambell met with quite a serious accident on the 22d. No bones were broken, for which he feels grateful, and considers he was in great luck; but he will be laid up for a week or two.

Cash prize shoot, 50 targets, distance handicap: Pohlar (18) 46, Peters (18) 46, Tuttle (16) 45, Faran (21) 43, Williams (18) 42, Block (18) 41, Sycamore (19) 40, French (16) 40, Keplinger (16) 35, Falk (18) 34, Jay Bee (17) 34, Pfeiffer (16) 34, Ackley (16) 33, Lytle (16) 23, Meyers (16) 23.

Notes.

The Richmond, O., Gun Club held their tournament on Sept. 20. The small attendance was a sad disappointment to the officers and members, only twelve shooters taking part. Carl Allgower is president and R. W. Lenox secretary. Both of these officers, aided by the members, have worked hard to make the club a success, but they have never been able to have a largely attended tournament. The club, while shooting as an organization, will give up their grounds and return their trap. Rolla O. Heikes was high with 185 out of 200. J. H. Jennings second with 184. S. Cushman third, 177. R. W. Lenox, the secretary, was in good company, and finished fourth, tying with R. L. Trimble and D. D. Gross on 172.

At the regular shoot of the Sandusky, O., Gun Club on Sept. 17, F. Schnatter, Jr., was high with 24 in contest in the scores for the Cedar Point cup, and leads in the aggregate score to-day with 157.

The Hamilton, O., Gun Club held their fourteenth trophy shoot on Sept. 22. E. D. C., 44, was high, but he was not competing for the trophy. Stickels took it on 41.

The Dayton, O., Gun Club will hold its second amateur monthly tournament on Oct. 14. There will be twelve events at 15 targets each. Six of them will be jack rabbits, \$1.80 entrance; surplus divided, 50, 30, and 20 per cent. Six will be under the percentage system, \$1.50 entrance, three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.

It was expected that a team of the Cincinnati Gun Club would visit Dayton on Sept. 21 and shoot a match for the Phellis trophy with the Dayton Gun Club. When a telegram was received Sept. 24 announcing that the Queen City team would be unable to compete, a team of the Dayton Gun Club challenged the Buckeye team to defend the cup and championship title. The match resulted in a victory for the challengers by a score of 237 to 219. The trophy is for six-man teams, at 50 targets per man. The scores were: Dayton team—Lindemuth 46, Raymond 44, Rike 42, Bailey 38, Craig 37, Orth 30; total 237. Buckeye team—Heikes 46, La Rue 40, Cord 39, Schwind 37, Curphey 30, Gerlaugh 27; total 219.

Ed. Cain has so far recovered from his illness as to be able to

visit the grounds on the 21st. His welcome from the shooters was a cordial one.

Rolla Heikes attended the Evansville, Ind., tournament, leaving for that place on Sept. 22.

Daniel Stoner, Dr. J. R. Wampler and his brother Moses, all of Dayton, left on the 21st for the Dakotas and Minnesota on a hunting trip.

Bellbrook, O., is the home of the Goosetown Gun Club. This club will join the State Trapshooters' League, and then challenge the Dayton Gun Club for the coveted Phellis trophy.

The regular weekly shoot of the Rohrer's Island Gun Club was held Sept. 21. The medal shoot was won by Wm. Oldt, for the third time, after four shoot-offs. There were two two-man and two six-man team matches.

Coudersport Gun Club.

COUDERSPORT, Pa., Sept. 22.—Herewith find the scores of our two-day tournament, which took place here on Sept. 20 and 21. The attendance was small, owing to the bad weather. It rained hard the first day, and that kept lots of the shooters away. The second day was cold and windy, almost blowing a gale, which made the shooting very difficult. F. F. Mason, of Olean, N. Y., won high average both days, breaking 417 targets out of 500 shot at. Homer Elliott, of Wellsville, was second, with 394. With the weather conditions, Mr. Mason shot a very good race throughout the programme, as high winds made the targets very erratic. All present seemed to have a good time.

Sept. 20, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	10	15	20	15	15	20	10	15	25	15	20	15	Broke.
F. F. Mason	8	13	14	13	14	18	10	14	22	9	9	14	158
H. Elliott	8	14	17	14	13	15	5	13	22	9	12	14	156
R. S. Bush	6	12	16	13	14	16	9	12	22	5	13	10	148
Beach	8	13	12	10	11	18	7	12	20	10	12	11	144
C. Farnum	8	11	12	4	5	8	7	11	21	9	7	12	115
Phillips	8	9	12	13	13	14	9	13	18	5	9	12	135

Sept. 21, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	
Targets:	10	15	20	25	15	20	10	15	25	10	15	25	15	20	20	25		Broke.
F. F. Mason	8	15	17	23	14	16	10	12	23	7	12	13	22	9	19	17	22	259
H. Elliott	5	8	14	15	11	18	8	9	20	10	14	12	20	10	19	19	25	238
R. S. Bush	8	10	16	14	10	14	8	10	20	9	13	11	18	11	15	19	21	221
Phillips	5	9	13	14	8	15	5	5	8	4	9	14	13	16	20			176
Farnum	9	14	13	18	10	18	7	5	15	4	10	12	17	9	16	18	22	217
Beach	5	12	11															...
Wrens
Cocker

R. S. Bush, Sec'y.

Emerald Gun Club.

NEW YORK.—The total of live-bird contests from March, 1904, to Feb. 1905, are here given. All were shot before the abolition of pigeon shooting in New Jersey.

Colquitt wins first average, \$20; Guenther wins second average, \$10; Reiersen, wins third average, \$5.

Whitley wins first point prize, \$15. Hudson wins second point prize, \$10. Short wins special prize donated by Capt. Reiersen, \$10.

Fischer wins special prize donated by Capt. Dreyer, \$10. Schoverling wins third point prize, \$8. Schortemeier and Koegel divided fourth and fifth point prizes of \$7 and \$5; \$6 each.

Cattar wins sixth point prize, \$5. Keim wins seventh point prize, \$5. Morrison wins eighth point prize, \$5. Dreyer wins ninth point prize, \$5.

Chasmer wins box of Havana cigars, donated by Schortemeier. May wins fancy metal calendar, donated by Dr. Hudson. Kall wins 100 loaded shells, donated by Schoverling.

Kracke wins oil painting, donated by Tom Short. The substitute for the annual meeting was held last week, when the prizes were distributed.

	Yards Rise.	Point Hdcp.	March.	April.	May.	June.	August.	September.	October.	November.	January, 1905.	February.	Points.	Per Cent.
Class A.														
Colquitt	30	7	9	8	10	9	8	10	9	10	9	7	19	.890
Koegel	30	7	6	8	10	9	8	9	10	9	14	.860
Schortemeier	32	7	7	8	6	9	7	8	9	9	10	10	14	.830
Piercy	30	7	...	6	7	7667
Schoverling	30	7	...	9	9	10	9	10	9	9	8	6	16	.870
Class B.														
Gunter	28	6½	7	8	10	9	10	8	...	10	9	...	19	.880
Fischer	28	6½	8	5	5	9	9	9	9	9	8	10	19	.810
Dr. Hudson	28	6½	7	9	10	8	6	10	8	8	9	9	19½	.840
T. Short	28	6½	9	7	8	8	8	8	8	8	9	10	18	.830
Catton	28	6½	9	6	6	7	8	8	9	6	7	9	13	.760
Reiersen	28	6½	6	8	9	7	6	9	10	8	12	.780
Whitley	28	6	6	9	9	5	6	10	8	10	8	9	21	.806
Keim	28	6	9	4	8	7	8	8	5	6	8	6	12	.690
Morrison	28	6	8	6	7	7	5	8	6	10	5	6	10	.680
Dreyer	28	6	9	6	5	7	...	9	8	.720
Chasmer	28	6	...	8	8	6	7	7	6	7	6	6	7	.677
May	28	6	7	7	6	8	7	8	7	7	.716
Kracke	28	6	7	10	6	8	6	7	7	.733
Class C.														
Kall	25	6	6	7	7	6	5	8	6	6	5	8	6	.640

L. H. SCHORTEMEIER.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Sept. 23.—The following scores were made Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 21, in the sixth contest for the Hunters Arms Co.'s cup, at the Rochester Rod and Gun Club grounds. Each contestant shot at 25 targets flat; handicaps added to actual scores:

	Score.	Hdp.	Tot'l.		Score.	Hdp.	Tot'l.
Adkin	24	2	26	Stewart	25	0	25
Borst	17	7	24	C. Smith	16	3	19
Rickman	22	5	27	Weller	15	3	18

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Sept. 17.—Shooting at events of 25 targets each, scores were made as follows at the shoot of the Indianapolis Gun Club to-day. Practice events:

Shot at. Broke.		Shot at. Broke.			
Dixon175	145	Shilling200	144
Lawrence125	107	Bell100	87
Parry125	109	Armstrong75	51
Michaelis125	122	Robison75	46
Dickman150	124	Webb25	7
Moore100	79	Shearer50	29
Tacks125	105	Sherrick75	15
Medico125	96	Tripp150	126
Schroyer100	82	Hice50	29
Finley100	76	Clifford75	37
Gregory100	88	Moller75	55
Anderson100	88			

For Morrison cup, 50 targets each. High guns, Dickman, Bell and Medico:

Eighteen yards: Parry 43, Dickman 44, Tacks 42, Michaelis 40, Lawrence 41, Finley 37, Bell 44, Tripp 42.

Seventeen yards: Gregory 42, Moore 42, Medico 44, Dixon 41.

Sixteen yards: Shilling 38, Schroyer 41, Anderson 42, Armstrong 38, Clifford 29.

Fourteen yards: Robison 29, Sherrick 10, Hice 29, Shearer 29.

Sparrows.		Shot at. Scored.		Shot at. Scored.	
Schroyer 30	15	Medico 25	25
Moore 40	26	Bell 25	23
Parry 25	19	Dixon 15	14
Michaelis 25	21	Shilling 14	12
Lawrence 20	15	Tripp 25	24
Dickman 40	33			

Independent—Allentown.

EASTON, Pa., Sept. 19.—The third and final match between the Independent Gun Club, of Easton, Pa., and the Allentown Rod and Gun Club, of Allentown, Pa., will be shot Oct. 1 at South Bethlehem, Pa., on the grounds lately completed by Mr. Acker, and situated within 30ft. of his hotel. As this match decides whether the Eastonians or the Allentonians are to be champions in this section, great interest is being taken in it, and no doubt a large crowd of interested trapshoots will be present to see the outcome.

EDWARD F. MARKLEY, Sec'y I. G. C.

John W. Gates entertained a merry party at dinner at one of the best known of the road houses out beyond Saratoga. Lake the other evening after the races. The liquid part of the entertainment furnished was not wholly Apollinaris water, and some of the men were feeling in a rather tangled condition when they left the table and started for home in the gray of the early morning. One of the lot was a horse owner with whom Mr. Gates is particularly intimate, and who would insist on trying to wear Gates's hat, which is three or four sizes too large for him. After the hat business was straightened out, Gates sang out to his friend: "I say, John, you will see two carriages out there at the door. Take the first one. The other isn't there. Good-night and good luck."—New York Commercial.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Fall Travel South.

THE tide of travel is now southward bound. The Southern Railway, as usual, has its schedules so arranged as to give those going south, southwest, Mexico and California, a most delightful service. Through Pullmans are operated daily from New York, touching all of the prominent cities south and southwest. The Southern Railway operates its own dining car service on all through trains, which is of the highest standard of excellence. For full information call on or address New York offices, 271 and 1185 Broadway. Alexander S. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger Agent.

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BECAUSE of its magnificent mountain, river and cañon scenery, its famous battlefields, and points of interest, and because of its superior equipment and physical condition, providing all the comforts and safeguards of twentieth century travel, the Chesapeake & Ohio is unquestionably the most attractive route between the Atlantic Seaboard and the Mississippi Valley. World's Fair and through tickets by this route allow stop-over at Virginia

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

CONCERNING THE DUPPY.

HE saw a Duppy. This is without doubt the only reasonable and truly scientific explanation of the phenomenon described by our correspondent, I. H. W., in the account of his night adventure in Brazil. He has been moved to tell his story by the appearance of the ignis fatuus flickering in our Natural History columns. But the Duppy is no real ignis fatuus, although it emits a weird light and goes bobbing up and down in dark places. Some of us perhaps have scanty or no knowledge of Duppies, and may be inclined to pooh-pooh their existence; but any such skepticism is due to a neglect of early education. There are hundreds of thousands of human beings living on this earth to-day who have implicit faith in the existence of the Duppy, and to whom it is a very real and very terrible factor of the outdoor world. They have imbibed a knowledge of it indeed as a part of their A B C. For two centuries the black mothers of Jamaica have taught their children the alphabet by a set of rhymes, which, so far as we need give it for the present purpose, runs as follows, "assinoo" meaning donkey, and "buckra" meaning white man:

A is for Assinoo; see how him stan!
B is for Buckra, bery bad man.
C is for Pussy; him name Maria;
D is for Duppy; him eye shine like fire.

Early impressions last through life. The child taught to believe in the Duppy, whose eyes shine like fire, afterward sees the dreaded apparition in the dancing will-o'-the-wisp and the phosphorescent glow of dead wood in the darkness of the forest. The Duppy, Jumbi or Zombi, is known all through the West Indies; its favorite haunt is in the ceiba or silk cotton tree. Charles Kingsley tells us that in Trinidad the giant ceibas are popularly regarded as magic trees haunted by spirits; "there are too many Jumbies in him," the negro says. Wherever the ceiba is found—and it is found in Brazil—within its shelter the Duppy is sure to make convenient and congenial perch, thence to emerge in human form divine, or in shape of some animal, or as a composite apparition such as that which was seen by our correspondent, having a body like a calf and a head like a dog. One might reason that the simplest and most sensible expedient would be to exterminate the ceiba-inhabiting Duppies by destroying the trees which harbor them; but to meddle with a ceiba is just the one thing a West Indian negro will not do if he possibly can avoid it. In Trinidad it is held that if one cuts down a ceiba he is sure to die or come to some harm within the year; and in Jamaica, when a negro can be induced to fell a ceiba, he first pours over the roots a propitiatory libation of rum, and as he swings his ax, sings a deprecatory song, ascribing the responsibility to that instrument—"Me no cut you, massa, he cut you."

The ceiba or silk cotton tree is indigenous to the West Indies and Brazil, and to Africa. When the negroes brought as slaves from Africa to the West Indies found the familiar tree in their new home, naturally they ascribed to it here the same weird nature it had there, and peopled it with like uncanny spirits. Of the many shapes assumed by the Duppies of the African forests, one of the most horrid is the Sasabonsum, which Mary Kingsley describes in her "Travels in West Africa." This particular spirit lives in or under the great silk cotton trees, around the roots of which the earth is red. The red earth identifies a silk cotton tree as being the residence of the Sasabonsum, as its color is held to arise from the blood that drips off him as he goes down to his under world after a night's carnage. All silk cotton trees are respected because they are held to be the roosts for Duppies, but the red earth ones are feared with a great fear, and no one dares to pass by them or to camp near them at night. Sasabonsum is a friend of witches. He is of enormous size and of a red color. He waylays un-

protected wayfarers in the forest at night, and either eats them or sucks their blood. Sometimes a victim escapes, crawls home to describe the appearance of the Duppy, and expires. Considering what a frightful creature an African Duppy is in its native lair, and what it does to its victim, we are of opinion that the hero of the Brazilian adventure may well have thanked his stars that he got off so easily from the one he encountered, and escaped with a scare.

The horrible funk this Brazilian apparition threw the wayfarer into gives strong confirmation of the theory that it was a real and true Duppy. When a West African encounters a Duppy, Miss Kingsley says, "he is a thousand times more frightened than puzzled over the affair. He does not want to 'investigate' to see whether there is anything in it. He wants to get clear away and make ju-ju against it." This is precisely the terror engendered by an encounter in Brazil. "I was too frightened to ask the apparition or whatever it was where his wealth was stored," writes I. H. W., "my only anxiety being to get out of the locality as soon as possible, not even looking behind to see if 'el luz' was visible and bobbing."

We repeat, then, that the reasonable and scientific answer to the riddle our correspondent has set to be riddled is that he saw a Duppy. If after the evidence adduced there be a skeptic to deny the Duppy in part or *in toto*, we recommend to him to consider that in this, as in other phenomena, natural, supernatural, and unnatural, much depends on the point of view. What a thousand men cannot see in the light, one man can see in the dark. The spirit in the ceiba is, like the ceiba, a product of latitude and longitude. Negative evidence might disprove the existence of the ceiba-inhabiting Duppy, but the same sort of evidence would disprove the ceiba as well. All the negative evidence in the world would not destroy the belief of the child who has learned with his alphabet, "D is for Duppy, him eye shine like fire." He may perhaps unlearn it, but when the time comes he will learn it again. An amusing story is told by Miss Kingsley of a native minister who had been away in the Apollonia district on mission work. One evening he and a friend were strolling along a beach which was reputed to be the haunt of witches, and where the night was so dark that only the surf breaking on the shore was visible. They saw a flame coming toward them; after a minute's doubt knew it was a witch, and feeling frightened, hid themselves among the bushes. As they watched, it came straight on and passed them and disappeared in the distance. "My informant laughed at himself," adds Miss Kingsley, "and very wisely said, 'One has not got to believe those things here; one has to in Apollonia.'"

THE OUTLOOK FOR GAME.

We continue to-day the "Notes from the Game Fields," of which the first installment was printed last week. These reports, in response to our inquiries, have come from a very wide extent of territory; indeed, they may be said to cover the game regions of the country. They have been sent to us from game commissioners and game wardens; they are official, and may be accepted as intelligent and authentic. And they make a remarkable showing; for with barely an exception they tell of an increase of game and a good outlook for the season's sport.

Reading between the lines, one may find in them what is more significant and gratifying and important than the mere condition of the game supply. It is the growing popular sentiment which in larger degree than ever before approves and sustains the game protective system. This is something which was certain to come with time, and with the showing of results. Once achieve a condition wherein the fruits of protection are patent, and its benefits demonstrable by the actual substantial evidence of a fostered game supply, and at that moment the battle is won, opposition is disarmed and public support is assured.

The one feature of the modern system of game protection which has been more effectual than any other, or than all others, to save and renew the game supply, is the prohibition of the sale. The present prevailing favorable condition of the game covers is in large measure a direct result of the adoption of the FOREST AND STREAM Platform Plank that "the sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons." If ever there was a triumph of an idea, there

was one here. Proposed at a time when the marketing of game was practically universal—provided there was any game to sell; and when it was conjectured even by the most strenuous advocates of the idea that a realization of it could not be expected for many years to come, the principle is now universally recognized as basic in any sufficient system of protection.

But game laws aside, and beyond all human agencies, there are certain influences and conditions which make for or against the game supply of a season; and of 1904 we may say that it is a good game year, just as we write of a good apple year or a good wheat year.

RAILROADS AND ILLICIT GAME TRAFFIC.

IN a communication of a North Carolina correspondent in our last issue, renewed attention was called to a common evasion by railroad employes of the laws which forbid the export of game. The northern demand for quail for hotel, restaurant, club and private tables, is so great that all sorts of tricks and expedients are resorted to by the shippers to get the birds across the State lines. One way is to enlist the agency of train crews, who receive the game in one State and deliver it in another. This has been going on for years; but there is no excuse for its continuance. The railroad officials have the matter wholly in their hands. They can put a stop to the illicit traffic at once and completely, and there is not the slightest question that they would take the necessary steps to do so if their attention were called to the subject and the facts were put before them. The proper course for an individual who may have cognizance of illicit game transportation by railroad employes, would be to communicate directly the facts to the higher authorities of the road implicated, and we much mistake the temper of the officials if the result would not be a speedy correction of the abuse. Train crews are employed to run trains, not to act as fences for a contraband traffic.

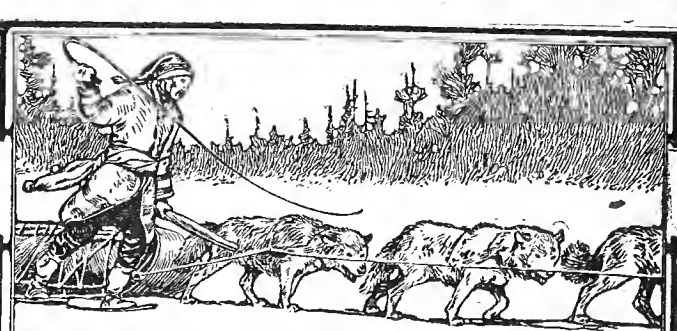
PEBBLES OF THE PAVE.

A GANG of pavers is paving Broadway. They set the heavy granite blocks in place carefully, but not too carefully, nor without circumspect appreciation that another paving contract in the not remote future is among the things to be hoped for. The cracks between the stones are filled with pitch and gravel. The heaps of gravel allure the small boy. A youngster stuffs his pocket with pebbles. They are good to throw at cats. That night he bombards the cats, and there is an end of it. Another boy fills his pocket with pebbles. They interest him. He notes their shapes and shades, and wonders at them. His curiosity is aroused. He wants to know all about them, where they came from, how they were formed, the where and the why and the how of it. He studies up the subject. The study gives him a taste for geology. Eventually he becomes a mineralogist, discovers a gold mine, and dies a millionaire. This story shows by what trifling incidents our lives are governed. It also indicates the difference in boys. It is, moreover, a true story as to the first boy; and as to the second boy, except that he has not yet been born.

POISONS IN THE FIELD.

Three species of laurels are injurious, chiefly to sheep and cattle, and not always to them, though they have a bad reputation. Chickens which have fed on laurel leaves are said to absorb the poison, and, if eaten by human beings, to be very dangerous. Occasionally one hears of ill effects resulting from eating a grouse that has fed on laurel leaves, but we do not know that anything has ever been done toward investigating the effect of this food on the flesh of wild game. Honey made from the flowers of the laurel is said to be poisonous.

Jimson weed is common about cities in vacant lots, and in the country growing at the edge of the barnyard. It is a large, rank plant, with white flowers three to four inches long, reminding one a little of the morning glory. The seed pods are four-valved, prickly, and contain a great number of seeds, at first white, but as they ripen growing brown, and finally changing to black. Children are poisoned by eating the fruit, chewing the stems, or sucking the flower.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

On the Tundras of Siberia.

WHAT are termed "ball-fields" by some, are termed by the native Cibriaks, "tundra." To the American mind, "ball-fields" is the most expressive term. For if you have had a walk of thirty miles over one ball-field stretch in a single day (and the writer has had many such), you will have a knocked-out feeling by camping time that will make you think you have had enough for a month. But when it comes to having to resume on the morrow—and on the morrows for an entire week—that infernal walking-jolt over the ball-fields or marshes, you get all the "ups and downs" of life in that week sufficient to serve for the "hard time" memories of a career. For one week of this harassing ball-field stumping is literally a mental strain on the tourist. Then there are the trillions of mosquitoes which follow you, obliging you to cover up the entire body, which naturally increases your body-heat to an enervating degree. Even so, the insects will settle on your back, and bore their proboscis through both coat and shirt, and still draw blood!

The Cibirian mosquito is probably the biggest in the universe. It is three times larger than the New Jersey pet—or pest. Flattened down on a half-dollar piece, its lanky legs will just reach to the milled edge. It is a light nut-brown in color; and they make no attempt to escape from the descending hand, which crushes them by the dozen as they settle on the exposed skin.

Cibirian mujiks, when intoxicated and asleep in the

a house, or in the darkened barns or stables, bristling nearly all over with gently-crackling luminous electricity. It sometimes resembles a miniature pyrotechnic display—like hundreds of tiny fireflies shedding their momentary scintillations of sparking light.

The Cibirian trapper has probably the only really waterproof clothing in the world. It is throughout pure wool, undyed, yet a dull brown-black, inasmuch as the black-fleece wools are alone used. It is a home-made knitted fabric, yet so close-stitched you can't see daylight through it; consequently, it is elastic, and lasts years, although not an over-thick material—weighing about one pound to the square yard. It is unobtainable commercially in Cibiria; to get it, means a hunt to the villages to purchase a few yards—if they are disposed to accommodate you. Nor can it be procured in any other country of the globe—to the writer's knowledge.

As a traveler who has had fifteen years of outing experience, in most every country of the universe, I have tried every conceivable kind of waterproof clothing, but found the rough Cibirian all-wool goods the sole satisfactory article. Rubber is unhealthy, because non-porous; hot and evil-smelling in summer, and icy-cold to the touch in winter—unless faced with wool. Moreover, it can never be relied on; it is always liable to "go" unexpectedly—the rubber oxidizes, crumbling into sand-like particles. This is particularly true of the one-side-rubber-faced silk overcoating.

Oilskins, mackintoshes, pantasote, are all unhealthy

proofing does not even possess capillary attraction. You, of course, know what capillary attraction means, when, after a long day's outing in the rain, you become conscious of the wet creeping up the inside of your coat sleeve (begins to rain even up your sleeve), and it may even reach the elbow ere nightfall; just as, if not wearing long boots, the wet will gradually capillate up the interior of your trousers to the knees, or even to the groin, despite the rubber coat which reaches almost to your ankles. This capillarity is due to the heat of the body drawing up the moisture. But the mujik's recipe for waterproofing even bars out the capillarity.

The native name is laha, or cholk. It is extraordinarily strong, as may be judged by this fact, that one of those overcoats, buttoned up, and two slim poles run through the interior, often serve for a hammock, laid on a trestle or a couple of forked boughs, and the 200-pound mujik trapper will snore comfortably thereon till morn. Examine the coat next day, and you will find not even a seam has started; but there are only three seams in the whole garment; hence its strength. Then the mujik breaks camp, dons the coat that was his bed, and literally goes off "with his bed on his back" all day.

But the Cibirian cholk has its fault even. It has been said it is porous; so it lets the dread, searching arctic blasts filter through, more deadly, if unchecked, than any rain; for death from exposure (sheer loss of animal heat) is liable to supervene. I have been twice nearly that way myself in central Cibiria.

So to keep out the polaric blasts, the Cibriak wears the chyba or skin furs, through which no air can go; or the



ON THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILROAD.

forests, have been known to sleep and never wake again. Millions of mosquitoes had settled on them, and had drained them of blood till exhaustion and death ensued. I got this information from Russian medicos themselves, who, making an autopsy of the bodies, found them bloodless.

The ball-fields, or tundra, are formed by the workings of the rainfalls of centuries on flat expanses. The grass grows for ages in rank growths; and the water, in following the law of gravity till it reaches the river, meanders over and about the field, trickling through the long rotting herbal growths of former years. In course of time, the erosion wears channels between the grass-tufts, which are gradually added to every year, till they reach a height of one and a half to two feet above the waterline of the marsh. In time, again, these become top-heavy, rot at the base, and fall over; or the tramping sportsman, putting his weight on one, often hastens the fall. This tuft sinks into one of the narrow channels, and finally makes the peat of coming generations, while another ball begins to form in its place. Thus is the genesis continued.

In stumping or stalking across tundra, you have the option of stepping from tuft to tuft, or of sinking knee-deep in the boggy little channels encircling them. You feel "between the two devils," but decide on the lesser evil—from tuft to tuft. And as you step from ball to ball, you may miss, or a rotten one will cave over, and the heavy lunge will send you sprawling ignominiously, with the marshy water dashing up into your face and neck. Such is the camping-outer's experience of the ball-fields, or tundra, of Cibiria!

A graceful, domestic feature of Cibirian farmhouses, are the long-haired pussies—hair so long that you can sink and run your fingers through it, so you cannot see them. This is a wise precaution of nature against the intense wintry cold of half a year. The cats are exceedingly affectionate-natured, and love to be fondled, and to lay on your breast, with their fore-paws reaching half-way round your neck.

In the mid-winter, during the extremely dry cold weather, you can see them in the dark passage ways of

and uncomfortable, because non-porous, and icy-cold to the touch in winter. They are also very noisy brushing through the still forests; and no hunter has any use for articles that will frighten his quarry.

The woolen and silk goods, known as "cravenet," are really not waterproof; they may turn off a slight shower, but rainfalls are seldom so gently accommodating. When it rains "cats and dogs," the hydrostatic force of the descending torrents literally hammers the rain through the "cravenet," and in half an hour you have "all the starch" taken out of you. In the thickest winter-weight cravenet, even (22-24 ounces to the square yard), the pelting rain will finally hammer through, and completely soak the coat. Then you have the further discomfort of knowing you are uselessly carrying around a half-dozen pounds of water soaked into that supposed "waterproof." For by actual test, I have found that a 9-pound winter waterproof, after being out in it all day on the go, in the alternately drizzling and pelting rain, weighed by evening fifteen pounds. Hanging up in the tent, it took five days to completely dry out.

The secret of the Cibirian really waterproof pure wool clothing, is that it is made up of merely lukewarm-water-cleaned long-fiber wool, but not scoured, so that much of the lanolin, or "cyok," remains in the wool and preserves its strength, and even moths won't harbor in it. Then, after being as close weave-knitted as the primitive frames of the villagers will permit, it is placed for a couple of days in an almost neutral pickle, which serves a double purpose—shrinks the cloth (corresponding to our sponging), so that it may be washed hereafter with a minimum of shrinkage—is that—and, most important of all, insolubilizes the lanolin in the wool so that the whole texture becomes water repellant, and the coat does not even allow any rain to spread or saturate on or in it; the water simply "beads" off as it falls. Therefore your coat is always dry, with the exception of pin-head-like particles of rain which lodge in the roughnesses and interstices of the cloth, but which drop off on shaking your coat—as sea sand drops off a handkerchief which has been laid thereon to dry.

In other words, the ideal Cibirian all pure wool water-

much lighter kleunka, a black, oil-dried waterproofing, which is entirely wind-proof, but, if you are standing about, as poor an insulator against cold as rubber boots.

The leather, chamois, and canvas coats you see in America are never seen in Cibiria, and no sporting goods stores in any of the towns would handle them. They are all too icy cold for the climate; 40 degrees below zero, on and off, for months, seems to stiffen them with an extra penetrating cold.

The most concentrated article of wearing apparel the Cibriak wears is his chapka—a sort of forage cap somewhat resembling our own various named negligé caps used on long distance train riding. It can be used as cap, night-cap, gauntlet glove, cuff, socks, mitten, waist belt, bathing drawers, satchel, hammock rope, and maybe for three or four other purposes. It is woven circular, all wool, both ends open, and its use as a hammock rope, sustaining a 200-pound person all night, is its limit before it can be used successfully for another duty; for the heavy weight has stretched it nearly treble. But, to overcome this, the mujik just uses that provisional hammock rope instead of a flannel when he takes his morning face wash; this at once shrinks it to normal. He presses the water out between his vise-like, horny hands, and dons the cap while still quite humid. In summer it is dry in about three hours; in winter, after three minutes in the open, it freezes rock-hard on his head, but of course without adhering to his usually naturally greasy shock head of hair, and will be dried out by the intensely dry cold in about four hours.

A peculiar institution Cibirian is for a native, if wanting to make a thin overcoat both cold-proof and wind-proof—to provide for an emergency of a few hours, maybe—to soak it for about five minutes in warm water, squeeze (never wring) all the water out possible, put it on, and walk out into the cold. It promptly freezes stiff as a board about him, the ice filling all the pores, and effectually barring the most searching winds. This will suffice for an outing of four or five hours, the proofing gradually disappearing with the evaporation of the coat of icy mail, by which time the wearer calculates to be back home again.

L. LODIAN.

Santa Cruz.

Out in the sea, some twenty-five miles from the coast of southern California, lies a chain of islands: Santa Miguel, Santa Rosa, Santa Cruz, and Santa Anacapa. The largest, and by far the most interesting of the four, Santa Cruz, is directly opposite the beautiful old town of Santa Barbara. It is about thirty miles in length and eight miles wide, and along its central portion rise some rugged brown peaks to an altitude of 3,700 feet. Some of the mountain slopes are covered with fine pine forests, especially along the central portion of the island. On the western end there are groves of live oak and manzanita; the eastern part is a succession of grassy, rolling hills.

Once upon a time a now extinct tribe of Indians owned Santa Cruz. For a very long time they had lived upon it, and defended it, repelling the attacks of tribes from the mainland and from other islands, too, perchance. All the surrounding tribes must have coveted it for its noble forests and the wealth of sea-food along its shores.

But one day there came a new foe; these were men with bearded faces, and they sailed in large canoes with wings, and they had dreadful weapons, which

neat little cottages. In front of these a grassy lawn slopes gently down to the edge of the cliffs. So one has here the bracing salt sea air and also the resinous odor of the pines. Moreover, the most timid may here make his bed close to mother earth, or confidently explore the caves, the thickets, the nooks and crannies in the rocks, for no rattlesnake, nor scorpion, nor centipede has ever been found on the island. Neither are there any mosquitoes, nor other poisonous insects. The cactus flourishes here in places, and in this latitude, and even further north out on the plains, wherever this prickly plant is found the rattlesnake is also; why the reptile is not here with it is an interesting question. It is found on Catalina Island, and centipedes also, and that island is even further from the mainland than this one. Santa Cruz, however, impresses one as new land, a recent upheaval, geologically speaking; the soil is not deep, except where the shell heaps of the ancient inhabitants have turned it into a rich black earth. Most of the mountain peaks are bare, brown, volcanic rock; the east end is stratas of clay and sandstone. The pines are nowhere of more than a foot or eighteen inches in diameter, nor are there any old prostrate patriarchs such as we are accustomed to find in almost any wild forest. There is no trace of a fire ever having

the dark and menacing hole in the cliff. Presently one of the party fired a gun, which sounded very faint and far away; and in a moment or two, alarmed at the report, out came a great drove of stellar seals, diving and alternately leaping into the air. They kept close to the cliff wall, heading west, and right opposite us and directly in the way of their course was a huge rock rising a little above the sea; over this they shot, high in the air with tremendous speed, affording a most interesting sight.

It was now our turn to go in. As the boat entered the lofty ante-chamber, the writer at least felt as if he were leaving the bright and sunny world on a voyage into a dark and unknown country; as one of the party put it, "The place is dreadfully fascinating." First, as to the entrance chamber: It is about forty feet in height, one hundred or more in length and dome-shaped. Well is it named the Painted Cave; yet a better name would be the Cave of Wondrous Tints. From the water's edge to high tide mark the walls and the barnacles which cover them are of a pinkish or crushed strawberry color, and this band merges into a delicate shade of green, that into faint yellow, old ivory, gray—oh, many, many shades of many colors, which this pen cannot describe, which no artist, not even the greatest, could hope to portray. The chamber, with its fairly high and wide entrance, has just enough light to give effect to the wonderful coloring.

All too soon the oarsman allowed the boat to go on, stem first, in a current setting in through a Moorish arch in the rear of the chamber. We passed it and saw other arches, all of the same peculiar style, as if carved by the ancient Moors; and beyond them all was blackness, intense, deep night. There was quite a stiff swell from outside, and Capt. Prescott deemed it unsafe for us to venture further in. Nor did many of us care to do so. Away there in the depths of the cave we could hear the water gurgle, and hiss, and roar with hollow and chilling reverberations. And there was the swift current rushing on. At high tide and low tide, and at all times, says the Captain, it is always the same, constantly running in. Where does it go? What is there far away where we hear the uneasy waters? No one knows; the black tunnel may pierce the very heart of the island, or perchance take one to the regions of the damned. "Once," said the Captain, "I went in so far that the daylight at the entrance seemed to be about the size of a pint cup. I had no lantern. Far away I could still hear the water boom, and a lot of seals were roaring, too. Even if I had been provided with lights, I should have ventured no further in that boat. What one wants for exploring this place is a narrow skiff, rigged for sculling at each end, and men with plenty of courage to handle it. I believe we are soon to have such a craft."

Rowing back, we stopped again for some moments in the ante-chamber to view the wondrous colors, and then returned to the sloop. No one, I imagined, who sees the place is likely to forget it. The fascination of it constantly returns; insistently returns; one wants to know what is beyond, where that dark passage leads to in which the current runs so strongly. Well, maybe we will learn some day.

On our homeward way we dropped the anchor just around the eastern end of Cape Valdez, and went ashore, landing on a pebbly beach in the great cave which honeycombs the high black lava point. Leaving



A SEAL ROOKERY ON SANTA CRUZ ISLAND.

belched fire and smoke with a noise like thunder. They came, however, under the guise of friendship, and persuaded the islanders to go with them to the mainland, where, it was promised, they should be protected from warring tribes, and live in peace and plenty. And so, the childlike people, having faith in the alluring inducements set forth, forsook the home of their ancestors. But alas! for the promises; no sooner were they settled under the shelter of the long-robed men than they were made to toil with heavy implements in the hot sun, and to worship strange gods, and to do many irksome things for which nature had never fitted them. And did any rebel at this treatment, they were taken in one of the winged canoes back to the island and landed in a harbor, which their masters named Prisoners' Bay; to this day the lovely cove bears that ominous name. But it was only men who were thus marooned; and, longing for their wives and children, heart-sick and in despair, they pined away and died. And those on the mainland also dwindled away. Year by year their numbers became less, until finally the very last one lay down and breathed no more. Do their shades curse the cross? Oh, the streams of blood that have flowed; the anguished cries of defenseless women and babes, that have rent the air under the shadow of that fateful cross! From Peru up through Central America and Mexico, even to these lovely islands, what terrible crimes were committed in its name.

Like the rest of the islands and much of the adjacent mainland, Santa Cruz was granted to some favorite of a Spanish King in the seventeenth century. Since then it has been bought and sold a number of times, and is at present owned by a French-Italian family of San Francisco. It is a principality in itself. Upon its hills graze twenty-five thousand sheep and several thousands of cattle; sheep that are never herded except to the shearing pen and shipping wharf; fat cattle that any grazing section would be proud of. And so rugged and inaccessible are some portions of the island that many of the sheep never see the inside of a pen, and become as wild as their distant cousin, the bighorn. They can be told at a glance, for they have long tails! About the ranch house, where live the Italian and Mexican laborers, are the vineyards and groves of fruit and walnut trees. Last season the vineyard produced 127,000 gallons of wine!

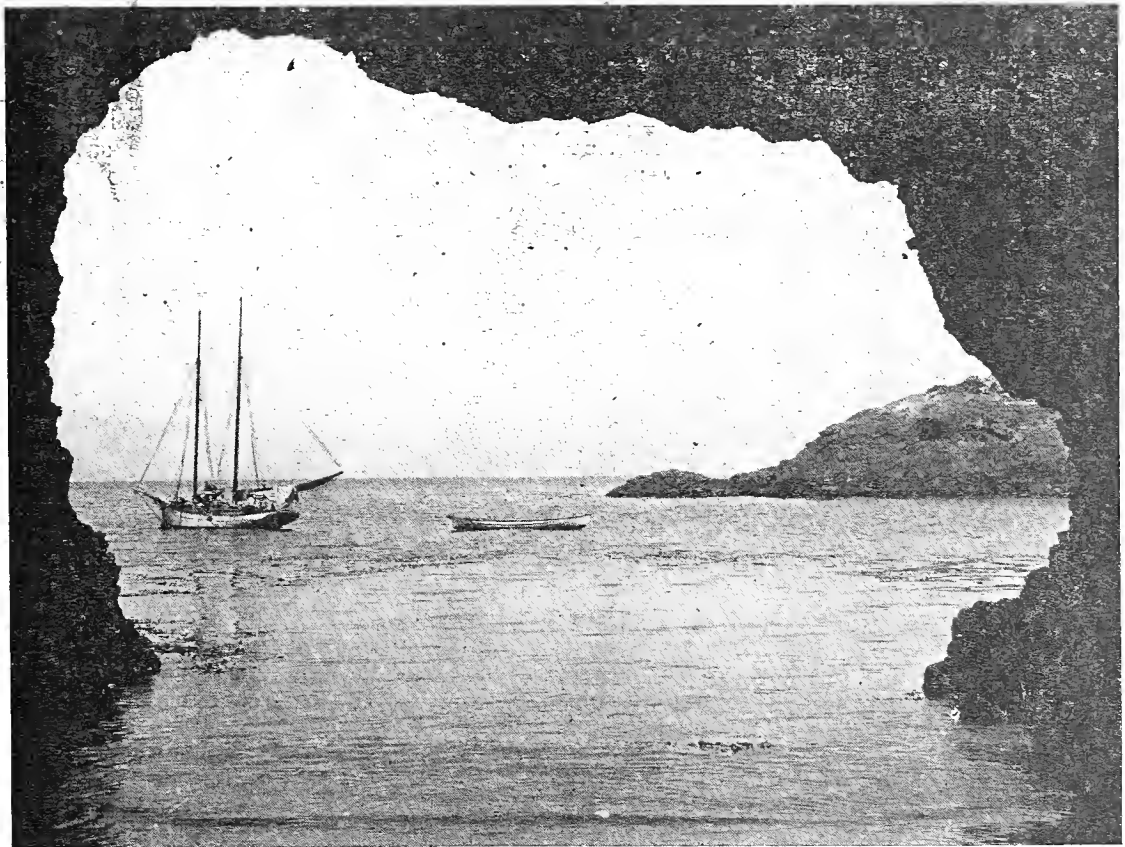
Since the island passed into Spanish control, its several owners have never until recently allowed any one to camp upon its shores or explore the interior, with one exception. In 1879 there came a scientist from France, who obtained permission to board for a time at the ranch, and collect Indian relics and various specimens of the island's flora and fauna. Among other things, he got together more than one hundred human skulls, some with flint arrow points imbedded in them. And then, one day, he sailed away, promising to send the amount of his bill, and requesting his collection to be forwarded to him. But the money never came, the skulls were finally buried, and the rest of what was undoubtedly a very valuable collection disappeared as such things will unless properly cared for.

But there is now a new order of things on Santa Cruz. Mr. A. G. Fraser, an old-time southern Californian, has finally succeeded in obtaining a concession from the owners, permitting him to open a resort for tourists and anglers, and to rent camp ground, boats and other things to those who cannot afford or do not wish to patronize the inn and cottage he has built on Pelican Bay. "Pelican Bay Camp," as Mr. Fraser calls his plant, is a lovely place; the inn is built on the edge of a wave-washed cliff, and upon a hill back of it, in the shelter of a pine and live oak grove, stand the

swept them away, and it is reasonable to conclude that the growth has not flourished here very long.

Upon arriving at Santa Barbara, the first thing the tourist hears of Santa Cruz Island is that it has some wonderful seal caves. And, indeed, they are all that, ranking not least in the list of California's very many and unique places of interest. The Yosemite Valley is stupendous in its proportions; the Seal Caves of Santa Cruz are—well, I will try to describe them.

We left Pelican Bay in Mr. Fraser's good gasoline sloop the *Pride*, James Prescott captain, and covered the eight miles to them in all too short a time, for every foot of the coast line we passed was of surpassing interest. Black lava cliffs rise ruggedly from the water's edge, broken here and there by narrow sandy or gravelly beaches, where a cañon comes down to the sea.



LANDING IN VALDEZ CAVE, SANTA CRUZ ISLAND.

In most of these cañons are fine groves of oak and willow and holly, changing into pine higher up. The black cliffs are overhung on their upper portion by an irregular fringe of gray lava, in the distance having all the effect of fine old lace against a dark background. The rock is pierced by a great number of holes and caves, and some of those at the foot give out cannon-like reports as the waves beat into them. Here and there at the points, immense boulders rise jaggedly from the water some little distance out. We sailed between one of these and the frowning cliff from which it had parted. It is unclimbable, and a nesting place for the gulls, which were resting upon it in hundreds. The upper portion has the shape of an old hag's or witch's head, beak-like nose, sharp protruding chin, a profile face gazing malignantly at the opposite cliff. Arrived opposite the entrance of the caves, we dropped anchor at the edge of the kelp and the boat was lowered. There were so many of us that only a part could go in at a time. We who remained on board felt "creepy" as we saw the skiff and its occupants disappear into

the skiff and walking around to the right, we went out through another opening to a lovely beach, where the surf breaks gently over the glistening sand. Back from the beach is a grove of large live oaks on either side of a stream of cold, clear water, tumbling down in little cascades from the steep mountainside, an ideal spot for a summer camp. Or one could make his home in the great cave. It has still another opening on the west side of the point, three entrances in all; is about 150 yards in length, and from 30 to 50 feet in height. The floor is of clean white sand; there are shelves here and there, along which we carefully and vainly searched for any relics of the ancient inhabitants. Yet one may well believe that they frequented the place. What a grand playroom it must have been for the children of a rainy day!

Passing out of the cave and across the length of the beach, we came again to the black lava cliffs and entered another rather narrow cave. It was but a short distance to another opening, and passing out of that, we found ourselves in what may be called the Grand

Cañon of the island. Its walls are very rough and picturesque, and several hundred feet in height not far back from the sea. Along its center is a deep, smooth gash, cut in the rocky bottom by the stones and sand brought down from the mountains in the rainy seasons. Here the tides rise and fall without a sign of undulating swell, and looking down through the clear water, the bottom at 20 and 30 feet in depth seems to be within reach of one's hand.

Another day we sailed toward the eastern end of the island to see the seal rookeries. All along from Prisoners' Harbor there are numerous sharp, narrow points, and deep little bays; and in the shelter of these the seals are found in herds resting upon the smooth-worn boulders and the beaches. Sailing within a few yards of Cochic's Point, and abruptly rounding it, we surprised several hundred of these master fishers of the sea. One by one and in dozens they slid or sprang into the water, barking excitedly, all but one huge old bull, who remained on his rock, head up and long neck outstretched, barking louder than any of the rest. And their bark reminds one instantly of other scenes in a faraway land, where the silence of a great forest is broken by the deep baying of a pack of hounds after deer.

The seals, all of the stellar variety, I believe, did not seem to be much afraid of us once they had gotten into the water, for they circled around and around, still barking and raising themselves high out of the water to get a good view of the boat. Further on we saw a number of other herds, but none so large as this. The picture of their rookery was taken by Rogers, the Santa Barbara photographer, by paddling up close to it in a skiff. At the time 441 of the animals were counted upon the beach and isolated boulders!

It is along these islands that all the seals are caught for training and exhibition purposes. They were formerly taken with the lasso, but finding that too dangerous work, the fishermen now use nets. These they set at the entrance to some cave after dark, so that the animals cannot see them, and then about daylight they frighten them by firing a gun. Out they come with a rush, sometimes in such uncheckable numbers that the net is torn away from the men. If a few are successfully enmeshed, they often drown before they can be gotten out of the water and into the cages at hand. Again, when one or two old bulls are caught, the netters are more than glad to loosen the net and let them go, for they make a wicked fight when cornered. Several years ago a fisherman named Velasquez lassoed a moderately sized bull, and the animal made straight for him, and with one lightning-like grab tore out his intestines. The poor fellow lived but a few moments.

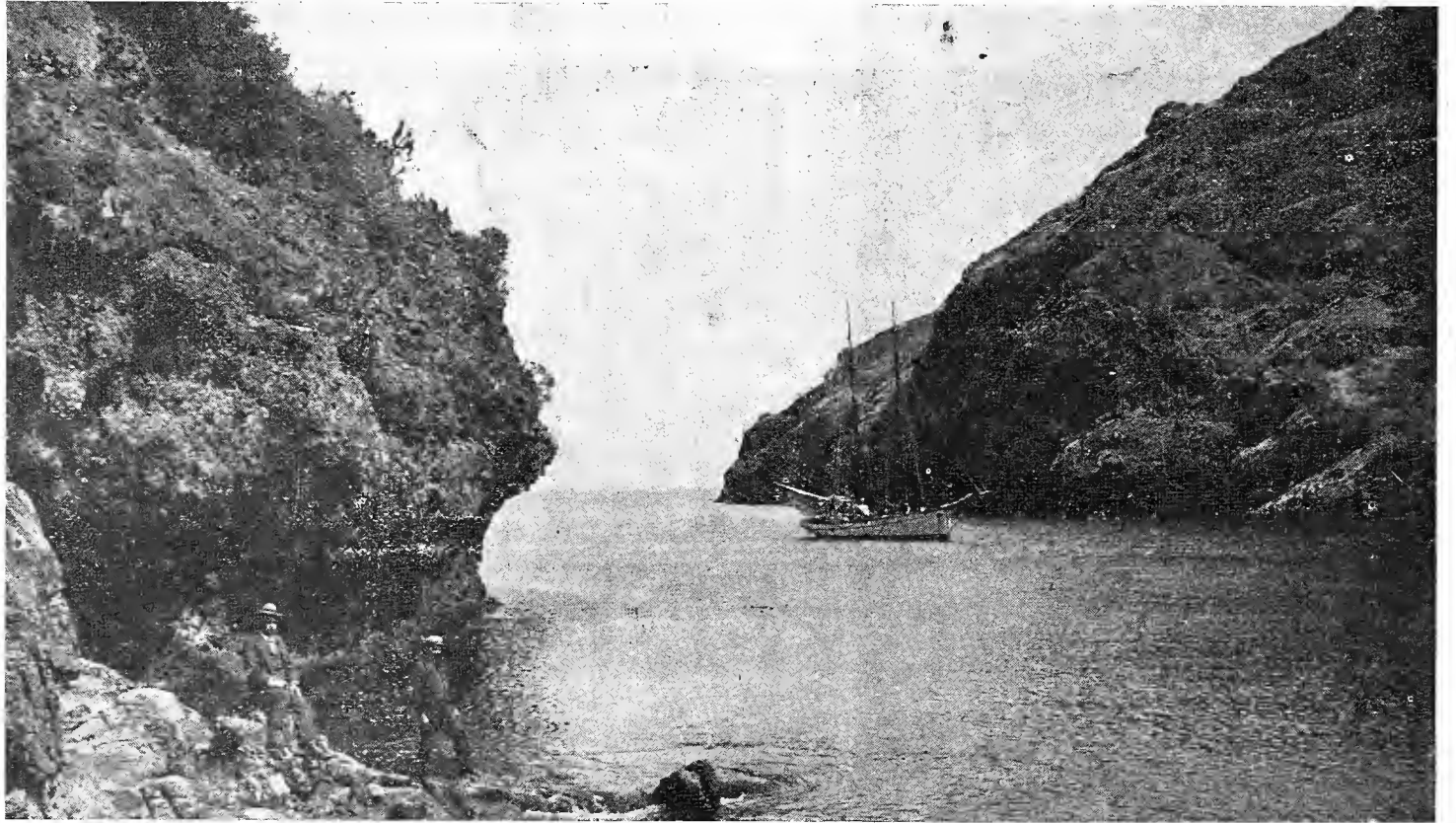
There is no better authority upon the seals, the sea otter and other animals of this vicinity, than Captain Prescott. He says that years ago there were thousands and thousands of seals along the islands, and that great numbers of them were annually slaughtered for their skins and oil, until finally they were nearly exterminated. The cheap by-products of petroleum have taken the place of the oil, so that they are no longer hunted except by occasional craft which catch a few for museums, and are therefore constantly increasing in numbers. From Richardson's Rock to Catalina Island, and including San Nicholas and Santa Barbara Islands, he estimates that there are now at least 4,500 of the animals, leopard, and stellar seals. At Richardson's Rock a few sea lions are found in the spring, but they leave in June for parts unknown.

The Alaskan fur seals often passed several winter months in the Santa Barbara Channel in fair numbers, but are rarely found here in late years. As to the sea otter, he says they are also increasing, as they have not been hunted in recent years. There are a few about the kelp beds of every island; but their favorite ground is around San Miguel Island, where, he believes, there may be as many as one hundred, and three hundred, including all the localities.

The Captain favors killing off all the pelicans. At least 1,000 of them, he avers, are breeding this year at the east end of Santa Cruz Island. "Each bird eats at least four fish a day, so that this one colony destroys 365,000 fish in a year—fish which are needed for the sustenance of man."

On every point along the north side of the island, and back of the sheltered bays, are to be found immense deposits of shells, often five and six feet in depth. They are of every description, abalone, oyster, clam and conch, but consist principally of mussel shells, as these bivalves were most numerous and most easily obtained by the natives. Few of these deposits have been dug over, and undoubtedly contain many interesting specimens of the handiwork of the ancient inhabitants. In digging the foundations for the Inn, Mr. Fraser's workmen found a number of lava bowls, pestles, sinkers, flint knives and arrow points, and eighteen human skeletons. These latter were lying in a circle, on their backs, and with their feet to the charred remains of a fire. Some were the bones of men, and some of women, and besides the stone and flint implements buried with them, a number of rudely fashioned dark blue soap-stone beads and fishes were found. There is no soap-stone native to the island, nor none, it is said, to be found in California, so it must have been gotten in commerce with other tribes. It is also said that the little rudely-carved fishes were the most valued of all their possessions, and were used by the medicine men as a sort of fetish or idol while praying. Most of the beads are from three to six inches in length, an inch to an inch and a half in diameter in the center, and gradually tapering toward the ends. Some have holes drilled clear through their length, others none, while in still others the holes run in only a quarter or half inch from the ends. Whether they were strung around the neck, or used in other ways, is not determined, for those found seemed to have been laid upon the bosom of the dead. If they were used as ornaments, their owners seemed to have poor taste, for they could have made lovely necklaces and ear pendants from the gorgeously hued abalone and other shells. Many seal bones are found in the shell mounds, and but few remains of fish. It is likely that the main food of the people was seal meat, shell fish, acorns and berries.

Captain Prescott told us a very interesting and pathetic story about the very last native inhabitant of the islands. Out in the ocean fifty miles farther from the mainland than Santa Cruz, is San Nicholas Island, barren, except for a few shrubs, and waterless save for one small pond. In its whole circumference there is no harbor, and even in the mildest summer weather its fringe of gigantic surf affords a precarious landing. The early Spanish navigators found this island to be inhabited by a fairly numerous native people, and toward the end of the eighteenth century removed them all, as they thought, to the mainland, there to live and toil, under the care of the Franciscan fathers. About 1832 some Spanish fishermen, landing upon the island to replenish their water casks, found human foot prints in the sand, but although they searched long and carefully they were unable to discover the maker of them, and they sailed away. Time passed, and for many a season the island was not again revisited; but in 1852, eighteen years after the foot prints had been seen, another party landed on the isle, also to refill their water barrels. They, too, found human foot prints on



FAY'S HARBOR, SANTA CRUZ ISLAND.

the beach and followed them to a cave which was inhabited, but no one was found in or near it. So, filling their casks, they rowed back to their bark and, after night had fallen, again landed and went to the cave. There they found a lone old woman, dressed in seal skin clothing. She seemed to be pleased to meet them, laughing and chattering in her strange language, and she hastened to get them a meal from her goodly store of various sea foods. By the use of crude signs the fishermen made her understand that they wished her to go to the mainland with them, and she, probably remembering that such a craft had taken away her people and that it had now come to bear her to her kindred, readily consented to go. When she had been taken aboard, everything she there saw surprised and interested her, most of all the cook stove, with which she seemed to be infatuated; and all the way over she kept a fire going and cooked a number of dishes of her store of food, which she had insisted should be taken aboard. Arrived at the Mission, it was found that none of the natives there gathered could understand her language, and from all the surrounding tribes the Fathers had members come to see her, but not one of them could speak her language. Meanwhile, the old woman seemed to be happy in her new surroundings, and interested in everything she saw, anxious to work and be of use in the family with which she resided. The sight of a team of oxen slowly dragging a plow was the cause of intense astonishment, and soon recovering from her fear of them, she followed them about the whole day with great interest. In a few weeks after her arrival the various fruits began to ripen, and she ate of them heartily. Used all her life to the simple sea foods, seal meat and shell fish, this new diet had a disastrous effect; one day she was stricken with an acute attack of cholera morbus and died after a few hours of suffering. So passed the last of the San Nicholas people, a tribe distinct from those who had inhabited the neighboring island of Santa Cruz. A few of the latter were still gathered around the Mission, and had vainly endeavored to converse with her.

Years and years ago some one turned some pigs loose upon the island (boars they are called), and they thrived. Indeed, so numerous did they become that last winter the owners of the land offered their herders and laborers a bounty of five cents for every one they could kill. To give an idea of the great number of these animals it can be said that during the past five months the chief herder, or ranger, with his pack of boar hounds, has killed 2,600 of them. They are an exceedingly shy animal quite as much so as the bear, and, like the latter, depend upon their ears and nose, rather than their eyes, to apprise them of danger. It is really good sport to stalk them, for as much care must be exercised as in approaching many game animals. The long tusks of a boar are no mean trophy; nor is a wounded old boar, or one brought to bay, unworthy of the hunter, for they often make a desperate and fearless fight.

Save for the mice, the only quadruped native to the island is a queer little fox, much smaller than the "kit," or "swift," of the plain, which inhabits it in great numbers. Its legs and under parts are a deep brownish red, its back and tail a dark silvery gray. It climbs trees! and most curious of all, it is by no means strictly carnivorous, for its secretions consist in part of the

seeds of various berries. It is a fearlessly simple little creature, often coming around the cottages and inn in broad daylight.

There are many varieties of birds upon the island, most of them unknown to the writer. Valley quail are extremely plentiful on the south side, and the mourning dove is heard on every hand. It is a shame that the State of California allows the latter to be shot at certain seasons of the year. How can any one who has listened to their musically mournful notes have the heart to kill them? They are in no sense a game bird.

And now as to the fishing: Along the shore and the edge of the kelp beds, quantities of sheephead, rock cod, sea bass and other shallow water fish can be caught at any time. Out only a little more than a mile from Pelican Bay is a reef, where, at any time also, one may have all the sport he wishes with black sea bass or jewfish, whitefish and halibut. The true game fishes, the tuna, yellowtail, albicore, barracuda and white sea bass, do not appear until the last of April or the beginning of May, as a rule, but, so we were told, they come in far greater numbers and stay longer than any-

where else on the southern California coast. Mr. Harrison T. Kendall, of Pasadena, and a member of the Tuna Club, fished these waters last season and says that he never saw so many tuna elsewhere; there were times when acres and acres of the placid sea were alive with them. Mr. W. G. Campbell, of New York, and Cass, Mexico, is another enthusiastic fisherman who has had great sport here and prefers the Santa Cruz fishing ground to any other he has found from Central America northward. All in all, this lovely and peculiar island is a place which we leave with regret. The climate never cold and never too warm, the grand forests, cliffs, cañons, mountains, and the clear, green sea with its wealth of fish surrounding them are well nigh irresistible. There is much for the general tourist, the invalid, the world-weary, for the scientist and the angler, which most likely cannot be duplicated on either coast of our country. MANZANITA.

An Adventure in the Jersey Woods

It is now more than twenty years ago, yet vividly as if occurring yesterday, arises my memory of an experience in a lonely forest at midnight in the lower section of Monmouth county, New Jersey.

Manasquan River, which is quite a pretentious stream, is the dividing line between Monmouth and Ocean counties, and it was near its banks I got the worst scare of my more or less eventful career.

It was late in November, and important business of my employer kept me waiting at the home of a person who was absent until past 11 o'clock, it being imperative that I should conclude a business arrangement that night and be on hand with some commercial paper the following morning. The lateness of the hour precluded the possibility of hiring a conveyance, and the last train had left the railroad station, three miles distant, hours before. My shortest route lay partly along an old road but little used; this short cut made the distance home 11 miles, and the night was bitterly cold. I was not overjoyed at my enforced detention and consequent privilege of "hoofing it," but started out, being fully assured I would have no difficulty in keeping the trail.

The moon was shining brightly, so that every object could be distinctly seen, and as seven of the eleven miles were through swamp and roads without a house the entire distance, it added greatly to my comfort. There had been a heavy rain a day or two previous, and the sandy road was washed as level as a floor, which in turn being now frozen solidly, made walking comfortable, or as comfortable as a pair of new calfskin boots not yet "broken in" would allow.

How well I remember those boots, and the good-natured countenance of "Elisha Peggs" who made them! I had a first-class revolver in my pocket, was young and active, and besides, what was there to dread, other than the feeling of loneliness? I had gotten perhaps half over the worst part, and was stepping briskly along, when suddenly to my left I heard a crackling among the bushes. I stopped short and peered in, but could see nothing. In a moment, however, the noise was repeated, accompanied by a shuffling among the leaves. Stepping around a clump of laurel bushes, expecting to see a stray horse or cow, judge of my consternation to see an immense brown bear

rear up on its haunches, evidently as much surprised as myself at the meeting. Rooted to the spot? No, sir, not a bit of it. I was never freer to move in my life. As the bear was at the side of the way, it was as hazardous to retreat as to advance, and I had the best of reasons for going that way. It would seem absurd to stand in the cold and argue points of etiquette with a bear. Besides, as the hour was late, I had a strong desire to be home. I accordingly ordered an advance in about the fortieth part of a second, and, shades of memory's winged heel, how I went! Those tight boots hindered me not, for I struck nothing but high places in that road for about two miles, convinced that at least a quarter ton of bear was reaching for my coat-tails at every leap.

The flight at last had an ending, and I reached home somewhat ahead of schedule time. My story, of course, was received with incredulity, and nods and winks were plentiful whenever I repeated my experience.

Two or three days later, however, a baker, who was, and is still, well known in those parts, started out with a full load of wares, his business being to supply stores along the coast near which there was no bakery. He was driving a team of spirited young mules. That night a neighbor took him home, minus eakes, wagon and mules, and in a bruised and badly dejected condition. His explanation was: "A bear walked right out of the swamp in the face of those mules, and, mule-like, they turned round as though they were hung on a pivot, upset my wagon, smashed it to smithereens, and spread destruction and eakes everywhere. They are somewhere down in the cedar swamp, cuss 'em!"

Here, then, was the beginning of proof that I had not mistaken a stump or some wandering domestic animal for a bear.

The mules were found next day, tangled by the harness, in the heavy underbrush, and unable to go any further, and standing head-to-tail, as though keeping a lookout for that bear in both directions.

And now comes the tragedy in the story. Several days after these incidents, two lads gunning near Vineland, N. J., found in the woods the mangled remains of a man which had lain a long time, and were identified as those of a wandering Italian who had exhibited a performing bear in the autumn through the lower portion of the State. The animal had evidently ended his master's life, and, freed from restraint, had wandered a long time alone. After the finding of the body, a general hunt was organized. The trail was struck, and on the second day bruin was brought to bay and shot by E. H. Height, familiarly known throughout the State as Hart Height, a famous trap and field shot.

My revolver? I found that in my pocket all right, when I found time to search for it.

Now I have never found cause to blame myself for abruptly parting company with that bear. I did not know it was longing to be caressed and sung to. It is true, I was not a long distance from home as distance is ordinarily regarded, but five or six miles is quite a stretch when one is alone in the woods with a bear, even though it may have a ring in its nose. LEONARD HULIT.

The Sportsman's Plea.

It is getting to be a very generally accepted idea that the love of shooting, fishing and kindred sports is just a relic of barbarism, persistently cropping out in civilized man; a cruel thing, to be fought against and overcome; a savage phase of boyhood, indicative of an undeveloped nature, which may perhaps be pardoned for the time being in those who find pleasure in killing, provided they exhibit a decent sense of shame and sincere desire for reform. The present-day school of humanity seems to have developed a somewhat morbid and unnatural view of death in any sudden form, apparently forgetting that since life first began this has mercifully been the natural ending of a great majority of all living things. The only unnatural death is the slow, lingering death from old age, one of the unavoidable penalties of civilization.

Now, to destroy any living creature in wantonness or in hate is an evil thing to do, and something which no true sportsman likes to be guilty of.

It is perfectly true that he goes to the woods with the direct object of killing for pleasure, offering no excuse of necessity or profit. Yet he scorns to kill any creature that may be used for food, unless it has proved itself in some manner an enemy to man's welfare. He simply desires some well-founded reason for the killing of the wild creatures which he takes equal delight in watching or pursuing. For my own part, I feel a genuine fondness for all hawks, the wide-winged hen-hawks in particular, as they circle, screaming, high above the pasture. Their whistling in early spring is as welcome to my ears as the first bluebird's note, and the exultant cries with which in June they invariably announce the first appearance of the young hawks in the nest among the pines.

But for all that I could not, if I would, suppress a kind of gladness which I feel whenever one of them declares war upon the poultry yard, a promise of long walks over rough hillsides with rifle or shotgun, stalking the wily freebooter from tree to tree with an occasional long shot as he perches erect on the top of some weather-beaten pine, or sails past overhead clear cut against the blue and white of the sky.

When at last a lucky shot brings him tumbling to earth, my exultation may perhaps be mingled with something of regret, but not with pity.

You may pity the plover or hare that you have shot; but it is like offering an insult to the hawk to pity him who asks for no pity and has himself killed his thousands in perfectly fair and open hunting. There must be no motive of revenge or punishment, for the hawk has done no wrong in following the law of his nature, but when it appears right that a hawk should be shot, be honestly glad if you can feel the hunter's joy in doing it, fairly and without treachery or hatred.

I know of but two classes of animate things which I hate, without reason—spiders and, to my own shame, some dogs. There are hideous fat-bodied, gray spiders, with crooked, grappling legs, that swing their webs in stables and out-buildings. I have smashed and drowned hundreds of these, and with excellent reason to back me in doing it, for their stout webs obstruct doorways

and passages; yet I can never kill one of them without a genuine feeling of self-contempt and disgust, for I know that I hate them without reason and destroy them in hatred.

It is far pleasanter to go out into the fields of a bright morning and shoot down the little Bob White, whose merry whistling has cheered me all summer long, for this I can do without loss of self-esteem, so long as no wounded bird escapes to die a lingering death, but little better than that which comes by sickness or old age. He has had his summer of happiness with his fellows amid green fields and blossoming hedgerows, and now to meet death quickly in mid-air on the wing calls for no pity or regret.

The real sportsman does not add to the general sum of necessary pain and suffering in nature; he abstains from shooting in the mating and breeding season when the wild creatures have the long summer to look forward to and are grouped in families dependent on one another; for him the shooting season opens only at the approach of cold weather after the game has reached maturity and each is dependent only upon itself for a livelihood. He makes every effort to allow no wounded creature to escape, though in so doing he must let go by many an easier shot. He is contented with a moderate bag, and when, as even now occasionally happens, an unusual flight of game birds offers opportunity for unlimited slaughter, the sportsman's unwritten code restrains him even at those times when his greed is unappeased with a moderate number of birds. Being only human, he cannot always be consistent, thus he scorns the pot-hunter who shoots his birds on the ground, though shooting on the wing must necessarily mean a greater proportion of wounded birds; but he is not hypocritical, his frankly avowed object being sport, he endeavors to derive as much pleasure as possible with the least destruction of life, and this he finds in the successful pursuit of wild swift-winged game with the hazard of chances in its favor. Shooting at a motionless bird within easy range of his gun may be merciful, but savors too strongly of murder or execution, and leaves a bitter taste in the mouth.

Those species which have been greatly reduced in numbers in years past by persistent hunting should not be shot at any season, even though the law permits; yet the temptation to add these rare birds to his bag when the occasion offers is one which every sportsman finds almost impossible to resist. Many species now show a decided increase in numbers from season to season, and it is pretty certain that their numbers may be reduced more mercifully by the gun in the autumn, than by their natural enemies accustomed to hunt indiscriminately at all times and seasons.

If permitted to multiply unchecked for any number of years, sickness and famine would finally thin them out in a manner vastly more painful.

If deer continue to increase at their present rate, they are certain, in a comparatively short time, to become nuisances; then the law, which now protects them, will have to be repealed until their numbers are reduced. Now in many places they have already lost their fear of man to such an extent that no one with the instincts of a sportsman could bear to think of killing one of them, only the pot-hunter with his shotgun and buck-shot will profit by their abundance. Even from an æsthetic point of view it would be better that their increase should not be allowed to continue indefinitely.

At first thought it is delightful to cherish the idea of these beautiful soft-eyed creatures nibbling and browsing unafraid everywhere along country road-sides; but familiarity, though it cannot breed contempt in this instance, certainly lessens the enchantment, and in a little time we barely notice them as we drive past, only taking the same casual satisfaction in their beauty that we get from seeing a drove of handsome cattle grazing. As a matter of fact, deer seen under these conditions are but little more beautiful than are Jersey heifers that have lived all summer in the open air. It is only when really wild deer dash away in the distance startled by your approach, that your nerves thrill and your eyes grow dim with the intense pleasure of their wild beauty. As regards their own state of happiness, fear is not necessarily akin to unhappiness; human beings who are seldom or never called upon to face danger or flee before it are certainly not the ones to be most envied, and judging from careful observation I am pretty thoroughly convinced that few wild animals really suffer from the fear of death in any form.

It is greatly to be desired that the woods throughout the country shall become stocked with deer to a certain extent, even from the most practical standpoint; so long as the law permits of their being hunted for a certain number of weeks each season they will hardly become so tame as to destroy the farmer's crops to any great extent, while the flesh of those that are killed will furnish healthful and delicious meat for those who have a taste for venison, and this venison raised without care upon leaves and wild forest-growth will actually be more cheaply produced than any beef or mutton. The farmer who protests that it is unfair that city sportsmen should kill the deer raised at the farmer's expense, has the privilege of posting his land and legally keeping off all trespassers, though in so doing he must take his chances of making bad feeling and getting himself disliked.

The game laws in this country are on the whole excellent, their chief fault being that they lack simplicity; it is useless to attempt to adapt the law perfectly to each species of game. I find that outside of the ranks of enthusiastic sportsmen not one in ten manages to keep posted on the varying open and closed seasons of the different sorts. The farmer or business man who likes to take a day off for gunning now and again, as the occasion offers, is puzzled to know just when he may lawfully shoot certain kinds of game.

An example of the impracticability of endeavoring to vary the opening of the season to suit the habits of each species, was the attempt made here in New England a few years since to allow the shooting of woodcock to begin a few weeks before quail or grouse. Woodcock nest and mature very early, and by mid-summer the young birds are as well able to take care of themselves and as difficult to shoot as are grouse in September, or quail in October; before the latter are well grown, practically

all the native woodcock have left the region unless the weather should prove unusually cool and wet. It seemed, therefore, only fair that the gunners should be allowed to go after woodcock in August.

But it soon developed that the market-hunters were tempted to fill their pockets with half-grown partridges which were easily killed and sold readily under the name of "short-billed woodcock;" even sportsmen who should have known better occasionally yielded to the seduction of a tempting shot at some old grouse when woodcock were difficult to find.

Bird lovers, including the sportsmen, are not a little disturbed over the possible extinction of our most beautiful species of wildfowl, the summer duck, and it has been proposed that a law be passed forbidding the shooting of this bird at any season. It would seem that any one who knows anything of duck shooting must realize the utter futility of such a law. Duck shooting is commonly at its best in misty weather and in the twilight of morning and evening; at such times it is out of the question to expect the duck hunter to distinguish between summer duck, widgeon and teal as they whiz past overhead or rise spluttering from among the rushes in the uncertain light. To be in any way effective the law must apply alike to all species of ducks in any region. If the existing laws are properly regarded and spring duck shooting put a stop to in all parts of the country, I can see no reason why summer ducks should not multiply and have their nests in all parts of the country where the conditions are favorable, for they are unquestionably as well fitted to look after their own safety as any species, being expert divers and swift fliers, extremely difficult to hit on the wing, and in spite of the brilliant plumage of the drake, the smallest tuft of grass or pickerel weed serves to hide them completely. In the closed season they throw off much of their wildness and nest as contentedly in parks and beside mill-ponds as in the wilderness.

There is chance for immense improvement still, both in the enforcement of the existing game laws and in the unwritten code which sportsmen acknowledge, and these will undoubtedly come in good time.

But shooting and fishing call for no excuses and will always continue to keep our race sound in mind and body and free from morbid over-sensitiveness and misplaced pity; despite the protests of those who persist in associating these sports with wanton cruelty, and would, we must suppose, prefer to remake the fixed laws of creation and either do away with death entirely, and so allow each creature to continue in its present state indefinitely, or, if it must die, give it the privilege of suffering a slow death from old age or sickness.

For those who protest at the natural love of hunting in man, also shudder at the idea of the sudden death of the song bird in the claws of the hawk, and, to be consistent, must of necessity continue their fault-finding down through every stage of the struggle for existence in nature.

Frank Bullen, in "The Cruise of the Cachalot," gives a pitiful account of the dying of old age of the frigate birds on their native islands, where, with no natural enemies to put them out of their misery, they are doomed to a lingering end. Even should their younger companions have taken pity on them and brought them fish, it would merely have dragged out their suffering a little longer. W. E. CRANE.

Denuding Mountains and Lowlands

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with interest the communication of Mr. McCandless. As long as a man can secure Government scrip, so long will such things continue. Our land laws certainly need revision, and the stone and timber act, no doubt, in time will be repealed. Fifty years from now volumes will be written upon the shortsightedness of our legislative bodies in neglecting to safeguard our timber interests.

Perhaps in no part of the public domain has such highway robbery and such fraud been perpetrated as in the public timber lands. To prove this, it is only necessary to show by statistics the lumber manufactured for fifty years past, and then compare the records of actual timber sales made by the Government. The disparity is startling and astounding.

They tell a story of a prominent Michigan lumber operator who invested his all in a 40-acre tract of Government timber land, and then commenced logging operations. He cut timber for ten long years and became a millionaire several times over, and when he quit it is stated that the original "forty" which he bought and paid for was yet standing intact, and curious to relate, the records showed no other transfer of timber land to the operator.

Things are of course a little different now, but yet there is much perjury in connection with timber holdings. The stone and timber act is one that needs repealing, and no doubt something definite will soon be done in that direction.

On this subject there is perhaps no better posted man than Prof. Pinchot, of the Bureau of Forestry. I, for one, would like to read a paper from his pen upon this subject.

Many of the acts of our worthy President, Mr. Roosevelt, in time, will be forgotten, but the work of his hand in saving to the nation the forest reserves, put into effect during his administration, will outlive in man's memory and overshadow in importance all the other good things he has done. He certainly is building better than he knows, and better than he can ever know. Future generations will have cause to be thankful for what he has done to keep safe a few of our remaining timber growths.

Within the past ten years forestry and reforestation have gradually assumed a tangible, practical shape. It is a matter of regret that the strong sentiment existing today in favor of perpetuating our forests was not in existence fifty years ago. But the pine forests were counted as the buffalo—beyond extermination. The buffalo went the way of all flesh, and unless the men who rule the destinies of the country see to it in the repealing and bettering of our timber laws, our forests will follow in the wake of the buffalo.

Millions of acres of sandy, stony soil, once thickly covered with white and red pine, turn their unproductive faces to the sun and become as worthless desert spots

upon the map. Soil that grew pine once, can be made to grow it again. The reforestation of land is not one in which private capital will venture. The returns, while certain, are too remote. Reforestation is something that alone can be successfully carried on only through and by the national and State governments. Germany is a standing beneficent lesson in forestry that this country might well profit by. The German forests will be as thriving and remunerative a thousand years from now as they are to-day. Legislators are prone to interest themselves in bills that effect the every-day existence of their constituents to the absolute exclusion of the future, and while posterity is not alive to-day to plead its cause, yet it will live, I am afraid, to curse the shortsightedness of the men who made the laws and who went before.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

Before a Jury of His Peers.

It is in my mind that I have a crow to pick with Brother Samuels, due altogether and wholly to his seductiveness as a scribe and knowledge of has-beens; and I hereby lay my case—as a layman—before the jury and cry for judgment. "Which I am no lawyer," as Truthful James might say, but rely solely on the justice of my cause.

Be it known, then, that said Brother Samuels did in an enticing article some months ago make mention specially of the wide difference in coloring found in the trout that have their habitat severally in Wild River, and its tributary, the Evans Brook, near Gilead, Maine.

Now, that is an old stamping ground of mine. On this matter of color, B. S. is correct. Your Evans troutling is dark, ruddy of fin and tummy, even as stated, and his Wild River mate is well-nigh as silvery as a shiner. He omitted to point out that our brunette dwelleth—or did—in a tree-hung stream that is indeed but a brook, with, at that time, plenty of shadowed places and dark-stoned bottoms. The river, per contra, is a wide expanse of stones for many a mile, sometimes over 100 feet wide, through the midst of which the water ambles along and yells over the wilderness of white rocks it has to irrigate; and the trout reflect its whiteness in their sides. But that is a detail. The main iniquity is his assumption that trout are there.

Fate had it, that as I rode in the train with FOREST AND STREAM and that article in my lap, along came a friend of my boyhood, who has big lumber interests in that region, and gave me a hearty invitation to "come up and go troutling" once again. The old trail in was now a spur line of the railroad, he said, and a locomotive came down twice a day with the mails. I could go up on that. Now, my vacation was planned for Bethel, Me., ten miles below. The more I thought over that invitation, the more that article of Brother Samuels got in its evil work, till—well, what would you have done? I just dropped things and scooted. Hence this plaint.

With a locomotive for transport, "going light," of course, was needless. So I filled my valise with a fishing suit, rubber boots, some "bait"—since my flies were a bit war-worn and Russian-like—and took the morning train upward. Gilead was there, all right; also the spur line, somewhat like an inch-worm, up and down. But no loco. However, here was a saturnine individual with a mail bag, and him I suavely interviewed.

"Locomotive? Taken off."

"When?"

"Last week."

"What for?"

"Not enough business."

"How does one get in?"

"Walk."

"Hum. Want to carry my valise in for a consideration?"

"Not for five dollars."

"Well, I don't know that I would if I were in your place." And in all amiableness I even swung the thing a-shoulder and started to hit the ties over the four-mile stretch.

Sir Saturnine trudged alongside a rod, and evolved a thought.

"You can go up on a hand-car if you'll help pump."

"Done!" And lo! the animile lay before us, loaded with section tools and locked. But the man of mail had a key that fitted, and he proceeded to dump the tools by the wayside. Now, hand-car work on an up-grade is mightily like the case of the Irishman who begged to work his passage on a canal boat, and was set to driving the mules along the towpath. After an hour or two, he gave it up, saying, "But for the name of the thing, I might as well war-r-lk." Still, at least, it was speedier than walking; and presently we overtook a wayfarer and slowed up.

"Going in?"

"Yers."

"Want to help pump?"

"Guess so. This 's a better car than the one you went down on."

So my amiable host had swapped with the section men! I imagine the air was lurid around the station when they returned. This explained, too, its fine equipment of hardware that we left. The man of mail retained his brass, however. He needed it in his business. Presently we picked up yet another man, likewise "going in," and we four made time, the four miles being covered in thirty minutes, buzz cart time. And the mail man didn't work over hard either. I be-thought me of Tom Sawyer, and his famous white-washed fence.

No matter, we were there—very much so—and I gave mine eyes an extra rub. When last I was on that spot, one house and one little two-man power mill stood buried among the trees. Now, I was in a rail-road switchyard in the bottom of a cleared valley, four or five miles in sight and a long-drawn-out village strung along for a mile or more in the hollow of the hills! Furthermore, the mills were silent, the male population, young and old, was free-footed; and the water was low as my spirits, as I sized up the case. What had Brother Samuels said as to this? Nix!

The post-office was at the far end of the valley. So

was friend H. Thither must I go. So I shouldered in earnest that solid valise and trudged. The stalwart mail man sauntered alongside. And wasn't it hot! The sun blazed down into that trough like a blast furnace. Never in my life have I felt it like that. My weight is about 106 pounds; I'm on the sunset side of forty-five. Did that man alongside offer to lend a hand, to carry my rod even? Not he! In a long experience with men of all sorts I have not met his like. Let us rejoice, brothers, that such are few, since, when found, they are so "few in a hill."

No matter, again. One foot before the other, t'other foot before the first, one gets there or somewhere in due time. And H. was found, plump and jolly, well worth a tramp to meet again, even to arriving like a tramp. Something to eat was forthcoming instantaneously, but not much did I tarry over that. Excelsior! And I whooped it up stream on mine ancient trail, now a broad, well-traveled road!

Well, it was pleasant once again to watch the water gleam in the sunlight golden; to pick wild raspberries by handfuls; to splash across through the shallows; to try every riffle, hollow, bend; and I tried 'em all with exceeding faithfulness. As the sun slid down, I could say that I had covered enough of that stream to warrant a just opinion of its merits as a popular resort. It had been popular—there was no doubt about that. In my long afternoon I saw just six trout of any size, five of which I caught. I won't say how large they were. I had no scales. Besides, it isn't necessary to the argument. They were trout; and the coloring was even as Brother Sam hath said. So might a hummingbird be of the color of an eagle, and both be birds.

Also I flushed a brace of birds of another color, and well worth seeing. Evidently a couple of college girls en route through the woods a-pony-back for some forty miles through the mountains with a guide. Like other lovers of wild life, I have a watchful habit, so it is not strange that I saw them before they saw me; saw them chatting merrily; saw that one rode saddleless on blanket and surcingle, and—astride; and saw the sudden acrobatic feet flash in a lightning-artist change back to the ordinary feminine position as her eyes chanced to meet me, while into the face dashed a sunrise color and a blaze of haughty wrath.

I wonder why. Had I no right to exist? I regretted that she saw me, however. To me, trout excepted, it is far more pleasure to watch some young wild thing at play unconscious than to kill it out of hand; and the role of kill joy is not one I hunt for, as a rule.

Thus meditating, I silently drew aside and let them pass upon their way.

But about my own plans—what next? This country clearly was over-settled with a free and independent population. I had discovered that even at that it had endured the invasion of thirty fishermen on a single Sunday not long before. Would it pay to tarry, and go up Wild River on the morrow as per plan? In olden time, even, it was needful to tramp miles on miles upstream before one saw a fin, as the lower reaches were ever barren. And now? Once or twice in my life before I've run up against a proposition like this and learned to know that there is a time, sometimes, when it is well to quit; to drop old plans for new, on a second's notice. So I even dropped that. Friend H. had gone out to civilization on business. The sun was low, the air was cool, I felt fresher than when I started. Vacation days are like a limited handful of gold coin—each one must be made to count to the uttermost to avoid after regrets. So thinking, I shifted back into my thin walking suit, swung my valise a-shoulder, and started out afoot "over my happy morning track," as Bird-o'-freedom Sawin said, tie-hitting down toward Gilead.

There is a pleasure even in bucking against fate; and there would be a freight train down some time in the evening by which to get to Bethel. So on I ambled, stopping now and then to raid the raspberries—thickets of them, untouched even by a bird in many spots! and cheered along as I trudged by the old familiar yell of the river water in the bed below. There is a wild, solitary sound about it ever, to my mind; a hermit song, driving away finance and other cares, and when I hear it I need no other company.

Thus passed an hour or more, and out of the woodland swung the road, into the hamlet Gilead; and I felt as fresh as a mountain daisy. Then to me spake the station-master, even as the boy who told his anxious mate, "There hain't goin' ter be no coré!"—viz., "No freight down to-night."

I thought a moment.

"All right; just check this bag down next morning," and took to the road again. Ten miles on a summer night would be a pleasure—perhaps. I'd always wanted to take that walk, anyway. Now I could. Then here came in a stroke of luck, viz., friend H., surprised, perhaps a bit dismayed, at my sudden exodus, and driving a stout white horse, suitable to his own inches. A word or two and a laugh made that all right, and dropping business he took the time to give me a four-mile lift on the way, while we reminisced over some thirty years ago. Then, with a hearty handshake, I took the road again—the railroad while I could see the ties, then the common dusty.

Dark? Well, summat! Twice I picked myself out of the ditch among brambles. Once I woke up a farmer for a quart of milk. For an hour I watched a thunderstorm gathering in the north. Yet with scarce a break in my steady, two-and-a-half-mile-an-hour gait, I found myself trudging past the village church as the clocks struck 10. And I figured out that, that brook and all, I had an eighteen-mile walk that day, with city training, or lack of it, and, as said above, on the sunset side of forty-five—and perfectly fresh next day.

But all the same, what saith the brotherhood? What is due to Brother Samuels, in the case before the court? Eighteen miles tramped, and five small troutlings—and what are they among so many?

J. P. T.

All the game laws and fish laws of the United States and Canada are given in the "Game Laws in Brief."

Some Things that are Missed.

WYMORE, Neb., Aug. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There are two things in which I took delight when I was a boy, back in Illinois, that I miss very much now, as they do not grow in Nebraska. They were hazelnuts and crab apples. It may seem strange that a grown-up man would miss such things, but let me tell you something about them.

All along the small streams in that part of Illinois, where I roamed in boyhood, the crab apple grew in profusion. In the spring the very bright, red blossoms of the crab apple intermingled with the pure white blossoms of the wild plum; and no flower garden ever produced a more beautiful sight. And there is no flower or blossom that exhales so rare and rich a perfume as the blossom of the little crab apple. And when the apple itself was ripe it had a perfume that is not equalled by any other fruit, wild or tame. They were good to eat, and made delicious preserves, and I am told that cider made from them, while a little tart, was as snappy and sparkling as champagne. But I never tried the cider.

It was only a quarter of a mile from that little pioneer home to the first hazel bushes. They grew all along the edges of timber and made a kind of margin or border between the prairie grass and woods, and in that rich soil they were from three to six, or even seven feet in height, and they were full of nuts every year. The nuts grew in clusters or bunches, in hulls with from one to three, or even four nuts in each bunch, and were gathered in the hull and laid out in the sun for two or three weeks to dry, and then the nuts were hulled out, put in little sacks and hung up for winter use. They grew as large as any filbert (the cultivated hazel nut) that I have ever seen.

Some of my first hard work consisted of going hazelnutting. I was supplied with a two-bushel sack, with one corner of one end tied to one corner of the other end, and hung around my neck, with the mouth of the sack in front of me, so that I could hold it open with my left hand and pick and put the nuts in with my right. In this way I could get about a bushel of nuts, hulls and all, in the sack at one time, and it made a pretty good load; and a bushel of them in the hulls would not hull out more than four quarts of nuts. The hulling out could be done at my leisure, after they got dry enough and after the crop was all gathered; and then we had all the winter evenings, in which to crack and eat them, and while some may like the rich butternut, or the shellbark hickory nut, or walnut better, give me the hazelnut. The hazelnut harvest generally lasted about a month.

That neither the crab apple or hazelnut grow in Nebraska seems to me a great oversight, and I am going to see if I cannot supply the deficiency, to a small extent at least. I have bearing walnuts in my yard that grew from nuts that I planted, and I have butternuts growing also from seed sent to me from Illinois, and this fall I am going to plant some hazelnuts and see if I cannot have a "hazelnut patch," as we called it when I was a boy; and next spring I am going to plant some of the seeds of the crab apple. The hazelnuts and crab apple seed will be sent to me from near my old boyhood home.

My first experience in planting walnuts did not work just as I expected. I planted the nuts in the fall in a little bed near the house, and depended upon moving them in the spring, but out of all that I moved the first time only one lived, and I found later that if the walnut grew six inches the first year, the tap root would be about a foot long; and if the tap root was cut, the little tree would not grow. Then I resorted to the plan of planting the nut where I wanted the tree to stay, and had better success; but they can be readily moved if you go below the tap root.

And while I am pointing out some of the deficiencies of my adopted State, let me name a few other things that I reveled in when a boy, that do not grow in Nebraska, at least not in this part of the State. Black haws, red haws, May apples and ground cherries in the fruit line, and among the flowers, the following: Sweet Williams, lady slippers, blue bells, Dutchman's breeches and Jack in the pulpit (Indian turnip and Indian tobacco. How any boy can ever amount to anything without learning to eat Indian turnip and chew Indian tobacco, is more than I can understand.

A. D. McCANDLESS.

A Maine Woods Swindler.

BANGOR, Me., Sept. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Since the article which appeared in this week's issue of FOREST AND STREAM was written, on the subject of panthers in the Maine woods, it has developed that there are panthers, although not of the species considered in that letter. The kind referred to are of the two-legged variety, and their covers, instead of being in the forests, are in the secret places of the city.

During a recent trip to Moosehead Lake and the West Branch of the Penobscot, the writer learned of a development in the Maine "recreation industry" that might well be termed a "devil-up-ment," to apply a familiar pronunciation of the word. To be brief, it was simply a confidence game with the Maine woods as a shield, and both Maine and non-resident people as the victims.

Only in connection with an outing in the woods—that alluring prospect that for many years holds the most prominent place in the minds of those not so richly endowed with this world's goods as to be able at will to indulge the desire—could so cool and slick a scheme be worked as it appears to have been during the past summer, and this letter is written in the hope that it may prevent others from falling victims to this enterprising "promoter's" plausible scheme.

So much has been said and written by this sportsman or that tourist about the wildness of the Maine woods, their utterly trackless condition in most sections, and the greed of those into whose hands one sometimes falls, that it is not strange there are a good many people who would far sooner start on a trip to Europe or Japan than trust themselves amid the greatly magnified dangers of the

Maine forests. There is just enough truth in such statements to make them dangerous, and the timidity of this class of believers has suggested to someone a get-rich-quick scheme, through a series of personally conducted trips to the Maine woods, wherein the unfortunate victim should find his need of being personally conducted home again without the joys he had anticipated, and at his own further expense.

This man was first heard of at Northeast Carry, where indignation was high against his methods, owing to the experience of a man who had been made the victim of the plan. Briefly, he had paid this promotor a considerable sum, reported to be about \$150, and in return received a ticket to Northeast Carry and return via Norcross. At the carry he was to be met by a certain guide with all supplies and outfit for camping where the "personal conductor's" camps happened not to be, and taken down the river on that enchanting journey, which is one of the most delightful and most popular canoe trips in the world—the West Branch trip. There was no guide at the carry, no one who knew anything at all about such a guide or such arrangements, and had it not been for the generous courtesy of the manager of the Penobscot Hotel and Trading Company's store, he must have been obliged to either telegraph to New York for funds, or return the way he came. However, a canoe, guide, and supplies were secured, and he made the trip as planned, leaving the settlement with the New York man to await his return to the city.

Passing on down the river, Chesuncook was reached in a howling storm, and there at the Chesuncook House, sheltered by the kindly hospitality of good-hearted "Anse" Smith, were found two boys in their teens—mere young-

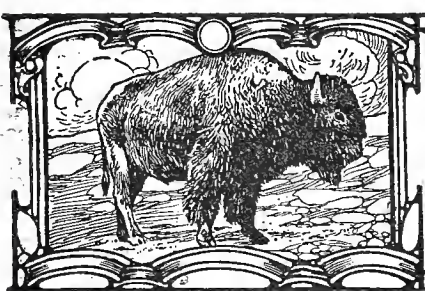
sters—whose parents had paid the same promotor a sum of money for an extended outing in Maine. Originally numbering some twenty boys in the party, it had become but two here, several having sent home for money to return when they found themselves abandoned by the man in whom they had put their trust, and who held all of their money. It was not known what had become of one party, the boys having split up on reaching Maine; but this crowd of some ten or a dozen camped on a lake near to Mooshead for a while, after which a start was made to the foot of Chesuncook, where the trip to Norcross was to be entered upon. The man in the meantime left for New York, having made, as he claimed, all arrangements for sufficient guides and provisions to be at the Ripogenus Carry and relieve the guides then with them, as these were engaged but for the short trip to Lobster. At Chesuncook Lake it was found that there were no guides to take the boys further, and the guides who had brought them thus far had other engagements, so that it was impossible for them to continue, even had they felt sure of being paid for it. The consequence was that a party of young boys was literally thrown upon the hospitality of people who had no interest but that of humanity in them, and not only was the promised outing spoiled, but they were obliged to wait until, one by one, funds came to carry them back to their homes. It also developed that numerous camps which the swindler had claimed to own, and which he located with truthful exactness, were mere public camping places, used and known of all guides and sportsmen who pass along that way, and he could not have secured permission to build camps there if he had so desired.

Seldom is anything so heartless done in the way of

bringing business to Maine, if such a contemptible arrangement of matters could be considered in that light from the most charitable point of view, and sportsmen, guides, camp proprietors, and others who heard and knew of the circumstances, and saw the boys thus helplessly set adrift so many hundreds of miles from home, united in denouncing, in the most severe terms, such a dastardly performance.

Sportsmen who want to make a trip to Maine and enjoy its unsurpassed loveliness of scenery, its marvelous wealth of fish and game, should consider that it is for the best interests of community and citizens to treat the visitors as if they were invited guests, and to a considerable extent this will be found to be the case, although there will naturally be found exceptions. One thing is, however, certain, and that is that any man wishing to make a tour of any portion of the Maine recreation belt, will find it full cheaper to arrange for his trip directly with some responsible Maine resident, guide, railroad representative, hotel or camp proprietor, or some other in touch with these matters, and save a profit to those who would, acting as middlemen, steal from both ends to make themselves whole or provide a profit. Maine is a big State, and there is so much chance for such humbuggery as the above apparent plan of graft, that the uninitiated should not put themselves into the control of any irresponsible persons. Enterprising men who might devise some such plan for woods tours as the above scheme was claimed by its promotor to be, should see to it that they have sufficient financial backing to carry such a plan out without a fizzle, and that some surety be provided their patrons that the plan, as paid for and agreed upon, should be carried out.

HERBERT W. ROWE.



NATURAL HISTORY



The Ignis Fatuus.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The article in the FOREST AND STREAM September 17 on the "Ignis Fatuus," brings back to my recollection an incident which I experienced about the year 1870. At that time I was managing an "estancia," or ranch, in Buenos Ayres; in fact, there were three separate estancias run as one by my employers; consequently there were three estancia or principal houses, the rest of the dwellings being "puestos," or shepherds' huts. Part of my time I spent at one estancia, and part at another, as the spirit moved me.

Now, the facts are as follows, and these I have kept pretty well to myself, for the simple reason that I have always thought that I would be considered a romancer—gifted with a superabundance of imagination, or by some, in plain English, a liar.

At one side of the quinta, or inclosure round the estancia house, used as a peach orchard for growing maize, etc., was a well, and previous to my occupation of the estancia, a hut stood by this well, which was occupied by an old man whose sole companion was a dog. The old man died, and the dog took up its abode at the estancia, along with numerous other canines of all colors and sizes, but of no particular breeds, and was there when I took up my quarters there. This dog, light tan in color, was looked upon by everyone as having most peculiar traits. It would never allow anyone to touch it, and even if spoken to, would turn its head toward the speaker and snarl, showing a very formidable set of ivories, and almost every night it would howl in that dismal fashion common to dogs.

From the neighborhood of the well arose almost every night a light, which would go bobbing up and down, and taking leaps of several yards, so to speak, for quite a distance in the campo or prairie; then it would take a sudden dive to earth and disappear from that spot. It would then, perhaps, be seen in another direction, and some distance from where it last disappeared, or perhaps not again that night.

On one occasion I was out riding with a Spaniard when this light appeared, about 300 yards from us. My companion proposed that we should chase the light, or "el luz," as it was called in Spanish. This we did, until it reached the wire fence inclosing the quinta, through which it passed, and cutting off a corner, emerged into the open campo again, not changing its motion in the least while passing through the wire fence, but disappearing for good for that night.

On another occasion the employers of the estancia had gone to a neighbor's to pay homage to a patron saint, as is the custom there. Some friends who were visiting me and I took a lantern and a sheet and located ourselves on the side of the trail, by which we expected the worshippers to return, hobbling our horses some distance away, and intending to give the party a scare when passing by exhibiting "el luz" under the sheet; for, as is generally known, the natives are most superstitious, and many were sure that the light was in some way connected with the late occupant of the hut, some going so far as to say that he had treasure hidden thereabout, and if asked, the light would direct to the place of its concealment. The party we intended to frighten took another trail, so we got sold for our trouble.

Now comes the most inexplicable part in connection with "el luz." One pitch dark night I took it into my head to go from one estancia house to another, about a league distant. I was on one of my most reliable horses, and was going at a steady canter, and when about a third of the way saw the light some distance off going through its usual exercises, i. e., bobbing up and down, and finally disappearing. This being of so frequent occurrence, I took no notice of it, but after riding half a mile or so further, without any warning, all of a sudden "el luz" appeared, just under my horse's nose; not exactly under it, but about eight feet distant, and about seven degrees

to the right of my horse's head. It was distinctly visible for about four seconds, and assumed the form of an animal. The head was exactly like that of the dog before mentioned, with its ears lying back and its usual snarl. The body was like that of a calf, particularly the tail, and in color was fawn and white. The whole was surrounded by a halo about six feet in diameter, and was as plainly visible as though it had been midday. My horse shied in such a manner as almost to throw me, as the whole thing was so sudden and unlooked for. Needless to say I was too frightened to ask the apparition or whatever it was where his wealth was stored, my only anxiety being to get out of the locality as soon as possible, not even looking behind to see if "el luz" was visible and bobbing I myself being too busy bobbing at that particular time.

Now, most people will say that this was all imagination on my part; others that I had been imbibing; others will think that I have the Ananias streak largely developed. But the fact of the horse also seeing it, and of his fright at the apparition, does away with these theories.

The above statements are facts, neither enlarged nor detracted from, and I would very much like to hear if any of your contributors have ever had a similar experience with "el luz" or any such ghostly body. It almost seemed to be a judgment on me for having tried to scare others with what almost scared me to death.

I. H. W.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When reading T. J. Chapman's letter in the number for September 17, I could not help but think that I knew where his Hopewell Church was. I may be mistaken; this is a common name in Pennsylvania, at least, but I think his Hopewell Church is in Ross township, Allegheny county, about five miles from Allegheny city, or it was that far from it then; it is almost a part of the city's suburbs now; a street car line has lately been built out to it.

If this is where he thought he saw his first ignis fatuus, it was one of them he did see, and not someone carrying a lantern, as he thought it might be. A narrow country road ran past Hopewell Church, and to where it entered the Perrysville plank road at Keating's tavern, two miles away. A mile below the church is Westview Farm; that is its name now; it had no name then; and down in a bottom to the left of this road was a pasture that was partly a swamp at some seasons; other times it would be dry, but the bottom of it was always covered with decayed vegetation. Here is where we boys found our jack o' lantern, as we called it then.

We always knew just when to look for it. It would always appear late in the summer or early in the fall before the cold weather began. We would put in whole hours after night trying to overtake the light, plunging through the swamp, deployed in a line that afterwards our skirmish line in the army reminded me of; but the light always kept just so far ahead of us, until it would come to solid ground, then vanish; or sometimes it would disappear short of that, only to appear again on our right or left or behind us. We would think, of course, that these lights seen elsewhere were the ones we had been following. I have no doubt now that they were different ones that we had stirred up tramping through the mud.

I had heard of this thing long before I saw it, and after seeing it I consulted my usual source of information, our Anderson Library, to find out all about it; but could find little, except its proper name, and that it was supposed to be formed of marsh gas. Since then I have often thought that natural gas or oil had something to do with forming it. This whole country was underlaid with both oil and gas, though we did not know that then, nor for many years afterward. When I last saw Westview the whole place was covered with oil well derricks, and a small fortune in oil had been taken out here.

Anyone who is familiar with the woods at night, must often have noticed the light that is given off by damp, rotten logs when freshly broken. When we were 'coon

hunting at night, and I carried the ax, I would split these logs open hunting for the light. I have thought that this light and the ignis fatuus might have had the same origin.

The explanation that is given as to how this ignis fatuus is formed is no doubt the correct one; it is nothing but a thin gas or vapor when it rises out of the ground, but when it comes in contact with the upper air it becomes luminous. It has very little light when you once get close to it; less light than it has when seen some distance away, and has no heat that can be noticed.

CABIA BLANCO.

A Story of Two Sandpipers.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A FEW weeks ago while shore bird shooting on the Chatham, Mass., flats, my father and I were eye witnesses to a very remarkable and interesting occurrence, which might be of special interest to some of our writers and students of bird life, especially while discussion is made by various writers about the possible reasoning powers of birds and animals.

While we were sitting in our blind, a small flock of least sandpipers, or as they are more familiarly known, peeps, came by, and when about ten yards beyond us, one of them suddenly left the bunch and lit on the open flat, and for quite a while remained perfectly still.

It soon became plain to us that the little fellow was wounded, as he soon showed signs of distress, accompanied by many shakings of the head, which led us to believe he was bleeding internally, especially as we could see with our field glass that he kept opening his bill, as though to clear his throat of something.

Soon another single peep came by, and seeing the first little fellow, immediately whirled, emitted his greeting "tweet," and joined him.

Almost immediately the well bird seemed to see there was something wrong, for, after walking around the sick bird two or three times, he seemed to actually begin to push him toward a small clump of beach grass, ten or fifteen feet distant from where they stood.

Arriving there, he again walked two or three times around the sick bird, then came close to him and laid his head across the other little fellow's back, after which he settled down on a bit of sea weed and watched him very intently.

In about twenty minutes or half an hour he again started the sick bird toward the heavy beach grass which joins the edge of the flats, and both disappeared within.

Waiting ten minutes or so I walked over to where they had disappeared, and saw what to me was quite a remarkable sight. There, about three feet inside the grass, was the sick bird, evidently grown very weak now, squatting on some sea weed, and standing in front of him, as straight as he possibly could stand, and with wings partly spread, as though to screen him from view, was the well bird, intently watching every move I made. I left them there.

Having observed and hunted shore birds for a good many years myself, and knowing their wild and wary nature, also my father having shot them for the last thirty years, during which time he has never seen anything like this incident, the occurrence was to me quite remarkable, as it not only showed that the well bird realized there was something wrong with his fellow, but he showed a loyalty and constancy to him in time of need.

PAUL H. LATHROP.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

The Linnaean Society of New York.

A REGULAR meeting of the Society will be held at the American Museum of Natural History, 77th street and Eighth avenue, on Tuesday evening, October 25, at 8:15 o'clock. Frank M. Chapman will lecture on "Florida Bird Life." Illustrated by lantern slides.

Some Animals I Have Studied.

X.—The Language of Fowls.

A FEW years ago "monkey language" was an absorbing theme among certain sensational (I say it respectfully) naturalists. I have often wondered why the familiar—perhaps too familiar—domestic hen has not received the attention she justly deserves in this line of research. I will venture to assert that no other creature, lower than human, possesses a language so complete or convenient, and so easily learned by man. What I mean by this is that although dogs or horses may have a greater number of words or expressions understood only by their own kind, man may easily distinguish a greater variety of sounds with undoubted different meanings among hen utterances than in the sounds given out by any other creature.

Now, notwithstanding their distinctness, I can conceive of no combinations of letters in our alphabet, nor any other, that could indicate their exact utterance; therefore I will not attempt the words themselves, but will simply give their English equivalents; first assuring the reader that this is no hoax, but fact, which I believe I can prove to any who may match me among hens, interpreting their sayings; or, better, fact which any close observer may verify for himself if he is fortunately situated where he can study the interesting and useful hen. The hen is an active, restless, avaricious being, therefore the larger portion of her vocabulary consists of exclamations.

Let us follow a mother hen with very young chicks, keeping back far enough to leave her to her own devices, but looking constantly at the flock and listening to every tone.

"Hold! Don't go so far away! Keep near me—keep near me!" she frequently says, as some heedless boy chick shows too great an enthusiasm. It doesn't sound a bit like that, but we know instantly that that is what she means, by her manner and the behavior of her family—although the prodigal may hesitate to obey; for he looks back, seems to say, "I'm not going out of sight, don't get anxious," and the others gather nearer, peeping self-complacently, "We obey our mother, don't we?" Conceal yourself behind that rosebush. Throw a chip over the flock so that it will sail gracefully far beyond.

"Squat!" instantly shouts the mother, and every chick, including the straying one, who is by this time entirely out of her sight behind a shrub, obeys with astonishing quickness. For a few seconds she continues anxiously to admonish them in low, gurgling tones, while they press closer and closer to the ground, if possible concealing themselves.

"False alarm—jump up!" is also at once obeyed, and the search for insect prey is eagerly resumed.

"Come on! come on!" she orders, and they trip along merrily, yet leisurely. But presently she pauses, looks back, and screams: "Hurry up!" and any and all stragglers show that they know what she means by exhibiting a sudden burst of speed.

To convince yourself beyond a doubt that a certain sound has a certain meaning to the chicks, you practice one of them until you can fairly imitate it. The command to squat, or drop low and keep quiet, is one of the easiest, and the after admonition is also very easy, both of which, if well executed, are obeyed as promptly and minutely for you as for the hen. At my command, they will even rise and run about again, although the mother may remain in an attitude of fear—for a good mother is always more anxious and fearful than her young.

Presently the hen finds encouraging indications, and begins to scratch. But by this time each chick has some task of his own to absorb him, and at first pays no attention to her. "Look!" she says, "Look! look! look! look!" (rapidly repeating the word, or syllable, about four times, usually after the first call), and now it really sounds like the English word look. The little ones "look," and gather round expectantly. She picks up a small, soft worm, and offers it to the first taker. She continues to scratch and pick up worms, and the feast continues amid musical peepings and giggles of delight. But finally a huge pinching bug is captured, and a wild uproar and fierce struggle ensues. Some greedy young rooster makes a dive at it, snatches it and runs away, several of his bolder comrades following, and falling over each other in a frantic effort to take it away from him, while the mother wisely cautions, "Look out! Look out!" in tones distinct and unmistakable.

Suddenly she gazes at some moving speck in the cloudless blue above, and says, slowly and calmly, but impressively: "O-o-o-o children, be still! I-i-i-i see a— I don't know what!" They all cease struggling and look about, with breathless interest. Some of the wiser ones say, "Chee-e-e-e, Chee-e-e-e!" and begin to cast an eye toward shelter.

The moving object descends, comes nearer, nearer, nearer, and begins to assume a larger form. Then the hen yells, "Hawk!" much more emphatically than she ever yelled "Squat!" and instead of quiet efforts at concealment as before, there is indescribable panic, even the oldest rooster, chief of the barnyard, forgetting his dignity, and racing for the house, loudly shouting, "Take keer! Take keer!"

Down swoops the hawk—a large one—with countenance terrible as lightning, at this moment paralyzing his intended victim with terror. But now the mother, deserted by her erstwhile boasted defender, shows the power of love to spur on to attempt the seeming impossible, and with a truly heartrending scream, hurls herself madly at the assailant. But hold your breath one moment and behold a marvelous change in the scene. For here comes to the rescue, just in the nick of time, one who is as watchful as the mother, keen of eye as the hawk itself, swift as the hurricane, mightier than any bird, and brave as anything that lives on earth or in the sea—the farm dog! And the bird monster turns back, almost too late to save himself, and flutters weakly away—thwarted, humiliated, wretched! This is a picture from real life, though hardly life-size. How many readers have witnessed this in all its details?

After a time the fowls, big and little, all venture out again. The hen whose fortunes we have been following gets too near another mother hen, whose young are near the age of her own. Both mothers ruffle their feathers and say things that are mutually offensive. One of hen

No. 2's chicks impudently enters No. 1's camp, foraging. The little ones receive him evilly, if not cordially. But as soon as their mother spies him, she makes a hideous noise, calling him a bad name or two, and making insulting allusions to his mother. Then she picks him up with unnecessary violence and seems about to kill him. Hen No. 2 screams with rage, and furiously attacks her.

"Hi, what folly! Stop this!" mutters the old rooster, in low but stern, gurgling tones, and attempts to separate them. Sometimes he succeeds, but often he doesn't. In the latter case, out again comes old Wateh, who quickly knocks them apart with his forepaws and nose, without harming either of the combatants. I have known fighting hens to be thus separated by some playful puppy or kitten, or pig. But the best peacemaker among farm birds that I ever knew was a pet wild turkey, who began his self-imposed police duties when no bigger than a quail. For some unknown reason all birds always ceased fighting when he interfered, no matter how much larger one or both of them might be. And, unlike a chicken, he always seemed to prefer to punish the one most likely to win! The cock invariably, I believe, punishes the one that is already incapacitated or giving way. The defeated hens now stump off with their complaining broods, their feathers erected, as if to make themselves as hateful to each other as possible, alternately hurling stinging epithets across the space between them and disorderly urging their young ones to avoid those other "low, vulgar chicks!" Sometimes a mother takes a spite at one of her own little ones, and again there are distinct utterances—words somewhat different from sounds uttered on any other occasion. She seems to say, "You worthless one, you ought to be killed to save future disgrace!" and the poor little innocent seems to agree with her, for it makes no effort to escape, though it may scream with pain. In this instance old Wateh ought to be allowed to more than interfere; he should immediately execute the monstrous mother, no matter what her theories may be about improving the hen race by "the survival of the fittest." Indeed, if allowed to live, such a hen is liable to become insane and slay all her young, and all others that she can get hold of.

An old rooster stands with a group of hens in an open space. A crow flies over. At first glimpse of the stranger they all dodge, then one or more say, "Crow!" and every trace of fear vanishes. It sounds like "crow," too, only I have noticed that they always say "erow" whenever startled merely, and not quite frightened. The old polygamist then drops his off wing with a rattling noise, trots sidewise up to a sober, thoughtful-looking hen, and hoarsely chuckles: "You're a beauty! You're all right! But don't you forget that I'm your best friend!" Then, repeating the same eccentric motion on the opposite side of her, perhaps all about her, he continues: "Say, don't let that young upstart, my would-be rival, fool you. I saw him strutting at you yesterday. I tell you he's no good. And I'm going to whip him, too, if I can persuade the coward to come over here." Thereupon he steps out where he can make a brave show, tiptoes, stretches his head upward to the utmost, and gives vent to his clarion, that mightiest of all bird tones, and most renowned. A young fellow a hundred feet away, surrounded by a small group of admirers who are far-seeing enough to comprehend something of his future greatness, though he is just beginning to "win his spurs," answers defiantly, and circles about his challenger at a distance; but he will come nearer some day, and yet nearer another day, and there will be bloody heads, and day by day the struggle will continue until the old one dies.

L. R. MORPHEW.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Another View of Bird Protection.

IN the current issue of the London Field, Mr. W. B. Tegetmeier writes of the multitudinous, contradictory, and in some cases unintelligible laws for the protection of birds in the British Islands, and puts forth some views on bird protection in general. He says:

"There is at the present time a ridiculous passion for the protection of all birds, without any discrimination whatever. Sentimentalists choose to imagine that all birds were specially created for the benefit of man, and may be encouraged beneficially in any numbers and in any district. Why this theory is not extended by them to mammals is not clear or reasonable; but faddists are seldom reasonable, and the result is that the most injurious birds, as well as those that are beneficial, are alike protected. They are introduced into countries where they have done immense harm, and it is alleged that agriculture and gardening are greatly benefited by their multiplication. The ignorance of the members of the county councils, who are seldom ornithologists, and in many cases not even agriculturists or horticulturists, regarding birds is unbounded. It is a fact that the taking of eggs of certain migratory birds that have never been known to lay in this country is prohibited. The councils do not distinguish between those birds that are natives of England and those that arrive in countless thousands in the migratory season. They regard the larks, which in the autumn are sold in tens of thousands in our markets, as birds which are bred here, whereas they are migratory birds that come from the Continent, and will return in a few weeks if not captured. They make the same error with regard to the immense flocks of wood pigeons which arrive and damage our crops to an enormous extent, occasionally utterly devastating the fields on which they alight. They do not take into consideration that if it were the design of Providence that birds should be allowed to multiply in any number for the benefit of man, their extremely slow extension over the country would not have occurred. If sparrows are an advantage, and designed for the benefit of man, what explanation can be given of the fact that it is only at this period of the earth's history, the nineteenth century of the Christian era, that they have become numerous in Scotland, and the same with starlings, which were almost unknown in the north of England even a few generations ago?"

"The persons who plead for the universal preservation of birds, appear to lack reasoning power, but act on sentimental notions only.

"The damage done by birds meets with the slightest

possible consideration from those who clamor for the protection of all species. Few persons nowadays would like the golden eagle, which is now a scarce bird, to be destroyed, but how many take into consideration the fact that formerly large subscriptions were raised to provide ropes for the means of its destruction, as its presence in large numbers caused the greatest injury to the flock masters in the north of England and Scotland? Jardine recorded that in three years more than 200 golden eagles were destroyed in order to protect the lambs of one district, and this as late as eighty years ago. The raven, which is one of the most destructive of all birds to lambs and even sheep, is, in consequence of its exciting the sympathy of spectators, protected all the year round in the Isle of Wight, and in numerous counties the eggs also are protected. The carrion crow, possibly on account of its objectionable name, does not come under the protection of the councils. The number of vastly injurious birds which are definitely protected is very great. Bullfinches are known to be among the worst enemies that fruit farmers and gardeners can have to contend with. The damage done by blackbirds and thrushes is, to say the least of it, enormous."

A Lilliputian Engineer.

SEATED in my log cabin I noticed a commotion at the foot of the washstand. A worm, an inch in length, and of the centipede variety, was thrashing right and left. A spider not larger in its body than a mustard seed, and whose diminutive legs were invisible to the naked eye, was swiftly running along a gossamer strand that led from the head of the worm to the leg of the stand, a foot or more from the floor. Back and forth it speeded along its cable, deftly touching the worm and spinning a new mesh as it returned to its lair, only to again repeat the operation. With every new approach of the spider the worm evidenced fresh symptoms of distress.

Presently I noticed the forward part of the worm begin to leave the floor. The cables were pulling taut or the worm was crawling away, and the spring of the web was carrying it off its feet. Thresh and twist and squirm as it might, the spider journeyed back and forth, making assurance doubly sure with each strand attached to the body of the struggling worm.

I noticed that the worm was fast losing its grip upon the surface of the floor, the last few remaining legs gripping the boards as the rest of the body swung convulsively, now to the right, now to the left, in its vain struggles to rend itself loose. The strain was becoming greater and greater, and by careful watching I noted that the death grip of the worm upon the floor was gradually relaxing, until the hold was finally broken. When, wonderful to relate, it swung free of the floor and began to be lifted nearer and nearer to the lair of the spider. The size of the worm and the gossamer-like strands of the web were so out of proportion that one wonders at their strength. But the microscopic engineer understood his business thoroughly, for up, up, up, the worm went, until the lair was reached, then with a quick movement the spider enveloped the yet struggling worm in a gossamer winding sheet, and all was over.

The spider had supplied its larder, if in doing so it accomplished a greater engineering feat than any involved in the building of the Pyramids or the construction of the Brooklyn bridge. CHARLES CRISTADORO.

Clever Hans.

BERLIN, Sept. 13.—The remarkable horse called "Clever Hans" has just been examined by a special commission of experts, in order that a decision might be arrived at whether it is a horse possessed of extraordinary brain power or merely like many others of its tribe, peculiarly adapted to learning tricks from patient trainers. The commission consisted of the well-known circus proprietor, Herr Paul Busch; Count Otto zu Castell Ruedenhausen, a retired army captain; Dr. Grabow, a retired schoolmaster; Dr. Ludwig Heck, Director of the Berlin Zoological Gardens; Major von Keller, Major Gen. Koering, Dr. Miessner, a veterinary surgeon, Prof. Nagel, of the Physiological Institute of the University of Berlin, and several other prominent men.

The commission has issued a statement declaring that it is of opinion that there is no trickery whatever in the performances of the horse, and that the methods employed by the owner, Herr von Osten, in teaching Hans, differ essentially from those used by trainers, and correspond with those used in teaching children in elementary schools. They hold that the methods employed have in principle nothing whatever to do with "training" in the accepted sense of the word, and are worthy of scientific examination. The report of these gentlemen is interesting, for Herr von Osten had tried in vain to persuade scientific men to take the case of "Clever Hans" seriously. Herr Busch, of circus fame, who was one of the commission, had openly admitted beforehand that he was extremely skeptical about the matter, and believed that the horse had been taught merely to learn a few clever tricks just like other well-known circus horses. Now, however, he admits that he was mistaken.—London Standard.

Another 100 Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

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ONE of the most remarkable and romantic gold discoveries of which there is any record has been made in New Zealand, as reported in the London Chronicle. A certain Albert Winter has discovered in the Mokihinui district a valuable gold reef. The discovery was made in a remarkable way. Mr. Winter stooped at the edge of a creek to pick up a piece of stone to throw at a woodhen, and in doing so he noticed that the stone was gold-bearing quartz.

Promptly he returned to the town, took out his miner's rights, and with his mate pegged off claims on the ground, and subsequently sold out his interest for £75,000. This is one of the biggest gold finds ever made in New Zealand.



GAME BAG AND GUN



Notes From the Game Fields.

Massachusetts Ruffed Grouse.

PLAINFIELD, Mass., Sept. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The autumn foliage at date is resplendent, and the leaves are thinning out. I shall hold on here until October 1, so as to get a hack at the grouse. The birds are really quite abundant. During the summer months, in the course of my rambles over the hills, I flushed quite a few beavies, so that I know where the birds are, unless some "sooner" gets in his work before the legal time. When the forbidden period ends, I will just saunter forth on some sunny day when the morning air begins to warm up, and perhaps bag a brace. If a bird gets up before me, I halt to see if there are others. Usually it will not be two minutes before one and then another of the beauties will show himself among the leaves, and on the grass beside the old pasture wall, until a half dozen or more are in sight. Of course I pot my first bird, and if I can drop a second on the flight, my "satisfaction is full," and the day's shooting is done. As I am 70 years old, I don't care to travel far. I do very little hunting between 10 A. M. and 3 P. M. Of course a man hunting all day with a good partridge dog which will stay by, may bag quite a few birds at this opening of the season; but I myself am not much of a dog worshipper, and care little for count. As a rule, sportsmen lose many birds by moving too quick. Even barnyard fowls will fly and scatter if you run in on them.

Now that the berries are about done, deserted apple orchards near a wood lot are likely places to find ruffed grouse in the morning hours, and so are old roads that are little traveled, as well as spring heads in mixed woods of beech, birch, and evergreens; and the birds like worn out pasture lots where the grass is short, and there are droppings of cows. Mast, especially beech nuts, is more abundant this year than last, and there are hundreds of nut-bearing chestnut trees on the Goshen hills, ten miles away. Rabbits and squirrels are few, though the nut crop may bring them later on. It is a long time since I saw a gray squirrel here. Last year I came across two at the cross roads, which were sitting by the roadside, apparently scanning the finger-board pointing away from town. The neighborhood was growing too hot for them, and as gray squirrels migrate in companies, they must have all left these precincts at that time.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

New Jersey's Promise.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., Sept. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Considering the fact that we have not been able to get any quail for the past two years, the outlook this season is very bright. The old birds seem to have survived and multiplied, due to the vigilant protection of our wardens, and the enforcement of the laws.

I am clearly of the opinion that in every part of the State where game is scarce, if hunting in the closed season were stopped and trapping and snooding were stopped, and the sale of game were abolished, it would become plentiful again.

It is a serious problem with us, situated as we are between two of the largest cities, how to restrict and properly protect our game. The law now in force, which has been practically the same for the past three years, is working very successfully, and reports now coming in show clearly that partridge and quail are on the increase.

It is very gratifying to be able to tell you that the twenty-seven deer liberated last fall are all doing well, and have multiplied, and I have no doubt that after two years there will be good deer hunting in New Jersey.

BENJ. P. MORRIS,

President Fish and Game Commission.

Montana Game is Increasing.

HELENA, Mont., Sept. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The game conditions of our State have never been better in the last ten years. People who are seriously opposed to game protection, acknowledge the fact that our game is increasing instead of diminishing each year. This season has been unusually favorable for small or feathered game, and our crop of birds this year was indeed surprising. Non-resident and eastern hunters who have been hunting this month have met with great success, and the majority have written me expressing their pleasure and satisfaction with the results of their hunt.

W. F. SCOTT,

State Game and Fish Warden.

Colorado Deer and Grouse.

DENVER, Colo., Sept. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In regard to the game conditions and outlook for hunting in Colorado this year, the outlook was never brighter. From all reports the deer are more plentiful this year than they have been for years, and there are a great many grouse in different parts of the State. The ducks are not very plentiful yet, as we have had no cold weather to drive them down from the north, but just as soon as the weather gets cold we expect the duck shooting to be very fine. We have a very short open season on deer, commencing September 15 and closing September 30 of each year. No open season on elk, mountain sheep or antelope.

J. M. WOODARD,

Game and Fish Commissioner.

Oklahoma's Quail Supply.

OKLAHOMA, O. T., Sept. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In answer to your inquiry as to the outlook for hunting in Oklahoma this year, beg to advise that the chief varieties of game found in Oklahoma are quail and

prairie chicken, the latter being found only in the extreme western counties, and are reported not very plentiful this season. Quail are distributed over the entire Territory, and I do not know that any State contains as many as Oklahoma. The supply this year is larger, so far as I have been able to observe, than ever before, and from inquiries I have made, this seems to be the condition over the entire Territory. There are practically no wild turkeys left, and but few deer. An occasional small bunch has been seen in the Wichita Mountains, and a few scattering ones in Roger Mills and Day counties.

J. C. CLARK,

Territorial Game and Fish Warden.

Nebraska's Game Increase.

LINCOLN, Nebraska, Sept. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have prosecuted every violation of the law that came to our notice, and have given particular attention to the enforcement of the law relative to market-hunting and shipping of game and fish within or without the State. The results have been very gratifying to all who are interested in the preservation of our game.

Some time ago I requested our special deputies in the several counties of the State to acquaint themselves with the conditions as nearly as possible, and report to me on blanks which I inclosed, the increase or decrease of prairie chickens, grouse and quail, and the per cent. of increase or decrease. I inclose herewith a copy of the table which we compiled, and you will notice from it that the increase under our non-shipping laws have been very marked. While the table is not authentic, it will convince you that there has been a splendid increase.

GEO. L. CARTER, Chief Warden.

[The statement shows an increase of prairie chickens, grouse and quail in almost every county, ranging from 10 to 500 per cent.]

New Hampshire Deer and Partridge.

LANCASTER, N. H., Sept. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the northern section of the State the deer are reported to be very numerous, more so than usual. Partridges are also reported to be very plentiful, and I have no doubt that this is true. Our winter was very severe, but the cold was so continuous that there was no crust by reason of thaws, and the birds were thus able to get out and feed all winter long. Then, too, the spring was very dry, and the eggs were not destroyed by the wet weather. Deer and partridges are the principal game hunted in this section, although there are some ducks and woodcock seen in this vicinity.

MERRILL SHURTLEFF.

Tennessee Quail.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Sept. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Reports to this department from various sections of the State indicate an unprecedented number of quail, which fact gives promise of unusually fine shooting for the lovers of this sport. The Tennessee game laws invite and do not repel non-resident sportsmen, and are in line with the policy on this subject heretofore strongly advocated by FOREST AND STREAM.

M. L. BEASLEY, Secretary.

North Carolina Quail.

GREENSBORO, N. C., Sept. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Regarding game conditions and the outlook for hunting in North Carolina for this year, the prospects for good quail shooting have not been better for many years. Observers in all parts of the State are continually reporting on the large numbers of birds which are being seen.

T. GILBERT PEARSON, Secretary.

Connecticut Upland Game.

HADLYME, Conn., Sept. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is early as yet to forecast just what the outlook is for hunting this fall in this State, although I am inclined to the opinion that so far as quail are concerned that the severe winter has very nearly exterminated them, but from all parts of the State come reports that partridges are more abundant than for several years past.

E. HART GEER, Secretary.

Quebec Reports Favorable.

AYLMER, Quebec, Sept. 26.—According to reports from fire rangers and fish and game keepers, the game conditions and outlook for hunting this year ought to be very good, as the game is plentiful outside of partridges.

N. E. CORMIN,

Provincial Game Warden and Fishery Overseer.

Iowa Prairie Chickens and Quail.

WARDEN GEORGE A. LINCOLN, who is now distributing fish from the State fish car, writes, under date of September 27: Prairie chickens are scarce, but will be better the last of October and November. Quail are plenty. There will be good hunting during open season. The outlook for ducks is good; there will be large numbers.

Wisconsin's Outlook Good.

MADISON, Wis., Sept. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Partridges and grouse are very plentiful, and deer are becoming more numerous every year.

HENRY OVERBECK, Jr.

West Virginia Reports an Increase.

HINTON, W. Va., Sept. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have plenty of deer, some bear, and an abundance of

turkeys, pheasants, Virginia partridges, and rabbits and squirrels. They seem to be increasing.

FRANK SIVELY.

New Brunswick Big Game.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., Sept. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The hunting outlook is good. Moose are very plentiful, and there are also abundance of deer and caribou, as well as ducks and other small game.

L. B. KNIGHT.

County by County in Illinois.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Sept. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I beg to inclose you a clipping from the Springfield Journal of September 23, which will give you an idea of the game conditions by counties, and you will please note that nearly all of them show a marked increase, under the operation of the new game law.

JOHN A. WHEELER,
State Game Commissioner.

SUMMARY OF THE REPORTS.

Adams—Pheasants, squirrels and prairie chickens have increased during the year.

Alexander—Quail increasing, and plenty of all kinds of squirrels. Also plenty of snipe and wild turkey. Lots of geese, duck and brant in the fall.

Bond—Quail and squirrels are plentiful. Prairie chickens are increasing since last year.

Boone—Prairie chickens have made a gain. Plenty of rabbits, but partridges are scarce.

Brown—Quail and squirrels increasing.

Bureau—Squirrels, rabbits, quail and chickens increasing.

Carroll—Quail, snipe, squirrels and rabbits plentiful. Some chickens and ducks, but farmers are protecting the quail and chickens very well.

Green—Quail plentiful; also squirrels. General conditions improving.

Case—Ducks, quail, squirrels and rabbits are plentiful. Prairie chickens a little scarce, but increasing.

Christian—Quail and doves are plentiful, but chickens and squirrels are scarce. General conditions increasing.

Clark—Squirrels are plentiful, while chickens and quail are scarce.

Clay—Quail and prairie chickens are plentiful and on the increase.

Coles—Squirrels, quail and prairie chickens are scarce, but on the increase.

Clinton—Quail, prairie chickens and squirrels are plentiful. Some wild turkeys and pheasants, but ducks and snipe are scarce.

Cook—General condition of prairie chickens, quail and ducks is good, but they are not plentiful.

Cumberland—Quail and squirrels are on the increase and are plentiful.

De Kalb—Prairie chickens and quail are not very plentiful, but on the increase.

Douglas—Prairie chickens, quail and squirrels are not very plentiful, but more so than last year.

Effingham—Quail and prairie chickens are on the increase, but there are only a few squirrels.

Du Page—Prairie chickens and quail quite plentiful and increasing.

Edgar—Squirrels and quail are plentiful, but prairie chickens are scarce.

Fayette—Quail in this county are on the decrease, and chickens are very scarce.

Ford—A few quail and prairie chickens.

Franklin—Quail are plentiful and on the increase.

Gallatin—Squirrels, quail and ducks are plentiful and on the increase.

Green—Quail, mourning doves and squirrels are plentiful and on the increase.

Grundy—Chickens, quail, pheasants and doves are plentiful and increasing. Squirrels more generally.

Hamilton—Quail and squirrels are scarce, but increasing.

Hancock—Condition of mourning doves, quail, prairie chickens and snipe is fair, and they are on the increase.

Henderson—Quail very plentiful.

Jackson—Quail plentiful and increasing in the northwestern part of the county.

Johnson—Wild turkeys are scarce; quail are plentiful and increasing.

Jo Davies—Quail, prairie chickens and pheasants are very plentiful and on the increase.

Kankakee—Quail are quite plentiful, but chickens are scarce. General condition increasing.

Kendall—Prairie chickens, quail and squirrels are plentiful in the south and western parts. Condition increasing.

Knox—Quail, squirrels and prairie chickens are quite plentiful. Very few snipe. General condition increasing.

La Salle—Quail are plentiful. Chickens, squirrels and doves are quite scarce.

Lake—Ducks on the decrease. A few prairie chickens and squirrels.

Lawrence—Plenty of rabbits and quail, but chickens and squirrels are scarce.

Logan—Squirrels are on the decrease; rabbits on the increase. Quail and chickens are fairly plentiful, and conditions are increasing.

Macon—Quail, prairie chickens and squirrels are fairly plentiful and conditions increasing.

Macoupin—Quail, chickens and squirrels are fairly plentiful, and the numbers are increasing.

Madison—Squirrels, quail and rabbits are very plentiful. Chickens are very scarce.

McDonough—Chickens, squirrels, ducks, geese, quail, snipe, brant and pheasants are plentiful. General condition increasing.

McHenry—Prairie chickens, snipe, squirrels and rabbits plentiful. Pheasants, woodcock and partridges are scarce.

McLean—Chickens, quail and doves are plentiful; also rabbits. Squirrels getting scarce.

Mason—Squirrels and doves are plentiful and on the increase. Massac—Turkeys, squirrels, quail and rabbits are plentiful and on the increase.

Menard—Condition of quail, chickens, and squirrels is good and increasing rapidly.

Mercer—Quail and squirrels are more plentiful than usual, and on the increase.

Monroe—Squirrels and mourning doves are plentiful and increasing.

Morgan—Quail, doves and rabbits are plentiful; ducks scarce. Moultrie—Quail are plentiful; squirrels and chickens are scarce.

Ogle—Chickens, quail, squirrels and pheasants are scarce, but on the increase.

Pike—Squirrels, doves and quail are plentiful.

Piatt—Prairie chickens, quail, squirrels, rabbits, geese and ducks are quite plentiful and all on the increase.

Pope—Gray and red squirrels and quail are plentiful and on the increase.

Pulaski—Quail, squirrels, rabbits and doves are fairly plentiful and on the increase.

Richland—Squirrels, quail and chickens are plentiful.

Rock Island—Quail, rabbits, squirrels and a few chickens; all are increasing very rapidly.

Saline—Quail, doves and squirrels are plentiful and on the increase.

Sangamon—Quail, doves and prairie chickens are not very plentiful, but slightly increasing.

Schuyler—Quail, squirrels and ducks plentiful; chickens scarce. All are on the increase.

Scott—Quail and squirrels are quite plentiful. Ducks are quite

scarce. All are on the increase. Duck hunting may be good this fall.

Shelby—Prairie chickens and quail are quite plentiful, but squirrels are getting scarce.

Stark—Quail and squirrels are plentiful and increasing; chickens are getting scarce.

St. Clair—Quail, squirrels and rabbits are plentiful, but chickens are scarce. A few turkeys.

Stephenson—Quail, squirrels and rabbits are plentiful, but chickens are scarce. All but chickens increasing.

Union—Quail and squirrels are fairly plentiful, and a few turkeys. All on the increase.

Warren—Quail and squirrel are plentiful; chickens fairly so. Conditions increasing.

Washington—Quail and squirrels plentiful; chickens and turkeys scarce; all on the increase.

White—Squirrels and quail plentiful.

Whiteside—Prairie chickens and quail are plentiful; ducks scarce; all on the increase.

Wayne—Prairie chickens are getting plentiful, and quail and squirrels are quite plentiful.

Williamson—Quail and squirrel are plentiful and on the increase.

Winnebago—Snipe and squirrels are plentiful; chickens and quail fairly so; all on the increase.

Woodford—Prospects for chickens and quail are good in this county.

Guns and Gun Feats.

HOT SPRINGS, ARK.—I have been more interested in this controversy than any that has yet come to my notice. I am sorry to see good and clever men disagree. Not that there can be any objection to any man's having a polite opinion opposite that of another equally polite man; but for a man to say he is sure a thing can not be done, after some other has declared that he has seen it done, or has done it himself—well, now, that is a little unkind, is it not? I had intended to keep out of this discussion, but Josep Kingsland, on page 223, has given me a hint that will, I believe, enable us to begin to untangle the whole array of seeming contradictions; at least regarding the squirrel barking; while as for the candle-snuffing, a feat I had myself feared to be impossible, a man has just left my desk who declares that he has done it repeatedly, as did also his elder brother, and with an old-fashioned Colt's revolver, too! It is a small caliber powder-and-ball weapon, still in his possession. I have seen it several times.

This man is modest, honest and truthful, respected, and believed by everybody, and his age is somewhere about 70.

I have such confidence in him that I will give his name—Thos. Tyrrell—and add that his address is; as mine, Hot Springs, Ark. His brother's address is Nick Tyrrell, Pelican Rapids, Minn.

They did their shooting in an old log house, in Iowa, twenty years ago; but I know Thomas to be a keen shot, and believe he could still snuff the candle without extinguishing the light—occasionally, under favorable conditions.

They shot at their candle at a very short distance, 'tis true—only about 18 feet, but the fact that it could be done at that distance with such a weapon ought to go a long way toward silencing too hasty condemnation of Audubon's account; for the long rifles in that case, well kept as the apple of the eye, treasures more valued than all else in their possession, and the men who shot them being as inseparable from them as the men's own shirts, ought to have given conditions for ideal performances. What if the sights were inferior to the best now in use? The fact is that constant, earnest practice with no sights at all, might result in better shooting than busy, rushing modern men could hope to show with the best of sights. There are young men here who can throw rocks and strike small objects 100 feet distant that many a city visitor could not hit with the best rifle—and what "sights" are used in throwing?

Mr. Tyrrell admits that the light went out whenever they struck it too low, but firmly declares that when the charred point was struck, the wick was trimmed without injuring the flame. And I now believe the trick can be done again, although I have not yet tried it myself. But I don't claim to be a great shot, though I have (accidentally, of course), done some very respectable shooting.

The greatest difficulty in the way of my belief in the candle-snuffing, was the supposition that the bullet would be followed by a whirlwind of air violent enough to put out any small flame; but it seems that the air disturbance goes past almost as quickly as the ball, merely causing the flame to divide an instant, then suddenly unite again in the dead calm that immediately succeeds. It's no use to say it can't be done, for thousands of things even more improbable (theoretically) are done every day. In these times when scientific marvels are so common as to seem almost monotonous, I'd rather appear too credulous, even of long past exploits, than skeptical enough to try to hinder progress.

Now about the squirrel barking. It seems that the unbelievers are inclined to treat the subject with levity—which is the same as to say they are not in the proper mood to receive evidence that might convert them. But they, too, have been mercilessly ridiculed. I need refer only to the treatment received by Allen Kelley on account of the difficulty he encountered in killing a certain squirrel. Now, gentlemen, be funny, if you like, but at the same time try to be fair. Every person of experience surely knows that a squirrel is sometimes amazingly hard to kill (I'm going to give justice to Captain Kelley if I am "agin him"), especially if only slightly injured at first shot. Why a wounded animal should average harder to kill than an un-wounded one, I know not. I only know that such is the case. Probably the first hurt arouses some latent force in the vital principle which, angered or alarmed, opposes at once vastly multiplied sustaining powers. I could name numerous instances of wounded hogs, cattle, etc., that seemed well-nigh impossible to kill. When I first began hunting squirrels I thought cats weren't "in it" at all in the matter of lives. Two separate red squirrels I shot eleven times each before bringing them down. I'm not ashamed to tell it, because I had to do fairly respectable shooting to hit them at all, the timber along the Little Wabash being very tall, and the tough old veterans knowing how to keep themselves concealed so well that I was compelled to shoot, if at all, at the mere tip of a tail, or a line of hair on the back, or take chances through a small limb, or fire into a bunch of leaves by guess. I never liked to let a wounded animal escape to die a lingering death, so I kept popping away at them after seeing blood. To describe the condition of one (after it came down) is to nearly describe both: one

shoulder broken, one wrist ditto, one ham shattered, one hindleg smashed at the lower joint, a hole through one ear, or rather a semi-circular notch in the tip of it; one jaw smashed, a bruised, if not broken, backbone; one side pierced, the bowels torn out, and other lesser wounds. All this mischief was wrought by large buckshot from a long, heavy muzzleloader, octagon barrel, full stock, percussion cap, set trigger rifle. I had other harrowing adventures with the little rodents almost as disgusting.

But in spite of all this evidence of tenacity of life, I unhesitatingly agree with those who aver that squirrels can be barked. Perhaps not regularly, but occasionally. I know that I have shot under two, at least, and brought them down, and could find no wound upon them until I removed the skin. Even then one of them showed no bruise. The other had a very bloody spot, about 3/4-inch in diameter, on the belly, and on the inside of the hide that had covered that part, though on the outside not a hair appeared turned.

Now to the idea I get from Mr. Kingsland: It seems that the bullet passing under the squirrel's body must either strike at such an angle that it will flatten and violently rebound against some vital portion of the body, or else tear off a strip of bark or splinter of wood and force that with a slap against the body strongly enough to stun or kill; and a large strip striking flatly against a certain spot on the belly, just back of the ribs, will certainly produce sudden death, even if the blow is comparatively weak. A slap of the open hand upon that spot on even so large an animal as a horse might prove fatal, and at the same time leave no outward mark. I admit that there is still considerable uncertainty whether any man could acquire sufficient skill and judgment to intentionally bark squirrels and win oftener than fail (I barked mine without ever having heard of such a feat), yet I believe that Boone did just as stated by Audubon, whether he was able to often repeat that performance or not; for he was so constantly with his weapon, and so constantly in the woods among the squirrels, that it would be rash to put a limit upon his prowess short of known contradiction of natural laws.

That it—squirrel barking—has been done, incidentally or unintentionally, by many individuals, has been so abundantly testified, that I will add but one more name to the list of squirrel barkers—Harvey Armond, a young neighbor, who says he has gotten several in that way.

And since there has been so much insinuation against old-time guns, let me add this: I have, in an honored place over my front door, an old rifle like the one described, with which I am sometimes unable to hit an object the size of a big squirrel only twenty feet distant; yet with that same "shootin' iron" I have brought down squirrels from a height of 100 feet or more, and so concealed that I was compelled to get an equal or greater distance from the tree to discover the faintest line of the squirrel's back, as he pressed close to the limb. And I have not killed a "carload" nor even a small wagon-load of these little "varmints" in my whole career. So what might not have been done by one like Boone, who must have fired hundreds of shots to every one of mine, and who probably kept his rifle in the best possible condition?

L. R. MORPHEW.

Game in Sierra Nevada Mountains

WE will begin with the mountain quail. They are a little larger than the eastern Bob White, darker in color, and a little more upright in their carriage. Their call bears no resemblance to that of the eastern quail or Bob White, but is a single short, sharp cry repeated at frequent intervals, and resembles the last note of a cackling hen. As the little fellows are very plentiful here, this call or cry is heard in every direction morning and evening. Next come the grouse, which are the same bird we know and love so well in the East. But the sage hen is something entirely new to an easterner. They are a magnificent gray bird, from five to six pounds weight, and bearing some resemblance to a wild turkey in their habits. They frequent the barren peaks above the timber line, their only cover being the low sage brush, upon which they feed, as their name implies. They are an easy bird to approach, and when flushed, make but a short flight, and as there is no timber where they are found, they are easily marked down and flushed again as often as desired. They are very plentiful, and offer grand sport to the bold Nimrod who has the hardihood to mount the barren mountain tops they frequent. Ducks of every variety frequent all the streams and lakes or ponds of the valleys in fall and winter. They leave their breeding places in the mountains when cold weather sets in, and flock to the valleys, where they remain until spring. The beautiful mallard, the rare and valued canvasback and widgeon; in fact, all the most valued varieties, are found here in abundance unless we except the redhead. I have not seen any of those as yet. Geese also are plenty all winter, and feed on the grain stubble in the valleys in great flocks. There are also a few deer, but not so plenty as I have seen in the Adirondacks and other places. So, to sum it all up, an all-round sport and fisherman can find plenty to do to keep him interested all the year around in these grand old mountains and lovely valleys.

But perhaps the greatest attraction which this section has for the weary man of business who finds, when too late, that in his race for riches he has drawn too heavily on nature's resources, is the wonderful health-giving properties of this dry, cool atmosphere and high altitude. Mark Twain quaintly says, in describing it, that the pure air of these mountains would restore to life an Egyptian mummy. There are many like the writer, who find their health failing, but hesitate to cut loose from all manner of business and lead a life of idleness. To such I will say that the mineral resources of these mountains offer greater opportunities than can be found in the crowded cities of the East. These hills are full of valuable mines of copper, lead, silver, and gold. There are perhaps a score of such mines within a few miles of where I write. Some of them are now being successfully operated by eastern companies; others are owned by the original miners and prospectors who discovered them, and are as yet undeveloped, and can be bought very cheap. The Longfellow Company, of Cleveland, Ohio, are operating a gold mine within one-half mile of where I write, and a few days ago they struck a vein of ore in their main ledge which assayed the fabulous sum of \$83,000 per ton.

Samples of this ore were sent to the secretary of the company, Mr. Carman, of Cleveland, which he had assayed with above results. But I am informed that there is no stock for sale by this company.

The above strike is what is known as a pocket or very rich spot in the ledge, and never extends far, but these finds help up the general average. But I started out to tell about our game, and have wandered away among mines. Well, I will let it stand as written; perhaps it may be of interest to somebody.

S. H. THOMAS.

GARDNERVILLE, Nevada.

Days with the Wildfowl.—I.

"I WOULD rather kill one of those birds," remarked Gerard, as he stepped over the gunwale and took his seat in the bow of the boat, "than any bird that flies," and he glanced up where the long line of cranes were streaming across the blue vault, now almost white against the background of a floating cloud, now bluish-gray where they sailed along at the cone of the fleecy pile, now dark where their course lay under the riant skies.

"Did you ever kill one, Pop?"

"Yes, indeed, many and many a one, and long before I came to Nebraska, too. In the early 70's I did a good deal of shooting in the early spring and fall at Beaver Lake, in Indiana, some twenty miles north of Kentland. Dr. Boerstler and I used to run out there from Cincinnati, and in those days the flight of crane equalled that of the geese almost; and when I first came to Omaha, they were very abundant in this State."

"Where did you have to go for them?" inquired the boy, as we slowly pushed our way through the devious channel out toward the open water again.

"Well, they were especially plentiful out north of Rogers, and in the late fall stupendous flocks dotted the plains and slopes along the Platte."

"Listen!" and Gerard chopped my remarks right in two in the middle, as with with uplifted hand, and tilted head, he seemed to concentrate all of his faculties into that of hearing.

Shoving the push-pole deep down in the mud I stood still as death myself and, notwithstanding our sandhills had dwindled into the veriest specks in the distance, that same weird, guttural "grrrrrrroooooo!" came in quavering cadences through the sunlit air back to us and, as if charmed, we listened and listened until it sounded like a spirit voice in the heavens.

"It must have been a grand sight in early days to have seen those birds like you have seen them," finally resumed Babe, as he dipped his paddle and we started on again.

"Yes, indeed, it was. The fall I was out north of Rogers with John Hardin, back in '88, no '87—yes, that was the fall of 1887, I saw the birds in greater abundance than ever before. Far and wide, when the sunlight in the early morning played upon a thousand shades of green and yellow, they stood upon the rising knolls, now blue, now almost white—according to the play of the light—but always vigilant, always alert, always watching for danger. At night, when we lay in our tent, their rolling notes fell from the starry heavens in unearthly vibration, and by day, with broad wings and long necks outstretched, they floated across the blue dome with such easy grace and so high above the ducks and geese and all other birds that they seemed to belong to the celestial regions rather than to those of this terrestrial sphere."

"When did you kill your last sandhill?"

"Well, the last one I helped to kill, for Tom Foley and I both shot at a passing flock of three, and one fell, and of course we both claimed that we shot at the hapless bird, and we probably did. Anyway, I know I did, and as Foley is one of the most voracious sportsmen I have ever shot with, I have no reason to doubt that he did, too. That was in the autumn of 1898, up on the Lake Creek marshes."

"Where were you?"

"We were in a blind 'way out in the middle of the marsh, and these three birds passed us, flying not fifteen yards above the tules. The bird we knocked down was not killed outright, however, and after he had been hit, he continued on with his mates for two or three yards, and, before it fell, it was a touching scene Tom and I were treated to."

"How was that?"

"Why, when our bird, which was the middle one of the three, began to fall behind his companions, settling lower and lower with slower stroke of wing, the other two came falling back and, going to the side of the stricken one, seemed trying to cheer and sustain him on his hopeless way. Yet slower and more feeble became the great bird's stroke of wing, and more and more he dropped toward the top of the arrowy tules, with the other two clinging tenaciously to the last hope of saving him. But, suddenly, there was an alarming lurch, a spasmodic flap of one wing, the long neck folded, and the wounded bird let go all at once and fell dead into one of the shadowy crypts below. With a melancholy 'pur-r-r-rut' or two, his two friends shot up into the sky and left him to his fate."

"When we saw him go down Tom and I were wildly enthusiastic, for every morning it had been the ambition of every man in camp to kill a crane, and each had made scores of futile efforts, and now, when we realized that we had accomplished the coveted feat, our joy and triumph was boundless. We both tore out of our blinds and through the dense tules like a couple of wild men, each eager to outstrip the other, and first lay hands upon our prize. But that satisfaction was left for another. In our excitement in watching the uncertain flight of the wounded crane and his two companions, Tom and I had both failed to properly mark the spot where he finally fell, feeling, perhaps, that there was no especial care necessary, as it certainly would be no very difficult task to locate such a hulking carcass as a big, fat crane, especially on that broad and unbroken expanse of brown vegetation. But we had reckoned without our host. Search as closely and diligently as we might and did, we did not find him. We did pick up a stray crimson-stained feather or two that had undoubtedly fallen from his fluffy and wounded

side; but the bird itself we could not discover. We searched for over an hour, in fact, until it was almost dark, beating down several acres of dead tules and withered flags, but all to no avail, the bird could not be located. While we were looking for him the ducks flew by and over us in myriads, but so intent were we in searching for the sandhill that neither one of us took a shot, until finally, in deep disgust and mortification, we were compelled to give it up."

"And you never got him?"

"Oh, yes, we did; Charlie Rogers and Scrib were shooting from the same blinds the next morning and, coming out about 10 o'clock, Scribner ran across our crane, lying flat, in plain sight in a little open glade in the tules, stone dead, with his long neck doubled back over his shaded back and his long lavender wings fully outstretched. By our track, Scrib said that he saw that Tom and I had tramped by the bird, within a dozen yards of where it lay, a score of times, and as he found it and Rogers carried it into Camp Merganser, they, too, had the gall to claim a hand in our triumph."

"Well, as long as you finally got the bird, you didn't care, did you?"

"No, not particularly; anyway, all feeling disappeared that night as we gathered around old Abner's table and feasted ourselves to bursting, almost, on roast sandhill crane. I can taste it yet."

"Good?"

"Good? That's no name for it. It was a young bird, fat as butter, and Abner had him dished up in a style that would have made the Waldorf Astoria's chef turn green with envy. Young turkey, with chestnut and oyster dressing, wasn't in it with our crane and the wild sage and onion stuffing with which Abner served it. I thought Charlie Metz and Billy Marsh never would quit eating. But here we are. Let's string the decoys a little further around the point this evening, where the birds coming from the west can see them quicker. From the way they are moving up the lake, I think we are going to have some great fun this evening. There, reach that decoy with your paddle there, and pull it along till we get round the point; I'll gather these in front of us."

"Before we get ready, Dad, I want to ask you if you don't think the sandhill is the greatest game bird we have ever had in this section of the country?" and Gerard began pawing at the nearest decoy with the flat end of his paddle.

"No, I do not. I even think—look out there, you'll throw me into the slough if you lean over the boat in that manner—I even think he is not in it with the wild goose, and so far as comparing him with the whooping crane, he is as far beneath that bird as he is superior to a sawbill."

"The whooping crane? I don't believe I know the bird you mean. Are there any of them round here now?"

"Yes, sometimes. But they are almost as thoroughly extinct, so far as Nebraska goes, as the buffalo or wild pigeon, although Bob Low came within an ace of getting a shot at one last fall down near Clark's Lake, south of Omaha."

"Then they were once plentiful here, too, like the sandhill."

"Just as plentiful. In fact, when I came to Nebraska they were to be encountered almost as numerous as the sandhills. They are larger by at least ten inches in extent of wing and eight inches or more in length, and have always been considered a rarer and more valuable bird. They are as white as a swan, excepting the several inches of velvet black that tips the wing; and when floating in the bright sunlight of Nebraska's clear air are the most beautiful of all big American game birds."

And you say they were quite numerous, too, when you came here?"

"Yes, very, and as late as March, 1894, Bill Simeral and I killed two out north of Goose Lake in Deuel county—the spring we made that big kill of canvasback."

Canvasback. I haven't heard you speak of that hunt. I don't believe. How many did you kill?"

"Well, canvasback and redhead, but principally canvas—we brought back to Omaha exactly 604 birds after a ten days' shoot, this number including the two whooping crane and seven swan. That was never duplicated—that is, in the high character of the birds—by any two hunters in the history of Nebraska. But I'll tell you about that later; just now I want to tell you about the crane—the whoopers. While they were abundant in the sandhill country, I never heard of many being killed here—hunters were always contented with geese and ducks, probably, however, because the whooping crane is about the hardest bird to approach in the world. He is as keen-sighted as an Andes condor and has the most acute hearing of any animal I ever hunted. They are great fliers, and when in the air circle much of the time so far in the zenith that they seem but bits of down, and send through miles of air a note both wild and strange, ringing as the blast of a silver bugle, it is almost a hopeless task to get a shot at one. They—well, isn't that gall for you? I'll kill the drake on the water and you take the hen when she rises."

A pair of redheads, gliding onto us and into the water as noiseless, almost, as disembodied spirits, had dropped right into the midst of the decoys behind us, apparently unalarmed at the tones of my voice and perhaps unaware of our proximity, and calling Gerard's attention to them, I cracked away, and the old cock dropped his bright chestnut head and fell over on the water, kicking spasmodically, and the Kid knocked down the hen, as with an affrighted squeak, she leaped into the air and sought to get away, whirling right toward us and over our heads. But she calculated without her host. Gerard's first barrel cut a handful of feathers out of her ashen tail, and the second sent her plunging dead on a long slant into the glistening tules.

"Well done!" I cried.

"Nothin' at all surprisin'," answered he, "I had in one of those long-killing shells of yours."

Even before we had a chance, after downing the pair of redheads, to push our boat back into the covert of tules, another pair of ducks, baldpates this time, came skimming down the channel just above the surface of the water. Gerard and I both saw them at the same

time and, deeming any warning supererogatory, we both crouched low down on the hay in the boat and waited for them. The boy being in the bow of the boat and nearest the channel, I whispered to him to take the leader and I would attend to the one in the rear.

They were soon opposite us, and the reports of our Parkers followed each other in quick succession. So quickly, in fact, that they almost blended into one, and two white-crowned members of the wildfowl family lay struggling hopelessly upon the water.

"Oh, no, we aren't shooting a little bit this afternoon!" ejaculated the young sportsman in an effusion of exultation, as he broke his gun and slipped in another brace of shells. "Two doubles, on single birds, in less than three minutes, looks as if things were coming our way, eh?"

"Yes, indeed, it does," I replied, "but then all the signs point toward a good flight this evening as I told you—but, heavens and earth! look at that line of mallards coming down over the hills! Push! Gerard, push! Let's get into the tules—they are coming straight our way!"

And tugging and pushing and pulling like a couple of Trojans, we soon had our boat tucked well back into a labyrinth of tules and, stooping low, I gave a loud quack on the caller, thrice in rapid succession, then waited.

As long way off as they were, I saw that I had attracted their attention. In those low sandhill valleys a caller can be readily heard for easily a mile, and by the birds in the air I think a good deal further. Anyway, the bulk of the approaching flock had heard my signal, for as they came on over the lake, they came down with a rush, and when I uttered the chattering notes of an old hen, the fragment of the flock that had deviated a trifle to the north, turned and followed the main bunch. When about 200 yards away, they all swerved a little, the way of all new-comers when approaching an unfamiliar line of rushes. I called when they swung off and chattered as they turned again, and down they came on a line like a charge of impetuous dragoons, with long green necks stretched to their utmost tension and heads gleaming like flashing gems in the slanting sunlight.

They cupped their wings and dropped their brightly-colored legs, and three birds, some yards in advance of the main line, like generals leading their troops, alighted right in among our decoys before the others had bunched sufficiently to give us a good rake at them; but Gerard was slightly unbalanced by the advance of the long line of glorious birds, and he arose and let drive among them a half minute too soon. Then there was a whirl and a wild scramble in the air, which seemed filled with thumping wings sheering upward and outward amid a weird chorus of affrighted cries, while at the crack of the Kid's first barrel a whirl of green and gray and black strikes the weedy waters, two birds falling right together, and at the report of his second barrel another white-collared neck droops and another pair of wings are folded. I was a bit slow, but in the aerial riot, I caught two with my right as they crossed, and got another with my left as the last stragglers were rapidly crossing the danger line.

Breaking my gun, I stood watching the scattered flock gathering together again far up the lake, and they at last united in a big bunch and went with the wind off over the hills toward Hackberry, where some of our party probably awaited them. I could not refrain from remarking, nettled a little, you see, at having such a grand opportunity spoiled by the impetuosity of the boy:

"A trifle premature, Gerard; if you had only waited a—"

"Oh, get out! What do you want, the earth? Didn't we knock down five? Could reasonable man ask more?" he got back with some acerbity.

"No, indeed; but that isn't the thing. There is a proper time for shooting at a flock of incoming mallards, as there is a proper time for everything else. We killed enough of them, to be sure, but I wanted you to see those birds when they poised stationary in the air before dropping into the water. They would have all stood on their tails, as it were, until satisfied that the three birds that had already alighted had not made a mistake, and that, with a tremendous flock like that was"

"There must have been a hundred of them!"

"Fully. And I say, with such a flock the spectacle would have been one you would have remembered to the end of your days. I saw just such a picture back on the old Kankakee over twenty-five years ago, and I can close my eyes now and see it again, just as vividly as I did that glorious March morning so long ago. But, look out there! Knock that bird down; don't let her get away!"

"And as I spoke, a big old hen mallard came around the south point of the rushes and was about to settle among the decoys, when she caught sight of us, and turning swiftly, was putting as much space between her and our blind as her terror-stricken wings would permit, when the lad swung on her, and down she tumbled among the smart-weed with a broken wing."

"Well, you got her; but she is only wounded and I don't think we will be able to retrieve her. But what do you say? Let's try it. There seems to be a lull just now, and as a number of our dead birds have drifted out of sight, I think we will profit by running out and gathering them before the final round-up this evening. But aren't you handing it to them; think I'll have to match you against Billy Townsend when we get home, and if we could only spring ducks from the trap, I'd back you for the money. Push now, altogether; we'll soon be out. There we are out, all right. Now, Gerard, you pick up the dead, and I'll do the pushing."

"All right, then, push over there among that smart-weed, and we'll try for that old hen first."

Accordingly I slowly poled the boat, bow first, over to the line of the weeds, which formed a thin brown wilderness along this side of the channel. Gun ready, Gerard was on his knees carefully scanning the line of dead growth as we slowly floated along the selvedge. Failing to discover her, I said:

"She is right here; now let us both look sharp, while

I hold the boat still. These old hen mallards are about the cutest birds of the whole family, and a wounded one is a tough proposition to solve. She has probably immersed her body, and is lying still; but you can depend upon it, her greenish bill is above the water, concealed, maybe, by some clump of this pepper grass, and keeping her yellow eyes on us all the time. Hold on—still now—I think she is right under that little bunch over there," pointing with the pole to a small cluster of the brown leaves, which were blacker than the rest, showing that they have been lately soaked in the water when the old hen immersed herself. "You see how light the leaves are all around those—well their color has not been changed by a sudden bath in the water. I'll push you right up close, then take a whack at the bunch with the flat side of your paddle, and if she is there we'll soon find out."

Depositing his Parker on the hay, Gerard seized the paddle, and when within striking distance, he brought it down on the clump of smart-weed with a loud smack, crushing them down into the water, and sending circlets of waves radiating away in all directions.

Immediately following there was a violent commotion within the aqueous tangle, and the next instant the rufous back and snake-like yellow head of the old hen showed themselves above the surface, and a second quick blow from the paddle stretched her two brown wings out on the surface, and her short tail feathers, sticking almost straight up, twitched and trembled in a way that plainly told that she was good as a dead duck.

Another little push on the pole, and the Kid reached over, grabbed the mallard by the neck, shook the water from off her plumage and cast her back at my feet on the hay, and again picking up the paddle, we started back to where our dead were floating.

SANDY GRISWOLD.

The Horns Must Show.

COMMISSIONER H. G. THOMAS, of the Vermont Fish and Game Department, has sent out to wardens a notice embodying the ruling of Judge James M. Tyler in the case of State vs. Elmer E. St. John at Rutland Term of Court, March, 1904, for the illegal killing of a young buck in open season. After the evidence had been submitted, the court said:

"Gentlemen—The view of this case that suggests itself to us upon all the evidence in the case, and upon the testimony of the respondent, is, that the deer had no such horns as gave notice to the hunter that he might shoot it. That is a short statement of our view of the law. In other words, the horns must be visible—not merely that they can be discovered by a bunch after the animal is killed, but they must be visible so that they are noticeable to the hunter that he may kill him in the open season. So, unless there is some other question, we shall so hold the law to be."

Mr. Moloney—"There is no question about the act of shooting, but we claim it is for the jury to say."

The Court—"We are inclined to construe the statute in that way, as we have indicated; so we shall instruct the jury that if they find that this animal was shot as the respondent himself testifies, and the horns were not so visible that he or a hunter going along could see these horns and have notice by them that he came within the statute, he had no right to shoot him."

Following the expression of this opinion, the jury returned a verdict of guilty, and St. John was fined \$100 and costs.

Commissioner Thomas notifies wardens to govern themselves by this decision, and to take pains to notify hunters that if they shoot deer where the horns are not visible, they will be prosecuted according to law.

Bullet Molds.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., Sept. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The bullet mold described by Mr. Hardy in the number of September 3, interested me very much, especially as I am in possession of a similar stone mold, which, if not a duplicate of his, is certainly a very close relation.

My mold has been in a family of Pennsylvania Germans whose ancestors immigrated to America about 200 years ago, and came from Bavaria.

The stone has about the same color and density as the oil-stones carpenters use to sharpen their tools. The dimensions are as follows: Length, 6 inches; height, 1½ inches; width, 1⅞ inches; weight, 14½ ounces. One of the high sides has entrances to six casting holes, the largest of which appears to be about 18 to the pound, each successive hole getting smaller. The opposite side has eight holes, with gradual reduction to about the size of a No. 2 buckshot.

I think that this mold was first owned by poachers, or perhaps was used during war by the country people.

The holes were evidently made by tools owned by gunsmiths, which were used by them to drill out the regular bullet molds made of iron.

AUGUST KOCH.

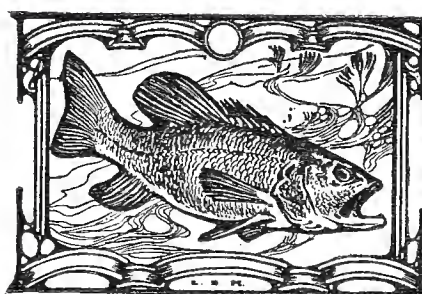
The Duck's Scenting Power.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Sept. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Did you notice L. F. Brown's statements regarding the power of the *Anas obscurus* to "scent" man? Now will the doubters as to the olfactory powers of the duck be good? Unconsciously Mr. Brown is pleading my cause as against Coahoma. I tell you, truth (and Limburger, if not below the frost-line) crushed to earth will rise again.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

Ten Little Rattlers.

WHEN a Springfield taxidermist left his place of business last night the sole occupant of his show window was a rattlesnake captured on Mt. Toby about two weeks ago. This morning there were, to his surprise, ten additional rattlers of diminutive proportions which evidently had made their appearance during the night. Each little rattler was about a foot long. The mother rattler is twelve years old, as indicated by her rattles.—Boston Globe.



SEA AND RIVER FISHING



On Capon Again.

WITH the plaintive cry of the catamount, the musical murmuring of the riffles, and the splash of the bass still in our ears, the Shenandoah Rod and Reel Club, composed of Charlie Brown, Carson and Dorsey Yeakley, Al Cline, and our mascot, little Jack Greenwalt, better known as "double hitter," are yet dreaming of their camp on Capon this year.

We left Winchester town on August 1 from Grant's livery, where we had been discussing camping and fishing for the last month. It was after 10 o'clock, P. M., when we got out of town and on to the blue pike, and as we jogged along recollections of our former trip to Capon two years ago came to our minds. We all distinctly remembered what a big time we had riding on the hay ladders, and how we had to get off every now and then to get our inside machinery in the right place again. Arriving at the river, we saw that it was muddy, and knew there would be no bass fishing for a few days anyhow. Going on up along the river we stopped at old Break Neck Spring, our camping site. Before long the smoke from our stove was mixing with the Capon River fog, and the delicious odor of coffee perfumed the atmosphere about us. After breakfast we got the camp in shape. Some were driving tent pegs, others making tables and benches, and Dad Yost, who came up with us to take the team back, wanting to test his piscatorial abilities before starting back, had taken "double hitter" and gone up the river. Before long we heard the kid yelling at the top of his voice, and looking up we saw Dad coming, holding at arm's length an enormous turtle. The old fellow was snapping and kicking like a steer, but Dad had him hooked fast, and brought him on to camp, and put him into a box. We told Jack if he didn't be a good boy now we'd put him in with the turtle. Jack was a good boy.

After supper that evening Dorsey Yeakley got out the cards and said, "Come on, let's have a game of pitch."

into the main river you could see them. Off from Calico Rock Billy Ryan and Lou Winkley could be seen, and just below them Carson Yeakley and Charley Brown were trying it from the bank. Maury Patterson had gone up the river a short distance, and running across Uncle Johnny Hiatt, had stopped a few minutes to listen to one of his famous hunting trips. Dave Patterson was in his glory out in the riffles nearby, and Harry Hardy was somewhere—you couldn't see him—but when he did show up, he had some. Away down the river, almost to Maple Landing, you could distinguish Mr. Affleck (better known to the boys as Uncle Scott), working hard out in the riffles. Mr. Affleck says the only way to get them is to go out after them.

Sunday had rolled around, and Quartermaster Dorsey Yeakley gave his ultimatum that there was to be no fishing. That settled it, although I do not mean to say anyone would have fished had it been otherwise. Even the telephone office was closed, and from the appearance of the receivers the next morning there must have been a good many calls that day.

On Sunday we had a visitor in the person of Mr. Granville Chapman, of Slanesville, W. Va., who is what you might call an honorary member of the Shenandoah Rod and Reel Club, from the fact that he so seldom gets to go with us. He is a member of our camp, but only gets with us when we go to Capon, which is about eight or nine miles from Slanesville. We are always glad to see Granville, because he seems to enjoy himself, and is so glad to be with us. "Talking about 'white people,'" as one of the members of the camp below us said, "Granville Chapman is as white as snow." He came down to the camps several times while we were there, and always filled up his buggy before leaving. In the afternoon Mr. Chapman, Charlie Brown, and Carson and Dorsey Yeakley made a trip to a diamond mine—at least they started for it—where it was said you could get diamonds as big as your head. Well, they started out, each with a long

soon asleep, with nothing to disturb our slumber save the rolling of the riffles, bidding us a last farewell, and seeming to say:

Come back, come back, some other day,
When the bass can see and want to play.

We pulled out the next morning about 9 o'clock, and stopped at the telephone office to answer a long distance ring from a big turtle on the other side of the river. We got him, put him into a big bucket, and brought his turtleship on to town.

AL. CLINE.

WINCHESTER, Va., Sept. 21.

Fly-Casters and Bait-Casters.

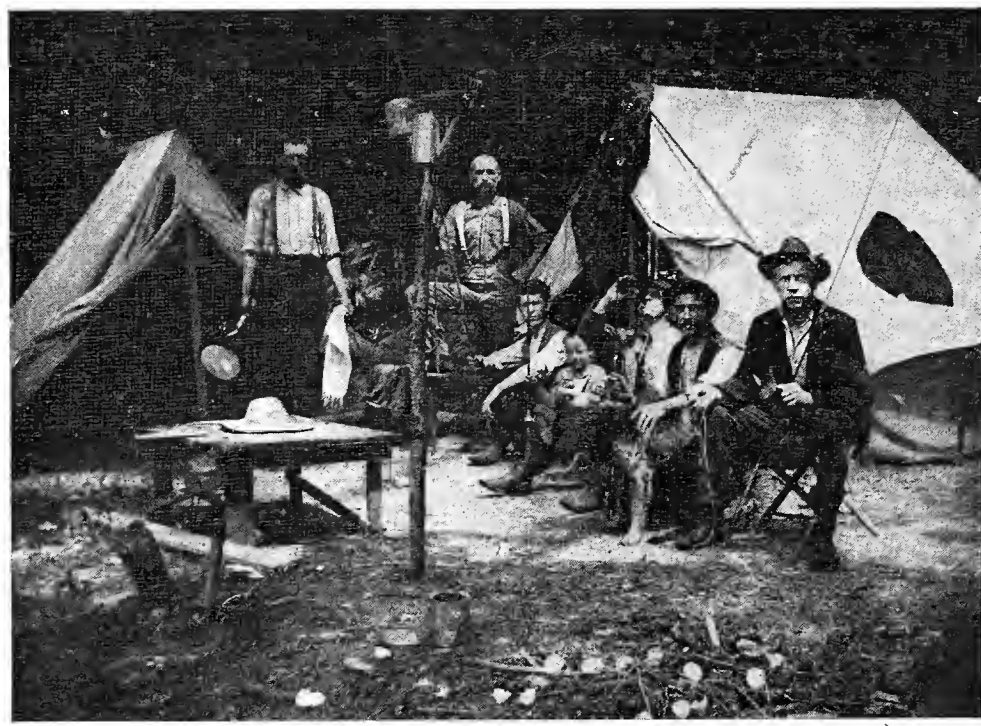
PITTSBURG, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Kenneth Fowler's communication, which, with its title, "Belgrade and Some Digressions," was published in *FOREST AND STREAM* of October 1, I read with some amusement. The amusement was derived from the exceedingly comic pen picture which he drew of those who presumably enjoyed his society during his fishing trip, and who were unconscious of the public ridicule with which Mr. Fowler's pen would glorify them later. I have also learned from Mr. Fowler that your true fly-fisherman, distinguished from his fellows by "the great line of demarcation" * * * "which divides the fly-fisherman and the bait-fisherman" by virtue of much self-laudatory vainglory, is warranted in having the quintessence of sport with fly and fish and also with his pen, with which he impales his companions, and holds them up to public ridicule.

Humor and wit, or the attempt at such, have their proper times and places among friendly groups. However, the publication of the peculiarities of one's companions for the edification of the world at large, seems to me to be an act of doubtful taste and no wisdom.

But my purpose was to dissent from Mr. Fowler's class-



HARDY CAMP.



SHENANDOAH ROD AND REEL CLUB.

The old torch was lighted, we gathered around the table, and once more we were enjoying a game of cards in camp. The members of the club never play cards only when they go camping, and then we really do enjoy a game under the light of the old camp torch.

There was no fishing the next day, the water was still muddy, and it stayed muddy the most of the time we were there. "Well," said Carson Yeakley, "let's stretch the telephone line across the river; if we can't catch bass, we can catch other kinds of fish." We got out the wire and stretched it across, putting the receivers about six feet apart, and kept open office both day and night, but we missed a great many night calls, because there was no one to answer them, and the callers got restless and rang off. We worked it all right during the day, and collected quite a good deal of fare.

Thursday another camp from Winchester was expected, composed of Messrs. David and Maury Patterson, Louis Winkley, Harry Hardy, Will Ryan, and S. A. Affleck. About 6 o'clock we heard the rumble of their wagons, and pretty soon the procession came in sight. They stopped a few minutes at the spring to refresh themselves, and then proceeded on down the river, expecting to pitch their tents about five miles below us, but they found the road so rough that they had to turn back. They put up camp a short distance below us, so we were practically all one big, jolly camp.

And I must not forget another camp, that of the Idlewild Fishing Club from Paw-Paw, W. Va., who were stopping about a mile above us, composed of Misses Huldah Gross, Lillie Robinette, Minnie Gross, Mamie Loy, Lillian Moser, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Largent, Carl Conway, R. J. Largent, Oliver Wentling, and Charles Moser. We had the pleasure of several visits from this camp, and it is needless to say that the Winchester bachelors often found time to lay aside their beloved fishing tackle to call at the Idlewild camp and enjoy the company of these charming girls from West Virginia. They were all good anglers, and could cast a bait with the ease and grace of Harry Hardy. They had been there about a week before we came, and were to leave the following Sunday.

The next morning both camps were out fishing, and from Twinkle Spring clear to the Ford, and on down

club with which to keep off the wildcats and rattlesnakes, and as a helper in climbing the mountains. Along about 6 o'clock they straggled into camp, and a more disgusted lot you never saw. About 4 o'clock a terrific thunderstorm had come up, which made their trip all the more disagreeable, but they kept on, climbing mountain after mountain, expecting every moment to have their eyes dazzled by the glittering gems of the diamond mine. They finally gave up the search and retraced their steps, soaked to the skin by the rain, and footsore and hungry. It wasn't safe to say anything about diamonds the next day.

"Double Hitter" caught his first bass this year, and it was a sight to see him land his fish. He was figuring around on the rocks off Break Neck as to where he should throw in. He finally concluded to try it by an old tree which had lodged in the riffles. After putting a nice big fat worm on his hook and spitting on it, he said: "Now, I guess I reckon that'll get you," and quietly waited for developments. Presently Jack's cork disappeared. He grabbed his pole and commenced to pull, but having right smart line out, he couldn't manage it, so he threw down the pole and tried it "nigger" fashion. He got himself, line and fish tangled up in the branches of the tree, and when he finally extricated himself, he was slightly disfigured, but he had his fish.

Several parties in the lower camp brought their cameras with them, and dozens of pictures were taken of the scenery along Capon, which in later years will serve to take us back to the scenes of our younger days when we fished and camped together. Our camp is greatly indebted to the Messrs. Patterson for several photographs of our camp.

Time was now drawing near to leave, and we all hated to think about it, for we were having a good time, fishing a little, resting a little, and recuperating, after a long season of work in the city. The last day in camp everybody fished hard in order to have a bunch of fish to take home, and strict attention was paid to rings at the telephone that day, which helped us out considerably in increasing the size of our strings.

Dad arrived about 6 o'clock Thursday night, and after looking after the team, we sat down to supper for the last time on Capon, for the time being, at least. We pulled into our cots that night with heavy sighs, but were

ification of fishermen. I specify it as Mr. Fowler's classification for the sake of identification. It is, however, merely a repetition, in a way, of what has been oftentimes the *ipse dixit* of other fly-fishermen.

I have fished with both fly and bait. In my experience, the art of fly-casting, as duly enjoyed by the guild, consists essentially of two factors. The lesser factor is to fish with more or less success with the fly. The greater factor is to swell, strut, and vaingloriously boast of the fly-fisher's superiority over every other class of fisherman on earth, the bait-fisherman in particular.

Read this modest self-appreciation gravely set forth by the skillful authority, as follows: "The gentlemen who have reached this high estate (fly-fishing) can climb no higher in piscatorial altitudes; they can breathe no more rarified atmosphere; they stand on the summit, and look down with pity on their brethren who are groping below."

I think it real nice of Mr. Fowler to acknowledge so kindly and humanely that those so far below his rarified piscatorial altitude are "brethren." The "brethren" have a source of never-failing enjoyment in casting their eyes upward, and reverently gazing on the "gentlemen" far skyward on the summit of Mr. Fowler's personal idea.

The gentle Izaak Walton, on whom Mr. Fowler, from his nebulous heights, bestows profound honor by a mere mention, was a bait-fisherman, and perchance something of a "plain plugger," if one may do him further honor by fitting him to the Fowler classification. Therefore he had no just right on earth to take wings into the piscatorial altitudes, and I now move you, Mr. Editor, that the name of that fishy deceiver, Izaak Walton, be crossed from the Hall of Fame, and that hereafter he be known as Ike the Plugger. A benighted world has mistakenly revered him through many generations for his heartfelt words, which he so quaintly bestowed on the gentle art, uttered for the good of all his fellows, and not for the purpose of self-glorification, a trait from which he was commendably and pleasingly free. Nor did his acts imply that by debasing the sport of his fellows he exalted his own.

Now, I have seen some fly-fishermen who were "pluggers." I have seen some who were not gentlemen. I have seen some whose fly-fishing was limited by the restrictions of the fantastically artistic—pretty rods, flies, lines, and glitter. I have seen others whose art consisted in beautiful loquacity. I have seen others whose ethics

and skill in the parlor were in the "higher piscatorial altitudes," while on the stream they had as much knowledge and skill as a mud dweller. In all cases I have observed that the beginner is always the noisiest and wisest, seeking the lime-light by words and clamor rather than by deeds.

I would have Mr. Fowler know that bait-casting requires more skill in manipulation than fly-casting. The fly-caster uses his tackle as a whip; the bait-caster has to guide his bait and manipulate his reel delicately at the same time to prevent back lashing. That is much the more difficult. He also has the same problems to solve with unresponsive fish.

The fly-caster knows nothing whatever as to what fly his fish will take, or whether they will take it at all. A "fly-fisherman" is a misnomer. In most instances he should better be designated as an owner of tackle in high-keyed color schemes festooned with some fishing ideas.

In any event, the excellence of a class which depends on self-eulogy cannot be considered as firmly secured. It would be much better if the world at large bestowed the eulogy and the recognition.

FRANCIS L. GREEN.

Fish and Fishing.

Late Ouananiche Fishing.

It is surprising how little advantage has been taken of the extension of the ouananiche fishing season from the 15th of September to the 1st of October. Hitherto anglers have complained that the open season closed too early, and just as the best of the sport was being afforded by the fish. It required considerable urging before the federal authorities consented to extend the open season, and now that the change has been made, scarcely anybody takes advantage of it. To such an extent is this the case that the hotel people stopped running the boat across Lake St. John and closed up the Island House several days before the end of the season. Unfortunately they had scarcely done so when a number of American anglers appeared on the scene at Roberval, only to find that there were no means of reaching the fishing grounds.

Many complaints are being made of the licenses for netting in Lake St. John, which are being issued by the Government of Quebec. It is true that these licenses are only to authorize fishermen to take coarse fish for commercial purposes, but nobody believes that the ouananiche found in the nets are returned to the water, and it is surmised that not a few of these gamy fish thus find their way to market. Up to 1897, when the netting in the lake was controlled by the Dominion Government, no licenses were issued. The recent granting of them has caused much adverse comment, not only among anglers, but even from some of the Government's own officers. Thus Mr. Beliveau, the Inspector of Fisheries for the Province of Quebec, says in his last report: "In Lake St. John, the general yield of fish is about the same as that of the previous year, with the exception of the famous ouananiche, which shows a slight diminution. Of recent years the provincial authorities have issued a few gill net licenses in this inland sea. Last year the activity of these fishermen was stimulated by a couple of fish traders who shipped to foreign markets. I have been informed that during the spring months over 500 pounds of fish were shipped weekly from one station alone. I do not believe in netting permits being granted at all in this beautiful lake, but at least they should be confined to settlers for their domestic consumption only. Although it is illegal to capture ouananiche with nets, it is probable that not a few of these fish are thus taken and easily disposed of."

The Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association of the Province of Quebec is taking this matter up very seriously, and will endeavor to bring about a cancellation of the existing licenses. Backed up by the inspector's opinion and by the fact that large sums of money are being spent in order to stock the lake and its tributary waters, the Association certainly ought to succeed.

The Missisquoi Bay Affair.

Nothing has yet been accomplished in the matter of the shameful netting of pike-perch in Missisquoi Bay, and there is, so far, every reason to believe that the nefarious practice will be pursued next spring as usual. The recently published report of the Marine and Fisheries Department of the Dominion of Canada, shows what the result of the netting was last year. Outside of about one thousand barrels of fresh fish—pickerel or wall-eyed pike predominating—and some \$5,000 worth of whitefish, captured by the American fishermen licensed by the State of Vermont, the Canadian catch included some 30,000 pounds of pickerel, 4,000 of pike, 25,000 of perch, and 18,000 of mixed and coarse fish. This means that in round figures there were taken in nets out of Missisquoi Bay during the year over a quarter of a million pounds of fish. It may well be asked how long these beautiful waters are to stand such a drain upon their resources. The question of an international regulation prohibiting all kinds of netting in these contiguous waters has been continually on the tapis. Missisquoi Bay is now the only sheet of water in the whole eastern townships of Canada in which the use of seines is tolerated. The State of New York has already prohibited any kind of netting on its side of the lake. The State of Vermont has given its commissioner the power to refuse or to issue netting licenses according to the action that is taken by the Canadian authorities. Last season the provincial authorities granted fourteen licenses, mostly to well-to-do farmers with a political pull. Their seines, which they set under the ice, are from 80 to 110 fathoms long, and require three men each to handle them with the aid of cranks. The chief contention of these fishermen is that if they did not catch these fish as they approach their spawning beds, they would never catch any at all, as the pickerel return to the deep water of the lake as soon as their spawning season is over. It is understood that some thirty-five seine licenses were issued by the Vermont commissioner last spring at \$20 each. Their chief fishing ground, in the vicinity of Alburg and Hog Island, should be a profitable one, as the fish are caught there, in their descent from, as well as in their ascent to, the spawning ground. In the autumn season, between sixty and seventy seining permits are also issued by the

State of Vermont. This makes a total of about a hundred Vermont licenses, which would be no longer issued if only the Canadian authorities would withhold the fourteen or thereabouts that are granted by them. Therefore, under the proposed system of mutual protection, the State of Vermont would sacrifice much more than the Canadians would. Yet the Canadian Government seems blind to the fact, notwithstanding that it is plainly urged by their own officials.

Good Fall Fishing.

Many of the fishermen returning from the Lake St. John country, report some excellent catches, though, as usual, the same good fortune has not attended everybody. Some very good three to four-pound trout have recently been taken out of the waters of the Nonantum Fish and Game Club, and even larger fish have rewarded the efforts of those who were fortunate enough to fish in the Jeanotte River during the latter part of September. From the Wayagamack Lakes, which are fished by the members of the Laurentian Club, come also interesting stories of the sport had by anglers. In the Lake Edward and neighboring waters the numbers of anglers this fall has been so large that at one time no less than 85 guides were out at the same time with them. Yet the extent of these waters is such that the different parties rarely met.

An English Angler in Maine.

English anglers and English writers on angling seem to be at present directing their attention to the fishing waters of Maine. Lieut.-Colonel Andrew Haggard, the author of "Sporting Yarns" and of the introduction to "The Ouananiche and Its Canadian Environment," and a frequent contributor to the London Field, has been for some time past in search of sport and of material for sporting articles for British publications, in the woods and on the inland waters of Maine. Some of the letters



IN THE DAYS OF OLD.
From the Woodcraft Magazine.

recently received from him tell of capital sport in the Pine Tree State, some of which he participated in, while of other he was an eye witness. He writes of two landlocked salmon (so-called) which he saw killed upon two successive days in the Moose River, one of which weighed 9 pounds and the other 7½. Then, there is a story of a third one, but with a different ending. Its weight was not ascertained, for it has not yet been got upon the scales. But it gave the Colonel lots of sport. It was not so big, he says, as either of the other two mentioned above, but a splendid fish, and behaved just like a sea salmon. It made a run of a good fifty yards down the stream before breaking water, when it came out with a splendid leap, and then turned and ran right at the angler. Of course it was difficult to keep the canoe away from him under such circumstances, and as so often happens, it appeared as if the guide paddled toward the fish instead of away from it, with the inevitable consequence that he placed the canoe directly over the fish. The difficulty of combating rapids, or even currents, has naturally to be allowed for, but the Colonel's guide seems to have been exceptionally unfortunate or exceedingly stupid, for, as he writes me, the Colonel found himself playing his fish upon one side of the canoe while it was fighting hard upon the other.

Colonel Haggard certainly seems to have been extremely lucky in the fish which he has killed in Maine, though his luck is usually well deserved, for he is one of the very best anglers that it has been my good fortune to fish with. On one day he killed two trout with a fly in Pierce Pond, weighing 4¼ pounds each, and a salmon of 5 pounds. He killed another salmon on the fly in the Belgrade lakes, and a beautiful trout of 5¾ pounds, measuring 23 inches long and 14¾ in circumference.

At Pierce Pond the Colonel found a fish which has been forwarded to Washington for the purpose of identification by the Curator of the Museum. Through Colonel Boothby, of Portland, Colonel Haggard sent the fish to Commissioner Carleton, of Maine, who expresses his opinion that it is a "quinnat" salmon.

Variation in Size of Fish.

It is not without interest to the angler to note the amazing difference in size in fishes of the same variety

inhabiting different waters of the same description and answering the same conditions. It may reasonably be asked why a large river like the Miramichi should almost invariably produce salmon of small size and weight. The Grand Cascapedia, a river of only probably about one-third the length and productive capacity of the Miramichi, yields fish of large size running from thirty to nearly fifty-five pounds. It is recorded that the catch of a well-known United States angler during a short visit to the Cascapedia in August, 1897, amounted to thirteen fish, the largest of which weighed 41, 42 and 43 pounds respectively. The average weight of his fish exceeded thirty pounds, while from ten to eighteen pounds would be a good average for the salmon of the Miramichi. A specimen of the same fish has been taken in the Scottish Tay weighing eighty-three pounds, while Irish rivers have yielded fish of sixty pounds, and some of the rivers of Norway, salmon almost as large.

As long ago as 1863, Mr. Francis Francis pointed out that in some rivers the race of salmon and trout are naturally small and without apparent reason. He says: "In Scotland, for example, there will be four rivers running into the same estuary, and the breed, shape, make, and size of the fish of every river will be distinct and different. In some the fish will be long and thin in shape; in others, short and thick. In some they will scarce ever exceed twelve or fourteen pounds in weight, and in others they will run up to twenty, thirty, and even forty pounds, if allowed to exist for a reasonable time. Now here it is evident that the rivers themselves can have little or nothing to do with the growth of the fish, since the great feeding ground wherein the fish grow and increase their weight at a rate out of all proportion to that of any other created creature, are identical, being the broad sea; since salmon never increase their weight in the fresh water after their first trip to the sea, but rather fall off and deteriorate. Why is it, then, that enjoying these feeding grounds in common, some thrive so much better and faster than others? It cannot be doubted that it is the nature of some breeds to increase more and faster than others, even as a Hereford or Norfolk steer exceeds a Welsh or Highland stot, feed him and breed him how, where, and when you will."

Professor Prince, the Dominion of Canada Fishery Commissioner, and a prominent authority in the world of science, attributes to heredity, as the main factor, the differences which distinguish the runs of salmon in different rivers, though he also makes due allowance for other conditions such as food, physical environment or physical surroundings, age, congenital variation or inherent strength or weakness, adaptability, and security from pernicious influences. But neither in food nor in environment can be found the cause for the production of such exceptionally large fish as those which are produced in the comparatively small Scotch and Norwegian rivers already referred to, or even in the Cascapedia.

In support of his plea for heredity as the most important of all the causes of corporeal magnitude, Professor Prince points out that dwarfed parents produce dwarfed progeny, while the young of large creatures are themselves almost invariably large. Like begets like, especially in regard to bodily size. When a farmer desires to raise large sized cattle he will select appropriate parents, and will thus secure, with almost absolute certainty, progeny surpassing in dimensions the average size of the stock on his farm. He does not expect animals like large Durham or Hereford cattle if the parents are of the diminutive Kerry or Scottish Highland breed. The Professor shows that it is the same with fishes, and that trout which inhabit small mountain brooks and rills are almost invariably diminutive. The parents are small, and the resulting progeny are small, too. There can be no doubt that food and external conditions, as Professor Prince himself admits, have much to do with the difference; but, to quote his own words, "heredity is one of the most potent factors, and a brood of large trout cannot be obtained if small burn trout are selected as parents. Nor will the large river trout produce diminutive mountain trout."

It has been well said that most people attribute the size of an unusually large specimen of any fish either to its favorable environment, its food, or its mature age. A large fish, in their view, must be an old fish. This is by no means the case, however. By the crossing of breeds of almost the same variety of animals we have discovered how we can get those which best carry flesh, and which grow the fastest upon a small amount of food. Why should it not be just as easy to discover the same thing with regard to fish and then to transplant and cross the salmon of different breeds or rivers, and different families of other fish as well, until we find those which are most valuable and most suitable to our various waters? It is certainly not too much to claim that this is a branch of the science of fishculture, of which but little is known, and in which there is abundant room for patient investigation and elaborate experiment.

The Effect of Food Supply upon the Growth of Fishes.

In the matter of food supply and its effect upon the growth of fishes, experiments have not been lacking. Various writers have repeated the story of the trout placed in three separate tanks and fed, respectively, with worms, minnows, and water flies, and how those fed with worms grew slowly and had a lean appearance; those nourished on minnows grew larger, while such as were fattened upon flies only attained in a short time prodigious dimensions, weighing twice as much as both the others together, although the quantity of food swallowed was in nowise so great.

It has, too, been fully ascertained that while the quality and size of fish improve under the influence of plentiful and nutritious food, they will degenerate, even in rivers and lakes of large size, if food be lacking.

The English trout, *Salmo fario*, which is considered to have attained a very good size in England when it reaches a weight of two or three pounds, accumulates bulk so rapidly when transplanted into New Zealand waters, where it finds an unlimited food supply of the most favorable kind, that it has been caught there up to 25 and even 28 pounds in weight.

So, also, Herr Jaffe, the German fishculturist, reports exceptionally rapid growth of specimens of the rainbow trout when transplanted into German waters and fed chiefly upon mollusks and small fish.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Seeing Tarpon.

MR. J. C. HOPKINS, of New York, has just returned from Aransas Pass, Texas, the most enthusiastic tarpon fisherman seen this season. "I went out about 12:30 o'clock," said Mr. Hopkins. "My guide baited my hook, and then I waited—just waited until that tide turned and came up through the pass like a race horse, and with it came the tarpon." At this point I asked Mr. Hopkins to write his experience for *FOREST AND STREAM*. "Write it," said he, "Write it? Nobody could write it and have it believed. Why, say, they not only came in doubles, but in droves, just leaping bunches of them—hundreds of them; in fact, one of them just missed coming in our boat, while another one grabbed my hook, but in the excitement I forgot to strike. The next one I struck in the bony part of his jaw, and broke loose; then I got busy

and hooked one just right. That one went to the beach with us and measured 5 feet 10 inches. I am having it mounted, and it will adorn this street very shortly."

T. E. B.

The National Beagle Club of America.

CAMDEN, N. J., Sept. 28.—The Fifteenth Annual Field Trials of the National Beagle Club of America will be held at Mineola, Long Island, during the week commencing October 31, 1904.

The headquarters of the club during the trials will be at Johrens' Hotel, Mineola, L. I., the hotel rates being \$2 per day.

During the trials good stable accommodations and feed

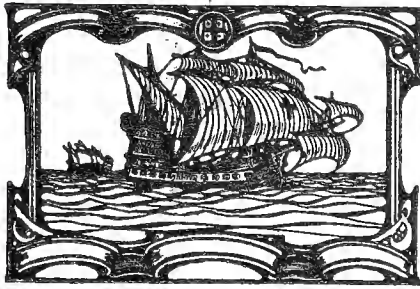
for the beagles entered in the trials will be furnished free by the club.

It is the desire of the club that all beagles entered in the trials should arrive at Mineola not later than Saturday evening, October 29, in order that the necessary preparations may be made for an early start on Monday morning.

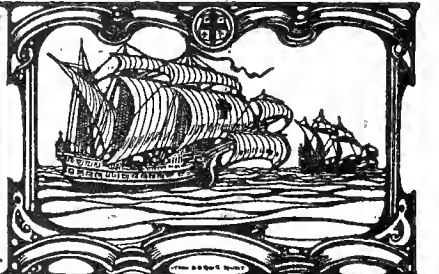
The club would deem it a favor if those intending to make entries would notify the secretary as soon as possible of their intention to attend the trials, and what number of beagles they will enter, so that the committee can arrange hotel accommodations for them and accommodations for their dogs.

The club has arrangements for free transportation from the club's headquarters to the field trial grounds for members of the club and those making entries.

CHARLES R. STEVENSON, Secretary.



YACHTING



Cruise of the Neptune.

BY WILLIAM H. AVIS.

Hot don't express it! Despite the fact that it was 9 A. M., the mercury stood at 90 in the shade. Perhaps my language was not any cooler than the weather! I had been stationed at the intersection of four streets for an hour and a half, vainly looking for an ice man. Major had made three or four trips to the Neptune in that time, and Sam had hoisted the mainsail and snugged the yacht's stem close up to her mooring buoy. Finally I took to chasing all kinds of wagons, in all directions, only to have them turn out to be laundry teams, butchers' carts, and even an undertaker's conveyance—which was not the kind of ice wagon I was looking for. But in the course of events the right variety of ice man finally materialized.

"Will you just drop down to the City Point Yacht Club house, and deliver 300 pounds of ice?"

"No, sir. Can't do it. It's off my route. The feller that goes down that way'll be along soon, 'n' 'll sell you the hull wagon load, if you want it."

I was mad, discouraged, and disgusted. We *must* get that ice aboard inside of another hour or the yacht would be aground. Just then a dilapidated Israelite, driving what was once a horse, which drew a wreck of a wagon, attracted my attention. A happy thought struck me. I saluted the honest dealer in cast-offs: "Hi, there, Isaac!" (that was his front name), "Would you like to earn a quarter?" He would, and as the ice man was perfectly willing to sell, if not to deliver, the venerable merchant and I were soon on our way to the club house with a cargo of provision preserver.

Neptune is 28ft. over all, and but little less on the waterline. Her beam is 14ft., and she draws 4ft. without her board. Her cabin is very roomy, with good headroom; yet her house is not out of proportion in height above the deck for a craft of her class. There are three comfortable berths, plenty of lockers, and an abundance of comfortable bedding. A small cook-stove was used for cooking purposes. And right here I wish to say that no oil-stove ever invented is the equal of an ordinary, every-day cook-stove. In her inventory the yacht contained everything necessary for cruising. The cockpit is the largest and roomiest I ever saw on a boat of Neptune's class. It contains the ice-box, which has a capacity of 500 pounds. While the boat is full sloop rigged, we used only the mainsail and jib on our three days' cruise. Halliards and sheets all lead to the cockpit, and, with the exception of reefing, the handling of sails while under way is all done from that point. Originally Neptune was built for a Noank lobster boat.

Judged from a point of beauty, Neptune is a failure. Symmetrically she is about as handsome as a bowl of mush; but for comfort, seaworthiness, and motherliness—ah! that's another story. Off the wind she can sail a good, stiff clip; and she did very well on the wind when the sea was smooth. But in a steady pound to windward in a nasty tumble, she is about as fast as a hearse. My! how she can rear, thresh, pound, and stand still under such conditions! But she is staunch and able as a light-ship, and safe as a boat can very well be.

At the time of our little cruise, Neptune belonged to Captain Geo. E. Albee, of the Regular Army, retired, and Mr. Clarence Eaton—better known as Cap Eaton. She was then enrolled in the City Point Y. C., of New Haven. Since our cruise she has been sold. Samuel Chard and I were the fortunate guests of the genial captain, whose title of Major, which will be used in this article, was gained through services in the Connecticut militia. So much for introductions.

The ice and provisions properly stored, the tender was made fast astern, mooring dropped, and the jib run up. The southwest wind necessitated a beat out of the harbor, so the yacht was headed for Morris Cove, on the starboard tack. Before reaching the cove, the wind died to a zephyr; but the tide was with us, though our progress was slow. We drifted by the bark St. Mary's, which was said to be loaded with powder. Then a sharp-visaged lady, of uncertain summers, aboard of a vessel attracted our attention. She was industriously retrieving among the frowzy curls of a red-headed girl with a fine-toothed comb.

Once by the Sperry Light, which marks the eastern end of one of the new breakwaters, we found a little more wind. Then Major decided it was about time to feed Sam and I, not to mention himself. Before starting, he had impressed it upon our minds that we were to do the work—that he wouldn't work. Before we got home he did most of the work himself, and unconsciously proved that he was not a lazy man at all. A portion of the contents of a bottle of "Hunter's," reinforced with the proper proportion of lemon, sugar, and not too much

water, added fuel to appetites already ravenous. Then Major prepared a most substantial dinner of fried steak, hardtack, and hot coffee.

After dinner—yes, while the meal was under way—there was very decided evidence of a breeze of wind in the southeast. Far down in that quarter yachts could be seen shortening sail, and the darkening hue of the sea in that direction prophesied more propelling power than we would need. It was advancing rapidly in our direction, so we tied in a reef as a precautionary measure. For a while we enjoyed a bit of snappy sailing, with just a trifle of sheet lifted. Then the wind gradually headed us, and it became a vicious pound to windward. Off the mouth of the Housatonic River we began to meet the full force of the outrunning tide, and when we made Stratford Point, it was like butting into a stone wall. This butting into wind, sea and tide, mingled with a determination to learn to smoke, which I have persistently stuck to for the past twenty-five years, compelled me to lower my colors to an uncompromising Neptune. So I reluctantly gave up my dinner.

Finally it became a hopeless game of thump, tumble and smash against an increasing tide and a diminishing wind. Long Beach was a proposition we could not overcome. Eventually, however, we began to leave it, but in the opposite direction to the one we wished. But, personally, I was feeling fine. I had paid the penalty for the full enjoyment of the good things of the sea, and was determined to get my fill. The art of learning to smoke was deferred to the future, on terra firma. The salt-seasoned oxygen was superb in quality and unlimited in quantity, and free for the taking. The sun shone with a lustre that was never surpassed. The waves flashed and sparkled like diamonds strewn over a world of fire. Distance touched the dingiest of sails with the soft tint of pearls, and graceful yachts drifted silently over the sea like zephyr-blown thistledown. Great banks of cotton-like clouds lifted out of the west, and over land and sea stretched the wings of freedom and rest.

Our intention had been to reach either Oyster Bay or Greenwich that day; but under the conditions we decided that Black Rock Harbor would be good enough for us. Late in the afternoon, when we had lost fully three miles in drifting, the tide turned in our favor and we got a nice breeze. At the same time those "cotton-like clouds" in the west began to demonstrate that they were designed for something else beside beauty. As they amalgamated into one dark mass, charged with electricity, they served indisputable evidence that it was not to be Black Rock Harbor for us that day. And for a while it was even doubtful if we would be able to reach Bridgeport before the squall. The race was a close one, and caused the sporting blood to tingle with excitement in our brush with the elements, but we were the victors by a neck! The anchor was hardly down and sails furled when the storm broke.

If one has a clear conscience, or no conscience at all, then he can thoroughly enjoy a thunderstorm. I don't know which class I'm in, but, really, I like 'em! In duration this storm was but a small matter; but it needed no reinforcement in strength. The hail and rain roared down like an express train; the lightning snapped and flashed like monster rapid-fire guns, and the thunder cracked and boomed in deafening crashes. The wind blew so hard that a small excursion steamer coming into the harbor could make no headway against it whatever for fully five minutes, and we thought she would surely go ashore. In twenty minutes, however, the storm had begun and ended; the setting sun was flashing over a newly bathed world resplendent in sparkling purity; and a great double rainbow arched the Sound from north to south in the east, and its mysterious glory faded only with the sinking of the sun and the silent advance of night.

After supper we dropped a couple of lines into the water for eels, while we talked in the cockpit. We got no eels, but there in the rays of our riding lights, surrounded by anchored vessels which looked phantom-like in the darkness, Major told us many interesting stories connected with war and the hunting trail. It was a great treat to listen to him, for his experience has been wide. Enlisting as a private in the 36th Wisconsin, in the Civil War, he followed the vocation of a soldier up to the time of his retirement from the Regular Army, a few years ago, when he was retired as brevet captain. He is the proud possessor of a medal struck by Congress for him for conspicuous gallantry in action against the Indians; and he has a valuable collection of Indian and other war relics, which it is worth while going a long way to see. A friend of Miles, Lawton, Shafter, Buffalo Bill, and many other soldiers and men whose names are connected with our nation, and especially the West, Major Albee cannot be otherwise than an interesting person to be privileged to listen to. Add to all this his

excellent qualities of hospitality as a host, and you have a combination hard to beat. Beside being a soldier, the Major is an expert shot. In 1882 he won the "Rapidity" matches for the Lorillard gold medal at Creedmore, using at the time a Hotchkiss rifle. He has also killed much large game in his time. At the present time he is connected with the Winchester Repeating Arms Company.

We were away bright and early next morning, in order to take all advantage possible of the tide. Going out of the harbor it was against us; but there was a nice breeze, with promise of more. The morning was bright and clear, and not a cloud in the sky. Once clear of the harbor, the S.-S.W. wind allowed us to head a course for Eaton's Neck Light, with sheets well in. Every indication pointed to a pleasant run at first, but as the morning advanced, the wind hauled more and more into the west, and died in strength as well. When off the Norwalk Islands, however, the wind freshened so suddenly and rapidly that we tied in a reef. Before coming up with Green's Ledge Light there was a grand lump of a sea running. The sky became overcast with swiftly scudding, fluffy clouds, and the wind came diagonally off the land in hard, spiteful puffs. One moment we would be sailing along bolt upright, to be flattened down almost rail under the next minute. But despite the fierceness and suddenness of the squalls, Neptune's ample draft and excessive beam held her lee rail above the surface. After a hard and stubborn reach right into the wind's eye, we finally anchored under the lee of Shippan Point, in Prescott's Cove, for dinner.

Before proceeding on our way, we tied another reef in the mainsail, and reefed the jib. Our delay of nearly two hours had cost us the last of the flood tide, and as the wind had steadily increased in strength, we fully realized that we were in for a good dusting before we could reach our destination—Greenwich. As we cleared Shippan Point, all hands made haste to don storm coats and oilers. The sea was one confused jumble of hard, white-crested lumps, and the way in which they jolted Neptune and caused that motherly craft to rear, plunge, and stand still, was a caution. Wind, sea and tide being against us, we were in an almost constant smother of flying spume. To beat to Stamford Light under the existing conditions seemed a hopeless proposition; so Sam, who always does the right thing in the right time aboard a boat, clawed his way out on the bowsprit and shook the reef out of the jib. We made better headway, and there is not a shadow of a doubt that we would have done better still had we shook out both reefs in the mainsail. The yacht was so short and heavy for her beam that under the conditions that existed she hadn't propelling power enough to drive her through it. She was so able that, under Sam's skillful handling, she could easily have carried full mainsail and jib and made better weather of it. But we were in no hurry, and were enjoying the fight immensely.

Greenwich Point proved a most difficult proposition. We did not average 100 yards' gain to the tack, and it seemed that we never would open up the harbor sufficiently to weather the red spar buoy at its entrance. But the job was finally done, and under the squally puffs we enjoyed an exhilarating tussle to windward in the smooth water of the harbor to the anchorage off the Greenwich Y. C. house.

After things had been made shipshape, and while Major was doing his favorite stunt of preparing supper—as Major only can—I snapped a few shots with the camera. While supper was under way, Mr. Stanley Chard, Sam's brother, who is also my brother-in-law, came aboard. Then after the dishes were washed, we visited friends and acquaintances afloat and ashore. We returned aboard early, however, and were lulled into sweet dreams by the strains of an orchestra, which was dispensing mellow music at a hop in the club house. We had worked hard, were thoroughly tired, and our comfortable berths furnished welcome relief.

Next morning found the sun streaming through the cabin windows in a flood of light. A soft westerly wind ruffled the surface of the Sound, and there was promise of an ideal day ahead. And, hard to relate, this was to be our last day, as our time would expire with its ending.

We ate breakfast in the cockpit, and watched the crews of the fleet of handsome yachts as they washed down decks, aired sails, etc. And right here, in Greenwich Harbor, is where abundant opportunity exists for a lover of yachts to feast his eyes on the best productions that exist in that line. In the yachting season there is always a big fleet here, sail and steam, and from the smallest to the largest. A 50ft. power launch, with a speed of nearly 20 knots an hour, shot by while we were eating, leaving a wake like an ocean liner. She was bound for New York with her owner, who is a business man of that city. This yacht carried its owner to and from business every busi-

ness day—quite an ideal way of going to and from work, in my estimation.

Just for a view of Belle Haven, with its handsome residences, and of the beautiful islands which lie off that place and Portchester, we sailed four or five miles off our course. This necessitated a close reach out of the harbor by the west channel, against the tide. When we finally cleared the western end of Great Captain's Island, we were able to lift sheet and run off on our course—dead to leeward. Major was in his glory. This was what he had been looking for from the start. As we were homeward bound it was, perhaps, a welcome change for us all. But for sport and excitement, I, personally, prefer a spirited dash to windward. I think, however, that most yachtsmen will agree that reaching is the most pleasant point of sailing. Running dead away from the wind, with the mercury at 90 in the shade, is a miserably hot game. But in reaching, or working out to windward, one can keep cool and get the full benefit of the wind; also an occasional taste of brine.

The breeze gradually freshened, and we were not over two hours in making the distance it had taken us eight hours to make the day before. Cokenoe Island was off our port bow by 10 o'clock. Between here and Penfield Reef Light, I snapped a handsome, three-masted schooner. There is something in the sight of a merchant vessel under full sail which, somehow, appeals to my fancy. They look different from a yacht, and, in fact, they are different. The comparison, perhaps, is like that of a frail, effeminate dude and a rugged, robust man. The merchantman looks sturdy, and fit to fight the elements to a finish in their fiercest mood. The yacht looks frail and timid, and ready to turn tail and run on the slightest provocation.

We were off Bridgeport by noon, and from here to Stratford Light the wind was very light. After passing Stratford Point, we had our last meal aboard—a good one, too. Off the Housatonic River the wind was very fickle, and caused the boom to gybe time and again, and it was hot as an oven. But a squall began to pile up in the west and work slowly in our direction. As the clouds covered the sun, the wind hauled off the land, N. of W. This was a welcome change, as we were nearly baked. The clouds were well over us when the water under the shore darkened like ink, and yachts in that quarter could be seen dousing their sails. The wind was reaching out toward us with a vengeance; but when we got it our mainsail was down, and we scudded along very comfortably under jib alone. This harmless little contretemps of the weather lasted about ten minutes. When it ended, we were inside Southwest Ledge Light bucking the tide with no wind. Finally Mr. Charles Stephens, who was knocking around the harbor in his power launch, spotted us. He very kindly took our line, and in fifteen minutes we were anchored off the City Point Y. C. house, and our delightful little cruise was ended. Neptune had covered about 50 miles in less than eight hours. But—whew! wasn't it hot ashore?

Roughing it in Newfoundland.

In the summer of '98, in company with a life-long friend of mine it was my good fortune to spend some few days in cruising and exploring one of the great northern bays of Newfoundland. I at that time owned a small yacht, in which I had sailed on many a trip such as I am describing. Twenty-three feet long by the keel, 8½ ft. wide, and drawing 6 ft. of water, we had as fine a sea boat and as good a sailer as one would wish; and both are needed in these waters, for the wind blows strongly against the current at times, and a nasty sea is the result. A small cabin in which to sleep, and a foc'sle with a "bogey" in it for cooking purposes, provided comfortable accommodation in any weather.

Leaving the south side of Trinity Bay with a fair, smart breeze, we had every hope of running across, a distance of about 16 miles, in a few hours, when to our annoyance the wind suddenly failed. We rowed the remaining distance, and about 4 o'clock one summer afternoon, in a thick fog which had come down, two weary voyageurs made out the land on the north side of the bay. Where we were we had not the faintest idea, owing to the fog, but trusting to Providence and keeping a good lookout for rocks, we ran in, under the influence of a slight breeze, and anchored inside the point of a small harbor. The scenery in this part of the island is of the most beautiful description. High precipitous cliffs run up from the water's edge in places hundreds of feet, the home of many sea birds, such as gulls and sea pigeons. At frequent intervals the shores are indented with small harbors clothed with forests of fir, spruce, and pine running down to the water's edge, and clinging to the sides of the cliffs in most fantastic shapes.

We had anchored close inshore, for the water is deep, and the fog lifting, saw some houses on the other side of the harbor which gave us a clue to our position, for there are few inhabited harbors on this particular part of the coast. Close by us we made out two boats seining caplin, a small fish about eight inches long and of delicate flavor, which abound in these waters at this time of the year, and are used extensively for bait and fertilizing purposes. While I attended to making the boat snug and shipshape for the night, my friend tackled the commissariat question. In exchange for a stick of tobacco—a never-failing medium of barter—he received a supply of fish fresh from the net, which he cooked, and on which we supped with sharpened appetites. We turned in, after a pipe, trusting to secure a night's repose untroubled by any wordly cares. But alas! Fate that day and night certainly seemed against us. In the ardor of youth, and the desire to flee from the restraining influences of civilization, we had decided to discard all such useless encumbrances as beds, contending that boughs with blankets over them would be quite sufficient. We had nailed laths on a frame over the floor of our bunks, intending to cut the boughs when we reached our first anchoring place; but we had not reckoned on the fog and wet, and this of course effectually prevented our bed-making for the night. We made the best of the circumstances with a tarpaulin, but my advice is, don't try to sleep on a lath platform; we certainly longed for the day.

However, it was the last of our troubles. The morning broke calm and bright, and after a good wash on

shore in a running brook enlivened by some very interested mosquitoes, which are a plague all over the island, we hauled up our anchor, and, with a fresh breeze, sailed up a long arm of the sea called South Sound, and again anchored for the night. The next day we reached our furthest point, called the "Box," a stretch of shoal water joining two arms of the sea. Here we spent two or three days fishing for sea trout and exploring the surrounding country. The days here were simply delightful, and the evenings perfect. Calm water—for the Atlantic swell never reaches this—makes it an ideal place for yachting. The trees ran down to the water's edge, and their reflection could be clearly seen; the stillness at times was almost oppressive. There is very little shooting, however, here; a few geese in spring or autumn, which are very difficult to approach, and an occasional sea bird and shore bird, varied by the sight of a bald-headed eagle, are the only feathered inhabitants worth mentioning.

At last one morning we very reluctantly beat the yacht back to the open sea, and finding ourselves becalmed by an island we went ashore to explore. Here we spent the greater part of the day, with the slight incident of a chase in the Rodney after the yacht, which had dragged the small anchor over a ledge and was drifting seaward. On the island were a colony of stormy petrels and puffins, and we spent most of the time watching the birds. The petrels were nesting, and we dug down into the turf to examine the eggs—the egg, rather, for there was only one in the nest we examined; it was at the end of a small tunnel, and the bird was setting; it seemed quite dazed when brought to the light, but after a while flew away. The egg was so fragile that, to our regret, it broke at the touch.

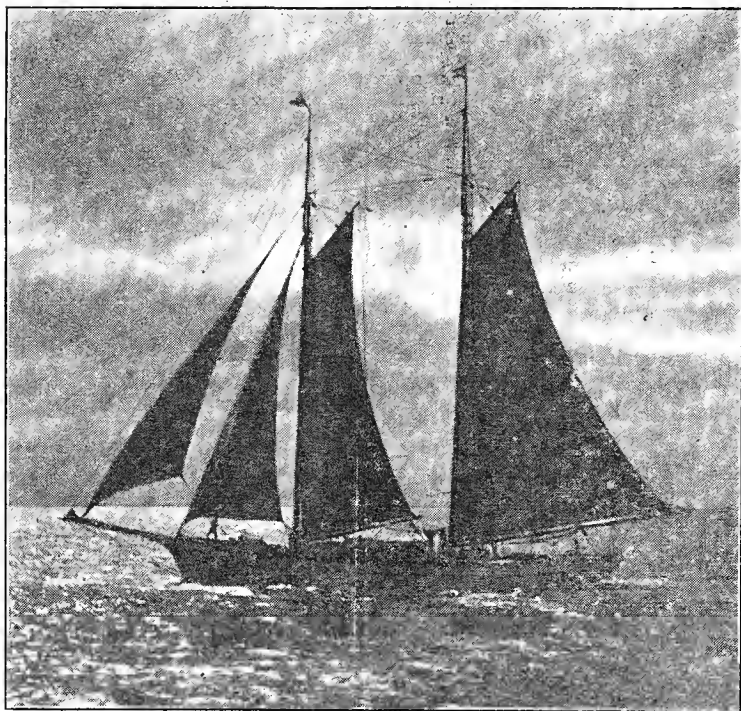
Leaving the island in the evening, we reached across the bay in the night to our port of embarkation, and once more returned to the city and its ways.

TERRA NOVA.

A South Sea Cruise.

THE American schooner yacht Lurline, owned by Captain H. H. Sinclair, of Los Angeles, California, has returned from a very successful cruise in the South Pacific. She arrived at San Pedro on September 12. Lurline was formerly the flagship of the San Francisco Y. C., and built for Mr. John D. Spreckels. She is 83 ft. over all, 75 ft. waterline, 20 ft. breadth and 10 ft. draft. She has a cabin trunk and carries on deck a round bottom boat and a dory for surf work.

Mr. Sinclair, accompanied by his wife and daughter and Mr. Lew Freeman, left San Pedro, Cal., on the 4th of February, bound for a six months' cruise in the Pacific. The first stop was made at Hilo, Hawii, 18 days after



SCHOONER LURLINE LEAVING HONOLULU.

leaving their home port. They remained in Hilo a week, visiting the great burning mountain, the volcano of Kilauea, and the sugar mills, etc. They also were dined in the ancient Hawaiian custom, where the edibles—fish, fowl, vegetables—were all cooked in the ground by the heat of red-hot stones. These feasts—"luas," as they are called—are served on ferns spread on the floor, and the guests and hosts have to sit on the floor.

The yacht arrived at Honolulu March 3, and the party were at once taken care of by the Hawaii Y. C. and their friends. They visited the famous Pearl Harbor, cruising about this beautiful lagoon in La Paloma. After a pleasant stay of three weeks they departed March 24 for the long southern cruise among islands made interesting by Stevenson.

She made an excellent run to the Marquesas, arriving at Nuka Hiva in 17 days. From there she journeyed on to Papeete, Tahiti, making the trip in 3 days 18 hours, which is said to be the best record in those far-away waters. The party remained nearly a month at this place, riding around the island and studying native life. After leaving Tahiti they sailed for Tutuila of the Samoan group, arriving at Pago Pago May 24, after a ten days' run.

Suva, Fiji, was the last place visited, and on July 2 Lurline was headed for Honolulu, where, after a pleasant voyage of twenty-eight days, she dropped her anchor in the harbor, July 29. The yachting party was again entertained by their friends. The Hawaii Y. C. gave a dinner at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel in their honor, and Mr. Sinclair was made an honorary member of the club.

On Lurline's departure from Honolulu, August 10, the local yachts Gladys and La Paloma accompanied her as far as Lahaina, Maui, 80 miles to windward. The local boats put up a \$50 cup between them to make it interesting. Steady trades had been blowing, but just before the start the weather clerk switched the circuit to the S. E., and light with very threatening weather indications. However, they all started, and experienced a very disagreeable night, owing to rain, calm, and huge sea

tumbling them about in lively fashion. At daylight next morning La Paloma and Gladys could see each other, the latter boat some eight miles ahead, near Molokai Light, having made only thirty-five miles in fifteen hours. Lurline was very unfortunate in finding all the bald places, and was some twenty-six hours reaching a point near the last named light, when he decided to put back to Honolulu and give up the Lahaina trip, owing to unfavorable weather. He would have continued on to Hilo, but he had two guests aboard for Lahaina, and wished to return them to Honolulu rather than carry them too far from home. She arrived back just as they were lighting the channel lights, having logged nearly 11 knots an hour after she got the leading wind on the down run. Gladys reached Lahaina late that afternoon, and La Paloma the next morning. The race between the local boats was off, owing to the slow trip out consuming all but 6 hours of the time limit which made it impossible to make the run home of 80 knots at a 13-knot clip. Gladys has a record of exactly ten hours for the run under favorable conditions.

Lurline left Saturday, August 13, for Hilo, and from thence to her home port, San Pedro.

Mr. Sinclair is particularly pleased with the cruise as a whole, it being his first long voyage on a yacht. He intends returning to Hawaii next year. Mr. Sinclair is his own navigator, carrying a mate and four men before the mast.

ALBERT DELMAR.

Rhode Island Letter.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct. 1.—The Bristol Y. C. held its annual election of officers at its club house in Bristol last Monday evening, and besides electing Vice-Commodore Charles F. Tillinghast, owner of Little Rhody, Commodore for the ensuing year, elected Sir Thomas Lipton an honorary member of the club.

The Bristol Y. C. is now on a sound basis in many respects, especially in regard to membership, there being a total of 116 members at present. The club has a fine personnel, this being due to the careful mode of procedure followed relative to admissions. About all the members are keenly interested in yachting, and more than a few are also members of the New York and other yacht clubs, owning both steam and sailing craft. Rear-Commodore Russell Grinnell was made Vice-Commodore, and the new Rear-Commodore is Mr. William J. Aldrich, a son of Senator Nelson W. Aldrich. The other officers are the same as last year, and the complete list is as follows:

Commodore, Charles F. Tillinghast; Vice-Commodore, Russell Grinnell; Rear-Commodore, William T. Aldrich; Secretary, Frank A. Ingraham; Treasurer, Charles H. Douglas. Executive Committee—W. Fred Williams, Henry W. Hayes, Edward I. Brownell, Charles B. Rockwell, William H. Thurber, and H. H. Shepard. Regatta Committee—Edward H. Tingley, Walter H. Almy, and Wallis E. Howe. Committee on Admissions—Frank A. Ingraham, William Bradford, J. Winthrop De Wolf, Frederic Hayes, and L. S. Hoffman. House Committee—Albert S. Chesebrough, James Connery, and T. S. McKeon.

The steam yacht Little Sovereign, owned by Mr. M. C. D. Borden, of New York, was at the Herreshoff shops recently for the purpose of repainting and having a new propeller fitted.

The power yacht Coronet II., owned by ex-Commodore Joseph E. Fletcher, of the Bristol Y. C., has been sold to Mr. J. H. Nicholson, of New York, who will fit her up for a winter cruise in Florida waters. The craft, which is a very comfortable cruiser, with a large cabin, and about 60 feet in length, has been taken to New York for delivery to her new owner.

The first of a series of three special races for the 30 ft. cats of the Edgewood Y. C. was sailed last Saturday, and the second was sailed to-day, Oct. 1. The only contestants were Mblem and Elizabeth, between which the race for the club "cock of the walk" pennant has been very close through the season. At the finish of the regular season's schedule the Mblem had 45 points to her credit to 44 for Elizabeth. The latter won the first special race, sailed in a squally S.W. half-gale, thus tying the score, which gave 46 points to each boat. The defeat, by a margin of 16 m., was about the worst the fast Mblem has ever had to take, Elizabeth proving a much better sail carrier under the conditions that prevailed. The wind was even worse for the second race, coming from the N.W. in solid chunks that made hard work. Clara was entered in this race but broke her boom in gybing around the first mark and had to withdraw. Elizabeth again won by a little more than 6 m., thus putting her in the lead by one point. The last race will be sailed Saturday, Oct. 8. The summary:

	First Race—Start, 3:00—Course, 11 Miles.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Elizabeth, W. D. Wood.....	5 17 45		2 17 45
Mblem, G. E. Darling.....	5 33 50		2 33 50
	Second Race—Start, 3:12:30—Course, 7 Miles.		
Elizabeth	4 26 07		1 13 37
Mblem	4 32 24		1 19 54

F. H. YOUNG.

PASSING OF VENCEDOR.—Commodore Fred. A. Price, of the Columbia Y. C., of Chicago, has announced that his 50-footer Vencedor has probably sailed her last race, and will doubtless be dismantled at the end of the present season. It is the intention of Mr. Price to use as much as possible of the material in the construction of a new boat. The lead in the keel, sails, spars, rigging, etc., will go into what is expected to be one of the finest yachts on the Great Lakes. It is said plans for the successor to Vencedor are already under way, and that they call for an auxiliary yawl of from 75 ft. to 85 ft. over all. The new boat will be the largest of the kind on the lakes, and the hull construction will be entirely of steel. It will be built in the east during the coming winter. Commodore Price announced he was out of the racing game.

The passing of Vencedor will be much like the parting from an old and faithful friend to the yachtsmen. The yacht for several years has earned and sustained the reputation of being the crack racing craft of Lake Michigan, and has won a number of trophies for its owner and for the club under whose burgee she sailed.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Boston Letter.

THE yachting outlook in Massachusetts Bay for a coming season is much brighter than it was a year ago, and there is every reason to believe that there will be a reaction from conditions which then existed. The most popular class will still be the 18-footers. It is believed, however, that many 15-footers will be built during the coming winter and spring. There were half a dozen boats in the class during the season that has just passed and those who raced in them are satisfied with the boats. Shiverick, of Kingston, is understood to have a number of orders for 15-footers, and there will probably be others built at different places. The boats are quite large for 15ft. waterline, and the cost of construction, which is a prime consideration, is quite reasonable. The boats are as fast as they were expected to be under the rules and compare well with classes of longer waterline length.

While it is expected that a number of 18-footers will be built, it is not likely that the number will be as great as in the two previous winters. The class is very popular and has already taken root in waters outside of Massachusetts Bay. The boats are all that could be desired. They are reasonably fast and are easily handled and there is enough boat to stand considerable weather. It is believed by many of the owners of centerboard boats in the class, that the keel boats have a little the best of it, and it is said that an effort will be made to make such compensation for the centerboard boats that will put them on an equal footing with the keel boats. The majority of owners are averse to having any changes made in the rules now, and so the measure to favor the centerboards is likely to be contested. During the past season there was more than one boat on which the owner sailed very few, if any, races. This has caused a little howl to go up and a proposition to compel owners to sail on their own boats during a given number of races. Most of the owners, however, feel that if a man does not take any more interest than to be simply the owner of a boat, it is his loss, and so there is not much to be expected in the line of changes in this quarter. The rules state now that the boats must be sailed by amateurs in the races, and most of the owners are content with that.

It has been said that some new 22-footers may be looked for before the winter in over. There has certainly been good racing in the class during the past season and great interest has been manifested by the owners of the boats. It seems strange that new boats should be built for a class which has rules that do not permit of a boat remaining under 22ft. waterline for any length of time. The yachts that have been built are, with few exceptions, practically 25-footers. The object in the first place was to get as nearly the qualifications of a 25-footer as possible on a 22ft. waterline length, and the object has been attained, with the exception of the 22ft. waterline. The owners of the boats are well satisfied with them, however, and as they race under rules of their own association it makes little difference whether they call them 22-footers or any other length.

The fact that these boats are really more than 22ft. waterline, however, and that they carry the sail that would be given a normal keel 25-footer, hinders the re-establishment of a new 25ft. class, which would be likely to be very largely patronized. The yachtsmen will not accept a class that is not faster than a class of less waterline length, and a 25-footer under new rules would find it hard to get away with these boats that are called 22-footers. There was only one boat built for the 21ft. class, and it is not likely that there will be any more, as it was found that this boat was not as fast as the old raceabouts. The establishment of a good 25ft. class would be welcomed. The class of that length was very popular before the freaks got in, and it can be made so again.

At the present time there seems to be very little likelihood of any new boats being built for the new 30ft. class. There are three boats now, but as Chewink IV. had a perfect picnic with the others all through the past season, it is difficult to understand why they should want to go through the same performances another season. The yachts are not anything like what is desired by the majority of yachtsmen and, while they have shown speed, they are not likely to be popular. Even the speed question is uncertain with boats of equal length and modern design, since the visit of Chewink IV. to Bar Harbor. There Chewink IV. met Bat, one of the Bar Harbor one-design class, under the lightest and flukiest of conditions, which are considered the worst for Bat. Bat won, however, by a small margin, which would have been greater had not Chewink IV. been favored by a fluke. There has been some talk of forming a one-design class with boats of the type of the Bar Harbor class and confining the class to Marblehead, but nothing definite has been done about the matter yet. Conditions are not right for successful one-design classes in Massachusetts Bay. The interest is too general, and the minute an attempt is made to confine a class to any one place, the class becomes dead. This was shown in the raceabout class, which was really a very good class and deserved to live longer.

There is some talk of forming a class of 35-footers to race along the general circuits, and it is not impossible that this will meet with success. There are several yachts of the length which have done more or less racing during the past season, and the owners would probably welcome being put in a class by themselves. Even if no other yachts are built, it is likely that the owners would agree to race under time allowance, and the racing of the class would be good for yachting generally. The yachts already built have been intended for cruising boats and they are of good wholesome types, and they also possess a fair amount of speed. It is felt that racing among yachts of this length would gradually lead to the re-establishment of permanent racing among yachts of greater length.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

New York Y. C.

Glen Cove, L. I. Sound—Friday, Sept. 30.

THE last race of the season for the 70-footers was sailed on Friday, Sept. 30. The race was won by Yankee, giving her the series, as she already had two races to her credit. Five races were sailed. Rainbow won two, Virginia none.

The race was sailed in a W.N.W. gale, the wind never being lighter than forty miles. The start was made off New York Y. C. Station No. 10, at Glen Cove. The first mark was off Shippan Point; thence to Parsonage Point and back to finish line, a distance of 21½ knots.

All three boats were under lower sails, and with this canvas they had more than they could carry. Faster time and better weather would have been made had all the contestants sailed with two reefs tied down.

Messrs. Eugene Lentilhon and Paul W. Stevenson managed the race in the absence of any of the regular committee. The event was admirably handled from the tug Unique by the committee, who introduced some innovations, which met with genuine approval by the racing skippers. Ten minutes after the finish a complete summary of the race was placed in the hands of the owners of the three racing boats.

Yankee was first away, followed by Rainbow and Virginia. Yankee had a good lead at the start, and she was never headed. The boats steered wildly in the heavy puffs. Yankee broke out a small jibtop sail soon after the start, but finding it useless, got it on deck. Rainbow and Virginia tried their gafftopsails, but these sails killed the boats, rather than helped them, so were dispensed with.

Virginia carried away her jib when off Rye Beach. This accident put her out of the running for good, although she was badly licked before it happened. Her mainsail was furled and she ran back to her moorings in Hempstead Harbor under head sails.

The other two boats were moving along at a 12-knot clip, and soon reached the first mark, which was turned as follows:

Yankee2 59 15 Rainbow3 03 30

On this leg Yankee gained over 3½m. on Rainbow.

It was a close reach to the second mark, 7½ miles off. The breeze hauled and freshened a little, and the two boats were sailing at a terrific angle of heel. The times at the second mark were:

Yankee3 38 00 Rainbow3 44 30

To the finish line it was a broad reach. Rainbow made a substantial gain on this leg and cut down Yankee's lead considerably. Yankee won by 4m. 36s. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Yankee, J. Rogers Maxwell.....	2 07 45	3 59 19	1 51 34
Rainbow, Cornelius Vanderbilt.....	2 08 28	4 04 38	1 56 10
Virginia, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.....	2 08 33	Disabled.	

Niagara IV.—Tarantula Match Race.

Long Island Sound—Wednesday, Sept. 28.

THE twin screw steam yacht Niagara IV., owned by Mr. Howard Gould, and the turbine steam yacht Tarantula, owned by Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., had a match race for \$5000 a side off Long Island Sound on Wednesday, Sept. 28. Niagara IV. won the race by 3m. 50s.

Niagara IV. was designed by Mr. Charles L. Seabury and built at Morris Heights in 1903. She is 110ft. over all, 104ft. waterline, 12ft. 2in. breadth and 4ft. 2in. draft. Her engines are of the Seabury type, and she burns hard coal.

Tarantula was designed by Messrs. Cox & King, and was built in London, in 1902, for the late Col. Harry MacAlmont, from whose estate she was purchased by Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt. She is 152.7ft. over all, 15ft. 3in. breadth, and 4ft. draft. She is equipped with three Parsons turbine engines and Yarrow boilers. She burned soft coal.

The race was under the auspices of the New York Y. C., and Messrs. Eugene Lentilhon and Frank Bowne Jones acted as the Regatta Committee. These gentlemen were on board Rear-Com. Cornelius Vanderbilt's steam yacht Mirage.

The course was from a line between a white flag on the steam yacht Mirage and the Stepping Stones light, to and around the outer buoy, off Eaton's Neck; turning it to port and leaving all buoys to the southward going out and on the return, 39 nautical miles, or 44.85 statute miles.

The preparatory was given at 9 o'clock, and the start was made ten minutes later. The owners of the two boats agreed to cross as nearly together as possible. Tarantula crossed slightly in the lead at 9:11:06, while Niagara IV. went over at 9:11:09.

Tarantula pulled away a little at the start, but when off Execution Light, she dropped back a little, and Niagara IV. drew up.

When off Matincock Niagara IV. was about half a length ahead. Off Oyster Bay she began to drop Tarantula astern. The boats were timed as follows at the outer mark: Niagara IV., 10:05:30; Tarantula, 10:08:15. Niagara had beaten Tarantula 2m. 49s.

On the run back to the finish line Niagara IV. increased her lead steadily, and the race lost its interest. Niagara IV. finished at 10:59:27, Tarantula 11:03:17. Niagara IV. beat Tarantula 1m. 58s. on this leg. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Niagara IV., H. Gould.....	9 10 00	10 59 27	1 49 27
Tarantula, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.....	9 10 00	11 03 17	1 53 17

Niagara IV. averaged 21.58 knots, or 24.81 statute miles. Tarantula averaged 20.96 knots, or 24.10 miles.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

MINEOLA CHANGES HANDS.—The 70-footer Mineola, owned by Mr. August Belmont, has been sold to Mr. William Ross Proctor through Mr. Frank Bowne Jones' agency. Mineola has not been in commission since 1902. The schooner yacht Rosemary, formerly the Elsiemarie, has been sold by Mr. John B. Dennis, to Mr. Converse D. Marsh, through the same agency.

DEATH OF F. W. OLDFELDT.—Frank W. Oldfeldt, a well-known yacht builder, died at his home in Brooklyn on September 30. He was 69 years old.

AUXILIARY YAWL MARGUERITE SOLD.—Hon. Geo. Grime, Mayor of Fall River, Mass., has purchased the auxiliary yawl Marguerite from Mr. D. A. Richardson, Hartford, Conn., through the agency of Stanley M. Seamans, New York. She is 45ft. over all, 31ft. waterline, 14ft. beam, 4ft. draft, built in 1902 by Higgins & Gifford, Gloucester, Mass., from designs of W. Starling Burgess. She was taken from Norwich, Conn., two weeks ago, to Fall River where she will be laid up and extensive alterations made for next season's use.

ISLAND HEIGHTS Y. C. OFFICERS.—At the annual meeting of the Island Heights Y. C., the following officers and committees were elected: Com., Frederick A. Downes; Vice-Com., Warren Webster; Rear-Com., Alexander Rennick; Sec'y, Cheston M. Bryant; Treas., Charles E. McKaig; Fleet Captain, Christopher S. Street; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. Henry H. Davis. Executive Committee—Frederick A. Downes, Warren Webster, Alexander Ren-

nick, Charles E. McKaig, Theodore J. R. Brown, G. Harvey Gillingham, Edwin J. Schoettle.

House Committee—Warren Webster, G. Hilton Gantert, William J. Brown, Jr., Charles S. Gardner, George Roden. Membership Committee—Cheston M. Bryant, Charles I. Clegg, Charles W. Allen, Alfred L. Mulford, D.D.S., John Moeller. Regatta Committee—Herbert M. Harlan, Frank Bement, T. R. Coggeshall, Charles H. Stoutenberg, Horace N. Tuttle. Entertainment Committee—S. Stewart Carpenter, A. J. Toulon, Daniel Eagan, Jr., Sidney Conwell, Leon Beck.

NEW RACING BOAT FOR GRAVESEND BAY.—Mr. W. H. Childs, owner of the sloop Medric, has commissioned Mr. Charles D. Mower to design for him a class Q boat for racing on Gravesend Bay. The boat will be in the neighborhood of 22ft. waterline.

CANADA CUP TRIAL RACES.—In order to induce the other Canadian Clubs to enter boats in the trial races for the selection of a Canada Cup challenger, Secretary Porter, of the Royal Canadian Y. C., has written the several Canadian organizations, inviting them to participate. Fifteen hundred dollars has been offered as prize money. The only condition of the trial competition is that all boats must be placed at the disposal of the Selection Committee and be amenable to their orders during the competition. In the event of an outside boat being selected, the craft is to be at the disposal of the Royal Canadian Y. C. until after the race for the cup, which means that the club is at liberty to name both her skipper and her crew.

Canoing.

Officers of A. C. A., 1904.

Commodore—C. F. Wolters, 14 Main St. E., Rochester, N. Y.
Secretary-Treasurer—John Sears Wright, 519 West Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—L. C. Kretzmer, L. C. Schepp Building, New York.
Rear-Commodore—W. A. Furman, 846 Berkeley Ave., Trenton, N.J.
Purser—M. Ohlmeyer, Jr., 201 Palisade Ave., West Hoboken, N.J.
Executive Committee—H. L. Pollard, 133 Front St., New York; N. S. Hyatt, Ossining, N. Y.; H. C. Allen, 64 Prospect St., Trenton, N. J.
Board of Governors—R. J. Wilkin, 164 Montague St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Racing Board—H. L. Quick, Yonkers, N. Y.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—H. W. Breitenstein, 511 Market St., Pittsburg, Pa.
Rear-Commodore—Frank D. Wood, Buffalo, N. Y.
Purser—Frank C. Demmler, 526 Smithfield St., Pittsburg, Pa.
Executive Committee—Jesse J. Armstrong, Rome, N. Y.; H. C. Hoyt, 26 S. Goodman St., Rochester, N. Y.
Board of Governors—C. F. Forbush, 164 Crescent Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
Racing Board—Harry M. Stewart, 85 Main St., East, Rochester, N. Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Henri Schaeffer, Manchester, N. H.
Rear-Commodore—H. M. S. Aiken, 45 Milk St., Boston, Mass.
Purser—Edw. B. Stearns, Manchester, N. H.
Executive Committee—B. F. Jacobs, Jr., West Medford, Mass.; D. S. Pratt, Jr., Wellesley Hills, Mass.; Marcus Butler, Lawrence, Mass.; William W. Crosby, Woburn, Mass.
Board of Governors—Paul Butler, U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.
Racing Board—Paul Butler, U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.; H. D. Murphy, alternate.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Chas. W. McLean, 303 St. James St., Montreal, Canada.
Rear-Commodore—J. W. Sparrow, Toronto.
Purser—J. V. Nutter, Montreal, Canada.
Executive Committee—C. E. Britton, Gananoque, Ont.; Harry Page, Toronto.
Board of Governors—J. N. MacKendrick, Galt, Ont.
Racing Board—E. J. Minet, 125 Vitre St., Montreal, Canada.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Burton D. Munhall, care of Brooks Household Art Co., Cleveland, O.
Rear-Commodore—Chas. J. Stedman, National Lafayette Bank, Cincinnati, O.
Purser—Geo. A. Hall, care of Bank of Commerce, Cleveland, O.
Executive Committee—Thos. P. Eckert, 31 West Court St., Cincinnati, O.; Dr. H. L. Frost, 10 Howard St., Cleveland, O.
Board of Governors—Henry C. Morse, Peoria, Ill.

How to Join the A. C. A.

From Chapter I, Section 1, of the by-laws of the A. C. A.: "Application for membership shall be made to the Secretary, and shall be accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and by the sum of two dollars, one dollar as entrance fee and one dollar as dues for the current year, to be refunded in case of non-election of the applicant."

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Zettler Rifle Club.

NEW YORK.—The Zettler Rifle Club held its thirtieth annual shoot at Union Hill Schuetzen Park, on Sept. 26 and 27. Shooters from several states participated.

Mr. T. R. Geisel, of Springfield, Mass., was high man on the ring target. L. P. Hansen, of Jersey City, led by a comfortable margin on the target of honor, and also on the bullseye target. Scores follow: Bullseye target, open to all, best bullseye by measurement to count. The figures indicate degrees: L. P. Hansen 7, Gus Zimmermann 8, M. Dorrier 9, F. C. Ross 12½, H. M. Pope 14, R. Gute 19, G. Schlicht 22, G. Ludwig 25, T. R. Geisel 27½, W. A. Tewes 32, J. Facklam 36, H. Koster 37½, E. C. Maurer 43½, A. Kronsberg 47, C. Smith 49½, P. Donovan 52½, G. Purkes 67½, B. Zettler 67½.

Most bullseyes during the shoot: F. C. Ross 50, H. M. Pope 46, G. Schlicht 38, Gus Zimmermann 36, L. P. Hansen 27.

Zettler trophy target, open to all, three shots free; only one ticket allowed each shooter. A fine trophy presented by the Zettler Brothers: F. C. Ross 72, H. M. Pope 72, A. Hubaleck 68, W. A. Tewes 67, R. Gute 67.

Ring target, open to all, three best tickets to count, for first five prizes. Two best tickets for next five prizes. One ticket for the balance: T. R. Geisel 72, 71, 71-214; M. Dorrier 72, 71, 71-214; H. M. Pope 71, 71, 71-213; O. Smith 74, 71, 68-213; Gus Zimmermann 72, 70, 69-211; G. Schlicht 72, 70, 69-211; F. C. Ross 70, 70-140; W. A. Tewes 70, 70-140; R. Busse 73, 66-139; A. Kronsberg 70, 69-139; C. G. Zettler 71; C. Meyer 70; A. Begerow 69; R. Gute 69; A. Hubaleck 69; J. T. Humphrey 68; L. P. Hansen 67; E. C. Maurer 65; B. Zettler 62; P. Donovan 62; P. F. Schmitt 62; F. E. Chase 62.

Premiums for best five tickets: M. Dorrier 355, T. R. Geisel 354, H. M. Pope 352, F. C. Ross 247, G. Schlicht 247.

Target of honor, open to members only, for prizes presented by the judges and members and \$150 donated by the club: L. P. Hansen 69, H. M. Pope 66, R. Gute 66, F. C. Ross 65, M. Dorrier 65, C. G. Zettler 65, A. Kronsberg 65, T. R. Geisel 64, A. Begerow 64, E. C. Maurer 63, W. Hayes 63, G. Schlicht 63, W. A. Tewes 62, B. Zettler 61, G. Ludwig 61, G. Purkess 61, F. E. Chase 59, C. J. Watson 59, H. C. Zettler 59, W. A. Hicks 58, Gus Zimmermann 58, C. Zettler, Jr., 57, H. Koster 56, O. C. Boyce 53, R. Busse 53, P. F. Schmitt 49, T. H. Keller 38, G. Zimmermann 33, F. Fabarius 19.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The annual prize shoot of the Cincinnati Rifle Association was held at Four-Mile House, Reading road, Sept. 25, and while the attendance did not come up to its usual standard, it was fairly successful. The day was cloudy and a gray light prevailed throughout the entire shoot. Conditions, 200yds., offhand and rest, at the Standard target, and the results of the day's shoot are summed up as follows:

Offhand, three best tickets to count for the first four prizes and the two best thereafter: Roberts 30, 29, 28; Payne 30, 28, 28; Dodge 29, 28, 27; Odell 29, 28, 27; Gindele 29, 28; Hofer 27, 27; Nestler 27, 26; Lux 29, 23; Drube 27, 25; Hofman 28, 24; Freitag 25, 25; Trounstone 22, 21; Topf 19, 18, Cantzler 16, 8; Gabelman 9; Honart 4.

Rest, conditions same as off-hand: Nestler 30, 30, 30; Hofman 30, 30, 30; Gindele 30, 30, 30; Hofer 30, 30, 30; Payne 29, 28; Odell 29, 28; Topf 29, 28; Dodge 29, 27; Freitag 28, 27; Trounstone, 28; Crantzler 29, 25; Lux 25, 20; Drube 24, 17; Honart 20, 19.

Most points—Offhand: Roberts 1667; Dodge 1048; Payne 808. Rest: Hofman 1468, Nestler 1268; Gindele 527.

Best single ticket—Offhand: Roberts 30. Rest: Nestler 30. Most Flags—Offhand: Roberts 43. Rest: Hofman 63.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

- Oct. 6-7.—Dalton, O., Gun sixth annual tournament. Ernest F. Scott, Capt.
- Oct. 6-7.—St. Marys, Pa.—Two-day shoot.
- Oct. 10-11.—Baltimore, Md.—Baltimore Shooting Association tournament. J. W. Chew, Sec'y.
- Oct. 10-11.—Carthage, Mo.—Seventh tournament of the Missouri League of Trapshooters. Dr. C. B. Clapp, Sec'y.
- Oct. 11.—Batavia, N. Y., second annual fall tournament of the Holland Gun Club.
- Oct. 12-13.—Sistersville, W. Va., Gun Club fall tournament. Added money to all events, and prizes. Ed. O. Bower, Sec'y.
- Oct. 12-13.—Indianapolis, Ind., Gun Club fall tournament. James W. Bell, Sec'y.
- Oct. 15.—Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Poughkeepsie-Ossining team match.
- Oct. 18-19.—Litchfield, Ill.—Consolidated Trapshooters' Congress.
- Oct. 18-20.—New London, Ia., Gun Club tournament. Dr. E. C. Cook, Sec'y.
- Oct. 20.—Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Gun Club fall tournament.
- Oct. 26.—Concord, Staten Island.—All-day target shoot of the Mullerite Gun Club, on the grounds of the Richmond Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
- Oct. 26-28.—Blackwell, Okla., Gun Club tournament. Chas. Cornelius, Mgr.
- Nov. 1-3.—St. Louis Mo.—World's Fair shoot; live birds and targets. Alec D. Mermod, Mgr., 620 Locust street.
- Nov. 8.—Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club all-day shoot; merchandise prizes. F. K. Stelle, Sec'y.
- Nov. 17-19.—Tampa, Fla.—Tampa Bay Rod and Gun Club, \$400 added. J. A. Hansbrough, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM goes to press on TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club announces an all-day shoot for Election Day, Nov. 8. Merchandise prizes will reward those who do well.

Mr. Fred Coleman, at the Point Breeze racetrack, Oct. 1, scored 94 in a programme of 100 targets, and in an extra event scored 25 straight, thus breaking 119 out of 125. Sanford was second with 92, Buckwalter third, 87.

The manager, Mr. Chas. Cornelius, writes as that "the Blackwell, Okla., Gun Club claims the following dates for a shoot: Oct. 26, 27 and 28. This is our first effort, and we wish to make it a grand success. We will have \$250 of added money."

Messrs. Schoverling, Daly & Gales, 302-304 Broadway, New York, announce that they have engaged the famous trap and rifle shot, Mr. S. M. Van Allen, to teach ladies and gentlemen who desire to learn how to shoot inanimate targets, and how to shoot in the field.

The tournament of the Recreation Rod and Gun Club, of Morgantown, W. Va., Sept. 27, was a great success. Mr. L. Z. Lawrence made an average of 96.4 per cent. at 140 targets. He gave an exhibition shoot on the club grounds Sept. 30, and broke 97 per cent.

The scores of the contestants in the 50 target races for gold and silver prizes, the fourth of which was held at Brockton, Mass., recently, are as follows, in the total of 200 targets: Dunham 175, Worthing 171, Churchill 164, F. Cavichie 163, Hammond 155, Windle 154. Three more contests were at that time still to be shot to complete the programme. The Montello Club purposes to close the season with a team contest with Harvard.

There is a probability that the Riverton Gun Club, of Philadelphia, will join issue with the State of New Jersey on the constitutionality of the law which in New Jersey prohibits the shooting of live birds at the traps. The first gun has been fired, the pigeon has been killed, and now comes the test case. Our sympathies are with the Riverton Gun Club, but, as a precaution, we commend the study of the strategy displayed by Kuropatkin in making home runs.

Honeybrook and West Chester joined issue in a thirteen-man team race Oct. 1 on the grounds of the latter at West Chester, Pa. Each man shot at 25 targets. The scores were: West Chester—Ferguson 13, Torpy 14, Holland 14, Register 17, G. Smith 13, Farr 15, Young 11, Haines 17, Gill 16, Harvey 18, Long 20, Bennett 20, J. Roberts 22; total 210. Honeybrook—Irwin 21, Hess 12, Pim 9, E. Moore 16, Whiteman 12, Bull 17, Minker 21, Bare 13, Wornert 11, Martin 8, F. Moore 16, Ludwick 15, Ewing 13; total 181.

At the Bloomsburg, Pa., live-bird shoot last week, 12 birds was the number of the main event. The contest is described as exciting, but the inferences as to whether on account of the birds which were missed or otherwise is left to the perspicuous discretion of the reader. Mr. John Fidler lost one out of bounds, and scored 11. The others who "faced the traps" turned their backs on the cashier, as follows: Hagenbuch 6, F. Derr 7, Mercer 7, Harman 6, H. Derr 7, Snyder 5, McKelvy 5, Dent 4, W. Derr 4, Smith 6, Brown 9, Menzbach 6, Moyer 8, Quick 5, W. Snyder 5.

In the series of seven gold medal contests held by the Golden Gate Gun Club, of San Francisco, and which was concluded last month, the winners in the different classes, two high scores in each class, were as follows: Champion class, M. O. Feudner and A. J. Webb; first class, George Sylvester and E. Klevesahl; second class, H. P. Jacobsen and H. Klevesahl. The Bekeart challenge cup contest had a remarkable tie between Messrs. Emil Holling, C. C. Nauman and A. J. Webb, on 92 out of 100. In the shoot-off at 50 targets, Nauman won by a score of 49 out of 50.

Mr. H. W. Bissing, under date of Oct. 1, writes us that "a few shooters appeared on the grounds of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club on Sept. 22, and Hans won both the Condit medal and the 1,000 Peters shells. The scores on Sept. 28 show up very well. Mr. W. A. Adriance secured a win on both the above prizes. Mr. Adriance shot at 100 targets and broke 89. Mr. A. L. Traver and Hans shot at 125 targets each, Traver breaking 87 per cent. and Hans 84. The club grounds are in elegant condition, and the club looks for a large attendance at their fall tournament, Thursday, Oct. 20."

The second annual fall tournament of the Holland Gun Club will be held in Agricultural Park, Batavia, N. Y., Oct. 11. The programme contains seven events, 15, 20 and 25 targets, entrance \$1.50, 2 and \$2.50; like amounts to be added. Totals, 120 targets, entrance \$12; added money, \$12. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock, rain or shine. Targets 2 cents. Experts may shoot for targets only. Event No. 7, club handicap; members only who have shot at least 50 per cent. of the above programme are eligible to enter; 25 targets; entrance \$2.50; added money \$5. Rose system, 8, 6, 4, 3, 2. More events will be added if the shooters desire and time will allow.

At the closing 1904 tournament of the Interstate Association, held under the auspices of the Concordia, Kans., Blue Ribbon Club, Sept. 28-29, Messrs. Heer and Spencer were first and second respectively in the professional high averages of the two days. On the first day they tied on 185 out of 200. Messrs. Marshall and Money were second and third respectively with 180 and 179. On the second day the high averages were Messrs. Heer, 195; Spencer, 191; third, Marshall, 189. Amateur high averages were: First day, Messrs. Geo. Maxwell, 181; E. Arnold, 172; J. L. Jones and Geo. Lewis, 170. Second day: Amateur, Messrs. E. Arnold, 189; E. L. Wetzig 184; H. Anderson, 182. The total target programme each day consisted of 200 targets.

The programme of the Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Gun Club, provided for the club's fall tournament, Oct. 20, consists of eight events: four at 15, two at 20 and one at 25 targets; entrance \$1.30, \$1.60 and \$2. No. 8, 25 targets, is the merchandise event, open to all. It has ten valuable prizes. Lunch and refreshments. Purses divided Rose system. Targets, 2 cents. Manufacturers' agents, professionals and others who desire, may shoot for targets only, at 2 cents each. Shooting begins at 1 o'clock. Hourly trains from New York and Albany. Electric cars (Vassar College) from railroad station stop close to shooting grounds. High average for the programme, professionals or amateurs, first, \$5; second, \$3; third, \$2. Ship cartridges to H. W. Bissing. Free delivery to grounds.

Mr. C. G. Blandford, Captain of the Ossining Gun Club, is well and favorably known among his associates, socially, in business and in sport. His high standing requires no indorsement. Elsewhere in our columns we publish a circular letter from him concerning the organization of a new trapshooting organization, the Gun Bugs' Association of the United States and Canada. The purposes are to promote acquaintance and good-fellowship. The circular explains in detail the advantages of membership. Mr. Blandford informs us that he corresponded extensively with trapshooters, of whom 600 were gun club secretaries, concerning their opinions, and he met with such a responsive approval that he felt that success was assured. Mr. Blandford will be pleased to give full information to all applicants.

The programme of the eleventh annual fall tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association, to be held on Oct. 11, is for amateurs. In purses and prizes, \$200 added. The events will be at targets and live birds. On the first day ten target events are provided, at 15, 20 and 25 targets, entrance \$1.30 and \$1.40, and \$5 and \$6 added. Events 9 and 10 are merchandise, 25 targets, \$1 entrance, high guns, twenty prizes in each event. There are eight target events on the second day's programme, of which seven are at 20 targets, \$1.40 entrance, \$5 added, and one at 25

targets, merchandise, entrance \$1.50. These are followed by two live-bird events, one of which, the Maryland Handicap, will be at 15 birds, entrance \$10, silver cup to the winner; class shooting, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.; handicaps 25 to 32yds. Event 2 will be at 10 birds, \$5 entrance. A handsome gold medal, donated by Mr. A. R. Middleton, will be given to the winner. Targets 2 cents. Sliding handicap to prevail. Purses divided old system, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Paid representatives shoot for targets only. The merchandise event each day will be handicap, distance 16 to 20yds. Three high average moneys will be given to the amateurs shooting the two days' programme; \$6 to first, \$5 to second, and \$4 to third. First class loaded shells will be for sale on the grounds. Shooting to commence promptly at 9:30 A. M. each day. Ship shells in care of J. R. Malone, 2671 Pennsylvania avenue, Baltimore, Md. Five dollars will be given to the paid representative making the high average for the two days. A gold medal, value \$15, for high average for two days, on targets, for amateurs. Handicap committee: Dr. H. E. Lupus, J. R. Malone, J. W. Chew, H. E. Chelf.

BERNARD WATERS.

Riverton Test Case.

THE New York Times of Oct. 1 published the following concerning the matter of the New Jersey State law which prohibits the shooting of birds at the traps:

Riverton, N. J., Sept. 30.—The test shoot to determine the constitutionality of the law passed by the New Jersey Legislature last winter prohibiting the shooting of live pigeons from traps, was held at the Riverton Gun Club this afternoon. The shooting was done by R. F. Harned, of Merchantville, and Charles W. Davis, of Philadelphia, in the presence of Constable Anderson Shinn, of Burlington, who represented Prosecutor Atkinson, and officer J. J. Tomes, of Palmyra, who were there as witnesses. Owing to the high wind, Harned missed his bird, but Davis killed his.

After the shooting the party left for Philadelphia. When interviewed, Mr. Harned said: "There is nothing to say. The test shoot has been made, and the law will now take its course. We don't want a lot of publicity about this matter, which is done solely to determine whether or not the members of this club can be prevented from using live pigeons in its shooting matches."

The Riverton Gun Club is represented by the law firm of Lindley, Depew & Folks, of Jersey City. Attorney Samuel P. Rotan, of Philadelphia, was with the party to-day. The matter will be brought to the attention of the Grand Jury of Burlington county at the October term of court, which convenes next week. After the jury has found a bill, the club men will be cited to appear for trial. If the decision in the county court is adverse to the club an appeal will be made to the New Jersey State Supreme Court.

Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass.—This club closed the trapshooting season by holding a practice shoot on their grounds at Red House Crossing on the afternoon of Sept. 28. This was the last shoot of the club until Christmas, when they will hold their annual turkey shoot.

The past season has been a very prosperous one for the club, and a great deal of interest has been taken in shooting by members and their shooting friends. The club have been running a badge contest during the season, and the badge was awarded to Douglass, as his average for shooting throughout the season has been the highest of any of the members who completed the ten shoots called for in badge contest. His average for the ten shoots was 66 per cent., shooting from the different marks between 16 and 25 yards. Kites came second, and W. H. Snow third.

Scores by events follow:										
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Kites	5	8	10	5	7	7	6	9	8	8
Snow	3	8	7	8	5	5	5	10	9	6
P. Lathrop	5	5	6	5	6	7	5	6	4	5
E. H. Lathrop	5	5	5	3	5	5	5	5	5	5
E. Janser	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
A. Janser	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Douglass	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
Kimball	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
Skul	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Chapin	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
Hawes	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
MISFIRE.										

Eastern Branch—Takoma.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The result of a series of three contests between the Eastern Branch and Takoma gun clubs, of the District of Columbia, follow:

Eastern Branch Club.					
	Sept. 10.	Sept. 17.	Sept. 24.	Sept. 24.	Total.
Birds:	30	30	30	6	96
Williams	20	20	22	6	68
McCartney	22	21	23	5	71
Torrey	24	18	19	6	67
Lohr	17	16	15*	5*	53
Orrison	25	21	25	5	76
Hann	27	27	24	3	81
Etzler	27	26	20	5	78
Byrd	15	21	18	5	59
	177	170	166	40	553
Takoma Club.					
Parsons	22	21	23	4	70
Tarbell	20	18	19	5	62
King	23	26	24	5	78
Thompson	28	14	15	0	57
Mattingly	22	15	21	5	63
Thomas	19	10	21	6	56
Jackson	22	24	24	4	74
Favorite	22	18†	19	4	63
	178	146	166	33	523

*Varela. †Judd.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Sept. 24.—In the practice events, the totals shot at and broken are appended:

Shot at.		Broke.		Shot at.		Broke.	
Morris	50	42	Moore	80	59		
Dickman	150	125	Gregory	115	105		
Medico	105	90	Moller	155	131		
Finley	80	66	Robison	110	46		
Armstrong	100	58	C. Henry	50	27		
Anderson	95	74	Hice	65	30		
Goodrich	60	33	Bell	90	73		

For Morrison cup, 50 targets, distance handicap: Gregory (17) 46, Finley (18) 43, Moller (18) 40, Bell (18) 39, Medico (17) 39, Moore (17) 38, Dickman (18) 37, Anderson (16) 36, Armstrong (16) 29, Robison (14) 22, Hice (14) 22.

Strong wind and cloudy, making targets very hard.

Team shoot, Sept. 20, 50 targets:

Indianapolis—Michaelis 38, Britton 42, Cooper 46, Wands 39, Parry 39, Tripp 38; total 242.

Crawfordsville—Snyder 34, Cook 31, Long 42, Stillwell 43, Voris 41, Deitrich 45; total 236.

WESTERN TRAP.

Lincoln Tournament.

LINCOLN, Ill., Sept. 27.—The two-day tournament held here last week was fairly well patronized by a true lot of stickers, and with the special matches, the total of 500 shots was registered for the two days.

The weather was not the best, rather windy, which handicapped all but Gilbert. He came in the day before, and got a line on the targets by smashing 100 straights, and the streak followed him during the tournament days. Crosby only fell behind two the first day. John Boa closed up on the leaders the second day. Frank Riehl has not fully recovered from his Southern trip. Then there were Young, Vietmeyer and Cadwallader, each having some bad half hours.

Wiggins and Powers, from the 19yd. line, had a hot race for the high average, with Wiggins the winner by four targets. Others shot well, especially A. Lawrence on the second day, when he changed his loads as to powder.

The Lincoln Club, with Dr. Lawrence as head pusher, can command the attention of all the shooters whenever they send out invitations for a shoot. Yes, they will come, all in a body. Scores:

Sept. 20, First Day.

Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.
Riehl, 16.....	250	Haws, 16.....	200
Young, 16.....	250	Bockwitz, 17.....	211
Crosby, 16.....	250	Ramsey, 17.....	131
Boa, 16.....	250	A. Lawrence, 17.....	207
Gilbert, 16.....	250	Powers, 19.....	213
Vietmeyer, 16.....	250	Wiggins, 19.....	213
Cadwallader, 16.....	250	Van Gundy, 17.....	166
Dr. Lawrence, 16.....	250	Davis, 16.....	142
Snell, 16.....	160	Latham, 16.....	139
Collins, 16.....	250	Welles, 16.....	148
Post, 16.....	200	Hartman, 16.....	153

Sept. 21, Second Day.

Riehl, 16.....	250	Dr. Lawrence, 16.....	208
Young, 16.....	250	Cadwallader, 16.....	205
Crosby, 16.....	250	Caldwell, 16.....	209
Boa, 16.....	250	Latham, 16.....	141
Gilbert, 16.....	250	A. Lawrence, 17.....	224
Powers, 19.....	250	Mulford, 17.....	177
Wiggins, 19.....	250	Hartman, 16.....	200
Burnside, 17.....	250	Welles, 16.....	135
Beckwitz, 17.....	200	Collins, 16.....	208
Van Gundy, 17.....	200	Hawe, 16.....	138
Vietmeyer, 16.....	180	Davis, 16.....	216

At Evansville.

Evansville, Ind., Sept. 25.—The gun club of this city experienced a busy day Saturday, when a tournament was held. The attendance was fair, yet most of the shooters were rather outclassed. Al. Wellerding, the president of the club, forged to the front, and was the surprise of the meeting, while Chris. Heuer shot finely for a new man at the traps.

The professionals came well to the front, John Boa, of the Winchester, leading with 185 out of 200. C. O. Le Compte with 179 was second; Dell Grass third with 170. Many were quite taken up with the exhibition of Mrs. Theodore Pfeiffer, who in two events made an excellent record. James Winston, of Sturgis, Ky., took part in some of the events.

At Lomax.

Lomax, Ill., Sept. 30.—There was something doing yesterday when the boys gathered at the traps. Not a large attendance, yet there was some fine shooting done by Mr. Rambo from Knoxville, Ill., who lost but 9 out of 215. Smith, Gibson, Wagener and Cook were all about on a par.

Mr. Wagener is a well-known trap promoter, and here proved a good manager. The wind was strong enough to boost the targets during the forenoon, but in the afternoon it was perfect. Dr. C. E. Cook, the New London, Ia., tournament promoter, was present, taking advantage of the opportunity to interest all in his fall tournament. He shot well, and interested all in the line of fancy shooting. C. D. Baxter, of Warsaw, Ill., was present, and he got several in line for his shoot, to come off Oct. 12. Shooting at 215 targets, Rambo broke 206, Smith 193, Gibson 192, Wagener 189, Cook 188.

In Other Places.

Oct. 1.—By breaking 24 out of 25, Wolf won the trophy at the Pastime Gun Club, of Detroit, Mich., Saturday last. The medals went to Tolsma, Class A; Whitmore, Class B; White, Class C; Hannebauer, Class D.

The Arcola, Ill., Gun Club held their banquet at Schneider Hotel Saturday last. After the feast considerable speech-making was indulged in, followed with a resolution to increase the membership.

The Bristol, Conn., Gun Club held a shoot and barbecue on last Friday, same being well attended. Shooters came from Hartford, Willimantic, Waterbury and New Britain. The weather was cold, wind strong, yet two made straight scores, viz., Dr. Morse, of Waterbury, and Burk, of Rockville. It was a strange sight to see shooters, at this time of the year, gathering around a warm stove to be comfortable. Ezra Norton was the manager. E. R. Burwell, one of the enthusiasts, was not present owing to the doctor's orders to remain abed.

The wind caused the targets to zig-zag at the ocean side on Sunday last, when the Bluerock Shooting Club, of Riverside, Cal., met. Shooting for a \$50 cup, was a hot race. J. M. Kolb and Melville Goetz, for the Oceanside team won with 42. Frank S. Ecker, of San Diego, took away the principal merchandise event on 24 out of 25.

The Sparta, Tenn., Gun Club last Friday, after a hot contest with the Nashville team, won the loving cup with 523 out of 625. Sparta and Tracy tied for the second prize, and on the shoot-off there was a disagreement as to the score. The scorer made Tracy win. A. Meaders was high gun, getting 107 out of 125. At the last meeting of the club the gold medal went to Mr. Attie Kinsley, who scored 97 out of 125.

Genoa, O., Gun Club had a tilt with Toledo on Sept. 24, and came out ahead by 6 targets. Volk, for Toledo, was high man with 42 out of 50, and yet two of his associates went as low as 32.

F. H. Shearer is proving too strong for the Bay Cityites, Mich., as he has won the medal four times. Though the wind was strong, Shearer, Bradfield, Merrill and Maxson made a tie on 36. Shooting off, Shearer won.

The secretary at Bloomington, where the club takes in the whole county, writes that advices have been received that it was not against the law to shoot live birds in Illinois. It may occur to some interested people that because live birds are not shot in Chicago, that same are not permitted in the State. The opposition and the activity of the Humane Society has almost prohibited large shoots.

Now and then the Atchinson, Kans., trapshots take up the sport; so Oct. 2 and 3 was selected for a shoot, and with valuable prizes, the Missouri Valley shooters surely appreciated same by their presence.

There is a movement, with every prospect of success, now being pushed by the noted Sam S. Young, of Toronto, O., whereby the members of the Ohio Valley Rod and Gun Club will have a home that will be second to none. The club will be an exclusive one, and will be fitted up so that those who desire may take up a permanent residence. The home will overlook the Ohio River, and is located at Jeddo.

On last Saturday hunter's licenses were issued at Springfield, Ill., as follows: Bert Dressendorfer, T. J. Dunn, Joseph Radske, George Streibel, Sherman Brown, W. D. Edwards, Bud, Brandon, H. S. Castle, Jr., and Col. J. R. B. Van Cleve.

The Manning, Ia., Gun Club held a tournament Sept. 27 and 28. Fred Whitney was selected as cashier, as the club is composed of business men, and they believe in doing business in a business-like manner.

Trapshooting at Colorado Springs, Colo., has been quiet, though late advices are that same will be revived with the opening of October.

The Valley Beagle Gun Club, of Martin's Ferry, Va., held a prize shoot Saturday last.

The Meriden, Miss., Gun Club members must content themselves with target shooting, as their time on game has not arrived yet.

Hugh M. Clark, of Wabash, Ind., writes that he will be at Fort Wayne, Ind., Oct. 2, and shoot the live-bird match with Max Witz. This will decide the championship, and a \$100 bet, being one of the few live-bird matches pulled off in the State.

E. G. Wallace, secretary of the Marshalltown, Ia., Gun Club, writes that he just got home from the St. Louis World's Fair, to find that the club is ripe for a tournament, and though notice is short, will hold same Oct. 13 and 14.

O. N. Ford, secretary of the Wapsie Gun Club, at Central City, Ia., has written that a tournament is to be held at their grounds Oct. 25. This will give the Iowa boys a chance to get in form before coming to the World's Fair Handicap.

Ed. Dorman, of Cookeville, Tenn., won the lamp that fell to the lot of the Algood Club, when they held the team contest. In doing this, he outshot Samuel Powell, of Algood.

Hartman is now wearing the badge of the Bridge City Gun Club, that he won at their last meeting, at Logansport, Ind. He scored 22 out of 25 targets.

The Franklin, Tenn., Gun Club, through its president, W. J. Polk, has challenged the Hermitage Club to a contest for the Peters cup. They stack evenly up on their past scores, shooting in all at 1,250 targets, Franklin leads now by just one small target. The next shoot is set for Nashville, Oct. 4.

C. E. Doolittle did something Saturday, as he won the Upson medal for keeps at the shoot held by the Cleveland, O., Gun Club. Though the rain fell and the weather was bad, he broke 35 out of his 40 targets, and that was high score.

At the regular shoot of the Tipp, O., Gun Club, C. O. King won the medal with 20 out of 25. S. C. Hawyer, shooting at 5 targets as fast as they came from the trap, using a pump, broke 30 out of 35.

The Ewell Gun Club, of Spring Hill, Tenn., is right in line for steady shooting. The Saturday shoot found W. E. Babb on top.

The Jackson Gun Club, of Jackson, Miss., held a tournament Sept. 27. There were representatives present from Vicksburg, Greenville, Natchez, Hazelhurst and Rolling Fork, but up to this writing the scores have not reached the office.

When the Paducah, Ky., Gun Club tournament closed there were 400 live birds remaining in the coops, and it is proposed to hold a shoot open to all. This should be a drawing card, and add another interesting page in the history of the famous Paducah Club.

The Le Mars, Ia., Gun Club last week completed its series of shoots for the prizes hung up for the season. W. C. Kern, with 184; won first prize; L. L. Jones, 165, second; H. J. Fuller, 164, third; H. N. Kern 162; E. W. Edgington 162, Herman Prust 158; C. W. Cunningham 147; Theo. Love 146; L. Hearling 143; J. Eilenbecker 122. The membership was large, and the interest great throughout the season of 1904.

The fourth annual shoot held by the Evansville, Ind., Gun Club brought J. Boa to the front as winner with 185 out of 200. C. O. Le Compte scored 176.

The farmers at Runge, Karnes county, Tex., have organized the Farmers' Shooting Club, the incorporators being Chas. F. Grosse, William J. Schorre and Charles F. Schrode.

The quail season, which opens in the Oklahoma Territory Oct. 16, promises well. The plover and duck shooting is reported good. Reports from Alvin, Tex., convey the impression that there is much enthusiasm shown by the citizens as to target shooting. W. W. Browning wears the medal until defeated.

At the last meeting of the Janesville, Wis., Gun Club until the game season is over, held Friday, J. H. McVicar, W. McVicar and A. Kineow were tied with 41 each out of 50.

The regular monthly shoot of the Illinois Gun Club, held last Friday, brought out Tom Hall, of Loami, as the winner. Can't beat a man who kills them all. John H. Caldwell killed 23, W. H. Masters, of Jacksonville, 23; John H. Sikes, 22. After the live-bird contest, all engaged in some practice at clay targets. It should be remembered that Springfield has one of the finest shooting parks in the whole country. No finer grounds could be selected for the holding of a national event similar to the G. A. H. The last large gathering of the Illinois sportsmen was held on these grounds.

The Opolis, Kans., Gun Club, will soon start up by reorganizing.

The race at Sandusky, O., between Schnaitter, Jr., and Deist was a hot one for the season's average. If Diest had run his last 25 straight he would have tied. The scores of 178 and 175 out of 200, considering that only 25 targets were shot on each of eight different days, was very good.

The new officers of the Waverly Gun Club, Lansing, Mich., which were elected last week, are James R. Elliott, President; Frank G. Row, Secretary; E. C. Ewer, Treasurer; Fred J. Hopkins, Captain.

A shoot was announced for Atlantic, Mich., on live birds, but the officers turned up and showed that the laws of Michigan do not permit of pigeon shooting. At least that was the law of 1897. Possibly times and dates have changed the law.

A charter has been granted to the Toronto Rod and Gun Club, of Toronto, O.

The shooters of Massillon, O., are a little languid about getting out to the trap, as some of them prefer hunting the lively squirrels at the present time of the year.

The match between the Kenosha Gun Club and the Waukegan, Ill., Gun Club, which was to have taken place last Saturday, was postponed, as the Kenosha boys could not get away in a body.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

Cincinnati.—October 1 was an ideal day for the sport, but only a limited number availed themselves of the opportunity for a pleasant outing.

This is the last shoot in the series.

Oct. 7, the ten men who are in the tie will have their handicaps revised and shoot off at 50 targets. Fifty-six members have shot in one or more of the series, twenty-five of them in the required fifteen. Of these, ten are credited with ten or more straight scores, including their handicaps.

The table below shows the number shot at and actually broken, and also the ten best scores of the tie men. Gambell made over 91 per cent. in his ten best scores, but missed being in the tie by 1 target, having only nine straights, including his handicap.

George McDuff, one of the old-timers, took part in the sport to-day. John Penn, the first secretary of the club, always gets out to the grounds, if he is within any reasonable distance.

There were three scores shot in the cup race to-day: Harig 22, 23 and Medico 23. There are now sixty-one entries.

Ackley did fine work to-day, shooting an 80 per cent. clip, and he was congratulated by all the boys. It is a pleasure to see him do well. Maynard has returned from his trip to Minnesota. He reported having had a good time, but he missed the cream of the chicken shooting.

Medico and a friend had some good-dove shooting the other evening along the Miami River, about two miles east of Plainville. They got the full limit.

Mr. Le Roy Leach, of Omaha, has been spending a few days in the city. He states that he may take a trip to England and give an exhibition of his skill at rifle shooting, as he has been asked to do so by several Englishmen who have seen him shoot. He is 32 years old, a civil engineer by profession, and has not been in the shooting game many years.

Parker prize gun contest, 100 targets, handicap of added targets: Penn (10) 100, Randall (15) 100, Maynard (18) 100, Harig (40) 100, Peters (20) 100, Ackley (35) 100, Roberts (25) 100, Boeh (40) 100, Pfeiffer (40) 100, Kramer (40) 100, Wallace (40) 100, Tuttle (40) 100, Keplinger (40) 100, Kenan (60) 100, Jay Bee (25) 98.

Scores made by those who have shot in the required number of events in the Parker gun series:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Gambell.....	2200	1913	87	Linn.....	1000	731	73
Randall.....	1800	1542	86	Pohlar.....	1500	1083	72
Ahlers.....	1000	856	86	Herman.....	2100	1471	70
Peters.....	1100	931	85	Norris.....	1600	1124	70
Medico.....	2100	1748	83	Pfeiffer.....	1400	973	69
Faran.....	1600	1295	81	Bullerdick.....	1500	1029	69
A. Sunderbruch.....	1000	779	78	Captain.....	1100	764	39
Maynard.....	2300	1778	77	J. B.....	1500	995	66
Williams.....	2300	1768	77	Jack.....	1300	863	66
Dick.....	1800	1390	77	Boeh.....	1300	845	65
Block.....	1500	1131	75	Kramer.....	1500	960	64
Davies.....	1000	754	75	H. Sunderbruch.....	1200	746	62
Harig.....	1700	1260	74				

Ten best scores of those in tie:
 Randall.....95 92 92 91 91 89 89 87 87 86—899
 Faran.....91 90 89 88 86 84 83 82 82 82—857
 Dick.....89 87 85 84 83 82 82 82 81—842
 Harig.....89 88 88 86 86 85 84 77 73 73—829
 Herman.....88 87 80 78 77 75 74 73 72—779
 Pohlar.....86 84 82 78 77 75 72 69 69 69—761
 Pfeiffer.....82 78 77 75 74 73 72 72 74 70—749
 Norris.....77 77 76 72 72 71 70 70 70 70—727
 Kramer.....77 77 76 74 72 70 68 66 65 63—708
 Boeh.....77 74 73 71 68 68 66 65 64 61—687

A match was shot on Sept. 23 between four-man teams of the Genoa, O., Gun Club and the Toledo Consolidated Gun Club, at 50 targets per man, resulting in a victory for the former by a score of 149 to 143.

Henry Clay Culbertson, a well-known sportsman of Cincinnati, passed away on Sept. 27. He had been in poor health for over two years, but was able to be around until last March. Since then he has been confined to his bed. He was a member of one of Cincinnati's pioneer families. His death is the twelfth which has occurred among the members of the Cuvier Club since Jan. 1, of this year. The list includes James Heekin, Gov. Asa S. Bushnell, Joseph Zanoni, A. J. Thorpe, John L. Stettinius, Robert Allison, John B. Bobe, O. B. Farrelly, John H. Hibben, Judge Carl Nippert and Col. T. W. Paxton.

The Dayton Gun Club held a meeting on Sept. 29. There was a full representation of the stockholders, and much enthusiasm was manifested in the plans for the future growth of the club. The club was incorporated recently, and has been formed into a permanent organization. The grounds have been paid for, and many improvements will be made in the near future. The officers elected were: John L. Theobald, President; Andrew Kempert, Vice-President; O. H. Bailey, Secretary; J. L. Curphey, Treasurer. Executive Board: Zenas Craig, Chas. W. Sanders, C. H. Cord.

Five-man teams of the Silver Lake Gun Club, Bellefontaine, and the Urbana Gun Club, shot on the former's grounds for the Silver Lake trophy. The match was at 25 targets per man, and was won by Urbana by 8 targets, 100 to 92.

The "Debut" tournament of the Trenton, O., Gun Club, on Sept. 28, was enjoyed by all present. The attendance was very good, there being quite a number from nearby towns, and among them the two well-known lady shots, Mrs. Ayres, of Hamilton, and Mrs. Evans, of Dayton. The trade was represented by Ralph Trimble, who was high gun with 164.

After the hardest fight he ever put up, H. Oswald won the medal race of the Rohrer's Island Gun Club, Dayton, on Sept. 28. The last shoot in the series of thirty-five for the handicap medal will take place on Oct. 26, and the member who has won it the greatest number of times will be presented with a handsome loving cup. Miller has led in the race since May 18 and has six wins to his credit. P. Hanauer is second with five.

On Sept. 24 an interesting match was shot on the Dayton Gun Club's grounds between the fat and lean men of the club, six on each team, 50 targets per man. A good crowd assembled to see the sport. At the close of the first round the heavy-weights were 12 targets ahead; score, 116 to 104, Schwind making a straight, and Capt. Craig losing but 2 targets. The extreme heat of the day seemed to have an exhausting effect on the fat men, and they did not do so well in the second round, losing by a score of 107 to 104, leaving their total lead 9 targets, the scores being: Fats, 220; Leans, 211. Fat team—Schwind 46, Capt. Craig 43, Leseur 37, Sandusky 33, La Rue 31, Clark 30; total 220. Lean team—Capt. Lindemuth 40, Tibbals 39, Whitacre 37, Cord 37, Brandenburg 34, Strausburg 24; total 211.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Oct. 1.—Am inclosing scores of the Ossining Gun Club, made to-day. A high wind, blowing directly across the trap, made shooting exceedingly difficult. Ray Hendricks, of Rye, N. Y., did the best work, breaking his targets close to the traps.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	10	25	25	25	Targets:	10	10	10	25	25	25
Hendricks.....	8	7	9	21	19	21	Porter.....	3	4	6
Blandford.....	6	8	8	20	18	22	Welling.....
Dyckman.....	16	19	Blackmer.....	12	14

C. G. B.

Interstate Association at Concordia.

CONCORDIA, Kans., Sept. 30.—The closing tournament of the Interstate Association series for 1904 was held at Concordia, Kans., Sept. 28 and 29, under the auspices of the Concordia Blue Ribbon Gun Club.

Rain frequently plays havoc with baseball, football and other sports, but it will not stop a shooting tournament. It dampens enthusiasm, but the various events go on just the same. Such was the case the opening day of this tournament. The wind blew a gale while the earlier events were being shot, and the contestants had many disadvantages to contend with. In the afternoon it rained furiously for a short time, and Manager Shaner was wishing for a "cyclone cellar" for his trapper boys and traps before the storm was over. The scores will show, better than can be told, how hard the shooting was.

Twenty-six contestants took part in the first day's events and of this number sixteen shot in every event.

Among the manufacturers' agents, Messrs. Heer and Spencer tied for first place with 185 out of the 200 shot at; Mr. Marshall was in second place with 180, and Mr. Money third with 179.

Among the amateurs Mr. Geo. Maxwell was easily in first place with 181 out of the 200. This is more remarkable from the fact that Mr. Maxwell has but one arm. Mr. Ed. Arnold was in second place with 172, and Messrs. J. L. Jones and Geo. Lewis were tied for third with 170.

The second day was a perfect day for trapshooting, and there was a general improvement in the individual scores made.

Mr. Heer was again high man among the manufacturers' agents with the fine score of 195 out of the 200 shot at; Mr. Spencer was second with 191, and Mr. Marshall third with 189.

Among the amateurs Mr. Ed. Arnold was first with 189; Mr. E. L. Wetzig was second with 184, and Mr. H. Anderson third with 182.

For general average, Mr. Heer was first among the manufacturers' agents with a score of 380 out of the 400; Mr. Spencer was second with 376, and Mr. Marshall third with 369.

For general average among the amateurs, Mr. Ed. Arnold was in first place with 361, Mr. Geo. Maxwell second with 360, and Mr. Geo. Lewis third with 347. The scores of both days follow:

Sept. 28, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	at.	Broke.
H Money	11	11	18	14	15	20	13	15	16	14	14	18	200	179
Wm Heer	13	11	19	14	15	19	14	13	19	15	14	19	200	185
L S Myers.....	13	12	15	13	11	15	14	14	18	14	13	16	200	168
J L Jones.....	15	13	15	14	13	17	11	14	18	11	14	15	200	170
Ceo Maxwell.....	14	13	16	14	14	26	11	14	19	15	13	18	200	181
T A Marshall.....	15	13	16	14	13	17	13	13	19	14	13	20	200	180
C G Spencer.....	14	14	19	15	14	19	13	15	16	12	15	19	200	185
H E Wetzig.....	10	12	12	11	11	11	12	13	13	14	14	17	150	117
Ed Arnold	12	11	19	14	13	16	13	11	16	13	14	20	200	172
A A Mann.....	15	12	18	11	11	16	8	12	15	11	13	18	200	160
H W Anderson.....	13	11	11	15	10	12	10	13	15	12	13	19	200	154
J R Morrison.....	11	12	14	14	9	15	9	9	17	14	12	17	200	153
C W Fulkerson.....	9	11	10	8	9	11	10	10	15	11	12	5	200	131
C Cornelius.....	12	15	15	6	10	18	14	11	19	12	11	15	200	158
J L Remiatte.....	13	13	19	12	10	13	13	13	14	7	12	15	200	154
J C Cory.....	13	13	17	14	10	17	12	12	17	11	13	18	200	167
A Ault.....	11	13	18	14	10	17	11	14	13	11	13	15	150	121
G Lewis	10	14	16	13	15	17	13	11	18	12	14	17	200	170
O V Everley.....	9	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	30	19
W H Huscher.....	7	10	12	10	10	10	7	10	12	10	10	10	50	29
L E Hill.....	5	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	5	6	6	30	11
Wm Lutt.....	8	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	8	7	7	30	15
E D Dunning.....	8	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	8	12	12	30	20
C E Wright.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	30	8
B R Allen.....	7	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	7	12	12	30	19
H Sutherland.....	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	15	7

Sept 29, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	at.
H. Money	12	11	19	15	13	20	15	14	18	13	13	20	200
Wm. Heer	15	14	19	15	14	20	14	15	20	15	14	20	200
L. S. Myers	14	12	17	14	10	19	11	12	14	13	13	17	200
J. L. Jones	14	13	18	12	13	20	13	12	16	11	14	15	200
Geo. Maxwell	12	11	19	15	14	15	13	14	18	13	15	20	200
T. A. Marshall	15	14	16	15	14	20	14	14	19	14	15	19	200
C. G. Spencer	14	15	18	13	15	20	13	15	19	14	15	20	200
H. E. Wetzig	14	12	17	14	13	19	9	15	19	14	11	20	200
Ed. Arnold	15	13	17	13	15	19	15	14	19	15	14	20	200
A. A. Mann	12	12	17	14	13	16	13	14	16	11	14	15	200
H. W. Anderson	12	14	19	14	14	19	13	14	18	13	14	18	200
J. R. Morrison	12	14	19	14	14	19	13	14	18	13	14	18	200
C. W. Fulkerson	12	14	19	14	14	19	13	14	18	13	14	18	200
C. Cornelius	15	14	17	15	13	16	14	15	18	9	11	17	200
J. L. Remiatte	12	15	19	14	15	19	14	15	16	13	14	18	200
J. C. Cory	12	12	16	13	11	16	14	14	19	13	15	16	200
E. D. Dunning	13	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	120
F. E. Ruggles	14	13	17	10	11	14	11	11	11	11	11	11	150
F. Bailey	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	35
M. S. Kempton	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	16	20
B. R. Allen	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	15

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Sept. 28.—A fine day and a high wind were pleasant weather conditions at the seventh weekly handicap shoot of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club. The Hunter Arms trophy was the object of main competitive interest, the scores of which follow:

Score.	H'cap.	Tot'l.	Score.	H'cap.	Tot'l.
Borst	19	7	Adkin	22	23
Norton	22	3	Clark	17	1
Weller	21	4			18

Waterloo Gun Club.

WATERLOO, Ia.—The two-day shoot of the Waterloo Gun Club, Sept. 22 and 23, had a number of famous trapshooters in the competition. There were Messrs. Fred Gilbert, C. W. Budd, Fred Whitney, F. C. Walker, and C. Freed, of Jesup; O. N. Ford, of Central City; L. M. Howell, of Dows; E. M. Russell, of Union, Ia.; W. S. Hoon, of Jewell, Ia.; R. L. Slimmer, of Clarksville; J. H. Ransom, of Mason City; Ed. Frees and Frank Burkhardt, of Boies; F. H. Lord, of Chicago; Clarence Wise, of Cedar Falls; J. F. Duis, of Des Moines; Guy Burnside, of Knoxville, Ill.; Fred Shafer, of Waverly.

The home shooters were E. E. Hageman, J. C. Hartman, Ralph Storm, Ed Storm, Rob Jackson, Carl White and Henry Steege.

Sept. 22, First Day.

The programme events numbered fourteen. Each event was at 15 targets, a total of 210:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	Total.
F. Gilbert	14	15	15	14	14	14	15	15	14	15	15	15	12	14	201
J. H. Ransom	15	14	15	14	15	14	13	14	15	14	13	13	14	15	198
H. Steege	13	13	14	14	13	15	13	14	15	14	14	14	15	14	195
G. Burnside	14	15	14	14	12	13	13	13	13	15	15	14	13	13	191
W. S. Hoon	15	15	14	12	13	15	13	13	14	14	14	11	14	14	191
C. W. Budd	15	14	12	13	13	14	13	14	14	14	11	14	15	14	190
J. C. Hartman	12	15	13	12	14	13	14	15	12	14	13	14	14	14	190
O. N. Ford	14	13	13	14	12	13	15	12	15	13	15	14	13	13	189
R. Jackson	12	13	15	13	14	13	13	14	13	15	12	14	14	14	189
E. M. Russell	13	14	15	13	14	14	12	13	14	13	10	15	13	12	185
R. Storm	15	14	14	12	15	11	11	14	11	14	15	12	14	12	184
F. H. Lord	15	14	14	13	12	13	13	11	13	13	14	12	13	14	184
R. L. Slimmer	14	14	14	14	13	13	12	11	13	12	12	14	15	13	184
F. Burkhardt	13	15	15	12	14	14	10	11	11	11	14	15	14	11	182
E. E. Hageman	9	11	12	14	13	11	10	7	15	13	13	11	14	14	166
H. Weitnauer	14	14	13	13	10	8	11	12	13	9	11	14	14	10	166
J. F. Duis	10	12	11	12	11	12	10	10	14	11	15	13	13	10	164
C. White	12	12	12	10	13	11	10	10	12	10	12	12	9	10	155
E. F. Jones	10	11	14	10	14	8	10	10	9	8	9	11	9	7	141
E. Wing	12	11	10	9	6	12	14	10	10	7	8	9	9	12	139
L. Van Vleck	15	15	14	14	15	9	13	13	14	9	10	10	10	10	139
C. H. Wise	15	15	12	14	12	15	11	12	13	14	10	10	10	10	139
F. C. Walker	12	12	12	11	11	13	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	139
W. White	12	11	13	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	139
C. Freed	11	10	11	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	139
F. M. Shores	10	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	139
J. Schiel	12	13	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	139
Rook	14	12	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	139
Fred Shafer	9	12	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	139

Sept. 23, Second Day.

There were twenty-three in the total of contests to-day. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	Total.
Steege	12	15	15	14	15	15	13	15	15	15	14	15	15	15	203
Gilbert	14	15	15	14	13	14	14	15	14	14	15	15	14	15	200
Burnside	14	14	14	14	15	14	15	14	15	13	14	15	14	15	200
Budd	10	15	14	14	15	13	13	14	15	15	15	14	15	14	196
Ford	14	13	13	14	15	15	12	15	14	15	14	15	15	13	197
Burkhart	14	13	14	13	15	15	15	12	14	15	14	15	14	12	196
Hartman	12	15	15	15	13	11	13	15	15	14	13	14	15	14	194
Hoon	8	15	15	14	14	15	15	13	14	14	15	13	14	14	194
Jackson	14	15	12	12	15	14	14	13	13	15	15	14	14	13	193
Lord	13	14	14	12	14	15	13	13	14	15	14	13	13	14	193
Slimmer	13	14	14	15	12	13	12	13	13	14	13	15	15	15	191
Ransom	14	14	14	12	14	14	12	14	13	13	14	14	14	15	191
R. Storm	12	14	14	11	13	11	14	14	14	14	15	15	13	14	188
Weitnaucr	13	14	12	14	14	11	14	15	14	13	14	14	12	13	187
Russell	15	13	12	15	12	13	13	13	13	14	13	14	14	12	186
Hageman	12	11	8	13	13	13	14	13	14	14	15	13	12	14	179
Duis	12	13	14	14	11	11	15	9	13	13	14	13	12	14	178
C. White	10	13	13	12	13	13	13	12	11	13	12	12	13	14	175
Wing	14	8	13	12	13	11	11	10	14	13	9	12	8	8	156
Ingersoll	15	10	11	11	12	15	13	15	14	12
Frees	7	11	12	11	12	11
Schiel	11	10
W. White	13	14

FOREST AND STREAM

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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THE WATER POLLUTION PROBLEM.

THE members of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club and Fish and Game Protective Association, in a letter printed elsewhere, announce their purpose of endeavoring to suppress the pollution which is filling their streams with dead fish. They have set out to accomplish this end by friendly conference with the proprietors of the offending establishments. This is most commendable in spirit; but the experience of those who have had to do with attempts to abate such nuisances does not warrant a belief that substantial results are to be looked for from the friendly conference. A manufacturer finds it much cheaper to drain the factory waste into a stream which will carry it away, than to provide for the disposition of the refuse on the premises. The destruction of the fish, the pollution of the water, the creation and maintenance of what is in fact, if not in law, a public nuisance, all these are secondary and minor considerations which have no weight as against the one item of avoiding expense. This has been the history of stream pollution in Pennsylvania as elsewhere.

For years the successive boards of fish commissioners of Pennsylvania have sought some practicable means of ending the destruction of fish by the waste from tanneries and other manufacturing establishments. Mr. Henry C. Ford, well remembered for his long and public spirited service in a former commission, once wrote to the FOREST AND STREAM, in response to complaints from afflicted districts on the Youghiogheny River:

"I am in receipt of many communications of similar import from other parts of the State, and regret to say that we have no law in Pennsylvania that will prevent such pollutions of our streams. This has not been the fault of the Commissioners of Fisheries, for at the last two sessions of our Legislature we introduced an act to prevent the discharge of refuse of tanneries, wood acids, etc., into the waters of the commonwealth. It was defeated each time by the efforts of members of the Legislature from the very districts affected by such nuisances. It is the intention of the commission to introduce a similar act at the next session of the Legislature."

The new measure referred to met the fate of the others. There is in Pennsylvania to-day no law which can be enforced to remedy the evil of water pollution.

Nor is there any probability that a perfect anti-pollution measure could ever pass the Legislature. The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania some years ago made a ruling on *ex post facto* laws, which presumably would defeat legislation designed to affect established industries. Moreover, a drastic measure would wipe out of existence several small towns which are dependent upon industries involving water pollution, as well as the industries themselves, which represent millions of invested capital. These conditions have prevailed against legislative action in the past, and would continue to prevail against any future efforts along this line.

Cognizant of the perplexities of the problem, and of the apparently insuperable obstacles to a full remedy, the present Commissioner of Fisheries, Mr. W. E. Meehan, is preparing a bill which is a compromise measure. It aims to prevent any new pollution of the streams, and the gradual extinction of the pollution which now exists. Under the provisions of the rough draft now prepared, it is proposed to make it illegal for any person or corporation to build a new industry to empty any waste deleterious to fish life into any streams of the Commonwealth; and wherever the State Board of Health and the Department of Fisheries unite in declaring that any existing pollution by establishments erected before the passage of the act is deleterious to both human health and fish life, the nuisance shall be abated at the expense of the State. The question as to whether it shall be at the joint expense of the State and the owners of the

establishment is yet under consideration and not decided. A number of newspapers in the State have discussed the proposed bill approvingly without exception, and many of the established industries declare they will not oppose its passage.

The compromise measure here outlined is the most promising movement we have yet recorded for Pennsylvania public water reform. Commissioner Meehan should have the hearty support and cordial, active co-operation of all associations like the Altoona Rod and Gun Club. By uniting forces and working in unison for the common cause, individuals and clubs may find in this law proposed by Mr. Meehan the best attainable solution of what has so long been a vexatious problem.

The evil, and the powerlessness of the representatives of the people to remedy it, are by no means peculiar to Pennsylvania. There is perhaps no single State where in greater or less degree the small streams and the rivers are not in an abominable condition because made sewers for factory waste. If the most we can hope for is, as in Pennsylvania, a compromise and a partial remedy of the evil, let us have at least that. The outcome of the campaign projected for Harrisburg next winter will be looked for with much interest.

GREECE AND ITALY.

OUR Boston correspondent records another personal encounter between a game warden and a foreign shooter. The warden came upon two Greeks killing song birds, and when he undertook to arrest them, received into his body a charge of bird shot, and was removed to the hospital. These Greek and Italian and other foreign-born shooters have become an unmitigated nuisance, a peril to life and a very considerable factor in the destruction of song and insectivorous and game birds. They are found all over the country. New England is full of them. New York has an army of them. New York city is the fourth city of the world in its Italian population, only Rome, Naples and Milan are larger. All about the city, in outlying districts of Westchester county and on Long Island, the roads and fields and woodlands are infested with Italian bird shooters, both week days and Sundays. New Jersey has its quota. In Pennsylvania they have given so much trouble that the Legislature has sought to check the evil by requiring the unnaturalized gunner to take out a gun license, for which he must pay a fee of \$10. But in Pennsylvania, as elsewhere, because of inadequate execution of the law, the evil has been but partially checked. Secretary Kalbfus, of the Game Commission, relates a characteristic incident illustrating the lawless, wanton, and murderous nature of this class:

We have in this office information showing the shooting of five citizens during the past fall by these people, and for no other reason—all of them deliberate and willful. One gentleman living near, if not quite, inside the city limits of Pittsburg, saw three Italians shooting song and insectivorous birds in his orchard and ordered them off his land. One of the foreigners said: "This is a free country; we don't have to go." To this the owner replied: "Yes, you do," and thereupon received two loads of shot in his stomach and legs; fortunately, not killing him, although he was compelled to stay in the hospital for many weeks.

In another Pennsylvania case a deputy game warden of Pittston, who undertook to arrest three Italians found killing birds on a Sunday afternoon, was fired upon by them, and saved his life only because he was quicker than his antagonists, and "got the drop" on them. The story might be repeated again and again. The Italian immigration is bringing to us hordes of people who dream that America is a free country, which means to them in this particular respect a country where every mother's son of them is free to carry a gun anywhere and at any time, and to shoot anything that flies, without let or hindrance.

It would be a great mistake to imagine that these foreign-born shooters and bird snarers are confined to the neighborhoods of the large towns. On the contrary, they are scattered over the country, and their destructive work is not confined to any one climatic zone. The South as well as the North has its Italians; and the killing of small birds there in the winter is on a greater scale than in the North, because certain birds which in the North are separated, in the South are congregated in flocks, and are more easily killed because in multitudes.

How shall we control this pernicious element in its relation to the life of the field? Manifestly the remedy may be found in abridging the privileges of the man with the

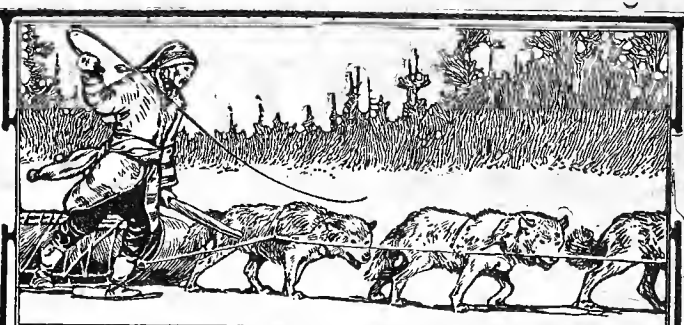
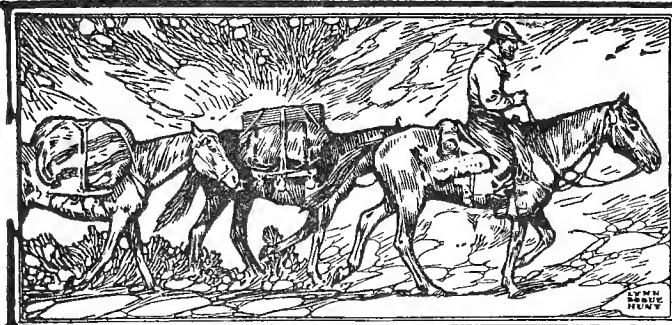
gun. The time will shortly come—if it is not already here—when the old-time freedom of carrying a gun must give place to such a system of licensing, regulation, and control as will first keep out of the fields the irresponsible and lawless; and second, secure to the responsible and the law-abiding the fullest privilege compatible with public interest. In short, we are reaching a point where shooting and the carrying of guns must be classed as privileges accorded under restriction, and not as rights exercised without leave asked of anyone.

THE Association for the Protection of the Adirondacks is doing a good work in distributing the report of H. M. Suter, agent of the Bureau of Forestry, on the "Forest Fires of 1903 in the Adirondacks." As will be remembered, the fires of that year were of the most serious nature, entailing a loss exceeding \$1,000,000. They were far beyond the power of the fire warden service, as then constituted, to cope with. And the serious aspect of the subject, which makes worth while this distribution of the report of the Association, is that under like conditions of a protracted drouth, the State would now be no better fitted to cope with Adirondack forest fires than it was in 1903. New York suffered its loss then; but it has not profited by the lesson. The Legislature of last winter was not equal to the demand upon it to provide for a competent study of Adirondack conditions, which might furnish a basis for an adequate scheme of fire protection. The Legislature, for session after session, is content to intrust its forestry affairs to junketing commissions who are not fitted by technical education and training to investigate the Adirondacks intelligently and to report upon them in a way to merit public confidence. So long as the penny wise and pound foolish policy of Governor Odell shall prevail, with respect to the forests of the North Woods, we may not look for any radical betterment. The only hope for a change is in an enlightened and aroused public sentiment; and this must be created by such associations as that for the protection of the Adirondacks.

THE winter feeding trough for quail, described by Mr. Taft as employed by Massachusetts sportsmen, is a practicable and profitable device, which, for the amount of time and money expended, yields good returns. It should be copied generally, where a food supply in the hard winters means so much in carrying the birds through. Effort directed to saving the native game is much more profitable than attempts to introduce foreign species. Although the imported pheasants have been extensively cultivated, they have not, except in the Northwest, become an appreciable factor of the game supply. New Jersey, New York and Ohio have abandoned the breeding of them. Massachusetts still carries on the work, but the results are not commensurate with the effort put forth, nor is there promise that it will be. On various private estates the birds have been established, at no little cost, and in some instances the country immediately adjacent has shared in the stocking; but here the conditions are local, and probably not permanent.

AFTER a service of nine years as president of the Cuvier Club, of Cincinnati, Mr. Alex. Starbuck has retired on the eve of his eightieth birthday. The term of Mr. Starbuck's office has been a notable period of its history. Under his administration the membership has increased from 180 to 500, and the activities of the organization have been broadened. Vitalized by his energy, the club has become a most important and efficient factor in all good works looking to the protection of birds and game and fish in Ohio. In the Cuvier service President Starbuck was untiring; in furthering its interests he spent more than \$5,000 from his own purse; and it is owing to his enthusiastic, devoted, and untiring labors that the club has won its wide popularity and achieved its enviable position. Mr. Starbuck will be succeeded by Judge P. S. Swing.

THE most characteristic up-to-date hunting expedition is reported from the vicinity of Boston, whence a party of three men and two bird dogs have set out in an automobile for a shooting trip through New Hampshire and into Maine. The touring machine is fitted with beds; the expedition will camp by the roadside where night may fall or fancy dictate; and the dependence upon hotels will be for meals only.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Inns.

THE subject of inns has always been a fascinating one. There are very few writers of fiction who have not had something to say about it. But we must go back to the old writers—Cervantes, Fielding, Le Sage—to find it treated as it deserves. Who that has dipped into literature does not hold in fond remembrance the inns in which the gallant Don Quixote and his trusty squire, Sancho Panza, sojourned—that is, when they were not sojourning under the roof of heaven; or those in which the rakish Tom Jones pursued his gallantries; or again those in which the ingenious Gil Blas met with so many adventures? Was it the touch of the master hand which made those inns interesting for all time? Perhaps it was. But we may also surmise that they were in themselves intrinsically interesting. Ah, yes! The spirit of romance, of adventure, was still in the world when they or their prototypes existed. That spirit has largely, if not wholly, departed. The railroad, the telegraph and the telephone have been too much for it. We have fallen upon dull, prosaic times, and the average inn of to-day is as tame and uninteresting as a place of business. It is all routine—all machine-like regularity—all stiffness and formality. What man who has lived habitually in hotels has not at times felt himself grow desperate—consumed by the devouring monotony? You never have to puff and labor going upstairs, nor call for hot water or coal and be kept waiting, nor ask for something special to eat and not be able to get it. With melancholy irony it seems that the more the modern hotel has been improved, the less interesting it is to live in. Elevators, electric bells, hot and cold water, telephones, radiators, etc., everything you want, in fact, forthcoming almost before you ask for it—all this has only tended to destroy a man's interest in life, and fill him with an unspeakable ennui.

What shall he do, then? Is there no balm in Gilead? There is, if he will only seek it. Let him, I say, turn sportsman—leaving the fashionable hostelry to the voluptuous or degenerate—and hie him to the little rustic inns in the nooks and corners of the country. There, I warrant, his interest in life will revive, for there he will encounter things which will make him realize that he is not a mere plant or vegetable, but a sentient being.

Let us suppose him, then, taking my advice. Here we find him on a cold, bleak November evening arrived at the Pine Log Inn in Dewville Centre. He has driven ten miles from the railway station, and is shivering like a dog in a wet sack. How grateful and suggestive, therefore, the name of the inn appears to him as he enters. He meets old Noah Noakes, the proprietor, and immediately asks for the fire. "Wal," replies Noah, "I reckon there ain't none except in the kitchen."

"What! No fire in the parlor in such weather as this?"

"Huh! You don't call this weather! Wait 'till the rocks begin to crack, mister."

"Well, I'm chilled almost to death, and I must get warm. Which is the way to the kitchen?"

"I reckon it ain't no use goin' there, as the ole woman is busy about the stove. But, say, mebbe it might do you good to see the pine log."

He leads the way into the parlor and shows the shivering traveler the pine log, beautifully painted to represent leaping flames!

Our friend has received his first delightful shock.

Again we find him at the sign of the Groaning Board in the quail fields of Dixie. He has returned from hunting all day, hungry as famine itself. Dinner being at length announced by the tinkling of a cow bell, he reaches the board in two strides.

"What's this?" he says, addressing the attendant negro boy. "Pork and beans—again?" (He has already had this dish six times in succession.)

"Yaas, suh."

"Anything else?"

"No, suh."

"What! No beef, or mutton, or veal, or turkey, or goose, or 'possum, or dead dog?"

"No, suh—but there's pickles!"

"Well, say—!" And our friend leans back reflectively in his chair with his hands in his pockets.

He has received his second delightful sensation.

Again we find him in midwinter at Hiram Hoag's Cosy Cottage up in Passaquagamay country. He has retired for the night—that is to say, he has made one wild rush from the stove, which he has been hugging all the evening, to his room in the second story. A little 25-cent kerosene lamp casts its dim, religious light about the room and perfumes the atmosphere. Wildly still our friend throws off his clothes, but, ere jumping into bed, he takes up an earthenware pitcher and attempts to pour out a glass of water. The water is frozen! With an exclamation of panic, he then jumps into bed, but no sooner has he pulled the covering over him—to wit, a blanket and a feather "cosy"—than he raises a terrible outcry. This brings Hiram puffing and inquiring to the door.

"More covering—more covering!" shouts our friend.

"Oh-a! Be that all?" quoth Hiram. "You kind o' skeert us. We thought you seed a ghost. Wal, I guess you'll have to mak' aout with the coverin' you've got fer t'night. Marthy's gone to bed and I dassn't disturb her. But you'll be warm enough afore mornin'. Good night."

And so Hiram takes his departure, leaving our friend

to his thoughts. The chattering of his teeth for a while echoes through his chamber, but soon this noise gives place to a measured snore. (Oh, the advantage of a hunter's life when he can go to sleep even under such circumstances!) During the night he is conscious of a rising storm and a crash of some sort, but he does not open his eyes until the dawn. Then in the dim, uncertain light as he surveys the scene from his pillow, he thinks that someone has spread an extra blanket over him while he slept, but presently he discovers that the window has blown in and it has snowed all over him!

He experiences his third delightful sensation.

I might conclude here, for I think I have sufficiently indicated what possibilities of novel sensation there are in the rural inns for the blasé dweller in a fashionable hotel, but I am tempted to mention one more experience of our friend by way of climax.

Once again, then, we find him at the Halcyon Home on the seashore in the season of high tides and early fishing. The Home is erected upon piles, having somewhat the appearance of a man on stilts, and stands alone on a lonely beach. Its rickety build and air of desolation has interested our friend, but why, he asks himself, has it been called the Halcyon Home? He can't answer the question, and he doesn't dare ask the proprietor, who has all the appearance of a pirate retired from business. However, he has come there for fishing, and so long as he gets that he isn't going to bother himself about any abstruse questions of nomenclature.

Well, at 9 o'clock he takes a candle, and ascending a ladder seeks his couch. This he finds is in the form of a bunk, such as the pirate (if he had been one) must have often lain in and naturally selected when he set up his house on shore. Our friend, being now a good deal of a philosopher, turns in without grumbling. But not to sleep. The wind, which has been freshening all the evening, has now assumed the proportions of a gale, and the tide has gradually risen until it is raging around and beneath the Halcyon Home. Our friend is almost deafened with the din, and he is swaying in his bunk almost as if he were on board a ship, but he calmly smokes his pipe and thinks. He is trying, in fact, to resolve that question in regard to the naming of his temporary abode. Suddenly he remembers that "halcyon" is the name the ancient Greeks gave to the kingfisher, which in serene weather built its nest (or was supposed to build it) on the bosom of the ocean; hence, by analogy, halcyon, or happy days, or happy anything. No sooner has our friend remembered this than a fierce gust of wind, accompanied by a tremendous wave, strikes the Halcyon Home and actually raises it off its foundations. Our friend is thrown from his bunk, but he gathers himself up and cries in triumph, his voice rising above the shrieking of the gale:

"I have it—I have it! We are afloat like the kingfisher. It is indeed a halcyon home!"

NEW YORK, October.

FRANCIS MOONAN.

Bird Catching in the Faroe Islands.

BIRD catching as it is carried on in the Faroe Islands may be said to be absolutely unique. On some of the islands it constitutes, even at the present day, a principal source of living for the people. Such, for instance, is the case on Dimurr and on Mikines, where some thirty families dwell; 80,000 puffins besides other birds, and many hundreds of gannets are annually taken.

Of the twenty-four islands of which Faroe consists only those as a rule which have one or more sides facing the open sea possess perpendicular cliffs. Some of these are barren and useless, there being no shelves and ledges upon which the birds can lay their eggs; others are more or less so from having been severely harried. But the real bird cliff swarms with life from top to bottom, and with their grand surroundings and their myriads of inhabitants filling the air they present an attractive spectacle.

Often they assume the most remarkable forms and configurations; and although it does not possess a very large bird population, one of the most extraordinary in this respect is Vestmannabjörg, a spot well worth visiting.

What may be described as real bird cliffs are the precipitous rocks interspersed with steep slopes of greensward, lundaland, as it is called, where the puffins build.

One cannot but admire the daring and courage of the islanders, when, hanging by a rope, they carry on their work on the face of the precipices; and again when, having unfastened the line from the body, they climb from ledge to ledge over intervening spaces where there is barely foothold. To this apparently somewhat foolhardy mode of procedure, however, comparatively few accidents by falling are due, and especially is this the case in connection with *faste*, that is, firm rock, or cliff of a secure character. The *löse* is, of course, less reliable, but the accomplished cragsman, when being let down by the rope, will always note the more uncertain protuberances and stones, and kick them away on his downward progress. Should he not take this precaution, there is always the danger that the friction of the line, after he has passed, may have the effect, and he may be killed by the falling debris. And so when clambering without a rope, he must advance with the

greatest circumspection. An entirely different matter are disruptions arising from natural causes. A portion of rock may be looked upon with suspicion and avoided in consequence, but it may nevertheless remain in its place for hundreds of years; while on the other hand, a mass considered perfectly safe may come away any day without warning.

A few years ago a very extensive slip took place. The rock on the upper part of the bird cliff came away, 150 fathoms from the foot, and fell into the water below with a sound that was heard by the fishermen many miles out at sea. Besides destroying human life, such occurrences cause considerable economic loss to the owners of the bird colonies, as the smooth face of rock which is left cannot again be inhabited. By courage and presence of mind the cragsman overcomes many dangers, but even these qualities cannot protect him against such treacherous surprises, and the most experienced may fall a victim. The loose rock is treacherous enough, but most treacherous of all is the so-called lundaland, which has slipped away into the abyss with many a fine fellow.

On the bird cliffs the grass quickly takes root on the slopes which diverge slightly from the perpendicular, and soil accumulates rapidly around it. When this has attained a certain depth, the puffins come, make their holes and take up their abodes in it. When these have entered into complete possession, the cragsmen come, one or more in company. Quietly they set about their work, capturing one bird after the other by thrusting their arms into the holes, seizing them upon the nests and pulling them forth. This loosens the soil and puts it in motion, and instinctively the men seize hold of the grass; but if the whole mass has been detached, they are hopelessly lost—a whizz through the air and the brave cragsmen have performed their last journey. Again the soil accumulates in the same spot, again come the puffins and build, and again come the cragsmen, and again the same story of disaster and death is repeated. The more uneven such a place and the greater the number of irregularities which it possesses, the better of course is the hold which the soil takes, and the safer the lundaland becomes.

Before describing the various methods of capture, it may be well to examine the bird cliff and its inhabitants. We begin from the foot, where the cormorants, the shags, the black guillemots and the auks sit; only the two last named really belong to the cliff, the others have their nests elsewhere. Ten or fifteen fathoms above the water and upward—well, clear at any rate of the seas, which in summer even in stormy weather never attain the height they do in winter—there are the breeding places of the guillemots, the most important and characteristic of the Faroe cliff birds. They take up their abodes in hundreds of thousands upon the ledges of rock, and there each lays its single egg, with the pretty green ground color and the black spots. The eggs, of which two are never found together, are exactly alike, and according to the cragsmen they are so strong that if one falls sharp end first from the cliff into a boat, it will make a hole in the boat rather than break. The guillemots place their eggs far back on the ledge, close to the perpendicular rock, and they sit with their backs toward the sea, thus presenting the appearance of a black line. The younger and non-breeding individuals on the other hand sit further out on the ledge, facing seaward, and forming a white line. Upon small and narrow shelves amid the guillemot colonies are the breeding places of the kittiwake. It is not much sought after on the real bird cliffs, where it does not occur in such large numbers as on a tract of rock inhabited by this species of gull only. Its edible qualities, moreover, are not good; and it builds singly, which renders its capture troublesome. Neither is it a welcome guest on the bird rock, where it has a tendency to expel the guillemots by taking possession of their breeding places. Then there are the auks, building singly all about the cliff in holes and depressions; along with the guillemots they belong to the black-footed kind, and are not included in the division of the spoil, becoming, according to ancient custom, the property of the individual captor. The fulmar, which is a comparatively new visitor to these parts, as it only put in an appearance about a generation ago, has its breeding places on the upper part of the cliff, which was formerly unoccupied by the other birds, on account, no doubt, of the inconvenience attaching to ascending so high. When the fulmars came they found the lower portions of the rock occupied, and they were therefore obliged to be content with the upper story, so to speak. They are abomination to the original inhabitants, over whom they cast quantities of filthy oily matter to their great discomfort and inconvenience. There would appear to be a continuous immigration of these birds, as, although each lays only one egg, they are increasing rapidly in numbers, and in all likelihood they will shortly dispossess the guillemots to a great extent of their breeding places—to the disgust of the owners of the cliffs.

We now leave the rocky cliff in order to investigate lundaland. It gleams white everywhere, as if strewn with snowballs; and this effect is produced by the white breasts of the puffins that sit there looking out to the sea. Everywhere the greensward is pierced with their holes—furnished most frequently with two openings,

some of them as much as six feet deep. At the bottom of the hole in a nest, constructed of a little dry grass and a few old feathers, the puffin lays its single insignificant looking egg, grayish-white in color. It is about as big as a hen's, although the bird itself is little larger than a pigeon. The guillemots and auks, too, both of which lay on the bare rock without making any attempt at a nest, have comparatively large eggs, about the size of a goose's. The puffin is an interesting bird to watch, with its disproportionately large, black and red striped bill, in which it can, according to the cragsmen, stow away as many as sixty of the small herring on which it feeds its young. These it arranges with the heads inside its bill and the rest hanging out, so that when they come flying home with the thin bodies of the herring fluttering in the wind, they look from a distance as if they wore beards. They can walk with difficulty only. In their gait they resemble a drunken man, or a child that cannot get along without its mother's dress to hold on to; but in this respect they are better than the guillemots, which are even more helpless.

Then there come the shearwaters, which build in the same way as the other puffins, and whose eggs are so like those of the latter that the cragsmen only can distinguish between them. The young ones are very fat and are considered a great delicacy.

How near to death the Faroese cragsmen knows himself to be when engaged in his dangerous employment, appears from the fact that it used to be the custom—and in some places remains so still—for him, before starting on an expedition, to bid farewell to all his friends.

When preparations are being made for such an excursion, which may entail a stay among the cliffs of some fourteen days, it is interesting to observe with what keenness the boys who are going for the first time enter into all the details, seeing carefully to their poles, nets, etc. Where the bird rock is on the same island and not at any very great distance from the village, a boat is not usually employed, but as a rule it is necessary. Among the methods for capturing the sea-fowl, there are three more particularly which may be described; namely, *Drottur*, *Flyging* and *Fygling*. The first of these is employed only in regard to the puffins, and consists simply in taking the birds as they sit on their nests in the deep holes they dig with their sharp claws. Sometimes they are so far in that they cannot be reached, in which case a stick with a hook attached used to be had recourse to; now, however, this cruel method has been given up, and the fowler instead widens the mouth of the hole until he can lay hands on the occupant. When captured the puffins are very savage, and bite and scratch with a will; and the unpracticed hand can generally show a good many scars got in this way.

Flyging is more interesting and distinctly more sporting, the birds being taken when on the wing; and in this connection there are some curious features. While the laying birds are on the nests, the younger guillemots and puffins not thus occupied spend time at sea; but when the eggs have been hatched, they return to the cliff in huge flocks. But this land-coming, as it is called, proceeds in a particular manner as if in accordance with a pre-arranged plan, the birds remaining away and returning upon certain days. While on one day the rock will appear comparatively deserted, only resident birds coming with food for their young and going again, the next it will be swarming with life. It is marvelous to observe what order prevails in this seeming chaos. When a brood strikes the cliff, then flying begins at once; all the thousand upon thousands of birds must out for exercise. No irregularity, however, is permitted; all goes with military precision. If, for instance, the wind came from the east the flighting commences toward the west close along the face of the rock, after which, when the water end has been reached, the birds fly outward, then to the east, in again, and so along the face of the rock once more. The complete circle always progresses in the same direction. If this order were not maintained, incessant collisions would be the result. Occasionally a giddy youngster tries flying in the opposite direction to his fellows, but hardly has he started when he comes into violent contact with one of these, and both fall into the sea. The fulmars are a great nuisance to the circling birds; they seem incapable of discipline. Each rushes about in accordance with its own good will and pleasure; disorder prevails wherever they go, and collisions are frequent in consequence.

As already remarked, the guillemots have their habitations on the rocky cliff itself, while the puffins live upon the other slopes of greensward above that occur here and there upon its face. It is interesting to observe the circle when it comes to the line of demarkation between these two kinds of birds. Looking up to and toward the advancing puffins, it appears as if a sea of snowballs were coming on, and the rapid wing strokes only dispel the illusion; but seen from behind there is no trace of white and a black cloud only is visible. Looking down on the gyrating guillemots, nothing but dark forms are to be seen, the black backs only being apparent.

Throughout the performance single birds may be observed leaving the main body in order to rest on the rock, rejoining the circle after a brief space. It is when the birds thus flight that the method of capture, known as *flyging*, yields good results and becomes interesting. With the assistance of a net attached to two arms at the end of a twelve-foot pole the fowler takes the birds as, in the course of their circular journey, they pass close to the cliff; and in this manner it is no difficult matter for a single cragsman to capture from 500 to 600 birds in a day, while as many as a thousand have been thus taken.

The third method of capture, called *fyglingar*, is employed only for guillemots and auks. The instrument used resembles the one above referred to, but the pole is shorter and thicker, and the net is bigger and has larger meshes. To *fygla* is to capture the guillemot either while sitting upon its ledge, or when it flies from thence, by holding the net at the outer edge. The Faroese bird cliffs average from 800 to 1,000 feet, and

in some cases they attain a height of 2,000 feet. In connection with the method last referred to the "bjerg line" is invariably used, and to swing by this in mid-air on the face of a precipice swarming with the birds, and with a thundering surf underneath, is the ambition of every plucky Faroese boy. To see an accomplished cragsman swing himself in on to one of the terraces beneath some huge overhanging mass, when the line has been paid out some 120 fathoms or more, is a wonderful sight. With the mighty precipice overhead, and the roar of the turbulent waters beneath, surrounded by thousands of birds all uttering their wild cries, he swings in toward the rock and out again, without once revolving, until he can reach and throw himself on to the ledge. When he has obtained foothold, he gives his companions on the edge of the cliff above notice to ease off by jerking at the thin cord which connects him with them; then he detaches the rope from his body, hauls in a lot of slack, and makes the end fast. After that he sets to work upon the ledge, which is often very narrow and contracted. Time after time the rut is filled with birds, and both hands not being always available to apply the fatal squeeze, his teeth sometimes come in handy. If the weather permit, a boat lies beneath ready to pick up the victims as they are thrown over, or the cragsman attaches them to his person, and takes them with him when he leaves. When ready to ascend he gives another jerk or two to the thin cord; a few pulls from above and the rope is drawn tight; another, and the cragsman is again swinging out in mid-air on his way to the brink of the precipice above.

As an example of the foolhardiness which is sometimes shown by the bird catchers, the following may be told: A cragsman had swung off, had landed upon a ledge, and was busily employed with his net, when, to his horror, he saw the rope, his only means of escape, hanging out beyond the reach of his pole; by some mischance his end had become detached. After a moment's thought he concluded to chance it, bounded off the ledge, and was fortunate enough to regain hold of the rope; up this he swarmed until he reached the face of the cliff, by thrusting his feet against which he obtained the impetus necessary for swinging; then he descended again, and finally succeeded in re-landing on the ledge!

To ascend the high isolated rocks, both daring and dexterity are needful. Two men, attached to one another by a rope, share the labor and danger. The first who goes up is assisted by his companion, who thrusts the end of his pole into his belt; when he has attained foothold, he helps up the second man with the line. In a similar manner the next ledge is attained, and so, climbing higher and higher, they take the birds on either side. This method, however, is a dangerous one, and it has happened several times that both men have fallen over, being fastened together.

As the population of the islands increases and extends, the inhabitants of the cliffs diminish in numbers; and although the use of fire-arms within a couple of miles of one of the latter is forbidden by law, the birds have become more shy and difficult to take. Although slowly, the guillemots are steadily decreasing; but the shearwaters, which for a long time were falling off, are again on the increase, as the result of a more careful method of capture.

It is said that in some places the puffins are not so numerous as they used to be; but as a matter of fact, by making holes in places formerly inhabited by them, they have been induced to come in large numbers. The kittiwakes, of which quantities used to be shot from the fishing boats for bait, will no doubt recover, as, thanks to the ice houses, there is always plenty of herring now to be had for that purpose. The fulmars, as already stated, are increasing rapidly in numbers, at the expense, unfortunately, of more valuable fowl.

Bird catching, however, is not of the same consequence to the inhabitants of Faroe as it used to be—not so much on account of the falling off of the stock of fowl, as in the improvement in other means of livelihood. Thus the fishing, which has of late years made great strides, employs nearly all the men and yields excellent results; the fleet consists now of about 100 cutters, with crews amounting to 1,200 men, and 1,500 open boats with crews of 2,000 men. Nevertheless, a very large number of birds are still captured annually, and, as before remarked, they constitute on some of the islands a highly important article of food.

A Veteran Oak.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

A gigantic white oak stands on Oakledge Tract, some sixty yards north of the "Bresh Hut," the cabin of which a description has been given in *FOREST AND STREAM*. The tree is one of the largest in northeastern Connecticut. It is 15 feet around the trunk, with branches extending nearly a hundred feet, and the whole tree is "as sound as a nut." As it has a very heavy leafage every year, thus giving a perfect shade, and many of the branches spreading very low, it makes a capital place for hammocks, which can be easily suspended, and also for swings on one side where the branches are higher.

The tree must be several hundred years old, as I have not seen any perceptible difference in its growth since my boyhood; and I remember then hearing some very aged people say that when they were children, the tree seemingly was but a little smaller. So in the whole time covering considerably more than a century, there has not been apparently any great difference in its size. Truly it is a magnificent tree; and at this time, when about all of the old forest growth and nearly every large scattering tree in the well settled parts of the Eastern States have been cut off, with nothing left but a few ill-shaped and inferior looking ones, or a growth of sprouts and bushes, a well formed tree of the huge dimensions of this one is a pleasing sight to everyone, and especially to a true lover of nature.

Many of the neighboring people have picnics beneath its branches. Last Fourth of July about a dozen fellow sportsmen, with their families—in all forty or more persons, including myself and daughter—had a "big eat" there. Most of the food was prepared in the big roughly built oven near the old oak. Then the whole party sat down to the feast under the widespread branches.

During the day several tried their skill at both rifle and trapshooting, as I have a 100-yard range near the oak for rifle practice; also bluerock traps for the use of my sportsmen friends, as well as for my own.

Speaking of shooting, there is plenty of game on the tract—partridges, quail, rabbits, and gray squirrels; also last fall two fawns were seen near the "Bresh" by different persons at several different times.

A. L. L.

Denuding the Mountains.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Indignation has been burning within me these many years, and the flame has been fanned to increasing heat by the article in October 1 issue on "Denuding the Mountains," by A. D. McCandless. Having been for some years a resident of the mountain regions of Colorado and Wyoming, I have tried to study the situation as it has been, and now is, in regard to the destruction of timber on Government lands.

Like Mr. McCandless, I am not familiar with the laws governing such operations, but I am sure that one of three things is a fact—either the makers of the laws controlling Government timber lands are ignorant of the results which must follow the removal of the timber which has been and is being removed, or they have caused such laws to exist because of some personal advantage, and regardless of the general public good, or else this timber is being removed contrary to existing laws.

The public press is supposed to voice the sentiment of the people, and to it we look to cry out against a public wrong, and yet in some of the very districts where this devastation is going on the papers are loud in their approval of that which they choose to call industries which bring money and prosperity into their districts.

They speak of the business sagacity of the men who conceived the idea of despoiling the mountains of their timber, of the increased demand for hay to feed the horses used in hauling out the timber, and the employment given to men in cutting and floating the timber out of the country, but not one word do we see in these same papers about the probable condition of the country a few years hence.

It might well be likened to a man who takes into his system strong and injurious stimulants for the purpose of creating an abnormal activity of mind or body in order that he may do work beyond his capacity, without considering the reduced condition of his forces which must follow such a course. The section of country to which I refer particularly is northern Colorado and southern Wyoming, and the papers of the towns of Saratoga and Encampment, Wyo., and Pearl, Colo., are the organs which should be, and are not, sounding the warning note.

The agriculture of these sections is entirely dependent upon irrigation, and in the past a great abundance of water has come down from these grand old wooded mountains during all the irrigating season.

Until a few years ago all the timber was standing untouched on the great slopes which furnish the water to the Platte River and its tributaries, but now the tie choppers are at work by the hundreds, and timber is being cut even down to mining props; then after that, the fire; and last, unless I may fortunately be wrong in my prediction, will come the desolation which a lack of water would inevitably bring.

No spot on this great earth is so dear to me as that mountain country referred to, and it may be because of an undue love for the woods themselves, rather than the good purposes they serve in conserving the water supply, that I am jealous of their destruction; but surely the few paltry dollars which our great Government gets from the sale of such timber cannot justify the converting of these beautiful wooded mountains, the sight of which is a joy, into barren wastes, the sight of which would make any lover of nature want to get out of the country.

Of course there are saw mills in these mountains also, but the lumber obtained is used in the building up and improvement of the immediate neighborhood from which it is taken, and should not be condemned; but the great destruction, to which it is hard to become reconciled, is that of taking off the timber and floating it out to the railroad for shipment. When I think of the great silent wooded mountains where I pitched my tent in years gone by, where not a sight nor sound indicated the presence of civilized man, and then read of the throng of men laying waste the silent places, which seemed almost too sacred to mar by even chopping wood for the camp-fire, I think, "What will not man do for gain in dollars?" With Mr. McCandless, I would raise my voice against this destruction, and hope that the citizens and ranch owners of the localities named especially may realize the importance of the woods to their future welfare, and work as one man for the suppression of their destruction, while there may yet remain enough to hold their water supply.

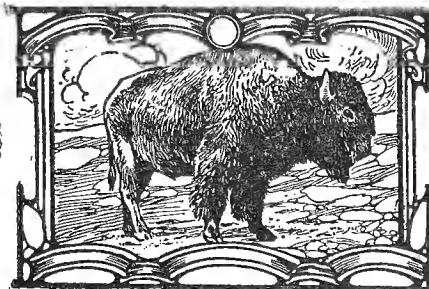
MORGANTOWN, W. Va.

EMERSON CARNEY.

Flying Squirrels in Mexico.

In 1651 Hernandez recorded the presence of flying squirrels in Mexico. The next record south of the United States was in 1861, when Tones included it in his list of mammals taken by Salvin at Dueñas, Guatemala (P. Z. S., 1861, p. 281). In 1892 I saw a pair of mounted specimens in the museum of the State College at the city of San Luis Potosi. These were recorded as having been taken near Jilitla, in San Luis Potosi. During all of our subsequent work in Mexico, until the present season, whenever in suitable country, both Goldman and I have kept a constant but unsuccessful lookout for these animals. During April, 1904, while in the high lands of Chiapas, near the Guatemala border, Goldman was fortunate enough to secure a good pair of adult flying squirrels with skulls. In view of the striking differences between the Mexican and United States species of *Sciurus* it was a great surprise to find this isolated representative of *Sciuropterus* very closely related to forms found in the United States.—E. W. Nelson in Proceedings Biological Society of Washington.

All the game laws and fish laws of the United States and Canada are given in the "Game Laws in Brief."



NATURAL HISTORY



Some Animals I Have Studied.

XI.—Birds with Odd Characters.

Not only does the hen possess an eloquent language, but she is quick to learn the signification of many sounds among her near associates, both biped and quadruped, and especially the most familiar human words. On the farm the greedy creature eagerly comes whenever any other grain-eating animal is called, no matter what sound is used. Any noise that is used to signal the hogs, cattle or horses, or any loud din that habitually accompanies their feeding, is soon learned by this truly versatile bird. And she eventually loses all fear of any animal with which she is daily associated. A good dog finds that after a time he can no longer drive her away from the hogs without actual injury to her; she can't be "bluffed," and he quits in unmistakable disgust. Literally, to the hen, does "familiarity breed contempt." She will poke her head into a hog's mouth after the corn he is chewing, unless he tosses her aside with his snout; and if he happens to be a habitual "chicken eater" and has just beheld one, she will still defy him, after cackling a little at the other hen's flapping. She would do the same with a lion, and also with the largest owl, hawk or eagle, if it had been walking about on the ground before her, day after day, for a week. After numerous retreats from a vigorous dog (who may be such a good actor that even a man—if a stranger—would feel sure he meant to demolish the hen), she concludes that surrender is better than flight, so she will simply sit down and humbly wait to be seized, instead of wildly flying. If some nervous woman is near and scolds the dog for "mussing" the hen at this juncture—though she, perhaps, had previously ordered him to drive the hen—he will likely sneak off and refuse thereafter to have anything to do with hens—at least unless in the effort to please some other person. That woman will have lost his respect, if he is a proud dog, and great care will be needed to win it back.

The right way is never to ask a dog to drive any animal that is likely either to resist or balk, unless you are willing to allow him to conquer the culprit at any cost. For the sake of his future usefulness, and for your own self-respect, never allow any brute to conquer him when he is serving you.

But the hen is remarkable in other ways than merely learning sounds. While at times one of the most greedy, heedless and unrestrained of all things, she can be taught just the opposite qualities. She may be easily trained to affect an utter disregard for food; to appear patient and submissive; and to exhibit a degree of self-control that might well shame man or dog. All this, too, while in perfect health. When a boy I had a fat, lively hen so educated that at my bidding she would lie on her back and slide head first down an inclined plane two or three feet in length without the slightest effort to turn upright or stop herself; and at the bottom she would remain just as she landed until I touched her or spoke to her—unless interfered with by some other person or animal. Incredible as this may seem, it is a trick easily taught any gentle, affectionate hen. I taught her to submit to many postures that hens naturally object to—such as balancing on her back, on the top of a slender post, and remaining so until disturbed or removed, or being "buried alive," all but her head, in any position I wished. Be it understood, she did not place herself in any of these positions, but merely submitted to being so placed.

I taught a duck to roost on a platform high above the ground (eight or nine feet) with an old hen and a few grown turkeys. But an even more remarkable thing was that the old hen would not permit the turkeys to fight the duck, though any one of those large birds could have conquered her and the duck combined. It was simply a case of respect for parental authority—"Old Muff" had been "the only mother they ever knew."

Two of the same turkeys were trained to perch quietly on a slender cross-piece at the top of a tall pole while I carried it around, or juggled with it. One of them was gray, the other yellow. If I dropped a red handkerchief on the ground, the yellow one would dart down and tramp and toss it about in an apparent frenzy of rage for a long while. The other would merely look on in mild surprise, or come calmly down and stand by idly.

I once brought home a strange gobbler, a large old fellow. When I dropped him, our old rooster gave a scream of rage and hurled himself at me! Although a man "and a voter," I had to exert myself not a little in self-defense with fist and foot. I never found out the cause of his attack, nor what he was mad about; but I did find, afterward, that a bond of union had been formed between the two haughty birds, for whoever touched either was compelled to defend himself immediately from a savage attack by the other, or run away.

I once knew two young roosters who formed a regular "David and Jonathan" attachment for each other which continued unbroken all their lives. If there was ever a blow or a cross word between 'em, I never knew of it. Nor did I ever see or hear of any bird treating another with such polite consideration as they constantly showed each other. Indeed, their mutual favorings were excessive—they were the "Alphonse and Gaston" of birddom.

Only one other case within my knowledge at all approaches this. A couple of chicks of opposite sexes, when about the size of quail, formed such a romantic, and at the same time platonic, regard for each other that they withdrew not only from their own family, but from all other birds, and, without showing fear of any, carefully avoided all. I don't think I ever saw them twenty feet apart while they both lived. They did not stray far away nor become wild, but behaved as if they each desired no other society. They sought the most secluded and unpopular resorts, gathered bugs and berries, and were

happy. Their favorite bower was a tiny hazel grove near the shingle mill; but if they saw other birds wandering thitherward, they got up and strolled further. They were both very beautiful, very quiet and dignified, very gentle; with soft, loving voices, expressive eyes, and altogether charming manners. But one day, when they were nearly mature size, a hawk swooped down among the hazels and caught the male bird. The hen, in her uncontrollable fear, fled. But love was powerful, and soon drew her back. Something had driven the enemy away, and he had left most of her friend's body, or else he had set a trap for her, so that he might claim her also. Now, if she had been an ordinary chicken, she would have begun to eat her dead companion without any compunction. But instead she screamed with horror, and when I went down there, taking along my .22 rifle, she was slowly walking round and round the silent remains, calling out to him in the most pitiable tones of grief I ever thought it possible for any bird to utter. She paid little attention to me or to my heartfelt words of sympathy, but continued her walkings and lamentations.

Hoping the hawk might come again at once (I didn't know much about hawks then), I left the dead bird and the living one, and retired some distance to watch for it as long as my patience and other duties would permit. Needless to say, my vigilance was in vain. For several days I visited the spot, filled with a wicked desire toward that hawk, or any other that might come near. Every day I saw the little hen, wandering sad and alone in the vicinity, and listened to her plaintive voice, much like a young girl's whose vocal organs are changing, until I was too much wrought upon to bear it longer. She now gave no heed to any bird flying over, no matter how large, and refused all food. I feared she desired to die—if a bird ever thinks of death—or to have the same destroyer of her loved brother take her also away. If so, fate must have turned kind to her, for she suddenly disappeared, and I saw her no more. I found a bunch of her exceedingly beautiful feathers near her friend's—that was all.

The wild turkey mentioned in a former chapter deserves mention here, not merely because he was a peacemaker, but for other reasons. He became more affectionate toward me than any of our tame ones ever did, although he would never allow me to handle him. As I once remarked to a visitor who was admiring him, "He's like the average pet deer—it's all right for him to touch me anywhere, any time; but I musn't touch him." He would eat out of my hand, and did so to the last, though he grew to be a great, independent gobbler, and leader of the flock. And wherever I slept, as soon as he found it out, he would soar up to the roof, as nearly over me as possible. This was more remarkable than at first appears, for I slept on porches wherever I thought I could get the best air, winter or summer, and in different rooms; and while he remained with us we built a new house in the yard and moved into it, and again he flew to the roof of my bedroom. If I went out, even at midnight, and the darkest midnight, and spoke to him ("Hello, Turk!" being my usual greeting), he would reply, either with a plaintive chirp or a most startling gobble. He went to roost much later than the other birds, and often frightened them into an unearthly uproar by sailing majestically out of the woods in the gathering gloom of night, perhaps at a great height, and coming down violently with his great weight upon the side of the roof, causing a thump that could have been heard an eighth of a mile. He generally struck the chicken-house first, removing a few minutes later to the roof over my bed, no matter where that might be. It was a thrilling sight to see him flying, he looked so large and magnificent, yet moved as swiftly and gracefully as a partridge. Unlike most game birds, he never seemed to tire of flying. I believe he could have flown ten miles without a rest. And his strength of wing was prodigious. Now that there are "myth-busters" who deny that any eagle ever carried off a child, and declare that no eagle could do so, let me tempt their ridicule by saying that this turkey once came very near flying away with me, and with one wing handicapped, too, and my weight varies from 150 to 165 pounds; a little greater than the average weight of a small child!

We had, early in his life, tied a strip of bright red flannel around the scapular part of one wing to cause him to be a little less likely to fall a victim to the heedless, hasty hunter; but the feathers had at last grown over so as to entirely conceal his "safety badge" most of the time; and he kept ranging further and further away, though he still came home every night, and always flew straight home when frightened by hounds or hunters. We frequently got reports of his being seen a mile or more from home. So, being anxious about him now, I resolved to catch him and rearrange his badge, adding another ribbon to it. He was valuable and worth taking trouble to preserve, for, in addition to giving strength and vigor to our domestic flock, he caused divers of the wild turkeys to stray within gunshot of Uncle Tom—my father-in-law, who is an unquenchable sportsman, but never a pot-hunter, let me add.

Turk came and ate from my hand, as usual, but seemed suspicious, for he kept his neck stretched and stood back as far as possible, and kept watching my eye as a trained boxer might. No living thing is more alert than the wild turkeys of this region. Seeing there wasn't the ghost of a chance to seize a leg, I suddenly threw myself bodily upon him, and snatched the scapular joint of the nearer wing just as he turned to fly. There was a very large, heavy gate right between him and the woods. The gate was 16 feet long and 6 feet or more in height. There was a jump and a wild flutter, and in a moment I let go—perhaps to save my face from being beaten to a jelly—and dropped right across the sharp top of that gate on my ribs. Oo-oo-oo! I can almost feel it yet, though it happened five or six years ago. Turk flew across the road

into the bushes, but as soon as I could recover sufficiently to call him, he returned, looking as if he thought I had entangled with him by accident. But I never caught him, and when he was about two years old the long-feared thing came to pass—a hunter shot him, and was honest enough to own to it, though he would never have known him to be other than legitimate prey had he not found the badge, which he did, of course, after it was too late.

None of Turk's descendants were ever as tame or intelligent as he; yet one—a gobbler of the third generation—was even more remarkable in one respect. He was as cross and selfish as his grandsire was gentle and chivalrous. Our turkeys and chickens always ran out mornings and evenings to wrestle with the hogs when the latter were fed. In the confusion and struggling one would have doubted the ability of any bird to escape alive. The turkeys, however, were more cunning and cautious than even a wild chicken. Instead of dashing into the midst of the herd, as did the chickens, they would dodge warily around the outer edges, snatching up a stray grain here and there, until the gobbler would at last grab a whole ear—he'd always take the largest he could find—and run with it. He would rush down toward the brook, followed by all the turkeys. He would double here, and dodge there, for a time, until most of his pursuers had despaired. Two or three old hens, however, would usually keep up the chase until they reached the stream. This was done, with but slight variations, once or twice every day. Once I followed the very last and most determined of the gobbler's pursuers. The brook is about 100 yards south of the corner. Now, a turkey is not considered a water fowl. But that gobbler waded into the shallow water (it was at the ford), holding the big ear of corn as high as he could stretch his neck. I supposed he intended to cross; but, while the other turkeys hesitated, he laid the ear down in the water and began picking at it. It floated away, although his mighty blows retarded it somewhat, sending it to the bottom every time. Sometimes his huge head went under with it, but he cared no more for that than a duck might, or at any rate showed no sign of chagrin. The hens then waded in and grabbed at the elusive prize. He caught it up and went rapidly down stream toward deeper water. They followed until it was deep enough to wet their breasts, then stopped, dismayed. Deeper, deeper went the gobbler, until the ear was dropped in a swift current which quickly hurled it into a corner of a comparatively calm pool. Here he stood, in water almost over his back (deep enough for a small boy to swim in), and calmly pecked away at the bobbing ear, apparently as unconcerned as if alone and on dry ground. It was an amazing spectacle, and at the same time a comical one. How long it lasted I cannot tell, but too long for me to see the end.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Insect Tenacity of Life.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., July 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was very much interested in an article in a recent issue on the tenacity of insect life. I have often noticed the same thing. Some experiments on wasps which I once made, however, led to results which were surprising, and, to say the least, anomalous. Mr. Chapman says that he was surprised to see that the insect did not die when he cut it in two between the thorax and abdomen. I experienced the same surprise once, but I determined to see how far the thing could be carried. There was a wasp's nest just outside my window and a number of wasps were usually in the room. One day I cut one of them in two at the waist. This small loss did not seem to worry the wasp at all. He fluttered against the window pane just as he did before. This surprised me so much that I wanted to see how long one would live thus. There were a number of them on the window, and I severed them all. After the operation both halves of the wasp were still alive. The head, thorax, and wings flew about just as the insect had; only the flight was manifestly weaker. The next day this fore part of all of them was still able to walk, and most of them to fly. On the second day about half of them were dead, and but few of them lived till the third day, although a few of them were able to crawl then. The abdomens of the insects showed unmistakable signs of life after being cut off for several hours. This was manifested in the movement of the sting. Now for the most remarkable result of these crude experiments. Although the wasps would live when cut at the point of articulation of abdomen and thorax, if they were cut in two further back—i. e., if the abdomen were cut in two, the animal died instantly. Can anyone explain why? I once asked a professor of biology about it, but he was unable to explain; in fact, the phenomena was unknown to him till I told him of it. Now, obviously, there is nothing in the abdomen so vital to the life of the insect, because the whole thing can be cut off. Why, then, can it not be cut in two? Does it die of pain or nervous shock?

LEWIS H. ROSE.

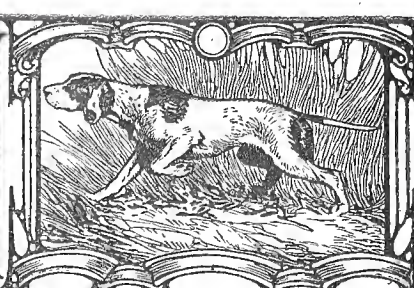
A Snake-Hunting Dog.

MR. L. R. MORPHEW's story of "Coallie, the Snake Dog," reminds me of Lulu, who was my constant companion for about six weeks two years ago in Florida. She was a cross between the fox terrier and pug. She would hunt for and find snakes much as a good setter would find quail. She killed all she found, till, much to the disgust of my friends who owned chickens, I told her she musn't. I have the skin of a 6-foot chicken snake which she detained for me till I took it with a forked stick. She one day, at my command, held at bay by barking, a 9-foot king snake for about half an hour, till I had studied it all I wished, and called her off. Much to my regret, I learned that she was recently bitten by a rattler and died.

MARK E. NOBLE.



GAME BAG AND GUN



Red Letter Days with the Deer.

BY HORACE KENT TENNEY.

I do not know the origin of the expression "red letter days," nor whether it really implies that certain days are rubricated on the pages of memory like some of those delightful old vellum books over which the monks used to work with the pen of nature's providing in the exercise of an art which was truly "scriptural." The old fellows who made the rubrics certainly had no "red letter days," as we understand the expression. Theirs were days of quiet monotony passed apart from the world—

"Where storied windows, richly dight,
Let in a dim, religious light;"

and where time was marked by a round of duties from lauds to matins, and from matins to lauds. Perhaps they colored a little more brightly the initials of the songs for festival days, but they could not give the color of the page to the day itself, nor find in the dull round of monastic routine the counterpart of those glowing days which come to the Disciple of the Out of Doors. For to those who

"Hear the call, good hunting all,"

the Red Gods bring now and then days the color of whose illuminations is never fading.

These days are not always—and most happily is this so—those which, tested by the weight of creel or game bag, are most successful. But there are many who know and assert that the successful sportsman is not alone he who at the end of the day can show fur, feather or fin. And I am the more anxious to support this doctrine, as without it I cannot hope to be classed with the successful hunters. But it does sometimes happen that success in its most material form attends the efforts of the hunter whose game bag is habitually as light as his heart. It is of such a day that I write.

The time was in the open season of November, when the deer hunter can say—

"Here is no law in good green shaw,"

and can carry a rifle with a clear conscience. The place is immaterial, though it is perhaps proper to say that the broad expanse of Lake Superior, all blue and white like a Delft tile, lay only a few hundred yards to the north of the cabin where we spent the hours between dark and dawn. The day—from a still-hunter's standpoint—left everything to be desired. There was no snow, the woods were dry, so that everything crackled under foot and against the sides of your legs, and heralded your progress like that of "an army with banners." And there was the wind—not a steady, straight-blowing breeze, whose course you could note and make it an aid in your lethal purpose; but a lusty, gusty tempest, which came and went from all quarters at once and whirled around in such varying courses that if a deer was to avoid scenting you, he would have to be very lively about it, and spend most of his time running in a circle.

I had been out at daybreak and hunted industriously along an old logging road which ran—or would you say lumbered—through the woods along the course of a small inland lake. It was a fine place for deer, was that road, and the deer knew it as well as we did. It went straight into the heart of the forest, was far enough from the lake shore to leave good cover between it and the water, was wholly deserted, and scattered along it were numerous small choppings abounding in grass and "browse." To the north of it in the two-mile stretch to Lake Superior was good ranging ground, a true forest according to the definition which dear old John Manwood wrote in 1615 in his "Forest Laws":

A Forest is a certain Territorie of woody grounds and fruitful pastures, priviledged for wild beasts and fowles of Forest, Chase and Warren, to rest and abide in, in the safe protection of the King, for his princely delight and pleasure, which Territorie of ground so priviledged, is meered and bounded with unremovable marks, meeres and boundaries either known by matter of record or by prescription; and also replenished by wilde beasts of venerie or chase, and with great covertes of Vert for the succour of the said wilde beasts to have their abode in."

Into this "Territorie of woody ground" I entered with a stealthy step and a .38-55 Winchester, when the tree-tops were beginning to brighten with that pervading suggestion of light which is seen only at dawn. When the sun was throwing his long javelins of light between the trunks of the Norways I emerged at the other end, without having seen anything but a glimpse of a flashing white tail which reminded me of Burns' line—

"Like the snowfall in the river,
A moment white—then melts forever."

Probably some mighty still-hunter will say, "If the woods were noisy you ought to have sat on a log and watched." Well, I have done that in my time, and—but that is another story.

So I went back to breakfast. This sounds like a commonplace statement of a very ordinary event, and suggests the idea of pork and potatoes served from a rusty frying pan and accompanied by that mess of hell-broth which the lumbering jack has been schooled to regard as coffee. But the fact was far otherwise. Our breakfasts and dinners were cooked by one who understood all the niceties of that noble art, and they appealed and ministered to the higher and better parts of our nature.

It was our custom—and I commend it to others—to hunt from dawn until about nine o'clock; then return for breakfast, and after a slight interval of profitable idleness take to the woods again and hunt until dark, dining late in the evening. By this method we economized time when hunting was best, and took our meals in ease and comfort.

In pursuance of this custom I started off in the middle

of the morning intending to scout around some likely ground lying east of the camp, find a good place and watch during the latter part of the day. The wind was still of the eccentric and concentric character which I have described, and the time of day, the impossibility of moving quietly, and all the circumstances were so unfavorable that I had very little idea of seeing a deer, much less of getting a shot, though feeling pretty sure that several would probably see and hear me. So I proceeded somewhat carelessly. (*Nota bene:* Never proceed somewhat carelessly; act as if you knew he was there all the time.) A mile or so of walking or strolling brought me to the end of a wide open space, which fronted on the big lake. On the south side of this was a jack pine thicket with an old road leading into it. Partly to get out of the wind and into the shelter of the jack pines, I took this road, which, as it left the clearing, went up the side of a short ridge. As I started up the slope it occurred to me that the hunting rules laid down by Mr. Van Dyke required that I should crawl up to the top and peek over the ridge and not stalk up like a grenadier on a forlorn hope. I was about to follow this course when a beautiful pair of horns seemed suddenly to grow out of the top of the ridge. They remained there motionless, with nothing else showing, and looking very much as if they were stuck in the sand. I realized that the buck and I were in about the same physical and mental situation: He could see enough of my cap to wonder what on earth it was, and I could see enough of his horns to make me wish he would raise his head about two inches. But he would not do it, and fearing that he would jump into the jack pines before I could "rush" him, I did a very foolish thing. The top of the ridge seemed to be pine needles and light stuff through which a ball would pass without serious deflection, so I figured that there was a chance of shooting through it, and taking him at the base of the horns. Well, I tried it. The pine needles flew into the air, the horns disappeared, and when I reached the ridge, which required only about three jumps, the buck was at the latter end of a beautiful leap which took him out of sight. Then I sat down and berated myself soundly for my carelessness, and vowed always to hunt, as the Spaniards say, "with beard on shoulder."

After waiting for things to quiet down a bit, I started ahead, keeping that preternaturally sharp lookout which comes with the freshness of a good resolution. The road dipped down into a sort of amphitheater, with a steep hill on the opposite side, covered with thick second growth. A suspicious appearance in a maple thicket near the top of the hill made me stop, and I soon made out the outline of a doe's head and shoulders. The situation did not require any tangent firing, and I dropped her in her tracks the first shot.

This revived my spirits, which had been a good deal depressed by the incident of the horns on the ridge. I slid the doe down the hill to the roadway, where the team could reach her, and pushed on with fresh energy and an increased confidence in my ability to encompass the death of any deer who would give me half a chance. I started for the place where I had seen the buck's tail patterned against the underbrush, hoping for a chance to line the ivory sight upon some portion of his framework, instead of shooting by calculation at a place where he wasn't.

A few steps brought me through the jackpines to a large plain which had been burned over about a year before, and there, under a tree a couple of hundred yards away, stood the biggest buck I expect to see this side of the happy hunting grounds. Of course all the bucks you see alone are big fellows, but this was really one of nature's noblemen. He stood up like the traditional buck on an old powder flask, or like one of Landseer's stags, thick-necked, with wide, branching antlers. He was watching me in a stolid sort of fashion, not seeming half as interested as I was, but I realized that he was not a permanent fixture in the landscape, and that it behooved me to act quickly. So I drew for his shoulder, and cut loose. He gave a sort of lurch, whirled and jumped behind some fallen tree-tops, reappeared on the other side, headed for the sheltering jackpines and going like a torpedo boat. I pumped in another shot without apparent effect, and he was soon out of sight.

The ground where he stood was covered with ashes, and I could find no blood, and I could not tell whether he was wounded or not. It was useless to follow him, so I went back out of sight and waited the better part of an hour and then started to circle around the edge of the plain. Before long I jumped him in some poplars, and then into a brief minute was crowded all the emotions and experiences which I had imagined since I read "Deer-slayer" as a boy. The exact order of events is not clear in my mind even now. I know only that he started like a whirlwind; that I had him down at the second shot; that he got up and I knocked him over four times, each shot on the jump; that when it was over and his antlers were on the ground, I uncovered,

"Took with forehead bare,
The benediction of the air,"

and rejoiced aloud. For had I not killed a masterful buck, and killed him on the run?

Truly that day was one to be marked with rubrics.

As I sit by the fire-place on this day in February I can see the buck's head hanging on the wall. But I can also see the jackpine thicket and hear the wind from off Superior roaring in the tree-tops.

Another day well worthy of the place which it holds in memory, may be called a red letter day, although its dominant color was white. We were in the same belt of

woodland, and had been hunting about ten days. Rarely, indeed, do the fallen sons of Adam receive the blessing of such weather as we enjoyed on that trip. The temperature was just right. Not the

"Dull, hard bitterness of cold,
That checked mid-vein the quickened race
Of life-blood in the sharpened face;"

but the keen-edged air which keys a man up to the full enjoyment of all that it brings to him. And over all was the glory of the snow. It fell every night; and each morning when we stepped out in the quiet starlight, the tracks of yesterday were obliterated, and we knew that every trace and track we saw was only a few hours old. To one whose skill in woodcraft is not equal to following the trail of a serpent on a rock, it brings a great and abiding sense of comfort to know, when he finds a track, that it is not prehistoric. We had made good use of the advantage thus given us, and had a respectable show of bucks and does hanging up in that outstretched attitude which a deer exhibits when hung up by the gambrel joints. This gave us a placid feeling of contentment; for we knew that our stay-at-home friends could not rail at us as unskillful hunters, nor the envious critic assert that we had exceeded the limits of fair sport. And with this feeling we began to range the woods in rather a careless fashion, by the strict code of the still-hunter, keeping together that we might enjoy together our love of the woods, whose beauty was changing and increasing with each new fall of snow. Our enjoyment was the keener that it was our first experience with heavy snow in the deep woods, though I am sure that for each of us

"Age cannot wither, nor custom stale its infinite variety."

As the end of our stay drew near, there was about ten inches of snow on the ground, and to be sure of getting the full enjoyment of it, we decided to leave the snug cabin where we were housed and spend our last night in the woods. There was underlying this plan a sort of pretense that by camping near a famous runway some three miles from the cabin we would have a better chance of securing a mighty buck. But we both understood that the real purpose was the fun of building the camp, and I think that a buck—unless perhaps he was "a stag of ten"—could have walked past our fire with impunity.

We rolled up our blankets and a small assortment of provisions and utensils which I venture to think would not have provoked a derisive sniff from old Nessmuk himself. For shelter we took the fly of my Protean tent. (Those who do not know the Protean tent, made by a genius in Evanston, Ill., have lost much of the joy which this life holds for the initiated.) With the assistance of a tall Swede, whose courtesy was severely strained in keeping back the explosive expression of his opinion of our plan, we transported the outfit to the selected spot, and set to work making a local habitation.

The spot which we had chosen was specially adapted to the purposes of a small camp. Indeed, the silent forces of nature had evidently been working for ages with a view to that final consummation. It was in a wide, high valley which ran along between the shore of a lake and the shoulder of a hill which would have been a mountain if it had been large enough. A trail led through the valley from the lake to a rocky spur which was well called by the descriptive name of The Fortress; from there it went onward to yet other regions of delight. Criss-crossing the trail about a mile from the lake was a little runlet not large enough to brawl noisily over its stones, but just large enough to make a sort of subdued "sussurus," which was clearly for the exclusive benefit of the man who slept with his ear to the ground.

A little to one side of this rill was an out-cropping of rock, one side of which was straight and about four feet high—a ready-made back for a woodland fire-place. Opposite this, and at a distance nicely calculated to be within proper range of the firing line, we cleared away the snow to make a place for the tent. This tent was a small affair, seven feet square on the ground, open toward the fire, and tapering up from three sides to the top of the single pole which supported it. With the snow banked up around the bottom it blended in with the general white of the landscape, seeming a part of the wilderness, and not an outpost of civilization.

The setting of the tent was a small matter, and soon accomplished, but the building of the fire was one of more serious moment, involving not only the use of ax and muscle, but a nice and judicious discrimination in the choice of wood and the arrangement of logs. For this was to be not a little "friendship fire," nor yet a conical pile of sticks, like that over which an Indian cowers, receiving that subtle aroma which gives to the gentle red man one of his most noticeable characteristics. We planned a white man's fire—a noble array of logs piled with that spendthrift prodigality impossible except in the forest; one which would last throughout the night, and in the cold gray of the dawn still glow and radiate a genial warmth. So with the help of our friendly Swede we cut down a stately birch and a couple of hemlocks, the latter yielding both fuel and bedding. The first blow of the ax gave me a new experience.

The steady snowfall of the past week had covered the trees, and as there had been very little wind, every branch drooped with its accumulated burden. An ax stroke on the trunk of a tree whose limbs are waiting a chance to dislodge their covering of snow produces an immediate result quite surprising until you have tried it. When you have tried it once you do not try it again; you stand discreetly to one side and throw sticks at the lower branches until they are cleared. Then you sneak up and hit the trunk a good lusty thwack with the ax, and stand quickly from under. After that you can chop in comfort.

The fire was an artistic creation, in the building of which was much joy. We laid a couple of stout birch logs

on the ground with their ends against the rock; across these we piled other logs,

"The knotty forestock laid apart,
And filled between with curious art,"

until we had a substantial structure containing enough wood to build a farmhouse of modest proportions.

With the hemlock boughs we covered the floor of the tent, making a fine springy couch of generous thickness, and with the head scientifically arranged at the proper height to enable you to lie in bed and watch the fire. For that is one of the highest forms of bliss to which poor weak humanity attains. If you do not enjoy lying under a blanket and watching a fire through the opening of the tent flaps, it is either because you lack experience and are therefore ignorant, or because your nature is base and sordid. If the former is the reason, there is hope for you; if the latter, there is none; you are of the mud muddy.

When the substantial part of the home building was completed, we made a sort of pretense of watching the runway for deer. But we both appreciated—though perhaps neither would have acknowledged it—that it was a mere pretense, and that it would have been a real disappointment to wound a buck and have to trail him far from our comfortable camp. So we both returned at about the same time, each pretending that he had come back to start supper in order that the other might be free to hunt.

The birch logs, though covered with snow, took kindly to the idea of fire, and when

"By punctual eve the stars were lit,"

our log pile was crackling and sputtering in a most cheery and companionable fashion.

Our supper was, in its materials and construction, one of extreme simplicity; it did not begin with caviar and end with creme de menthe; but let those who think they can surpass it try—and fail. In a kettle whose size was nicely adjusted to the requirements of two competent appetites, we prepared a mixture of venison, pork, potatoes, and onions, justly proportioned so that each should give the essential part of its better nature to the creation of a noble result. This sacred vessel we placed between the ends of two logs in the fire-place, where the strong, clear, clean heat of hard wood coals would strike it, and begin that transmuting process in which the camp kettle of the forester is so much more successful than the alembic of the alchemist. With this savor rising from our plates, we sat by the fire and watched the shadows of the night stalk out from among the trees and silently invest our camp. And if you know of anything more beautiful than the on-coming of night in the woods, I wish you would share the knowledge with me, for I would go far to see it.

The bed proved all that a sleeper or a sleepless man could wish; and sleeping and lying awake were equally pleasant. The only trouble about sleeping was that it benumbed one's faculties so that he lost something of that keen enjoyment of the time and the place. I remember getting up about two o'clock to replenish the fire which had burned down to a glowing mass of coals whose rosy radiance was reflected on the snowy tree-tops above the tent. The sky was of that dark, steely blue, like the color of a rifle barrel, and the stars gave just the kind of light which was most fitting.

"As the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine."

I stood by the fire for a while, enjoying the night, and then crept back into the tent, hoping not to disturb the counselor. But that matchless forest comrade was wide awake, and with full appreciation queried:

"Isn't it great?"

And it was.

HORACE KENT TENNEY.

Days with the Wildfowl.—II.

"WELL you are certainly a duck hunter from away back, Pop," remarked the boy as he reached over and lifted in one of the defunct baldpates. "There isn't one hunter in one thousand that would ever have secured that old hen. But aren't they foxy?"

"They are, indeed; much more so than the drakes."

"How do you account for that?"

"Simply because the mother birds, in the breeding season, have to depend much more on their wits and caution, in caring for their little ones. Whenever a wounded mallard dives, hurry and get as near the spot as you can. Then remain as still as death and keep your eyes open. Sometimes they get entangled among the submarine vegetation and drown and are never found, and I have heard old duckers say that they will purposely cling to the weeds and grasses under the water with their bills and deliberately commit suicide rather than come to the surface and fall into the hands of their dreaded foe. This they will do, it is said, when they can see you waiting near by the spot where they lie concealed. This, however, is a trick of the hen birds only. When I am looking for a bird that has dove in a place like this, I generally watch for bubbles or the tendrils of the under weeds and grasses that have been forced to the surface when the bird went down, just as I did with your bird. If you go thrashing around in a boat or in your waders your success will be very problematical. Once off your bearings as to where the duck disappeared, and you might as well give up the hunt."

By this time we had retrieved the last of our dead birds, and as dotted lines were seen in several directions along the distant horizon, we hurriedly pushed back into our blind and made ready for the sport I felt confident was coming ere many more moments had rolled by.

Hurrying back to our blind, Gerard and I arranged things as conveniently as possible, with my open shell-case on the center seat between us, and then kneeling down on the freshly rumped hay, we patiently awaited the evening flight.

"I say, Dad," remarked Gerard, "did you ever see handsomer birds than these?" and he picked up a nice, plump mallard drake and tossed it over to me.

"No, I can't say that I have, but they always look the same to me, especially on a day like this, with its sunshine and fresh, bracing air, and a genial shooting companion in a blind with me."

"Ah, there! now, no nosegays, Pop," replied the boy and before I had an opportunity to continue he added: "Now I want to ask what kind of bird these are, local or fresh arrivals from the polar regions?"

"What is your opinion?"

"Well, from what you have told me about this matter to-day, I would judge that these mallards, anyway, are almost all northern birds."

"You are correct, and I am pleased to see that you have made a practical application of the knowledge I have imparted to you. But look here"—and I selected an unusually fat hen from among the mallards—"here is a bird that has probably been here through the summer, and as she is an old bird, has probably raised a brood here. This is a sure sign that she is a local bird," and with my finger and thumb I forced a dozen grains of corn or more out of her crop, up through the neck and out of her bill. "You see she has been off in one of the few small patches of corn to be found in this neighborhood and has gorged herself on the grain."

"Yes, I can see, too, that she has a different look from the rest of the birds. She looks bulkier and her plumage is soiled and duller in color."

"Good. Those are both infallible indications. When I am able to recognize the birds in the air, I can tell, almost to a certainty, the nature of the grounds where they feed without going to them."

"How's that?"

"Mallards, teal, widgeon, pintails and spoonbills invariably use the shallow waters where they can reach the muddy bottom with their bills by tipping up on end, as you have seen tame ducks do in a roadside pond. They resort to deep water only for rest and to quench their thirst after their hunger has been satisfied. Canvasbacks, redheads, bluebills and blackjacks work only on the deep waters, because they are divers and gather their food from the bottom of a lake from ten to thirty feet in depth. Of course, there are exceptional cases, in both instances, cases in which the non-divers will prosecute their search for food, floating seeds, mollusks, or the refuse left by the canvasbacks and redheads, the stems of wild clery, bits of wapoto, umbellaria and such, and the divers to the shallows, when an abundance of their particular food, such as rice, nut grass and aquatic delicacies, is to be found there. But both prefer their natural grounds, the first named, low mucky ponds, and the latter the broad expanses of deep water, clear, rushing rivers or inland lakes. So you see, my boy, if you can identify the birds readily in flight you can tell where they are bound for, and if you can line them correctly you will have little trouble in finding great shooting."

"Well, Pop," interjected Gerard, "this is all mighty interesting, and I will always cherish this day's shoot with you—but look! look off there! isn't that a line of mallards for you!"

Sure enough, a flock of perhaps sixty birds, had swept down from the hills and were sweeping across the lake diagonally from us, and while I didn't have much hope of attracting their attention, I seized my caller and sounded the quick shrill cry of the hen bird when suddenly disturbed at the sudden arrival of a bunch of strange birds.

The whole flock, which were flying on a line like a detachment of infantry, swept up into the air as the imitated notes of the female bird struck their acute hearing, and when at a sufficient altitude to insure safety from the long, glistening steel tubes of any hunters who might be lurking in the bordering rice or tules, they swerved around and came our way, evidently bent on learning the cause of the sudden outcry of their relative.

Fatal curiosity.

Once up in the air and turned our way, their sloe-like eyes quickly discovered our decoys bobbing and glistening in the open waters just off the tule-shrouded point where we crouched in breathless expectancy, and, taking them for a feeding flock, they came sliding down the air toward us.

"Ready, Gerard?" I whispered, peering out through the interstices in the rushes at the swiftly advancing birds, and thrusting my gun out for quick action.

"All ready!" echoed the boy, cautiously.

Heralded by that mellow cackle, which invariably signaled the descent of a flock of hungry mallards, the long line came swiftly on, growing rapidly larger as the line widened out; for the mallard, though seeming a slow flyer compared with the teal or redhead, is really a bird of swift flight. On they came, with that cackle increasing and becoming clearer, until it was hard to resist the impulse to rise up and peer over the tule tops. But neither of us did any such foolish thing, but we grasped our guns a little tighter, to be sure, and shifted a bit, to have them in the right position for speedy and certain work when the supreme moment should arrive.

Alas, me! Tom and Scrib and Bill and Judge, how often have you and I crouched just so before; what tingling, thrilling moments we have known in the golden past, in our tule blind, at break of day or set of night, in those wild sandhills?

"Sh!" and Gerard's dove-colored corduroy cap protruded slightly, like a miniature sand dune, above the arrowy line of vegetation, and I, too, straightened up a little, then we lowered carefully again.

And such had been my experience hundreds of times before. A lack of patience has many a time proved the undoing of the oldest and best skilled wildfowler, even when the birds seemed within easy killing distance, and when we saw the long line, with a confused cracking of swerving wings, and a querulous volley of squawks, swing off just enough to carry the nearest bird safely beyond all reach of the threatened danger, we realized that there are some things in duck shooting that always repay their cost, and the foremost of these is patience.

No time for vain regrets or criminations, for where the yellow of the rice fields joins the blue of sky, another feathered cloud is rising into view. Along the sky the mass is widening out, and again coming straight for us. This time there is no use to resort to the call, which is too often done by inexperienced shooters, for the birds were on the course they had instinctively selected, and all we had to do was to lay low, and stay low, until the time to crack away arrived. No danger

of another mistake on our part. We were as chagrined as we were disappointed, and even more so, but not a word of reproof did either of us utter. We were equally to blame, and silence was discretionary.

So quickly did the birds come that I fancied shortly that I could hear the hiss of their pinions as they set them ready to slide down in to our decoys, with their green necks and white collars almost over us. But not yet, not yet. It is the critical time at which we lost before, and the time when more shots are thrown away than at any other. If you show the top of your head or crook an elbow, you will probably see the line turn away just comfortably out of the reach of your gun—the hardest and longest killing gun in your set, of course. Wait one moment more, and you will hear the tips of their ashen wings fanning the golden air, and feel an intense tone in that loud quack of the leader that stirs a tumult in your blood. And seldom do you see such excitement condensed into so short a space as when you rise to see the air filled with dismayed and affrighted ducks.

Gerard and I poked out our guns at exactly the proper time this time, and at the combined explosion five birds dropped dead or wounded among their wooden prototypes, while the rest created a very medley of wildly flapping and climbing dark-gray and blue-banded wings, with quacking throats outstretched toward all the points of the compass.

By the grace of good luck, both the Kid and I got in an additional pair of shells before the consternated birds could get their bearings, and each got down another; in fact, I got down two, one, a hen with a badly shattered wing. She was curling back over the blind, and, when she fell, it was in the narrow strip of water between us and the decoys, and seeing that she was so hampered by the surrounding weeds and tules as to be unable to move any great distance, we concluded not to overshoot her, but let her be where she would assist in decoying other birds.

"You don't think she can get away?" asked Gerard.

"No," I replied. "You see she is right in a sort of a little weedy coop, and in her desperate condition, she'll be pretty apt to lie still, until she finally keels over dead. Anyway, should she attempt to get away, either of us can get her before she can make a yard."

At this juncture the hen lifted up her uninjured wing and flapping it spasmodically, she began to quack softly to a bunch of birds hurrying across, far above us, toward Hackberry. They failed to respond, and whirling round and round in her narrow confines, she began to signal at every bird she saw, even calling vigorously to a passing flock of "chucking" blackbirds. Presently, a pair of her own kind came down to her entreaties and we killed them both, and finally the evening flight having set in earnest, they came in to her beseeching cries so fast that the youth and I had our hands full. Once, just as the sun was blinking at the rim of the western sandhills and a dreamy purplish light began to mantle the distant plain, she scrambled about madly, and squawked shrilly, until seemingly exhausted, she flattened herself out on the water, and lay as dead, apparently, as any of her ill-fated relatives about her.

"What is the matter with her?" inquired Gerard.

"She has doubtless seen a hawk," I answered, and then, true enough, both at once, we caught sight of a red-tailed hawk coming straight down the other side of the channel, just skimming the tule tops. We stooped down behind the covert of the reeds, and watched the marsh harrier as it came straight on, across the open water and straight for the spot where we crouched.

Gerard shot it as it dipped closer and it fell so close to the wounded hen that she actually tore through the smart weed barriers, and was flapping away desperately with her one good wing, when I keeled her over.

Instantaneously almost with the fall of the red-tail, a flock of bluewings whirled over our heads, but they were going with the wind, and try as hard as I might to lead them, I couldn't do it, and the shot from both barrels whistled harmlessly behind them. Then, another flock of mallards dipped down behind the rushes to the west of us, and knowing that they had not settled in the water, I gave a running call and was answered by a laconic quack. I called again, and a splash, followed by another and another, told us that the birds had lighted just round the point within easy gun shot had there been no intervening tules. As Gerard and I arose and peered intently toward the spot, as if we would penetrate the rushy labyrinth, four redheads came whizzing over the decoys. Two quick reports were followed by two splashes, for each of us killed our bird, but the mallards flushing with raucous cries from around the point, distracted our attention sufficiently to cause us both to miss with our second barrels.

Way down the lake the birds were weaving a veritable net-work in the air, but for some reason or other, only fragments of the flight had thus far found its way up in our direction.

"If we were down there," remarked the boy, with evident disgust, "the birds would be up here."

"Sure," I rejoined, "that is the way it always looks when you are duck shooting. And it is not chance either. We've been popping away here pretty regularly all day and there are a whole lot of the birds that know we are here."

"Yes, and when strangers come in I actually believe they warn them."

"That may be, but—mark! off there to your right, a lone bird. You kill it."

It was a cock pintail and he was high in the air, reconnoitering. He lowered, then rose again, just skirting our line of decoys out of range; but in answer to a soft, trilling whistle, the spike stretched his long sinuous neck, cocked his head and poised himself on fluttering wing, as if debating whether to come closer or retreat. He chose the latter course, but too late, for, as he slanted his white sides toward our hiding place, Gerard cracked away at him, and to our surprise the long neck wilted, and with folded wings the bird came down like a chunk of lead.

"A good long shot!" I exclaimed, as the pintail hit the water.

"A beaut."

"And you killed him dead, too—must have centered him?"

There was a sudden mighty uprising of ducks far down the lake just at this juncture, and as the air kept filling with interlacing streams, three quick faint reports came to us on the soft evening air.

"Ho, ho! We're going to have company. I thought I saw a wagon crawling down the north side of the hills a few moments ago, and I shouldn't wonder but it is the Judge and Charlie. But, get ready; they are coming our way this time good and plenty."

And so they were.

And it was as grand a flight as I had seen in years, and my blood tingles now as I recall the glories of the next half hour. It was a veritable cloud of ducks, canvasbacks, redheads, mallard, teal, widgeon, bluebill, butterball and ruddy, with wisps of jacksnipe, scattering yellowlegs and here and there a snowy avocet.

This advance guard, however, showed no inclination to decoy. They were evidently bound for other diggings and realizing this, the Kid and I made up our minds to get a little sport out of it anyway. And we began to pour it into them. Our first fusilade filled the air with flying feathers, and sent one old russet-hooded canvas sagging earthward off over the reeds, but that was all.

"Too high," I said.

Bang! bang! bang! High or low, we were there for a purpose and that was to shoot. We had plenty of shells and were really indifferent whether we killed many more birds or not. Now and then we would get one down, but they were generally only crippled and we finally agreed to wait until they came within fair range, and settling back, we idly watched the feathered hosts high in the air, hurrying by.

And a wild and wondrous scene it was, and one that I have often pictured before and one I expect to photograph many times in the future, for next to shooting ducks and viewing the scenes surrounding, I love best to tell about them. I have seen many flights of ducks at Currituck and along the famous Atlantic seaboard haunts in the old days, on the Kankakee and the Illinois, but none that equals those I have witnessed regularly every fall and spring for fifteen years in our desolate but majestic sandhills. Incredible, indeed, are the myriads of water fowl that swarm these sand-bound lakes and marshes at nightfall in the seasons of migration.

All at once, after the first big issue of birds from down the lake had passed over us, high in the air, and receded into faint lines in the hazy south, Gerard and I found ourselves the converging point of innumerable birds. Nerves that felt only a slight tremor at the incoming of a single flock now fairly quaked beneath the storm that seemed to break away from every point of the compass. Bunches, lines and strings of feathered rockets rushed toward us at different rates of speed, even the slowest fearfully fast. There we stood plugging away at them with all the eagerness of a couple of novices who had never seen a flying duck, and the consequence was that we were doing little execution. But we didn't care. We had already accumulated enough to make as creditable a showing as had yet been made, and we were simply enjoying ourselves. And we shot till our heads ached; and as flock after flock swooped by unscathed, we registered countless vows on high to hold a rod or two ahead of the next bunch, only to cut loose again and again far behind the whizzing birds.

By this time we hardly made any pretext at hiding. Gerard stood in his end of the boat and I in mine, and if the birds wanted to come we let them come, and if they didn't, ditto.

Wondrous evening!

On the sky the light of the dying day was shattered into countless tints, with everything above the rush line in clear and distinct silhouette, while over all below lay a misty blue haze that but intensified the brilliant colors in the over-arching dome. From the sunken sun a delicate rose light radiated to the meridian, while the upper heavens to the east merged into pale gold and purplish black, fringed with green. North and south the cerulean of the skies shaded into delicate olive tints, shifting into orange immediately overhead. Lower down, toward the dropping orb, towered castles of rich umber, steeped and spired with crimson fire, while under these rolled waves of coppery gold and fleecy streams of pearl and lemon-colored vapor. Over the glittering stage we watched the pouring of a troupe of actors that made the usual scenes of the kind at evening in other localities a show of the Lilliputs.

The ducks were now coming in to roost, and they seemed to come up out of the horizon, from the burning clouds and with a rushing, tearing sound, like the sudden burst of escaping steam, whirling through the darkening air as if they would rend the very earth in their descent. But you old wildfowlers have all seen the birds coming in at this chilly and uncertain hour, and you know what it is. Down they swoop out of the maw of the night. Dense masses of bluebills and black-jacks with wings set in rigid curves, come shooting swiftly by, while long lines of mallards wound out of the depths, their stiffened wings making the air hiss beneath them. On long inclines and sweeping curves pintails and widgeon rode down the gloomy air, while, speedy and accurate as minie balls, blue and green-wing teal pitched from the now glowing zenith, while ruddies, mergansers and butterballs shot by in volleys.

High up, so high we could hardly trace the outlines of their bulky bodies, but plainly hear the sonorous auh-unk! auh-unk! as it fell from their black bills, Canada geese trooped by, while the speckled fronts and white geese filled the air with their clamorous cackle. Hundreds of flocks, traveling from the arctics, swept by with unslack speed. Black in the falling night, the chestnut helmet of the canvasback and the emerald coiffure of the mallard were outstretched for the tow-heads of the distant Platte, and no inducement, unless it was a good load of No. 6s, was sufficient to stop them. Darkly outlined against the topaz sky was the forked tail of the sprig, steering for more salubrious climes, dropping as they went their farewell plaintive cry. Far, far above all these, still bathed in the warm, bright

glow of the sunken sun, floating southward, soft as bits of gossamer, a long line of sandhill cranes, sending earthward through miles of darkening space their strangely penetrating bugle calls.

And what a time we did have in gathering our dead that night. Gerard and I had been so engrossed with the wonders of the evening flight that we never thought of retrieving until the hoo-hooooooo! of the floating crane brought us to a realizing sense of the increasing darkness, then we got about it quickly enough. But work as hard as we did, it was almost plumb dark before we got out of the blind and literally so when we finally got really at work. However, by extreme care and by the light of the torches, made from the hay in the bottom of our boat, we succeeded in recovering about all we got down, and rest assured it was a healthy boat full we labored through the smart weeds and clinging flags to shore with. We did not forget the dead hawk, even.

And what a joyous night we all did have in Francke's old sod lodge that night! A bountiful supper stowed away, every one felt good and every one was at his best, when it came to relating the incidents of the day. When we finally did retire, the coyote was tuning up on the distant hillside, and the south wind was moaning down the valley in a way that told of a change in the weather.

SANDY GRISWOLD.

A Phantom Elk.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I read with a great deal of interest the report of Mr. Wadsworth in the number for October. Many years ago I saw my first elk in what is now South Dakota and Wyoming. That country then was full of elk; I do not suppose that there are many in it now, though it was here that the skin hunters killed them by dozens a few years ago for the sake of two teeth. When we were there in 1856, our party would seldom kill one. The men I was with were from the East, but they were neither tourists nor dudes, but were sportsmen all days in the year, and they gave me orders not to shoot these elk; we could not use them. We had a small party of Dakota Indians with us when we first came into the elk country; they had joined us in Minnesota and kept us camping all winter, until the cavalry met us and sent them off home again. While they were with us, we would shoot a few elk for their use, but always shot the bull elk, never a cow. It was the leader of this party—Charles Remington, from New York State—who taught me never to shoot a doe. We had the muzzleloaders then, but he would never allow us to use a shotgun on deer or on any animal that we could use a rifle on.

I played what I have since considered to be a fool trick on a bull elk while we were in their country; but then I was only a boy of 17, and I have since seen boys of that age do as fool tricks as mine was.

We were in camp on a branch of what was afterwards named Antelope Creek, Wyoming. Our camp was up in the timber in one of the foothills—one of the Black Hills I suppose it was—and at the foot of the hill across the creek was an open prairie that ran away to the south. I came down out of camp one morning carrying a Hall's carbine. There was at least one animal here that Mr. Remington's law was not on, the big timber wolf. I might shoot him, I was told, "He is here looking for the young elk calves the cows are dropping now. You kill him every chance you get," Mr. Remington told me, and I did.

While I was coming down off the hill, I noticed a bull elk all alone was coming in slowly off the prairie after either water or fresh grass. It was still early in May, and while the grass close to the creek here was green, that on the prairie was rather dry eating. I got across the creek without the elk seeing me; he was still a good ways off, then just at the creek bank I found a low shallow place, a buffalo wallow, no doubt, and here I lay down, taking my hat off and keeping the most of my head below the bank, but with an eye on the elk all the time. I meant to let that elk walk up almost on top of me, then jump up and scare the life out of him. That would be all I dare do, for if I shot him I would get a raking down for it.

The elk came on slowly until he came to the green grass, then began to eat, but kept on coming right toward me. The elk kept on until he had got to within six feet of where I lay. I had thought that he would wind me long before this, but the air was very still, and I kept just as still. I thought he was close enough now, and suddenly raising my head above the bank, I sent a mouthful of tobacco juice right at him. I meant to land it in his face, but missed it by about a foot; it was probably lucky for me that I did. The tobacco fell on the grass in front of him, and jerking up his head he gave a snort, then wheeling around, made off, running about 100 yards, stopped, and stood looking at me. I have seen a doe do this more than once when she found that I did not fire at her. It is curiosity that makes them do it, I guess. They want to see what it is that has frightened them, and these elk always seemed to me to be stupid animals, anyhow, far more so than a deer. I stood perfectly still, and the elk began to come back again, taking a few steps at a time, then stopping to look again.

He had left his horns at home, and I did not think him dangerous; so at first I thought to let him come on; but after he had taken a few more of these steps and stops, I began to think that one of his punches given with that big head of his might be about all the horns I would want; and jumping toward him, I gave a yell. He whirled about and left.

I gave Mr. Remington an account of this affair, and he told me that I might have let the elk come up if he wanted to come. "He probably would not have tried to hurt you," he said, "he has no horns and knows it; and they are not at all dangerous at any time unless you do something to make them angry. I have never heard of those bull elks making an attack on anyone; and you seem to be able to get on the right side of animals somehow, however you do it."

I had made pets of my two big team horses, and had them following me around like two dogs; and while the Indians were with us I had made friends with their ponies and could go and catch any one of them when

I wanted him; they would not let one of the other white men go near them, though. But I think if that tobacco had struck where I aimed it, that elk would have been about angry enough to have killed me, if I had not killed him first.

The last elk I have ever seen I found in a country where I had not supposed there had ever been any elk. I should have thought it was too far to the south; but the Comanches afterward told me that years before this there were elk there. I was riding along one afternoon about the first of November up near the northwest corner of what is now Beaver county, Oklahoma (it was "no man's land" then), not very far south of where the Cinnamon River cuts across Beaver county; and while passing through some bushes, the most of them were spruce pine, and grew close to both sides of a trail that was seldom used, a bull elk dashed across the trail not ten feet from my horse's nose, and disappeared in the bushes on my right.

I rode a horse that was not easily scared at anything. I could ride him up on top of a buffalo, but he reared up now and came very near throwing me, and by the time I had him quiet again, the elk was clear off, of course, and there would be little use for me to follow him; but I did follow in the way he had gone for several miles; and though I had no trouble keeping his trail, I never saw him again.

I camped that night with a white wolf hunter named Black. He was a squaw man, but was one of the better class of these men. He earned his own living, and did not depend on the agent for it; in fact, never went near the agent. His squaw was a Wichita. He had a better education than most men of his class have, but had curious notions about some things, ghosts among others.

I told him about having seen the elk, and how sorry I was about not having been able to get him.

"You could not have got him had you shot at him all day. Do you really think you saw an elk—that is, a real elk?"

"Of course I did. I have seen them often enough to know them now."

"Yes, but the one you saw to-day is not a live elk. He is a phantom. I am sorry you did see him; you will meet with some misfortune from having seen him. Everyone who does see one of these phantom elk comes to grief."

"Does your phantom elk knock down the bushes ahead of him, and leave a trail behind him?" I asked.

"No, of course he does not."

"Well, this one did, and if I had been on foot, or had seen him sooner, you would be eating a part of him now. Don't worry; I won't meet with a sudden death in consequence of having seen that elk. There was no phantom about him."

CABIA BLANCO.

How Not to Have a Successful Hunt

Editor Forest and Stream:

Generally it is the successful hunt which is described in glowing colors by your correspondents. Who can blame them? It is more pleasant, and usually more profitable, to tell how a thing is done than to tell how not to do it. However, I propose to illustrate the negative side from actual experience; it may serve a double purpose—to introduce another element of variety into your columns, so teeming with variety and interest, and to help some others to avoid the negative side and win positive success in hunting.

Our party was hastily made up from different hotels and private camps in the Adirondacks. We were four, representing as many different callings. All had a little experience (some more) in deer hunting. All wanted more. A non-professional guide and his son were engaged with a team; duffle was packed into a lumber wagon, and we were ready. No, not quite. The bottom of the wagon-box was nearly covered with guns. Too many; some must sit there, and guns are not easy cushions. Besides, the team is going but three miles, and then twice three must be covered with every man carrying all he is able to camp. The number of guns is cut down to one apiece, and we are off.

The writer had said to his family, "I should be far more likely to get a deer to go alone to my old hunting grounds; but these friends want me to go with them, so I am going for the fun of it." Fun was plenty. The Doctor had never carried a heavy pack; the early September day was hot, the pace was rapid, for the distance was long, and though stripped as for a race, the Doctor sweat as never before. A Turkish bath wasn't a circumstance in comparison. The Doctor's appearance was very laughable; but he was game, and arrived in camp in good condition, though undoubtedly several pounds lighter than when he started.

One of the first news items published in camp was, "the spring is dry." This was not so funny. It meant going nearly a quarter of a mile for water. But enthusiasm was not to be dampened by trifles like that; so after a late dinner, some fixed camp, including new bough beds, and stretched the A tent over the camp, for the roof was old and the storm was threatening; others went hunting. The tired ones watched a pond near camp. B. went into some burned timber and nearly forgot to come back. As night came on, we became anxious about him. He had never been in that region before, and on a previous tramp in another part of the woods he had missed his way to a pond only two miles off, and traveled eight miles before he stumbled into a lumber camp. There he inquired his way to the pond, and was asked, "What pond do you want to go to?"

"I don't know."

"Where did you come from?"

"I don't know."

He had started from another pond and had forgotten the name of each—so he said.

No wonder we were anxious about him when approaching night did not bring him out of the burned timber. We shouted and fired a signal shot. Then, while it was yet light enough to distinguish him from a deer, he appeared, leisurely, but exultant, saying, "I've shot a deer."

"Where is it?"

"I don't know. It fell at the shot, but jumped up and ran like a streak, and it was so near dark I could not get another shot."

We thought it could be found in the morning. Some things were found out before morning. One of them was this—that five men (and some of them large) could not be comfortable in a camp only big enough for three. But you say there were six of us. Yes, but the boy took the best blanket and stretched himself across the foot of the bough bed. He slept so soundly that walking on him as late retirers crawled into bed did not waken him, but in the morning he was completely wound around the post which supported one end of the ridge-pole for the tent. He said he rested well. As for the rest of us—well, it reminded me of the prison ships where men were packed spoon fashion, and not one could turn over unless all did at the same time. And yet at times somebody in camp snored!

After a late breakfast, hunting was resumed. Some looked for the wounded deer, some for others; neither were found. Then B. and the Doctor had a plan of their own. About a quarter of a mile from camp the log walls of an old lumber shanty were still standing. Within easy range a muddy space near a brook looked like a much-used sheep yard. They would go there that night and kill a deer. So before dark a flooring of old boards was loosely laid on the joists in one corner, and at nine o'clock, with the boy carrying a big lantern, they went there. Deer were there before them, and of course retired before the advancing light. But the deer were not frightened, nor the hunters discouraged. Climbing to their perch, they lay down, the Doctor—who weighs nearly 200 pounds—in the middle. He affirms the other two snored. They as stoutly maintained that he lay there laughing, and shook the floor boards so that they rattled. At any rate, although they heard deer near them, they got no shot. But it was a funny contest—men snoring and deer whistling. It puzzled the Doctor to decide which was the louder. At length they gave it up and returned to camp. The weather being fine, the tent had been pitched on the ground, and a bed prepared for two in the hut. So all got some sleep and rest, and were ready for the homeward journey next day.

Deer tracks, elk tracks, and bear tracks, were seen, but the track makers very prudently kept out of sight. Home was reached safely, and two purposes with which we set out had been realized—we had no accident, and we had lots of fun. But we got no game. Why? Lack of work, poor method, and too much noise, are sufficient explanation. The writer has had far more than average success during many years, but seldom when out with so large a party. But, after all, it is not all of hunting to hunt, and the spirit of comradeship cultivated by the camp-fire and the camp stories, and the love of nature, and the strength developed in the woods life, are abundant compensation for all the toil.

JUVENAL.

Capercaillie in Ontario.

TORONTO, Can., Oct. 6.—Game Warden Tinsley is greatly pleased with the success of the experiment tried last year of acclimatizing in Ontario the largest and noblest of the grouse family, the fine game bird known as the capercaillie. Fifty-two of them were liberated in Algonquin Park, some 200 miles from Toronto, and not only had many of them withstood the exceedingly severe winter, but several broods of young birds have been seen. This proves conclusively that our northern country is suitable for their requirements. Some of the birds had been seen forty miles distant from the point where they had been set free at Cash Lake or Canoe Lake, the park headquarters.

Mr. Tinsley does not think they will have many enemies, as they are big, strong, powerful birds, always on the alert, and roosting in trees. They are, like domestic fowl, polygamous, the male bird mating with four or five females.

The capercaillie, in which name the *z* is usually sounded like a *y*, is the wood-grouse, *Tetrao urugallus*, and is the largest of the gallinaceous birds of Europe. The name is perhaps derived from the Gaelic *capull-coille*, meaning the "horse of the woods," or cock of the woods, as it is called, and sometimes mountain cock. In appearance it is not unlike a huge pigeon of dark plumage. The average weight is about 12 pounds, but they have been taken at 16 pounds weight. The bird has a magnificent appearance, standing erect and approaching the size of the wild turkey.

W. W. Thomas, U. S. Minister to Sweden, says the capercaillie is "pre-eminently a bird of the pine woods, or pine mixed with birch, spruce, maple, and other growths. He loves wooded hillsides better than wooded plains, and he must have fresh water near by, either a brook or a spring, or a piece of swampy ground. He is local and not migratory." Mr. Tinsley says of those in Algonquin Park that they have gone into the largest and densest pines, which appear to be their favorite haunt. The flesh of the bird is excellent for table, resembling that of prairie chicken, and it is hoped that in due course they may become plentiful among the great pines in the localities they seek. The Government will strictly preserve them for five years at least, and sportsmen are warned not to approach them with anything more deadly than a camera.

Virginia Quail Immature.

BROOKNEAL, Va., Oct. 6.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: I would advise all sportsmen who intend coming South this fall, to put their trip off as long as possible, as three-fourths of the coveys can barely fly. I saw eight coveys this morning, and none of them were more than half-grown. It is the same down on the North Carolina line.

HERR.

A Winter Feeder for Quail.

WHITINSVILLE, Mass., Oct. 1.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: I send inclosed a photo of a device which we used in this section last winter to feed quail, which I think will be of interest to some of your readers. The idea was brought here by one of our sportsmen who attended the Connecticut Field Trials last fall, and saw it in use there. We call it a feeding trough. It is made to stand on an incline by means of an upright at the rear which does not show in the picture. Being on an incline, it is necessary to have partitions in the trough which form pockets that prevent the grain from all running to the lower end. The idea of the incline is to accommodate varying depths of snow. The feeding trough has a roof also that extends quite a little over the sides to keep snow and rain out of the grain. We further protect the trough by piling pine boughs around it in the form of a brush house. The boughs are supported by steady pieces such as old fence rails or stout pieces cut from the trunks



FEEDING TROUGH FOR QUAIL.

of young trees, which also serve to brace the trough and hold it firmly in an upright position. We also try to select a place under a thick-growing pine tree, and give the whole outfit a southern exposure, so the snow will melt away quickly. The result of the brush house and the shelter of the pine tree is that very little snow ever gets on the ground under the trough, barely an inch in a storm that will show eight or ten inches just outside.

Our experience last winter shows that a trough full of grain will last two weeks without replenishing, though we intend to put in fresh grain at least once a week. The dimensions of the trough are 5 feet long, 10 inches wide, 5 inches deep, pockets spaced 8 inches; roof 21 inches wide, standing about 8 inches above the feed.

We believe we saved a good many quail by means of this device; and we are certain that quail can be carried through any cold and snow that we are likely to have in this section, if they find the feed. The main advantage of this sort of feeding box is that the grain is never covered up by snow; it is always accessible, and none is wasted.

Of course we incidentally feed many other forms of life than quail, such as crows—a little—bluejays, grosbeaks, sparrows, kinglets, chickadees, besides squirrels and mice, and even rabbits visit the grain. The tracks in the snow about the boxes are myriads of all sorts, and sometimes we see where a partridge has looked in upon the supply of feed.

As to the particular results we secured, I know of one flock of eleven or twelve quail that fed in one box all winter, and were intact after the snow was gone. This covey was easy to watch, and they would come to the feed on the fly, stay around the little cleared place for two or three hours, and then take wing again for a near-by swamp. They were seen as late as the last of April, and we have heard them whistling all summer in the open fields within less than a mile of the feeding box. Another box brought through four quail at least that were counted. These were from a flock of only seven at the start. We have reason to believe that three other boxes carried through good coveys, and one or two others showed signs of use. We have besides liberated some quail that we obtained through the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, and these, we have every reason to think, raised at least four or five broods this season.

We therefore, as a result of all this, have a number of coveys in our covers this fall that we would not have had otherwise, and while we feel we should be saving of them in shooting, we still will be able to take a few, and so help out the interest of a day's sport. We shall put out more feed boxes this coming winter, and liberate more birds next spring, if they can be obtained.

We all believe, of course, that there is no bird that can possibly take the place of the old partridge; but he is getting scarce, and we find that quail fill in a wide gap very acceptably, and it is well worth a little effort to provide means to keep them through the winter. Give the quail a chance to clear the cold and snow, and they will fully take care of themselves the rest of the year, and steadily increase in numbers.

CYRUS A. TAFT.

* * * The current number of Game Laws in Brief gives laws of all States and Provinces. Price 25 cents.

Distinguishing Marks of Waterfowl

EACH year produces, from among the youth of the land, not only a crop of new voters, but also a crop of new shooters. The tastes or circumstances of many of these will lead them to turn their attention to the water fowl. Some of the young gunners will begin hunting without experienced company, and will find it convenient to have means of promptly identifying the species of birds they fall in with. For that purpose the following list of distinguishing marks is offered, the aim being to give for each species, in language free from the technicalities of ornithology, some characteristic point, or very simple combination, which is not found in any other species; thus furnishing a characterization so short and distinct that it can readily be produced from the young hunter's memory, if not from his pocket, and applied to the bird in hand; or, in the case of some of the marks, to the bird seen anywhere within gunshot or even further away. Increasing practice will associate with each species, in the young sportsman's observation, some trait of appearance or action that will identify it at a considerable distance; like the long neck of the pintail, the white wing-lining shown by the black duck in flight, or the erected tail of the ruddy duck as it sits on the water. To this end a knowledge of the comparative size of the different ducks is also desirable, and they are therefore named below in about that order, beginning with the largest. It should be understood, however, that two or more species may average the same size, so that the larger individuals of one kind may outweigh the smaller ones of another which would in the average be heavier. As to their plumage, the ducks vary with age and season, and the colors given here are those which prevail in the months when they are usually shot. Full-grown young drakes are apt to resemble the female rather than the male. A combination of black and white in the coloring of a duck is distinguishable at some distance, and, in connection with the bird's size, shows it to belong to one of limited number of species, and thereby helps toward its identification. In this view the eider, surf duck, old squaw, white-winged scoter, bluebill, golden-eye, ringneck, and buffhead, and the mergansers may be bunched as black and white, although not exclusively so, especially the females.

The list does not profess to name all the species, some being omitted which are unknown or rare in most parts of the country, and not likely to be seen by the reader outside of a collection.

Geese.

CANADA.—The common wild goose. Head and neck black; white patch on cheeks and throat.

HUTCHINS.—A much smaller bird, with the same coloring.

SNOW GOOSE.—All white, except black ends of wings. Two varieties, differing in size only, like the two above-named.

BRANT.—Head, neck and breast black; whitish spot each side of neck.

WHITE-FRONTED.—Chiefly brown; white around the bill in the adult; same region dark brown in the young.

BLUE GOOSE.—Head and some other parts white; otherwise mainly bluish-gray.

Ducks.

EIDER.—Drake black and white; crown black; white crescent on each side before tail. Duck brown and black speckled. In both the upper bill is forked at the base, branching toward the eyes.

MALLARD.—Drake's head green; a white collar below; breast reddish brown. Duck streaky brown. In both a broad purple stripe across the wing, bordered at each side by a narrow black and then a white one.

BLACK DUCK.—Blackish brown, lighter about head; wing-mark blue-green; wing white inside. Duck and drake similar.

SURF DUCK.—Drake black, with white on forehead and back of neck; base of bill light, with large black spot each side. Duck dark brown, whitish under eye; webs of feet black.

CANVASBACK.—Drake's head reddish or bay; breast black; eyes red. Duck mainly brown; bill black in both, and forehead low.

REDHEAD.—Colored much like canvasback, but bill bluish, forehead high, and eyes yellow.

LONGTAIL (Old Squaw).—Drake black and white, with two very long black tail feathers; face gray, darkening downward to blackish; bill black with reddish bar. Duck's head white; crown and cheek patch blackish; bill and neck short.

WHITE-WINGED SCOTER (Velvet Duck).—Drake black, with white spot under eye; bill humped, black, white and red. Duck dark brown; white before and behind eye; large white wing mark in both.

PINTAIL.—Drake's head brown, breast white, with a stripe of the same continuing up each side of the neck; two long black tail feathers. Duck buff, with spots; wing mark in both green, edged with white and black; neck long and slender.

GADWALL.—Head, in both duck and drake, gray, speckled with brown; both have the wing striped chestnut, black and white. Duck's legs yellow.

SHOVELER.—Bill very large and much widened toward end; in both duck and drake a light blue patch on the wing.

WIDGEON.—Drake's head whitish, speckled with black; on the side a strip of green; containing the eye, like the nucleus in a comet; front of the wing white. Duck mostly brown; bills and legs light bluish-gray; green-black wing mark in both.

BLUEBILL.—(Scaup, two sizes.) Drake's head, neck and breast black; belly white; duck dark brown, white around bill; wing mark white in both, and bill blue.

BLACK SCOTER.—Drake all black; bill orange and black, with hump. Duck grayish-brown; whitish about cheeks; bill black.

WOOD DUCK.—Drake's head green and purple, with long crest, traversed with two white streaks. Duck, gray-brown; eye in white patch; white line around bill. In both, lines of triangular white spots on breast.

GOLDEN EYE (Whistler).—Drake has green-black head, with oval white spot under eye; legs, orange. Duck's head dark brown; whitish ring around neck. Both white below, and have part of wing white; eyes bright yellow.

RINGNECK.—Drake has black head and neck, with brownish collar; bill striped with pale blue. Duck's face and chin whitish; both very dark above and have a gray wing mark.

CINNAMON TEAL.—Drake's head, neck and under parts clear chestnut.

RUDDY.—Duck and drake similar; bill very broad, especially at end; face light, with dark bar running back from bill; plumage reddish brown above and barred below; wings and tail brownish black.

BLUE-WINGED TEAL.—Drake has white crescent in front of eye; duck speckled brown, with white throat. In both, front of wing sky-blue.

GREEN-WINGED TEAL.—Drake's head chestnut; eye in green patch, like widgeon's; white bar before wing; duck streaky brown, wing mark green in both.

BUFFLEHEAD (Butter-ball).—Drake's head black, with large white triangle at the back, each side; duck has a white spot behind and below the eye, and white wing mark.

Mergansers.

The mergansers are somewhat indiscriminately called sheldrakes by gunners, as the scoters are called coots. They may be recognized at a glance by their slender, cylindrical bills, hooked and toothed, quite unlike the broad, flat bill of a duck. All are more or less crested. The most conspicuous features of the males are as follows:

AMERICAN MERGANSER.—Head green-black; neck, breast and lower parts white, with salmon tint.

RED-BREASTED MERGANSER.—Head like the American's; broad white collar, interrupted at the back; breast brown, streaked with black; at the front of the wing a patch of white feathers surrounded with black.

HOODED MERGANSER.—Head black, and with crest raised shows a large quarter-circle of white back of the eye.

The female mergansers show brown or gray where the males are black, and they have a strong family resemblance to each other. The hooded may be distinguished by her smaller size and brown eyes and feet. The other two are considerably alike, but the American has the nostrils about half-way down the bill, while in the redbreast they are much nearer its base. FOWLER.

Ducks on Long Island.

THERE are few sections of the country that furnish more attractions to the duck hunter than the Great South, Shinnecock and Peconic bays. It has been, however, for some few years past somewhat of a problem for many duck hunters to solve just how to get good shooting on these bays, and at the same time surround themselves with safety and economy. At best, however, it costs something to shoot ducks anywhere; it is not a cheap game, and when one reckons the short distance one has to travel from New York to get to the shooting ground, with the saving of time and money in travel, Long Island naturally becomes attractive to the duck hunter.

Safety and success in getting birds are largely due to the competency of the captain in whose hands one lands. The captain should not only be weather-wise, noting any change of, or rising of, wind, but have safe batteries, sharpies, and shooting boxes, be a good shot himself, and with it all be an honest man, giving full measure and only asking a suitable return. And this reminds me to say in behalf of these baymen, and for the benefit of those who think they have been, or may be, over-charged, that when one comes to reckon the cost of a full "outfit" for shooting ducks on the Great South Bay, it takes, even at good prices, a long time for the owners of these rigs to realize a good percentage of profit on their investment, and some years of early and late labor to get their money back.

It is not my purpose, however, to deal with investments, but tell where and how good shooting may be had on Long Island, good treatment insured, and plenty of ducks obtained, providing always, of course, the weather conditions are good and the man back of the gun can shoot well.

At Babylon it is mostly all battery shooting. There are, however, some places on the south side of the Great South Bay where some point shooting is done; but at this particular place the best results are obtained from a battery. From Babylon one can secure three different rigs, and I am informed that they are all reliable ones. Mr. Sherman Tweedy, the proprietor of the Sherman House, will secure them for his guests who write him a few days in advance.

At Bayshore there are three reliable rigs for battery shooting. One of the best on the whole bay belongs to Capt. Chas. Veltman, the owner and master of the sloop yacht Madaline, and when engaged himself he will secure the other for gunners who desire to go out from Bayshore. Captain Veltman takes his gunners aboard his boat on their arrival in the village. The yacht has four comfortable sleeping berths, and contains a galley for cooking; and he sails to, and remains on, the shooting grounds during his guests' stay. In this way the shooter steps from the breakfast table to the battery, and is ready for the early flight of birds. For this the Captain charges \$10 per day for the rig for one or more gunners, the gunners paying in addition for the food eaten.

The next interesting point going east to secure good shooting is Bayport. From here rigs can be secured covering the bay west several miles, and to the east for as many more. Mr. Henry Stokes, the proprietor of the Bayport Hotel, has made arrangements with the two reliable owners of rigs in Bayport, and with three more at Sayville (only a mile away) to accommodate his increas-

ing number of guests for this fall's shooting, and by notifying Mr. Stokes a few days in advance, one is sure of good service both afloat and ashore.

But a short mile and a half east of Bayport is Blue Point. Blue Point is small, indeed, on the map, but mighty in reputation. It is the home of the oyster and the residence of Capt. Billy Graham, the proprietor of "Ye Anchorage." This artist on canvas and bay alike needs no word of mine to say that he loves to take his guests duck hunting, and does so as often as he can. Capt. Graham assures me that he is in shape to take care of his old friends this season, and is willing to make some new ones if they come along.

Patchogue, while it has become one of the manufacturing and commercial centers of Long Island, its limitations are on land, and this once famous duck shooting resort for all time to come will afford the duck hunter a good base from which to indulge his taste of the day in the battery. One of the most enthusiastic duck hunters in Patchogue is Mr. Fred C. Thurber, the proprietor of the Central Hotel. Mr. Thurber knows personally every captain who takes gunners out, and can secure for his guests the choice of these rigs; but, as in other places, Mr. Thurber should be written to in advance in order that he may secure the right men.

Bellport, just east of Centre Moriches, has been a favorite shooting resort of a great many gunners for a number of years, but conditions there are such that the stranger is not apt to get so well cared for on account of the limitations in the way of shooting rigs. The next best place for the average hunter to go after leaving Patchogue is Centre Moriches. Here can be found a number of excellent rigs that can be chartered by the public at any time through Mr. J. W. Rose, the proprietor of the well-known Long Island Hotel. Mr. Rose is a hunter himself, and knows the Great South Bay from one end to the other, and takes great pleasure in sending sportsmen to the right points for shooting. It is a well known fact to a great many sportsmen that from Centre Moriches east for about six miles the Bay is owned by the Smith heirs under an old English grant, and this tract of bay has been leased to one man who uses it for his private shooting purposes; but lying east from Centre Moriches there is a splendid stretch of water connecting the Great South and Shinnecock bays, where both battery and point shooting may be had that is just as satisfactory as this west property. On these open grounds there were 300 ducks killed this season on the opening day. Besides having at command these desirable waters, one has the comforts of an excellent hotel in addition.

The second station east of Moriches is Eastport. Here the duck shooter can find not only good accommodations, but one or two excellent rigs. Near the station stands the Eastport Inn, and the proprietor, Mr. Westerhoff, is very fond of shooting, and often goes along with his guests. One can secure not only battery, but point shooting as well. Mr. Westerhoff can secure for his guests both sharpies, shooting boxes and shooting batteries. At this point, in addition to the accommodations that can be had at the Eastport Inn, a short half mile from the station is the Bayside Hotel. Harrison Rogers is the proprietor, and has for a great many years looked after the interests of all the shooters that come his way.

The next interesting point for the shooter to visit is East Quogue; and certainly no part of Long Island possesses more interesting sport than can be found here, or a more fitting way of indulging in it. At East Quogue one can secure the services direct of the well known hunters, Eugene Jackson, Harry Carter, and W. G. Hearne. In each instance these gunners take their guests to their own homes for living accommodations. All three of them own both sharpies and batteries and use many live decoys both of ducks and geese. East Quogue is now, and has been for a great many years, one of the most desirable places to shoot on Long Island. Just beyond East Quogue one comes to Good Ground, and unquestionably the hunter can find most excellent shooting there. At Good Ground they have a great many pleasant advantages for the visitors, because it lies in between the Shinnecock and Peconic bays. There are many of the best of the marsh ducks that come into these bays early in the fall and remain until the bay freezes over, furnishing most excellent sport. In the way of accommodations one can have the choice of two places. Right by the station is the Columbia Hotel, of which Mr. Chas. E. Rogers is the proprietor as well as one of the best known duck hunters in that section of the country. Mr. Rogers not only owns his own rig, but has at his command a number of other very reliable ones. A mile from the station can be found the Canoe Place Inn. This inn is a very pleasant hostelry, indeed. Mr. Buchmuller, the proprietor, has introduced a very pleasant café service, from which he furnishes meals at all times day and night, and is in touch with all the bay men in that section of the country. In addition to the duck hunting to be had at Good Ground, there is good quail and rabbit shooting there. Mr. Rogers, of the Columbia Hotel, has a pair of very excellent dogs, and furnishes a good guide to take field hunters out for quail and rabbits; and he informs me that the shooting for this sort of game is very good indeed.

There are, of course, other places along these bays where one can be taken out on the bay and possibly secure ducks, but a careful study of the situation from Good Ground to Babylon has convinced the writer that he has searched out and found the best places for the duck shooter to go to. In each and every one of the instances mentioned he knows positively that the visitor will secure good service, good living, and not be over-charged for the excellent service rendered him. As I have mentioned before, it is particularly desirable that the hunter, in making a visit to Long Island for the purpose of killing ducks, should write some days in advance, if possible, of his coming. In this way he will not be disappointed in finding the rig that he hoped to attain rented out to someone else. A study of the conditions for good shooting this season reveals the fact that not in some years has there been so many ducks come into these bays at this early date in October. An interesting feature connected with this early visitation of these migratory birds is that so far those killed have been in many cases young birds. The gunners say that this indicates a heavy flight during the season, showing conclusively that the breeding season was a good one. T. E. BATTEN.

Maine Deer.

BOSTON, Oct. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Several Massachusetts sportsmen have already returned from New Brunswick with moose; among them Dr. Heber Bishop, of Boston, who was accompanied by Mr. C. K. Fox, of Haverhill, and my old friend, Jack Seward. The Doctor rarely fails of finding big game. Many have already gone into Maine, where the season opened the first of this month. Mrs. C. S. Jones, of Bangor, was the fortunate huntress who sent to the wardens the first report of killing a deer since the opening of the season. Near Greenville, at the foot of Moosehead Lake, she brought down a fine buck at a range of some 300 yards with a bullet through his heart. A party of five Boston hunters shipped seven deer through Bangor on the fifth, on which day the whole number checked at that point was 19. In Weld two deer were killed on the opening day, and in Kingfield three. As usual on the opening, and for some time previous, confident predictions of "the best hunting season ever known" are circulated broadcast, backed by the statement that never before were so many deer and moose seen in the woods of Maine. The Spenser Stream region and Moose River country have furnished a number of moose every year. Deer and bears are reported numerous in the Dead River country. Farmers about Flagstaff have been forced to devise deer-scares in order to keep them from their fields of growing crops. Bears are reported very numerous in this region, as they are also about Kennebecago and in Washington county. Mr. Allan Montgomery, of Boston, made his first trip to that region this fall. In the Basswood Ridge, a few miles from Calais, he came upon a bear which he shot. While dressing it he looked up and saw two more coming toward him. He shot both, making a record as a bear hunter, having killed three within an hour.

Captain Collins tells me he has issued a dozen orders prohibiting sawdust pollution of streams this year—making about 125 such orders since his appointment on the Commission five years ago.

Mr. Charles H. Cutler, a special officer of Dracut, remonstrated with two young Greeks for shooting robins. He informed them that he was an officer, and exhibited his badge, but they continued to shoot, and he seized one of the guns. This angered the second man, who fired a charge of bird shot into the officer's body and legs, and then ran away. Mr. Cutler is reported dangerously injured, and was removed to the Lowell Hospital. George Legugos has been arrested, and four robins were found in his pockets. He is believed to be one of the culprits, and the other is known to the police. These ignorant and lawless aliens are doing much to hasten the day when a gun license may become a necessity, however objectionable it may be; there are, of course, many objections to it. It would be unpopular, I think, with the farmers, and would cause many of them to post their land and keep the gunners off.

The case of Fred. Parsons, fined \$70 for having short lobsters in September, came up again in Salem, October 4, and the fine was re-imposed. When his counsel tried to have the fine reduced, Warden W. W. Nixon urged upon the court that if changed at all it should be increased, as he had been previously fined in the Superior Court.

For shooting six robins on the shores of Wenham Lake, Frank Morale was fined \$60 this week in the Salem court. CENTRAL.

Notes From the Game Fields.

California Public Sentiment.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Sept. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There has been a large increase in the number of quail in this State since the non-sale law went into effect. In fact, most all game shows an increase, except, possibly, ducks. We hope at the coming session of the Legislature to have the bag limit reduced from 50 to 25, and, if possible, prohibit the sale.

Deer have been more plentiful this year than for several years past. We are beginning to reap the benefits of the non-sale of deer hides, which has had the effect of putting the hide-hunter out of business; consequently there is no premium on a deer hide, and the animal is killed only for food and sport.

Public sentiment in this State has changed very materially for the better in the past three years. Convictions are obtained in the remote sections of the State for violations of either fish or game laws. The people seem to have become awakened to the necessity for the restrictions that are placed upon the taking of fish and game, and we are supported in a more encouraging way by bringing in convictions in jury trials. It is not many years ago since a jury trial was equivalent to an acquittal. This condition has been entirely reversed. The result is that defendants seldom stand trial but plead guilty and pay the fine, seeming to consider it is the cheaper way.

CHAS. A. VOGELSAW,
Chief Deputy Cal. Fish Commission.

Maine.

WALPOLE, Me., Oct. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have seen deer tracks in plenty. Partridges suffered here as elsewhere from the severe snows of last winter with thick crusts. Woodcock are not here yet; I have started a few; another week or two at most will see the last of the flight. E. H. F.

Pennsylvania.

SAYRE, Pa., Oct. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The game reports agree that the crop of squirrels is pretty near, if not quite, up to the standard of recent former years. Ruffed grouse in the old-time covers are plentiful, and full of the spirit that tries the endurance of even the strenuous sportsman. On some of the local high lands, and up the Chemung River Valley, some nice bevvies of quail may be started at any time. What may develop in respect to the woodcock only the flight of these fascinating migrants will disclose. In the old secluded retreats, during July, when the law provides for the shooting of the immature and developing longbills, some nice broods were discovered, but these birds, or what were left of

them August 1, have long since vanished from the grounds then familiar to them. It is a great pity that this illogical and unwise, and unquestionably destructive enactment cannot be erased from the statute books of the State. These birds are too scarce and by far too precious to be potted in their age of helplessness. Better one October woodcock with the sport of the thoroughbred in him, than a kettle full of pin-feathered chicks served in July.

In the southern tier of New York, grouse are unusually plenty, say reports, with squirrels reported numerous in some sections and correspondingly scarce in others. A bag of six to eight grouse is said to be a matter of easy attainment for a good wing shot anywhere between West Danby and Van Etten along the line of the Lehigh Valley Railroad. Rabbits are found in force in both New York and Pennsylvania covers. M. CHILL.

North Dakota Wildfowl.

GRAND FORKS, N. D., Oct. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The conditions for game in North Dakota this season have been very favorable. Prairie chickens have been, and are, very plentiful, although comparatively few were killed the first two weeks of the open season on account of a very small percentage of the grain being cut, which gave excellent protection for the young birds from the gun, and the consequence is that there will be a good supply of birds left over for propagating next season.

North Dakota, no doubt, has more local ducks this season than usual, and this I attribute to the lateness of the spring and during the migratory season more of the birds remained here than usual, and nested, there being abundance of water in the marshes and pot holes. It is now a very easy matter for the sportsman to reach his limit on ducks during a day's shoot. The duck shooting will be improved in about ten days or two weeks, when the northern birds commence to drop in. The quality of local birds seems to be improving, and in recent years I notice quite an increase in canvasbacks and redheads, and especially so this season. In about two weeks the sportsmen will be able to wake up and have their dreams a reality by being able to look over the edge of their pit and see the big birds (the geese) setting their wings to see what is the meaning of a bunch of decoys on their feeding grounds (the stubble fields), and in the northern part of the State we have always enjoyed excellent goose

shooting, and know of no reason why this season should not be equally as good, if not better, as water and feed are in abundance. CLARENCE A. HALE.

Utah has "Much Hunting."

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, Sept. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The outlook for hunting is about as usual. We have any amount of hunting, but not much game, with the exception of wild water fowl, which is reported more plentiful this season than usual. But to-morrow is the opening day of the season, and as hundreds have gone out this evening to take advantage of the first flight, I expect that in a few days there will be no birds to be seen. JOHN SHARP, Commissioner.

Deer Abundant in Arizona.

PHOENIX, Ariz., Oct. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our deer are more plentiful than for years, and in fine condition, owing to heavy rains all over Arizona the past two and a half months, causing abundance of feed in the mountains. Several hunting parties have gone out prepared to stay two or three weeks, and have returned in five days with the limit. Several deer have been killed this year within twelve miles of Phoenix. Quail, ducks, geese and rabbits are very plentiful, and will be all winter. Doves are so numerous all the year as to be almost a pest. W. Z. PINNEY,

Secretary and Member Fish and Game Commission.

Idaho Game, Native and Imported.

HAGERMAN, Idaho, Oct. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The ducks and geese are very plentiful, and we had a good crop of sage hens and grouse this year. The deer and elk are on the increase. We have planted a few pairs of Chinese pheasants in Latah county, as we think they will do well there. Deputies returning from the Clearwater, report that hunters have done well in killing deer and elk and mountain goats in those parts. W. V. JONES,

State Game Warden.

Oregon Deer and Birds.

COTTAGE GROVE, Ore., Sept. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Game is plentiful this year, especially deer and

birds. Elk cannot be killed before September 15, 1907. I think the prohibiting of killing them will be extended next winter when the Legislature meets.

J. W. BAKER,
State Game Warden.

New Mexican Large Game.

SANTA FE, N. M., Sept. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Game has increased during the past two years, and the outlook for this winter is very good, especially for large game—deer, bear, and lion. P. B. OTERO, Warden.

Long Island Ducks.

NEW YORK, Oct. 6.—On October 1 Oscar B. Smith, of Morristown, N. J., and myself, at East Moriches, bagged 11 black duck, 12 blue-winged teal, 2 green-winged teal, 2 broadbills (lesser scaup), and one pintail; also a fine specimen of the duck hawk. Our gunner was Elwood Brown, and we shot from the east end of Reeve's Island.

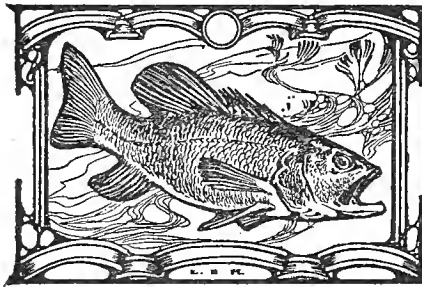
The pintail and a broadbill were found to have pinfeathers on, so winter ought to be mild, if "Lyn" Oby" is correct. We saw a great many blue-winged teal—several large bunches. ROBT. B. LAWRENCE.

EAST QUOGUE, Long Island, Oct. 10.—By request, I send you the number of ducks shot here: October 1, 27; Oct. 3, 15; Oct. 4, 8; Oct. 5, 14; Oct. 6, 10; Oct. 7, 12; Oct. 8, 10. The ducks were blacks, sprigs, and widgeons. Snipe, yellow-legs, plover, and creekers were killed each day. There were some geese on the 8th; we saw about 100. It is quite early for geese. E. A. JACKSON.

"The Rule of Oby."

NEW YORK, Sept. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Who killed a broadbill, a sheldrake, and a black duck on Long Island on Sept. 17, 1904? Duck law opens on October 1. Am surprised and grieved. I suppose it was "Lyn" Oby." R. B. L.

[We do not know who killed the ducks out of season. It was probably done for scientific purposes; but even so, a naturalist's permit with penal bond of \$100, would have been required.]



SEA AND RIVER FISHING



Bob.

From the Log of Camp Nessmuk.

THE story of Camp Nessmuk would be incomplete without, at least, a mention of Bob—Old Bob, we lovingly called him.

Bob was our dog; rather he claimed kinship with Pap, though I believe he really belonged to the mistress and children at home. Bob was of the collie breed, his forebears hailing from auld Scotia's rough and rugged soil. The long-pointed muzzle, shaggy, tawny coat, pointed, shapely ears, keen, intelligent eye made an ensemble bespeaking blood of high and ancient lineage.

Bob was a young dog, hardly a puppy, yet, he had not attained to the wisdom and dignity of an older dog, and who so wise, so dignified as an old dog. He has learned wisdom from rough-bought experience; dignity sits him as though born to the cloth. While Bob was, perhaps, fully grown, being quite large for one of his ilk, yet his ways were youthful and puppy-like. His manner was awkward and with strangers he might have been at times, maybe, a bit fresh.

Bob was a handsome dog. And who so lacking as not to love a handsome dog? Truly, the dog is man's best and truest friend, save woman; on his everlasting friendship you may safely count, even though the world has cast you beneath its haughty gaze. The good company and real companionship one receives from his dog is an unknown factor only to those who have been denied that boon—the confidence and friendship of a good dog.

Bob's early training had not received that careful supervision so necessary with young dogs and boys if they are to be best fitted to avoid the snares and temptations of a wisely wicked world. He early acquired some habits, as boy and dog are apt to do, not very bad ones; but in the end they brought him into disgrace and caused his banishment from the home of his puppyhood, consequently from the joys of a Nessmuker. He had a mind to run out at passing wagons and bark at horses; he had even been known to grasp a rapidly revolving spoke and make a flying summersault through the air. In his big bungling, playful way he would jump against fat women, and, while Bob's intentions were of the best, his attentions were rather hard on the nerves of his more timid victims.

I think it was the mistress who suggested that we take Bob along to camp. He had recently been guilty of some little indiscretion and she wanted to have none of his blood on her hands, as it were. So Bob became a Nessmuker; a right good one he proved.

Did you ever stop to think of the distance a live, active dog travels in making a journey of twenty or thirty miles? Aren't his powers of endurance simply wonderful? How many miles he does cover. In and out, across the road, over the fence into the field, then over again and ahead, only to come back and run behind to see something apparently missed a moment before; always on the go, he must fairly treble his steps, yet he never says "quit," and turns up at the end in good condition.

Bob entered into the spirit of the week and became an ardent fisherman; his lot was cast with Pap and Pard, and he remained a faithful henchman on their many trips up and down the 'Sock. He must have acted circumspectly, else Pap would have interdicted his going. He, no doubt, remained demurely in the rear, patiently refraining from rushing in where they were about to cast. The late Seth Green—apostle of fishing and fish culture, our Izzak Walton—somewhere says that fish have no sense of sound, protecting themselves by their vision which is exceedingly keen, a falling leaf sending them scudding to cover. So if Bob kept out of sight he could do no harm.

Bob was an arrant coward at night, but not in the daytime, for he had spirit and would fight. He was not to be imposed upon by base and ignoble brutes, and had no end of snappy encounters during the week under the maples with the mangy curs belonging to Miller. His manner of fighting was not of the hold-and-hang style of the bulldog, but after the quick, snappy way peculiar to shepherd dogs. Who can blame poor Bob if, after the darkness had settled over our leafy world, the fire burned low and the blanketed forms of his fellow Nessmukers had sunk into the arms of Morpheus, he quietly sought the feet of Pap and curled himself for sleep on the blankets? Not I. For I like not the lonely watches of the night when the sounding stillness that broods o'er the mountain fastnesses is broken only by the chirping of the crickets, the ceaseless reiteration of "katy-did" and "katy-didn't," monotone of murmuring waters and sighing winds, the lonesome cry of the whippoorwill and the haunting plaint of the night-hunting great owl or the horse-like whinny of the little screech owl—all depressing sounds apt to get upon one's nerves. Bob had my sympathy.

Who can honestly claim to be without the sense of fear in the darkest hours of night when dire occasion fares him forth afoot and alone to brave the unseeable and unknowable dangers that may lie in wait in his path? I am free to confess that from my boyhood up the dark has held many terrors, though I know not what they can be, yet, they haunt my every step into the impenetrable void of blackness, and require the exercise of the coward's courage to exercise them. It is not the mere sense of loneliness or fear of unseen danger; but is it not rather a remnant of that fear of the dark come down to us through the countless generations of men since our forebears of the stone age dwelt in fireless caves and shuddered the terrifying night away while pliocene monsters raged without? For with the rising of fair Luna above the mountain's crest, lurking fear flees as the mists before the day-bringing sun. I am often led to speculate on how much nicer this old world would be if we had two moons, or better, Jupiter-like, four; perhaps one would be always full.

Although Bob was an honored guest, and that we justly prided ourselves on the open-handed hospitality of Camp Nessmuk, there are those so fortunate as to have enjoyed it, who will bear me cheerful witness, truth compels the reluctant admission that Bob fared

but indifferently well. His daily fare was not so sumptuous as he might have wished and the occasion warranted. A fish diet, even though it be of the dainty of dainties—trout—is not the most robustious and satisfying for a healthy, hungry dog. We, however, did the best we could by him, feeding him premium dried beef at twenty-five cents per, and whatever from our larder we could spare and he would eat; but he must have wagged his tail with evident relief when he returned to the fleshpots of home, for he was gaunt and hollow from his menu of fish, alas! too oft but the bones.

That was a battle royal Bob waged with Miller's old black dog just when the wagon was starting for home. Miller, his dogs and kids, vulture-like, were on hand to see what they might pounce upon, when before some unknown cause Bob, who liked not the pack of 'em, man, kids, dogs, pounced upon the old dog. It was short, sharp, fierce, and created no end of excitement for a few moments. Luckily for Bob, the old dog was shy on teeth or it would have gone hard with him.

Shortly upon his return home Bob got into an unpremeditated mix-up with a man, a horse and a churn; the horse was frightened, the churn broken, the man wrought to a mighty wrath.irate and obdurate he sought out Pap, who, as alleged owner of the dog, was demanded to make good. Pap, with the instincts of the true sportsman, demurred, and started forth on a visit among his legal friends with a view to discovering the status of the dog and his master before the majesty of the law. After completing the circle of the half dozen shining legal lights of his fellow Nessmukers (feeling in kind) and finding it more disconcerting than a case of school discipline *a loco parentis*, he settled. Bob was banished.

Poor fellow, we missed him next year.

WILLIAM WALTERS CHAMPION.

Susquehanna River Fishing Notes.

SAYRE, Pa., Oct. 8.—The law permits the use of eel pots or fish baskets for catching eels, provided the user of such a device has previously procured a license, which is described as being in force only from the 25th day of August to the 1st day of December of the year in which it is issued, it being necessary to renew the license annually. The eel crop is said to be unusually large this season, and experts estimate that 20,000 eels have already been caught. A local river fisherman lately caught 1,700 eels during a single night, so it may reasonably be inferred that the above total estimate is under rather than above the actual figure.

Dip nets of prescribed size may be used during the remainder of the year for the taking of carp, eels, catfish, and suckers in waters not inhabited by trout, and as a result, this class of fish are being taken in considerable quantities both in Susquehanna and tributary waters.

The bass and pike fishing has been poor for some time, owing to the peculiar conditions of the river which sometimes obtain at this season of the year. Improvement, however, is anticipated to occur shortly.

M. CHILL.

Water Pollution.

ALTOONA, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At a regular meeting of the executive board of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club and Fish and Game Protective Association, held at the club house, our attention was called to the fact that dead fish in large numbers were frequently seen along the banks of the streams below Tyrone and Roaring Springs, and that upon investigation it was the unanimous opinion of our informants that this destruction of fish was caused by the poisoning of the water by the refuse from the paper mills, tanneries, etc., located on the headwaters of said streams, being permitted to flow into the same. We were urged to take some action in the matter, and requested to let the result of said action be known to the public in general; therefore, be it resolved:

First—That a committee of two members from the Blair County Branch of the League of American Sportsmen, one from the Altoona Rod and Gun Club, the Tyrone Rod and Gun Club, the Huntingdon Rod and Gun Club, and the Ryde Fishing Club, be appointed to wait on the proprietors of all these industries located on the Juniata River and its tributaries, and request them, in a friendly way, to try and adopt some means to stop the pollution and poisoning of said streams.

Second—That a reasonable length of time be allowed them to complete the arrangements for the purifying of all refuse that is now allowed to flow into the streams, and if, at the expiration of said time limit, they have made no steps to accomplish said result, then instruct said committee to adopt some other means to accomplish their purpose.

Third—That the public in general who have the protection of our fish at heart, be, and hereby is, appointed a committee of the whole to assist in this work.

We would also suggest that each organization pay the expenses of said committeeman while on duty in this capacity.

The secretary is also requested to send a copy of these resolutions to Mr. Meehan, Commissioner of Fisheries, to our local fish commissioner, to our two legislative representatives, to all the above mentioned organizations, to all our local newspapers, and to FOREST AND STREAM.

By order of the executive board Altoona Rod and Gun Club and Game and Fish Protection Association.

W. G. CLARK, Secretary.

Grilse on a Trout Rod.

LARGE salmon begin to run up the rivers of Newfoundland toward the end of June, and the best fishing comes early in July, while the time to shoot caribou is after September 1. Few of us are able to make two such long trips in one year, and fewer still can devote a whole summer to sport, so that it seemed as if we must either take the caribou and regret the salmon, or be satisfied with the salmon and dispense with the deer.

In September of last year I had a very successful trip after caribou, but was filled with longing to fish those superb rivers when their chief glory was on hand for business, so this year planned to reach the island about the middle of August, put in the first two weeks in fishing, and go up to the barrens about the time when the deer were cleaning their horns, so getting a fair sample of each sport.

It was late on August 12 when we reached the Junction River, and early next morning we began whipping that splendid stream, but to our great disappointment three days' hard work yielded only a few trout and one small grilse; so we broke camp and went up Grand Lake, ten miles to Hurd's Brook. Here we found the water very low and no fish of any kind; broke camp again, rowed to the Sandy Lake River, and went up that stream to the first rapid without seeing a fish. I had my trout rod mounted, and cast in every likely place with no rises, so, while the guides were getting ready to haul the dories up the rapid, walked up the stream a few yards and cast again. As the flies circled over an eddy there was a tremendous rush and a gleam of silver, but no touch on the flies. Of course, I should have put on a stronger leader and a salmon fly and waited at least five minutes before casting again, but I was too ignorant and too eager for this, and cast again and again. That salmon rose six times and then went down in disgust and stayed down.

I ordered the boys to find a good place and make camp, and our whole party proceeded to string themselves along that rapid and whip the water. I put a small salmon fly on my light trout leader, went up to the head of the rapid and cast some distance above the first break. Instantly there was a convulsion in the water, a tremendous drag on the line, a leap into the air, and that fish started down the rapid, leaping every few feet, with myself splashing and scrambling through water and over rocks in his wake, while the reel screamed and the little rod bent almost to the breaking point. He bounded gaily past one of my companions, who cast wildly after him, seeing only the fish and paying no attention to the man in tow. Him I ob-jurgated with what breath I could spare and continued my wild career, until my locomotive paused in the big pool below. There he circled, jumping every now and then, while I wound in line and got my breath, and at last drew him slowly toward my guide who stood ready to gaff. For some incomprehensible reason that guide, as the line came close to him, took hold of it; there was a little jerk against his hand, the light leader snapped and my fish was gone.

Such a situation makes one realize how imperfect and inadequate are words for the complete expression of thought; but I did my poor best to be equal to the occasion. My line wasn't touched again during the whole trip, so, perhaps, all was said that was really necessary.

There are four rapids on this stream below the foot of Deer Lake, and there were plenty of salmon in all of them. No larger fish took our flies, only grilse running from three to five pounds, so after the first day we put up the salmon rods and used only our six-ounce trout rods, with one No. 8 salmon fly, double hook—the Newfoundland rivers being so clear that a

large fly is of no use. What sport we did have! We would lose at least two fish out of every three hooked, so we had all the fun and did not kill more fish than could be used, which is the perfection of fishing to my notion.

Black bass? Pooh! Speckled trout? Stuff! Rain-bow trout? Bosh! Grayling? Fiddle! I have caught them all over and over again, and they don't for an instant compare with the acrobatic grilse. The salmon is the king of fish, and to take grilse on a trout rod is as good sport as this world has to give.

A. ST. J. NEWBERRY.

Fish and Fishing.

The Quinnot Salmon in Maine.

THE examination at Washington of the supposed specimen of the Quinnot salmon sent from Pierce Pond in Maine, proves that the fish was simply a large and somewhat unusual specimen of the ouananiche or land-locked salmon, though Colonel Haggard has but little doubt that one of the fish caught by him in that locality was the product of some of the western fish planted in those waters by the Fishery Commissioners. The particular fish sent to Washington was one which had been caught by Mr. Le Messervy, who has camps on Pierce Pond, and the Colonel now regrets that some of the other fish out of the same water were not sent to Washington, for they were, he says, very distinct from the one which has been examined; sufficiently so, in fact, to convince him of the existence there of two distinct species of the salmonidae. Local people seemed to think that the fish resembling that which went to Washington were the stranger fish, however, and the others the ordinary land-locks, and this is how it was that none of the latter were sent for identification. Colonel Haggard tells me that he caught salmon there so very different in all respects from that which has just been declared to be a landlocked one, that he is positive as to the existence of two distinct species in Pierce Pond, though he is unable to say whether one variety is the Quinnot, the steelhead, or what it may be. It is understood that the Maine commissioners have planted both the steelhead salmon and also the Quinnot salmon in certain of their waters, and it will be interesting to note the results. Some of the land-locked variety recently taken out of Pierce Pond are said to have reached sixteen pounds in weight.

The Striped Bass of the St. Lawrence.

Some of the Canadian newspapers have been printing a paragraph relating, as a most unusual occurrence, the capture in a weir, a few miles below Quebec, in the River St. Lawrence, of what they call a bar. Now, the fish known to Canadians as the bar is simply the striped bass (*Morone saxatilis*) of Bloch, and far from a fish of 32 pounds possessing claims to be regarded as of exceptional size, it is a well known fact that this variety of the bass has been known to attain to the weight of 60 and even of 100 pounds. Frank Forrester reports having seen one of 43 pounds, and asserts that they sometimes weigh 70 to 80 pounds, while Dr. Goode refers to one that weighed 112 pounds. Twenty to 40 pounds is not an extraordinary weight for the specimens of this fish which are taken by anglers off the coasts of the Eastern States and of the Maritime Provinces of the Dominion, but it is an undoubted fact that there has been a great falling off in recent years in the size of the striped bass caught in the St. Lawrence River, consequent upon the immense slaughter of immature fish which has been permitted for a long time past. I have seen hundreds of these fish, weighing only a few ounces each, taken out of weirs, and also upon the fish markets of Montreal and Quebec, and until such time as the Federal Government places a limit upon the size of the fish that may be taken or sold, and attends to its enforcement, large specimens cannot, of course, be expected in the St. Lawrence.

Only one of the authors who have recorded the existence of this fish in the St. Lawrence, has referred to the name "bar," which is given it by the French-Canadians. This was Sir John Richardson, in his "Fauna Boreali Americana." Jordan and Everman do not record the occurrence of this fish in the St. Lawrence, though they state that it occurs as far north as New Brunswick, and also occasionally in Lake Ontario. But there is no doubt at all of the bar of the St. Lawrence being the true striped bass. Whether we take into consideration its external appearance, its gameness as a sporting fish, or the quality of its flesh, it is equally desirable. In color it is olivaceous and silvery, often brassy-tinged, sides paler, marked with seven or eight continuous or interrupted blackish stripes, one of them being along the lateral line. It is these stripes or bars which give the fish the name by which it is known in French Canada. Small as is the usual run of striped bass at present caught in the weirs in the vicinity of Quebec, the annual catch amounts to some 10,000 pounds per annum.

Among the islands below the Isle of Orleans, which are first reached at a distance of some twenty-five miles from Quebec, the striped bass is fished for with a troll. The bait used is a small fish, a spoon, or a piece of meat. No rod is employed at this sport, the fishing being done with hand-lines from schooners, and the sport is best during a light breeze. A long and strong line is used, which is thrown by hand to a considerable distance from the boat, with the aid of the sinker attached to it some few feet above the hook. The best fishing is done during the rising tide, and there is every reason to believe that the fish would take the fly in the St. Lawrence, if properly tried, just as they do in the Passaic and at the Falls of the Potomac. In any case there is no reason why the sport of catching the striped bass in the St. Lawrence should not be very much improved by the use of rods and lines in the place of hand-lines only.

Capture of a Big Whale.

One of the biggest captures reported in the St. Lawrence for some time past was reported some days ago from the mouth of the Moisie. A couple of fishermen noticed a large black object out at sea, and putting out in their boats for a couple of miles or so they found that it was an enormous whale, and summoned assistance. The

huge cetacean measured 72 feet in length, and had apparently been killed by sharks, a number of which fought with the fishermen for possession of the carcass, having already bitten several pieces from its body. Ten fishermen succeeded in towing the whale ashore, but eight sharks were killed during the fight for it, several of the savage brutes following the whale right up to the beach, the water where they were slain being colored with their blood. An enormous quantity of oil was made from the carcass of the whale, and now two whaling stations are to be established in the Lower St. Lawrence, fitted out with all necessary appliances for turning the carcasses of whales into commercial products, and to be operated by a joint stock company which proposes to go very extensively into the project. Both the humped-back and sulphur-bottom whales are very numerous at present in the Gulf and Lower St. Lawrence, though the Right or Greenland whale, the most valuable of its species, is now comparatively scarce.

Ouananiche for Hatching Purposes.

Mr. Marcoux, who has charge of the salmon and ouananiche hatchery at Roberval, Lake St. John, has secured about 150 large ouananiche in the Salmon River, a branch of the Ashuapmouchouan, for hatchery purposes. They are now inclosed in a pond and will be stripped some time next month, and their spawn placed in the hatchery. Mr. Marcoux also expects a large lot of salmon eggs from the Tadoussac ponds, which will be hatched out next spring at Roberval for planting in Lake St. John waters.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Fly-Casters and Bait-Casters.

"O scaly Maine, to give me such a deal,
To hand me such a bunch when I was true!"

Editor Forest and Stream:

After reading the article by Mr. Francis L. Green anent "Belgrade and Some Digressions," I decided it was necessary to take the floor, although the first inclination was to treat his communication as "a passing dotty dream." His flobert rifle broadside lacks both aim and penetration, and he should not go gunning again without a guide.

However lowly a citizen the writer may be, it is nevertheless painful to see his name so many times mingled with the "loups of kindergarten chin" and brought into such intimate association with Mr. Green's ego phrases. Especially is this true when the guilty party proves to be one who should be a friend.

Mr. Green has marked me as a fly-fisherman guilty of putting on paper much "self-laudatory vainglory" (please define the phrase) whereas by all the gods I most solemnly affirm that in the article he criticises I posed as a member of the united order of plain pluggers; in other words, the article placed me in the same class among anglers as the gentleman from Pennsylvania, and I have been attacked by what should be a friendly pen. The smoke clouds of his native city have dimmed his vision momentarily and he did not read me aright.

Mr. Green quotes from my article the following: "The gentlemen who have reached this high estate (fly-fishing) can climb no higher in piscatorial altitudes; they can breathe no more rarified atmosphere; they stand on the summit and look down with pity on their brethren who are groping below." He calls this paragraph self-laudation. Now in these lines I attempted to wax sarcastic and my remarks would be labeled as sarcasm (however poor) by any intelligent reader. I did not think it necessary to mark the paragraph, for it did not occur at the time that a mortal of such density as the gentleman from Pennsylvania might exist in the universe at large; however, there is the consolation that a more explicit utterance would have left Mr. Green without the opportunity to over-tax the furrows of his cerebrum, and the world would not have received the benefit of his melodious sob.

I would convey to the dean of pluggers the following impressions; his comments on my lack of wisdom in doing what he is pleased to term, "holding my companions up to public ridicule," are unwarranted; I did not mention names in the article, and if among the many professional men and others who fished at Belgrade there are men who think I spoke directly of them, it must be due to the fact that I spoke truly, and the truth is always a fit subject for publication except where malice is the motive. I have not taken any man's name in vain, much less that of a friend. I have not lost any friends; and at any rate the question broached by Mr. Green is one which can readily be taken up by those concerned without the intervention of any self important personage who would howl over that with which he rightly has no concern. If Mr. Green represents any of the men whose peculiarities I was so unfortunate as to observe, let him speak out, or if, as I strongly suspect, he is an angler with a full knowledge of his frailties, hard hit by some one of the harmless paragraphs I have been guilty of writing, let him declare himself.

Behold the following extracts from the communication of the gentleman from Pennsylvania:

"Bait-casting requires more skill in manipulation than fly-casting. The fly-caster uses his tackle as a whip; the bait-caster has to guide his bait and manipulate his reel delicately at the same time to prevent back-lashing. That is much the more difficult. He also has the same problems to solve with unresponsive fish."

"The fly-caster knows nothing whatever as to what fly his fish will take, or whether they will take it at all. A fly-fisherman is a misnomer. In most instances he should better be designated as an owner of tackle in high-keyed color schemes festooned with some fishing ideas."

"The greater factor (in fly-fishing) is to swell, strut and vaingloriously boast of the fly-fisher's superiority over every other class of fishermen on earth, the bait-fisherman in particular."

Now, I venture to say that the old subject of fly-fishing versus bait-fishing has never received a more valuable and forcible contribution than these immortal

utterances, and that the number of contributions of equal par value is as small as the aggregate of times when Mr. Green has actually indulged himself with fly-casting.

At last the bait-casters have been properly championed by one who is competent to draw comparisons, for has he not "fished with bait and fly?"—yes, side by side, worm on one hook, fly on the other, joining hands for a common purpose, floating down through the ripples.

"The fly-caster uses his tackle as a whip." How wonderfully doth the gentleman of experience deal with the subject of fly-casting in this short, weighty sentence. By this line alone we realize that the hand of a master is revealed to us. This pregnant statement entitles Mr. Green to the seat in the hall of fame rendered vacant by his removal of Izaak Walton therefrom, and I would respectfully suggest that he at once be given a reclining chair therein, and that over his head there be emblazoned those soulful words: "The fly-caster uses his tackle as a whip."

Taking the sentence as a text, and inspired and spurred on to zealous effort by the rest of Mr. Green's heart-burning remarks, I would take up the cudgel after him and, in my poor way, follow in the road which my brother plugger has already macadamized and illuminated, and attempt to amplify, and bring out the hidden wealth and beauty of his remarks.

"Lay on, old pard."

Brother fly-caster, even as the rustic, with his larch pole idly plays it over the back of lean Pegasus, or failing to rouse the plodding horse, tickles him gently by the withers, or flays him roundly on the ribs, so dost thou angle with thy light rod and line and flies, using thy tackle as a whip; verily, and in truth dost thou whip the water, using the line and the flies thereof as a lash, and the most delicious moments of thy pleasures are thus spent in snapping the whip. Infancy can ply thy tackle, for is it not but whalebone in thy hand?

That dean of pluggers and sage of all fish craft, Mr. Green, of Pittsburg, and myself know that this is the epitome of your craft and that the "greater factor" of your art "is to swell, strut and vaingloriously boast of the fly-caster's superiority over every other class of fishermen on earth, the bait-fisherman in particular." "The bait-caster has to guide his bait and manipulate his reel delicately, at the same time to prevent back-lashing." This is much the more difficult. It is a mere nothing to get out sixty or seventy feet of enamel line smoothly and evenly, so that the flies fall gently on the water, and to do it time and time again with graceful action and wrist movement; nothing to overcome the difficulties of casting where there is no room for a back cast. There is no skill displayed in casting under obstructions or in dropping the flies at the edge of the foam. All this and more is merely child's play—the using of your tackle as a whip. As you "know nothing whatever as to what fly the fish will take, or whether they will take it at all"—there is no need for your varied assortment of flies—any bunch of poultry down on any old hook, annexed in any old way, will do as well—the more down on the hook, the merrier the snap of the whip—thus says the dean of pluggers, and thus say I, his ill-used contemporary.

But now for the contrast—bait-fishing, the "delicate art"—it is much the more difficult, for you must "guide the bait" and "manipulate the reel delicately at the same time to prevent back-lashing." True, in fly-fishing you do a little back-lashing and all around lashing with your tackle as a whip; but that is nothing compared to the skill employed in thumbing the reel to prevent the line from falling over itself in its anxiety to be out and doing. Think of the mental calculations to be indulged in telegraphing to be done by the brain to the various voluntary muscles operating the thumb, so that the frog may be gently guided in his journey through the depths of air, to fall at the precise spot on the edge of the lily pads, where his arch enemy awaits the splash; a few feet less in the cast or a slight divergence from the spot fixed upon would not have brought the result, for the splash and the bait are so invisible and inaudible.

Then think of the various baity problems that the tired brain must solve; whether to use brook minnows or shiners, speckled frogs or green frogs, helgramites or crawfish, crickets or grasshoppers, and so down the scale; whether to hook the frog in the upper or lower lip or in the left floating rib or through the flipper, whether to impale the minnow through the lip or by the tail and, last, but not least, the knotty problem wrapped up in the worm—blood-worm, dug-worm and the shifty, lusty night-walker—where to hook him, how to hook him, how many to place on the hook and the proper amount of squirm and wriggle. Think of the patience required to fish beside your neighbor with a substantial amount of bait in your boat but no fish, and to find that the fish are feeding well on his plantation but are not even grazing in your pasture; you ask him what bait he is using, and he replies, cock-roaches, an animal which heretofore you have left off your bait list. Then again, when the fish goes for "any old bunch of feathers" he grabs it right before your eyes, and you know just when to snap the whip. But in bait-fishing, when your frog disappears below the surface and strolls over the bottom it takes a past master at the art to tell what is doing; whether he has tied himself to the bottom or gone to sleep under a log, or whether he has been grabbed by a bass. When you are sure he has been grabbed, then to determine when the psychological moment for the long and strong pull has arrived. The delicate sense of touch by which the bait-fisherman is able to tell just what his quarry is doing, and the deep finesse and false cord play by which a timid nibble is nursed into a lusty strike are the developments only of much seeking in the field of bait-fishing.

Then again, my brother fly-fishermen, do not think that it is an easy task to get to that point in bait-fishing where you can adjust baits of all varieties on your hook without a quail; it is easy with the worm, for he is meek and lowly and makes but small appeal to humanity, but let me say that you who whip with the airy-fairy, inanimate and artificial fly (be it the spinach

from the bosom of an aged Plymouth Rock or the feather of a strutting jungle cock), know nothing of the anguish of the soft-hearted bait-fisher, when, with hook in hand, he for the first time gazes into the mute appealing orbs of a struggling batrachian, while his own lachrymal glands threaten a deluge, and a lady member of the C. P. C. A. throws a glance that Tommy-hawks his soul.

Still, again, fly-fisherman, while a fly-book is the sole baggage of your trade, our implements of fishery are so multitudinous that we must perforce lug around a small tin trunk. I would speak now of the tackle box with its lacquered sides and gold-leaf, filled to overflowing with sinkers and a host of needed chattels and the disgorged, that saver of life, the bait-fisherman's right bower; that revealer of the innermost secrets of fish, a saver of hooks; on horn-pouts and pickerel a necessity, on bass very useful, especially below the epiglottis; as essential to the bait-fisher as the ax to the woodsman.

And lastly I would present to the fly-fishing fraternity the subject of bait-casting with artificial baits, and here some absent treatment tells me that I will gain a fervent amen from the dean of pluggers. The art of bait-casting reached its highest point of development of recent years with the advent of artificial baits, or, rather baits which resemble nothing in particular, but are creations following the whims of their makers or exponents. Even as the first artificial flies followed the colors and form of the natural insects; but later-day "killers" resemble no insect on earth, so in baits we have progressed by easy stages from artificial minnows and frogs to minnows of gorgeous raiment and goo-goo eyes, and from this point to any old doodle-bug, until now the highest achievements of the maker's art are exemplified by such wonderful baits as the Yellow Kid and the Shifty Sadie, and animated clothes-pins, bristling with double and treble hooks, in bunches and in clusters tied on, glued on and stuck on. Baits of tin, aluminum, bronze and boiler plate, of glass, celluloid and wood, built on torpedo boat lines or following the model of a Havana perfecto, all warranted to allure, tempt, attract and arouse all the latent ire and fighting qualities of our game fish, and guaranteed to hook the fish if he comes within six inches of the tentacles, and if he should lucklessly close his jaws on any of the tin ware, \$1,000 reward is offered by the makers for an instance on record where a fish has actually escaped and survived the ordeal of resisting the hooking qualities of "de gangs."

Brother fly-fisherman, it takes an artist to cast one of these half-pound conglomerates; 'tis easy to whip the water with your flies; but think of the muscular energy necessarily developed by the good right arm when your bait-caster literally swats and trounces the water with a quarter section of enervated junk; a swing to port, a screeching lunge to starboard, and for a few seconds the destroyer pirates over the calm surface of the lake, on even keel with all guns bristling. Woe to the luckless enemy who dares to cross its path or even flirt with its rudder; his death is as certain as a tax on real estate! While you are content with flies of early make, in use for many years, such is the strident nature of our art that each spring brings us a coop of new devilties, thicker and more varied than Easter bonnets. For your coachman we have the coxer, for your yellow May the yellow kid, for your Parmacheenee-belle the immortal Bedelia (long suggestive of the undertaker), and a small army of lesser lights, among which may be enumerated the bugaloo, the soaker, the Cinderella, the killer and the Susan nipper, each in its proper sphere, and one and all the embodiment of ideas which chase themselves in our dreams and disturb the tranquility of our slumbers like goats upon a tin roof.

It has taken much from this flighty pen to attempt a portrayal of the beauties of bait-fishing and to assail the fly-fisherman in his citadel. Mr. Green has accomplished more by a few short paragraphs. I hope, however, that I am not altogether "small change in Mamie's scorn." We may some day join hands and collaborate on this great subject.

KENNETH FOWLER.

Square Tails of Portage Lake.

SOUTH ORANGE, N. J.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I thought it might be interesting to the readers of your paper to know that in August, while staying at Oak Point Camp, Portage Lake, Me., my brother, Stanley Babson, 12 years of age, caught on rod and reel a 6¼-pound square-tailed brook trout. This fish was the largest of that variety ever taken in that vicinity, measuring 26 inches in length. I was in the boat at the time, and our guide was Henry McCormack, of Portage, Me. The fish was not particularly gamy, considering his size. There are many large trout taken in this locality, but anything over 5 pounds is an extreme rarity. I understand that further up the line of the B. & A. Railroad, at Square Lake, larger trout are sometimes taken. I note a record of two square-tailed brook trout, 9 and 7 pounds, respectively, taken in this locality. These fish were spoken of as the two largest ever taken in northeastern Maine. Can you inform me as to the validity of this report, and whether the fish in question were taken on rod and reel? Of course I understand that much larger square-tailed trout are taken from the Rangeley Lakes.

CLIFFORD R. BABSON.

"Of Second Nature."

BOSTON, Mass.—I have taken FOREST AND STREAM from the first number issued, as well as Rod and Gun from its start to its merging with FOREST AND STREAM, and have complete file to date. It has become a habit of second nature for me to look for its arrival; and I enjoy its columns as of yore. I have a curiosity to know if you have many names on your list that have been there constantly from first issue of Rod and Gun and FOREST AND STREAM? With best wishes for future prosperity of FOREST AND STREAM, I am

C. W. CHAMBERLAIN.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

The Nose as a Bait.

L. Roy, member of the firm of Roy & Roy, is home from a trip to his old home in eastern Canada. Mr. Roy says that he had some great fishing while away, catching one day several pickerel in the St. John's River, one of them being over three feet long. "I can tell you a fish story that some people won't believe," said Mr. Roy, "but I'll swear it's true. A man and his twelve-year-old son were fishing in the St. John's while I was there. The boy was leaning over the side of the boat peering into the water, when a maskinongé, seeing his nose touching the water, and thinking it a bait, made a run for it and grabbed the nose. The boy yelled and threw himself back into the boat, pulling the fish with him. I saw the fish, and it weighed 15 pounds. I saw the boy, too, and he had his nose wrapped with bandages and plasters, the fish's teeth having lacerated the member badly. Aside from a very sore nose and being badly frightened, the boy was all right when I saw him last."—American Lumberman.

The Kennel.

National Beagle Club of America.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Fifteenth Annual Field Trials of the National Beagle Club of America will be held at Mineola, Long Island, during the week commencing October 31, 1904. The headquarters of the club will be at John's Hotel, Mineola, L. I.

Premium lists, entry blanks, and full information relating to the trials will be forwarded to anyone upon application to the undersigned.

CHARLES R. STEVENSON, Secretary.

Points and Flushes.

Dr. H. B. Anderson, who a few years ago devoted his attention to dog training and handling for a time, and then returned to his profession, has decided that, owing to the need of a more healthful occupation, he will resume training again, a vocation in which he made a distinguished success. He will locate at Girdletree, Md., where he will be pleased to receive dogs to train. Dr. Anderson is well and favorably known as an expert trainer and reliable gentleman.

Canoeing.

Officers of A. C. A., 1904.

Commodore—C. F. Wolters, 14 Main St. E., Rochester, N. Y.
Secretary-Treasurer—John Sears Wright, 519 West Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—W. A. Furman, Trenton, N. J.
Rear-Commodore—Frank C. Hoyt, New York.
Purser—Chas. W. Stork, Trenton, N. J.
Executive Committee—Louis C. Kretzmer, New York, N. Y.; Edward M. Underhill, Yonkers, N. Y.; J. C. MacLister, Philadelphia, Pa.
Board of Governors—R. J. Wilkin, 164 Montague St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Racing Board—H. L. Quick, Yonkers, N. Y.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—H. W. Breitenstein, 511 Market St., Pittsburg, Pa.
Rear-Commodore—Frank D. Wood, Buffalo, N. Y.
Purser—Frank C. Demmler, 526 Smithfield St., Pittsburg, Pa.
Executive Committee—Jesse J. Armstrong, Rome, N. Y.; H. C. Hoyt, 26 S. Goodman St., Rochester, N. Y.
Board of Governors—C. P. Forbush, 164 Crescent Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
Racing Board—Harry M. Stewart, 85 Main St. E., Rochester, N. Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Henri Schaeffer, Manchester, N. H.
Rear-Commodore—H. M. S. Aiken, 45 Milk St., Boston, Mass.
Purser—Edw. B. Stearns, Manchester, N. H.
Executive Committee—B. F. Jacobs, Jr., West Medford, Mass.; D. S. Pratt, Jr., Wellesley Hills, Mass.; Marcus Butler, Lawrence, Mass.; William W. Crosby, Woburn, Mass.
Board of Governors—Paul Butler, U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.
Racing Board—Paul Butler, U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.; H. D. Murphy, alternate.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Chas. W. McLean, 303 St. James St., Montreal, Canada.
Rear-Commodore—J. W. Sparrow, Toronto.
Purser—J. V. Nutter, Montreal, Canada.
Executive Committee—C. E. Britton, Gananoque, Ont.; Harry Page, Toronto.
Board of Governors—J. N. MacKendrick, Galt, Ont.
Racing Board—E. J. Minet, 125 Vitre St., Montreal, Canada.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Burton D. Munhall, care of Brooks Household Art Co., Cleveland, O.
Rear-Commodore—Chas. J. Stedman, National Lafayette Bank Cincinnati, O.
Purser—Geo. A. Hall, care of Bank of Commerce, Cleveland, O.
Executive Committee—Thos. P. Eckert, 31 West Court St., Cincinnati, O.; Dr. H. L. Frost, 10 Howard St., Cleveland, O.
Board of Governors—Henry C. Morse, Peoria, Ill.

How to Join the A. C. A.

From Chapter I., Section 1, of the By-Laws of the A. C. A.: "Application for membership shall be made to the Secretary, and shall be accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and by the sum of two dollars, one dollar as entrance fee and one dollar as dues for the current year, to be refunded in case of non-election of the applicant."

A. C. A. Executive Committee Meeting.

To the Members of the Executive Committee, Board of Governors and Racing Board:

The annual executive meeting of the American Canoe Association will be held at Rochester, N. Y., October 15, 1904.

C. F. WOLTERS, Commodore.

JOHN S. WRIGHT, Sec'y-Treas.

Sawennishat C. C.

In the early spring of 1903, nine of the charter members of the Sawennishat C. C. purchased the eight-acre tract of land on the west shore of Irondequoit Bay, known as the Edgerton property, with house, barn and other buildings. It is without doubt the most beautiful spot within many miles of Rochester, being entirely under timber, the most of which is pine and chestnut, situated in a valley through which runs a stream of clear spring water; hills on either side rising to the height of 150 feet. After the purchase of the property, the nine stockholders with eight others incorporated the Sawennishat C. C. The house being too small for the requirements of the club it was enlarged; a new spring

was struck which flows 18 cubic feet during the dry summer months. New docks were built and new grading had to be done, all of which was not completed until the first of June, but on Decoration Day, 1903, the club house was formally occupied. The club house, while not of as elaborate construction as some of its neighbors, is as convenient as it was possible to make it. The lower floor, or cellar as it is called, is used as a boat room, having a dirt floor, which is of great advantage in not allowing the boats to dry out during the winter months that they are not in use. In front are double doors opening on a long canoe dock; along the side of the room are lockers for the sailor men. The second, or main floor, has a veranda 64 feet long, running across the entire front and extending along either side. On this floor is situated a large living room,

dining room, kitchen, men's bunk room, locker room and shower baths and steward's quarters. The large bunk room runs the entire length of the western side, having windows on three sides, giving perfect ventilation on the warm summer nights. On the third floor are to be found the private rooms for the married members, and bath and toilet.

The season of 1904 was a very prosperous one, and very gratifying to the promoters. There are several names before the club for election and the prospects for the coming year are very bright. The house is kept open the year round and in the winter there is skating, tobogganing and other winter sports. The club is limited to twenty-five members. The officers are: S. G. Raymond, Commodore; C. E. Hoyt, Vice-Commodore; W. H. Sampson, Purser.

YACHTING

A Cruise on Lake Ontario.

THE man who undertakes to write an interesting account of a summer cruise on Lake Ontario starts with a bad handicap. Our cruising conditions are usually so favorable that the only chance of securing incidents to make a spicy yarn is to start on your voyage with a badly found boat and an incompetent crew. Given a leaky boat, worn out rigging, rotten sails, and a crew cheerfully careless of harbor lights, buoys, and charts, you have a fair chance of leading a life of startling adventure and hair-breadth escapes; but given a "right little, tight little" vessel, a canny skipper and a good crew, life afloat is apt to be monotonously safe and uneventful.

The little vessel whose adventures I am about to relate is an excellent boat of her type. She was designed by Mr. W. P. Stephens. With a waterline length of 18ft. she has 5ft. 9in. beam, 3ft. draft, and is 21ft. 9in. over all. On her keel she carries 1,000 pounds of iron, and swings aloft in a yawl rig about 300 sq. ft. of canvas.

The crew of Lorna on this present trip to the Bay of Quinte comprised the Skipper and his good friend Watty, who had acquired a thorough knowledge of seamanship in the course of some three years' experience on the half deck of a large ocean vessel. Now, to begin at the beginning, Watty had signed articles to appear at the Union Station, Toronto, at 9 P. M., Friday, July 1. The Skipper, according to promise, met the train, and soon sighted a pale-faced apparition steering through the crowd with a fast returning nautical roll.

"Watty, ahoy!"

"Ay, ay, sir! Just reporting for duty, sir."

"Good! Port your helm, Watty, and we'll steer for York street bridge and then straight down to the water front."

Our course lay down the Royal Canadian Y. C. dock to the end of Noverres' row of boat houses. "Now," I said, "I'll show you the boat," and as I spoke there burst upon the gaze of the man who had walked the half deck of the 225ft. ship a vision of the little Lorna. There she lay in the half light, white, slim, and graceful, with bare spars and clear decks all trim and neat, for every stitch of canvas is taken ashore when not in use. He used half admiringly, half distrustfully, then said: "She's pretty small, isn't she?" "Yes," I replied, "but yachts are like wives—the comfort you derive from them is not always expressed in terms of their size. Much depends on quality and how well they are managed."

Watty grinned acquiescence, and we turned into the boat house to gather together our dunnage and store it on board.

It was nearly midnight ere we finished, for the essence

forward end of the cabin, against the after side of the mast, stands the tool chest, well equipped with essentials for repairs to hull or rigging. The cabin has a fixed starboard bunk and a folding port bunk. The boat having a standing keel, this arrangement gives plenty of foot and leg room in the cabin during the day. The table is formed of a light plank suitably stiffened. One end rests, when in use, on a ledge of the after cabin bulkhead, and the other end is supported by a line passed through two holes in the plank, eyes spliced in the ends of the line being slipped on to hooks in the cabin top. The table is thus easily adjusted to and from the fixed bunk, as suits the crew's convenience.

Our labors ended, Watty squatted on the bunk beside



PRESQU'ÎLE POINT LIGHT.

me, swept his eyes from end to end of the cabin (6ft.), and expressed the opinion that he thought he was going to enjoy himself. He then stripped off his outer garments, rummaged in his dunnage bag, and dragged to light a gorgeous suit of striped pink pajamas. "Oh, ye gods and little fishes! Has it come to this, that the crew, the deck hand and ordinary sea cook must swell it thus before the captain's eyes in roseate splendor, like a bifurcated radish on a spree." The pink pajamas soon disappeared between the blankets, the Skipper followed suit, and all was peace.

The sun rose next morning about 5 hours 5 minutes, and 10 minutes later Lorna cast off her lines and slipped out into the bay before a light land breeze. Out in the lake the land breeze soon left us, but we had small opportunity of bemoaning our luck, for a light S.W. breeze soon sprang up, and all hands settled down for what promised to be a lazy all-day sail to the N.E.

Real gales are very infrequent in summer time on Lake Ontario, and, as heavy winds have usually a good deal of E. or W. in their direction, the danger of being caught on a lee shore may be disregarded with any kind of a weatherly craft. Coasting, therefore, is perfectly safe, and the only object in keeping a fair offing is to make the most of light breezes off the lake, which may become very soft close inshore.

There is nothing exciting in a quiet sail on Lake Ontario on a bright August day, and yet nothing is more enjoyable, particularly on a first day out when the fresh glow of anticipation puts one in a particularly happy and appreciative mood. A light breeze, too, if a fair breeze, speeds a boat merrily on her way. The bold Scarborough bluffs gradually slipped by; the Gothic pinnacles of the Dutch churches carved by wind and water on the face of the escarpment; Port (?) Union, the mouth of the Rouge, and Frenchman's Bay, one by one dropped behind as the day wore on, till round a point ahead Whilby lighthouse hove in sight. But to-day we will have none of Whilby, and with spinnaker drawing we pass it by, with the crew, stripped to his pajamas, dancing hilariously on the cabin top, and casting a rosy radiance over his immediate surroundings.

Port (?) Oshawa comes next, marked on Lorna's chart "L. F., white." Inquiries on a previous occasion disclosed the fact that the fixed white light consisted of a lantern hung on the end of the dock when a vessel was expected to call. Harbor there is none. Next Raby Head looms up, a bluff big and bold, its feet buried beneath a chaos of boulders hidden beneath the lapping waters of the lake.

By 5 P. M. Darlington lies abeam, surely a place of strong religious tendencies, for the lighthouse resembles more a little white church with exaggerated belfry than the Mecca of dock-wallopers and longshoremen.

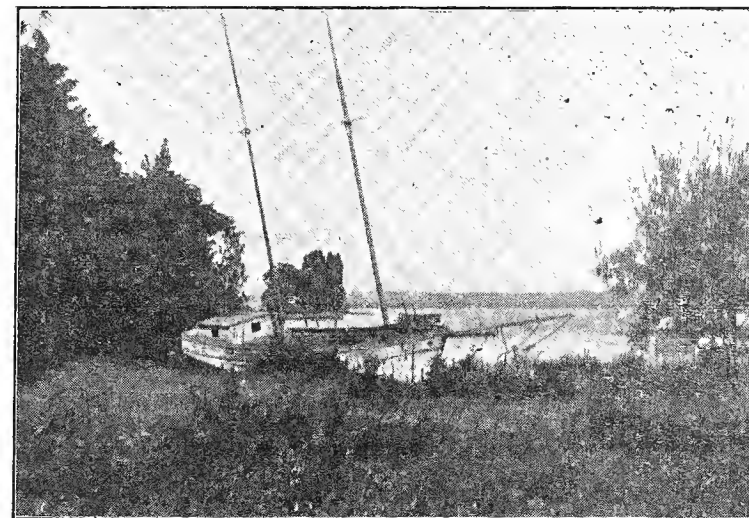
Now our good sou'wester failed at last, and slower and yet slower moved the boat, till we lay idly rocking on the swell. Watty looked disconsolate, till I reminded him that exercise was what he came for, then without a grumble he dropped into the dinghy and towed us into Newcastle harbor. This little harbor is a very good place. A few stonehookers seem its only vehicles of commerce, and the occasional calls of the steamer Argyle the only suggestion of the world "which amuses itself." There are, of course, a few summer cottages near the lake, but the yachtsmen does not feel that they make any undue inroads on his privacy. That evening, while Watty smoked his pipe, the Skipper wrote up his log, and with much satisfaction ticked off 46½ miles to the good.

Sunday changed the program; the lazy run before the wind gave place to a day of wind-jamming in a light to moderate breeze. In such a wind trim sheets to a nicety, give her a free rein, and Lorna will jog herself along to windward in a most independent fashion, while the crew indulge in converse high, or even woo the god of slumber.

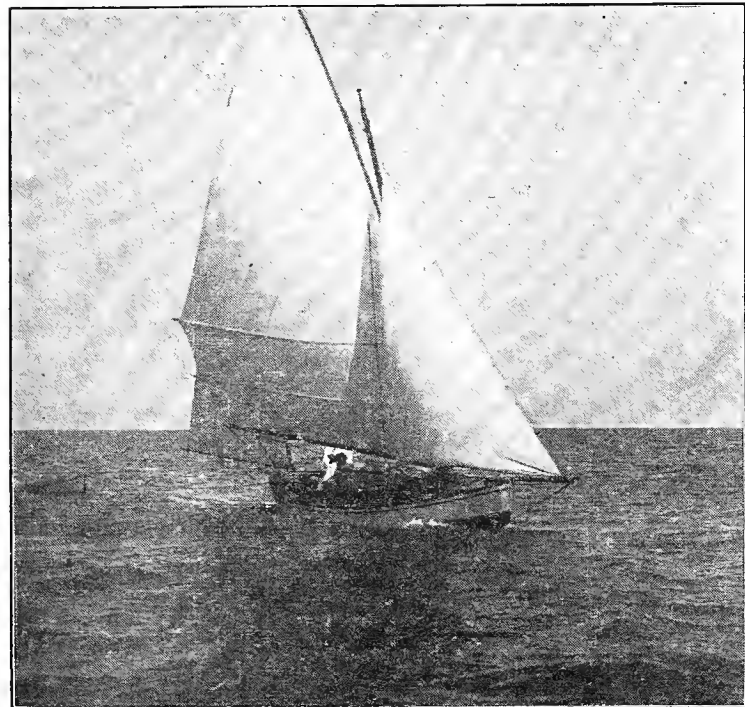
A boat of moderate form and moderate ballast, like Lorna, is a most comfortable sea boat, and shoulders through a head sea in an easy manner quite astonishing to those accustomed to the thundering jar with which the exaggerated bow of a modern racer takes the rhythmic sapphire ridges.

A gray day this was, with hints of coming rain, and the rolling fields and hills along shore seemed cold and sombre. The wind being in the E. gave us a long leg alongshore, and a short leg out into the lake, weltering blue-gray to the misty horizon. This sort of work in a light breeze is somewhat slow and about two miles an hour to the good seemed the best we could do. Early in the afternoon Port Hope came abeam, a small well sheltered harbor, but not our goal. The pretty little town of Cobourg, lying five miles further to the E. suited us better, so still we kept at our unceasing zig-zag. The Gull light we passed to port, giving a wide berth to the rocky shoal on which it is built. All around is plenty of water, but out here a mile and more from shore lies this solitary rock, something unique in this end of our beautiful lake. The Gull past, Cobourg seems practically attained, and by 5:30 P. M. we were slowly sailing by its piers into the inner harbor, which is very small but very snug and quiet in any wind.

Monday morning awoke great expectations on board, for our anchor must remain on deck till Presqu'île at least



"HER DAY'S WORK DONE."
Old Schooner in Presqu'île Cove.



LORNA.

of comfort on a small boat is proper stowage, and that takes time and thought. Then, too, the canvas had to be sent on board and got in shape ready for hoisting, for we contemplated an early start on Saturday morning.

For stowage, Lorna has the forepeak, which is in continuation of the cabin; the space under the cockpit, into which various boxes are slid, and the spaces under the deck around the cockpit. As the latter is merely a water-tight tray drained to the sea, these spaces are open to the cockpit and very easy of access. In the forepeak the blanket rolls and dunnage bags are stowed, and at the

be reached, some 24½ miles to the E. Then one is at the gateway of the famed bevy of Quinte.

By 7 A. M. we were once more out in the lake hammering away against another E. wind, too light and too nearly dead ahead to promise a port before dark. The afternoon was upon us ere the W. end of the low ridge of hills which forms the northern sky line of the western part of the bay began to lift into clear view. There, too, ahead of us certain tree tops begin to peep above the eastern horizon, steadily growing in clearness and size till Watty is prepared to swear it is an island. But, no;

it is only the west end of the head of the peninsula forming the west side of Presqu'ile and Brighton harbors.

The evening fell, and a reddening of the western clouds told us the sun had set. With the growing dusk the E. wind freshened and hopes of a night in port revived within us. Then darkness almost completely closed about us, utterly shutting out the great world. It was small wonder that the growing darkness, the whistling wind, and the dangers of making a difficult port in the darkness of night induced in Watty a slight feeling of nervousness, for to him all this was new. But we are not entirely alone. There to starboard blinks a distant yellow eye. Ah, the Scotch Bonnet! Then to port shines out a nearer glare—Presqu'ile Point light—white, strong, and steady. Toward the Presqu'ile light, and toward the hidden dangers of the Presqu'ile rocks and shoals, we slip along. To pick up Presqu'ile range lights was an absorbing occupation. Ahead to the E. there glimmered a red and a white light. "Looks like Weller Bay," muttered the Skipper; "but still, if they are not the range lights, where in Sam Hill are the range lights? Go forward, Watty, and keep your eyes peeled." We were now on the starboard tack, and Presqu'ile light was hidden from the Skipper by the mainsail. The red and white lights looked so desperately far off that doubt and uncertainty filled his mind. Suddenly Watty hailed, "White light showing, apparently E. of Presqu'ile light." "Ay, ay, Watty! Now we have it," and the Skipper quickly eased off sheets a bit and bore away for the shy twinkler.

Nearer and clearer grows the first range light. There beyond it to the N. is another white light, and beyond that again a red light. Our course is now clear. Keep the white lights in range till the first glides by to port; then keep the second white and the red in range till the second white is passed to starboard; after that either run on N. and anchor near to Brighton piers, or turn to starboard round the second white light and head for the white light marking the channel to the mouth of the Murray Canal.

Our choice was to lay at Brighton, and so about midnight, after a dashing sail up the bay, our anchor rattled down to the bottom in about 10ft. or 12ft. of water, close to the N. shore.

Morning broke heavy and gray, with clouds and mist, anon thundering bursts of driving rain upon us. Late hours at night meant late hours in the morning, and after a late breakfast the crew manifested no undue anxiety to get under way. Toward noon the Skipper tired of inaction, and gave the word "On to Trenton, rain or no rain," and the crew responded with alacrity. A moderate S.E. wind was blowing, enabling us to nicely lay a course for the mouth of the canal. The rain soon ceased to fall, but the wind gradually increased in force.

Once inside the canal, trouble began for the Skipper. The wind was then blowing hard, but the banks of the canal and various groves of trees at times stopped the breeze, and made the sailing most exasperating. Now the wind comes free, then dead ahead; now a zephyr, then suddenly a howling gale. Now we glide along the canal pointing our course, then a foul puff comes and we edge nearer and nearer the sharp stones of the northern bank. "Ready about!" shouts the Skipper, and away we shoot on a short leg of 60 or 70 feet to the weather side. About again, we start once more a long diagonal toward the northern bank. This style of work is varied by the excitement of hauling and passing four swing bridges, an exchange of compliments with the west-bound Mackinaw Tainui, and the receipt of a few remarks on the pleasure of yachting from facetious farmers driving along the tow path.

At last we reach the piers at the E. end of the canal, and swing out into the Bay of Quinte, which a look at the chart will show to resemble almost anything but a bay. On its dark waters, among its wooded islands, and past its many outreaching points, we were now to do our sailing, and while I think of it, take this lesson to your heart—"Buoys wherever found must be carefully followed." If you think you can neglect them with even 3ft. draft, you are mistaken. Between the canal and Trenton a long shoal is marked by three red buoys, which must be left to starboard.

By 4 o'clock we had anchored off Trenton, with the wind still strong from the S.E., and a dirty looking sky overhead. Our hook was hardly down before a large sized, weatherbeaten, serge-clad individual rowed out from the town and announced himself as the "Commodore." He further informed us that our position was not a good one, as the wind was likely to "blow like h— from the S.E.," and advised us to come inside the new cold storage dock. We did so, and found a very snug little spot where we lay with our bow to the dock and a small anchor over the stern. While the Skipper was dropping the anchor, the "Commodore" dropped a pair of huge legs down the hatchway, and surprised Watty with a request for "Some good Scotch whiskey or Canadian would do on a pinch." He got some Canadian, and then, puffing at one of Watty's Pittsburg stogies, proceeded to enlighten us on the failings of well-known yacht skippers and on the manner in which he had tendered good advice to some of them. We are now inclined to think that possibly his advice to us was not altogether disinterested, and perhaps not even necessary.

Trenton is noted as the possessor of an antiquated stable serving as a bridge over the Trent River. This bridge is covered in and has hogged and sagged in so many ways that in profile it is a good deal like the street in Damascus "which is called straight, and which is a little straighter than a corkscrew, but not quite so straight as a rainbow." Trenton has another specialty—a rather high, steep, round-topped hill just at the back of the town. Watty asked a bright looking boy what the name of the hill was. "What hill?" said the boy. "Why that hill," said Watty, pointing with his finger. "That? Oh, that's the mountain," was the reply.

The morning was again dull, cool, and spitting with rain. The wind was fresh from the S.E., but in such sheltered waters the sea, though choppy, was not heavy enough to interfere with speed in windward work. One reef in the mainsail seemed to provide comfortable sailing, so we turned it in and poked our nose out into the open. The course is plain, but "watch well the buoys." One large black cutter evidently had not, for she was being ignominiously towed westward by a snorting tug,

while a man aft kept jerking spouts of clear water out of a large tin pump with its suction end stuck down the hatchway.

This was a day of lively close-hauled work, the boat just laying her course and keeping the land slipping by at about a four-mile gait. Ten miles seem to vanish in no time, and there is the long stretch of Belleville bridge. Watty sends a melodious sea bellow floating off through the megaphone, and grudgingly the bridge keeper opens up enough to let us corkscrew through. A couple of miles further on we pass Massasauga Park and enter Big or Hall Bay. Here the wind has a wider sweep, and getting lunch proved no easy task for Watty, for the boat was lying down to her work, and prancing in most lively fashion.

At the east end of the big bay on the Prince Edward side is the village of Northport, and aft it lies a shoal marked by four red buoys. Now the bay narrows again, and we pass a lighthouse on a little island which gives the range with Belleville light. Then looms up the tall sawdust burners of Deseronto, and the gay summer cottages on Forester's Island.

If your draft is very light you may turn south through the channel west of Forester's Island. With 3ft. or over, take the E. channel and keep outside a buoy near the S. end of the island.

Just before we reached Forester's Island the wind piped up with an ominous whistle in the rigging, and a waving and bending of the trees ashore. A second reef was tied down in the mainsail. Then the mizzen and big jib came down, and a storm jib went up instead. This canvas we held till well S. of Forester's Island in the lovely reach stretching down to Picton, some twelve miles away. To have the pleasure of this sail, it is worth while braving many trying storms and exasperating calms. The water is clear and deep; the banks rise high on either side, robed in many tinted green. Here summer cottages peep through the trees close to the water's edge; there a fresh green cultivated field creeps down the side of a slope.

Now the wind begins to free and fall lighter, so little by little we spread wider wings to the blast, and the patent log clicks a merrier tune. Hay Bay opens up to port and allows the wind a fairer sweep than ever, and faster and yet faster we speed on our way. Watty holds the watch on the log. "What is it, Watty?" "Six just," comes the answer. Now we open up Adolphus Reach stretching away to the E. toward Kingston, and the wind frees yet a trifle more. "What says the log now, Watty?" "Six point three," replies Watty, and so we speed down the cul-de-sac of Picton Bay and drop anchor at 8:05 P. M. in the snug little harbor close to the E. shore. The Skipper enters in his log, "Forty-four miles run; time, 11 hours."

No hurry the next day, as our goal—McDonald's or Prinzyr Cove—is only 15 miles away. So leisurely we "do" the town of Picton, renewing stores and patronizing the post-office. Then with a fresh S.W. wind we run N.W. for Glenora, with one reef in the mainsail. A large open boat starts before us, and afraid, apparently, to run dead before the wind, zig-zags up the bay. We, too steady to fear rolling with free sheets, steer straight as a die and steadily drop the sloop. Soon the little belfry of Glenora church appears high on the sky line around the corner, and we swing E. along the S. shore of Adolphus Reach. In a few minutes we are close upon the stone mills of Glenora, and drop anchor close inshore W. of the dock. Offshore the water is very deep, but those who prefer may tie up at Glenora dock.

Of course we climb up the fine road leading to the top of the height, and seek the celebrated Lake of the Mountain. Picture to yourself a clear, emerald green lake, several hundred acres in extent, set up here high above the bay, the nearest thing to heaven of all around it save the trees. Out of it all day long pours a steady, never-failing flow driving the whirling turbines of the mill below. Days and months may pass, seasons change and years roll on, but still the little lake fails not nor overflows. From the bay side edge of the bluff a splendid panorama spreads out before one. To right and left stretches out Adolphus Reach, with rippling squalls streaking its dark surface. In front lies Glen Island, and off beyond that a silvery shimmer glints through the trees from some of the ramifications of Hay Bay.

But time passes, and we hurry down to our boat to get away for the cove. The next hour and a half was filled with excitement. The wind was heavy and dropping in gusts over the edge of the southern bluffs. Right over the quarter it came, so two-reefed mainsail and whole jib seemed to suit our needs. Not large canvas, but more than enough when a big slaty cloud rolls up overhead, throwing a chill shadow before it and carrying underneath it a dancing shimmer of white. A few spits of rain and then a stinging gust that buries our lee rail and sends us staggering on. A word to Watty sends him forward to drop most of the mainsail, leaving the peak set up between the lifts. Both squall and rain are soon over, and once more we are speeding on our way at a 6-knot gait, and rapidly nearing the E. entrance of the bay. There ahead is the low outline of Amherst Island, and here to starboard the entrance to the cove, hardly suspected till right at hand.

No one could ask a better harbor. A lovely arm of the bay runs inland about a mile with a greatest breadth of less than a quarter mile. The water is deep right up to the shore, and the wooded banks show scarce a sign of human habitation. On the E. side stands a storm signal station, for this is an important harbor of refuge, situated as it is at the extreme N.W. corner of Prince Edward county, with no outside harbor nearer than Kingston. Here we lay quietly till Saturday morning, enjoying to the full the natural pleasures afforded.

Saturday morning we resumed once more the strenuous life, and entered into a wild battle with a W. gale. Reduced to two-reefed mainsail and storm jib, we glided out of the cove and into the fierce chop and whistling squalls of the reach. But, oh, the wild exhilaration of it all! Hatless, with wind-blown hair and spray-wet faces, we bucked into it, the while wind and sun seemed to soak into the very marrow of our bones.

A call at Cressy dock for letters varies the excitement. Inshore we run on the starboard tack close under the lee of the dock; then about and a quick shoot up into the wind just at the corner. Watty, watching his chance, makes a spring, carrying a line with him, and I see him

frantically clawing at the edge of the dock, like a cat trying to climb a brick wall too high for it. But he succeeds at last, and drawing himself on top takes a hasty turn round a snubbing post. "Nearly missed it," he cried. Then he started off for letters. He subsequently explained that the full force of the gale caught him right in the face just as he struck the dock, and came within an ace of dropping him in the briny.

Off once more, and this time with an added excitement. A big three-masted schooner under lower canvas has come into the reach, and there, a mile away to leeward, is tackling the same herring-boning contract we have in hand. Tack after tack we watch her. Quicker in stays than she and outpointing her, we just about make up for her superior footing. As we near Glenora the wind backs a little, and we soon find we have a short leg to the S. and a long leg on our way. The schooner likes this better, and crawls up a little. Now the wind backs right into the S., and we joyfully ease sheets and speed W. with added life. The schooner draws yet a little nearer. Watty eyes her glumly, and fervently wishes the wind would drop a little, so that Lorna could carry all she has. "Never mind wind, Watty, we have a chance yet," and the Skipper puts over the helm and squares away N. for Deseronto. "Get the spinnaker on her, and we'll give that black-hulled tank a chase for her money." The spinnaker is soon ballooning out to port, and the schooner responds with a raffee on her foremast. Watty notes the log—6 point 4—and then makes various bets with no takers that the schooner will catch us by the time we make Forester's Island. But, no! We seem to hold our own—nay, even gain—as the stronger puffs lift our straining spinnaker and sets it tugging at the afterguy. At the corner of Forester's Island our balloon canvas disappears as quickly as a young frog in the presence of a black bass, and our sheets come in for a jog to the W. The wind is falling now, and up go our big jib and the mizzen. About twenty minutes after rounding, Watty looked back toward Deseronto and then shouted, "There she is!" Sure enough, there, a mile and a half astern, that big hooker was just poking her flight of jibs round the corner of the I. O. F. preserve.

The sun had set before we reached Big Bay, and with the sunset the wind died away to a mere summer zephyr. The peace and quiet of the evening rested on us like a benediction after the hurly-burly of the day, and we watched the tawny glow of the sunset fade from the sky and water, feeling that, after all, more than half the charm of nature lay in the very fickleness of her moods. A churning, thudding steamer with her many glaring eyes comes surging up through the gloom astern. A wave of a lantern over our stern sets her swinging off to starboard, and she sweeps by with a tinkle of music and laughter, a fleeting vision of brightness. We follow in her wake, and, swinging to port out of the steamer course, drop anchor under Massasauga Point at 9:15 P. M., well content with the day's work.

Sunday was fitly kept as a day of rest. That is, we walked all over the park, took our time over our meals, and only troubled ourselves to sail to Belleville during the afternoon. There we lay alongside the retaining wall of Queen Victoria Park, just ahead of the old Norah, once a sloop now a schooner. Norah is one of the relics of old Captain Cuthbert, noted as the designer of the Countess of Dufferin and Atalanta, two America's Cup challengers, and also good old Whitewings, for years the champion of her class on the lake, but now a Port-Credit stonehooker. Here we stayed till 11:30 Monday morning, needing stores and having correspondence to attend to.

A light W. wind set us once more at the old wind-jamming game, and the Belleville bridge tender saw to it that we had a little more of the corkscrew experience squirming through his half-opened bridge. By 5 o'clock we had made the canal entrance. The wind was light and dead ahead, and Watty looked inquiringly at the Skipper, seeking to know what was to happen next. In about ten minutes he knew all about it, and found himself out on the tow path at one end of a hundred feet of line, the other being made fast half way up the mast to keep the line clear of the rough stones of the bank. Steadily he settled down to work, musing the while on the hardships of dry land yachting, and anon dispersing a school of dry land porpoises in the shape of cows. The day was cool and the sun getting low, so the conditions were favorable for active exercise, and the Skipper did not fail to impress upon Watty the beneficial effects of towing on the liver, or to encourage him by making commendatory remarks to all we met on the fine qualities of Lorna's "Government mule." Half way through, the mule kicked, and the Skipper was fain to take the towline himself.

Seven o'clock saw us through the canal and tied up to the end of the N. entrance pier. A hungry pair we were, too, after a very active day, and the evening meal fully satisfied the crew's propensity for good living and the Skipper's pride in displaying the qualities of Lorna's commissariat. The evening meal was usually our good meal. Breakfast was invariably light; lunch, too, was usually light. The Skipper holds that health and happiness are best promoted by moderation in eating and drinking, and by avoiding any wide departure from home habits. The frying-pan and whiskey bottle are still too much in evidence on some yachts.

The W. wind had now died away completely, and we were at the mercy of swarms of hungry mosquitoes till Watty in self-defense lit up one of his stogies. These were guaranteed to ward off burglars, and the mosquitoes simply shrivelled.

As the moon rose higher and higher, a faint zephyr from the E. gained in strength till it finally became a good whole sail breeze. Then the swimming reflection of the moon broke up into a long lane of frosted silver. Round the twinkling lights of the bay we slipped till the outer range light was close under our bow, then we swung sharply to the W. and again to the S. into the little cove behind it. There, in 6ft. of water, our anchor sought the bottom.

During the night a heavy thunderstorm broke over us. Sleep was out of the question till the din was over. At length the last mutter of thunder faded away in the distance, and we drowsed off into unconsciousness; but not for long. Twice the storm king returned to the attack with all his forces, and awoke us to listen to his threatenings. Watty was a patient man, and said little, but his

was the most profane silence I had listened to for a long time.

Naturally we rose rather late on Tuesday morning, and it was 9 o'clock ere we slipped out past the range light into the channel to the open lake. A brisk W. wind took us out through the well-buoyed channel, past the long shoal off Presqu'île light. Then hauling by the wind on the starboard tack, we settled down for 25 miles of windward work, for the breeze was almost dead ahead. The day was bright and warm, the lake a sparkling green-blue, ridged with a moderate roll from the W. Everything seemed favorable save the direction of the wind. But the singing of the rigging takes a higher key, the waves take on a sharper, hungrier look, and the boat, heeling another plank, plunges into the green ridges with a fiercer thud. A reef in the main eases her, and Watty settles down once more beside the Skipper. But the wind god is out for sport to-day, and keener and yet keener come his blasts. The mizzen and jib must come in. Watty lets go the jib halliard, and then spread-eagles on the struggling canvas, striving to lash it to the bowsprit. As he lies there clawing with his toes for a grip of something solid, Lorna throws herself half out of a wave top, plunges down its back and meets another with a crash ere she has time to rise. A cloud of spray spouts up from the bow, and a bucket or two of clear water is picked up and rolled aft to go pouring out of the scuppers. "Sail her easy, Skipper!" Watty shouts back, and easy it is till the jib is securely lashed, and a baby jib set with its tack lashed half way out on the bowsprit.

Once more, then, we fill away, making grand weather of it considering the sea. A windward bout of 25 miles in a gale of wind is no joke, however, for a little boat, and Watty's inquiries as to the possibility of getting shelter nearer than Cobourg were renewed every time a thundering smash threw a rattle of spray about our ears.

Then it occurs to us that this is a bad sea for a dinghy, and a glance astern shows that our poor little tender is nearly full. This is disgusting, and in no very good temper we heave to, get the dinghy alongside, haul her over the lee rail althwart ships, and dump her out. The job is an awkward one, but not very hard work, though as half the contents of the dinghy surged over Watty's legs, he was not very anxious for a repetition.

Once more away with wind and sea still increasing. The Skipper's eye travels only from the luff of the mainsail to the waves ahead, but Watty, with his back to the cabin house, commands a view astern. Suddenly he calls out, "The dinghy's adrift!" The Skipper glances astern. The dinghy had disappeared! There, a hundred yards or more astern, a wave heaves her up to view, riding as buoyantly as a cork. "Up with the helm—pay out the mainsheet!" and away we race dead to leeward, shooting forward on a wave front in a giddy rush, till the wave, slipping under us, leaves us staggering with our bowsprit skyward and land, sea and dinghy wiped from our gaze by rolling ridges of water. There she is again, lifting over a wave top. Now she drops out of sight again in the trough. We reach her, pass to leeward, and shoot up to her with canvas shaking. "Too much way on," and she is torn from our clutching fingers. Once again the headlong rush, the quick headreach. This time we meet her with too little way on, and a wave takes her away just as we feel she is ours. "This won't do. The wind and sea are too heavy for us to do the job with so much canvas on," so the mainsail comes down, and under storm jib alone we once more sail down on the truant. This time we catch her as we sail slowly by and with strenuous stretching and straining make the tow line fast to her once more.

This was the last straw. It was one o'clock. We had lost a mile of hard-won vantage. Cobourg was 19 miles to windward, Presqu'île 5 miles to leeward; ten hours or more of hard work to go on—an hour of rushing, thrilling play to go back. We went back.

The mizzen and jib seemed about all the canvas we wanted, and under this we logged 6 miles per hour. The waters are shallow near Presqu'île, and the waves became steeper and loftier. That dinghy seemed possessed of a denion, for, as the Skipper glanced back to note the wild running of the great white horses, a weltering wall of water picked up the little green imp on its crest, and hurled it madly at us. Straight as a die it came, but a quick turn of the tiller swung our stern to one side, and the dinghy swept by us till checked with a chug by the tow line. Then she paused till, sweeping by her, we tightened up the tow line with a tug that jarred us to the very keel, and threatened to capsize the dinghy. Another 50 feet of rope is quickly bent on to the tow line (50 feet), and then she rides well, with always sufficient room for a wave crest between her and the yacht.

Despite the short high sea, we ride very easy and ship no water, thanks to good freeboard and a sharp stern. Close now to port the breakers are rolling in a smother of white over Presqu'île Point shoal, so we haul by the wind on the port tack and stand in for the channel. Suddenly a violent flapping aft and a falling off of the yacht's head tells of something gone wrong. A glance reveals the trouble. The lashing of the block on the boom for the mizzen sheet has parted and the shoals are close under our lee. Watty looked aft for orders. "Get the reefed mainsail on her and then get down that jib." Over we go as Lorna feels the weight of wind in the added canvas. Down, down, till the deck is awash and everything loose down below is piled in the lee bilge.

But the canvas we must carry, and there is no time for another reef, so the Skipper keeps her at it. We do not trouble with the storm jib, for a little bit of the head of the big jib, hauled up as far as its lashings permit, answers every purpose, and so, half crippled, we stagger back to the quiet of our old anchorage, to gather breath for a fresh effort.

The rest of the afternoon we spent quietly ashore exploring. At the south end of the cove a little schooner lay high and dry on the beach.

Wednesday morning the wind was still strong, but by mid-day it had shifted sufficiently to give a long leg along shore and a short leg in, so about one o'clock we hoisted canvas and cleared our port. The sea was still heavy, and under reefed mainsail and storm jib we smashed into it till dark. Then the wind fell away, and under all sail we continued the monotonous task. Slow work, indeed, bucking a bad sea with little wind, and Cobourg lights

seemed as though they moved as we did. Till 4 A. M. the Skipper remained on watch, though truth to tell there might have been one-half hour about which he could tell but little. Then Watty turned out, and about 6 o'clock steered in between Cobourg piers with the remains of a light land breeze. Cobourg was now only of use to us as a depot of supplies, so we put to sea again about 8:45 A. M.

This proved to be another day of unfavorable wind, but moderate in strength, falling to light and coming absolutely dead ahead as the day advanced. By night we were only a few miles west of Port Hope, and the morrow (Friday) was the day Watty should be in Toronto. Only one course was open to get him there, and that was to send him home by train from the nearest port, while the Skipper continued alone.

Newcastle was nearest at hand, but so light was the breeze all night that we could only crawl within a mile of the harbor by 7:30 Friday morning. Afraid of missing the train, Watty dressed himself in his best and rowed into port in the dinghy. Thus I parted with the best all-round crew and the jolliest companion I had shipped on Lorna. The man who can stand the test of two weeks' close companionship in a small boat deserves to have his epitaph written before he dies.

Forty minutes later Lorna worked in and became reunited to the dinghy. The dinghy, by the way, enjoys the distinction of being the smallest on Toronto Bay. She is 8 ft. 6 in. by 3 ft., flat bottomed, but with a good rocker fore and aft, so that when towing she just squats a trifle and tows as true as a die.

Now commenced a new chapter in the experiences of the cruise. The Skipper was thrown on his own resources, and so uncommon was it to see a lone mariner on Lake Ontario that all the waterside populace crowded to the dock end to see Lorna put out. A friendly hand took a tow line to the end of the dock, and then Lorna filled away under mizzen and jib. I noted the time, 1 P. M., then ran forward and hoisted the mainsail, while the boat jogged along unattended save for an occasional pull on the jib.

Now, then, what shall be our port to-day? A good sleep is a prime necessity to-night. The wind is light and W. Let it be Darlington, then only 5 miles away. But the wind makes it easier to strike right across toward Raby Head and Oshawa, and Darlington seems so near, so "whispering hope" says "Try Oshawa."

I tried it, and miserably failed, for the wind fell so light and came so dead from the S.W., that by 7 P. M. Lorna was just a little west of Raby Head, and only about 8 miles from Newcastle. No port—no chance of a port. Sleep I must have. The sky is clear, the barometer high and steady, so we will even anchor along shore and trust in Providence.

The cliffs loomed higher and higher as I crawled in toward them. The water was crystal clear, and the bottom seemed almost to touch the keel. Such a bottom, too! Boulders of all sizes from mere pebbles to huge humpbacks as big as the boat herself—a bottom to make a sailor shudder. No help for it, however, and picking a fairly clear spot, I dropped the anchor in about 12 or 15 feet of water, then went below for some supper, and turned in all standing at 8 P. M.

At 11 I woke and went on deck. The silence was profound, the sea asleep. No light along the shore. Above the stars around me, the blackness of the waters lit with the trembling reflections of the sky.

Saturday morning I awoke at 5:25 o'clock and looked out of the hatch. A nice land breeze was blowing, and I jumped for the halliards one after the other. Then came the anchor, and by 5:30 I was under way. The coast slipped by like a dream panorama, for the offshore breeze scarcely ruffled the lake. Oshawa's pier and gay summer cottages were abeam by 8 A. M., and then the land breeze petered out and left me scarce moving. Very shortly, however, a nice S.E. breeze sprung up and carried me into Frenchman's Bay by 1 P. M., when it, too, dropped to the merest air and shifted to the S.W. The lighthouse at Frenchman's Bay is on the E. pier, and shows a small green fixed light at night. Inside the piers the channel turns sharp to the right and then to the left in front of the ice houses on the E. shore. I ran in and dropped anchor close to the W. side of the channel, well inside the bay.

Sunday morning I was roused to consciousness by the departure of a huge ice barge. A fine, clear day it was, with a light sou'easter raising dancing corruscations in the wake of the sun. A plunge overboard washes the sleep from the eyes and breakfast puts vigor into the frame.

"Now for home!" I shout, and for the last time weigh the anchor and fill away for the last day's run. As I neared the piers I noticed a somewhat familiar looking glass-sided cabin showing over the dock. "Can it be?" I cried, and then, "Yes, it is," as a familiar figure climbed out onto the pier. It was the gasoline launch Vida, with her owner, his wife and three children on board, bound whence I had come. Hearty greetings passed as I tacked out past them. "All alone?" "Yes." "Well, good luck and good-by." "Good luck and a pleasant voyage." Then I swung away W. and saw them no more.

Slowly, oh, so slowly! the miles went by. Off the Dutch Churches the wind failed altogether, and left me helplessly turning circles. The gray lake gulls swooped by shrieking derisively; a train ashore flashed past a gap in the trees with a boastful, defiant, long-drawn whistle. Both man and nature seemed to taunt me with my impotence. Again, however, the E. air, not strong enough to feel, in some strange manner started Lorna once more on her westward way.

The afternoon wore away, the sun disappeared behind the smoke of Toronto, flooding the W. with tawny orange; the dusk gave place to darkness; the stars imperceptibly grew into their accustomed places, and still the seemingly endless stretch of the Scarborough bluffs lay to starboard. Victoria and Munro Park electric lights flash out off the starboard bow, and ere long a belt of sparkling diamonds stretches from abeam to dead ahead. Inshore boats put out from the parks and beaches, and the sound of singing floats out to me. As I sit aloof from it all, straining my ears to the sweet sounds of human presence, and searching restlessly the while for the red light at the E. gap, an exquisite soprano took up the

strains of Newman's "Lead Kindly Light," and I realized as seldom before the mood of the writer when penning the pregnant lines. Only a sailor seeking his home port in the darkness of night can appreciate the full beauty of that hymn.

One by one the singers turn back home; one by one the lights ashore disappear from the cottage windows; and still the E. gap is miles ahead. As I sit patiently awaiting the wind's will, I note a ruffling of the swimming reflections inshore, and hail with joy the coming of that good old friend, the night wind offshore. The breeze coquettes with us for awhile, and then comes true and fresh.

Now the inshore lights begin a merry dance, shifting, changing, disappearing and reappearing as we speed gaily on. The inner red range light of the gap modestly retires further and yet further from its revolving principal. The touch of the wind banished drowsiness and languor; the quick dance of the yacht thrilled the pulses, and the consciousness of assured achievement added the crowning glory to the pleasures of that sail.

The gap lights grow brighter and draw nearer and nearer into range. The small one disappears behind the greater, and we swing sharp to starboard up the channel. I look in at my watch as the big red eye goes by—12, midnight, and safe home at last.

C. D. H.

Gas Engines and Launches.

(Continued from page 289.)

BY F. K. GRAIN.

Spark Coils.

OF course it is necessary to employ a spark coil in order to obtain the resistance necessary to produce the proper spark. When the gas engines electrically ignited first came into use, it was customary to employ the ordinary coils used for gas lighting. Although these coils produced a very satisfactory spark, they did not offer sufficient resistance, consequently they were very hard on the battery, and nowadays we have coils especially wound for gas engine ignition, commonly called quick acting coils. The modern high speed engine would not operate with the old coils as they did not work sufficiently fast; but with the modern coil we easily obtain speeds of from 12 to 1,500 of positive ignition. A coil properly made should allow of the full amperage, but should have sufficient resistance to keep the voltage down to about 5 to 6; this prevents the ignition points of the electrodes from burning. For marine work we advise the placing of the coil in a box and, pouring it full of paraffine wax; this prevents all moisture getting at the coil.

A word as to the construction of the coils will explain to you more clearly their weak points in reference to moisture. They all consist alike of a core consisting of a bunch of straight annealed iron wire. Around this is wound several layers of insulated copper wire. Now should these iron wires, which, of course, are not protected by any insulation, become rusty through dampness, it destroys the coil, and, although the copper wire is not affected so much by dampness, the salt air will very soon rust the iron core if not protected. Once it is rusted, there is nothing to do but throw away the coil.

Lubricating Oils.

Lubricating oils receive but scant attention. While of course, the oil used on the outside of the engine may not make any difference in the working of the engine, it is imperatively necessary that the cylinder and crank case oil should be uniformly alike—of the very best fire-test cylinder oil. If an ordinary steam engine oil or an oil of poor quality containing animal or vegetable oils is used, it will produce a carbon deposit, which will fill up the ports and produce a cutting of the cylinder, and also, by burning, interfere with the perfect combustion of the gases and cause trouble all around. The best grades of cylinder oil cannot be obtained for less than about thirty to forty cents in barrel lots, retailing at about double that figure. Therefore, if you are offered any oil at less than these figures, beware.

British Letter.

THE Scotch regattas were brought to a close with the fixtures of the Royal Highland and Lorn Corinthian Yacht Clubs on Sept. 15 and 16, respectively, at Oban. Considering the lateness of the season, and the fact that most of the yachts racing there came from the Clyde, it speaks volumes for the enthusiasm of northern yachtsmen that these autumn fixtures are usually so successful. This year was no exception to the general rule, for, encouraged by the continued fine weather, there was a good muster of racing boats, and more than the usual number of fine steam and sailing yachts brought up in the beautiful bay. With the successful carrying out of these belated items the yachting season may be said to be closed, as, with the exception of a few up-river sailing clubs and a small club here and there on the coast, there will be no more races till next season, and yachts are fast finding their way into winter quarters.

While it is refreshing to note how yacht owners north of the Tweed keep up their enthusiasm to the very end of the season, and give practical proof of this by keeping their boats out till racing is really over, it is quite depressing to find in the south of England how owners cool down after Cowes and Ryde weeks, and what a thinning out there is annually in the ranks when the boats leave the Solent to begin the round of races commencing at Weymouth and ending at Plymouth, commonly known as the West of England regattas. Ten years ago, when a good many of our boats used to take part in the Riviera regattas, it was quite conceivable that people would have enough of it before the bitter end came, but in those days such yachts as visited the Mediterranean had a season

which began in February and extended to the first week in September, with the exception of the month of May. For the last five or six years very few British racing yachts have visited the Riviera, and the argument does not, therefore, hold good. It is difficult to see why owners fight shy of the western ports, for the harbors are good and safe, the courses in every case are laid out in the open in deep water, and are infinitely superior to any of the courses inside of the Isle of Wight, where tides and shoals abound, or for that matter to any of the courses on the east coast. Moreover, the clubs which provide the bulk of the sport are of good standing, and the prizes offered are of good value. It can only be assumed that the same apathy which allows British yachtsmen to swell the already enormous fleet of yachts which take part in the German regattas in the Baltic at the end of June, at the expense of their own national fixture, the Clyde Fortnight, and which has also been the means of killing the once flourishing Irish regattas, permits of their ignoring more and more the efforts made by the western clubs to provide them with adequate sport in their own waters. Kiel is a beautiful place, and the Baltic regattas are most enjoyable functions in every way, but yachting is one of Britain's national pastimes, and anything which militates against the success of the racing season in home waters should be severely discountenanced by its votaries. The Germans are perfectly able to run their own regattas without our assistance, whereas the Clyde Fortnight suffers more and more through the absence of our vessels in German waters. The sooner the situation is faced the sooner will there be a revival in British yacht racing, for not only will the Clyde be the gainer, but the presence of the racing fleet in British waters throughout the season would mean the resuscitation of the Irish regattas.

Fife's new schooner *Susanne* has been hauled up at Sandbank after a very successful season in German waters. Enthusiasts on the Clyde acclaim her as Fife's *chef d'œuvre* in the way of a two-sticker, and even go so far as to compare her with *Ingomar*, to the latter's disadvantage. Now, there is no doubt that *Susanne* is a very slippery boat in her own weather, but that happens to be light weather, whereas *Ingomar* was good all round—good enough, in fact, to win prizes under all conditions of wind and sea. Fife's schooners are handsome vessels, and fast, too, but they are lacking in stability—at any rate as compared with *Ingomar*. This fault, indeed, has been noticeable with nearly all Fife's new boats, and both *White Heather* and *Susanne* suffered badly from it, while *Cicely* was none too stiff. On the other hand, *Ingomar* could carry her jackyard topsail when a big ship like *Meteor* could only put up a sharp header, and her performance in the long, hard thrash from Dover to the West Hinder Lightship against *Navahoe*, in the race to Ostend last July, was something that neither of the other schooners above mentioned could hold a candle to. In this long beat of fifty-two miles in a strong easterly wind and nasty sea, the schooner beat the yawl by no less than ten miles, and it is quite safe to say that no British schooner yet built would have equalled this wonderful performance. The fact is *Ingomar* is a vessel in which are combined the greatest amount of driving power and the maximum of stability, and the combination, taken in conjunction with a shapely hull, enables her to be very fast in all weathers.

The talk about the America's Cup challenge has died down again, and it is generally felt that there will be no further races, unless the New York Y. C. discards the obsolete rating rule in favor of the new.

E. H. KELLY.

[In the English Letter appearing in our issue of September 10, Clyde week is mentioned. This was a mistake, and it should have read Ryde week. This was an unfortunate error, as the Ryde week races are important, and as there is no Clyde week, readers may have confused this series with the Clyde Fortnight, which takes place in July.]

Sport and Advertising.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I was rejoiced to see your comment in the issue of October 1 on the editorial in *The Yachtsman* relating to the America's Cup. I did not suppose that I was the only one who entertained the same views, but I have not seen them expressed in print before. If the trophy is to become a "Tea Cup," let us fill it with tea from Boston Harbor and let who will have it.

J. E. HINDON HYDE.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

PICAYUNE SOLD.—The 35ft. waterline cabin sloop *Picayune* has been sold by Rear Commodore Leonard Nicholson, of the Southern Y. C., to a party of scientists who will explore the northern coast of the State of Colombia, South America, where she will be taken on the deck of a steamer. The sale was made through the agency of L. D. Sampson, secretary of the Southern Y. C. Commodore Nicholson, in conjunction with his brother, York Nicholson, will replace *Picayune* with a 70ft. schooner yacht of Crowninshield design.

CRUISING LAUNCH FOR C. W. LEE.—There is being built at Mr. Robert Jacob's yard, City Island, a cruising launch for Mr. Charles W. Lee. The boat was designed by Mr. Henry T. Gielow, and will take the place of the 40ft. launch *Javelin*, now owned by Mr. Lee. The new boat is 59ft. over all, 53ft. waterline, 10ft. 6in. breadth, and 3ft. 9in. draft. She will have a single screw, and will be driven by a 25 horse-power Standard motor. A speed in excess of 10 miles is looked for. The boat has two low cabin houses of mahogany, one forward and a larger one aft. Between the two houses the deck is flush. This adds greatly to the boat's strength, and not only gives a good place from which to steer, but serves to separate the engine space and crew's quarters from the owner's cabins. The fuel tanks are in the eyes of the boat. The crew's quarters are under the forward deck, the galley and engine room are under the forward house. The owner's

quarters, located under the after house, are roomy and comfortably and simply fitted. The boat can steam 500 miles at a 10-mile clip without refilling her tanks. She will be completed January 1, 1905.

VINGT-ET-UN TO RACE ABROAD.—Mr. Willis Sharpe Kilmer, owner of the motor boat *Vingt-et-Un*, has gone abroad, and has taken the boat with him. She will be raced on the Mediterranean during the winter.

THE CENTER MORICHES COUNTRY CLUB has acquired three acres of shore front at Center Moriches, L. I., and will build a club house 30ft. by 80ft. The club is to give special attention to yachting and has on its roster of officers two enthusiastic small boat sailors—Mr. Harry Growtage, secretary, and Mr. John L. Havens, treasurer. Dr. William E. Carr is president.

NEW YORK Y. C. MEETING.—The fifth general meeting of the New York Y. C. was held at the club house, West Forty-fourth street, New York city, on Thursday evening, October 6. Commodore Bourne presided. After the usual reading of committee reports, other business was transacted, and nine new members were elected. The meeting was the largest held in many years, some twenty-seven yacht owners being present. The following gentlemen were elected to serve on the Nominating Committee: Ex-Commodore Lewis Cass Ledyard, steam yacht *Rambler*; Charles T. Minton; William M. Lovering, schooner *Mavis*; Philip T. Dodge; Edward Eyre, steam yacht *Viva*; Stephen Peabody, Ashton C. Clarson, sloop *Chiquita*; Hunter Wykes, John E. Wayland, auxiliary yawl *Pawnee*; Robert L. Forest.

In order that the club's racing rules, measurement rules, and time allowance tables shall be uniform with those of other clubs and associations, a committee is to be devoted to that end. The following resolution was adopted:

That the chair appoint a committee of eight on racing rules and measurement for time allowance, with power in their discretion to confer with other clubs, which committee shall also have power to appoint a sub-committee to advise with them as to the proper formula for time allowance for races between steam and power vessels, both large and small.

Small racing boats are such a factor in the sport to-day that it was deemed advisable that such craft be encouraged. In order that this matter be given immediate attention, this resolution was adopted:

That the chair appoint a committee of three for the purpose of interesting members of the club in the building of yachts in the one-design or restricted classes, and of sizes either entitled to representation or not entitled to representation, with power to procure from naval architects designs and estimates and to submit the same to the members who may contemplate building in such classes.

Medals are to be given to the owners of boats winning challenge cup. The following resolution deals with this matter:

That the chair appoint a committee of four, of which the secretary of the club shall be one, to report in general upon a proper medal for the Bennett Challenge cups, the Navy Alumni Association challenge cups, and also as to a club medal for minor prizes. This committee to report at the December meeting.

Mr. James R. Steers presented an oil painting of the schooner *America* that was painted by a man named Hausen under the direction of Mr. Steers' father, the builder of the famous vessel.

Mr. Howard Gould offered \$5,000, the income of which was to be put yearly into trophies for power boat competition. The races for these prizes will be for vessels in the neighborhood of 100ft. in length.

Old Mill Y. C.

Jamaica Bay, L. I.—Sunday, Oct. 2.

THE wind-up race of the season on Jamaica Bay was sailed on Sunday, Oct. 2, under the auspices of the Old Mill Y. C.

Of the twenty-four power and sailboats that started in the race, all but three were timed at the finish. Mr. William Gallagher's raceabout *Jennie*, of the Jamaica Bay Y. C., won the cup offered by Mr. George McLean. Nip captured the commodore's cup. The other winners were *Diana*, *Bozzie*, *Alert*, *Pet*, *Lottie M.*, and *Naomi*. The wind was fresh from the W. by N.

The course for sloops and raceabouts and sloops was from the starting line at the entrance of Spring Creek, down Main Channel to the red spar buoy off Barren Island, and return.

The course for all other classes was from the same starting line to a flagged buoy in Main Channel, near the Canarsie breakwater; thence to a flagged buoy off Howards, to the starting line; sailed over twice.

Sloops—Special Class—Start, 1:55.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Ianthe	Disabled.	
Jennie	3 12 32	1 18 32
Marion	3 18 30	1 23 00
Kismet	3 17 08	1 20 08

Sloops—Class A—Start, 1:55.		
Emma L.	3 32 30	1 37 30
Nip C.	3 28 00	1 23 00

Cabin Cats—Class B—Start, 1:56.		
Diana	3 14 00	1 18 00
Helene	3 17 00	1 21 00
Folly	3 16 10	1 20 10
Mignonette	Not timed.	

Open Cats—Class C—Start, 1:59.		
Pauline B.	3 07 52	1 08 52
Bill Nye	3 08 15	1 09 15
Bozzie	3 03 40	1 04 40

Sharpies—Class G—Start, 2:02.		
Alert	3 16 35	1 14 35
Free	3 18 35	1 16 35
Lester	Not timed.	
Clyde	Not timed.	
Reliance	3 22 25	1 20 25

Launches—Class H—Start, 2:05.		
Pet	3 06 00	1 01 00

Launches—Class L—Start 2:00.		
Eagle	3 05 05	0 57 05
Lottie M.	3 04 12	0 56 12
Bum	Disabled.	

Launches—Class M—Start, 2:11.		
Naomi	3 02 45	0 51 45
Amaranth	3 04 30	0 53 30

Rhode Island Letter.

Providence, R. I., Oct. 8.

EVERY year at the fall end of the season there is a sweepstake race arranged for catboats, and it often provides some highly interesting sport. It did this season. The race was held last Sunday, off Cominicut, the course being laid from Riverview across the bay to Nayatt Point and return, a leeward and windward course, sailed twice over, giving a total distance of about 11 miles.

There was a smashing good W. breeze, and the race was one of the best of the season. In the 30ft. class, *Elizabeth*, the cham-

pion of the season, had an accident early in the race, and although the damage was slight and soon patched up, she finished last of the four entries, nearly 12m. behind the leader. *Mblem* put up a good race, and completed the first round just one second ahead of *Emeline*; but the latter forged ahead on the second round, and finished winner by 2m.

Emeline is one of the best-known racing cats in the bay, but this was the first time she had been raced in more than two years. She is somewhat longer than the others in the class, and on account of her model is under a handicap under the 2 per cent. measurement rule that governs the class. She is a very fast boat, however, and it was her weather in every way. She sailed on equal terms with the others on this occasion, as the race was boat for boat, and length did not count for allowances. In the other two classes the winners were *Nobska* and *Janice*. The summary:

30ft. Class—Start, 1:30.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
<i>Emeline</i> , J. A. Wolf	3 13 30	1 43 30
<i>Mblem</i> , G. E. Darling	3 15 32	1 45 32
<i>Scatt</i> , H. B. Scattergood	3 19 10	1 49 10
<i>Elizabeth</i> , W. D. Wood	3 25 11	1 55 11

25ft. Class—Start, 1:32.		
<i>Nobska</i> , W. J. Rooks	3 21 30	1 49 30
<i>Ina</i> , N. C. Arnold	3 21 34	1 49 34
<i>Marguerite</i> , J. D. Peck	3 25 11	1 53 11

18ft. Cats—Start, 1:34.		
<i>Janice</i> , H. Duckworth	2 47 30	1 13 30
<i>No Name</i>	2 52 40	1 18 40
<i>Una</i>	2 59 20	1 25 20

The last of the three special races for 30ft. cats of the Edge-wood Y. C. was sailed Oct. 8, and *Elizabeth* was the winner. This makes Mr. Woods' boat the champion of her class for the season, and the winner of the club's cock-of-the-walk pennant. A triangular course was laid out to be sailed three times over.

Near the outer mark, however, *Mblem* withdrew and sailed in to her moorings in Pawtuxet Cove. *Elizabeth* finished the first round, and was declared the winner without sailing the other two rounds.

F. H. YOUNG.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Nov. 8.—Greenville, N. J.—Annual 100-shot championship at Armbruster's Park.

Promotion of Rifle Practice.

A MEETING of the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice has been called for the 22d of this month. It will be held at the War Department, and a full attendance of the members is expected. The principal matters which will come before the Board at this meeting will be the approval of the awards made at the recent shoot for the national trophy at Fort Riley, Kans., and the subject of what legislation will be sought for at the hands of Congress during the coming session. At its last meeting the National Board adopted a most comprehensive plan for the formation of a National Marksman's Reserve, including the encouragement of rifle practice in the State militia where necessary, in military and other schools, and among those individuals who may be called upon to serve in time of war. As a first step in this direction the National Board desires an appropriation of one million dollars per annum for five years, to be expended under the direction of the Secretary of War for the providing of ranges, their equipment and maintenance. The Board desires that these ranges should be open to use by civilians on every holiday and Saturday and at other times when possible, of course, under appropriate regulations. As an inducement for rifle practice in the schools, the Board proposes State championship badges and a national school trophy, recommending an annual appropriation of \$5,000 for the former and \$20,000 for the national trophy.

The National Board has had this matter under consideration since its organization under the act of March 2, 1903, and for several years before that those who have been most actively identified with this project were engaged in mapping out the plans. At the coming meeting it is expected the National Board will take up the question of legislation, and a bill will be drafted to be presented to Congress in December.

The interest which President Roosevelt takes in military rifle practice is shown by a letter which he has written to private Howard Gensch, of the First Regiment of Infantry, New Jersey National Guard, at Madison, N. J. Private Gensch recently won the President's match at Sea Girt, N. J., on the occasion of the annual meeting of the National Rifle Association. The letter, which was made public to-day, is as follows:

"White House, Washington, Sept. 24, 1904.

"My Dear Sir: I have just been informed that you have won the President's match for the military championship of the United States of America. I wish to congratulate you in person, and through you, not only the First Regiment of the National Guard of New Jersey, but the entire National Guard of New Jersey. As a nation, we must depend upon our volunteer soldier in time of trial, and therefore the members of the National Guard fill a high function of usefulness. Of course, a soldier who cannot shoot is a soldier who counts for very little in battle, and all credit is due to those who keep up the standard of marksmanship. I congratulate you both on your skill and upon your possession of the qualities of perseverance and determination in long practice, by which alone this skill could have been brought to its high point of development.

"With all good wishes, believe me,

"Sincerely yours,

(Signed)

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

It was forwarded to Mr. Gensch through Gen. Bird W. Spencer, president of the National Rifle Association. The President's match is shot for at 200, 300, 500, 600, 800, and 1,000 yards, and carries with it the military championship of America, a medal and a number of prizes. Private Gensch won the match with a score of 192 out of a possible 210 points.

New York City Schutzen Corps.

LAST outdoor practice shoot of the season was held Wednesday, Oct. 5, at the Union Hill Park. Scores:

Ring target: J. Facklamm 219, R. Busse 216, A. Kronsberg 213, W. Grapentin 211, C. G. Zettler 205, R. Bendler 192, O. Schwane-man 191, R. Schwaneman 186, J. Keller 168, J. Moje 168, G. Schroeter 164, C. Wagner 155, H. C. Radloff 152.

Man target: W. Grapentin 56, C. G. Zettler 56, A. Kronsberg 53, G. Schroeter 51, R. Busse 50, H. C. Radloff 50, R. Bendler 50. Point target: R. Busse 12, O. Schwaneman 11, A. Kronsberg 11, J. Facklamm 9, R. Bendler 7, R. Schwaneman 7, C. G. Zettler 7, Ch. Wagner 7, W. Grapentin 5, A. Wiltz 3, J. Keller 2, J. Moje 2, G. Schroeder 2, H. C. Radloff 1.

Bullseye target, best bullseyes made during the season's contest follow: J. Facklamm 7½ degrees, R. Busse 25½, O. Schwane-man 27, R. Schwaneman 29, R. Bendler 36, W. Grapentin 50, H. C. Radloff 51½, A. Kronsberg 52½, J. Keller 107½, C. Wagner 120, A. Wiltz 134, C. G. Zettler 136, G. Schroeter 145, J. Moje 160.

Zettler Rifle Club.

At the last meeting of the Zettler Rifle Club, at its headquarters, 159 West Twenty-third street, New York city, the following programme was voted on and passed for the winter season shoot, 1954-5. The amount of money placed on the bullseye target this year is a radical departure from the programme in the past, it being the desire of the club to encourage those of its members who find they cannot keep pace with the experts for a long series of scores, but who feel they can make things interesting when it comes to a single shot each evening on 4in. carton:

Gallery season shoot, 1954-5, \$275 donated by the club, for members only. Each member allowed to shoot five targets of 10 shots each on each Tuesday. Regular 25-ring, 1/4in. target. Any .22cal. rifle, short cartridge allowed. No practice shots. Entrance fee 20 cents per target. Two hundred dollars will be divided equally on the total number of rings shot. A shooter must have 75 targets to be entitled to any prize on the programme.

The following donations are to be won for making the highest number of rings during the season, in addition to the regular ring money: First, \$10, donated by Zettler Bros.; donated by the club: second, \$5; third, \$3; fourth, \$2.

Bullseye Target.—Best bullseye by measurement to count. One shot gratis to each member every evening during the season. Prizes: First, \$15; second, \$12; third, \$10; fourth, \$8; fifth, \$7; sixth, \$6; seventh, \$5; eighth, \$5; ninth, \$4; tenth, \$3; eleventh, \$3; twelfth, \$2; thirteenth, \$2; fourteenth, \$2; fifteenth, \$2.

Shooting Days.—Shoot starts Tuesday, Oct. 18, and every following Tuesday until April 10, 1955.

Should a member be absent from a shoot he has the privilege to shoot his arrear score after the members have shot their regular evening scores.

All disputed shots to be decided by the shooting master, whose decision in all cases must be considered as final.

H. D. Muller, Chairman. B. Zettler, Shooting Master.

Rifle Notes.

The annual 190-shot championship match for Greater New York and vicinity will be shot, as usual, at Armbruster's Schuetzen Park, Greenville, N. J., on Election Day, Nov. 8. Programmes will be published in next week's issue. All those desiring to participate should communicate with L. P. Hansen, 93 Montgomery street, Jersey City. No entries received later than Saturday, Nov. 5.

The outlook for gallery contests with the small-bore rifle this coming winter is exceptionally bright. With the formation of the Twenty-Two Caliber Indoor Rifle League, of which many prominent riflemen throughout the country are officers and members of the shooting committee, the stimulus imparted to this important branch of rifle shooting will be two-fold. A few years ago the great bugbear of the rifle crank was the very cold weather encountered during the winter months in this section of the country, which prevented him, for the time being, from continuing his outdoor practice, forcing him to continue with very inferior arms and ammunition provided for gallery work. This, however, is a thing of the past. The manufacturers of rifles and the ammunition concerns, being alive to the situation, have brought the gallery rifles and the rim-fire cartridges to that state of perfection where they can be absolutely depended upon to produce results in conformity with that of outdoor long range work. Chicago at the present time has several promising gallery clubs. Then there is that old reliable Myles Standish Club, of Portland, Me., and the Iroquois, of Pittsburgh, together with quite a number sprouting up throughout the West. Let us get together this winter, and by diligent work have many new men in line fighting for championship honors when the gallery championship match of the United States takes place in the spring.

New York Schuetzen Corps.

The following are the prize winners of the season's outdoor contest of this well-known organization. Mr. H. Von Minden presented a \$100 medal for competition on the bullseye target. A glance at the scores will show the strenuous efforts put forth by the members for this much-coveted trophy.

Bullseye target: O. Schwaneman 12 1/2 degrees, Gus Zimmerman 20, F. Facompre 27 1/2, J. Facklamm 35, G. Ludwig 40, R. Ohms 46 1/2, H. B. Michaelson 47 1/2, H. Meyn 47 1/2, H. Beckmann 49, B. Zettler 52.

Man target, best two tickets to count:

G Ludwig.....58 56-114 O Schwaneman.....56 55-111
J G Tholke.....56 55-111 W Lahe.....57 54-111

Ring target, total number of rings during the season: J. C. Bonn 1202, F. Busch 1161, G. Thomas 1045, J. H. Klee 1011, J. H. W. Meyer 1001, J. G. Tholke 990, H. Lohden 985, D. Wilkins 981, H. Mesloh 958, J. H. Hainhorst 956, A. W. Lemcke 952, H. Gopher 943, Ch. Plump 916, N. C. L. Beversten 916, D. Peper 905, J. F. Cordes 900, Dr. C. Grosch 886, H. C. Hainhorst 885, G. W. Offermann 882, J. N. Herrmann 850, H. D. Meyer 847.

Special ring target: Gus Zimmerman 141, G. Ludwig 140, C. Schmitz 139, J. C. Bonn 135, G. Thomas 131, J. Facklamm 129, H. Nordbruch 125, H. Lohden 122, A. W. Lemcke 121, J. G. Tholke 120, O. Schwanemann 118, F. Facompre 118.

Zettler trophy.—Conditions: The man making the most 18s on the ring target during the season to take the trophy: F. Busch 12.

Annual Individual Rifle Championship Match.

The annual 100-shot match will be held Election Day, Tuesday, Nov. 8, at Greenville, Schuetzen Park, N. J., under the auspices of the Zettler Rifle Club.

Conditions: One hundred shots per man, on the German ring target. Any rifle and any sights, including telescopes. Jacket bullets barred. Entrance fee \$5. A forfeit of \$2 must be posted on all entries on or before Saturday, Nov. 5. No entries received after this date.

All riflemen intending to participate, should communicate with L. P. Hansen, 93 Montgomery street, Jersey City, N. J., or Headquarters, Zettler Rifle Club, 159, West Twenty-third street, New York.

A fine trophy will be presented by Mr. T. H. Keller to the shooter making the highest 100-shot score. A fine trophy will also be given for the best 10-shot score by Mr. Armbruster.

After deducting the expenses of the targets and the dinner given the contestants, the balance of the entrance money will be divided pro rata.

The targets will be open from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Match to start at 10 A. M. Each contestant will be allowed ten sighting shots.

Shooting Committee: L. P. Hansen, Chairman; Wm. Hayes, T. H. Keller, H. M. Pope, E. H. Van Zandt, F. C. Ross, W. A. Tewes, M. Dorrier, T. R. Geisel, H. D. Muller.

Presque Isle Rifle Club.

ERIE, Pa., Oct. 1.—Only eight members attended the weekly shoot to-day. A heavy rain had spoiled the grounds and targets, and a high north wind blew all afternoon.

Two of the members who were absent to-day, J. G. German and his business partner, George Rahn—they run a machine shop—were probably over in Misery Bay, fishing. They were still there the next morning, and from the fact that they were there, two young men from the city probably are alive to-day. The young fellows had crossed to the bay early in the morning to hunt ducks in a small rowboat, and when in the middle of the bay managed to upset their boat. German and Rahn were at breakfast in a house-boat they have over there, and hearing the boys yell, went after them with a skiff, and brought them ashore not much the worse for the wetting; but two fine guns now lie on the bottom of the bay.

Moral: Don't go hunting ducks on Monday, and it is just as well not to go hunting them on any other day unless you know how to handle a boat, or can swim.

Scores:

J. Almeda.....80 79 75-234 J. Bacon.....71 70 70-211
W. Parker.....80 79 68-227 G. E. Shafer.....68 63 52-193
J. Stidham.....78 75 71-224 A. Mount.....55 49-104
E. D. Allen.....77 71 65-213 W. W. Jordan.....45 45 43-133
CABIA BLANCO.

W. A. Barker's Record.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Oct. 8.—Sept. 24 Mr. W. A. Barker, of Jersey City, N. J., shot a 50-shot match, 200yds., off-hand, on German 25-ring target, for \$100 a side. Mr. W. A. Barker finished with 1157 points, his last string of ten shots counting 241 points, thereby establishing a new 10-shot record. WM. O. ZISCHANG.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Oct. 12-13.—Sistersville, W. Va., Gun Club fall tournament. Added money to all events, and prizes. Ed. O. Bower, Sec'y.
Oct. 12-13.—Indianapolis, Ind., Gun Club fall tournament. James W. Bell, Sec'y.
Oct. 15.—Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Poughkeepsie-Ossining team match.
Oct. 18-19.—Litchfield, Ill.—Consolidated Trapshooters' Congress.
Oct. 18-20.—New London, Ia., Gun Club tournament. Dr. E. C. Cook, Sec'y.
Oct. 20.—Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Gun Club fall tournament.
Oct. 25-26.—The Plumsteadville, Pa., target tournament. N. L. Clark, Sec'y.
Oct. 26.—Concord, Staten Island.—All-day target shoot of the Mullerite Gun Club, on the grounds of the Richmond Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
Oct. 26-28.—Blackwell, Okla., Gun Club tournament. Chas. Cornelius, Mgr.
Nov. 1-3.—St. Louis Mo.—World's Fair shoot; live birds and targets. Alec D. Mcmrod, Mgr., 620 Locust street.
Nov. 8.—Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club all-day shoot; merchandise prizes. F. K. Stelle, Sec'y.
Nov. 17-19.—Tampa, Fla.—Tampa Bay Rod and Gun Club, \$400 added. J. A. Hansbrough, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Mr. H. C. McMurchy, of the Hunter Arms Co., was a visitor in New York this week.

Mr. Bert Bisbing captured the club medal at the shoot held by the Hillside Gun Club, Chestnut Hill, Oct. 8. The event was at 50 targets, and he scored 44.

The secretary, Mr. E. G. Wallace, informs us that the Marshalltown, Ia., Gun Club will hold a two-day amateur tournament on Oct. 13 and 14. Average money will be offered.

The programme of the Scranton, Pa., Rod and Gun Club annual target tournament, to be held on Oct. 13, provides ten events, a total of 175 targets, and a total of \$9 entrance. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock. Mr. J. D. Mason is the secretary.

The contest for the State championship of Indiana, between Messrs. Max Witzgreuter and H. M. Clark, at Ft. Wayne, on Oct. 2, resulted in a tie, each scoring 45 birds out of a possible 50. The match was refereed by Mr. G. G. Williamson, of Muncie, Ind.

The closing shoot of the W. P. T. S. L. was held at Allegheny, Pa., on Oct. 4 and 5, and had high averages for the two days as follows: First, Kelsey, 332 out of a possible 350; second, J. F. Calhoun, 327; third, J. T. Atkinson and L. J. Squier, 326; fourth, Messrs. Irwin and Davis, 321.

The contest for the championship of the Ashland Gun Club, Lexington, Ky., Sept. 30, had eighteen contestants. Four tied on 9 out of 10 birds. In the shoot-off, miss-and-out, Mr. W. Henderson won in the fifth round, Mr. R. R. Skinner being the runner-up. He lost his fifth bird dead out.

The "no bang, no bird" clause, which betimes appears as a feature of tournament programmes, is a misnomer. It should be changed to read that targets will be trapped subject to the approval of the contestants, and that until a contestant finds one exactly to his liking, the remainder of the contestants may wait.

The Plumsteadville, Pa., Gun Club will hold a two-day target tournament on Oct. 25 and 26. The programme consists of ten 15-target events each day, entrance \$1.20. An eleventh event at 25 targets, entrance \$1.50, is provided. Shooting commences at 10:30 o'clock. The sliding handicap will govern. Mr. N. L. Clark is the Secretary and Manager.

The deciding match of the team series between the Allentown Rod and Gun Club and the Independent Gun Club, of Easton, Pa., was shot on Oct. 1. The Independent team won by a score of 184 to 183. This distinguishes the Independent ten-man team as the undefeated team of the State, having defeated all comers. It is rumored that the next contestant in a team match with the Independents will be a Philadelphia team.

The Shooting Committee of the Crescent Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has decided, on account of the small attendance during October of previous years, to postpone the opening of the shooting season until the first Saturday of November, 1954, when the traps at Bay Ridge will be ready for the members and their friends. The usual handicap holiday events and monthly cup contests will take place throughout the season, and the club will present prizes for the season's best scratch and handicap scores. Men who have never indulged in this pastime are invited by the committee to join in this most healthful and attractive winter pastime.

At the Rising Sun, Md., tournament, held Oct. 5 and 6, the professional high averages were as follows: First, Mr. J. M. Hawkins with 294 out of 315 targets; second, Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, 276; third, E. H. Storr, 258. Amateur high averages: First, Lester German, 268; second, Mr. H. L. Worthington, 267; third, Mr. W. Ford, 262. The Cecil county championship, an event at 20 singles, use of both barrels, and 20 pairs, was won by Mr. H. L. Worthington, with a score of 37. In the sweepstake events the sliding handicap prevailed, which affected the scores somewhat on the minus side.

Mr. W. T. Nash, of Indianapolis, Ind., famous in the world of business and sportsmanship, returned recently from his trip in the Western Wilderness. The members of the party were Mr. Nash, and Messrs. W. F. Kettenbach, a banker of Lewiston, Idaho; Albert and Richard Lieber, of Indianapolis. They had guides and a pack train of about twenty-eight horses, with which to make their journey to the Fish Lake country, where they stayed some days, thence via the Lo-Lo trail to Lo-Lo Springs; thence to Missoula, Mont. Mr. Nash killed a black bear and a grizzly bear, and the Messrs. Lieber killed several elk and deer. Mr. Kettenbach killed his first elk near Fish Lake. Mountain sheep and cougars also were killed. The fishing was an enjoyable feature.

The monthly shoot of the S. S. White Gun Club, held on the club's grounds at Gorgas Station last Saturday drew a large attendance. Mr. Fred Coleman distinguished himself by scoring 96 out of 100, of which the last 50 were broken straight. Mr. H. Buckwalter scored 49 out of 50. For the challenge cup, 25 targets, Messrs. Charles Newcomb and Dr. St. Clair tied. In a twelve-man team match between the home club and the Meadow Springs Club, the scores were: S. S. White team—Brenizer 23, Newcomb 21, Harper 20, Beyer 20, Cantrell 18, Parry 18, Staler 17, Dr. Cutting 17, Denham 17, Witherden 16, Hinkson 16, St. Clair 16; total 219. Meadow Springs—Bush 23, Coyle 23, Hall 22, Roberts 18, Franklin 18, Pepper 18, Parsons 17, Henry 17, Davis 16, Marden 16, Gothard 15, G. Smith 12; total 215.

Mr. E. R. Stilson, concerning the recent shoot of the New London, O., Gun Club, writes us as follows: "I would call your attention especially to a few features covered by our report. You note there were no sweepstakes, and no prizes of any kind. We charged 1 cent per target. I inclose a programme with which we announced our shoot. The scheme is out of the ordinary, and we think the attendance is an index of the way it was received. Furthermore, there are no clubs among the surrounding towns which contain tournament shooters. These clubs are for the most part new, and the shooters are more or less inexperienced. It is our first shoot, and the fact that we trapped 5,000 targets from a quarter to ten with one trap, indicates that there were no delays." The programme referred to, provided twelve events, a total of 150 targets, at a total expense of \$150.

A correspondent sends us the following interesting information: "Mr. Eugene duPont, Manager Central Division of E. I. duPont Company, Wilmington, Del., accompanied by Mr. Dale Bumstead, late manager of that company's office at Pittsburgh, Pa., left Wilmington on Sept. 10 last for a hunting trip in Newfoundland. They arrived back on the 7th, having been gone just four weeks, lacking one day. Their destination was way inside, some thirty miles from the railroad. That thirty miles, Mr. duPont says is equal to about ninety miles of Delaware roads, if you could get as many miles as that out of all the roads in the little Diamond State. Caribou were scarce at first, but later they saw plenty, 140 being counted on the last day. On that day Mr. duPont was lucky enough to secure his third and last head, a perfect trophy, and said to be the banner head of the season for Newfoundland. Mr. Bumstead also secured his three heads, all good ones; in fact, they selected their trophies very carefully, and passed up anything that was not of the best. That they had their troubles is shown by the fact that they had to shift camp nine times, nearly every shift being made in drizzly weather. It might be mentioned in passing that Mr. duPont brought back with him films that contain seventy-two exposures, so that the heads won't be his only souvenirs of the first big game hunt he ever took.

The programme of the World's Fair Handicap, to be held at Du Pont Park, St. Louis, Mo., No. 1, 2 and 3, announces that competition will be open to the world. Interstate rules will govern. Shooting commences at 9:30 o'clock. Hot dinner served from 11:30 to 2 o'clock. Ship shells to Rawlings Sporting Goods Co., 620 Locust street, before Oct. 29. The handicap committee will be selected from the shooters who are present. From the programme we further quote the following: "For those who desire it, we will engage rooms in the city, or we can take care of any or all at Du Pont Park, in tents if the weather permits; if not, the club house will be turned into a dormitory each night. First day, 10 live birds, \$7 entrance; high guns, one money to every four entries. Five events, 20 targets each, entrance \$2. Division of money in target events: Under twenty entries, three moneys; over twenty entries, four moneys. Second day, World's Fair Handicap, 50 live birds, \$50 entrance; handicaps from 26 to 34yds. High guns, one money for every four entries. A forfeit of \$10 must be sent to Mermod & Kenyon, 620 Locust street, before Oct. 15. Post entries, \$55. No entry will be taken nor shooting up allowed after last man has fired at his first bird. Men will shoot in squads of five at 10 birds. If one man is late, that squad must drop out till the next full squad has shot their 10 birds. See that all of the men in your squad are on time. There will be plenty of target shooting to suit those who desire to pass the time while not shooting pigeons. The winner of the World's Fair Handicap will have his choice of a solid silver cup valued at \$100, its equivalent at Mermod & Jaccards, or \$100 in gold coin. Ties for the prize must be shot off at 25 birds." The third day will be devoted to the conclusion of the handicap and the shooting off of the ties, if any there be.

BERNARD WATERS.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Oct. 5.—The weekly contest for the Hunter Arms trophy resulted to-day in some exceptionally high scores. The event is at 25 targets, handicap allowance, but no score can, with allowance added, exceed the 25. Fraley scored 25 straight, and Stewart, scratch man, missed but one. The scores follow:

Broke. Hcp. Tot'l.			Broke. Hcp. Tot'l.				
Fraley	25	3	28	Stewart	24	0	24
Weller	24	4	28	Borst	17	7	24
Rickman	22	6	28	Hunt	15	6	21
Norton	23	3	26	Clark	16	1	17

WESTERN TRAP.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 1.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the second trophy shoot of the fourth series. Dr. Meek, McDonald and Geotter tied for Class A trophy on 23. Dr. Skillman won Class B trophy on 18. Gould won Class C, also on 18. In the cup shoot, which followed, Kamp and Stone tied on 21. Birkland won Class B on 19. Gould Class C on 16.

McDonald and Stone then captained two teams formed by choosing sides. McDonald's team won on 54 to Stone's 44 out of a possible 70.

They then shot another match under same conditions, and same men, McDonald's team again winning, 55 to Stone's 37 out of a possible 60. Only six men shot on each team in last match. Attendance only nineteen.

Trophy shoot, 25 targets:

Keck0101110110010100111101—15
Kamp1111110110111111110100—19
Meek11111111111111010111—22
Thomas1111110110111111110111—23
Reynolds000001101000010001000100—7
Birkland, Jr.0110110110100101001101—14
Kennicott0110011111101011110001—17
Stone010111111111011101010—18
Gould101111111111110110111—23
McDonald11011111011111111111—23
Geotter1011110100011101101101—18
Dr. Skillman0111011011010110111100—17
Curtis0111011011010110111100—17

Cup shoot, 15 singles, 5 pairs:

Keck1010011001111111	00 11 11 11 00—18
Kamp110111111101110	11 10 11 11 11—21
Dr. Meek011011100111111	11 01 11 11 11—19
Thomas110111001111101	11 01 11 11 11—20
Reynolds00001101100010	00 00 00 00 00—8
Birkland, Jr.10111111011011	10 00 11 11 11—19
Kennicott10100000111111	11 00 11 00 01—13
Stone11111101101111	01 11 11 01 11—21
Gould101111001100101	11 11 10 11 00—16
McDonald110011100011011	11 10 10 11 11—17
Geotter01110011011001	10 01 11 10 01—15
Dr. Skillman01110101011100	10 00 00 w
Curtis100111101000110	11 10 10 01 11—15
Kissack11111110011111	10 01 01 00 11—18
Drinkwater00110000011011	10 00 00 00 10—9
Steinsberg010100000110000	00 00 00 00 w
Ferguson00010110111111	00 10 10 01 00—13
Ball0101001101001	00 01 00 10 10—11
Kreig00101110110111	00 00 01 11 01—14

Team shoot, McDonald and Stone captains:

McDonald's Team—McDonald 8, Dr. Meek 9, Geotter 10, Thomas 10, Kissack 6, Skillman 5, Ball 6; total 54.

Stone's Team—Stone 10, Keck 5, Birkland, Sr., 7, Gould 5, Kreig 7, Tennyson 4, Dr. Reynolds 6; total 44.

Events:	1 2 3 4 5	Events:	1 2 3 4 5
Targets:	10 10 10 10 10	Targets:	10 10 10 10 10
Keck9 6 8 7 ..	Stone5 8 5 10 7
Kamp6 10 8 ..	Gould5 3 2 5 3
Dr. Meek10 6 8 7 ..	McDonald5 8 3 ..
Thomas6 7 9 ..	Geotter7 8 ..
Dr. Reynolds6 5 7 10 ..	Kissack8 6
Birkland, Jr.7 10 5 ..	Ball7 8
Kennicott4 4 ..		

Oct. 8.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the third shoot of the fourth series.

Dr. Meek and L. Thomas tied for the trophy in Class A on 22. Dr. Skillman won Class B on 23, and Dr. Reynolds, Class C on 20.

After the trophy shoot Thomas and McDonald captained two teams formed by choosing sides. Four matches were shot, and McDonald's team won three of them. In the third match the entire team of five men went straight except for one target, and scored 49 out of a possible 50.

The day was an ideal one for target shooting, and the scores were very good on an average. Mr. Tom Marshall and Mr. and Mrs. Davis, from Paducah, Ky., were present.

Trophy event, 25 targets:

Dr. Reynolds11110111111111011101100—20
McDonald1111101111010010101111—19
Stone1101100011111010010101—16
Dr. Meek11111111111011010111—22
Thomas11111001111110111111—22
Geotter10011011111111010111—20
Keck110111111110111111—23
T Marshall111111111110111111—24
Dr. Skillman1101111111111111100—22
Davis1110011011011111101111—20

Team contests, 10 targets per man:

McDonald 9, Marshall 8, Stone 8, Davis 8, Keck 8; total 41. Thomas 7, Dr. Meek 8, Geotter 10, Dr. Skillman 9, Dr. Reynolds 6; total 40.

Team race:

McDonald 9, Marshall 10, Stone 9, Davis 10, Keck 10; total 46. Thomas 10, Dr. Meek 8, Geotter 7, Dr. Skillman 8, Dr. Reynolds 9; total 42.

Team race:

McDonald 10, Marshall 10, Stone 9, Davis 8, Keck 5; total 42. Thomas 10, Meek 10, Geotter 8, Dr. Skillman 7, Dr. Reynolds 6; total 41.

Team race:

McDonald 9, Marshall 10, Stone 7, Keck 6. Thomas 10, Meek 7, Geotter 7, Dr. Reynolds 8. McDonald 42, Thomas 41. McDonald 32, Thomas 33. Fifteen targets: Marshall 14, Keck 11.

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

In Other Places.

Oct. 19 and 20 will be held the Grand county fair at Deer Creek, Okla. During that time the gun club will hold a tournament. The announcement is made by T. J. Hartment, president, that there will be plenty of added money. All lovers of the trapshooters' sport are kindly invited to lend their assistance.

One of the prizes at the Jackson, Miss., tournament was a good violin. T. W. Henningway won it. Yet there came no limit as to whether he could "draw a bow" long or short.

Watch for the 1905 Jackson, Miss., tournament, with \$500 added money.

The Urbana, O., Gun Club took "a crack" at the Silver Lake Club, and took the trophy and high gun money. The Urbana men were John Muzzy, Ross Poysell, Will Holding, Scott Cushman and Ed. Holding.

There was a shoot held on Sunday last at Hazelhurst, Wis., at which Jesse Sipes won the championship with 97. Richard Hover came near with 95.

The Rolling Forks, Miss., shooters are getting a mortgage on the Pastel Milling Co., trophy. C. W. Walton and C. W. Clements are sure "getting there." Then D. D. Farr will have to be considered.

Max Witz, of Fort Wayne, Ind., and Hugh Clark, of Wabash, the champions of Indiana, shot another 50 live bird match on Oct.

2, and again made a tie, each getting 45 out of 50. The tie remains unsettled, as the weather would not permit a shoot-off.

The Hermitage Gun Club, of Nashville, Tenn., on Monday last defeated the Cumberland Club for the Peters trophy with 453 to 430 out of 500. The next shoot will be with the Franklin Club.

Ab. Newman captures the medal from Jim Lewis, and yet Lewis won the high average for the day at the all-day shoot of the Owensboro, Ky., Gun Club, held last Saturday. Scores: Newman 45, Overstreet 44, Lewis 42, Bennett 38, Morton 36. Lewis won the Hunter Arms Co. medal.

The season of 1904 was closed by the Traverse City, Mich., Gun Club on Saturday last, and the boys kept on shooting until the moon was up. Charles A. Carver will now have the medal in his possession until the spring opens up. The last squad shot after dark, and made the score, viz.: Darrows 18, Davis 12, Murrell 15, Desmond 18, Norton 6, Miller 12. So 'tis good-by to trap and targets until the sun shines bright in 1905.

The Le Mars, Ia., Gun Club held the last shoot for this fall on Thursday. A team shoot was held in which H. N. Kern won with 125 to Adamson's team with 122.

We now chronicle the reorganization of the Leroy, Ill., Gun Club. There appears to be enthusiasm, and a tournament will be held soon. That part of Illinois, having Peoria for a center, will hold tournaments during the winter.

Wm. H. Heer won the high average for both days at the Atchinson, Kans., tournament. It was good for sore eyes to see "Aisy" Lou Ehrhart run a tournament.

Some inside information comes from Emporia, Kans., that the women have organized a gun club, and will get in practice, so that house-breakers will not be safe in that part of the city where any of the members dwell.

At Fulton, Mo., a gun club was organized among the deaf. It will be known as the Kingdom. The members are W. M. Adcock, J. H. Atkinson, E. M. Bolton, Dr. H. A. Bragg, W. B. Harris, Prof. N. B. McKee, R. A. Moore, B. F. Payne, J. W. Ratikin and E. F. Tucker.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 8.—The last shoot held by the Grand Crossing Gun Club was well attended. The old Watson Park, where the shoots are now held, echoed as of old with the merry pop of the shotgun.

Jackson, Miss., Oct. 1.—The first shoot given by the Capital City Gun Club was held here the last day of September and was an innovation to the members. The shooters from clubs in all the nearby cities turned out, and they were sorry that there were not two days instead of one. Those well versed in the tournament business consider this shoot remarkable, as there were but few days' notice given. The new club is composed of sportsmen. They put up \$100 all through their own efforts, and without the assistance of the citizens of Jackson. The trade representatives gave much assistance. The well-known Col. Tom A. Divine, of Memphis, and Maurice Kaufman, of New Orleans, were a great pair. The scores as given herewith are considered so good that the makers thereof feel that no other set of men can duplicate them. The contest for the Pastel cup was an exciting one. It has been won on very high scores, and this was no exception, as Mr. W. H. Clements won out on 59 out of 60. The club is now on the way to success, and just watch all the other clubs next year and see if Jackson don't give as fine a shoot as any in the South.

Bloomfield, Neb., Sept. 30.—The much-advertised shoot with a large number of prizes came off here during the past two days, and the management are at a loss to know why the shooters did not come and stay the whole two days. Of course, the shoot was hindered the second day by wind.

H. G. Taylor, of Meckling, S. D., was high man, and his score for the second day is hard to beat, losing but 4 out of 160. The home man, F. H. Graham, of Bloomfield, was not busy the last day with the management, and he lost but 10 the last day.

Loup, Neb., Oct. 1.—During a two days' shoot here, in which 350 targets were thrown, old Dan Bray, the veteran, shone out brilliantly. Only a few shot the entire programme through. Some of the old-timers were here, viz.: Sievers, of Grand Island; Dick Linderman, of Lincoln; Geo. Waddington, of Beatrice; Gus Schroeder, of Columbus. The Sock boys were in evidence, and while they tied on the handicap, yet Waddington went them two better and won out.

Peoria, Ill., Oct. 3.—The regular shoot of the Twin City Gun Club was held Sunday. Owing to the expected rainfall, the attendance was not large. The Peters trophy and the regular medal were pulled off. The dark sky caused scores to be low. A. C. Conner and H. Baker, of Pekin, had a tilt for Class A, which Conner won, with 45 to 43. Class B was won by Geo. W. Herman, with 35. H. H. Martin got 34. There were several visitors present. The Peters medal brought out a prolonged shoot-off between Conner and Baker, the same being postponed owing to darkness.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

Cincinnati.—The tie in the Parker prize gun contest was shot off on Oct. 7. The ten who were in it were on hand, except Hernan, who is still in Minnesota, hunting. The weather was almost ideal. The conditions could not have been bettered. Messrs. Gambell, Van Ness (Don Minto) and Barker, acted as a handicapping committee to the entire satisfaction of all. The event had been well advertised, and the result was a large attendance of club members and friends of the shooters, who thoroughly enjoyed the excellent exhibition of skill and endurance given by the contestants and warmly congratulated the winner.

The first squad went to the score at 2:20, and the match was over at 4:20. Seventeen hundred targets were thrown in the two hours. In the first 100 four men dropped out, failing to make a straight score with the help of their extra targets. This was not the fault of the handicap, but was due to the fact that none of them shot up to their average gait. One dropped out in the second shoot-off at 50 targets, the handicaps being split in two, leaving four still in the tie. Pohlar, after an exhibition of steadiness of which he has a right to feel proud, dropped out in the fourth shoot-off. In this the handicaps had again been reduced to half the previous number of targets. The three who were still left in the game faced the traps for what proved to be the last time, and Harig won with the fine score of 48 breaks, a total of 277 out of the 300 shot at. Randall broke 276 in all, and Norris 248. Norris is especially deserving of commendation for the great improvement he showed. His best score in the series of contests was 77. It was a toss-up between Randall and Harig to the very last. Harig gave a great display of nerve in the fourth tie, when he needed the last 20 to "keep in," and he smashed them all in expert style. Randall also gave a fine exhibition in this round, missing his last target and scoring 49.

The race was unquestionably the most hotly contested and the best which has been shot on these grounds by club members. E. B. Barker referee; Chas. Peters scorer.

Shoot-off in Parker prize gun contest, 100 targets, handicap

added targets. The figures denote handicap, broke and total in the order given:

	Hdcp.	Brk.	Total.		Hdcp.	Brk.	Total.
Randall11	94	100	Kramer28	67	95
Harig14	92	100	Boeh30	53	83
Pohlar19	87	100	Faran13	80	93
Dick16	87	100	Pfeffer24	58	82
Norris26	82	100				

Second shoot-off, 50 targets, handicap:

Norris13	39	50	Randall5	45	50
Dick8	38	46	Harig7	46	50
Pohlar9	44	50				

Third shoot-off, 50 targets, handicap:

Randall5	45	50	Norris13	42	50
Harig7	45	50	Pohlar9	41	50

Fourth shoot-off, 50 targets, handicap:

Randall3	49	50	Norris7	44	50
Harig4	46	50	Pohlar5	37	42

Fifth shoot-off, 50 targets, handicap:

Harig4	48	50	Randall3	43	46
Norris7	41	48				

The attendance on Oct. 8 was not up to the mark, only fifteen taking part in the cash prize event. The day was warm and cloudy, and the light was rather poor, but some rather good scores were made.

Four scores were shot in the cup race: Medico 21, 16; Barker 20, Faran 25. He is now king, and his name adorns the bulletin board. There are sixty-five entries for the cup.

Cash prize gun, 50 targets, distance handicap: Barker (16) 46, Norris (16) 45, Maynard (19) 43, Faran (20) 41, Medico (19) 41, Peters (19) 39, Don Minto (16) 39, Ackley (15) 39, Block (18) 38, Miles (17) 37, Bullerdick (16) 37, Lindsley (16) 37, Teddy (17) 32, Pfeiffer (16) 30, Nixon (16) 12.

Notes.

The Cleveland Gun Club has been presented with a handsome sterling silver cup by the Bowler & Burdick Co., to be known as the Cleveland Trapshooters' Handicap trophy. Ten contests at 50 targets must be shot to decide the winner. The shooters will be divided into classes, so that all will be on as nearly an equal footing as possible. The first contest was shot at the grounds in Mayfield road, Oct. 8.

The members of the Rohrer's Island Gun Club, of Dayton, had a pretty day for their medal shoot on Oct. 5, and there was a good attendance of shooters. Harry Engle won the contest after shooting off a tie with Lockwood and P. Hanauer, both of whom qualified with scores of 25 or better. This is his third win, and he stands a good chance of catching up with the leaders. Joseph Hohm, the oldest member of the club, did some good work, breaking 47 out of 50. After the medal race, two team matches were shot, Miller and Hanauer captains.

Judge John Roehm, a Dayton shooter, has been duck hunting at St. Mary's Reservoir, and in addition to the ducks, he killed a fine cormorant, which he will have mounted.

The Dayton Sharpshooters are preparing to erect a house on their range at Dayton Gun Club's grounds. J. Charles Hahne has drawn the floor plans.

Judge Marcus Shoup and John W. Eichelberger have returned from their hunting trip to New Brunswick, bringing home two fine moose heads, the antlers measuring 51 and 53 inches respectively. The animals were shot by Judge Shoup and Byron Stedman. Stedman and Ed. G. Sander, who started with the party, are still in the woods.

Adam Schantz and Wm. H. Orth will go to Mississippi, deer hunting.

Louis Groneweg and a party of friends have gone to Maine for a month's big-game hunting.

D. J. Holan, who has served as deputy game warden for over two years, has resigned his position.

The Portage County Gun Club held a two-day tournament at Kent, O., on Oct. 4 and 5, which was well attended. On the first day twelve events, at a total of 140 targets, were shot, high gun going to Fisher on a score of 129. Charlie Young and Rolla Heikes tied for second on 128. Snow was third with 127. Thirteen events at a total of 150 targets were run off on the second day. High gun for the day went to Snow with 138. Brady second with 136. Fisher third with 135. Young, Heikes and Trimble tied for fourth on 132 each. High average for the two days was won by Snow with 265. Fisher second with 264. Young, Heikes and Brady third with 260 each. Trimble fourth with 255.

BONASA.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Montclair Gun Club.

Montclair, N. J., Oct. 8.—Some seventeen men faced the traps to-day. Messrs. Sim Glover, Thorne and Prest were the guests of the club. Messrs. Glover and Engle tied for first place in Event No. 1, both breaking 23.

Event No. 2 also was productive of a tie, Messrs. Kendall and Glover both breaking 25 straight.

Events 3 and 4, best score at 50 birds, prize a gold watch fob presented by Messrs. Schoverling & Welles, to be shot for during the month of October were won by Mr. Geo. Batten with a score of 47.

The longest consecutive run during the afternoon was made by Mr. Kendall, who broke 35.

The club has offered a silver loving cup to the member who makes the longest consecutive run between now and New Year's Day.

Events:	1 2 3 4	Events:	1 2 3 4
Targets:	25 25 25 25	Targets:	25 25 25 25
Holloway13 15	Glaister18 20 16 18
Fitch18 18 16 16	Babcock21 15 24 19
Swartwout19 18 18	G. Batten18 15 23 24
Holmes9 11 ..	S. Glover23 25 25 21
Howe16 9	Winslow10 .. 17 ..
Cockfair19 21 22 18	Hartshorne11 12 9 15
Crane18 21 16	Thorne20 21 18 ..
Engle23 17 20 22	Prest15 19 19 20
C. W. Kendall15 25 20 20		

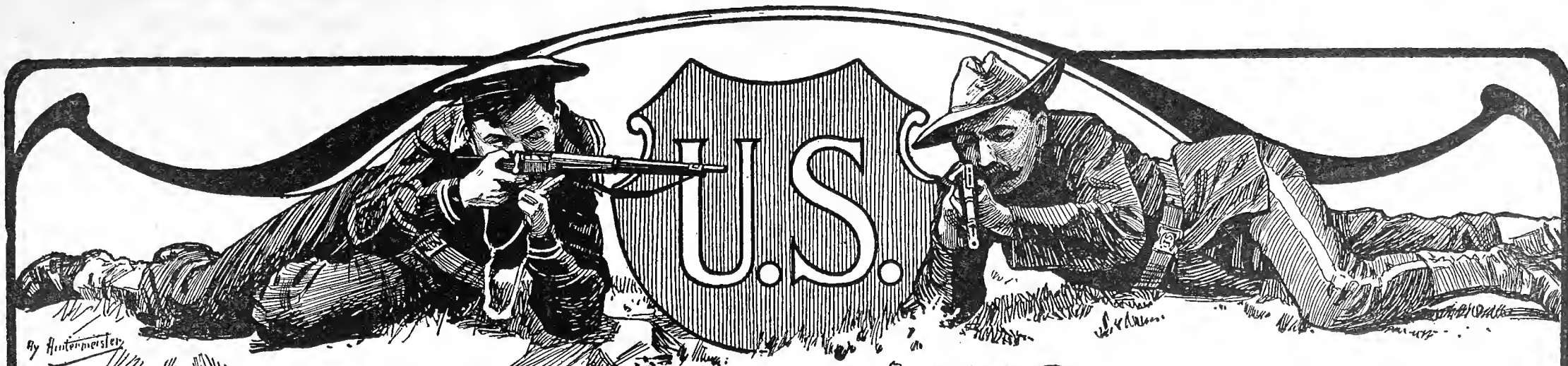
EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

Trap at Bradford.

BRADFORD, Pa., Oct. 6.—The appended scores are those of a live-bird shoot, held on the Wagner Farm to-day:

Willis1111111110101—13	McCann011010111111010—10
Benninghoff01111011111011—12	White11000111010111—10
Mallory, Sr.0110110111111—12	Cole10000100111111—9
Mallory, Jr.10111010011111—11	Costello0011111101011—11
Connelly0010101111111—11	Koch10011000010011—7
Pringle1011101010111—10	Haymaker0001001010011—7
Vantine0101101011011—10	Stoffer01011111001011—10
Russell101000000001100—4	Bodine01010000101101—7
Eygabrot01100101100111—9	Melvin00000101001001—5
Brown11001101100110—9	Kelleher11010000011100—7
Rice01101110100011—9		

P. McGRAW RUSSELL, Sec'y.



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LOWELL, MASS.

Cecil County Tournament.

RISING SUN, Md., Oct. 7.—The fourth annual Cecil county tournament for amateurs was held here on the 5th and 6th inst., and proved one of the most successful shoots ever held in this end of the State. The county shooters did not turn out as well as expected, but there was a fair showing, especially on the first day. The shoot was under the management of H. Linn Worthington, and everything came off in good shape, without a hitch of any kind. The trap worked fine, and the targets were good breakers and thrown at an even flight of 50yds.

The office was in charge of Lewis R. Kirk, of Ardmore, Pa., and was conducted in a most satisfactory manner. The referee and scorer were the Hoover brothers, of baseball fame, and Reynolds, the crack Cecil county pitcher, also scored. We had in the expert class Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, J. Mowell Hawkins, Mr. Emery H. Storr, Mr. Hood Waters and Mr. Frank E. Butler. Mr. Hawkins walked away from his field in this class winning the average hands down. Elliott was second, Storr third, Butler fourth. German beat Worthington 1 target for the amateur average, with Ford third and Burroughs fourth.

Oct. 5, First Day.

The first day opened with a clear sky and pleasant weather, but there was a southwester a-coming over the trap, which kept everybody guessing, and lowered the scores. Then again the sliding handicap had the shooters to the bad, and Hawkins let ten of them slip away from him, while the rest of the bunch were not even in sight. Right here was where Capt. Jim Malone landed his bumps, and won the amateur average for the day, with 153 dead ones out of the 180. Poor Hood Waters was clean to the bad, but he certainly had an excuse if any one ever had. His eyes were in bad shape, he having caught cold in them. He should not have shot at all. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	Broke.
Elliott	12	13	14	14	12	13	12	14	13	14	10	15	156
Butler	10	10	12	9	10	13	7	13	11	9	8	13	127
Storr	10	13	13	12	12	12	12	11	13	12	15	13	147
Hawkins	12	14	15	13	15	14	15	14	14	15	14	13	168
Waters	7	10	9	9	13	12	12	12	11	14	12	10	131
Worthington	8	13	14	11	14	12	12	14	15	13	9	14	149
Foord	12	12	15	11	13	10	12	14	10	13	13	14	149
Malone	11	13	12	15	12	13	13	12	11	15	12	14	153
German	14	14	13	13	14	14	13	12	13	15	11	15	161
Burroughs	14	12	15	10	11	12	14	12	11	12	15	13	151
Henderson	11	13	10	12	10	11	7	15	11	14	10	14	138
England	12	11	11	11	10	11	11	13	11	10	10	15	136
McNeil	10	12	11	11	11	14	11	10	12	11	10	15	138
Edmundson	10	8	10	8	8	9	7	9	9	11	4	13	104
Keen	11	11	13	9	12	10	13	12	10	11	9	12	133
Evans	13	15	11	13	14	13	11	12
Morrison	11	15	10	14	11	13	12
Seward
Booker	10	13	13	13	12	14	11
Foster	9	11	12	13	8
Roberson	12	8	12	13
Armour	11	12	11	12
Gifford	12	14	11	15	12	...
Sullivan	13	...

Oct. 6, Second Day.

Threatening weather, with some rain, cut the attendance away down, but by noon there was a goodly bunch plugging it at them. Hawkins again won the average in his class, while Worthington led in the Cecil county championship for the L. C. Smith cup. This event, which was last on the programme, was as near like a good horse race as anything could well be. The first heat of this race was at 20 singles, use of both barrels, and the second heat at 10 pairs. Worthington went straight in the first alone, with Gifford a strong second with 19. In the next lap at the doubles, Worthington dropped 3 out of his first 8, and Gifford, straight up to then, had him heat; but Worthington went on to his last 12 like the proverbial lot of bricks, and finished with 17; total 37. Gifford lost his nerve in the last and finished with 35. The scores for the second day, with the championship scores in detail, follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Targets:	14	13	13	14	12	13	14	12	15	120
Elliott	9	12	11	13	8	11	11	12	12	97
Storr	14	12	13	10	13	13	10	13	11	111
Hawkins	13	14	14	13	14	15	15	15	13	126
England	11	12	10	12	11	11	14	12	12	105
Worthington	13	13	12	15	13	11	14	12	15	118
German	10	12	11	12	14	12	14	11	11	107
Burroughs	11	11	14	12	14	11	14	11	9	107
Foord	15	13	13	12	11	14	11	13	11	113
Kirk	11	11	7	8	13	11	11	13	10	94
U Jackson	8	8	7
Riale	13	12	14	12	10	14	13	10	12	110
Gifford	13	12	13	10	12	11	13	12	8	104
Keen
Sullivan

All the events the second day were at 15 targets.

Cecil County Championship.

The Cecil county championship, at 20 singles, use of both barrels and 10 pairs, for the L. C. Smith cup;

Worthington	11111111111111111111	—20
Gifford	10 11 01 10 11 11 11 11 11 11—17—37	—19
Kirk	11 11 11 10 11 11 10 10 10—16—35	—19
England	11 11 01 11 10 10 11 01 10 11—15—34	—19
Riale	11111111111111111111	—17
J Kirk	01 11 00 10 11 01 10 11 11—14—31	—16
Jackson	11101111111111111111	—16
Keen	10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10—10—26	—15
Armour	10101010101010101010	—12
U Jackson	10101010101010101010	—14

The experts also shot in this race for targets. Their scores: Hawkins, 20, 19—39; Storr, 20, 19—38; Elliott, 20 18—38; German 19 15—34; Foord 20 14—34; Butler 18 13—31; Burroughs 18 12—30

These scores are of those who shot through the programme on one or two days only:

	1st day.	2d day.	Shot at.	Broke.
Hawkins	168	126	315	294
Storr	147	111	315	258
Elliott	156	120	315	276
German	161	107	315	268
Foord	149	113	315	262
Butler	127	97	315	226
Burroughs	151	107	315	258
England	156	105	315	241
Worthington	149	118	315	267
Malone	153	...	180	153
Henderson	138	...	180	138
McNeil	138	...	180	138
Edmundson	104	...	180	104
Keen	133	...	180	133
Riale	...	110	135	110

New London, O., Tournament.

NEW LONDON, O.—The first annual autumn shoot of the New London Gun Club took place at the club's grounds, Sept. 30, under most favorable auspices, and is considered by all those persons who participated in the events as having been a very unique, helpful and successful affair. More than fifty shooters, including the professionals—Heikes, Young, Trimble, Le Compte and Cross—stood on the firing line, while several hundred spectators from near and from far, among whom were many women, encouraged the shooters by their hearty and generous applause. Excepting a high wind part of the time, the day was perfect, and the more delightful because no accident or mishap marred the occasion. Every detail of this shoot was mastered by the management in advance of the coming of the shooters, so that the day's programme was carried out without any delays, only the day was too short for the occasion. Five thousand targets were thrown from a Leggett trap. Five large tents pitched in a semi-circle, with automobiles, carriages and a throng of well-dressed and well-behaved spectators, all of whom were in the best of humor, gave the occasion a gala day appearance.

There were ten events of 10 and 15 targets alternately. There were no sweepstake events on the programme, and no prizes either in cash or merchandise offered. Excepting this, the shoot was conducted along tournament lines. An entrance fee of 1 cent a target was charged.

The principal object of this shoot was to give encouragement to the coming shooters, in this part of the State, at little expense, who hitherto have absented themselves from tournaments wherein sweepstake shooting with prizes of merchandise or cash made a bid for patronage, because of their inability to compete with the more experienced and better shooters. The plan of this shoot worked perfectly, to the complete satisfaction of the large number of shooters from various points in northern Ohio, who were present and took part in the events, and to the management of this tournament, who devised it all.

Following is the list of shooters and their scores:														
Events:		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	Per	
Targets:		10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	at.	Broke.	Cent.
R	O Heikes.....	10	13	10	14	9	15	9	15	10	15	125	120	96 4-5
C	A Young.....	7	13	10	13	7	13	10	15	9	13	125	110	88
D	D Cross.....	8	12	9	10	8	14	8	13	10	11	125	103	82 2-5
E	R Stilson.....	8	10	7	13	9	12	9	12	8	13	120	101	80 4-5
R	Trimble.....	9	10	9	12	9	13	8	10	5	15	125	100	80
C	Le Compte.....	8	13	9	11	7	12	8	12	7	11	125	98	78 2-5
R	T Terry.....	8	14	10	10	7	10	9	12	9	9	125	98	78 2-5
A	Ledgett.....	7	13	8	13	6	12	9	9	6	12	125	95	76
F	McElhinney....	9	13	9	10	7	12	7	11	7	10	125	95	76
R	J Smith.....	9	14	8	13	7	10	9	12	10	..	110	92	83 7-11
L	Farnsworth....	7	10	8	10	8	15	8	11	6	8	125	91	72 4-5
Dr	J H King.....	8	8	10	8	7	14	8	10	6	11	125	90	72
J	Wadsworth.....	8	10	7	10	8	11	7	8	7	12	125	88	70 2-5
H	A Mowrey.....	7	10	7	12	5	9	8	11	7	10	125	86	68 4-5
C	Mansfield.....	7	8	6	12	9	10	5	12	7	7	125	83	66 2-5
C	Winbiger.....	8	10	5	8	4	9	8	13	6	8	125	79	63 1-5
F	B Gott.....	6	3	5	10	8	11	8	11	4	11	125	77	61 3-5
J	Gadfield.....	3	7	5	8	7	6	6	11	6	10	125	69	55 1-5
J	M Starr.....	4	6	5	11	2	7	8	3	7	11	125	69	55 1-5

J F Ryland	6	11	4	8	5	6	7	8	5	9	125	69	55 1-5
F H Stilson	4	11	11	3	10	7	8	6	5	...	110	65	59 1-11
Geo Ewing	5	5	4	6	8	7	7	7	4	8	125	61	48 4-5
L Degnan	7	5	8	6	4	9	2	3	3	11	125	58	46 2-5
J Cassell	6	8	4	7	2	8	4	6	4	8	125	57	45 3-5
Guy Myers	5	11	5	8	5	9	4	9	100	56	56
S Farnsworth	75	56	74 2-3
A Robertson	70	47	67 1-7
G J Myers	65	42	64 8-13
F Burk	75	38	50 2-3
Dr D L Mohn	6	7	7	3	2	2	6	2	100	35	35
J H Barnes	50	33	66
B J Stahl	50	30	60
J McElhinney	60	29	48 1-3
E McKinney	4	5	7	8	3	60	27	45
E Zimmerman	50	27	54
G Bailey	50	26	52
W Smith	35	26	74 2-7
E E Miller	65	25	38 6-13
S Buswell	3	4	6	7	5	60	25	41 2-3
G A Davidson	50	23	46
Dr C T King	50	22	44
D F White	35	21	60
W B Hart	35	20	57 1-7
J Mahan	25	18	72
T Fast	25	12	48
F Swanger	25	12	48
G Prosser	25	11	44
G C Cassell	25	8	22
C Motter	30	7	23 1-3
E C Elder	15	6	40

Homer—Ogden Tournament.

HOMER, Ill.—The dedication shoot of the Homer-Ogden Gun Club, held at Homer, Ill., Sept. 28 and 29 was a decided success, both in attendance and the matter in which it was conducted.

The new club house was not as nearly completed as the boys would like to have it, but it answered the purpose.

The first day twenty-seven shooters faced the traps. W. R. Crosby won high expert average, and C. B. Wiggins the amateur average. E. M. Stoner won the handsome gold medal for the highest score in the two last events of 25 targets each.

The second day twenty shooters were in attendance. Mr. Crosby again landed the high expert average, and Dr. E. P. Lawrence, of Lincoln, Ill., made the high amateur average.

In the 100-target race for the gun, C. B. Wiggins was the lucky man with a score of 90 from the 20yd. mark.

Merchandise prizes were distributed to the lower averages. The Homer-Ogden squad made a good showing for the home club.

The targets on the second day were something fierce. Crosby broke 106 out of 125 and Lawrence 104 out of the same number the second day.

C. B. Wiggins won the general amatcur average for the shoot. W. H. Clay, of St.

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THE SOLITARY SPORTSMAN.

THERE is a type of good sportsman, the exemplar of a large number in the aggregate, who, year by year, carefully plans his hunting or fishing trip with a view to its solitary enjoyment. He parades neither his preparation nor his going. He has memories of prior trips which were devoid of pleasure because of disagreeable companions. Therefore he avoids all party prearrangements. If he has still a longing for companions to share his pleasures, he is satisfied with the transient companionship which chance may bring to him as an incident of his trip after it has practically begun. He then is free at all times to readjust according to his humor, a privilege denied to him when he is formally a member of a party.

There may be exceptional instances in which a sportsman may shun companionship from motives of selfishness alone, but his number is so small as to be a negligible quantity.

The sport of field and stream has still enough of delights to engage the keenest interests of the solitary sportsman; but to him a pleasure divided has come to signify that some selfish companion has monopolized it all. Formerly there was a stage of his preparation in which his friends were consulted and invited and assisted, all done with an exaltation of spirit, a generosity of purpose and anticipations of common enjoyment, and thus any subsequent heartburnings were all the more painful and deterrent.

It is a common assumption that, as a matter of course, if friends discover as a conversational fact that they have a liking for a special sport, they will enhance their sport by their agreeable companionship if together in its pursuit. In theory, this is specious; in practice, it proves to be lamentably erroneous.

Experience teaches that the character of a man as established and regulated in every-day life under constant conditions and in the midst of abundance, is extremely poor data from which to forecast his companionable qualities in the dearths and hardships of a fishing or hunting trip. In ordinary life, any selfish want may be soon satisfied. In fishing or hunting there may not be sufficient sport for one, but what there is must serve for all. Every experienced sportsman knows all this, and that, however large his acquaintance may be, there is always a dearth of desirable companions from whom to choose. After a certain amount of painful experience, the average good sportsman ties to one or two sporting cronies for companionship. In the course of time they are lost by the mutations of life. None others, according to agreeable companionable standards, can fill their places. And in such happenings is found the genesis of solitariness in sport.

The solitary sportsman as a rule is the most patient, forbearing and obliging in all his associations.

There are several other distinct types of sportsmen who, when put to the test as companions, quickly and permanently contribute to the numbers of the lone sportsman. The one common to all forms of sport is the constant grumbler and calamity prophet. His peevishness, selfishness and pessimism are ever active. He arrogates to himself the privilege to domineer, to object, to protest, to obstruct, to sulk, to be waited upon, to be consulted and made much of, to loaf, to appropriate for himself the best of everything—in short, to indulge his refractory disposition with everything excepting a cheerful face, a pleasant word, and a hearty co-operation in the common purpose with his companions. This kind—an incubus to any form of companionship—is especially a grievous infliction in camp life because of the camp members' constant propinquity. To him may justly be conceded the highest efficiency in graduating the lone sportsman.

He whose sport is with dog and gun has his peculiar troubles. He is a constant victim of the effusively amiable friend who loves practical sport at the expense of his friends.

The amiable friend may know nothing concerning the care and use of dog and gun, yet he borrows them unctuously, returning the one foul and rusty, the other wild and worn. The average hunting companion is prone to the doing of unpleasant things. He is likely to invite himself. He is more likely to be in a state of chronic excitement after the hunt begins, and therefore to be a source of danger. He nervously orders his friend's dog about regardless of the fact that he, by doing so, is offensively unsportsmanlike. He roars cautions to the dog when

the latter is drawing on game, and if his hullabaloo flushes the birds, he frankly attributes their flight to the stupidity of the dog. A point is the signal for him to walk or run to the dog in a straight line, to walk over the dog, to kick the grass under the dog's nose, to hold his gun so that it will bear on man and dog at every turn, to shoot always, and to be imbecile and lawless and selfish in general.

When hunting for birds, the utmost quiet is essential to the best success, yet one may have a companion who whistles rag-time, who is offended if cautioned, or who must babble or perish. He promotes solitariness in hunting.

A desirable fishing companion is more difficult to discover than any other kind. The babbler, the professional borrower, the grumbler, the swinish pretender, are each and all great promoters of solitariness in angling.

THE BUFFALO IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

THAT is a most interesting picture Mr. Bayne gives of the Corbin buffalo herd in the Blue Mountain Forest of New Hampshire. It is gratifying and suggestive. Such a report of progress and success in the actual establishment of a buffalo herd in New England will come as a surprise to those who have lost sight of the recent developments of the Corbin enterprise. It suggests that what has been done here might be done elsewhere. If Blue Mountain can have a successful buffalo range, other mountains may have them as well. It is commonly said, and in many respects is quite true, that the buffalo had to go because the range it occupied in the old days was wanted for cattle ranches and farm lands. But in these later times, in one State and another, we are setting apart parks and forest reserves; and in this way room is making for the buffalo, where he may live his life unvexed by settlers envious of his pastures. Michigan and Minnesota ought to have buffalo in their State parks. When the Appalachian National Park shall be won from Congress, as it may be this winter, there will be great opportunities within its boundaries for the restoration of the buffalo to a longitude it knew when Walter Raleigh came to Virginia. And so here and there over the country may be provided breeding grounds where with intelligent encouragement herds may be propagated. We have long been accustomed to speak of the buffalo as a vanished race. It has not vanished utterly. Whether it shall survive or perish will depend entirely upon the existence or lack of interest, public and individual, sufficient to preserve the race. We shall print next week a communication from a Western correspondent in exposition of the theory that the buffalo were not wiped out by the skin-hunters, but perished during the hard winters.

FOR LIBRARY WALLS.

THE walls of a restaurant in the lower part of New York city are hung with an extensive series of Audubon bird portraits, of the edition lithographed by Julius Bien. They make a magnificent display, and to many persons among the thousands who visit the place in a day they must be a source of delight. One reflects involuntarily upon seeing them that there might well be such displays of Audubon in every public library in the land. But Audubon sets are rare; so scarce, indeed, that to the average library the opportunity of procuring them is not likely ever to come. There are, however, available pictures of bird and other life, and far-sighted library management may wisely make provision to secure them now.

One library has already taken the lead in such work. Richmond Hill, Long Island, is building a new library, and in the plan provision is made for the display of the series of colored plates of fish and game of the State published by the Forest, Fish and Game Commission. The plan is to have the plates as a permanent part of the structure; they are set in the walls at the height of the eye for convenient inspection; and each picture is supplemented with a concise scientific description. By this admirable arrangement, important and valuable instruction will be given, not only to the present generation, but in future time as well; and the popular information thus disseminated must have the effect of awakening interest in natural history, and of fostering public appreciation of fish, game and bird protection.

The Richmond Hill plan is of such merit that it might well be followed elsewhere, not only in New York, but in every State where such natural history prints are avail-

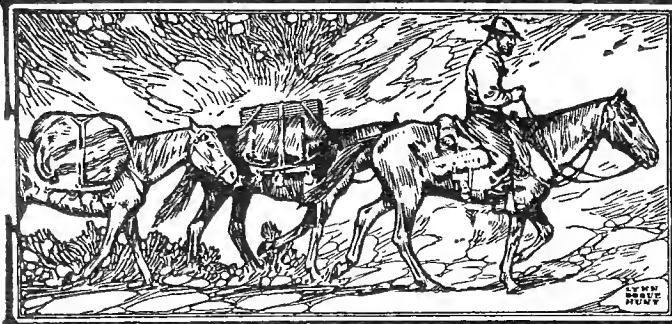
able as published by the Legislature. For that matter, library authorities would no doubt find no difficulty in securing sets of the New York pictures, and, with respect to many of the species represented, these would answer for other States.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

ONE part of the duties of American Consuls in foreign parts is to note openings for trade and "business opportunities" for Americans, and these are announced from time to time in the daily consular reports issued by the Department of Commerce and Labor. A current report comes from Consul E. H. Plumacher, who writes from Maracaibo, Venezuela, that there is an opening in that country for the American alligator hunter. Now that the supply in our southern lagoons and swamps has been reduced to such an extent, Consul Plumacher's suggestion will likely tempt the skin-hunter's enterprise. The alligators infest Venezuelan lakes and lagoons and rivers "in untold numbers and of all sizes," the report runs. "The skins are well worth securing, and alligator oil brings a high price, being used for medicinal purposes. In the Rio de Oro and the Rio Tarra I have seen thousands of large alligators which came up to deposit their eggs on the sand banks during the dry season. It is the same in all the hundreds of streams which flow into the lake of Maracaibo. Alligator hunting is fine sport, and, in my opinion, would be a paying business." The "sport" feature of it, we venture to remark, is not to be commended; the alligator is no longer recognized as game; but as a purely business proposition, Mr. Plumacher's "business opportunity" should have respectful consideration.

The alligator skin-hunter need not go so far as Venezuela; there are limitless opportunities awaiting him nearer home; the south coast of Cuba has a supply that would stock the alligator leather market for years to come. It awaits only the exploitation of American enterprise. A vivid picture of the plentitude of the creatures is found as an unexpected bit of wild life and adventure among the dry statistical charts and tabulations of the Cuban census, in the report of the enumerator who was commissioned to collect the statistics of the vast swamps of Zapata, on the south coast.

The enumerators set forth equipped, as was fitting for census takers in that particular district, with repeating rifles, 200 rounds of ammunition, revolvers, machetes, bowie knives, shotguns with ammunition for them, and rations for six days. The arms and ammunition were for the provision of food, and for protection against the crocodiles and alligators, which were so numerous and offensive as to keep the members of the little party constantly on the defensive. On the second day out, when they had fairly made their way into the swamp, they killed a number of crocodiles measuring from three to twelve feet; and the night that followed was "unpleasant and spent on guard, because crocodiles followed our party to camp, four of them advancing to our mosquito bars, which we killed with great trouble." The next night, camping on an islet, they were followed again by crocodiles, with which they had an encounter lasting two hours before they succeeded in dispersing them, and could lie down to sleep. On the day following they killed nine crocodiles, measuring from nine to sixteen feet, and spent the night on an island where, by reason of many crocodiles infesting it, they could get no sleep because "it was necessary to be on the lookout." The next night "we slept in a stockade of palms, a defense which it is customary to make in order to avoid an attack of the crocodiles which prowled about during the night. At daybreak we were surrounded by a large number of crocodiles; our position being somewhat difficult, we succeeded in killing four crocodiles, using all our ammunition, and by the use of our machetes we were able to reach some trees, and through their branches traveled a distance of forty-five feet, and were now out of danger." Another morning they awoke to find four crocodiles surrounding the stockade they had built the night before for their defense; and these they had to despatch or disperse before starting out. Surely these census takers deserved well of their country. The returns do not show whether more alligators than human dwellers in the Zapata were enumerated. It is manifest that there are still wild regions where the contest between man and brute is a strenuous warfare. Zapata swamp dwellers would doubtless welcome intervention by American skin-hunters.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Trackers of the North.

WHAT appears marvelous and positively uncanny to a town person is simple to a bushman.

Years of continuous observation develops the bump of locality, every object has a place and meaning to a trapper; his eye is ever on the alert, and what his eye sees is photographed on the brain and remains there for future reference at any time he may require it.

This bump of locality is highly developed in all Indians and whites who have passed many years in the bush. Without the faculty of remembering objects a bushman could not find his way through the dense forests.

Providing the trapper has once passed from one place to another, he is pretty sure to find his way through the second time, even if years should have elapsed between the trips. Every object from start to finish is an index finger pointing out the right path. A sloping path, a leaning tree, a moss-covered rock, a slight elevation in land, a cut in the hills, the water in a creek, an odd-looking stone, a blasted tree—all help as guides as the observant trapper makes his way through a pathless forest.

Of course, this tax on the memory is not required of trappers about a settled part of the country, but I am telling of what is absolutely necessary for the safety of one's life in the far-away wilds of the North, where to lose one's self might possibly mean death.

I followed an Indian guide once over a trail of 280 miles, whereon we snowshoed over mountains, through dense bush, down rivers and over lakes. To test my powers of a retentive memory, the following winter, when dispatches again had to be taken to headquarters, I asked the Indian to allow me to act as guide, he following.

On that long journey of ten or twelve days, always walking and continually thinking out the road, I was in doubt only once. We were standing on the ice; a tongue of land stood out toward us; a bay on either side. The portage leaving the lake was at the bottom of one of these bays, but which? The Indian had halted almost on the tails of my snowshoes, and enjoyed my hesitation, but said nothing. To be assured of no mistake, I had to pass over the whole of last winter's trip in my mind's eye up to the point on which we stood. Once the retrospect caught up with us, there was no further trouble. Our route was down the left-hand bay.

When the Indian saw me start in that direction, he said: "A-a-ke-pu-ka-tan" ("Yes, yes, you are able").

The most difficult proposition to tackle is a black spruce swamp. The trees are mostly of a uniform size and height, the surface of the snow is perfectly level, and at times our route lies miles through such a country, and should there be a dull leaden sky or a gentle snow falling, there is nothing for the guide to depend on but his ability to walk straight.

It has been written time and again that the tendency when there are no land marks is to walk in a circle.

By constant practice, those who are brought up in the wilds acquire the ability to walk in a straight line. They begin by beating a trail from point to point on some long stretch of ice, and in the bush, where any tree or obstruction bars the way, they make up for any deviation from the straight course by a give-and-take process, so that the general line of march is straight.

During forty years in the country, I never knew an Indian or white bushman to carry a compass. Apart from a black spruce swamp, it would be no use whatever.

In going from one place to another, the contour of the country has to be considered, and very frequently the "longest way round is the shortest way home." A ridge of mountains might lay between the place of starting and the objective point, and by making a detour round the spur of same, one would easier reach his destination, rather than to climb up one side and down the other.

On the first day after my arrival in London (the only time I ever crossed the water) a gentleman took me out to see some of the sights. He lived on the Surrey side, and took me direct, or, I should say crooked, into the city across the Thames. After walking me around several blocks and zigzagging considerably about, he came to a sudden stop at a corner. "Now," he said, "Hunter, suppose I was to disappear all at once, do you think you could find your way back to Elm Tree Lodge? I have always heard that you bushmen can find your way anywhere."

Now, although there was no necessity for it, my years of schooling had caused me to observe every conspicuous object, and every turn we had made since leaving his residence; and therefore I replied, with the utmost confidence, "Why, to return to your house from here is as simple as falling off a log."

Looking at me with the greatest incredulity, he said, "If you can find your way back unaided I will pay for the best hat in London."

"Well, my dear sir, my number is 7, and I want it soft felt and dark bottle-green. Now follow me, and you can get the hat in the morning."

Without going into details, suffice it to say, I conducted him to his own door, and a more perplexed man was not in London; so much so, he had to call

in his wife, his mother-in-law and his next door neighbor to tell them of my achievement.

At last I had to cut short his flow of words by saying my guiding him home was a most simple thing. It was merely the result of observing as I went along, and running the objects backward as I came to the house.

"If I was to tell you as a fact, my dear sir, that a bushman sees the track of some wild animal in the snow, he can tell you not only the name of the animal, but if it was male or female, within an hour of the time the tracks were made, if it was calm or blowing and the direction of the wind at that time and many other minor things, you would think this wonderful. Yet, as wonderful as this may appear, and hardly to be credited, an Indian boy of ten or twelve can read this page from nature as easy as one of us can read a page of print."

MARTIN HUNTER.

The Arkansas Market Hunter.

LICENSE a safe-blower to ply his craft on Wall street, with the condition that he takes only the silver dimes and leaves other coin and collateral untouched, and possibly his dissatisfaction will equal that of an Arkansas market-shooter under the present State laws. Any professional man would dislike giving up a paying general practice to become a specialist with a smaller income; but the market-gunner is permitted no choice in the matter. He can ship no game outside the State, nor sell at home anything save bear, rabbits and squirrels. Undoubtedly Arkansas has still a good many bear, but their habitat is the canebrake and swamp, where successful still-hunting is impossible and dogs can be used to little advantage. Bear tracks can be found any summer or fall within a dozen miles of my home; yet, during the fifteen years since I first hunted in this territory, not more than four or five bears have been killed—the last one in 1899. Consequently, the hunter's sole chance is now in squirrel shooting, since rabbits are hardly salable in Southern markets, except to darkies, and many negroes will eat them only in the winter months. So we find the market shooter ranging the woods in quest of gray and fox squirrels, and supposedly unmindful of other species of game. The reader will take note of this word "supposedly." Coveys of quail may flush from under his feet; deer stare at him down the forest trails; turkeys "tree" in the surrounding oaks and gums, and the quacking of mallard and whistle of woodduck signal the vicinity of lake or stream; but he is supposed to keep his mind strictly on squirrel, and his finger off the trigger until said squirrel is discovered, for it is a matter of principle with the market-hunter to shoot nothing that he can't sell. He may feast, if he so pleases, on venison steak, fried turkey breast, and broiled woodcock, and quail; but he must not yield to temptation and ship his surplus birds in egg cases to Memphis or St. Louis, nor can he pack a trunk with venison saddles and intrust it to some friend bound to the World's Fair. However, he can give away as much game as he likes, and the generosity of our market-gunners as a class is something remarkable. During the duck flight, last fall, roast mallard became as common as fried sowbelly, and it was reported that one enterprising shooter, with an unusually long list of intimate friends, even hired men to assist him in keeping their tables supplied. Idle report, mind you—a mere rumor—that could by no possibility be traced to its origination. Not a conviction have I heard of under the new law; not even a prosecution, or as much as a complaint. And what does that prove? Why, that our market-gunners are a nice lot, superior to temptation and without guile. But they are death on squirrels.

Bald Knob is situated on the St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern Railroad, at the very dividing line of flat lands and hills. Westward, clear to the border of the Indian Territory and beyond, nothing but ridges and valleys, limestone, sandstone and flint pebbles; eastward, to the Mississippi River, ninety odd miles away, approximately a dead level expanse, with hardly a rock big enough to throw a dog. Hardwoods on the hills; the bottomlands covered with a giant growth of oaks, hickories, gums, cypress, etc., with abundant and dense undergrowth. Twelve miles to the east lies White River, and four miles to the south the Little Red, both navigable streams, their junction point some thirteen miles to the southeast. From the limited territory within this irregular triangle, squirrels have been shipped about two-thirds of each year since 1894, the shipments each day in the week ranging from 100 to 250, with a probable average of about 125—something over a quarter of a million in all, as a mome's figuring will show you. Until last season, other game in fair quantities was killed for the market, principally deer, turkeys and ducks; but even approximate data of the gross amount is not obtainable. Several years earlier than the date above mentioned—during the season of 1888-9—I know that seventy-three deer were killed within the triangle in question, and there were probably others that I heard nothing about. Possibly I should add that at no one time, to my knowledge, have there been more than five or six market-hunters shooting in this territory; that four dozen squirrels to the gun is by no means an unusual score for a single day, hunting in the morning and evening, and that the record at pres-

ent stands at seventy-six—credited to the redoubtable Zeke, whose camp I recently visited and will now proceed to describe.

Kings are born to the purple; Arkansas market-hunters have as their heritage the green woods, the inspiration of dad's old gun above the mantelpiece, and the droning repetition of hunting yarns of the long ago, and the intuitive knowledge that dad's old hound always leads in the chase and never—no never—barks up the wrong tree. They commence hunting by the time they have outgrown dresses, keep it up as long as there is chair room awaiting them at the parental board, and when at last forced to take up some regular employment as means of earning a livelihood, they choose—hunting. I have yet to meet a market-hunter who has turned to that calling from any other, or who would leave the woods and a life of hardship, exposure and frequently semi-starvation for the best-salaried indoor position that one could offer him. Their choice of occupation is doubtless a foolish one; but who is to judge and condemn them for it. Certainly not the sportsman, who, for the mere fun of the thing vainly strives to match them in endurance as well as in skill. Nor the law-makers, who might, but do not, make their arduous calling impossible. Most assuredly not the writer of these lines, who has shared their hospitality many times in the past; hunted with them, and found them in no wise deficient in field courtesy and the ethics of true sportsmanship. Are the market-gunners of other regions cast in a different mould? Possibly not; yet, while the innate gentility, sturdy manliness and general lovability of moonshiner, smuggler and poacher have inspired the pens of novelists without number, and which is more to the point, been accorded recognition by their sworn enemies, the game-keepers, United States marshals and excise officials—when did a sportsman's journal omit qualifying adjectives more or less derogatory and offensive in mentioning the man who shoots for the market? He is as avaricious as a gold miner, as sordid as a bank president, as regardless of the rights of others as the homesteader who gobbles up a whole quarter section of public domain. Maybe all his incomings and outgoings are not strictly legitimate in the eye of the law; but he cloaks them under a lawful calling, and there are others, equally culpable, who get a whole lot less of blame. Time and again I have discussed with Zeke the need of game protection. He knows that I would gladly see his occupation legislated out of existence. He knows too, that I do not blame him for continuing in business so long as the law permits. The best policy in dealing with woodsmen is one of perfect frankness, whether you have to do with a market-gunner who is not a law-breaker, or pork eaters and timber cutters who keep clear of the penitentiary because of the difficulty of getting the right sort of evidence against them. Let them one and all know exactly where you draw the dividing line between right and wrong, and you will find them jolly, good hunting and camp companions, and not given to embarrassing confidences, which you might later have to repeat to an inquisitive grand jury. Perchance, even in the big cities, one might find an occasional person with business secrets to be jealously guarded from a prying public. I have been told that such is the case, and have no reason to doubt the veracity of my informants.

I found Zeke's party camped at Beaver Pond, some seven miles from town. More accurately speaking, I found the camp. The hunters had been away since early dawn, and the constant popping of shotguns from one to two miles distant showed that they were busily employed. A wisp of gray smoke, lazily ascending from a bed of dying embers, led me to the spot where four men had made their home for as many weeks. No cabin or tent; nothing ever so remotely resembling a shelter from sun and dew, save the spreading branches of a big white oak overhead, and the thick foliage of encircling saplings. Four stakes had been driven in the ground, supporting a rough board, which served as a table. A few cooking utensils were hanging from nails driven in the oak—a frying pan and three smoked and battered tin buckets. On the bench I have mentioned were a galvanized iron water pail, two tin cups and a single tin plate, and a worn and phenomenally dull butcher knife. Three soiled and tattered quilts were rolled together and thrust in the fork of a sapling; sundry coats and overalls hung here and there; a little sack held the supply of salt and coffee safely above the reach of visiting kine. This was all, save that among the branches of a bush not more than shoulder high casual scrutiny discovered several loaves of bread and a slab of the never-to-be-forgotten sowbelly. "The dogs can't git up thar," one of the boys told me later on, "an' these flatwoods cows won't eat baker's bread." Students of natural history will please stick a pin here. The discovery is of recent date, for only last year it was rulable to elevate the grub to the seven-foot level.

A gray pony stood tied to a tree nearby, its hips and shoulders stained with blood as evidence of its daily trips from the camp to the railroad station. Against another tree leaned a bicycle, valuable when the state of the roads permitted, for trips requiring speed. I bitterly resented the introduction of bicycle and baker's bread in this otherwise perfect picture of a forest bivouac; but the contaminating touch of modernism

works havoc everywhere in the present day and time, and that which can't be helped must be endured.

Presently the hunters commenced straggling in, each heavily burdened with game. The first comer counted twenty-three squirrels as he unstrung them from the thong which had crossed his shoulder, and later arrivals had averaged as well; but it was generally conceded that Zeke's score would prove best. "His gun is a 10-bore," said one. "An' he can beat us shootin'," added another. "An' kin see squirrels the rest of us can't find," supplemented a third. All this was no news to me, for I have hunted side by side with Zeke, and know that his big repeater can be depended upon for a 90 per cent. gait, while no man in the country will burn more powder on the same ground and in the same length of time. He brought in thirty-three squirrels, and reported them growing very scarce and wild. I presume that Northern and Eastern squirrel hunters will smile incredulously at this bare statement of facts; but let them spend a season in the Arkansas low grounds, and, as the writer has done before now, shoot down twelve and thirteen squirrels before taking time to gather them for a count, and they will be ready to accept without murmur statements more remarkable still.

As the time was early in September, and the weather very warm, the game had been drawn as killed. Later in the season, this work will be deferred until camp is reached, and then the hunters will feast upon fried squirrel liver. I recall making one of a party of seven very hungry men who attacked and demolished a fricassee of ninety-five livers. We thought them very good, and they certainly served to sustain life until a twenty-pound gobbler could be roasted and the accompanying side dishes prepared. Had we been market-hunters, the turkey would have been sold and the proceeds invested in "good old greasy hog meat." But this is a digression. Ten minutes after Zeke's coming, the squirrels, duly counted and bundled into a gunnysack, were resting on the withers of the gray pony, with a sturdy rider in the saddle, whipping and spurring toward town. And in ten minutes more Zeke was following on the bicycle with a dozen big-mouth black bass, freshly taken from the live box, resenting with flops and gasps the coating of ashy dust which speedily covered them as they dangled from the frame. Another half hour would see them on the local market freshened and revived by a bath at the town pump. They had been caught the evening before, on a Skinner spoon, in this little mud hole of a beaver pond, which covers a scant twenty acres and shows a dry-weather depth of not more than three feet; yet there were 5 and 6-pounders in the lot, and more of the same sort would be taken the following evening, and five days out of six for weeks to come.

Squirrels and black bass! Truly, evil days have befallen the Arkansas market-hunter when he must content himself with such small fry. The first of them I ever knew—quaint and kindly old Ganoway Malcolm, the Raft Creek philosopher—would never consent to waste a bullet on game smaller than deer or turkey; and it was because of his adherence to this rule that I lost the good opinion of his wife. The pair were childless, and in their old age had adopted an orphan boy, a sickly, peevish six-year-old, who was idolized by the old lady and petted and whipped in turn by her usually kind-hearted but sometimes irritable husband. "Pinky" was a dainty feeder, and his appetite frequently craved delicacies the family larder did not afford; so, in time, there came a demand that old Ganoway positively refused to supply. The boy wanted "squirrel heads," and as I was passing the cabin on my way from camp to the deer crossing on Dick's Point, Mrs. Malcolm hailed me with a request, which, as it afterward transpired, I did not fully understand. On my return that evening I brought her six plump young squirrels. I had taken pains in their killing, and the head of each and every one was either missing or torn into fragments. The good lady was too angry to accept explanations, and I am well assured that she never forgave me.

Malcolm taught me many tricks of the deer hunter's craft; among the rest, that there were other ways to stop a running deer than by whistling or bleating at it. His own method was to call out, as though addressing an old acquaintance, "Hello, old man!" "Hi, thar, gal!" or "Run, you little devil!" varying the summons as the age and sex of the subject demanded, and timing it so exactly that the deer would always halt in a clear spot, where there was nothing to obstruct the shot. Judged by the standards of to-day, Malcolm was not a market-hunter pure and simple, for he followed trapping in its season, cut and rafted logs when offered what he considered rightful pay as an expert hand, and of the game he killed, the greater part was consumed by the family and their numerous guests. Hide hunting was his specialty, and his harvest time came twice each year: once early in the winter, when the annual overflow ran the deer from the low grounds to the flat woods, along well defined routes of travel, affording the best of opportunities for bushwhacking; and again late in February and early in March, during the buffalo gnat season. Of late years the buffalo gnats have noticeably decreased in their numbers, and there are springs when they are noticeable principally by their absence; but in the early '80s they were a scourge to be dreaded, making life an endless misery for every four-footed creature within the territory where they abound. Deer and domestic animals frequently succumb to their attacks. The planters and woodsmen owning horses and cattle practice keeping "smokes" burning near their dwellings during the time the buffalo gnats have the country in keeping, and to these smouldering stumps and log piles come the tortured stock and wild creatures, and there remain, even starvation failing to drive them away. So, in the buffalo gnat season Ganoway built his smokes in the woods roundabout, marching along his beat from one to another, and killing anywhere from one to five and ten deer a day. It was while thus engaged that he sighted and shot something that he used to describe as "a master big deer, taller'n my Molly mule (a good 15 hands high) an' heavier'n four deer orter be." The creature was a male, but had shed its horns. A square timberman who saw it was positive that it was an elk, but admitted he

knew nothing save from hearsay of how an elk should look. But an elk it was from that day, according to Malcolm and his fellow woodsmen, and an elk it will remain in the traditions of that region; however, from personal knowledge of Ganoway's love for exaggeration in yarn spinning, I hold to the theory that it was about a 250-pound buck—out of the ordinary in size for Arkansas, where the average big deer runs about one-third lighter.

The old man steadfastly refused to see aught reprehensible in that "smoke shooting" at a season when deer were thin in flesh and unsuitable for food, and when closely pressed, was always ready with the market-gunner's unfailing argument, "The law says it's right, and I might as well get them as some one else." But later events furnished irrefutable proof that Malcolm's implied respect for the law and its mandates was merely a convenient fiction. Arkansas at last gave her deer the protection of a close season, and my aged acquaintance was the first man to suffer for its infringement. One day in July the habit of a lifetime asserted itself, and a nice young buck fell at the salt lick where so many had fallen before. A half-mile away lived a widow, Mrs. Citterdene, lone, friendless, and in destitute circumstances. Malcolm called on her to assist in skinning the deer he had "found dead," and that night she had meat in the house sufficient for many days to come. Nice old man! Nice old lady, too; for next morning she went direct to the county seat where the grand jury was then in session and reported the killing for the sake of the informer's fee. At the trial Malcolm pleaded guilty. "Half the meat she had, and all the skin," said he to his Honor. "She was a widder an' starvin', an' I don't begrege her what she got. What's more, I'll be one of five men to give her a dollar a piece over an' above her share of my fine." I am glad to say that the judge assessed the lowest penalty admissible under the law, and that the judicial censure was directed, not at old Ganoway, but at the sole witness for the State.

From Ganoway, who stands first on the list, to Zeke, its latest addition, I have known market-gunners not a few, and have found each and every one thoroughly assured of the perfect legitimacy of his calling and content to continue in it. Making more than the barest living is quite outside his calculations, and, as opposed to the keen delights of the woods life, its exposure and hardships are as nothing. With different early training, he would have been the most ardent of sportsmen; but he was taught to combine business with pleasure, instead of earning a right to the last by close attention to the first. He is the living exemplification of a sad and serious mistake, and that is about the worst that can be said of him. And even this can be said of others, who never sold a squirrel or shot one, or even enjoyed the pleasure of seeing a streak of gray fur shoot up a tree and disappear in a hollow. So, if not deserving of unqualified blame, neither is the market-hunter an object of common pity, at least to a degree which should set him aside and apart from his fellow man.

S. D. BARNES.

ARKANSAS.

The Horse that was Locoed.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your very complete account of our poison plants and weeds in the number for Oct. 1, is a mention of the loco weed. I have good cause to remember that weed; it gave me two of the most miserable days' travel that I have ever had.

The weed is quite common in some parts of what was the Indian Territory, Oklahoma now; but our cavalry horses did not seem to want to eat it. I had never seen an instance of their having done so until my horse made a supper of it, and came near killing himself. Had he not been a big, strong horse, he no doubt would have died then and there.

I had been sent with a dispatch up to Fort Supply from Fort Reno. Both posts are on the North Fork of the Canadian; Supply is at the head of it, where Wolf and Beaver creeks unite to form the North Fork. When going up I took the trail on the north bank of the river in order to hunt turkeys on my way up. There was a large roost of them, called Sheridan's Roost; the General had hunted them, and we gave his name to the roost. When ready to return from Supply, I took the trail on the south side of the river. I had left Supply at noon, and meant to get home the following day. I kept on until nearly dark, then camped just where night had found me, staking out my horse and lying down within reach of him. He had a habit of coming to where I lay and waking me up if anything happened in the night to alarm him. I needed no guard on when I had this horse with me. He never came near me this night, and when I got up next morning he was lying down; and on going to him I soon saw that there was something wrong with him; he got up when I told him to do so, then, after staggering around a while, fell down again. I examined the grass (it had been too dark when I came last night to do it), and found loco weed everywhere.

"I guess I have ridden you for the last time, Billy," I said, addressing the horse. "I can walk home now, then proceed to 'swear you off the papers'"—make an affidavit that the horse had died to avoid having to pay for him. I hated to lose the horse, I had ridden him three years; and as it afterward turned out I rode him the other two; but I did not expect to do it when I stood looking at him then. I got him on his feet again, and after giving him a good rubbing down with dried grass, took him down to water him. He drank a little, then I put him on fresh green grass here where there was no loco, and he tried to eat, but soon gave up and lay down again.

I had a small bag of salt in my saddle pocket, and gave him half of it. He licked it up, then, getting up, went at the grass as if he meant to live a while longer yet.

"I'll stay right here to-day," I said to myself, "and give you a rest." I had a dispatch to take down, but it could wait; it was not of much importance, or else it would have been sent by the telegraph line between the two posts. I started a fire and got breakfast, the

last I would get until I had reached home, unless I killed something.

I was nearly opposite to the turkey roost; so, leaving the horse, which was still trying to eat, I got across the river and shot a small hen turkey, killing her with a big .45 ball, that tore her up badly; but she would do for me to-day, I was not particular now.

The horse was still grazing when I came back, but looked very bad; in fact, he looked as if I had been riding him fifty miles a day for the last month. I stayed here all day, and late in the evening it began to snow, but the snow melted as fast as it fell; and it kept on snowing all night, while I stood over a fire drying one side of me while the other side was getting wet again. At daylight I got the saddle on and started walking and leading the horse.

The weather had got colder, and the snow, still falling, lay on the ground. It was the first week in November, and this was our first snowstorm.

After going twenty miles, I had to camp. Neither I nor the horse could go any further to-day; and I was still fifteen miles from the post.

When I started to make a fire I found my matches were all wet; the snow had got into the saddle pocket. Hunting up some dry cedar bark, I rubbed it until it was broken up; then wrapping it and a greasy rag that I used for a gun stopper, together, I scraped the snow carefully away from around an old dry log, and shoving the wad in under it, fired a shot from my pistol into it, and soon had a fire.

I had nothing to eat; there would be no chance to get anything here. It was too near the Indian camps to find any game; the Indians would not let game stay long enough for any one to find. After boiling a tin cup of coffee, the snow having stopped at last, I lay down in front of my fire and slept all night, not having had any sleep last night.

I started at daylight next morning, still leading the horse, and was home before noon. I put the horse in his stall, where he stayed for the next five months, looking at himself and doing nothing.

The dose of the loco he had got was a lucky dose for him; he was well of it in a fortnight, but he never had a saddle on him until I put it on about the first of the following April. A week after I had brought him home I was sent off again to go to the Antelope Hills and stay there all winter to watch Indians, who were out on their winter hunt. I had to ride a borrowed horse, one belonging to the saddler. His and mine were the only two sorrels in the troop, and I would not ride a horse of any other color. I might get shot off him if I did. I could not be hurt while on a sorrel. This is a fool notion, of course; but most of us have a fool notion of some kind or other. I have gone into places on a sorrel horse—and the sorrel and I have come out of them again, too—when I would not have gone within a mile of those places riding a horse of any other color.

My horse escaped work that winter because it was a rule in the troop that no man could ride another man's horse without the owner's consent, unless the owner was in the guard house—then he could.

I was not there all winter to give my consent, and was not in the guard house either, so Billy had a soft snap of it.

The most disappointed man at the post, when I brought that horse in was the captain. The horse was a thorn in his side, that he tried to get rid of, but never could. I once told him that I was willing he should transfer both me and the horse to another troop, but he would not let me go.

The horse was one of the meanest kickers I have ever seen. He would not kick at a man; but every horse or mule that came near him would get a kick, and often it would miss the horse and send the man to the hospital. The captain had been trying for several years to have the horse condemned, to get rid of him—he was really dangerous—but the inspecting officer would always be either Gen. Mackenzie or Col. Mizner, our senior major; they knew I did not want him condemned, and he was not condemned. He had to be kept in a stall by himself; he would kick a mule out of it if one were put in, and he always ate two rations—one that was given him and one that I stole for him.

I continued to ride him for two years after he had got the loco weed, then turned him in and left the troop. The next day the captain got rid of him; he turned him in to the quartermaster.

Two years after that I met him again. He was still in the service, though fourteen years old. He belonged now to the 10th Cavalry, colored; the colored man who rode him told me that he still kicked as badly as ever.

Although the horse had not seen me for two years, he still knew me; and taking him out of his stall I put him through a number of circus horse tricks I had taught him; he had not forgotten them either.

When I had told the captain of my fear of leaving the horse the morning I found he had eaten the loco, he said, "Oh, you need have no fear of that horse dying. There is not enough loco in the Territory to kill him. He is too mean to die; if he was not, you would not be so anxious to keep him."

CABIA BLANCO.

A Word to Cabia Blanco.

THE Hopewell Church, which I mentioned in my little paper of Sept. 17, is not the Hopewell Church in Allegheny county, to which you refer in your communication of the 8th inst.; but is in Indiana county, Pa., four or five miles north of Blairsville. It is rather an interesting coincidence that we should both have had some early associations of the ignis fatuus with Hopewell Church, and not the same Hopewell. Was pleased to see your article in the FOREST AND STREAM.

T. J. CHAPMAN.

INGRAM, Allegheny Co., Pa.

WHEN a Kansas City fire destroyed three buildings of the plant of the United Zinc and Chemical Company, at Argentine, Kan., thousands of fish in the Kaw River were killed by acids and chemicals that escaped from the plant into the stream.

Story of a Whale Hunter.

My hair is as white as the salt sea foam, and as I sit before the fire in the quiet evening hours, I often recall the wild adventures of my early manhood. They were upon the ocean, along the shores of various lands, and associated with the capture of the whale. Many of the books within my reach are full of interest, but I am not just now in a reading mood; and as my good wife is at this moment nodding over some of her fancy knitting, I will have a pen-and-ink talk with you, my friend, about the times of old.

Within the entire range of natural history there is nothing, in my opinion, which can give to the general student a more profound interest than the whale, and nothing in all the various pursuits of mankind possesses a more exciting and thrilling field of adventure than that of hunting the whale.

My experiences as a whaler have been chiefly as an officer, and I have both made and lost a good deal of money, sailing from New London and New Bedford.

I cannot here go deeply into the natural history of the whale family, but will give you their names and a few particulars. The sperm whales, which sometimes move in schools of two or three thousand, and at the rate of six miles per hour, are supplied with teeth, attain their full growth in twenty years, and often yield 150 barrels of oil, in addition to their sperm. Next in importance is the black or right whale, which has no teeth, but "carries a bone in his mouth" which all nations have admired and coveted. And then come the hump-back, fin-back, and sulphur bottom whales, which in different degrees are sought for by the men who go down to the sea in ships.

If we can believe anything that is asserted by the wise average man of science, the whale would never make a fish stew, as it is in reality a quadruped. It is a warm-blooded animal, and those appendages called fins or flippers are in reality its legs; its heart is like that of man and other mammals, having two cavities, and doing double duty in the line of circulating blood. It is not the offspring of an egg, but is born alive. What are generally called the blowholes of the whale are really nothing but its nostrils. The whalebone of commerce comes from the jaw of the animal, and is only found in the variety known as the Greenland or right whale. While the whalebone whale has no teeth, those of the sperm whale are carried in the lower jaw; and as to the size which these creatures attain, it may be stated that they have been known to measure 100 feet in length, and to have weighed nearly 250 tons. We often hear the remark that something we see "is very like a whale," and yet there are several animals to which we may truthfully apply that remark, viz., the dolphin, porpoise, the grampus, bottle-nose manatee, sea elephant and narwhal or sea unicorn. Nor will I stop to give all the particulars bearing upon the equipment of a whaling ship, but proceed at once with some of my adventures.

And first, in fancy, let us take a little run in the South Atlantic. We are in the vicinity of a great plain of sea weed, which is the favorite food of the right whale, and they are numerous in that vicinity. One of the crew has ascended to the "crow's nest," for you must understand that it is desirable to discover a whale, or a school of them, before we come near enough to see them from the deck.

The boats are ready, equipped with harpoons and lances and rope, the crews duly assigned, when lo! from the crow's nest comes the cry, "There she blows!" "Where away?" "Abeam, to the leeward, sir." "How far off?" "Two miles, sir." "Let us know when the ship heads for her." "Ay, ay, sir!" "Keep her off—hard up the helm!" "Hard up it is, sir." "Steady! S-t-e-a-d-y!" "There she blows! A large right whale with her calf, sir, heading right at us. Very large. There she blows! Now half a mile off and feeding, sir, and coming right toward us!" We lower away and are off. Now it is that you see the advantage of the drill we have practiced for many days. Every movement must be quick and sure, with no guessing or questioning what is best. There goes the great mother whale, followed by her offspring, both of them moving slowly and not heeding the coming danger. The boat has reached her side, a fearful flurry of excitement follows among the crew. One, two, and perhaps three lances are thrown, and away she goes, coloring the ocean with her blood, dragging the rope with fearful rapidity, then stops, goes into what we call a flurry, or her death agony, when she swims with her head out of water, making a circuit of miles, and lashing the sea into foam with her tail, and as she grows weaker and weaker, slackens her pace, straightens herself out upon the water on her side, and with her head invariably toward the east, dies. If the wind is blowing, the sea makes a clear breach over her as if she were a rock, and this has sometimes deceived the mariner. I remember one instance where a captain reported in New York the discovery of a rock in the track to Europe, and suggested that this had perhaps been the cause of many shipwrecks, when he had only been deceived by a dead whale. It has frequently happened in my experience that a whale after being harpooned has turned in anger upon his pursuers, and with his great flukes shattered their boat to pieces and killing many men; and I have also known a whale when angry to raise himself so far out of water as to look like a man on his feet, and then to let himself down with a crash upon the ill-fated boat. And then the speed with which the whale can move is a continual wonder with all those who have hunted them. The quickness and facility with which they can use their monstrous flukes is only equalled by the coachman's whip. It was never my fate to be seriously injured by an angry whale, but they have frequently suggested very decided thoughts of eternity. Once a fellow dragged me downward into the sea "full forty fathoms," judging by my feelings; and on another occasion I happened to be on the back of a big sperm whale when he made a start, and holding on to the harpoon, I traveled for a short time in a circle at the rate of thirty miles per hour, when I thought it expedient to slide into the sea and trust to being picked up by one of the boats forming the hunting party. And what will strike you as a fish story, but it is true, before I was rescued I actually went within an ace of swimming directly into the mouth of another whale which was strolling along the spot as if anxious to inquire about the general commotion going on.

The largest right whale I ever saw was captured off the coast of Kamschatka by one of my crews, and it was during the same year that I procured a full ship of 3,200 barrels of oil and 40,000 pounds of whalebone within the space of sixty days. When the monster just mentioned was killed, the sea was very rough. After the boats had been lowered, it was necessary to move them with great care, lest an unlucky wave should carry us on top of the whale, and this actually happened, for when I called upon the harpooner to fasten, he did so, when our boat was instantly thrown upward, and one man killed. Fortunately, before the boat filled, I had time to put a fatal lance into the whale, and we were rescued by another boat. As I was getting in, I saw near by the body of the killed man, in a standing position, a few feet below the surface of the water, when by diving I caught him by the ear, but a big wave came, causing me to lose my hold, and the body of our brave comrade went down out of sight in the blue waters. Into this whale we were obliged to send a succession of lances, and he spouted blood and disgorged food for six hours, having in that time lost what we estimated at a hundred barrels of blood alone. But I must tell you something more about this hero of Kamschatka. He was as long as our ship, and she measured 120 feet; his greatest girth 75 feet, head 30 feet long, and flukes 30 feet broad. His lips alone made thirty barrels of oil; throat and tongue the same amount, and the total yield of his blubber was 240 barrels. The bone taken from the inside of his mouth weighed 2,800 pounds, and his market value, according to the prices of oil and bone then ruling, \$18,600.

And now, without going into all the particulars as to how we hunters of the sea do our work when preparing our game for preservation, I will give you a few facts which have come to my personal knowledge, bearing upon the natural history of the whale. Here, for example, is a fact which I have not seen mentioned in any authentic books. On taking off the skin of a whale, you come to the blubber, which rests upon the flesh or muscle, and this I have found to be covered with a fine hair or fur, about an inch long; to this fur is attached a black pigment which answers the purpose and is used by the sailors as you would a common soap; but the significance of this fact is that in reality it makes the whale a fur-bearing animal.

And now about their numbers. I have sailed a thousand miles without seeing even the sign of a whale; and yet, in the North Pacific, I have on several occasions looked upon a thousand or more individuals of the sperm variety in one great school, covering the sea, apparently, to the horizon; and when tumbling and rolling and pitching and spouting, they have presented a scene of grandeur and confusion which no pen could possibly describe. In these schools there is always one fellow swimming in the center who seems to be the leader of the host, and he is called by the sailors the Old Soldier. And I may also here mention the curious fact that when you strike a whale with the lance, and he makes a demonstration with his tail, the entire herd go through precisely the same motion, as if influenced by a kind of magnetism. Nor should I omit an allusion to the almost human intelligence of the whale. I have known them to lie perfectly still long enough to let me get within reach of their flukes, and then suddenly turn upon the boat and crush it with their capacious jaws; and thus have I seen them watch for and destroy a number of boats and killing a number of men. All this is very unkind on the part of the kingly creatures of the ocean, but I have never been disposed to blame them for any of their savage eccentricities. Not only are they hunted and killed by the Yankee race, but they have a more terrible enemy that goes by the name of the killer. This creature is serpentine in appearance, armed with sharp teeth, and as the right whale often swims with his mouth open, the killer fastens himself on his tongue. When thus attacked, the whale is greatly alarmed and utters a bellowing sound which may be heard a distance of ten miles, meanwhile lashing the sea into foam with his flukes. After the killer has eaten away the tongue, then, as a matter of course, the whale dies from starvation. But again, to look upon a pair of whales when fighting with each other is a sight that can never be forgotten. I have seen an old fellow, after coming out of such a conflict, with his jaw bones bent all out of place, and with fearful gashes on his head and all along his body. When thus fighting—and the leaders of the various schools often come together—they either roar, which resembles distant thunder, and the spray which they often scatter into the air reminds one of the surf on a rocky shore. And then they are so ferocious. During the Rebellion it was my fortune to participate in two battles, but the terror I then experienced was not to be compared with that caused by a fight between angry whales in the North Pacific.

And here comes in an incident which happened to me at New Zealand a great many years ago. I had killed a whale, and having stripped off the blubber cast off the carcass. The wind and tide landed it high and dry on the shore. A few weeks afterwards, on visiting this spot, I found that a whole family of natives had eaten their way into the carcass and turned it into a habitation; and this was anything but a "sweet home," and its influence—such as it was—permeated the whole country for miles around.

And now, my good friend, I will continue my yarns, which I tell you are all true, with a brief dash at the sea-serpent. I am a believer in the veritable existence of such a creature. I once saw a specimen in the South Atlantic Ocean, near the Ascension Islands. He was at least sixty feet long, and I followed him with a bold crew for at least two miles, but he gave us the slip, and went down into the world unknown. And I have talked with many whalers in different parts of the world who substantiated my belief.

In 1847, while working away from Cape Horn against a head wind, I ran my vessel into a bay and found safe anchorage. After night had settled upon us, I discovered a light not far from shore, and was greatly bothered to know what it meant. When morning came I made an exploration, and found a trio of shipwrecked sailors in a kind of camp. They were in a terrible plight, almost without clothing, and greatly emaciated by hunger. Here they had been for nine months, and one of them was so weak that he could not stand. Seven men had deserted from the ship *Elinor* of Mystic and four of them had died and were still unburied. Their tale of suffering was

most deplorable, but I took these survivors on board my ship and succeeded in bringing them alive and well to New Bedford. Many years afterwards, while sitting in a friend's office in New York, I suddenly heard my name called by a person present, who rushed up and threw his arms around my neck. He was a very large and rough looking fellow, and these were his words:

"Sure's I'm a living man, this is the captain who saved my life at Cape Horn! Don't you know me, captain—the boy Jim whom you saved? I swow! You haven't changed a darn bit since I last saw you. Come, I am a farmer now, over in the 'Jarsies,' and you must go over and let my wife see the man who saved Jim's life. Come and spend the whole summer with me."

And then followed a long talk, and I felt very certain that my old shipmate, like all good sailors, had a very grateful heart. But I did not go to the "Jarsies," although it would have been pleasant to have had a talk with Jim's wife.

And now, with one yarn more, I will conclude this letter. My vessel was a clipper, barque-rigged, a particular pet, and she always "carried an ivory bone in her mouth," as we say of a fast sailer. It was in the Southern Ocean, and we were cutting in a small whale, when early one morning we saw an English transport bearing down upon us. The captain spoke us, and asked if some of his passengers might come aboard and see the process of cutting in. I consented, and among those who visited us was a young lady, accompanied by her brother. I did all the honors as well as I could, and gave them a good dinner. The lady was greatly pleased, and told her brother she did not wish to return to the transport, but would like to remain on the beautiful American vessel. But this could not be, and when the time came for parting, I noticed a squall coming up from the offing, which induced me to take the visitors to their vessel in my own boat. After a hard pull of two hours, for the transport had drifted a great distance, I placed the party on board, and then the lady asked permission to give my crew a drink of brandy all round. I consented with reluctance, and was foolish enough to participate in the treat; and when it was ended, and we were bidding adieu, I accidentally backed off the gangway and fell into the sea, between the ship and our boat. I went down about thirty feet, and when I came up found myself astern of the ship, about twenty rods off. Although the water was rough, I had strength to keep on the top, and it was not long before a life-boat reached me, and I was saved, but entirely helpless from exhaustion. And then it was that I heard of the fearful screams which my lady friend had uttered when she thought herself the cause of my death, and also that it was by her own hands that the life-boat had been lowered which saved me from drowning. When, after many hours, I had reached my own vessel again, and reflected on all that had happened, I solemnly resolved that I would never again touch one particle of any kind of intoxicating drink, and I have never broken my vow down to the present day. Had I been drowned, the owner of the vessel would have lost heavily, and as all I then possessed was invested in that ship, my widow would have been penniless. But by the special mercy of the Creator, my life was saved; not only that, but after a cruise of fifteen months, circumnavigating the globe, I returned home with a full ship, and having thus acquired a little fortune, I concluded to coil up my ropes and anchor on shore for the balance of my days.

L.

Minnesota Forest Ways.

Editor *Forest and Stream*.

In your issue of September 17, C. P. Ambler says he cannot agree with me in my idea of irrigation by a system of reservoirs made by means of road grading. Yet there is no doubt but that water could be impounded by a road grade. Water held on an elevation is convenient for irrigation. Water held back in freshet times lessens the flood volume. That is all there is to the scientific part of the subject. Mr. Ambler's objections to my plan are all pretty fairly answered in article two of "Rebuild the Earth," printed in the same number of *FOREST AND STREAM* that contained the objections. Mr. Ambler proposes to substitute forest reserves for my plan. That is simply dropping the main part of the plan. You cannot reforest a desert without water. Neither has the natural forest proved adequate to the task of preventing flood and drouth.

It is only a few years since the first timber was cut in the Rocky Mountains, yet the rainless deserts have existed for many centuries. The only forests I know of that are nurtured by abundant moisture—those of the mountains—are nurtured by the deep snows of winter which melt and water the soil in summer, and by precipitation caused by the cooling process when moisture-laden air crosses the mountain tops. In the north they are nurtured by countless lakes or natural reservoirs, and by streams. True forests are nature's reservoirs, and should be preserved and added to. But before forests can be builded in the waste places there must be water. There must be a beginning before there can be fulfillment. Hence we talk of things we know we shall never live to see.

The forests will never be preserved to any great extent as long as political parties can use them to pay political debts with. Neither is it wise to preserve forests in their entirety. Such timber as is fit for lumber should be cut and used. The villainy is in cutting what is handiest and leaving the waste to burn and destroy the rest.

Here in the country from which I now write (the lake lands of northern Minnesota) is another argument against the reservoir system. In most places where nature has constructed reservoirs in the form of lakes, the Government has supplemented the work by building dams across their outlets, thus increasing capacity. Ostensibly this was done to maintain an even flow of the streams, preventing floods and assisting navigation; in reality to assist the lumbermen in stripping the earth of its timber supply. In the fall the dams are closed and the water is allowed to accumulate during the winter. When the lakes are frozen the lumbermen haul the logs out upon the ice or bank them along the stream. In the spring, when there is a natural freshet, the dams are raised that logs may be floated out of the lake and down stream to market. This surplus, added to the natural freshet, causes

great floods, and settlers along the streams have raised a great outcry against the dams. But the settlers are weak, the lumbermen strong, and any one can guess who has the best of that argument.

More than half of the men who have been elected to high office in Minnesota have grown rich out of timber lands. In this list I hear mentioned United States Senators, Governors, members of Congress, and State legislators. Add to these innumerable county officials and the capital necessary to work their plans, and you begin to gain some idea of the power behind the throne of timber destruction. As before said, the evil is not so much in the cutting of available timber as in the terrible litter left behind. To clear up this litter would cost money, and no matter how many millions a corporation may have got for nothing, they are not willing to pay one cent toward mitigating the evil they have done.

In olden times the outlaws of Robin Hood type were pictured as giving something back—a stage fare, a meat ticket, or some trifle. But these have no heart, no soul, only cold and senseless greed. One of the main evils of this wholesale slaughter of the innocents is the great numbers of workmen brought into the country to do the necessary work. These in time settle all through the woods, far from any base of supplies, where they can only struggle and die or turn timber thief or "Winchester farmer." I was told when I came here that I could not make a living unless I joined the timber brigade; but my natural abhorrence for a thief is too great to be overcome, and I shall join the "Winchester farmers" as far the nobler class.

Large lumber companies own most of the land and hold it at impossible figures. This causes the settlements to scatter through all the woods in place of working out solidly from a base of supplies and building good roads as they go. These scattered settlers encounter untold hardships which would make the world stare if it could only see.

This county of Aitkin has immense natural wealth, but is hard to develop and utilize. Not the least of the obstacles in the way of progress is the land companies, which are but the aftermath of the lumbering operations. One of the main plans by which money is made out of office is in the timber estimates on public lands. Men are sent out to estimate the amount of timber on given sections of school and Government lands. The officials see that the right men are sent, and they get the correct estimate for private use, while another far below the real value is given the public. This eliminates the trouble of some competition in the bidding; thus the Government sells the land for a song and then turns the crank of the phonograph and sings the song itself, besides helping the lumber companies to float out their boodle.

Grover Cleveland dug out a nest of this class of estimators and appointed a new lot. I got acquainted with this new crowd, who at the time were drawing \$6 per day and keeping open club at a hotel many miles from the land they were supposed to be estimating. However, I could tell them all they need to know of the land over our cinch games, as I had camped and traveled over it several seasons, and there was not a stick of marketable timber on it. We had jolly times over the cinch games, though, for they were indeed a pleasant set of gentlemen to associate with. Oh, man of boasted honor, thy name is surely Treachery and Deceit.

E. P. JACQUES.

The Adirondack Forests.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In your editorial note of October 15, on the protection of the Adirondacks and Mr. Suter's report on forest fires, you say: "The serious aspect of the subject which makes worth while this distribution of the report of the Association, is that under like conditions of a protracted drouth, the State would now be no better fitted to cope with Adirondack forest fires than it was in 1903. New York suffered loss then; but it has not profited by the lesson. The Legislature of last winter was not equal to the demand upon it to provide for a competent study of Adirondack conditions, which might furnish a basis for an adequate scheme of fire protection. The Legislature, for session after session, is content to intrust its forestry affairs to junketing commissions who are not fitted by technical education and training to investigate the Adirondacks intelligently and to report upon them in a way to merit public confidence. So long as the penny wise and pound foolish policy of Governor Odell shall prevail, with respect to the forests of the North Woods, we may not look for any radical betterment."

No more inaccurate or misleading or disappointing paragraph could be written by the leading forest and game publication of this State. I have been for six years chairman of the Senate Forest, Fish and Game Committee, and up to the close of the last Legislature my committee had made no trip, whether junketing or otherwise, except to spend two days in New York city last January listening to suggestions of members of the Association for the Protection of the Adirondacks and others interested, with a view to improving forest conditions. As a result of that trip and much other work both in and out of the session of the Legislature, the committee submitted a report known as the report of the special committee on the future policy of the State in relation to the Adirondacks and forest preservation, in which they recommended:

"First—The passage of an act definitely fixing the limits of the Adirondack Park so as to include the contiguous forests which the park was established to protect.

"Second—A resumption of the State policy of purchase of lands in the Forest Preserve.

"Third—The enactment of laws requiring adequate precautions against fire setting by steam engines, a stricter accountability in damage of all parties setting fires carelessly or wantonly, and the establishment of a system of fire patrol.

"Fourth—The adoption and execution of a plan of reforestation of denuded State lands in the Forest Park.

"Fifth—A constitutional amendment empowering the Legislature to pass laws for the destruction or removal of dead timber and debris on burned areas through agencies and employees of the State, and not by contract, for the purpose of, reforestation; and for the sale of lands owned by the State in forest preserve counties outside the park limits when unsuited for a forest preserve, and the ap-

plication of the proceeds to the purchase of lands in the park.

"Sixth—The passage of an act defining the boundaries of the Catskill Park."

All of these recommendations were adopted by the Legislature without exception. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars were appropriated for the purchase of lands. The appropriations for the forest department were unusually heavy, including a large number of items, and because Commissioner Middleton and Col. Fox, Superintendent of Forests, believed that in view of the unusually large appropriations for the department, the appropriation of \$10,000 to be used in connection with the National Government, could safely be postponed until another year, Governor Odell struck the item out, that being, I believe, the only item in the department that was stricken out.

A system of fire patrol was established by statute under language elastic enough to enable the commission in case of necessity to patrol every township in the Adirondacks and Catskills. Additional powers were also given to local fire wardens, placing fire patrol and compensation therefor upon the same basis as compensation for putting out fires. It was believed that prevention of fires was more important than extinguishing them after they had started. Radical provisions were adopted in sections 228 and 230 of the Forest, Fish and Game Law against railroads setting fires, and the rule of damages heretofore existing changed so that the railroads should be liable for State lands burned, although such State lands did not join the railroad lands. Five permanent assistant fire wardens were added to the force, whose duty it is to serve along the line of steam railroads in the forest preserve inspecting the engines and reporting to the commission, and also serve as game protectors. Power was also given to the Commissioner in case of an emergency to convert all the forest, fish and game protectors into fire wardens, and to set them to patrolling the forests. If approved of by the Governor, any number of men can be employed temporarily for such purpose. Many other provisions of the law were changed and strengthened, and it was at the time declared by all forest experts consulted to be the best fire protection law in the United States. Compliments to the committee were received from the Association for the Protection of the Adirondacks, from Mr. Suter, and, if I recollect correctly, in your own journal. I do not hesitate to say, after making a careful study of the subject during my seven years in the Senate, that the law is now entirely adequate for the prevention of fires, and a failure to prevent fires will raise a strong presumption of incompetency of administration. Everybody knows that there may be exceptional conditions which no one can overcome, but even then the damage can be minimized.

I have no defense to make of junketing trips made for the gratification of junketers, and not for the public benefit, but if you will look over the two reports I send you, one the report above referred to, and the other the report of the special committee of the Assembly on the Adirondacks, of which Thomas M. Costello was chairman, submitted April 13, 1904, and then say that the recent work of the legislative committees in relation to the forests does not meet your approval, I shall be even more astonished than by your latest editorial remarks.

I know it is the fashion to take a fling at Governor Odell, and perhaps I ought not to have expected any more discrimination upon your part in that respect than in the political newspaper. The list of measures outlined in the above report, all of which were adopted, would seem to be sufficient refutation of such a charge for the last session of the Legislature. If not, you can add the act for the protection of black bear, increasing the compensation of game protectors from \$500 to \$600, stopping spring shooting for shore birds, the sale of trout in certain counties, etc., while not a single act in violation of game protection detrimental to the forests was passed. Taking up now the session of 1903, we find the law extending the power of search for fish and game possessed unlawfully to the counties of New York and Kings, prohibiting the sale of grouse and woodcock killed within this State, prohibiting the killing of water fowl in the spring, and many less important, but wholly desirable, acts.

The years 1901 and 1902 have equally valuable legislation. It was in the first year of Governor Odell's administration that the forest commission was made a single-headed commission, one of the greatest reforms of recent years in that department, and one which I hope may never be disturbed. I have no hesitation in saying that there has been as great an advance in forest preservation and game protection during the administration of Governor Odell as during the administration of any Governor of this State. In some respects it is distinctly superior to all others. This is no small praise when we recall the administrations of Governor Roosevelt and Governor Black. In the Washington review of game legislation throughout the country, published in the Evening Post under date of September 1, occurred these statements: "The four most important measures, viewing the subject in its national aspect, since no State works for itself alone in these matters, are the new game laws for Louisiana, the new game laws in Kentucky, the search law and the shortening of the season on shore birds in Massachusetts, and the group of acts which have been passed in New York. The most important of these New York laws stops spring shooting of shore birds, extending to them the protection which the year before had been gained after a long struggle for the duck. Another provides for a Catskill park along the lines of the Adirondack Park. * * * New York seems to have done the most in its Legislature of any State during the last winter. There have been a number of minor changes, nearly all in the direction of greater protection, such as shortening the season for shooting birds, and extending the close season on deer in certain counties. Besides the Catskill Park, a bill was passed last winter at Albany defining the boundaries of the Adirondack Park, another extending the protection upon Mongolian and English pheasants until 1910. New legislation provides for restocking the Adirondacks with elk and also with beaver. Black bear are to have a close season during July, August and September, which they have not before had. New York also sets a good example to other States in printing for widespread distribution copies of her fish and game laws, so that people may know the legal requirements with exactness," and much more of the same.

I am aware of the criticism because Governor Odell

refused to approve appropriations for the acquisition of more lands during the first three years of his administration. His opinion as to the wisdom of this course differed from mine, but his action was unquestionably dictated by considerations not in the least unfriendly to the Adirondacks. He was seeking to abolish direct taxation, and believed that good business sense required more caution on the part of the State in its efforts to acquire these lands. It would be about as reasonable to treat Governor Odell as an enemy of the Adirondacks because he differed from the Association for the Protection of the Adirondacks, or with me, on the wisdom of suspending purchase of lands, as it was for the Abolitionists to denounce Abraham Lincoln for his attitude toward the negro race.

Forestry and game journals throughout the country have very generally recognized the supremacy of New York in her last year's legislation for the protection of both forests and game. I think, in view of these facts, it is incumbent upon you to revise your editorial criticism.

ELON R. BROWN.

[It is obvious that our remarks on the Adirondack forestry situation neglected to make necessary note of the good work of Senator Brown's committee and the legislative action on it. Our reference to Governor Odell's forestry record was in no sense political. The incident affords a striking commentary on the way in which the public's forest interests and the personal interests of politicians have been so intimately associated in this State that one may not question the course of the executive respecting forestry without somebody promptly raising the cry, as Senator Brown does here, that it is a political "fling."]

Snipe Shooting by Fire Light.

AFTER the disappointment of the day, I had pretty much determined to give up my pursuit of the elusive snipe, for this year at least, give the good old gun a thorough overhauling and cleaning and put it away for its well-earned summer rest.

I had covered what seemed to me miles on miles of soggy, sloppy country, sinking to the knee first with one leg, then with the other, and at one time taking a sudden and ignominious seat flat in the oozy marsh.

To be sure, just at the close of the day, when I had given up all hope of having so much as one shot, and as I was nearing the sheltering clump of trees where I had left my horse and rig, I did happen on a pair of snipe that seemed, temporarily at least, to have given up their all-absorbing search for food, and bidden good-night to the rapidly departing sun. The surprise of meeting was mutual, and one of the pair paid the price of its unwatchfulness with its life. A signal miss was the result of my second barrel, but I promptly attributed this to the failing daylight. "Yes, of course, this was the cause of my missing." How one does love to discover a good excuse for a bad shot.

Weariness was my portion on reaching home; but a good, hot dinner, together with dry clothing, a soothing pipe in front of the blazing log fire, put me in a little better heart. A second pipe (a rare indulgence for me) seemed to give me added content, and as I sat with that lazy, dead-tired comfortableness—the kind that only comes after good, hard, and healthy exercise, with the fire throwing out its cheerful warmth and east-jug flickering shadows into the far corners of the room, I thought, "Now, why should I not try snipe just once more? There's Smith's marsh and Robbin's Run; I haven't been to either for more than three weeks; sure to hold a few to-morrow. Why not try it, then call snipe off for the season, and turn my attention to more profitable, if less pleasant occupation? Yes, I would go again to-morrow."

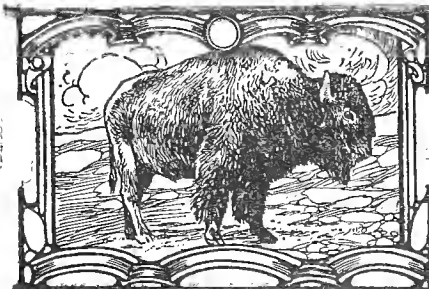
It did seem that morning came very soon. I was so tired, too; but the day was good; it had turned a little cooler, and a light breeze blowing from the north seemed to give the atmosphere a clearness that it had lacked on the previous day. Breakfast was over in a jiffy, and it took but a moment to "hook up." Calling Bess, my retriever, we were off, jogging along for Robbin's Run. I would take that in first, and then swing around through the Barrens, and down on to Smith's marsh.

Scarcely had I come through the fringe of alders, bordering the marsh, when scape-scape! up he jumps, and scape, another just behind him. The light was evidently just right this time, for Bess is bringing in the first, and I hustle after the other myself, for time is precious and I cannot wait for her to retrieve it. Is not this my last day?

A shot further up the marsh puts me in a bad humor. "Some one else working down this way; putting everything up, and—great Scott!—here come seven or eight snipe right at me. Steady, slow, now; don't brown them. The last two seem to edge this—bang! and they are past like a streak, and I get the last two with one barrel; didn't mean to, though. Two more shots up the run do not so much as ruffle me this time; they may produce the same result as before. But no. This is my turn to do some "putting up," for Bess jumps a single bird and he is "gathered in" unresistingly (sight seems to be fine to-day). And then a strange thing happens. Down the marsh, directly at me they come. First three, then a single. This time it looks like five or six. There is an intermittent popping in front of me, but strangely indistinct—perhaps owing to my own fusillade. The other shooting appears like an accompaniment in a minor key.

I am continually starting snipe, or having them sent down to me by my fellow sportsman at the other end. And, though usually I am not at all sure on snipe, I am certainly "on" them to-day; must have twenty or more by this time, and they are constantly dropping to the Greener's bark. Bess is working like an automaton, too. Everything is satisfactory, except—How cold it is; I am almost shivering. I er-er-sneeze! And then—Ah, me! yes. I might have known it. Cold? No wonder. Fire out, hearth cold, and there I sit with the indistinct reports of guns still sounding in my ears, and a vivid picture is before me of English snipe skimming past me, only to double up as if by magic at the gun's word of command; but there are real snipe days still to come to me, I hope, and—it was a bully dream, just the same.

R. H. C.



NATURAL HISTORY



Commentaries in Camp.

WHERE THE TROUT BITE, Maine, Sept. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just had two heavenly days in the woods and on the lake, and am therefore trying to be thankful instead of grumbling because one of my two remaining days for trouting is one of pouring rain.

I sit in my little cabin alone and read *FOREST AND STREAM* of September 17 and September 24, and venture to send you a few notes and queries suggested by them.

The discussion about the *ignis fatuus* interests me. Once when a small boy I thought I saw some dancing, flickering lights above a meadow and stream as I was riding past at distance of perhaps an eighth of a mile. I wanted to see just that phenomena. I had read about it, and had long had a hope, not unmingled with a little creepy dread, that I might be permitted to see it. As I think of it soberly now I would not make oath that I actually did see the will o' the wisp of my dreams. Certain I am that if I did see it, then it was my only sight of it, though I have always been on the look out for it. I have come to believe that it is one of those things which, as Emerson says, are

"Seldom seen by wishful eyes."

This doesn't mean that I am altogether skeptical of their sometime real occurrence. But I do wonder if it is seen half as often as reported.

Mr. Chapman's clear recollection and circumstantial account of the one he saw, leaves only one thing to be desired, viz., a rational theory of its possibility. If the *ignis fatuus* be, according to theory, only a puff of gas igniting by spontaneous combustion, it is difficult to understand how it could go sailing away from its source and maintain itself in combustion, to say nothing of it being, as Mr. Chapman says, "not bright and shining like a flame, but a round well-defined ball of light," "white but not bright," and of feeble illuminating power. Such a thing as phosphorescent gas might possibly account for such an appearance. Is there such a thing? But even then how can we account for its retaining its globular form and not spreading and dissolving in the air as an ordinary puff of gas or cigar smoke would do?

It reminds one of the "balls of fire" of which we every now and then hear which are said to enter rooms and circle about in a marvelous way; sometimes exploding with great noise, and said to be examples of the "globular form of lightning," whatever that may be.

I once proved that a series of bubbles coming up from the mud of a Maine pond were of an inflammable gas, for I caught a lot of them in an inverted and water-filled bottle, and on releasing the gas upon a lighted match it burned with a quick flash. Let us have more accounts and as definite and circumstantial as Mr. Chapman's, of the *ignis fatuus*, and we shall begin to know more about it perhaps.

Mr. A. D. McCandless's "Boyhood Days in Illinois" was a delight to me, and all because of my own memory of very similar boyhood days in that State. His descriptions of the marvelous flight of blackbirds, pigeons, and prairie chickens are true to the life—but, alas! the life now gone forever. I am glad he has raised again the question of the sudden disappearance, about 1865, of the countless myriads of pigeons which we saw in their spring flight. I have raised this question several times in these columns, and have contributed my conjecture as to the cause of this sudden disappearance of the pigeon. As Mr. McCandless pertinently says, "Had they dwindled down in numbers year by year, and finally ceased to come altogether, I could understand that man, in his destructiveness, had caused their extinction, but as they stopped coming all at once, I have been at a loss to account for it. Did they take some other route, or were they exterminated by some disease, or other catastrophe?" In my humble judgment that last phrase, "other catastrophe," and that alone, explains it. I believe the great body of the passenger pigeons perished in a cyclone while migrating across the Gulf of Mexico. I have seen a definite, and I believe still verifiable, statement that once after such a cyclone the waters of the Gulf were covered for leagues on leagues with dead pigeons. Let someone prove that the passenger pigeon never migrated beyond the limits of the United States, and I must admit my theory untenable. Does anyone know anything whatever as to the former winter habitat of the pigeon?

To support the theory of destruction by catastrophe—and particularly by just that kind of catastrophe—I have cited the circumstantial account, printed in a Canadian paper last year, of an enormous mortality of pigeons once caused by a storm while a great flight of them was crossing Lake Michigan. The writer of the account affirmed that after the storm the lake shore (above Milwaukee, I think), was covered with dead pigeons which he said were washed up in "windrows." I reassert that the problem of the disappearance of the pigeon is one of great interest, and should receive attention before the event passes from the memory of living men.

The squirrel barking question in its ups and downs has interested me. I am on the side of Audubon and the "barkers." Though I never barked a squirrel, I know a veracious man who tells me he has several times done it. He is one of *FOREST AND STREAM*'s most accomplished writers and trustworthy observers of nature, and I sincerely hope he will contribute to its columns the interesting chapter which I know he can write if he will. I differ from Mr. Allen Kelly on this point, though agreeing with him emphatically as to "The Improved Wilderness," and must think that the "myth busters" have the poor end of the case. It reminds me of Mr. Brown's attempt to make a "myth" of Kipling's "shod canoe-pole." I am reminded of this afresh by having just read in an interesting article entitled "A Trip to Ripogenus," in the September number of *The Maine Sportsman*, the following: "The shod canoe-pole is the warmest friend the riverman has to lean

on during the times when he must run the rips of the Penobscot, and were it not for the iron point his hold must often have slipped, and, if not causing an upset, at least made his work doubly arduous, for it is no trick for a tenderfoot to handle a canoe in such quick water with a powerful gale swinging his craft just where it should be steady, and making the work of managing it as hard as the most expert care to tackle."

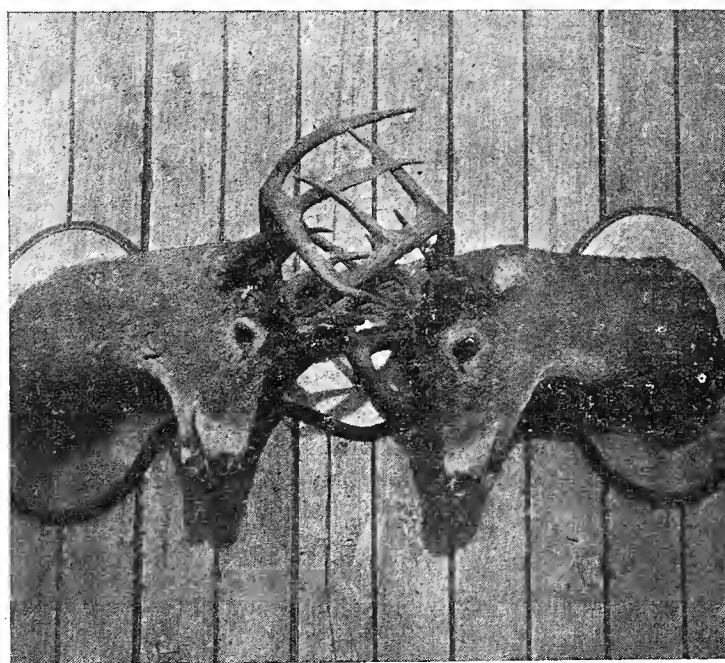
It isn't negative, but positive testimony that counts. Another instance of this is furnished by Mr. Brown in his disquisition on "Sleeping Wild Ducks Awakened by Telepathy." Simply on negative evidence, Mr. Brown makes the sweeping and absolutely universal statement, "No man ever saw two or more dusky mallards (*Anas*



THE LOCKED ANTLERS.
With portraits of Mr. Laight and Jacobstaff.

obscura) that were all actually sleeping together." Now, unless the thing is contrary to the laws of matter and motion, and unless Mr. Brown is the only man who ever observed dusky mallards, his expression "No man ever" is illegitimate.

I do not know that all the members of a group of dusky mallards ever did actually sleep at the same moment. Possibly such a thing never did occur; but certainly it is not within the province of a single observer to affirm it, despite his boasted twenty years of observance and in the dozen places he cites. In his criticism of Mr. Burroughs, he queries how any man could "know" that ducks riding on river ice were "actually asleep," and even "sleeping soundly." The question is a pertinent one. How, indeed! But if Mr. Brown will but sneeze, he will find that his own head has been cut off by the same sharp blade; for he had in only the previous paragraph affirmed as posi-



THE ANTLERS FROM ANOTHER ANGLE.

tively true of all men in all time what he could not possibly have known to be absolutely true of every one of even his own observations.

Brethren, let us have less dogmatism about these questions which interest us and much more of careful observation and particularly of careful testimony.

Two more articles in your issue of September 24 especially interest me. The first is the one by Charles Cristadoro on "Cyclones." The doings of the cyclonic wind are so various and curious that the verifiable accounts of them would constitute a chapter of marvels. I hope other readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* will follow Mr. Cristadoro's example, and relate what they have seen of the work of cyclones. I can add my own chapter upon occasion, but will not so prolong the present letter. If anyone is inclined to doubt any feature of Mr. Cristadoro's account, it must be one who has never seen the effects of a real cyclone.

The other thing I wanted to mention was U. S. Commissioner Skinner's mention of "hummingbirds" in the list of birds of Abyssinia in the article entitled "Abyssinian Game." Must not Mr. Skinner have in mind some other bird than the genuine hummingbird, which I have always understood was found nowhere in the world but on the American continent?

C. H. AMES.

Locked Antlers.

Editor Forest and Stream:

With this we send you views of an interesting and unique specimen of locked horns in a fight with bucks. The two bucks were found by a hunter and guide, Mr. Brown, in the Province of Ontario, about forty miles from Peterborough, in October, 1902. Hunter Brown sent the heads to Mr. Robert Marron, taxidermist, who mounted them in September, 1903. Mr. Marron is one of the best artistic taxidermists, and not second in his work to others, as a visit to his rooms in Palisade avenue, Jersey City Heights, will give ample testimony. Mr. Marron had several offers for the heads from European collectors and sportsmen from abroad, but for patriotic reasons he preferred to have them remain in America, and they were recently secured by Mr. Wm. K. Laight, one of our enterprising citizens. Mr. Laight does not claim to be a sportsman, as the saying goes, but is a genial, whole-souled gentleman of wealth and leisure, and a great traveler, having been around the world more than once. He has filled his luxurious house on Pavonia avenue with choice collections of antiques, paintings, Japanese ware, pottery, and exquisite specimens of woodwork. He is an enthusiastic collector. But in our opinion (as a sportsman, of course), the locked horns are not the least among his treasures.

The larger buck was of six prongs, the lesser of four prongs, seven years and five years. One of the prongs of the larger deer had entered the side of the head and penetrated the brain of the other deer; this is the deer with the tongue protruding, and it must have been dead some 72 hours before discovered by Mr. Brown. The larger deer was still alive, though exhausted from starvation and the strain of dragging around its dead adversary. The ground for many yards was torn up, large saplings broken down and smashed into splinters in the struggle of the monarchs. We regret that, owing to the way of mounting, we could not get a photo showing the contact of the prong in the brain of the vanquished.

The views were taken at our request by Mr. Edward Ingram, an amateur photographer, an all-round sportsman, a good shot, and great judge and lover of horses and dogs.

JACOBSTAFF.

The Corbin Herd of Buffaloes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As I sit here in my home in the mountains of New Hampshire, I see through my study windows, to the east, the wondrous blue hills of the Croydon Range, stretching away to the north and south as far as the eye can reach. Along the nearer slopes there are great belts of hardwood trees, clothed in all the beauty of New England autumn foliage—in raiment of crimson, of purple and of gold. Running through them in places there are strips of dark evergreen forest, mostly spruce and pine and hemlock, which extend upward and cover all the peaks and ridges. And above all there is a sky of heavenly blue, across which is sailing a fleet of white and fleecy clouds. This side of the mountain slopes, and extending to the very border of my garden, there are great stretches of rolling land, almost bare of trees, covered with grass which at this season is light brown in color, and divided by living, leaping trout brooks, whose liquid music comes to me through the open window of my study. This is the view I have of The Blue Mountain Forest, known to many as Corbin Park, the largest and finest fenced game preserve in America.

In this vast inclosure of 24,000 acres there are hundreds of deer and elk and moose, and there are wild boars, too, by hundreds, but what is of far more importance to the people of this country, is the fact that in this great park is preserved the largest herd of pure-bred buffaloes to be found in any inclosure in the world. This fact is of special interest at this time, when our Government and the intelligent people all over the country are being urged to take the last chance to save from total extinction one of the grandest, if not the very grandest, hoofed animal which ever trod the earth. That the millions of buffaloes which darkened the plains of the West less than thirty-five years ago were shamelessly butchered to swell the purses of a few unscrupulous men, is one of the darkest blots on the history of our country, and it has disgraced us in the eyes of the other civilized nations of the world. For years it was supposed that the buffalo was gone, and in truth there seemed to be no possibility of his survival, and that we now have one more chance to save this splendid creature from total extinction is due entirely to the efforts of a handful of able and public-spirited men like the late Mr. Austin Corbin, the founder of The Blue Mountain Forest Game Preserve.

People are so used to thinking of the buffalo as belonging peculiarly to the West, and the owners of Corbin Park are so modest concerning their own achievements, that comparatively few people even know of the existence of this great herd. Of course the United States Government and all authorities on the buffalo know all about it, but within the last week I have read one magazine article and one newspaper article concerning the last surviving buffaloes, and in neither was there even the briefest mention of the Corbin herd.

In the year 1890, the late Mr. Austin Corbin, who had just fenced his large game park near Newport, New Hampshire, established there a herd of about thirty buffalo of the finest stock, with a view to preserving some of the last survivors of a fast-vanishing race from total extinction. They were taken off the cars at Newport and driven between five and six miles along the country roads to the park, to the great astonishment of many of the farmers, who had never seen buffaloes before, and who mistook these huge shaggy beasts for some new breed of cattle which Mr. Corbin had imported.

The little herd was allowed to roam at will over Croydon Mountain and the plains which surround it for seven months of the year, and during those seven months the animals got their own living, and were no care to anyone. But the winters in New Hampshire being long and severe, it was necessary to feed them on hay during the five remaining months, and as a matter of convenience they were yarded during these months in smaller inclosures, near the barns where the hay was stored. All went well with them until 1896, when the herd had increased to seventy-five head, and it was decided to ship twenty-five head to Van Cortlandt Park, New York. Owing to bad management these twenty-five became so diseased that they either died or had to be shot. This constituted the most severe setback which the herd has ever sustained. The fifty which were left in New Hampshire continued to thrive, and in 1900 it again numbered seventy-five, and from that time until the present day there has been a steady increase, and now the herd numbers over one hundred and sixty as healthy and as handsome buffalo as ever graced a western prairie or gladdened the eye of a hungry Indian. Even as I write, I see from my window this splendid herd grazing on a hillside not far away, their dark brown bodies in strong relief against the light brown grass. For a month or more they have been wandering on the other side of the mountain, but now they are back again, and we shall enjoy the sight of them perhaps for days to come. Something has startled them, for they have stopped grazing and have raised their heads in alarm. And here they come down the mountain side like a charge of cavalry, their tails in the air, and their humps rising and falling as the animals move on with their peculiar bounding movement, which carries them easily forward at a speed with which we should hardly credit such ponderous animals. They come like a landslide, the earth trembles beneath their mighty hoofs, and the sound of their coming is like the roar of an avalanche. As they near the level ground below they gradually slacken their speed, the roar of their hoof-beats moderates and dies away, as the buffaloes finally come to a halt on a grassy plain which borders my garden. And for the hundredth time I must go out to admire anew these picturesque creatures which form the most interesting link we have connecting the twentieth century with the early history of our country—with the history of the Indians and the pioneer settlers. There are many calves scarcely six months old, with innocent faces and absurd little horns, which must cause their mothers some discomfort, for these husky babies are as yet unweaned. Then there are handsome young spike bulls and heifers, and scores of other buffaloes of all ages, up to those grand old

patriarchs with deeply-curved horns and long black beards, whose shaggy heads, if mounted (which heaven forbid), might be worth anything from \$500 up. For a moment I forget that I am gazing on almost one-fourth of all the living buffalo, and in imagination I ride with Colonel Dodge for fifty miles across the plains through a single herd which numbered three million head. And I stand with Catlin in an Indian village and watch the braves don their masks, each made from the skin of a buffalo's head with the horns upon it, and see them join in the "buffalo dance," that weird ceremony performed in order "to make the buffalo come." And I see the naked Indian hunters, astride the bare backs of their ponies, riding after the shaggy monsters of the plains, shooting them down with bows and arrows. I see, too, a herd of buffaloes standing in the snow, watching with disdain the approach of a big gray wolf. And I see what the buffaloes do not see—the sinewy hand of an Indian creep out from the shoulder of the wolf, and a long arrow, which soon whistles to its mark, and causes the biggest bull in the herd to sink upon his knees. Then there is a change of scene, and I see the white butchers come, and by a series of brutal massacres never equalled by the people of any nation which pretends to be civilized, wipe the buffaloes from the earth, while America stands by with folded arms and watches the practical extermination of one of the grandest animals of all time. For a moment my heart sinks, but as I come back to the present, and looking up see the vigorous creatures before me, a new hope is born, for here is proof that the buffalo may yet be saved, if the American people will but stretch forth a hand to save him.

Given one condition—a considerable area of land over which to roam—buffaloes are not difficult animals to keep. They are quite as easy to rear, and less expensive to feed, than domestic cattle, and in the hands of men wealthy enough to stand the initial expense, buffalo farms could be made profitable in almost any of the States north of those which border on the Gulf. In the first instance, the United States Government should be most strongly urged to establish several small herds in different parts of the country, so as to avoid all possible chance of a large number being wiped out at one time by contagious disease. One such herd has already been established in an inclosure in the Yellowstone National Park under the management of Mr. C. J. ("Buffalo") Jones, and this has doubled in numbers in a remarkably short time. If from four to six other herds of say fifty animals each were bought and maintained in the same way, the future of the buffalo would be assured, the day would soon return when a buffalo robe could be bought for less than a

hundred and fifty dollars, and the American people would have freed themselves from the charge of having allowed their grandest-looking and most valuable native animal to become extinct.

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES.

Prairie Dogs and Rattlesnakes.

WYMORE, Nebraska, Oct. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While in Cherry county this month I killed some rattlesnakes, and skinned them, and I send you three skins by express to-day. Two of the specimens are of the black mountain rattlesnake, and the other is the ordinary prairie rattlesnake.

I killed a large number of these snakes, and in one I found a prairie dog nearly full grown.

The old story of the snakes, dogs and owls living in harmony in one hole is not true. When a snake takes possession of a dog hole, the dog leaves it, and generally fills up the hole, pounding the ground down as hard as possible, and then digs a new hole for himself. This is why you always see so many new holes, and so many abandoned ones in a dog town. Mr. Stilson and his son Will told me that they one day counted thirty of the little dogs fighting a rattlesnake, and that they killed it.

These snakes leave the dog town in the spring and scatter over the country, returning about October 1 to 15, and on warm days they lie in the sun around the holes. That they eat the dogs there is no doubt. This time of year there are many dogs not more than half-grown, and some that can hardly be told from old ones.

I do not know whether the owls ever go into the holes or not, but they stay around the towns in great numbers. If Brother Kelly organizes a society of "myth busters," I think I shall apply for membership.

A. D. McCANDLESS.

Large-Eared Bat.

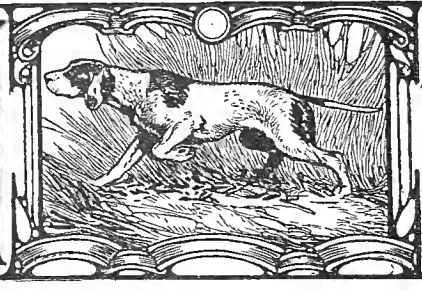
BALD KNOB, N. M.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish your Natural History editor would identify species to which inclosed scalp belongs. I have examined lots of bats of the ordinary mouse-eared type, but this is the first of its sort, and suggests that its grandsire a thousand times removed might have sheltered under the eaves of Balaam's barn; also that the original Pegasus might have been such another, only larger. Is there a distinct species of bats with jack-rabbit ears, or is this critter a freak?

S. D. BARNES.

[The ear measures an inch from base to tip. The specimen is evidently a large-eared bat (*Pleocolus macrotis*), a species found in the southern and western portions of the United States.



GAME BAG AND GUN



An Indian Hunting Camp.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—In rummaging through my library I recently came across an old volume of "Missionary Life Among the Indians," written by Rev. James B. Finley. His vivid portrayal of an Indian hunter's camp proved very interesting to me, and no doubt will to many of your readers.

The scene of the camp was somewhere about twenty-five miles south of Upper Sandusky, O., and the period, 1882.

ABERDEEN.

An Indian Hunter's Camp.

In February nearly all of the Indians went to the woods to trap and make sugar. They seldom return from these expeditions till the first of April. I sent with them an appointment to meet them at Between the Logs' Camp, on their hunting ground, and hold a two days' meeting. About the first of March I left upper Sandusky in company with brother Armstrong, as interpreter, and brother Mononcue, to attend this meeting. The morning was cold, and our course lay through a deep forest. We rode hard, hoping to make the camps before night; but such were the obstructions we met with, from ice and swamps, that it was late when we arrived. Weary with travel of twenty-five miles or more through the woods, without a path or a blazed tree to guide us—and withal, the day was cloudy—we were glad to find a camp to rest in. We were joyfully received by our friends, and the women and children came running to welcome us to their society and fires. The men had not all returned from hunting, though it was late. But it was not long after we were seated by the fire, till I heard the well-known voice of Between-the-Logs. I went out of the camp and helped down with two fine deer. Soon we had placed before us a kettle filled with fat raccoons, boiled whole, after the Indian style, and a pan of good sugar molasses. These we asked our heavenly Father to bless, and then each carved for himself with a large butcher knife. I took the hindquarter of a raccoon, and holding it by the foot dipped the other end in the molasses, and eat it off with my teeth. Thus I continued dipping and eating till I had pretty well finished the fourth part of a large coon. By this time my appetite began to fail me, and I was for leaving off; but my comrades said, "This is a fine fare, do not quit yet." So I took a little more, and thought it was a good meal without bread, hominy or salt.

Their winter hunting camps are much more comfortable, and the scenery more pleasant than those who have never seen them would imagine. They are built of poles, closely laid together, by cutting a notch in the upper part of the pole, and so laying the next one into it, and then stopping all the cracks with moss from the old logs. They are covered with bark, a hole being left in the middle of the roof for the smoke to go out at. The fire is in the center, and the beds are round

three sides. These are raised from the earth by laying short chunks of wood on the ground and covering them with bark laid lengthwise. On the bark is spread skins of some kind, and these are covered with blankets. The beds are three feet wide, and serve also for seats. These camps are always pitched in rich bottoms, where the pasture is fine for horses and water convenient. Around them you will often find a flock of domestic fowls, which are taken on horses from the towns for the purpose of getting their eggs and to secure them from the dogs, which generally swarm around an Indian camp. The Indian women make baskets of bark, and drive down stakes into the ground on which they hang their baskets. Perhaps there will be half a dozen on one stake, one above another; and from them they gather large quantities of eggs.

The troughs in which they catch their sugar-water are made of bark, and hold about two gallons. They have a large trough made like a bark canoe, into which they gather from the small ones. The women make the sugar and stretch all the skins. The men trap and hunt.

One man will have, perhaps, 300 raccoon traps, scattered over a country ten miles in extent. These traps are deadfalls, made of saplings, and set over a log, which lies across some branch or creek, or that is by the edge of some pond or marshy place. In the months of February and March the raccoons travel much, and frequent the ponds for the purpose of catching frogs. When the raccoon has taken a frog, he does not eat it immediately, but will carry it to some clean water and wash it; then lay it down on the leaves and roll it hither and thither with his forefeet till it is entirely dead and then he feasts on his prey.

The hunter generally gets round all his traps twice a week, and hunts from one to the other. I have known a hunter to take from his traps thirty raccoons in two days, and sometimes they take more. From three to six hundred is counted a good hunt for one spring, beside the deer, turkeys and bears.

The bears at this time of the year are generally taken from the hollow trees or rocks, where they have lain for a month or two. During the winter these animals sleep with little intermission for three months, and receive no nourishment, except what they suck out of their paws. I have taken them out of their holes when there has been from one to two gallons of clear oil in the intestines and nothing else that could be perceived by the naked eye. In hunting bears at this season, the Indians search for them in the hollow trees and rocks. When they find a tree that looks likely to lodge a bear, they examine the bark to see if one has gone up. If there are fresh signs and the scratches are not long, but just sunk in, this is a good sign. But if there are long marks made with the hindfeet, it is supposed that he has been up and come down again. And if the thing is doubtful, they cut a brush, and with it scrape the tree on the side opposite the hole and cry like a young bear; and if there be one inside, he will either come

and look out or make a noise so as to be heard. If it is ascertained there is one inside, then, in order to get him out, one climbs up a tree that is convenient, or, if there is not such a one, they cut one so as to lodge it near the hole. Then he fastens a bunch of rotten wood to the end of a pole, sets it on fire and slips it off the end of his pole into the hollow of the tree, where it soon sets fire to the rotten wood. At first, the bear begins to snuff and growl and strike with his forefeet, as if he would put it out. But the fire, steady in its progress, soon routs him, and he comes out in great wrath. By this time the Indian is down, and has taken the most advantageous position with his rifle, and when the bear is fairly out, he fires at him. If he does not succeed at the first shot, his comrade fires, while he reloads, and so they keep up the fire till Bruin yields up his life.

These animals seldom have more than two young ones at a time. The cubs are small at first, without hair, blind and exceedingly ugly. The dam is very careful of them, and will fight desperately to protect them, and is very dangerous when the cubs are either taken or wounded. Young bears are easily tamed, but they are very troublesome, and of no profit. Their flesh is most delicious, and is found to be very healthful and easy of digestion. The oil of a bear, fattened on beech nuts, is the most diffusive and penetrating of all oils. The Indians eat it till their skins become as greasy as if it had been rubbed on externally. It is preserved for summer use by frying it out and putting it into cured deer skin, with the hair grained off when the skin is green. Deer meat is sliced thin and dried over the fire, till it can be easily pounded in a mortar. This mixed with sugar and dipped in bear's oil is the greatest luxury of an Indian table. This, with corn parched in a kettle and pounded to meal, then sifted through a bark sieve and mixed with sugar, makes the traveling provision of an Indian in time of war.

Non-Residents and New Jersey Mud Hens.

THERE appears to be some uncertainty as to the privileges of the unlicensed non-resident gunner in New Jersey. The law provides that non-residents must take out a license (fee \$10 and 50 cents to county clerk) for shooting game, provided "that this act shall not apply to hunting or gunning on game preserves at present established, or to gunning and hunting for wild water fowl, snipe or mud hens." The "mud hen" in New Jersey game law nomenclature is also called "marsh hen." From this, then, it is clear that the unlicensed non-resident may shoot only "wild water fowl, snipe and mud hen (marsh hen);" and of course may shoot these only in season.

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.

A Winter Vacation.

It had not occurred to me, nor have events fully proven, that it was the entangling theories or ideas regarding field companions that caused a gentleman who for many years has been a devoted hunter and angler to begin early last year to send to his suburban home barrels of clay targets, some hand traps and shells, and was seen from time to time carrying from the city various bores and weights of shotguns. These circumstances indicated that he was simply furthering for himself a higher idealism of the fitness of things pertaining to outdoor life. In other words, with a forethought that is second in nature to genuine sportsmen, he was six months in advance preparing for a winter's vacation.

To some men a winter's vacation afield is an easy matter; they just pack up and go. To others it may be different, even difficult. Some homes seem to be deprived of the principal reason of their existence when the master is afield, and in many cases that same master sacrifices his better self to lonesome hours at home, while he indulges himself in hours equally barren while away. Those hours, perhaps, that are spent in his pursuit of game, may be excepted.

A great many homes are conducted by a combination of tastes that eventually find, or should find, one channel of thought. This sort of a combination of interests generally insures success in life's best endeavors, and solves, for those so fortunately situated, the problem of field companions as well as chums at home.

Pursuant to this thought, I recall meeting a beautifully gowned woman one afternoon while I was exercising a fine pair of young setters, and witnessing her terror lest one or both of them should touch her gown. Her husband was a sportsman. I had shot with him, and he owned a pair of dogs quite equal to my own. In our conversation she informed me that "she thought her husband had a pair of dogs of some kind, but she didn't even know their names." Dogs didn't separate that man and wife, but they are living apart. Meanwhile my dogs showed great judgment and dropped at a safe distance. Brute instinct sometimes approaches very close to psychological reasoning.

But to return to affairs in our lives that are more pleasant to dwell upon. I was glad, indeed, to accept an invitation to visit my friend in the country one afternoon early in the fall, and was greatly interested when with him Madame appeared in boots and short skirt, and with a 20-bore shotgun in her hand. A short walk from their home brought us to a pretty clearing in the woods. Here he arranged his hand target trap and began throwing targets, while Madame did the shooting. Well, it did that man more good to see her break a flying target than it would to win a silver cup for himself at a State shoot.

Upon our return to the house for dinner, Madame went to the kennel and let loose a beautiful pair of setters, and pointing with much pride to the whiter one of the two, said with much feeling: "She, the white one, is mine—all mine. Isn't she a beauty? The trainer says she is a very promising one."

I quite agreed with the trainer, for inside of three minutes the white one arrived home with one of a neighbor's chickens which, when dressed, weighed 4½ pounds.

Two months later, the owner of that chicken and his entire family dined on quail killed over that white pup. It is quite unnecessary to state that, inside of a week after the chicken episode, the trainer was sent for, and the white pup went to school.

I think it was December 9, last year, that I met my friends in Jersey City and bade them adieu; not, however, until I had visited their section in the sleeping car and ascertained that their destination was Barnwell county, S. C. Madame was very enthusiastic, indeed, explaining the absence of the dogs by saying they were still with the trainer near Reidsville; that the train would reach there at six in the morning; that Mr. Lewis would be there to meet the train and put Peggy and Nancy on the same train with them. The seat in the sleeper which faces the rear end of the train I noticed contained much hand luggage; as a matter of fact, I counted three very smart looking gun cases among other things, and I asked Madame about them. "Why, you see," replied she, "that short one contains my field gun, just a dear little 6-pound affair that will not tire me. The black case contains my husband's field gun, six and a half pounds in weight, 12-bore, 28-inch barrels and 14-inch drop of stock." At this remark, my friend looked at me and winked, and was caught in the act. Madame's color rose nicely with the occasion, as she continued. "The other case contains his duck gun; its dimensions are the same as the field gun, but it's much heavier."

As I passed from the car, I heard Madame saying: "Well, I don't care; length and drop of stock are confusing, and you hadn't any business winking. He would never have noticed the difference." In this she was wrong; and yet who couldn't and who wouldn't forgive and forget an error that was so helplessly overwhelmed by such high and lofty enthusiasm.

After leaving Washington some time after nine o'clock the same night, a new conductor appeared, and then it appears that some confusion occurred. My friends had transportation reading through to Barnwell county, S. C., but they wanted, above all things, to be called at 5:30 in the morning, a half hour before reaching Reidsville. "Well," declared the conductor, "I'll mark your tickets off at Reidsville." "But," replied the gentleman, with some warmth, "we don't want to get off at Reidsville. We want to go straight through to Barnwell county, S. C." "Well," said the conductor—but here Madame interposed by saying: "You see, Mr. Conductor, our trainer is to meet this train at Reidsville and put our dogs on there, and I am so anxious to see whether Peggy will know me or not. Do you think she will?" With the remark, "She ought to, Madame—I'll send the porter to you," he disappeared down the aisle.

It was about the middle of a beautiful afternoon the next day that a heavy train pulled into a small town in Barnwell county, S. C., and came to a stop. The engine driver leaned far out of his cab window and remarked to his fireman that "this stop won't save any coal." Yet as he continued to look back and counted two dog crates, two trunks, two sole leather cases, three gun cases, some

hand-bags, a sprightly little woman, a proud looking man, and heard the "All aboard!" from the conductor, he further remarked: "Say, Tom, I guess this train will move easier and quieter, too, from now on."

Peggy and her mistress had met, and Peggy was proclaiming her joy as only a joyful pup can.

It has never occurred to me that one could judge of the number of inhabitants a town contained by the number of people at the station when a big train pulls in; but I have often thought that one can gather somewhat of an idea of the town's industries by these semi-daily events, and this is particularly true of some of the towns in the South. Judging from the attention shown my friends on their arrival on this occasion, the principal industries must have had their limitations, with a slight suspicion that even the post-office was closed.

As the train went puffing over a slight rise on its mission south, there appeared from behind the little station a tobacco wagon, to which was hitched a diminutive pair of tan-colored mules, while from a safer distance down the road a real smart looking but ill-matched pair of horses came pulling a canopy-top surrey. Now it appears that this was my friends' first visit to this section of the country, and they patiently stood by the noisy crates waiting for someone to claim them. The claim was soon made by the two drivers of these two teams by their salutation of, "Here I is, boss," one of them going so far as to offer as evidence of his good faith a note written by the "Major" regretting his inability to be present at the station to greet them, but assuring them of the cordial welcome that would be extended them at the plantation by him and his good wife. It occurs to me to say here that different occasions nearly always produce different effects on the same people. And this, it seems to me, in a way or to a limited degree really explodes the theory that the people of the South do things slowly; that in some instances they lack push—are not quick and alert; situations are seen, but not grasped. Never was a tobacco wagon loaded with keener interest or more timely alacrity than that one was. Even Peggy became quiet in the whirl of excitement. Everybody helped, and all helped at once, at the two sides of the surrey. Willing and "wide open" hands tucked in the robes. Even the nuts to the axles were examined, lest disaster should occur. Undoubtedly trade looked up in that town that night.

Two small mules of uncertain age hitched to a tobacco wagon were never known to make good time, owing partly, perhaps, to the fact that there is so little road down hill in the country where they are used; consequently the surrey drawn by the Major's best team reached the plantation long ahead of the less prized, but equally valuable mule team. Under ordinary circumstances it would seem needless to mention this fact, but in this instance there was so much genuine unhappiness manifest that is of interest, that to tell of this winter vacation and omit this instance, one of the morals of this outing is lost. Madame was behind the horses, while Peggy was back of the mules. Madame's husband became convinced long before Duncannon plantation was reached that he was the most thoughtless and cruel man in the world, and secretly wished in his heart that Peggy had never been born.

The gloom that sometimes enters the soul under the pressure of events for which we are in no way responsible, however, is like the chill of a room—soon dispelled by a light wood fire and the cheerful greetings of friends. The welcome at Duncannon plantation was of the old style—warm, cordial, and hearty—and for the time being mule locomotion was lost sight of. There is, however, something exhilarating—if a mule can exhilarate—about a mule pointed toward home, and a winter sunset. In time, and nearly together, the sun went down and the mules arrived. So did Peggy, also Nancy—dear, patient Nancy—dear, patient Master.

I have already referred to my friend as an old sportsman. Earlier experience had taught him that a newly broken pup is something like a college graduate—they both have plenty of learning, but both are in the primer class of experience. With this in mind, he suggested to his field companion the advisability of going out the first morning with the Major alone and try the dogs. Nancy he was sure of, but Peggy was in a way an unknown quantity, except in a vocal way. To this Madame heartily agreed, she being, it is presumed, no great exception to women as a rule, who like to get their trunks unpacked and "put to rights" before visiting can really commence.

As the Major and his guest turned into a lane bordered on each side by water oaks, and the horses struck into a gallop, Nancy and Peggy, with heads and tails well up, bounded away across an adjoining field, while Madame stood on the wide porch in front of the house waving an adieu. It is quite needless to relate many, if indeed any, of the experiences of these two gentlemen afield on this day, it being but a side show to the main circus. It is sufficient to relate that Nancy hunted her ground over in splendid style, avoiding the pup by her long, graceful sweeps of outlying territory, while Peggy covered and recovered the inner circle. Both found birds, and both pointed well. Peggy backed handsomely, while Nancy showed a very marked disrespect for her younger companion by refusing to believe her at all. This fault, however, was soon overcome, and when night came this delighted hunter believed they had the best pair of dogs in the world, and said so.

In a world that is so full of interesting incidents as the world is in which we live, memory, like a broncho, at times becomes freakish, so that days and mile-posts alike are at times lost. However, with my friends at Duncannon plantation, it was like elsewhere among well regulated people. Near the end of the week when they got there, and outside of the one day mentioned, I do not know what occurred until Monday morning came, when it seems that a long and sweetly cherished theory that had been born long before, attempted to walk.

When Madame appeared in front of the house on this memorable morning (memorable at least at Duncannon plantation) in smart looking hunting boots, short covert-cloth skirt, red cardigan jacket, and khaki hat jauntily tilted well back on her head, and a small shotgun under her arm, the husband looked happy, and no doubt felt much like the proud father who sits in his easy chair and watches baby make his first journey afoot from a near-by

chair to his trembling knees, full of hope, overwhelmed with pride, but just a bit anxious.

Down through the lane of water oaks they passed, on across the watermelon barren to the woods beyond, Nancy—dear, patient Nancy—close at heel, Peggy—frolicsome, happy Peggy—making the sand burrs fly, returning now and again to greet her mistress with loud and thrilling yelps.

During the tramp across a long patch of country where no quail would likely stop, a dog argument occurred as to the relative merits of Nancy and Peggy, and Peggy won, yet it produced a dogged silence on the part of Nancy's master, which, however, did not last very long on account of the near approach to a more promising zone of bird territory, where the word was quickly given to Nancy to "Get away!" while another sentence was added for Madame's benefit, "There goes my argument."

It was fully an hour and a half later before those speedy and seemingly tireless dogs found a covey of birds, and then in an unfortunate position for Madame. They lay in a patch of thick scrub-oaks near a road through this former woods. Nancy was pointing while Peggy was backing. Madame was told to load her gun and walk quietly ahead about thirty yards, while our theoretical friend back-tracked to a safe distance, then took to the brush to get around the birds and drive them her way. This he succeeded in doing, but only secured one long-range shot for himself—missing, of course. Through the scrub he broke, and came out into the road by Madame's side, red in the face and full of excitement, exclaiming, "Why didn't you shoot?" To which she replied, "Why, they went by me so fast I simply couldn't."

"Well, did you mark them down?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, note the course they took."

"Course they took? Why, they just went everywhere. Some, however, went over that hill."

So toward that hill our friends traveled, he breaking the way, she following at heel. Just over the rise, Nancy swung in front of them, going at fine speed, stopped suddenly and crouched, indicating a close bird. Madame was brought up in position, her gun cleared for action, when a quail arose within ten feet of her gun barrels, and made straight away from her. "Shoot!" yelled her companion, and getting no response, he butted in and killed the bird. As the bird fell, he looked at her in blank amazement, while she looked at him with as sweet a smile as the sight of heaven can produce, and said: "My dear, that was beautifully done. I am so proud of you. I am sure most men would have missed that bird. I wouldn't have missed seeing you make that shot for the world. And Nancy—wasn't she glorious? But where is Peggy?"

Sure enough, where was Peggy? Twenty yards further ahead was Peggy, pointing another bird, while Nancy was backing with a dead bird in her mouth.

Again was Madame forced to the front. Away went another bird. Still a silent battery was manned by Madame. Again the sharp crack of her husband's gun. Another bird falls, another retrieve is made, and then that heavenly smile is born again; and once again by that praise is the gathering storm averted; again they push on. If cyclones of great force and of widespread destructiveness could thus be sidetracked, Kansas would be a lovely State to reside in.

Three more points and backs, two more kills at long range and a miss at still longer range, marked the hour of noon. With a three hundred acre watermelon patch to cross lengthwise in order to eat, the baby had taken three steps and fallen down five times.

That midday march under a southern sun that creates such peculiar shadows excites the admiration one moment and produces sympathy the next. This man of theory was seen trudging along with a shotgun under each arm, and a very tired little woman with a firm grasp on his shoulder marching alongside of him. At Madame's side, with distended tongue and drooping tail, walked Peggy. By her master's side came patient Nancy—dear, patient, silent Nancy. Not a word was spoken, not a sound heard, except the panting of the dogs and the occasional crush of a dried watermelon rind as a heavy boot plunged through its tender sides.

When despair gets the saddle well strapped astride of hope and begins its ride to destruction in the mortal soul of man, he should avoid the photographer. He isn't apt to make a pretty picture; likewise his presence is likely to chill warm soup and spoil a good dinner. He had best take to the woods and pull himself together; and this is what my friend did on the afternoon of that memorable day, while Madame and Peggy rested.

It is a most difficult thing for us to realize just how other persons feel when their lofty ambitions come to nought, because we cannot put ourselves in their places; nor at the stage of collapse assume our brothers' burdens. It is a fair venture, however, to assume that my friend, when he departed alone from the house at noon, suspected how the man felt who built the first flying machine when he struck the earth.

It is, however, only the gloom of ended years that can dampen to the extent of moulding the spirits of some men, and many happy days were spent at Duncannon plantation. A buckboard was brought into service, and a small horse called Buckskin was daily hitched to it, and a small negro by the name of Alexander was secured as a driver, and with this rig Madame spent many days afield, made many pots of coffee, and shared her hunter-husband's luck by a camp-fire, dividing always with Peggy and Nancy, too, while the husband coached both dogs to a higher state of perfection in their field work, even to the extent of having them take turns retrieving. Their winter vacation was a success, but on the lid of the chest that holds the sacred records of those days afield can be read: "Bird shooting; except in rare cases, is not a woman's game," to which are affixed two signatures.

T. E. BATTEN.

Quail Take to Trees.

A NORTH CAROLINA correspondent writes: I notice in my hunting trips for five or six years past that partridges are getting more and more in the habit, when flushed, of taking to trees. I find this is the case to a considerable extent in Virginia also. Farmers tell me it is because the birds have learned more sense. That is their way of putting it.

FRED A. OLDS.

Days with the Wildfowl.—III.

NOTWITHSTANDING the lugubrious soughing of the wind around the ragged corners of the old sod lodge, and the extreme volubility of the coyotes all through the night presaged a new brand of weather for us in the morning, it did not come, and for once all signs failed. Instead of rain or cold the morning broke beautifully with a clear summer sky and a caressing breeze from the south. Somewhat fatigued by my previous day's experience with Babe on the Bull Camp Lake, I was inclined to linger in bed this morning, but along about 8 o'clock Gerard burst enthusiastically into the room with an exclamation that the biggest flight of birds that had yet passed over was in progress, and I got up, hurriedly slipped into my duds, and joined him outdoors.

The first thing I observed when I emerged through the low doorway was dotted lines, V-shaped columns, and massed bunches of birds streaking the whole heavens from the rim of the low sandhills to the southwest to the taller range rearing itself like a gray wall athwart the northwest, between Hackberry and Watt's Lake. There were thousands of them, canvasback, redhead, mallard, widgeon, pintail, spoonbill, and teal; and they trooped across the blue canopy for fully three-quarters of an hour, all going in the same direction, and finally disappearing at the same point over the distant hills.

Inspired by the spectacle, Gerard and I were not long in determining what to do. We would go over to Willow Lake, the direction whence the flight had come, and in the tall reeds and willows which bordered it, await their return. I felt that the birds would be straggling back in this direction all through the day, and urging Gerard to get ready, I went into the lodge, refilled my shell case, pulled on my waders, and as Gerard arrayed himself according to my directions, I discussed the proposed excursion, in order that the little fellow might know what to expect.

In the first place, the rest of the hunters, including even old Bill and Jim, the chef, had hiked off to the different grounds before I was up, and there being no rig available, we had to walk to Willow Lake, which lay off to the southeast, probably a mile beyond Clear Lake. We were then, after we got there, to hunt on a different plan than we had yet tried. Hitherto we had done much of our shooting from a boat, in which we had plenty of room for all sorts of traps, but on the present occasion we had to dispense with every pound of superfluous weight, for we would be compelled to do all our work from the shore on foot, with a prospect of plenty of wading and walking. Consequently we made our arrangements accordingly.

For the benefit of young duck hunters, I will add, as many of them probably already know, that inconspicuous clothing in shooting wildfowl from a boat, even, is very necessary, but in shooting from the shore, in the sparse covering of cane and reeds, your raiment must conform as closely as possible with your environments, for standing in shallow water you will have no chance to lie down on the approach of a flock of birds, as you would have in a boat. You have simply got to squat as low as possible and take your chances. A dead grass colored corduroy cap, shooting coat, and Banigan waders, and you are all right. For the trip I deftly fashioned a coat for Gerard out of an old gunny sack, cutting armholes in the same, and slipping it over his sweater, and he was rigged up about as appropriately as I was myself, although his hip boots were black rubber instead of canvas, like my own. In duck shooting, hip boots are a *sine qua non*, whether boating or wading. And it is always better to have a good wide brim to your hat or cap, for it comes in handy when shooting against the sun, and acts as a shield to the face in wind and rain. Don't fail to see that you have your jack-knife and plenty of good stout twine in your pocket, for they will both come in nicely oftener than you would imagine.

"What are we going to do for decoys?" inquired Gerard, as the sheen of Dewey Lake burst upon us as we climbed the last roll in the prairie and began our descent toward the low-lying shores.

"We will not need decoys," I replied, "as we simply wade along the shores and jump what laggards there may yet be feeding in the rice. However, I think the Judge and Thomas were over here yesterday, and I think I heard them say they left their decoys on the water where they had been shooting; a bad plan, however. Decoys should never be left out over night at a point where you intend to shoot the next day or any time in the near future. The birds get familiar with them, and after a time steer as clear from them as they would a man standing gun in hand in plain view. If the Judge and Charlie did leave their decoys, though, we may stumble on them, and if we do, we will abandon pedestrianism, make a blind, and take it easy. But look at that flock of gulls; they have been feeding on the minnows and mollusks along the shallows there. Shall I kill one?"

As I put the interrogatory, at least two or three hundred of these graceful black-backed, creamy bellied waifs of the air arose from the nearest shore line, and sounding in dissonant chorus their weak little squeak, they began to knit a network of soft plumage in the sunlit air, and as one, with more temerity than wisdom, came dipping down over us, I inquired of the boy whether I should kill him or not, and getting a half reluctant affirmative reply, I cut the beautiful creature out of the air, and it came fluttering down, almost at our feet.

Gerard picked the bird up daintily by the tip of one wing, and as he whirled it around the scarlet splotch dyeing its velvet-covered chest caught his pitying eye, and reproachfully he said: "Oh, Pop, what did you kill it for? Poor thing, it could not hurt anything."

"But you told me to, son; and then, while I condemn the needless destruction of bird life in anyone, I wanted you to see this bird, and examine it, as living you would have no chance to. It is a good lesson in ornithology, and under the circumstances will make a lasting impression."

"I thought gulls only lived on the ocean and along the coast," continued Gerard, folding the bird's wings closely against its sides, and wiping the blood from off its pearly breast with the tail of his gunny sack wammus.

"No, they do not. While they are naturally an ocean bird, they do not confine themselves to its vicinity, but frequent all larger bodies of fresh water, often far inland,

and ascend all our rivers many hundreds of miles from their mouths."

"There must be many kinds of them, for when out in Portland last summer we used to see a half dozen different species, all of them larger than this one."

"Oh, yes, there are fully forty species of gulls, and the most of them are to be found in this country. The bird you have in your hands is a lesser tern, one of the smallest of all the family. Many of the big salt-water gulls are not as harmless as this little fellow, but prey fiercely on other birds."

"These terns or sea-swallows are much smaller than the birds you saw on the Pacific Coast, and are much more graceful in form and movement. It is doubtful whether you will ever see more beautiful exhibitions of the flight of birds than those being given by those terns out over the lake there. Like the larger birds, they are cosmopolitan. Some species are very abundant, others are extremely rare. In this country there are at least twenty well defined species. Many of them breed right here on the open ground among grass tufts, or in some dry nook on the lower slopes of the hills. No regular nest is made. The young are brown colored. The old birds make a good deal of noise when their young are molested, but make no attempt to protect them. Look, there is a flock of mallards coming back. See them settling there at this end of Willow Lake? Come on, let's mosey. We are apt to get some fine shooting during the next hour or so."

Twenty minutes later we stood on the last slight elevation overlooking Willow Lake, and after surveying the charming outlook for a few moments started on down to the shore and began our tramp around the lake.

We had not gone 100 yards when, with much quacking, an old hen mallard leaped from amid the smartweed and flags, and undertook to curve around over the lake, but leading her a foot or two, I knocked her down nicely, and Gerard started right out after her.

"Hold on, there, Babe," I continued, "if you don't want to get in over your waders, go around to the right there and follow the open water."

"But it isn't as deep here in the tules, is it?"

"Yes, deeper. You see those fallen rushes out there in front of you?"

"Yes."

"Well, when you see them lying like that, you can depend upon it that they are full of trouble for the inexperienced hunter. Those rushes always flourish on a soft, mucky bottom, and you would certainly get your boots full if you tried to wade through them. But over there, where you see those straight, arrowy fellows, you will have no trouble in getting along. They always indicate a substantial bottom, and if you work along them, you'll not get wet, and nothing is so annoying as to get your rubber boots filled with water. You see, Gerard, I want you to carefully note these little details, for you will not have your old Pop always along with you, and they will help you out of many a difficulty in the future."

The boy then followed my directions, reached the dead duck with ease, and picking her up brought her in to the shore, and we started on round the lake.

A quarter of a mile further down the shore, in rounding a big curve where the rushes grew luxuriantly, we suddenly came on to a bunch of decoys dancing merrily on the little waves in a little bay, out sixty or seventy yards from the sloping bank, and wading out we came to a nice round nest in the tules from which the owner had been shooting.

"The Judge's decoys," I remarked, after a searching glance at the bevy of counterfeit birds on the water, "and from the empty shells scattered about here, he and Charlie must have had lots of fun last evening. Down!"

From out on the lake, coming straight toward us, was a line of birds. At first, from their size, I thought they were mallards, but there was too much white on them, and I concluded they must be canvasbacks. In another second or two they were almost upon us, and catching a good view of their long, sharp bills and bulky green heads, I knew at once what they were.

"Mergansers," I whispered. Then as they swished down over the decoys and up into the air, like the runner of an old-fashioned sleigh, I jumped to my feet, and leading the head bird, I killed the third one back of him, and with the second barrel dropped one of the tailenders.

I noticed that both birds—the mergansers—had fallen into the water where it was a trifle too deep for Gerard's waders, and cautioning him to remain where he was, I went out and retrieved them myself. They were a male and female, the former an old bird and in the fullest flush of his autumn plumage, with his head as bright green as the purest emerald, the splotches on his wings as glossy and black as silk velvet, and his body as white as the driven snow.

"Isn't he a beauty?" I remarked to the boy, as I stepped inside the blind and handed the drake over for his inspection.

"Yes, indeed, he is, and what a pity it is to kill them," replied Gerard, as he smoothed out its ruffled feathers. "Are they good to eat?"

"No, not very. They are what we call 'fish ducks,' and take no more rank as a table bird than a mud hen."

"Then why did you shoot them?"

"Well, to tell the truth, they fooled me until it was too late. When I first drew up on them I thought they were canvasbacks, and when I did recognize what they were, I was already pressing the trigger. However, they will furnish you with another lesson in nature, and the drake we will try and preserve, and when we get home I'll have it mounted. They are a very interesting species of water fowl, and there are a half dozen varieties of them. These are the great American mergansers, the largest of their tribe. Generally they are called 'saw-bills' out this way, but in the East they are 'sheldrakes,' 'spirit,' or 'fish ducks.'"

"Are they plentiful here?"

"Quite. The hooded variety, a smaller bird, about the size of a bluebill, being the most plentiful. They are drab in general color, with a chestnut crest on their heads extending down over the back of their necks. They are seen in greater numbers in the spring, and on the breaking up of the Platte are to be encountered numerous along that stream, even the great American variety. They come in flocks of from ten to twenty, and even double this number, especially this species. The hooded variety are more solitary, and do their traveling mostly in pairs. These big fellows have a steady but rapid flight, pursuing

their way along the shores two or three deep. I have noticed the flocks along the Platte in the early spring seem to be made up almost wholly of males, the females following later in large flocks. See that hawk? Keep perfectly still; I think he will come over us."

And sure enough he did, a big redtail, and as he dipped down close over our heads, we caught the flash of his wild eyeball and the orange of his slender legs as he swept by. He did not discover us, and I allowed him to continue in quest of his noonday meal unmolested.

"But the mergansers, Pop; tell me more about them," and it was evident that the boy was stirred by the same fires that had stirred his progenitor in the years long gone by.

"Well, I don't know what more there is to tell, Gerard (there goes a flock of redheads off there over the hay-field), only I do know that if you could see a pair of these greenheads swimming along the edge of the ice in the spring out on the old Platte, with the snowy bank for a background, you would see as hardy a picture as this prairie country affords. It is a stirring sight in March, on a bright, breezy day, to see the drake, a crimson-eyed beauty, feeling fresh in spirits and costume, passing swiftly up the broad valley thinking only of the fete that awaits him in the far north. Down in Deuel county, where I shot in the spring of '94, I saw a good many white and black tufted mergansers, but I have never seen one up here, although they must come here, as they are anything but rare, and in the fall and winter they go far up most all our rivers and visit our inland sloughs and marshes. They are shy and vigilant, feeding on small fishes, crustacea and aquatic insects. These they obtain without difficulty, as they are patterned greatly after the loon, and are magnificent divers. But of all the sawbill family, I think our little hooded merganser is the most interesting. The Indians use to call them the 'devil duck' on account of their mysterious and erratic movements, and they would no more think of killing one than a mountaineer would think of killing a magpie—it is an omen of bad luck. As I intimated before, their plumage is composed principally of sombre gray and drab tints, but on the inside of the wings there is a lovely pale rosy hue, reminding you of a dying sunset flush. We may get a crack at one before we leave, and I hope we do, for I want you to see one. Look out there, Gerard, what is that coming toward us—there in the water—don't you see it?"

"Where? Oh, yes. It is a muskrat."

While talking I had noticed a small, triangular-shaped ruffle in the placid waters approaching us, point first, and coming evidently from one of the half-whelmed hay-cocks which were scattered numerously all over this end of the lake.

Gerard was correct, and it pleased me to see that his lessons in nature's wild ways were not being thrown away. It was a rat, and he was making directly for the point of land on which our blind was located.

"Now keep perfectly quiet, Gerard," I whispered, "and we will watch this fellow and see what he does."

We crouched down low, and through the interstices in the tules kept our eyes on the little V-shaped waves approaching us. Closer and closer they came, until finally, when off about fifteen or twenty yards from the point, we caught sight of the rat's funny little flat face, with his whiskers sticking out from his puffy cheeks and his nostrils twitching queerly as he came on through the shallowing water with the gracefulness of a member of the funny tribe.

Right up to the low shore he came, and on reaching it, halted a moment, lifted up his round head, and with black eyes sparkling like diamonds in a brown setting, sniffed the atmosphere suspiciously once or twice, just as if there was some indefinite taint about it that he didn't quite understand. Perhaps he caught the odor of the dead ducks lying at our feet, but if he did he was evidently used to it, and apparently unconcerned he crawled quietly out upon the bank, his sleek coat shedding the last vestige of moisture as if he had been on dry land all morning, and shining in the sun like the boa about my lady's neck.

He waddled up to within a yard of the tules behind which Gerard and I lay, then sitting up on his haunches wiped his nose with one creamy paw, looked sharply into our crypt of reeds and flags, then set to work scratching and pawing at the roots of the smallest of the tules. He soon, with his flat incisors, pulled out a long, slender white tendril, and began to munch it complacently, and Gerard and I were tickled immensely at the sight. Through with the first root, which he seemed merely to bite into small fragments, holding it in his expanded jaws a brief interval, then ejecting it as if he had extracted all its succulency, he again began his excavations. Root after root was withdrawn from the soft soil and reduced to bits, and at last appearing as if tiring of the diet, he backed into the shallow water, keeping his piercing little eyes glued upon our blind the while, but evincing no timidity whatever. Once in the water, he doused his chubby head beneath it once or twice, washed his face with his hands, slapped the water joyously with his flat tail, rolled over, shook himself, and then set sail back toward the submerged haystack, in which undoubtedly he had built his water home.

He had left the shore but a few yards behind, when Gerard jumped suddenly to his feet, and with a whoop, fired an empty shell at him. There was an instantaneous splash, and from the midst of a caldron of roily waves we saw his flat, hairless tail spasmodically wriggling in the air, and the rat had gone as completely as if he had never existed.

"Wasn't he funny, Pop?" remarked Gerard, as he stepped out of the blind and gathering up a handful of the tule chaff the rat had left at the water's edge, came back, sifting it through his fingers, and continued: "I do not believe he ate a bit of this stuff, and was chewing it just to entertain us."

"He was getting the juice out of it, that was all. There, reach out and pull up one of those tender tule sprouts and I will show you what he was after."

Gerard found the task a greater one than he imagined, for he had to give two or three tugs at the wiry rush before its slender white root let go, and he pulled it forth and handed it to me, with the remark, "Gee! I do not see how that little animal pulls these things out so easily; he didn't seem to exert himself at all!"

"Well, he knows how. You see, the all-wise Creator has not quite taught us all, and as you go along through

life you will find that you can learn many things even from a muskrat. See here," and I broke the bleached extremity of the bulrush which was brittle, and squeezed from the end a thin whitish fluid into the palm of my hand. "There is what Mr. Muskrat was after—the milk of the tule root."

"Where do you suppose he is now?" and the boy gazed off toward the soggy dome of the haystack protruding from the distant waters.

"Safely out there, right where you are looking, in his home in the heart of that hay."

"Just what sort of an animal is a muskrat, Dad? They don't look any at all like the real rats in town. Are they plentiful about these lakes?"

"Very. They are a species of the beaver genus, and are peculiar to this country, being extensively distributed in suitable localities all over the northern part of this continent, clear from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Rio Grande to the barren grounds bordering the Arctic Sea. They are always interesting to me, and I seldom shoot one in wantonness."

"But do they come out much in the daytime?"

"No. They are most active at night, and spend the greater part of the day concealed in their tule-built houses, or in their burrows in the banks, which consist of a roomy chamber with numerous passages, all of which open under the surface of the water. Like all rodents, they are omnivorous in their habits, although I doubt very much if they will eat flesh. Duck hunters, you know, think that it is the rats that carry away the dead ducks they are compelled by darkness to leave where they fell over night, but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is a skunk, mink, otter or owl that gets the prize. However, while the denition of the muskrat—we always used to call them muskrats, and I like the old-day name, it takes me back to the Little Reservoir and Widener's Pond, when I was a little 'un like you—is adapted particularly to certain kinds of vegetable food; they are always mulling around any dead bird or animal they may stroll upon, but I hardly think they ever partake of much of the flesh of the same. The mussels of our streams, however, are devoured voraciously by them, and old Captain Whitehead, the old cabin boatman with whom I used to shoot on the Illinois, swore that they opened these mollusks without injuring the shell. So do you wonder that they know how to pull up a tule root? But funnier than this, Gerard, the old captain declared that a muskrat finding a mussel with the soft parts extruding, seizes it so quickly that these soft parts are pinched and become paralyzed, after which he finds no trouble in parting the shell and extracting the bivalve. This, however, I know from absolute research, is literally untrue, and it is only old codgers of the Whitehead stripe that believe such absurdities. But, say, Gerard, the ducks seem to have gone to sleep. What do you say, let us stroll back over toward Clear Lake and try them in the pass this evening?"

"All right; but the decoys?" and the boy motioned toward the bobbing counterfeits on the water.

"Oh, they are none of our doings. The Judge and Charlie will probably be back here themselves to-night. Here, shove these mallards and the merganser—or shall we take them both? Very well, push them all into my back pocket here; they won't bother me much, and you can tote the shell case awhile. That's the caper. Come on."

SANDY GRISWOLD.

Massachusetts and Maine.

BOSTON, Oct. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Brant Rock, Marshfield, is a well-known resort for sea fowl shooting. Last Sunday eighteen boats were ranged in a line stretching a distance of about 1½ miles out to sea from the shore. One solitary warden, Mr. Thomas Stackhouse, on shore, saw them and heard the shots. He procured a boat, but not unobserved by the many friends of the hunters who had gathered on shore to watch the sport. Some one of these had a huge megaphone, through which he sounded notes of warning to those in the boats. Other friends put out in a power boat, which was the signal for those in the dories to deposit in the launch the birds they had killed and their guns, thus preventing the officer from securing evidence. Mr. Stackhouse arrested one of the party, but was unable to produce in court such evidence as to satisfy the judge of his guilt, and he was discharged. If the Sunday law is to be enforced against the sea fowl gunners, there is need of a great number of officers at this season to cover the many points on the Massachusetts coast where gunners are to be found.

In some towns the local officers are doing good service for protection. One of the policemen of Plymouth had three Portuguese in court yesterday for shooting robins. One was fined for nineteen birds \$190; one for thirteen \$130, and the third man for two birds \$20.

It is reported that the moose secured by Dr. Bishop, as mentioned in my last letter, weighed 1,200 pounds. There are not always the conveniences at camps to get the actual weight of the big game killed. Of course, if one is guessing, it is just as easy to guess liberally as any way. If any of your readers have obtained the actual weight of moose they have killed, such information would be interesting, and if reported in these columns lead to the compiling of valuable statistics.

Mr. Freeman N. Young, of Arlington, has devised a novel conveyance for a hunting trap in Maine, combining a house and an automobile. The idea is a development of the "hay rigging" which Mr. Young used on his auto in a celebration on the 17th of June last. The house consists of the hay-rack boarded up on the sides and at the rear end. Two iron girders support a mattress on which the travelers sleep. Under the bed section is a kitchen. Electric lighting and heating are provided. On this trip of two weeks or more, Mr. Young is accompanied by Dr. A. H. Tuttle and Mr. R. A. Frye, of Cambridge.

Although it was cold and wet at Barre most of the week, the Brunswick Fur Club meet was a success in furnishing much sport, although it would appear from the results of the chase that the foxes in that region are "on to the game," as the saying goes. Conspicuous among the lady riders were Mrs. T. W. Pierce, of Topsfield, and Mrs. Raymond Whitman, of the Myopia Club.

To-day is the first of the open season on moose in Maine, and it continues till December 1. Reports that have come in from various sections of the State indicate

that moose are more than usually plentiful. The figures for the first two weeks of the deer hunting season show a falling off in the number from 393 in 1903 to 368 the present year.

The past week has seen quite a hegira of Massachusetts sportsmen for the Maine woods. A good idea of the number of hunters who leave Boston for Maine in the fall may be obtained from the fact that for licenses (\$15 each) the firm of Iver Johnson & Co. last year returned to that State over \$3,500. On Friday Messrs. H. A. Spear and W. H. Pierce, of Boston, left for the North Woods. W. O. Taylor and two friends have been waiting at Moosehead for an opportunity to slay the king of the forests. One of the crack shots of the University City, Miss Carrie Lamb, with her mother and guide, is already at Ox Bow. Mr. R. D. Jones, of the B. & M. ticket office, and his wife, will soon leave for a hunting trip in Newfoundland. They go into the region north of Eagle Lake, where no white woman has ever been.

Mr. H. W. Davis, a well-known Boston sportsman, has just returned from Palfrey Lodge, just across the border from Vanceboro, with a fine moose, and yesterday Mr. H. M. Sears, of Boston, and two friends started for the same place. Mr. William S. Hinman, president of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, left Boston for the Maine woods with a party of friends last Tuesday.

CENTRAL.

King Edward as a Sportsman.

NOWHERE where pheasants fly is the rearing and shooting of them more carefully organized than on the King's estates at Sandringham. Mr. Jackson, the head keeper, has the regular duty of rearing 10,000 pheasants annually. The eggs are placed in incubators until within four days of hatching time, when they are laid ten at a time under 1,000 barn-door fowls, each setting in a separate box.

It may be imagined that the hatching season is one of no small care and anxiety to the head keeper. When they have emerged from their shells the young birds are placed in little pens and dragged on trolleys to woods on different parts of the estate. They are carefully watched, protected, and fed, until the time comes for turning them loose into the woods. Even then they are the subject of the keeper's unceasing care.

As for the weapons of attack, his Majesty is one of the best judges alive of a good gun, and his gun room at Sandringham, with its glass cases fitted with guns for every conceivable purpose, is admitted by all his sporting companions. Complete as it is to the last degree, scarcely a year passes but some new gun is added to the collection. The sort of gun which his Majesty most likes is one which is quite plain and unornamented, and which has a very light pull on the left trigger.

It is a great day at Sandringham when the King and his party are abroad with their guns. Notice of the shoot has been given in advance all over the estate, and farm work is partially suspended, so that there shall be no undue disturbance of the birds. In the early morning of the day of the battue, the keepers in their bright royal livery of green and gold take a hundred beaters out with them and station them at their places.

In their blue blouses, with white lace fronts and wearing soft felt hats with scarlet colored bands, the beaters themselves are picturesque enough. The rendezvous and time of assembly are fixed the night before, and it is the custom for the guests to make their way to the appointed place in any manner which best suits their convenience, and there await the coming of the King.

It is seldom that the numerical strength of the party exceeds eight or ten guns, but all of them are first-rate shots. It is not that the King has retained any anxiety since that distant day when, as Prince of Wales, and out shooting with some friends, he was hit by a quantity of pellets from the gun of one of the latter, but that being a first-rate shot himself and enjoying all the best instincts of the true sportsman, he simply cannot tolerate bad work with the gun.

Each member of the party works with two loaders and from two to four guns. The game book at Sandringham has been most carefully kept for many years, and it shows that on more than one occasion from two to three thousand and head of game have been accounted for in a single shoot.

Game carts have in advance been despatched to various places, and in due course the big bag is sent home to the royal larder, which, capable of holding 6,000 head, is second in size only to that established by the late Baron Hirsch, which will contain 10,000 head of game.

The shooting luncheon, either at Wolferton Station, the little cottage which goes by the name of the "Folly," or at one of the farmhouses on the estate, is always a most delightful meal on such occasions as this. It is plain but good, the chief item on the menu being not infrequently a kind of Irish stew, which is particularly grateful after the hard morning's work.

The Queen and her friends will often seek out this retreat and join the party at luncheon, but both their Majesties are conspicuously averse to the practice which has obtained at some country houses of ladies walking with the guns. At the close of the day the total bag is laid out on the lawns for the King's inspection before being finally consigned to the larder, whence it is despatched to hospitals and charitable institutions, his Majesty's friends, and his tenantry.

Sixty-two years of life have increased rather than decreased his Majesty's ardor for the gun, and his hand and eye are as good as ever when he has to deal with high birds with the wind behind them. The single indication of the sexagenarian is in the increasing use of the little shooting pony.—London Daily Express.

Pheasants in California.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Oct. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* About seven years ago this commission purchased some 400 Mongolian pheasants in Oregon, which State was originally stocked direct from China, and where they gained a substantial foothold. The climate of Oregon is much more suited to the birds than is that of California. They require plenty of cover and water. In places of that kind they seem to have done well and increased in this State. In addition to the birds purchased in Oregon, we secured about 200 more direct from

China. They were liberated in localities that were deemed most suitable, and while they do not show a marked increase, still there has been a gain, especially along some of the river bottoms that are heavily wooded and contain plenty of underbrush, although in such places the ground varmint seem to destroy many of the nests and young birds.

On some of the large "ranches" where range-riders are employed and the varmint are trapped and destroyed, the birds have made a very perceptible gain, but taken as a whole, they have not increased sufficiently to allow any season for killing. There is an absolutely close season in effect at this time.

We are endeavoring to secure Bob White quail, believing they will do well in our large valley grain fields.

CHAS. A. VOGELSANG, Chief Deputy.

Col. B. W. Sperry.

I HAVE just heard, with a sense of personal loss, of the death of Col. B. W. Sperry, of Jacksonville, Florida, and I ask myself, Who next? For Col. Sperry, though a man approaching sixty years, was still in the prime of life in vigor and activity, and seemingly one of those spirits which know or acknowledge neither years nor the infirmities that years impose. As a sportsman he was just what the word sportsman implies. All who knew him—and they were many, from every section of the country—were prone to say, "The Colonel is of the stuff that men are made of." Those who were so fortunate as to have been afeld with him, will recall with a keen pleasure his generosity as a field companion, and regret, as does the writer, that those days can be no more. Experience teaches us all that the record our memory makes of the men with whom we have fished and hunted is not altogether of a symphony of human souls. On the contrary, these records oftentimes reveal a series of disappointments in men; so that a mental glance of our past experiences is like a visible study of the stars at night; some are brighter than others, and it is the bright ones that interest us most, and their disappearance would make the world darker. And so as to Col. Sperry, I feel that in my little world of acquaintances one particularly bright and interesting star has gone, and a sadness comes with the knowledge.

For over thirty years Col. Sperry was a subscriber to *FOREST AND STREAM*, and one of the first things he called the visiting sportsman's attention to on entering his office, were the racks containing these papers. Then came his gun and rod cabinets, with the cordial assurance of "If you are short on anything, I can probably help you out, and I'll be glad to do so."

T. E. BATTEN.

In the New York Line Counties.

ELMIRA, N. Y., Oct. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Noting in your "Notes from the Game Fields" the report from Sayre, Pa. (M. Chill) that game is plenty in this section, I would request that Brother Chill use the words "has been", as I can vouch for a big lot of good hard hunting and tramping on the part of both dogs and men with very little to show for it in the way of game. Bruceport, Erin, Park Station, and Van Etten, all along the L. V. R. R. from this city, are shot out. I was told of three men getting 21 birds in a day's hunt some time ago in that section. I think the larger part were woodcock. As for quail, there is none to speak of in this section. Have had reported one or two small bunches seen this fall. However, they must be scarce, as I have tramped this country over in good shape with good men and dogs and have not started one quail.

The grouse are so well educated that at the first flush they light on the clouds. What rabbits have been killed are as poor as Job's turkey. Why? I can't tell, except the fat is all chased off them. I never killed them in better condition than they were last year.

E. H. KNISKERN.

Fined for Dusking Ducks.

CENTRE MORICHES, L. I., Oct. 13.—There has been much "dusking," or shooting after sunset, for black ducks since the season opened, and Howell C. Smith, of East Moriches, a special game protector, knowing that parties might not take kindly to arrest, took ex-Police Sergeant William E. Petty with him a few evenings ago, hoping to catch somebody red-handed. They sneaked along the beach to where a party had out decoys, and when a flock of ducks were shot at and one fell dead, the two men were right at hand. There was some pretty hot talk, but the ex-sergeant carried and displayed a revolver, and the arrest of the "duskers" was made without trouble. The men were taken before Justice R. P. Howell, of East Moriches, who fined each \$25.

The men were George Humphreys, of Brooklyn, who was here with his steam launch, and his assistant, Alonzo Horner. After it was all over, Mr. Humphreys told the game protector that the latter had only done his duty, adding that "dusking" ought not to be allowed.—Brooklyn Eagle, Oct. 15.

His Thoughts.

From the New York Times.

IN THE COUNTRY.

As I lie beneath the willow,
With the whole earth as a pillow,
The whistle of the quail breaks all my joy;
For that whistle clear and free,
Brings the office back to me,
And unthinkingly I shout: "Oh, drat that boy!"

IN THE CITY.

Oh, my bosom heaves with joy,
As the prankful office boy
Sits loudly whistling up and down the scale;
For that whistle clear and free,
Brings the country back to me,
And unthinkingly I look up for the quail.

F. P. FITZER.

Helped Through the Phrase.

"Pardon me," said the seedy-looking man, who was laboring over a letter in the hotel writing room, "but can you tell me how to spell 'temporarily'?"

"Certainly," replied his shrewd neighbor, giving the desired information, "and the other word is 'c-m-b-a-r-r-a-s-s-e-d.'"—Philadelphia Press.



SEA AND RIVER FISHING



Fish Chat.

BY EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

The Tautog or Black Fish.

AMONG the fishes on our coast which are ranked as commercial species, but which are also included by many in the list of game fishes, the tautog occupies a not insignificant position. Its value as a food fish has long been recognized, but until a few years, comparatively speaking, it was more an object of attention to the "hand-line brigade" than it was to those anglers who were satisfied with nothing short of the use of the rod and reel. But now its fame as a strong and sturdy fighter is so well established, the number of anglers who seek it with more elaborate tackle than that which was formerly used has become quite large.

Distribution and Habits.

From the Delaware Bay all along the shore northward to Cape Anne, Mass., it is more or less abundant, being most plentiful in localities where there are ledges and rocky reefs overgrown with kelp and other marine plants, among which it gleams its food.

It may possibly occur north of Cape Anne, but I have never known of one being so taken. From the rocky cliffs of Eastern Point, Gloucester, I have had my best success with this species, the fish averaging of good size and very gamy, particularly when hooked in the heavy surf, which almost always pounds that rugged shore.

A considerable number are also taken from the kelp-covered rocks of Nahant; the estuaries of some of the rivers further south on the coast, such, for example, as the Weymouth River and the stream which flows from Scituate and Marshfield teem with this species, but they do not there attain the large size which is often seen in Vineyard Sound.

Large fish are also taken over the submerged ledges near the Minot's Ledge lighthouse, off Cohasset. South of Cape Cod it is one of the principal species caught in the weirs and pounds, as is shown by the reports of the Massachusetts Commissioner of Fisheries and Game; but so destructive are those traps, the catch is becoming less and less annually, and the average size of the fish is also decreasing. Tautog weighing 5 to 8 pounds twenty years ago were common, but are now rarely met with, and if we were to inspect the catches all along the coast, we probably would not see a 10-pound fish oftener than once or twice in a season.

Nomenclature.

In some portions of Buzzard's Bay and thence south, it is known popularly as the "black fish;" the name tautog is being dropped throughout its southern range.

There are many rocky reefs in the Sound and along the coast of Long Island where the tautog is pretty abundant, some quite large fish being taken over the reefs off Rye and Port Chester. An angler of my acquaintance creeled fifteen fish at Rye in one tide last season, which weighed over sixty pounds, and this may, I think, be considered a record catch for these times; an average of over four pounds being something remarkable.

Tackle and Bait.

In angling for tautog, my favorite rod is a stiff bait-rod, not so heavy as that usually employed in striped bass fishing, but stout enough to withstand a severe struggle with a heavy fish. This species is remarkably strong, its thick, deep body, combined with great breadth of fins, gives it a wonderful power of resistance to the rod. A glance at its sturdy body would convince even an inexperienced angler that the fish has all the essentials for a stubborn fight, and this is proved by the first encounter with one that falls to him. Long, swift runs it does not make; neither does it break water, even when the time for the landing net has arrived, but it "hugs down" to the bottom with the greatest pertinacity, a bulldog obstinacy, as it were, a 6 or 7-pound fish at the end of six to eight fathoms of line being sufficient to test the strength of almost any bait-rod that is in common use.

As for bait, almost anything goes; a piece of shedder crab or lobster, sand-worm or clam, being acceptable in most localities. My best success has been with small crabs an inch to an inch and a half in breadth, such as are plentifully found beneath rocks and seaweed along the shore where they have been left by the receding tide.

In biting, the tautog lacks the bold rush of the squeague or the bluefish. Genio C. Scott, in treating of this, says: "The tautog bites like the sheephead, but with less power. You feel the premonition, but when he dashes aside the pull is weaker than that of a sheephead. I mean now a tide-running tautog of from 3 to 8 pounds which feeds on the edge of swift water, has a white nose, and is fair game."

The tautog which feeds close to the base of the rocks is an adept in getting hooks or sinkers fast in the clefts. Accustomed as it is to glean its food of small mussels, barnacles, crustaceans, etc., among the kelp in a leisurely way, it takes the bait in a sort of indolent, half-hesitating manner, but the moment the hook strikes home in its tough, leathery mouth, it darts beneath the shelter of an overhanging rock or ledge, from which, if the fish is of any considerable size, it is dragged only with a severe struggle. This shelter-seeking habit has caused the loss of many a fine fish and no end of tackle, and the experienced angler never dallies when the tautog is first struck, but lifts the rod sharply and raises the fish above any possible lurking place.

Although it is a bottom feeder, as a rule, and is taken by still-fishing, Mr. Scott describes a method for capturing it which may be worth a trial by the angler who is of an experimental turn of mind. He says that an angler

of his acquaintance sculled his boat to the edge of the tide on the banks between a rapid current and nearly slack water, and near an islet or reef of rocks in the Second River where the water was about fifteen feet deep, anchored his punt, and standing up in the stern he cast some seventy-five feet of line armed with two hooks about two feet above the sinker and baited with clam. "In this way," says Mr. Scott, "I have known him to take 100 pounds of tautog in an hour."

Is Salmon Culture Profitable?

In FOREST AND STREAM for August 20, The Old Angler reiterates his conviction that the artificial stocking of our salmon rivers is unprofitable and impracticable, and that if the salmon is to be preserved it can be done only by very greatly curtailing the privileges now enjoyed by netters. In his communication he criticises some of the statements I have made, asserting that they are founded on information which has been obtained second-hand, and largely from unreliable sources, such as guides, boatmen, overseers of fisheries, etc. Now, I have nothing but the most friendly feeling for The Old Angler, and I regard him as one of my most valued correspondents. I know he is quite fully informed in fishing matters, and that everything he says is entitled to most respectful consideration; but no one is infallible, and I believe that his views on artificial propagation of salmon as a means of restocking our rivers are, in a measure, erroneous. If I am entirely wrong in my opinion, and he is right in his, the extirpation of the Atlantic salmon is only a question of time.

My contention is that the artificial stocking of our rivers will do much to keep up the supply of fish, but this alone will not bring about the desired result, for no matter how abundantly the rivers are thus stocked, if the existing conditions of excessive netting are continued, the supply inevitably must fail. In this last respect The Old Angler and I agree; we both believe that the destruction caused by the nets must, if possible, be stopped; but if that is not practicable, it should be curtailed to the smallest possible limit, in order that a fair share of the fish may be spared to ascend the streams and carry out the work of reproduction in a natural manner.

Now, I do not profess to be a scientific fishculturer. I wish I were one, but I know something of the art, for I have investigated it personally and studied its feasibility and economic value, so that what I know of the matter is not obtained entirely from hearsay. That I am not right in my belief that our salmon rivers may be artificially stocked, has not yet, in my opinion, been shown, and I find, the more I look into the matter, that my belief is shared by a great many other observers.

Evidence from the Blue Book.

The Old Angler often refers to the Reports of the Dominion Commission of Fisheries as containing facts and figures which seem to substantiate his theories. I also find in them many statements which support me in my convictions, and from these I will make a few selections. Isaac Sheasgreen, superintendent of the Miramichi hatchery, in the last blue book, 1903, says: "While considerable evidence could be given to demonstrate the benefit resulting to the waters of the Miramichi from the operation of this hatchery, I feel that as the work of keeping up the supply of salmon by artificial breeding has been so thoroughly proved successful, it is needless in this report to adduce any other evidence than that the statements from all reliable sources show that the salmon fishing and angling during the past year have been well up to the average, and show no signs of decrease. Notwithstanding the enormous strain that is put upon it by reason of the large number of netters operating their traps every year from the mouth of the bay to the head of the tide on the main river, as well as all the branches, and besides, every available portion of the non-tidal waters yields its quota of fish to the sportsman and angler. The rivers are all abundantly supplied with breeding fish; grilse and parr are also seen in great numbers in all the streams tributary to the Miramichi."

Alexander Mowatt, superintendent of the Restigouche hatchery, reports that: "All travelers up and down the rivers, with whom I have been talking, say they have never seen the salmon more plentiful than they were this year (1903). The guardians are unanimous in corroborating this. As I stated in former reports, with good protection, combined with the good work the hatcheries are doing, there need be no fear for the welfare of the salmon fisheries of the Restigouche."

L. N. Catellier, superintendent of the Tadoussac hatchery, states that "Mr. Simon Dufour reports that he never saw so many salmon on the spawning grounds for the last twelve years, while guardians of the River St. Marguerite. * * * Chas. Angers, Esq., M. P. for Charlevoix, informs me that the planting of salmon fry in the River Murray is a success."

Mr. Alfred Ogden, superintendent of the Bedford, N. S., hatchery, reports that "Bedford Basin and Sackville River are each year showing a large increase in salmon; some have been caught with fly in the river, and quite a number have been taken in nets in the basin."

That the artificially hatched salmon fry are as healthy and vigorous as those produced in the natural manner, I have always believed, but to be absolutely certain on this point, I sent the following circular note to a number of officials connected with the fisheries.

"1. Will you kindly inform me whether or not, in your opinion, the artificially hatched salmon fry compare favorably in health and vigor with those which are hatched naturally in the river."

"2. Are salmon streams benefited in any considerable degree by planting in them salmon fry artificially hatched?"

To these interrogatories I have received the following replies:

"STOWE, Vt.—*Edward A. Samuels*, Dear Sir—Your favor of recent date, in relation to the planting of artificially hatched salmon fry in Vermont waters, received. From my experience in the past, and point of view at the present time, I am convinced that the planting of salmon fry has been successful. Only a few years ago there were no salmon in Vermont waters. Lake Caspian, Willoughby Lake, and several ponds have been stocked with salmon fry, though these waters previous to that were inhabited by trout. Willoughby Lake also had maskinongé. Salmon have seemed to thrive and are vigorous healthy stock, and this year many good catches have been made."

"It is my opinion, in relation to the health and vigor of artificially hatched salmon, in comparison with those hatched naturally in rivers and ponds, provided that the artificially hatched are taken from other waters than those in which they are planted, they would be more vigorous and the native stock improved. I think this has been fairly well demonstrated and proven, and methods on this line are adopted at our hatchery. H. K. THOMAS."

"MIRAMICHI HATCHERY, South Est., N. B., Aug. 20, 1904.—*Dear Sir*—I have just returned from the headwaters of the Miramichi, and find your circular note awaiting a reply."

"In answer to the interrogatories contained therein, I may say that, in my opinion, artificially bred fry compare very favorably with those that are hatched naturally. My experience during the past twenty-five years has been altogether with salmon and trout, and it is my firm belief that there is no difference whatever between the fry turned out of the hatcheries and those hatched in the natural way. My observations lead me to believe that they are just as strong and vigorous as the fry bred in the beds of the streams."

"There consequently cannot be any reason why the rivers in which large numbers of these artificially bred salmon fry are planted should not be immensely benefited thereby, and it is conceded by nearly all the fishermen of the Miramichi that salmon culture, as carried on here, has been a great factor in supplying the demand that is annually made upon this fishery in these waters."

"WILLIAM SHEASGREEN, F. V."

"BEDFORD, N. S., Aug. 5, 1904.—*Edward A. Samuels, Esq.*, Dear Sir—I beg to acknowledge receipt of your circular letter, and in reply to question No. 1 would say that I firmly believe salmon fry artificially hatched do compare favorably in health and vigor with those which are hatched naturally in rivers."

"No. 2—Salmon streams are benefited to a large degree by planting in them fry artificially hatched."

"It is estimated that not more than 4 per cent. of the ova deposited naturally in streams ever live to age of six weeks, or fry stage of one inch in length; whereas at the hatcheries fully 75 per cent. of the eggs taken from the parent fish are hatched and planted when about six weeks old or about 1 to 1½ inches in length."

"About six years ago I had all obstructions removed from the Sackville River at this place, giving the fish a clear run to the lakes from the sea, and since then have been planting from 20,000 to 40,000 fry each year. To-day there are large numbers of salmon in the Bedford Basin waiting for the waters in the river to rise so they can ascend."

"There are no deep pools in this river, consequently not good for fly-fishing. A considerable number of salmon have been netted during this open season in the basin."

"ALFRED OGDEN."

The above statements, coming as they do from experts, show conclusively that The Old Angler is not without a degree of error, at least in his assertion that the artificial culture of salmon is valueless as a factor for restocking our rivers, and that my claim that it is not only feasible, but eminently profitable, is correct, and that the time and money which have been expended on it have not been wasted.

Barnegat Sea Fishing.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Oct. 15.—This bit of Jersey coast claims to be a good fishing pond; but we do have to lower our colors to Barnegat sometimes when it comes to taking in a big load of bass and sheepshead. A party went from here to Barnegat the other day, headed by John F. Seger and Captain Fenimore, who returned home yesterday.

There were twenty-two in the party, and a jollier and more congenial crowd it would be hard to find. They stayed during the outing as the guests of Mrs. James H. Komaine, of the Sunset Inn at Barnegat City. Altogether 3,245 pounds of channel bass were taken, 71 pounds of striped bass, and one sheepshead weighing 15 pounds was captured by Robert A. Inch. Captain Fenimore hooked the largest fish, a channel bass weighing 73 pounds. Frank Conway got the largest striped bass, a 22-pound beauty.

Captain Fenimore not only caught the largest fish, but also caught the highest number of pounds, taking altogether 393 pounds. Robert A. Inch came next with 335, and L. P. Streeter third, with an even 300. In the words of the fishermen, "it was a grand trip," probably the best they have ever had, and next year they expect to take many others who did not go this time.

Following is the catch of each member of the party according to the figures of the statistical secretary, John F. Seger:

Charles A. Atkins—36, 44½, 42¾; total, 123¼.

J. Woodruff—26.

Winfield Scott—36, 26; total, 62.

A. J. Dosch—40, 29, 24, 28, 27, 31, 21, 24, 25; total, 250.
 W. Gilbert—35, 24, 26; total, 85.
 Captain G. W. Fenimore—25, 26, 29, 45, 73, 25, 41, 27, 31, 41, 30; total, 393.
 Robert A. Inch—25, 27, 31, 30, 24, 28, 30, 27, 26, 22, 25, 25; sheephead, 15; total, 335.
 L. P. Streeter—23, 30, 26, 26, 32, 26, 26, 24, 32, 28, 27; total, 300.
 Cyrus Detre—35.
 E. J. Hudson—22, 23; total, 45.
 J. F. Seger—27, 31, 19, 28, 26, 26, 43, 27, 28, 31; total, 286.
 L. F. Douglass—23, 25; total, 48.
 E. P. Johnson—27.
 E. C. Rahe—19, 38, 38, 40; striped bass, 2½; total, 134.
 E. B. Stout—35, 39; striped bass, 12; total, 86.
 Charles F. Schukraft—47, 26, 35, 20, 20½, 19, 28, 23, 25, 25; striped bass, 8; total, 277½.
 John L. Hoffman—26, 18½, 28, 35, 19½; total, 127.
 Robert R. D'Bacher—16, 28½, 32, 16, 24½, 23½, 25; striped bass, 20; total, 185½.
 Fred. Wilkie—28, 19½, 17, 24½, 24; total, 113.
 Frank Kinbacher—26, 18, 18, 16½, 15, 14½, 13, 19½, 28, 24, 23; total, 217½.
 Frank Conway—22, 26, 28, 26, 27, 25; striped bass, 22; total, 176.
 All the above are in pounds, and are channel bass unless otherwise specified.

The Striped Bass of the St. Lawrence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: In the number of FOREST AND STREAM for October 15 (p. 527), is a communication from Mr. E. T. D. Chambers, in which the "bar" of the St. Lawrence is identified with the common striped bass (*Roccus lineatus*). I am not aware that that species is found, as a regular inhabitant, in the Great Lake basin, although wanderers do sometimes find their way there. The common striped bass, or bar of the lake basin and St. Lawrence, is quite a distinct species (*Roccus chrysops*), practically confined to fresh water and occurring not only in

the lake system, but also in the Mississippi basin system. It never attains the size of the striped bass, and is a deeper and more compressed fish, has a more arched back, and the teeth on the base of the tongue are in a single patch instead of two rows; the ground color is also generally lighter, and the dark stripes narrower than in the striped bass. There are other minor differences, but those enumerated will suffice to distinguish the two species. It is quite possible that the fish of 32 pounds noticed may have been an astray of the true striped bass. It would, indeed, be a giant for a true bar. More information is required.

The Acrobatic Grilse and Others.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The charming story by Mr. Newberry, "Grilse on a Trout Rod," and written straight from his heart, yet shows that in his enthusiasm he makes statements that would hardly be voted correct by a jury of his brother anglers. This is rather to his credit; we have all done the same. But really, does he seriously go on record as confirming the statements in his final paragraph, as follows?

"Black bass? Pooh! Speckled trout? Stuff! Rainbow trout? Bosh! Grayling? Fiddle! I have caught them all over and over again, and they don't for an instant compare with the acrobatic grilse. The salmon is the king of fish, and to take grilse on a trout rod is as good sport as this world has to give."

Some of Mr. Newberry's fellow anglers were in Newfoundland last summer, and took grilse on a trout rod. The sport was royal! But let a fisherman take rainbow trout on the Baldwin in Michigan, small-mouth black bass at Delaware Water Gap, and especially the lordly grayling on the Au Sable River in Michigan, and it will be strange, indeed, if he does not tip his hat in entire respect for either and all of these game fish. Or let Mr. Newberry try the ouananiche at Red Indian Lake in Newfoundland; or better still, that demon of the salt water, the savage bluefish, and he will, I feel sure, not insist on saying "Pooh!" "Stuff!" "Bosh!" and "Fiddle!"

L. F. BROWN.

The Kennel.

Alabama Field Trials.

HUNTSVILLE, Ala., Oct. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: In order to get a few notes of interest before the sportsmen of this country relative to the coming field trials to be held at this place under the auspices of the Alabama Field Trial Club, commencing December 12, I desire to call special attention to the Free-for-All stake, which has a guaranteed purse of \$300 to run for.

This is the second season a Free-for-All stake has been offered by this club, and if successful we hope to increase its value until it will attract the best talent of the country.

The hunting grounds are well located, being only a few minutes' ride from the city, and promise to afford plenty of birds for trial purposes.

Special arrangements will be made to provide participants with all necessary accommodations at a nominal cost.

The services of the best judges that can be obtained will be secured, and we hope to make the event successful, both socially and financially.

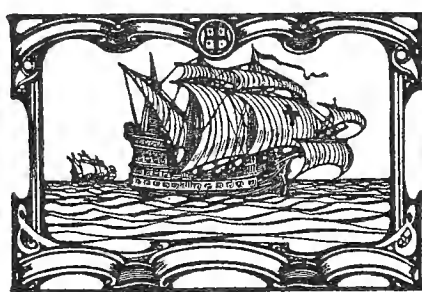
We respectfully solicit the patronage of sportsmen and fanciers, so "come one, come all."

J. M. KIRKPATRICK, Secretary.

Points and Flushes.

The Southern Beagle Club have issued the programme of their third annual meeting and field trials for 1905. The trials are fixed to be held at Centreville, Miss., on February 21. The programme can be obtained of Mr. John Redhead, secretary, Centreville.

* * * The current number of Game Laws in Brief gives laws of all States and Provinces. Price 25 cents.



YACHTING



Cash System for Clubs

BY EDWARD M. MACLELLAN, CHAIRMAN HOUSE COMMITTEE, MANHASSET BAY Y. C.

To those responsible for the business management of yacht clubs, probably the most vexing question is that of supervising the details of the book accounts, particularly as regards members' monthly house checks.

When the treasurer has the spare time, coupled with a knowledge of accountancy sufficient to enable him to work out the detail of his monthly statement and see that such details are properly shown, the work of the governing board is materially simplified. It is more often the case that this officer cannot give the time which the work properly requires, with the result that it is carried on either by the club clerks or by an accountant. In the former case, owing to the difficulty of securing competent clerical assistants, because of the short season of employment, the results reached are more or less unsatisfactory, while with the average accountant the trouble lies in failure to appreciate the necessity of having the same man carry on the work, instead of detailing a different man each month, the effect being that there is no one with a sufficient grasp of the many details involved to prepare an intelligent and concise statement.

It is a fact that clubs generally do not secure the best prices for supplies, for the reason that, rightly or wrongly, such accounts are looked upon by dealers as long time ones, so that an additional percentage is charged as an offset. No better reason can be named for this than that it is generally customary for the club to allow members a credit of from thirty to ninety days on their accounts. As the average club is not blessed with a large working capital, the dealer has to wait, and this is aggravated where the by-laws governing members' credit are not enforced, often because of a disinclination to drop men who are fully able to pay their accounts, but do not do so, either because of slack business methods, or through a lack of comprehension of the fact that club accounts should be paid when due.

It is generally agreed that in the detail of club management at least, England is many years in advance of this country, and it has long been customary there to require cash payment for supplies, the doorkeeper calling the attention of the member to this rule when overlooked. The control possible in a city club house, with but one or two entrances, is impossible in a yacht club, where also it is inadvisable to require payments in cash, owing to the necessity for employing large numbers of extra servants to care for the week-end business, who may be more or less irresponsible.

Practically the bulk of club bookkeeping consists in properly distributing, charging and collecting members' house account checks, without which the accounting work would be reduced to a minimum, while at the end of the fiscal year every club has a greater or less balance due from members for unpaid house accounts, which the use of a cash system would eliminate. The question then becomes one of how best to put such a system into operation without the promiscuous handling of money by the club servants.

Among many of the golf clubs a coupon book system has been in use, as a rule with some degree of success, although when given a trial in the Royal Canadian and Marblehead Corinthian Yacht Clubs it did not find favor. The club supply books used by the Manhasset Bay Yacht Club are in many respects similar to those used in the

clubs named, except that in detail they have been arranged and carried out in such manner as to insure against objection to their introduction by the members.

The books are printed in denominations of one, five, ten, twenty dollars, each denomination having a different colored cover, the coupons being also printed on different colored stock, according to their value.

The one dollar books have manila covers and contain twenty 5-cent coupons, printed on white stock.

The five dollar books have green covers and contain ten 5-cent coupons on white stock, twenty 10-cent coupons on yellow stock, and ten 25-cent coupons on blue stock.

The ten dollar books have terra cotta covers and contain the same coupons as the five dollar books, also ten 50-cent coupons on pink stock.

The twenty dollar books have a blue cover and contain the same coupons as the ten dollar books, also ten \$1 coupons on gray stock.

This variety of books enables the member or visitor from another club to purchase supplies in any quantity. The following conditions are printed on the back of each book, and govern their use:

This book is valid only when stamped with the club stamp and the name of the purchaser written on the cover.

Where an entire book is exchanged for supplies, it is requested that the cover of same be destroyed to prevent the book being re-issued.

Unused portions of club supply books will be redeemed at the club office, to amount of remaining coupons, providing same remain undetached from the cover of the book.

EXTRACT FROM BY-LAWS.

Chapter II.

Section 1.—Members and visitors, before obtaining supplies of any kind, at the club house, must purchase club supply books, which may be had at the office in the club house, of the House Committee, or of the club treasurer, which books must be paid for at the time they are delivered.

Section 2.—Coupons from a club supply book to the amount of check covering the supplies furnished, shall be exchanged for all supplies.

The supply books are in the custody of the club treasurer, who from time to time furnishes them to the clerk in charge in such quantities as the business of the club requires, this clerk turning in to the treasurer his collections for books sold, which, together with the books remaining on hand, must balance with the amount represented by those originally furnished him. As the books are numbered, and the handling of cash is thus confined to but one employe, there is practically no chance for leakage.

A daily record is kept of all coupons turned in by the various departments, the difference between the aggregate of these and the books sold to any given date representing the amount in which the club is indebted to the members. This amount during the past season has averaged \$250, while last year the average indebtedness of the members to the club was about \$3,800.

At the Manhasset Bay Club, coupons are exchanged for all supplies furnished, including restaurant and gasoline; they are also taken for stage fares and expressage, so that no money is received at the club except what is paid in for the supply books.

After a season's trial of the supply book system, the Manhasset Bay Yacht Club has demonstrated that the principal objection to its adoption—i. e., that it would cut down the business done by the club—has no foundation in fact; for in spite of the present season having been the worst that yachting has experienced in many years past, the business done has been excellent, and a good profit

shown in the paying accounts. It has been found that those members whose expenditures do not require their close consideration, spend more than ever, while to the good fellow with the champagne appetite and beer income, the supply book has proved a blessing in disguise.

Beyond the question of possibly reducing the volume of business done, the only other objection brought against the supply book, was that of the inconvenience caused to members through requiring them to purchase and carry these books. It is only fair to bear in mind that in every club there are a few men who assume the responsibility and give their time and best efforts, in order that the organization which is their hobby shall become a permanent success. If through the adoption of the supply book the amount of work, supervision and expense to the club is materially reduced, the member at large, who has any interest in the advancement of his club, will not consider for a moment the slight amount of trouble which its use entails to him, and this has emphatically proved to be the case in the Manhasset Bay Yacht Club, for there has not been a single complaint against its use during the past summer.

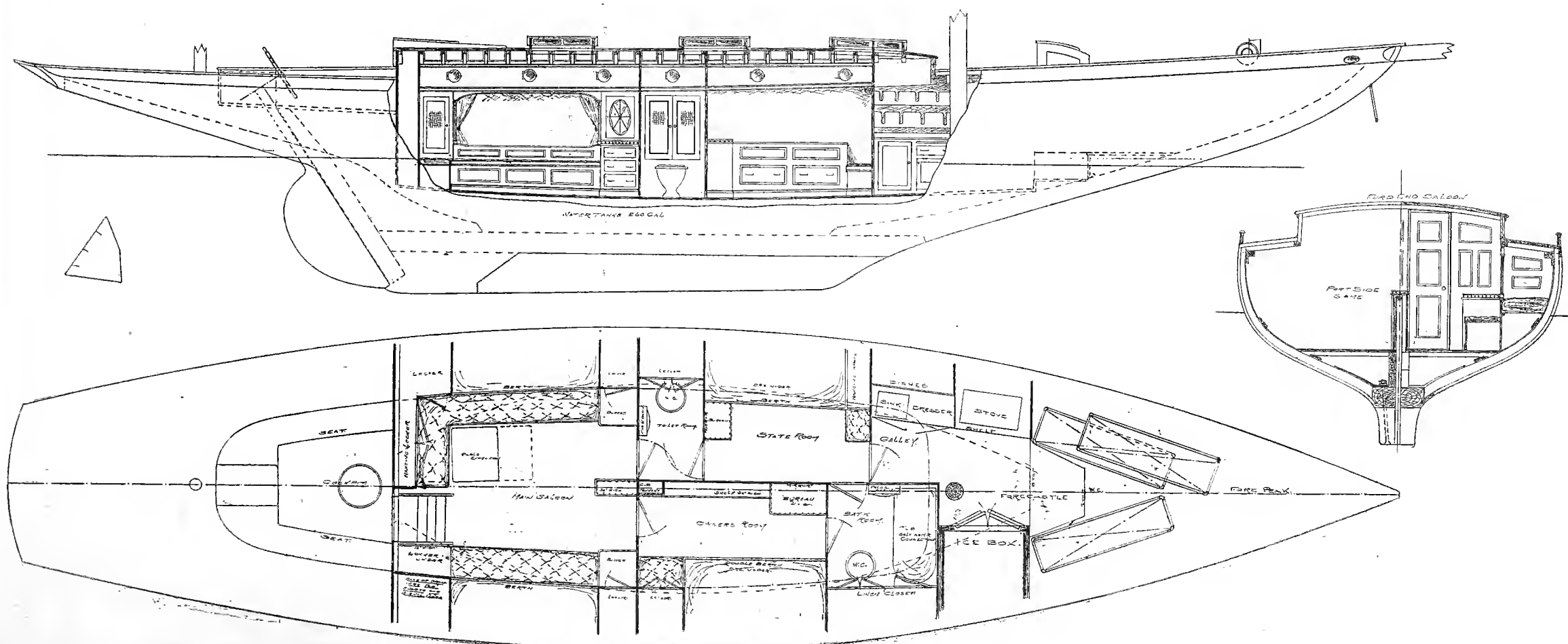
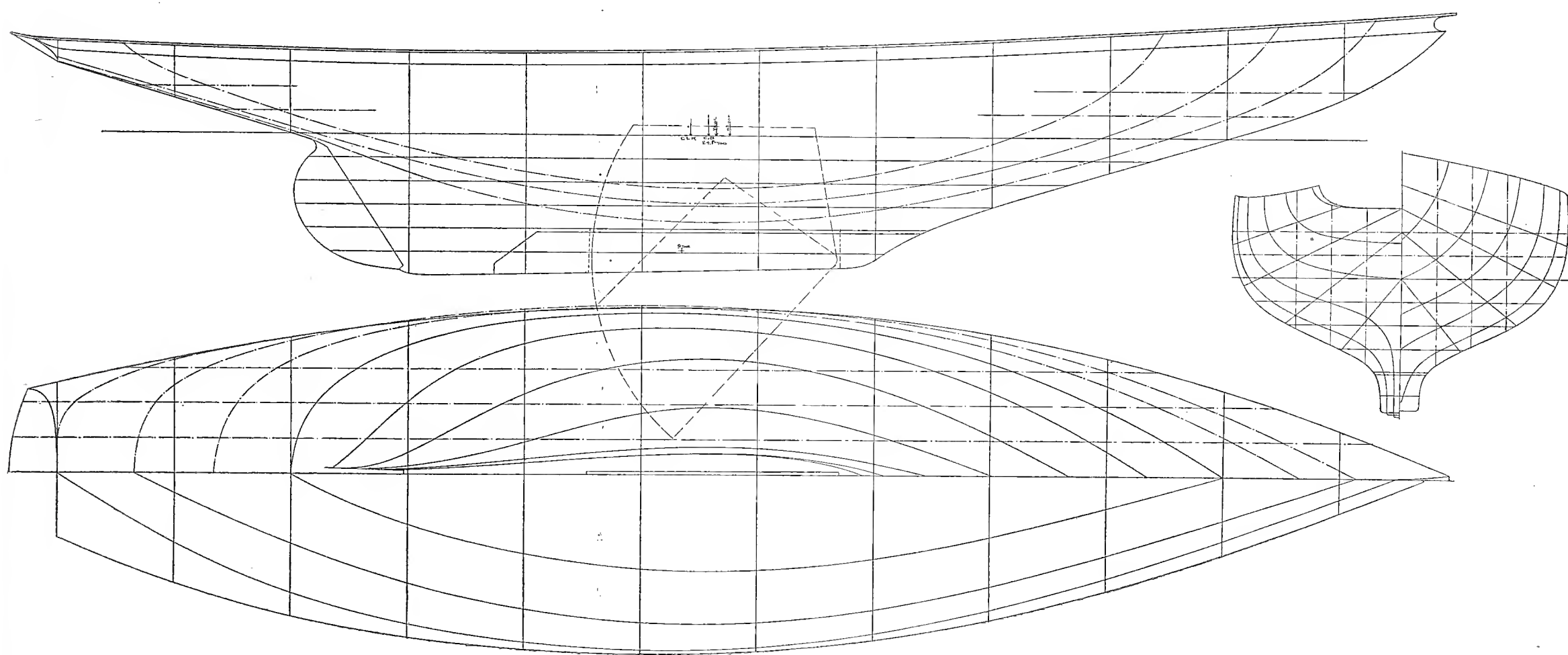
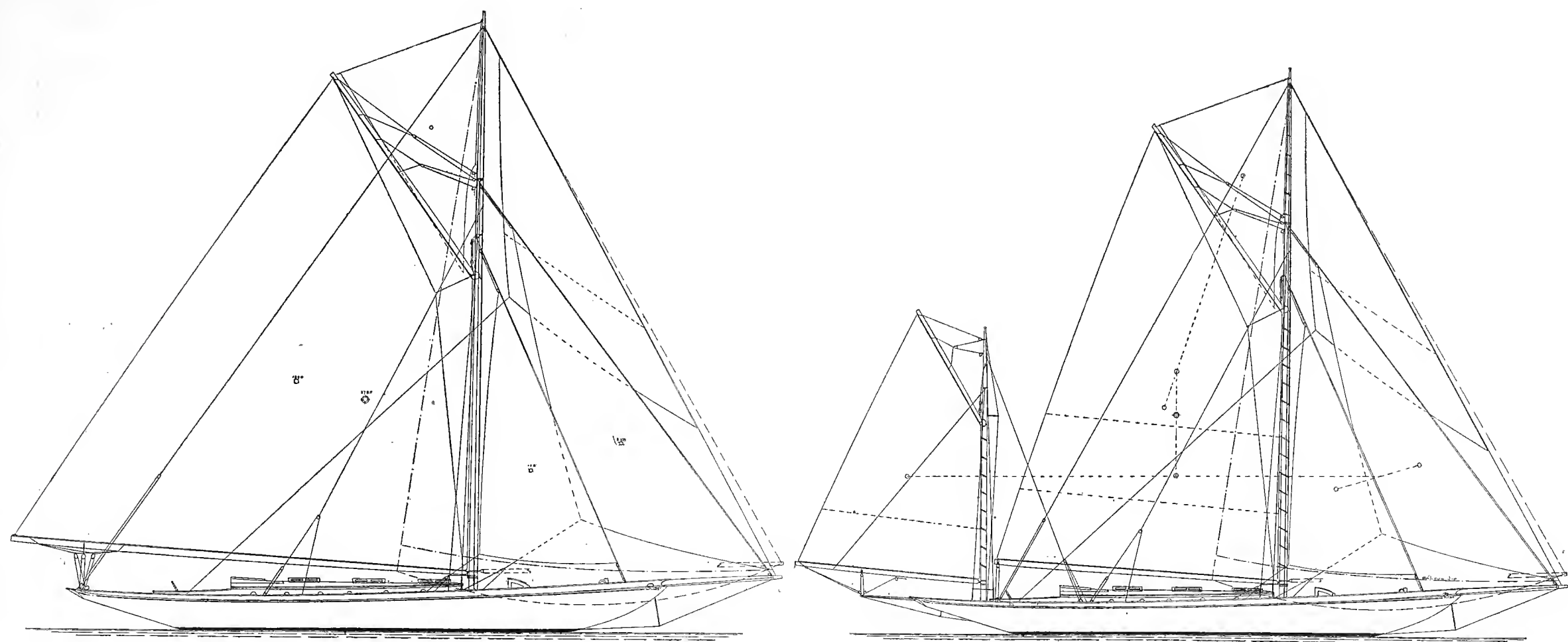
40ft. Waterline Cruiser.

DURING the next few weeks we will publish several of the designs that received honorable mention in the competition given last spring by this paper for a 40ft. waterline centerboard cruiser. In this issue there appears the design submitted by Mr. Morgan Barney, of New York city. This designer's work has found its way into these pages before, but we think more highly of this boat than any of Mr. Morgan's previous productions.

This boat would make a fine all-round cruising craft under either the yawl or the sloop rig. She has much room below decks. The cabin plans show the arrangement so clearly that no description is necessary. The dimensions follow:

Length—	Over all	61ft. 8in.
	L.W.L.	40ft.
Overhang—	Forward	9ft. 8in.
	Aft	12ft.
Breadth—	Extreme	14ft. 6in.
	L.W.L.	13ft. 10in.
Draft—	Without board	6ft.
	With board	13ft.
Freeboard—	Forward	5ft. 4in.
	Least	3ft. 5in.
	Aft	4ft.

STEAM YACHT FOR ALFRED MARSHALL.—Work has commenced at Morris Heights on a new steam yacht for Mr. Alfred Marshall, owner of *Levanter*. The new boat is of composite construction, and is 131ft. over all, 109ft. waterline, 17ft. breadth, and 6ft. 5in. draft. The boat will have a flush deck and two deck houses. The owner's quarters will be comfortably fitted up, as the boat will be used solely for cruising. The builders guarantee a speed of 16 miles.



LINES, CABIN AND SAIL PLANS OF FORTY-FOOT WATERLINE CENTERBOARD CRUISER.
Designed by Morgan Barney, New York City. Honorable Mention Design.

Gas Engines and Launches.

(Continued from page 381.)

BY F. K. GRAIN.

Gasolene.

In producing the gas for marine work we employ gasolene or naphtha, both being one and practically the same article. Most gasolene engines are rated at a certain break H. P. when using 72 to 74 degree gasolene. It is, however, now almost impossible to buy gasolene which will test over 68 degrees. While this gasolene works very satisfactorily, particularly in the larger engines, it will not of course develop the power of a higher grade. Gasolene, like all hydro-carbon liquids, deteriorates quite rapidly by evaporation. The more volatile parts of the liquids evaporate and leave the heavier oils, which will settle at the bottom of the tank, and where a float feed vaporizer is used this liquid may be found in the vaporizer or at the lowest point of the feed in considerable quantities, if the plant is laying idle for any length of time. The method employed in separating gasolene in the process of distillation allows of its absorbing more or less water, this also being heavier than oil, will settle at the lowest point.

We often hear of parties complaining of having trouble to start their engine after it has lain idle for a time, and in many cases it is owing to this very trouble of water coming first to the vaporizer, which of course will produce no power. We would advise in every case that the gasolene when put into the tank should be thoroughly strained through a piece of cheese cloth or light material, as small particles of wood from the barrel or tank are liable to eventually find their way to the vaporizer, and the cloth will also absorb much of the water in the gasolene. While on the subject of gasolene, while it is universally recognized as being a very dangerous agent owing to its high explosive qualities, it is perfectly safe if properly handled; and there has never been an accident of any kind that has not been traced to the most flagrant carelessness. It must at all times be remembered that this gas is of greater specific gravity than the atmosphere, therefore the gas will seek the lowest level possible. In filling a tank under the deck, the gas which arises from the tank will not come above the deck but will creep down around the tank into the bilge of the vessel and will remain there until gradually absorbed by the atmosphere, therefore all openings to tanks should lead directly up, through and above the deck. There is no danger of an explosion from any receptacle that is entirely filled with gasolene, the danger being entirely in the tank when emptied, which, in that case, would be full of gas. Never attempt to put out a fire of gasolene with water, as it will only add to the trouble; flour, sand and earth will smother the most vicious gasolene fire.

Troubles in General.

The troubles encountered in operating marine gasolene engines are so varied that, at times, it seems as if the users of these engines made special effort to induce their machines to do all kinds of tricks that even the majority of manufacturers have never encountered. The writer, occupying a position where these troubles and tricks are continually coming home to him in the form of letters of inquiry, we will endeavor to take these questions asked and, with the replies to same, obtain a sort of encyclopedia for the man of the perfume boat.

Supposing now that you are all ready to start out and, on going through the usual operations, your engine refuses to start. We will then first remove the wire from the electrode, then, be sure that the switch is on, take the wire and wipe it on some dry part of the engine. This will show if your batteries are working; and you can determine by the size of the spark whether it is sufficient for the requirement. Finding that this is all right, we then wipe the wire on the contact binding-post of the electrode, first being sure that the contact points are separated. In this case there should be no spark on the binding-post of the electrode. Should it, however, spark here, it will show that the plug or electrode is short-circuited. Now if the electrode is short-circuited it can be from only two reasons; one, that the mica or other insulation used is broken or burnt out, or that there is a coating of oil or soot covering the inside insulation, producing a short-circuit. Of course in either case the remedy is, in the first instance, to put in new mica insulations. If these are not at hand asbestos can be used as a makeshift.

While asbestos is a fairly good non-conductor on primary circuits, it of course will not answer on the high pressure of the jump spark. In case of soot and oil on the plug, clean thoroughly with gasolene, scraping the edge of the insulation with a pocket knife. The electrode can then be held against any bright part of the engine and tested before putting in place.

Another cause of sparking failures is corrosion on the terminals; also, at time a wire will break and of course cannot be seen through the insulation. This is sometimes very troublesome, as the vibration of the boat and movement of the wire will cause it to make and break its circuit. One very common trouble is the loosening of the connecting between the batteries. On examination a casual look will show everything in good condition, but if care is taken to try each binding-post, the owner will often be surprised to find a number of connections broken.

HEMPSTEAD BAY Y. C. MEETING.—At a meeting of the Hempstead Bay Y. C., held at Freeport, L. I., a few days ago, the following officers were elected: Com., Floyd Weekes; Vice-Com., Isaac R. De Nyse; Rear-Com., Joseph Rollins; Meas., William R. Clowes; Sec'y, E. J. Mortimer; Treas., Carman R. Lush; Governors—John A. White, Rowland H. Mayland, Isaac N. Carman, Israel W. Williams. The following committees were appointed for the year: Regatta, De Witt C. Titus, Robert W. Nix, George A. Weekes; House, Alanson Abrams, De Witt C. Titus, James Dean; Finance, Bergen R. Carman, Seaman L. Pettitt, M. H. Tracy.

The Paris Sailing Club.

Cercle de la Voile, de Paris.

BY A. GLANDAZ, BOARD OF DIRECTORS, CERCLE DE LA VIOLE DE PARIS.

PARIS is one of the most active of the French yachting centers. The Seine and its tributaries, the Marne and the Oise rivers, both above and below the capital, are admirably adapted for small boat sailing and motor boat racing. Ever since yachting has gained a foothold in France, these rivers have become the favorite sailing grounds for Parisians.

There are a number of yacht clubs in the vicinity of Paris, but the most active and influential, as well as the oldest, is the Cercle de la Voile de Paris. The Cercle was founded in 1867. Its by-laws were drafted in 1868. About eighty gentlemen acted as charter members, and its Paris home, which was first established at No. 4 Rue des Petits-Champs, was afterward removed to No. 4 Impasse d'Amsterdam.

In 1875 the Cercle de la Voile assumed its final name, which it has kept up since and became the Cercle de la Voile de Paris. It called itself, "Société de Navigation de Plaisance à la Voile, Fluviale et Maritime" (Society of Pleasure Sailing on Rivers and the Sea). In 1876 it broadened its scope and added a branch for power-driven yachts. Then the Cercle numbered 110 members. In 1877 a new standard tonnage rule was established. Yachts over six tons were accepted in the large class, under six tons in the medium class and under four tons in the small class. A measurement formula was also adopted, which was as follows:

$$T = \frac{L \times B \sqrt{L \times B}}{1000 \sqrt{M}}$$

L, for length; B, for breadth.

A very complete racing signal system was also adopted in 1879. In that year the two-ton class was created, and 1880 the class under two tons was added.

Owing to the persevering efforts of its officers and the spirit of responsibility inspiring its members, the club established more convenient quarters at No. 11 Rue St. Lazare.

In order to bring together the members during the long evenings of winter, when the bad weather kept them indoors, lectures were started. These were very successful and consisted of technical courses and anecdotal talks. A library was started, and this grew so much, that to-day it contains many maritime works of the greatest value.

At the Paris Exhibition of 1878 the Cercle was awarded a bronze medal. It was the only nautical society so honored, and the medal was an acknowledgment of its activity and a recognition of the success of its fall regattas, which had been well attended in that memorable year, when twenty-six sailing vessels and eleven steamers contested in the races of October 6, the day of the great Nautical Festival.

In 1881 the Secretary of the Navy conferred a new distinction on the Cercle, by registering the pennants of its yachts in the International Signal Code and recognizing its club flag. Many boats were added to the club fleet. The three-ton class and the five-ton class made their appearance. In 1890 the Cercle created the 30-metre sail area class. Among the successful boats built for this class were Buffalo, Darling and Moucheron. In 1892 a new measurement rule was adopted.

The Argenteuil Basin, where the club's first failures and first successes had taken place, had to be abandoned. The building of a railway bridge made it useless as a sailing place, and the Cercle emigrated to Meulan, in the Mureaux community, in the Department of Seine-et-Oise, some distance further down the Seine.

The Meulan Basin was better adapted to the club's requirements than was the Argenteuil Basin. It covers 8 kilometers, is 300 meters long and 350 meters wide. In 1874 a piece of land was bought on the shore and a club house was built. This building was opened on May 14, 1894, Admiral Baron Lagé, President of the French Yachting Union, presiding, and the inauguration was properly celebrated.

Shipyards have been established near the club house at Meulan comprising every facility for the building, equipment and maintenance of yachts. The plant answers every requirement, so much so, that Meulan has not only become the regular meeting point for the members, but the river regattas are also held there. It is at present the anchorage for a great number of yachts, and many of them lay up for the winter there in the little arm of the river.

While the Society holds its spring and fall regattas at Meulan, it has established for the summer several racing days at Trouville, on the coast. Cash prizes and medals are given in these regattas. Large subventions by the Yacht Club of France contribute to the number and value of the prizes, though the regular resources of the Society are amply sufficient, particularly when supplemented by gifts from certain members. Fine cups have been offered, and competition for these is very keen. The International Cup for one-tonners is the most important of the trophies, and it was first contested for in 1898. The cup was first raced for in the waters of Meulan in 1899. Belouga beat Vectis, the champion of the Island Sailing Club, and Sidi-Fekkar won out in 1900, beating Scotia, of the Royal Temple Y. C. In 1901, a challenge was received from the Italians. They sent the Dai-Dai III., but the English Scotia II. was victorious this time, and she took the cup across the channel. In 1902 the first attempt of the Cercle to win the cup back was unsuccessful, and August was beaten at Cowes by the English champion. In 1902 through the victory of Chocolat at Seaview the cup was brought back to France.

The Cercle takes the greatest interest in international contests. In 1902 the club sent Meulan to Kiel, which boat contested in the Sonderklasse (special class) for the cup presented by the German Emperor, and distinguished herself by coming out at the head of the foreign racers.

The Cercle was charged with the organization of the river regattas in the Exhibition of 1900, and it gave four days' racing, in which 55,000 francs were distributed

in prizes. Sixty-seven boats were divided in six classes, and a race of honor for the prize of the President of the Republic was included. This was won by the English yacht, Scotia. The second class, for yachts of ½ to 1 ton was for the International Exhibition Cup, and Scotia took this prize also. The purpose of the races was fully attained. The yachts bore that international character which the commissioners had in view. Yachts of every nationality—English, German, American, Dutch—participated and mixed with those from Paris and France.

The Society is now prosperous. The number of members grows continually; the club has more than 200 active members. The number of yachts flying the club's pennant is about 150, with a total tonnage of several thousand.

The club's flag is white with red angles, and a blue star in the center. Blue or white points distinguish the pennants of the president and board of directors, honorary or active.

The officers of the Cercle follow: President, Mr. G. Pottier; Vice-Presidents, Mr. E. Laverne, Mr. J. Valton; Secretary, Mr. Jacques Baudrier; Racing Secretary, Mr. Le Bret; Treasurer, Mr. Doucet; Board of Directors—Messrs. Charlot, Dubois, Glandaz, Jean-Fontaine, Jouet-Pastré, Marcel Méran, Paul Meurgey, H. Monnot, Potheau, Jacques Thierry, Susse, Vilamitjana.

The Cercle gives three events each year, spring and fall races at Meulan (with weekly regattas as well), and it holds several days' racing at Trouville in August. The anniversary of the Cercle is celebrated in May.

The measurement rule now in force is the one adopted by the Congress of Nautical Societies in 1899. The formula follows:

$$T = \frac{(L - \frac{P}{4})^2 P S}{1000 \sqrt{M}}$$

P, perimeter; L, length; S, sail area; M, surface of the under water body.

The measurement rule has given satisfaction, and the influence of the C. V. P. as a nautical society can best be judged by the fact that its rules have been adopted almost universally by the river societies.

The Cercle has recently created two new one-design and restricted classes which are independent of the general classes.

We have spoken of the International Cup, and have mentioned the successive victors. As to regulations it may be well to state that the challenges can only be taken by foreign societies of standing and of another nationality than the holder of the cup. Only one challenge from each nation and only one challenger from each society are allowed. The racing rules are those of the Cercle. The contests can be raced only at Meulan, Cowes, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Barcelona, Lisbon, Genoa, Geneva, Pola, Kiel, Stockholm and St. Petersburg. Any club wishing to race for the cup, but whose nationality does not correspond to any of the cities named, will have to determine the place of contest by previous agreement.

The cup belongs to the 1-tonner class, and from 1904 on it will be raced for by yachts entering in the new restricted class. The crew must be composed exclusively of three amateurs. The course must be about 10 to 12 miles. Challenges must be issued before Nov. 30 for the races to take place the following year from May 1 to Sept. 1.

Among the other important cups mention may be made of the National Cup of the River Societies, also reserved to the 1-tonners of French build; the Pierre Nottin Cup for yachts of any tonnage, of French societies and named by amateurs only; the R. Linzeler Cup, which is raced for at Trouville by yachts from 1 to 3 tons; the Ed. Mantois Cup, for the class of 1 to 2½ tons, belonging to members of the Cercle; the Andree International Cup, open to yachts from 1 to 5 tons, providing the helmsman is an amateur; the Steamer Cup is now set aside for automobile boats; finally the Coupe des Adhérents, recently created.

The Cercle has played a most important part in the evolution of yachting in France, owing to the number of its members, who have always shown interest in the progress of racing yacht building and who have not only built yachts, but very often designed their boats.

A painter of talent, M. Caillebotte, was one of the first French amateurs to design yachts; he had several built and gained considerable experience.

At the same time and later another member of the Cercle, M. Gindicelli, designed several excellent boats that proved to be light weather craft. He visited the United States several times, getting information regarding the designs of American yachts, which ideas he embodied in the boats designed for river sailing.

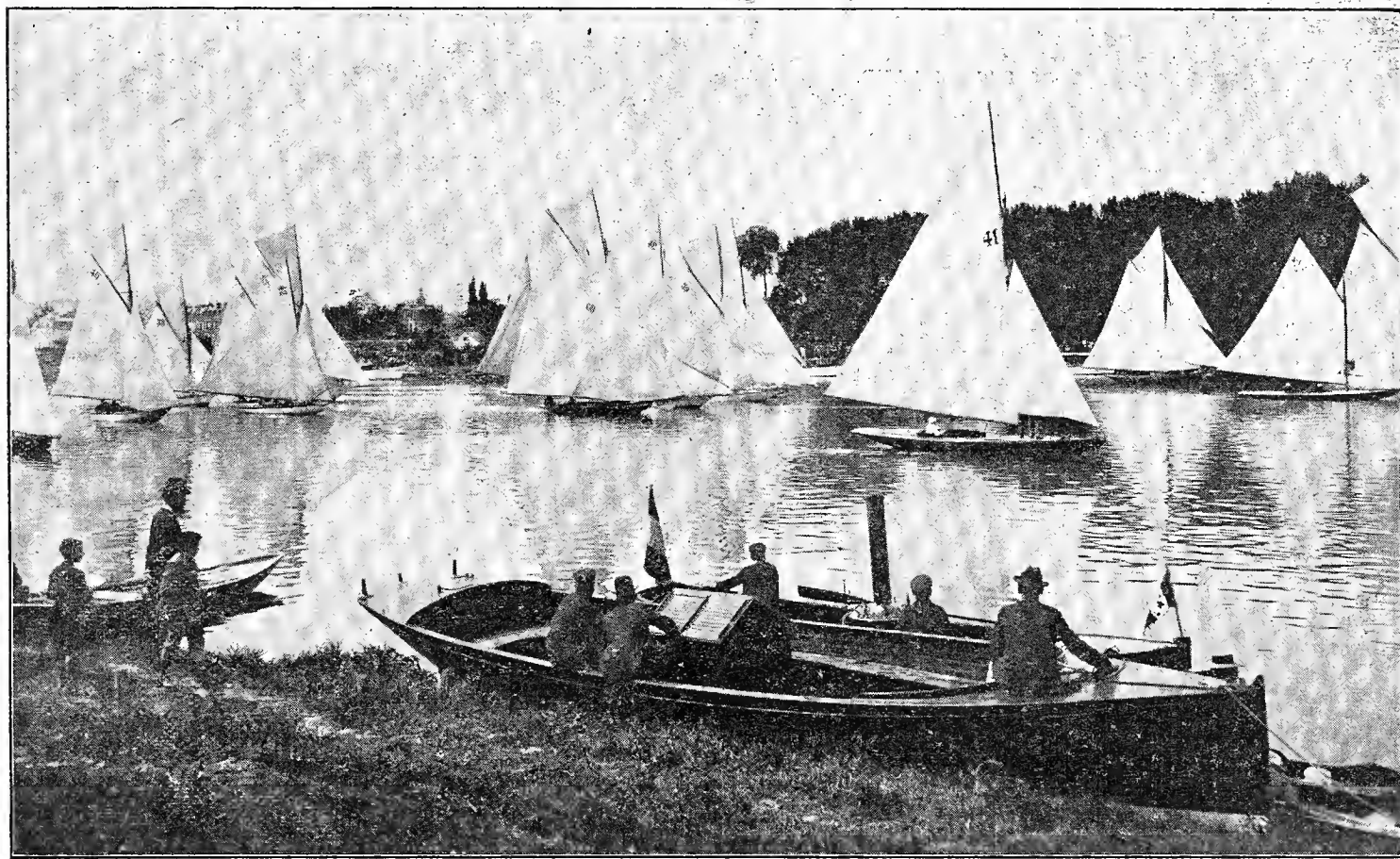
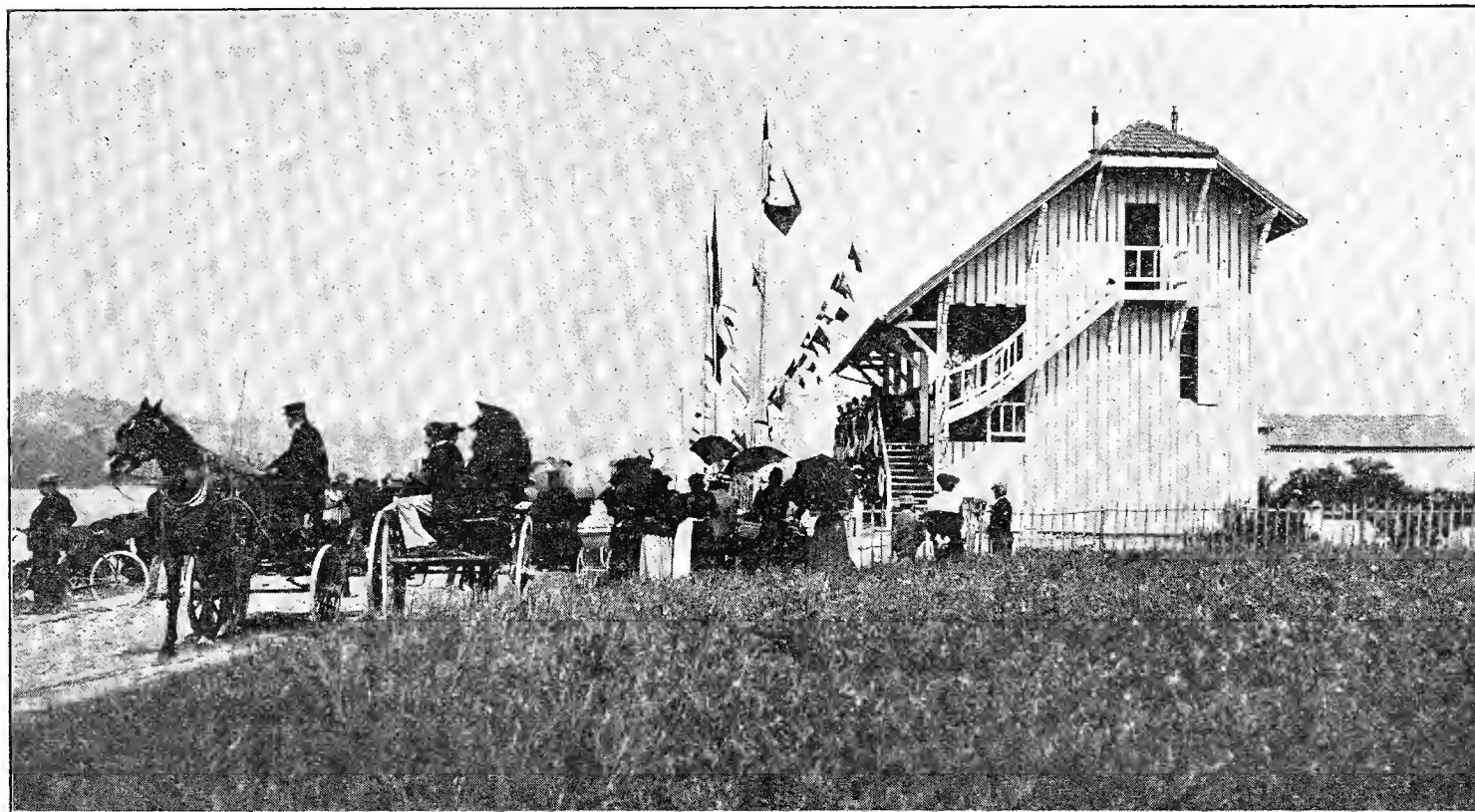
Among the present members of the Cercle is Mr. Godinet, an amateur designer, who turned out the boat which beat in 1903 at Sea View her English contestant, Iris, that was designed by the late Arthur Payne. Mr. Godinet has also designed a number of yachts, notably two champions for the Coupe de France.

We must also mention the vice-president of the Cercle, Mr. E. Laverne, whose boat, the Sidi-Fekkar, built on the American scow model, beat in 1900 Linton Hope's celebrated yacht, Scotia I.

Among these amateur naval architects is Mr. M. Méran, who in 1899 had adopted by the Congress of Nautical Societies of France a measuring system conceived by him, which has become the French standard. By taking into the formula the factor covering the displacement of yachts, he made the first step in the direction which has since been followed by the New York Y. C. in its present formula.

We have given above a short summary of the past and present, the work and the traditions, the influence and the prosperity of the Cercle de la Voile de Paris. For the future we may look to the esprit de corps which pervades the Cercle; this is the thorough spirit of progress, work, emulation and solidarity.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.



HOME OF THE PARIS SAILING CLUB AND COURSES ON THE SEINE.

Rhode Island Letter.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct. 15.—A new automobile boat, built at the Herreshoff shops at Bristol for Mr. Frank Croker, of New York, was launched yesterday, and was given a highly satisfactory speed test in Bristol harbor in the afternoon, developing a gait of $27\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour. In this preliminary trial there was much to induce the designer and the owner to believe that under more favorable conditions the boat may be brought up to a speed of 30 miles an hour. This is the first genuine auto boat built by the Herreshoffs. The new craft, which has not yet been named, is of handsome model, 45ft. long, a trifle over 5ft. beam, and of very shallow draft. The bow has a slight overhang, and the stern outline is broad and somewhat like the stern of the latest 15ft. racing sloops. The 90 horse-power Mercedes engine is set slightly forward of the midship section, and is protected forward by a turtle-back structure extending to the stem. She has a smooth, double planking of mahogany, finished bright. Mr. Croker is to take the boat to Florida this winter.

Mr. James A. Garland, of the New York Y. C., and owner of the steam yacht *Barracouta*, has purchased two farms of about 750 acres, situated at the northerly end of

Prudence Island, in Narragansett Bay. The transfer is of particular interest to local yachtsmen, as the land conveyed includes the neck that forms Potter's Cove, a favorite rendezvous with the yachtsmen of Narragansett Bay, and where the Rhode Island Y. C. has a station. These farms have been in the possession of the Brown, Ives, Gammell, and Goddard families since Revolutionary days, Nicholas Brown, the founder of Brown University, being the original owner. By the purchase of the land Mr. Garland will control the shores of Potter's Cove, which will afford him the yachting facilities he has been seeking, and he intends to erect a summer residence. What effect the disposition of the property will have on the future of yachting at Potter's Cove, and especially on the maintenance of the Rhode Island Y. C. station, is a question in which a large number of local yachtsmen are greatly interested.

Mr. Robert L. Greene, of this city, has purchased a power yacht called *Melba* from parties in Boston, and the craft has just been brought around the Cape to her new port. *Melba* is 44ft. over all, 9ft. beam, and 32in. draft. She is fitted with a 10 horse-power Murray & Tregurtha engine, and has a cruising speed of about 8 knots an hour.

F. H. YOUNG.

Boston Letter.

Boston, Oct. 17.—During the past season a series of special club races given by the Boston Y. C. was sailed off the Hull station of the club. The races were apart from the regular open and club championship races, it being the intention of providing steady competition between the yachts which remain at Hull throughout each season and for those not regularly provided for in races given by other clubs. Cups for 18-footers were offered by Mr. George H. Wightman, and in the first and second handicap classes by Mr. Alfred Douglass. Napier and Dorchen won the Wightman cups in the 18ft. class, Jingo won the Douglass cup in the second handicap class. In the following table of percentages it is assumed that a yacht has started in not less than four of the six races scheduled:

18ft. Knockabouts.			
	Starts.	Per Cent.	
Napier, B. S. Permar.....	4	82.6	
Dorchen, A. W. Finlay.....	4	76	
Aladdin, G. P. Keith.....	3	58.3	
Bonito, G. H. Wightman.....	5	54.1	
Gertrude, H. E. Lynch.....	4	47.2	
Humbog, C. W. Cole.....	4	42.3	
Nicknack, E. B. Holmes.....	4	36.8	
Bat, C. F. Adams 2d.....	1	25.0	
Mirage II., J. W. Olmstead.....	3	23.7	
Again, L. B. Goodspeed.....	1	21.8	
Biza, Alfred Douglass.....	1	11.1	
First Handicap Class.			
Jingo, G. B. Doane.....	4	65.8	
L'Aiglon, E. W. Hodgson.....	3	54.1	
Mildred II., S. P. Moses.....	3	50.0	
Kit, H. B. Whittier.....	1	25.0	
Opah, W. C. Lewis.....	1	15.0	
Kinna, A. W. Larnard.....	1	10.0	
Idella, B. D. Amsden.....	1	5.0	
Second Handicap Class.			
Mildred, C. A. Coleman.....	4	86.6	
Scapegoat, W. P. Keyes.....	5	73.0	
Jacobin, J. W. King.....	2	41.6	
Clarita, Walter Burgess.....	1	25.0	
Anne, C. R. Pratt.....	2	23.3	
Gadfly, C. W. Chapin.....	1	12.5	
Azara, G. E. Hills.....	1	8.3	
Clarice, J. F. Harvey.....	1	6.2	
Minerva, Walter Shaw.....	1	5.0	

The following corrected summary of the squadron run of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts from Hull to Marblehead on July 31 is submitted, in which several changes in the positions of yachts have been made, due to remeasurements:

Class C—30-footers.		Elapsed.
Chewink IV., F. C. Macomber.....	2	15 55
Wasaka, S. R. Anthony.....	2	16 55
Sanquoit, T. Lothrop, Jr.....	2	18 04
Class E—22-footers.		
Medric, H. H. White.....	2	22 10
Clotho, Cheney & Lanning.....	2	22 33
Peri II., George Lee.....	2	23 28
Warrior, S. C. Winsor.....	2	28 37
Tayac, W. H. Joyce.....	2	34 20
Opitsah V., S. H. & H. I. Foster.....	2	35 32
Class I—18-footers.		
Dorchen, A. W. Finlay.....	2	28 12
Hayseed, H. L. Bowden.....	2	41 32
Privateer II., Allen & Carlton.....	2	42 47
Aladdin, Keith Bros.....	2	44 22
Napier, B. S. Permar.....	2	49 47
Bonito, C. H. Wightman.....	2	53 00
Hugi, A. F. Chase.....	4	01 17
Fritter, W. C. Loring, Jr.....	3	07 55
Walada, J. L. Kimball.....	3	25 34
Moslem, J. T. Eustiss.....	3	45 27
Yankee, F. W. Atwood.....		Withdrew.
Again, L. B. Goodspeed.....		Withdrew.
Moslem II., B. D. Barker.....		Withdrew.
Arbeka II., F. B. Bowden.....		Withdrew.
Class T—15-footers.		
Vera II., H. Lundberg.....	2	56 22
Winniahdin, James Spratt.....	2	59 54
Haymaker, W. F. Johnson.....	3	01 40
Ventus II., H. K. Pevear.....	3	09 24
Dory Class.		
Pointer II., B. C. Melzar.....	2	21 00
Elizabeth, F. H. W. Dudley.....	2	37 00
Frolic II., W. G. Torrey.....	2	37 58
Hobo Barbara.....	2	38 25
Question, G. W. Gardner.....	2	41 52
Bazoo, M. H. Randall.....		Protested.
Kotick, J. B. Chapin.....		Protested.
Teaser, B. A. Smith.....		Protested.

First Open Handicap.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
Shiessa, Alfred Douglass.....	2	24 55	2 16 36
Monataka, C. L. Eaton.....	2	18 20	2 18 20
Diamond, Moore & Young.....	2	34 32	2 23 48

Second Open Class.			
Problem, C. J. Blethen.....	2	27 32	2 20 04
Memer, R. C. Nickerson.....	2	33 05	2 21 57
Chinook, Pomeroy & Patriquin.....	2	27 30	2 22 13
L'Aiglon, F. W. Hodgdon.....	2	23 41	2 22 38
Emma C., F. D. Perkins.....	2	29 40	2 23 49
Seeboomock, B. A. Smith.....	2	25 12	2 35 12
Violet, H. J. Mackee.....	2	31 45	2 27 33
Thialfi, W. F. Soule.....	2	34 57	2 28 32
Pocahontas, F. C. Merrill.....	2	35 02	2 29 11
Kit, H. B. Whittier.....	2	45 10	2 37 35
Ronding, C. W. & H. B. Vialle.....	2	53 52	2 44 27
Magonk, C. V. Rogers.....	3	00 27	2 58 50
Independence, D. Holbrook.....		Withdrew.	

Third Open Handicap.			
Marvel, J. M. Whittemore.....	2	49 35	2 35 00
Sentinel, C. H. Crawford.....	2	41 58	2 36 10
Moondyne, W. H. Shaw.....	2	49 28	2 36 36
Cricketer, J. Raymond.....	2	41 21	2 39 58
Hustler, H. W. Robbins.....	2	55 24	2 39 59
Scapegoat, W. P. Keyes.....	2	41 56	2 40 33
Nancy Hanks, G. W. Lane.....	2	51 17	2 42 25
Eclipse, A. F. Leary.....	2	47 12	2 42 51
Memento, D. F. E. Davis.....	3	03 40	2 44 57
Saltair, C. C. Collins.....	3	00 55	2 45 50
Harolde, A. B. Robbins.....	2	55 10	2 47 10
Amazon, R. U. Clark, Jr.....	2	51 30	2 47 09
Duster, F. J. Smith.....	3	07 38	2 50 25
Edith, A. A. Hastings.....	3	18 35	2 51 51
Ethel, J. F. Dolliver.....	2	55 02	2 53 39
Mildred, C. A. Colman.....	3	01 40	2 54 05
Helen, Trombley Brothers.....	2	56 23	2 55 37
Annie M., W. C. Treat.....	3	11 54	2 55 46
Gladys, C. H. Porter.....	3	28 23	2 58 17
Mamie, C. A. Dean.....	3	12 57	2 59 54
Nome, Z. N. Stevens.....	3	22 10	3 00 22
Argetes, G. H. Willins.....	3	07 50	3 00 40
Edith L., G. L. McCarty.....	3	01 35	3 00 54
Soubrette, R. D. Moot.....	3	12 10	3 07 02
Unome, C. H. Lothrop.....	3	11 02	3 08 11
Minerva, Walter Shaw.....	3	15 52	3 08 17
Ruth, H. C. Hartshorn.....	3	11 45	3 08 54
Monsoon, W. W. Shade.....	3	13 48	3 13 48
Flirt, A. T. Dalrymple.....		Withdrew.	
Marguerite, Jaynes & Stone.....		Withdrew.	
Folly, Green & Bacon.....		Withdrew.	
Phyllis.....		Withdrew.	
Eleanor, McSweeney.....		Withdrew.	

Power Boats—First Class.			
Palmetto, Wm. F. Palmer.....	2	26 36	1 37 05
Narcissus, S. A. French.....	2	32 57	1 42 50
Solace, A. Bigelow.....	2	23 20	2 22 20
Class II.			
Edith M., E. P. Durland.....	2	13 00	1 41 56
San Toy, F. L. Pigion.....	2	17 40	2 17 40

Class III.			
Duett, H. E. Nelson.....	3 19 40	2 21 58	
Edith E., F. A. Monk.....	2 37 49	2 37 49	
The winners of prize cups are as follows: Class C, Chewink IV. and Wasaka; Class E, Medric and Clotho; Class I, Dorchon, Hayseed, Privateer II., and Aladdin; Class T, Vera II. and Windahdin; Dory Class, Pointer II. and Elizabeth F.; First Class Power Yachts, Palmetto, Narcissus and Solace; Second Class, Edith M. and San Toy; Third Class, Duett and Edith E.			
JOHN B. KILLEEN.			

Gravesend Bay Championships.

WHEN members of the yacht clubs on Grasevend Bay met early in the season to arrange a schedule of non-conflicting dates, certain races were designated to count on the class championships of the year. It was decided to award a pennant of little intrinsic value to the winners of the different honors which were to be competed for on a point system in which a yacht gets one for starting and finishing an event, and one for every competitor she defeats. This simple pooling of interests replaced the more compact Yacht Racing Association of Gravesend Bay, which had existed for three previous seasons.

Championship races of the year were held on June 25, under the auspices of the Brooklyn Y. C.; on July 16 by the Bensonhurst Y. C.; on July 30 by the Marine and Field Club, and on August 20 by the Atlantic Y. C. The closing event of the year took place on September 17 under the auspices of the New York Canoe Club; thirty-three different yachts entered the series, in which the winners of first honors were Bagheera, Lizana, Ogeemah, Beta, and Martha M. A tie resulted in class M between Maydic and Redwing, which is yet to be decided. Kelpie led the Marine and Field one-design boats, but championships were offered to regular classes only.

In the number of firsts won, Maydic leads in class M with 3; Bagheera and Bobtail are tied in class N with 2 each; Lizana heads the list in class P with 3; and Ogeemah occupies a like position in class Q with 4. In the new class R R of the Marine and Field Club, Beta holds the proud record of having won every championship race. Martha M leads the catboats, being beaten only once in five starts. The official records of the season of 1904 follow:

Sloops—Class M.			
Maydic, W. H. Childs.....	Starts.	Points.	
Redwing, J. B. O'Donohue.....	4	7	
Vivian II., S. E. Vernon.....	5	7	
	2	4	
Sloops—Class N.			
Bagheera, Hendon Chubb.....	4	9	
Era, E. H. M. Roehr.....	5	7	
Bobtail, E. F. Luckenbach.....	4	5	
Sloops—Class P.			
Lizana, D. S. Wylie.....	5	14	
Benito, Haviland Bros.....	5	11	
Naiad, Dr. J. B. Palmer.....	3	8	
Smoke, L. H. Dyer.....	3	8	
Kate (yaw), J. S. Negus.....	1	0	
Sloops—Class Q.			
Ogeemah, Alfred Mackay.....	5	29	
Mary, Max Grunder.....	5	20	
Miss Judy, D. D. Allerton.....	5	14	
Wraith, Calvin Tompkins.....	3	11	
Trouble, W. A. Barstow.....	3	8	
Carless, F. J. Havens.....	2	7	
Karma, J. C. Erskine.....	3	6	
Cicada, A. D. O'Neil.....	3	3	
Spots, R. C. Veit.....	1	0	
Sloops—Class R.			
Sandpiper, W. W. Redfern.....	3	3	
Sloops—Class RR.			
Beta, Snedeker & Camp.....	5	16	
Alpha, Holcomb & Howell.....	4	7	
Gamma, A. H. Platt.....	4	5	
Delta, J. J. Mahoney.....	3	5	
Marine and Field Special.			
Kelpie, W. K. Brown.....	4	6	
Esperance, T. A. Hamilton.....	2	3	
Jig-a-Jig, W. A. Hutcheson.....	1	1	
Catboats—Class V.			
Martha M., Richard Moore.....	5	17	
Colleen, W. F. Remmey.....	4	13	
Orient, Richard Rummell.....	3	4	
Rascal, D. G. Whitlock.....	4	3	
Boozie, C. D. Durkee.....	2	1	

Southern Notes.

THE 1901 Canada's Cup 30-footer Cadillac has been sold to Mr. S. F. Heaslip, of New Orleans, by a Detroit syndicate. Last spring Commodore Heaslip purchased Calypso from Mr. A. W. Chesterton and brought her here, where she won the "Cock-o'-the-Walk" flag in her class in the Southern Gulf Coast Y. A. It is quite a coincidence that these two celebrated yachts, designed and built by Hanley at practically the same time, should now be owned by one man and at such a distance from Boston and Detroit, after they had so notably performed missions elsewhere.

The yachting season just closing was quite notable for the large number of sailing yachts brought from the North to augment the local fleet, the number of boats thus added to the roll number—almost a dozen—included, in addition to the three Boston boats before mentioned, Alpha Tau, Lucille I. and Lucille II. from Chesapeake Bay, and the fast racing machines, Caroline, Moki, and Kayoshk, from the ranks of the Inland Lakes Y. A. The purchase of these yachts did not start until early spring last season, and at this time last year there was little thought that so fine an array of pleasure boats would be brought here. These importations have opened the way for a new and better order of things in the yachting line for the South, and there is much indication that the good work now so well started will be continued until the Gulf coast has a fleet to be proud of.

L. D. SAMPSELL.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

WILLIAM V. HANSON DIES.—On October 14 William V. Hanson, a well known yacht and shipbuilder, died at his home in Brooklyn at the age of 85. He was an honorary member of the Atlantic Y. C.

SEAWANHAKA CUP CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.—The Executive Committee of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. held a meeting on the evening of October 14 and accepted the challenge filed by the Manchester Y. C. for the Seawanhaka Cup. The races will probably be held next August.

It will be remembered that the Manchester Y. C. representative, Kuluto, was defeated by Thorella II. in 1903.

SCHOONER FOR F. F. BREWSTER.—A short time ago the Geo. Lawley & Son Corp. closed a contract for the construction of a steel schooner for Mr. F. F. Brewster. The boat was designed by Messrs. A. Cary Smith & Ferris, and is 123ft. 6in. over all, 86ft. 6in. waterline, 25ft. breadth, and 15ft. 6in. draft. Mr. Brewster is the owner of Elmira, and he will race his new boat against Ingomar.

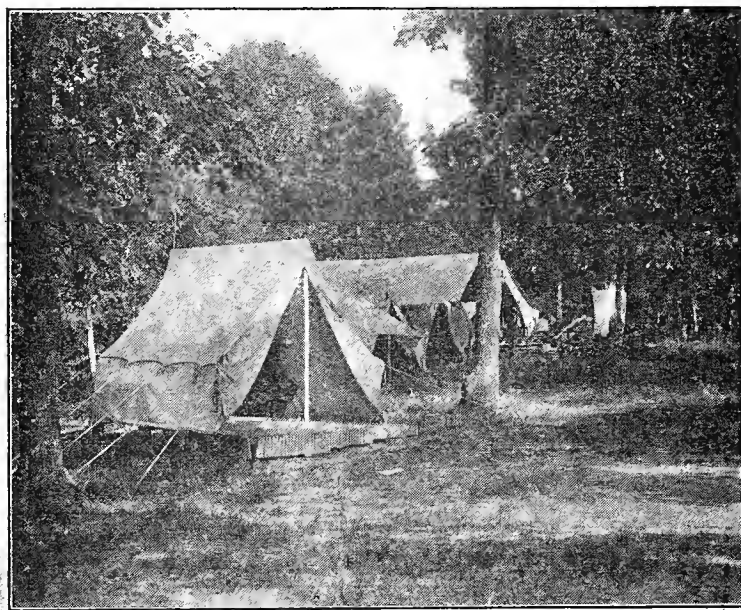
ENDYMION RUN DOWN BY TUG.—The schooner Endymion, owned by Mr. George Lauder, Jr., was run down by the tugboat Sallie, of Norfolk, while at anchor in Hampton Roads. The yacht was beached off Fort Wool on the flats to keep her from sinking. The day following she was towed to Newport News, where she was hauled out. She was leaking badly, and had a big hole in her bottom. Repairs will be made at Newport News.

Canoeing.

High Island Canoe Camp.

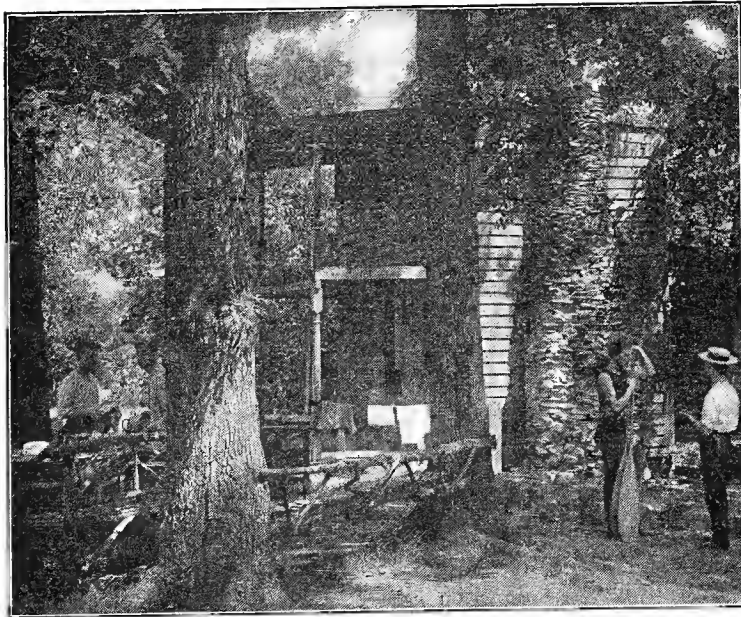
BY GUY E. MITCHELL.

ALMOST within rifle shot of the outskirts of Washington, but as secluded as though twenty miles distant, lies the High Island Canoe Camp, located on the crest of High Island, rising out of the Potomac and overlooking its Little Falls. Although an ideal camp site, High Island was for years looked upon as an inaccessible camping spot. It rises precipitately out of the broad bottom of the Potomac some eighty-five feet,



SUMMER SCENE AT HIGH ISLAND.

and until the High Islanders undertook to conquer its prohibitive climb, it was shunned by campers and picnic parties and never visited except by exploring naturalists. Four summers ago seven enthusiastic canoeists determined that the knob of High Island should form their permanent camp site, summer and winter. They constructed a rope railing to assist in the seemingly almost perpendicular climb, and the first year saw two sleeping tents and a cooking fly occupied until the snow fall of November. But plans had already been made for a camp house, and the following year



CAMP HOUSE OF THE HIGH ISLAND CANOE CLUB.

building was commenced. Additions have been made, until now the house boasts two stories with sleeping accommodations for ten men, a commodious kitchen and double piazzas on two sides. No week in the coldest winter weather has gone by since the shingles were nailed down that the smoke, issuing from the ample stone chimney, has not attested to the roaring open fire of oak and hickory inside, and of late supplemented by the heat from a substantial cooking range. In summer gasoline is substituted as a cooking fuel.

The house and improvements of the island are a not insignificant monument to the energy and industry of the canoeists. Every stick and stone has been carried to its destination on the shoulders of the boys. The steps climbed, even empty-handed, will impress the visitor with the tremendous magnitude of the work. Not the smallest particle of labor has been hired, nor

are any of the members of the club men of leisure. Even the stones for the chimney and big fire-place were collected along the flats of the Potomac in rowboats and carried up the steep island side.

The camp now has a permanent lease of the island, the high portion of which does not cover probably more than three or four acres. The property is owned by a Philadelphia syndicate which contemplates its use in the erection of an enormous power dam, with some sixty feet fall, which will form a gigantic storage reservoir ten or twelve miles in length. The High Island Camp, however, has not slackened its improvements in the fear that this project will soon spoil the island as a camp site, since the undertaking has large engineering difficulties to overcome, as well as to secure the consent of Congress to the construction of such a work, which might well be looked upon as a possible menace to the safety of Washington, since the great dam might go out during some of the terrific floods which sweep down the Potomac.

Well wooded on the crest with white and black oaks, hickory and ash, and surrounded with the softer woods—sycamore, tulip, sassafras, cedar, etc.—the camp site, while well shaded, enjoys any of the breezes which may be blowing up or down the Potomac. While it is sufficiently high to be free from possible miasma, found upon the alluvial bottoms, it is also free from flies and mosquitoes.

The present summer camp consists of six tents in addition to the camp house. The canoe landing is on what is known as the "feeder" of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, through which the water always races at three to four miles an hour. From this landing the camp path winds through the dense shade of a hundred yards of bottom land, crosses a couple of rustic bridges and merges into the steps ascending the island hog-back.

The camp boasts at least one strong man, who holds the record for carrying up the steep steps a fire-place rock weighing 250 pounds, although two other of the boys succeeded in negotiating the heavy kitchen range up the same route.

Botanically, the island is known far and wide. The plant scientists of the Department of Agriculture state that a dozen or more herbaceous plants are found along its lower slopes which occur in no other locality near Washington, and are, in fact, of extreme rarity elsewhere. Seeds of plants have apparently been washed down the river from far western points and have found a lodgment upon High Island, their extreme eastern habitat.

The single real hardship which devolves upon the camp is the securing of their drinking water, but this is about to be overcome. At present the water must be carried from a spring some distance up on the Maryland shore, and fifty or more feet above the river level. The Islanders are arranging to pipe the water from this spring, across the canal and the feeder, and by gravity pressure convey it up the side of the island to where an ordinary suction pump will force it directly into the kitchen, the highest point on High Island.

A five-mile trip from the Washington boat-houses, several of the members regularly paddle to and from their office work, while others walk half a mile to the electric cars which traverse the Maryland shore above the Potomac. Every Saturday night sees a throng of members and visitors to the camp to spend a night in the woods and enjoy a cool and quiet Sunday.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Nov. 8.—Greenville, N. J.—Annual 100-shot championship at Armbruster's Park.

National Rifle Association.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In connection with the meeting of the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice on Saturday next, to consider prospective legislation for the encouragement of military rifle and pistol practice, the board of directors of the National Rifle Association will meet here Saturday evening, Oct. 22, at the Arlington Hotel. At the last annual meeting of the Association at Sea Girt, N. J., it was proposed to make the Association a governing body of federated military and civilian associations and clubs devoted to rifle and revolver shooting, and it was recommended that the annual membership be abolished and the rights and privileges now given to such members be extended to all members of affiliated organizations. It was also recommended that the present annual members be given the privilege of taking out a life membership, and having credited against the cost of the same the amount of dues paid on account of annual membership. It is proposed that in the future the annual directors shall be elected by delegates from the affiliated clubs.

The board of directors will pass upon these recommendations and also consider the character of legislation to be presented to Congress at the coming session.

Manhattan Rifle and Revolver Association, N. Y.

THIS well-known organization held its regular practice shoot at the Greenville, N. J., range on Saturday, Oct. 8. B. F. Wilder ran a string of 100 shots with the revolver, averaging over 90, while several of the members devoted the afternoon to the 200yd. rifle range. Scores follow:

Fifty-yard, revolver: B. F. Wilder 90, 91, 94, 89, 89, 92, 92, 91, 92, 89; total 909. J. E. Silliman 80, 88, 90, 87, 86, 84; J. A. Dietz 84; W. J. Coons 77, 78, 81, 88; C. F. Davis 87, 85, 90, 91, 84, 83, 89, 87; H. H. Brinckerhoff 73, 67, 81, 69.

Two hundred yard, rifle: Dr. W. G. Hudson 219, 229, 229, 229; W. J. Coons 197; W. A. Barker 229, 220, 228, 227, 236; L. P. Hansen 217, 221, 214; H. F. Barning 219.

Miller Rifle Club.

HOBOKEN, N. J.—The following scores were made in the gallery, 75ft. offhand, on the 25-ring target, P. J. O'Hare, the expert military marksman, being high man with the score of 247: P. J. O'Hare 247, C. Bischoff 245, H. Bahn 243, R. Goldwaithe 243, D. Dingman 242, D. Miller 239, O. Smith 237, O. Burquest 236, F. Emme 235, R. W. Evans 234, A. Schwartz 232, C. E. Doyle 232, C. Hussel 231, P. Neuner 230.

Massachusetts Rifle Association.

SCORES follow for the regular weekly shoot. While the weather conditions were not of the best, a good number of entries were made in all the matches.

Members' offhand match: R. L. Dale 91, T. Carlson 88, F. C. Fitz 82, F. H. West 78, S. C. Sampson 77, M. T. Day 76, J. B. Hobbs 74, A. W. Hill 71.

Military offhand match: T. Anderton 48, R. S. Hole 46, T. Atkins 44, M. T. Day 43, A. W. Hill 43, S. D. Martin 42, J. B. Hobbs 42, O. Moore 42.

Military revolver match: E. B. Hawkes 49, W. A. Smith 46, A. W. Hill 45, J. B. Hobbs 45, O. Howe 44, S. D. Martin 44.

N. R. A. medal match: Conditions: Military rifles, 7 shots at 200, 300 and 500yds.: R. S. Hale, 200yds., 22; 300yds., 22; 500yds., 22; total 66. T. Anderton, 200yds., 23; 300yds., 21; 500yds., 21; total 65. R. L. Dale, 200yds., 20; 300yds., 23; 500yds., 21; total 64.

Long range match, 1000yds.: F. Daniels 48, M. T. Day 39, O. Moore 30.

Rifle Notes.

There is a movement on foot through the Western States toward the formation of a Pacific Coast Shooting Bund. At a meeting held recently at Odeon Hall, San Francisco, Cal., communications were read from various quarters of the State, tendering their mutual support toward the new organization. Delegates were appointed as follows: Shell Mound Pistol and Rifle Club, H. P. Nelson, A. M. Paulson, H. Windmuller; California Schuetzen Club, F. Levers, T. J. Carroll, A. Rahwyler; Pacific Indoor Club, Max Kolander, J. Kytka, F. V. Kington; Golden Gate Club, W. F. Blasse, B. P. Jonas, G. E. Frahm; Turner Shooting Section, Chas. Peach, D. Davidson, Jos. Straub; Sacramento-Helvetia Club, Capt. F. Ruhstaller, J. Meyer, J. Gruhler; Independent Rifles, C. Andrews, H. Gootjen, C. Iverson.

The Zettler Club start their gallery contest on Tuesday of this week, closely followed by the New York Central Schuetzen Corps. The N. Y. Independent Corps will meet on the second and fourth Thursday of each month. N. Y. Schuetzen, second and fourth Friday; Italian Rifle Club every Monday; Zettler Rifle Club, every Tuesday; N. Y. City Schuetzen Corps, first and third Thursday; N. Y. Central Schuetzen Corps, first and third Wednesday; Lady Zettler Rifle Club on the last Saturday of each month.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Oct. 20.—Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Gun Club fall tournament.
Oct. 25-26.—The Plumsteadville, Pa., target tournament. N. L. Clark, Sec'y.
Oct. 26.—Concord, Staten Island.—All-day target shoot of the Mullerite Gun Club, on the grounds of the Richmond Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
Oct. 26-28.—Blackwell, Okla., Gun Club tournament. Chas. Cornelius, Mgr.
Nov. 1-3.—St. Louis Mo.—World's Fair shoot; live birds and targets. Alec D. Mermod, Mgr., 620 Locust street.
Nov. 8.—Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club all-day shoot; merchandise prizes. F. K. Stelle, Sec'y.
Nov. 17-19.—Tampa, Fla.—Tampa Bay Rod and Gun Club, \$400 added. J. A. Hansbrough, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM goes to press on TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The team race, between the Poughkeepsie and Ossining gun clubs will probably take place on the 29th inst., or some time near that date.

Mr. L. G. Schroeder, a new member in the shooting contingent of the New York Athletic Club, took the first win for the October cup in the contest for it last Saturday at Travers Island. With handicap allowance added he scored 46.

The test case of the Riverton Gun Club in respect to the status of the New Jersey law which prohibits all shooting of live birds at the traps, has legally commenced. The two members who shot on the grounds of the Riverton club, were indicted by the Burlington Grand Jury for violations of the law mentioned.

At the Dalton, O., Gun Club tournament, Oct. 6 and 7, Mr. R. O. Heikes was high in the professional averages. He broke 376 out of 400, a 94 per cent. performance. Mr. C. A. Young was second with 373. High amateur average, 369, was made by Mr. F. H. Snow. Mr. Heikes made the longest run, 77 straight. Mr. C. O. Le Compte ran 72.

The championship of Schuylkill county is still in abeyance, as the following press dispatch shows: "Mahanoy City, Pa., Oct. 8.—To decide the live-bird championship of Schuylkill county, and for a side bet of \$250, Peter Haverty, of Pottsville, and Nathan Benner, of this place, shot at 21 birds at Mahanoy City Park to-day, a tie resulting at 19 kills. Another match will be arranged for increased stakes."

At Marquette, Mich., the Ishpeming Rod and Gun Club recently was formed. Forty charter members were enrolled. Their object is to assist the game wardens in protecting the game and punishing offenders. The officers are as follows: President, Dr. A. Deadman; Vice-President, Louis Biegler; Secretary, Harold Trosvig; Treasurer, J. J. Johnson. There will be regular target practice and trapshooting in due time.

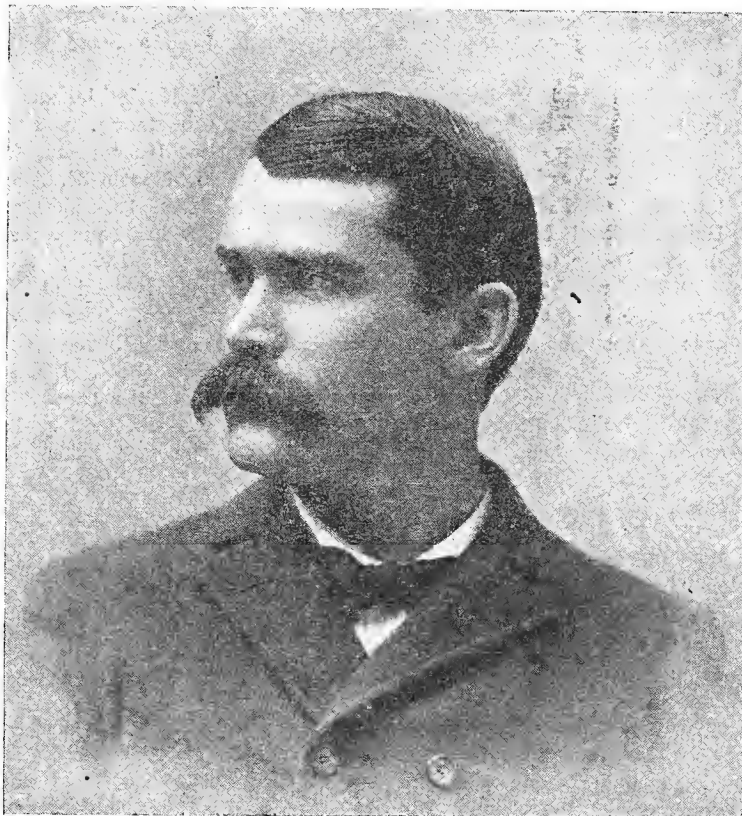
A correspondent writes us that the "U. M. C. Gun Club, of Guthrie, Okla., made a special shoot in honor of C. G. Spencer, of St. Louis, who is as a target marksman one of the best in the world. About fifteen shooters took part. H. J. Donnelly, of Guthrie, won high average with 93 per cent.; C. G. Spencer scored 92 per cent., and K. L. Eagan 91 per cent. Mr. Donnelly's friends are much pleased at his victory over the famous crack."

At Princeton, N. J., on Oct. 15, the University Gun Club team, in its first contest of this season, was defeated by the Trenton Gun Club, the scores being 118 to 111. Each man shot at 25 targets, and of the Princetons, Messrs. Frick and Gans were high with 23 and 22 respectively. Other contests of the University Gun Club are arranged as follows: Oct. 22, University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia; Nov. 5, University of Pennsylvania, at Princeton; Nov. 11, Yale, at Princeton; Nov. 12, intercollegiate shoot, at Princeton.

At the first tournament of the Mullerite Gun Club, to be held on the grounds of the Richmond Gun Club, at Concord, S. I., Oct. 26, a match has been arranged to take place at 11 o'clock between Mr. James Morrison, of the North River Gun Club, and an unknown, of the South Side Gun Club. The programme provides four events: one 10, two 20 and a special 100 target event, the Mullerite handicap. The totals are: Targets, 150, entrance \$6.85; added money \$28. Mr. Albert A. Schoverling is the manager. The club headquarters are at No. 2 Murray street, New York. Shooting begins at 10 o'clock.

A correspondent writes us that "the first fall tournament of the newly organized Delaware State League is to be held at Middletown, Del., Oct. 27 next. The plan is as follows: Several clubs in 'The Blue Hen's Chickens' State have organized themselves into a trapshooting league, and will hold semi-annual tournaments, one in the spring and one in the fall of every year. The principal events will be a 100-target race for the individual championship of the State, open to all residents of the State, and a State club five-man team race for the club team championship, manufacturers' representatives barred from competing on any team."

At the tournament of the Sistersville, W. Va., Gun Club, held on Oct. 12 and 13, the high averages for the two days, at a total of 400 targets, were as follows: First, R. L. Trimble, 380; second, W. A. Wiedebush, 378; third, C. W. Decker and Ed. O. Bower, 374; fourth, J. F. Mallory, 372; fifth, J. A. Penn, 368; sixth, C. J.



E. D. FULFORD.

Mowery, 367; seventh, L. J. Squier, 366; eighth, W. T. Nichols, 361. The straight runs made were as follows: L. Fisher 121, R. L. Trimble 87 and 55, W. A. Wiedebush 92 and 69, Ed. O. Bower 63 and 55. Mr. Bower managed the tournament in an expert and pleasing manner, attending to the complex responsibilities in a manner satisfactory to all.

BERNARD WATERS.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Lahlatang Gun Club.

HIGH BRIDGE, N. J., Oct. 12.—I inclose herewith trap score of monthly shoot of the Lahlatang Gun Club, of High Bridge, N. J., held on Saturday, Oct. 8. The event was the monthly shoot for a gold medal, which is contested for the second Saturday of each month, the member making the highest score out of a possible 25 holding the medal for the month.

We shoot from three traps at known angles, arranged according to the Sergeant system, having five men in a squad. The medal was won by A. H. Exton, secretary of the club.

Jesse M. Hahn.....	110011010001010111111111	17
Thos H Sedgeman.....	1101010001110101110000	14
W F Tucker.....	001010111001111111010111	17
Wm B Sine.....	0001111110101101111101	17
Robt I Warne.....	11110110110101011101101	19
Frank Jordan.....	010011011100100100001010	11
Jacob Hahn.....	100110100010110010111010	13
A F Conover.....	01111111111111110100010	19
A H Exton.....	11110111110111010101111	21
Albert Ernie.....	0100000100000001000101	7
Zenas Apgar.....	01001100000101000000010	7
Geo Rinker.....	100100100010010011000100	9
O E Brown.....	10010101010101011111111	20
Isaiah Apgar.....	10010010000111010011001	12
John R Scully.....	0011010100011101000111	14
Garner Cox.....	11110110010010101011111	18
Evan C. Wentzel.....	10011010110010111010101	15
John Transue.....	011111110001101100010	16

Pattensburg Gun Club.

Pattensburg, N. J., Oct. 10.—Six of our boys shot a practice match to-day, in which they showed good form, considering the light practice they are having. They have not been so active this summer, but they seem to hold their own very well. We hope to see more of our members at our practice shoots and to arrange for a club shoot soon.

W S Bowlby.....	1111111110110111110110	21
A K Hellman.....	11111110100110110100	18
Harry Gano.....	11111101110011111111	22
H Milburn.....	11010111110010111111	21
A E Holbrook.....	111110111110111100101	20
C W Bonnell.....	011111101111111110	22

C. W. BONNELL, Sec'y.

Bound Brook Gun Club.

Bound Brook, N. J., Oct. 16.—The Bound Brook Gun Club held their first shoot for the three silver loving cups presented by the club. The attendance at this shoot was small. Only four of the members took part. The silver cups are to be shot for in one event of 25 targets, three high guns winning.

Mr. S. W. Dunning won first, Mr. B. Prugh came in second, and F. K. Stelle won third. The club has a medal for members living out of town, and any visiting shooter may take part in this event. This medal is to be shot for three months, and the one holding it the most times, all ties to be shot off on the third shoot becomes the permanent holder. Mr. Giles was fortunate to be the owner this month. Following are the scores:

Club event.	Broke.	Hdcp.	Total.
Dunning.....	10100100111011000101111	15	11
Prugh.....	1001010101000010110000	11	12
Pardoe.....	1100000011100110110100	14	2
Stelle.....	00000001010100010010010	8	10

Medal event:

Goltra.....	101011000110000110000101	11
Dunning.....	101100110011111100110101	16
Giles.....	0111101101101101101110	19

F. K. STELLE, Sec'y.

Montclair Gun Club.

Montclair, N. J., Oct. 15.—Interest in the Saturday afternoon shoot of the club continues to be well maintained. Some fourteen men lined up at the traps to-day.

Messrs. Fanning and Butler were the guests of the club.

No very high scores were made, nor were there any records broken. Events Nos. 1 and 2 were for practice only. Events Nos. 3 and 4, 50 targets, applied on the match for the watch fob presented by Messrs. Schoverling & Welles, to be shot for during the month of October. No new record was made on this match, nor any new record for the silver loving cup.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
Fanning.....	23	23	22	22	22	21	..
Butler.....	16	24	17	19	14	21	..
C W Kendall.....	21	21	21	21	22	23	22
Doremus.....	10	15	13	14
Crane.....	19	..	21	14	19
Geo Batten.....	18	15	20	18	21
Babcock.....	24	..	20	21	15
Cockefair.....	23	..	13	21	21	22	17
W I Sovercl.....	14	17
Benson.....	22	17
Holloway.....	15	20
Moffett.....	11	15	17	..
Dr Foster.....	9	9
Winslow.....	14

EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

E. D. Fulford.

THE sad news comes to us that E. D. Fulford has passed away. He died on Saturday of last week at his home in Utica, N. Y., from an attack of pleuro-pneumonia.

He was in attendance at the shoot held at Williamsport, Pa., Sept. 20-22; and though feeling ill at the time, he continued in the competition with that conscientious earnestness which was a characteristic of him. The race for high average at that tournament was close between him and Messrs. L. J. Squier and J. M. Hawkins. They were a tie when the last event commenced, and each broke 20 straight and finished tied. After the shoot, being seriously ill, he returned to his home, where the fatal malady quickly and seriously developed.

As a trapshooter, he was one of the most famous and best. He had been identified with the trapshooting leaders as one of the ablest and most skillful. He was a contestant in many matches of national fame, and was many times victorious. About twelve years ago, when he first came into conspicuous public notice as an expert of marvelous skill, he chose as his opponents the seasoned experts, the victors of many contests, the champions of the shooting world. In a series of matches, he vanquished the famous trap shot, Mr. John L. Brewer, and also was successful in a series of contests with the redoubtable champion, Mr. J. A. R. Elliott. He shot numerous other great matches. In the list of his victories is the much-coveted Grand American Handicap, that of 1898. When he won that event, the friendly applause of the multitude was almost riotous, and foremost among those in extending their congratulations were his business competitors. Great as were his abilities in the use of a shotgun, they still were much greater than the popular estimate of them, for he was guileless in the deft ways of the press agent. He did his work well, and then left it for the world at large to judge of its value.

As an inventor, he also attained national fame. He made original improvements on the traps used in shotgun competition by developing them to a degree of perfection. He invented the Fulford single-trigger, a task which required the solution of one of the most difficult of mechanical problems, and which has balked the best efforts of the most skillful inventors. Other useful inventions are also to his credit.

At the time of his death he was a representative of the U. M. C. Co., and the Remington Arms Co. Many of his trade associates had arranged to attend his funeral. Messrs. Frank E. Butler and J. G. Heath, of the U. M. C. Co.; Mr. L. J. Squier, of the E. I. duPont Co.; Mr. J. S. Fanning, of the Laffin & Rand Co., are of the number.

In person, he was of graceful physique and fine presence. He was quiet and unassuming in his deportment and free from all manifestations of vanity, notwithstanding his many victories. His nature was straightforward and purely honest. No hidden craft masked his purposes. No enmity had a place in his nature. If maligned, he bore his grievance silently and without resentment. He was the embodiment of charity for all and malice toward none. In his favorite occupation, he never wearied. He delighted in giving information alike to the most humble or the highest of mankind. Patient, forbearing, honest and earnest, he attained honorable success and possessed the heartfelt esteem of all his fellows. In his life, the Golden Rule was honestly exemplified.

Freeport Gun Club.

FREEPORT, L. I., Oct. 15.—The Freeport Gun Club had their fall opening to-day. The main event was for a silver loving cup presented by Mr. Gus Greiff.

In that event the scores were as follows, with handicap allowance added: Rider (4) 41, Willis (4) 48, Simonson (6) 44, E. P. Smith (12) 45, Glover (scratch) 43, Ansell (10) 42, Greiff (scratch) 43, Welles (scratch) 44, Valentine (12) 49, Sutton (12) 40, Vosselman (10) 43, A. Smith (12) 50.

Several sweepstake events also were shot.

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WESTERN TRAP.

Hall vs. Cadwallader.

LOAMI, Ill., Oct. 12.—W. H. Cadwallader, a trade representative traveling in Illinois, rolled in to the town where dwelleth one Tom Hall. As both were looking for a little practice, a match at 50 live birds, 25 each, was arranged. The result herewith shows that none lived to get away, although the sixteenth bird that came to Cad was a lively outgoing puzzler, with life enough to get beyond the boundary line. It was a hard race, though the birds were not above the average, yet the fast ones were puzzling.

Scores:
Cadwallader 222222222222222222222222—24
Hall 222222222222222222222222—25

At Dows, Ia.

Dows, Ia., Oct. 13.—The shoot held here yesterday was not patronized to the extent which justified holding same two days. Seven shot through the entire programme, three of whom were traveling men, viz.: Gilbert, who missed but 6 out of 200, and Chas. Budd and Fred Lord, neither of whom were in good form or quite at home in the strong cold wind that kept up throughout the entire day. Those for the trade present were Fred Whitney and Marshall Sharp.

For the amateurs, Russell Klein shot well, 178 out of 200. Henry Steege was well up with 172. Scores of those who shot through the programme of 200 targets:

F. Gilbert 194, R. Klein 178, H. Steege 172, C. W. Budd 162, L. M. Howell 156, J. Peterson 155, F. H. Lord 153.

At Crawfordsville.

Crawfordsville, Ind., Oct. 12.—The tournament held here the past two days, while not favored with the usual good crowds, the scores made were of the usual very high order. It is true that the conditions, such as comfortable club house, smooth grounds, finest of background, oiliest working traps, no friction anywhere in any way connected with the shoot, all go to make up a shoot where all shoot with pleasure, and scores are the "best ever."

Crosby did not duplicate his former score made here early in the season, but he lost only 3 out of 225. Riehl and Keck were present, and Frank made second professional average. Guy Burnside got rather gay, and his score of 435 out of 450 will not soon be excelled. Austin Flynn also shot well up. Scores:

	First Day.		Second Day.		Total.
	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.	
Crosby	225	219	225	222	450
Burnside	225	214	225	221	450
Flynn	225	211	225	210	450
Riehl	225	210	225	208	450
Brown	225	200	225	208	450
Voris	225	199	225	192	450
Stillwell	225	193	225	191	450
Heffley	225	191	225	191	450
Keck	225	179	225	201	450
Snyder	225	166	225	164	450
Hartman	225	188	160	139	385
Straughan	225	198	135	120	360
Davis	225	183	120	105	345
Gregory	210	191	120	108	330
Long	225	187	50	47	275
Wiggins	225	188	225	215	225
Cooper	225	198	225	225	198
Partington	225	198	225	193	225
Mccler	225	190	225	225	190
Parry	225	153	225	225	153
Ness	140	101	225	140	101
Services	135	116	225	135	116
Ballard	135	109	225	135	109
Iliff	135	109	225	135	101
Cook	50	40	225	50	40
Slow	50	13	225	87	115
Helm	15	13	225	115	100

At Atchison.

Atchison, Kans., Oct. 10.—Last week was an eventful one among the trapshooters of Atchison and the West. It seemed like old times indeed to meet with Lou Erhardt and mingle with him while he managed a tournament for the Forest Park Gun Club.

While so many of the tournaments are having poor attendance it was a pleasure to note that our fifty shooters forsook club shooting and shot with the club for two days. With this full attendance still an unusual thing happened. Mr. J. Heath won both the high and low score for amateur, being the only one to shoot in every event. The only other two men to shoot through were Harold Money and Billy Heer. They were at their best, as they tied on 289. Harold made 147 out of 150 first day, and Billy gained 3 the second day and made a tie. Hon. Tom Marshall was surely shooting well, as he only missed 5 out of 120. He was compelled to depart for other fields of labor.

R. Dougherty and F. Dougherty, of Bean Lake, Mo., shot well, as they are in practice shooting ducks. Andy Fulton came out with a 14-gauge gun, and after using up his shells, tried other guns, with poor results. Everybody was delighted with the good time, and hope that Atchison and Lou (Airy) will hold at least two yearly tournaments. Scores follow show the number shot at and broke: W. H. Heer shot at 150, broke 144; D. Elliott 150, 136; G. W. Keller 60, 25; Utt 15, 7; J. Bilcock 15, 7; J. Fussillman 15, 9; P. Jacobson 105, 83; F. Tyson 105, 87; W. Berry 135, 124; D. Evans 15, 10; L. Moine 120, 97; F. Hager 15, 8; W. Burmauer 30, 20; F. Dougherty 120, 104; Oswald 45, 26; C. Finley 30, 22; Clapp 30, 29; R. Dougherty 120, 110; W. H. Lewis 60, 37; J. Small 15, 6; B. O. Running 90, 81; W. H. Baldwin 150, 120; W. G. Lytle 120, 100; J. E. Johnson 150, 131; H. Reece 135, 118; A. Fulton 150, 124; D. E. Ferguson 150, 117; Dunning 90, 66; Jas. Gray 150, 137; Thos. Highfill 90, 73; F. Schreiner 60, 41; B. Lyons 75, 67; Ratewan 60, 31; T. H. Clark 135, 105; C. Willis 60, 53; J. Leath 150, 116; Allen 60, 45; J. Keithleine 135, 96; Brinson 105, 84; W. H. McGee 150, 135; J. Schletzbaum 75, 44; Harold Money 150, 147; Tom Marshall 120, 115; H. Henderson 75, 69; H. Tipton 75, 65; D. Baker 15, 10; C. Maage 15, 5; J. Botkin 45, 32.

Second Day, Oct. 3.—Fulton shot at 90, broke 62; Leath 150, 117; Johnson 90, 76; Anderson 120, 107; Jacobson 105, 84; Reece 90, 69; Myers 105, 81; Schletzbaum 15, 11; Hawley 90, 69; O'Neil 60, 39; Money 150, 142; Heer 150, 145; Highfill 75, 55; Gray 135, 120; Cunningham 150, 132; Schreiner 135, 103; Baldwin 75, 63; F. Dougherty 150, 138; R. Dougherty 150, 132; Lou Ehrhart 75, 59; Lewis 60, 44; Kraal 15, 12; Lynde 30, 21; Clark 30, 24; Falconer 15, 3; Kramer 30, 15.

Spencer in Oklahoma.

Blackwell, Okla., Oct. 12.—The gun club here was pleased to welcome Chas. Spencer, the St. Louis expert trap shot and trade representative. It did not take long to get together a few of the enthusiasts, and all were entertained by Mr. Spencer with shotgun and fancy rifle shooting. He broke 100 targets straight. The race between Cornelius, Nate Pettit and W. S. Prettyman for the club medal is a close one. Scores of 48 out of 50 are often made.

All the club members are busy getting everything in shape for the Oct. 26, 27 and 28 tournament.

In Other Places.

The Matthews, Ind., Gun Club will hold a live-bird tournament Oct. 25 and 26. As live-bird shoots are seldom given, this will be of much interest to the Indiana trapshooting followers.

Mr. C. W. McMakin, of Battle Creek, Mich., while hunting, had the misfortune to shoot off one of his own fingers. He is a practical man, and congratulates himself that he escaped as well as he did. He reasoned that it might have been worse.

Saturday last there was a shoot at Kelly's place, which is across the upper free bridge at Peoria, Ill. The genial proprietor prepared a fish fry, which was set up free during the day. This was the annual shoot, there being a good supply of both live birds and targets. Shooters were present from Metamora, Morton, Spring Bay, Mossville, Washington, Pekin and Peoria.

A. C. Connors' shoot, held Saturday and Sunday, was something out of the usual order. Professionals were only permitted to shoot at 100 targets, and those not to be connected in any way with the tournament. Thus the high averages will go to the amateurs. The local papers printed in the vicinity of Pekin and Peoria, Ill., have been stating "that formerly the representatives of various ammunition companies have carried off the money and prizes at tournaments." This is not the fact. The professionals heretofore have shot for targets only, and as they invariably won the high averages, it is to this that Mr. Connor objects and has sought to remedy in his programme.

The new club at Leroy, Ill., held their first practice shoot on Saturday last. Such a good time was the result that the management forgot the newspaper man, hence the scores cannot be produced.

At Toledo, O., the gun club had an interesting shoot on Oct. 9. They had as guest, Mr. Frank Foltz, of McClure, O. He ran up a score of 97 out of 100, which was the best ever made on these grounds, and the targets were fast ones, 60yds.

It is reported that a herd of cows has been turned loose upon the shooting grounds used by the Kalamazoo, Mich., Gun Club, and as the members do not care to bag any of them, the practice events heretofore held by this club will be abandoned for this year.

A gun club has just been organized at Mt. Clemens, Mich. The membership numbers 24. Target shooting will be the pastime. The officers are as follows: President, Frank A. Compau; Secretary, Frank D. Petlier; Treasurer, Frank L. Tuscan. The members are enthusiastic, and propose to hold a State tournament soon.

At the last shoot between the Hermitage, of Nashville, and the Franklin, of Tennessee, the old team was too strong, and won out with plenty to spare. Each man shot at 100 targets, viz.: Hermitage—Legler 89, Meaders 94, Watkins 81, Martin 81, Armistead 82; total 427. Franklin—Campbell 83, Cliff 95, Ridley 57, Polk 81, Baab 79; total 395. The Peters trophy has caused much interest to be taken by the clubs in and about Nashville.

The Ishpeming Rod and Gun Club has been formed at Marquette, Mich., with some very pushing sportsmen. The officers are: President, Dr. A. Deadman; Vice-President, Dr. Louis Biegler; Secretary, Harold Trosvig; Treasurer, J. J. Johnson. There will be regular practice shooting events at the trap.

The Nicholas Park Gun Club, of Jacksonville, Ill., held a shoot on Thursday last, using the new trap for the first time. The object was to select a team for a contest with the Willow Branch Club.

The Ewell Gun Club, of Spring Hill, Tenn., has challenged the Hermitage Club, of Nashville, for the Peters trophy, now held by it.

Two gentlemen while shooting at targets on the grounds of the South Bend Gun Club were hurt by the use of shells which burst. A doctor was called to examine the eye of one of the unfortunate.

The shooting off of the tie between Hugh M. Clark and Max Witz, at Fort Wayne, Ind., will take place on Sunday, Oct. 16. There will also be a team shoot, five members of the Wabash club against the Corner Rod and Gun Club. These matches will no doubt prove interesting.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Oct. 15.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the twenty-fifth assembly of the faithful. In the trophy shoot, Dr. Shaw, Eaton, Goetter and Stone all tied for Class A trophy on 23, while Lute won Class B on 21 and Dr. Reynolds Class C on 13.

After the trophy shoot, Bullard and Goetter captained teams formed by choosing sides. Bullard's team won both matches on scores of 59 to Goetter's 45 in first and 55 to 45 in second; 70 targets to each team in first, and 60 to each team in second contest. Only six men were to a side in the last race.

The day was an ideal one for target shooting, being cool, and almost no wind. The attendance was not what it should be, but all passed off pleasantly, and all enjoyed themselves immensely.

Trophy contest, 25 targets:

Dr Shaw	101111111111111111111111—23
Thomas	111111010110001011110101—17
Dr Meek	011111101111111111111101—22
Bullard	111011111111111111110101—22
Eaton	110111111111111111110111—23
Dr Reynolds	0000011011010001010101—13
Mrs Shaw	011110101111111111111111—19
Langin	111101101111111111110110—18
Goetter	011110101111111111111111—23
Davis	101111101110111111111111—22
Dr Skillman	110111101100111111111011—19
Leete	111001111111111111001111—21
Stone	111110111111111111111111—23
McDonald	110111111010111111101011—20
McKinnon	111001101111111111101111—21

Sweepstakes, each at 10 targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Dr Shaw	7	9	10	Davis	8	10	10
Thomas	5	8	6	7	7	Dr Skillman	9	8
Dr Meek	8	6	9	10	10	Langin	7	9	5
Bullard	9	8	10	9	10	Lute	9	7	8
Eaton	5	9	9	Stone	8	9	8
Dr Reynolds	2	1	3	McDonald	7
Mrs Shaw	3	6	5	McKinnon	9	9	9
Goetter	5	9	8	9	7						

DR. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Dayton Gun Club.

The second monthly amateur shoot of the Dayton, O., Gun Club, held on Oct. 14, may surely be counted a success, as few hitches occurred, and the programme was run through smoothly.

The towns of New Lebanon, Greenville, Lewisburg, New Paris, Newark, Springfield and Eaton were represented by shooters, and the visitors all had a good time.

The weather could not have been bettered.

Rolla Heikes was high gun, breaking 160 out of 180. Taylor second, with 158. Watkins third, 157, and Cord fourth, with 155. Brandenburg, Potter and Wysong captured the three low gun moneys on 59, 66 and 68 out of 90.

The club desires to maintain the most cordial relations with the Cincinnati Gun Club. The squib which recently appeared in

print, does not represent the feeling of the club by any means.

While the regular programme was being shot, a few of those present shot sweepstakes over the magautrap. The scores:

	Shot at. Broke.			Shot at. Broke.	
R O Heikes	180	160	A Wysong	150	108
Taylor	180	158	Neff	60	42
Watkins	180	157	McCaughy	75	42
Cord	180	155	H M Carr	90	40
L Whitacre	180	143	Hubler	75	40
La Rue	180	145	Butler	45	35
Brandenburg	180	139	C Matthews	45	27
Schwind	180	131	Kempert	30	15
Potter	180	130	B Storms	30	12
Fisher	150	133	A Keller	15	11
Craig	150	129	E Keller	15	9
Clark	150	129	Bailey	15	8
Klepfier	165	118	Hanser	15	5
Burrell	150	112			

Cincinnati Gun Club.

Cincinnati, O.—Twenty-two shooters and a number of spectators were at the club grounds on Oct. 15. Gambell and Chas. Dreih settled a tie, miss-and-out. Gambell won.

In the cash prize shoot, twenty scores were shot. Gambell and Clark (a visitor) headed the list with 46 each. Then came Faran, shooting from 20yds., with 42, and J. T. Skelly, of Wilmington, Del., tied him. Herman, who returned from Minnesota with L. Ahlers a few days ago, was third with 41.

Faran's score of 25 straight in the cup race has not yet been equalled. Nine scores were shot to-day in that event, bringing the number of entries up to 74: Gambell 24, 19, 23; Medico 23, 22, 23; Peters 20, 17, 16. Gambell missed his first bird in the first trial, and then broke straight.

For practice, Keplinger, French and Meyers shot at 225 breaking 151, 156 and 166 respectively. Skelly broke 142 out of 175; Faran 107 out of 155; Tuttle 97 out of 150.

Cash prize shoot, 50 targets, distance handicap: Gambell (16) 46, Clark (16) 46, Skelly (16) 42, Herman (17) 41, Bullerdick (16) 39, Medico (18) 38, French (16) 37, Maynard (20) 36, Block (18) 36, Falk (17) 36, Myers (16) 36, Frohlinger (16) 36, Keplinger (16) 35, Peters (19) 33, Tuttle (16) 33, Andrews (16) 31, Tietig (16) 19, Pohlar (19) 35, Pfeifer (17) 34, Faran (20) 42.

Rohrer's Island and Tipp gun clubs shot a match at Tippecanoe City, on Oct. 13, thirteen-man teams. The day was cloudy and chilly, and a strong wind was blowing most of the time. The match was won by Rohrer's Island, of Dayton, their team leading from the start and finishing 33 targets to the good with a score of 527 to 494. The club medal was to have gone to high man in the team match, but instead of having the three leaders shoot off the tie, it was decided to shoot for the medal miss-and-out. Twelve men entered and the medal was won by Pease, of Vandalia, with 5.

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., Oct. 8.—The annual fall target tournament of the South End Gun Club, of this city, held on the club grounds to-day, was a success. Apgar and Fanning were the trade representatives present. Apgar was high average man for the day with 171 broke out of 185 targets, with Frank Gerhart, of this city, second with 169. Fanning finished third with a score of 167. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	15	20	20	15	20	20	20	25
Apgar	13	14	15	19	18	15	18	18	18	23
Gerhart	14	13	15	16	19	14	18	18	17	25
Fanning	13	13	14	16	19	13	17	18	20	22
Miles	9	13	17	17	19	13	15	16	20	20
Eshelman	12	11	9	16	16	11	18	16	14	16
Confer	10	13	14	..	15	13
Coldren	11	10	13	18	18	13
Ball	11	14	20	15	19	19	19	24
Wegman	8	8	10	..	11	..	7	12
Haas	9	10	..	15
Melcher	19	14	17	19
Folk	10

Mahanoy City, Oct. 8.—To decide the live-bird championship of Schuylkill county, and for a side bet of \$250, Peter Haverty, of Pottsville, and Nathan Benner, of this town, shot at 21 birds each at Mahanoy City Park to-day a tie, resulting in 19 kills each. Another match will be arranged for increased stakes.

Norristown, Oct. 11.—The Trappe Gun Club opened the shooting season this afternoon, when a largely attended live-bird shoot for a hammerless double-barreled shotgun was held. Frank Henry, of Lansdale, and Isaac Johnson, of Norristown, tied for the prize. Sweepstakes were won by Emmers, of Royersford, and Frazer. The best scores follow:

Shoot for gun, miss-and-out: Isaac Johnson 18, Frank Henry 18, Traumber 17, Frazer 17, Emmers 15, Barnt 12, Bean 11, Knipe 9, Heist 8, Boker 9, Hooker 8, James 7, Roe 7.

Tamaqua, Pa., Oct. 12.—Thomas Fredericks, of town, and John Derby, of Summit Hill, have signed articles of agreement to shoot at 13 live birds each in the Lansford Park, Nov. 29, for \$150 a side and the gate receipts.

Media, Pa., Oct. 15.—The Media Gun Club opened their active season to-day with sides chosen by President Edgar Pennington and Harvey Howard. The latter's team won by a score of 151 to 134. The summary, each 25 targets:

Howard's Team—Howard 19, E. Smedley 13, Little 18, Rhodes 13, Leedom 12, Yarnall 12, Snowden 14, Dee 16, Sweeney 12, Rogers 10, Bonsall 12; total 151.

Pennington's Team—Pennington 19, S. Smedley 16, Reilly 14, F. Simcox 13, Fields 11, C. Simcox 14, Mitchell 10, Rigby 12, Baker 9, Leland 4, Lewis 12; total 134.

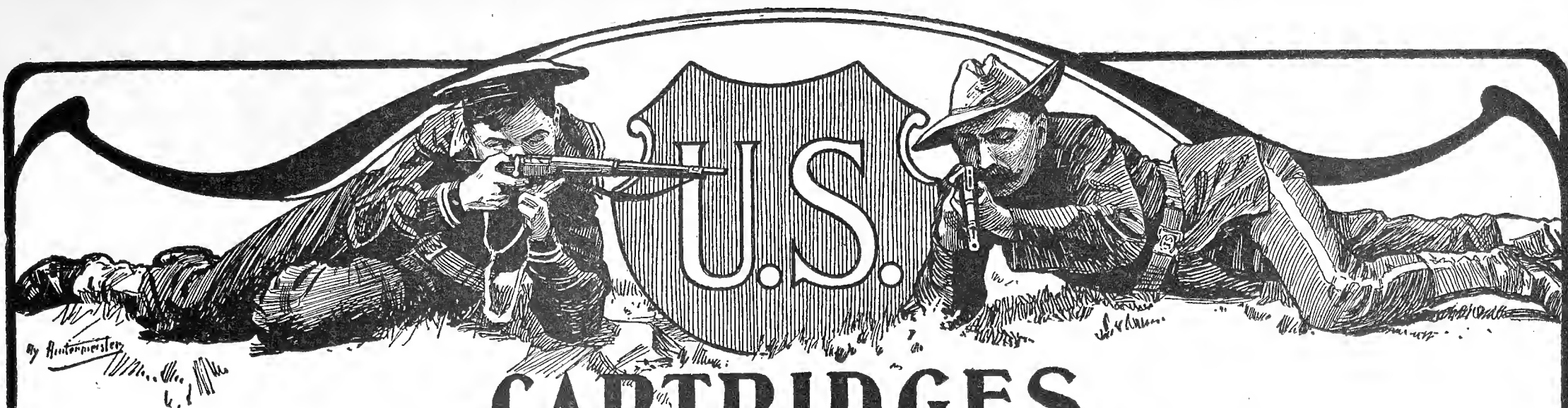
DUSTER.

New York Athletic Club.

TRAVERS ISLAND, N. Y., Oct. 15.—The attendance was slim at Travers Island, as the counter attraction of the last racing day at Morris Park caught a majority of the shooting members.

Conditions were fairly good, although a high wind and fast birds served to keep down the scores.

The first shoot for the monthly cup was easily won by Mr. S. G. Schroeder, a new recruit, who had never taken a prize before to-day. He won the first special cup event also. The other



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LOWELL, MASS.

Sistersville Tournament.

SISTERSVILLE, West Va., Oct. 15.—The fall target tournament of the Sistersville Gun Club, which took place on their grounds here on Oct. 12 and 13, proved to be one of the best little tournaments ever held in the Ohio valley. The attendance was hardly what was expected, but thirty shooters taking part, and was all that could be handled with one magautrap.

The shooting commenced promptly at 9:30 o'clock, and there was no intermission, not even for lunch, until nearly 5 o'clock in the evening. I don't mean to say that we didn't eat, for we did, but it was at odd times, when it would not interfere with the shooting.

The weather, especially on the second day, was just a shade off color, but there was not a single complaint heard.

The magautrap—well, the old thing did herself proud. The boys all wanted to take it home with them, as they thought it the best one they had ever seen.

The cashier's department was in the hands of Mr. W. B. Woodruff, of the local club, and there is just one man in the world that can do better work than he did, and that man is the same little Woodruff, with a little more practice.

The affair was under the management of Ed. O. Bower, and it is hardly necessary for us to say that he was kept quite busy, although Ed says it is simply pie to run a shoot with such assistance as was rendered by the "two Johns (John F. Mallory and John A. Penn) as squad hustlers; Ralph Trimble, T. D. Priddy, W. T. Davenport, D. D. Gross and Snappy Watson.

These boys were here, there any everywhere at the same time, and whenever there was anything to do, they asked no questions, but did it. At a meeting of our club since above shoot, a resolution was adopted making these gentlemen honorary life members of our club, and we hope they will all live a thousand years.

The trade was represented by Ralph L. Trimble, W. T. Davenport and D. D. Gross. Everything passed off without a hitch, and all present seemed pleased and as happy as June bugs. The scores follow:

Oct. 12, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	192
Fisher	14	14	19	14	13	20	15	15	20	15	15	18	191
J F Mallory	13	13	20	14	15	20	13	14	20	14	15	20	190
Cochran	15	15	19	15	15	20	15	13	19	15	15	19	189
Trimble	14	15	19	15	15	20	15	13	19	12	14	18	188
Penn	13	14	20	14	15	20	14	12	18	15	15	19	187
Bower	14	15	20	13	15	18	12	14	20	13	14	19	187
Bibbee	14	15	18	13	13	18	13	14	20	14	15	20	186
Squier	14	10	20	14	15	18	14	15	18	13	15	20	186
Mowery	14	13	18	15	14	17	15	15	19	15	13	18	186
Speary	15	14	18	13	14	17	15	13	20	14	12	20	186
Gross	13	14	20	13	14	18	14	14	17	14	15	17	183
Nichols	13	13	20	15	12	20	14	13	17	13	14	19	183
Wiedebusch	13	14	16	13	13	18	15	15	20	15	14	17	183
Decker	12	13	17	15	15	19	14	14	19	13	13	18	182
Trapp	13	14	19	14	12	20	12	14	18	13	12	19	180
Miller	14	13	17	15	14	19	15	13	17	14	9	19	179
Cole	12	14	19	13	15	19	13	17	13	10	18	18	176
F E Mallory	14	13	16	12	14	18	13	12	13	14	15	17	176
Lilly	12	14	17	15	14	18	12	13	17	13	15	18	178
Hibbs	13	11	14	13	13	19	13	15	13	15	14	17	170
Ellsworth	12	12	16	13	13	19	13	17	12	14	15	16	169
Schlicher	12	13	20	12	15	15	11	12	15	11	15	17	168
Kinney	12	10	16	14	12	15	11	13	17	14	13	16	163
Davenport	14	11	17	13	14	15	13	11	16	11	11	14	160
Donnelly	11	13	17	13	8	16	12	16	13	14	17	14	155
Harris	7	14	16	11	12	16	13	10	17	13	12	14	155
Smith	8	11	17	13	12	13	17	13	11	12	16	16	155
Trees	7	11	13	12	13	17	13	11	12	16	16	16	155
Keffer	8	11	12	13	12	13	17	13	11	12	16	16	155
Watson	11	13	17	13	12	13	17	13	11	12	16	16	155
Wolfe	11	13	17	13	12	13	17	13	11	12	16	16	155

Oct. 13, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	195
Wiedebusch	14	15	20	15	14	19	15	15	20	15	15	18	192
Decker	13	14	19	15	15	19	15	15	19	15	14	18	191
Trimble	15	14	20	15	14	20	13	14	19	15	14	18	187
Bower	15	13	17	14	15	20	12	19	13	14	20	18	182
Watson	12	15	16	15	14	17	14	14	20	14	13	18	182
Gross	11	12	16	12	12	19	13	13	19	12	13	18	170
J F Mallory	14	15	19	14	14	16	15	14	17	13	13	17	181
Penn	13	15	17	15	13	18	15	14	15	14	13	18	181
Mowery	13	15	18	14	13	18	12	14	17	15	15	16	180
Squier	11	13	16	13	15	15	15	15	13	14	15	18	179
F E Mallory	14	14	19	15	13	17	13	12	16	13	15	18	178
Nichols	11	12	19	13	14	17	14	13	18	14	14	19	178
Hibbs	12	12	16	13	15	15	13	15	18	14	15	19	177
Miller	14	15	18	11	14	13	15	14	17	14	12	17	171
Lilly	12	12	13	13	14	17	12	14	18	12	12	17	171
Schlicher	13	12	20	13	11	17	10	13	17	14	14	15	169
Stewart	11	11	18	12	12	15	15	14	15	12	13	20	168
Donnelly	11	15	17	14	13	16	9	12	14	13	11	14	164
Kinney	9	11	18	14	13	19	13	11	18	10	11	12	164
Davenport	11	12	15	8	12	19	11	14	15	12	11	18	163
S T Mallory	11	12	17	9	13	12	12	13	18	10	14	19	160
Ellsworth	13	10	14	9	10	12	12	13	16	14	10	16	149
Harris	11	10	10	12	11	16	11	11	11	11	11	11	149
Cochrane	14	15	20	14	15	16	11	11	11	11	11	11	149
Fisher	15	13	19	14	15	17	11	11	11	11	11	11	149
Sweeney	7	10	13	7	8	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	149

Smith	11	11	13	13	17	16	12	17	...
Stowe	15	14	19	13	13	17	11	9	...
West	11	9	13	13	17	16	12	17	...
Wolfe	13	14	19	15	15	19	13	14	...

General Averages:									
1st day. 2d day. T'l.			1st day. 2d day. T'l.						
R L Trimble...	189	191	380	F E Mallory...	176	179	355		
Wiedebusch...	183	195	378	J R Miller...	179	175	354		
C W Decker...	182	192	374	C G Gross...	183	170	353		
Ed O Bower...	187	187	374	G M Lilly...	178	171	349		
J F Mallory...	191	181	372	R L Hibbs...	170	177	347		
J A Penn.....	188	180	368	P Schlicher, Jr	168	149	317		
C J Mowery.....	186	181	367	C P Kinney....	163	164	327		
L J Squier.....	186	180	366	W Davenport..	160	163	323		
W T Nichols...	183	178	361	Jos Ellsworth.	169	149	318		

The scores in the special or merchandise event follow. In this event, which was at 25 targets, for Ithaca pigeon gun and 500 loaded shells, some great shooting was witnessed. Squad No. 1, composed of F. E. and J. F. Mallory, Ed. O. Bower, R. L. Trimble and Luther Squier, shooting at 125 targets, broke all but 4. This same squad in event No. 5, of the regular programme on first day, shooting at 75 targets, broke all but one, making a run of 74 straight breaks in this particular event. The scores: F. E. Mallory 24, J. F. Mallory 25, Ed. O. Bower 24, R. L. Trimble 25, Luther Squier 23, P. Schlicher, Jr., 21, C. W. Decker 25, W. A. Wiedebusch 25, G. M. Lilly 22, A. H. Donnelly 20, Jos. R. Miller 20, W. T. Nichols 21, W. T. Davenport 22, R. Harris 15, John A. Penn 25, Dr. West 23, "Snappy" Watson 25, R. L. Hibbs 21, C. P. Kinney 23, S. L. Stowe 21, S. T. Mallory 22, J. H. Ellsworth 18, Chas. J. Mowery 24, J. M. Sweeney 14, and J. W. Stewart 21.

After the handicap targets were added, it was found that fourteen were in the tie for first place with 25. The shoot-off was to be decided in the regular events that were to follow, and after the completion of the programme, or four strings of 25 in the shoot-off, four of the contestants—C. W. Decker, W. A. Wiedebusch, R. L. Hibbs and Ed. O. Bower—were still in the tie. In the following shoot-off, however, all dropped out but Mr. W. A. Wiedebusch, the popular boy from Fairmont, and he was declared the winner. C. W. Decker, R. L. Hibbs, S. T. Mallory, Jos. R. Miller and Ed. O. Bower each received 100 loaded shells. It was a hot race.

The following runs of straight breaks were made during the two days: Lon Fisher 121, R. L. Trimble 87 and 55, W. A. Wiedebusch 92 and 69, Ed. O. Bower 63 and 65. SYCAMORE.

St. Marys Tournament.

ST. MARYS, Pa., Oct. 10.—The first annual tournament of the Iff Gun Club, of St. Marys, Pa., was held on their new club grounds Oct. 6 and 7. In every way the tournament was a success, events being run off without any unnecessary delay. About forty shooters were in attendance, and good scores were made, considering the fact that on the first day a high wind interfered with the targets and the extremely cold weather chilled the shooters through and through. On the second day there was less wind, and the temperature had moderated considerably, and better scores were made.

H. Millen, of Du Bois, was high gun for the two days with a total of 296 out of 325 shot at. E. M. Jordan, of Corry, Pa., was second amateur high gun, with 292 out of 325 shot at. The special prizes for the two amateur high guns of a high grade Ithaca gun and a handsome leather chair, were awarded to these two men respectively.

L. J. Squier won the silver cup for professionals, with a score of 295 out of 325 shot at. The cup given by the Iff Gun Club for the best team of five shooters shooting at 25 targets each was won by the Du Bois team, with a score of 104; Kane team second, and Iff Gun Club team third. The members of the Du Bois team were Millen, Bergoon, Kelley, Wolf and Quinn.

In the merchandise event there were enough prizes to award each shooter a prize. Among the best prizes, A. Sizer, of Kane, and E. M. Jordan, of Corry, were tied for first place, with 24 out of a possible 25. On the throw-off A. Sizer won first prize, which was a chest of tea; E. M. Jordan second, which was a smoking jacket. A. Stohr won the pointer pup and J. S. Speer was fourth, winning 500 Peters shells. Among other prizes awarded were several reed chairs, umbrella and umbrella stand, case of wine, revolver, cigars, etc.

The feature of the first day's shooting was the special event between Dr. C. J. Jessop, of Kittanning, Pa., and E. W. Kelley, of Du Bois, Pa., \$50 a side, 25 birds, to be shot at. Kelley broke 20 out of 25 and Jordan 18.

	First Day— Shot at. Broke.	Second Day— Shot at. Broke.	Total.
H Millen	150	138	288
L J Squier	150	131	281
E M Jordan	150	134	284
R L Williams	150	133	283
William Eaton	150	121	271
A Sizer	150	118	268
J D Connely	150	118	268
C W Hart	150	122	272
C J Jessop	150	113	263

A Stohr	150	120	175	141	261
J S Speer	150	119	175	139	258
J B Wolf	150	114	175	144	258
H Brown	150	109	175	147	256
B J Bergoon	150	117	175	137	254
D B Anderson	150	107	175	141	248
F Ginsberg	150	110	175	137	247
J S Gildersleeve	150	107	175	140	247
J A Stoops	150	111	175	134	245
L W Quinn	150	116	175	125	241
H B Thurston	150	101	175	139	240
C L Nitro	150	107	175	126	233
S R Heilman	150	94	175	127	221
W P Rhines	150	130
J C Sullivan	150	112
E W Kelley	150	111
W M Black	100	68	155	93	...
H B Marsh	140	101	175	123	...
J S Smith	100	59	60	33	...
Joseph Hanes	175	133	...
A Mullhaupt	90	54	40	28	...
J C Koch	55	33	70	33	...
C Gildersleeve	80	52	155	36	...
H Blesh	70	27	60	30	...
J J Luhr	25	21	115	81	...
C Luhr	40	24	125	91	...
G R Maxwell	125	81	75	45	...
W A Childs	50	16
J C Grant	35	27
H C Stackpole	35	32	...
Geo McFarland	80	40

WALTER M. BLACK, Sec'y.

Recreation Rod and Gun Club.

won with a score of 45 out of 50 from 16yds. Ray Hendricks, of Rye, N. Y., won first money in the sweep with 46.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	10	10	25	25	10	15	10
R Hendricks, 16.....	9	8	8	7	23	23	..	13	8
C G Blandford, 18.....	7	8	8	9	20	18	..	12	7
W H Coleman, 16.....	5	9	4	10	22	23
N L Stratton, 16.....	8	8	7	7	14	16	..	7	..
L M Cowdrey, 16.....	5	6	5	5	15	9	..	5	..
A L Harris, 16.....	..	9	9	9	18	21
McFarland, 14.....	..	7	5	6	15	18
W Jap, 20.....	..	8	10	9	20	24	..	10	..
D Brandreth, 16.....	7	19	21	..	14	8
W S Smith, 14.....	21	17
A Bedell, 18.....	21	21

C. G. B.

Baltimore Tournament.

BALTIMORE, Md.—The two-day tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association was held on Oct. 10 and 11. Mr. J. M. Hawkins made high average for the two days; Neaf Apgar second; George Piercy, Jersey City, and Wm. Wagner, Washington, were third. Mr. Hood Waters was ill, and that affected his scores.

Oct. 10, First Day.

Targets:	15	20	20	15	20	20	25	Broke.
Hawkins, 20.....	15	19	19	14	17	20	25	168
Elliott, 20.....	13	18	18	13	20	15	19	156
Storr, 19.....	13	19	16	19	12	17	19	154
Waters, 18.....	10	20	18	16	12	19	16	150
Butler, 17.....	13	16	17	15	13	11	18	138
Wagner, 19.....	15	18	18	17	15	19	16	159
Burrroughs, 17.....	13	17	13	14	10	18	16	145
Malone, 18.....	14	20	16	16	13	18	16	149
Wilhite, 17.....	13	16	16	14	10	18	13	136
Orrison, 16.....	9	18	14	14	11	13	15	129
Lupus, 17.....	11	18	13	19	11	14	16	141
Pensy, 16.....	11	15	12	16	14	14	16	128
Piercy, 20.....	13	19	19	18	15	19	20	164
Bowen, 18.....	13	15	20	16	10	17	18	143
Worthington.....	13	15	15
Lyon, 18.....	12	15	15	19	13	16	19	147
Sechrist, 18.....	9	14	18	15	11	15	17	132
Dupont, 18.....	12	19	17	19	13	19	14	153
Slater, 17.....	12	16	13	17	11	16	13	133
Food, 17.....	14	16	17	14	14	16	17	148
Biddle, 16.....	9	..	15	15	..	16
Chelf, 17.....	11	14	19	14	10
German, 19.....	12	10	16	19	13	18	19	157
Hopkins, 16.....	10	13	15	12	12	11	9	118
Mordecai, 17.....	12	10	17	9	13	16	13	117
Chew, 17.....	12	18	16	13	11	16	14	135
Apgar, 18.....	13	15	18	16	13	19	16	145
Adams, 18.....	13	18	15	17	14	19	13	149
Richardson, 18.....	..	15	20	16	12	13	20	119
George, 16.....	15	11	13	17	15	..
B. Boer.....	8
Moxley.....	6	5	14
Prospect, 16.....	8	10	12	..
Bonday, 17.....	17
Roberts, 16.....	16	15	19	..
C Malone, 16.....	13	..	17	..
Schabb, 16.....	8	12
Leeland, 16.....	10	12
Sampson, 16.....	16	..
Walker, 16.....	16	..

Oct. 11, Second Day.

Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	Targets:	20	20	20	20
Hawkins	17	18	19	19	92	Richardson ..	18	18	16	17—85
German	17	15	16	19	86	Poord	14	16	14	16—79
Lupus	9	16	16	Apgar	17	17	14	19—83
Piercy	16	17	18	18	84	Lyon	11	17	18	14—74
Storr	16	15	18	19	86	Butler	16	14	12	16—74
Wagner	18	18	18	16	90	Mordecai	14	19	11	19—80
Waters	16	18	16	14	83	Ellison	17	16	17	18—81
Elliott	19	16	18	17	87	Baskerville ..	10	7	18	10—60
Adams	15	17	15	16	77	Moxley	8	7	6	4—31
Wilhite	15	18	10	17	76	Gifford	14	6	14	16—82
Malone	14	16	15	17	78	Slater	14	17	18	18—83
Chew	12	Bonday	10	..	14
Bowen	17	14	16	17	83	Almy	19
Hopkins	18	11	17	15	..	Krug	11
Henderson ..	14	20	11	18	81					

Merchandise event, unfinished from Monday, at 25 targets each: Hawkins 25, German 22, Lupus 21, Piercy 19, Storr 22, Wagner 20, Waters 21, Elliott 20, Adams 20, Wilhite 20, Malone 21, Chew 23, Bowen 20, Hopkins 19, Henderson 21, Food 23, Apgar 19, Lyon 20, Butler 19, Mordecai 19, Gifford 14, Slater 20, Chelf 18, Pensy 18, Bonday 16.

Target programme of the two days. First day, 200 targets; second day, 100 targets; total, 300 targets:

	1st day.	2d day.	Tot'l.		1st day.	2d day.	Tot'l.
Hawkins190	92	282	Apgar165	83	278
Piercy186	84	270	Adams169	77	246
Wagner180	90	270	Poord167	79	246
German178	86	264	Bowen162	83	245
Elliott176	87	263	Lyon166	74	240
Storr174	86	260	Slatcr157	83	234
Waters170	83	253	Wilhite157	76	233
Malone172	78	250				

Ten "flyers," \$5 entrance, gold medal to first, and the sweepstake money divided among the three high guns: Lyons (29) 7, Piercy (31) 9, Malone (31) 10, A. R. M. (28) 9, Walters (30) 7, J. Gifford (29) 10, W. Wagner (30) 10, Lester (31) 9, C. Bauday (28) 8, C. Malone (28) 8, D. Richardson (29) 9, Slater (25) 7, Mordecai (29) 9, Hawkins (31) 8, Pensy (28) 7.

Maryland handicap, 5 flyers; \$10 entrance; silver cup, given by B. S. A., to winner; sweepstake money divided among three high guns: Piercy (31) 13, Lyon (28) 13, Slater (25) 10, A. R. M. (28) 14, Malone (31) withdrew, Richardson (29) 14, Pensy (28) 7, Waters (30) 12, Gifford (30) 14, German (31) 13, Bonday (28) 10, Mordecai (29) 13.

The [Dalton Gun] Club.

DALTON, O., Oct. 14.—The tournament of the Dalton Gun Club, held on Oct. 6 and 7, had disagreeable weather on the first day, there being a cold, strong north wind. The attendance of local shooters was less than expected. The programme was arranged with a view to interest specially the 70 to 80 per cent. men. There was a good attendance from other sections, and the trade was well represented, and to these shooters the club feels very grateful.

High professional average for the two days was won by Mr. R. O. Heikes. He broke 376 out of a possible 400. Mr. C. A. Young was next with 373. F. H. Snow, of Cleveland, won the high amateur average for the two days, breaking 369 out of a possible 400. The longest run was made by Mr. Heikes. He broke 77 straight. Mr. C. O. Le Compte was next with a run of 72.

Expert traps, Sergeant system, were used. The management received many compliments on having such conveniently appointed grounds.

The trade was represented by Messrs. R. L. Trimble, C. O. Le Compte, D. D. Gross, C. A. Young, R. O. Heikes and H. J. Priddy.

All in all, the shoot was a success. The scores:

	First Day.		Second Day.		Total.	
	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.
Heikes.	200	188	200	188	400	376
Young	200	185	200	188	400	373
Snow	200	187	200	182	400	369
Fisher	200	185	200	178	400	363
Le Compte.....	200	175	200	186	400	361
Alkire	200	180	200	179	400	359
H Santmyer....	200	171	200	175	400	346
Gross	200	170	200	168	400	338
Scott	200	169	200	168	400	337
Trimble	200	171	200	164	400	335
Bradley	200	156	200	170	400	326
Jennings	200	163	200	147	400	310
O Santmyer....	200	152	200	155	400	307
Gibson	200	151	200	146	400	297
Haak	200	176	200	176
Smith	200	173	200	173
Dunn	200	168	200	168
W W W.....	200	165	200	165
Becker	200	159	200	159
Renner	200	115	200	115
Lodgett	90	65	65	40	155	105
Schultz	120	83	120	83
Becher	105	78	105	78
Saffold	120	83	120	83
Hunsicker	40	22	95	47	105	70
McDowell	55	38	55	38
Jones	45	36	45	36
Taggart	45	32	45	32
Carr	45	28	45	28
Zupp	50	24	50	24
Wertz	10	6	25	17	35	23
Walters	45	23	45	23
Horn	25	15	25	15
Harig	25	14	25	14
Heibner	15	11	15	11
Peckinpaugh ..	20	10	20	10
Harrold	15	6	15	6

E. F. S.

Batavia Tournament.

BATAVIA, N. Y., Oct. 11.—The second annual tournament of the Holland Gun Club, held at Agricultural Park, to-day, had scores as follows:

Shot at. Broke.		Shot at. Broke.	
Jay Green.....	120	E Cox.....	120
S B Curtis.....	120	Wm F Huyck.....	100
J Knickerbocker.....	120	D Clark.....	80
Dr C W Gardiner.....	120	F T Wilcox.....	55
W C Wootton.....	120	A Bernhardt.....	40
F M Farwell.....	120	A Coughlin.....	40
R J Smith.....	120	C F Clark.....	40
W Heaman.....	120	A J Squires.....	20
J L Robson.....	120	L J Stein.....	20
O S Stull.....	120	H L Ames.....	20
H J Priestester.....	120	C A Williams.....	20
H Harrison.....	120		

The last event on the programme was a handicap, for club members only. James Knickerbocker shot from scratch at 25 birds; the others were handicapped by extra birds to shoot at:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
J L Robson, 6.....	31	20	Dr C Gardiner, 2.....	30	15
L J Stein, 7.....	32	20	D Clark, 5.....	30	15
F M Farwell, 4.....	29	17	H J Priestester, 13.....	38	15
J Knickerbocker, 0.25	17	17			

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

The Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., have issued a beautiful poster, which they will be pleased to send to those who apply for it. It portrays a mountain hunting scene, the hunter having brought down a fine mountain sheep.

The Hunter Arms Co., Fulton, N. Y., have issued a catalogue which fully illustrates and describes the functions of the single trigger, and the mechanical workings of it as applied to their L. C. Smith guns. A copy will be sent to applicants.

We are informed by Mr. G. Harry Squires that "the official announcement has been made through the British Commissioner that the Greener gun has been awarded the Grand Prize, which is the highest possible award."

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

G. J. S., Yonkers, N. Y.—To decide an argument, I would like to ask whether suckers can be caught with hook and line, and the season of the year when they can be caught in that manner? Ans. The sucker may be caught with hook and line. Bait with worm or with dough balls, as for carp. The fish are usually snared or speared.

J. F.—A friend claims that the flesh of the rabbit is called venison. I claim it is not. I am willing to admit that the hare (he of the tawny coat), being wild game, his flesh may be called venison; but the rabbit, which is a different animal, though related, is a domestic pet, and its flesh, in my opinion, can not be called venison. Will you kindly define "hare" and "rabbit" and decide the above? Ans. In the old days the term venison was applied to the flesh of all wild game animals; modern usage confines it to the flesh of animals of the deer family.

Novice, Pasadena, Cal.—The writer would like your advice on the following: Am a novice in the use of the shotgun, my short experience being few times at the traps, bluebirds. The drop of the stock at the heel is 2 1/2 inches, and I feel very comfortable back of it. I am advised by some members of our gun club to have the stock bent to 2 1/4 inches, and by other members to have it bent to 3 1/4 inches. As the gun is a valuable high grade ejector, I naturally don't want to spoil its original lines by experiments. I will use the gun mostly in the field, and occasionally at the trap. 1. Is there any method usual to determine the correct drop of a gun stock for the individual other than the feeling of comfort when gun is held at shoulder? 2. What is the effect on the shooting of a very straight gun stock, and is such a stock desirable for all-around shooting? 3. Do you advise learning with the 2 1/2 inch drop, or would you have it changed? Ans. 1. The drop you mention, 2 1/2 inches, is about the best for all-around shooting; that is, at the traps and in the field. The real test is whether you can shoot with the gun comfortably and correctly. If you were to have it changed the volume of advice would not be lessened in the least. The method of determining the correct drop of a gun stock is by practical test on the part of the man who uses it. There is no arbitrary method. 2. A straight stock is used especially for live-bird shooting at the traps, for the reason that nearly all the shots are below a line level with the eye and parallel with the plane of the earth's surface; that is to say, a majority of the shots are between the ground and five feet above. The tendency of the straight gun is to over shoot; the tendency of the bird sprung from the trap is to rise; therefore, with a straight gun stock there is an allowance made to shoot above the bird without any effort on the part of the shooter to do so. The straight gun, shot at high-flying targets, or in the field, has a tendency to punish the shooter's face and thereby injure his shooting. On the other hand, the tendency of a very crooked stock is to undershoot. 3. We very earnestly would advise you not to have your gun changed. The drop of 2 1/2 or 2 3/4 inches are approved by the majority of expert shooters whose wisdom has been derived from long practical experience. In any event, so long as you have no specific personal reason to require a change, it would be unwise to make a change.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Concerning Proctor's.

ONE of the most valuable features of the Proctor Stock Company performances is the opportunity it gives a clever actor to demonstrate his ability before an appreciative public. The Fifth Avenue Theatre, in particular, is constantly under the observation of managers of important attractions, and many of the stock company favorites have gone directly from the Proctor theatres to the leading companies, and have scored hits of large proportions because of the invaluable training they received in the stock company. Verner Clarges last season went from the Fifth Avenue to the Jessie Millward production of "A Clean Slate," and now again leaves the Proctor Company to join the Joseph Jefferson Company. George E. Bryant is now with one of Henry W. Savage's companies, while Lotta Linthicum, leading woman last season, fills a similar position in the company of Ezra Kendall, under the Liebler management. Previously she had left the Proctor Company to play a season with Chauncey Olcott. Wallace Erskine refused several offers to join Charles Frohman and Klaw & Erlanger companies, preferring to remain in New York. Bessie Barriscale interrupted her work at Proctor's to star in "In Old Kentucky," and is glad to be back in New York for an entire season, after the discomforts of the road. Eva Vincent recently scored the real hit of "The Scrooge-Comic Governor," in which Cissie Loftus is starring, and Asa Lee Willard, once leading man, has scored notable Broadway hits, his last success having been attained in Leo Ditrichstein's "The Last Appeal." Richard Lyle, for three years with the company as low comedian, is now successfully starring, and Al. Philips is leading man of "The White Tigress of Japan." Sumner Gard is now with the Virginia Harned company, while William Courtenay, her leading man, was the first to hold a similar position in the Proctor Company when it was established. Drina De Wolfe played her first engagement in America at the Fifth Avenue. This list might be extended to the length of a column without exhausting the names. The moral is that the Proctor plays and their manner of production form a priceless school for experienced players.

World's Fair Scenic Route.

BECAUSE of its magnificent mountain, river and cañon scenery, its famous battlefields, and points of interest, and because of its superior equipment and physical condition, providing all the comforts and safeguards of twentieth century travel, the Ches

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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FOREST AND STREAM AT ST. LOUIS.

THE Forest and Stream Publishing Company has been awarded the Gold Medal at the Louisiana Exposition. We have not received the particulars of the award, but we are told that the Group Jury, of which Mr. Carl E. Akeley was chairman, particularly mentioned the FOREST AND STREAM and the company's technical publications. The exhibit consisted of bound volumes of the FOREST AND STREAM from 1873 to 1904, books on tourist travel, natural history, fishing, the dog, yachting and canoeing; and engravings of fishing scenes and sporting subjects.

The award at St. Louis is the fifth that has been won by FOREST AND STREAM. The list runs: Philadelphia, 1876, silver medal and diploma. Berlin, 1880, silver medal and diploma. Chicago, 1893, silver medal and diploma. Paris, 1900, grand prize, gold medal, silver medal, bronze medal, and three diplomas. St. Louis, 1904, gold medal.

NEW YORK AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

ADVICES from the St. Louis Exposition state that the very handsome and instructive collection representing the fish and game of New York State, which is shown as a part of the exhibit of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission, has been awarded a grand prize and a gold medal. The grand prize is given to the collection of fishes, and the gold medal to the collection of animals and birds. Grand prizes were also given to the forestry exhibit, which is one of the most complete on the grounds. It is also stated that silver medals have been awarded to each collaborator in the preparation of this exhibit. The exhibit of the Commission was planned by Col. Wm. F. Fox, the State Superintendent of Forests, who was assisted in collecting the fishes by the secretary of the Commission, Mr. John D. Whish, and in the collection of animals and birds by the special agent of the Commission, Mr. Arthur B. Strough. It is understood to be the intention of the Commission to make the mounted specimens of fish and game a permanent exhibit at its rooms in the Capitol at Albany when the Exposition closes. The collection of mounted fish was prepared by Professor Denton, and comprises nearly one hundred specimens, representing very fully the fish life of the State waters. The birds and animals form an equally satisfactory collection, and both exhibits have attracted much attention. It is not likely that room can be found to make a permanent exhibit of the forestry group, which includes everything that should be found in such a collection, and is supplemented by a forest nursery in operation on the grounds outside the building where the display is made.

THE REVENUE FROM LAWLESSNESS.

THE State of Pennsylvania has made an extraordinary showing of revenues collected as penalties from violators of the fish laws. Pennsylvania's Department of Fisheries was established in June, 1903, with Mr. W. E. Meehan as Commissioner. From that date to the present, a period of sixteen months, there has been collected in actual cash from persons convicted of illegal fishing over \$10,000. Of this sum, one-half went to the informer, usually the warden. Of the balance, \$4,565.17 has been paid into the State Treasury, and over \$500 is still to be received from the county treasurers. In addition there were fines imposed amounting to over \$2,000, and the parties instead of paying their fines, served sentences in jail for one day for each dollar of fine unpaid. In addition there are a number of cases now before the courts, or unsettled, involving over \$2,000 more in fines, one for over \$1,700. Altogether the aggregate to the present time involves penalties to the amount of over \$15,000 for violations of the fish laws alone. The revenue was sufficient to cover the entire cost of the warden service for one year; and thus Pennsylvania has in large measure solved the problem of maintaining a protective force. The record may be approached, it is believed that it has not been surpassed by any other State. Further revenues have been drawn from license fees for fishing in Lake Erie aggregating \$2,269, or within \$1,000 of the cost of operating the Erie hatchery; and the humble eel has been made to add, as license fees for eel catchers, \$2,460 more.

The department now has five hatcheries in operation, one at Corry, one at Erie, one at Bellefonte, one in Wayne county, and one in Philadelphia county. Two—the one at Erie and the one at Philadelphia—are for food fishes. Two are for trout exclusively, and one for black bass and

yellow perch and pickerel principally. Two of the hatcheries were authorized by the last Legislature two years ago, and Commissioner Meehan points with satisfaction to the fact that both were ready for operation within four months after the sites were selected and the deeds turned over to the State. The ordinary annual output of fish, excluding the one in Philadelphia county and the one in Wayne county, is about 100,000,000, of which between six and seven million are brook trout.

MINNESOTA'S PINE LANDS.

PUBLIC-SPIRITED citizens of Minnesota who are concerned to stay the destruction of its forests and to end the system by which these valuable public assets are handed over to scheming land grabbers, are united in support of the demand that the prevailing law known as the Stone and Timber Act should be upheld. An illustration of one abuse fostered by the law is given by Gen. C. C. Andrews, Chief Fire Warden, in an official report, detailing how it is possible, and is practiced, to obtain pine lands from the Government in a fraudulent manner by taking advantage of the Stone and Timber Act privilege of purchasing 160 acres of such land at \$2.50 an acre. The law provides that no one person can buy more than 160 acres, but if the person is going into the lumber business, he needs more than 160 acres. People who buy the land in this way, sell out to large individual or corporate holders. "The land thus purchased may often be worth over \$50 an acre, and it was cunningly designed to enable large holders of pine lands to acquire title to the same at a low price. Of course, it would never do for Congress to say that any large corporation could buy up 20,000 acres of valuable pine lands at \$2.50 an acre, but that object is accomplished just the same in a roundabout way."

COL. BRUCE ON THE TROPHY.

THE statement which Col. Leslie C. Bruce, Captain of the American Rifle Team which competed at Bisley last year, makes on his return to this country, relative to the Palma Trophy matter is worthy of attention. It discloses the fact that when the National Rifle Association of this country returned the Palma Trophy to the British Association, it took that important step without having consulted in any way whatever the captain of its own team, the one man of all concerned who should have been referred to for the facts of the case, and for guidance as to any action. Col. Bruce was not asked to explain matters. He was not communicated with before or after the step of the Association. He was absolutely ignored; and it was left to him to learn of the return of the Trophy months afterward, and then by chance in London. This, it goes without saying, was a most astonishing course of procedure, and we can well understand his wholly natural indignation at what was not simply a slight, but had the ugly look of a deliberate and contemptuous endeavor on the part of President Spencer to make him a scapegoat.

At the meeting of the Executive Committee of the National Rifle Association of America held in Washington on June 11, 1904, Col. Bruce being then absent from the country, one of the preambles to the resolution returning the Trophy read as follows: "Whereas, we regret the evident differences of opinion which have been made matter for publication, and while we find the Captain of the American team made no secret whatever of the exact character of the rifles, believing this to be perfectly proper, which difference of opinion would never have existed had he officially submitted the rifles for approval, in accordance with the explicit instructions given by the President of this Association." We considered then that it was unfair to Col. Bruce that he should be selected for sacrifice, and in our issue of June 18 we expressed the opinion "the foregoing censure is undeserved, and as a defense it is fallacious and absurd."

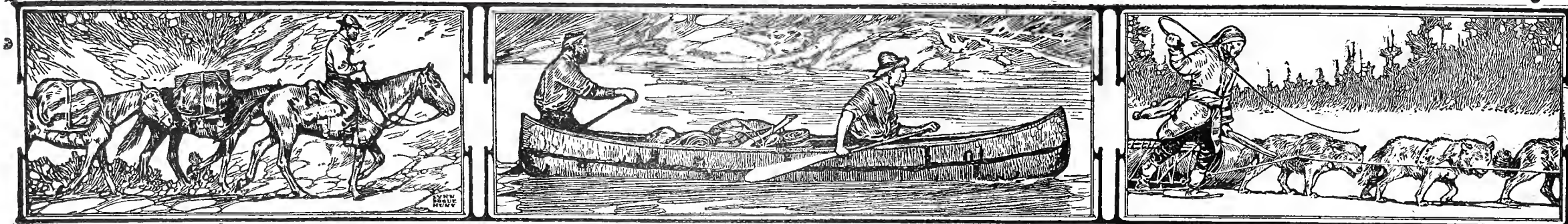
Had the President of the Association consulted the Captain of his team before rushing into print, there would not have been such a bewildering series of contradictions in the several statements given to the public in exposition of the Palma matter. For instance, as quoted in our issue of July 9, President Spencer said that the Pope barrels of the American team were "taken along to England to meet a condition which was likely to arise," but Captain Bruce says on the contrary that the Americans went abroad with "but one set of barrels." Again, Gen. Spencer declared that Col. Bruce should have brought his rifles to

the front and have said that the Americans were going to use special rifles, "and I move that the team captains modify the rules so that the British, the Canadians, the French, and the Americans may all shoot with special barrels. Had this been done, there would never have been any controversy." Col. Bruce, the team captain, who was on the ground, says, on the contrary, "on the morning of the match the range officers made further and customary official examination of our arms in every respect."

While sympathizing, as we have said, with Col. Bruce for the treatment which has been accorded him by his association, we are bound to say that we find in his statement nothing to alter the view already expressed by us that the rifles used by the American team were not service rifles as provided for by the condition of the Palma Trophy competition, which prescribes that they must be "the National Military Arm of the country the team represents, being in all respects of the pattern adopted and issued to the troops for service. Rifles of private manufacture may be used, but they must conform to the regulation pattern and bear the official view mark." Under this rule it is impossible to conceive how the National Rifle Association of America, even had it consulted its team captain, could have retained the Trophy, inasmuch as the rifles used by its team were of a character contrary to the specifications, and as such could not be used. Nor is there anything in the rules which, had the matter been presented to the captains, would have authorized them to change the rules with respect to the arms used.

WE alluded the other day to the lawlessness of the Italian and other foreign bird destroyers who are a pest and a curse to the fields within reach of our large towns in various parts of the country; and an illuminating incident affording an illustration of the ways of these imported bird killers has just come to our knowledge from Massachusetts. One day last week a sportsman of Milford, who was hunting in the vicinity, came across a net in the woods such as had never been seen in that country before. He immediately notified the deputy fish and game warden, Mr. Arthur E. Smith, who repaired to the spot and laid plans for the capture of the culprits. The net was so concealed that unless a man should happen to stumble upon it accidentally it would not be discovered. It was seventy-five feet long and six feet in height; it was fastened to a ground line and had another at the top, both drawn tight so that the net was firmly held in a perpendicular position. The main body of the net was of a 6-inch mesh, and fastened by the top line and hanging loosely down on both sides was a second net of linen thread of one-inch mesh. A bird flying against this outer net would carry the small meshes through the larger one, and then drop down and thus form a pocket from which nothing could escape. The first time the warden visited the net there were pocketed in it six robins, three blue-jays and a woodpecker. Warden Smith ascertained that the net had been imported from Italy by an Italian of the neighborhood; and after a few days of patient waiting he captured the man. Because of an absence of any birds in the net at the time when he was caught, it was practicable to impose on him only a penalty of \$20. These engines of bird destruction are not uncommon on the Continent, and the Italians in particular are much given to securing birds in this way; but we have no room for them in this country, and we may well entertain the trust that for every net set up there may be a Warden Smith promptly on hand to destroy the net and nab the netter.

You may go duck shooting, and the sun may shine and the sea be calm, and the ducks refuse to fly, and your gun be useless from dawn to dark. Or it may blow great guns and the sea may surge and the old boat tug at the anchor and the rains drive and the ducks go to Jericho. And so with one untoward condition or the other or both your leave of absence may be frittered away and your baggage checked for home and your train boarded with never a duck to show for it all. And yet shall the outing not have been fruitless nor without its substantial good. You come home refreshed in body and soul, to eat with an appetite you have not known for months, an elasticity of step, a fuller expansion of the chest, a clearer head, a keener mind, a stouter grip on the day's work, and a more genial feeling toward your fellow men. It pays to go duck shooting when you get ducks; it pays sometimes when you get none.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

My Friend Datto Pedro

I WONDER if you have ever seen a man who looked for all the world like a catfish. I did once, way off in an out-of-the-way corner of the world, and it made me most awfully homesick.

It brought back to my mind visions of a very small boy, sitting on the edge of "Pop" Hunter's father's coal dock, industriously fishing. The fishing wasn't very good there even in those days, but by close attention to business, a day with hook and line was usually rewarded by a string of a dozen or so perch and sunfish, with a chance of getting a catfish now and then, or better still, a bullhead. Just why it should have been considered a greater achievement to land a bullhead than a catfish, I don't remember, if indeed I ever knew, but I am sure that it was, and one of the proudest moments of my life was on a summer's evening many years ago when I nonchalantly strolled up the front path leading to the house with the entire family assembled on the front porch, carelessly swinging a 3-pound bullhead at the end of my fish string, and trying to look as if such catches were every-day occurrences to be taken as a matter of course. I remember, too, that I had a comfortable feeling that, come what might, my reputation was made, and that even if I never did anything else worth talking about, I still had brought credit enough on the family to last them the rest of my days. To be sure, this feeling of satisfaction was lessened a little by the knowledge that if "Pop" Hunter's father hadn't happened along just when he did, the bullhead would most probably have caught me, and a funeral instead of a sort of triumphant entry resulted. All this and more did this old Moro way off in the mountains of Mindanao recall to my mind, just because he looked like a catfish.

His name was Datto Pedro; only that wasn't his real name. His real name was Ahmi Deringbam, but we called him Datto Pedro, or Pedro, or Pete for short, and he answered to any of them indiscriminately; that is, at first. Later when he became wealthy—which in Moroland means power and influence and all that, just as it does everywhere else—he rather insisted on the Datto, and even hinted that as soon as he had accumulated a little more money, a few more esclavos, and another wife or two, he might divulge himself in his true character of Sultan.

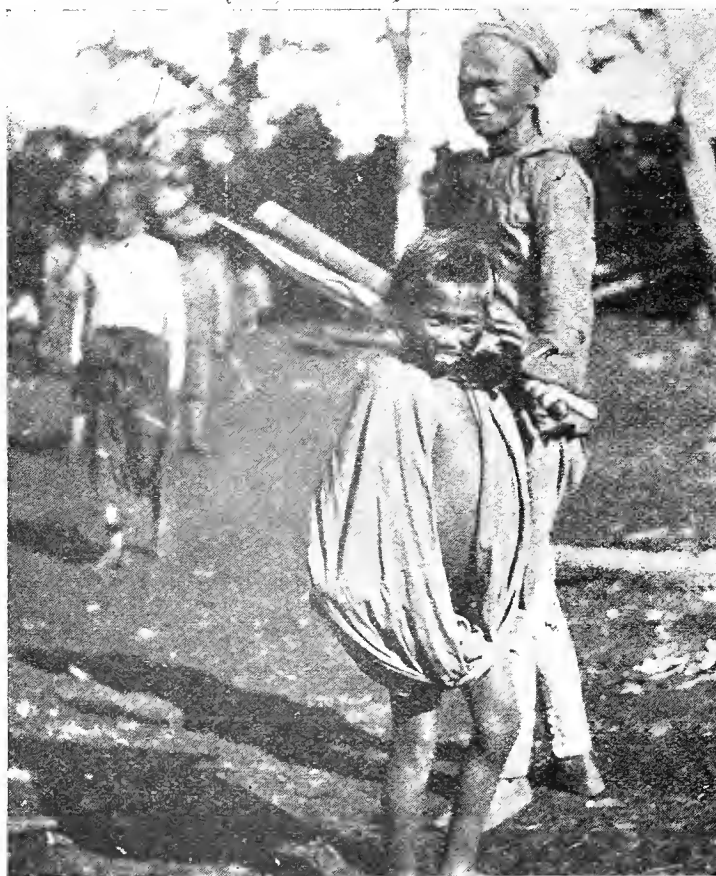
One of the many strange customs of the Lake Moros is that they will never tell you their own name. If you wish to know the name of Datto A, you must ask Datto B, and vice-versa. It would be considered a serious breach of etiquette for you to ask Datto A, direct, and if you did so far forget the proprieties as to do so, he not only wouldn't tell you, but would be deeply offended as well. After Pedro and I became friends, I asked him one day why this was, and he told me the following story:



THE BABY AND HIS FATHER.

in Moroland a man whose name was Kaw. He was a very brave warrior and made for himself a great reputation among the Moros by his successes in battle and in the hunting field. But finally his victories turned his head; he became overbearing and proud, and went about shouting to any one he chanced to meet, 'I am Kaw the great warrior; do not forget my name, so that when you see me coming at the head of my men you may know who it is, and say to each other, it is Kaw the victorious, Kaw the brave, Kaw the unconquerable, Kaw the fierce, Kaw the greatest warrior on earth, Kaw the merciless to his enemies, and tremble,' and his wife would also boast that she was the wife of the great Kaw, and so on, until the people became tired of hearing the name of Kaw, and having it dinned into their ears morning, noon and night. Now it happened that just about this time when Kaw, from being

looked up to and respected for what he had done, had lost the friendship and become the laughing stock of the people because of his boastfulness and pride, the Bul-bul, the most powerful and dreaded of all the evil spirits that live in Moroland, chanced to pass through the country and heard Kaw shouting his name and telling of what he had done. He stopped and asked who it was that thus proclaimed his name so loudly and made such vainglorious boasts, and the people told him that it was Kaw, a warrior whose victories had turned his head so that he could do nothing but go about telling everyone he met who he was and what he had done. So the Bul-bul, who hates pride and boastfulness, turned both Kaw and his wife into crows, and decreed that they and their descendants



DATTO PEDRO AND GRANDE BARRIGA.

should forever afterward cry their names to anyone who approached them; and in order that the virtue of modesty might be cultivated among the Moro people, the Bul-bul further decreed that thereafter every Moro who needlessly told his name to each chance acquaintance should meet the fate of Kaw and his wife, and be turned into a crow when he died. And that, mi capitan," said Pedro, "is the reason why no Moro will tell you his own name; it is because he does not wish to be turned into a crow when he dies."

On account of this superstition most Moros of rank take the name of one of their children, usually that of the oldest boy, although not infrequently that of one of their daughters, and prefixing the word "ahmi," which means the father of, thereto, use it as their own. So Pedro's name wasn't Ahmi Deringbam, after all; but anyhow he *did* look like a catfish.

Pedro was a captain of industry; he appeared in our camp shortly after the battle of Bayang, which was fought just twelve days after we arrived in the lake country, and was the biggest little fight that took place in the Philippines. His mission in life at that time was to sell to us unsuspecting Americans various and sundry Moro arms for about seven times their actual value if he could get it; gradually coming down to a fair price if he couldn't, and we wanted what he had badly enough to dicker with him a couple of days for it. Like all orientals, Pedro dearly loved to drive a hard bargain, and always began by asking at least three times what he was willing to take for anything he had for sale. The Moros carry this method of trading to such extremes that many of us adopted the scheme of dividing the price first asked by five and offering that, gradually increasing our offer until one-third of the original price asked was reached, and stopping there; we usually got what we wanted somewhere in between. Sometimes when the Moro held out too long we found it to be a good plan to toss the price we were willing to give on the ground before him and then refuse to talk any more about it. They were rarely strong enough to resist the sight of the actual money, and nearly always closed the bargain. There was one thing they could never understand, however, and that was why one of our silver dollars, "which," said Pedro, "was no larger and sometimes not so large as a peso" should be worth two of them, and I am sure that they do not understand why it is to this day. I have often seen them give fifty-five cents of our money for a peso at a time when the latter was only worth about forty cents.

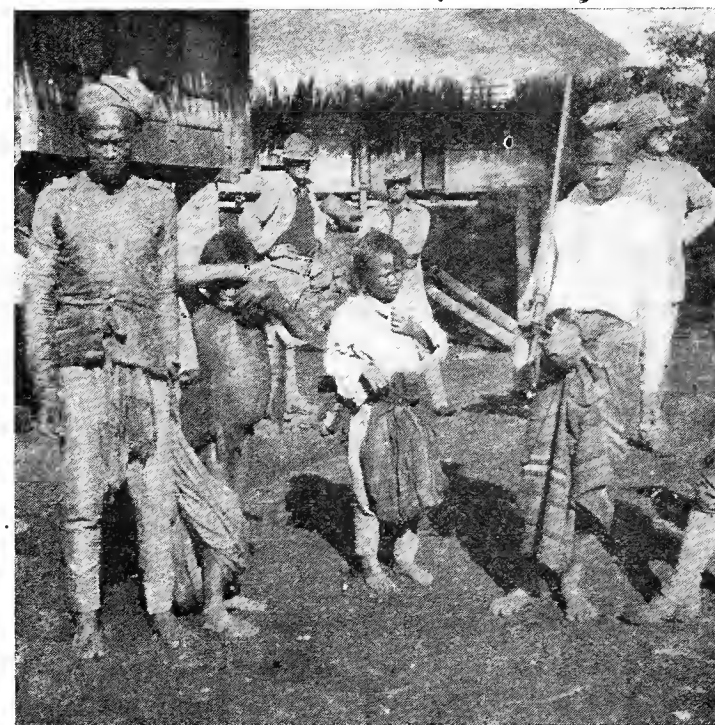
Pedro found the knives he brought in to sell to us on the battlefield where the Moros engaged in the fight had dropped them, or dropped with them, as the case might be, in trying to make their escape. Once found he would take them home, clean them up, put new handles on them, and bring them in to us and swear by all his gods that they were family heirlooms. At this time Pedro was not

what you would have called prosperous; in fact, he once informed me in a burst of confidence he was "mucho pobre," nor did his appearance belie his words.

After he had exhausted the market for knives, he took to building bamboo tent floors, doing the work himself, assisted only by his nephew, a bright little chap about twelve years old, named Lomocdi. His method of building a floor was interesting, and was as follows: First he would go out into the brush and get a dozen or so long bamboos as big around at the butt as he could find, which was usually about five or six inches in diameter. These he cut to the required length and placed on the ground parallel to each other and about a foot apart. Then with his working bolo he would cut strips of bamboo an inch or so wide and as long as the width of the tent, using both hands and one foot for the purpose, for the Moros all have semi-prehensile toes and can readily hold or pick up light articles with them. These strips were laid across the bamboos at right angles and fastened firmly to them with withes of split rattan, each strip being bound separately and forced as close to the one next to it as possible. When it was finished, it made the very finest kind of a tent floor, light, strong, easily kept clean, and, when well made, very durable. I used one of them in my tent at Camp Vicars for eight months, and it was as good the day I left as it was when first made. Over these floors we spread petatties, mats woven of grass by the Moro women, some of them being very soft and fine and often beautifully colored. The Moros use them for all sorts of purposes, but principally to sleep on or under, and a floor thus covered added greatly to the comfort of a tent.

Pedro did well building floors. Of course it couldn't last forever, but about the time he had supplied everyone in camp with them, it became necessary to hire Moros to cut grass for the horses and mules. Pedro's bid for this work was the lowest; he was given the contract, and his fortune was made. The grass contract was worth at least two hundred pesos a month to him, and with the capital thus obtained he went into the business of supplying us with beef cattle when they could be had. He started a pony pack train between camp Vicars and Malabang on the coast which could carry more freight, animal for animal, than our mule trains; a contract to supply fire-wood followed the one for grass, and he became a very prosperous Moro indeed. It was then that he began to be hard of hearing when addressed by any other title than Datto. In fact, he made so much money that the other friendlies began to clamor for a share of the work, and we had to divide the various contracts among them, turn and turn about, for a month at a time, but no one did the work so well or gave the satisfaction as did Pedro.

It was amusing to watch Pedro as he became more and more prosperous gradually emerge from a very ugly caterpillar indeed into a butterfly whose gorgeousness Solomon in all his glory might have equalled, but I am sure could never have surpassed. The first time I saw him



DATTO PEDRO, GRANDE BARRIGA AND LOMOCDI.

he was clad only in a very soiled breech-clout, a turban, and a broad grin, with Lomocdi for his only follower; the last time I laid eyes on him, which was the day I left Camp Vicars, he was attired in a brilliant scarlet and black turban, a pale green silk jacket made very tight in the body and fastened with small silver buttons, the sleeves of which were at least six inches too long and wrinkled all the way up his arms in consequence like a mousquetaire glove; a gaudy ancol or sash, a silk sarong draped around his waist, and a pair of old rose and black striped silk pantaloons, very baggy about the thighs and tapering down to the ankles, around which they were snugly fastened with small silver buttons like those on the jacket; and instead of Lomocdi being his only follower, he had three attendants to wait upon him and carry his kris, buyera and umbrella, besides forty

or fifty others working around camp on his numerous contracts.

Pedro's kris or knife was a very handsome one, and the only one I ever saw him use; he valued it highly because it had belonged to his father, and his father's father before him, and although I have several times heard him offered what to him must have seemed a fabulous price for it, he would never consider the offer for an instant, his invariable reply being, "Ah, no quierro." This veneration for the family heirlooms is very general among the Moros, and it is one of their marked characteristics. Lomocdi was the kris bearer, and it was his duty to always remain within reach of Pedro, so that the latter had but to stretch out his hand to find his kris ready to it should occasion arise that he needed it. Then came another little fellow whose name I never knew, because on his first appearance in camp he was dubbed by the men "grande barriga" on account of his aldermanic paunch, and was never afterward called anything else. His duty was to carry the buyera, the box containing the ingredients for a mouthful of betel, or, as the Moros call it, buyo. These ingredients are four in number—the nut of the buyo palm, fresh betel leaves, a sort of lime made from powdered shells, and some leaves of native tobacco, which I think are soaked in water or some other liquid. These are carried in small metal boxes which are often made of silver beautifully inlaid and carved, and which are in turn kept in a larger box of the same design, usually suspended from the neck of an attendant. The proper method of chewing buyo is as follows: One of the nuts is split in quarters lengthwise, and one of these quarters wrapped in two or three betel leaves; this is then rubbed across the teeth and gums several times and then stowed away in the cheek. Then a very little of the lime is scooped up on the end of the thumb nail—and be it said in passing, to have your nails as long as possible is quite the proper thing in Moroland, and is considered a mark of rank, as no one can do manual labor and have long finger nails—and conveyed to the tip of the tongue, which in turn carries it to the nut and leaves already in the cheek; lastly a piece of the tobacco is rubbed over the teeth and gums and sent to join the rest, and all you have to do is to chew it. I tried it once when I couldn't well get out of it, but never again, thank you; it nearly took all the skin off my mouth. Tabasco sauce and cayenne pepper are mild and soothing in their effects compared with it, but among the Moros everyone uses it, men, women, and children being addicted to the habit.

The third of Pedro's attendants was a cunning little fellow scarcely more than a baby, who had nothing to do but hold the umbrella when it was not in use, although sometimes, when Pedro brought his rifle into camp with him, Lomocdi carried that and the baby carried the kris.

Pedro was a mighty shrewd old fellow, and nobody's fool, and some of his remarks are well worthy of record. One chilly, rainy afternoon he came into camp with a bad cold and went to the doctor to get something to relieve it. The doctor, who was always ready to help out our Moro friends, gave the old man a big dose of quinine with a stiff drink of whiskey on top of it, which of course warmed him up and made him feel better at once; so when the effects began to wear off a little, he sought his friend Pershing and got another drink, and later came to my tent, where he got still another, and then announcing that he had a swarm of bees in his head, he departed for his house, which stood over the hill just outside of camp. Now, on a box in the front part of my tent just as you came in there always stood a bottle of whiskey, a jar of water, and two tin cups, one for the Moros and one for my other friends, as I used to encourage Pedro and other Dattos of my acquaintance to make themselves perfectly at home in the tent, the only restrictions being that they must neither sit on my bed or spit on the floor, quite a necessary rule in a country where everyone chews betel. Pedro had often seen one of my brother officers come in, pour out a drink of whiskey, say, "How!" and toss it off. He came into the tent one morning a day or two after he had had his first drink of whiskey, and without saying a word walked over to the stand, poured himself out a drink as he had seen others do, and after gulping it down, wiped his mouth on the back of his hand and looked at me in a triumphantly wicked manner, as much as to say, "Ain't I learning American ways, though?" Just to hear what he would answer, I shook my head at him in a sorrowful manner and said, "Oh, Pedro, Pedro! You know your good book (the Koran) says that you mustn't drink strong water, and I am surprised at you. Where do you expect to go when you die if you go on in this way?" He grinned at me in a sheepish sort of a way, like a small boy caught in his mother's jam closet, shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, and then replied: "Now, see here, mi capitan, the good book is all right, of course, as far as it goes, and will do very well for the women and children to follow closely, but you and I as men of the world know that a little whiskey is never going to hurt anyone, and what difference does it make, so long as no one sees me take it, and the pandita (priest) don't find it out?"

Another time we were sitting in my tent, and the conversation drifted along until we found ourselves discussing the Christian and Mohammedan religions. I was greatly surprised to find how well posted Pedro was on the subject of Christianity, and rather suspect that one of the many missionaries the Spaniards sent through the country from time to time had been trying to proselyte him. Finally, after looking at the two religions from every point of view, Pedro closed the discussion by saying that, in his opinion, there was very little difference between them, after all. Said he: "Mi capitan, the only difference between my religion and yours, is that I read my good book from right to left, while you read yours from left to right; otherwise our two religions are precisely the same."

The Moros, while being ostensibly Mohammedans, are intensely superstitious, and believe in all sorts of evil spirits, witchcraft and spells, and, as far as I could discover, pay quite as much attention to worshipping and keeping the many devils in which they believe propitiated and in good humor, as they do to their legitimate religion. In every one of their houses I entered, I found books on witchcraft, magic, and the interpretation of dreams, and no Moro would ever think of going into battle without his anting-anting (charms to keep him from danger) wrapped in the folds of his sash.

I tried on a number of occasions to get Pedro to discuss this subject with me, but never succeeded in getting him to say very much about it, other than that it was well to be on the safe side, and that it didn't pay to take chances. As he put it, "Of course I know that Allah is Allah, and that there is no God but God, but I don't know that there are no evil spirits and witches, so I keep on the safe side, and while I worship God as the pandita tells me to, I also try to do what I can to keep in favor with the Bul-bul and the others at the same time."

I asked him one day why it was that the Moros blackened their teeth, and he said that the only animals in Moroland that had white teeth were dogs and monkeys, and that if a man was going along the road at night and should meet the Bul-bul, and the latter saw his teeth gleaming white in the darkness, he might think it was a dog, and so, as no one would like to be taken for a dog by the Bul-bul, they blackened their teeth in order that there might be no mistake.

One day someone gave Pedro a pair of low patent-leather shoes about three sizes too small for him, but into which he managed to squeeze his feet. Naturally they hurt him, but he couldn't seem to understand why. I told him that they were too small for him, but this he wouldn't admit. I finally got him to take them off, however, and of course he was relieved at once. That night when he went home he carried the shoes slung around his neck by a piece of string, and the next morning when he came into camp without them, I asked him where they were, and was informed that upon reaching home the night before, his pandita had examined them and found that they were inhabited by a devil, so they had burned them up.

It was when the cholera came to Moroland that Pedro was in his glory. He had borrowed a rifle and some ammunition from me, and morning and evening he would go out and fire three shots in the air on each side of his house in order, as he said, to scare the cholera devil and make him afraid to come into the inclosure. All the Moros did this, and while the cholera lasted you could hear the hanging of guns and canons at all hours of the day and night. We thought at first that the firing was a salute to some dead Datto or Sultan, but later learned that it was done to scare or kill the cholera devils which the Moros believed hid in the grass and gulleys awaiting a chance to get into the forts and inclosures.

When I asked Pedro how he explained the fact that although the Sultan of Cardingillian, one of our friends, had been very careful and thorough in firing off his rifle and lantakas each day, the cholera had nevertheless come into his house and killed him, he sadly shook his head and replied that Cardingillian had always been a very poor shot, or that possibly the cholera devil had been hiding in a ravine and so escaped. Then he went on to tell me how only the morning before he, Pedro, had actually seen one of the cholera devils hiding in the long grass close to his house and had fired at it, and was sure that he had hit it, because it had flown away screaming.

Just before Christmas came I asked Pedro what one thing he most desired in all the world, and he replied without hesitation that his chief ambition in life was to own a revolver; so I promised to get him one, but before I could do so I was sent home sick. A few months ago I received a letter written by one of the interpreters, but dictated by Pedro, which read as follows:

"My very respected son" (Pedro adopted me early in our acquaintance), "I am well and I hope you are well. I have not yet received the revolver. When you left here I had only two wives, and I know you will be glad to learn that now I have three. Please send the revolver. If you want me to get you any ancolods or sarongs or krisies I will do so. Do not forget to send me the revolver. Your father, (Signed) Ahmi Deringbam."

I sent him the revolver.

AHMI COMMISSARIO.

Memories of Old New York.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It has occurred to me, an octogenarian sportsman of the old school, a whilom contributor to sporting journals and magazines of three score years and more ago, that some reminiscent lines of those times might interest your readers in contrasting the old and new ways of sportsmen, and the conditions then and at present in vogue. There was no leisure class then, nor any moneyed class, either, for that matter; every one was busied in one way or the other in making a living. Indeed, as a matter of fact, according to a little pamphlet still extant in some of our older libraries, there were not more than 200 men in the city of New York reported to be worth \$100,000; but still there were many ardent sportsmen in counting rooms and among professional men, hence economy, both of time and of money, was an important consideration with them. Fortunately, however, for the gunner and for the fisherman of this vicinity, he did not have to go far afield in search of game, as Connecticut, Long Island, and the Jersey meadows and stubble fields afforded him ample sport in the way of feathered game, while both the Hudson and East rivers abounded in game fish of several varieties. Indeed, the sportsmen of New York city who could afford but a few hours from his daily work could usually count upon a fair bag, without ever leaving Manhattan Island, both of woodcock and of quail, or might fill his creel from the waters about Hell Gate, where striped bass were constantly trolled for, weighing, as reported in a noted old fisherman's note-book, from 10 to 25 pounds. As to the prevalence of feathered game on Manhattan Island in the late '30s, I recall that when a pupil at Huddart's great school in Bloomingdale (now 77th street, but then far out in the country), our teachers coming out to school every morning in a stage wagon. Not so, however, Henry William Herbert, better known to your readers as Frank Forrester, who always drove out in his dog-cart, in which were apt to be stowed away a brace of Irish setters and shooting accoutrements, ready for an afternoon's sport on the upper end of the island. Strange as it may appear to your present readers, Frank Forrester was a pedagogue, and one of the finest classical scholars of the country, an artist of acknowledged merit, an Oxonian, the son of the Dean of Manchester, scion of one of England's noblest families; as a classical teacher, the idol of his pupils. To him I owe the development of whatever sporting proclivities I may possess; as they certainly were initiated in his

class-room, interpolated as were his lectures with a running fire of sporting lore and anecdote, for, although he exacted thorough preparation, still he was sportsman before all, and an intelligent question in that line was sure to draw forth a wealth of valuable information.

The modern sportsman often possesses scientific knowledge which he is apt to apply to the investigation of projectiles and explosives, and to his initiative and application do we owe the many and great improvements in our sporting implements; thus our "Joe Mantons" and "Westley Richards" have gradually given way to the breech-loader, to the hammerless gun and to the chokebore; but it was only after a hard struggle that the old sportsman was induced to lay aside his cherished double-barreled fowling piece and accept the new-fangled breechloader, which he had at first characterized as a mere plaything more dangerous to the man at the breech than to the object at which it was aimed. Indeed, it was only when he realized that he was being outshot and outclassed that, however unwillingly, he adopted the new arm; yet his "Joe Manton" and his "Westley Richards" will always have a niche in his *sanctum sanctorum*.

The breechloader has passed through many changes and improvements since its inception, and before reaching its present perfect condition; but the evolution was wonderfully rapid from the rickety old German and French movements and pin-fire to the present central-fire, and the old sportsman was about half right when he proclaimed that in its early stages it was a murderous machine.

Awkward and burdensome as were our old-time implements, it is doubtful if the sportsman of to-day derives a moiety of the pleasure from the care of his scientifically constructed implement that his predecessor did in the necessarily personal manipulation of his old muzzleloader, for the older sportsman's day was not ended by any means when he came in from the field until he had detached his barrels from the stock, washed and swabbed them out, had unscrewed the nipples with his nipple wrench, and assured himself that they were clean, had refilled his great powder-flask with a pound or more of powder, as likewise his shot-pouch; inspected his percussion-cap box, satisfied himself that his great leather boots (there were no rubber boots in those days) were properly dried and greased. Yet this was to him simply a labor of love, as then, with slipped feet upon the hob, pipe in mouth, he glanced with complacency at his fowling piece in the rack, bright and glistening, and pendant accoutrements ready for the morrow's foray. The modern sportsman is apt to be dilettante, as he has naught of this to do; he scarcely has to search even for the game, which is often preserved, and his servant or his game-keeper cares for gun and accoutrement.

Doubtless the old sportsman would be outshot nowadays at the traps, but he might reflect with some satisfaction that our crack pigeon shots do not as a rule shine in the field. As there were no traps in the old days, neither were there any public kennels, and but very few private ones, almost every sportsman owning and boasting of his brace of setters or pointers, albeit of uncertain pedigree. Indeed, the very best dog that I ever shot over, and I have shot over a good many in various parts of the world, was picked up a puppy on a public road, a derelict. After training him, I found him as nearly perfect as possible, equally good on quail, woodcock or English snipe. So much for pedigree. The Hackensack meadows were then alive with English snipe in spring and autumn, affording the very best practice for dog and gun; in fact, the sportsman who could average a good bag of English snipe needed no pigeon trap for practice, nor pedigree for his dog.

Wildfowl shooting always possessed great fascination for sportsmen, young or old, being eagerly availed of in the old days by those who could afford the time and money, as it required a considerable expenditure of either or both, especially of time, there being no railway along either our Long Island or our Jersey shores; consequently it necessitated long, tedious drives through deep sand barrens in order to reach the eastern end of Long Island or the Jersey shores, while to reach Peconic or Shinnecock bays involved a two days' wagon ride. Although there is still a large migration in spring and autumn over those bays, at the time of which I write it was inconceivably great. In the early spring myriads of swan, geese, and brant, and an endless variety of snipe, came north from their southern feeding grounds, bound to the Arctic regions, returning with their young during summer and autumn, thus affording fine sport. And even at present, despite the breechloader and the pot-hunter and the unsportsmanlike spring shooting of the fowl on their way to their breeding grounds, the migration still affords fairly good sport; indeed, I have recently heard of a case in point where a member of one of the Peconic shooting clubs left New York by early train, reached the club house by eleven o'clock, got into his shooting togs by noon, and was back by afternoon train in his New York club in time for dinner with a bag of 67 large bay snipe. I also recall that somewhere in the '80s Messrs. Wagstaff and Remsen, noted sportsmen, shot from their sunken sand boxes in Shinnecock Bay 105 geese in three days' shooting, taking no heed, of course, of the swarms of broadbills and black duck passing their stands in tantalizing procession. Old gunners will recall with pleasure their sport at South Oyster Bay, at Amityville and thereabouts, and will also remember the Vanderwater House, and Gelston Smith's old house, and the Hoff brothers, where, out of batteries, they bagged the black duck, broadbill, and sheldrakes.

Bay snipe in endless variety and number always attracted the summer gunner young and old to the meadows along our coasts, but the Quogue stands were always favorites with the New York sportsmen, and were especially noted from the fact that Governor (afterward General) Dix presided over them with autocratic sway. Indeed, his wonderful prowess with his old muzzleloader was, and is still, the burden of many a Quogonian lyric recounting gubernatorial exploit. Barnegat Bay then vied with the waters of Long Island Sound as a nesting place of the wildfowl during their annual migration, and afforded perhaps better sport owing to its inaccessibility, its shallow waters, and its sand spits being literally alive with fowl. Nor did the comparatively little destruction by native gunners tend to diminish their numbers materially or to disturb them. Swan, geese, brant, and ducks endless in variety and numbers would in foggy weather

congregate on the shoals and render nights sleepless with (in sportsmen's ears) their vocal music.

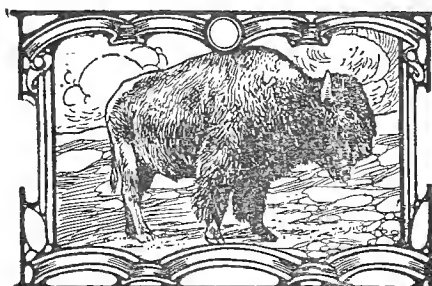
Squan Beach, with the Atlantic Ocean on the one side and Barnegat Bay on the other, was at that time a peninsula of sand barrens and sand dunes, a marine graveyard, each dune the monument of a fatal wreck, and was given over to the wrecker, a native fisher and gunner, who plied his trade as occasion might require in either line. There were several little cabins tenanted by these men and their families, which extended such hospitality as their shelter and coarse food could afford. Notably among them was John Maxon's, which was utilized by a coterie or close corporation of half a dozen or so New York sportsmen, embracing members of some of our best known New York families. Among them were the Schuylers, the Hamiltons, the Costars, the Livingstons, the Roosevelts, not omitting the names of Frank Forrester and Col. Bruce, some of whom annually spent a fortnight in the delectable mansion consisting of three rooms in which were three or four trundle beds in which the guests were expected to sleep double; and here, despite the entire absence of decent accommodation, these men, accustomed at home to every luxury, actually enjoyed roughing it, if only through

contrast with their every-day home life, although it required a strong love of sport to induce them to turn out of bed at 4 o'clock of a November morning and face perhaps a howling nor'easter accompanied by flurries of snow, row off in a sneakbox a mile or more to a distant point, and lie there on a partly submerged meadow until nightfall, but the return home with a bunch of geese, canvasback or redhead, amply repaid them. Chadwick, the best known gunner and wrecker on the Jersey shore, succeeded John Maxon, and his place for years maintained its reputation for discomfort and good shooting. Robert Roosevelt, Frank Forrester, and indeed many another, have spread the fame of the little seaside hostelry by pen and pencil, and Roosevelt's little book upon Squan Beach gives an amusing account of a passage-at-arms between the Chadwicks and Ortleys for the possession of intervening snipe flats.

Snipe shooting in those days was something worth while. I recall one morning in particular, when, after a violent southeasterly gale, our stand shot over a hundred large birds before breakfast, principally jack curlews, willets and yelpers; while the smaller varieties, dovitchers, etc., flew by in innumerable bunches.

I like now to recall a somewhat similar experience in duck shooting off Northwest Point. We had put out our decoys, but nothing seemed to be flying. Presently some fishermen came and began hauling a seine in front of our point. Thinking that the game was up for the day, we were about going home, when along came a bunch of redheads over our decoys, taking no notice of the fishermen, and they kept coming until we had shot away all of our ammunition, and had bagged 35 fine birds. Squan Beach is now given over to summer resorts, Chadwick's and Ortleys' gunning houses being tenantless, although a young friend tells me he made fairly good bags of snipe on the Ortleys meadows last summer, and one of your correspondents writes the FOREST AND STREAM of a party who have recently taken 324 pounds of channel bass, 71 pounds of striped bass, and one sheephead of 15 pounds; so it would seem that wildfowl still fly over its meadows, and that Barnegat Bay is not altogether fished out yet. Such being the case, I am surprised that those old gunnery houses should be unoccupied, and that some of our embryo sportsmen have not utilized them for fishing and shooting clubs.

Avus.



NATURAL HISTORY



The Tragedy of the Plains.

"WHAT became of those vast herds of *Bison americanus*, popularly called the buffalo, which formerly ranged over almost the entire interior of the North American continent, always receding before the settler, withdrawing beyond the Mississippi River about 1800, but remaining on the great plains of the West, furnishing almost the sole support of many tribes of Indians, and supplying the grandest of sport for white hunters, but disappearing some time in the '70s so completely, that only a few scattered remnants could afterward be found?"

The above question is one I have been asking for a score of years, without once receiving what appears to me to be a full and satisfactory answer. Volumes have been written, learned articles have appeared in various encyclopedias and text books, but where they attempt an answer at all it is always of one import:

"Killed by hunters." "Ruthlessly slaughtered by Indian and white hunters, merely for sport, or for the sake of the hides and perhaps a juicy morsel from the hump upon their backs, or a tongue."

"This is the result," says the New International Encyclopedia, in summing up this matter, "of a century of unexampled waste of one of the most numerous, interesting and valuable animals in the world, and it is an irretrievable national disgrace."

Not being able to agree with the conclusions of the writers above mentioned, it is my present purpose to undertake to trace the migrations of these animals into the more northerly latitudes, and to show something of the extent and manner of their death in those regions, a point which has seemingly received little or no notice in the discussions of this question which have taken place.

I was a pioneer settler in one of the interior counties of Dakota Territory, having located there in 1879, entered lands from the Government, and engaged for a number of years, in company with certain relatives, in general farming and the breeding of fine cattle and sheep. I was then fresh from my college studies, a country schoolmaster in the winter seasons, and a close student of all such works as I could procure, especially those pertaining to the latest developments in the natural sciences. I also filled several important official positions in my country during my residence there, which continued until after the division of the Territory, and the creation of the two States of North Dakota and South Dakota therefrom. I merely mention these facts in order to "qualify as a witness," as they say in courts of law.

If the reader will now pardon a slight digression, I wish to have something to say of the climate of that region, particularly of the severity of some of the winter storms which occasionally—quite rarely, as a matter of fact—visit it. The reason for this digression will be made clear further on.

I think I cannot do better than by attempting a description of what still remains the severest season on record, to-wit:

The Blizzard Winter of 1880-81.

The evening of Oct. 14, 1880, was as balmy and pleasant as you could wish an October evening to be. Sometime during the night it began to rain, and by daylight on the 15th had turned to snow, which was coming down very rapidly. The wind increased in violence, and by 10 o'clock you could not see an object twenty feet away. Although it was early in the season, and the temperature not very low, it was the severest storm of snow and wind I have ever witnessed, and one could not venture away from the house, or endure exposure longer than a few minutes, without great discomfort and not a little danger. The storm raged in this way until the early morning of the 17th, when the atmosphere cleared.

I had heard of "blizzards" before, but, although brought up in identically the same latitude but a few hundred miles eastward, and where the winters are extremely severe, this was the first storm of that character I had ever seen.

My explanation of this phenomenon, while perhaps not scientifically exact, is as follows:

The winds everywhere else than on the open prairies are intermittent. There is always something to break

their force. They are deflected from their course by mountains and valleys, woods and dales, and blow with a yanking jerky motion. Every time the lower strata of the air is thus checked in its onward course the force is broken and thrown downward along the surface. With the prairie wind it is quite different. Having a clear sweep over hundreds of miles of practically level surface, there is nothing to deflect it; nothing but the waving of the prairie grass tending in any way to check it. At times when these winds attain their greatest velocity they bear right on steadily every instant. There is no "backing up to get a new start," but an even forward pressure. This tends to give the air currents an enormous lifting power, inasmuch that one will often wish he were tied down to the prairie grass, in order not to soar away. It can then be better imagined than described what will happen when the atmosphere is completely filled with flying snow. It does not drift as with the ordinary intermittent wind, scudding along the surface in gusts, dropping to the ground every time the air current "buckles," but rises high overhead, filling the air so completely as to be perfectly and continuously blinding, rendering it extremely dangerous for man or beast to be out.

When the sun arose on the morning of Oct. 17, the entire aspect of the landscape seemed changed. The prairie at this point is quite rolling and cut by many dry water courses, although there is not a living stream in the country, and not a tree in sight. On that morning the whole country had been brought to practically a dead level. The quantity of that snow was almost beyond belief. Everywhere on the highest land it entirely covered the prairie grass, the shallowest places being more than a foot deep. Wide ravines twenty feet deep were full to the top with a mass of snow almost as heavy as water, and while it afterward went off on the high lands, much of this October snow lay in the low places until about May 1.

The task of finding cattle which had wandered away, and getting them home occupied me for the following two days. We had fortunately met with no loss, but some of the neighbors had not been so fortunate. I saw a pair of heavy, strong work oxen, which had passed over the brow of a hill and were standing on their feet in the drift, dead. Their backs were on a level with the surface of the snow, their noses elevated as much as possible, in an effort to prevent smothering, the large horns disclosing their location. In that position they had not frozen, but suffocated.

The winter following, particularly from January to March, was almost a continual succession of those terrible blizzards, with, of course, the additional discomfort of a much lower temperature than the one described. The first snow was constantly added to, and was packed by the winds and frozen so hard as to be nearer the consistency of ice than of ordinary snow. Long before spring the shallowest places on the tops of the hills were from two and one-half to four feet deep, the entire snowfall, not counting October, being estimated at more than twelve feet. The railroads were blockaded from early January, 1881, to about May 1. It was before the introduction of rotary snow-plows and other modern machinery for the purpose of clearing tracks, and all the shoveling and "bucking" with locomotives, which the employees of the company reduced to a science, only piled the snow the higher over the center of the tracks, forming a huge turnpike, with the next drifting wind.

I left my interests in the hands of my relatives in November, and made a business trip to my old home on the banks of the Mississippi. When ready to return I was prevented from doing so by the blockade. On inquiring of the superintendent of the division as to when the railroad would be opened, he showed me a recent photograph of himself, standing on a box-car in a cut originally three feet deep, reaching upward with a lath, to the level of the surface of the drift. This convinced me that the railroad company would never open the line, but that they would be compelled to wait for the thaw to do it. Fearing my farming interests would suffer before that time, I set out about April 10, with the intention of walking over the blockaded region, about 150 miles, to my home.

Wonderful sights were to be found on that trip. My first dinner was obtained at a farm house which was literally buried in snow. To gain admission to the back door, the farmer had dug a tunnel high enough and

broad enough to walk through comfortably. A branch extended to well and stable, leaving a roof over the top on which we heard the cattle walking as we inspected it. He expressed a fear that when the thaw came the cattle might break through and fall into the well. I am afraid, however, that he was compelled to move out a few days later, for the next time I passed that location it was a lake.

My traveling companion on that walk was an attorney from the next county west of my home. He telegraphed ahead from a point on the State line to say that he was walking through. The answer came back: "Bring a loaf of bread in your pocket. We are living on shingle nails." However, we were already out of the "white flour" country, and well advanced in the "home-made graham" belt. As there was wheat to be had, though no mill to grind it, at my home, I did not reach the "shingle nail" territory. Doubtless if I had, the diet would have been "railroad spikes" before I had satisfied my appetite. A visit to that region today would reveal many an old coffee mill which did duty in 1881 in grinding the "flour" for the family, now carefully preserved as a relic.

In the matter of fuel, it was "axle grease day" at one town we passed through. It came a little high, but there was no standing at expense. Prairie hay, however, was the main staple fuel, in town as well as country. This was but the second season of the operation of the road, and one hundred days' blockade had exhausted nearly everything in the way of supplies. The mortality among the people had been much less than one would expect, they having early learned to be very cautious about exposing themselves to the danger of being caught away from shelter, in case of a sudden blizzard.

Walking and even teaming over the snow crust was perfectly easy, and snowshoes were in considerable favor.

The third day, after my arrival home, it being near April 20, it began to thaw. The sun was now high, and when the south wind finally condescended to assist, there was no let up night or day until the snow was gone, and no frost from that moment until autumn. Raging torrents cut through those blockaded water courses, forming great islands of snow, which soon slunk away, and the seed time was with us in a remarkably short time. "Old Sol" had also opened the railroad, but so many lakes formed in unexpected places as to give the company new troubles and further delay in the running of trains.

A distinguishing feature of this particular part of the prairies is the number of intermittent lakes which abound. Some of these lakes are eight or nine miles long, and contain several thousand acres. Others are but small marshes of one hundred acres or less. Indians and others long in the country claimed that there had always been alternate periods of wet and dry seasons, the lakes filling and drying out in quite regular cycles.

The last shadow of Indian title to these lands had been extinguished July 13, 1869, and the lands were platted by Government surveyors and became subject to homestead entry in 1873 and 1874. At that time, as the work of the surveyors clearly indicated, the lakes had been full of water. When I rode an Indian pony into the country in October, 1879, the lakes were perfectly dry, and bearing grass that would have yielded five tons of hay to the acre. The largest one was then burning over. The fire was communicated from the heavy grass to the peaty soil, and great holes several feet deep were burned out, and smoldered for many weeks, showing that the soil itself was thoroughly dried out. This would have required a period of extreme drouth of at least seven years. When this snow of 1881 went off the lakes were again full to the brim, and I believe have never since thoroughly dried out as before.

As the blizzard winters come at the periods of greatest moisture, I think it safe to say that the last of a series of such winters had occurred not later than 1872. This is borne out by other evidence, although exact records of so early a day in an uninhabited country are difficult to obtain.

Of succeeding winters which I witnessed there, none approached in severity the one above described, and some were actually as mild and pleasant as if removed at least 1,500 miles to the southward. As a rule, however, the mean average winter temperature is about

zero, Fahr. Personally I have never seen but two blizzards since that date.

A Lesson in Bones.

Readers are doubtless familiar with the oft published story of the wholesale slaughter of the buffalo on the more southerly plains, beginning with the opening of the Union Pacific and other roads entering the region, the introduction of modern breech-loading weapons, the entry of the commercial spirit which sought to traffic in large numbers of hides, and the wholesale methods of slaughter adopted by both Indian and white hunters, in an effort to supply this demand. I shall have no space to repeat what others have written, but must confine myself to showing what the buffalo themselves were doing in the meantime, as they certainly proved themselves not the kind of game to stand still and be slaughtered.

When, after considerable rambling over the prairies of western Minnesota and the eastern counties of Dakota, I reached a point a few miles to the westward of the Big Sioux River, I noted with astonishment the enormous number of skeletons of buffalo lying bleaching upon the prairies. These skeletons, with the great round skulls and black, shell-like horns, were in a perfect state of preservation, and but few gave any appearance of having been disturbed since the death of the animal. I had always associated these animals with the prairies from Nebraska southward, had never heard of their being hunted in Dakota, and was at a loss to account for the presence of these bones. The explanation that they had been exterminated by hunters never satisfied me. Counting the skeletons on the half section entered by me, I found that they numbered fully two hundred.

I said to myself: "If hunters killed these animals I can find broken limbs, and rifle balls marking ribs and other bones, and if they were as hard to kill as claimed, some of them should show many such marks." I therefore searched often and diligently, but the evidence was lacking. A stray shoulder blade, older in appearance than the rest, had a steel spear-head sticking through it, as evidence that an Indian had killed this animal many years ago; but on the newer looking and complete skeletons no mark of violence was to be observed, and I felt that some great error had been made in assigning the cause of their death. After witnessing that blizzard winter, I concluded that what was being overlooked was the part played by those three "smart fellows" of the old nursery rhyme, "Jack Frost," "Tom Snow" and "Borean Dan," who had evidently held the trump card in this great American tragedy of the nineteenth century.

The Passing of the Bison.

After a most searching investigation of this subject, I am now satisfied that the following is the true history of this tragedy:

The buffalo were migratory in their habits. Long distance traveling was their long suit. It is probable they could wear out the best horse in a month's chase. Unlike our domestic cattle or the slow moving buffalo of the far east, the bison could strike a lope and keep it up by the hour, without once breaking the gait.

To the north of their native ranges, beyond the "big bend" in the Missouri River, and stretching away four hundred miles lay the great grassy prairies of the Territory of Dakota, then an uninhabited region, there being not even an Indian making a permanent home anywhere between the Big Sioux and Red Rivers on the east and the Missouri River on the west, except perhaps at some such location as Devil's Lake. Driven from their old ranges between the Rio Grande and the Platte, the buffalo swam the Missouri above the big bend—and never came back. Writers have noted the fact that they swam this river in immense herds numbering many millions, but the point not observed is the vital one—they never came back. Old trappers along the river and early settlers at Yankton knew it, and often asked each other: "By what instinct does the buffalo always swim the Missouri in one direction? Why does he go from Nebraska into Dakota in the spring, but never return in the fall?" He was fleeing from the incessant crack of the rifle, and from the traps and pitfalls prepared for him by "pot hunters," and, though he knew it not, to a fate more certain and terrible than that he was leaving behind.

Upon reaching these quiet pastures the herds naturally split into smaller bands, under the leadership of the strongest bulls, each band choosing its own feeding grounds, from which the leaders would drive off all intruders of their own species. For protection against prowling wolves and other enemies, it was their habit to gather at night in a particular spot, choosing an elevation from which they could obtain a good view on all sides, and returning to the same spot every night. They must have maintained quite a military formation, with a guard of the strongest animals on the outside, where, as one observer claims, they marched in a circular path throughout the night, while another maintains an intruder would have found a bristling line of heads turned outward all round the circle.

These yarding places were very plainly marked before the soil was put under cultivation, as the prairie grasses, once subdued, are never renewed again with the same varieties. They were exactly circular in form, and one which I plowed through in 1880 was fully one hundred feet in diameter, and might easily have yarded two hundred animals. The weeds which would have grown upon it during the first few years after desertion had disappeared, and a new sod had formed. The odor of the barn yard was still very marked upon it, and the first crops plainly showed the effect of the fertilizer. From these facts I estimated at that time that it had been deserted about nine or ten years.

It will be seen, then, that it would have been necessary for new arrivals to move on toward the north, until they reached unpreempted pasturage, which would lead them entirely across Dakota and probably across the British Province of Manitoba as well.

On these ranges the herds would be fat and sleek in the fall, for the grasses are of the very best, and never fail in dry or wet seasons. They would also survive one of those mild winters I have mentioned, and be in fine

condition in spring, as the buffalo grass dries into a natural hay, which is sweet and nutritious all winter. Even in the more common colder but snowless winters it is not probable they would suffer much loss. In case they so survived for several years, their numbers would increase enormously. But when the snow lay deep upon the ground, and the great blizzard came down from the north, no escape was possible. Many would be buried where they sought the shelter of some hill or sharp break in the prairie, and share the fate of the old oxen. Large clusters of bones found in such spots indicate that this happened. Those which survived the storm would most certainly be doomed. Not a spear of grass could be seen in 1881, and no grass-feeding animal except the jack rabbit could possibly reach it, and I do not know how he managed to do so.

That season of 1881 marked the end of the antelope, a handsome little animal of the deer kind, which used to watch me from his point of vantage on the top of a neighboring hill. His feed cut off by snow, his slender hoofs breaking through the crust when he tried to run, he was at the mercy of his enemies, man, dog and wolf, and not one survived in that region.

As late as 1869 or 1870 large herds of buffalo were seen swimming the Missouri. About 1872, when the Northern Pacific Railroad was graded through west of Fargo, the bones were lying everywhere upon the prairies. At that time particles of hide or sinew were still attached to many of these bones, showing that they had not been exposed to the elements longer than one or two seasons. Rumors of herds of live buffalo were also heard up to 1875, but always, like the mirage in the desert, at some distant point. Diligent inquiry failed to locate them. One settler claimed the distinction of having killed a lone animal, which must have survived in the shelter of one of those small fringes of stunted timber which border a few of the permanent lakes. He is the only man I ever saw who claimed to have killed a buffalo in Dakota. If there ever was an extended hunt by white hunters in the interior of that territory, I have been unable to learn of it. There was no chance on these open prairies for the methods of the pot hunter.

Ask the settler how these bones came there, and he will probably answer: "I suppose the Injuns killed 'em for fun." Ask the Indian, he will grunt, and offer no explanation.

Eastern Dakota (by which I mean that part of the two present States lying east of the Missouri River) has an area of fully 80,000 square miles. Let us suppose 50,000 square miles of this to have been included in the buffalo range. The half section I have mentioned lies upon the extreme eastern limits of this range. There were places where the bones lay much thicker than there, and where they were gathered and shipped in car lots, for commercial uses. I will, however, estimate on the basis of two hundred per section, or square mile, and we have 50,000 square miles, with 200 per square mile, equals 10,000,000 skeletons scattered over the prairies of eastern Dakota, in 1880. This we would be compelled to double, in order to include Manitoba, giving 20,000,000 as a conservative estimate of the remains of those herds which swam the Missouri near the Nebraska line, and which I believe must all have perished in one season. The question I will leave open is whether any buffalo remained at that time in eastern Nebraska and Kansas, to share the same fate.

That similar things had happened long before, I think I have found proof in the writings of Washington Irving, who himself killed a buffalo in Nebraska, in 1832. In one of his interesting accounts of western adventure, as his hero, Captain Bonneville, was traversing the valley of the Platte, in 1832, he notes the following incident: "At one place he observed a field decorated with buffalo skulls, arranged in circles, curves and other mathematical figures, as if for some mystic rite or ceremony. They were almost innumerable, and seem to have been a vast hecatomb offered up in thanksgiving to the Great Spirit for some signal success in the chase."

Whence came these skulls of animals, which must have been dead long prior to 1832, in a region where the only hunters had been savages with long-handled spears? They could not have been killed by these savages, as was evidently supposed, but the dry skulls had been gathered upon the prairies. We will refer the question to some rancher who has lost his herds in the forks of the Platte, in some more recent hard winters.

Let us now look to the westward, and we shall find that by far the larger numbers of these migratory herds passed over those great arid plains between the Black Hills country and the Rockies. On those plains they found practically no feed, the vegetation consisting of cactus and sage brush. They therefore kept straight on to the north for more than a thousand miles from their starting point, millions on millions of them never pausing until they reached the fertile regions of the Saskatchewan, across the border in what was then the Hudson Bay Company's territory, a country in which hunting was a practical impossibility. A friend of mine who assisted in locating the line of the Union Pacific Railroad across those plains in 1867, was blocked for hours at a time by the northward rush of those mighty herds, an experience not at all unusual.

When the Canadian Pacific road was built through the Saskatchewan valley about 1882, observers reported that the prairies appeared white with the skeletons of something like 5,000 buffalo to the square mile. These bones were piled in mountain heaps at the railroad stations, where they were gathered for shipment. A stream was named "Pile of Bones River," and the present capital of Assinobia territory, Regina, was originally "Pile of Bones."

Year after year great herds of southern bred animals had rushed into those northern regions. Fierce and terrible must have been the fight for supremacy upon those limited pastures, for there were more animals than the grass could support. Here, too, the winters shut down early, and a temperature of 50 to 60 below zero is not an unusual thing. Clearly, without feed or shelter, and with the addition of this terrible cold, not one could possibly survive. The wooded regions were occupied by a stronger and fiercer buffalo, long

inured to that climate, which easily kept these migratory herds at bay.

In the fertile sections of Montana and Wyoming they would probably fare somewhat better, but still not be entirely safe. Stockmen have found that their cattle will live upon the ranges, even if the snow is quite deep, so long as it remains soft, so that they can paw it away after the manner of the reindeer; but when the chinook wind blows over the passes from the Pacific and softens the top of the snow, forming a crust with the following freeze, it is all off and the stock must be fed, or perish.

We have now disposed of everything except the Panhandle of Texas, portions of western Kansas and eastern Colorado, and certain sheltered spots in the mountains, as being about the only spots where the herds could possibly survive a really severe winter. And was not that condition after 1872? After that date hunters were pursuing the "southern herd" and the "mountain herd," which might more properly have been mentioned as broken remnants, for that is all they were.

There was no realization of the fact, but there was a spring when the sun arose over an awful spectacle of death and desolation upon the prairies; when there was food there for all the carnivorous birds and beasts in the world; the tragedy was complete, and the buffalo never would come back.

As long as those great herds were in existence, there never were hunters in all the west to keep down the increase, I care not what methods they adopted. After they were scattered and gone, the rest was easy, and the race was almost extinct before there was any realization of what had happened.

I am sorry to deprive the hunter of his glory, but is not here circumstantial evidence sufficient to convict "Old Boreas" in any court of record?

CHICAGO, Ill.

ROMANZO N. BUNN.

Buffalo and Quail.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Reference in an editorial to the theory of a western correspondent that the buffalo were wiped out by hard winters, not slaughtered by hide-hunters, recalls to mind the testimony given by Col. W. F. Cody, Buffalo Jones, and others to a committee of Congress having under consideration a bill setting aside a large tract of Government land for a buffalo range and providing for restoration of the herds. Col. Cody testified then, and he has told me since, that the extermination of the buffalo herds was instigated and encouraged by the generals commanding the troops on the frontier as a military measure against Indians. The buffalo was the red man's commissary on the hoof, and while the herds roamed the plains the Indians could not be kept on the reservations. In order to control the Indians, the military authorities decided that it was necessary to deprive them of the source of supplies for their war parties. Generals Sheridan and Sherman approved the plan, and the slaughtering was done by troops, and by Crows, Crees, and other friendly tribes, who were encouraged in the work and assisted with ammunition. The virtual extermination of the great herds was accomplished with startling celerity, it will be remembered.

Col. Cody, Buffalo Jones, and men of their sort must be credited with accurate knowledge of the things they talk about. So it is quite possible that the obloquy heaped upon hide-hunters and tourist sportsmen for many years has not been wholly deserved. How much the hard winters had to do with the obliteration of buffalo cannot be determined until we see the evidence collected by your western correspondent. Incidentally the destructiv and miscreant hide-hunter may turn out to be another busted myth.

I note in your columns a paragraph about quail taking to trees in Virginia. It refers, doubtless, to the Bob White. Years ago in the Sierra foothills I hunted California blue quail and noticed that when flushed and scattered they frequently flew into the branches of oak trees. Starlight, a Gladstone setter of high quality, over whom I shot during one season, often pointed birds in trees. In New Mexico the quail habitually go into the trees at dusk and roost there all night. I had a shooting companion whom I could not dissuade from the habit of potting birds from the trees on the way home after a day's shooting. He would shoot fairly all day in the field, but if his bag was smaller than mine, he would get out of the buggy on the way home, run over to a cottonwood clump, and turn loose both barrels at dark masses in the branches. He usually returned to the buggy with half a dozen or more quail, and when we reached home he would display his bag and boast of having beaten me at shooting.

ALLEN KELLY.

The Drum of the Partridge.

NEW YORK, Oct. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will not some of your readers kindly advise in your columns whether partridges ever "drum" in the autumn months. If they do, is it the old bird or the young one, or both?

An editor recently cut out for me a reference to the drumming of partridges in the Adirondacks, and said, with much scorn: "Partridges, you know, never drum in the fall! Only in the spring, sir!"

How about this? Last Sunday, near Stamford, Conn., three of us in the woods there heard a partridge drum—or did we? Mr. W. J. Long, who resides at Stamford, had been invited to our pork-and-beans dinner at the tent in the woods on the banks of that fine trout stream. He was not present. Can it be that he was concealed out in the forest, and had some kind of buzzer that he let off to make us think we heard a partridge drumming? Strange things happen in Connecticut, and Mr. Long has been accused of making birds do unusual stunts. That he was responsible for this seeming drumming is further evidenced by the fact that Dr. R. T. Morris, the owner of the forest, had told us a dozen times that we would not walk ten steps further without "raising" a partridge; and not one rose.

Further, when a partridge drums, does he beat his own breast with his wings, or the stump, log, etc., on which he stands, or both? Some of us who have been privileged, a few times, to watch Sir Partridge from afar at such an interesting juncture, feel pretty sure that at least the first four or five slow beats of his wings are against his own breast. After that we are not so sure. L. F. BROWN,

Those "Sleeping" Dusky Mallards

What, never?
Well, hardly ever. —Pinafore.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The red gods fly scored many rises; the dusky mallard gets more. Your paper certainly has a wide circulation, and is closely read.

Mr. John Burroughs, in the July issue of *Outing*, asserts that while he hunted ducks he "time and again" reached for his gun to shoot at dusky mallards that he knew were all sleeping soundly. This while hardly within gunshot of the ducks; and the mere act of reaching for that gun while the ducks did not see him, waked them all instantly! That was "duck-and-man telepathy!" And this is proof of his claim that he is a duck hunter; yet in the very next (August) issue of *Outing*, he specifically declares he is *not* a duck hunter!

The above allegation, that he had "time and again" seen groups of mallards "all sound asleep" was made the subject, in *FOREST AND STREAM*, of a general denial by me, in these words: "No man ever saw two or more dusky mallards (*Anas obscura*) that were all asleep together."

The assertion, and the general denial, formed an issue, with the duty resting on Mr. Burroughs or his advocates to prove a statement so ridiculous that it is pitiful. And that is all the "dogmatism" contained in the denial that has served its purpose, as of course no one has ventured forth to prove an impossible case. Even those who choose to treat the denial as an original assertion and demand that I prove it, admit in these columns that Mr. Burroughs could not have known those ducks were asleep in any one of the cases that he observed "time and again."

Now, as long and exceptionally excellent opportunities for observing dusky mallards have been enjoyed not simply by me, but by some famous ornithologists who have devoted their lives to studying and writing about web-footed wildfowls, facts known about them warrant a presumption by a legitimate process of reasoning that "No man," etc. But I cannot permit men who are watching for chances to trip me to force me into the false position of appearing to assert that I have always had, and still have, all the eyes of all the men in the world since the beginning of mankind. This is absurd. To challenge me in scorn to prove it, is more absurd. To those not unfriendly it will be enough to disclaim ever having intended to place myself in such a position. But it is my full belief that no man ever did see a group of dusky mallards that were all asleep, without sentinels. When the illustrated article about hunting ducks with field-glass and camera appears here, readers will note that it is the height of improbability that any man since the beginning of time has seen dusky mallards with habits that have been so clearly known and observed, all asleep together. Meanwhile, readers are invited to read carefully what I separately wrote in the article which contained the general denial of the allegation by Mr. Burroughs.

How little I spare myself to unipicked readers here that are alone worthy of consideration, will be manifest from the following incidents showing how I have been scored, not by foes in a former contest, but by personal friends and comrades. By virtue of what sense of humor do they treat my denial as making me a legitimate target for practical joking, and will not let me confine that denial to dusky mallards under normal conditions?

Two days after *FOREST AND STREAM* printed that denial, a broker at 50 Broadway telephoned, "Come here in a cab, quick! Matter life and death!" Hustled to his office, where he showed three old wooden decoys that he had decorated with little white nightcaps, and shouted: "Dusky mallards all, and all asleep together! Cigars on you. Want two mild ones for a quarter."

Cigar money gone, and a dollar for a cab used in driving two blocks!

From away out near Nakusp, in British Columbia, my old comrade, George Abriel, mails to me a horrible pen-drawing of three ducks snoring quacks from three beds, and of himself leading me to their bedsides and saying: "They are asleep; be not afraid." Four cents postage due on the letter!

Last week a fishing-tackle dealer hailed me on Greenwich street with, "Step right in here and let me show you a cold storage plant." There he stopped me before many hundreds of dressed fowls, and I asked what they were. Note his crushing reply: "Group of dusky mallards all asleep together. You do not even recognize them. What do you know about ducks, anyhow, and now you can't say 'No man,' etc."

From Main River, in Newfoundland, that waggish Italian merchant, Antonio Nardini, sent me a package, received this morning, with charges not paid, that contained a cabbage head, and a letter as follows: "If you will come here again right away I'll show you 'telepathy' that works backwards—mallards not waked but all put to sleep with gun, powder and shot, and not a sentinel bird in sight." Even the cabbage had been sliced and ruined by the men of the United States Customs' Collector at Bangor searching for dutiable stuff that they thought the cabbage might conceal!

While I care nothing for men who are not only opponents, but unfriendly, these sarcasms from friends come home to me. Five telegrams, three with full charges on them, eight or ten telephone inquiries, and as many letters, have also asked me in substance, "How do you know that no man," etc. I never was so tired of any words, and of a denial being treated as an allegation.

And here is the last straw. At luncheon to-day a former comrade at Mattamuskeet Lake buttonholed me, obtained the usual cigar, and lectured at me between puffs:

"Got all the eyes men ever owned, or will own through all past and future eternity, have you? The next time you mar an article with one incorrect statement, just decide beforehand to hold ahead before you shoot. You got your bird, all right, but you should hit through the head. Yes, I know, we shot mallards at Kitty Hawk, members of the same group, and in one we found seeds of the cloudberry that don't grow south of Labrador, and in another seeds that only grow in South America. Those birds had met from Great Bear Lake and from Argentine in two days or less; must have used telepathy, and invited each other to a little wild celery lunch day after tomorrow on the outer North Carolina coast. Yes, they were no doubt awful tired after all that flight of say 2,500

or 3,000 miles each; and the groups had sentinels out, all right, bad luck to them! But those are not really abnormal conditions. Just suppose that at the luncheon they had gone on a little spree in honor of their meeting, and had ventured to eat some roots that would make them drunk, and finally put them all to sleep, for ducks will be ducks, you know. Suppose we go right down there and feed a lot of ducks on rum-soaked wild rice. Why, we could row about and pick the mallards up by thousands, sentinels and all."

All right, ye jokers. Be it so. All ducks sleep soundly until a gun is pointed at them. Then they all wake on the instant. This is especially true when the hunter is in a position where the ducks could not see him if they were awake, and more true when the hunter declares he is *not* a hunter.

L. F. BROWN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Of course dusky mallards sometimes sleep; yet even when they do, one standing right beside them could not be sure they were asleep.

Very few of mere duck hunters have actually seen a group of these birds when some members of the group were in the posture and repose of even seeming sleep. No group of such ducks fails to have members that are manifestly awake, acting as sentinels, keenly alert and watchful. As this is true of all groups near enough to be observed, it is also true of groups too distant for detailed observation. To find and note an exception to this absolute fact of the constant exercise by dusky mallards of this protection from danger, is in their case an impossible exception to the rule that self-preservation is the first law of nature. It would be like seeing a rock drawn from the earth by the attraction of gravitation. Only those who really know the habits of dusky mallards can realize how absolutely this is true; only such men are entitled to judge. And they will see no falsity in the statement, "No man ever saw two or more dusky mallards that were all actually asleep together."

It follows that those who admittedly have little knowledge of the habits, conduct, and customs of mallards, and who produce no experience by reputable men to prove their denials, are the true dogmatists. Obligated to admit that a statement by Mr. Burroughs about sleeping mallards and "telepathy" has been shown to be so ridiculous as to be pitiful, they hunt for and pounce upon what they hope is a "peg on which to hang a dispute."

Study of dusky mallards at Bird Rock, Magdalen Islands, and around Bay St. Louis and Pass Christian, in Louisiana, must convince sportsmen who have no motive for denying it that no group of such birds all get actually asleep at the same time, leaving no sentinels.

Readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* who may be interested in the habits of dusky mallards, should read Elliott, probably our best authority on web-footed wildfowls, and especially his chapter on the surprising vigilance of the dusky mallards. If they follow this by actual study of mallards, they will come, more and more, to know that to catch even one such duck when isolated and solitary, in an attitude of seeming sleep, is like catching a weasel asleep; and that to find a group of mallards in seeming sleep without sentinels, is like searching for the pot of gold at the end of a rainbow.

A. H. STEPHENS.

Migratory Stragglers.

PASSING through Battery Park the other day I saw a small speckled woodpecker clinging to the bark of one of the trees. He was evidently a migrant that had lost his way or been left behind. The weather being wet and chill, he looked somewhat bedraggled and decidedly disconsolate. On my approaching to get a good view of him, he took wing to another part of the park, where was a congregation of sparrows. These made no attempt to molest him, being doubtless impressed with the size of his bill. The English sparrow dearly loves a scrap, but he is a prudent bird withal.

As I continued on my way I recalled other instances of migratory stragglers. One was that of a crested flycatcher who flew in through my window one morning as I was dressing. Another that of a veery whom I observed perched on my windowsill while a cat on a neighboring fence kept her basilisk gaze fixed upon him. Still another was that of a bluebird crouching low beneath a dripping hedge in mid-November.

Now it would be interesting to know whether these migratory stragglers have lost their sense of direction and invariably perish, or take wing again at nightfall and pursue their southerly course. We may assume that they are birds of inferior strength, but their intelligence may not be inferior. But does it require the collective intelligence or instinct of a flock of birds to engineer a migration, or is one bird alone capable of it?

Whatever may be the answer to this question, it is pretty certain, as pointed out by a learned British ornithologist, Mr. Alfred Newton, that past experience has nothing to do with the directing of migration; that is to say, with the finding of a course. For what would experience be in this case? Simply the memory of landmarks from observation. But how could a bird migrating by night observe the land to any purpose, or what observations could a bird crossing the ocean far from land make which would be of any assistance to it in a subsequent migration? Another thing is this, that the young and the old among migrants always journey apart, and most generally by different routes. This was observed by Temminck and abundantly proved by Gätke (of Heligoland) and others, as noted by Mr. Newton. The young can have no experience, and yet they manage to reach their goal. It is clear, therefore, that a knowledge of signs or landmarks cannot account for the accuracy with which birds steer their course.

Dr. Von Middendorf, a Russian, observed that birds migrating across Siberia were in the habit of steering for the Taimyr Peninsula, the seat of one of the magnetic poles, but Prof. Baird, an American, observed that birds migrating on this continent do not direct their course for the magnetic pole. The question arises, Did Prof. Baird observe long and carefully enough? Magnetic influence is really a most plausible theory, and one fact, at least, which would seem to substantiate it is that birds appear to prefer thick or cloudy nights for migrating, when the electric currents may be supposed to be most active. But even admitting the theory to be correct, it does not

cover the whole ground. For while attraction of the pole might enable birds to find their way generally to the north, it could not, manifestly, enable them to find their particular nesting locations or spots, to which, as is well known, they return year after year.

Altogether, in the words of Mr. Newton, "the whole question is fraught with difficulty, and we must leave to time the discovery of this mystery of mysteries."

FRANCIS MOONAN.

NEW YORK, October.

Some Animals I Have Studied.

XII.—A Cranky Old Horse.

WE possess a small horse which is famous for his eccentricities. He's as great a bundle of contradictions, as many-sided in character as Malt, the trick dog.

He's the first and only yellow horse I ever liked or admired. But though he has certain exasperating ways, he is beautiful, affectionate, and generally lovable. His color is really a bright terra-cotta, with a distinct pinkish tinge, and a dark brown stripe along the backbone. His mane is fine, soft, silky, with a gleam of gold in it. And although he must be twenty years old, or older, his tail is still amazingly heavy and reaches the ground, or would but for its proud outward curve. His eyes are full and bright, his feet so good that the hind ones never need to be shod and the forefeet only about once in a year for a short time. He seems to be as sound, as active, and as gay as when a colt. I have heard that Buffalo Bill (who ought to be a good judge of horses) declares that yellowish or saddle-colored horses with striped backbone average harder and more enduring than other colors. But in my own limited experience, Chass is the first yellow horse without some serious physical fault or weakness. His faults are all in his disposition. If he hasn't a character, a mind, an individuality, then I will own that animals are mere machines.

To begin at the beginning, when we first got possession of him he was the wildest bridle-wise horse I ever saw; more afraid of a man than of anything else in creation, indicating that he had been treated with violence. Indeed, we afterward learned that he had been the property of a gypsy during his "breaking in" days, and that the human brute habitually caught him with the lasso whenever he desired to use him, threw him, and proceeded to nearly "beat his brains out" with a huge club before putting on the bridle. He was about five years old when he came to live with us (I say "live with us," because we have grown to regard him as one of the family, and I would not consent to exchange him for any other horse, nor for a very large sum of money), and we saw at once that he had, apparently, been hopelessly ruined in disposition. Whenever he was wanted, he had to be forced into the stable, and then cornered, and two fearless, active men were required to bridle him. He could not be enticed to follow in. No man could get near him without help. No ordinary farm horse could catch him. But with the help of Malt, the trick dog, whose motto was always "Catch anything or run it off the earth!" (I've seen her catch low-flying quail and other birds, and without hurting them), we drove him into the stable day after day. We have here an excellent, well-watered pasture, and cannot bear to keep any animal tied or shut up. When I first tried alone to bridle him, he retreated to a corner of the stable, squatted like a lion about to spring, trembled like a volcano on the point of explosion, and gave a snort like the popping of a locomotive's safety valve. I hesitated, for I saw that there was great danger of getting hurt, or causing him to hurt himself, for he was crazy with terror. Continuing to apply the most flattering terms I could think of, in the softest voice I could muster, I at last attempted to get near his head, whereupon he violently whirled, struck me with his hip and knocked me in a heap to the further side, then spun about in a most terrifying manner on all fours, on the hind feet, leaping, wildly searching for some place of exit. In spite of my own peril, I trembled for the horse. I feared he might try to break through the wall, or even through the roof. I saw no sign of viciousness—only fear, and a mad desire for freedom. Yet I can truthfully say I'd as soon be in a lion's den as in that situation again. I don't recollect how many I had to call to my help that time. In fact, I was myself conquered, if not broken. But it was Clay, my brother, who finally slipped the bridle on the slippery fellow, who at once became docile, though nervous and shaking still. We found him tender-mouthed, easily led, apparently anxious only to avoid punishment, having no thought of inflicting injury upon us or on any living thing.

Yet there was so much trouble, danger, and loss of time in dealing with him that we were in despair; until our aged father, whom we had not counted on at all, one day came out to "have a look" at the untamed acquisition. He didn't look long until he ridiculed us for our lack of understanding, saying: "Why, boys, that horse will be all right! He is nervous and mettlesome, and has been shamefully abused, but he's got lots of sense, you'll find, and will be kind and gentle when he finds you've got sense enough to know how to treat a horse! In the first place, don't try to jump right at his head. Can't you see that's just what he's afraid of? Some fool's been beating him over the head. Let him know you are not afraid of his other end."

"He's liable to kick," I protested.

"Some folks ought to be kicked!" irritably insisted this venerable friend of horses, wherewith he at once confidently approached the quaking, forbidding-looking animal, saying, "Whoa, Charley, whoa! Whoa, boy! I won't let 'em hurt you!"

"I tell you, pa, he's so violent he can knock you over with his tail," I exclaimed, trying mildly to detain him. Clay also insisted that the beast was dangerous.

"Quit slanderin' that horse," the old gentleman retorted, with a great show of indignation, while continuing to draw nearer the rear of the frightened horse, who seemed truly unapproachable. It was a thrilling moment when he raised one hand to pat him on the hip, while the horse kept crouching lower and lower, and shrinking and shrinking more and more into his corner, but the hand descended, and the horse stood still. Little by little the intrepid old man crept forward, until soon he was patting the glossy neck.

"Now—whoa, Charley!—bring your bridle. There, there, Charley! We'll show 'em what you're good for. Whoa, boy!"

Father saddled the horse and rode him, often far from home, declaring "he's as safe a horse as I should want," and Chass grew so fond of him that at last he would go to him of his own accord, and allow himself to be caught outside. He would stand as still as a statue for the feeble old man to mount, which must have been very trying to a horse so nervous, for father's legs were stiffish, and he was sometimes a long while in getting up, refusing assistance.

But years elapsed before we "boys" could get that horse to stand for us, or allow himself to be quietly caught by us. And in the meantime we were compelled to apply some of the professional horse trainer's tricks to thoroughly subdue him. Once we tied his front feet together and threw him, when he was in a rebellious mood, and he got upon his hindfeet and plunged about in that plight, a magnificent, terrifying spectacle.

When he is angry, though he never seems to desire to hurt any man, he is the stubbornest, most unconquerable equine I ever saw. When good-humored he is the kindest, gentlest, most faithful. A whisper is better than any loud command, a barely perceptible touch of a whip sends him lunging forward. He will pull till he falls. He will go wherever his rider guides, if the rider shows no fear. When he tries to "run away," as he often does, all that is needed to check him suddenly is to laugh boisterously at him, when he at once slows down, and proceeds in a debased, shamed manner, nose close to the ground, sighing dejectedly. This has been the case hundreds of times. No man could, after looking at the sudden change in his manner, doubt that he is ashamed to be laughed at, as was the case with Major, the clown dog. Yet, like that same dog, he delights in provoking laughter when loose in the pasture, and will do the most unheard-of stunts undoubtedly for that reason. He looks as if laughing himself. He will imitate certain of our motions well-nigh as faithfully as a monkey could: such as kicking at an imaginary foe, striking, pretending to drink from a bottle, which he holds firmly between his teeth by the neck, smoking, etc. He has not been trained to do these tricks; he performed each one successfully the first time it was attempted. He's not a conversationalist, like "Clever Hans," but for quick understanding and humor I doubt if his equal exists. He plays with us, with the pigs, with the dogs, with the calves, and is exceedingly careful never to harm any small animal or bird. The chickens are never disturbed by him, even if they eat most of the corn from under his very nose in his trough.

Flora, an old mare, once picked up a large shoat that was trying to get into her trough, and lifted it gently over the high wall of her stall, dropping it on the other side.

Old Bay, whom I had dragging logs for me in a clearing, soon showed that he comprehended my object, so that after starting a log heap he could be trusted to take the logs to it alone, place them alongside, and wait for me to come up with my little load and unfasten him. After the first time he needed no driver to any heap. If a log caught against any small, low stump, he'd look around, hump himself, and lift it over. If the stump was high, he'd give a jerk or two, then pull to the right or left. He seemed to enjoy the work.

L. R. MORPHEW.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Another Snake Hunting Dog.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mark E. Noble, in a late number, gives an account of a snake-hunting dog. When a boy I had another of the snake hunters, a large white bulldog, which I raised from the time he was two weeks old. He was, without exception, the ugliest dog I have ever seen, and his temper corresponded with his looks. I called him Bull.

The most of the snakes that Bull found were black-snakes, but we sometimes found a rattlesnake; and I was always afraid that Bull would manage to find one. That is what he did. He came home one day and laid down on the porch without growling at whoever looked at him, as he generally did. My aunt saw that there was something wrong with him, and called me to examine him; she was afraid of him. I found that he had been bitten on the jaw, and his head on that side had swollen up so as to close the eye. I did not want to lose him, and ran all the way up to an old colored woman's house who had the name of being a doctress. The farmers would call her when in need of a doctor as often as they would call the regular doctor. She came back with me, and on the way down gathered a large handful of a weed that grew in the fence corners, and which we called snakeweed. After bruising it, she boiled it in a quart of milk, and was about to give it to Bull; but I was afraid he might snap at her, and taking the tin pan with this stuff in it, I forced him to drink it all. In a few hours I made another dose of it for him.

He was up and looking for his breakfast next morning, but the swelling did not leave his head altogether for a week. He began hunting snakes again, but took care not to find any more rattlers.

I hunted up the rattlesnake that had bit him, and found he had bitten its head nearly off, then had hammered it into a jelly against a stump. He caught a snake just behind the head, then thrashed it on the ground until it was dead; he sometimes would shake it all to pieces.

Bull met with a peculiar death a year after this. He was lynched for killing chickens. He had got to be so cross that my mother would not let me keep him at home any longer, telling me to kill him or lose him. I could not lose him, and would not kill him; so I took him out to where he had killed the snakes and left him there. He began to kill chickens. He would take a chicken's head off with a single snap, and do it so quickly that there would be no time to stop him. After he had killed half a dozen, my uncle took him out to the timber and killed him.

CABIA BLANCO.

Mountain Goats in the Bronx.

Two mountain goats have been added to the attractions of the New York Zoological Park. They are yearlings, and come from British Columbia.

"Monarch the Big Bear."

Editor Forest and Stream:

Among the advertisements of new books a week or two ago, I noticed the announcement by Scribner's of "an intimate animal study" by Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton. The advertisement said it was Seton's longest and best story, a "return to his earlier method," an "intimate study" by the great naturalist of "Monarch the Big Bear."

For a definition of Mr. Seton's "earlier method," I turned to the introductory note in his "Wild Animals I Have Known," in which he says: "These stories are true. Although I have left the strict line of historical truth in many places, the animals in this book were all real characters; they lived the lives I have depicted." We have Mr. Seton's earnest assurance that he has known the animals he writes about, has observed them with scientific accuracy, and has set down only what he knows to be true. His stories are natural history recorded with literary art—science in an attractive dress.

Eager to read the results of a naturalist's intimate study of so interesting an animal as the grizzly, I obtained a copy of Mr. Seton's new book, "Monarch the Big Bear," and read it carefully. It purports to be the life history of the big grizzly captured for the San Francisco Examiner, presented by Mr. W. R. Hearst to the city of San Francisco, and now confined in Golden Gate Park.

In the dedication Mr. Seton says the epic tale was told to him by two rough men of the hills who did not know how to talk, using words that would be "meaningless without the puckered lip, the inter-hiss, the brutal semi-snarl restrained by human mastery, the snap and jerk of wrist and gleam of steel-gray eye, that really told the tale." He says he gives a translation of their story, "for theirs is a tongue unknown to script."

But there is another "foreword" to the book, in which the author discredits this picturesque dedication, and declares that the story of Monarch is founded on material gathered from many sources "as well as from personal experience," that "the intention is to convey the known truth," but that the liberties taken "exclude the story from the catalogue of pure science."

So the two rough men of the hills, whose crude speech and "brutal semi-snarls" were translated into a "tongue known to script" by Mr. Seton resolve themselves into "many sources" and Mr. Seton's personal experiences with grizzly bears. As I read the book, however, I resolved the many sources into one, and identified one of the rough, inarticulate and semi-brutally snarling mountaineers—the Lan Kellyan of the tale. Almost every adventure and feat attributed to Monarch by Mr. Seton is told in a book, published about a year ago, entitled, "Bears I Have Met—And Others," by Allen Kelly, a book containing Mr. Kelly's plain narrative of the capture of Monarch. Obviously Lan Kellyan is a perversion of that author's name.

Comparing the two books, I find that Mr. Seton has converted Mr. Kelly's facts into fiction, and translated his avowed fiction into "the known truth," and "natural history." Parallel columns would show this clearly, but that method would take too much space, and I will refer to the episodes briefly. In the first chapter Mr. Seton introduces Pinto, a bear introduced in Chapter XVIII. of Mr. Kelly's book, and tells seriously the story of a she bear slapping her cubs when she is shot in the ham, an incident which is related humorously in Mr. Kelly's chapter on "The Adventures of Pike."

Mr. Seton's second chapter is devoted to the exploits of a grizzly that climbed trees after bees' nests. I presume that is one of Mr. Seton's personal experiences, for I do not find any of Mr. Kelly's grizzlies climbing trees. The arboreal habit of the grizzly is one of the hitherto unknown truths of natural history. The credit for discovering it must be awarded to the novelist-naturalist, and it may, perhaps, be placed in the catalogue of pure science. It must be a truth known to Mr. Seton, for chapter three of his book puts the grizzly again up a tree, from which he jumps upon a pestering dog. In fact, in that chapter the grizzly lives up a tree, whereas Kelly and all other unscientific hunters and writers of the grizzly represent that animal as unable to climb.

In Chapter V. Mr. Seton's Monarch climbs out of a corral to escape combat with a bull. That incident is in Chapter XVII. of Mr. Kelly's "Bears I Have Met."

Chapter VII. of Mr. Seton's book is an account of the herding of sheep in a box cañon by a grizzly. It is the identical story that Mr. Kelly in his book tells of the mythical bear Clubfoot. Chapter VIII. continues the same story—Mr. Kelly's story—even to the detail and the very language used in describing the "dead-line" of the bear's well-worn path across the mouth of the cañon to keep the sheep impounded.

In Chapter IX., Mr. Seton tells how a hunter and the grizzly sought refuge from a forest fire in a pool of water, and remained there side by side in a truce of fear. That is the same story told in Chapter XV. of Mr. Kelly's "Bears I Have Met."

In Chapter X., Mr. Seton tells how Monarch wrecked a hunters' camp, tore the tent down and flung it into the fire, and how cartridges flung into the fire exploded and frightened the bear away, while the hunter watched the circus from a tree. Mr. Kelly tells this story as an extravagant yarn, and has fun with it in his chapter on Clubfoot.

Chapter XI. of Mr. Seton's book has its parallel in the previously published Chapter XI. of Mr. Kelly's book, combined with an incident from "The Adventures of Pike," in Mr. Kelly's Chapter VII. It describes a dispute of the right of way between a man and a bear.

All the details of construction of a bear trap, and the behavior of a grizzly when caught in one, as given by Mr. Seton in Chapter XII., are found in Mr. Kelly's book giving the true story of the capture of Monarch.

Chapter XVI. is made up partly of bits from Mr. Kelly's "Chronicles of Clubfoot," in which Old Brin, Reelfoot, Pegtrack, and other notorious marauders are shown to be local variations of the Clubfoot myth. Mr. Seton explains in his foreword that he tells the last two chapters of his story as they were told to him by several persons, including the two mountaineers, and therefore no further parallel is necessary.

What I fail to understand is why Mr. Seton should have pretended that he got his story "from many sources"

and "from personal experiences," and represented his compilation of bear yarns as an "intimate animal study" of his own, when he had previously confessed in a letter, which was printed in "Bears I Have Met," that this "intimate animal study" was another's. In "Bears I Have Met" appears a facsimile reproduction of a letter written by Ernest Thompson Seton to Allen Kelly, in which Mr. Seton says: "Herewith I send the sketch I made of Monarch soon after you captured him. If you tell the public his life as well as you told it to me, it will surely be a go." The letter is dated June 15, 1903. Mr. Kelly's book was published in September, 1903, and Mr. Seton's story of Monarch is published in October, 1904.

Why does Mr. Seton now think it necessary to say that the story of Monarch was told to him by one whose "tongue is unknown to script"? Did Mr. Kelly consent to Mr. Seton's use of his work?

Did Mr. Kelly tell Mr. Seton that grizzlies climb trees after bees' nests? If this book is a "return to earlier methods," are we to deduce that all of Mr. Seton's varied and wonderful experiences with wild animals were warmed-over tales told to him by "rugged men of the mountains, one sentence at a time," with "inter-hisses, semi-brutal snarls," and in language unfit for publication, or lifted from other people's books?

Captain Kelly is one of the contributors to FOREST AND STREAM, and it strikes me that he might throw some light upon these questions, and show us how a great naturalist-novelist makes "intimate animal studies."

JOHN MALONE.

THE PLAYERS, New York.

Monster Toad in "Solid Mineral."

SEATTLE, Wash., October.—Paleontologists are deeply interested in a remarkable discovery made in the coal mines at Renton, Wash., twelve miles from Seattle, yesterday afternoon. In a solid strata of coal an immense toad was discovered. It was alive, but when carried to the surface, 300 feet, lived only a few hours.

Dozens of miners saw the toad, but its scientific value did not appeal to them, and no attempt was made to take accurate observations or even care for the remains after life had become extinct.

The University of Washington has taken up the matter, and an attempt will be made to recover the toad, and collect all possible facts.

If the size of the entombed curiosity has any meaning, it must have been a patriarch, as report has it that a bucket was hardly large enough to contain it.

PORTUS BAXTER.

[The accepted explanation of such occurrences—and there have been scores of reports of them—is that the toad was not in the solid rock, but in a crevice of the rock; and the report that it was in the "solid mineral" was due to carelessness of observation. Successive incidents have been given currency on the simple say-so of workmen, and the "toad in the rock" has become one of the established myths of natural history.]

Deer Prongs and Ages.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y.—Editor Forest and Stream: In your issue of October 22 we notice that Jacobstaff has an article headed "Locked Antlers," in which he says, "the larger buck was of six prongs, the lesser of four prongs, seven years and five years," conveying the idea, as I take it, that the ages of those deer were ascertained by the number of spikes or prongs on the antlers. Such, however, is a popular error entertained by many, as the prongs on the horns show nothing to be relied upon in fixing the age of a buck after its fourth year of age. See works of J. D. Caton on the "Antelope and Deer of America," page 226. Thus the buck with six prongs might have been anywhere between four years and eight or ten years of age.

OLD SHEKARRY.

Sandy Gladstone.

MR. S. MURRAY MITCHELL writes me, under date of October 9, that Sandy Gladstone died that morning. This news makes it seem as though some of the pleasure had gone out of hunting. Always a lover of a shotgun and a greater lover of a good dog, I have often wondered which (gun or dog) would be left at home when seeking the stubble fields and hedges where Bob White lives and loves and hides. Were it necessary to make a choice, really I think it would be the gun.

Sandy Gladstone has not been hunted for the past three or four seasons, as he was only lacking a few months of being fourteen years old when he died. He was by Breeze Gladstone out of Delaware, and was always a credit to his proud lineage. On the bench or in hotly contested field trial, Sandy was never overlooked by the judges, let them be never so critical. But it was his qualities as a gentleman's field dog and field companion that appealed to me, and to anyone who ever had the privilege of shooting over him. A companionable dog, a gentleman himself, you carried yourself better when in his society. Fast, true, staunch, eager, he had a wonderful nose and great "bird sense." Independent, paying but little attention to the other dogs, he hunted his own ground, and he never grew jealous or "hogged," never refused to back, nor can I recall his breaking shot.

Mr. Mitchell has other dogs—several of them; he has owned many before, and probably will own many more in the years to come. It is poor consolation to say it, but I venture the thought that Sandy is the one dog of his life. It is so with all these animal friends of ours. We at some period in our lives secure a horse or a dog that comes closer than any other horse or dog. When we lose this one something is lacking in every other horse or dog that we ever own.

Is not this true?

G. B.

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.

All the game laws and fish laws of the United States and Canada are given in the "Game Laws in Brief."



GAME BAG AND GUN



Days with the Wildfowl.—IV.

GERARD and I cuddled down close together in the tall, yellow grass, and while we kept well hidden the approaching line of birds did not give me a shot. As they neared the ridge on which we were crouching they went up into the air just as if some one had told them that it would be a good place to give a wide berth, and they passed on over us way out of range. By the dark streak made by their hooded heads, the glistening white of their bellies and the peculiarly sibilant noise of their short, sharp wings, I knew what they were just as well as I would if they had passed within a couple of yards of me.

"Canvasback!" I ejaculated in response to the kid's inquiring look, as the long line of royal birds rapidly merged into a mere thread in the hazy perspective over Clear Lake.

"Doggone it! That's just our luck," and Gerard kicked spitefully at a clump of soap weed; "if they had been spoonbills or ruddies, I suppose you could have knocked them down with the end of your gun."

"Why, that is always the way, Gerard, with the ducks," I replied, smiling at the boy's acerbity. "It is the canvasback and the redhead and the mallard that tantalize you the most. They are the biggest, the best and the wariest of all, the most desirable and consequently the hardest to get. It is these high-class birds that always fool you, it seems, but you have no trouble with the widgeon, spoonbills, butterballs, and smaller fry. When lying in a blind you seldom miss one of these birds, and, in fact, your doubles are frequent, but it is the canvasback, the redhead and the mallard on which you always miss, or nearly so, and you are not the first young hunter who has learned this disappointing lesson. You see, if diamonds were as plentiful as beans, no one would wear them. However, I don't think we have done so badly. We've killed our share of the canvas and more mallards, by a long shot, than any pair in the party. So we've no kick coming."

We were now slowly puffing up, through the grass and sand, the most commanding ridge of the range, through whose ragged formations were cleft the pass, or passes, in which we had already done such marvelous shooting, and in which we intended to shoot that evening.

It was quite a laborious climb, laden as we were, and on reaching a sort of a circular bench, when about half way up, we halted to recuperate, and as we stood there a reticulation of tiny tracks and trails in the golden sands attracted Gerard's attention, and falling on his knees he bent over to examine them, calling me to come and look.

"The jumping mouse," I remarked, after scrutinizing the lace-like trails and convolutions at our feet and lounging down beside the boy, I told him about them.

"These sandhills are full of these mice, Gerard; in fact, all the sandhills, where there is plenty of soap-weed, are. They seem to haunt the habitat of the cactus, and are really a curious and interesting little animal."

"Once, way back in 1893, the Barrister and I attended one of their dancing parties, one moonlight night, in the hills, back of Racoon Lake, up north of Anse Newberry's. They are great dancers, especially on warm moonlight nights, when it is too bright for the prairie owl and the coyote is not abroad."

"Don't go, Pop, tell me about them; you've got me interested now, and I want to know about them," and Babe grabbed hold of the tail of my hunting coat and pulled me back as I attempted to rise.

"Well—but we don't want to stay here too long, for see, the birds are moving pretty lively off there over lower Hackberry, and they'll soon be crossing these hills. These jumping mice, dear, are found all over the world almost and in Europe, Asia and Africa; they are called jerboas, and in those countries they are somewhat larger than our jumping mouse of these sandhills. They have attracted much attention of those given to observing our smaller animals. The mouse, or mice, that made these tracks can be taken as a type of this whole group as it exists everywhere. It is about two or three inches long, and has a tail fully two inches longer than the body. Its forelegs are but a half an inch in length; the hindlegs two inches. When about to spring it raises its body by means of the hinder extremities and supports itself at the same time upon the base of its tail, while the forefeet are so closely pressed to its breast as to be scarcely visible. It then leaps into the air and alights on its four feet, but instantaneously erecting itself it makes another spring, and so on in such rapid succession as to appear as flying rather than running. It is gregarious—that is, living in colonies like prairie dogs—and builds its castle under these yucca clumps with its sharp little teeth and nails."

"When not in motion this mouse might very readily be mistaken for the common field mouse, as its general aspect is very similar. But to be disabused of this idea all you have to do is to attempt to capture one of them. The force and celerity of its leaps will soon carry it out of harm's way, and you will be astonished at seeing so small a creature, with such little effort, eluding you by covering five or six feet of ground at every spring. When he is pursued by one or two persons and is permitted to advance in one direction, its movements look more like those of a bird than they do of an animal, so high does it leap in the air and so great is the distance it measures at every bound, and so light and quick is its ascent and descent. This cunning little quadruped does not move exclusively in this manner, though, Gerard, for if he did he couldn't weave such a net-work of tracks and trails as these round about us

here. He is capable of running on all his feet with considerable speed, and it is enough to excite the wonder of any one or puzzle them to capture it."

"Do they come out of their castles in the winter time, too?"

"No. When the cool weather comes on, and when the frost suggests an arctic wave, they go into their winter quarters where they lie in a torpid state until the last of April or first of May. They are dug up sometimes in the winter from a depth of two or three feet, I have been told, and are found in a ball of some substance like clay about an inch thick and so coiled into a globular form as to conceal the figure of the animal entirely. But I have never seen an instance of the kind and take little stock in it."

"Nor I. I don't see how they could curl up in this shell of mud, then block up their holes and bury themselves down in the sand two or three feet."

"No, they couldn't. But all the nests I have ever seen were made of long, flexible strands of grass, and so neatly interwoven that no trace of an opening could be found, and how the little fellow contrives to make even such a snuggerly as this, is almost as great a mystery as the clay shell. But we'll come out some day—if we can take the time—and dig one of the little rascals out and look over his fortress at our leisure. See here, the trail leads right up to this clump of soap-weed, then round it, back and forth, several times, and finally disappears underneath this big spike-like leaf; and if a coyote essayed to follow he'd certainly get his nose well pricked. They are wonderfully ingenious in constructing their houses, Babe, and do so with the one idea of safety from their foes—coyotes, skunks, coons, hawks, owls and snakes. The interior is a perfect maze of corridors, chambers, rooms, halls, passageways and galleries, but we'll come out, perhaps tomorrow, and look over one together."

"But it will be a shame to spoil their home," and the boy looked, deprecatingly, up into my face.

"Yes, that's so, but we can't let any little sentiment of that kind interfere with us if we want to learn the mysteries of nature. And then, the family we rout will soon find other lodgings. What about that dancing party? Well, Bill and I were coming into camp one bright, moonlight evening, after a day's mallard shoot up Hay Creek, and as we were resting by the wayside in the hills, where the moonlight poured down in a yellow flood, we saw, off about fifteen yards from where we were reclining, some dozen or so of these jumping mice in one of their nocturnal frolics. They were as funny as they were interesting, and seemed to be going through the evolutions of some sort of a quadrille, whirling around in a circle on their long hindlegs, crossing and recrossing on all fours, and occasionally leaping high into the moonlit air and over each other like frogs in a mill-pond, and all the time keeping time to their comical caperings with fine little squeaks and squeals. Bill and I watched them closely for quite a long time; in fact, until all of a sudden, as if they had become aware of some dangerous presence or caught a taint in the air that told them of some lurking foe—a prowling coyote or hovering night-bird maybe, or it might have been Bill and myself—they vanished like snuffing out a candle. Anyway, there was a sudden, an unusual loud chorus of their tiny voices, a wild scampering, jumping and scrambling, and, as if by magic, every little cavorting rodent disappeared as thoroughly as if they had been absorbed in the moonshine. The Barrister and I lingered and watched, loth to leave a scene so weird, but the little fairies did not come forth again, or emit even the slightest sound to indicate whence they had gone, and feeling as though we had witnessed a revelry of the little gnomes which the Rosicrucians told us of 100 years ago, we gathered up our tired forms and our load of dead ducks and labored on down to our camp back of Newberry's old sod home. But we will learn more about the jumping mice, Gerard, before we go home, so let's hurry on now up into the pass, the birds will soon be moving in earnest, and we do not want to miss any of the flight."

A few moments later and we were toiling up the famous old pass and, finally, all out of breath and puffing like steam engines, reached the top of the range, and the picture that burst upon us was even more entrancing than ever. The broken country to the north and west, with its sandhills rolling like the waves of a golden sea, clear to the reedy shores of Trout Lake, and the placid stretch of blue water to the south, Clear Lake and its outlying companions never looked more picturesque than it did then in the waning light of that October afternoon. But the lad and I were not given much time to admire the grand but lonely scene, for we had hardly caught our breath, when there was a confused stir over Trout Lake and we saw the birds arising in clouds, and a few minutes subsequent they were streaming our way, and the evening's shoot was on.

But why enumerate the events of that night. They were pretty much the same as those of our previous great experience up there, and it will be sufficient to add that we killed all the birds we could carry and more, too. We went through the same trials of chasing cripples, the ecstasy of knocking one with each barrel out of this or that whizzing bunch, time and time again; got a shot, but they were too high, at a flock of five passing Canadas; and then as the sun, like a ball of fire, sank behind the dark rim of the distant western hills, we were treated to a veritable serenade by the coyotes, their greeting to the dawn of night. Off on a neighboring hillside, say a quarter of a mile away, we saw two of these little frowzy nomads of the plains, and while one busied himself digging at some object in the sand, like a dog digs at the entrance of a rabbit's

burrow, the other squatted on his haunches and gave us samples of all the latest songs he had learned and, though chill and creepy and weird as all our surroundings were growing, Gerard and I enjoyed it beyond measure.

And such was our daily life in the sandhills, and while I have said nothing of the badger we saw, the autumn thunder storm we were caught in, the big pelican's battle with the red-tail hawk, the midnight intrusion of a skunk, the blue-gilled sunfish and the sport they gave us on Dewey Lake, the cowboy's story of the haunted ranch, about our numerous haps and mishaps, and our happy hours in the old sod hostelry, our experience with the grouse on our way to Valentine, in the Niobrara valley, and many other little incidents, I have told you enough to give you an idea of the glories and benefits and profits of a two weeks' sojourn in the heart of the tenebrious but always interesting sandhills. There, often have I thought, I would live always in that fresh, free region; that lonely but tranquil realm of content, where honor's measure is not taken by success; where pretension does not tread on merit; where genius is not a jest, goodness not a seeming and devotion not a sham.

SANDY GRISWOLD.

OMAHA.

The Equity of the Game Laws.

BY A. CONVERT.*

GAME laws, like other laws, are made for a definite purpose, and that purpose is a wise one. So much controversy and discussion have arisen over the present game laws of this State, and so many widely divergent views are expressed, that one who is neither a hunter nor a fisherman may be permitted to present what may be called a disinterested or non-partisan view of the question, especially as close contact with friends on both sides has given the writer an opportunity to hear each side of the story, and to study the effect of our present game and fish laws.

It is unnecessary to discuss or even dwell upon the legal status of such laws, when before us is the record of thirty-eight States of the Union prohibiting the sale of game. Supreme Courts have pronounced them constitutional, wise, and just laws; our highest legal tribunal, the United States Supreme Court, adding its opinion to the credit side of such laws, as if to make "assurance doubly sure;" so it leaves only the equity side of the question to be considered. In other words, are these laws fair? Are they based upon the great American principle of giving the greatest good to the greatest number? It is charged that they are tainted with that which is so abhorrent to every American mind—"class legislation;" that is, legislation against the masses and for the benefit of the wealthy, the "favored few."

This is the indictment that rolls so glibly from the lips of the favor-hunting politician, and that flows so freely from the pens of many of our newspaper writers. It is the stock-in-trade argument of many attorneys when "extenuating circumstances" are scarce, and it becomes necessary to give the imagination free rein. Occasionally a Supreme Judge justifies his dissenting opinion by reasoning from such a view-point. Occasionally there is found one, like the late United States Supreme Justice Field, of sufficient mental vigor and moral courage to see and admit the error of his reasoning. He is quoted, since a dissenting opinion written by him in the famous case of *Geer vs. Connecticut* is the Rock of Ages to which other dissenters pin their faith, unaware, perhaps, that Justice Field, in a conversation two years later with his friend E. S. Pillsbury, the well-known attorney of San Francisco, stated that he was "convinced that the doctrine laid down by him in the *Geer* case was not good law, and that he regretted that he had ever written that dissenting opinion."

No one who has given the subject a moment's serious consideration can fail to see the need of placing restrictions on the taking of wild game, both as to numbers and as to the length of the season in which they can be taken. The difference arises chiefly as to the degree of restriction, and there are inequalities no doubt. Our Legislature is confronted with a serious problem when it undertakes the enactment of game laws. Our State is so large and so diversified, the conditions according to localities so varying as to breeding seasons, that a general law—the only remedy at its hands—cannot fit each section to its satisfaction. When a constitutional amendment is added which will permit of dividing the State into game districts, then legislation for the different districts can be enacted. At present the Legislature has as difficult a task as has the Federal Congress in passing a tariff bill that will suit to its satisfaction every State in the Union. Under present circumstances it does the best it can.

Many of those who criticize the restrictions do it thoughtlessly, not realizing that as civilization pushes out and extends its borders, taking up the wild lands, in exactly the same proportion are the breeding ground and habitat of the wild game reduced; that the wild bird flies no faster, has no better means of defense than it had two hundred years ago, while man has increased his efficiency to kill and take a thousandfold, advancing successively from the bow and arrow to a muzzleloading gun, then to the rapid-firing breechloader with smokeless powder and belt full of cartridges, until finally there has been evolved the "Game Hog." Should there be any question about the wisdom of, and necessity for, these restrictions?

The charge is directly made that our legislators were guilty of framing laws in favor of the wealthy, the "favored few;" in other words, were either so base or so ignorant that they passed the present game laws; and the cry was taken up, and is being industriously and persist-

*C. A. Vogelsang in Western Field.

ently circulated by some of the editors in the larger cities and then copied by some of the interior papers who are "long on space," that an "infamous," a "villainous" law was passed, although our Supreme Court declared it constitutional and in no sense discriminating. Surely one has a right to wonder and inquire: why this sharp distinction in terms? Are these laws so unfair? Do they discriminate against the masses? Are the poor deprived of their right, and obstacles placed in their way to prevent their ever tasting game? Is it the poor who clamor so loudly? Have their wails reached the ears and pierced the hearts of these great philanthropists, or is it possible the philanthropic judge and editor have heard that cry at home, and, firmly believing that "charity begins at home," are preparing to receive it? Would it be a fairer, more equitable distribution, to allow the few market-hunters—most of whom are not taxpayers, and often not citizens—to take that which costs them nothing to develop, either in labor or thought; to shoot and ship to the cities where it can be and is purchased only by the well-to-do or wealthy classes? In truth, it is only these two extremes of society, constituting but a small proportion of our population, who are benefited by the sale of game.

It is true that the non-sale of game deprives those living in the cities who do not hunt, but who would buy game if they had the legal right to procure it in that way; but it does not deprive them of the right that any poor man in the country is glad to exercise to acquire his. The city man has that same right reserved to him, and the fact is that all those who at any time purchase game when in the markets have the means and generally the time to acquire it in the same way as the man in the country. In other words, the people who can afford to live in clubs, fine hotels, or swell boarding-houses, are deprived of their easiest way to get game—that is, to buy it. Are these people the masses? Are they the sick, the blind, the poor that our philanthropic editors have in mind? Is it in their interest that this pathetic wail is set up? Have the poor suddenly acquired such influence that they can be heard in these high places; that their cries are heeded when they talk of game laws, but go unheard when they ask for better wages to buy bread and clothes for their families? Selfish interests produce strange arguments.

This does not apply to all who write against the present game laws. There are some who honestly believe that they work an injustice, because they do not understand the subject and follow blindly these clever but fallacious arguments, and because they believe that that which deprives the poor man and favors the rich is wrong. They do not realize that the non-sale of game deprives no man of work or position; that the game-dealer employs just as many men whether it be poultry or game he handles; that the same is true of restaurants, hotels, or clubs; and that in the country the industrious, intelligent farmer who owns a few acres and follows the legitimate occupation of raising geese, ducks, turkeys, chickens, or squabs for the market, and who is generally a man of family, always a taxpayer and a citizen, receives a better return for his products than when game is allowed to be sold. Besides, when he or his sons so desire, they can take their guns (and they always have them), and go out and find some game which has not been shot or scared away by the market-hunter, who scours the country for that which costs him nothing, in order to send it to the comparatively few of the wealthy in the cities who can afford to buy.

They do not realize that the present game laws are to the interest and advantage of such men, and to the disadvantage only of the market-hunter who shoots for the rich. They do not stop to contrast the two types of men, the market-hunter and the poultry-raiser, as citizens; they do not realize that every clerk, every laborer, every business man in the country can have his day afield with some profit and some pleasure; that every mechanic or man employed in business in the city can take a holiday and go into the country when game is abundant and be repaid for his time and expense. They do not stop to think that where one gun and necessary ammunition are sold to a market-hunter, twenty will be sold to men who enjoy hunting, and who will go hunting if there is promise of a fair return. In short, they do not understand that the bone and sinew of our country, represented by the great middle classes, will have an abundance of that which they do not buy, but which they can take in the way they enjoy the most.

It is true that the non-sale means that less game will be killed; that it can, and will, increase and multiply; and in that respect (incidentally) will the rich sportsman be benefited, and along with him will every poor man be a gainer. Indeed, it is doubtful if the wealthy sportsman will be so much of a gainer, since his well-stocked preserve is safe from the market-hunter, who must ply his vocation over that very land on which the poor man must of necessity depend for his pleasure and his share of game. As a matter of fact, many of the preserve sportsmen were against the present laws, because on their lands, over which none but themselves hunt; there was not noticeable the growing scarcity of game, and they objected to the wise provisions that placed a limit on the number they should shoot in a single day—a condition which placed them on the same footing with the man who does not belong to a club or own a preserve.

This brings us to the subject of preserves, and it is one that certain editors, who would like to pose as friends of the poor man, work to a finish. It is one of the subjects they revel in when recounting all the "evils" resulting from a number of wealthy men renting a piece of land, putting up buildings, hiring watchmen and caretakers, and in fact paying quite a sum monthly for the privilege of going several times a season for a shoot. Now this is not intended as a defense of preserves or baited ponds shot over from blinds—a practice that is barbarous! It is rather to invite attention to the fact that game laws have nothing to do with preserves. Will some of the learned judges and great newspaper protectors of the poor point out the connection?

Why tear down the game laws and give still greater advantages and opportunities to the preserve man? There is yet no legal way devised under our system of Government that can prevent a man with sufficient means from purchasing or renting more land if he thinks he requires it, and, after acquiring, controlling it, and saying how much or how little it shall be open to the public. It would seem most unwise and even childish, because of real or fancied grievances against the preserves, that the only

safeguards of the poor man may be torn down, simply because some one must be sacrificed; meanwhile the preserve remains untouched.

To follow out this line of reasoning, we should deny to a person having land that is unproductive—and nearly all shooting preserves are—the right to rent it and receive an income from it. He should open it to all comers; he should be so liberal and broadminded that he must not object if his premises are invaded, his stock wounded or driven away, and his fences destroyed, but sit calmly by—and wait for the tax collector. If he dared lease it to a man or number of responsible men who would take care of it and pay him besides, he would be committing an offense. Why not go a step further and advocate that in a city supplied with street railways on which everyone can ride for five cents, it shall be an offense against the public morals, peace of mind, etc., for any person to ride in any other way!

Another of the arguments frequently used is the pointing out of the hardships and suffering imposed upon invalids who "must" have game and are unable to purchase it. If that has any value, then there should be no close season whatever, no restrictive measures, else all the invalids would die during the eight months of close season; otherwise there are but four months in the year when they could exist, and now even that lease of life by our present "infamous," "villainous" game laws has been swept away. Unfortunately, statistics of the mortality are generally omitted. Is it not a fact that the sick of the masses or middle classes would appreciate a young squab, or the young of any other domestic fowl? Can they not be purchased at all seasons of the year, and as cheap as game (when sold)? Does not that sale benefit the dealer, and also some other man following a legitimate occupation in the country?

Are we not growing more ardent year after year for active, health-giving outdoor life, for the strenuous life in the fields? What greater attraction does the country offer, whether camping or at a country tavern, than the promise of a well filled basket or bag? What resort does not advertise—even when they have it not—its fishing and hunting? Does not that attraction, besides giving new vigor and health to thousands, mean the better circulation and distribution of the city's wealth? Is it not a positive benefit both to the city man and to the brother in the country? The present game laws are accomplishing the purpose for which they were enacted. One has but to travel in the country, anywhere, to see and appreciate the effects. Never in years have the quail and doves been so numerous. Deer are increasing, and there will be plenty for all. And it belongs to all—the people in the country as well as the people in the city. Under the existing laws the greatest good to the greatest number will be accomplished.

"With malice toward none and charity toward all" the foregoing is respectfully submitted, and with hope that a little more serious consideration of all the aspects of the case will show that our present game laws are not only legal but also equitable.

From the Game Fields of Virginia

OVER the frosted fields and down the dim vistas of the tall timber comes the old red warrior, October. Year after year the smoke from his camp-fires veils the forest and "clothes the mountain in its mystic hue." Then we say, "Behold! Indian summer is here." Before this ancient pioneer, lord of the sportsman's world, the red deer falls and the leaves of the sumac bushes are incarnadined in his trail. The glow from the old brave's camp-fire in the chilly evening is reflected from every tree, gold or crimson; through the blue haze of its smoke the hickory shines like a pillar of gold, the maple gleams like a sudden flame.

The little brown rabbit leaps from her warm burrow under the frosty twigs at the approach of his moccasined feet; the thunder of swift-winged quail rises around him as he crosses the broad fields, and all nature seems awed into silence, or, seized with sudden terror, flies at his approach.

At the signal of this friend of huntsmen, every true lover of sport takes down his gun, long unused, tries the triggers, glances down the shining barrels, and then hastens to unloose for a run in the fields his favorite hunting dog, wild for the freedom of the open, the scent of game in his nostrils, the free play of muscles and limbs long unused and cramped. This is the realization of the dreams that have quickened his pulses through all the sluggish summer days—days of weariness and waiting for this!

Hark! to his quick, glad yelp, answering the click of the trigger. See the wild joy with which he sniffs the dark blood stains on pouch and pocket of the old hunting coat, a friend of happier days. Throb for throb his master's heart answers his, as he feels the brown sedge once more under foot, while the frosty branches brush his cheek.

"Steady, there!"

Click! click! Bang, bang!

"By Jove! A double first go! Bring him in, Rip. Good dog! We've not forgotten how!"

And so the hunting season of 1904 opens for many a true lover of sport, both man and dog, and for us at Pine Top Lodge, in the "Old Dominion," where thousands of acres of sedge "old fields" spread before the sportsman's eye that "happy hunting ground" of which the Indian dreamed as heaven.

Here the descendants of old Diomed and Rose, veteran dogs whose histories have been recorded not only on the printed page, but on the "fleshy tablets" of many a heart, keep the memory of these grand dogs green, recalling them, to those who knew and valued them, by their faultless style and sure field work, bringing yearly big bunches of birds to "the man behind the gun," who, tramping home through sedge and broom with swollen pouch and pockets, growing heavier with every weary mile which brings his stiff limbs nearer the deep arm-chair, the blazing open fire, and the ample cheer of the supper of game and hot breads spread in the hospitable glow of the hickory logs, finds compensation for all the sweet toil of the day.

Such is the first day's hunt at Pine Top.

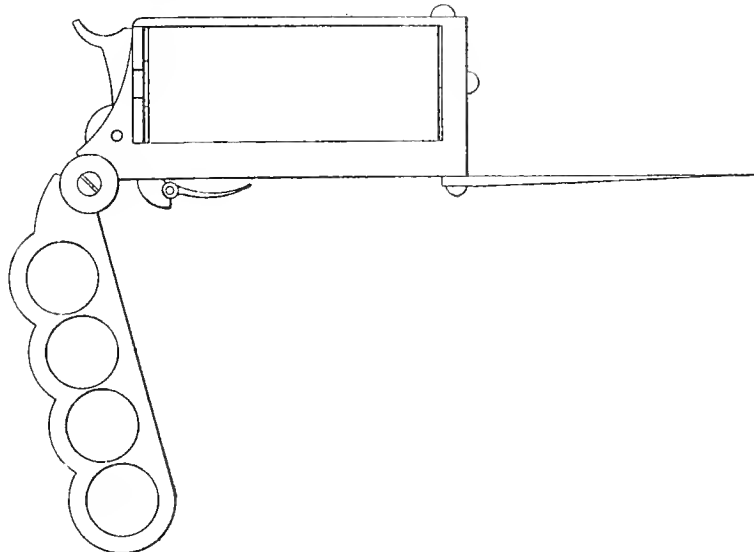
The outlook for game in my section is very good, quail being plentiful, and wild turkey so numerous that it is not

difficult to walk up on a flock of from five to twenty scratching in the dead leaves for acorns, and making so much noise that they do not hear one approach, shy and wary as they ordinarily are. L. P. BLOW.

PINE TOP LODGE, Sussex Co., Va., Oct. 20.

Made in Germany.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Oct. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* After reading the very interesting article in the last FOREST AND STREAM on "Antique Arms," I thought that the weapon here shown might be of some interest to the student of firearms. It is certainly not a very old weapon, as it is a center-fire, double-action revolver, but it will doubtless be a stranger to many of your readers. Some years ago, when I was a student in Freiburg in Baden, Germany, it used to hang in a gunsmith's window in that city. Doubtless it still hangs on the same wire; for dressing a show-window is a vanity that the small German merchant seldom indulges in. The drawing is made from memory, and may be in some of the minor details inaccurate, but on the whole it is correct. It consists of a



revolver of about .32 caliber, with a very long cylinder, which is also the barrels. The frame beneath the cylinder is hollow, and contains the main spring. There is no guard, and safety is obtained by means of a trigger which folds out of the way; quite a common device on German revolvers. Fastened to the bottom of the frame is a bayonet about three inches long, which opens by revolving on a pivot, and is held open by a spring. The trigger is placed to one side of the median line of the frame to admit the point of the bayonet when closed. The handle is of metal, about one-half inch thick, and has four holes through it for the fingers. This is hinged to the frame of the revolver and folds up against the bottom of same. In the drawing I have represented it as only partly open; when folded against frame, the whole becomes a very heavy set of metallic knuckles.

LEWIS H. ROSE.

Game Notes from the Northwest Territory.

COL. J. C. McILREE, Chief of the Northwest Mounted Police, who is a thirty-year contributor to FOREST AND STREAM, sends the following notes from that Territory under date of October 5, in which he incidentally recalls the fact of Mr. Charles Hallock's presence at Regina, the embryo capital, in August, 1882, when the first train on the Canadian Pacific Railroad came through. Regina at that time, as Mr. Hallock described it and sketched it, was strictly a canvas town, composed entirely of tents, and had not been officially named, the local designation being "Pile o' Bones," because of a buffalo slaughter which had at one time taken place there. The first wooden building that went up was a livery stable, from which the horses were turned out on Sundays to make way for religious services. A large party of Indians and half-breeds came in with sacks of pemmican from the Athabasca district north, which was probably the last consignment of its kind, as the buffalo were practically cleaned up that winter all over the ranges. Col. McIlree now writes as follows:

"This country is beginning to fill up, and as a consequence big game is getting scarce. I rode some 600 miles in July and August on an inspection trip, and saw quite a few pronghorns. I have had a pleasing occupation this fall teaching my youngster of eleven summers to shoot. I have been coaching him for some years with a .22 till he could shoot well, then introduced him to a shotgun, and this season turned him loose, and he has done well. Out for seven parts of afternoons, he has 59 grouse to his credit, all killed on the wing but two. Birds are fairly plentiful this year. I have only shot close around barracks. I inclose a photo of a moose head one of our fellows brought from the Yukon. It is rather a pretty head, I think. J. C. McILREE."

Long Island Ducks.

EAST QUOGUE, L. I., Oct. 15.—I send the number of ducks shot by guests last week: October 10—3 geese, 10 ducks, 11 snipe; October 11—14 ducks, 2 snipe; October 12—Rain stopped shooting; October 13—6 ducks, 9 snipe; October 14—5 ducks, 7 snipe; October 15—12 ducks, 1 snipe. Broadbills in great number came in the bay October 15. By the 25th battery shooting should be good, as the birds will get a haunt by that time.

E. A. JACKSON.

Death of a South Bay Guide.

ISAAC GREEN, of Bayport, a famous South Bay guide and wing shot, died October 22, aged 78 years. Lockjaw was the cause of death. Mr. Green was credited with having shot more ducks than any man living along the bay. He declared during his last illness that his old-fashioned muzzleloading gun which hung on the wall over his bed was superior to any modern fowling piece.

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.

Lake Temiskaming.

LAKE TEMISKAMING, Quebec, Canada, Oct. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As many of your readers have visited the Temiskaming district in search of big game, an account of a hunt on October 17 may interest them. Two guides who were engaged to go with a New York gentleman next day, were here waiting for him to put in an appearance. In the morning I told them they had better go out and try and get some partridge or deer. They left the hotel at 8:30 and in the evening, about 7:30, arrived with a moose head, the horns having a spread of 52 inches, and one of the prettiest ones I have ever seen in this northern district. When returning, within a quarter of a mile of the house, they killed a very large brown-nosed black bear weighing 300 pounds. How is this for one day's hunt in the virgin wilds of Canada? Many of your readers know the guides, Francis Antoine and Bernard Jawbone.

The shooting of the bear was rather funny. Francis was ahead with the moose head on his shoulders. Just as they came out of the bush near the graveyard of a small church near the C. P. R. Railway track, they espied the bear. Bruin evidently thought he had met a moose, for he stopped. Francois halted and gently swayed the moose head to attract his attention, and Bernard with a .35 Winchester bowled him over. When they reached the house, I asked Bernard where they got the bear. He said,

"In the graveyard. I guess that bear was coming from church," and a quiet smile played about his stoic face.

W. H. LEAVITT.

Good Shooting in New York City.

THE New York Herald of October 15 relates that a tract of land of eight hundred acres, which is in reality a game preserve, exists right in New York city. That this is true, Captain Burfiend and the police of the West Chester precinct found out a few days ago, when a request was made at the little station house in Main street for protection from the hunters who are just now beginning to trouble the custodian of the place.

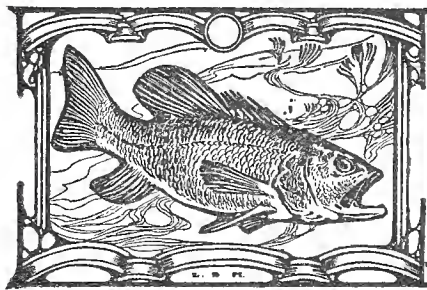
On both sides of Westchester Creek and on the shores of Pelham Bay, not far from the Bartow station on the suburban branch of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, is what is known as part of the Coutant estate, which consists of about one thousand acres. One lone house, that of John Campbell, the custodian of the place, is within a stone's throw of the little station. Fishing is good, and hunting also, as ducks, snipe and other game abound. Campbell was busy last week warning hunters that no trespassing would be tolerated. The sportsmen usually take Campbell as a joke, and so he appealed to the police of the West Chester station for assistance. Perhaps the most surprised man was Captain Burfiend, for he never dreamed of the possibility of being

asked to help police a private estate of nearly one thousand acres within the confines of the city. He explained that he could not properly protect the place, as he had not men enough. Campbell then said that he would have to use methods of his own, and added that he had several good guns in his house, and in addition would obtain a number of dogs.

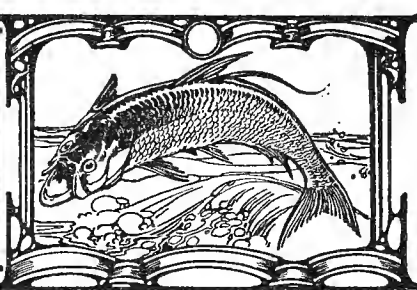
The Limit of Game Bags.

SOUTHPORT, Conn., Oct. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of October 1, More Anon, in telling of the abundance of water fowl and shore birds in the Currituck region, states that on three days of a certain week in September he shot respectively 135, 122, and 70 yellowlegs. It is gratifying to know that there are still some places on the Atlantic Coast where the shore birds may be found in considerable numbers. But is it not high time for sportsmen to set themselves a limit whether the law requires it or not? Is not a daily average of 109 birds far too great? I would like to ask More Anon if, in his opinion, that first day's sport would have been a failure had he stopped at 35 and allowed the remaining 100 to go on their way? I would gladly be convinced that the supply of these birds is sufficiently inexhaustible to withstand such inroads. Have these or any of the shore birds held their own during the past twenty years? I think not.

M. S. LACEY.



SEA AND RIVER FISHING



A Woman in Waders.

NOW THAT "the high tide of the year" is past, and the season of the log fire has opened, I have been thinking of the pleasure of the departed summer as I gaze into the glowing embers. We all know that there is nothing comparable to the influence of a log fire. Nothing shuts out the material world more effectually than the glow and warmth and beauty of the blazing logs. It is then that the imagination assumes control. We picture in the dancing flames the realization of our hopes. The future is unrolled before us, and we shape events according to our desires. While the spell is upon us we not only map out our lives, we seem actually to live the part. But aside from our flight of fancy toward the future, the flames as they change in form and color turn our thoughts backward, and we live again the red letter days of the past.

There are two experiences of the summer just departed which I love to dwell upon; and it is under the influence of the cheer and warmth of the logs as they burn and crackle these cool October evenings that I seem to experience again those seasons of pleasure and delight.

Yes, unquestionably those days of May and July hold two experiences never to be forgotten, and I fervently hope, very many times repeated. What was it they held? Why fishing experiences, of course.

It seems odd, now that I think of it, that as a daughter of a disciple of Izaak Walton, I should have lived a score and a half of years without ever casting fly on a trout stream.

This suggests the oft-discussed question, "Are anglers born or made?" The venerable Izaak tells us that "as no man is born an artist, so no man is born an angler." But again in his "Compleat Angler," we read that "angling is somewhat like Poetry, men are to be born so." When the father of angling is thus contradictory, what are we to believe. And yet, after all, why bother with the question. If we are "born so" the consciousness of the gift will make itself known, and we will enter the company of anglers with the realizing sense that we are where we belong. If we are not "born so," a few tests on the stream with rod and line will settle the matter. And the question will not be decided by the number of the catch, either.

At the end of my first day the bottom of my creel was covered only with the moss that was to have made a bed for the trout. Was I discouraged? No. That first day's experience led me to believe that I was born an angler, for although I had no trout, there was something in my heart that seemed a precious possession. I had found a recreation which was satisfying, which was delightful, which had no blemish or drawback. Yes, I believe that I was "born so."

This first experience came to me last May. During the previous winter a very frequent and delightful guest at our home spent many evenings with my father in his library before the fire telling "fish stories." Unlike most fish stories, his were all true, and always fascinating, and I found myself becoming extremely interested in the subject of angling as represented by these two lovers of the art. I presume it was my questioning, and my evident enthusiasm of the subject that led them to arrange an early trouting trip, our friend planning to take his wife, and my father to take me.

Those days of preparation are all pleasant to look back upon. Mrs. B. and myself became initiated into the technicalities of the gentle art. Fishing before had suggested a fishing-pole; now we spoke of our rods. We decided speedily that our interest was centered in the fly-book rather than in the bait-box, especially when our imagination filled the latter with various creeping things.

In a recent article by Mr. Fowler in *FOREST AND STREAM*, we have seen set forth the differences between a fly-fisherman and a bait-fisherman or a "plugger." I shall say nothing against the latter now, except that I hope no woman is in their ranks or will join them.

Fancy trying to observe and practice one of the rules for adjusting a frog according to Izaak Walton: "Thus use your frog: put your hook—I mean the arming wire—through his mouth and out at his gills, and then with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg with only one stitch to the arming of your hook, or tie the

frog's leg above the upper joint to the armed wire; and in so doing use him as though you loved him." Verily frogs, worms, grasshoppers, helgramites, and all the long list of live bait, are not for the use of the angler's wife or daughter.

And yet the question may well be asked, if a woman shrinks from using live bait, how can she experience pleasure in catching a living thing on a cruel hook? My answer is framed from what my father and his friend have told me. They assured me from the beginning that fishes are cold-blooded, and that the hook does not hurt them. I hope I have not been misinformed. But the argument in the matter which would warrant an indulgence of the art, is the fact that fishes were intended as food for man.

It is only fair to acknowledge that from the first contemplations I entertained of becoming an angler, one of the most attractive thoughts was the charm I knew I should find in the country of the trout stream. I did, indeed, anticipate the pleasure of the motion and spring of the graceful rod, but little did I realize the sensations that the actual manipulations would produce. And when the first trout rose! But there, I am going too fast, for I want to say a word regarding our preparations for the trip to Sullivan county, where we were to fish the Willowemoc.

One of the most interesting purchases in making ready for the trip was that of the waders. The gentlemen, of course, as old sportsmen, possessed everything that a devotee of angling could desire, including many devices in the way of tackle that would startle the gentle Izaak were he to appear among us. At last the preparations were complete, and the time of our departure near at hand. A dress rehearsal in our shiny waders, with cloth skirts not very much below the knee, matching in color our blue and green velvet shirt-waists, called forth pleasant compliments from our instructors, and we were glad that the angling habit was not unbecoming.

We reached the little station of Livingston Manor at twilight with no evidences of spring in sight or sound, though we had left the robins and the early blossoms in Jersey. A drive of six miles brought us to the Hearthstone Inn at De Bruce, and a blazing fire and hot supper were welcome, indeed. We all went to bed in good season that we might be ready for the wonderful event of the next day. Early we marched into the breakfast room with waders on, having left our rods, nets, creels, etc., in the hall, where we could speedily grasp them as we made a rush to be off. I was as excited as a child to see its first Christmas tree. Why, I was really nervous, and could scarcely take time enough even to eat some mush and milk. I left my companions with their steak and hurried out of doors. At once the sound of the stream reached my ears—the stream in which I was to wade. Think of it! The stream where lived the speckled trout—the stream that I had been hearing of all winter!

Yes, the bell had rung, the curtain risen, and the test was about to begin. Were Mrs. B. and I "born so" or were we "to be made?"

I refrain from recording the incidents of that first day, the principal reason being that they are too numerous. But let me add that it was a day of great delight. There were no mishaps, no accidents, and no trout; that is, none for me. My friend Mrs. B. hooked and landed two beauties with the grace and art of a professional, thus doing credit to her able instructor. It was a Cahill that did it, I think. My coachman, I presume, is still decorating a stately hemlock; but I noticed that a professor was tight and fast in a limb just above where my fly caught, and a few yards ahead I observed Mr. B. adjusting a new fly. The novice didn't feel so badly after that.

Mrs. B. and I waited with suppressed interest the verdict of our instructors upon our qualifications to enter the ranks of the anglers after that first day with the rod and line. Were we to be or not to be admitted? The big fire-place of the inn was crammed with logs, and we relaxed our tired bodies that first evening before its genial warmth. No one spoke. Finally the stillness was broken by Mr. B., who simply said, emphatically, "Born so." Father echoed, "Born so." We had passed.

It is hard to put on paper the sensations that came to me those three days a-stream; but it is not hard to call them back as I gaze in the glowing embers of the fire.

How much richer the memory is for having had those experiences; I may almost say, how much richer the life!

It is as dear old Izaak Walton has said, that "angling is an employment for idle time, which not idly spent, is after study a rest to the mind, a cheerer of the spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness, and it begets habits of peace and patience in those that profess and practice it." True, indeed, is every word, as all those who have tried it will agree.

We returned to the city, each with a rich possession. I do not mean the trout, though we felt a glowing pride in the beauties we brought to those at home. I refer especially to the tranquil minds, the restored vigor of the body, the experiences we shared as companions in the stream, and at the noon-day luncheon on the bank. The purity of the water, of which we almost seemed a part as we walked its rocky bed; the tonic of the air as it came to us from the hills and across the meadows; the song of the birds as they called to one another in the love notes of the spring; the tender coloring of the new growth of the year; all these influences we carried away with us—the influences which are the mainspring of a pure and simple life.

My second angling trip included, as the first, many months of anticipation and also of preparation. Again the principal subject was that of the waders. This time we were going to Michigan to camp as well as to fish. The question was, were our waders going to be high enough for the water of the Manistee River. It was finally decided that they would do, and the boat would be near us if we got in deep water. I confess that both Mrs. B. and myself felt a little uncertain as to the wading we would be able to do, for we noticed that the men bought what looked like a diver's uniform. The whole body was covered up to the arm-pits, and we wondered what we should do, rubbered only above the knee, and with short skirts. The first day in camp decided it.

I left my tent at six with my waders on and short skirt. The men appeared clad nearly all in rubber. Our camp was pitched on the bank of the river, and it was but a step from the tent to the water. I made that step with direct intent. I got only about three feet from shore when I found I was getting in too deep. I searched for a shallow entrance all along the line, but the bank and I were still too close. Then came the question, how could I angle when I couldn't wade? I was sick at heart as I remembered that a drive of thirty miles and a three-hour railroad journey separated me from what seemed essential to my happiness—a pair of high waders.

All this time the men were several bends below in the river catching the trout for breakfast. Upon their return, their solicitous inquiries as to what had happened to upset my peace of mind so early in the game—we had made camp the night before at six—were called forth by my long, and I fear sad, face. My story was scarcely told ere one of the party dashed into a tent and out again with a pair of extra waders. Then some one else dashed into a tent and out again, and I felt as if I were peeking over a high board fence. They were a loose fit, to be sure, but I didn't care about that, or that the size was No. 10. All I thought about was getting in that river and casting a Reub-Wood for those speckled beauties.

My breakfast was about as exciting as the one at Hearthstone Inn before my first entrance in a trout stream, only then I was concerned both with the waders and the casting, and now I felt that my whole attention must be given toward keeping upright in those gigantic leggings, which made me walk very like a performing bear.

That first day is too painful to recall, but I kept in the river until supper time, and then all night I walked the shifting bottom of that river, done up to my neck in rubber.

Well, the second day I fished, and the third day I fished—yes, and caught some beauties, too—and every day of the two weeks in camp, except Sundays, I fished and wore the waders.

What about Mrs. B.? Well, she thought she would stay in the boat, as Mr. B. felt that her 110 pounds (she weighs 50 pounds less than I do) was safer there. The other ladies of the party didn't venture into the high-top boots but once, so I was the undisputed wearer of the extra pair

of waders. They brought me more pleasure, I am sure, than any seven-league boots of the fairy tales could have done. Nothing can equal the thrill of walking down the heart of a river, following the current and your inclination, and being able to place yourself so that the silken fly can dance out on the water beyond you—just over the "dead head" where you wish to place it.

Yes, you know he was there—a big one. At the second cast out he rushes, and in a twinkling the connection is made, and he belongs to you. There is no one near, the boat is waiting around the bend, but you smile as you measure his twelve inches with your eye while you land him. It was the position that gave you the chance. No boat would have answered, the cast would not have been possible from the bank; it was the waders that did it.

So now, as I look into the fire, I see many things which bring back my two angling experiences. I see the surroundings, the charming setting of the scenes; I see the river in its motion; I see the sunlight glisten on its surface; I see the color of the heavens and the fleecy clouds floating by; I see the faces of the friends and companions a-stream; I see the leap of the trout and the rush for the fly—and in the midst of all I see those big, yellow, No. 10 waders.

MABEL WOODWARD.

Impromptu Trout Lures.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Do read the annexed deposition from the "Anglers' Book of Revelations." It hardly sounds like "Truthful James" or John his brother, both of whom were expert fishermen in apostolic times at the beginning of the Christian era. Nevertheless, since it is vouched for (?) in cold type by a journal whose reliability has been fathered by four consecutive generations of trustworthy publishers, will not those who angle be "almost persuaded?" Will not some even swallow the substance of the statement as the untutored trout swallow the new-fangled bait? I copy:

"Something About Trout.—Once, while casting from a canoe, when, at dusk, the night-hawks were very thick, I slapped the flies again and again on the wings of the gyrating birds, and on one occasion dislodged a feather, which, falling to the surface of the lake, was seized by a trout. On another occasion, in Maine, casting at sunset, I hooked a muskrat through the back. The rat crawled up on the bank; the hook carried away a little film of skin and hair without hurting the frightened creature. Recovering, I cast and took a trout on that tuft of hair, which, added to the Parmachene-belle on my leader, seemed to do the work as long as it lasted. Yet, when it was gone, substituting a black gnat with chenille body and head wings, the trout knew the difference, and refused the offer."—Harper's Weekly.

Here, Mr. Editor, is a man, an averred eye-witness to all the idiosyncrasies he recites, who does not have to patronize the tackle shops for artificial flies. Not one cent can the dealers exact for tribute from this independent rodster. He just sits in his light canoe (being perfectly at ease in the ticklish craft), and flicks the feathers out of bull-bats and other birds which flit in the dusk, and snips the fur out of muskrats and that ilk when they are not noticing; does it all with his own little hatchet—I should say with his light fishing-rod—and thus obtains infallible lures for the trout which deploy in the

pool around him, enjoying exceptional success. No other baits or lures will do at all—not even "a black gnat with chenille body and head wings." Intelligent trout recognize the old-time seductions, but are not up to these improved devices which bear the caveat of the wily angler, and only Harper's Weekly had the secret! But this at once became too good to keep, and so was unconscionably published—literally given away to a grateful guild, of which FOREST AND STREAM readers are fortunately members.

Happy the contributor who can thus find his offering "available." For there are many who do not *quorum pars fui*.
CHARLES HALLOCK.

Off the Jersey Coast.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Oct. 21.—A review of coast fishing is not conducive to extravagant praise as relates to the season now drawing to a close.

Perhaps there have never been more enthusiasts at all the favorite points, and it is safe to assert that disappointment has been the portion of the majority. Striped bass took the hook fairly well for a brief period in June, but left us unusually early, and only an occasional straggler has since appeared. The harvest moon tides usually give us a run of good fish, but the exception was the rule, as only one fish was taken during that period at any of the near-by points.

Kingfish were very scarce the entire season, but those taken were most remarkably large, and in nearly every instance female fish heavy with spawn. There is a most peculiar fact in relation to the spawning of kingfish, as we began taking them early in June with ripe ova, and the same condition prevailed throughout the entire season. I have taken many specimens late in October with ova fully developed and apparently ready to be voided. If the same conditions exist with any other member of our coast fishes I am unaware of the fact.

The man who observes things each recurring season is almost sure to add to his store of knowledge or develop some surprise. In all the years that I have followed salt-water fishing previous to this, I have never taken a spawn-bearing weakfish on the hook, and had discussed the subject with many others, most of whom had had the same experience. As if to emphasize the never-ending vagaries of fish life, out of the first seven fish taken by me the present season, five contained well matured spawn.

We ordinarily look forward to a heavy run of weakfish on the beach during August, September and October; but their movements have been very erratic. Some days fairly good sport was to be had, and the next, when conditions appeared equally good, not a fish would be in evidence. All this, however, relates to beach and pier fishing.

There is another class of fishing which has sprung into universal favor, and it is my pleasure to say that the past few weeks have given me the finest fishing I have ever had on the New Jersey coast. Thanks to those genial surfmen, Brit Slocum and Charlie White, whose knowledge of the briny and the haunts of its denizens no man's excels, we three congenial spirits—Ennis, Crosson and myself—have had many days of supreme delight. While yet the stars are in evidence, after a hasty breakfast, we hurry to the beach. What though the sea seems a trifle boisterous, our surf-boat, equipped with powerful gasoline engine, is launched, and away we go out over the bar, where the breakers are tumbling; but the rapidly re-

volving propeller shoots us through and on to where the long, steady roll assures us there is no flying spray to dampen either our ardor or our breeches. In the early morning light is made out the heavy line of smoke from some passing steamer of the coast lines, trailing back in the yet heavy atmosphere. Toward that we go, arousing from their repose the gulls; and the ubiquitous loon slinks away on heavy wing, wondering perhaps at the noise of the rapid exhaust of our engine and the clatter of human voices.

In the stem of the boat stands the sturdy figure of Brit, his experienced eye taking in the familiar ranges on the rapidly disappearing shore-line. At a signal of his hand, Charlie shuts off the engine, and we come around in answer to the dropped anchor and swiftly paying out cable. Rods and reels are quickly adjusted, and the polished squids are attached to the lines and dropped overboard. Down, down they go, forty, fifty, maybe sixty feet, until they touch bottom, for it is there we seek the quarry. We are fishing for weakfish. After reeling up about three feet, the squid is kept rapidly in motion by continually twitching the rod. If we are on the right spot (and we usually are), very soon the rod, which was moving upward, is rapidly shot downward, until the top is buried far beneath the surface, and an untamed something is entire master of the situation. Under and around the boat it goes, the line hissing through the water. But nature tires, and gradually the conquering reel brings into view the flashing, fighting victim, and if well hooked a helping hand lays the exhausted pugilist in the boat; his weight is 6, 8, possibly 10 pounds, for many of the latter weight have we taken; and regard for his fighting qualities gradually merges into admiration of his splendid changing colors, putting to blush the brightest rainbow that ever graced a morning cloud. Before the first is boated, probably a second and third is hooked, and everybody is busy.

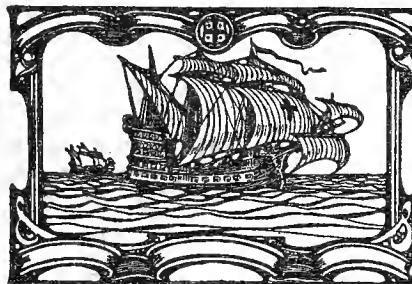
The transition from the sublime to the ridiculous is always easy, and the next to inspect the flashing squid may be of such small size as to draw forth remarks more or less uncomplimentary. Surprise is always in store for the one who pursues deep-sea fishing; it is always uncertain what species will strike the bright metal. I have taken in this manner bluefish, bonito, weakfish, croakers, plaice, porgies, sea bass, whiting, ling, hake and skate. There is always an expectant crowd watching the landing of our boat, to whom the catch is welcome, other than perhaps one or two of the choicest specimens for home use.

Superb fishing, however, has been had by different members of our club who have enjoyed the pleasures of Harvey Cedars.

LEONARD HULIT.

Massachusetts Trout Stocking.

The Westfield (Mass.) Anglers' Club received a consignment of nine cans of fingerling trout from the State Fish and Game Commission yesterday. The trout were taken to Westfield by Deputy Shea, and arrived in prime condition. The cans contained fully 2,500 trout of unusual size. They were exceedingly lively. Members of the club placed the fish in several different streams. The trout are all large enough to take care of themselves, and through the winter and spring should grow to good size. The Anglers' Club is doing good work stocking the streams, and should be more generously supported by the sportsmen.—Springfield Republican, October 22.



YACHTING



Cruising in Nova Scotian Waters.

BY S. J. ALLEN.

THE several cruises described in this article were made during the months of July and August of 1903 along the southwestern coast of Nova Scotia, from Halifax to Shelburne. I made my headquarters at Chester, which is situated on Mahone Bay, about forty-seven miles west of Halifax. Mahone Bay is the most ideal yachting ground one could wish for, it is about eight miles wide at the mouth. Across the entrance stretch the islands of Big and Little Tancook, which form a natural breakwater for the waters within; dotted over the bay are about one hundred islands, large and small, most of them clad with green trees to the water's edge. Chester is located at the head of the bay, and is a great summer resort for American tourists. There is a small but enthusiastic yacht club there, which holds races every Saturday and an open regatta once a season.

The yacht Menotah, in which these cruises were made is a 24ft. waterline, centerboard sloop. Her over all length is 33ft., and her breadth 9ft. 10 in., with rather high freeboard. She was designed principally for cruising, but a fair turn of speed was expected. Her hull is strongly constructed of oak and pine. The ballast consists of about 1,400 pounds of lead hung outside in a long shoe, through which the centerboard passes, and about 1,200 pounds inside. The 800 sq. ft. of sail is divided into the mainsail and one jib. The mainsail has three sets of reef points, and a storm jib is used when the last two reefs are tied down. The cabin is about 10ft. long, with 4ft. gin. headroom, and is finished in cedar and oak. On each side of the cabin there is one berth with a transom in front, giving sleeping accommodations for four persons. On each side forward of the berths are placed lockers for stores and dishes. Forward of the cabin is a galley with a small cast iron wood stove.

The question of stoves aboard a small yacht is a very perplexing one, some preferring one kind and some another. Having tried all kinds of oil and blue-flame stoves, I have given them up in disgust and have finally decided on the wood stove, such as is used by the coast

fishermen in their boats. One is always certain of a good fire with this kind of stove, and it cannot explode. I use as fuel old oak cask staves, which, when cut up into short lengths, make a beautiful clear fire and scarcely any smoke. Our nights are often cold, and the genial heat given out by this little stove adds much to one's comfort.

Menotah has proved herself to be a fine sea boat, and fast on a reach or a run, but not so good to windward. She sags off to leeward a good deal, not having sufficient lateral plane. I am seriously thinking of taking out the centerboard and substituting a keel, being convinced that a keel boat is far more preferable for Nova Scotia waters.

For some time I had been contemplating a trip to Halifax, and as there were two yachts in the harbor also bound for that port, we decided to make the trip in company. I was only able to get one companion to go with me, and so was rather short handed. The other two yachts were Hermes, from Yarmouth, N. S., formerly champion of the Massachusetts Y. R. A. 25ft. cabin class; and Marion, from Boston, another 25-footer.

The day of departure dawned beautifully clear and bright, with a strong N.W. wind blowing, which later on increased to half a gale. However, as the wind was off shore, and as our course would be before the wind, we decided to start. We tied down three reefs and put on a storm jib. Our dinghy was rather heavy to tow, so we gave her plenty of line, as we knew there would be some long seas running when we got outside.

Hermes got away about twenty minutes before us, while Marion started at the same time we did. We let go our moorings at 10:30 A. M., and beat out to the mouth of the harbor, rounded the point and squared away before the wind. Getting the full sweep of the wind, Menotah sped across the bay toward Little Tancook, for we had to pass between this island and the mainland.

We soon reached Tancook Island, passed between it and the mainland, and emerged upon the open sea, where we got the full force of the wind and sea. Three miles from Tancook lies Ironbound, which name it well deserves, for it looks like a great block of iron rising abruptly from the ocean. There is a powerful

coast light placed on this island, and about 1½ miles E. by S. from the island is an automatic buoy, which enables one to pick up the island in a fog. On our port hand opened out to the N. St. Margaret's Bay, which is nearly as large as Mahone Bay, but more exposed to the sea. We had some trouble keeping our dinghy from ramming Menotah's stern, and as a safeguard we bent on an extra tow rope.

From Ironbound Island it is a straight run of 24 miles to Sambro Island. At 1:30 P. M., we passed Betty's Island, on which is a lighthouse showing the entrance to Prospect Harbor. This island is just half way to Halifax, and so we had been traveling at a pretty fair rate of speed. Marion had gradually drawn away from us and was now about a mile in the lead. We were, however, closing up on Hermes. We passed Pennant Point, which runs a good distance out into the sea in a series of long reefs. The outer reef is marked by a red cone buoy, and about 1½ miles out to sea is placed an automatic buoy. It being a fine day and having fair wind, we ran through the Sambro ledges. This is one of the worst places along the coast, and very dangerous in thick weather. Sambro Island lies about 1½ miles from the mainland and is surrounded on all sides by rocks and reefs. On the island is a powerful coast light, and a fog gun, discharged every two minutes in thick weather. The channel through is deep enough and safe in fine weather to one who knows the way. In thick weather very few will venture through this way. Opposite Sambro Island is a fine anchorage known as Sambro Roads.

From Sambro Island to Chebucto Head, at the entrance to Halifax Bay is 5 miles; and we soon covered this distance after rounding the head, on which there is a light and steam fog whistle. We trimmed sheets and headed up the bay. The land along here is very high and steep, and in the hard puffs Menotah heeled down until the cabin house was in the water. We kept her to it, however, and only luffed once on the passage up the bay. The harbor of Halifax is an easy one to enter, being well buoyed and marked. A course N. from Chebucto Head brings one straight up the harbor. We arrived at Halifax at 4:50 P. M., and anchored off the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron club house. Having made the trip up in 6h. 20m., an average of 7.2 knots

per hour, Marion arrived 20m. and Hermes 10m. before us.

The Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron is a very flourishing organization and numbers among its members some of the finest yachtsmen in Canada. They are most hospitable to visiting yachtsmen, and we were accorded the best treatment and had the use of their club house and floats.

We spent four or five days very pleasantly in Halifax, visiting friends and sailing around the harbor. Halifax is an interesting old city, strongly fortified and garrisoned with two regiments of British troops. The harbor is noted as one of the finest in the world, being very deep. It is apt to be squally there with a W. or N.W. wind, and one needs a pretty stiff and able craft in order to have any comfort. Above the harbor and connected with it by a narrow passage lies Bedford Basin, extending about 10 miles inland, in which the entire British navy might lie sheltered.

Friday we started back to Chester; the morning was clear and bright and gave every promise of being a fine day. There was a light breeze blowing from the S. as we broke out the anchor and got under way. This would make a beat to windward to Chebucto Head and then a reach along the coast to Chester. Everything went well until we were near Chebucto Head, when the fog, which had evidently been lying off the coast, drifted in, and in a few minutes we were in the thick of it and all view of land blotted out. We ought to have put back into Halifax, but we decided to keep on, as we wished to get back to Chester that day if possible. We did not dare to attempt to run through the channel as we had done coming up, so had to beat out around Sambro Island and the outermost ledges. This meant adding about 5 miles to the course and was attended with some risk. We had to run close to the reefs before we could see them, or hear the steam whistle on Chebucto Head. After a time we picked up the fog gun on Sambro Island. One by one we rounded the ledges, most of them being marked by spar buoys. In passing Sambro Island we got almost into the breakers before we could tell where we were. The fog lifting for a moment showed us to be right under the lighthouse, and just then the gun went off. We tacked quickly and headed out to sea, after a while picking up the Blind Sisters, on which there is a bell buoy. This was the last ledge, and from here we set our course by the compass to Pennant Point. The wind only came in puffs as it generally does in the fog, and we made little headway. We passed close by several fishermen and a couple of large schooners bound for Halifax. Our fog horn was sounded constantly. Land was finally made a little to the E. of Pennant, and after tacking out to sea sighted the buoy off Pennant Point. From here we set our course for Ironbound, being able to fetch it close hauled. The course was now straight, and there would not be much more danger.

About 5 o'clock in the afternoon we ran close by Betty's Island, making it out dimly through the fog. The wind had now dropped very light, and all hope of reaching Chester before dark was given up. At 7 o'clock we judged we were somewhere near Ironbound, although we could not hear the automatic. In another half hour we heard the sound of surf on our starboard hand and, shifting our course, soon made out Ironbound. We had run about a mile off our course and had passed to the south of the automatic, which we were unable to hear, on account of the wind carrying the sound away from us. We sailed close in toward Ironbound and rounded the northern end of it. It was now almost dark and the light on Ironbound could be seen dimly through the fog. The automatic could now be heard plainly behind us, and we did not lose sound of it for the next half hour. We shaped our course for the middle of the channel, between Little Tancook and the mainland. The sun had now set and it became very dark. My companion was forward, keeping his ears and eyes open for any sign of land.

Everything was soaking wet from the mist, and we were cold and hungry. Suddenly, dead ahead and to the starboard, we heard the roar of surf, but could not see any land. On trying the lead we found we were getting into shallow water. I swung Menotah around at right-angles to her former course, and in a few minutes we heard the surf again directly ahead. This seemed very queer at the time, for, supposing we were in the channel, on changing our course eight points we ought to have had to sail over a mile before reaching the opposite shore, whereas we seemed to be in a *cul de sac*. There was nothing to indicate whether we were to the right or left of Little Tancook. After sailing around in a circle three or four times and narrowly missing a big rock, we decided the best and safest thing to do was to anchor and wait until morning. The sea was comparatively smooth, with the exception of a long ground swell, and we would not be in much danger, unless a heavy breeze sprang up, which was not likely. Feeling our way in with the lead until we were in 4 fathoms of water, we let go the anchor and lowered the sails. The lead showed a hard rocky bottom, but our anchor was a good one and we held all right. We fixed up things on deck and then went below. Making up a good fire we soon had the little cabin warm and comfortable, after which we got something hot to eat. What a difference that little stove made to the cabin and to our tempers. After a smoke, we turned in and slept soundly until morning.

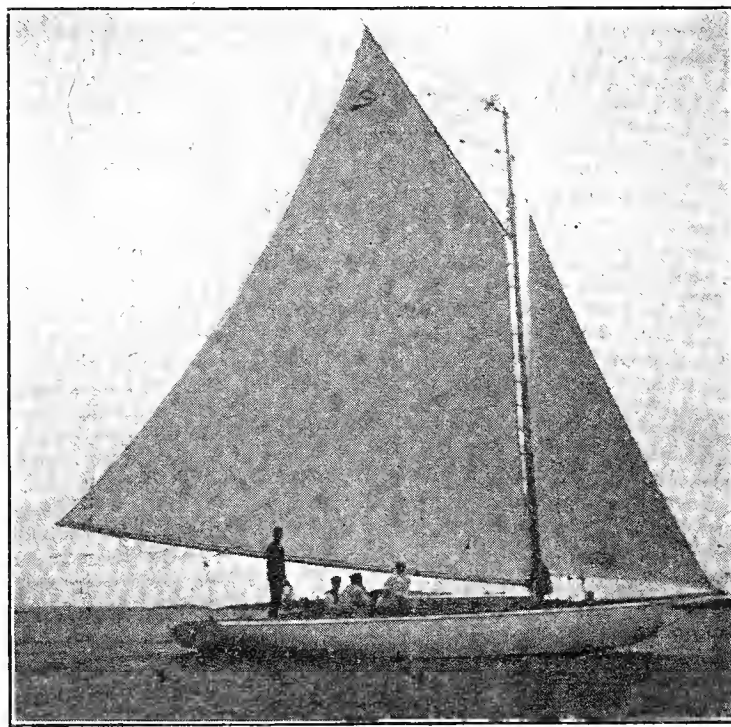
When we went on deck the next morning we found the fog clearing up, and we were soon able to make out our surroundings. We saw that we were in a sort of small half-moon shaped bay on the mainland and directly opposite Little Tancook. On the night before we must have kept too much to the starboard coming in from Ironbound and so missed passing through the channel. About 6 o'clock we hoisted sail and started with a light wind for Chester, which we reached in about two hours' time, and picked up our old mooring.

After spending a week in Chester, we concluded one morning to run over to Bridgewater, which is situated on the La Have River, about 12 miles from its mouth, the river being about 25 miles from Chester.

We left our mooring about 10:30, swinging full sail and with a nice wind blowing from the S. The day was beautifully bright and clear, and the sun was dancing

merrily over the waves. Our course gave us a dead beat to windward of about 12 miles to East Point and then a close reach along the coast to the westward. When within 2 miles of East Point the wind shifted to the S.W. and freshened somewhat, giving us more windward work. We rounded East Point at 1:30 and stood over toward Cross Island on the starboard tack. Cross Island lies about 2 miles to the S.W. of East Point, and on the N. and E. sides are several bad shoals. There is a deep channel lying close to East Point, though in bad weather vessels generally pass outside the island. On the island are two powerful coast lights, which are in range with that on La Have Ironbound to the westward; if these are kept in line, all shoals are cleared in that direction. We tacked close in under the N.W. end of the island and on the next tack stood across Lunenburg Bay toward Rose Head. The land here is very high and rises sheer from the water. We stood in close to land, the water being very deep, and, coming about on the starboard tack, ran out to sea for about 3 miles. When we saw that we could make La Have Ironbound on the next tack we came about near the automatic buoy which lies about 1½ miles S.W. off Cross Island. We passed near here a number of fishermen in boats attending to their nets. This is a great spot for mackerel, the men often making a stop of several hundred barrels in one trap. The wind still held true and strong and we were making good headway. Half way between Cross Island and Ironbound is a great rock, which is marked by a red buoy. Keeping the lights on Cross Island in range with that on Ironbound clears this obstruction.

We reached Ironbound about 4:30 in the afternoon. It lies about ¼ mile from the shore, between which there is a deep channel. The island looks very much



MENOTAH.

like the East Ironbound Island already mentioned. Passing through the narrow channel we eased off sheets and ran down the bay toward the mouth of the La Have River. The scenery around here is very fine; great high cliffs sloping back from the water and covered with trees and green fields, cosy farms nestling in the hollows. The mouth of the river is quite narrow and is obstructed by a sand bar, through which there is a channel marked by stakes. A harbor light on the left bank guides one in at night. On the point are the ruins of an old French fort, which must have been very strong and massive judging by the remains. An old French settlement, called St. Jean, stood here. A few of the descendants of these early settlers still live around there and at Petite Riviere, a little further along the coast. A great majority of the people are of German descent, and still retain many of their old customs. They are a very thrifty race and keep their attractive little farms in fine condition.

We slipped by the mouth of the river at 5:30, and as the wind still held, we decided to keep on as far as we could before dark. Just inside the entrance the river widens out into a magnificent roadstead, with Getson's Cove on the left-hand side and Ritchey's Cove opposite. This river, which is justly called the Rhine of Nova Scotia, is navigable up to Bridgewater, which town is about 12 miles from the mouth.

As we headed up the river the scene that unfolded before our eyes would have delighted any artist; the sun, slowly setting over the western hills, bathed the whole landscape in a golden light and threw into deep shadows the western bank. On either side stretched the rolling hills, with their green fields and well kept farms. Along the banks were many small settlements with their wharves and fishing nets spread out to dry. The water is deep and very little current, the channel lies well in the middle of the river. We anchored for the night about a mile below Bridgewater, for at sundown the wind dropped completely. We drew in toward the right bank and anchored in a quiet cove, overhung by large pine trees. After supper we sat on deck until late, smoking and drinking in the balmy night air.

Next morning we rowed up to Bridgewater and had a stroll around the town. Bridgewater is a prosperous little hamlet, prettily situated among the hills. After lunch at the hotel we came back to Menotah and sailed down the river to Ritchey's Cove, where we stayed for the night. The wind was blowing heavy from the W. and we tied down one reef in the mainsail and started. We moved along very fast, and after we got down the river a piece, we found the wind blowing heavier from the S.W. and we had all the sail on we could handle. Several times the squalls from the hills laid us down to the coamings. As we came near the mouth of the river, we encountered a heavy cross sea; but a few minutes more and we were in the quiet waters of Ritchey's Cove, where we anchored. We rowed ashore

and strolled around the place. Great quantities of fish were spread out to dry, which were anything but sweet smelling. The people around here all seemed very prosperous.

Next morning dawned gray and cold and did not look very promising. However, at 8:30 we got under way, putting one reef in the mainsail. The wind was S.W., and blowing a good breeze. We beat out through the mouth of the river, and a close reach took us close to Ironbound. Here our old enemy, the fog, shut down again, and in a few minutes we had lost all sight of land. We had taken our bearings correctly and reached Ironbound all right, passed through the channel just able to make out the land on either side. We laid our compass course for Cross Island so as to take us close by Mid Rock. In about twenty minutes we made out the buoy on our starboard bow. A short tack took us around it and we then headed again for Cross Island. In about an hour we heard the automatic buoy on our starboard quarter and a few minutes later sighted the surf on Cross Island dead ahead. We ran in close to the shore, and skirting the land until we came to the N.W. end of the island, and then shaped our course for East Point. We were now running through a pretty dangerous part and had to be very careful. The wind had freshened, and we were making fully 6 knots and going directly before it. Suddenly I saw directly ahead and extending clear across our bows a black reef just showing above water. We were not more than 200 feet from it, and there was only one thing to do, and that was to gybe as quickly as possible, though it was rather risky in the wind that was blowing. I swung her round like a top, the main boom swinging over with tremendous force and putting a great strain on the sail and rigging. Fortunately nothing parted, and we soon drew away from the reef. We had evidently run in a little closer to East Point than we wished to do again. Soon afterward we made Little Duck Island and, rounding it, set our course due N. for Chester.

After sailing 3 or 4 miles the fog began to lift and soon the sun came out bright and we could see Chester in the distance. With an increasing wind we flew along and reached our moorings about 1:30, being just five hours in running the 28 miles from Ritchey's Cove.

I had for a couple of years been trying to get away for a cruise along the coast as far as Shelburne, but had not succeeded. This year I was determined to go and got everything ready to start on July 27. I had great trouble in getting a crew, as all my friends found at the last minute that they could not go. I finally succeeded in getting one chap to accompany me. Getting all our stores aboard we set sail about 4 P. M. on the 28th, intending to get as far as La Have that night. As it was moonlight we would have a pleasant evening sail.

The wind was blowing fresh from the N.W. when we started, and we ran along in good style, reaching Little Duck Island about 6 o'clock, when the wind dropped suddenly and left us becalmed. In the next two hours we drifted along a couple of miles and were just off East Point at dark. About 8 o'clock the night breeze struck in from the sea. We tacked close in under Rose Head, and then headed out to sea until we had the two lights on Cross Island in range with that on Ironbound, when we tacked and headed for Ironbound light.

About 10 o'clock we reached Ironbound Island and passed through the channel into La Have Bay. Here the wind failed us and we had still 5 miles to go before reaching the mouth of the river. My friend now turned in, and I kept watch until midnight, when I aroused him and went below myself. We were drifting slowly along, and when I came on deck at 2 A. M., we were about ½ mile from the mouth. Here the current was so strong that we were not making any headway, so we anchored for the rest of the night.

In the morning we hoisted our sail as soon as the wind sprang up and sailed into Getson's Cove, where we anchored. It began to blow very hard and at noon had reached half a gale from the S.W. We did not attempt to go outside, but under a three-reefed mainsail sailed around the river, enjoying the scenery. Near the mouth of the river we got a sudden squall which hove us well down. I have never yet taken water into Menotah's cockpit, though she has been on her beam ends once or twice. The wide stern lifts her as she heels and prevents her from settling. She never loses her headway and comes up quickly as soon as the jib is slackened off. We anchored for the night in Ritchey's Cove. The wind shifted to the S. E. about 7 o'clock and increased steadily accompanied by rain. We put out our second anchor as a precaution, though the bottom was good holding ground.

The next morning the wind and rain had ceased, but a thick fog hung around and prevented us from starting. We loafed around all day reading and smoking, and whiling away the time. In the evening we went ashore and called on some friends. Coming back to Menotah we had great trouble in finding her, as we could not see her light until close up. After rowing around in a circle several times, we at length got on board.

Next morning the fog lifted and the sun was shining brightly. There was a light breeze blowing from the S.W., and we got away about 9 o'clock, intending to reach Liverpool that evening if possible. We had made about 4 miles when the wind died out and we lay becalmed until 12 o'clock, when a fresh breeze came up again from the S.W. and we were soon bowling merrily along. This wind would make it all windward work along the coast, and it looked very doubtful if we could reach Liverpool before dark. We could, however, run into Port Medway this side of Liverpool. On the first tack we stood out to sea about 4 miles. As soon as we were out of the shelter of the land we found the seas very heavy, a reminder of the recent gale. The wind had freshened, and we were soon pitching into it in fine shape. However, under a single-reefed mainsail and a storm jib, she was riding the seas splendidly, and she was not taking very much green water over the bows, though she would put her bowsprit clean under at every jump. The large jib which was furled along the bowsprit got partly loose and forming a sort of bag which soon became filled with

water, which put a heavy strain on the bowsprit. We both tried to clear it, but could not succeed, as it had jammed in such a way that we could not shake it out, so we had to leave it alone until we should get into smoother water. Fortunately it did no harm beyond bending one of the bowsprit spreaders.

On our next tack we ran close by Cape La Have, a bold cliff of white granite jutting out into the sea. About ½ mile off from the cape is a nasty reef called Black Rock, on which the water always breaks. We held on this tack for a long time passing inside Indian Island, which made the water smoother for a short while. We tacked well in under the western shore, where the wind drew more from the W. Again we stood out to sea some 3 miles, finding the sea still very heavy. A long tack was then made in toward the shore again, fetching well into the middle of Hell Bay. This place well deserves its name, for a nastier spot one could not imagine. On this occasion the surf was breaking heavily on the reefs and we did not venture far in. Our next tack seaward brought us to the mouth of Port Medway Harbor, and rounding the stone house, raced into the harbor, the following waves nearly sending our dinghy on board several times. We ran into the mouth of the Port Medway River and anchored in near shore. Port Medway Harbor is formed by a long line of small islands and reefs running parallel to the shore, which make a long narrow bay. The Port Medway River enters one end of it, and the town is built at the mouth of this river. There is splendid salmon fishing in the river in the spring, and trout may be caught at any time. There is a lighthouse at the mouth of the harbor and one at the mouth of the river. It is a dangerous harbor to enter in thick weather. We were quite tired out after our rough afternoon's sail and after supper we turned in early, intending to make an early start the following day.

There was a nice breeze blowing from the N.W. when we came on deck the next morning. This would carry us well along the coast if it did not shift to the W. We left about 6:30 A. M., and ran down to the entrance of the harbor. The air was clear and fresh and everything promised well. We soon rounded Frying Pan Island, giving it a wide berth, as the chart showed some reefs lying off shore. We were not acquainted with this part of the coast and had to rely solely on our charts, which, by the way, we found to be very accurate. Ahead of us now opened out Liverpool Bay, a magnificent stretch of water without a shoal or reef in it. Coffin Island, lying across one side of it, offers protection, behind this island there is a fine shelter in bad weather. On the island is a large lighthouse which can be seen a long distance off. The wind had now freshened, and we were making about 6 knots on an easy reach. There was a number of fishermen out in their boats, who hailed us pleasantly as we passed.

The scenery all along the coast hereabouts is very fine, high cliffs rising from the water and pierced here and there with long narrow harbors running inland. Past Western Head opened up Port Mouton, which is another fine sheet of water. Mouton Island lies across the mouth of the bay and forms a fine roadstead behind. We next passed Point Joli and then Port Joli. About 2 miles off the coast lies the small island called Little Hope—nothing more than a pile of rocks and sand, with a dangerous shoal to the W. of it. There is a powerful light placed on the island, and an automatic buoy on the shoal. It was now about 10:20 and we had made about 22 miles, so we had good prospects of reaching Shelburne before dark.

About 11 o'clock the wind dropped a good deal and we were not making more than 3 or 4 knots. Passing by Port L'Herbert and Sable River, we came up to Rams Island about 2:30 P. M. This island lies about ½ mile off from the mainland, and there are some bad reefs on the outside of it, so we decided to run inside and thus save considerable time. The chart showed water enough, though there were some rocks and shoals marked. We passed through safely and entered what is called Rugged Harbor, which is a dangerous place and the scene of many wrecks. Reefs and rocks could be seen in different directions, but the chart showed plenty of water between them.

The wind now shifted to W. by S. and began to blow hard. This made it all windward work to Shelburne, about 20 miles away. We made a tack in toward the land, passing close by Gull Rock, on which there is a lighthouse. On our starboard hand we could plainly see the town of Locke's Island, connected with the mainland by a long sand beach. Our next tack took us close by Western Head into Shelburne Bay. Here we got the full force of the wind as it swept across the bay and also a heavy choppy sea. We had now more sail than we could swing, but it was almost impossible for us to reef her where we were, so we had to lug it along as best we could. I gave the jib a good full and slacked the main sheet, keeping only the after part of the mainsail full. As the squalls struck I let her take them until we had good headway on, then eased her up until the squall passed over, always keeping her going. The boat was throwing spray constantly, which blew back into our faces and made our eyes smart.

Things didn't look very cheerful; a 12-mile thrash to windward before we could reach shelter, but we were determined not to turn back. Slowly we fought our way across the bay, making long tacks. First toward Green Island and then across to McNutts' Island, just fetching past the lighthouse on the latter. Under the island the wind was very squally cutting the tops of the waves and dashing it into our faces. Our boat was behaving well, however, and we no longer had any anxiety. We were now in the entrance of the harbor, which is about 7 or 8 miles long and from ½ to 1½ wide. The shores are steep and rocky and the water very deep, and each time we tacked close in shore in the smoother water. Three miles farther up we rounded Sandes Point, from which it was a close fetch up the harbor to the town. There is a lighthouse at Sandes Point.

We flew along, the lee rail buried, and the foam curling up to the washboards. We were just 30 minutes doing the 4 miles from Sandes Point up to the anchorage. We dropped our hook about 7:30 off the wharves and alongside Princess, a large yacht from Halifax,

which had arrived 3 hours before us. She had carried away her main boom goose-neck in one of the squalls under McNutts Island. We were indeed glad to be safe at anchor once more. Our faces were encrusted with salt, and my arm was aching from holding the tiller so long. We turned in very early, completely tired out.

Next morning we spent calling on our friends and getting acquainted with the town, which we found to be a quaint, picturesque old place, full of reminiscences of its former greatness. Shelburne was settled by the United Empire Loyalists, who came over during the American Revolution, and for a time was a very important city, rivaling Halifax, the capital. The Loyalists built great oak-framed houses, many of which are standing to-day. After a time, however, the population gradually dwindled away and the place languished. Much ship building is done there now, and Shelburne turns out some of the finest schooners in Canada.

The people were extremely kind to the visiting yachtsmen and gave a ball in our honor and several other functions. There were two races for the Shelburne Cup, and they were both won by our old friend, Hermes, by a narrow margin from the Princess. This latter yacht is a new 30-footer, designed by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield, of Boston, and built in Nova Scotia. The wind on both days was light and just suited Hermes with her large sail spread. We started, but were out-classed by the larger boats in the light wind. We were beaten in the first race 4m. by Princess and 8m. by Hermes.

We spent a week in Shelburne, sailing around the harbor and enjoying ourselves generally. We left on Saturday, Aug. 7, with a nice N.W. wind blowing, which carried us along at a smart clip until about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when it died away, leaving us becalmed off Port Mouton. About 7 o'clock in the evening a fresh breeze sprang up from the N.W. and we decided to make Liverpool that night. We ran past Western Head, and beat up the bay toward the mouth of the Liverpool River. We reached Liverpool about 9 o'clock and anchored just inside the bar. There is no harbor at Liverpool worth mentioning, and vessels have to lay at the wharves.

Next morning we went ashore and had a walk through the town and found much to interest us. We left Liverpool about 10 o'clock for home. The wind was from the S. and very light. After beating out past Coffin Island, we slacked away sheets and slowly ran up the coast. We reached Cross Island about 6 o'clock, when it clouded up and soon began to rain. We were now in familiar waters and had no difficulty in finding our way into Chester, which we reached about 9 o'clock.

We had been away nearly two weeks and had sailed over 200 miles in that time. It was one of the finest cruises we had had, although we both had to work rather hard, being short-handed.

Before closing, I would like to make a few remarks, which may be of service to other yachtsmen who contemplate cruising in Nova Scotia waters: The prevailing winds during the summer months are from the N.W. to S.E., the N.W. bringing clear, fine weather, and the S.E. rain and fog. The N.W. winds generally last for three days, blowing themselves out in the third day. If the wind springs up in the morning at sunrise the chances are that it will blow heavy all day, increasing to its maximum about 2 P. M. The S. and S.W. winds generally spring up about 9 or 10 o'clock in the morning and die away about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. A S. wind often shifts to the S.W. and freshens on a falling tide. These are our finest and most satisfactory winds, and are ideal for sailing. We rarely ever have any sudden squalls, and due warning is always given of a coming gale. The harbors along the coast are well buoyed and lighted. Shoals are marked by red and black spar buoys, and the entrance to the most important harbors are marked with automatic buoys. Provisions can be had at a reasonable price at almost any place. The people generally will be found most obliging and hospitable.

British Letter.

THE dead season is once more with us; racing yachts of any importance are all in their winter quarters, and with the exception of a few straggling fixtures of small clubs on the coast or up river, the sport is in abeyance until next spring. But though there is no more racing to be done for another six months, there is plenty of good work to be got through during the winter, and one of the most pressing questions is that with reference to the present rating rule, and another, and if possible more important one, concerns the formation of some rules for scantling to govern the construction of racing yachts—not handicap boats only, but also class racers, and, indeed, class racers in particular. It has been urged by the many supporters of the present Y. R. A. rating rule that it produces a wholly desirable type of boat as regards shape and internal capacity, but these are the opinions chiefly of the framers of the rule and not of the yacht owners themselves. It is a fact that nothing smaller than a 52-footer is fit to live in for the simple reason that in anything smaller an ordinary person cannot stand upright. The question of construction is even more important than that of actual shape, for it is evident that in the larger classes—the 65-footers and the big boats—there is ample headroom and accommodation even in boats built to suit the present rule; and yet these classes are absolutely extinct. Many reasons have been put forward to account for the grievous falling off in class racing, by the supporters of the present Y. R. A. rating rule—every one, in fact, but the right one. It has even been suggested that if the King or the Prince of Wales were to build a large racing cutter the sport would revive and all would yet be well. Every true-hearted Briton would welcome the advent of His Majesty or of the Heir Apparent, or both, to the ranks of yacht racing; but if the sport is to run on its own merits, on its own bottom in fact, it must not be dependent upon the will or pleasure of any one person, however exalted or how-

ever popular. The real truth is that owners will not build class racers because there are at present no restrictions on construction. The result is that building is far too costly because hulls have to be cut down in weight to the smallest possible fraction. This means enormous expense, a fragile hull and a yacht which will only sell for the scrap heap when her short racing career is over.

The Yacht Racing Association is fully aware of all this, but, instead of doing its obvious duty of fostering and encouraging yacht racing by improving or altering its rule of rating and drawing up some reasonable scantling regulations, it follows the custom attributed to the ostrich of burying its head in the sand and trying to imagine that all is as it should be. The inevitable result of this neglect of its duties is the almost total disappearance of class racing—its own particular pet ewe lamb—and the formation of innumerable one-design and restricted classes, which, although not providing such a desirable form of sport as class racing, at least gives owners a reasonable amount of racing and relaxation at a moderate outlay.

The problem of the revival of class racing has to be faced by the Y. R. A. sooner or later, as they are the only body which has the necessary power and influence to make it possible for owners to return to that highest form of yacht racing from which they ought never to have been driven, and every season that the ruling body continues to neglect its palpable duties will only add to the difficulties which it has created for itself by its own apathy and lethargy, inasmuch as every fresh season brings with it a large increase to the handicap, one-design and restricted classes, and a decrease in the already much-attenuated remnants of what were once the rating classes. The Y. R. A. wants new blood and a few more practical men to stiffen it; at present it appears to be too much inclined to live on the memory of past achievements. In the meanwhile class racing has fallen to the lowest point it has ever reached. It can fall still further, but it would be a pity and it is really quite unnecessary if bold measures of reform are undertaken in the proper quarter. Whether the requisite steps will be taken this winter is quite another matter.

Mr. M. B. Kennedy's new Fife yawl, White Heather, is to be in charge of Charles Bevis next summer. This is welcome news, for it was abundantly evident that full justice was not done to the smart vessel during the past season, and on more than one occasion she was downright badly sailed. No such mistake will occur so long as Bevis is in charge, and it will be interesting to see how White Heather will perform against Brynhild when the utmost possible is being got out of her. It is stated that Mrs. Turner Farley, who this season owned and sailed the handicap boat Nebula, contemplates joining the 52ft. class next year, and that Mr. W. P. Burton will leave the 52ft. class and race in the 65ft. class—that is, of course, provided he can get anything to race against.

E. H. KELLY.

New York Y. C.'s Proposed New Class.

COMMODORE BOURNE, of the New York Y. C., has appointed a committee to formulate a new one-design or restricted class of boats in the neighborhood of 30ft. waterline. This committee, which is composed of three of our best known amateurs, Messrs. Newbury D. Lawton, William Butler Duncan and Addison G. Hanan has sent out the following letter to the members of the club:

A proposition having been made by a number of members of the New York Y. C. for the building of restricted or one-design class, and a committee having been appointed to take up the matter and put it in shape for consideration by such members as may be interested; following out the views of those who have originated the idea, the committee have prepared the following suggestions, as to the details for the class:

Type.—The boat to be of a type intended to be promoted by the present rule of measurement of the New York Y. C., a wholesome seaworthy craft free from freak features.

Size.—A keel boat, about 30ft. waterline, short overhangs and of moderate beam and draft.

Plan.—Cabin house not less than 10ft. 6in. in length, about 4ft. wide, having straight sides with glass transom lights; toilet room with closet and basin, berth for man forward, cockpit not less than 6ft. long with rail set outside to form seat on deck.

Fittings.—Complete but simple outfit for cruising; transom cushions; stove, ice-box; tank.

Sails and Rigging.—Sail area about 1,000 sq. ft.; jib and main-sail rig; spinnaker and balloon jib allowed; solid spars.

Selection.—Boats when completed to be drawn by lot.

Regulations.—Yachts to be steered by a member or amateur. Two paid hands allowed. Crew all told limited to four persons.

Entire cruising outfit to be carried.

Special specifications to be agreed upon for sizes, weights and details of outfit.

Preliminary plans, specifications and estimates have been obtained.

The committee would be glad to learn if you are interested in building in this class and if you desire to have notice of the meetings of the committee.

The committee wish also to state that, should the members so desire, they are prepared to take up the question of a class or classes, either larger or smaller than the one that has been outlined, and they would be glad to receive any suggestions as to such class or classes.

RECORDS OF AMERICAN Y. C. RACEABOUTS.—The Regatta Committee of the American Y. C., of which Mr. H. de B. Parsons is chairman, has compiled the following table which gives the standing of the seven club raceabouts at the close of the season:

	Starts.	1sts.	2ds.	3ds.	Points.
Cricket, Macy Willets.....	12	2	5	2	47
Kid, Oliver Harriman.....	10	0	3	1	33
Hobo, Trenor L. Park.....	12	3	2	1	42
Rascal II., S. C. Hopkins.....	4	1	1	1	17
Howdy, G. L. Mercer.....	8	1	0	0	16
Busy Bee, S. Wainwright.....	12	3	1	1	39
Rana, H. Willets.....	10	2	1	4	38

The first prize was a silver cup, presented by Commodore Trenor L. Park. The second prize was a silver mug presented by Dennie Hare.

RECENT SALES.—Messrs. Macconnell & Cook have made the following sales: Steam yacht Hamilton to William Park, of Santo Domingo, which will be used about the West Indies; gasoline boat owned by E. Morgan Griffen, of Oyster Bay, to Henry S. Van Denmark, of New York; launch Erminie to E. R. Reynolds, of West Hampton, L. I.; sloop yacht Narika to F. C. Hinckley, of New York, and the cabin launch Florence to W. E. Reynolds, Jersey City.

18-ft. Restricted Class for Chicago Y. C.

WHEN the Chicago Y. C. established the 30ft. class last season, it found that this size boat bid fair to be very popular and fully answered the requirements of those men who were willing to invest \$5,000 or thereabouts. It was found that there was a large contingent in the club house whose demands were more modest and who wanted a less expensive boat for day sailing and racing. In order to meet the requirements of these men, a committee was selected to investigate and report. The committee was composed of Messrs. C. P. Pinkard, A. G. Cuthbert, A. D. Edwards and Edward Rosing.

In their report the 18ft. restricted class was recommended for adoption. This was done. The club has offered a handsome trophy for annual competition. The first races for the cup will be held on Sept. 2, 4, 5 and 6, 1905. We publish in full the conditions governing the trophy, as well as the construction rules, to which the boats racing in this class must conform:

The Trophy.

In offering this trophy the Chicago Y. C. hopes to encourage the building and handling of a strong, seaworthy and comfortable type of small yacht, the chief use of which will be for afternoon sailing, yet whose cabin space will be sufficient for cruising needs. For this purpose the above class has been chosen.

The conditions governing the holding of the trophy are as follows:

(1) The title to the trophy shall always remain vested in the Chicago Y. C.

(2) Any yacht which complies with the rules of the class, and whose owner is a member of any yacht club in good standing, may compete for the cup. Any yacht, once admitted to the class, shall not be debarred in future because she does not comply with changed construction or racing rules.

(3) There shall be four races, held off the harbor at Chicago, on dates designated by the Chicago Y. C., between Aug. 15 and Sept. 15 of each year.

The first and third races shall be twice around an equilateral triangle, the buoys for which shall be placed as follows: Not less than one knot, about east of the Van Buren Street gap, there shall be a fixed buoy with a white flag. Two knots northeast of this buoy shall be a fixed buoy. Two knots east by south one-third south of the first buoy shall be a fixed buoy. The starting and finishing lines shall be designated by fixed buoys, one with a red flag, one with a blue flag, placed at right angles to the first and last legs of the course. The direction around the triangle shall be announced by the judges before the preparatory signal is given, one leg to be to windward, if possible.

The second and fourth races shall be three knots to windward or leeward and return, twice around, the buoys for which shall be placed as follows: Not less than one knot about east of the Van Buren Street gap, there shall be two fixed buoys at a suitable distance apart, one of which shall have a white flag (designating it as the turning buoy for the second round). The line between the buoys shall be at right angles to the direction of the wind. Three knots to windward or leeward of the white flag buoy there shall be a fixed buoy.

(4) The standing of the yachts after each race shall be computed by percentages, as set forth in the table, only those yachts which finish the course being allotted a percentage. The percentage shall be based on the greatest number of yachts starting in any one of the series of races.

(5) In case of postponement, the same kind of race shall be sailed on the next subsequent racing day.

(6) When two or more yachts have an equal highest percentage at the end of the fourth race, the tie shall be decided by an additional race or races, sailed in the order of the series, only those yachts which are tied being allowed to start. If two or more yachts are tied for any other prize except first prize, the prize shall be equally divided.

(7) The yacht which makes the best record in the series of races shall have the right to hold the cup until the first day of August of the next following year, at which time it must be returned to the Chicago Y. C.

(8) The Chicago Y. C. shall have engraved on the cup the name of the winning yacht, the name of the club to which it belongs, and the date of the deciding race.

(9) To any yacht winning any race in the series, the Chicago Y. C. will present a yellow flag; to any yacht finishing second, a red flag.

(10) To the yacht winning the series the Chicago Y. C. will present a special yellow flag, and a suitable money prize. To the yachts finishing second and third, the Chicago Y. C. will present suitable money prizes.

(11) To each amateur member of the crew of the winning yacht, the Chicago Y. C. will present a medal.

Construction Rules.

Any evasion of the spirit as well as the letter of these rules, shall disqualify a yacht from racing in this class.

Yachts in this class shall be of the ordinary type, and any unusual shape such as double hull, catamaran, etc., or the use of bilge boards or other similar contrivances, shall not be permitted.

(1) Length.—The load waterline length shall not exceed 18ft. The over all length, measured from the extreme ends of the hull, shall not exceed 31ft. The length of the forward or after overhang shall not exceed 65 per cent. of the total overhang length allowed.

(2) Beam.—The greatest beam of the cross section, midway of the forward overhang shall not exceed 45 per cent. of the greatest beam of the yacht. The deck line and the center line shall make an angle not greater than 30 degrees.

In computing the allowances for beam in the table, the load waterline beam shall be the basis.

(3) Freeboard.—The freeboard shall be as given in the table. In addition to the freeboard there shall be a continuous rail on each covering board, extending from stem to stern, whose least height shall be 1 1/4 in. and least thickness 3/8 of an inch.

(4) Ballast.—The weight of prescribed ballast, based on load waterline beam, shall be not less than number of pounds specified in table. Ballast must be fixed in position.

No movable centerboard shall be counted as ballast.

(5) Draft.—The top of the ballast prescribed must be at least 2ft. 6in. below the waterline. Extra ballast may be placed higher than this depth, but must be fixed in position.

(6) Cockpit.—The cockpit shall be watertight and self-bailing, with all parts of the floor above the load waterline.

(7) Cabin Floor.—The minimum width of the cabin floor for a length of 5ft. shall be not less than 25 per cent. of the load waterline beam.

(8) Cabin Trunk.—The sides of the cabin trunk shall be flat and vertical. The sides of the cabin trunk shall be at least 8in. high at the forward end and at least 10in. high at the after end, except that, in cases where the freeboard exceeds the requirements, the excess may be deducted from the cabin trunk sides. The cabin trunk must be at least 6 1/2 ft. long. The height of the cabin trunk, measured from the level of the top side of the covering board to the highest point of the top side of the cabin trunk, exclusive of the hatch, shall not exceed 1/2 in. for each 3in. of greatest beam.

The width of the cabin trunk shall be at least 60 per cent. of the greatest beam.

A cross section of the top of the cabin trunk, for at least 5ft. of its length, shall be the arc of a circle.

If the required headroom is obtainable under the above rules, additional height of cabin trunk is allowed.

(9) Headroom.—The minimum headroom, under the cabin trunk beams, over the entire floor space required, shall be 3ft. 10in.

(10) Scantlings.—(Dimensions and areas expressed in inches.)

1. Stem, oak—	
At head, sided	2 3/4
molded	4
At load waterline, sided	2 3/4
molded	5
At keel, sided	2 3/4
molded	6
2. Stern post, oak—	
Sided at tuck (crossing of rabbet)	3 1/4
Siding may diminish from tuck to keel.	
3. Horn-timber, oak—	

At crossing of stern post, sided	3 1/4
molded	4
At after end, sided	3 1/4
molded	2 1/2
4. Keel, oak—	
Minimum depth	3 3/4
Minimum sectional area	38
Minimum depth allowed for a length of one-third load waterline length, beyond which it may be tapered to one-third less at stem and stern. The minimum sectional area (breadth multiplied by depth in the middle of the keel) may be made up, if desired, by a deeper keel. The breadth of keel may taper from point of greatest section to siding of stem and stern post.	
5. Frames, oak—	
Minimum sectional area	2
Maximum spacing (between centers)	9
The required sectional area may be made up of smaller frames spaced closer together; or of combinations of larger and smaller frames appropriately spaced (in no case greater than 9in. between centers). This minimum sectional area shall apply to a space of at least five-sixths of the load waterline length in the center of the yacht; forward and aft of this space the sectional area may be reduced by 20 per cent.	
Any frame which is reduced in strength by being cut for a chain plate or chain plate fastening must be proportionately increased.	
6. Floors, oak—	
Minimum sectional area	5
Maximum spacing (between centers)	9
The sectional area above refers to the center of the floor timber. From the center to each end the distance shall be not less than 20 per cent. of the greatest beam at the frame to which the floor timber is attached. The sectional area may diminish gradually from the center outwards, but shall be at least as great at the end as the frame to which it is attached. The minimum sectional area of 5in. in the center shall be maintained for the full load waterline length, fore and aft of which, it may be reduced by 40 per cent.	
Metal floors of weight at least equal to the weight of prescribed oak floors may be substituted for the oak floors.	
7. Shelf (clump)—	
Minimum sectional area, middle	4 1/2
ends	3
The minimum sectional area of 4 1/2 in. shall be maintained throughout the central two quarters of the shelf or clump, from which points it may taper to 3in. at the ends. The ends of the deck beams may be jogged into the top of the shelf or clump a distance not exceeding one-third of their own depth. If the deck beams are jogged in to a greater depth, the sectional area of the shelf or clump shall be increased in proportion.	
8. Bilge stringer—	
Minimum sectional area, middle	3
ends	2
The minimum sectional area of 3in. shall be maintained throughout the central two quarters, from which points it may taper to 2in. at the ends. At least one bilge stringer must be run on each side. In yachts whose greatest beam exceeds twice the greatest distance from the under side of deck planks to upper side of keel, two such stringers on each side must be run.	
9. Mast keelson, oak; minimum length, 7ft.—	
Minimum sectional area under mast	14
may taper at ends to	8
Or there may be substituted a truss running athwartships, supporting the mast of weight at least equal to that of the mast keelson.	
10. Deck beams—	
Minimum sectional area, main	3 1/2
auxiliary	2 1/4
half beams	1 1/4
Maximum spacing (between centers)	9
The minimum sectional area shall cover at least the middle third of the beams, with a taper in the molding to 20 per cent. less at the ends.	
There must be one continuous main beam at the bitts, at fore end of cabin trunk, at after end of cabin trunk, at transom, and two at the mast (partner beams).	
11. Cabin trunk beams—	
Oak, sided	1
molded	1 1/4
Maximum spacing (between centers)	9
12. Planking—	
Finished	13-16
Sheer strake must be oak. All butts must be made on oak butt blocks of at least 7/16 in. thick and full length between ribs.	
13. Deck and cabin trunk top—	
Finished	3/4
(A reduction of 1/4 in. allowed if canvas covered.)	
14. Deadwood shall be of oak.	
(11) Spars.—All spars shall be solid.	
(12) Rigging.—There shall be at least two shrouds on each side, of steel wire at least 1/4 in. in diameter. The forestay and mast head backstays shall be of steel wire at least 1/4 in. in diameter. The bobstay, if of wire, shall be 3/16 in. in diameter; if a rod, it shall be 1/2 in. in diameter. The stems of all turnbuckles, if of steel, shall be of 3/16 in. greater diameter than the stays they tighten; if of bronze, 1/4 in. greater diameter.	
(13) Sails.—Yachts in this class may carry mainsail and jib (the combined actual area of which shall not be greater than the allowance in the table), balloon jibs and spinnaker. The area of the mainsail shall not be greater than four-fifths of the total sail area allowed.	
The distance from the center of the mast to the outer end of the spinnaker boom, when the latter is at a right angle to the fore and aft center line of the yacht, multiplied by the height of the spinnaker halliard block above the deck, shall not exceed 400 per cent. of the allowed area of the jib.*	
The distance from the forward end of the bowsprit to the center of the mast, multiplied by the height of the highest jib halliard block above the deck, shall not exceed 300 per cent. of the allowed area of the jib.*	
Spinnakers and balloons must be triangular. No spinnaker shall extend above the spinnaker halliard block or beyond the end of the spinnaker boom. No jib shall extend above the highest jib halliard block or beyond the end of the bowsprit.	
(14) Fixtures.—The cabin shall contain two transoms, one on each side, at least 6ft. 6in. long and 18in. wide in the narrowest part.	
(15) Certificate.—A builder's certificate, covering all details of construction, must accompany a new boat.	

Table of Minimum Ballast, Maximum Sail Area and Minimum Freeboard.

Beam	Ballast	Sail Area	Freeboard
Ft. In.	Lbs.	Sq. Ft.	In.
6	2,180	540	21
2	2,116	550	21
1	2,148	545	21
3	2,084	555	21
4	2,052	560	21
5	2,020	565	21
6	1,988	570	20 1/2
7	1,956	575	20 1/2
8	1,924	580	20 1/2
9	1,892	585	20 1/2
10	1,860	590	20 1/2
11	1,828	595	20 1/2
7	1,796	600	20
1	1,764	605	20
2	1,732	610	20
3	1,700	615	20
4	1,668	620	20
5	1,636	625	20
6	1,604	630	19 1/2
7	1,572	635	19 1/2
8	1,540	640	19 1/2
9	1,508	645	19 1/2
10	1,476	650	19 1/2
11	1,444	655	19 1/2
8	1,412	660	19
1	1,380	665	19
2	1,348	670	19
3	1,316	675	19
4	1,284	680	19
5	1,252	685	19
6	1,220	690	18 1/2
7	1,188	695	18 1/2
8	1,156	700	18 1/2
9	1,124	705	18 1/2
10	1,092	710	18 1/2
11	1,060	715	18 1/2
9	1,028	720	18

40-ft. Waterline Cruiser.

THE qualities of a cruiser should be seaworthiness, comfort and speed, the first including certainty of handling under all conditions, and ability to work to windward under reduced sail, as well as safety and dryness in a seaway. Comfort depends largely upon these, as well as on the amount of room in the vessel and the disposition of the available space. Speed, while not as necessary as the other qualities, may be combined with them. Although a 40-footer is large enough to take care of herself in most weather, she may occasionally be caught on a lee shore or blown off the coast, and at such times a good sea boat is very comforting to those who handle her.

In the design of the vessel illustrated in this number the above qualities were aimed at in the order named. She should be able to live in any weather, handle well, go to windward under short canvas and in a heavy sea, carry her sail as well and as long as any boat of her size and be fairly fast under all conditions. The arrangement of the cabin in any yacht is largely a matter of individual preference. While one owner prefers the small steerage aft, another fancies stepping directly from cockpit to cabin.

The accompanying plans, made by Mr. C. H. Hall, show a vessel of easy form and large lateral plane. The sections have slack bilge and full garboards, and the fore and aft lines have been kept very fair and easy. The centerboard is of moderate area and placed well forward. The slight drag of the keel should favor easy steering. The form in general conduces to weatherliness and good behavior in a seaway.

The sail plans are well balanced; the amount of sail is moderate, but sufficient for a cruiser. The head sails are the same for both rigs. The sloop's main boom is short to facilitate reefing, and gives good headroom over the cockpit.

The construction is simple and inexpensive, but of ample strength.

There is a watertight cockpit aft, from which one steps directly into the saloon. On the starboard side is a large locker for valises, etc., with a compartment for oilers. The top of this makes a handy place for binoculars. On the port side is a toilet room with wash basin and water closet and linen locker. The saloon contains a sofa each side and a sideboard and buffet, and is fitted with shelves and lockers. Forward of the saloon on the starboard side is the owner's stateroom with berth bureau, wash basin and wardrobe. On the port side is the guest's stateroom and passage to galley. If desired the passage could be thrown into the stateroom by omitting the bulkhead between them. Forward of the staterooms is the galley, with stove, dressers, sink, ice-box, plate racks, shelves and lockers. The ice-box and stove are as far apart as conditions permit. Still further forward is the forecabin with folding berths for three men, water closet, lockers and transom.

Skylights ventilate saloon and staterooms, a small hatch gives ventilation to galley, and a hatch gives access to the forecabin.

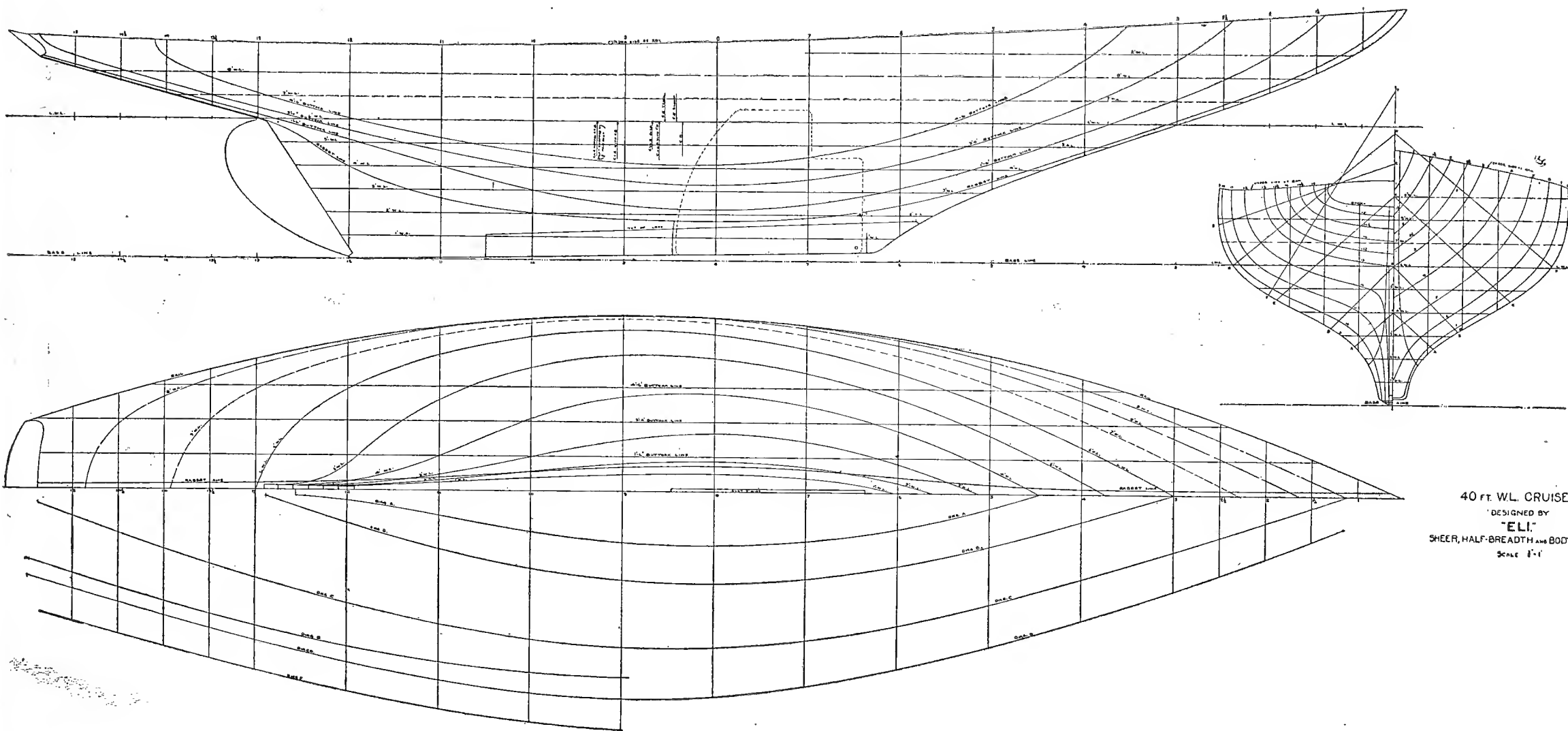
A small pump brake windlass is placed on deck forward. Heavy ground tackle and the usual equipment are provided. The water tanks are placed under cabin floor each side of centerboard trunk.

The dimensions are as follows:

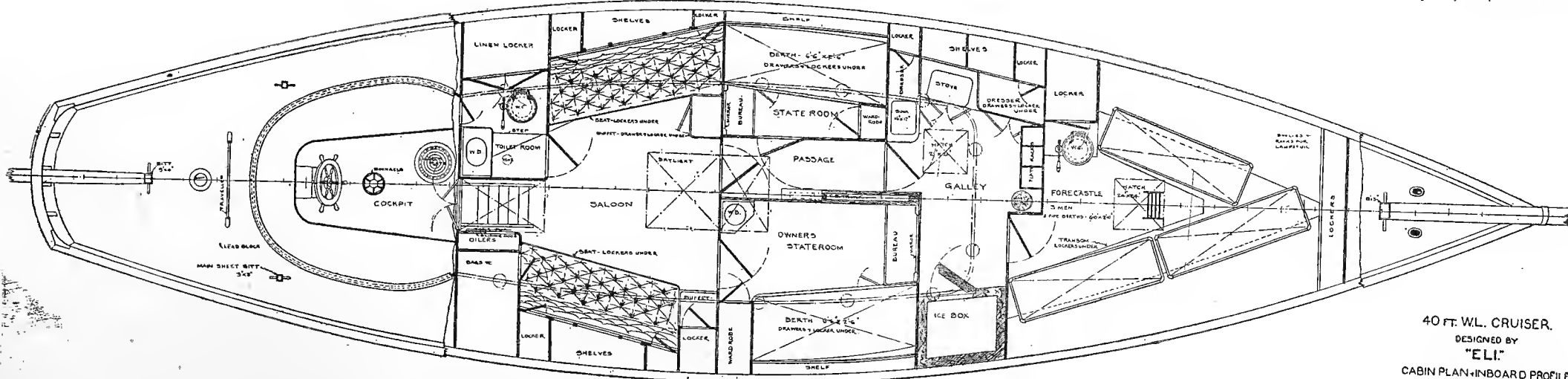
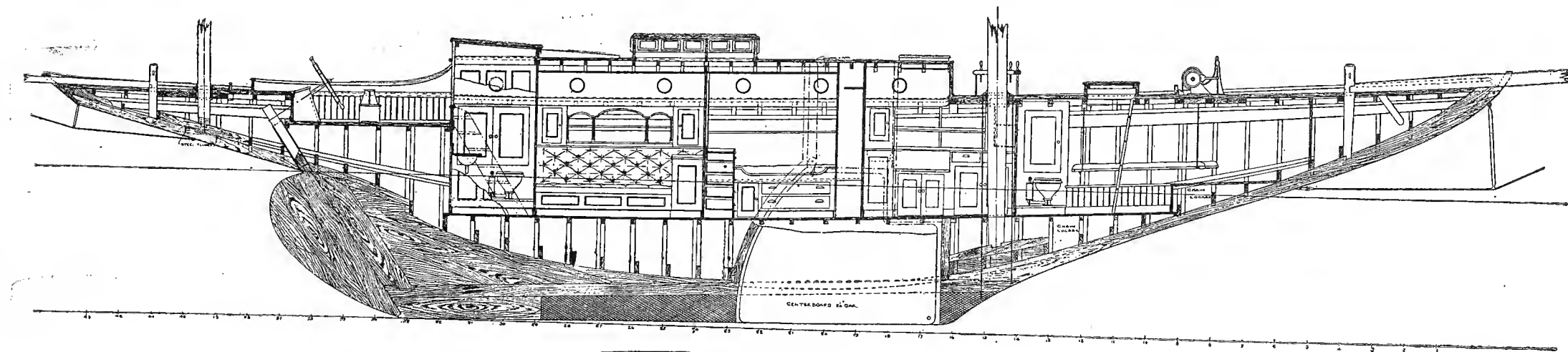
Length—	
Over all	60ft. 10in.
L.W.L.	40ft.
Beam—	
Extreme	15ft. 3in.
L.W.L.	14ft.
Extreme Draft	6ft.
Freeboard to top of planksheer—	
Forward	4ft. 9in.
Aft	3ft. 3 1/2 in.
Least	3ft.
Overhang—	
Forward	9ft. 10in.
Aft	11ft.
Displacement, long tons	22.7
Ballast, total pounds	17,500
C. B., from fore end of L.W.L., 21.48ft., 53.7% of W.L.	
C. L. R.—	
Flat surface below rabbet and 1-3 of fair body	25.2ft.
With centerboard	24.3ft.
Vertical longitudinal section from fore end	
W.L.	22.8ft.
Area longitudinal section	175.2 sq. ft.
Longitudinal section with C.B. from fore end	
W. L.	22.5ft.
C. E.—	
Yawl, from fore end W.L.	22 3/4 ft.
Above L.W.L.	23ft.
Sloop, from No. 3	21.9ft.
Above L.W.L.	24.5ft.
Area—	
Four lower sails, yawl	1,835 sq. ft.
Three lower sails, sloop	1,890 sq. ft.

PINKIE BURNED.—Mr. Allan Pinkerton's racing sloop Pinkie was totally destroyed by fire on the night of October 16. The boat was anchored off the owner's place at Islip, L. I., and as there was nothing inflammable on board, the fire was no doubt the work of an incendiary. Pinkie was designed and built by the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company, and was 41ft. 6in. over all, 25ft. 6in. waterline, 11ft. 6in. breadth, and 2ft. 6in. draft.

WOMAN QUALIFIES AS MASTER MARINER.—Miss Jane Morgan, of Philadelphia, daughter of Mr. Randal Morgan, owner of the steam yacht Waturus, has successfully passed an examination before the United States steamship inspectors, and now ranks as a "master mariner." If she is inclined, she can command her father's 210ft. yacht or an ocean liner. Her certificate covers "all oceans." Miss Morgan is one of five women in the world to be so honored.



40 FT. W.L. CRUISER.
'DESIGNED BY
"ELI."
SHEER, HALF-BREADTH AND BODY PLANS.
SCALE 1"=1'



40 FT. W.L. CRUISER.
DESIGNED BY
"ELI."
CABIN PLAN + INBOARD PROFILE:
SCALE 1/4" = 1'

Gas Engines and Launches.

(Continued from page 350.)

BY F. K. GRAIN.

Gasolene—Continued.

A VERY good plan is to solder the connections, although if the connections between the batteries are made with flat copper ribbon having holes for the binding-posts there will be very little trouble from this. Another point sometimes neglected is the switch. When used around salt water it naturally corrodes, and a piece of emery cloth should at all times be convenient for brightening the contact surfaces. Supposing now that the connections are all in perfect order, and the spark remains insufficient and apparently weak. In this case do not abandon the entire set of batteries, as oftentimes there will be but one battery in the set which has lost its strength. In this case remove the poor cell and the remaining ones will generally be sufficient for the time being at least. In order to test the quality of the batteries, some kind of an instrument is necessary, and for this purpose the ordinary 25-cent bell is very good, as by ringing each bell separately it is very easy to determine if any of them are weak. Having disposed of the electrical end of the difficulty, and supposing it is all right, the next point is to determine whether the vaporizer is in good working order, and whether it is getting its gasolene. Being assured that there is a good supply of gasolene, the igniter points being cleaned, and the spark good, there is only one remaining difficulty to look for. This, in a two-cycle engine will be the flooding of the crank case with gasolene. The effect of this is to create such a rich mixture that it will not ignite; the remedy in this case is to open all the cylinder cocks, also the cock in the base of the engine; first, however, shutting off the gasolene; then turn the fly-wheel around rapidly several times; this will generally clear the engine of its overload. Should the engine then fail to start, it may be want of compression. This is sometimes caused by the cylinder being dry for want of oil. In order to obtain quick results, cylinder oil can be poured directly in any opening above the piston, and the engine turned over several times will allow the oil to work down before attempting to start it. It sometimes happens that where this remedy is used and the engine starts, it will only make a few revolutions and then stop. The cause of this is quite often the oil being distributed over the igniting point. In this case, although the electrode will show a spark on the outside when the points are brought together, the flash of the spark inside will be enveloped in the oil, and consequently will not ignite.

We have now exhausted every means that would be used by the expert, and if failure is still met with, it would be well to draw off through the vaporizer a considerable quantity of gasolene, as it might be the case that the gasolene contained considerable water, which of course would settle in or near the vaporizer, this being usually the lowest point. This failing, it will be necessary to test the gasolene. A very simple way of doing this is to put a few drops on the cylinder head and see if it can be ignited by wiping the electric wire through it. Of course in cold weather the low grades of gasolene generally used will oftentimes not vaporize well in starting, and it is a good plan to have a small oil can filled with gasolene and inject about a teaspoonful into the cylinder. This will assist in getting the initial explosions. People tell us that after trying all these remedies they have worn all the skin off their hands, etc., and still the engine will not go. Right here let us say to you to never do this, as it is a waste of time; for even should the engine after a lot of violent turning take a notion to go, the operator is still in the dark as to the cause of the trouble. If, after a reasonable number of revolutions, it refuses to go, let the fly-wheel alone. Sit down and go over the engine thoroughly, and endeavor to locate the trouble, which you have conclusively proved exists.

Now, coming to the mechanical part of the firing mechanism, one of the principal causes of the trouble is in the make-and-break sparker—the sticking of the igniter lever where it passes through into the cylinder. Quite often this is not noticeable to the novice as this rocker arm usually has but a very small movement. It will sometimes set so that it cannot be operated even by hand. This is caused either by corrosion or by an accumulation of burnt oil. Where the oil is of poor quality, this is very liable to occur. The injection of a small quantity of kerosene from the outside on these parts, not only before, but after, using the engine, will as a rule entirely prevent this trouble. In most all cases the small lever which is fastened to the igniter arm on the outside is generally secured by a taper pin; these taper pins will at times work loose or be improperly fitted. In this case the lever will move, but the igniter arm will remain stationary. In attempting to drive the pin in again, should it be loose, always hold a weight under and against the lever; otherwise the arm is liable to be sprung, and the pin will not drive in firmly.

Another very common trouble is that either owing to wear, want of adjustment, or corrosion, the tripping device does not operate, or may operate entirely different when worked rapidly than when merely operated slowly by hand. Of course the springs, which are a necessary evil in all make-and-break sparkers, have been, and always will be, a source of trouble, as they are liable to become weak, and if too highly tempered will break, and it is often the case that where the spring rubs against a moving part, the friction will wear it, and of course it then either breaks or becomes weak. One difficulty which is very easily overlooked, is that owing to the sticking or weakness of the spring, the electrode and flipper or rocker arm do not come firmly into contact before the separation, consequently the circuit is not perfect. The addition of an auxiliary spring held in position by hand will generally prove this, and we strongly advise in all cases that extra springs should be carried, and these springs should be carefully protected by grease or vaseline until wanted. Piano wire undoubtedly makes the best springs, but of course is liable to, and will, deteriorate very fast when rusty; and, being a very highly polished wire of fine quality, it is very prone to rust. Phosphor bronze is also employed for springs, and although rust-proof, lacks the resilience and quick action of the piano wire. It has been the aim of the manufacturers to design their sparking

mechanism so that the duration of the contact or closing of the circuit would be as short as possible, in order to avoid wear on the batteries; but as most leading engines are now designed, it is possible to adjust so that the duration of contact is too short. The effect of this is to give the coil insufficient time to charge, and in reality puts an extra strain on the batteries. We have known a number of cases in small engines where the contact has been too short; they have in consequence refused to operate at high speeds. The longer the duration of the contact, the larger will be the spark; in fact, by adjustment of the contact the size of the spark can easily be doubled, and modern practice now tells us that in place of a coil which will allow of eight to ten volts, it is preferable to use a coil which will reduce the voltage to about one-half that figure, and increase the duration of contact. The effect of this is that although the spark is reduced in size, it is more uniform, the wear on the batteries is reduced, and the burning of the contact point from the high voltage is avoided.

Of course in the four-cycle engine we are not as liable to have battery trouble or trouble with the firing mechanism as we are with the two-cycle, as we have in that type of engine but half the number of working strokes, and also less heat to affect the parts to contend with.

In a great many cases the firing devices, batteries, etc., are pronounced failures, where in reality the trouble may be in too high compression. High compression has lately become the fad, and its effect on the igniting of the engine has been given very little consideration. As we increase the compression, we of course increase the atmospheric pressure in the cylinder, offering thereby an increased resistance to the formation of the electric arc; and in cases of this kind the remedy is to increase the battery power sometimes as much as double.

Without doubt the next serious trouble is want or loss of compression in the cylinder. The effect of loss of

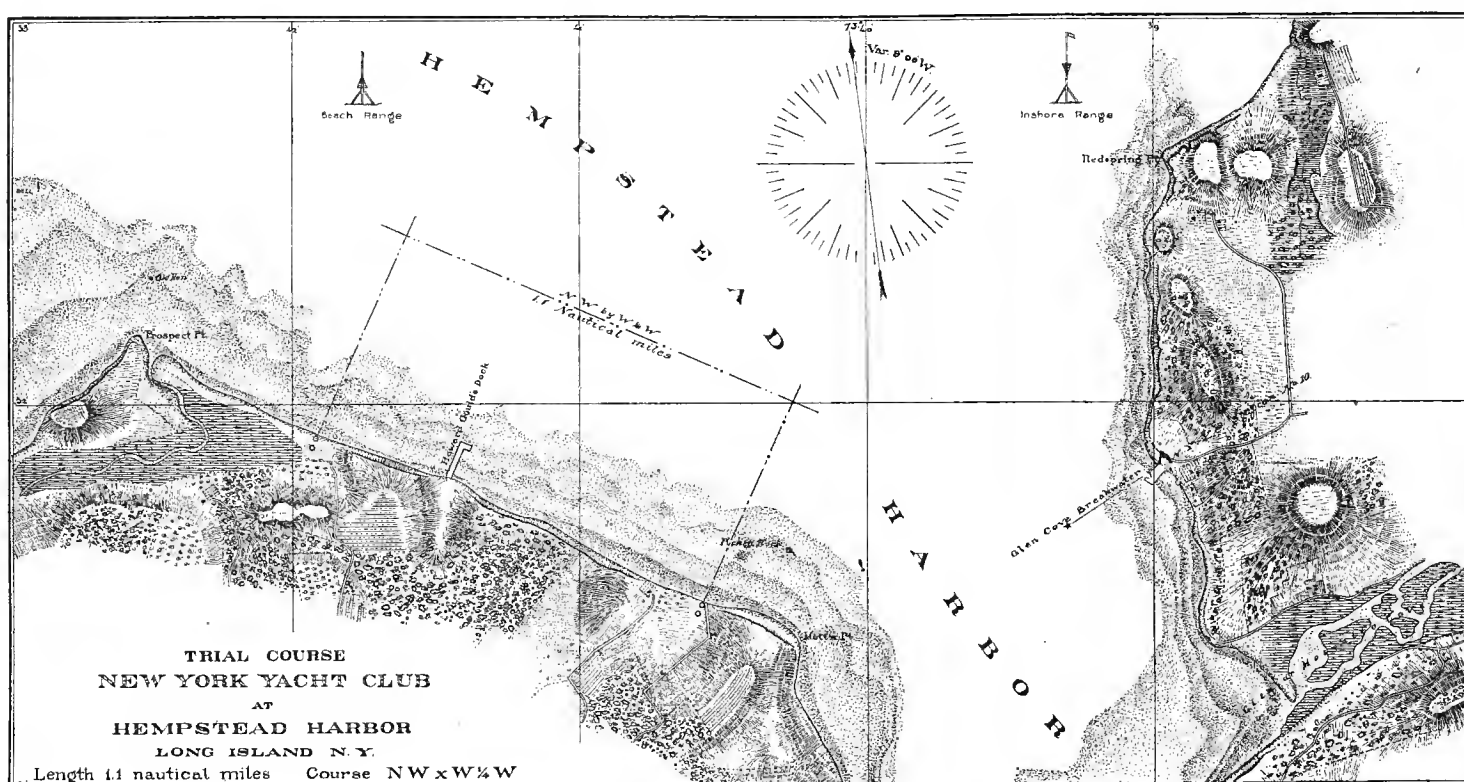
charge of air. To remedy this, remove the spring and stretch it out. In order to determine how much the spring has been stretched, it is a good plan to measure it first. Again, on the other hand, if the spring is made too stiff it will act as a throttle and make the engine difficult to start, as it will not come up to its power as quickly. It is customary to use a funnel with a strainer when filling the gasolene tank; but we do not think this amounts to much, as the ordinary strainer is not sufficiently fine; we therefore prefer a piece of cheesecloth or silk placed over the funnel. In many of the generator valves there is a tendency for the gasolene to blow in the form of a spray, owing to the valve not closing sufficiently quick. This, of course, is a sheer waste of gasolene, the loss in many cases being sufficient to run the engine. To avoid this, place a short piece of pipe or an elbow under the mouth of the vaporizer; this will enable the engine to pick up this spray. In this case, after the engine is started, the supply of gasolene may be cut down; but in starting, the supply must be set same as if no elbow was used. We are now assuming that the valve is mechanically perfect, it being sometimes the case that a defective valve is met with which is not proportioned to the engine, and has a defective seat. The effect of using a valve out of proportion to the engine would, however, mean only a loss of power, with a possibility of difficulty in starting the engine.

Measured Trial Course New York Y. C.

A MEASURED course has been laid out on the west side of Hempstead Harbor, Long Island Sound, with the ends marked by ranges.

These ranges have been located by the U. S. Coast Survey by courtesy of the Department of Commerce and Labor.

The westerly ranges are located about a mile S.E. of the bell buoy off Old Hen Rock, Prospect Point, and



compression in the two-cycle engine is much more serious than in the four, as the loss of compression in the two-cycle in the cylinder means almost a total loss of the compression in the base. This may be due to defective workmanship, or it may result from a poor quality of cylinder oil being used which will set the rings so that they will not expand. Or it may be the **total lack of oil**. In many cases it is also caused by the breaking of the piston ring, which sometimes is a serious matter, as it is liable to break up into small pieces and become caught in the cylinder, which generally results in a broken piston. Where it is thought that the compression has been lost by the clogging of the rings, they can generally be loosened by pouring a good supply of kerosene into the cylinder, and giving it time to get down around the piston and loosen the old oily residue. Continually running the mixture of the gas too rich will leave a deposit of soot which in time will also very effectually prevent the expanding of the rings. In order to test whether the mixture of gas is perfect, a piece of white paper held in front and near the exhaust pipe should not be discolored, or a black smoke coming from the exhaust is a sure sign of an over-supply of gasolene in proportion to the air. It is usual, in the two-cycle engine, to operate at a compression of about 50 pounds; more often under that figure than over; whereas in the four-cycle the compression should be not less than 60 pounds. In the four-cycle engine, the valves being mechanically operated, it will retain and is not as liable to loss of compression as the two-cycle, wherein the ports are opened and closed by the passage of the piston, and are therefore entirely dependent upon the fit of this part.

Vaporizers most usually employed, as we previously stated, are what are known as generator valves, being simply a self-acting poppet valve similar to the ordinary check valves. While this valve is excessively simple and operated entirely by the suction of the engine, it is capable of giving a great deal of trouble. At the point where the gasolene is fed under the seat of the valve the opening is generally less than one thirty-second of an inch, and it very often happens that a small particle of foreign substance contained in the gasolene will settle at this point. In this case, when the valve is pressed up by hand, the gasolene will apparently flow all right; but when the engine is started it will make but a few revolutions and stop, evidently for want of gasolene. In this case it will be found that this small particle by the quick suction of the engine will be drawn into the gasolene opening, shutting off completely the flow of gasolene, falling back again when the engine stops. In other words, acting as a check valve. This is a very common occurrence, and a small wire for cleaning the gasolene inlet should always be on hand. It often happens that the spring in the vaporizer becomes weak, and in this case it will admit of an over-

about 1/4 mile west of the western end of Sea Wall on Mr. Howard Gould's place.

The easterly ranges are located about 3/8 of a mile west of the red buoy off Mott's Point.

The front range in each case is on the low sand hills just back of the beach and is a pole about 30ft. long, painted white, and braced by timber braces with a white triangle just above the braces.

The inshore ranges are the same as the shore range, only about 40ft. high and the triangle is inverted, and they have a white flag at the top.

The length of the course is 1.1 nautical miles, and the magnetic compass is N.W. by W. 1/4 W.

Speed per hour.		Time over course.		Speed per hour.		Time over course.	
Knots	Miles	M.	S.	Knots	Miles	M.	S.
5	5.76	13	12	16	18.42	4	7
6	6.90	11	00	17	19.58	3	53
7	8.06	9	26	18	20.73	3	40
8	9.21	8	15	19	21.88	3	28
9	10.36	7	19	20	23.03	3	18
10	11.51	6	36	21	24.18	3	9
11	12.67	6	00	22	25.33	3	00
12	13.82	5	30	23	26.45	2	52
13	14.97	5	5	24	27.64	2	45
14	16.12	4	43	25	28.79	2	38
15	17.27	4	24				

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

SCHOONER LASCA SOLD.—The famous schooner Lasca, owned by Mr. Robert H. McCurdy, has been sold by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane to Mr. Robert P. Doremus, owner of the schooner Loyal. The steam yacht Reverie has been sold by Mr. Joseph B. Thomas through the same agency to Mr. Edward B. Corey.

MOTOR BOAT CHALLENGER TESTED.—The motor boat Challenger, designed by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, was tested over the New York Y. C.'s measured course in Hempstead Harbor on October 22 with results that were most gratifying to all concerned. Challenger covered the course against the wind in 2m. 52s., and with the wind in 2m. 51s. The conditions were anything but favorable for high speed, as there was a fresh E. wind blowing and considerable sea. When running with a following sea, it was necessary to slow the engine down four times. It is certain that Challenger can beat these figures by several seconds. The Smith & Mabley engine ran without a hitch, and the boat's performance was a most creditable one. Figuring on the time of 2m. 51s. for 1.1 miles would give for 1 nautical mile a time of 2m. 35s., or a rate of 23.2 knots, which is equal to 26.7 statute miles per hour.

Canoeing.

Mahn-a-Wauk C. C.

FOURTEEN years ago the Mahn-a-Wauk C. C. was organized, and three years later had an active membership of thirty, while to-day the members are widely scattered, only three residing in Milwaukee. This situation represents the canoe sailing interests in the Middle West; but, fortunately, not the canoe sentiment, as the paddlers have increased in the same proportion that the sailors have diminished, and to-day in Milwaukee there is a colony of canoe men and women who spend their leisure hours on the upper Milwaukee River, where a stretch of three miles gives ample sweep for paddling.

The Mahn-a-Wauks were a lusty organization, begun by enthusiastic canoeists who limited the membership in order to keep out those who were not believers in canoeing and did not own canoes, but wanted to join the club because they thought canoeing was a delightful fad which was worth cultivating for the social enjoyment which it brought.

Edward H. Holmes, who now resides in Chicago, was Milwaukee's pioneer canoeist, and after interesting Frederick W. Dickens and Frank B. Huntington in the sport during the spring of 1890, the trio went on a canoe cruise on the Wisconsin River the following summer. Their experiences and exploits on that memorable trip interested other Milwaukee men, and on March 7, 1891, the Mahn-a-Wauk C. C. was organized with a membership of fourteen, and E. H. Holmes was elected president. The boat house on the lake shore at the foot of Mason Street near the Northwestern Depot was secured from the Lakeside Boat Club, and as the canoes made their appearance on Lake Michigan, the interest in canoe sailing grew.

The first racing meet and camp of the Mahn-a-Wauks was held on Oconomowoc Lake from July 4 to 18, 1891, and this diversion was so pleasing to the participants, that the members joined the Western Canoe Association during the winter of 1892, sending a delegation of six members to the midwinter meet of the Association in Cleveland. To the efforts of the Milwaukee canoe men was due the selection of the Lake Winnebago camp site near Oshkosh for the 1892 meet, at which the Mahn-a-Wauks were represented by fourteen members and ten canoes. In 1893 four members of the club went to the meet at Ballast Island, but in 1894 the entire membership went to Madison, where the meet was held that summer. Two went to Ballast Island in 1895, but only one representative of the club attended the Mullet Lake meet in 1896, while, with the exception of Commodore Cook, of Chicago, all of the tenants of tents at the 1897 meet at Delavan Lake were Mahn-a-Wauks. Then there was an interval of four years during which none of the Mahn-a-Wauks went to the Western Canoe Association meets, although two of the members went to the A. C. A. meets on the St. Lawrence River.

To the untiring efforts of F. B. Huntington and Frederick W. Dickens the old Western Canoe Association was merged into the Western Division of the A. C. A. during the regime of Commodore F. S. Thorn, who came to Milwaukee at the beginning of his term of office with Henry C. Morse, of Peoria, and effected the transposition. Then in 1892 Mr. Huntington, who had been elected vice-commodore of the division, and Dickens, who was elected secretary and treasurer, again went to work with all of their energy, and as a result the division held its first meet at Ballast Island, the home of the Western Canoe Association.

Under the leadership of E. H. Holmes the club made giant strides in 1891, and F. B. Huntington, who was his successor in 1892 as commodore, scored a success in handling the organization, which showed marked growth. George P. Mathes became the commodore in 1893, and during his regime the Mahn-a-Wauks showed their strength, the membership growing rapidly and the club house being completely overhauled. F. W. Dickens became commodore in 1894, and Richard Merrill succeeded him, and so great has been his popularity that he has never been superseded.

Three years ago the members joined the Milwaukee Y. C., which owned a fine house further up the bay and in a more satisfactory location, and there the canoes are now stored away on racks. The old club house was admirably arranged for the purpose to which it was devoted by the Mahn-a-Wauks. The ground floor was on a level with the waters' edge, and a long dock extended 15 ft. toward the breakwater, giving the members ample opportunity to rig up their craft before launching. On the floor above were the racks on which the canoes, duffle and sails were stored, access being gained by a lift controlled by an endless chain which carried the canoes safely to their second floor from the dock. Immediately in the rear of the canoe room was a large shop supplied with work benches and tools. On the third floor were the general assembly room, a galley and dressing room, around which were arranged the lockers. The walls and ceiling of the room was decorated with pennants, bunting, pictures, paddles and trophies of various description, all appropriately and artistically hung by F. W. Dickens.

The racing machines are no longer in favor; Milwaukee canoeists have taken up the paddling canoes, making the upper Milwaukee River their base of operations instead of Lake Michigan, and their number is steadily growing every year. For the men who still prefer sailing to paddling, the old Western Canoe Association Class C canoe makes a comfortable cruising craft. They are 16 ft. long and 40 in. beam, have an 8 ft. cockpit and carry 125 ft. of canvas distributed in a mainsail and a dandy. They are a staunch, seaworthy craft, capable of being navigated in a big sea with a fair degree of comfort, and besides, carry "two."

A. W. FRIESE.

* * * The current number of Game Laws in Brief gives laws of all States and Provinces. Price 25 cents.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Nov. 8.—Greenville, N. J.—Annual 100-shot championship at Armbruster's Park.

Col. Bruce on the Palma Matter.

WHEN, several months ago, the Palma trophy, representing the international rifle championship, was returned with resolutions of apology and regret from the National Rifle Association of this country to the N. R. A. of Great Britain, nothing was heard in the matter from the captain of the winning American team. Col. Leslie C. Bruce held that position at no small personal outlay of time, effort and money, and when he brought back the trophy, he was congratulated on what everybody considered a worthily won victory against heavy odds over a field made up of no less than seven representative national teams. Having spent a summer of hard work in carrying out what to him was a most agreeable task, Col. Bruce arranged for a long foreign ramble, and when the N. R. A. people here were hurrying the trophy back, the Colonel was off in the mountains of Morocco after a sojourn in the picturesque south of Spain. It was not until he reached London on his way back a few weeks ago that he met a New York militia friend, who mentioned the fact about the trophy. It was the first the Colonel had heard of it, and he at first refused to believe it. On arrival in New York, there was a hurried catching up with a lot of past history, and now the Colonel is outspoken in his bluff Kentucky way over what he characterizes as one of the silliest bits of business which he has ever met with in his whole experience with American rifledom. Speaking to a member of the FOREST AND STREAM staff, Col. Bruce was asked to go over the story of the team and its work, particularly with reference to the alleged irregularity which came from the Council of the British R. A.

The correspondence which preceded the return trip of the trophy has already appeared in these columns, and our readers are aware that the question at issue was as to the character of the barrels of the rifles used by the Americans. Col. Bruce said:

"I cannot but feel that a grave blunder has been made, and I am not willing by my silence to have it appear that the American team at Bisley in 1903 won the trophy by taking the slightest unfair advantage of the other contestants. This is the only inference from the fact that the trophy has been returned and the victory of our team declared improper and irregular. More than that, the declaration made by the president of the National Rifle Association here, that, as captain of the team, I neglected to carry out orders, and thereby made possible the position taken by Col. Crosse, the secretary of the British Rifle Association, is utterly at variance with the facts.

"Let us make a very brief review of the organization and work of the team. I went forward, when the call was issued for a team, prepared to win a place on the squad, if possible. Gen. Spencer, president of the National Rifle Association, asked me rather to assume the post of captain and co-operate with the committee in the selection of the men in the preliminary tests, and later institute the team system which had so often won victory for the American marksmen. As a member of the original American team which visited Ireland in 1875, and of several subsequent teams, and, further, by constant participation in the sport since, I had been well schooled in this method of conducting matches. The conditions required us to use a service rifle, and we secured a lot of Krag-Jorgensen arms from the United States Ordnance Department. They were found to lack the uniformity of caliber necessary in the severe test we had before us, and we replaced the barrels with others of private make. These were prepared by Harry Pope, of the Stevens Arms Co. They take the Government ammunition and are in all essential respects true service rifles. At this time the United States Government was making extensive tests toward the selection of a new arm for the Regulars, and the barrels we chose were among those under trial. In Great Britain, we participated by invitation, using these weapons without objection in matches shot by organizations affiliated with the National Rifle Association there and under its rules. These shoots were prior to the date of the big match. Before the formal Palma match, our rifles were subjected to every form of inspection the official cared to make; our trigger pulls were tested, and I remember handing Mr. A. P. Humphrey, a member of the Council, at his request, a dozen or so of the cartridges we were using. On the afternoon preceding the day of the match, there was a meeting of the captains of the seven teams competing. Every point on which an objection might be raised, which any one wished to discuss, was brought up. I recall now the point made that the Norwegian team had bright gilt sights, which were not of service pattern, but no one objected. With me at the gathering were Secretary Jones, of the National Association here, who was billeted on our team as a member of our mess, and Vice-President Haskell, who was abroad at his own expense. On the morning of the match, the range officers made further and customary official examination of our arms in every respect, and not the slightest whimper of a protest was made. Our boys worked together beautifully. It was this application of our old-time team system that won us the contest. The London Times said with truth: 'No better disciplined set of men were ever seen on a rifle range.' We came back from 800 yds. 3 points behind the Britishers. The wind was fluky, and I had Cook practically waste a shot to determine the windage and elevation. He got an outer, but the others had the advantage of his shot, and in a lull of the breeze we got in a dozen bullseyes, and this gave us a lead which assured our success. We came home after overwhelming hospitality had been showered upon us by the most distinguished military officers, noblemen and civilian riflemen in Great Britain, and then, somewhere in an American out-of-town paper, there appeared an anonymous letter saying that our rifles had barrels of other than Government make. This letter, the writer, I am informed, sent to Secretary Crosse, of the English Association, and provoked a query from him. I should naturally suppose that a reply had been sent explaining that we had done everything in our power openly and above board in complying with the requirements of the Palma contest. It has always been the purpose in this great international match to develop the arm best suited for long-range military use. It has really been the recognized leader on this problem. Not one of the teams in the 1903 contest was armed with weapons from the ordinary Government ordnance stores. Special barrels and carefully selected ammunition of the regular Government pattern was the rule. The exception was the British team shooting a special charge of Cordite powder and selected bullets, each 10 grains heavier than the regulation ammunition.

"The British Government for half a century has had a proof house system, where small arms of all classes and by any makers are gauged and tested for strength. We have no such

precautionary board here. Instead, the name of the maker, say, Winchester Arms Co., Remington Arms Co., Stevens Arms Co., etc., as the case may be, is the American standard guarantee accepted for quality and safety, and thus far they have certainly made good. When tested, the British arm secured a 'view' mark as a sort of guarantee. I cannot see in the printed rules for the submission of arms any requirement as to styles of rifling. The rules of the Palma match, as amended by the British Association, permitted the use of rifles with the 'view' mark. This practically brought a class of weapons into use exactly similar to that which the American team was using; that is, arms which could take the Government ammunition as to strength, caliber, weight and length of barrel, etc., but which being turned out in various grades of nickel, Krupp and other steels, at great expense, with more care, by private makers, gave the shooter a confidence he might not feel with the factory weapon from the Government armories. The fact that we have no Government official authorized to stamp a 'view' mark on the rifle barrel was the small atom of objection behind which the British protest was made, a protest which was hinted at rather than expressed, and which the American management, to my utter amazement, grasped as an excuse for sending back the trophy and repudiating all that we had accomplished by our trip to Bisley last year.

"In the correspondence as I have recently read it, Secretary Crosse is compelled to acknowledge that no secret was made of the exact description of the rifle we were using, and in fact they were described in the most minute detail in FOREST AND STREAM here and in many of the excellent English publications devoted to the art of rifle shooting. These were all prior to the shoot. Instead of making a straightforward, manly and sportsmanlike protest as soon as the fact was noted, the secretary naïvely says in excuse for his remarkable silence for so long a period after the match, 'that it would be offensive to a competing team to assume that they intended to commit a breach of the rules unless prevented by a protest. It is obvious that if all competitors were to feel at liberty to infringe rules in the hope that objection would not be taken, it would be impossible to preserve good feeling in any match.' Yet in another part of his communication Secretary Crosse acknowledges that he had at hand an official sample of the very latest model of the United States arm, which has since supplanted the Krag-Jorgensen. Of this rifle, the New Springfield, he is emphatic, writing 'it could not have been allowed, although issued to troops for service, as it was not eligible under the rules of the match.' Now, to be consistent in his own position, knowing as he might, could, should and did, all about the rifle which was used, why did he not object, and in the absence of that preliminary formal protest, which was his duty rather than his privilege, did not his carefully preserved silence then virtually declare our rifles entirely eligible?

"It would be interesting to know just why all this information was held back until after the American team, against really tremendous odds, had managed to capture the trophy; and further, why, under cover of an anonymous newspaper letter, the carefully worded queries were put out.

"What I specially protest against is the excuse given on this side for sending back the emblem, to wit: That the captain (myself) had failed to comply with the instructions given him to submit both the Government and the special barrels to the range officials and get a ruling as to any possible objections. As Gen. Spencer, who makes this assertion, knew at the time, we went abroad with but one set of barrels. They had been used in our team practice here and a year before (September, 1902), when the British team won this very trophy at Ottawa, Secretary Crosse being present, one of these so-called Pope barrels was used by Dr. Hudson, of the American team, while two other members of that team, Capt. Graham and Lieut. Casey, used specially secured samples of the new Springfield, now the United States arm, but not then an adopted pattern. No protest was then made, though a British team shot, but the American team at that time failed to win—perhaps that makes a difference.

"Yet, after all, while I am naturally indignant that our work should have been practically undone, in such a shabby fashion, too, I feel it more on behalf of the boys who won the match under my captaincy. They were as representative a group of American gentlemen and soldiers as ever went out to uphold the honor of our country. Perhaps it may be for the best in the end, as it effectually disposes of those who would belittle unselfish efforts where their own petty schemes are interfered with. It may help to bring a set of conditions about which there can be not even a shadow of a quibble, and make good the words of the official captain of the English team, Maj. Fremantle, in a complimentary speech after the battle that he was glad 'the Palma trophy match was one in which every refinement of invention could be used or introduced and in consequence a great deal was to be learned from these international matches.' I shall always remember with pleasure one episode of our trip to British soil. It was the invitation from our Ambassador, Mr. Joseph H. Choate, to have the team pay a special visit to the American Embassy in London. A distinguished and representative body of British army officers had assembled, and an afternoon and evening of rifle talk was indulged in to our mutual advantage. I particularly recall the venerable Earl of Wemyss, who, as Lord Elcho, established years ago the Elcho Shield match, from which sprang the Palma contests, a series which he was proud to say 'had helped inculcably in bringing about that almost perfect arm of precision, the long-range rifle of to-day.'

"There is only one thing to do now, and that is to at once put under way such measures as shall bring that trophy, at the earliest opportunity, back to America.

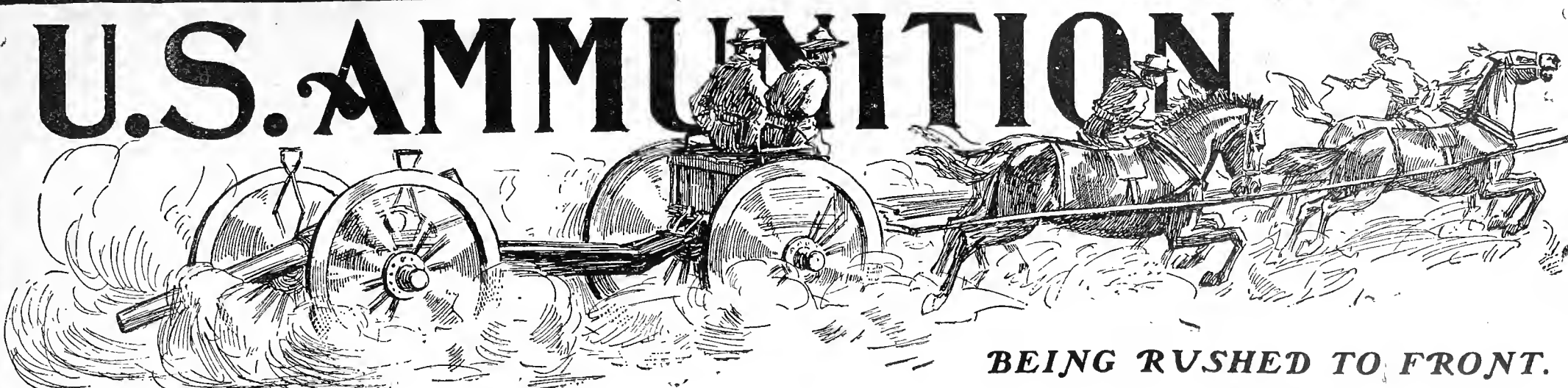
"In the making and shooting of long-range rifles, we have time and again shown our superiority to the citizens of any other nation. There are scores of Americans ready to make up at any time a capable team. I can speak almost as a veteran now, though in 1875 I was the junior member of the famous team captained by Judge Gildersleeve, and incidentally, if you will pardon a touch of conceit, there is a certain total of 219 in a possible 225 to my credit, made against the British team under Sir Henry Halford in September, 1877, which still remains the top-notch match score over the Elcho-Palma distances, 800, 900 and 1,000 yards. I do not speak now to stir up any further discussion of an episode which, on behalf of others, had better remain closed; but I take this first opportunity to correct any erroneous conclusions which my silence might bring about. I would rather look forward than backward, and I see in the future a long series of well-fought contests for this now famous shield with the Americans, giving a good account of themselves in arms and men."

Mr. Baker's Excellent Skill.

A CORRESPONDENT writes us as follows: "Some phenomenal rifle shooting was recently done by Mr. Chas. L. Baker, of Cox's Mills, a few miles north of Richmond, Ind. Mr. Baker already has a considerable local reputation for

C. G. GRUBB, Sec'y.

U.S. AMMUNITION



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WESTERN TRAP.

MARSHALLTOWN, Ia., Oct. 15.—The writer is pleased to mention a tournament where everything worked liked “oiled joints.” When grounds are perfect, traps face the north, and targets are perfectly thrown, then all feel happy when they are “hitting em.” Seventeen men shot in one 20-target event, and all but 2 targets were broken, which was 96 per cent for the whole event. Did you ever hear of anything to equal that?

Gilbert made 104 once, then 105 next for runs. Same time H. G. Taylor made 119. No wonder they registered each high professional and high amateur.

Weather good. Some rain the second day, but did not hinder big scores being made.

Much credit is due the Marshalltown Gun Club members, for they do things correctly. Gilbert, Budd, Whitney and Sharp talked and showed up the goods for the leading companies. Scores.

Oct. 13, First Day.

Shot at. Broke.		Shot at. Broke.	
Gilbert	200	Peterson	200
Taylor	200	Keller	200
Hoon	200	Ransom	200
Burnside	200	Lane	200
Powers	200	Cook	200
Budd	200	Snow	200
Wallace	200	McKelvey	80
Russell	200	Reed	130
Steger	200	Ridge	50
	178		24

Oct. 14, Second Day.

Wallace	200	Budd	200
Snow	200	Ransom	200
Keller	200	Russell	200
Lane	200	Steger	200
Cook	200	Hoon	200
Gilbert	200	Peterson	200
Powers	200	Reed	135
Burnside	200	Marvin	120
Taylor	200		99
	194		

Wheatly, Ont., Oct. 19.—The name Wheatly has not appeared much in the sporting press. But yesterday there was a large number of bluerocks broken by those present. Most of the contestants were out of practice. The weather was not good, hence the scores are small as compared to what the same shooters have done in the past.

Mr. H. Hickson made 20 out of 25. Mr. McLean was one to the bad. M. T. Rogers made 17, A. Shippe 16, and G. D. Dobby 16.

Congress of Central Illinois.

Litchfield, Ill., Oct. 20.—The last shoot of the Congress of central trapshooters was held at Litchfield, on Oct. 18 and 19. During the summer the club has been unfortunate as to weather. The opening shoot was held in a snowstorm, and several of the fine shoots were dampened by rain and wind.

This shoot was held under the most favorable weather conditions ever experienced. The scores were not quite up to past form. Only John Boa was hitting ‘em square in the eye. Frank Riehl was getting on to the hang of a new gun, and he shot very regularly, getting two more the second than the first day. Standish and Bronough were present, representing their companies.

On the first day Cummings, Lawrence and Mulford each tied on 156. But on the second day Mulford won out and landed amateur average. Nine men shot through the last day. There was a difference of only three targets in the scores, 152 to 155.

The G. A. H. tie shooters came together here and made another tie. The management feel grateful for the support the amateurs have given them, and all the plans outlined by the officers have been faithfully carried out. It remains now to be seen what the year 1905 will bring forth. The officers agree that something better will be handed out when the robins come again. The scores:

	First Day.	Second Day.	Total.
Cummings, 18	156	154	310
Riehl, 18	156	158	314
Clay, 18	144	154	298
Boa, 18	164	163	327
Keller, 17	154
Scott, 17	152	152	304
Graves, 17	153	156	309
Goebel, 17	142
Craig, 17	154	155	309
McGill, 16	110
Snell, 16	151	155	306
Lawrence, 16	156	154	310
Stoner, 16	147	155	302
Spore, 16	136
Mulford, 17	156	160	322

At Detroit.

Detroit, Mich., Oct. 17.—There was a large turnout at the Woodmere Club shoot, held here yesterday. Lamrand, of River Rouge, won the high average for the day. It was strange also to

see him third money in most of the events. The shoot was so successful that there will be a shoot held every Sunday.

In Other Places.

Whitmore won the trophy at the Rusch House grounds for the shoot of the Riverside Gun Club, of Detroit, Mich. He also won Class A on 22 out of 25. Summerfield won Class B on 22. Ebling won Class C on 19. Keller Class D on 13.

On Friday last the Freeport, Ill., Gun Club held a shooting outing. Some good scores were made, considering that the club has not been shooting for some years.

Dr. J. A. Wheeler, the Illinois State game warden, was at Bloomington, Ill., with the intention of participating in the McLean County Gun Club tournament.

The Pastime Gun Club, of San Diego, Cal., will soon hold a two-day tournament. The Los Angeles sportsmen are especially invited. The method of raising funds for money for the tournament held there last week is commendable. The members proved their liberality by subscribing \$300.

Of late another old gun club has come to life. This time it is that of Kankakee, Ill.

Quite an interest is being revived in trapshooting at Denison, Tex. Last Saturday there was a finishing up of all the live pigeons left over at the close of the tournament. The shooting proved a hot race, as Mr. Henry Beyer, of Arcadia, made a straight score of 40. Brown and Ambrose Mercer made 36 out of the same number.

The Adrian, Mich., Gun Club held an enjoyable shoot Wednesday.

New members were added to the Soo Gun Club at Sioux City, Ia., viz.: F. M. Lane, John A. Berry, R. F. Hanover and H. C. Dorton, the latter residing at Anthon.

James Gibson won the medal at the Los Angeles tournament on 49 out of 50. J. E. Vaughn was second with 47.

Reports from the last shoot held at Bloomington, Ill., show that Clark Gideon won the gold medal with a score of 25 straight.

The secretary at Washington, Ind., reports that on Wednesday Graham and Smith made 15, Padgett 14, Read 13, Reinsel 12, Volin 7.

The fall tournament of the South Bend, Ind., Gun Club brought together Indiana, Illinois and Michigan shooters. Anderson, of Knox, Ind., won first, with 178 out of 195 targets. Henderson and Shepardson were only one behind.

J. P. Speer, who is managing the tournament at Taylorville, Ill., reports that the nimrods of the State are coming in full force to the annual tournament.

The White Haven Gun Company, of Shelby, Tenn., has started with \$6,000 capital stock. J. B. Hildebrand, J. W. Hale, W. B. Van Hook, J. H. Van Hook, C. B. Hildebrand, J. N. Beasley and E. W. Hale are the incorporators.

The Mulligan Shooting Club, of Ottawa, Ill., is composed of Emil Bossenin, Paul Zickler, Ed. Burns, Jule Zellers, John Britt, Henry Metzger, Tim Crendon, Wm. Dunn and Riley Mooney. Their opening picnic is reported to be the best ever they enjoyed.

The opening shoot of the Spring Bank Gun Club, a new organization at Louisville, Ky., was held Friday. W. W. Watts won the hunting coat, and Frank Pragoff the gun case. J. C. Bond shot so well that he tied in both, but lost in the shoot-off. This club will shoot for five successive weeks, the prizes being two hammerless shotguns.

When the Crescent Gun Club, of Evansville, Ind., met last week the attendance was gratifying. Chris. Heuer shot so well that he captured the main prize.

Dan Bray, the veteran Nebraskan will attempt to take the Denver Post trophy away from George Carter. The shoot will be held at Lincoln, Neb., in the near future. There seems to be some irregularity as to the way some of the shoots for the medal have been held. But Mr. Bray took the proper steps by notifying the Denver Trap Club.

H. G. Taylor, of Meckling, S. D., was the high man at the Iowa shoot held at Marshalltown. He did not miss once during the forenoon.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 22.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the fourth trophy shoot of the fourth series. Dr. Meek won Class A trophy on 23. Birkland, Jr., won Class B on 19. Gould won Class C on 17.

After the trophy shoot, Stone and Kamp captained teams formed by choosing sides.

The day was an exceedingly trying one for target shooting. A very strong north wind caused the flight of the targets to be extremely erratic, and made high scores out of the question. Attendance was good, considering the lateness of the season and ducks on the wing.

Trophy shoot, 25 targets:

Dr Shaw	110001001111111010101110	16
Dr Meek	111111011111111111111110	23
Bullard	110110111111101010101110	18
Thomas	011110110100111111110101	18
Davis	001011111110111111001111	19
Eaton	100101010010111111101110	16
Geotter	111100111010111110101111	20
Birkland, Jr.	111101000111111111100111	19
Dr Reynolds	110001000011101000101000	11
Mrs Shaw	011011011001100010101010	14
McDonald	100101101100011111100011	15
Stone	100101101010101111110000	15
W A Jones	011110101111111110111111	21
Gould	111001001111111110010001	17
Dr Skillman	1110011010100110111000110	14
Harns	00110101000000100001110	9
Kamp	101100110101010111101011	16

Team shoots, captains, Kamp and Stone:		Events:	
Kamp	1 2 3	Stone	1 2 3
Dr Meek	8 8 8	Bullard	7 7 10
Dr Shaw	10 10 10	Geotter	9 8 9
Thomas	5 8 3	Davis	10 7 9
Eaton	7 7 7	McDonald	7 8 9
W A Jones	7 10 8	Gould	8 6 7
Harns	9 9 7	Mrs Shaw	5 6 5
Kamp	7 6 5		7 9 7

Totals..... 53 58 48 Totals..... 53 51 56

Hamilton Gun Club.

The Hamilton, O., Gun Club held their annual tournament on Oct. 18 and 19. The attendance was not what the club had a right to expect. They offered a most excellent programme, with good division of purses. The only outside club to be represented was the Cincinnati Gun Club, which sent a squad of five men: Gambell, Medico, Peters, Barker and Pohlar, and they did the club credit.

J. C. Hamann, “Uncle Julius,” had charge of the office, and everything ran smoothly. All moneys were ready for the shooters a few moments after the close of each event. Mr. Len Shepard, of Cincinnati, acted as referee, and gave satisfaction in all cases.

The weather on both days was perfect.

The trade was represented by D. D. Gross and R. L. Trimble. The programme consisted of eight events at 15, two at 20 and one at 25 targets on each day; entrance at rate of 10 cents per target. Scores first day:

Shot at. Broke.		Shot at. Broke.	
Snow	185	Conrad	185
Peters	185	S Myers	90
Medico	185	Ayres	65
Gambell	185	Forsman	35
Stickels	185	A J	17
Parker	185	Smith	15
Link	185	Baron	25
Pohlar	185	Reed	25
Steinman	185	Mrs Ayres	15
Barker	185	Borch	25
Trimble	185		10

On Oct. 19 seventeen men were entered, ten shooting through. Snow was again high gun with 180. Peters second with 173. Trimble third with 171. Steinman fourth with 168.

Peters and Gambell shot against Parker and Stickels, of the home club, \$2 entrance per man, and again the Cincinnati boys made good by a margin of 20 targets.

The programme was finished about 3:30, and as a wind-up for the two days’ sport a seven-man team match at 25 targets per man, 50 cents entrance, was shot. After this shooting at doubles and singles was indulged in until dark, when all left with expressions of satisfaction for the good time they had enjoyed.

A large number of spectators was present each day, and among them were several ladies, who enjoyed the sport equally with the men.

F. H. Snow was high gun for the tournament with 360 out of 370, or 97.3 per cent. Snow did exceptionally fine work, centering his targets perfectly and never leaving any doubt as to whether it was a “dead” or “lost” bird. Peters, of the Cincinnati Gun Club, finished second with 345, or 93.2 per cent. Parker, of Hamilton, was third, with 332 or 89.7 per cent. Gambell, fourth, with 331, or 89.5 per cent. The scores, second day:

Shot at. Broke.		Shot at. Broke.	
Snow	185	Parker	185
Peters	185	Ayres	75
Trimble	185	Schumaker	90
Steinman	185	Mrs Ayres	30
Gross	185	Smyers	35
Gambell	185	Smith	30
Link	185	Cummins	30
Stickels	185	Will	35
Bercaw	185		16

General averages of two days:		Shot at. Broke.	
Snow	180 180	Trimble	157 171
Peters	172 173	Stickels	167 159
Parker	165 167	Link	163 161
Gambell	168 163	Steinman	158 164

Cincinnati Gun Club.

Cincinnati, O.—There was a fair attendance at the grounds on Oct. 22. The weather was cold and cloudy, with several showers,

A strong wind blew, but some good scores were made, notwithstanding. In the cash prize event, eighteen shooters took part. Faran was high man, with 44, Dreihls and Reed not being in the competition. A team match was shot between four two-man teams, 50 targets per man, two high teams out.

Chas. Dreihls led in the main event with 46, and D. D. Gross close up in the same event.

Ackley is at Duck Island, Ill., where he is smashing ducks instead of targets.

Eighty entries are in the cup race. No scores were shot to-day, and it looks as though Faran had a cinch.

Jay Bee is confined to his bed, quite seriously ill.

Gambell has something brewing for Thanksgiving Day.

Cash prize shoot, 50 targets, distance handicap: Dreihls (16) 46, Reed (16) 45, Faran (20) 44, Roll (19) 43, Gambell (16) 43, Medico (18) 42, Block (18) 42, Herman (18) 42, Gross (16) 42, Peters (19) 40, Maynard (19) 40, Andrews (16) 38, Du Bray (16) 37, Falk (17) 36, Myers (16) 36, Keplinger (16) 36, Tuttle (16) 30, Cottingham (16) 26.

Notes.

The Tipp Gun Club, Tippecanoe City, O., had as visitors on Oct. 20 Messrs. R. L. Trimble and D. D. Gross. Each took part in the medal event and scored 25 straight. The medal event was won by Hawver, after three shoot-offs.

The Hamilton, O., Gun Club held its last regular shoot of the season on Oct. 20. This was the fifteenth contest in the series of medal shoots, and eleven shooters faced the traps. Parker was high gun for the day with 44, Wesley a close second with 43. The conditions of the medal shoot were fifteen contests in the series. Members must shoot in ten or more events in order to qualify, and the one having the largest aggregate of ten best scores wins the badge and first prize. The club gives \$100, which is divided among those qualifying in proportion to their ten best scores.

The fourteenth semi-monthly shoot of the Indianola Gun Club, Columbus, O., was held on Oct. 15. Members were away duck, dove and snipe shooting. J. Y. Bassell, Jesse Smith and two of Newark's cracks, Messrs. Fisher and Taylor were present as guests of the club, and the latter's work was a feature of the day, he losing but 2 targets out of 50. Bossell had never shot at clay targets before, and made a very good showing.

The Licking County Gun Club, of Newark, O., has challenged the Indianola Gun Club, of Columbus, O., to shoot a six-man team race at 50 targets per man, for the price of the targets. The match to take place at Hebron, O., on Oct. 26 or 27.

The Portage County Gun Club, of Ravenna, O., will hold its last shoot of the season on Nov. 3. A 100-target match for the championship of the county is open to all shooters in the county.

The Rohrer's Island Gun Club, of Dayton, O., held their regular medal shoot on Oct. 19. The medal event was won by C. F. Miller, after four shoot-offs. This gives him the silver loving cup.

There was a small attendance at the regular medal shoot of the Welfare Gun Club, Dayton, only four men competing, and only nine shooters being at the grounds. On Thanksgiving Day a grand turkey shoot will be held. Shooting all day.

E. D. Fulford.

THE following is a clipping from the Utica Daily Press of Oct. 19, which we deem to be of interest to the hosts of friends of the late E. D. Fulford. It shows the profound esteem in which he was held by his fellow men:

"There was a very large attendance of friends at the funeral of Elijah D. Fulford yesterday. Services were conducted by Rev. James D. Corby, of the Church of the Reconciliation, at the family residence, 715 Genesee street, at 2:30 P. M. The members of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association attended in a body. The Oriental Quartette, consisting of E. H. Stewart, Robert J. Hughes, A. Spencer Hughes and F. E. Swancott, rendered several selections. The esteem in which Mr. Fulford was held was shown by the many large and beautiful floral tributes, including a standing column, four feet high, from the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association; plaque of roses and palms from the Bre Powder Company; large standing wreath from the employees of the Remington Arms Company; large pillow from the Union Metallic Cartridge Company. The bearers were Frank E. Butler, of Nutley, N. J.; J. S. Fanning, Jersey City, N. J.; J. G. Heath, Madison, N. J.; C. R. Mizner, Clarence C. Boff and Charles Windheim, of Utica. Interment was made in Forest Hill Cemetery. Of the bearers, Jack Fanning represented the Lafin & Rand and duPont Powder companies, at Wilmington, Del.; Messrs. Butler and Heath, the Union Metallic Cartridge Company, with plant in Bridgeport, Conn., and main office in New York city. They came to Utica as representatives of the company, especially to attend the funeral, all being personal friends of the deceased. Before returning home, they spoke in highest terms of Mr. Fulford, and said that had it been possible a large delegation of trapshooters would have been present at the funeral, among whom he had very many friends, by whom he will be greatly missed."

The duPont Powder Company and the Lafin & Rand Powder Company sent a large bed of flowers. Mr. Ed. Banks, of the duPont Company, sent a floral design, and Mrs. F. E. Butler (Annie Oakley) sent a wreath of ivy and roses.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—The fall tournament of the Indianapolis Gun Club, held on Oct. 12 and 13, had a good attendance. Mr. A. S. Flinn, of Wabash, Ind., shooting under the name of Fleming, won the English Hotel cup with a score of 87 out of 100. Mr. Ed Rike, of Dayton, O., was second with a score of 85, and also was amateur high gun in the merchandise events. With Mr. Ed. Voris he was amateur high gun in the two days' programme. Mr. W. R. Crosby was high gun in the professional class. The totals of the two days are appended:

Oct. 12, First Day.

Shot at. Broke.		Shot at. Broke.	
Clark200	153	Wise200	145
Michaelis200	142	Harcourt180	124
Partington200	150	T Southern100	52
Voris200	164	Morgan100	62
Parris200	158	Morrison100	45
Hearshy200	147	Henshman60	30
Le Compte200	162	Mark60	39
Funk200	129	Rike200	161
Van Gundy200	156	Lieb160	102
Wilson200	158	B F McDaniels120	55
Hillis200	129	Wildhack200	119
E L Southern200	156	Scott100	61
Vietmeyer200	154	Bell100	77
Wands200	123	Habich100	46
Gregory200	148	Springsteen100	39
Stoner200	146	Mace100	57
Jeffries80	61	Sayles56	47
Tripp200	162	Opp120	72
Cooper200	162	Slow140	96
Fleming200	166	Woodham120	75
Moller200	161	Forbes120	85
McDaniels200	142	Sutton120	92
Crosby200	189	Dixon80	52
Young200	187	Anderson80	57
Littler200	155	McKinnie140	111
Smiley200	135	Gephardt140	113
Finley200	147	Dickman80	64
Marshall200	172	Priffin60	34
Mackey100	65	Dan Smith40	20
Hill120	74	Hice20	16
Goss100	54	Haynes20	10
Hoover200	158	Robinson20	9

Oct. 13, Second Day.

Shot at. Broke.		Shot at. Broke.	
Moller200	145	Gephardt200	162
Parry200	150	Hearshy180	105
Michaelis200	128	Opp120	95
Voris200	170	H M Clark200	144
Partington200	146	W B Crosby200	194
Jack Snipe200	145	Woodham80	52
Wilson200	167	McKinnie180	153
A C Spencer200	149	Sutton120	89
Le Compte200	146	J C Long200	164
Wise200	158	Vietmeyer200	161
Wands200	126	Hillis200	139
Gregory200	152	J C Dixon120	82
J E Bush120	94	Lieb120	80
Cooper200	165	Dan Smith80	50
Fleming200	161	Anderson80	61
Sayles200	140	Byers80	41
F A McDaniels200	134	Brindley40	27
E H Tripp200	150	Al Tripp40	27
B F McDaniels200	116	Goss100	62
E D Rike200	173	Armstrong100	60
Hoover200	168	Southern100	48
T A Marshall200	178	Scott100	67
C A Young200	168	Mark100	46
Southard200	163	Morrison100	58
Thompson200	124	Bell100	83
Harlan100	51	Ivery40	22
Littler140	104	Habich20	10

Warwick Gun Club.

WARWICK, N. Y., Oct. 15.—The sixth and last shoot of the season of 1904 of the Warwick Gun Club was held Oct. 14. The weather was fine and a good day's sport was had. There was a strong wind blowing across the platform, and the result is a number of low scores. Following are the scores in detail:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	15	15
Wells200	8	12	9	11	10	12	9	15	8	25	11	11
Ogden200	7	8	4	11	5	11	9	11	5	21	14	11
Lines200	9	10	6	9	8	10	9	11	7	20	14	12
Stover200	8	12	6	11	6	10	9	14	6	24	7	9
Brown200	5	9	9	12	7	12	9	11	7	21	9	9
Tuthill200	4	11	6	6	6	12	8	12	4	18	12	12
T P Terhune200	7	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
W S Terhune200	6	10	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
Moody200	6	11	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
Green200	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
Sellew200	12	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
Wilson200	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
MacLaurey200	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
Cooley200	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Rogers200	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12

JOHN B. ROGERS, Capt.

Avon Gun Club.

AVON, N. Y., Oct. 20.—At the fourth annual tournament of the Avon Rod and Gun Club the attendance was small, owing to the game season. Many are away on hunting trips. Greene, of Avon, won first average; Curtis, of Le Roy, second; Spalding, of Cohocton, third. Greene shot poorly in the morning, missing 14 of the first 70; then breaking 126 out of 130, with a run of 68 straight. Curtis shot in good form, as this is his first year in the shooting game.

JAY D. GREEN, Sec'y.

Recreation Rod and Gun Club.

GRAYVILLE, Ill., Oct. 13.—The weather was fine, though the day was rather windy. There was a good crowd, and the shoot was a success. The experts, Messrs. Riehl, Boa and Dreihls, were present. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	Shot
Targets:	10	15	20	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	at Brk.
Riehl200	10	13	18	9	13	10	15	9	20	10	14	9	15	10	14	200
Boa200	10	14	18	10	14	8	15	10	18	9	15	7	14	10	12	200
Dreihls200	8	12	17	9	14	8	12	9	19	8	14	8	12	8	11	200
Willerding200	9	15	18	10	13	9	11	6	15	7	14	9	15	8	13	200
Moore200	9	13	14	6	12	9	9	9	15	6	11	8	13	8	10	200
Faiszt200	3	14	18	7	12	9	13	10	12	5	12	7	12	7	7	200
Pfeiffer200	7	11	16	9	12	10	12	7	16	4	8	12	10	9	185	148
Powell200	9	9	14	9	13	7	14	7	15	3	12	7	10	8	9	200
Gaskins200	8	11	13	9	12	8	14	7	12	5	6	9	3	12	185	129
Haws200	6	11	17	5	11	7	10	8	10	6	7	5	5	3	5	200
Prunty200	9	11	17	9	13	7	10	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	115	94
Le Temp200	9	14	18	6	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	11	110
Mitchell200	6	11	16	7	9	6	10	3	6	6	6	6	6	7	140	83
Helm200	7	12	8	8	8	6	4	4	7	7	7	7	7	7	90	60
Speck200	5	11	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	105	59
Bailey200	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	60	40
Bennett200	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	50	33
Pope200	4	7	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	45	25
Rettig200	5	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	45	21
Crabb200	5	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	30	13
Ilg200	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	9	15
Wiley200	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	10	8

Event 16, 15 targets: Gaskins 9, Prunty 9, Ilg 8, Mitchell 10, Le Temp 10, Willerding 12, Powell 11, Pope 9, Faiszt 9, Bailey 7, Bennett 6, Haws 10, Speck 7, Pfeiffer 10, Rettig 8.

Event 17, 10 targets: Willerding 9, Powell 5, Prunty 6, Mitchell 4, Ilg 7, Faiszt 9, Haws 3, Helm 8, Cooper 6, Gaskins 7.

Live birds, events 1 and 2:

Score. Hcp. Tot'l.		Score. Hcp. Tot'l.	
Gaskins21112-5	02210-3	Jordan00110-2	00212-3
Mitchell01202-3	12122-5	Pfeiffer02221-4	00222-3
Powell22201-4	01222-4	Helm01021-3	00222-3
Willerding22222-5	22222-5	Skelton00000-0	02000-1
Ilg02122-4	02200-2	Jennings22002-3	00000-0
Haws22020-3	22222-5	Punty21202-4	21202-4

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Oct. 19.—Four of the seven contestants tied in the contest for the Hunter Arms Co. trophy, at the shoot of the Rochester Gun Club to-day, and each of the remaining contestants was but one short of the maximum. The scores:

Score. Hcp. Tot'l.			Score. Hcp. Tot'l.		
Bonbright	24	2 26	Stewart	24	0 24
Weller	22	4 26	Fraleigh	21	3 24
Watson	22	3 25	Riekman	18	6 24
Donovan	19	6 25			

There are four more shoots scheduled for the Hunter Arms Co. trophy. Two members have each obtained 5 points toward the trophy, and several others have 3 and 4 points apiece. The last contest is to be held on Nov. 16.

Mountaineers Gun Club.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Oct. 17.—At the regular weekly shoot of the Mountaineers' Gun Club on Saturday, 15th inst., Mr. Tony O'Connell made the remarkable score of 108 out of 109 targets thrown fully 55yds. from three expert traps, Sergeant system. He made a run of 82 straight, and finished his score with 123 out of 125. Livingston, of Alabama, was a guest of the club, and also did good work. Following are the scores:

Shot at. Broke.		Shot at. Broke.	
O'Connell125	123	Martin100	74
Livingston125	109	Ray50	37
Burks125	93	Brown50	33
Goodlake100	76	Plummer25	23

SECRETARY.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

World's Fair Scenic Route.

BECAUSE of its magnificent mountain, river and cañon scenery, its famous battlefields, and points of interest, and because of its superior equipment and physical condition, providing all the comforts and safeguards of twentieth century travel, the Chesapeake & Ohio is unquestionably the most attractive route between the Atlantic Seaboard and the Mississippi Valley. World's Fair and through tickets by this route allow stop-over at Virginia Hot Springs and Greenbrier White Sulphur, the two most fashionable and famous mountain resorts in the country. Solid trains Washington to St. Louis, with New York connection via Pennsylvania Railroad.—Adv.

The Feathered Tribe.

THE wife of a Methodist minister in West Virginia has been married three times. Her maiden name was Partridge; her first husband's name was Robin; her second Swallow, and the present one Quayle. There are now two young Robins, one Sparrow and three little Quayles in the family. One grandfather was a Swan, and another was a Jay, but he's dead, and is a bird of Paradise. They live on Hawk avenue, Eagleville, Canary Islands, and the other fellow who wrote this article

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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No. 846 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

MONOLOGUES OF KIAH.

IN a tent, pitched in a beautiful nook of the wildwoods, five men, comfortably curled up in their bunks about 11 o'clock at night, were sweetly passing away into dream-land, when Hezekiah Bellowson, one of the number, and complaisantly voluble, began his nightly monologue as follows:

"Say, fellows, don't you think this election has more isms than any other election that you ever saw or heard of, and that it's about the most important thing that ever was? What I don't understand is that each ism is different from every other kind of ism, and what flabbergasts me is that every ism, when a fellow studies it up, seems to be all right. Are you fellows all asleep? 'Shut up!' you say. 'Shut up, Kiah!' and 'Cut it out, Kiah!' seems to be about all the conversation that you fellows have for Hezekiah Bellowson. Kiah don't shut up to-night, nor any other night, for nobody nor nothing, if the court knows herself, and the court thinks it does. Here it is time to elect a President of these great and glorious United States which made the American eagle famous in the emblem business, and all that you fellows seem to live for is fishing and eating and sleeping and prattling about fish and flies and bait and bugs, and saying 'Shut up, Kiah!' I'd like to have you understand that this is the time of the year when every true American citizen must speak out in clarion tones for principle's sake, knowing that he has the right of free speech at all times and everywhere, and which is according to the Constitution of the United States, sealed with the blood of our dear forefathers, most of whom were in Europe at that time, and which guarantees forever that the right of free speech of the citizens of this free land shall never be impugned. When our best men, our thinkers and patriotic statesmen, every four years find that the Union is foundering and floundering, the least that we can do as patriotic citizens is to have numerous heart to heart talks over the matter and find out whether the ship of State has been scuttled or naturally has sprung a leak or is under full sail pointing for a rock. According to my way of thinking, that's about what these isms mean, though they don't say it quite that way; but I tell you it's a puzzler in my mind where all these isms come from. Who makes the isms, or do they come up sort of naturally like? After all, I suppose that some wise chap thinks them out for millions of people and that such good thinking is its own reward; or perhaps the horny-handed sons of toil or velvet-handed sons of leisure discover them by instinct, and then tip the wink to the rest to shout it out. I was talking to my wife about the dangerous state the country was in on account of capital and labor being blind to the truth that their interests were the same, if they could see without being blind; and she allows as how capital and labor are one big family with interests which are just alike; and she's right; for their interests are just precisely alike if I know anything about it, for capital is interested in getting all it can for the least money and labor is interested in getting the most money it can for its walking delegates, which are captains of industry. 'Shut up, Kiah!' 'Cut it out, Kiah!' Get a tune to that and sing it, for I do believe that you fellows are just about mean enough to prefer it to the 'Star Spangled Banner' or 'Dixie.' If one of you had been a forefather, I'd bet my last dollar that there wouldn't have been any freedom of speech in the Constitution of these United States unless the subject was about some old trout or bass-rod, or the biggest fish that ever was caught if it hadn't cut the line with a stroke of its tail and faded away. You are the kind that help to build up a language. You brought in a word that is in common use. When a man hears a statement and says that it is 'fishy,' he owes you a debt for a useful word, the meaning of which is known even by the illiterates, and that reminds me of the election on which you fellows seem to have no more interest than a gargyle. I suppose you are that very important class called the silent vote, the sleeping power that decides the election and saves the country for a period of four years, for that is the limit of safety, blocks of four. No, I won't be still till I get good and ready, now. If you'd asked politely, I'd have waved my privilege as a freeman and a free speaker to oblige you for friendship sake, even at the cost of my patriotic emotions, which are just the same kind that our forefathers

had when they fired the shot which was heard clear around the world, not forgetting the respect due to a long shot with the long bow. Well, if you're all going to raise a riot about it, I suppose I must stop; but I do it without any prejudice to my immortal and glorious rights as an American citizen whose forefathers fought and fished—and I don't care a hang if you do hope I choke. Perhaps the country is safe, anyhow, for the ship of State has weathered every storm of the great elections since all men were born equal and the freedom of speech was guaranteed to the proud or the humble man, regardless of sex, condition or occupation. So I'm going to sleep, fellows. So good night."

A NON-RESIDENT LICENSE CASE.

WE print in our shooting columns the text of the opinion handed down by the October term of the Illinois Supreme Court in a hunter's license case. Attention is called to the opinion because it deals with a question which is constantly raised, namely, the constitutionality of the law which discriminates to the disadvantage of the non-resident, and deprives him of rights which he assumes to possess.

Some of the conditions attending this case were considered by the appellant to be strongly in his favor. He was a member of a shooting club which owned the land upon which the shooting had been done; and the contention in his behalf was that as a land owner he was entitled to shoot without a non-resident license under the proviso of the act which prescribes that "the owner or owners of farm land, their children or tenants, shall have the right to hunt and kill game on the farm lands of which he or they are *bona fide* owners or tenants * * * without procuring such resident license." The court overruled this contention, however, on two grounds. A stockholder in a corporation possessing real estate, it holds, is not a land owner within the meaning of the act; he is only the holder of shares of stock, which are personal property rather than realty, and the possession of which gives the holder nothing of the character of a real estate holder. And the second ground was that the property of the club, being preserved and used as a shooting territory, was not farm land; and only farm land was specified in the clause of exemption.

Another provision of the Illinois law is that nothing in the act "shall apply to persons hunting on the land of another person by invitation of such land owner." In an endeavor to avail themselves of the privileges accorded by this provision, the members of the shooting club, to which the appellant belonged, and which was the owner in fee simple of its shooting territory, had adopted a formal resolution inviting each member and stockholder to visit the club grounds and shoot, as invited guests of the club. But the court held that this provision was not limited to section 25 relative to non-resident shooters, but applied to the entire act; and if held to be valid, would nullify the entire statute as to modes and seasons. In accordance with the rule of construction of statute, that "a saving clause must be rejected when it is directly repugnant to the purview or body of the act, and cannot stand without rendering the act unconstitutional and destructive of itself," the court ruled that the clause must be held invalid; and did not constitute a defense for the appellant's act.

So much for the special circumstances of the case.

The broad questions involved in this, as in all non-resident shooting license laws, were as to whether the statute was unconstitutional because violative of section 2 of article 4 of the Constitution of the United States, which declares that "the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States;" or of section 1 of the Fifteenth Amendment, that no State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States," etc.; or of the section which gives Congress the exclusive power to regulate commerce among the several States. As to these points, the court held that while the question of constitutionality was not properly before it for decision, "an examination of these several objections to the validity of the statute will lead to the conclusion that neither of them can be sustained; and we are clearly of the opinion that the trial court ruled properly in holding the statute valid."

The action of the Supreme Court thus establishes the integrity of the Illinois non-resident license law, even to the extent of prohibiting the non-resident members of a club owning a game preserve from shooting on their own lands without a license.

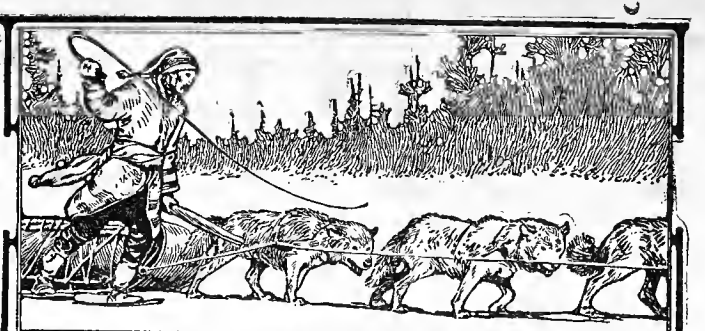
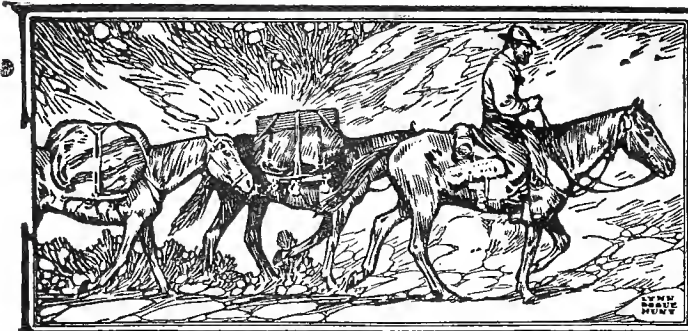
THE WILD DUCK IN POLITICS.

THE wild duck supplies a burning political issue for Long Island this year. Adherents of all political parties are united on this one question. With practical unanimity they demand a repeal of the present law, which forbids the shooting of ducks between January 1 and September 30, and ask for the restoration of spring shooting. The duck question transcends every other; one may readily perceive this by going among the South Siders and noting the all-absorbing topic of conversation.

There is on Long Island a large class of baymen whose mode of livelihood has been developed from the duck shooting conditions formerly prevailing there. They get their living from the water, and before the enactment of the present law an important part came from the patronage of city duck hunters who resorted to the island in the spring months. The amount of money a bayman handles in the course of the year is not large, measured even by the most modest standards, and that share of it which was contributed by the sportsmen for board and boats and guides and ducks was in corresponding degree an important part of the whole. When the law against spring shooting went into operation, it cut off just so much ducking revenue, and the loss has been severely felt. Resentment is intense. It was inevitable that the Long Island baymen should make the duck shooting question the leading political issue of the year, and should weigh the merits of candidates with an eye to their attitude on this subject; or, to speak more accurately, with a consideration of the respective ability of the several candidates to secure what Long Island demands in the way of ducking legislation. Both candidates for the Senate, Republican and Democratic, have declared themselves as sound on the duck question. Senator Edwin Bailey, Jr., who is seeking re-election on the Democratic ticket, has a record of strenuous opposition to the Brown bill in the Senate last winter, and his friends claim for him that he did all that anyone could have done to secure from Long Island exemption from the obnoxious measure. His failure is ascribed to the fact that he was of the minority party in the Legislature; and his plea for re-election as an advocate of the duckers' rights is based upon an assumption that the coming Legislature will be Democratic, under which conditions it will be possible for him to carry his point. For Carl S. Burr, Jr., who is the Republican candidate for the Senate, it is urged, on the contrary, that the Legislature will again be Republican, and that it will be absolutely essential that Long Island should be represented by a Republican, who, having a majority behind him, could accomplish what Senator Bailey was powerless to do in the late session, and, under the Burr assumption, would be powerless to do this winter.

THE city of Detroit has added to its handsome park system a large aquarium, built and equipped at a cost of \$164,000. The enterprise was prompted by a visit of Representative David E. Heinman to the Naples aquarium, seeing which he conceived the idea that such an institution would be a valuable addition to the park attractions of his native city; and it was due to his efforts in the Legislature that the city was authorized to issue bonds for the purpose. The design was chosen by competition, under the guidance of a select committee of experts, so that the building embodies the most modern and perfect aquarium features as to arrangement and equipment. In size it is the third largest in the world. Provision has been made for both fresh and salt-water fishes; the salt water supply, 30,000 gallons, having been transported in tank cars from Wood's Holl, Mass. This water can be used over and over again for years.

ONE cannot help reflecting that Admiral Rojestvensky would be a most exhilarating companion to go shooting with in the brush. He would very likely see things, and in that event he would surely make it interesting for the rest of the party.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

My Burglar.

I CAN remember when I wore dresses, and long yellow curls like a little girl, but cannot remember when I did not love a gun.

Toy guns satisfied my early childhood, but with my first pair of pants came the longing for a real gun, which rapidly increased as I grew older. My brother Will, two years my senior, was possessed with the same longing, and by the time I was nine and he eleven years of age, we had come to seriously consider ways and means of acquiring a gun. Our father was very positive in his refusal to assist us in any material manner, and even went so far as to forbid our attempting it ourselves, considering us too young to be trusted with a gun.

Inclined to obedience, we gave the matter up for a season, but could not bring ourselves wholly to abandon it.

One day brother Will came to me in great excitement, saying he had found a gun that could be bought for one dollar and fifty cents, and that we must set about raising the money at once, before some one else secured the prize. It was a large sum of money for us to get together, and it cost much thought and labor to do it, but the possibility of owning a gun stimulated us so that we speedily accomplished the task, and one fine morning purchased and proudly bore home our first real gun. It was an antiquated army musket, rusty and battered, but to our eyes all that a gun ought to be.

We found it a heavy load to carry, but no burden was ever borne more cheerfully. A careful and critical examination of our treasure, after we had gotten it safely home, developed the fact that it was so heavy neither of us had the strength to hold it out in firing position. But Will solved this problem by suggesting that we could shoot from a rest on some convenient stump or fence.

Then on further investigation we discovered that neither of us was tall enough to reach up to the muzzle of the gun to pour in the powder and shot with which to load it. This was more serious, and not so easily remedied as the first difficulty. I suggested that we might carry a box with us to stand on when loading, but this plan did not seem quite practical, and was not very well received by my brother. "It is all we can do to carry the gun, without lugging a big box, too," said he. "And who ever heard of anybody going hunting with a gun and a box to stand on when loading it?" he rather indignantly inquired.

I think the fact of its being so unorthodox, rather than its novelty, caused us to dismiss it as wholly impractical; for we could not consider any method not approved by sportsmen, now that we had a real gun.

We finally consulted an old gunsmith, telling him our troubles, and he advised that we have the barrel of the gun cut off, thereby reducing the weight and length, and agreed to do the job himself for the modest sum of 45 cents.

We promptly resolved ourselves, for the second time, into a ways and means committee, and after a few days of earnest financiering as ever fell to the lot of men engaged in an enterprise of importance, we sallied forth to the gunsmith's with our gun and the price of the desired improvements.

With something like two feet cut off the barrel, and the same from the iron ramrod, we had an arm that either of us could hold—very briefly—in firing position, and readily reach the muzzle of from the ground.

Cocking our gun gave us much trouble at first, but this we finally learned to do by resting the muzzle on the ground, bracing the stock against our chest, and pulling on the ponderous lock with both hands. The sound of the two "clicks," announcing the stages which we knew as "half" and "whole cocked" was thrilling in the extreme, bearing a strong resemblance to the noise made by a heavy fire-set falling on a stone hearth. It was simply sweet music to our ears, and we knew that no gun ever had a stronger, or more business-like click.

It was some time before we could persuade our father to allow us to test its shooting qualities; and when we did, our further knowledge of the gun, and its strong characteristic might be thus summed up: It had wonderful capacity for ammunition, taking a handful each of powder and shot, at a load, with a handful of paper on each. A very loud and booming report, when fired. A recoil, which led us seriously to consider, at times, whether or not the propelling power had not—in some manner—become reversed; and the knack of scattering shot in a way beyond the power of belief.

We also discovered a little later on, that the threads of the tube seat were worn, and that occasionally the tube was blown out, whistling by our heads with terrific force, and not killing us—although occurring several times—simply and solely because of the kind and all-wise Providence that especially regards the reckless boy.

But what a grand, good, beautiful gun that old iron wreck was to us, and how we loved it. The boy of to-day with his double hammerless, that has never cost him an effort beyond the request for it, knows nothing of real love for a gun.

I think we never killed bigger game than a robin—and few of those, I am thankful to say—but we be-

lieved our gun fully up to the mark on any kind of game, big or small; and as for burglars, we only wanted a chance to show that it was—above all things—a man gun. Many hours which should have been devoted to sleep did we devote to planning our campaigns against the burglar we were always expecting, often slipping out of bed and stumbling around in the dark to change the location of the gun to meet conditions changed in our discussions.

Our room was on the second floor of an L, and opened out on a back porch. This porch was inclosed below, but open and surrounded by a railing above. Steps led up from the lower to the upper floor and about midway the lower floor opened out on to the yard.

The other members of the family were absent from home attending an entertainment one evening, but my older sister was ill, and I was left at home with her for company. Her room was also up stairs, and next to the one we boys occupied. Left to ourselves, my sister was lying down, and I sat looking at pictures before the open grate fire.

A suspicious noise finally attracted my attention, and after listening a moment I slipped quietly out into my room to investigate. Seeing nothing there, and the noise continuing, I secured the gun and went out on to the back porch. I had opened the door very carefully, without making a sound, and when out on the porch could distinctly hear the noise which sounded as though it was on the lower porch.

Holding my breath, in mingled fear and excitement, I tiptoed to the edge of the porch and looked over the railing. The moon was shining brightly, making objects nearby plainly visible.

Immediately under where I stood was a man, and a very large one, I thought. Calmly, yet vigorously, he was working on the fastening of the door that opened on to the steps leading up to where I stood, and I at once realized that our long looked for burglar had come.

Together with my brother, I had planned, longed, hoped and looked for his appearance for days and weeks past, and now that he had come, and was so close—I could all but touch the top of his hat with the muzzle of my gun—I discovered that my feelings had suddenly undergone a radical change.

Instead of being delighted, I was truly sorry. Instead of being calm and self-possessed, as I had always felt sure I should be, I was shaking from head to foot with abject terror; so great was my fright it positively made me sick. I made a desperate effort to cry out, but only choked and gasped, making no sound. I tried to retreat into the house, but my legs refused to carry me.

With the now forgotten gun in one hand, and clinging to the banister with the other, I stood looking down on the man as he calmly proceeded to work at the door fastening, which I knew to be none too secure. Expecting every minute that he would effect an entrance, I now began earnestly to wish that I had left the gun in the house where it would not have been so convenient to his hand when he attacked me.

I could not say how long I stood thus, but know it seemed a very long time. The man was using some sort of instrument with which he worked at the fastening of the door, twisting and turning it in the lock, stopping every little while to push and gently shake the door to see if his efforts to force the lock had been successful.

Utterly unconscious of my near presence he worked away, while I watched him in fascinated silence. Each time he pushed and shook the door I expected it to open and let him in, but the fastenings held.

I finally began to recover from the first effects of my dreadful fright, and to wonder if it was not possible for me to shoot the man as he worked at the door. He was evidently a real burglar, and deserving of the most severe punishment.

As I seriously considered this matter, my courage increased, and I finally concluded to attempt it. Stepping up on the lower rail of the banister, I leaned over and, carefully lifting the gun over, lowered the muzzle until it pointed fairly down on the man, and was only a few feet from the top of his unconscious head. Trembling with excitement, I pressed the stock to my shoulder as I hung over the railing immediately over him and, with two fingers on the heavy trigger, began to pull with all my strength. Until fairly out of breath I tugged on the trigger, expecting every instant to hear the loud report and see the man fall dead, suddenly cut short in his awful career of crime. Ceasing my strenuous efforts finally, and pausing to get a better hold on the trigger, it suddenly occurred to me that the reason the gun had not gone off was the fact that in my excitement I had forgotten to cock it. My fears were now, for the time, forgotten, and I was all excitement for fear the man would discover me, and make his escape before I could kill him.

My youthful mind in no wise realized the awful deed I was contemplating, in deliberately attempting to kill the man. It but seemed a brave and heroic act. One for which all good people would praise me, and best of all, one which would make me the envy of all the other boys of the town.

Entirely forgetting the fearful racket made by the cocking of my weapon, I let go the trigger, laid hold

on the ponderous lock and tugged away with might and main. The excitement under which I was laboring lent strength to my arm, and the first desperate pull brought the gun to half-cock, although I was using only one hand, instead of both as I usually found it necessary to do.

If the gun had actually fired it could not have produced a more startling sound than the loud click! which announced it at half-cock.

As it rung out on the still night air, the burglar's head snapped back as though moved by an electric current, and I shall never forget the look of terror in the white face of the man as he suddenly looked up right into the muzzle of the gun pointing full down on him, and so fearfully near.

I was again overcome with terror at being suddenly so discovered by the man whose life I was attempting, and hung over him speechless and motionless, wondering what he would do to me.

For an instant he gazed fixedly, as though fascinated, into the muzzle of the gun, and then I noticed that he seemed to be settling down as if his legs were slowly sinking into the ground.

Then suddenly, with a shriek of terror that fairly split the air, and nearly caused me to fall over the railing, he sprang back with a mighty leap, which carried him fully twenty feet, and, turning, fled to the rear of the yard at top speed, leaping and dodging from side to side as he ran.

The yard was high in the rear, and protected by a retaining wall of stone, and above the wall, and a little further back, was a high board fence. Neither of these obstacles seemed to present the least difficulty to the fleeing man. He ran up the wall like a scared cat and fairly flung himself over the fence.

The street was steep and rocky in the rear, but I plainly saw and heard him continue his retreat with undiminished speed until he turned the next corner.

It then took me a very short time to get back into the house where I was glad to find my sister undisturbed, and quietly sleeping.

When the family returned and heard the story of my adventure, they all, with the exception of brother Will, sympathized with me. Will insisted that I was "a chicken-hearted chump," and said I did not deserve ever to have another good chance at a burglar as long as I lived, and I very frankly told him that I hoped I never would.

LEWIS HOPKINS.

A Trip to Ningp'o Lakes.

BY H. MATHER HARE, M.D., INTERPRETER SECOND BRIGADE, CHINA EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.

SHANGHAI, China.—For weeks we had anticipated it, and had longed for the day to come. Leave had been obtained from those in authority. Cartridges filled, guns in tip top order, and with everything "ready to the last buckle," behold us on board of the S.S. Chih Li, bound for the Ningp'o Lakes, and the ducks and geese, about whose numbers we had been hearing many tales, that we hardly dared believe.

To a new-comer the departure of the Ningp'o steamer would seem more like Bedlam than anything else, but as you watch the crowds of Chinese coming and going, you see that progress is being made toward order, in spite of the seeming confusion.

Peddlers swarm, of course, selling all kinds of horrible looking compounds to the deck passengers, with which to sustain themselves during the long cold night.

Several men, carrying tin cans full of hard boiled eggs, kept warm by pans of glowing charcoal, squeeze in between the throngs of hurrying coolies, until one wonders how it is possible for them to keep their feet. Some have taken the trouble to color the eggs a vivid red, reminding one of the Easter eggs at home. Sold at about five cents a dozen, with salt thrown in, they did not strike one as being dear; but no purchaser would think of giving such a price, without haggling over it, and saying "the eggs were small," "the price was too high," etc., etc., then end by paying it, as he knew in the beginning he would have to do.

Instead of 4 o'clock, it was an hour later when the ship's papers came on board and we were free to go. Once away from the wharf, the deck passengers began to settle themselves for the night, and spread thin bedding in what looked like a comfortable spot, never neglecting for a moment to curl themselves round their various baskets and bundles, as a partial safeguard against robbery. There being but two small staterooms, with one berth in each, for four passengers, two of us had to take the locker in the saloon, but with plenty of blankets from the steward we were fairly comfortable. It seemed as if there was a continual procession of Chinese "boys" tramping in or out of the saloon all night, getting a warm drink, or a lunch for some of the officers either coming off, or going on watch, and each time they came in, they allowed the door to slam, so that our sleep was of the fitful variety.

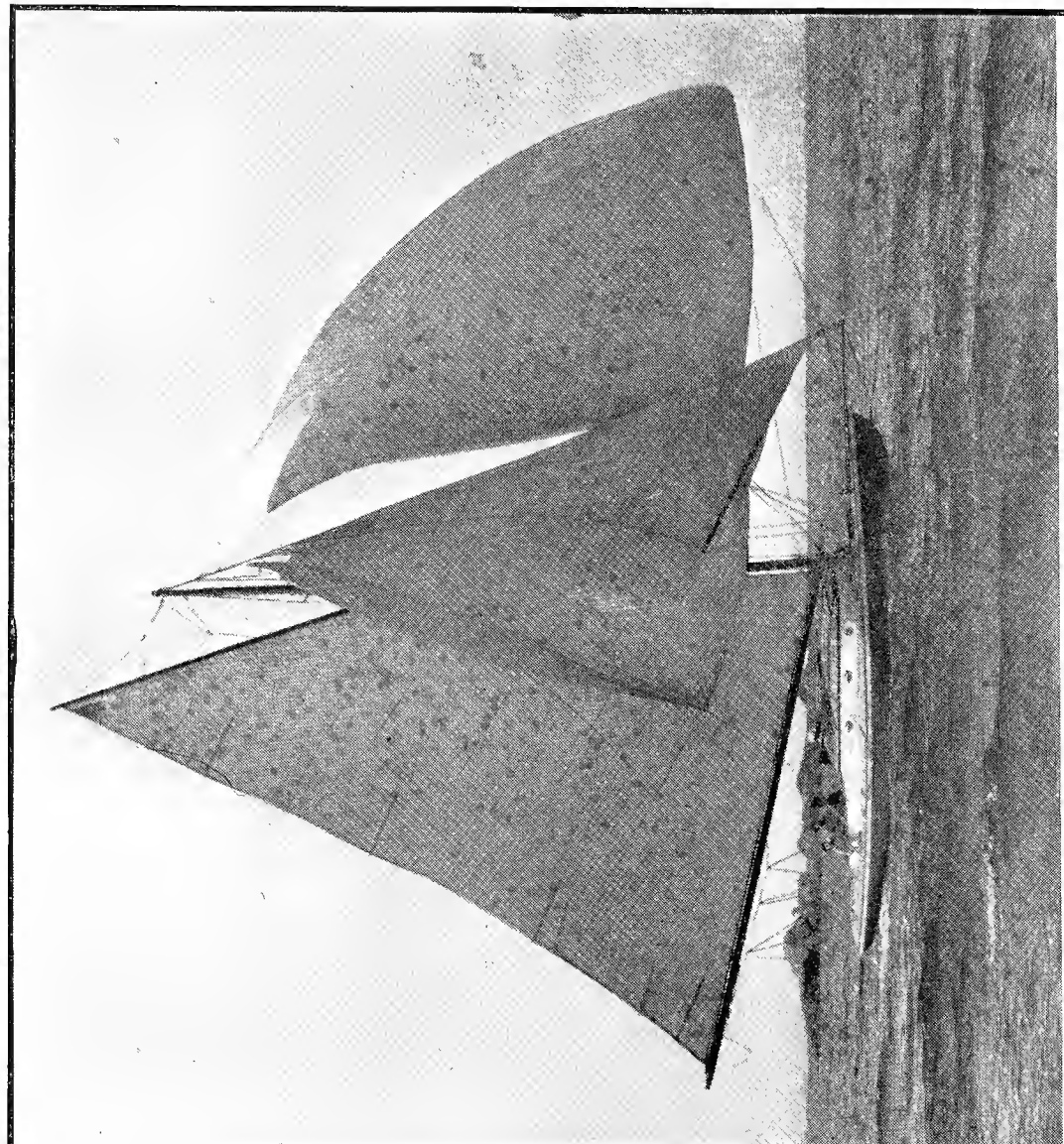
A cold bath in the muddy water of the Yang-tsz River, followed by a cup of tea and toast, made one feel like a walk on deck to see the sun rise; and in a few minutes up it came, changing the clouds to all sorts of shades, which—not being a spring poet—I will not attempt to describe.

The entrance to the Ningp'o River is guarded by

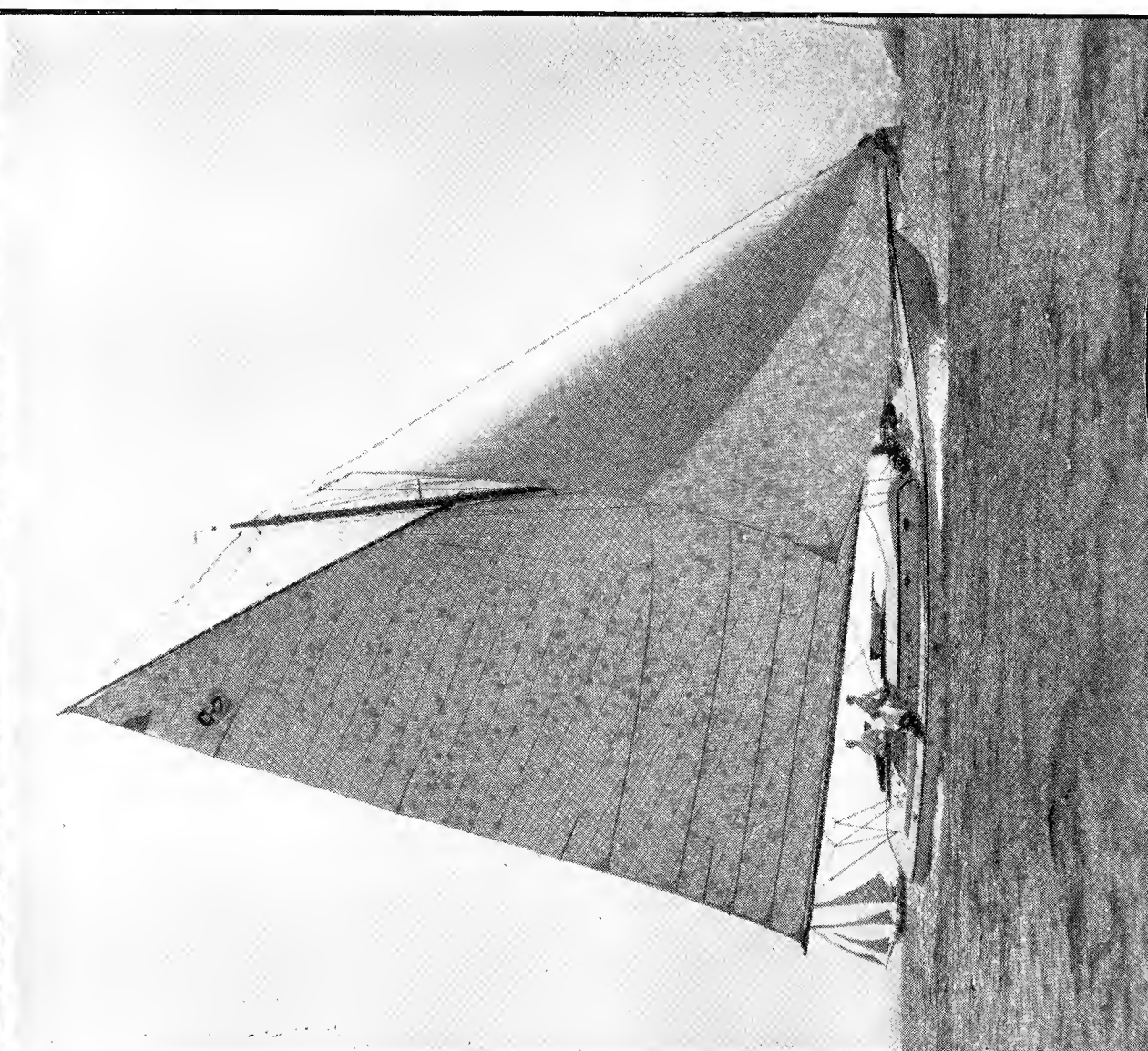


ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP IN THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

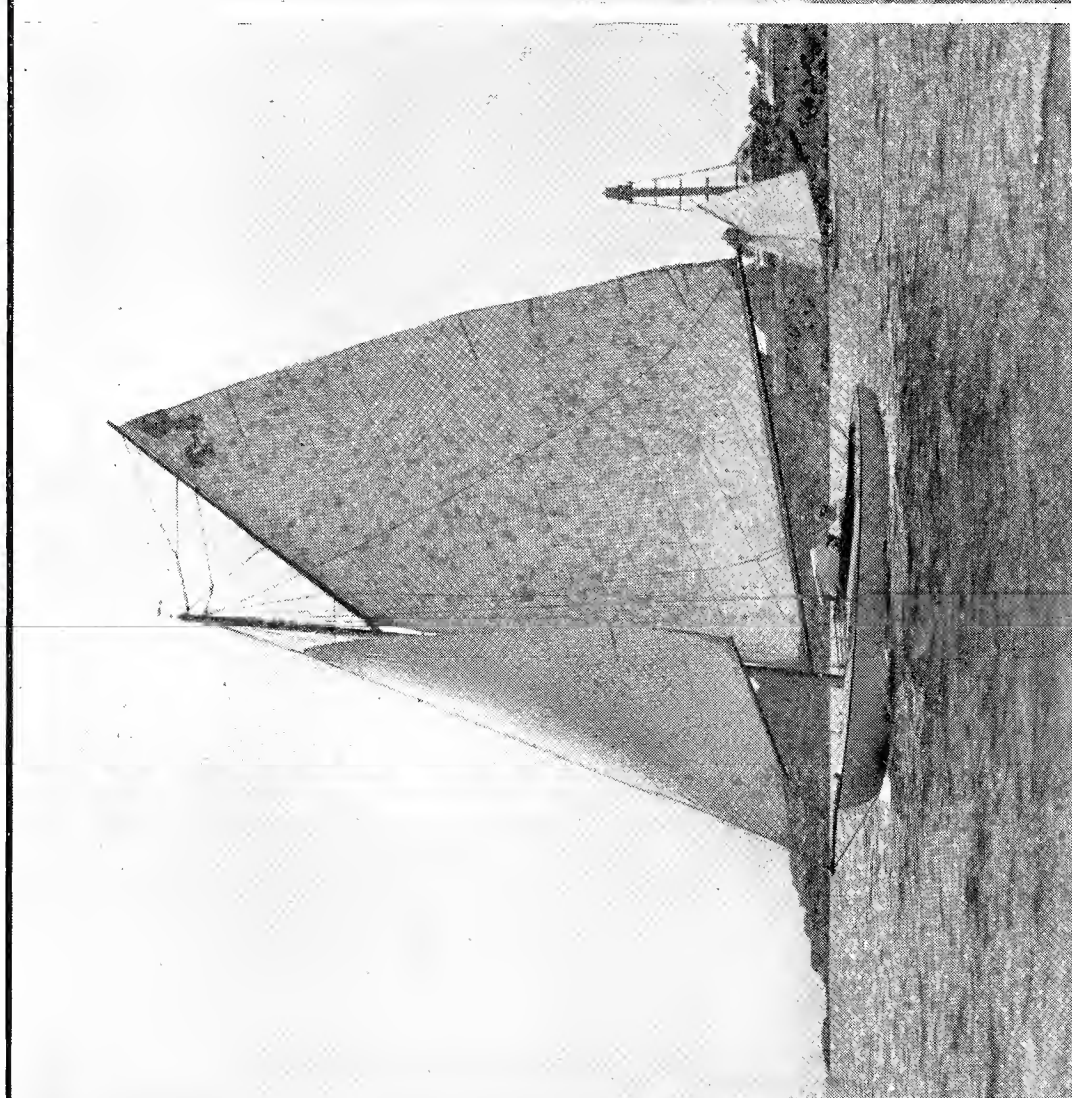
Photo Copyright, 1904, by W. S. Berry.



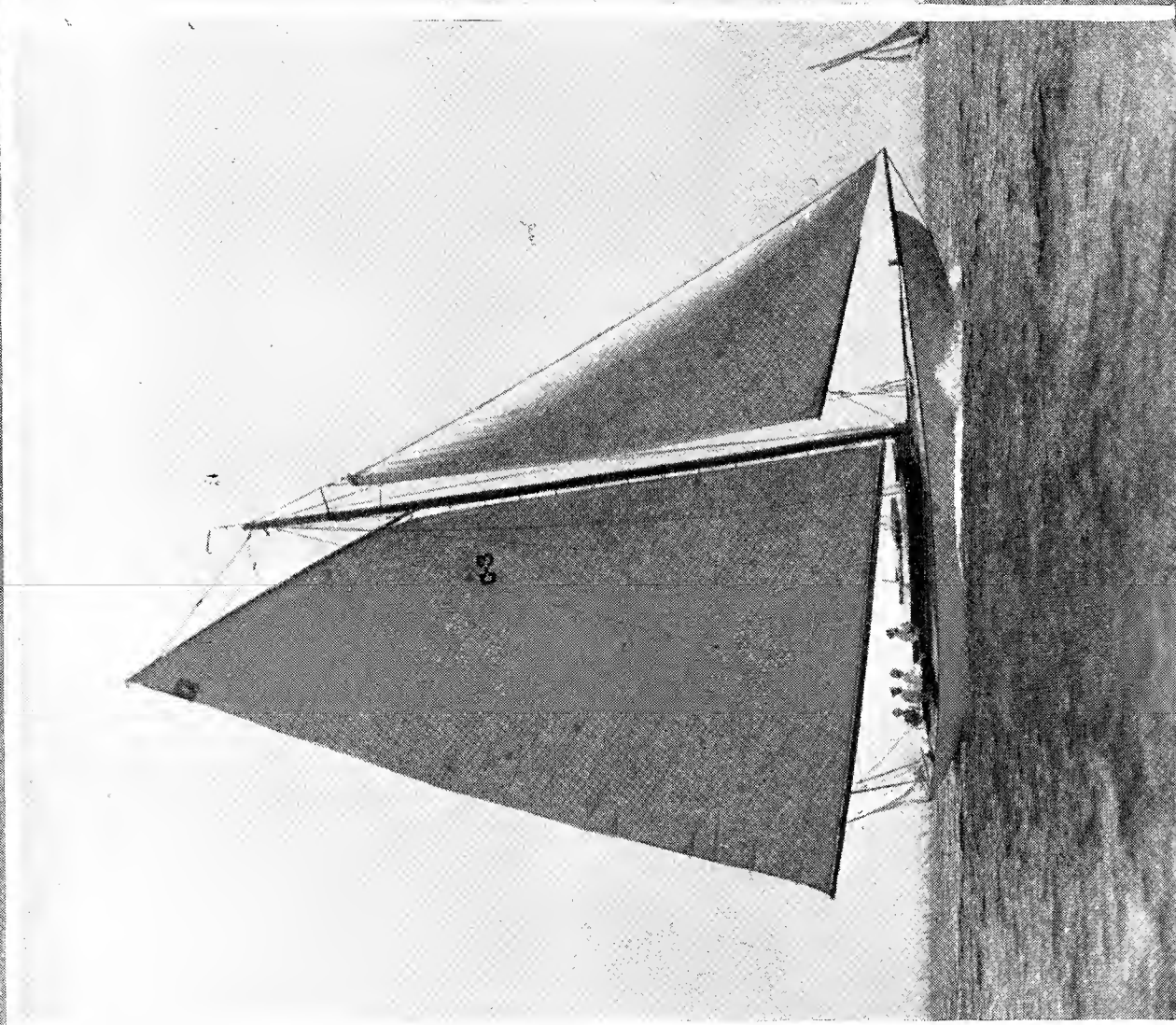
PERI II. (22 Ft. Cabin Class).
SAQUOIT, 30 Ft. Class.



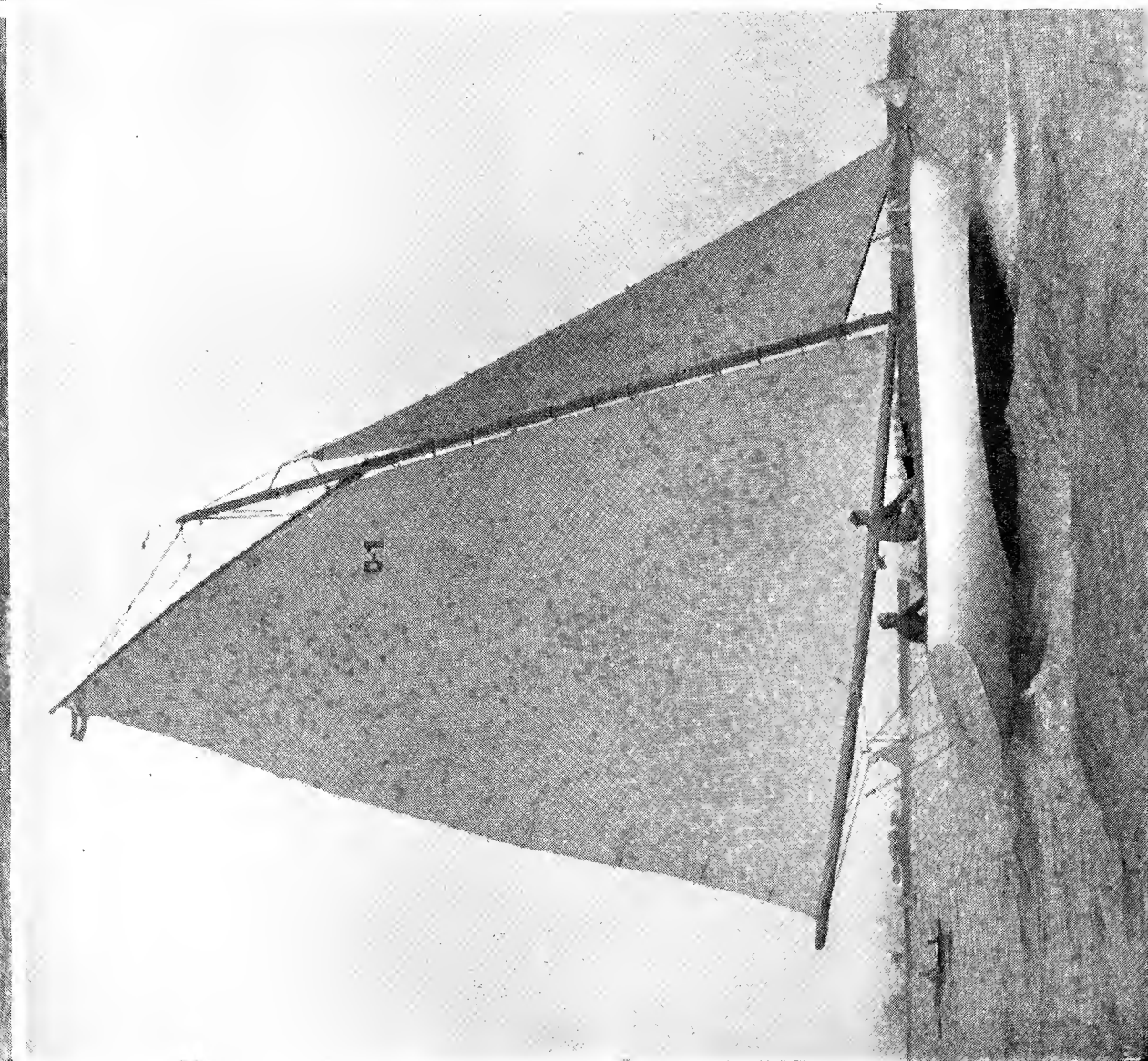
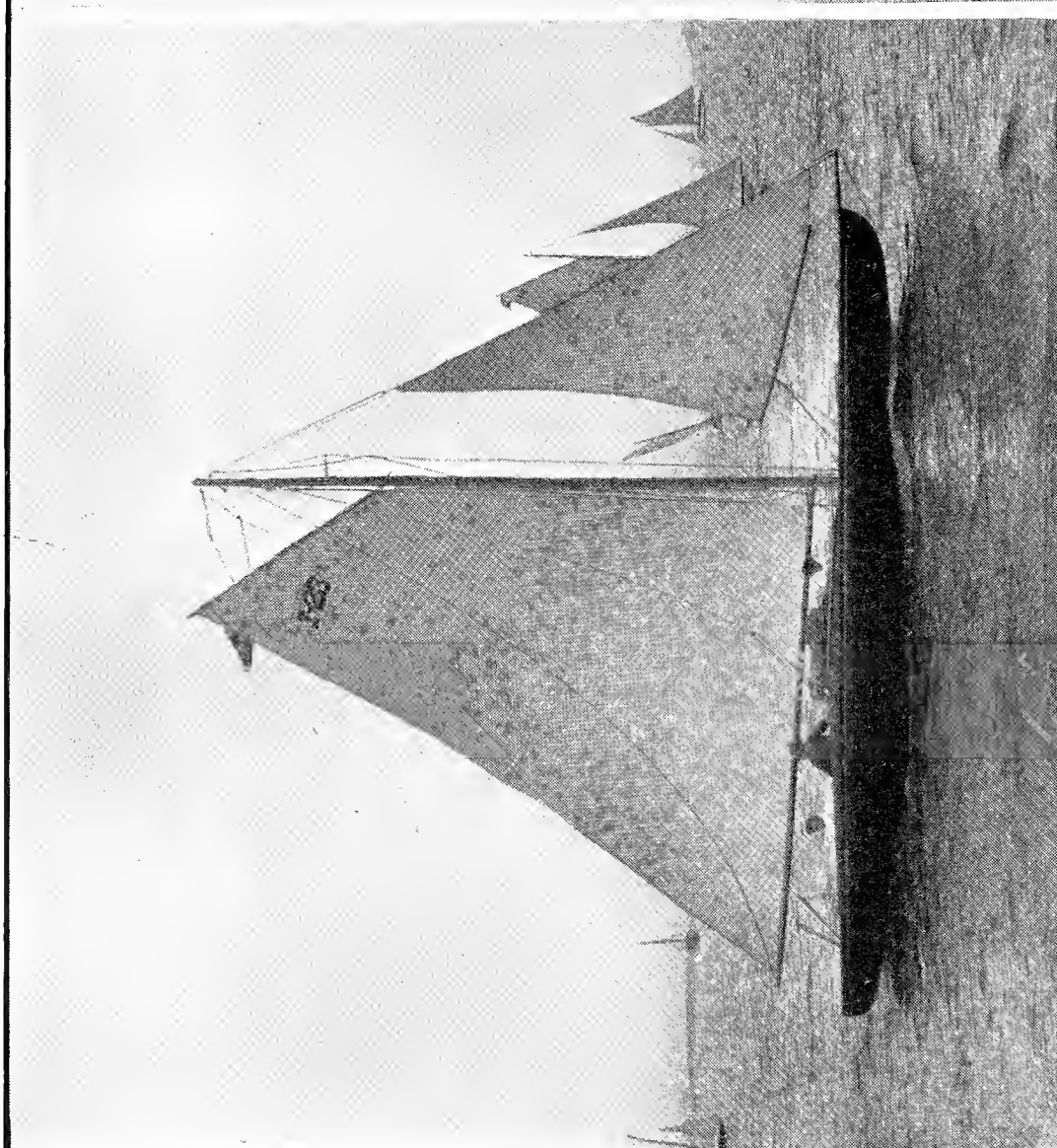
VERA II. (Championship, 15 Ft. Class).
WASAKA, 30 Ft. Class.



HAYSEED. (Championship, 18 Ft. Knockabout Class).
CHEEWINK IV. (Championship 30 Ft. Class, 1904).



SOME MASSACHUSETTS Y. R. A. CRACKS.



several strong looking forts, and the channel winds in and out between islands of different sizes, making what is really a very pretty bit of scenery. The morning was raw and cold, and the few Chinese boatmen, who crawled out of the huge staring-eyed junks to see us go by, looked the most forlorn objects in existence. A large city, Ch'ing-hai Hsien, lies on the left bank, and is a very busy place; just now it was asleep, and there was no sign of the hurry and rush that would obtain a few hours later. A few of the gaunt, half-starved dogs, that are so much part and parcel of a Chinese city, were hunting about the refuse heaps; the only sign of life.

Bunches of mallards and teal, and some small goggles of geese were soon to be seen flying back and forth, giving one's forefingers the trigger itch, so well known to those that love the gun.

A huge, but pretty curve in the river, rejoicing in the plebeian name of "Pawnbroker's Bend," had to be traversed, with its grassy banks lined with straw-thatched ice houses, then the old fort, now dismantled, dating from the T'ai P'ing rebellion is passed, and in the distance we soon see the masts of the junks, looking like a leafless forest, indicating that our short sea voyage was at an end.

These junks are often larger than a 100-ton schooner, and frequently have five masts. They are met with all up and down the coast, from Canton to Taku, and are managed very well by their heathen crews, to whom, of course, time is no object. We tied up to a pontoon, and then the mad scramble of hundreds of coolies to get off and a similar number to get on, commenced. Why dozens of laden coolies are not daily crowded off into the river, no one seems to know.

Our house-boat—arranged for before hand—was hanging to the pontoon, and it took our boys but a few minutes to transfer our baggage and make things snug. In a few minutes we are off up the river, with two men sculling behind and a man in front with a boat hook pushing or pulling on the scores of anchored boats, as the opportunity arises. In about an hour we passed under the huge bridge of pontoons, which is a very busy place, every available spot being occupied by sellers of fish, vegetables, etc., etc. A mile further up we leave the river and go into one of the many canals, and as the tide is too low for us to get to the foot of the Haulover, I will try and describe our boat and the way it is fitted.

The hull is flat-bottomed, somewhat scow-shaped, about 25ft. in length, 7ft. beam, on which a house has been built, covering some three-fifths of the length. The house is divided into four rooms; the first one we used for a dining room; the second, fitted with bunks and

in height. Before we had gone any distance, we heard wild geese, and on looking closely with our glasses we soon made out their black heads sticking out of the grass about three hundred yards off. There were hundreds of them, and as we watched them every wildfowler knows the feelings we experienced.

In our large, clumsy house-boat it was impossible to get near them, so we got out guns and cartridges and did our best to "possess our souls in patience," until our sampan men, with their small sampans or punts, should see our boat and come to meet it. This they soon did, and it did not take us very long to transfer ourselves, guns, and cartridge magazines, to two small flat-bottomed skiffs or sampans, and set out in our quest for the geese.

My friend J. opened the hall before I had gone more than a hundred yards with a right and left from his double 8-bore at a small gaggle of geese that flew out of a bunch of grass about a hundred yards off. I saw the sampan coolie pick up two, then paddle off after another that had left the flock, and with set wings had pitched a

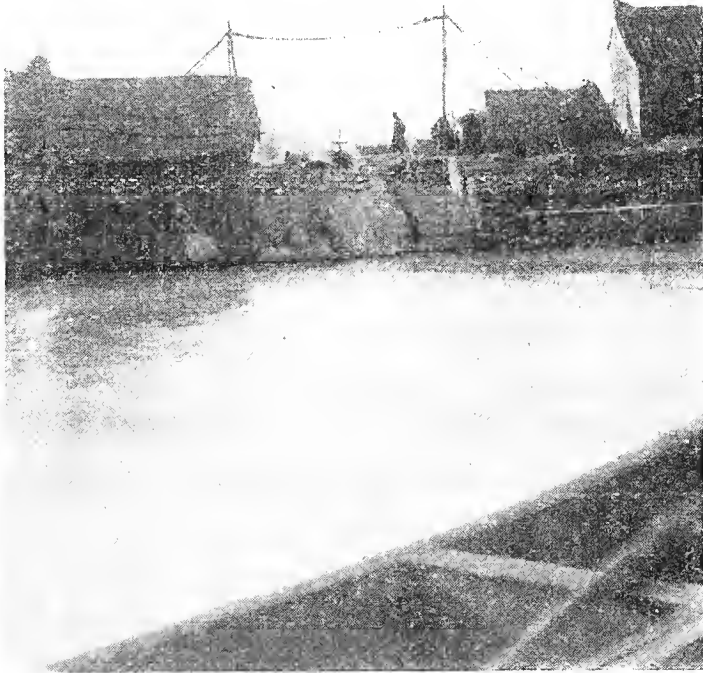
ing flight, but not one could we see, though we could hear the whistling of their wings on all sides.

After a half an hour's waiting we thought we would try it, and we pushed ahead. What a racket the dried grass made on the sides of the sampan; one would think it would frighten every bird in the neighborhood, but it did not seem to make any difference. We had only gone a hundred yards, when up jumped something with a loud quack, and by holding somewhere near where the thing was, I managed to cut it down. On picking it up, we found it was a widgeon. Thousands of ducks and geese rose on all sides of us the instant the shot was fired; the roar of their countless wings was deafening, so we sat tight until the commotion was over, and the birds began to settle down again. A little further on a pair of mallards jumped, and as they crossed the shot met them, with the result that we bagged them both. A couple of misses at single teal fighting kept me from feeling too well pleased with myself, as one is apt to do after a rather clever shot.

With varying success we pushed here and there through the long grass, getting shots at all kinds of angles, and were pleased to see the pile of birds growing larger. Two consecutive shots at mallards at about fifty yards struck all right, but both birds flew off, apparently unhurt. We watched them closely, and when they had flown about two hundred yards they collapsed dead in the air, and we gathered them both, but only after a long hunt in the thick grass.

Toward evening we went to the place where some geese were in the habit of feeding, and as we got near enough we could see half a dozen feeding. We pushed through the long grass as carefully as possible until we reached the limit. From this point to the geese was fully a hundred and fifty yards, and it was useless to fire. Settling myself in the best position, I told the man to push ahead as quickly as possible, and by so doing we got some thirty yards nearer before they jumped. I got the old gander with the right and another with the left badly wounded, necessitating a shot from the cripple-stopper. How I gloated over those two geese, the first I had killed in China. I had often watched the spring and autumn flights until I got a pain in my neck, but had never had a chance to bag any of them. We waited in the long grass for the evening flight, but did not get any more geese, though the sky was full of them for about twenty minutes. They refused to alight for some reason. I had a shot after dark, but missed them, evidently.

Next morning, after a hasty breakfast by candle-light, we were off, and before we had gone a hundred yards a mallard was badly missed in the uncertain light. We



HAULOVER AT FOOT OF LAKE.

quarter of a mile away. A shot from the 12-bore brings him to bag, and we consider the events of the last twenty minutes highly auspicious, and visions of returning to Shanghai with the record bag of the season begin to float through our heads.

My sampan coolie turned out to be a regular idiot—one of those men who, when he is not blowing his nose, is coughing or carelessly striking the sampan with his pole or paddle.

The results were the same; ducks there were in plenty, but jumping out of the grass at impossible distances. J.'s gun could be heard occasionally, but so far I had not fired a shot, and was beginning to get desperate, when an old mallard delayed his departure a second or two too long, and came down to a long shot from the 12-bore. My murderous feeling passed off, and no doubt the coolie is living yet, and other men have experienced the same thirst for his blood that I had. The mallard, a blue-wing teal, and a coot or water-hen made up my bag that first afternoon, in the getting of which there was a good deal of luck under the circumstances. At dark we started back to the house-boat, expecting to find her where we left her, but she had gone to anchor at the other end of the lake, so we had a long hunt for it, which landed us, cold and hungry as well as disgusted, on board the boat long after dinner time. Seeing three fine geese hanging up, with half a dozen mallard and teal, to say nothing of a smoking hot dinner, and a cup of coffee such as only



HOUSEBOAT ON THE LAKE.

J.'s boy knows how to make, put me in better humor. Arrangements were made for another coolie to be on hand at daybreak, as I vowed I would not go with "the idiot" any more.

After cleaning the guns and arranging to be called at dawn, I turned into my sleeping bag, but lay awake a long time listening to the noise made by the myriads of mallard, widgeon, teal, geese, etc., feeding. It sounded like a waterfall at some distance or a heavy train going across a bridge. At first I could hardly believe it, until the sampan man assured me of the fact.

Next morning early the sampan came alongside, and in a few minutes we were ready for breakfast, as it was still much too dark to shoot. Even when we did push off, it was too dark to shoot with any certainty, so we pushed into a bunch of grass to wait for more daylight. While waiting, we could hear the ducks and geese in great numbers all about us getting ready for the morn-



STARTING OUT AFTER DUCKS.

pushed slowly for the place where I had got the geese on the previous evening, and on the way got a teal that was fighting high up. I sent two and a half ounces of No. 4 shot after him from the 8-bore. When the sampan man picked it up he said: "Dis kind small duck no d—good; more better shoot geese inside plenty have got." So what could I say but "All right; can go inside chop-chop." We found about twenty geese, and stalked them as well as we could. When they jumped at about a hundred yards, I stopped two, and watched two more pitch at some distance. One of these we got, but could not find the other. After some time the coolie said, "I think China boat have catchee," and we proceeded to chase the boat which was at least a quarter of a mile off. Of course the people denied all knowledge of the goose; so I jumped in and searched the boat, without success. At last a drop of water on the floor of the boat caught my eye, and as a result I found the goose wrapped up in a lot of clothing and stuffed in between a lot of baskets filled with paddy. None of the people seemed a bit abashed, but the old women got cross when a lot of onlookers laughed at them, and they went for me with a bamboo pail and a rake. There was no harm done, however, and we had scored, so we paddled away laughing. More mallards were picked up through the day, and in the evening we got several more geese.

The next day I could not shoot. I felt fit enough, but simply could not hit anything. Duck after duck jumped and got away untouched, even after firing both barrels at them. I had heard of people having their "off days," but it had never come to my turn before. There was no doubt about its having come that day, and as time went on I was afraid it had come to stay. I tried every way of shooting that I had ever heard of, but it was all the same, so gave it up in disgust, and went back to the houseboat with two mallards for nearly thirty shells.

In the afternoon the luck was a little more in my favor, and several more ducks and four geese were added to the bag. Photos were taken of the boat and the bag, which totaled one hundred and nine head of mallards, teal, widgeon, and geese.

Next morning we bid good-by to the lakes and returned to Ningp'o, where we took steamer again for Shanghai and work, feeling much better for the outing. The guns used by us were all built for us by Greener.



SAMPAN AND COOLIE, NINGP'O LAKE.

lockers, we of course used as our sleeping apartments; then comes a small pantry, and behind that a small place for cooking. The crew lived further aft, where they could cook their "chow" without interfering with us in any way. While waiting, kit bags were opened and comfortable old shooting clothes were put on, guns put together and put in the racks prepared for them, and in these various duties the wait of two hours passed quickly enough.

The Haulover is a double inclined plane, built of stone, up one side of which the boats are hauled by windlasses, one on either side. Soft mud is spread under the boat to lessen the friction, and as soon as the huge bamboo ropes are made fast the men heave on the windlasses, bringing the boats up inch by inch, at the same time passing very derogatory remarks about the boat for being so heavy, and they couple with the boat the builder and the builder's ancestors for many generations.

Once over the crown of the Haulover, the boat coasts down by its own weight, until a swish into the water of the canal, and two of the crew run out with a long, thin towing line, and we travel at the rate of rather more than three miles an hour, through flat uninteresting country, dotted with graves or unburied coffins, and cut up by innumerable canals of different sizes.

The canal is spanned by numerous stone bridges, usually bearing high sounding names, such as the "Bridge of Everlasting Peace" or "Lotus Flower Bridge," and every half mile or so we came to villages, with the people going about their work quietly, as if there were no such things as Boxers or Allied troops in existence, much less within a few hundred miles.

After about three hours' towing, we arrived at the Upper Haulover, where the same cursing and grumbling are gone through by the coolies at the windlass. Probably they always do it, and have done it for centuries. In a few minutes we are in the waters of the lake, and after another half hour of sculling we were fairly in "Duck-ville." Imagine a lake of one and three quarter miles by three-quarters of a mile, roughly, surrounded by hills running up to twelve hundred feet in places, with numerous deep bays running between the hills, for the greater part covered with grasses of different kinds, from the small floating duckweed to tall reeds of eight to ten feet

We used 12-bores for the ducks and double 8-bores for the geese. We both shot Schultze powder, and we prefer it to all others we have ever used. Nos. 4 and 5 shot did all we wanted it to do at the ducks, but in the 8-bores we used No. 1, and found it too light for the long distances at which we killed the geese, from 90 to 120 yards. Another time seven drams of Schultze and three ounces of BB would be far preferable. As my gun weighs fifteen pounds, it would take this load with ease.

On arriving at Shanghai, another pleasure connected with a trip like this was in store for us; I mean the pleasure given by sending presents of game to friends. This pleasure we had to the full, and it was a fitting wind-up to the most successful as well as the pleasantest shooting trip I think I ever took part in.

Floating Down the Mississippi.

A Cyclone

ON November 16, Carlos, the Spanish-American, and I were at Forked Deer Island waiting for the waves that drove up the chute to cease running so high.

There was a bluish haze in the air; no soft mountain mist, nor moist fog, but a hard-looking opaque thing that shut out the distance. Overhead the clouds came as scattered vapors and tangled mares' tails which slowly veiled the sun. It was warm, but a kind of feel was in the air as if it would be a pleasure to shiver. The wildfowl were uneasy, flying fast and low, or yelping on the sandbars. One great flock of mud-hens was feeding opposite Gold Dust Landing, from which I shot one bird. I saw a cabin boat tied at the landing which looked familiar. Later I heard some interesting details of what happened to this boat an hour later.

According to my map, a bayou was at the foot of the crossing, but when a gentle sprinkling drove us to land, only a little bay was formed there, the bayou being several feet above the level of the water. In the bayou, on beams, were cabin boats, and in the bay were several others. We ran into the west bank above the uppermost and tied to the stakes driven in the mud. I was a couple rods above an unkempt craft, built of rough boards and full of rat holes, cracks and a shabby roof. Carlos was above me.

I went down to visit the cabin boats on skids, and found that their occupants were engaged in cotton or lumber work, while on the bank some men were putting a new bottom under a store boat. I found the way tedious and muddy, so turned back as the rain began to increase rapidly. I found shelter under the tent Carlos had raised over his catamaran. But I remained with him for only a few moments, as the downpour increased in volume beyond anything I had ever heard before. I went into it, however, in order to bail my boat. The boat was only half covered with my canvas. The skiff was quarter full when I reached it, and I bailed a dozen gallons out in a minute. Then a gust of wind came dancing up the stream and whipped down over the top of the cabin boat, and the air grew white.

I had heard the expression "It rained so hard it was white," many times since coming to the river, but till then I did not understand it. The first fall fairly beat me to my knees. I recovered and bailed for a moment, but waves came under the cabin boat and began to lap over the side of the skiff, so I started out from the bank to run up the bay and get end on to the gale if possible. But I started too late. The cabin boat tore loose, breaking an inch-and-a-half rope, and swung round against me. I succeeded in working the skiff toward the bank as the cabin boat swung, and when my skiff ran into the mud I jumped for the chain, seized it, and went over the bow in a leap for the bank. The wind caught me in the face, and instead of landing on top the foot-high mud step, I landed in the quivering, wave-washed mud sloping under the water. The first plunge was to my knees, and my struggle to climb out only resulted in my going down deeper and deeper, until I was up to my waist. The cabin boat meantime swung against my skiff, and the skiff went under, with all my stuff in it. Then the cabin boat had only to come a little further to be against the hands I pushed against it to prevent being borne under in that awful slime.

I yelled, of course, and in a voice that neither winds nor waves nor pound of sheeted rain stifled. At the first yell there was a commotion under the A-tent of the catamaran, and the bulge of a back showed going stiffly along toward the bow. Soon the frowsy head and wide, round eyes of Senor came from under. "Yes, yes!" he called out, and jumping to the bank, seized his own boat's line, and by stout pulling eased the strain of the cabin boat from my arms. A moment later a man with whiskers and hair of a tawny color appeared hanging fast to his cabin boat's line. Their two strains swung their craft clear of mine, and from me.

The rain came down on the three of us in white shrouds—an ashy white—as we stood there. The heels of Carlos sank in the mud as he leaned back, the water pouring out of his long gray hair as if from lichens or moss, and the cabin boat man set his muscles, first to the lines and then his shoulders to the cabin boat to keep it from whelming over me. He was a big, bony man, and the sight of his muscles rounding up in humps under his stained shirt was welcome to my eyes.

The wind blew in from all directions, it seemed to me, and I think it was so, for I saw the water rise in foot-high peaks and the tops jump up in spouting fountains, while my mackintosh flapped straight up in the air and whipped about for seconds at a time. The very mud in which I was three-fourths submerged oozed up around and rolled me further into it. My elbows, almost at right angles to my backbone, were on the surface of the mud. Then the twisting winds gave a final kick down over the top of the cabin boat, sent a ripping gust of rain against us, and then the white grew gray slowly. I got a purchase on the sunken bow of my boat, and slowly wormed my way up and out of the mud.

The rain still came down in torrents, and as I bailed my boat the thick ooze with which I was covered was washed from me, and later on the only particle of the stuff I could find on my clothes was a thin, flat slab in the bottom of each shoe.

As the sides of my boat rose above the water, I could see the mess my things were in. As always, everything had been tied to the boat, so nothing was missing. I lifted up my typewriter, the water poured from the box. My camera was soused, and my trunk was completely full—maps, papers, clothing, were all saturated, including many negatives. My note-book, though wrapped in oiled muslin, and tightly tied, seemed so hopeless a mess that I didn't undo the covering, merely handing it to Carlos to put on the catamaran till another time.

The cabin boatman, Robertson, told me to come aboard his boat for the night, and I did so with my canvas hammock in which were the quilt and blanket. They had been clear under water, and I supposed saturated. On opening the hammock bag, however, there was only a space the size of my hand that was wet. I was so wet that I crinkled all over, but Robertson built a hot fire, which dried my clothes and warmed the boat.

The weather had changed. The blue haze was all gone. The storm passed swiftly by, and in two hours the rain ceased. Night found the stars shining, and a cold wind blowing from the north. The dry bed clothes were most cheering, and I slept my full night wrapped in them, curled up in a big old-fashioned rocking chair. In the morning, on unwrapping the note-book, I found only one sheet of thin insert paper stained by the water and running ink, but the letters were not illegible. Most of my foodstuffs were spoiled—peas, beans, flour, cornmeal, sugar, etc., either bursting their cloth sacks or dissolving. But thanks to the stout cords that tied things to the boat, I lost nothing of great consequence, though my camera needed the tinkering it got at Memphis from a jeweler.

At Gold Dust Landing, the familiar-appearing cabin boat was torn loose, swung around against the bank and saved from swamping only by the lively work of the crew, consisting of three men, two of whom I met up the river, and was to meet again, weeks later. I heard that other cabin boats were sunk in this same storm, but saw none of them.

The Government was putting in some matting just below Rosa, with the intention of preventing a cut-off at that point. A cut-off would make the river some straighter, but would wear away a few square miles of plantations, hence the solicitude. A great gang of men was at work tying wire rope around willow saplings, forming a rectangle hundreds of feet long and a quarter as wide. Finally, when the thing was wide enough and long enough, the whole business would be loaded with rip-rap rock and sunk against the wearing bank—if the crew had good luck. Sometimes the mats begin to weave, then the upper end ducks under and rolls up like a carpet, more or less, whereupon they do the work all over again. Robertson went down past the mat one day in his skiff. As he cleared the lower end, he was caught in the swirl, his boat was sucked under, and he himself slogged about. He had the struggle of his life, while the workers looked on, unable to do anything for him, till finally he reached the end of a rope thrown from the top of a caving bank. He warned us of the danger at the mat when we pulled out in the morning, and stood watching our boats as we cut across the current to clear the sucks at the mat.

This was one of the hardest days that I experienced on the trip. I was lame with the strain undergone the day before, and the day was a cold one—a white, sunshiny day, the river being swept by a gale of north wind which penetrated the clothes, chapped the hands and dulled the brain. We tried to find a place where I could spread out my clothes to dry, and with this in view ran down close to Plum Point, perhaps the most noted strictly river feature passed on the journey. John A. Murrel's gang had its hiding place at this locality, and countless produce boats were here attacked and captured previous to the breaking up of the gang, which numbered over 2,000, and covered a dozen States.

Plum Point sands contain unnumbered wrecks, and the Government has put piles there to hold the channel, an ugly looking point it is now, and we found no landing there. We tried to make a bayou opposite the head of Yankee Bar, only to be carried past by a sawing current of ferocious swiftness. Then, as the twilight of night came on, we hastened on down the long bend at the end of which is all that is left of Fort Pillow. Countless ducks were headed toward Yankee Bar and occasional flocks of geese lettered the sky. The spray from the yellow waves froze where it struck.

The map said that Cold Creek came into the river at Fort Pillow, but Cold Creek proved to be only a paper-thin stream trickling over the black ooze that was formed when Fort Pillow bluff caved off a few years ago. Formerly the water there was 200 feet deep, and it was into this eddy the defenders of the fort sprang from the brink when they could resist no longer. A fisherman, Pete McKay, had his cabin boat there on the mud, and he told us that veterans still lived in the neighborhood who participated in the battle, and being from both sides, still were fighting the war in occasional rough-and-tumbles that hurt no one, and eased pent-in feelings considerably.

There was no pocket to run into, and we had to haul our boats a few feet out of the water at the bows, put up our canvas, and make ready for the night; it was dark already. Then we heated some supper on McKey's stove, he telling us what we might expect for a few miles down the river. He looked prosperous, and so he was. He gave me some old fish bills showing that he sent four or five dollars worth of fish to market on four days a week, and this was the off-season. He made over a thousand dollars a year. The greatest catch he ever heard of was made when the Chickasaw Bluffs caved in and made the bar we were camped on. The water rose in a wave sixty feet high, and swept across the river, over the bank on the far side, and for miles back from the river flooded everything. When the water subsided, hundreds of wagonloads of fish were forked out of the mud puddles by natives thereabouts.

Carlos and I were too tired to listen for long, and we went to our boats to sleep. But we didn't very much. The wind was out of the north, and came quartering against our boats. The wavelets splashed against the sides and the spray flew up on the canvas, where it froze and creaked as the boats rocked. I crawled down into my hammock, rolled quilt and blanket around me, and tried to sleep. But the waves came three or four little

lapping ones, followed by a souser that shook the sleep from our eyes. The catamaran was worked around, and our boats rubbed and bumped at intervals all night, the mud being too deep to get out on to make a shift. Sometimes sleep came—hammered in, and it was thumped out again. Tiny threads of clammy chill wriggled down among the warm folds of my bedding, and percolated through the system of the encased victim, hitting the back of the neck, glancing around under one arm, and down across the stomach in narrow spirals of goose pimples, and the next streak would dart up the leg, on a through line to the chattering teeth.

Of the three uncomfortable nights I remember, this was the worst. One night in the Adirondacks I laid, coverless, wet to the skin, under a lean-to bark camp, while the fire sizzled in a storm of snow and sleet; another night I slept on a frozen sandbar of the Holston; but they did not compare to the one I passed at Fort Pillow.

All the day that followed the old man would frequently speak of his native land, and his eyes looked far away when he thought of Utali, the woman who found him lost in the forests of the Amazon, and prepared herbs to mend his spirits, and snails, lizards, grubs, monkeys, rats, and spiders to appease his appetite. "She danced about," he said, "her face beaming with womanly tenderness, her eyes flashing messages no educated man (sic) can misunderstand. Painted as a devil, she looked a saint, for no matter how savage the creature, no matter how barbarous the customs, the sacred fire which burns in the true woman's heart is just as sublime in the squaw as in the queen. It took me a year and a half to learn their language sufficiently to persuade them to take me to civilization, and then they did only on my promise to return."

Carlos was not speechless when he found that instead of mutton, the butcher at Luxora had given him pickled pigs feet, when it came noon, and I doubt not that he regretted returning to the sort of civilization we were enduring, when a Utali was doubtless waiting for his return on the banks of the sunny Amazon.

Although this was a stretch of river exceedingly interesting to historians, a better view of it is had through the written accounts that are found far from these regions. The river has changed its course so frequently that in many instances the present lay of the land would be actually misleading to an investigator; as in front of Vicksburg, for instance. But this is not to say the historian could write a better account for not having seen the canebrakes, cypress and gum bottoms, and murky sloughs through which the explorers and armies forced their ways. He would not see the precise things his subjects encountered, but the conditions are there. I preferred to enter trappers' huts and fishermen's shacks to viewing national cemeteries.

When we pulled out of Beef Island Chute on November 20, the smoke of Memphis sawmills was to be seen, and it was not long afterward that we descried the "red bank" marking the head of Ash Slough that leads down to Memphis, and promises some day to become the main channel of the river when the "red bank" is worn back a little further. Memphis hopes this will happen. There is a sandbar across the upper part of Memphis' water front. The eddy there flows up stream, but the sand and mud of the bar is a wave that flows against the current, threatening to make Memphis an inland town, and destroy the cotton and lumber industries.

Ash Slough proved to be a deep, narrow cut, down which a fast current sped to Wolf River, thereby saving us many miles around the Mound City Bend just above town. We came to the Ash Slough shantyboat town, and at the little blue cabin boat stopped to get our bearings. As we came alongside, a woman came out to look over her spectacles at the catamaran. "Land sakes!" she exclaimed, "What do you call that?"

It warmed the ice away, and Carlos, always good at explaining, began. As he tied in he talked of "leverage," increased floor surface in proportion to displacement, and advantage of the broad beam. Soon, however, the inevitable soup pail was produced, and then the "lady of the house" allowed us to come in and cook.

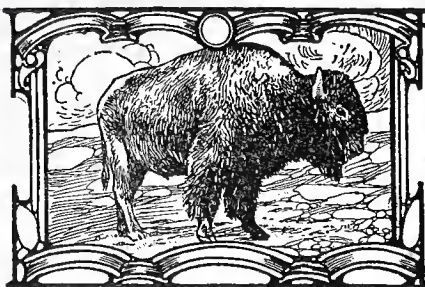
The woman was Mrs. Lottie Haney, who lived there with her son Jesse, the night watchman on the Government dredge that keeps Wolf River open to the log tow-boats owned by sawmills up the stream. I was looking for a place to stop for a while, and Carlos was so short of money that he needed work. I struck a bargain with Mrs. Haney for food at ten cents a meal, while Carlos asked about furniture shops. A part of his cargo on the catamaran consisted of folding chairs of his own invention, and he was going to try and find a manufacturer to make them.

It was Saturday, November 21, when Carlos went looking for work and I for my mail. We dropped down Ash Slough to the sawdust pile across Wolf River, and went up this to the main street. Carlos wore a broad-brimmed hat, a vivid pink shirt, and clothes that had been made for a man of much larger waist measurement. He went hunting a barber who would cut his hair for fifteen cents—and found him, as he told me later on; but of his adventures that day he said nothing. I saw him return toward night. The bit of jauntiness that marked his bearing in the morning was gone, and it was plain to be seen that he was dead tired.

Sam Cole, Mrs. Haney's son-in-law, was building a 64-foot store boat in the slough, and wanted help. He got Carlos that night, and agreed to pay him \$1.25 a day—half a carpenter's wages—and board. Carlos thought the board was to be free, but Cole charged him \$3.50 a week when it came to settling.

It was at Mrs. Haney's that I first became really acquainted with river people of the cabin boats. There are not so many cabin boats as there used to be, and the number is growing less year by year, it is said. But I have no doubt that the time will come when people will go down the river in cabin boats for the sake of the fun and weather they find in the lower reaches. This was done a few years back by people who had nothing else to do, nor other place to live. Certain it is that anyone looking for a novel experience, a pleasant time and travel, will do much worse than to go on the river at St. Louis or Cairo in a staunch cabin boat and drift to New Orleans.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.



NATURAL HISTORY



The Moundville Mound.

THE great mound at Moundville, W. Va., belongs on our list of sportsmen's finds, since it was discovered by a hunter while out deer hunting. It was at least as a sportsman's find that we came to know anything of it, and it is as a sportsman's find that it now comes to the attention of him who may read the facts and speculations hereinunder set out.

The Pittsburg Despatch recalls the story and describes the great monument of past races:

In the year 1770 Joseph Tomlinson pushed his way through the wilderness until he came to the Ohio River, and, finding a valley four miles long and two miles wide at one place, he laid a land warrant on all the northern portion of the valley and built a cabin at a spring 400 yards north of the mound. But it was not until two years later that he discovered that so near his home, hidden in the tall, dense forest of the rich valley, was the largest mound in America.

One day in the year 1772 Mr. Tomlinson took down his flintlock rifle and started southward through the woods to replenish his larder with venison. Good luck attended him, for soon he killed a deer, and by that act found the mound. As was the custom in those days, he disemboweled the deer, skinned the legs, tied the skin from the legs together and shouldered the game. On the homeward journey he came to what he supposed was a steep hill and climbed it. Then he saw the smoke from his cabin chimney and realized that he was standing on the apex of a cone of earth which his path a few yards to the right or left would have avoided. He immediately laid a land warrant upon 200 acres more of the valley to include the mound.

Originally the mound was 90 feet high and 240 feet in diameter at the base. It is composed of many varieties of earth, apparently carried there in baskets or small conveyances. Seventeen varieties of forest trees grow upon it. Some of the trees are quite large, one being nineteen feet in circumference.

After the valley became thickly populated a shaft was sunk down from the top of the mound to the bottom and a tunnel dug out to the northern side, the

of five cents from each pupil in the State. Marshall county children contributed about \$400 on the day appointed by the State superintendent of schools for contributions to be made, but not a penny was given outside that county. Now that small nest egg seems to be lost somewhere about the State capital.

When Mr. Carnegie began establishing libraries the city of Moundville put underway plans to buy the spot and erect a library building there, provided Mr. Carnegie would donate the usual library. The great philanthropist returned to Scotland before he could be approached by the city's committee, and thus another movement failed. A plan for State control has been brought to the front when the Legislature has been in session, but not enough statesmen could be enlisted in its support.

Four hundred feet east of the mound the West Virginia penitentiary is located. The recent plan for State control designed a water reservoir to be located on top of the mound, to give a water supply and fire protection to the big State institution, where more than 900 State and United States convicts are confined. The top of the mound is higher than the prison buildings. Convict labor could be utilized very advantageously in beautifying and caring for the mound and the square surrounding it.

Unless something is done before next summer, Mr. McFadden will have the timber removed, make use of the 85,000 brick used in the tunnel, and dispose of the earth to whoever may want it for making fills in lots, streets or along railroads.

In response to an inquiry about the present conditions of the mound and the plans for its preservation, Mr. McFadden, who is now in his eightieth year and "enjoying life with pretty good health," writes under date of Oct. 2, 1904:

MOUNDVILLE, W. Va., Oct. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am pleased to learn that there is some one interested in the fate of the prehistoric mound from which our beautiful little city takes its name. The mound still stands as a monument to some prehistoric

Monarch, the Big Bear.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. John Malone's letter, calling attention to the parallelism of Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton's latest book, "Monarch the Big Bear," and the stories in my obscure little volume of bear tales entitled "Bears I Have Met—and Others," calls for an explanation from me. It is true that I supplied to Mr. Seton substantially all the material for his story, and I appreciate at its full value the compliment he has paid me in using my unpretentious tales as the basis of an intimate animal study, and making of my detached sketches—some true and others avowedly mere camp-fire yarns—an historical novel of bear life. Nevertheless I feel that Mr. Malone's implied criticism of the manner in which Mr. Seton has bestowed that compliment is justified, and that I have reason for objecting to wholesale appropriation of my work without credit by another writer.

In a certain sense I did give my consent to the use of my material by Mr. Seton, but there seems to have been a difference in our understanding of the extent of that use. Mr. Seton explains in the foreword of his book that he has taken two liberties that he conceives to be proper. The propriety of other liberties he has taken depends, perhaps, upon the point of view. Some of them may be regarded as permissible literary license. For example, the "dedication," in which Mr. Seton describes Lan Kellyan, the man who secured Monarch and told him the story of the big bear's life, as "a rough man of the hills, ready to talk but knowing not how," and giving him the story in "a tongue unknown to script." It amuses if it does not flatter me to be pictured as a wild and woolly mountaineer, capable of seizing a bear by the ear and hauling him into camp, and as a teller of "rude tales." That is literary license, which I also may have taken now and then in the thousands of columns of matter I have written for newspapers and magazines in my "tongue unknown to script" during thirty years of labor with the pen.

About five years ago Mr. Seton brought to me at Los Angeles a letter of introduction from my friend Louis Ohnimus, the Lou Bonamy of his tale, no doubt. Mr. Ohnimus explained that Mr. Seton was anxious to learn something about the habits and traits of grizzlies; and that he and Mr. Seton had made an unsuccessful hunt for bear signs in the Sierras; and he asked me to assist Mr. Seton.

Mr. Seton said he had had no opportunity to observe the grizzly in a wild state, and wanted to study the animal in its native haunts. I offered to take Mr. Seton into the mountains and put him on the trail of a large bear, whose habits and haunts I knew well, and to devote two weeks to his service for the fun of the thing and for the sake of my friend Ohnimus. Mr. Seton desired much to accept my offer, but his time was limited, and we were obliged to abandon the plan, regretfully on both sides.

As the next best thing, Mr. Seton suggested that I tell him what I could about bears. In the parlor of the Van Nuys Hotel, Los Angeles, not at a camp-fire on Tallac, I told to Mr. Seton many bear stories, some of which I afterward put into my book. I told them substantially as they appear in my book, and I informed him that most of them had been published by me in newspapers, and that I intended to publish the rest. He said: "I will give credit for what I use." I replied: "You are welcome to any information about the habits and characteristics of bears you are able to extract from the stories. I am very glad to be of service to you." Possibly he interpreted that as a relinquishment of the right to credit for the stories themselves, but it seems to me that the publication of those stories in a copyrighted volume should have been sufficient to disabuse his mind of any such misapprehension.

I told to Mr. Seton the story of Jack and Jill almost literally as he tells it in the first two chapters of his book. I had written and published it in similar but briefer form in the San Francisco Examiner in 1888, under the title of "Morgan Clark's Bears." It was a story of two black bears captured and tamed by Morgan Clark, a hunter in Siskiyou, who had been my companion on hunting trips. Perhaps I failed to make it clear to Mr. Seton that Jack, the bear that followed Morgan Clark like a dog, watched his coat in the hay field, and had the adventure with a hornets' nest, which he pulled from a branch and drowned in the Shasta River, was a black bear and not a grizzly. However, it is asserted by many naturalists that although the adult grizzly cannot climb, a grizzly cub can and does climb trees while his claws are short and his weight small. Mr. Seton's tree-climbing grizzly is represented to have been a young cub. The original Jack was a well-grown black bear, but the substitution of a grizzly in the story is a permissible literary liberty.

Because nearly all the adventures and incidents of Monarch's life, as told by Mr. Seton, are contained in the stories in my book, it may not follow necessarily that Mr. Seton took his material directly from "Bears I Have Met." True, my book was published more than a year ago, and I sent a copy to Mr. Seton, who had kindly given me a pencil sketch of Monarch to use in the book, but I had told him many of the stories, and he had taken full notes, five years ago.

It might be argued that Mr. Seton did not refer to my book while writing his; otherwise he would have noticed that many of the incidents treated by him as "known truths" of natural history are frankly told by me as imaginary adventures of a mythical bear in the chapter of my book entitled "Chronicles of Clubfoot." In that case, it might be held that I am therefore responsible for an imposition of fanciful tales upon the public as veritable natural history. I may have failed to differentiate fact from fiction while I was spinning bear yarns in the Van



THE MOUNDVILLE MOUND.
From a photo in 1904.

apex leveled off and a three-story pagoda-shaped building erected for dancing, and a museum established at the bottom of the shaft. The enterprise did not pay, and since then the place has been totally neglected, except that it is the mecca of pilgrims from all sections of the country every day.

When the excavation was made three skeletons were found directly in the center, but raised a few feet from the level of the surrounding land. One of the skeletons had belonged to a male human being about eight feet in height, one a female and one a child. There was also in the rude chamber a tablet of stone, upon one side of which were hieroglyphics, which is now in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, many heads of ivory and other articles.

The present owner, G. S. McFadden, has owned the city square, upon which it stands, for more than thirty years, and in that time has never derived one penny of financial benefit from it. He has lent enthusiastic support to various movements designed to transfer it to State control and have the property improved and eared for in a fitting manner to preserve it to future generations, but now, since nothing has been accomplished in thirty long years, he will transform the square into a building site.

One of the movements exploited for giving to the mound the attention it deserves was for the school children to acquire ownership of it by a contribution

race. Their name and the country from which they came are the mystery unsolved. I presume you have read of it, and I hope you may have had the pleasure of seeing it in its grandeur, when the large forest trees and shrubbery are in full leaf.

The location of the mound is almost in the geographical center of nearly 4,000 acres of a beautiful valley. The high now is 70 feet; it was originally 90 feet. At the base it is 245 feet in diameter, and is now 63 feet in diameter on top. The fate of the mound depends on the action of our Legislature this coming winter. The plot of ground in the mound property is 340 feet long and 242 feet wide, and is surrounded by four streets. The mound stands within 150 yards of the West Virginia penitentiary, and 300 yards from the County Court House. I have offered the mound and surrounding plot of ground to the State for \$30,000. I could sell the dirt, material of which the mound is composed, 55,000 cubic yards, at 10 cents per yard, purchaser to do his own hauling; there are 85,000 good bricks inside the mound, put there by a son of old Joseph Tomlinson, the discoverer of the mound. The forest trees are large, some of them three feet in diameter. The earth, timber, bricks and thirty-five building lots would bring me \$50,000. If the State takes me at my price of \$30,000, the State will be bound to preserve it for all time, unless destroyed by the elements.

G. M. S. McFADDEN.

Nuys Hotel. Assuming Mr. Seton to be a naturalist and a man of the woods, I may have taken it for granted that he would recognize the Clubfoot tales as humorous fiction without a label. I regret that my carelessness in the use of a "tongue unknown to script" should have placed Mr. Seton in a position to be criticised from the standpoint of scientific naturalists, and the wisdom questioned of his "return to his earlier methods."

As a matter of fact the story of Monarch was published as I first wrote it—a newspaper account of the bear's life, capture, captivity and despair—in the San Francisco Examiner in 1889, when I brought the bear from the mountains to the city and placed him under the care of Louis Ohninus, then superintendent of a zoological garden. A shorter and unembellished narrative of the capture, written by me, was printed in the Cosmopolitan Magazine in 1890. The original newspaper story was reprinted in full, and with due credit, by Joaquin Miller, in his book "True Bear Stories," in 1900. The plain, straight facts of the case were given in a chapter of my bear book, published in September, 1903.

I have told the story of Monarch, in script and in the "tongue unknown to script," so often that I am weary of it; but it is my story, and virtually all the incidents in Mr. Seton's book are my stories, and I do not feel that Mr. Seton's dedication to mythical mountaineers or his fantastic twist of my name fulfills his volunteered promise to "give credit" for what he took from me.

ALLEN KELLY.

Some Animals I Have Studied.

XIII.—Queer Behavior of Animals.

Hogs are considered "the beastliest of beasts;" perhaps rightly, too, if there were no hogs in the world but the stock-yards sort, that have been "bred up" and compelled to endure an unnatural life from the beginning. Such hogs are all that are known by the majority of mankind. I never admired the character of hogs until that remarkable pig mentioned in a preceding chapter led me to more minutely examine into the possibilities of pig character. About the same time, or but little after, I became interested in a pig belonging to a neighbor, Aaron Louder, who lived in the woods a mile south of my uncle's home. This pig, also orphaned, was allowed the run of a large pasture, with only a calf for a companion. They became inseparable. When the calf walked, the pig walked, very close at its side, too. When the calf reclined, the pig did so, too, snug up against its side. If the calf edged away, the pig persistently followed, pressing even closer than before. If the calf arose in disgust, the pig ran under its nose, tried to kiss it, and gave vent to a conciliatory "wah-wah-wah-wah," which sounds like a hearty gastronomic laugh, is always a sign of good will toward the individual addressed, and is very different from the panicky "woogh-woogh! woogh!" uttered whenever a supposed enemy approaches. I'm afraid the friendship was a little one-sided; the pig liked the calf, but the calf—well, a calf seldom likes anything but its feed. The fact is, I consider cattle less affectionate and less trustworthy than any other domestic animals. There is a great deal of sentimental nonsense in poetry about cattle; and in farm papers much of the talk about cows might cause a "city chap" to suppose cows to be nice, clean, well-behaved, almost holy beings, too good for ordinary human kind to touch. Now, I have had a little experience with cattle. I have chased them afoot and on horse; I have carried many a calf in my arms, through brush and briar, up hill and down, and across streams, when the thermometer stood at 90 to 100 degrees in the shade; two or three were week-olds, or older, and kicked like prize fighters; some I carried a quarter of a mile; one I carried and dragged two miles, at the same time defending myself from the infuriated dam (after first chasing the two, on foot, no less than five miles). I have caught unsubmitive cows by the horns and held them to be milked or belled or roped. I have stopped runaway oxen twice, once on a steep hill by leaping in front of them and catching a horn of each and twisting their necks until their heads came together. In the instance of the steep hill, I was carried some distance, though, for it was impossible for the team to soon stop the heavy load of cordwood that was violently pushing them, the brake having failed, and the driver left helplessly in the rear; while, to make the situation the more desperate, our own team of nervous, mettlesome horses were but a short distance ahead, not yet quite at the bottom of the incline, with my brother driving. I have been tossed high in the air by a bull, coming down head foremost into a rotten stump; and no man can be kinder or gentler with cattle than I am, when they are willing to receive kindness; yet I never knew a cow that could be managed with "love" alone, or that could be trusted in a garden, or in an orchard, or among young children, unless some powerful, watchful and masterful person stayed near. I do not presume to declare that no other man has known better disposed cattle. But I have seen tender babies crawling over old sows, playing gleefully with the astonished little pigs, and the sows, apparently flattered at the angelic visits, not only refrained from intentional harm, but were careful to avoid accidental injury—careful beyond the power of words to describe. One of these incidents I and others witnessed in a pen belonging to Mr. Caswell, blacksmith, in Hot Springs, on a very busy street. I have known at least one child to crawl into a stable and under the manger, cowering defiantly at the reputedly vicious horse, who stood over him trembling as with ague and not daring to move a hoof. Of course I am horrified to see innocent babes allowed to take such risks. But the fact remains that I have seen them apparently safe among all sorts of domestic animals except cattle. From what I know of these brutes, I'd consider any man a monster who would allow a crawling baby to stay five minutes alone with one or more cows. They are so clumsy and heedless that it would be a miracle if they didn't kill or mangle the little one in some manner. And they so hate a dog that the presence of one would only increase the baby's danger.

The Spiva family at Crystal Springs had a shoat which took such a liking for one of their old dogs that it followed him everywhere that a pig could go, undoubtedly preferring his comradeship to the society of its swinish

relatives. The dog was at first much embarrassed, and snubbed the would-be companion steadily for several days; but the shoat's unvarying admiration and honest friendliness soon won him, though his manner toward it was rather condescending.

But the best proof that a hog can be gentle and thoughtful, whether through respect or fear, is the fact that our birds, old, young, big and little, eat regularly with our hogs, which number from 15 to 40 or 50, according to time of year, without being injured in the least particular more than at the rate of one, or at most two, a year; although the hogs struggle with each other almost as severely as men at football, the scene being apparently one of the wildest confusion. And the escape of the poultry is not due to their own caution and alertness, be sure; for among the hogs they are entirely lacking in these otherwise saving qualities. No, but the hogs are amazingly careful, amid all their wild rushes at each other, to avoid stepping on or striking even the tiniest bit of a chick. The chickens behave exactly as if they considered the hogs their dearest and truest and most unselfish friends, and seem to think they are shelling off the corn purposely for them. Seldom does any hen or chick take a single step to get out of the way of even the most furious rush, unless a strange hog appears among them.

"Ah, but your chickens are probably a very tame, lazy, stupid set!" says some incredulous reader. Nay; on the contrary, they are very lively—away from the hogs—and rather wild. The fact is, we cannot keep them away from the swine without shutting them up, which is impracticable; though this summer and fall our Coalie tries to keep them back whenever asked to do so. In this, however, she is not a complete success, for some of the hens declare they'll "die first," and refuse to budge.

After the feast, the hogs lie down, and almost hold their breath while the hens, shocking to relate, walk over them, often stepping right on their eyes or between their open jaws, after the insects that are almost sure to be burrowing into the thick, yet surprisingly sensitive, skins of the big beasts.

There is one very, very old black sow which two or three years ago caught a hen that had been annoying her beyond endurance, and after shaking her as a terrier does a rat, let her go, minus about a third of the feathers. But the foolish hen soon returned and attempted again to steal an ear of corn from the sow's mouth. Several hogs were also after that same ear, causing the sow to grind up cob and all for fear of losing a grain of it, and seeing that she was almost "beside herself" with rage, we tried to scare the hen back by throwing at her. In vain! She went straight to her doom. In a twinkling the sow was running with her mangled body in her mighty jaws, and so far forgetful of her great-great-grandmother dignity as to squeal like an habitual chicken catcher.

"Coalie! Gipsy! Catch her! Make her give it us!" I shouted. The dogs, instantly comprehending, flew in pursuit, fully as angry as I was, and in half a minute they had the offender in a helpless sitting posture, squealing a very different tune, while the shapeless carcass lay in a heap under her nose. After that the dogs would not allow that sow to come near the feeding place at feeding time for so long that she finally gave up and stayed in the woods until I went after her and showed her that she was forgiven, and to be given another chance to be "respectable." Since then she has a horror of birds' at eating time, and will actually leave her corn and run away if any hen becomes too familiar. Farmers who have experienced the impossibility of breaking even a young hog of the chicken-eating habit, will agree that this is really a very remarkable sow.

She is odd in all her ways. If she gets into a cornfield, instead of having to drive her out by force—though I have done that, too—I can go to her and say: "Here, old sow! Come out of this," and she will follow me out. Isn't that indeed strange? Yet her greed for corn is not merely normal—it is phenomenal. I have known her to rear up above the other hogs, in her eagerness, and catch an ear of corn thrown from a distant place, and going with such velocity that it crashed against her teeth like one rock against another; and stand on her hind feet and chew it, cob and all, until she could hold the whole of it sufficiently within her cavernous mouth to prevent any other from seizing any portion of it.

The cat Lucy did a wonderful thing with her last kittens. We tried to compel her to rear them in the barn, but though we prepared her a cozy bed in a quiet place upstairs, and fed her there, and only there, she would not leave them there, perhaps fearing a snake or an owl would take them, and desiring to place them more nearly within the protection of ourselves, or the dogs. She first hid them in the cellar; then under the house; next time under a pile of old shingles at the cellar entrance; and after bringing them away thus a great many times, she at last climbed up a peach tree on the east side of the house and leaped on to the roof with them, one at a time, of course (there were three). We were all very busy, and exasperated with her obstinacy, so we let her go, and soon forgot her, as well as her family. Then there came a series of heavy showers, day after day, night after night. Some of them were floods. Of course we thought of the kittens then, and supposed they would all be drowned, for I know of no animal so easily injured by wetting as a cat; though I have read of a singular cat that plunges into water and catches fish for its master.

One day, after one of the hardest showers, I thought I would search for the dead kittens and get them down and bury them. I believed they were on the north porch roof, as that was the only place where they could be hidden. There is a riotous white honeysuckle there, which not only forms an impenetrable wall of richest green from the ground to the eaves, both summer and winter, where wrens roost at night in perfect security, but monopolizes most of the upper surface of the roof. With a ladder at the densest part, I ascended to the dripping verge, and poked around under the leaves with a cane. A faint "Mew!" startled me, and one of those kittens crept from the upper edge of the screening vines and walked slowly up toward the house. It was perfectly dry. I "meowed" to it, to call it back, and at once heard the other two softly responding right under my nose. Lifting up the vines slightly, I found the "nest," and dis-

covered the cause of their dryness, though I was no less astonished than before. The vernal screen was dense enough to form a good roof over them; but what had kept them from being wet by the floods rushing under them? Why, only a drift of dead leaves; a drift that had been years in forming, and was several inches deep. Query: Had Lucy accidentally chosen this bed of leaves under a sufficiently protecting canopy, or was it an instance of reasoning and judgment?

Coalie and Gipsy have lately been showing new and interesting evidences of human-like judgment, justice and mercy, some of which I will relate in the next chapter.

L. R. MORPHEW.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Those "Sleeping" Black Ducks.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. L. F. Brown and Mr. A. H. Stephens declare that they have never seen two or more black ducks asleep at one time, and on the strength of their not having seen such a thing, swing at us the sweeping "universal negative," as President Roosevelt would call it, that "No man ever saw two or more dusky mallards that were all actually asleep together."

Putting aside the technical error of such a statement, as well as some others in Mr. L. F. Brown's attack on Mr. John Burroughs, I must make the concrete and specific statement that both gentlemen are entirely in the wrong, and that I have more than once seen two black ducks "sound asleep," and several times four. But never one, three, five, six or more. Always a pair, and rarely two pair. But under peculiar conditions—just exactly the conditions under which Mr. Burroughs describes: on the drifting ice floes in the Hudson in March. In March the black ducks arrive in the Hudson from the south, and, alighting on the drifting ice far from shore, sleep, mate, rest, and eat whatever drift they can find among the ice. With our boats covered with muslin to imitate the ice, we then go after them. As a rule, I agree with Mr. Burroughs that the sleeping pairs are harder to approach than those which are awake. Whether this is due to "telepathy" or not I cannot say, nor does Mr. Burroughs in his very interesting article in the August Outing.

Now, I hear Mr. Brown asking, "How does he know they are sleeping?" Well, it is very simple. I remember three instances in particular where I have paddled to within thirty yards of a pair of sleeping black ducks, risen up above my battery, taken deliberate aim—the ducks sleeping on—and killed them both as they slept. Under the conditions that we get our ducks, that was not unsportsmanlike, either. Another time I rose above the battery and as the ducks still slept—or rather stood on one leg with their heads under their wings—I spoke to them. Still they slept, the snow that was falling muffling the air. Then I shouted. Two more startled ducks you cannot imagine. By the way they acted I am certain they had been "sound asleep," Mr. Brown to the contrary notwithstanding. As they rose, I killed one and missed the other. Now there are exceptions. And it is exceptions on which the "school of the woods" and the "new school of nature study" base their claims for a hearing. When a calm, sane, unprejudiced observer like Mr. Burroughs, says he has seen something which they have not seen, these same men are the first ones to fly at us with their universal negatives. If we apply the same rule to Mr. William J. Long's writings, we would at once—well, we had better not print what any real nature observer would have to say about Mr. Long's fairy tales.

Now, if Mr. Brown or anyone else whosoever does not believe that a pair of black ducks will both sleep at the same time, let them come up here next March and I will convince them that they are wrong until they "acknowledge the corn," and go away wiser than they came. We can make one universal negative, however—"No man knows it all."

JAMES ACKERT, JR.

Dogs and Languages.

EVER since the dog became the servant of man he has also had to be a linguist. If the annals of dogs and men were searched, it would be found that the former had in their day been proficient in the understanding of tongues dead for centuries, as they will be in the future of the languages of nations yet unborn. "Argo" doubtless obeyed the orders given by Penelope in the most lady-like Ionic of the day; the dog of Alcibiades was no less proficient when addressed in "up-to-date" Attic by the club porter in Athens; and we may be very certain that all the dogs on the canvases of Cuyp and Teniers were equally familiar with the dog language of double Dutch.

"Don't say that before 'Snap.' 'Snap' don't know he's only a dog. He thinks he's folks!" was an American appreciation of the quick wit with which dogs understand and resent anything a man said about themselves. The degree to which they comprehend doubtless differs, and is probably in most cases limited to the perception that their name is associated with laughter or a censorious tone of voice when mentioned to others. Also the range of conversation, and of activities to which it refers, is so large in the average gentleman's house that a dog often gives up the effort at understanding more than actually concerns its daily comfort. It becomes bored by the demands on its attention, the more so as it has as a rule nothing to do to keep it busy. But any one who has spent any time, let us say, in fishing quarters in a northern farmer's house cannot fail to notice how simple and few the items are which make up the routine of the day, and how completely the dog—there is always a dog, and that a collie—understands all that is going on, and probably most of what is said. These farmers are very silent people as a rule, speaking seldom, and then only about practical matters. When happy and comfortable, their practice is to sit quiet, not to talk. So the dog takes very special notice when a remark is made, knowing that it is usually connected with the doing of something by other people or by itself. It is quite used to be told to "mind the baby" or to "stay ben the house" while the wife goes out, and it knows exactly and to the minute that every person and every animal about the little farm will be doing at any given time. It is thus that it also learns

to understand talk which refers to these objects of interest.

St. John in his "Wild Sports of the Highlands" says: "The dog that lives with his master constantly, sleeping before his fire instead of in the kennel, and seeing and hearing all that passes, learns, if at all quick-witted, to understand not only the meaning of what he sees going on, but also frequently, in the most wonderful manner, of what is being talked of." He then mentions the instance of his retriever, which understood all that was going on as to the sporting plans of the day. If he remarked at breakfast: "Rover must stop at home to-day; I cannot take him out," he never attempted to follow him; while if he said: "I shall take Rover with me to-day," he was all excitement. But the most curious example of a (probably) polyglot dog's understanding of conversation was shown him by a shepherd. Like the dogs of modern Greece, which keep watch along the little banks which inclose their masters' barley fields, the sheep dogs "watch their masters' small crop of oats with great fidelity and keenness, keeping off all intruders in the shape of cattle, sheep and horses. A shepherd once, to prove the value of his dog, which was lying before the fire in the house where we were talking, said to me in the middle of a sentence concerning something else, 'I'm thinking, sir, the cow is in the potatoes.' The dog, which appeared to be sleep, immediately jumped up, and leaping through the open window, scrambled up the turf roof of the house, where he could see the potato field. He then, not seeing the cow, ran and looked into the byre, where she was, and finding that all was right, came back to the house." The shepherd said the same thing again, when the dog once more made its patrol. But on the doubt being uttered a third time, it got up, looked at its master, and when he laughed, growled and curled up again by the fire.

It is greatly to the credit of canine intelligence that dogs seem able to understand not only orders given in any pure language, but also those given in debased or mixed languages. Is this, perhaps, the origin of the phrase "dog Latin?" The dog teams used when the Klondike was first discovered were worked in a kind of "pidgin French," a mixture of old Canadian-French, English and Indian. The order to start was "Macharn!" which all the trained dogs understood. This the English miners turned into "March on!" Its origin, and the form in which the first sledge dogs had heard it, was "Marche, chien!" Probably most English hounds were addressed in a bastard Norman-French long after the language was entirely dropped in speaking to persons. It is just possible that the familiar "War hare!" and "Eloo in!" are the remains of the ancient foreign hunting terms.—London Spectator.

A Tornado's Path.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was riding south in the Choctaw Nation, Indian Territory, about twenty miles below the Arkansas River, and not far from the line of the State of Arkansas, when I came to a place where a tornado had passed only a year before this in 1881. The road I was following passed through heavy timber for miles, and the tornado, coming from the west, had crossed the road, keeping on straight east. The trees in its course all lay with their heads pointing east, and lay almost as straight as if they had been felled with an ax. The open space that had been left by the fallen trees was not more than forty feet wide. It looked exactly as if it had been cleared off for a railroad, except that the trees were still lying where they had fallen. Some of these trees were all of two feet through at the butt, and those that had not been uprooted were broken off in most cases only a foot or two above the ground.

Just to the left of the road I was on, standing in among the timber that still stood, and not over ten feet from the place where the tornado had passed, was an old log cabin that looked as if it had not been occupied for years, but not a shingle on the roof seemed to be missing; the wind had not touched it. I wanted very much to see where the tornado had begun or where it ended, but it would be almost impossible to follow its track on foot, much less on a horse.

I was afterward told that the tornado had cut straight across this strip of timber twenty miles or more, beginning in it when it first met the timber and leaving at its eastern end, then keeping on through the State of Arkansas. It followed through a country where there were not many settlers, so about the only damage done was to the timber.

CABIA BLANCO.

Bears on an Iceberg.

SEATTLE, Oct. 17.—Lars Hansen, a member of the crew of the whaling schooner Barbara Hernster which arrived in Seattle harbor recently from the Arctic Ocean, tells of a strange sight he saw while returning to the vessel from a lively chase after a big whale. The small boat, with three men in it, was passing the face of a monster iceberg when three polar bears were seen. All of them were frozen in solid ice, two cubs nestling against their mother. Hansen says that the berg stood out of the water fully 10 feet, and that the ice wherein the bears were entombed, was clear as crystal. How long the animals had been locked in their winter palace is a matter of conjecture. They were, at least, twenty-five feet above the water.

PORTUS BAXTER.

Partridge Drumming in the Fall.

OSSINING, N. Y., Oct. 27.—Editor Forest and Stream: Replying to L. F. Brown's inquiry regarding the drumming of partridges in the autumn months, would say that in Alaska, between the 5th and the 15th of October, after the thermometer had registered 15 degrees below zero, I have heard grouse drum. There was no illusion, as I have shot birds at this time of the year by following up the sound, and in each case found the drummer standing upon a log.

In the Province of Quebec, north of Lake Quinze, I have heard ruffed grouse drum after the middle of October. Previous to this there had been frequent snowstorms and ice had formed along the edges of the rivers.

On some days one may not hear the sound of drumming at all, on others it will continue throughout the day and late into the night. This is said to foretell a cold snap. Before a storm, ruffed grouse may be heard feeding in the bushes on dark nights, thereby enabling them to keep under shelter until after the storm. John Polson, a well-known half-breed guide of North Temiscamingue, Quebec, states that in drumming the bird beats its wings together in front of its body. I have no doubt that a letter to Polson at the address given above would be promptly answered, and if John is in a communicative mood the information therein contained would be very complete and reliable.

EDWARD F. BALL.

TORONTO, Oct. 31.—Editor Forest and Stream: Referring to the inquiry in last week's issue of your paper made by L. F. Brown as to whether partridges drum in the autumn months, I have hunted these splendid birds in practically all parts of northern Ontario, where they are probably as plentiful as anywhere in America, and can say positively that they do drum in the autumn; but whether it is the old or young bird I do not know.

THOMAS A. DUFF.

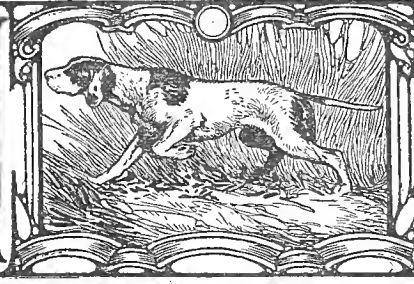
A Pigeon Leader of Ducks.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Oct. 26.—One of the strangest sights ever seen by sportsmen was witnessed last Saturday on the duck pass owned by Uri Lamprey, of St. Paul. Mr. Lamprey and a friend had been shooting for some time, when they observed a flock of ducks coming along from the north. The ducks were teal—blue-wing teal—and at their head was a white bird. "That's queer," said Mr. Lamprey. "I'll take the white bird and see what it is." Both sportsmen fired, both bringing down their bird. Upon examination it was found that the leader of the ducks was a tame white pigeon. If anyone has ever before seen a flock of ducks led by a pigeon, it is time to rise and say so.

L. E. CAVALIER.



GAME BAG AND GUN



Birds that Pass in the Night.

If our vision would permit us to see far into the air above us on favorable nights during the spring and fall migrations of our birds, we would be amazed at the number and variety of our feathered friends at times at an altitude of a mile or more above the earth, which are taking their long journey to their winter homes in the South, some flying as far as Central America, Cuba, and South America, and others spending the winter in our Southern States. Returning in the spring and early summer, some remain with us in New England, while others go on to the far north to rear their young in Canada, Labrador, and in the case of the brant and some other species, to the Arctic Circle in places unknown to civilized man.

The timid or weak-winged birds, it is thought, migrate by night, seeking food and rest by day, while the bold, strong-winged birds like the swallows, hawks and eagles, migrate mostly by day.

One of the most interesting of our birds, and which for the most part passes by night, is our prince of game birds, the woodcock, whose ancestors were pure native Americans, and claimed a residence here long before the white man came from over the sea. So exclusive are they that, except to the sportsman, they are very little known, only as their name is seen upon some bill of fare, or as they are brought upon the table served with the highest culinary skill. Few feel that they can afford this dainty morsel, which costs a dollar a pound and upward. If you inquire of the farmer in the country whose tenants they are, you would most likely be directed to some old trees in the forest, the haunts of the golden-winged woodpecker. But the woodcock is never found on trees. You must search the hillside covered with sapling pines and birches, or the alder-covered meadow, where a stream runs down between the hills, the banks covered with rich loam, where they love to feed and rear their young. Our bird is much prettier than its cousin the woodcock of Europe, though from a quarter to a third smaller. The average weight of our bird is from seven to eight ounces; and a ten-ounce bird is a large one. Having shot and weighed a great many woodcock, I have seen few that would reach that weight. The largest bird I ever shot weighed just eleven ounces, and was the largest I have ever seen; it looked when flying nearly as large as a ruffed grouse. I well remember what a hunt I had that day among the thick alders covered with a dense foliage. At the report of the gun I had seen the bird fall, and I and my dog searched the ground in the vicinity for a long time in vain; when, looking up among the branches, I discovered the bird lodged in the forks of an alder about eight feet from the ground.

When disturbed by day the birds take wing with a sharp whistle, which has been the subject of a great deal

of discussion in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, as to whether it is caused by the wings or by the vocal organs. Good arguments were brought forward on both sides, and I think the facts adduced went to prove that the sound is produced by both the wings and the vocal organs. When they fly by night, they can pass through the air as silently as an owl; and often in a summer evening I have seen them dart across my path noiseless and swift on their way to their favorite grounds.

Summer shooting has been abolished in Massachusetts, as it should be everywhere. I know of no shooting so enticing and exciting as for woodcock when the season is right for it. Take a day in October, when the morning is cool and bright and the air is like champagne and the frost of the night before whitens the fence rails and grass—

When the maple boughs are crimson
And the hickory shines like gold,
When the noons are sultry hot
And the nights are frosty cold.

This is the time when the woodcock is in good form, in full dress fall suit, and full of active life; if you flush him now, his sharp whistle will thrill you like an electric shock. He is up and away like a flash, and you never know to which point of the compass he will direct his flight. It requires cool nerve, good eye and quick action to stop him in his rapid flight.

Most of my knowledge of the bird has been obtained in this State, about thirty or thirty-five miles northwest of Boston. In this latitude the flight birds from the north may be expected about the middle of October or from the 10th to the 25th, depending on weather conditions. The favorite covers for the birds are known to sportsmen by such a hill, swamp, run, pasture, alders, etc. The old Smith pasture, with its dense growth of alders, where I secured my 11-ounce woodcock, Forge Pond Run, and Gilson's birches are well known to sportsmen. Town Farm Run for many generations has been a well-known resort for the bird, as well as for sportsmen. Sandy Meadow Swamp will be remembered as the place where I shot my first woodcock. When as a boy with a muzzleloading gun and a gun-shy cur dog, I entered this swamp, covered with a small growth of maples and birches, one October afternoon, the birds began to spring up at every step, going in all directions; and in all my hunting I have never flushed so many birds from so small a cover. I soon commenced shooting and missing until I began to get one out of four or five shots. After securing three or four birds my ammunition was exhausted, and the dog had left me. I started for home with my first woodcock more proud with my success than of any day's shooting I have since known. I had struck the fall flight. On my return the next morning, not a bird was to be found; they had passed in the night to warmer climes.

The late Warren Hapgood, whose interesting articles have entertained so many readers of FOREST AND STREAM, was familiar with, and an annual visitor to, most of the covers I have named, even after he had passed his four-score years.

The sportsman may lose all his earthly possessions, but the pleasure he has enjoyed afield will abide with him, and from the storehouse of his memory will come the bright visions of those autumn fields and forests that gave him health and strength for days to come, while in pursuit of those interesting birds that pass in the night.

GEO. L. BROWN.

BOSTON, Mass

A Polander in the Brush.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On the editorial page of October 15, mention is made of a game warden who was shot by two Greeks whom he had caught in the act of killing song birds. The warden should have had his gun with him and should have tried to do the shooting first. It is dangerous for a warden or anyone else to have anything to do with these men unless he first "gets the drop on them."

I once took a hand in arresting one of these song bird shooters. He did not try to shoot me. I had taken the precaution, not having my gun with me, to get his before I began to ask him any questions, but he did, after I had taken pity on him and had let him go, try to have me arrested, because, as he said, I had interfered with him and I was not "a police." I was across at the head of Misery Bay one afternoon when I heard the report of a shotgun, and started out to investigate, and found a Polander with an old muzzleloader that he was just now reloading. Waiting until he had it reloaded, I went up to him and asked to look at his gun. He must have suspected me, for he drew the gun back, but I made a grab for it and got it. "What do you find out here to shoot?" I asked. He had only fired at those little birds—robins. "How long have you been in this country?" He spoke very good English for a Pole. He said he had been here ten years. "Well, then, you must know that it is against the law to shoot those birds." Yes, he knew it was, but there were no police over here; that was why he had come here. "Any citizen can arrest you; he does not need to be a policeman. Now, I can take you over to the city myself. Have you a permit for this gun?" No, he did not need any; this was a free country.

"Yes, it is supposed to be; but you must get a permit before you use this gun again. Then you can't shoot robins with it, either. That permit will cost you \$10. It is hardly worth that to you. You might as well throw the old gun away. Now, I can take you to town and prefer three charges against you. The fine for each will be \$10, and I will get half of it. But I do not want to take

money from you men; you have to work hard for what little you do get."

Yes, he hardly ever got more than a dollar and a half a day, and was not getting even that now. These men were on a strike just then.

"Yes, I know," I told him. "Well, you travel off home now and put that gun away. If I ever find you with it over here again I will take you to town and have you fined."

I discharged both barrels of his gun to be on the safe side, then handing it to him told him to get it home and leave it there.

About ten days after this I met one of the ward constables up town and was hailed with, "See here! Do you know that you came near having a policeman with a warrant after you the other day? That Dago you took the gun from over on the peninsula came into our office and wanted a warrant for you. The 'Squire would not give him one, but told him that you should have brought him to him, then he would have given him a fine."

"I'll do it next time, tell the 'Squire."

Men never know when they are well off. I did not want that man fined on account of his wife and children. If I find him and his gun over there again, he won't want any warrants next time. I'll provide the warrant for him.

CABIA BLANCO.

Massachusetts Sportsmen.

BOSTON, Oct. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It begins to look as if the old Bay State were approaching the point where it will be dangerous to violate fish and game laws. The labors of game wardens the past two weeks seem to eclipse all previous records. In the fourteen days prior to October 27, thirty-five arrests have been made by deputies in Massachusetts. Of these, two were deer cases, one resulting in a fine of \$100; the other is still in court. Twelve were for killing song and insectivorous birds, fines \$290; eighteen for Sunday hunting, fines \$180; two for ferreting, \$40; one short lobster case, \$35; making a total in fines of \$645. These arrests were made in ten cities and towns in different parts of the State. This activity on the part of the deputies is very encouraging, as it indicates progress toward the development of a system of enforcing the laws that will eventually be very effective, provided a sufficient number of men of the right stamp are put into the field.

There is no question that public sentiment is very strongly in favor of a strict enforcement, nor is there any question as to the ability of the State to provide the means requisite to secure it. If any of the laws run so far contrary to public approval as to render their enforcement an impossibility, they should be replaced by such as can be enforced. When a law becomes a "dead letter" it is not simply innocuous, it is harmful, it engenders a disregard of all laws.

Our commissioners and their deputies are doing a great work, and during certain periods of the year their numbers should be increased considerably, perhaps to twice the number now employed on a salary.

From Cottage City comes a complaint that a "party of Boston gunners" wantonly slaughtered 180 ducks one day this week, including some canvasbacks and redheads. This has excited great indignation among the local sportsmen, but, under the law, I see no redress. Such reports tend to prepare one to favor putting a limit upon the bags that may be killed in a day. Another report is that at the place above named and Edgartown the people are "up in arms" at the violation of what they regard as the "unwritten law of the county" in regard to shooting ducks. There is a mutual understanding among the local sportsmen, says Mr. J. E. White, of Edgartown, that "no gunner shall go out into the Great Pond in Edgartown or into any other pond in the county and fix up a boat resembling a brush stand for the purpose of shooting ducks." The chief offender is the commander of the State police boat, the Lexington, who is reported to have said that he cared nothing about what the local people said, that he was going to "shoot ducks in his own way." It is customary for the owners to lease gunning points on the island, for which they receive from \$20 to \$300 a year, which is all the income the land yields. The people say they will call the attention of the proper authorities to what they term the "setting at defiance the rights of the people" by a State officer. Aside from the above, your correspondent has heard complaints from interested persons in regard to the manner in which the Lexington has been used. The work for which the boat was designed comes legitimately under the Fish and Game Commission, but several years ago, when the Ocean Gem was used, the boat was taken out of the hands of the commissioners and given over to the State police under the late Chief Wade.

From Essex county reports come in that partridges as well as quail are scarce, and some sportsmen express the fear that the pheasants may be in some degree to blame for this scarcity. It may be there is nothing in this. If the native birds are, in fact, killed by pheasants, it would appear reasonable to suppose some of them would be found dead by the gunners. Reports indicate more pheasants in that county than elsewhere in the State.

Several letters recently received complain loudly of the devastations of foxes and urge the enactment of a law providing for the payment of a bounty upon them as one of the most effective measures for saving the game birds. One of our good farmer friends, Deputy A. M. Lyman, of Montague, writes that he hears of a deer having been recently killed in his section, and he is using every means at his command to find the guilty party, but he thinks it is like "hunting for a needle in the haystack."

Mr. I. O. Converse, of Fitchburg, writes about game in that section as follows: "We are having a nice flight of woodcock just now, and some very good bags are made. Partridge shooting is better than last year; in fact, is very good. Quail are scarce, but still quite a number have been flushed, but we have not shot any." The last statement is gratifying, and I sincerely hope there will be a general abstinence from the killing of quail in our State this year. The circular letter sent out by the State Association just before the opening of the shooting season to the various clubs, requesting hunters to spare the quail, appears to have met with a favorable response everywhere.

A run through Faneuil Hall Market yesterday disclosed a supply of game birds, venison, and bear meat somewhat in excess of the amount commonly seen there at this season.

The A. D. Thayer party of two gentlemen and their wives returned this week from Moosehead, bringing three deer. They went into camp about twelve miles from Kineo, on the western shore of the lake. Mr. Thayer tells me that in his judgment, from what he saw and heard on this trip, deer are as plentiful in that section as they are at points further back in the wilderness.

President Hinman, just back from a two weeks' trip, brought home a moose.

Dr. Heber Bishop has recently visited his camp at Clearwater with two companions. Ex-President Reed and Mr. W. N. Boylston are at Princeton for woodcock. This is a favorite resort with both of them, and they know just where to look for the birds.

It is currently reported that there are now 2,000 non-resident hunters in Maine; probably more than half of them hail from Massachusetts. There is so much water in the low lands and swamps that the deer are to be found on the ridges, so that hunting them is unusually difficult for this time of the year, but the great majority of hunters are meeting with fair success, especially the veterans. The total shipment from Bangor to yesterday (October 28) is 1,092 deer, 64 moose, 26 bears; as against 1,281 deer, 55 moose, 18 bears for the corresponding period of 1903.

At Lake Debsconeag, Maine, are Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Williams, of Boston, several from New York and Philadelphia, and Mr. and Mrs. George Gray and two daughters from Oldtown. Mr. L. C. Moody, of Boston, was the first to secure a deer. Harold Johnson, one of the guides, shot the first moose of the season in sight of one of the camps.

One of the biggest bears ever killed in Maine was shot recently at Norcross by the cook in one of the camps. He weighed about 400 pounds. Mr. O. W. Bragdon, of Boston, in Township 22 on Union River, secured a moose said to be the finest of the season. Its weight is given at 800 pounds. It had a fine set of antlers with very wide palms. Mr. Bragdon also secured two fine deer. The young man is known in Boston as an athlete, and his record as a nimrod will be hard to beat.

CENTRAL.

A Hunter's License Decision.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Oct. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I beg to hand you herewith copy of a decision of the Supreme Court of Illinois, on the constitutionality of the non-resident license law, and other questions involved in the Illinois law, in a case brought against H. J. Cummings, of St. Louis, Missouri, who was convicted in the Circuit Court of Greene county, this State, for hunting protected game without first taking out a non-resident license.

You will note that the decision is a splendid victory for the Game Department of the State of Illinois, and will meet with the hearty approval of all sportsmen who favor the non-resident license as a splendid means of game protection.

JOHN A. WHEELER,

State Game Commissioner.

The text of the decision is as follows, being given here practically in full:

On October 22, 1903, plaintiff in error, Henry J. Cummings, was fined \$25 by a justice of the peace of Greene county for hunting game with a gun without having a license, as prescribed by section 25 of chapter 61 of Hurd's Statutes of 1903. From this judgment he prayed an appeal to the circuit court where the case was heard by the court without a jury, upon an agreed state of facts, which is substantially as follows:

"That the defendant, on the 21st day of October, 1903, before that day and ever since, has been and is a resident of the city of St. Louis, in the State of Missouri; that the defendant, on or about the 21st day of October, 1903, was hunting with a gun for game on the premises owned in fee simple in said county of Greene by the Grand Pass Shooting Club, a corporation organized and acting under the laws of the State of Illinois, and that said corporation has been so incorporated and acting as such corporation for several years past, and has been the owner in fee simple of about twelve hundred acres of land situated in the Illinois River bottom, in said Greene county, and that defendant, on the date above stated, did so hunt for game on said land, and at no other place whatsoever; that the defendant, Henry J. Cummings, on the day when he was so hunting on said premises and for which this prosecution has been instituted, and for some time previous thereto, was a member of said corporation and a bona fide stockholder in said corporation; that said corporation, on the 12th day of September, 1903, adopted a resolution authorizing and inviting each member and stockholder of said corporation, at any time thereafter during the ensuing year, to visit said club and to hunt for game with a gun on the lands of said corporation above stated, and so situated in Greene county; that the said defendant, Henry J. Cummings, in company with one of the directors of said corporation, on the date above stated, was on said premises, in said Greene county, with said director on the above date stated, and with said director and by reason of the resolution referred to above, and by reason of being a member of said corporation and a stockholder thereof, on said premises with a gun, for the purpose of hunting, and was then and there so hunting. It is admitted that the Grand Pass Shooting Club is a corporation organized under the laws of the State of Illinois, and has been such corporation since August 27, 1887; that said corporation for several years last past, and up to this date, has been continuously, and is now, the owner in fee simple of about twelve hundred acres of land situated in the Illinois River bottom, in said Greene county, which it has inclosed, and on which it has erected a club house and other improvements; that the said corporation, in September, 1903, as such corporation, adopted a resolution of record inviting all the members and stockholders of the said corporation to hunt, at any time thereafter during the ensuing year, with a gun, for game, during the proper season, on the said premises of said corporation, in said Greene county; that the said defendant, Henry J. Cummings, did so hunt with a gun on the said premises on the date claimed by the People,

that is to say, within eighteen months past, for game on said premises and by reason of the resolution adopted by said corporation, as above stated; that the said Henry J. Cummings, at said time last named, had not procured from the proper authorities of the State of Illinois a license to hunt, pursue or kill with a gun any of the wild animals, fowl or birds that were then protected by the laws of the State of Illinois."

Upon the submission of the case on the above state of facts, no other evidence being offered by either party, the defendant submitted to the court the five following propositions of law, which he asked to have held as the law applicable to the case:

1. "That the proviso to section 25 of the act for the protection of game, etc., in force July 1, 1903, is valid and binding.

2. "That the proviso to section 32 of the same act is also valid and binding.

3. "That the defendant, Henry J. Cummings, being a member and stockholder of the Grand Pass Shooting Club, had a right to hunt with a gun on the premises owned by the said Grand Pass Shooting Club, and violated no law in so doing at the time alleged in the complaint.

4. "That the defendant, Henry J. Cummings, being a member and stockholder of the Grand Pass Shooting Club, and being invited by the resolution of said corporation to hunt on the premises owned by the said corporation, in said Greene county, with a gun, for game on the lands of said corporation, in said Greene county, and having so hunted on said lands within proper season by such invitation, is not guilty of the charge alleged against him in this cause.

5. "That under the evidence in this case the defendant, Henry J. Cummings, is not guilty of the charge alleged against him in the complaint in this cause."

The court marked the first proposition held and the others refused, and found the defendant guilty as charged in the complaint. He entered his motions for a new trial and in arrest of judgment, but both motions were overruled, and thereupon the court rendered judgment against him for a fine and costs, to which he then and there excepted.

MR. JUSTICE WILKIN delivered the opinion of the court:

Section 25 of chapter 61 provides as follows: "For the purpose of increasing the game protection, * * * no person or persons shall at any time hunt, pursue or kill with gun any of the wild animals, fowl or birds that are protected during any part of the year, without first having procured a license so to do, and then only during the respective periods of the year when it shall be lawful. Said license shall be procured in the following manner: * * * And said applicant, if a non-resident, shall pay to the county clerk the sum of \$15, together with the sum of 50 cents as the fee of the county clerk, and if a resident, shall pay to the clerk of any city, town or county the sum of \$1 as a license fee, together with the sum of 10 cents as the fee of the city, town or county clerk for issuing such license; * * * Provided, that the owner or owners of farm lands, their children or tenants shall have the right to hunt and kill game on the farm lands of which he or they are the bona fide owners or tenants,* * * without procuring such resident license."

As shown by the foregoing statement, the court below held said section valid at the request of the defendant, but it is now attempted to be maintained by his counsel that it is unconstitutional and void—first, because it is in conflict with section 2 of article 4 of the Federal Constitution, which declares that "the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States," this section of the statute providing for a different fee to be paid by non-residents from the fee charged to residents; second, because it is in conflict with section 1 of the fourteenth amendment to the Federal Constitution, which provides that "no State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States, nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty or property, without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws; third, because it infringes upon the exclusive power of Congress, under section 8 of article 1 of the Federal Constitution, to regulate commerce among the several States.

An examination of these several objections to the validity of the statute will lead to the conclusion that neither of them can be sustained, and we are clearly of the opinion that the trial court ruled properly in holding the statute valid. Upon this record, however, that question is not before us for decision. That a party to a suit cannot ask the trial court to hold a proposition of law applicable to his case and then assign for error such holding is too clear for argument. The validity of section 25 was not questioned upon the trial by proper propositions of law, and it cannot, therefore, be questioned here. * * *

The next ground of reversal is that the decision of the court below was contrary to the law and the evidence, for the reason that the defendant, being an owner of stock in the Grand Pass Shooting Club, was an owner of real estate belonging to that corporation, and by virtue of such ownership acquired an equitable title to the game on the land of the corporation, which he had a right to take independently of the provisions of the statute. The proviso to section 25, as shown above, is, "that the owner or owners of farm lands, their children or tenants shall have the right to hunt and kill game on the farm lands of which he or they are the bona fide owners or tenants, during the season when it is lawful to kill game, without procuring such resident license." This provision having been held valid with other parts of section 25, the defendant could only avail himself of the exception by bringing himself within its limitations, and this he failed to do for several reasons. First, being a stockholder in the corporation gave him no right, title or interest in the real estate owned by the corporation. "A share of stock may be defined as a right which its owner has in the management, profits and ultimate assets of the corporation." "With reference more particularly to the essential nature of shares of stock, it has been well settled that such property is personality, and not realty. It is said that a share of stock is not real estate; has nothing to give it the character of real estate; is not land, nor a hereditament, nor an interest in either of them." "It is now a well established principle that the shares of the capital stock of corporations are personal property. And this applies equally to all corporations, including those whose property consists of real estate, although attempts

were formerly made to give to the stock of those companies the character of an interest in real estate. Sales of stock are therefore excluded from the provisions of the statute of frauds regulating conveyances of real estate or interests in real estate." "A stockholder has no legal title to the corporation property, or to any separate part thereof, until a division is made on the winding up or dissolution of the corporation, and prior to that time he has no right to take any of the corporate property for his own purpose." The assets of a private corporation, whether consisting of real estate or personal property, belong to the corporate body, and the stockholders are not in any sense the owners thereof. We think this proposition so well established that the citation of authorities in support of it unnecessary.

The language of the court in *In re Eberle*, 98 Fed. Rep. 197, is applicable to the present case. There the defendant was arrested for hunting in a preserve in Henderson county, this State, and brought habeas corpus proceedings in the United States District Court for the Northern District of Illinois. The land upon which he was charged with hunting was owned by a corporation in which he held stock, as the defendant did in the case at bar. There the defendant was a non-resident, and contended that, being an owner of land in Illinois, he could not be put on a different footing from residents, and that the attempt to discriminate against him deprived him of the equal protection of the law. The court, in the decision of the case, said: "In his petition he states that he is a member and stockholder in an Illinois corporation, which corporation is the owner of land on which he was hunting at the time it is alleged he violated the statute. Without, therefore, determining whether a non-resident land owner would be relieved from the provisions of the statute in question when shooting wild game upon his own premises, I deny the petition on the ground that the allegations thereof do not entitle the petitioner to the relief prayed. * * * The sovereign ownership of wild game is in the State, in trust for the benefit of its citizens, and a statute requiring the payment of a license by a non-resident for the privilege of hunting such game within the State is a police regulation within the power of the State, and not in violation of article 4, section 2 of the Federal Constitution, or of section 1 of the fourteenth amendment, although said fee is not required of residents of the State." We concur in the reasoning and conclusions thus announced.

In the next place, it does not appear that the lands upon which the defendant was charged with hunting without a license were farm lands, but, on the contrary, the agreed statement of facts tends to show that the twelve hundred acres owned by the shooting club were a game reservation owned and used by it as such. It will be seen that the proviso above quoted permits the *bona fide* owners of farm lands, or their tenants, during the season, etc., to hunt on the same "without procuring such resident license." The title to wild game is in the State, without reference to the ownership of the lands upon which it may be found, and the State has the undoubted right, therefore, to protect and prohibit or regulate the taking or killing of the same. "And a game law is not invalid because it provides greater restrictions and severer penalties against non-residents than against residents." The manifest intention of the Legislature in adopting the proviso to section 25 was to permit the owners of farm lands residing in this State, and their children or tenants, to hunt upon those lands, within the other limitations of the statute, without obtaining a resident license so to do, and not to extend that privilege to residents of other States or countries.

It is again insisted that even though section 25 is valid and the plaintiff in error does not come within its proviso as an owner, still the court below erred in refusing to hold that section 32 was valid, and that under the proviso thereto the defendant should have been acquitted. That section provides for the repeal of laws previously passed for the protection of game, and the last clause is as follows: "Provided, that nothing in this act contained shall apply to persons hunting on the land of another person by invitation of such land owner." The Circuit Court held this provision invalid, and the defendant preserved exceptions to such holding. The question for our decision on this branch of the case is whether such exception or proviso is so repugnant to the balance of the act as to be invalid.

It is a well settled principle of law that an act of the Legislature shall be construed, if possible, so as to give effect to the intention of the law-makers, which intention must be ascertained from the language of the act itself, if it be possible to do so, and if it consists of several sections, they must be considered and construed together in order to arrive at such intention. By section 25 it was the manifest purpose of the Legislature to require persons residing out of this State, owning land here, to obtain a non-resident license to hunt or take game on such land, and it certainly was not the intention to require an owner of farm land who was a non-resident of the State to pay a license fee of \$15 for hunting upon his own land, and at the same time permit him to authorize others, by mere invitation, to do so without a license. But that proviso is not limited to section 25. It is general, and applies to every section in the act which contains anything in conflict with it. If valid, so construed, a person would be authorized to hunt at any season of the year, in any manner, without limit as to the amount of game killed or taken, if, forsooth, the owner of the land on which he hunted had invited him to do so. To give it that construction would lead to a defenseless incongruity.

It is a well-known rule applicable to the construction of statutes, that a saving clause must be rejected when it is directly repugnant to the purview or body of the act, and cannot stand without rendering the act inconsistent and destructive of itself. We are of the opinion that the last clause of section 32, which expressly exempts persons who are hunting on the land of another by the invitation of such land owner, from taking out a license, literally construed, is so repugnant to the balance of the statute as to render all of the statute ineffective, and as this was manifestly not the intention of the Legislature, the clause must be held invalid, except in so far as it can be given a limited effect. The purpose of the Legislature doubtless was to authorize the owner of lands to invite another person to do that which he might himself lawfully do, and so construed the proviso can be sustained, but as applicable to the facts of this case the court was clearly right in holding it invalid.

We find no reversible error in this record, and the judgment of the Circuit Court will be affirmed. Judgment affirmed.

New Jersey Non-Residents Again.

We are told that certain New Jersey game wardens do not permit the export of wildfowl, snipe, and mud-hens killed by non-residents. As the law contains no prohibition of export of these species, the actions of the game wardens are, as King Edward wrote of Admiral Rojestwensky's cannonading the other night, "unwarrantable." The New Jersey export law relates only to quail, ruffed grouse, pinnated grouse, woodcock, hare, rabbit, squirrel, English pheasant or ring-necked pheasant (unless killed on preserves). If the exportation of other species of game be interfered with, interference should be resented and resisted.

PRINCE'S BAY, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: You speak of the apparent uncertainty as to what the non-resident can shoot in New Jersey. I am informed that a non-resident cannot shoot woodcock in the State without first obtaining a license, but as the law reads, it seems that woodcock are called snipe, and a non-resident can shoot "wild water fowl, snipe and mud-hen (marsh-hen)." New Jersey fish and game laws, in an act approved April 14, 1903, Sec. 1, puts the woodcock where it belongs—"Limicolæ, sandpipers, willets, marlin, yellow-legs, plovers, tattlers, woodcock," etc. Then again, in "an act for the protection of birds and their nests and eggs," approved March 20, 1901, the woodcock is properly classed with the snipe family. The only reason that has been explained to me why a non-resident cannot shoot woodcock in New Jersey, is that the woodcock refuses to associate with the sandpiper, etc. Can this be right? ***

[In the several sections of the law, other than the Sec. 1 quoted by our correspondent, treat woodcock and snipe as different birds; and there is no uncertainty or want of specification to make it clear that the non-resident must have a license to shoot woodcock.]

Vermont Game.

HYDE PARK, Vt., Oct. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: The shooting season (since September 1) in this part of the State has so far proved quite satisfactory. Grouse are now more plenty than they were the past two years, and very much more plenty than last year. It is not difficult to get from ten to twenty shots a day, which, with fair shooting, ought to result in the legal limit of five birds. An unusually good nesting season, with an abundance of feed throughout the summer and fall explains their increase. Woodcock were also found in fair numbers, the writer having on several different days started at least ten birds from their covers.

The deer season opened last Saturday with apparently all the arms-bearing population let loose. During the day firing was heard all along the line, and in the evening three deer were reported killed, one Jersey cow, and a hunter narrowly escaped death, a bullet passing through a canvas coat he was carrying on his arm. Several fine bucks have been brought into town, and the number reported killed in the country is already much larger than last year. Snow sufficient for tracking fell last night, and this will still further increase the score.

The day before the season opened, Governor Bell signed a bill providing that non-resident deer hunters should take out a \$15 license. Applications for such licenses were received by the town clerks on opening day, after probably the majority of non-resident hunters had been in the woods several days. One non-resident who accidentally learned of the new law while in the woods, pulled in Sunday. He expressed himself to the effect that the quick work of the Legislature was pretty hard on him after paying his fare up from Boston with the expectation of free hunting here. That the State will receive any amount of revenue from such a license, I very much doubt. A charge of \$15 for eight days of such hunting as Vermont offers, would seem to me little short of prohibition. I would much rather see the sawdust kept out of the trout brooks, and believe if this were done we would get much more of the non-residents' money.

H. A. NOYES.

Long Island Ducks.

BAYPORT, L. I., Oct. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: The first week's battery shooting here has been very successful for so early in the season. Ducks are in the bay in large numbers, and shooting is good, as may be judged from the fact that Captain Brown with one gun and four separate barrels got four ducks from one flock. The largest bags made here this week were Mr. Purdy, of New York, 37; Mr. J. Suydam, 40 in two days; Mr. Runyon, Newark, 30; Mr. S. G. Painter, New York, 12; Mr. Frank Hobson, New York, 13. Others here from Manhattan who had good sport were H. B. Goodwin, W. P. Peckham, C. A. Ross, A. J. Martin, J. E. Douglass, R. Rodman, L. C. Connolly, and G. Still. The ducks are fat and in good condition. The outlook for quail and rabbit shooting, which opens Tuesday, is very good; the birds are well advanced and strong, and the rabbits more numerous in this locality than for some years past.

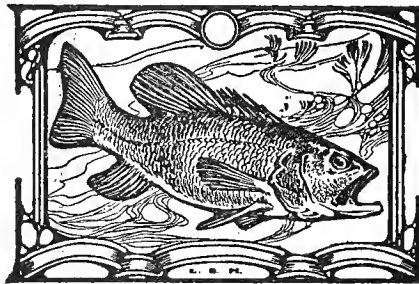
HENRY STOKES.

EAST QUOGUE, Long Island.—Ducks shot last week by guests at my house as follows: October 17, 20; October 18, 13; October 19, 11; October 20, 6; October 21, 15; October 22, 32; a total of 95, or an average of 19 per day. October 24, 34; October 25, 7; October 26, 12; October 27, 16; October 28, 8. Friday's storm brought a flight of mallards, widgeons, sprigs and gadwall or gray ducks, with a few blacks and redheads. The shooting of ducks with changes of weather is quite fair. More mallards and widgeon are here than in October, 1903.

E. A. JACKSON.

Quebec Moose.

AYLMER, Quebec, October 27.—Mr. E. J. Chamberlin, general manager of the Canada Atlantic Railway, writes to Provincial Game Warden N. E. Cormier, October 14: "We had a most pleasant outing at Kippewa, and each of the party secured a moose. Those secured by Mr. Guild and Mr. Megeath had rather small heads, but mine, I think, was above the average. We had fairly good weather, and enjoyed the scenery and outing very much."



SEA AND RIVER FISHING



Silkworm Gut.

TO EVERY true sportsman the study of natural history has a certain fascination, and to the angler that little understood but most important component of a fisherman's outfit, gut, presents a study which is of exceeding interest. Silkworm gut is a long gland or sac taken from the silkworm at a certain period of its growth, when it is found to be filled with a fluid which is nothing more or less than embryo silk, and which, under certain treatment, condenses and forms a solid cord or strand, which is the article used in the manufacture of our leaders, snelled hooks, etc.

The center of production of silkworm gut is Murcia, the capital of the Province of that name in southeastern Spain. Here is situated a beautiful and picturesque valley in which are cultivated the mulberry trees which produce the leaves on which the worms are fed.

How strange it must seem to the modern angler that away in this remote country, where the gentle art has never been cultivated, and where, in fact, it is almost impossible to find the recognized implements for fishing, the discovery of the properties of silkworm gut was made, and for generations its cultivation and production located.

Although experiments in raising worms for the sake of the gut have been made in many other localities, none have been very successful, the natives of Murcia asserting that the local growth of mulberry has some peculiar property which produces the results obtained with them.

Now, as to the methods of raising the worms and preparing the gut: The eggs from which the worms are hatched are imported in the spring of the year from Italy, principally from the island of Sicily. These are purchased by the Spanish peasants, who hatch out the worms by placing the eggs between the mattresses of their beds, the heat so generated having the desired effect.

As soon as the worms are large enough to handle, they are collected and placed on shallow shelves, which line the living rooms of the peasants' cottages, and are fed three times a day on fresh mulberry leaves. For several days they feed ravenously, until they attain full growth, and the silk glands (of which each worm has two) are congested with the fluid which would, if left for further development, produce silk fibre. They are then killed by immersion in a weak solution of sulphuric acid, which at the same time hardens the skin or outside shell of the worm and congeals the fluid contained in the glands, producing a solid cord or strand of gut.

Now the worms are ready for the final preparation, and in the early days of May they are disposed of by auction in the public market of Murcia to the gut manufacturers. When the worms reach the hands of the gut manufacturers (of whom there are some half-score in Murcia, employing in the aggregate about a hundred and fifty hands), they are first of all stripped of their shells or outer skins, exposing the congested glands or guts of various lengths and thicknesses, to which is found adhering a certain quantity of yellowish fleshy substance. These guts are softened by soaking in warm water, and then with one end attached to a hook fastened in front of the workman and the other end attached to a clamp, they are stretched to their full natural length. They are then cleaned of the superfluous animal matter by means of potash and bleached by exposure to the sun. After this the strands are polished by rubbing between strips of chamois leather and then passed on to the sorting and classification department. This sorting is done by women and girls, who, receiving the gut in bundles of fifteen to twenty thousand strands, first of all separate into the various lengths, after which all faulty strands are thrown out. These latter constitute an inferior quality or grade technically termed "estriada" (Eng. striated), and are

usually the gut from worms which were diseased or had become bruised and damaged in handling. Then the various grades as detailed below are sorted out. This is a process requiring considerable care and skill, as everything is left to the judgment of the operator, no gauge or other mechanical appliance being used. The stock, now separated into lengths and grades, is passed on to the packers, who, taking the various lengths of each grade, first tie it in bunches of one hundred strands and then into bundles of ten bunches or one thousand strands. This is the form in which it reaches the hands of the manufacturers of fishing tackle.

Of course it is understood that the worms, being of various sizes, naturally produce gut of different lengths and thicknesses, which for commercial purposes are classified as follows:

1. *Refina*, which is the finest texture, and which is used generally for small brook trout fishing.
2. *Fina* is a trifle heavier in texture than *Refina*.
3. *Regular*, heavier still than *Fina*, and suitable for ordinary trout or similar fishing.
4. *Padron 2* } Grades heavier in texture to No. 3, and
5. *Padron 1* } used in tackle for bass fishing.
6. *Marana 2* } Heavier strands yet than the *Padron*
7. *Marana 1* } classes; suitable for small salmon and for salt-water fishing.

And finally Imperial and Royal grades, of which the production is very limited. These grades are almost exclusively made into single leaders for the heavy salmon fishing in Ireland and Scotland.

The lengths of gut strands vary from eight to sixteen inches, running longer in the finer grades, the most general length, however, is about eleven inches.

Although silkworm gut is generally associated with angling, it has other uses, and during the last few years it has almost superseded silk thread and silver wire used in surgical operations, as, being absorbed by the sutures, the annoying operation of withdrawing stitches is obviated.

The annual output of the Murcia factories is about 120,000,000 strands, of which some 30,000,000 in one form or another finds its way into this country.

THOMAS PERRY.

Visible Results of Salmon Culture

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of October 22, Mr. Edward A. Samuels has given us another of his instructive "Fish Chats," for which his long experience as an angler in many waters, and his habits of painstaking and correct observation eminently qualify him. The Old Angler is only too willing to sit at his brother's feet and learn from him much that, despite his own long and varied experience, is both new and interesting. But when he discourses on the practical results of salmon culture in the United States and Canada, his aged friend regrets that he must challenge almost every statement made. In his last paper he quotes largely from the "experts" of several hatching houses to show the correctness of his opinions and the fallacy of my inferences.

Alexander Mowat, the expert of the Restigouche house, tells him that "all travelers up and down the river with whom I have been talking say they have never seen salmon more plentiful than they were this year, and the guardians are unanimous in corroborating this."

Your readers will take note that Mr. Mowat speaks entirely from hearsay. Now, let us see what the Reports of the Commissioner of Fisheries say as to the catch of this district, made up from the sworn returns of guardians and overseers. In the report for 1886 the catch of the Restigouche district is given as 314,926 pounds. The Report for 1902 gives the catch in the same district as 304,000 pounds. In the interim between these years there was planted in the rivers of the district over 27,500,000 fry, and yet the fishermen and anglers all agree in saying that the fishing this season was the worst ever known, as the official report will show when published.

L. N. Catellier, the expert of the Tadousac hatching house, tells Mr. Samuels that Simon Dufour told him that he never saw so many salmon on the spawning grounds for the last twelve years, and that the member of Parliament for Charlevoix told him that the planting of salmon fry in the River Murray was a success. Before the hatching house at Tadousac was built the catch of salmon in Quebec Province was carefully estimated from the partial returns of fishery officers at 1,500,000 pounds. After planting 105,889,000 young fry, the catch for 1902 is given in the commissioner's last report as 985,883 pounds. The season just passed was reported in your columns as the worst ever known. This is also the statement of the veteran angler, Walter M. Brackett, of Boston, who has fished the Ste. Marguerite for the last twenty-five years. In a letter now before me, written last month, he says: "Like many others, my season's sport has been a sad failure—only 9 fish, against 73 last year. I was once an advocate for artificial culture, but I have been forced to change my mind by the total absence of any results. For the last fifteen years from 50,000 to 400,000 young salmon from the Tadousac hatching house have been annually put into my river without any visible results. In fact, there are less fish in the river now than there were ten years ago."

Alfred Ogden, the expert of the Bedford house, in Nova Scotia, reported that "Bedford Basin and Sackville River are each year showing a large increase in salmon; that some had been caught with the fly in the river, and quite a number have been taken in nets in the basin." The father of the present writer served his apprenticeship in Halifax. In his day Bedford Basin and Sackville River were the principal sources of the salmon that supplied the city and garrison. But let us see what this "large increase" is from the planted fry. In the year the hatching house was built, the catch of salmon in Nova Scotia is given in the official report as 1,758,818 pounds. After planting 81,882,500 young salmon, the catch in 1902 was 556,386 pounds. So much for the evidence furnished by expert Alfred Ogden, which is of the same character as that given by expert L. S. Ford, who could distinguish the progeny of the fry from four different rivers!

Mr. Samuels quotes Isaac Sheasgreen, the expert of the Miramichi house as follows: "While considerable evidence could be given to demonstrate the benefits re-

sulting to the waters of Miramichi from the operations of this hatchery, I feel that, as the work of keeping up the supply of salmon has been so thoroughly proved successful, it is needless to adduce any other evidence than that the statements made from all reliable sources show that the salmon fishing and angling during the past year have been well up to the average, and show no signs of decrease." William Sheasgreen, of the same house, informs Mr. Samuels that "it is conceded by nearly all the fishermen of the Miramichi that salmon culture, as carried on here, has been a great factor in supplying the demand that is annually made upon this fishing in these waters." This much for hearsay. Now let us see what the Commissioner's Reports say. That for 1874, before the hatching house was in operation, gives the catch of salmon in New Brunswick as 3,214,182 pounds. After 29,300,000 fry had been planted from the three hatching houses, the catch in 1902 was 1,120,150 pounds. I am quite at a loss to see how experts Sheasgreen have helped the contention of Mr. Samuels.

Mr. H. K. Thomas, the proprietor of a hatching house in Vermont, sends Mr. S. the following: "I am convinced that the planting of salmon fry has been successful. Only a few years ago there were no salmon in Vermont waters. Lake Caspian, Willoughby Lake, and several ponds have been stocked with salmon fry, which have seemed to thrive and are vigorous and healthy stock, and this year many good catches have been made." No data are given as to the number planted in order to furnish the "many good catches" that were made this year, and I can only accept Mr. Thomas's statements with as small grains of salt as my own knowledge of salmon hatching and planting will allow. But I must be permitted to express my great surprise that the fry of *Salmo salar* not only thrived in lakes and ponds along with maskinongé, but, in "a few years gave many good catches"!

Had Mr. Samuels not assured us in previous letters on this subject that nothing could be said to change his convictions, I should hope he would see some difference between the hearsay of interested "experts" and the Department Reports of a Government. To this writer it is passing strange that the mere expression of opinion on matters quite beyond their knowledge is taken by Mr. S. as proof of absurdities. That they are so taken would appear from the following *Io triumphe* with which he concludes his paper: "The above statements show conclusively that The Old Angler is not without a degree of error, * * * and that my claim is correct—that the time and money which have been expended on salmon culture have not been wasted."

No one knows better than Mr. Samuels how seldom salmon fry of six weeks old are seen on the rids, which in the months of April and May are deep under water. Never but once has the present writer seen salmon alevins in their native streams, and then it was but a mere glimpse. To make a comparison as to "health and vigor" between them and the fry artificially hatched was quite beyond his power, and he can only envy those "experts" who have succeeded where he failed. None should know better than Mr. S. that the persons to whom he sent his questions are those least able to answer them, and the least likely if they could to answer them truly. In expecting an expert fish-hatcher to tell him anything depreciating his "science," my friend has shown an amount of *naïveté* that is very refreshing in these days.

THE OLD ANGLER.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Oct. 31.—Editor Forest and Stream: I was very much interested by the note in your issue of October 22, entitled, "Is Salmon Culture Profitable?"

I think I can strengthen the position taken by Mr. Edward A. Samuels, the writer, by detailing certain results which followed the planting of Atlantic salmon in the Delaware River.

In the early '70s, Thaddeus C. Norris and a number of other enthusiastic fishermen planted several thousand Atlantic salmon fry in the tributaries of the Delaware River near Easton, Pa. I think the total number planted in two years was 50,000. The eggs were hatched in New York State. Although it consequently transpired that the tributaries of the Delaware River in which these fish were placed were not the most favorable waters, a number of salmon lived and returned to the Delaware River. Probably thirty or forty were caught, but at the time the experiment was considered to be unsuccessful.

About 1890, the late Henry C. Ford, then President of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, planted several thousand fry in tributaries of the Delaware River in Pike and Wayne counties on the Pennsylvania side. In 1895 more than \$5,000 worth of Atlantic salmon were caught in the nets between the head of the Delaware Bay and Trenton. In 1896 and 1897 I planted several thousand more fry. The result has been that since quite a number of salmon have been caught in the nets of the shad fishermen, and one year it was estimated that nearly \$3,000 worth were captured.

It should be stated that before the fry had been planted by Thaddeus C. Norris and his friends, salmon was absolutely unknown in the Delaware River. The experiments of Mr. Norris, Mr. Ford, and myself have demonstrated very clearly that by persistent stocking the Delaware River can be made a fine salmon stream. I myself saw several salmon in one day in a large pool near Dingman's Ferry, and a number of dead spent salmon have been found in tributaries of the Delaware along the Pike and Wayne county lines within the last six or seven years.

With the results which have been achieved by Pennsylvania and New York States and the United States through stocking with fish reared in hatcheries, it is astonishing that there can be any man living to-day to question the value of stocking.

W. E. MEEHAN,
Commissioner of Fisheries.

Another 100 Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

105

THE Moundville mound found by Joseph Tomlinson when deer hunting. See the description on another page.

Grilse and Other Fish.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your last issue Mr. Brown comments on my little sketch of "Grilse on a Trout Rod" in such a kindly and sympathetic way as to take any sting out of his very courteously expressed suggestion that my reference to trout, bass, and other fish may be hasty and inaccurate in substance and unkind in form, and that further experience would modify my opinion and lead me to express it more gently. Differences of opinion must arise on such matters, and they are too often stated without Mr. Brown's charm of manner and feeling. I am certain that the gentleman is a true fisherman, and a good one; and, in the name of our sainted Izaak Walton, I tender him the right hand of fellowship.

The true fisherman reverences and admires all the finny tribe, sees good in them all, and earnestly seeks the company of those he may find. He will revel with the salmon, rejoice with the trout, be delighted with bass, and pleased with pike, and, if denied the fairer and nobler of the race, can take comfort even in catfish. He will fish wherever and whenever possible, and be happy in doing so; but he may and must have preferences, and take greater proportionate joy as his quarry displays more and more of the dashing qualities which the title "game" denotes. John Stuart Mill says that the price of any commodity is fixed by a combination of the two factors "value in use and difficulty of attainment," and in matters of sport the latter element greatly predominates, for certainly the fact that fish and game are good on the table has but a very small part in creating the strong passion that all sportsmen feel for their pursuit. Hope, uncertainty, surprise, and the full exercise of all powers of mind and body in the struggle for success, are surely the main causes for never failing charm of angling; fish are esteemed in the relative proportion in which each variety brings these passions and these powers into keen and energetic action, and I know of no form of sport that does this so completely as fly-fishing for salmon.

The value of any fisherman's opinion, as to the relative merit of the various forms of his cherished sport, must depend on the extent and variety of his experience, and I see no way of proving that my own has any worth except that of modestly stating what I have seen and done. I am a fisherman by inheritance and family tradition, with a personal experience of over forty years, during the last thirty of which I have been devoted to the artificial fly; not that I despise or feel myself in any way superior to brothers of the angle who are addicted to other forms of the lure, but that the fly suits me best. I have taken thousands of speckled trout, from fingerlings up to four pounds in New England, the Alleghenies, the Adirondacks, the Rockies, Ontario, Quebec, and elsewhere; have caught *Purpuratus* in Colorado, *Irideus* in the West, and in Michigan grayling in the Ausable and Manistee, and small-mouth bass in countless places, best and largest in the wild waters around the upper Ottawa. I have trolled for bluefish outside of Sandy Hook, and caught them, together with Spanish mackerel and "sea trout," so-called, on light tackle in Florida; and last, and best of all, I have taken grilse in Newfoundland. Large salmon are as yet unknown to my personal experience, but if all goes as planned, there will be a story to tell about them next summer.

All this finny prey I esteem and delight in, and hope to meet again and again, and do not love the others less because I love the salmon more. Each has its merits and its peculiar charm, but the salmon has the merits and charms of all the rest and in a higher degree. He is bold and brave as a bass, and, like him, leaps and surges; wary and wily as a trout, and, like him, dashes and runs; graceful and gay as a grayling, fierce as a bluefish, and more beautiful than either. They are the nobles of Piscia, and he is its King.

A. ST. J. NEWBERRY.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Oct. 22.

As It Is in Africa.

UNITED STATES MINISTER LYON writes from Monrovia, Liberia, under date of June 8:

I have just returned from a trip into the territory. The objective point was Dobbles Island, but the annual rise of the creeks and rivers rendered travel difficult, and we were compelled to end our journey at Kpondia Hill, the site of an important native town, the entrance to which lies hidden in a dense forest.

The Gree-Gree and Devil Bushes are secret institutions for the moral, social and religious development of the youths of both sexes. The head of the Gree-Gree Bush is called a Zoah and the head of the Devil Bush a Country Devil. The term devil has not the same significance as in our language. The location of these bushes or lodges is in the thickest of the woods. The paths leading to them are labyrinthine. Every precaution is taken to keep the uninitiated away. The weird tales told by the natives themselves, and the air of mystery which is made to surround everything which relates to them, are sufficient to guard the curious from approach. Yet, lest some man should stray accidentally into the entrance, a white cloth is tied on the tip of a pole at the head of the path as a danger signal. This is always sufficient warning. These bushes are the most popular institutions in West Africa among the non-Christian natives. Their purpose in the main is an exalted one. The Gree-Gree Bush is pledged to the preparation of maidens for their life work. It instructs them in the secrets of womanhood as well as the principles of their religion. So impressive are these lessons that Christianity itself is said to be powerless to remove the impressions in after life. The purity of those trained by them is vouched for. As a safeguard men are strictly forbidden not only to enter the lodge, but to be found anywhere in the vicinity of one. Disobedience is a grave offense. The penalty is death, and there is seldom any escape. Poison is administered by a relative if necessary to carry out the intention of the Zoah.

All the game laws and fish laws of the United States and Canada are given in the "Game Laws in Brief."



CANOEING



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Secretary-Treasurer—John Sears Wright, 519 West Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

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cinnati, O.; Dr. H. L. Frost, 10 Howard St., Cleveland, O.
Board of Governors—Henry C. Morse, Peoria, Ill.

How to Join the A. C. A.

From Chapter I., Section 1, of the By-Laws of the A. C. A.:
"Application for membership shall be made to the Secretary,
and shall be accompanied by the recommendation of an active
member and by the sum of two dollars, one dollar as entrance
fee and one dollar as dues for the current year, to be refunded
in case of non-election of the applicant."

In Canoe and Camp.

BY C. E. NOXON.

THERE were seven of us in the party originally, as we discussed the matter during the chill and bleak months of the winter, and each one promised, with all the seriousness of candor, that he would surely be a member on the projected trip. But Beck and I, who had brought the subject before our friends, had come to have a pretty fair understanding of the promises that spring so effusively from exuberant youth, and so were not surprised to see, as the summer dragged along, that the gentlemen who were so lavish in their assurances several months previous, began quietly to steal away, until there was nothing left of the party except the promoters. We were disappointed, but not dismayed; and according to schedule, we stepped aboard the steamer at Charlotte one beautiful morning in the month of August, bound for the Kewartha Lakes in Canada. On the boat we ran across an old friend, Fred Farber, who was making for a haven of refuge far from the maddening crowd and the torments of hay fever. We unfolded our plans, and enlisted him on the spot. At Young's Point we found the guide, Elliott Robinson, in waiting with two canoes and a complete camping outfit, which consisted of a tent, 7 by 7; ridge ropes and stakes; one rubber blanket 6 feet square, two small flannel blankets and two heavy blankets, a lantern, two small axes, a frying pan, two cooking pails, an assortment of tin dishes, knives, forks and spoons for four. Our provisions, which we secured at the store in Young's Point, I copy exactly as it came from the grocer: 1½ pecks potatoes, 4 pounds lard, 3 pounds butter, salt and pepper, 5 dozen eggs, ½ dozen boxes sardines, 1 pound black tea, 4 pounds sugar, 1 cake soap, 3 boxes soda crackers, 2 cans pork and beans, 2 loaves bread, 10 pounds bacon.

In addition to the above, we each carried a rain coat and a supply of clean clothes in two rubber duffel bags.

On the following Monday morning we put the canoes and supplies aboard the steamer Majestic, and were soon bowling along the beautiful sheet of water known as Clear Lake. It was a most auspicious day for the start—not a cloud in the sky, and the sun shone clear and warm. At McCracken's Landing we disembarked, loaded the canoes, and in a few moments dipped our paddles for a ten-mile pull up Stony Lake to Eel River, our first camping place. Too much cannot be said in praise of the scenery of Stony Lake. It is a counterpart in miniature of the vast and beautiful Thousand Island region. The lake, circular in shape, is studded with hundreds of islands of all sizes, from the little granite rock bare of vegetation, to the large boulders of earth and rock from whose freckled bosom springs the stately spruce; magnificent timberlands stretch along the eastern borders of the lake; off to the north as far as the eye can reach, rise the hazy heights of

the Blue Mountains, while nearer by on the western shore towers the verdure-clad Mt. Julian, at whose base, nestling in a beautiful valley that slopes gently to the water's edge, lies "beautiful Viamede," a favorite resort of American tourists.

In between the islands we shot the canoes, stopping here and there to marvel at the wonders of the great rocks and imposing cliffs, or pausing under the shadowy branches of some overhanging tree to rest and smoke. At length the guide, who was laying the course, made a sharp turn under the lee of an island, and in an instant we opened up a little reach of water bewitchingly lined on either side by great drooping trees, whose splendid foliage canopied the stream, and made a delightful retreat from the burning rays of the sun. Idly paddling along the sylvan stream, we soon came to a little cove, into which leaped the waters of Eel River, sending the spray in all directions. Here we disembarked and unpacked our duffel. The guide soon had a rousing fire going, and in a short time we sat down to a dinner of fried eggs, bacon, boiled potatoes, bread, butter and tea. A few peaceful moments with the after-dinner pipes, and then we proceeded to stretch the tent in a delightful pine-embowered spot only a few yards from where the river plunges over the rocks in its tumultuous course to Stony Lake. Then Beck and the guide paddled out into Stony for an afternoon's fishing, while Farber and I remained in the cove to try our luck. About as fast as we threw in the lines, those ravenous little sunfish, that are to be found everywhere there is water, would grab the bait and make off with it, and finally becoming tired of feeding to these undersized specimens worms that we had lugged all the way from Young's Point, we were on the point of going ashore, when some monster of the deep took my hook and started for home with a rush that nearly upset the canoe. Instantly all was excitement. I gave out the line, while Farber gave out instructions.

"Keep a tight line on him," said he; "don't let him double on you. I guess we don't eat to-night, eh?"

All the time the fish was fighting like a savage; the reel wouldn't work; the line had become tangled, and in the general confusion, we were in imminent danger of a capsizing. I shifted my position slightly to steady the canoe; the line slackened, and the bass shot two feet in the air. It was certainly a beautiful specimen, and I redoubled my efforts to land him. Again he broke water, and again Farber shouted his admonition to play him carefully. Swish, swish, first this way, then that, the bass darted around in a frantic endeavor to shake the hook; but slowly and surely I was working him nearer to the boat. We had no landing net, but Fred volunteered to gather him in with his cap, and was just reaching over the side to see how it would work, when there was an extra vicious tug, and the line parted. I stared helplessly at my companion, while he became suddenly interested in the scenery. I waited for him to uncork the vials of his wrath, but with a resignation worthy of a better cause, he only sighed and said, "Too bad," although I knew he had it in his heart to annihilate me then and there. We paddled ashore and rigged up another pole, but got no more strikes that day, and Farber's hopes for a fish fry were fast ebbing away, when our camp mates came in with a couple of three-pounders.

After supper Beck and I shouldered the axes and despoiled about a score of fine spruce trees of their umbrageous adornment for the more comfortable repose of our weary bones. We first piled the boughs to the depth of a foot or so on the ground in the tent, over which was spread the rubber blanket; on the latter we laid a couple of flannel blankets, and over these as a covering for ourselves, we placed a large thick hunting blanket. This arrangement afforded us ample protection from any dampness of the earth or sudden cold wave during the night, while the boughs offered a resiliency refreshing and restful alike to the tired body. Farber kicked a little the next morning, on the mattresses, sarcastically remarking that somebody had been a bit too enthusiastic in clipping off boughs and cut down a young tree, for it lay athwart his back all night. For pillows we used the kneeling cushions from the canoes thrown over the duffel bags. The lantern was suspended from the ridge rope, and this completed our work of putting the house to rights for the night.

Then we stirred up the fire, grouped ourselves around it, and with the pipes drawing well, stories piscatorial and otherwise were reeled off, until it seemed that conscience itself had abdicated. At length as the embers burned low and the night air became more chill, we crawled in under the blankets, to be wooed to pleasant slumber by the aromatic odors of balsam and the ceaseless murmuring of the tumbling waters.

We arose early the next morning, and after ablutions in the rapids and a hearty breakfast, we portaged over the rocks to an upper reach of Eel River, and thence paddled through three or four miles of wild and desolate region to the foot of High Falls. It was a dull, gray morning, and a drizzling rain seemed imminent—conditions which only heightened the bleak and forbidding aspect of the scenery. There was hardly a sound to break the morning stillness, except the occasional knocking of the paddle against the canoe, or the faint screeching of a crow far off in the distant woods. The water of the stream seemed black as ink, as we glided over its waveless surface, our trolling lines out for some unsuspecting lunge, an insult in itself to think he would inhabit such a murky stream. After portaging three times over rocks and through marshes that seemed to bid defiance to our labors, we finally arrived at the falls. Here the river makes a long and rocky descent of some six hundred feet, forming a beautiful cascade, and the view more than atones for the trouble

and time spent in reaching it. We put in an enjoyable hour of rest, and then paddled slowly back to camp, shooting some small rapids on the return by way of diversion and devilment. As it still lacked several hours of dinner time, Beck and I decided to try the lateen rig, which had not yet been used. We spread the sail out on the grass, and it looked large enough for a half-rater. We had been used to knocking around with a bat wing, but this big three-cornered rig seemed like a spinnaker. However, we were not to be balked in our determination, and forthwith put on our bathing suits. Then we clamped on the crossbar, which fitted on the gunwales just forward of the first thwart; on either side were suspended the iron leeboards, fastened by kingpins. Then we stepped the mast. On the top of this there is a pin which is clutched by a ring in the gaff of the main sail, while on the main boom there is a jawhook which fits around the mast, thus holding the sail firmly to the spar. To douse the sail, all that is necessary to do is to pull aft on the main sheet, the jaw slips, the mast and the whole canvas is scandalized in a second. We went through a preliminary drill in the cove, with Beck as skipper and myself as crew. Elliott said there was a store on the other side of Stony, and we decided to sail over and get some milk. We paddled out into the lake for a battle with the elements. The elements were there all right. We got a broadside from old Boreas that laid us over in jig time. It didn't quite upset us, but we were just as scared as though it had. Beck quickly shot the canoe up into the wind, and we lay to for a council of war. After getting our bearings, we concluded to lay the course on a diagonal, which would necessitate a buck into the wind, but which would be much safer than reaching, and we were in no hurry—to get wet. After a while, becoming more accustomed to the working of the sail, we became absolutely reckless, and more than once escaped a tip-over by pig-headed, unalloyed luck. When we got back to camp, Farber, who had been watching us from a distant island, remarked that in his opinion we were but one degree removed from downright idiocy; that he had never before seen such crazy sailing. We told him it was the most exhilarating sport yet, and invited him to go out with us in the afternoon. He declined the invitation with sulphuric emphasis, and said he wouldn't chance our seamanship in a swimming pool 10 by 15 feet in an airtight building.

After dinner that day there was little doing. We loafed around camp, smoked, played cards and slept. About 5 o'clock the guide and Beck went out after bass, while Fred and I amused ourselves catching minnows on a line. That evening as we were sitting down to supper, a skiff glided into the cove poled by a middle-aged, white-haired man, nattily gotten up in white ducks, white negligee, white hat and white canvas shoes. If he had come in after dark, he probably would have received a fusillade of bullets, so ghost-like did he appear. But as he did not, he was welcomed with that urbanity so characteristic of our camp. He was the owner of the island and cottage at the mouth of Eel River in Stony, and said his name was Grabbe. He and his wife occupied the cottage alone, and he had come over to invite us to spend the evening with them, and added, that he thought it would be worth our while. That "worth our while" was what caught Farber, and on behalf of the company he accepted the kind old gentleman's invitation, and said we would be over after supper. Farber went into the tent, and after rummaging around for a few minutes, dug up a collar, not exactly—well, it was linen anyway, and he straightway put it on. Beck combed his hair, while Elliott and I made no attempt to conceal our identity.

Arrived at the cottage, Mr. G. presented us to his wife, a very gracious and entertaining lady. We ranged ourselves on the porch and passed on from such pleasant topics as the weather and beauty of Stony Lake to the more dignified and intellectual subjects of home rule and the speed of automobiles. We lingered a while and then, thanking our hosts profusely, departed into the great solemn night. After arriving at the camp, Elliott dragged out a half dozen big pine stumps, piled them high one on the other at the water's edge, and in a few moments the heavens were red with the glare of the blazing knots. We got out the cards and played a few games of pedro on the rocks, and then silently sought our respective resting places on the balsam twigs.

But somehow I could not sleep. Try as I would, I could not woo the goddess of slumber a little bit. I tried lying on my right side, and then on my left, and at every turn uncovering my immediate neighbor and incidentally some fierce invective. Even the musical notes of the laughing water and the lay of the whip-poorwill failed to cast the magic spell, and at last, exhausted by my efforts and stifled by the close air of the tent, I arose quietly and stepped outside. I sauntered down to the water's edge, sniffing with keen delight the exhilarating ozone and contemplating with enraptured eyes the solemn splendors of the night. Save for the melody of the gurgling waters and the occasional notes of the nightbirds, all was quiet. The stately pines reared their tapering heads against the sky sombre and still, unmoved by the slightest breeze; the graceful contour of the cove was marked by the silvery sheen of the moon, while the foam-crested ripples of the rapids glinted and gleamed in a rhapsody of color. I lit my pipe, and sitting down beside the water, I thought of other days, of the days, when untrammelled by law, the red man was wont to roam the forest and paddle the streams. And in my imagination I was carried back far beyond the pale of an enlightened age, back to the time when the great forces of civilization were yet unknown. Touched by the magic wand of fancy, the

past rose before me like a dream. I saw the steamboats with their great stacks belching huge clouds of smoke and their paddles churning the placid bosom of the lake, fade away in the golden sunset of another era; I saw the beautiful cottages that stand so majestically on the rocky isles, transformed to the teepee of a barbarous age; I saw the handsome canoes of the present day merge into the little bark that floated graceful as a swan under the deft and skillful stroke of the savage; I saw the camp-fires along the shores and the weird and uncanny figures that danced and howled around them in a frenzy of fanaticism; I followed the red man on the hunt, and sat by his side, as he drew the struggling fish from the stream; I saw him steal softly out in his canoe and paddle to a friendly camp, there to woo the dusky maiden of his heart. And I thought that, after all, he knew how to live. Savage though he was, he knew the secret of happiness, and contentment was his lot. When he arose in the morning, just as the tender light of dawn was purpling the distant hills, he knew that he had not to face the stern realities of business. The rise and fall of stocks; the petty quibbling, confusion and consternation everywhere found in the busy marts of trade; social caste, and the worthless badge of distinction were alike unknown to him. The surge and swell of ambition, that sea upon whose rocky shores lie stranded the fortunes of the many great, did not agitate his bosom, while over the great domains of forest and stream hung no limitation of the law. Free and unrestrained, he was close to nature's heart—he was a partner of nature. He hunted, fished and tilled the soil, and the smoke curling upward from his pipe was like incense of gratitude to the Great Spirit. And as the lengthening shadows fell across the land, twilight faded into gloom, he retired to his wigwam to sleep the dreamless slumber that comes from perfect health.

The next day had been selected as moving day, but as the weather was very threatening, a general demurrer was entered against breaking camp. However, after breakfast, although the sky was still overcast, there was no rain forthcoming, and as we were anxious to get into Lovesick Lake, it was decided to run chances of getting wet and strike out. Accordingly the tent was quickly taken down and rolled, the duffle packed, and with a last, long, lingering, loving look at the beautiful cove, we dipped our paddles and were off for Lovesick. There was a strong wind sweeping down Stony, but by hugging in back of islands and working like hired men in the open reaches, we managed to make good headway, and in a couple of hours we swung into the charming bay on which are located the big summer hotels of Mt. Julian and Viamede. Here we stopped to write some letters and lay in a few stores, and then we were off again. By this time Phoebus had triumphed over the hosts of clouds, and his shafts of gold glimmered joyously on the dancing waters as we sped noiselessly along the devious paths that lead to Burleigh Falls, where we stopped for dinner.

The scenery around Burleigh is magnificent. Numbers of little islands thickly covered with trees and underbrush, picturesque ravines and yawning chasms, at whose bottoms percolate little streams that look like ribbons of water from the dizzy heights above, all contribute to the entrancing beauty. Great cliffs of clay and granite hang menacingly over the water, and instinctively you guide the canoe further out into the stream as you drift along. And rocks, rocks everywhere. Burleigh proper is a riot of rocks; little rocks and big rocks; shapely rocks and ugly rocks; the ground is covered with them; the walks are lined with them; acres and acres of rocks, where not even a blade of grass can get a foothold, and where no green thing is ever seen except the moss that freckles and patches the stony waste.

Here the guide sought out a man with a horse and wagon, who, for a nominal number of shekels and a phenomenal number of drinks, was persuaded to transport our canoes and duffle over the hill to Lovesick Lake; and once into this body of water, we struck out for Squirrel Island, about two miles from Burleigh. Fortunately, we found an ideal camping spot on the island, and from appearances a party had just vacated it. There was a rustic table, with seats, a fireplace and a good supply of firewood. We soon had the tent up, fresh balsam boughs cut, and in an hour the camp was replete with all the comforts of home. Then Elliott and Farber went out trolling for 'lunge, while Beck and I amused ourselves chasing scores of impudent little red squirrels away from camp, and finally, tiring of this sport, we went for a ramble around the island. Lovesick Lake is not a large body of water, being about two and a half miles long by a little over a mile in width. Just above our island, not over half a mile away, the waters of Deer Bay come rushing down into Lovesick in a series of rapids, whose roar boomed down to us on a clear night with the thunder of a young Niagara. There is an old Indian legend connected with these rapids to the effect that a white man, enamored of an Indian princess, was coming one day down from Deer Bay to see his bronzed Dulcinea, and the canoe, not speeding along fast enough to suit the primeval Lothario, he essayed to take the rapids at a jump. He was seen no more, and the princess, in the first wild throes of her grief, rushed to the brink of the stream that had claimed her lover, and with a wild cry of anguish and despair, cast herself far out into the seething billows, thus completing a double tragedy that has given the name of Lovesick to the relentless waters.

After mouching around the island for a while, we returned to camp for a pipe and novel, and to await the return of the guide and Farber. After supper we dragged all the available driftwood to the water's edge, and stacking up the logs in a kind of a lean-to structure, a roaring bonfire soon illuminated the surrounding islands and water for half a mile. There is always something fascinating about a fire, whether it be a ten-story block burning in sardonic defiance of the heroic efforts of firemen, or the little fires of leaves kindled by children in early autumn. Grown persons are drawn by some strange and irresistible force to contemplate the former with eager and expectant eyes, just as the youth in childish glee circles around the latter. And so were we, as the long tongues of flame shot upward from the pyramidal pyre, attracted by the

crackling logs as they emitted huge sparks, which floated off far beyond the borders of illumination. In the glare of the flames, nature took on a weird and grotesque appearance; the trees, bathed in the lurid light, seemed painted by the disappearing rays of the setting sun, their Titanic shadows merging in the gloom, while the waters of the lake shone with phosphorescent brilliancy.

That night, shortly after we had retired, the wind came up, and gathering force with each succeeding gust, it soon took on the dimensions of a small hurricane. The trees swayed and creaked under the mighty influence; the tent strained at the ropes as though anxious to free itself and float away on the wings of the racing gale, while the waves threw themselves with tremendous impact upon the rocky shore. All night long the wind howled, and when the morning broke, it was still blowing. So strong were the gusts that it seemed rather uncertain whether we would be able to get breakfast or not; but Elliott, in his own ingenious way, soon had a wind-proof fireplace constructed, which enabled him to cook without mixing miscellaneous pieces of leaves, dead wood and other incredible atoms into the food; and then we rigged up a wind shield for the table. After the morning meal, Farber, with his customary sarcasm, suggested that it would be a good time for Beck and me to go out on a sail-stretching trip; but one glance at the angry waves sweeping down the lake was enough to check any enthusiasm we may have had in that direction, and as it was far more comfortable inside the tent, we beguiled the morning hours in a game of poker.

There is a psychological side to poker that simply baffles all attempts at explanation. The one that feigns the most ignorance of the game usually gets away with the largest stakes, and the man that plays most cautiously is sure to suffer the greatest loss. And there was no brilliant exception to this rule that morning. How long the game would have continued heaven only knows, but it came to an abrupt end after Farber, who had been endeavoring for two hours to get something better than a pair of nines, suddenly flashed three queens on Elliott, who was the only one in. The latter said he had only two pair, and Farber in an uncontrollable burst of glee, started to rake in the pot, when Elliott's two pair manifested themselves in the shape of four kings. Then Farber said he had a wife and several small children dependent on him at home and withdrew from the game.

After dinner, Elliott and I paddled down to Burleigh for the mail, and on the return trip, we got in back of some islands, where the water was comparatively smooth, and managed to hook a few bass, for which our appetites were sharpened to a fine edge by the paddle against a fierce headwind. The wind, increasing along toward sundown, made it dangerous to build the customary bonfire, so we retired to the tent for our evening smoke, and as we sat there puffing our pipes, and listening to the raging storm and the pounding of the surf, some one casually mentioned the fact that he had noticed a number of good-sized black snakes crawling around the island that day, which put Elliott in a reminiscent mood. He said that not many years ago he spent a winter logging in the Georgian Bay district, and one night, in company with two others, while going down a river in a double-oared boat to visit another camp, the man in the bow of the boat suddenly gave a low startled cry. Instinctively the other two rested on their oars, and directing their gaze toward their companion, were horrified to see two small green balls of fire about two feet above the water and not over a hundred feet away, coming toward them. In a flash they put the boat around, and straining at every nerve and muscle, they made for home as fast as two strong men can row, but at every sweep of the oars it seemed as though those glittering eyes were gaining on them. Fortunately their camp was only a few hundred feet away, and by the liveliest kind of work they reached it just as the monster seemed to raise half his body from the water and dart forward in a final effort to strike the boat.

"You can better believe," said Elliott in conclusion, "that we didn't lose any time in getting to the cabin, and we didn't come out all night again either."

"What was it?" I asked innocently.

"Snake!" replied Elliott, with some asperity, "and twenty-five feet long if he was an inch, with a body as big around as a young sapling."

Now, I don't like to contradict a snake story any more than I do a fish story, and as I had heard Elliott spin that same yarn two years before, using the same locale and details, I recognized that to question him further would simply inspire within his truthful breast some sort of vague unrest, that, while sedulous in attention, we were not credulous in retention. And satisfied that this story had met with the profound respect due and accorded to old age, he again lit his pipe, actually and figuratively, and gave us a few more personal memoirs of logging days, in the course of which he told what a predilection snakes had for a warm place on a cold night, and especially how fond they were of crawling in under tents and anchoring alongside the campers—that often he had awakened in the morning and found a six-foot snake reposing peacefully and unconcernedly by his side. And with such naïveté did he relate these interesting anecdotes, that at the conclusion of the entertainment, I was not quite certain whether I would lodge at the tent or put up at Burleigh Falls Hotel for the night. If that hostelry had been a mile or two nearer, I am reasonably sure that my name would have gone on the register.

The next morning the wind continued unabated. We had already begun to chafe under the restraint of being cooped up on the island, and Beck dared me to try out the lateen in the gale. I accepted the proposition, and Farber allowed that he would go down to see the fun. We towed the canoe around to the lee of the island, I slipped the gaff ring on to the mast pin; Farber, the imbecile, shoved us off, the jawhook slipped the mast, a puff of wind hit the sail, the main sheet was free, and about the most ridiculous looking craft ever seen was ours. That sail was carried forward and draped itself around the mast in loving embrace, and every time the wind got at it, the little canoe trembled from stem to gudgeon. Finally Beck got it headed back to the

island, where Farber was doubled up in a paroxysm of laughter. He seemed a little disappointed because we didn't capsizes, but, barring that, the programme was all that could be desired. Then we made another start, this time attending to the shoving off process ourselves, and catching the wind dead astern, we flew down the lake at racehorse speed. Swinging out into the main channel, we discovered the Ogeemah, a big lake steamer, bearing down on us not a hundred feet away. Directly in her path we laid our course, while hundreds of excursionists crowded forward on her decks to view the race. Over the heaving billows went that canoe, leaping forward with the agility of a greyhound propelled by the mighty force from the cave of Æolus, and at every bound she fell slap into the waves, jarring skipper and crew in lively fashion. A stone logging crib rose suddenly in our course and seemed in grave danger of being split in twain, but the trained eye of the man at the helm, missed it by a fraction of an inch and no time was lost. By it we flew, the sail bellying out in a mighty effort to do or die, and tugging like a demon at the main sheet, which I had twisted tightly around my hand, not daring to snub it to the thwart lest a sudden gybe should knock us over. Presently the deep-throated notes of the Ogeemah's whistle resounded on the morning air.

"What does that mean—Burleigh Falls, or get out of the way?" I asked, turning half around.

"Blamed if I know," yelled the skipper, "and care less. Trim in on the sheet a little."

I looked back. The Ogeemah was still a good hundred feet away. I trimmed in slightly, and the little craft seemed fairly to skirt the troubled bosom of the lake. Directly for the narrows that lead to Burleigh and which would mark the finish line, she poked her razor-edged prow in open defiance of the measured panting of the monster following swiftly in her wake.

"Get ready to douse sail," yelled the skipper, as we drew near the narrows and prepared to hike under cover. "Be lively, now! Slack away! Steady, there! Now drop the jaw." And quickly he brought the little shell up into the wind. Down went the sail and up went our caps on the ends of the paddles. We had outstripped the fast Ogeemah.

It took us the rest of the forenoon to paddle that canoe back to Squirrel Island, and after dinner it was a clear case of an afternoon's rest.

It was now getting along toward the fag end of our camping trip, and so the following morning (Saturday) we packed up and made an early start for Clear Lake, the scene of our last camp. The heavy wind still prevailed, but we were going with it, so it made no material difference. At Burleigh, of course, we had to portage, and as it was down-hill work, Elliott opined that we might just as well do it ourselves. He said the proper way was for each man to put one end of the canoe on his shoulder and stroll down hill, and then come back and get the duffle. And by way of illustration, he and Farber started off with their canoe. So Beck and I tried it, and we didn't get any further. When I at last got one end of the canoe on my shoulder, it felt as though it was made of pig iron (the canoe, not the shoulder). We walked about ten feet—not more than that—and every foot seemed a mile, and when it became a case of having my collar bone sawed in two or my legs buckle under me, I very gently and very firmly refused to become a party to my own maiming and forthwith deposited my end of the boat on the rocky ground with just a little more force than elegance. When the idyllic pastime of canoeing resolves itself into horny-handed labor, all the gentler instincts of my soul rise in solemn protest. I am no Atlas. So when Farber and Elliott came back I said we would carry the duffle down—it would necessitate two or three trips, but we didn't mind—we liked exercise—and they could tote the canoes.

An hour or so was spent at Burleigh taking snaps at the scenery and schnapps at the hotel, and then we shoved off for Clear Lake. Going down the splendid reach of water that stretches from Burleigh to Stony Lake, by stepping a paddle well forward and bending a raincoat over it, we were able to skim along faster than our companions could paddle. Farber said, why not use the sail, but we had no consuming passion for breaking out a lateen rig with a boat full of provisions.

In Clear Lake, however, we bucked into the nastiest sea ever experienced by any of us. The waves were rolling in long, foam-crested combers, and the wind was making it lively for everything it could reach. And for the first time in my life, the charms and pleasures of canoeing did not appear to me as they had so often done before. It is all very well to float gently and lazily along the winding course of some romantic stream 'neath the great overhanging trees, whose interlacing branches cast fairy shadows in the pellucid waters; it is all very well to dip your paddle nonchalantly by the side of the canoe and feel the bark glide forward as though propelled by some unseen power, but it is quite another thing to be out in the middle of a lake with the water boiling all around you and every other wave climbing into your lap. You glance at the landscape and pick out some object by which to mark the progress of the boat. You paddle industriously for ten minutes and ten look around to see how far you have gone, and you find yourself still abreast the mark. Then you look back at the man in the stern, as much as to say, "Well, what's the matter with your working a little?" And the only response you get from him is advice in no uncertain language to face about and dig in. Half the time, as you dip your paddle, it sinks into the great trough of the sea, and the lurch you give nearly upsets the canoe. It is like going upstairs in the dark and forgetting where the last step is, your foot suddenly plumps down with great force and you clutch wildly at the nearest thing to save yourself.

Somewhat in this manner, and by dint of hard work, we slowly made our way across Clear Lake and ran the noses of the canoes upon the sandy beach. And here, on the grassy plot of an eminence overlooking the lake, near the blackened ruins of what was once a handsome cottage, we pitched the tent for the last camp of our outing. A few yards away a sparkling spring scintillated in the sunlight, and for the first time in a week we enjoyed the luxury of a cold drink.

And as we looked about, involuntary expressions of rapture escaped from our lips on the beauty of the scene; the clearing on the edge of the forest, carpeted with closely cropped grass; the handsome white bark of the birch trees and the magnificent expanse of Clear Lake stretching away to the south and east, fringed on all sides by dense woodlands, made a picture worthy the brush of a master. But some day all this will be changed. Where now stand the silent sentinels of the forest will be many cottages, and the thick, and tangled underbrush, together with the stones that line the beach, must give way to handsome lawns and ample docks. And where to-day are seen the vagrant sails of rude design, and boats that tell of the craft of long ago, will be noticed the splendid models of the present age.

Sunday morning broke fair and warm. The heavy wind that had for three days raged and roared, had departed for other regions, and hardly a breath of air was stirring as we lazily emerged from the tent at the good old Sunday hour of 9 o'clock. Elliott said it was against the law to fish on Sunday in Canada, but nevertheless went down to the old broken pier, and soon came back with a couple of 2-pound bass for breakfast. There was something positively uncanny about that guide. He would take a bit of a worm or a chub and go and fish right where we had been fishing for hours without getting a strike, and in a minute or two yank out a big black bass. Farber and I fished on every side of that pier, and even up and down the lake for quarter of a mile, and caught nothing but sunfish and perch, and yet Elliott took a couple of worms and came back with two large bass. We asked him to let us in on the scheme, and after pledging us to strictest secrecy, said it was "personal magnetism," information which of course we will treasure all our lives.

After breakfast Farber and Beck, following a time-honored custom, went in bathing. Elliott sneaked off to the other side of the lake, while I busied myself in elaborate preparations for the removal of a six days' growth of beard. With the aid of a little hot water and American family soap, a razor that Farber swore by and the rest of us at, and a two by four pocket mirror hung up in a tree, I was enabled to cut down the hirsute adornment quite materially, and at the same time preserve enough of my features to be recognized when the gang got back.

That noon, just as we were gathering around the festive board for the last al fresco meal, and in fitting acquiescence of the demands of the occasion, who should step calmly out of the thicket and interpose her ample form on our front yard but a gentle, sad-

eyed mooley cow. In an instant the guide was at her side, and a few moments later a large earthen bowl filled to the brim with rich warm milk, graced the center of the dinner table. For a long time we lingered over the meal, loath to think it must be the last, recounting the varied experiences, and congratulating ourselves on the success and enjoyment of the trip. We had been favored with fine weather; no mishaps had been met with; our health perfect; Farber had not had a touch of hay fever, and, all things considered, we were elated over the outing. And, to the man who would break away from the cares and trials of a busy life, even though for but a few days; to him who would seek the rejuvenation that comes from the free and generous hand of nature, let him do as we did. Let him go and dwell among the pines—beside the stream—amid pleasant surroundings that charm the eye and satisfy the soul; let him feel the health-giving breezes play upon his sun-kissed brow, and enjoy the blessings of a keen appetite, waited upon by perfect digestion; let him lie down under the great starry dome of heaven, and be lulled to tranquil slumber by rushing waters mingled with the piping of the birds of night, and he will come back flushed with health, and with mind and conscience as serene as the coming of the dawn.

Meeting of the A. C. A. Board of Governors.

THE regular stated meeting of the Board of Governors of the American Canoe Association was held at the Irondequoit Canoe Club house, Irondequoit Bay, N. Y., on October 15 last. President Robert J. Wilkin, of the Atlantic Division, presiding.

There were also present Commodore C. F. Wolters, John N. MacKendrick, of Northern Division, W. W. Crosby, proxy for Paul Butler, of Eastern Division, and Charles P. Forbush, of Central Division. No word was received from H. C. Morse, of the Western Division. Mr. Forbush acted as recorder.

Reports were received from Mr. Butler and Commodore Wolters regarding matters referred to them.

The president reported that there were balances of \$374.13 in the Reserve Fund and \$435 in the Permanent Life Membership Fund.

An apparent deficit of about \$230 appeared in the report of the administration of 1904, but it was thought this would be offset by a sale of assets on hand, and this was authorized.

Frederick G. Mather, of Albany, N. Y., was unanimously elected treasurer of the association.

The following resolution was then passed:

WHEREAS, The Board of Governors estimate the prob-

able receipts of the secretary-treasurer for 1905 to be as follows: Atlantic Division, \$60; Central Division, \$175; Eastern Division, \$100; Northern Division, \$15; Western Division, \$10; camp dues, \$150. Total, \$510.

Resolved, That the commodore may expend 85 per cent. of this amount for all expenses of the year, and he shall pay 15 per cent. remaining to the Board of Governors. In the event of his receipts being in excess of this estimated amount, he may expend all of such excess as he may deem best for the association. In case the receipts from all sources do not amount to such estimated figures, namely, \$50, or if, in his judgment, an exigency exists requiring an expenditure that would exceed such apportionment or allowance, he shall, before incurring the same, obtain the consent of the Board of Governors in writing.

The matter of the disposition of the canoe and sneak-box in which the late Nathaniel H. Bishop had made his voyages from New York to the Gulf of Mexico, was referred to the president of the board with power.

Meeting of the A. C. A. Executive Committee.

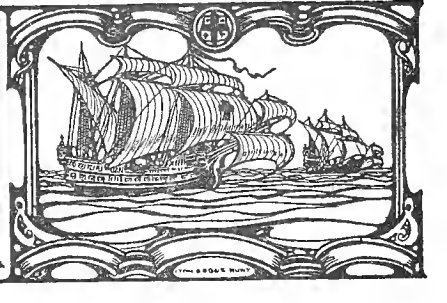
The annual meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Canoe Association was held at Rochester, N. Y., Saturday, October 15. The reports of officers and committees, Board of Governors, and Division officers were received and accepted. The proposed changes in constitution as published were accepted. It was voted to turn over a larger percentage of the dues to A. C. A. treasury, and also to increase the camp dues to \$2 for members and \$3 for visitors. The changes in constitution now provide that the treasurer receive all funds, also applications for membership. He will publish names and send certificates of membership to new members when elected. As some of the Divisions think they can keep a better interest and collect more dues through Division pursers, it was decided that vice-commodors may apply to commodore to direct Division pursers to collect Division dues. The Eastern Division tried this plan this year, and it proved very satisfactory.

FOREST AND STREAM, Sail and Sweep, and Canoeing were voted the official organs for 1905. Sugar Island was selected as the place, and August the time, for holding 1905 meet. The exact date will be supplied later. H. Lansing Quick, R. J. Wilkin, and W. W. Crosby were appointed committee on revision of constitution and by-laws to conform to amendments passed at this meeting. Harvey M. Stewart, Rochester, N. Y., was elected secretary, and Frederick G. Mather, Albany, N. Y., was elected treasurer.

JOHN S. WRIGHT,
Secretary-Treasurer.



YACHTING



Gas Engines and Launches

(Continued from page 372.)

BY F. K. GRAIN.

Gasolene—Continued.

Most of the vaporizers now in use on the two-cycle engine have a slow-down device consisting of a threaded stem butting against the stem of the valve. The effect of screwing down is to reduce the lift of valve acting as a throttle. While this device is very efficient to a limited range, when adjusted to run steadily for any length of time at a very slow speed, it also requires that the gasolene be reduced, as the effect of this slow-down is to reduce the amount of air, the gasolene remaining almost constant. Consequently, if the gasolene is not adjusted, it eventually means the flooding of the engine. In very cold weather a pipe should be led from a small drum surrounding the exhaust pipe to the vaporizer. This will furnish hot air and prevent freezing of the vaporizer, the rapid suction of the engine setting up a refrigerator process. In regulating the gasolene supply, do not be heavy-handed, especially with a two-cycle engine which requires a number of revolutions in order to feel the effects of any change at that point. It is very seldom the case that the engine will act the same after being run a few minutes as it will on the start, owing to the change in temperature and the mixture not being true; therefore be very cautious in regulating; taking it slowly and watching the effect on the engine. The lead of the igniter will also effect the adjustment of gasolene, the effect being different in different engines at different speeds. We have seen a great many engines that have also suffered and have been condemned by the owner for these very reasons, that they would not let the engine alone or give it a chance to regulate itself. Where an engine is working well, we say, by all means let it alone. If you want any advice, write to the makers of the engine and keep away from the would-be expert.

Probably the next and most serious trouble for the novice, is to account for the different and peculiar noises which will develop. It is probable that the worst of these is a hard pounding, sounding almost as if the piston had worked loose and was trying to knock the cylinder head off. It will also sound as if the bottom of the boat was being knocked out. In ninety-nine cases out of one hundred this is caused by the fly-wheel being loose. To remedy this, drive in the key of the fly-wheel. It may be that the noise will still continue mildly; in this case the key has either been driven up so that it bottoms against the shoulder of the key-seat or the key is too small; in the latter case it can be made, to fit by fitting some slips of very thin metal, such as tin, etc., under the key. This pounding can also be traced to any of the revolving parts, but of course will not make the severe noise the fly-wheel will. It sometimes happens that a pounding in an engine

will be located seemingly at the propeller shaft; in this case it is generally caused by the rudder, which, being loose in the rudder port, has a tendency to lash by the action of the water from the propeller wheel. This will only happen when the boat is running straight away; as soon as the rudder is turned, the pressure thereby being increased, this noise will cease. When there is a decided squeaking in the cylinder, it can be generally traced to want of oil, but in some cases an insufficient supply of gasolene or poor mixture will produce the same results. A slight pounding with a metallic ring is invariably caused by insufficient gasolene. This is especially the case in the four-cycle engine. Pounding in an engine is often laid to the connecting rod being worn in the crank boxes. While this may produce considerable noise at first, when the engine reaches its speed it has very little effect, and is hardly noticeable. Of course we have not made any mention of the sharp explosions with an escape of considerable amount of smoke from the exhaust and all around the valves, sometimes resulting in the quick stopping of the engine. This is what is known as back-firing, usually caused by insufficient gasolene, and resulting in a slow-burning mixture which ignites the incoming charge, resulting in a strong impulse when the piston is at its lowest point. The remedy is to feed more gasolene. In some engines, especially the two-cycle type, this is a very common occurrence, and is caused by proportions of the inlet and exhaust ports, and the location of them being incorrect. Of course, in cases of this kind, it is very difficult to get the correct regulation of the gasolene. In some cases the effect of the poor designing will result in the overheating of the exhaust ports and passages extending also to the exhaust pipe. This will cause the charge to ignite immediately on entering the cylinder. It is a serious defect, as the engine, of course, is liable to ignite at any point, and often results in injury to the operator when handling the engine. On all engines we have a number of joints which require a packing of some kind, usually of a very thin material. We have on the market to-day a thin asbestos cloth, through which is woven a fine soft copper gauze; this is unquestionably the best packing that can be used. The next best thing to this is drafting paper of good quality, giving not only the paper, but the surfaces to be joined, a liberal coat of shellac, and making the joint while the shellac is still moist. All pipe joints for gasolene or gas should also be made with the shellac; where this is not obtainable, ordinary brown soap will answer the purpose, neither of these being affected by gas or gasolene; but avoid all kinds of lead, as they are dissolved by the gases. Owing to gasolene being a hydrocarbon, it is therefore necessary to use the cylinder oil and grease on the bearing of the same nature. The cylinder oil should be moderately heavy and of high fire test, otherwise it will be consumed, and in many cases causing the cylinder to score and cut; it is therefore poor economy to buy cheap oil, as the results obtained from the use of the best oils will much more than offset any dif-

ference in price, particularly as the consumption of the best oils will be astonishingly less than with the lower grade. Steam engine cylinder oil which usually contains a large amount of animal and vegetable oils should never be used on a gas engine, as it is sure to result disastrously to the machine. It is not necessary to buy but the one kind of oil, as the same oil employed in the cylinder will answer for all purposes. In the two-cycle engine, where the accumulation of the oil in the base is employed to lubricate the crank, it should be drained out frequently and the crank case flushed out with gasolene, as the small particles of sand left in cleaning the casting will from time to time settle in the crank case, and, of course mixing with the oil, will be thrown on to the crank-pin, causing the brasses to wear rapidly. To prevent rust on the small igniter parts, cylinder oil, however, is not sufficiently adhesive, and we recommend keeping all the bright parts thoroughly greased with vaseline, which should be put on with a brush.

Gasolene Pipes.

Another source of trouble is in the location of the tank. This in many cases is placed so low that if the boat is loaded by the head the gasolene will not flow to the vaporizer when the tank is about exhausted. A source of a great deal of annoyance is the practice of running the gasolene pipe around under the lockers, especially where the tank is somewhat low, as in this case the pressure of the gasolene is influenced by the rolling of the boat or over-loading on either side. In some cases we have seen the gasolene entirely shut off when the boat is out of trim. The gasolene pipe should in all cases be led down as close to the keel as possible.

Installing Propellers.

Care should be taken in lining up the engine, as where the engine is out of line with the propeller shaft it will buckle the shaft, causing a great deal of friction, which friction will increase with the speed of the engine. In the majority of cases the smaller sizes of marine engines are installed at a considerable pitch or incline, and there being more wood under the forward part of the engine, which of course will swell with the dampness, the inclination is to throw up the front end of the engine; therefore an engine should always be relined after it has been in use for a week or two.

This is especially true and should be carefully looked after where the propeller shaft is very short. The propeller shafts in the smaller sizes of engines are generally made of bronze, especially where used in salt water; also the stern bearing or stuffing box, which in small boats is generally combined in one and placed on the outside of the boat. On the larger boats, where it is inconvenient to haul the boat out owing to its size, it is customary to use a stern bearing on the outside with a stuffing box on the inside. In this case a steel shaft is used, being bushed with brass or bronze where it runs through the stuffing

box and the stern bearing. In order to prevent its rusting between these points, it is thickly coated with red lead and wound with marlin, also thoroughly painted. This is a very effective rust preventer, and is not affected by the action of the brass in the salt water.

A method of fastening the propeller wheels to the shaft up to 20 inches in diameter of propeller is by tapering the end of the propeller shaft and boring the wheel to correspond with a lock nut on the outside. This method is generally very efficient. On the larger wheels this same practice is followed, only there is a key inserted to prevent any possible slippage. In putting on the stern bearing and stuffing box, great care should be exercised to have them perfectly true and in line.

Boston Letter.

Boston, Oct. 31.—While it is not expected that there will be any changes of note in rating rules during the coming winter, everything points to a most active season among the popular classes, already established in Massachusetts Bay, during the next season. At present it looks as though the greatest activity will be in the 22ft. class, in which there is a possibility of a dozen new boats being built. It may be said that the increased activity in this class is due to the great rivalry that existed in races during the season of 1904, for there are still many features about the rules governing the class that appear as inconsistent to racing men now as they did when the class was first formed. The main thing has been that those who have built boats under the rules have been satisfied with the boats, and the great interest they have shown in racing them has given others confidence and desire to compete in the class. It is quite probable that if a 25ft. class calling for yachts of normal dimensions were in existence, it would prove as great an attraction, at least, as the 22ft. class; but to re-establish a normal 25ft. class is considered a very hard task at present, for the conditions governing length, sail area, and displacement of the 22-footers make it difficult to produce a normal 25-footer which would be calculated to beat them under all conditions, and yachtsmen are averse to building for a class in which yachts cannot beat yachts of a smaller class, boat for boat. So the 22ft. class has found favor at the expense of a 25ft. class, and probably of a 21ft. class.

Because there is a possibility of the greatest activity in the 22ft. class, it is not expected that it will be the largest in point of numbers. The 18ft. knockabout class will probably be the largest to race in the Bay, and it looks as though this class would retain its popularity for many years to come. It is not expected that there will be any great number of new 18-footers built, as compared to other years, while the possibility of a dozen new 22-footers puts that class in the front rank, so far as development is concerned this year. Mr. Sumner H. Foster, who was the organizer of the 22ft. class, is expected to have a new boat designed by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield. Mr. Foster has made no positive statement to this effect, but he does not deny the assertion, and it is known that he is desirous of building a new boat. Mr. Herbert H. White, who has raced Medric for the past two seasons, is not content to rest his chances with one yacht, but is said to have given orders for two, one to be designed by Mr. E. A. Boardman, and the other by Messrs. Small Bros. Mr. H. L. Bowden, who owns the champion 18-footer, Hayseed, will have a 22-footer from designs of Messrs. Small Bros. Mr. George Lee, who owns Peri II., will have a new one designed by Mr. E. A. Boardman. Mr. C. C. Hanley, who has for years been a successful builder of centerboard boats, is said to have undertaken a keel 22-footer for Mr. A. C. Jones, and it is also said that he has guaranteed to beat the class. Commodore B. P. Cheney and Mr. Charles D. Lanning, are credited with believing that this year's champion, Clotho, is still fast enough, although it would not be in the least surprising if they should have a new boat. There has been talk of a 22-footer for Messrs. F. Wright Fabyan and Thomas M. McKee, former owners of the champion 25-footer Firt. Mr. Gordon Prince is a prospective owner of a 22-footer, while still another is Mr. E. W. Hodgdon, who owns the 25-footer L'Aiglon.

At the recent meeting of the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts, it was voted that an Association Judge be proposed at the spring meeting. It is the intention to appoint one judge, who shall attend all races given for Association percentage, who shall act on the board of judges and see that the rules of the Association are enforced, and that a report of the race is properly forwarded to the secretary of the Association. It is believed that this proposal will be favorably acted upon at the spring meeting of the Association. Race committees in Massachusetts Bay are noted for their efficiency, but it often happens that a club giving a Y. R. A. open race has few Y. R. A. boats in its membership, and as such clubs do not usually give more than one such race in a season, very often the members of their regatta committees have no opportunities for becoming familiar with the boats that follow the different circuits. The presence of an official judge, appointed by the Association, will tend to prevent natural mistakes. The forwarding of the full report of a race, giving decisions on protests, will enable the secretary of the Association to give the standing of any boat in any class at any time. Two amendments regarding starts were proposed for consideration at the spring meeting.

At a recent meeting of the Eighteen-foot Knockabout Association, some measures were passed regarding articles of equipment, but there were no changes offered in the general rules governing the class. An amendment compelling owners of 18-footers to sail on their boats in a certain number of races was not carried.

The steam yacht Narada, owned by Vice-Commodore Henry Walters, of the New York Y. C., is at Lawley's, where she is being generally overhauled. The 90ft. schooner designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith for Mr. F. F. Brewster, is being laid down. A 6ft. cruising gasoline launch, designed by Mr. Fred. D. Lawley for Mr. J. H. Proctor, is about finished. This is a very finely proportioned boat with unusually good accommodations for one of her length. A 43ft. schooner, designed by Mr. Fred. D. Lawley for Mr. Bancroft C. Davis, is about finished.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Match Race for Motor Boats.

THE match race between the motor boats XPDNC, Vingt-et-Un and Challenger, took place on Saturday, October 29. The course was from the Columbia Y. C., foot of West Eighty-sixth street, New York city, to Poughkeepsie and return, 136.6 statute miles, the longest course ever raced over by motor boats in this country.

The race was for a \$1,000 cup, and XPDNC, Mr. Frank Croker's new boat, won, Vingt-et-Un II. was the only other one of the trio to finish, as Challenger was disabled. Challenger was sure to have given XPDNC a hard go, and it was very unfortunate that she broke down.

Mr. Frank Croker steered XPDNC, Mr. Clinton H. Crane had Vingt-et-Un II.'s wheel, and Mr. Proctor Smith had the helm on Challenger.

Messrs. J. H. McIntosh and W. H. Ketcham had the race in charge, and owing to matters over which they had no control, the start was delayed two hours, and the contestants did not get away until 12:05. XPDNC crossed 20s. after the signal, or 12:05:20, Challenger at 12:07:20, and Vingt-et-Un II. at 12:16:25.

The tide was running flood, and with this aid the boats moved very fast. Challenger, although some distance behind XPDNC from the start, closed up a little on her. A close race between these two boats was assured until Challenger hit a piece of sunken timber off Haverstraw, breaking her propeller, and then she withdrew.

A towboat was anchored about 500 yards south of the Poughkeepsie Bridge, and this craft served as the upstream mark. XPDNC rounded this mark at 2:35:50, and Vingt-et-Un II. at 3:24:30.

The fuel tanks on Vingt-et-Un have not a large capacity, and it was necessary for this craft to stop going up and coming down to replenish her supply of gasoline. The supply boat was anchored off Highland Falls, and although every effort was made to avoid losing time, still Vingt-et-Un II. was heavily penalized by these stops, and lost more than half an hour thereby.

The boats bucked the tide on the downstream leg. XPDNC beat Vingt-et-Un II. 48m. 40s. on the upstream leg, and 9m. 30s. on the way back, a total of 58m. 10s.

The tables which follow give all the times, averages, distances, etc.:

Up River Leg—68.3 Statute Miles.			
Start 12:05:	Finish.	Elapsed.	
XPDNC	2 35 50	2 30 50	
Vingt-et-Un II.	3 24 30	3 19 30	
XPDNC averaged 23.62 knots, or 27.17 statute miles, and Vingt-et-Un II., 17.86 knots, or 20.54 statute miles.			
Down River Leg—68.3 Statute Miles.			
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	
XPDNC	2 35 50	5 16 50	2 41 00
Vingt-et-Un II.	3 24 30	6 15 00	2 50 30
XPDNC averaged 22.12 knots, or 25.45 statute miles, and Vingt-et-Un II. 20.90 knots, or 24.04 statute miles.			
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	
XPDNC	12 05 00	5 16 50	5 11 50
Vingt-et-Un II.	12 05 00	6 15 00	6 10 00
Challenger	12 05 00	Disabled.	
The actual times of starting were: XPDNC, 12:05:20; Challenger 12:07:20; Vingt-et-Un II. 12:16:25.			
Over the whole course, XPDNC averaged 22.86 knots, or 26.20 statute miles, while Vingt-et-Un II. averaged 19.26 knots, or 22.15 statute miles.			

XPDNC was designed and built by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co. for Mr. Frank Croker. She is fitted with a Mercedes motor. A full description of this boat has appeared in these columns. XPDNC rates 79.7. XPDNC is a contraction of Expediency.

Both Challenger and Vingt-et-Un II. were designed by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, and both are fitted with Smith & Mabley engines. Challenger rates 88.35, and Vingt-et-Un II. 79.35.

Forty-foot Waterline Cruiser.

IN this issue there appears another of the designs that was submitted in our designing competition for a 40ft. waterline cruiser. The design, which was one of the best sent in, was made by Mr. Martin C. Erisman, of Mariners Harbor, S. I., and the drawings were honorably mentioned in the awards.

The conditions imposed in this competition, namely, a cruising centerboard yacht of 40ft. load waterline, drawing not more than 6ft. with board hoisted, a minimum freeboard of 3ft. and the mast and gaff of both the yawl and cutter rig to be interchangeable. The high freeboard, it was thought, would give fairly long ends, making the boat graceful, and at the same time give plenty of buoyancy in a seaway, and keeping the boat from picking up green water as a shorter and sharper boat would. The keel has been kept long to give a good distribution of ballast and make the boat easy. The lateral plane has not been excessively cut, insuring good windward qualities when beating up narrow and shallow channels. The yawl rig is ample to drive the boat along while cruising, also its sub-division would put it within the power of a very small crew to handle in any weather. The cutter rig is somewhat larger and is intended for racing or club runs, giving the boat plenty of driving power. The cabin arrangement has been kept as simple as possible and to insure satisfactory accommodation for three persons aft. The lighting and ventilation has not been overlooked, large skylight and air ports, all to open, being provided. It was thought that it was best to restrict all plumbing to the toilet room, and make it of sufficient size as to be ventilated in a proper manner, therefore the fixed basins in the staterooms have been omitted, as they are small and in the way, and not absolutely necessary where a good sized toilet and wash room has been provided. Throughout the boat, in the owner's quarters, the minimum headroom is 6ft. 4in. The storage space is ample, and care was taken to make these spaces as large as possible.

The cabin is splendidly arranged, and the plan has much to recommend it. The companionway leading from the cockpit below is placed off center on the port side, giving access to a small lobby. On the starboard side a door opens into a toilet room fitted with Sands' patent or equal underlined water closet, a 10x15in. porcelain wash basin, all properly plumbed from tank under cabin floor. Toilet contains a large locker for linen, etc. Under the wings in racks being more storage room. Good ventilation being secured by means of one 12in. port and a 15in. square hatch cover in the deck. The floor is fitted with a portable elm

grating left bright. On the port side of the lobby is situated a small room for charts, oiler, boots, traveling bags, etc., which would take up room in the cabin and be always in the way. Forward are situated two staterooms, 7ft. 5in. long, similar in every respect as to furniture and space. The berths provided are large and comfortable, placed partly under the wings, and supplied with either springs or pneumatic mattresses, a seat on forward end with lifting top, at the after end of the state room drawers and dressing table in addition to a hanging locker at the forward end of berth. One large and two smaller drawers under the berth. Ventilation for these quarters is by means of two 12in. ports and a skylight for each stateroom. This skylight also providing light and air to the passage. Sliding doors give access to passageway.

Further forward is situated the main cabin with a length of 8ft. in the clear. On the starboard side is situated a berth, transom seat and lockers. To port transom seats and lockers, these last to be wine lockers and book cases. At the forward end of the saloon are two buffets for glass, dishes and silverware. The dining table is permanent, fitted with extension leaves, and to the after end leads a 4in. brass pipe, connecting centerboard box and the deck, through which operates the centerboard pennant. From the saloon forward on the port side a door leads to the galley, containing ice-box, stove, sink, table and racks; an overhead hatch gives the cook access to the deck without coming through the owner's quarters aft. Port lights are fitted and give good ventilation to this part of the boat. On the starboard side and entirely separate from the galley is situated the captain's room, containing a berth and lockers; egress and access is had from a hatch in the deck off the center line. Forward again is a bulkhead across the ship, on the forward side of which is located the forecabin for two men, also a water closet for the use of the crew.

The dimensions are as follows:

Length—	
Load waterline	40.00ft.
Over all	63.00ft.
Breadth—	
At deck	15.00ft.
L.W.L.	14.30ft.
Draft—	
Hull	6.00ft.
C. B.	9.5ft. to 10.50ft.
Freeboard—	
Forward to top planksheer.....	4.53ft.
Least	3.05ft.
Aft	3.35ft.
Overhang—	
Forward	10.60ft.
Aft	12.40ft.
Displacement	47,966 lbs.
C. B.—Aft No. 5 section.....	1.64ft.
Lead Ballast—	
Outside	14,060 lbs.
Centerboard	1,690 lbs.
To trim	1,750 lbs.
Total ballast	16,500 lbs.
Area—	
Midsection	33.86 sq. ft.
L.W.L. Plane	303.10 sq. ft.
C. L. W. Plane aft No. 5.....	2 sq. ft.
Sail area per sq. ft. midsection—	
Yawl	52 sq. ft.
Cutter	60 sq. ft.
C. L. R. aft No. 5.....	2.52 sq. ft.
Lateral Plane (total area).....	192.7 sq. ft.
Sail area—	
Yawl (lower sails).....	1,766 sq. ft. total 4,630 sq. ft.
Cutter (lower sails).....	2,030 sq. ft. total 4,836 sq. ft.

A. P. B. Association Meeting.

THE American Power Boat Association held a meeting Friday evening, October 28, at the new Hotel Astor, Longacre Square, New York city. The amendments to the racing rules suggested by the Executive Committee were adopted.

Section 2 of rule 3 was amended by adding the following:

In boats having flat or "torpedo boat" sterns the knuckle shall be taken as the after point of the load waterline.

Section 3 of rule 3 was amended by adding the following:

The measurer shall, at the time of measuring, mark the forward and after ends of the waterline, and also the waterline on each side of the boat at the point where the midship section is taken. Such marks shall be made in a plain and permanent manner by a horizontal stripe one-half inch in width and three inches in length, the lower edge to be on the waterline.

Section 4 of rule 3 was amended by striking out the following words:

To be calculated by standard formula for indicated horsepower, and substituting therefor the following:

"The horsepower shall be obtained by dividing the total number of square feet of heating surface of the boiler by 2 7-10."

The last paragraph of section 4 of rule 3 was amended so that it now reads as follows:

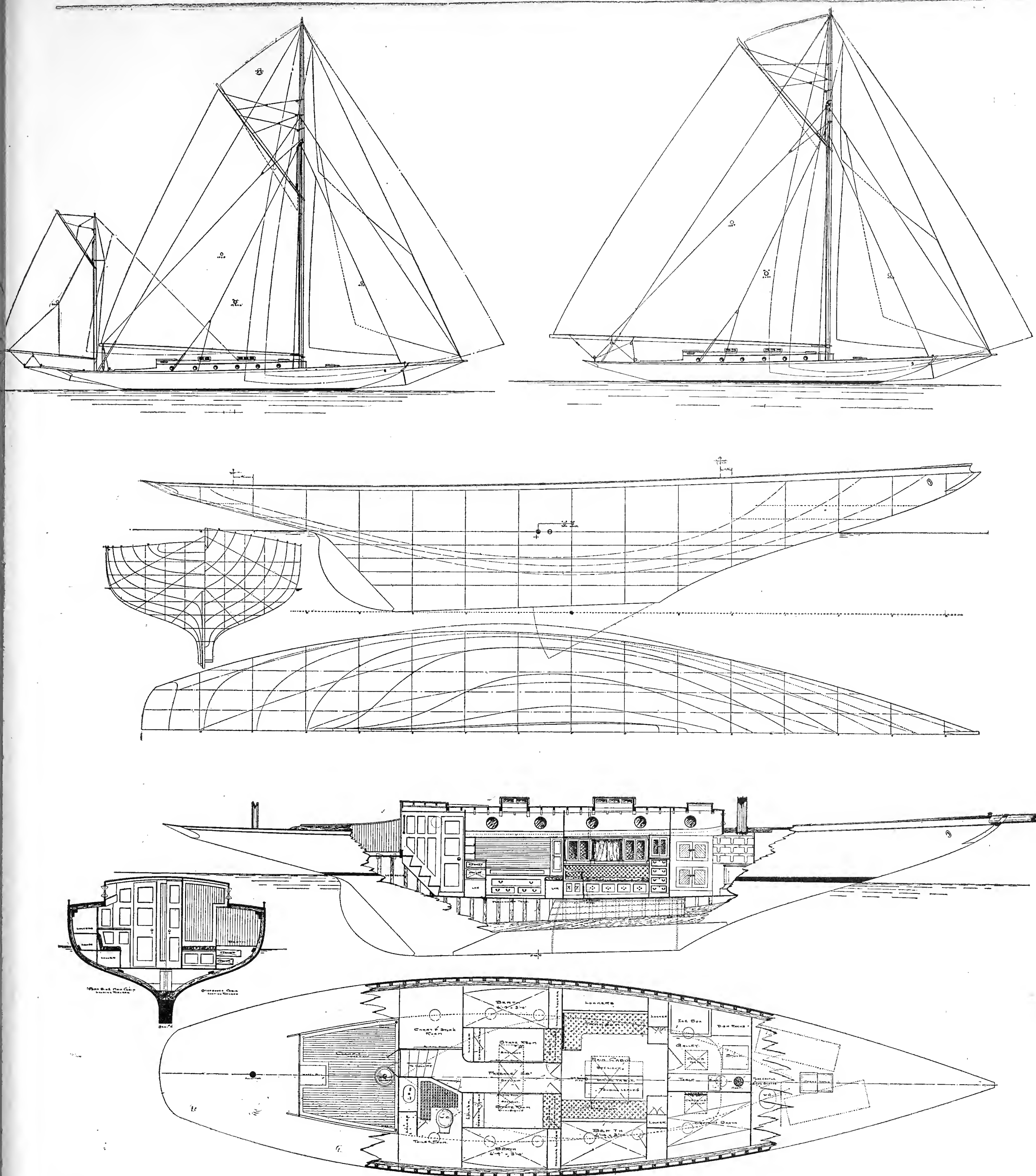
R to be taken from owner's written certificate, which shall be subject to verifications by the measurer.

All boats, other than steam and electric, whose engines turn more than 500 revolutions per minute shall carry revolution counters, fitted to the engine, so as to be immediately available for measuring. Revolutions on all boats shall be the maximum number of revolutions per minute, taken on a mile run at the boat's highest speed.

Rule 3 was amended by the addition of the following paragraph, to be numbered 8:

8. If from any peculiarity in the build of a yacht or other cause the measurer shall be of the opinion that the rule will not rate the yacht fairly, or that in any respect she does not comply with the requirement of these rules, he shall report the circumstances to the Race Committee, who, with the measurer, after due inquiry, shall award such certificate of rating as they may consider equitable, and the measurement shall be deemed incomplete until this has been done.

NEW AUXILIARY YAWL.—Mr. James McIntyre, of Neponset, Mass., is building from his own design an auxiliary yawl. The boat is 50ft. over all, 30ft. waterline, 16ft. breadth, and 5ft. draft. The centerboard will house under the cabin floor. She is equipped with a 20 horse-power motor, and with this power a speed of 9 miles is looked for.



LINES, CABIN AND SAIL PLANS OF FORTY-FOOT WATERLINE CRUISER—HONORABLE MENTION DESIGN.

Designed by Martin C. Erismann, Mariners' Harbor, Staten Island.

Around the Globe in a 35ft. Boat.*Editor Forest and Stream:*

Captain Arthur L. Napper, who brought William K. Vanderbilt's yacht *Tarantula* to this side from Europe, and a young companion named Langford, started a few weeks ago from Brighton, England, in a 10-ton cutter on a voyage of about 40,000 miles that will last from fifteen months to two years, depending on how often and how long they stop at the different ports they touch at. The first paper to give me an account of this, gave it as its opinion that these two men were as many fools. There can be two opinions about that; the man who crosses, or tries to cross, the Atlantic in a 15 or 18-foot canoe might be considered a fool; I might so consider him myself, though I would not say so. Some who have tried to do this have succeeded. One of the last who departed in a canoe for Europe, taking a young woman

with him, has, so far as I know, never been heard from. But a 35-foot boat is not a canoe, and this boat, from what little I can learn about it, stands a fair chance to circumnavigate the globe, barring accidents that are as likely to happen to a 300-foot boat as a 35-foot one. It may return two years from now to the port it sailed from. Captain Slocum a few years ago started alone in a boat not much larger than this one, and as far as he went seems to have had no trouble as far as the boat was concerned; all his trouble came from quarrelsome or thieving natives. Two young men with two good magazine guns—and I would not sail without at least two of them—need never have any serious trouble from natives. The character of all the natives on each of these South Sea islands is pretty well known now, and the few of them on which the natives are chronically hunting for a fight (there are still a few such, but not many), can be given the go-by. Captain Slocum's only

mistake, according to my idea of his voyage, was in going alone. You want to be able to stand watch and watch, and not have to leave the tiller lashed and the boat to sail itself when it is your watch below.

This boat, the *Brighton*, is rated at 10 tons, and the Captain has had it rebuilt and fitted with rather short, heavy masts, so that one man can handle the sails with ease. He has a small flat-bottom tender that he will carry on deck in order to get rid of davits, and he has a storm anchor made of a long spar with a large canvas hung to it, having lead weights to its lower edge; this he can heave astern while a gale is on where the water would be too deep to use the regular anchor.

The Captain is only 35 years old, and his mate is still younger. Both of them have been to sea since they were small boys; the Captain first went as a cabin boy when 12 years of age.

Captain Slocum went short of supplies at times. These

men need not; they can carry at least six months' supplies of everything that cannot be got at every port no matter how small it may be that they call at, and water can be got almost anywhere.

The first leg of their run will take them down the south Atlantic Coast past the Canary Islands to Cape Town, South Africa; from here they have clear water, with no place to stop until they get to Freemantle, Australia, 5,000 miles from Cape Town.

From Freemantle they can keep on down the eastern side of Australia to Hobart Town, Tasmania, another long run. This town is seldom heard of, but it is a large one, and here anything that can possibly be needed can be got, and this is about the last place that it can be got short of Valparaiso, Chile.

From here they have the whole South Pacific to lay a course in. I would lay it to Pitcairn's Island from here.

They intend to touch at Valparaiso, and from there run down and double Cape Horn. I would go through the Straits instead, and no doubt so will they. Next, when they have got far enough south, they can run in to Buenos Ayres, the largest city in South America, and one of the finest in the world. Next, after running up to Rio, they can lay a course for the West Indies, calling at San Juan, then run across to the Canary Islands, and follow the old route home.

These men may be foolhardy, but if I were the Captain's age once more, and was given a chance to go with him, it would not take me a year to decide whether to go or not.

CABIA BLANCO.

Lloyd's, and What it Means.

THE Commercial Intelligence, of London, England, in its issue of Sept. 14, 1904, contains an interesting interview with Sir Henry Hozier, secretary of Lloyd's, in which he details the history of the establishment.

Like most great and enduring enterprises Lloyd's had a small beginning. It is now to the world of shipping and marine insurance what the house of Rothschild is to the banking world.

Lloyd's dates from the latter part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and had its origin in a small coffee-house in Tower street, kept by Edward Lloyd. He was an enterprising man, and through his business contact with seafaring men and merchants enlisted in foreign trade, foresaw the importance of improving shipping and the method of marine insurance. He was the founder of the system of maritime and commercial intelligence which has been developed into its present effectiveness. Before the time of Edward Lloyd maritime insurance in England was conducted by the Lombards, some Italians, who founded Lombard street, but after Lloyd embarked in the business Britons conducted marine insurance in London.

The subjects of marine insurance are the ship, the cargo, and the freight, all of which may belong to different parties. In time of war there is what is termed the maritime risk—danger from accident, collision, and stranding—which is distinctly separate from the risk of capture and seizure by an enemy. This class of marine insurance had its inception in the conditions arising during the seven-year French-English war of 1757 to 1763.

Lloyd's moved to Pope's Head alley in 1770, and in 1774 removed to the present quarters in the Royal Exchange. In 1871 Lloyd's was incorporated by act of Parliament. This act defined the objects of the society to be: (1) The carrying on of the business of marine insurance by members of the society; (2) the protection of the interests of members of the society in respect of shipping, cargoes, and freights; (3) the collection, publication, and diffusion of intelligence and information with respect to shipping.

The corporation of Lloyd's and the committee of Lloyd's, who are the executive body of the corporation, and the secretary of Lloyd's, have practically nothing to do with marine insurance in the way of taking risks or paying losses. Their duty in this respect is to afford marine insurance brokers who wish to effect insurances a place of meeting with those who undertake the risks.

In the interview referred to Sir Henry Hozier expressed his views on contraband of war and the question of an international treaty affecting the same, as follows:

"In my opinion we ought, as a maritime power, to be very cautious in entering into any treaty or agreement on that subject. My opinion of treaties is that they hold good just so long as it suits the stronger power, and in case of a great naval war we ought to be as unfettered as possible. The whole question can scarcely be satisfactorily solved by a conference, and will continue to arise whenever a naval power is at war. Moreover, that power will always put its own interpretation on what constitutes contraband of war."

The Royal Tay Y. C.

THE Royal Tay Y. C. has its headquarters at West Ferry Bay—a charming spot some three miles to the east of the city of Dundee, on the east coast of Scotland. The club house, small, but neat, is built only a few yards from the river side, and from the windows an uninterrupted view is obtained of the racing courses. The accommodation consists of reading room, dressing room and lavatory, with veranda in front. The River Tay is one of the largest rivers in Great Britain, and is said to discharge more water than any other river in the kingdom. It rises on the Western Highlands, and after a course of some 119 miles through the most beautiful and picturesque scenery, flows into the North Sea, a few miles below Dundee. Owing to its great body of water and to the configuration of its lower reaches, the currents in the tidal waters are very strong.

Below Dundee the river contracts to about a mile in breadth, while above Dundee the breadth is about three miles, which gradually decreases until the city of Perth is reached, some twenty-five miles higher up. The tidal stream is felt two miles above Perth. The rise of tide at Dundee is 11½ feet at neaps, and 14½ feet at spring tides. The bed of the estuary is com-

posed entirely of sand, and extensive sandbanks are to be everywhere met with, where at low water any fine day herds of seals are to be seen basking in the sun. Below the eastern extremity of the shore on the Fife side a line of sandbanks extends seaward for five miles, and forms a dangerous impediment to free navigation. All this is necessary to show why the estuary of the Tay is in many respects ill-adapted for yachting, but the enthusiastic yachtsman is in no way discouraged by difficulties; they render his sport more exciting, and those who shape their course in such a way as to take the swift running tide in their favor, secure a natural power equal to many horse-power of mechanism. The shallowness of the Tay estuary is another obstacle to yachtsmen which can of course only be surmounted by a restriction of draft in their vessels. Above Dundee at low water the navigable channel is restricted to a breadth in places of not more than a hundred yards, and although merchant vessels of the largest size can reach Dundee, the bar at the mouth of the river is too shallow to permit of the entrance of a modern ship of war of any great size.

The club was founded in 1885, and at first went under the name of the Tay Corinthian Sailing Club. The membership was at first small; but the members and yachts increased, and some years afterward the more ambitious title of the Tay Corinthian Y. C. was adopted. In 1891 the club obtained a warrant from the late Queen Victoria for permission to style itself The Royal Tay Y. C. The burgee of the club is the Scottish red lion rampant in a yellow shield, surmounted by a crown on red ground, and the ensign is the national red ensign. The membership is at present seventy-five, and the annual subscription is £1. The management is in the hands of a committee of three flag officers and nine other members. Races are sailed under the Y. R. A. rules and measurements, but owing to the diversity of type of the yachts, handicap races are frequently arranged and are more popular than those sailed under the Y. R. A. time allowances. A one-design class of yachts of about 19ft. L. R., called the Seabird Class, named after British sea birds, was formed some years ago and has afforded good sport. The other classes are 18ft., 24ft. and 30ft. L. R., and ten tons—old measurement.

Races for Canada Cup Defender.

THE Rochester Y. C. has very wisely decided to hold open trial races for the selection of a defender for the Canada Cup, and other organizations will be invited to participate.

The secretary of the Chicago Y. C. has received a letter from the secretary of the Rochester Y. C., on this subject and the following is a copy:

Rochester, N. Y., Oct. 22, 1904.

Secretary Chicago Yacht Club, Chicago, Ill.:
Dear Sir—The challenge of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club for the Canada's Cup has been accepted by our club, and the date of the first race fixed for Aug. 12, 1905.

The race is to be sailed in the 30ft. class under the Y. R. U. rules.

It is the purpose of the Rochester Y. C. to hold trial races to select the defender of the club. These races will be sailed on Lake Ontario off Charlotte, the details of which will be arranged later. The Rochester Y. C. cordially invite the Chicago Y. C. to send one or more yachts to participate in these trial races.

We would like to know at your earliest convenience whether your club will enter a yacht, so that the details can be better arranged.

In sailing these trials, our club expects to follow the same general plan as the one used at Chicago. Yours very truly,
L. G. MABBETT, Cor. Sec'y.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

LAUNCH FEARLESS SOLD.—Mr. Clifford V. Brokaw, New York City, has sold the launch Fearless to Mr. Henry T. Bragg, Yonkers, N. Y., through the office of Stanley M. Seaman, New York. The same agency has sold the sloop Tiger for Mr. Ralph L. Crow, of New York city, to Mr. H. S. Hollis, of Bermuda. The boat was shipped by steamer last week to its new owner.

REMOVAL NOTICE.—Messrs. Cousens & Pratt, the Boston sailmakers, have removed from their old quarters on Atlantic avenue in Boston, and are now located at the yard of George Lawley & Son Corp., South Boston, Mass.

TWO NEW LAUNCHES.—R. B. Fordham, of Greenport, L. I., is building two launches. The larger of the two is for Captain Charles B. Crane, and she is 37ft. over all and 10ft. breadth. The smaller boat is 29ft. over all and 7ft. breadth. The name of the owner is not given out.

CRUISING LAUNCH NANCY ANN.—There was recently completed at Morris Heights the cruising launch Nancy Ann. She was built for Mr. W. L. Moody, of Galveston, Texas, and is 65ft. over all, 63ft. 6in. waterline, 12ft. breadth, and 2ft. 6in. draft. She is fitted with two six-cylinder four-cycle Speedway gasoline motors, which will drive the boat at a speed of 14 miles. Nancy Ann is of wood construction, the frame being of white oak and the planking of cedar fastened with copper. Her interior fittings, which are most roomy and attractive, are of mahogany throughout.

NEW SPEED LAUNCH.—There is building at Willard F. Down's yard, Bayshore, L. I., a high speed launch from designs made by Mr. Henry J. Gielow. The boat is for a member of the New York Y. C., and is 45ft. over all, 43ft. waterline, breadth 5ft. 7in., and draft 3ft. She has an oak frame, and is double-planked. The inner skin is of white cedar, and the outer is of mahogany. Two cockpits have been arranged for. The forward one will contain the engine and the steering gear, while the after one is for the owner's and guests' use. The boat will be equipped with a four-cylinder, four-cycle Walter motor and a Gielow propeller, which will be driven 800 revolutions a minute. Enough fuel will be carried in the tanks to drive the boat 300 miles at a 22-mile clip, 400 miles at 18½ miles an hour, and 550 miles at a 14-mile speed.

ONONTIO ESTABLISHES NEW RECORD.—Commodore Harrison B. Moore's power boat Onontio was tested over a Government course on the Hudson River on Saturday, October 29, and established a new record for power boats. Onontio covered the nautical mile in 2m. 26s., which is at the rate of 24.66 nautical or 28.36 statute miles an hour. The Government course begins just above the Columbia Y. C. house. One range is at the foot of Eighty-ninth street and the other is a little south of the boat house belonging to Columbia College. Onontio enters and leaves the water quite as cleanly as any of the high speed boats that have been in evidence up to the present time. Her wake was absolutely smooth, and she made apparently no disturbance whatever. Onontio was designed by Mr. Henry J. Gielow and built by the Electric Launch Works at Bayonne, N. J. She is a double-planked boat 60ft. over all, 58ft. waterline. Her power consists of a Craig motor of 175 horse-power. The motor is a beautiful piece of work, and runs without a hitch. The motor was built by Mr. James Craig, Jr., and reflects great credit upon him both as an engineer and a mechanic. Onontio is the Iroquois word for Big Chief.

A PAPER BOAT.—Out of the sheets of an Austrian daily paper an ingenious Viennese engineer has lately constructed for his own use a small yacht, 15ft. long, decked all over, and provided with a centerboard. In the making of the hull, deck, masts, sails and rudder, several thousand copies of the journal were used—each plank requiring no fewer than 2,500 leaves—and enormous pressure had to be employed before the necessary solidity could be obtained. The inventor has already made several excursions on the Woerth See, and even in squally weather his boat is said to have behaved admirably.—London Tid Bits.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Nov. 8.—Greenville, N. J.—Annual 100-shot championship at Armbruster's Park.

National Rifle Association.

At meetings of the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice and the directors of the National Rifle Association, held in Washington, D. C., Oct. 22, it was decided that, as there are many riflemen throughout the United States who cannot obtain Government rifles, and who therefore cannot qualify for the National Marksmen's Reserve, the National Board, modification of the rules be made. As altered, they are as follows:

"That rifles of private makers conform in all respects to the following:

"A—The piece must be capable of using the standard Government cartridge.

"B—It must be the same length and weight.

"C—It must have sights similar to those adopted by the War Department, when viewed and stamped by the National Rifle Association, shall be permitted to be used by clubs duly affiliated with the National Rifle Association for qualifications as national marksmen."

The directors of the National Rifle Association at their meeting voted to appoint an official viewer, to inspect and stamp such rifles, and to issue a certificate at a charge of 50 cents.

This offers a new field for private manufacturers of a military type of repeating arms. Schools and colleges may choose from the variety of arms those that are best adapted for their use.

Concerning the national matches to be fixed for 1905, the National Board, at its meeting in January, will receive applications from such associations as may desire them. A special legislative committee, with membership the same as that of the committee of the National Rifle Association, was appointed. Its mission is to frame bills to obtain appropriations from Congress to further rifle practice. The rules of the national competition were changed concerning the time allowance at 800, 900 and 1,000 yards, two minutes to each shot being allowed. No time allowance can be carried over from one stage to another. The allowance of one minute for each shot at the short and mid ranges still obtains. Individual membership was abolished. Annual members may have their dues, already paid, credited to them for a life membership on payment of the balance of the \$25 fee. The formation of clubs and their affiliation with the national club is desired. Representation was provided for in classes as follows: State associations, 6 votes; regiments, 4 votes; clubs, separate companies, troops, battalions, squadrons and batteries, 2 votes.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition at Four-Mile House, Reading road, by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, Oct. 23. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the 25 ring target. Payne was declared champion for the day with the good score of 230. He was also high on the honor target with 72 points. He again fired 100 shots for record and succeeded in eclipsing his former record by 8 points, scoring 2191, which creates a new record for the range. The scores:

Payne	230	223	222	217	217
Odell	219	215	213	210	205
Bruns	217	215	214	206	198
Nestler	215	212	212	211	211
Freitag	213	201	197	197	185
Drube	203	189	182	173	...
Topf	186	175	172	166	163

Massachusetts Rifle Association.

At the regular weekly shoot at the Walnut Hill range the following scores were recorded:

Long-range match, 1000yds.: F. Daniels 41, Louis Bell 33, B. E. Hunter 32, H. E. Comey 20.

Mid-range match, 500yds.: R. L. Dale 41, E. Forrest 40, H. E. Comey 35.

Offhand match, 200yds.: R. L. Dale 230, A. Nieder 219, T. Carlson 213, F. C. Fitz 211, M. Alden 210, J. B. Hobbs 205, W. A. Stevens 192, S. D. Martin 190, M. T. Day 185, A. W. Hill 183.

Military revolver match, six shots in one minutes:
F Hitchcock 555555—30 455555—29 455555—29
545555—29 555554—29

Zettler Rifle Club.

At the gallery shoot on Oct. 25 the following scores were made, five scores of 5 shots: L. P. Hansen 1221, R. Gute 1220, C. Zettler, Jr., 1207, R. Busse 1203, O. Smith 1200, C. G. Zettler 1200, B. Zettler 1181, H. Zettler 1186, G. Ludwig 1173, A. Begerow 1163, T. H. Keller 1149, T. J. Herpers 1141.

Independent New York Schuetzen Corps.

In the first gallery practice shoot of the season, held on the Zettler ranges, Thursday, Oct. 27, competition was keen for first place. At the close of the shoot Gus Zimmerman and R. Gute tied with a total of 488.

Ten-shot scores, on the 25-ring target, at 75ft., follow: Gus Zimmerman 243, 245-488; R. Gute 243, 245-488; Lambert Schmidt 242, 243-485; H. D. Muller 239, 241-480; F. Liegibel 236, 235-471; A. Begerow 238, 233-471; Joe Bittschier 228, 232-460; Wm. Soell 227, 231-458; Geo. T. Zimmermann 227, 229-456; Jacob Schmid 232, 223-455; John Facklamm 228, 225-453; Bruno Eusner 221, 221-442; Henry J. Behrens 209, 223-432; J. Geo. Bauer 209, 211-420; F. C. Halbe 204, 209-413; Geo. Nienaber 203, 210-413; E. Gartner 189, 215-404; A. Roater 193, 193-386.

Rifle Notes.

On Election Day, Nov. 8, there will be a long-range match between teams, under Palma Trophy conditions, on the old State rifle range at Creedmoor, L. I. Match to start at 10 o'clock.

General orders have been issued authorizing the use of a .22cal. barrel fitted to the Krag action for use by the National Guard for gallery practice on the various armory ranges, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Washington having adopted this system.

The Quartermaster General will issue to each regiment twenty barrels, and to each signal corps and troop five barrels.

The reduced cost of armory practice by the use of rim-fire ammunition, in connection with the amount of labor saved in cleaning shells, etc., should certainly bring this branch of practice rapidly to the fore. The barrels will be in every particular like the regular .30cal. barrel, except as to caliber.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Nov. 8.—Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club all-day shoot; merchandise prizes. F. K. Stelle, Sec'y.
Nov. 17-19.—Tampa, Fla.—Tampa Bay Rod and Gun Club, \$400 added. J. A. Hansbrough, Sec'y.

1905.

June 8-9.—Dalton, O., Gun Club annual tournament. Ernest F. Scott, Capt.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM goes to press on TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

Up to Saturday of last week, there were about twenty entries in the World's Fair Handicap, to be held this week at St. Louis.

On Saturday of this week the Montclair Gun Club and the Rahway, N. J., Gun Club have arranged to shoot a match at Rahway.

Through their captain, Ernest F. Scott, the Dalton, O., Gun Club announces the dates, June 8 and 9, for their annual tournament of 1905.

Elsewhere in our columns will be found the announcement of a memorial fund now opened for contributions, the purpose of which is to erect a monument to the late E. D. Fulford, as a tribute of esteem on the part of his friends. The committee in charge are Messrs. T. H. Keller, Frank E. Butler, J. A. R. Elliott, J. S. Fanning and James T. Skelly.

At the shoot of the Delaware Trapshooters' League, at Middletown, Del., Oct. 27, Mr. J. M. Hawkins made high average with a score of 183 out of 200. Mr. Edward Banks was second with a score of 179; third was a tie between Messrs. J. A. R. Elliott and W. M. Foord, on a score of 178. The Wawaset team No. 1, of Wilmington, won the five-man team championship, and Mr. W. M. Foord won the State championship.

The programme of the Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club fall tournament, to be held on Nov. 8, provides ten merchandise events, a total of 200 targets, with a total entrance of \$5. The first programme event will begin at 10:30 A. M. A gold medal to the professional making high average. Amateur high averages: First, silver loving cup; second, gold medal; third, silver medal. Ship shells to Dr. J. B. Pardoe, Bound Brook. Mr. F. K. Stelle is the secretary.

On Monday of this week the firms interested in the gun trade and other forms of business met at 312 Broadway, New York, in response to a call issued by Mr. P. G. Sanford, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. The purpose of the meeting was to take action in respect to the decease of their former business associate, the late J. H. Lau. The resolution adopted is published elsewhere in our columns. Few men had so completely won the esteem and confidence of their associates. Expressions of esteem for his sterling uprightness, his amiable character, his unvarying generosity, were freely uttered at the meeting, and there was a profound regret manifested by all, such as occurs only when a good man, universally beloved, has passed away into eternity.

The test case against the pigeon shooters, Messrs. R. F. Harned, of Merchantville, N. J., and Charles W. Davis, of Philadelphia, who were convicted of pigeon shooting in contravention of the laws of New Jersey, is likely to be prosecuted with vigor. The following is from the Newark Sunday Call, and bears on the case: "The president of the New Jersey S. P. C. A. wrote to Samuel A. Atkinson, public prosecutor of Burlington county, last week, and suggested that Attorney-General Robert H. McCarter be requested to join in arguing the anti-pigeon shooting law before the Supreme Court. It was in Burlington county courts that two

members of the Riverton Gun Club were convicted of violating the law. Their counsel, Lindabury, Depue & Faulks, took an appeal to the Supreme Court, and will contend there that the law is unconstitutional. Mr. McCarter believes the act is sound. Furthermore, he is opposed to the shooting of pigeons from traps. It will therefore be gratifying to the humane people of the State to know that Mr. Atkinson on Thursday asked the Attorney-General to join him in upholding the act in the courts, and that Mr. McCarter cheerfully replied that he would be glad to do so."

BERNARD WATERS.

J. H. Lau.

A NUMBER of the leading houses of the sporting goods trade met on Monday of this week in pursuance of the following call:
New York, Oct. 28, 1904.

The Forest & Stream Pub. Co., 346 Broadway, New York:

Gentlemen—A meeting of the members of the gun trade of the city of New York will be held at the office of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., 312 Broadway, on Monday, Oct. 31, at 11 A. M., to take suitable action on the decease of our former business associate, Mr. J. H. Lau. Your presence is earnestly requested. Yours very truly,
P. G. SANFORD.

There were quite a number of firms represented at the meeting. Their action is expressed in the following:

At a special meeting of the gun and sporting goods trade, held Oct. 31, the following minute was adopted:

It becomes us, as representatives of the trade with which Mr. J. H. Lau was for so many years identified, to give expression to our sorrow at his death, our sense of loss as a guild at his taking from us, and our sympathy with those who survive him in business and in the family.

Mr. Lau had been a member of our trade longer perhaps than any one now engaged in it. The oldest of us in point of service recalls his face and figure as among the earliest recollections of their business career.

A man stalwart alike in figure and character, firm in his convictions, courteous and kindly in his address.

Our loss was that in the hurry and pre-occupation of the day, we missed the opportunity of closer and more frequent intercourse.

His sterling character and upright example are a goodly heritage.

Resolved, That this expression of our sorrow be conveyed to the bereaved family, and that it be duly published.

Joseph Gales, Sec'y.

George G. Moore, Chairman.

The firms represented at the meeting were as follows: Schoverling, Daly & Gales, 302 Broadway; H. & D. Folsom Arms Co., 314 Broadway; A. H. Funke, 83 Chambers street; H. H. Kiffe Co., 523 Broadway; T. J. Leary, 833 Madison avenue; Geo. C. Moore, 4 Warren street; C. J. Godfrey, 28 John street; Von Lengerke & Detmold, 318 Broadway; J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co., 98 Chambers street; The Shooting and Fishing Pub. Co., 150 Nassau street; The Forest and Stream Pub. Co., 346 Broadway; Wm. M. Odell Co., 302 Broadway; Mr. Worleman, 97 Reade street; U. T. Hungerford Co., 497 Pearl street; M. Hartley Co., 313 Broadway; F. Bannerman, 579 Broadway; Abercrombie & Fitch, 314 Broadway; Wm. P. Howell, 582 Mott avenue, Bronx Borough; John P. Dannefelser, 9 Chambers street; J. B. Crook & Co., 1166 Broadway; New York S. G. Co., 61 Nassau street; Peters Cartridge Co. (T. H. Keller, manager), 98 Chambers street; Iver Johnson Arms & Cycle Works, 97 Chambers street; M. W. Robinson Co., 79 Chambers street; Charles Parker Co., 32 Warren street; Winchester Repeating Arms Co.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Montclair Gun Club.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., Oct. 29.—A very jolly crowd of some seventeen men faced the traps at the regular weekly shoot to-day. The weather conditions were all that could have been desired, and yet the crack shots of the club did not equal many of their past performances. Mr. Fanning, who was the guest of the club, was experimenting with a new single-trigger gun. This may account for his falling down in events 3 and 4. Mr. Kendall was trying a new load; and so on, down the list.

With to-day was concluded the shoot for the Mullerite watch fob presented by Messrs. Schoverling & Welles. Mr. Geo. Batten was the winner with a score of 47 out of a possible 50, made on Oct. 15.

On next Saturday the club shoots a team race with the Rahway Gun Club at Rahway. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25	25	25
Babeock.....	20	20	22	17	20	Winslow.....	8	15	14	10	
Wallace.....	13	13	12	11	..	Bettinson.....	14	..	16	..	
C. W. Kendall.....	18	21	21	21	18	Bush.....	18	..	13	..	
Cockefair.....	19	18	21	14	18	Hartshorne.....	..	8	17	15	
S. R. Soverel.....	17	16	17	Crane.....	..	12	16	14	
Fanning.....	25	..	21	20	25	Benson.....	20	19	
Geo. Batten.....	19	..	19	15	16	Holloway.....	16	13	
Doremus.....	4	..	10	15	11	Howard.....	22	18	
Wheeler.....	17	..	16	17	21						

Tietjen's Shoot.

Richard Tietjen's place, although not very well known to many of the followers of trapshooting in and about New Jersey, is in fact one of the best-equipped places for a sportsman to spend a day of recreation and pleasure. It is located in Moonachie, N. J. It is surrounded by some of the best duck and snipe meadow that the State affords. Dick Tietjen and his brother Hen are sportsmen of the right sort, and take every opportunity that business affords to guide their visitors through the meadows and to the best ponds in season. A few weeks ago the writer had occasion to visit them on business, and while there met many well-known New York sportsmen and some from New Jersey. Prominent among these were Mr. Henry Pape, who has many of his fine dogs boarding with Mr. Tietjen; Mr. Sitzler, of Hoboken; L. Gille, of Jersey City; Gen. Zitzle, of New York. Other well-known business men indulged in trapshooting after a successful hunt. The game brought in by these parties had black duck, teal, mallard, wood duck, English snipe, woodcock, crow duck, mudhen and rail birds.

During the afternoon's jollification it was suggested that a game dinner and prize shoot would be a most appropriate day's entertainment for all. This was no sooner said than arranged. About twenty-five names were booked and invitations forwarded.

Thursday, Oct. 27 was selected as the date, and sure enough a good party showed up. Practice shooting was indulged in until dinner call.

Mr. Sitzler, assisted by Mrs. Tietjen and Miss Annie Tietjen, proved to be chefs of no little experience, for seldom, if ever, has a game dinner of venison, duck, snipe, woodcock, etc., been served nicer or better than on this occasion. The potato balls, as large as one's head or pretty near it, were flaky and fine. The

venison was tender and very palatable, while the ducks, etc., fairly melted in one's mouth. The boys did justice to the good cooking.

Afterward speech-making and shooting experiences were in order and indulged in until the early hour. Many of the party, however, were called away early on account of business; therefore few took part in the prize shoot.

Practice shoot and prize shoot scores:

Practice shoot, 25 targets: J. Boehmer 13, L. Gille 10, C. Mahlone 9, L. Sitzler 16, S. Fichtel 13, C. Von Lengerke 19, J. Remheor 12, S. Telfic 13, J. Coons 0.

Prize shoot, 25 targets, handicap allowance: L. Sitzler (6) 20, C. Mahlone (13) 15, R. Tietjen (6) 21, L. Gille (12) 25, S. Fichtel (19) 25, J. De Pauro (15) 19, C. A. Heydolph (15) 17, S. Telfic (14) 19, J. Coons (16) 22, Carl Von Lengerke (0) 18.

L. Gille and S. Fichtel tied for first and second prize, which was decided by toss. Mr. Gille won first, a handsome rod presented to Mr. Tietjen by Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold, Mr. Fichtel taking second, a useful gun implement. It was decided to hold another prize shoot next month.

CHIP.

Mountainside Gun Club.

Orange, N. J., Oct. 29.—Fine weather impelled a few shooters to meander toward the Mountainside Gun Club grounds, West Orange. All the events were at 25 targets. The scores follow:

First event: Abram Mosler 18, Harry Howlett 18, Mr. Gilmour 13, F. B. Miller 11.

Second event: Mosler 19, Howlett 18, Gilmour 10, Miller 12.

Third event: Dr. Marcus Newcomb 13, Mosler 20, Howlett 20.

Fourth event: Dr. Frank B. Lane 14, Gilmour 4, Dr. William B. Graves 6.

Fifth event: Dr. Newcomb 12, Dr. Lane 15, Joseph McDonough 21, Mosler 23.

Pattensburg Gun Club.

Pattensburg, N. J., Oct. 29.—The scores made to-day at our regular monthly shoot, for the medals follow. The medals were in the hands of H. P. Milbern and H. B. Gano, they being the winners last month. To-day they did not seem to be in quite good condition. Nate Stamets came out with a new gun, and made a good score for the first time with it. There seemed to be a nervous feeling among some of the shooters, as we notice a drop in their record. The contest resulted in C. W. Bonnell taking the first (gold) from H. D. Gano. H. L. Gano took the second from H. P. Milbern. Still another interesting occurrence is near. The Hunter medal next month is the end of the year's contest. This shoot brings four in close connection for it next month. It will decide the year's wonder. The scores as they stand are 191, 194, 198, 199, A. E. Holbrook being top man at present, and looks as if he would be able to take the jewel.

This has made it very interesting for our club the whole year, causing a regular turnout at each monthly shoot, with a wish to compliment the Hunter Arms Co. for the jewel given by them a year ago.

Medal shoot:

P. H. Gano.....	011111011111011111101011—20
R. Stamets.....	01101010111101110100011—17
Harry Gano.....	01111011010101101011100—17
C. W. Bonnell.....	110101011111101111111—22
A. E. Holbrook.....	11011001010101010001011—13
H. P. Milbern.....	10000101111001111101111—17
N. Stamets.....	01011111011111010011111—19
A. K. Hellman.....	0101111110101001011001101—15

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Oct. 22.—To-day was the last contest for Morrison cup, which resulted in a tie between Mr. Thos. Parry and Mr. C. H. Finley. The tie will be shot off next Saturday, each contestant shooting at 50 targets each.

The following, at a total of 300 targets, is the result of the six high scores for those who qualified for cup, distance handicap in yards: Parry (18) 274, Finley (18) 274, Gregory (17) 268, Anderson (16) 255, Bell (18) 254, Dickman (18) 244, Medico (17) 244, Moore (17) 239, Moller (18) 234, Dixon (17) 227, Armstrong (16) 208, Hice (14) 192.

Thirty-eight members took part in this cup race, but only twelve shot six, the required number to qualify. The shooting of Mr. Parry was considered the best done on our grounds for some time, he scoring 96 out of the first 100; and all from the 18yd. mark. His score to-day for Morrison cup was 48 out of 50.

Practice events, total shot at and broke:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Parry.....	150	36	Hice.....	50	20
Dickman.....	150	117	Rison.....	75	41
Gregory.....	150	118	Dixon.....	125	86
Hillis.....	65	51	Schilling.....	125	71
Finley.....	120	64	Moller.....	75	53
Bell.....	65	71			

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Oct. 29.—The appended scores were made at the regular bi-monthly shoot of the Ossining Gun Club. Events Nos. 6 and 7 were handicaps for cut-glass and silver cups. A. Bedell won the first with a score of 18 from 18yds. The second stood a tie between E. Ball and Bedell, the former winning on a toss-up. W. H. Coleman and G. W. Anderson arrived too late for the prize events. Birds were thrown 70yds., which made it rather difficult for back-liners.

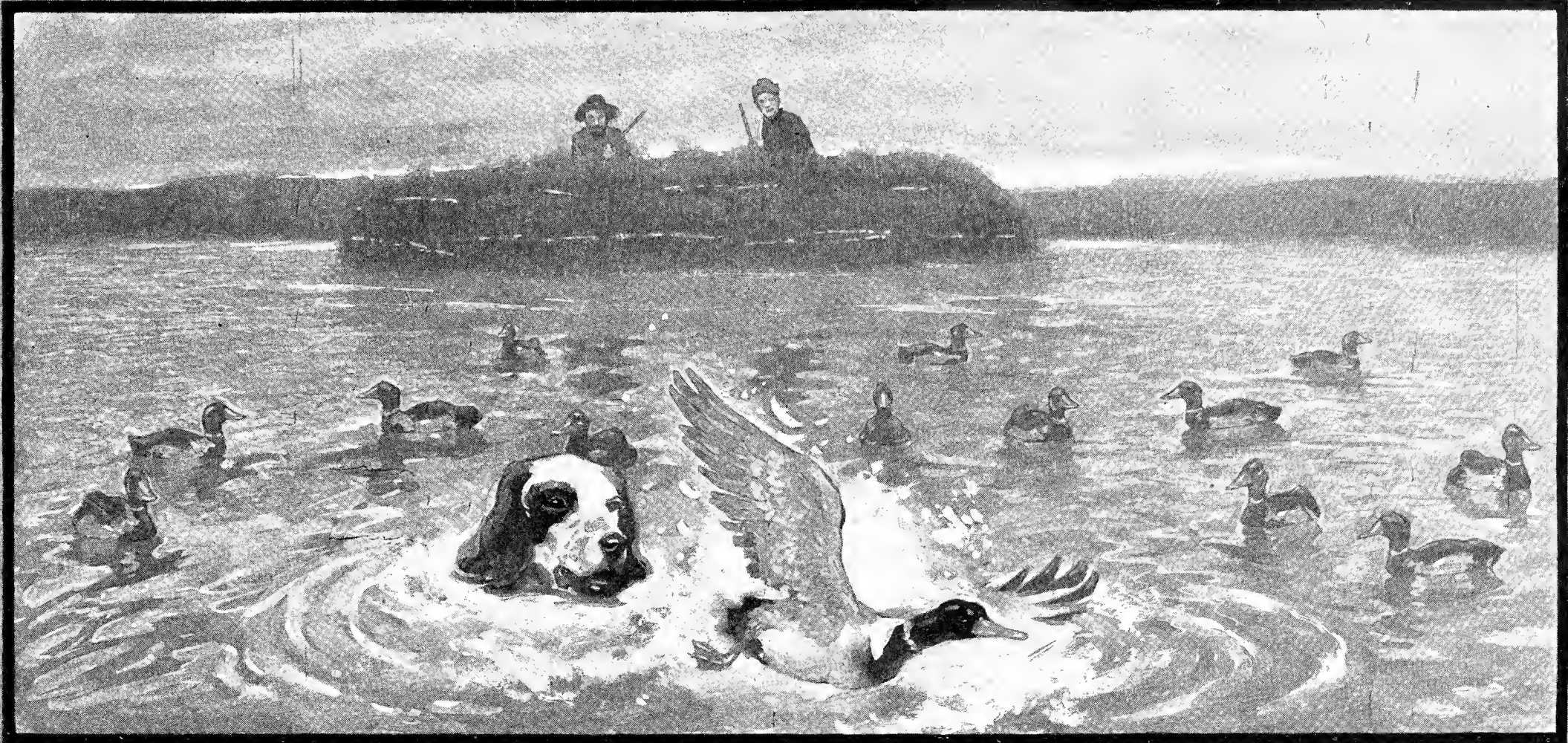
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	20	20	10	10	25	25	10
E. F. Ball, 7.....	4	8	9	5	6	15	17	..
McFarland, 16.....	3	3	7	2	5	15	10	..
Fortesque, 19.....	5	6	2	8	7	12	14	8
J. C. Barlow, 16.....	5	8	6	8	8	17	16	..
A. Bedell, 18.....	18	17	..
G. W. Anderson, 16.....	5

Norwich, Conn., Shooting Club.

The last prize shoot of the season was held on Saturday, Oct. 29. The ammunition case given by Eaton, Chase & Co. was won by I. P. Taft with a score of 90. J. A. Mitchell and A. R. Aborn were second with a score of 89. The \$5 offered by the club to any member making a straight score in a regular 25-bird event has been won by Taft, Noble and Mason. Mr. Taft has broken straight four times. The silver spoons given by Mr. Archibald Mitchell have been awarded as follows: Taft 2, Noble 2, McCord 2, Gates 1, Prest 1, Mason 1, Aborn 1, Amberg 1, and there is an undecided tie between Mitchell & Aborn for one of the October spoons.

I. P. TAFT, Sec'y.

Mrs. Nellie Bennett was visiting at Colorado Springs last week, and the boys entertained her at the traps. Scores: Mrs. Bennett shot at 85, broke 40.



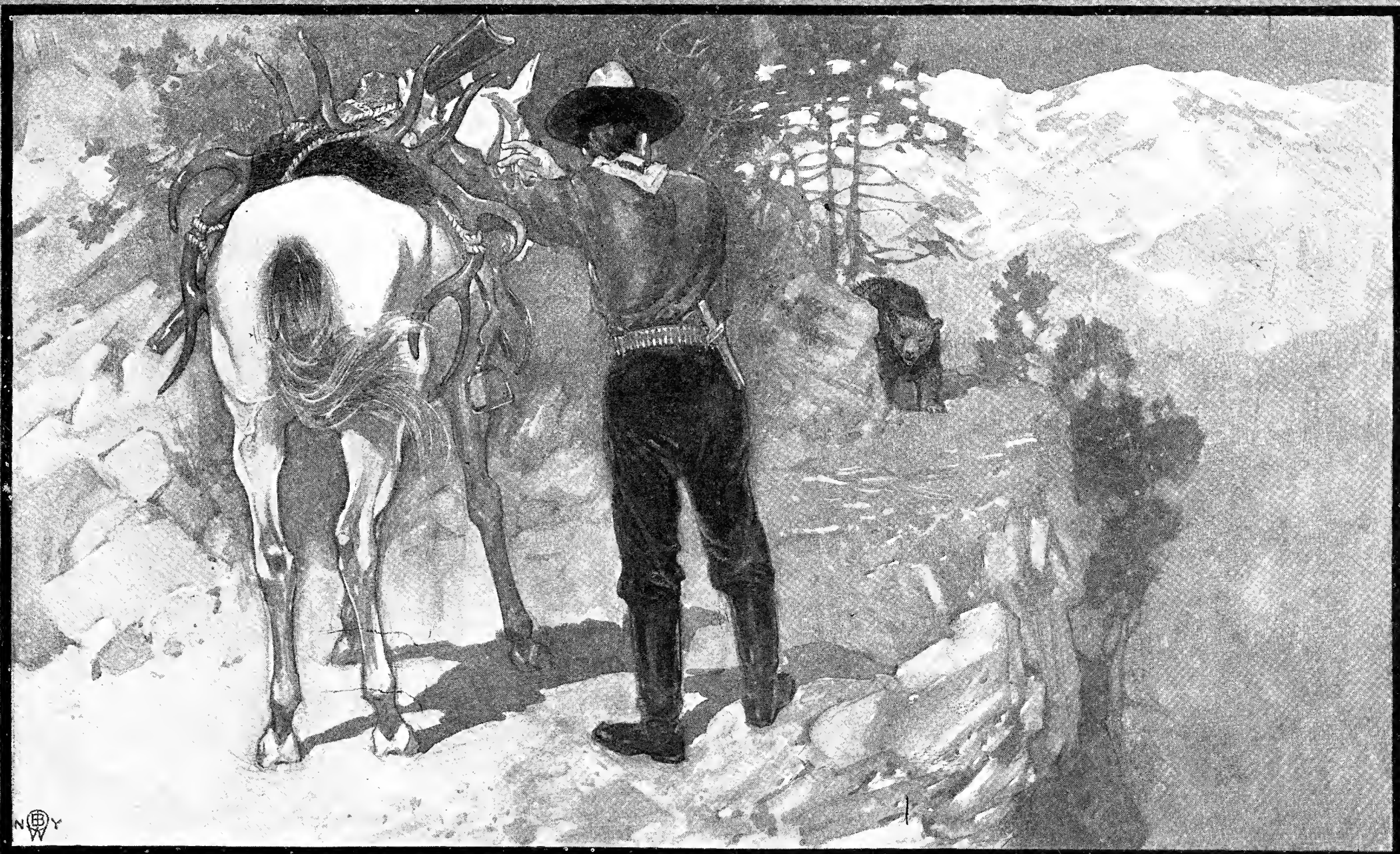
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Where to Hunt Game in the South

WHERE to hunt game in the South is becoming more and more of a problem each succeeding year. Not by any means on account of the scarcity of game, but owing largely to the increasing tendency of sportsmen to form clubs, and reserve the shooting privilege of large sections of country. In this way places where sportsmen have formerly found good shooting are no longer open to them, consequently they must cast about for new territory, new guides, and new accommodations while in pursuit of their pleasures afield. And it is well to add here that the shooting preserves, while in a way numerous, cover but a very small fraction of the vast bird country throughout the Southern States, and for many years to come can the individual or parties of hunters find good shooting and good accommodations in the South. The most serious and really only perplexing problem is just where and with whom to shoot. For the accommodation of its patrons the Seaboard Air Line has at considerable expense and time taken up this matter in behalf of the sportsman, and publish the following list of places where they know birds can be found and good accommodations had, and in many cases, for those not owning their own kennel, dogs may be secured as well.

NORTH CAROLINA.

North Carolina presents a great variety of country. There are many miles of open pine woods in which the shooting is very fine. Quail, of course, is found most generally, but in many places wild turkeys are still numerous. In the following summary only the best points have been selected. It will be observed that these places are located with reference to their distance from some central point. At Seaboard, sixty-nine miles from Portsmouth, Va.—Shooting good. Country rolling. Quail numerous, turkeys and deer in the swamp lands. Guides, from \$1 to \$1.50 a day. Horses, \$2 a day; there are no dogs for hire. Board, \$1 a day. At Gary's, seventy-six miles from Portsmouth—Quail, rabbits, squirrels, and turkeys abundant. Guides—J. F. Lifsey, E. G. Garlick, at \$3.50 to \$5 a day, furnishing dogs and team and board where desired. Horses, \$2 a day. Board, \$1.50 a day. At Weldon, seventy-nine miles from Portsmouth—Shooting good. Quail, turkeys, ducks, squirrels and deer. Guides—Henry Grant, "Billy" Clanton, William Roberts, Ben Pope, and J. T. Evans will act as guides at reasonable rates. They will also furnish dogs. Horses, \$2.50 to \$3 a day. Board, \$1 per day up. At Gaston, ninety-one miles from Portsmouth—Quail, squirrels, rabbits, and frequently wild geese are abundant. Guides—J. J. King and Sam Shaw, at \$1 a day. Horses, but not dogs, \$1 to \$1.50 a day. Board, \$1 a day; \$5 a week. At Littleton, ninety-nine miles from Portsmouth—Quail very numerous this season; also turkeys, geese, and ducks. Guides—George Kirkland, J. J. Myrick, J. H. House, or John Reed, at \$1 a day or \$5 a week. Guides will also furnish teams and dogs. Board, \$1 a day; \$5 a week. Judge Gummerie, of the New Jersey Supreme Court, is a regular hunter here every fall. At Roxabel, eighty-one miles from Portsmouth—Quail are abundant, and in the Roanoke River bottoms turkey and deer are plentiful. Guides at reasonable rates. At Norlina, ninety-eight miles from Richmond, Va.—Quail, turkeys, squirrels, and rabbits. Guides—F. B. and F. P. Wiggins will act as guides at reasonable rates. Mr. F. B. Wiggins can furnish two or more dogs. Horses, \$1.50 a day. Board, \$2 a day. At Henderson, one hundred and fourteen miles from Richmond. On the ridge between the Tar and Neuse rivers—Shooting excellent. Quail, turkeys, squirrels, rabbits, foxes, and a few deer. The quail shooting is especially fine, and will be better than usual this season. The country is level and open, with enough cover to protect the birds. Board, \$5 to \$10 a week. Guides—R. J. Southerland and Mr. June Clements will take charge of parties at reasonable rates, furnishing horses and dogs. Henderson has an established reputation among sportsmen, and is visited every season by Northern hunters. At Manson, one hundred and three miles south of Richmond—Quail shooting unusually fine; also turkeys and squirrels. Guides—J. H. Bullock and C. M. White. They also furnish dogs. Horses, \$1 a day. Board, \$2 a day. At Middleburg, one hundred and six miles south of Richmond—Quail, turkeys, deer, and partridges. Guides—Alfred Plummer can furnish board, guides, and dogs at reasonable rates. At Franklinton, one hundred and thirty miles from Richmond, Va.—Quail, turkeys, and squirrels abundant. Guides, \$1.50 a day; they supply dogs. Horses, \$1.50 and \$2 a day. There is a good hotel at which board can be had at \$2 a day or \$10 a week. At Raleigh, the capital of the State, one hundred and fifty-seven miles from Richmond—This is a good point from which to go to less populous sections. At Osgood, thirty-seven miles south of Raleigh—Here the country becomes less rolling, but the shooting is as fine as it is in the northern part of the State. Quail, turkeys, and squirrels plentiful. Guides, \$1 a day. Board, \$1 a day. Teams at reasonable terms. At Lakeview, sixty-two miles south of Raleigh—All the land in this section is posted and under the management of the Lakeview Townsite Company, which readily grants permission to sportsmen from a distance. Quail and turkeys are very plentiful. Last spring the Lakeview Company planted a large number of small patches of peas, inclosing them so they would benefit the partridges and other wild game. Competent guides may be obtained at from \$1 to \$2 per day. Board, \$2 per day at hotel; \$5 to \$10 per week in boarding houses. At Southern Pines and Pinehurst, two hundred and twenty-five miles from Richmond—At Pinehurst there are 35,000 acres of land over which the shooting privileges are owned by the management of Pinehurst. Probably the finest quail shooting in the country is found here, as the birds are cared for scientifically and are protected for the benefit of guests of the place. There is maintained a kennel of hunting dogs for the use of guests of Pinehurst. Twenty of the best trained dogs in North Carolina were purchased for this purpose, and are kept in good condition under charge of Mr. Gray. Competent guides always to be had by day or week. At Aberdeen—Mr. H. H. Powell, one of the best known hunters in North Carolina has the

shooting privilege over 5,000 acres of ground. Mr. Powell acts as guide, and being familiar with the country, knows where the game can be had, and makes it easy for those desiring sport to have plenty of it. Mr. Powell has a comfortable home for those who desire to hunt over his grounds. At Hamlet, two hundred and fifty-four miles south of Richmond—This is one of the best points in North Carolina from which to arrange hunting expeditions. There is an excellent hotel here, and within a radius of twenty miles there is some of the best shooting in the State. Guides and dogs can be had here to hunt the adjacent country. At Rockingham, near Hamlet—Quail very abundant this season; also turkeys. Guides not needed. Teams can be hired reasonably, but hunters must bring their own dogs. There is a good hotel here; rates \$1 to \$2 a day. At Polkton, thirty-three miles from Hamlet—Here is a famous shooting country. In addition to the quail and turkeys, there are plenty of foxes and of fox hunters. Guides can be had cheaply, and teams also at low prices. Good board, \$1.50 a day, or \$5 a week. Guides—Sam Hubbard, William Bryant, Prince Henry, and James Willoughby. At Peachland, thirty-seven miles from Hamlet—Quail very abundant. Guides can be had at nominal prices, and so can dogs and horses. Board, \$1.50 a day; \$10 a week. At the Rutherfordton Branch, between Shelby and Rutherfordton, is some of the best quail shooting in the country. The line here runs into the foothills of the North Carolina mountains. It is a rich grain country, and the birds are numerous and in fine condition. Board can be had at almost any of the stations of the Seaboard Air Line Railway, and agents of the road at Lincolnton, Shelby, Ellenboro, and Rutherfordton will gladly furnish information to prospective visitors. At Lumberton, forty-three miles from Hamlet—Quail, turkeys, and squirrels abundant. In the swamps deer are found. Horses, from \$1 to \$2 a day. Board, \$1 to \$2 a day; less by the week. At East Arcadia, also near Wilmington, and in one of the best sections for game—Quail, wild turkeys, woodcock, ducks, and squirrels plentiful; and in the swamps bears, deer, mink, otter, and other wild animals rarely found to-day, within reach of sportsmen. Board can be had at reasonable rates, and guides and horses can be hired. Guides—T. J. Johnson and R. H. Grant, of Wilmington. Board at the Wilmington hotels from \$2 to \$3 a day.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Much the same conditions exist in South Carolina as in her northern neighbor, though the State does not afford an equal number of excellent hunting and fishing points. Between Hamlet and Atlanta, however, there is both good shooting and fishing, and in some other regions of the State the conditions for both are fine. At Greenwood, between Hamlet and Atlanta—Quail are abundant, and so are squirrels and rabbits. Guides can be had if needed, and teams may be hired at reasonable prices. There is a good hotel here, where hunters will be well taken care of. At Abbeville, about fifteen miles beyond Greenwood—The quail shooting is especially fine; it is a common thing to bag seventy-five in a day. The local sportsmen will act as guides at nominal cost, and will furnish horses and dogs. Board may be had very cheaply. At Calhoun Falls, a little beyond Abbeville, is another good point for either fisherman or hunter. Camden, three hundred and twenty-seven miles from Richmond—Good shooting and hunting on the Wateree River. Quail shooting is especially fine, and guests at the three large tourist hotels here have full benefit of the sport. Guides, dogs, and horses may be had at reasonable prices, and local sportsmen always may be counted on to accompany visitors. In season doves are also abundant. Fox hunting is a favorite sport, and there are several good packs of hounds in the town and immediate neighborhood. This sport is enjoyed here under favorable conditions rarely found in this country. Mr. A. J. Boykin, of Camden, has excellent hunting grounds within five miles of station. He acts as guide, and supplies dogs, board, etc.

GEORGIA.

At Stillwell, twenty-four miles north of Savannah, low, flat country, near the coast—Quail, doves, turkeys, snipe, woodcock, ducks, wildcats, deer. Board can be had here, but it is well to go to Savannah, and there make arrangements for guides and equipment. At Dorchester, twenty-five miles south of Savannah, near the coast—Quail, turkeys, and squirrels. Guides—Patrick James, Summer Lambert, C. A. Tate, \$1 a day. Horses, \$1.50 a day; no dogs. Board, \$4 a week. At Clio, thirty-two miles north of Savannah—Quail, turkeys, and deer abundant. Guides and dogs at reasonable rates. Board \$1 a day; \$5 a week. At Riceboro, about thirty miles south of Savannah—Quail, doves, turkeys, plenty of deer. No guides. No boarding-houses; but an ideal spot for operations from Savannah. At Darien, ten miles further south—Quail, turkeys, and deer plentiful. Guides, \$1 a day. Horses, \$1.50 a day; no dogs. Board, \$1 to \$2 a day. At Everett City, fifty-six miles south of Savannah—Splendid hunting—quail, doves, turkeys, ducks, squirrels, deer. Guides can be had if desired, but they are unnecessary. Board, at Brunswick, \$1.50 a day up. At Townsend—The same conditions prevail here and at White Oak, Woodbine, Colesburg. At Collins, sixty miles from Savannah—The quail shooting here will be unusually good this season. Guides not needed. Board, 75 cents a day. At Ochopee, sixty-eight miles from Savannah—One of the best points in the State. Quail, doves, turkeys, ducks. Guides—N. B. Jarriel, E. J. Giles, R. A. Giles, \$1.50 a day. Horses and dogs at reasonable prices.

FLORIDA.

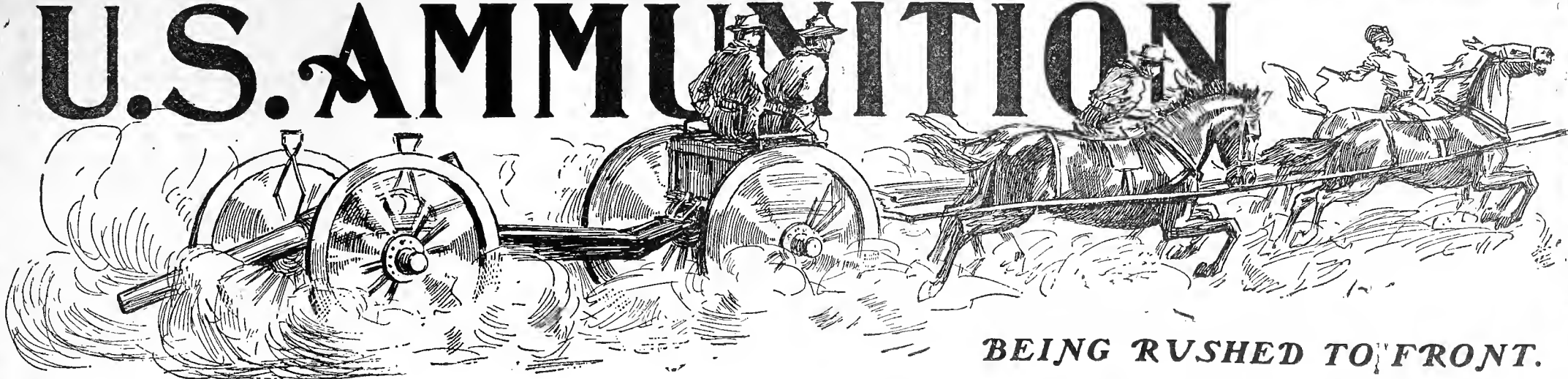
East of the Rocky Mountains there is no such hunting as in Florida, and the fishing is equally fine both in the fresh-water streams and lakes and in the fishing on the coast. The tarpon, the king of all game fish, has his true habitat in the waters just south of Tampa Bay, on the west coast of Florida. Fishermen have come here in such numbers from this country and from England, that it has

paid to maintain a good hotel at Sarasota. For shooting, it may be said, in brief, that at any point a very few miles distant from centers of population, quail are to be found. In Florida one can find quail as easily as he can find English sparrows in northern parts; but the presumption is that the sportsman who goes to Florida has larger game in view. Probably, however, the finest sport with the gun obtainable in civilized lands is quail shooting, and this is found in absolute perfection in Florida. At Live Oak, eighty-two miles from Jacksonville, is a splendid point for both fishing and shooting. All kinds of fresh-water fish native to these parts are here in abundance. The quail shooting is unsurpassed. Guide—W. R. McGregor, \$1 a day. Horses, teams and guides are usually furnished by livery stables, \$3 a day. Board, \$1 to \$2 a day. At Hampton Springs—With this as the central point, he can get whatever kind of game he wants. Below Hampton Springs, Fenholloway River affords fine fishing, bass, perch, and bream being plentiful. Quail, turkeys, and squirrels abound in the hammocks (heavily wooded tracts) and deer are also plentiful. Frank King and George Lee, of Perry, Fla., are competent guides, whose services can be had for \$2 per day. Cook's Hammock, through which the Steenhatchie River runs, and the adjacent territory, abound in game; quail in the open woods, turkey, deer, bear, panther, and wolves in the hammocks and swamps. Along the coast ducks and geese are plentiful. Rookeries of sea and plume birds are found which are of interest to ornithologists. At McClenny, twenty-seven miles from Jacksonville—Fine fishing. Quail, doves, and squirrels plentiful. Guides can be had at reasonable rates. Board, \$2 a day. At Madison, one hundred and ten miles from Jacksonville—Good fishing and splendid hunting. Quail, turkeys, ducks, deer, and bear plentiful. Guides will be furnished by D. H. Mays & Co. and Thomas McLeary, from 50 cents to \$1.50 per day. Teams and dogs can be hired cheaply. Board, \$1.50 to \$3 a day. At Monticello, one hundred and forty miles from Jacksonville—Fine quail, dove, duck, and snipe shooting. Guides can be had at all times at reasonable rates. Board, \$2 a day; \$12.50 a week. At Ward City, sixty miles from Jacksonville—Fishing and hunting fine. Quail very abundant, squirrels plentiful. Fine hunting country. Guides, \$1 a day. Neither horses nor dogs for hire. Board, \$2 a day. At Chaires, twelve miles from Tallahassee—Fishing fine when river is at right stage. Fine quail, turkey, and squirrel shooting. Deer also plentiful. Guides—No trouble to secure guides. Board very reasonable. At Gainesville, seventy miles from Jacksonville—Fishing and hunting good. Quail and ducks the principal game. No regular guides, but good livery service at \$2.50 and \$3.50 for team. Board, \$7 to \$10 a week. At Tallahassee, one hundred and sixty-five miles from Jacksonville—Trout, bream, mackerel, bass, bluefish, etc. Deer, turkeys, ducks, snipe, woodcock, quail, and doves all abundant. Guides furnished by livery stables at \$3 to \$4 a day with team. Horses, \$1.50 a day; dogs, \$1. Board, \$2.50 and \$3 a day at hotels; \$7 to \$12 a week in boarding-houses. At St. Marks, twenty miles from Tallahassee, on the Gulf—Splendid sea fishing, as well as fresh water. Fine duck and goose shooting as well as quail. Guides—Ernest Oliver and Carey Turner, \$1.50 a day. Board, \$1 to \$2 a day. At Fernandina, thirty-four miles northeast of Jacksonville, on the coast. Excellent sea and fresh-water fishing. Quail, ducks, and some deer. Guide—Crockel Holzendorf, \$1.50 a day. Teams at reasonable prices. Board, \$1 a day and up. At Yulee, twenty-four miles north of Jacksonville. Fine fresh and salt-water fishing. Quail, turkeys, deer, and squirrels. Guides—John White, J. J. Edmondson. Horses, \$2 a day. Deerhounds can be rented. Board, \$1 a day. At Waldo, on main line, fifty-six miles south of Jacksonville. Good fishing and excellent quail shooting. Board, \$2 a day; \$6 to \$10 a week. At Ocala, in the heart of the best hunting section in the State—Quail, duck, turkeys, deer, etc., can be found in abundance. Guides—Henry Livingston, Ocala; W. H. Hopkins, Orange Lake, \$1 to \$1.50 a day. Can furnish team at \$2.50 to \$4 a day. Board, \$1 to \$3.50 per day. At Wildwood, one hundred and twenty-eight miles south of Jacksonville. Trout, speckled perch, bream, etc., abundant. Quail, turkeys, and deer abundant in the neighborhood. Guides—L. W. Cook, Jeff Walker, 75 cents a day; \$3 a week. Board, \$1 to \$2 a day. At Leesburg, eleven miles from Wildwood—Splendid bass fishing, quail and duck shooting. Guide—G. E. Winter. Horses and dogs can be hired. Board, \$1 to \$2.50 a day. At Tavares, twenty-two miles from Wildwood. Fine fishing and shooting—Quail, ducks, squirrels, deer, and bear. Guides can be had at \$1.50 per day. Horses, \$1 a day. Board, \$1 and \$2 a day. At Oviedo—Splendid fishing; perch, bream, trout. Quail, turkeys, and deer abundant. Board, \$1 a day. At Mohawk, short distance from Tavares—One of the best points in Florida, where, at the Jolly Palms Hotel, there is a sportsman's resort with everything necessary to make an expedition enjoyable. Fine fishing in lakes and streams, and all kinds of large and small game close at hand. Lake Weir, a fine fishing point, is three miles distant.

At Lacoochee, fifty miles north of Tampa. Fine fishing, trout, pickerel, etc. Quail, turkeys, and deer abundant. No professional guides. Horses and dogs can be hired. Board, \$1 a day. At Abbott, thirty-eight miles north of Tampa—Trout, bream, perch, etc. Quail, turkeys, and deer in abundance. Quail more plentiful than ever before. Guides—J. A. Turner and John Smith. Board, \$4 to \$6 per week. At Braidenton, on the Manatee River, about sixty miles below Tampa—Fishing fine in the river and bays along the coast. Bird shooting fine, also good duck and snipe shooting. The fishing in Sarasota Bay, a few miles below here, is the finest on the Florida coast. This is the home of the tarpon, which is caught here in greater numbers than anywhere else. There is a good hotel at Sarasota, and boats may be hired.

For further information address: W. E. CONKLYN, General Eastern Passenger Agent, Seaboard Air Line Railway, 1183 Broadway, New York.

U.S. AMMUNITION



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When the Pastime Gun Club, of Detroit, Mich., met last week there was some hot shooting. Wolf and Tolsma tied for the trophy. Wolf won the Class A medal, and the Class B went to Whitmore. White won the Class C, and Hannebauer the Class D.

Cedar Lake Shoot.

Cedar Lake, Ind., Oct. 24.—This summer resort has often been the scene of a target tournament on the Binyou side of the lake, but Saturday and Sunday were the first times that the attention of the management and shooters was called to live-bird shooting as a pastime. The attendance was limited, yet those present shot through both days, and as they were the well-known jovial bunch—Marshall, Boa, Clark, Binyou, Burnham and Barto—a good sociable time was the result. Each took turns in winning first by going straight, whether it were a 25-bird or a 7-bird event. Boa was “pumping” lead fast, and had some sport with Marshall. Binyou fooled ’em in the 25-bird event. Scores:

Event No. 1, 7 live birds, \$7.50 entrance:
Marshall 2222200—5 Binyou 1122222—7
Boa 2202200—4 Burnham 0222222—6
Clark 2221221—7 Barto 2222222—7

Event No. 2, 25 live birds, \$25 entrance:
Marshall 222222202222222222222222—24
Boa 022212222222222222222222—23
Clark 111201021112221222222222—22
Binyou 011201102122202222222222—21
Burnham 22112222222112022102212—23
Barto 12121222112221222210222—24

Event No. 3, 10 live birds, \$7.50 entrance:
Marshall 2220222022—8 Burnham 222222202—9
Boa 022222222—9 Barto 212122212—10
Clark 211222112—10 Sargent 2210201012—7
Binyou 222221122—10

Event No. 4, 25 live birds, entrance, \$25:
Boa 222222202222222222222222—23
Marshall 111021101221121201111102—21
Clark 222222222222222222222222—21
Binyou 2212222222122222222221111—25

Event No. 1, 7 live birds, entrance \$5:
Marshall 2222222—7 Binyou 2221220—6
Boa 2022222—6 Burnham 2021220—5
Clark 1122221—7 Barto 2202112—6

Event No. 2, 25 live birds, \$25 entrance:
Marshall 222002222222222222222022—21
Boa 222222222222222222222222—25
Clark 1212102122221222212010201—21
Binyou 2220222122202022202222221—20
Barto 211010112221102221222112—22

Event No. 3, 10 live birds, \$7.50 entrance:
Marshall 2222222222—10 Binyou 2222001021—7
Boa 2222222222—10 Barto 121022012—8
Clark 2211122212—10 Burnham 1222221102—9

Cincinnati Gun Club.

Cincinnati, O.—Oct. 29 was a perfect day. The main event was a series of five 20-target events, 10 cents entrance in each. Ties were shot off in next event. Leever won first and second events, Harig in the third, and Don Minto in the fourth and fifth.

The cup race has now eighty-seven entries. Farn is still high with 25. Gambell scored 13, Peters 19, and Medico 15 to-day in an effort to tie him.

Don Minto was high gun in the 100-target event, breaking 90, and at practice he broke 47 out of 50.

Randall and Charles Peters leave for St. Louis to-morrow, and will attend the World's Fair shoot at live birds and targets.

Prize shoot, five events at 20 targets each, 16yds.:

Shot at. Broke.		Shot at. Broke.	
*Don Minto 100	90	*Williams 80	64
*Peters 100	88	*Leever 60	58
*Harig 100	88	Hesser 80	58
*Black 100	87	*McDuffy 80	57
*Randall 100	84	Tuttle 80	55
*Bullerdick 100	80	Norris 60	50
Andrews 100	78	Roanoke 60	44
Maynard 100	74	Herrobin 60	35
*Medico 80	71	Hattersley 40	37
Myers 100	67	Gambell 40	29
*Roberts 80	65		

*Shot for the prizes.

Death of Allen Temple.

Another of Cincinnati's well-known sportsmen has passed away. Allen Temple, born Oct. 25, 1841, died at his brother's residence, Eight Mile, Ohio, on Oct. 26, and was laid to rest on the 29th. He was an enthusiastic angler, and spent many seasons in Michigan, Wisconsin and Canada. He was an old member of that bunch of jolly anglers known as the “Kingfishers,” and was the hero of “Old Temp's Dream,” written by J. H. Hickman (Kingfisher), who was his intimate friend. He served in the 39th Ohio Volunteer Infantry during the Civil War; was appointed clerk in the post-office on March 14, 1880, and was in the mailing division up to last June, when he was taken sick. He left many friends behind him to regret his loss, and who bear testimony to his character as one of the truest-hearted sportsmen who ever lived.

Notes.

About two hours' ride from Cincinnati, over the Big Four road, is the town of Sumner, Ind. On Doc Vincent's invitation, several of the Cincinnati boys visited that burg on Oct. 28, and a royal good time they had. Among the party who left the Queen City at 6:30 A. M. were Gus Dick, Arthur Gambell, Dan Pohlar, Lou Pfeiffer and Kramer. They were met at the station by Doc, who had everything fixed up for the comfort of his guests. A big crowd was at the grounds. The forenoon passed quickly in sweep-stake shooting, the last events being three four-man team races at 15 targets each. Gambell's team won each one by a small margin and had only 4 to spare in the aggregate total of the three.

R. L. Trimble won high honors at the shoot of the Central Covington, Ky., Gun Club on Sunday, Oct. 23, breaking 72 out of 80 targets.

The weather on Oct. 22 was not the best for enjoyment of shooting at the trap. This was probably the cause for the very light attendance at the grounds of the Dayton Gun Club. Then the holder of the medal failed to have it on the grounds, so the handicap event was not shot.

The Rohrer's Island Gun Club, of Dayton, O., brought to a close on Oct. 26, what has proved to be an unusually successful season, and the last medal shoot of the series was the best of the year. This event was attended by over one hundred shooters and spectators. The day was cool and clear, with no wind. The medal match for club members only was shot early in the forenoon, and was won by H. Lockwood, after shooting off five ties. J. Donohue stayed in to the last.

The Welfares and Tipp are now tied with Rohrer's, and the deciding matches will be shot soon, probably with Tipp on Nov. 4, and with the Welfare on Nov. 5.

J. Pease, of Vandalia, O., announced that the Vandalia Gun Club would hold a turkey shoot on the Tuesday before Thanksgiving, and invited all shooters to attend.

The October medal shoot of the Preble County Gun Club was held at Eaton, on Oct. 27. C. W. Matthews won the medal with a score of 20 out of 25. He already holds some half dozen shot-gun and rifle club medals.

The third monthly amateur shoot of the Dayton Gun Club will be held on Nov. 11.

The turkey shoot to be held at Vandalia, O., on Nov. 22 will be with rifles, at 100yds., offhand.

Supt. Clark, of the Dayton Gun Club will arrange a trap shoot for turkeys during Thanksgiving week. Bellbrook, Salem, Six-Mile House, and Locust Grove gun clubs will probably do the same.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 29.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the twenty-seventh trophy shoot of the season. Dr. Meek won Class A trophy on 23, Ford won Class B on 21, and Horns won Class C on 18.

After the trophy shoot, Stone and Snyder captained two teams formed by choosing sides. Stone's team captured all three matches. One of the match events was shot on doubles.

The day was unpleasant, being too chilly for comfort or good scores. Attendance was fairly good, considering the season and weather. Eighteen shooters lined up for the afternoon's sport.

Dr Shaw 1101011111111001110111—20	
Dr Meek 10111111111101111111—23	
Thomas 11010111111101111111—20	
Eaton 1101111100111111110100—19	
Dr Skillman 0101111111111110100001—18	
Goetter 1111101111111110110011—21	
Ford 1111010111011101111111—21	
Dr Reynolds 100001000111001001001000—19	
W A Jones 01101111111110101010101—20	
Stone 11111111111010101010101—20	
Gould 0011010101010101010101—17	
Snyder 1111111111110010111111—22	
Wells 000000011101011100010110—11	
Horns 001001111111111101010111—18	
Davis 111101111111110101111111—22	
Ferguson 111001100001100000010001—10	
Watson 0000001010000000010010010—5	

Team shoot, Stone and Snyder captains:

Stone's Team—Stone 10, Dr. Meek 9, Thomas 9, Dr. Skillman 6, Jones 9, Birkland 8, Gould 8, Watson 5; total 64.

Snyder's Team—Snyder 8, Davis 10, Goetter 7, Dr. Reynolds 5, Ferguson 7, Dr. Shaw 10, Eaton 6, Wells 6; total 59.

Practice events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	10	10	10	10	Targets:	10	10	10	10
Dr Shaw 9	10	9	7		Reynolds 3				
Hibbard 1	5	3	7		W A Jones 10				
Dr Meek 6	7	9	10		Stone 5				
Thomas 10	9	9	9		Gould 5				
Eaton 9	10	10	9		Snyder 8				
Dr Skillman 7	5				Wells 3				
Goetter 7	6				Horns 5				
Ford 8	5				Davis 8				

Middletown Tournament.

MIDDLETOWN, Del.—The first tournament of the Delaware State League, held here on Oct. 27, was a success in every way. Fifty-five contestants participated in the competition. The tournament was held under the auspices of the Middletown Shooting Association, which made full preparation to meet the requirements of the tournament. The visitors were much pleased with the treatment accorded them.

Mr. William M. Foord, of Wilmington, won the State championship with the excellent score of 91 out of 100. The prize was a beautiful loving cup.

The five-man team trophy contest was won by No. 1 team of the Wawaset Gun Club, of Wilmington, with a score of 200 out of a possible 250. Seven teams competed.

High individual average in the team contest was made by Mr. J. B. McHugh, of the Wilmington Gun Club. He broke 47 out of 50 targets.

For the entire programme, 200 targets, Mr. J. Mowell Hawkins made high average. He broke 183 out of 200. Edward Banks was second with 179, and Messrs. J. A. R. Elliott and W. M. Foord tied on 178 for third.

Mr. Luther J. Squier managed the tournament skillfully and with satisfaction to all. He also attended to the exacting duties of the cashier's office, and consequently he was too busy to participate in the competition, so that while the tournament was a gainer by his management, it lost the participation of one of the very best shots.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	
Targets:	10	10	15	15	25	25	25	25	25	25	at.	Broke.
Elliott 10	9	13	13	22	22	23	21	21	24		200	178
Hawkins 9	8	13	14	23	24	21	24	24	23		200	183
Foord 8	10	14	13	22	20	23	22	24	22		200	178
Butler 10	8	12	13	21	20	20	17	19	20		200	160
Richardson 9	7	10	12	22	20	22	21	22	18		200	163
W Edmondson 9	6	13	9								50	37
George 7	8	11	14	20	17	23	18	20	20		200	158
Kirk 9	8	10	11	18	22	16	19	19	17		200	149
Keller 6	9	10	11	17	16	18	14	19	17		200	137
Skelley 9	8	13	15	24	21	21	19	24	21		200	175
McHugh 7	7	12		23	24	20	13	18			185	151
McKelvey 9	9	9	11	19	22	23	22	21	18		185	163
John Evans 7	9	10	8	16	18	14	19	20	15		200	136
W H Reed 7	8	8	8	21	19	17	17	22	21		200	147
Tuchton 8	10	12	12	19	17						100	78
McNeal 6	6	14	11								50	37
Springer 8	9	5	13	15	18	19	15	16	15		200	133
G Edmondson 6	6	8	8								50	28
Melchoir 4	7	9	11	12	18						100	61
Rogers 6	8	8	11	22	17	16	18	15	18		200	139
Graham 9	10	14	13	24	21						100	91
Stidham 5	3	7	6								50	21
Longland 6	7	10	9	13	15						100	60
Godwin 7	8	10	9	16	11	17	18	16	20		200	132
Steele 8	8	14	13	20	22						100	85
R Miller 9	8	13	11	18	19						100	58
Kindell 4	7	10	10	17	16						100	64
Jones 8	8	13	13	19	16						100	77
Thompson 7	7	8	12	16	14						100	64
Husbands 2	6										20	8
Hartlove 6	7	11	10	15	16						100	65
C H Simon 6	5	10	12	9	12	16	20	15	17		200	121
Booker 6	6	10	13	16	15						200	134
H L Simon 6	5	11	9	13	17						100	61
Warren 4	6	9	8								150	79
L Evans 8	7	9	14	19	22	22	19	18	18		200	156
Banks 9	9	15	14	22	22	23	23	22	20		200	179
E E duPont 7	7	13	12	21	20	20	21	16			200	157
Bead 10	6	11	12	17	19						100	75
Martin 5	7	11	6	16							100	61
Lobb 4	7	12	11	22	22						100	78
Brice 5	5	9	7	15	18						100	59
Poole 5											60	29
Ewing 7	8										75	38
Buck 9	9										75	59
Reutter 7	10										25	17
Faulkner 7	7										165	91
Rodway 11											15	11
Barnard 10											165	128
Seward 18											50	38
Stephens 16											50	33
Duryea 20											50	42
C Potter 19											150	111
G Simon 16											50	32
E Simon 18											50	37

Events 5 and 6, team racc. Events 7, 8, 9 and 10, State championship:

Wawaset Team No. 1—Foord 42, McKelvey 41, Miller 35, Jones 35, Graham 45; total 200.

Dover Team—Richardson 42, Faulkner 34, Steele 42, Deed 40, John Evans 34; total 192.

Wawaset Team No. 2—Melchoir 30, Martin 32, Tuchton 36, Buck 41, Bead 36; total 175.

Blue Ball Team—L. Evans 41, C. H. Simon 21, H. L. Simon 30, W. N. Potter 35, Ewing 23; total 150.

Maryland Team—Kirk 40, Booker 31, George 37.

Maryland Team—Kirk 40, Booker 31, George 37, Seward 38, Godwin 27; total 173.

Wilmington Team No. 1—Springer 33, McHugh 47, Rogers 39, Lobb 44, G. Simon 32; total 195.

Middletown Team—Stephens 33, Brice 33, Barnard 44, Duryea 42, Poole 24; total 176.
 Wilmington Team No. 2—Kindell 33, Hartlove 31, Thompson 30, Longland 28, E. Simon 37; total 159.
 DuPont Team—Elliott 44, Banks 44, duPont 41, Skelly 45, Hawkins 47; total 221.

Raleigh Tournament.

RALEIGH, N. C.—Our fourth annual tournament closed with the best attendance and the most successful yet held. While the attendance was not quite as large as we expected, the enthusiasm and good shooting made up the difference.

The trade was represented by six as jolly sportsmen as sent out by the different companies. Walter Huff always wears a smile, especially when the ladies were around, and you could see he cornered off most any old time with one of North Carolina's fairest daughters. J. Mowell Hawkins, Emory H. Storr, Neaf Apgar, Col. J. T. Anthony and Mr. Ellyson were the others.

We had amateur shooters from nearly every club in the State. A magazine trap was used, and I never saw one work so well. Very few targets were broken.

The sliding handicap was used, and it always gives entire satisfaction. No one can kick on his own handicap.

Geo. Lyon, of Durham, had the trade representatives distanced in each day's shoot, and when you are ahead of Huff and Hawkins you are going some. He is the best trap shot in our State.

James I. Johnson, president of our club was second high amateur. Killett, of Wilson, was third. Walter Huff was high for the trade representatives.

The last, or special, event on the first day's programme was at 25 targets for premium of a twenty-year life policy, given by the Prudential Life Insurance Company. It proved to be the most exciting and interesting race of the tournament. Nearly every amateur was entered for the event, but Lyon G. Whitaker and Ellington tied on 25. Lyon dropped out in the next 25, and Ellington and Whitaker went straight. For a third time they tied on 24, and a fourth time on 23, making 97 out of 100 shots. This was good shooting, and would have continued, but darkness broke up the fun. It was shot off in the Lyon trophy race, Ellington winning by one target over Whitaker.

Twenty-three were entered for the Lyon trophy, which was won by Geo. Lyon; score, 96 out of 100. He gave this trophy to our club last year, and it was won on 93 by Whitaker. It must be won twice in succession to become the property of winner.

The weather was exceptionally fine for both days, and no reason why some of the shooters did not do better; but when you come with a sliding handicap, it is more difficult shooting.

Messrs. Todd and Barnes rendered valuable assistance in running everything right up to date, and we thank them very much for so kindly assisting us.

Scores for both days, Oct. 19 and 20:

Trade representatives, average on a total of 360 targets: Huff 336, Hawkins 325, Anthony 323, Storr 319, Apgar 316, Ellyson 301.

Amateurs, scores on a total of 360 targets: Geo. Lyon 340, Johnson 327, Killett 326, Todd 324, Walls 317, Ellington 315, McKnight 314, Whitaker 309, A. Lyon 307, Slater 303, Simms 302, Harris 293, Twin City 273, Daightridge 284, Webb 302.

Other totals: Gore shot at 340, broke 264; Barrett 260, 230; Gowan 200, 170; Stewart 200, 170; Fleming 200, 138; Welch 200, 160; Pearce 235, 194; Jordan 150, 110. R. T. GOWAN.

Recreation Rod and Gun Club.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., Oct. 28.—The Recreation Rod and Gun Club of this city, held its thirtieth regular weekly shoot at Recreation Park, to-day with twenty-two guns out. With this shoot the club closes the season of 1904, and will open up for 1905 on Friday afternoon, April 14, 1905.

Mr. H. C. Watson, of the U. M. C. Company, was present and tied the ground record of 97 out of 100 established by Mr. L. Z. Lawrence on Sept. 30.

The club championship medal was won for the week by W. N. Dawson, with 92.9 per cent., and the president's cup was won for the week by Elmer F. Jacobs, with 22 out of 25.

The Consolation event offered for club members who have not won any of the prizes during the season, was won by Dr. Page A. Gibbons, with a score of 22 out of 25.

A feature of the shoot was 100-target race between members of the team which has represented the club against other clubs in the series of intercity races during the season. The scores:

Event 1, 10 targets, practice: Price 7, Dawson 9, White 9, Jacobs 8, Geo. F. Miller 7, Deussenberry 6, H. C. Watson 9, L. P. Smith 4, Christy 9, E. R. Taylor 7, Van Voorhis 4, Jas. H. Smith 8, S. E. Taylor 3, Sivey 6, Hayes 6, Cobun 7.

Event 2, president's cup: Price shot at 21, broke 19; Dawson 20, 19; White 22, 21; Jacobs 25, 22; Geo. F. Miller 20, 10; Deussenberry 19, 13; H. C. Watson 20, 19; L. P. Smith 17, 10; Christy 25, 18; E. R. Taylor 19, 12; Van Voorhis 21, 15; Jas. H. Smith 28, 12; S. E. Taylor 20, 12; Sivey 20, 14; Hayes 17, 10; Gibbons 18, 14; Cobun 19, 14.

Event 3, Club prizes, 25 targets: Price 22, Dawson 23, White 22, Jacobs 20, Geo. F. Miller 15, Deussenberry 18, H. C. Watson 25,

L. P. Smith 16, E. R. Taylor 18, Van Voorhis 20, S. E. Taylor 13, Sivey 15, Hayes 11, Gibbons 19, Hervey 13, J. L. Smith 18, Cobun 19.

Event 4, Consolation prize, 25 targets: L. P. Smith 16, Ramage 14, Christy 17, Hayes 13, Gibbons 22, Gilbert B. Miller 13.

Event 5, 100-target race: Price 84, Dawson 92, White 79, Jacobs 91, Geo. F. Miller 73, Deussenberry 68, H. C. Watson 97, Cobun 62.

Dawson high gun in Class A, Deussenberry high gun in Class B, Van Voorhis high gun in Class C.

Event No. 6, club team race, nine men, 15 targets to a man:

Price, captain, 14, White 11, Gibbons 8, Cobun 10, Van Voorhis 8, Hayes 9, L. P. Smith 13, J. L. Smith 11, S. E. Taylor 11; total 95.

Dawson, captain, 14, Jacobs 13, Watson 14, Deussenberry 9, Geo. F. Miller 13, Sivey 6, E. R. Taylor 13, Christy 12, Hervey 8; total 102.

ELMER F. JACOBS, Sec'y.

Fulford Memorial Fund.

NEW YORK, Oct. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will you kindly allow us space in which to put before your readers as briefly as possible our excuse for appearing in print. All of them are unquestionably aware that on Saturday, Oct. 15 last, there passed away at Utica, N. Y., one of the very best shots and one of the most whole-souled fellows in the trapshooting world, a man of whom we believe it may truthfully be said that there was neither man, woman nor child who could be reckoned as other than his friend. We refer of course to E. D. Fulford, whose career as a trapshooter during the past twelve years has been an exceptionally brilliant one.

It has been suggested that very many of those whom he delighted to reckon among his friends would appreciate an opportunity of showing the esteem in which they held him. With that end in view the committee named below has been appointed, which shall be known as "The E. D. Fulford Memorial Fund Committee," to whose care has been entrusted the erecting of such a monument as shall suitably express to others who did not know him as well as we did, just how high in the estimation of his friends the late Mr. Fulford stood.

Several subscriptions to the fund have already come to hand, and will be duly acknowledged. In order to simplify matters, it may be as well to state that we have decided to ask Mr. James T. Skelly to act as custodian of all moneys received for the fund. Although we have received from him no formal acceptance of such a post of trust, we understand that he will act as above, and we therefore request that all checks, postal orders, etc., relating to the fund be made out in his name, and be forwarded to him, "care of E. I. duPont Company, P. O. Drawer 1001, Wilmington, Del."

Thanking you in advance for granting us space in which to set forth the above, we remain,

THE E. D. FULFORD MEMORIAL FUND COMMITTEE.
 T. H. Keller, Peters Cartridge Company, Chairman.
 Frank E. Butler, U. M. C. Company.
 J. A. R. Elliott, Winchester Repeating Arms Co.
 J. S. Fanning, Lafin & Rand Powder Co.
 James T. Skelly, E. I. duPont Company.

Mullerite Gun Club.

THE Mullerite Gun Club held its first shoot on the grounds of the Richmond Gun Club, of Concord, S. I., on Oct. 26. The shoot was very successful, but Tribune trap, run by motor, was throwing targets hard and right into a 60-mile-an-hour gale; therefore low scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	25	25	25	25	10	20	20	25	15	15
F. C. Bisset.....	21	19	17	21	7	13	13	..	11	13
O. Mundy.....	18	15	15	19	7	14	14	..	8	8
L. H. Schortemeier.....	17	18	20	14	8	16	12	..	9	12
Geo. Bechtel.....	13	9	13	13	7	13	11	14	11	11
E. A. Staples.....	19	23	19	14	7	17	13	..	15	..
L. A. Schofield.....	17	12	20	17	8	12	11	21	14	12
R. Hollister.....	17	12	14	17	6	11	12	19	..	11
Dr. Carl Richter.....	18	18	21	17	6	12	10	..	11	7
Fred Truax.....	17	12	14	15	7	12	17	..	10	9
Hugo Brugmann.....	23	17	21	15	6	16	14	..	12	6
J. J. Fleming.....	18	14	15	17	..	14	11
C. W. Kendall.....	20	20	17	16	9	14	13	..	11	9
M. Herrington.....	19	16	21	20	9	13	..
D. D. Stever.....	20	16	15	19
O. H. Brown.....	16	12	17	16
O. C. Grinnell, Jr.....	12	9	8	16
Dr. J. B. Pardoe.....	21	13	20	19
J. S. Fanning.....	22	20	16	13	8	14	18

A. A. SCHOVERLING, Mgr.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Oct. 29.—The following scores were made at the Rochester Rod and Gun Club traps, Wednesday, Oct. 28, for the Hunter Arms Co. cup:

Broke. Hdp. Tot'l.			Broke. Hdp. Tot'l.		
Rickman	19	6 25	Norton	21	3 24
Borst	15	7 22	Stewart	22	0 22
Jenkins	16	4 20			

New York Athletic Club.

TRAYERS ISLAND, Oct. 29.—The regular weekly shoot took place to-day, including the last competition for the October cup. Today's winner, Dr. De Wolfe, shot off the tie with the previous winners, Messrs. Elias and Schroeder, the cup honors going finally to Mr. Schroeder.

Mr. H. W. Gleffer, of Pittsburg, a non-resident member, does not regret bringing his gun along on his New York business trip. Three beautiful cups were his property at the end of the day's shoot, one particularly fine cup being won by a single point in the 100-target contest. The scores:

Special cup matches. No 1 was at 25 targets; Nos. 2 and 3, 50 targets each:

Event No. 1.				Event No. 2.				Event No. 3.			
Brk. Hdp. Tot'l.				Brk. Hdp. Tot'l.				Brk. Hdp. Tot'l.			
L	G	Schroeder.....	12 7 19	20	12	32	20	12	32		
H	W	Gleffer.....	14 2 16	39	4	43	35	4	39		
W	I	Elias.....	11 4 15	20	8	28	16	8	24		

Event No. 4, October cup match, 50 targets:

Event No. 4, October Cup Match, 50 targets.					
Broke. Hdp. Tot'l.			Broke. Hdp. Tot'l.		
Dr De Wolfe.....	38	6 44	L G Schroeder.....	29	14 43
W J Elias.....	22	8 30	P R Robinson.....	16	14 30
F W Perkins.....	31	8 39	H W Gleffer.....	38	2 40

Shoot-off, 25 targets: De Wolfe 11, Elias 13, Schroeder 16.

Event No. 5, \$25 cup, 100-target match:

Event No. 8, 425 cup, 100-target match.							
Broke. Hdp. Tot'l.			Broke. Hdp. Tot'l.				
H W Gleffer.....	75	10	85	Dr De Wolfe....	59	12	71
F W Perkins....	64	20	84	W J Elias.....	34	20	54
L G Schroeder....	49	24	73				

Grafton Rod and Gun Club.

GRAFTON, W. Va.—The Grafton Rod and Gun Club held its first annual tournament on Wednesday, Oct. 26, and had a fair turnout, although the threatening weather and the fact that the open season is now on, cut down the attendance to a considerable extent.

The day turned out good, and all present thoroughly enjoyed the shooting.

The trade was represented by Messrs. H. C. Watson, Garland and Davenport.

Amateur high average for the day was won by Mr. Kinney with 84.2. Merchandise event, quail shoot, was won by Mr. Wiedebusch with 18 out of 20.

In the team shoot Fairmont and Grafton were the only teams entered, and the race was won by Fairmont with 86 to Grafton's 78 out of 125. The scores:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Watson	190	143	Walker	165	75
Garland	190	150	Rogers	165	90
Davenport	190	136	Smith	100	70
Jacobs	190	152	Kinney	165	139
White	165	136	West	165	123
Wiedebusch	165	134	Hibbs	165	115
Lilly	165	124	Leachman	165	87
Donally	165	121	Powell	95	54
McNeilly	165	110	Musgrove	165	69
Phillips	100	75	Leps	95	56
Warden	165	110	Coogle	20	12
Stuck	165	69	Bailey	105	53

Team race, five-man teams, 25 targets each man: Fairmont 86, Grafton team 78.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

H. B. R., Clinton, Conn.—If H. B. R. will send us his name in full we will take pleasure in answering his question in full. We do not answer anonymous questions.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

World's Fair Scenic Route.

BECAUSE of its magnificent mountain, river and cañon scenery, its famous battlefields, and points of interest, and because of its superior equipment and physical condition, providing all the comforts and safeguards of twentieth century travel, the Chesapeake & Ohio is unquestionably the most attractive route between the Atlantic Seaboard and the Mississippi Valley. World's Fair and through tickets by this route allow stop-over at Virginia Hot Springs and Greenbrier White Sulphur, the two most fashionable and famous mountain resorts in the country. Solid trains Washington to St. Louis, with New York connection via Pennsylvania Railroad.—Adv.

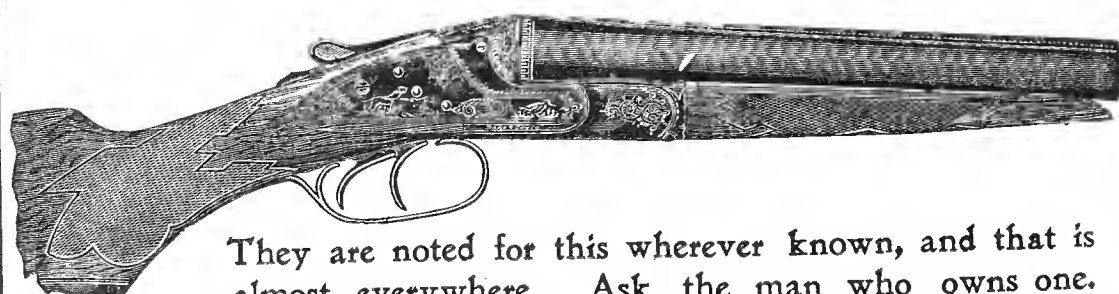
Wild Rice

planting as a provision of duck-drawing food has been carried on in many sections. It is one way to increase the shooting. Messrs. Northrup, King & Co., of Minneapolis, whose advertisement appears elsewhere, have supplied seed which has been successfully grown.

Books Received.

Jiu-Jitsu Combat Tricks.—Japanese feats of attack and defense in personal encounter. By H. Irving Hancock. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Sportsman Joe. By Edwin Sandys. New York: The Macmillan Company.

BAKER GUNS SHOOT HARD and are SAFE.



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 Fine Trap and Medium Field Grades, \$25.00 to \$200.00 and up.
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WON at New York State Shoot.

Third General Average in State Events. Ties for First Place in Audubon Handicap and makes Highest single day's score in State Events—158 out of 165. Amateur Records.

Other Wins with MULLERITE are:

Orange, N. J., Aug. 6th, 1st Average (Amateur).
 Warwick, N. Y., Aug. 12th, 1st Average (Prof.).
 Bound Brook, N. J., Aug. 20th, 1st Av. (Prof.).
 Bound Brook, N. J., Aug. 20th, 1st Av. (Amateur).
 Pittsford, Mass., Aug. 22d, 2d Average (Amateur).
 Westwood, N. J., Aug. 20th, 1st Average (Prof.).
 Scranton, Sept. 3d, 50 straight (Amateur).
 Scranton, Sept. 5th, 1st Average (Amateur).
 Utica, N. Y., Sept. 5th, 1st Average (Amateur).
 Point Breeze, Pa., Sept. 3d, 1st Av. (Amateur).
 Ossining, N. Y., Sept. 5th, 1st Av. & Championship of Westchester county with longest Straight Run, 46 (Amateur).
 Kenton, Ohio, Sept. 5th, 2d Average (Amateur).
 Middletown, N. Y., Sept. 16th, Ch. Orange co. (Am.)
 North Branch, N. J., Sept. 13-14, 1st Av. (Am.)
 Rahway, N. J., Oct. 1st, 1st Av. & Silver Cup (Am.)

Sole U. S. Agents,

SCHOVERLING & WELLES, 2 Murray St., New York.

Dealers in GUNS, FISHING TACKLE, BOATS, KODAK SUPPLIES, and GENERAL SPORTING GOODS.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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No. 846 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

MONOLOGUES OF KIAH.

It was near the hour of midnight when the loquacious Hezekiah—or, Kiah in affectionate diminutive—after sundry restless tossings about in his cot, began his habitual nightly monologue just at the moment when his companions were passing into sleep. For the while his fancies dwelt on dogs. He loudly began thus: Did you see that lean but well-bred foxhound that prowled around our camp all day? No! Well, you needn't be so snappy about it, anyway! I wish you boys had seen him. He reminded me of the hounds of my pack which I had during the two years that I lived in Virginia; and that's a fine country to live in, by the way. In Old Virginny I passed some of my life's happiest days. Folks there, it seems to me, are more amiably responsive, more sociable, gentle, considerate, kind-hearted. Who cares, did you say? The sweet communion of thought, the heart-to-heart talks among friends which are so much of all that makes true sportsmanship, seem to be denied me in this camp. Never mind! I began to tell you about the pack of hounds I once owned. My friends and I had many and many a grand chase with that pack of black-and-tans; but there was one grand chase, a chase of chases, that for brave dash, fierce pursuit, masterful strategy, and plucky endurance, looms up in memory and overshadows all the others. The chase lasted three days and nights, during which the dogs must have run at least 300 miles. In that pack were some of the wisest hounds that ever circumvented the wiles of the most cunning fox. I might justly term them a pack of canine Hawkshaws; that is, all excepting one which we called Hot Air. Bugle was the leader of the pack, and he, like the others, was a sloppy looking hound when idling about the yard; yet he, like the others, was a perfect demon in fierce energy and cunning when on the trail of a fox. Bugle was the leader by virtue of excellence. Whenever he gave sonorous tongue on a trail, be it ever so old or so cold, every hound rallied to him as they always do to a true leader; all but one—Hot Air—an extraordinary hound. Hot Air was the biggest sham of a hunter that ever ran with a pack of good dogs. Strange to say, nearly every man, after once accompanying me on a fox chase, proclaimed Hot Air as the leader of the pack, and the best foxhound that ever struck a trail. Of course you all know that in every pack there are hounds which will babble on a cold, blind trail or a false scent, but Hot Air would also babble on a mere idea, and yet proudly and brassily assume all the airs and graces of leadership. In external appearance Hot Air was quite the antithesis of his fellows. He was a large, symmetrical hound, which, in weather good or bad, had a rich-looking coat, glossy as a mirror. So well did he keep himself groomed, that I never saw a hair out of place much less two hairs crossed. Hot Air was conscious of his dainty loveliness, for hounds have a lot of overflowing vanity. Even when alone, he had certain graceful flourishes of movement. I firmly believe that dogs are reasoning creatures. In some of his doggish ways Hot Air seemed almost to be human. He carried his head high, even in his idle moments; chest swelled bravely, and he stood at magnificent attention or airily strutted along with disdainful touch of toe, his carriage being of mild hauteur or imperious haste, accordingly as he was idling or acting. At first sight, Hot Air was the favorite. He would look beamingly alike on friend or stranger, gently pirouette to show his charms of coat and figure, with some purrings, fawnings and waggings appended, till the recipient was convinced that Hot Air recognized true merit, and was the most intelligently obsequious hound that ever worshipped a man; that is to say, till he saw Hot Air kowtowing and wagging as industriously to the very next person who patted his head or glanced kindly at him. Hot Air, by virtue of sundry struttings, sweet posings, and heroic ululations at a time when all his fellows were sensibly quiet, established a belief in his leadership of the kennel; and also by virtue of interminable babblings, spectacular riotings, and much unobserved running cunning when on the trail, he convinced every newcomer that he was the leader of the pack, and the shining source of its chief merit. In many of his choice poses he was a vision of elegant beauty; as a worker, his reputation, through star acting in the center of the stage, was built upon the work of the hounds which ran true. To them he seemed to be a beautiful and harmless clown. They heeded not his babblings nor his pretenses of leadership; for they early in his career perceived that

his full cry was merely an invocation of the lime light, and that all his fantastic cavortings, ostensibly devoted to the chase, were, in fact, mere devices to parade his beauties of person. Still, much of it was an excellent imitation of the mannerisms of a real worker; and he gave tongue merrily on a mere fool idea with all the unction of a hound on a true trail; and he was never mute; from all this was derived his name, Hot Air. Some of my hunter friends, who were at first most insistent that Hot Air was true gilt on the peak of the superlative, affected amazement later that I tolerated such a queer babbler in the pack; yet to have disposed of him would have entailed no hardship, for he seemed to provide for much of his rapacious appetite by prowling around through the adjacent country and adding to his provender by securing gifts and pilferings. Occasionally, when some one of his one-time admirers cornered him in a sequestered nook, the ex-admirer without fail would give him a swinging kick amidships, rolling him over and over in twists endwise and sidewise; yet such was the buoyant vanity of Hot Air that, after limping a few moments and thawing out his smirk, he would mark time in sprightly manner, and pose again as a leader when the rest of the pack was absent or working. I had to describe Hot Air thus minutely so that you would understand all about the grand chase which I am about to describe. Hot Air, in one of his grandstand plays, met the fox alone. The fox charged on him—so I was told afterward by a farmer who saw the sad tragedy of the woods—and drove him out of the country. We never saw him afterward. But I am ahead of my story. It was a beautiful morning, and we made an early start. Hot Air, as we mounted our horses, was rehearsing with much vivacity. He strode about, gave immense bounds, suddenly ran alone far out in a straight line and back again, and he was the cynosure of all eyes. I had with me two dear friends from the North who had never seen a fox hunt according to the methods which obtained in Virginia. What? "How many miles did I say the chase lasted?" About 300. "How many days did it last?" Three days. "How far have I advanced on the chase?" Why, I've only just begun. "You're going home in the morning!" Well, I will not tell you another word of that fox chase, not if you stopped breathing. Good-night.

NEW FIELDS.

ONE by one the secret places of the earth are being exposed to view, and made more accessible. Time was when one only had to cross the Missouri River, and get away from the single railroad, to effectually bury himself for as long a time as he chose. Now the trans-Missouri west is, if not as thickly populated as the Mississippi Valley, at least quite as commonplace. It is but a few years since we used to hear of "darkest Africa," and there are even still living venerable men who can remember when the fate of Dr. Livingston, the African missionary, was a matter of burning interest to a large proportion of the civilized world. Now, however, the people travel in Africa by sleeping cars. It is true that Cecil Rhodes' hope for a railroad from Cairo to the Cape is not yet a fact, but one can go from Mombasa to the famous Lake Victoria Nyanza by rail, passing through the great game country made famous by many early writers on African hunting, within sight of the tremendous peak of Kilimanjaro, nearly 20,000 feet in height, through the land of the once dreaded Masai to the inland sea, on which there are two large steam yachts which will take him to all the points of interest.

This is travel made easy. The tourist who wishes to get into the heart of Africa has now only to take a comfortable mail steamer on one of three or four lines and go to Mombasa, where his real railway journey begins.

The game begins to be seen in abundance about 300 miles from the sea. Here, we are told, "herds of zebra gallop alongside the train, and the plains are dotted with ostrich, hartebeeste, gnu and many species of graceful antelope, who hardly raise their heads as the train steams by; lion, giraffe and rhinoceros are also frequently seen from the railway carriages." It was, we believe, during the construction of this line that the lions, when other food supply failed, used to visit the work trains and, entering the cars, carry off

the casual laborer or engineer to satisfy his hunger; but we conceive that few passengers have been treated in this inhospitable way by these noble denizens of the forest.

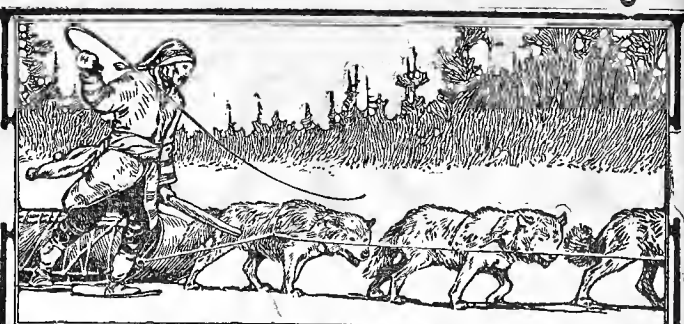
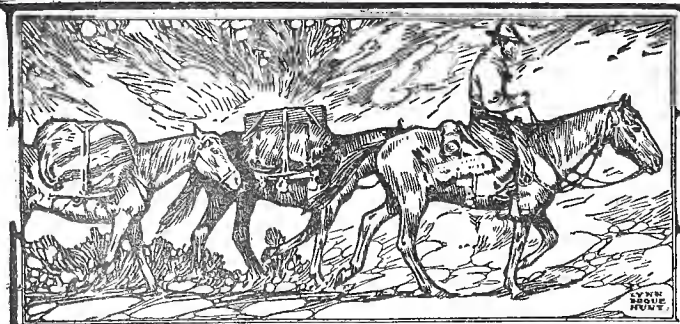
It is reported that the game here is enormously abundant and that such restrictions have been put on the killing, that it is rather increasing than diminishing in number. However numerous the sportsmen who have already visited this attractive region, it is conceivable that many men of leisure will want to make such a trip, which, if desired, can be continued down the Nile to Gondokoro, Khartum and Cairo.

DEER AND DAMAGES.

THE vexed question of farmers' damages for crop depredations by deer has been treated in a sensible way in Vermont, as is told in the report of Fish and Game Commissioner H. G. Thomas. There being no provision of public moneys for the purpose, a citizen of Rutland, Mr. M. E. Wheeler, generously placed in the hands of Col. W. Y. W. Ripley, of the same city, \$1,000, to be devoted to liquidating any just claims for damage by deer, the claims to be settled by the commissioner. While the claims have been numerous, few have been proved to be of a character meriting payment. Every claim has been subjected to careful investigation; and affidavits blanks have been submitted to the claimant to be filled out and attested before damages could be collected. While the customary claim is for \$100, of the affidavits sent to such round-sum claimants, only one was ever returned. This was for the destruction of \$100 worth of beans; investigation showed that the claimant had not had a dollar's worth of beans in his garden. Indeed, the actual results of the system go to show that the deer depredations in Vermont are so slight as to be negligible. Of all the claims made to the date of the report, only three had been allowed, for \$5, \$12.50 and \$5 respectively. Mr. Wheeler has consented to the use of the money for the general purposes of fish and game protection.

A CORRESPONDENT writes of a deplorable state of affairs existing in the neighborhood of La Salle, N. Y., where the dynamiting of fish is done openly, and the ducks are killed on their feeding grounds by means of motor launches. There is no good reason under heaven why such a state of affairs should be tolerated in La Salle or in any other township in New York. There is a game protective force amply sufficient, if set to the work, to put a stop to the dynamiting, the chasing of ducks in launches, and all the other illicit practices which have made a barren wilderness of land and water. We advise our correspondent to call on the authorities of Albany for an immediate righting of the situation. In such a demand should be found the remedy asked for. At this period, when the practicable ways of game protection have been demonstrated and are well understood, and when a large force of protectors has been provided whose special and particular duty it is to protect the game, it is intolerable that any locality should be abandoned to the devastation of the criminally inclined fishermen and shooters. There was a time, not so many years ago, when the whole scheme of protection and the methods of insuring it were tentative, and more or less of necessity ineffective. But that time has gone by. Experience has shown how the laws may be enforced. If they are not, somebody is to blame.

THE admirable record of work done the first year of its existence by the Audubon Society of North Carolina, as set forth elsewhere, is due almost wholly to the energy and industry of Mr. T. Gilbert Pearson, the secretary, who signs the report. Not only has this work been done, but so much energy has been put into the raising of money that the society is in a most satisfactory financial condition, having resources of over \$2,200. These gratifying results offer flat contradiction to the statements so frequently made that the Southern States care nothing for game protection. As a matter of fact, people in the South are very much like people everywhere else. And if they can be made to understand the importance of protecting the natural resources of our country they will take hold of it with abundant energy, and in fact are likely to feel more enthusiasm for the good work than people in the North and West. Mr. Pearson has shown what a single man can do. It were to be wished that more men like him were scattered about through the country.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

The Optimism of Campers.

In all the literature of camping, how rare it is to find a writer who touches with more than a hurrying pen any of the daily discomforts of camp life. Of the disasters, such as the capsizing of a canoe, the burning of a tent, the loss of all the provisions, we hear enough. These things are too interesting to be passed over. But if we look for a true impression of a typical camping trip, we shall often find no mention at all of those constant discomforts which, small as they may seem to most of us, render camping anything but a life of ease. But as there are camps and camps, it would be well to define at the outset what may be considered a typical case of real camping, for we are not dealing with what is exceptional.

By real camping I mean an expedition in a real wilderness where cot beds, fresh milk, and cook-stoves are rarely seen, where a tent is the shelter, and there is sufficient moving from place to place to prevent the establishment of anything like a permanent camp, for in a permanent camp one can soon have nearly all the comforts of home. The family tent with its board floor erected for a season beside some charming lake or stream, with a farmhouse just over the hill, is not a camp in this sense; much less so is the Adirondack palace with all its semblance of rusticity. At the other extreme an expedition to a barren wilderness in the dead of winter is real camping, but hardly typical. We must seek our type somewhere between the two extremes. Let us have in mind, for instance, a canoe trip in Quebec or Maine, or a tramp trip in some wilderness where the waterways are impracticable. Bearing in mind some such conceptions as these, we shall rarely find a writer who gives anything like a true impression of the seamy side of camp life. Indeed, a man may camp for a week in the rain, and yet return to civilization with the assertion that he has had a glorious time—and so he has, if he is a true lover of the woods.

But the remark of Socrates that there is a necessary connection between pleasure and pain, applies to camping as well as to other human experiences. And yet, if one were to accept the expert testimony of the vast majority of writers on camping, he would believe the woods to be a place where all the luxuries of civilization are ready to the hand of the true woodsman; and if, being a tenderfoot, he should allow himself to be so far carried away by the enthusiasm of some camping friend as to accompany the latter on some woodland expedition, he would find himself roughly disappointed, and would doubtless return home about the third day—if he only knew the trail! But supposing him to be made of the right stuff, he would become, by the end of a fortnight, as enthusiastic a monomaniac as his friend. "To think," said a friend of mine, after his first trip, "that I have lived nearly thirty years in ignorance of the joys of camping!"

So far from finding in the writers on woods lore any mention of their every-day discomforts, we find the exact opposite—descriptions of the absolutely comfortable bed, the tent "dry as a bone," the hot and palatable meal which said old camper and writer on woods lore has enjoyed. My own rather long experience leads me to the conviction that such rhapsodies do more honor to the heart than the head of the old camper.

Excluding the oft-treated ludicrous attempts of the tenderfoot who, if left to his own devices, is uncomfortable, as a matter of course, and confining our attention to the operations and experiences of the expert, let us take a typical description of "how to make camp" from one of the best books ever written on the subject of the wilderness, "The Forest," by Stewart Edward White. In the fourth chapter of this book, after a refreshingly humorous description of the efforts of the tenderfoot, I read the following: "Look about you for a good level dry place, elevated some few feet above the surroundings. * * * You will want two trees about ten feet apart from which to suspend your tent, and a bit of flat ground underneath them. Of course the flat ground need not be particularly unencumbered by brush or saplings, so the combination ought not to be hard to discover." I have not infrequently searched for an hour for these prerequisites; but let us get on. After instructions as to the clearing of the ground, an operation for which there is often scant time, the passage continues: "Lay a young birch or maple an inch or so in diameter across a log; two clips will produce you a tent-peg. * * * If you are wise * * * you will" [I here condense] "cut them two feet long." This is all very good advice, but there are many localities in which a tent-peg is almost absolutely useless. Two years ago I voyaged by canoe through a region in which for two hundred miles, and in process of making upward of fifteen camps, we succeeded only once in driving four corner posts, to say nothing of tent-pegs. The country was a sheet of almost unbroken rock with a thin skin of soil, and we had to use rocks, logs—anything but pegs. Mr. White is not unaware of this, but note again the prevalent tone: "Occasionally [the italics are mine] in the North Country it will be found that the soil is too thin over the rocks to grip tent-pegs. In that case, etc." Now, the guileless tenderfoot, after reading this passage, would wend gaily forth in the conviction that pegging down a tent is, except "occasionally," an easy and expeditious operation.

Many of the minor discomforts of camping result from the lack of time to do things thoroughly. No true camper

ever spent all his time in making himself as comfortable as even his surroundings at the time would warrant. Assuredly hardly less than all his time would be needed to accomplish this result. Theoretically he might be very comfortable; actually he is quite contented with much less than the comfort that he might have. The time required to do things thoroughly is curiously underestimated by the expert. For example, our typical passage describes how to erect a tent, if not in the most thorough, still in a very thorough fashion, and then adds: "If you are a woodsman, ten or fifteen minutes have sufficed to accomplish all this." To this I would say that never in my experience have I seen even two men erect a tent in so thorough a manner in fifteen minutes. It would be better to allow them half an hour and tell them that a shower is coming, too!

After the fire and a dry tent, the bed is perhaps the most necessary part of the camp. Is the ordinary balsam bed actually comfortable? Listen to Mr. White, and he, I repeat, is typical: "Fell a good thrifty balsam and set to work pulling off the fans. * * * In the tent lay smoothly one layer of the fans, convex side up, butts toward the foot. Now that the rest on top of this. * * * Your second emotion of surprise will assail you as you realize how much spring inheres in but two or three layers thus arranged. When you have spread your rubber blanket, you will be possessed of a bed as soft and a great deal more aromatic and luxurious than any you would be able to buy in town." "More aromatic," yes. "As soft" and "more luxurious"? Two or three layers of balsam boughs have never made for me a "soft," much less a "luxurious," bed, even when the ground has been carefully smoothed beforehand. The bed may be soft at first, but after an hour or two of the sleeper's weight, the bones of the old earth can be all too plainly felt, as every camper knows, if he would but confess it. Possible it is to make a soft bed of balsam, but it requires many more than three layers, and you must freshen it every day if you would maintain its original resiliency.

The proper way in which to build a fire follows next on our programme of making camp. What Mr. White says here is gospel, and calls for no remark, but again the time element, "in fifteen minutes at most your meal is ready." Quick work, if anything more than bacon, tea, and crackers is prepared, and yet it might be inferred from the preceding list of supplies that a more substantial meal was in progress. Now if you are going to bake anything, such as bread, or boil anything, such as rice, you had better allow at least three-quarters of an hour, and a full hour will hurry you less. But Mr. White allows only "a little over an hour" for the whole series of operations of making camp, picking and spreading balsam, cooking and eating supper, and washing the dishes! In reality a party of four experienced campers, with the advantage of dividing the labor, will consume more time than this unless they are in a great hurry. One man, if he is merely human, can scarcely accomplish it all in less than twice the time.

But in all this description there is not even allusion to certain minor, but very real, discomforts. These center closely about the one word "fuel." In the woods one is, of course, never at a loss for fuel, but good fuel—that is, wood that will burn with a clear, bright flame, giving forth no smoke of any account, and scarcely any flying ashes—is by no means so easy to get. It can nearly always be had if you search long enough and persistently enough; but, unless you are in a permanent camp, you will rarely do this. Logically, then, you will do most of your cooking with wood that either plentifully besprinkles every open dish with ashes or sends forth a smoke so blinding that you crouch by the fire with streaming eyes, in vain trying to see what you are cooking. Who has not had the joy of cursing some especially cantankerous fire of this sort? I vividly remember one particular fire which made every member of the party—and there were six—weep as though all his friends were dying. It was raining hard, and with much pains we had raised our tent and built a large fire to dry the interior. The fire was about eight feet from the opening of the tent, and the wind was apparently blowing in just the right direction—from the tent toward the fire. But whenever that smoke eddied back into the tent, we were nearly suffocated. The fuel consisted of white birch and mountain ash; good woods enough, it would seem, but with the rain and wind the combination was—well, we gave it a strong name. At any rate, that smoke would have drawn tears from a wooden Indian.

As to floating particles of ashes in the food, or a film of midges over your cup of tea, Mr. White does not mention them because they are, or to be strictly accurate, the former is, a regular concomitant of meals in the woods. The tenderfoot who is really game, objects, I believe, more to the appearance of these things—the apparent uncleanness—than to the possible results on his internal organism. It is a discomfort chiefly to the eye—the æsthetic sense, if you will.

But the chief discomfort that can befall a camping party, is continuous rain. With the forest dripping, the constant hunt for anything approximating dry wood, the ground like a sponge, the necessity of eating nearly every meal in a tent crowded with kit-bags and duffle, life becomes one long soak, and it is a severe test to the man who is making his first trip. If you are out for only a week, it may rain practically all the time. This expe-

rience has probably befallen most old campers. It is better, indeed, to wear out Jupiter Pluvius, for even he at last grows weary, by staying out a month. You are then sure of at least some good weather.

There is, at any rate, one annoyance about which all writers on woodcraft have enough to say. The ubiquitous insect pest—be he mosquito, black fly, deer fly, midge, or what you will—is so constant a nuisance that he has usually received the distinction of a separate chapter. And he deserves it. But the increasing use of an inner tent of cheesecloth or tarlatan is lessening his power. By this device he can be absolutely prevented from using his weapon at night, and even "hees sing," to quote Mr. White's half-breed, may be so far removed as to cause no annoyance. By day these pests are rarely so troublesome to most of us that we need employ even our favorite fly dope. At any rate, we can carry on the fight with the gusto born of an undisturbed night's sleep. If a man can sleep well in camp, he can endure much.

Admitting, then, that a good camping spot is difficult to discover in the time ordinarily at your disposal, that very often you will find your house verily builded on a rock; that instead of the soft balsam you may be forced to make your bed of the wiry, sharp-tined spruce; that not infrequently you may make camp in the rain and snatch a hasty supper in your tent on ground oozy with moisture and in an atmosphere dim with insects—for they, too, like to come in out of the rain—admitting these and a score of like exigencies, some of which are sure to occur every day, it is evident that a camp without some sort of discomfort is a rarity. This is none the less true even if most of the discomforts might be obviated by sufficient care and time on your part. After all, you are in the woods for other purposes than the maintenance of your personal comfort at its highest possible point. If the trout are biting particularly well, you are not likely to cut short your sport because your bed happens to need a little more balsam or the fuel near camp is not quite so good as you could wish.

The indubitable fact is that even the old camper experiences every day discomforts of which he fails to give sufficient impression when he takes up his pen. And why this apparent lapse of memory, for is it not wilful perversion? The answer is not far to seek. All old campers are optimists—"hopeless optimists," a friend of mine calls them—in matters touching the woods. Three layers of balsam boughs really seem "soft and luxurious" to them. They do not object to a few ashes or a little bark in their food; it is "clean dirt." The pungent smoke of the camp-fire leaves no smart in their memories, whatever may be true of their eyes. Even veritable disasters, such as the wreck of a canoe, the loss of all the cooking utensils, and the like, assume a roseate hue in retrospect. They remember the ludicrous or the didactic, rarely the serious, aspect of such experiences.

Occasionally, however, we encounter a writer whose sense of truth is not smothered by his love of the forest. Charles Dudley Warner was a man of this sort. Loving the woods as well as any man, he was not blind to the fact that hardship and discomfort are the ordinary lot of the camper. His charmingly satiric descriptions of camp cookery and camp beds have been often quoted, and they are true to the life. But he has gone deeper and noted the prevalent attitude of campers toward their beloved mistress. "He who has once experienced the fascination of woods-life never escapes its enticement: in the memory nothing remains but its charm." These are the closing words of "In the Wilderness," and who can doubt their essential truth?

The old camper naturally becomes a confirmed optimist. He has learned to take nature in all her moods, her worst as well as her best, and to love her with a love that overlooks her vagaries for the sake of her surpassing virtues. He is like the lover in Horace who admired his sweetheart's wen simply because it was hers. Listen to the following confession of faith from a man* who knows nature thoroughly and loves her well: "Some of us do not believe that 'sad tales of privation and hardship' are often necessary. We go into that sort of thing voluntarily on the football team. Some of us have been in the wretchedest country of the north, with no dry clothes for two weeks at a time, often making some sort of camp in a swamp or on a cliff when caught by night, sometimes with not a thing to eat all day long, because the storms were too furious, or there was no time to stop to get food. Cold, wet, and hungry—this may sound like complaint and a sad tale, but it is not. Personally I would rather be there now than to have the best bed and board at the Waldorf-Astoria, although I dine there to-night. Give me instead a seat on the thick, wet caribou moss, with the sleet bounding off the tin platter that is washed sometimes, and on the platter some wood-rat stew with poplar buds on the side. For a relish a seal-oil salad of brake sprouts. For dessert a handful of spice cranberries picked on the spot, and for luxury a cup of hot tea without sugar or milk, and flavored with nothing excepting the sweet, pure, strong wind that almost puts out the fire of the willow sticks." Here speaks the true lover of nature; this is the creed of the true camper. We go to the woods on various pretexts, to hunt, to fish, to let the tired brain lie fallow for a time, but at bottom the confirmed camper goes because of that deep-rooted love

*Dr. Robert T. Morris in FOREST AND STREAM, March, 1904.

of nature which makes him happier in the unspoiled wilderness than anywhere else. What wonder that the discomforts are as nothing to him, that he views the wilderness through rose-colored glasses, that "nothing remains but its charm?" A. L. W.

Incident and Comment.

His Last Day on Earth.

THE following statement is given without any attempt to exaggerate it. I give it for what it is worth. Whether the man knew that this was his last day on earth, or only thought so, no one except himself could tell.

We had been following a band of Comanches who made their headquarters on the edge of the Staked Plains west of the Double Mountains in Texas ever since 1867, and while getting a few of them from time to time for years, never could capture their main camp.

We had driven them across the plains in 1871, and the following year had put in the whole summer hunting for them, and finally found them late in September, 1872, on the north fork of the Red River, a few miles above where McClellan Creek falls into it. We had got a large party of recruits that spring, and among them was a boy named Kelly from Pittsburg. On account of his having come from there, and his being only a boy (he was not yet 19 years), I took an interest in him, and when I had any chance to do it made his work as light as possible for him.

When we first came in sight of the camp that day, we were riding in column across the prairie, but on seeing the camp, two miles away, we formed our left front into line at a gallop. As I rode to my place on the left of the line—I was left guide—I found Kelly next to me. A corporal should have been here, but he was absent. When we had come down to a trot again after forming in line, Kelly held out his hand to me, and calling me by name, instead of rank, something that he had never before this done, he said: "I want to bid you good-by now; this is my last day here. I will be killed over yonder."

"Now, don't get scared, Kelly," I said to him. "None of us will be killed. Those fellows yonder could not hit a haystack. I know it; they have tried to hit me more than once."

"They will hit me, then," he said; "but you won't have to drive me in. I am going in."

"The 'file closers' were supposed to drive a man in if they saw him hanging back. I never had to drive but one man in anywhere, and he never had to be driven in again after that. I hated to do it then, but that is what I was there for. He would be in no more danger there than I would be; less, in fact, as he might be told to lie down, while I might have to keep standing."

We rode up to the very edge of the camp without being fired on. We had taken the camp by surprise. Then our troop was dismounted and sent in on foot. We were the only troop present who had magazine guns.

We drove the Indians out of the lodges and down the river bank into the water, where they made a stand behind rocks and trees, while we lined up on top of the bank and opened on them. Hardly half a dozen shots had been fired when Kelly fell with a ball through his breast. I dragged him down behind the bank under cover. He was not dead; in fact, he lived nearly 24 hours after this; so this was really not his last day here, after all.

The next man to fall was another recruit named Doras. He never knew what had hurt him, a ball going through his head killed him instantly.

These were the only men we lost, but about 130 of the Indians had spent their last day here before the trumpet sounded "Cease firing."

Cavalry Horses and Bugle Calls.

It is well known that an old cavalry horse will recognize the calls connected with him when he hears them sounded on the trumpet. He can often tell each call better than his rider can. One call that the horse never fails to obey is the water-and-stable call. He knows that if he don't know the others.

During the Boer war in South Africa, a herd of English cavalry horses were out on the plains grazing, when a dust storm struck them suddenly, starting them off on a stampede directly toward the sea. A trumpeter, who seems to have had all his wits about him, seizing his trumpet, sounded the "forage call," which corresponds with our stable call. The horses stopped the moment they heard it and came back, walking quietly, to be fed.

It might be supposed that the trumpeter would have been given the Victoria Cross, or at least the distinguished service order for doing what he did. He got nothing of the kind, but did get a confinement of ten days in barracks as a punishment for sounding a call without orders to do it.

These old horses never forget the calls, no matter how long it has been since they last heard them.

One day some years ago when I was passing an open lot in the outskirts of Chicago, I found a boy trying to play an old cornet. While the boy and I were at work on the cornet, an old negro ash hauler came along driving an animal that had once been a good horse, but was now only a collection of skin and bones. The horse stopped when he heard us and stuck up his ears. I came to the conclusion that he had once been a cavalry horse, and asked the old negro where he had got him. "From a farmer," he said. I could not find a "U. S." on the horse; he had probably been given his discharge so long ago that his brand had been worn off. But taking the cornet I sounded the stable call, and the horse began to dance.

"Hold fast to your lines, now, Uncle," I warned the old negro, "I am going to make that horse do some of the fastest running he has ever done since he left the cavalry." Then beginning with the call for the gallop, I next sounded the charge, and the old plug went plunging up the road at his fastest gait, dragging his wagon after him. I gave him the recall next, and he came down to a walk, much to the relief of the old negro. He said that this was the first time he had ever seen the horse run. He had never been able to get him to go faster than a slow walk before. "You don't feed him well enough to

get him to do much running," I told him. "That horse, when he did have to run, got his 12 pounds of corn and all the hay he could eat every day."

The town of Oil City, Pa., has a smart dog, a cocker spaniel. When he was still a puppy his master taught him to sit out on the front porch and wait for the local paper, the Oil City Derrick, to be thrown into the yard, then the dog would bring it into the house and get petted for doing it. Half an hour after he had brought in his own paper the other day, his master, when going into the sitting room, found a pile of six more papers here which the dog had collected out of other yards in the block. It took his master half an hour to hunt up the owners of those papers and return them.

CABIA BLANCO.

Floating Down the Mississippi

Done.

IF one has the feeling that he was born too late, a few weeks on the river is likely to increase it. Most of his time will be spent in listening to tales of old times. The market-hunters will describe the countless flocks of game birds, and wonder where they have gone to. Steamboat men will tell of old-time races and doings, and curse the railroads, in spite of the fact that modern towboats carry more stuff to New Orleans on a single trip than was done in six months of old-time traffic. The cabin boater mourns the days when there were a hundred cabin boats to the one of nowadays.

But the tourist of an observing turn of mind will soon note that however interesting the old times may have been, the present is not less wonderful from any viewpoint save that of numbers. The river is unchanged in nature; market-hunters are giving way to a clean breed of sportsmen; the view from the steamboats is far more varied now than formerly, the cities being larger, the plantations as picturesque, and the wilderness as wild. A vaster problem than any of the old days is presented year by year in the fact that the river bed is filling up, and that to meet this filling the levees have to be built higher. The narrowed course along the upper valley—to Cairo—thrusts the water past Arkansas against Louisiana, and the Mississippi promises to send its current in a new channel some time—perhaps soon. Cabin boat life is at a low ebb now, and yet there are thousands of old-timers on the river, and the people who hunt novel vacation pastimes have already turned their eyes to the wonderful journey of a thousand miles from Cairo to New Orleans, which is best made in cabin boats.

Probably there is no place more interesting from the viewpoint of a river observer on the Mississippi than the suburb of Memphis which is called Cockle Burr Ridge. Cockle Burr Ridge is the Memphis shanty boat town, and it gets the name from the weeds that grow there. Mrs. Haney said that many of the ever-changing population of the Ridge were not respectable, and that she did not approve of some of the doings there. "If a woman wants a man, I think she ought to marry him and live with him, don't you?" Mrs. Haney has been married several times, and her husbands either died or were divorced according to the church and law.

"There's always something happening on the river," Jesse said. "Lots of times you don't know about. Maw, what was that man's name up on the barge and his woman fell overboard and got drowned? I clean forgot."

"Why, it's Weston; he's right down in the slough now on a barge watching it for the lumber company. Weston said he was coming down last summer or last fall and his wife died, or I expect she's up to Cairo now, I disremember which, and he got this woman to keep house for him. He lived on a barge and they tied up about Island 40 somewhere, waiting for a load of logs. She went out on the stage plank and fell off in the river. Well, it was two, three weeks, maybe a month, and Charlie Weston he come along down in his boat and tied up on an evening to a sandbar, the water falling and night coming. He was feeling pretty tired, but he seen something out on the bar a ways and went out to see what it was. When he comes up to it, he sees 'twas a body, and a woman's. He give a good look and then went back to his boat and cut loose for the sandbar further down. He hung up all night. Next day he got here."

"I fell off the stage plank once myself. Lottie—she's Sam Cole's wife, was a baby then. It felt like I was going to sleep with a pillow or blanket over my face. I hugged her tighter and tighter, and I always did believe that if they'd found me, Lottie'd been in my arms yet. But my husband pulled me out. There's a sight of babies and children falls into the river. Mrs. Breller and her husband was waiting on some niggers in their store boat when she missed the baby. So everybody went to looking, and begun to wade around in the water for it. Pretty soon Breller's feet hit something soft in the yellow water and it was the baby—warm yet, but 'twant no use working over it, for it was dead. Mrs. Breller showed me the baby's clothes, and she cried over them. It was the only one they had, you see."

A negro cabin boatman with whom Carlos and I tied in the night before we got to Memphis—in Beef Island Chute—had two babies. "This chile done fell ovahboard once, and my husband he had to swim foh hit—he shore swum, he did!" the mother said. "Like to got drowned himself."

But for all that, considering the opportunities, the casualties among the babies of the cabin boats are few. One sees the little tots sitting beside the piles of ropes hanging their feet over the gunwales and rolling over and climbing to their feet, with just the cap of their knees holding them from sliding into the water; sometimes they slip, but their arms are strong, and they pull themselves up perhaps with a wet foot, but not minding it. At Fort Pillow, McKey's three-year-old insisted on going out to help get wood. The ground was frozen and the wind out of the north raw. Twice the boy had to be carried indoors to be thawed out, crying. But he came out the third time. With round, chubby, and streaked faces, the children are not the least interesting of the features of the river, but one hears only the tragic side of their lives. They are well provided for, however, and have dolls and candies and doll carts half full of big red apples. Around their lips is always a clean space from

quarter to half an inch wide, showing that they never lack for something to put between the lips. The streaks elsewhere around indicate that something is either juicy or sticky or bright colored. The candy of the valley towns which goes out to the children before or behind the levees looks like water-color paints. Of the stuff one buys in the stores, candy is the worst; it is made of flour, a little sweetening, and some deadly flavoring and coloring. No wonder "the babies eat so much of it they get sick."

There is a considerable glamor about cabin boat life when seen from a distance which appeals to people of romantic inclinations or imaginations. It is related of a very estimable lady of Memphis that she wished to learn something about cabin boaters, and came down to Wolf River to become acquainted with some "river heroines." She visited the heights of Cockle Burr Ridge, "where the women smoke cigarettes," as Mrs. Haney says. Mrs. Haney smokes a pipe, and is not in the cigarette-smoking class. The visitor found the place without any heroic embellishments. The casual view of a cabin boat town shows only sordidness and vilness unspeakable.

One hears men say that they cannot afford to travel. One can get to Pittsburg for \$15, build a cabin boat there, or buy it, for less than \$75. It costs nothing to float down the river except for food and clothes. Carlos, in his catamaran, left Toronto with \$42. He went to Montreal, and thence along the Great Lakes, to the Fox River, down to the Mississippi, and down to Montreal. He had \$2 left when he reached that place. In my own experience I have gone 3,000 miles, paid fifty dollars fares, and eaten for over five months on about \$140; this was a land trip, and far less comfortable than one in a cabin boat. Mrs. Haney allows fifty cents per day for the expenses of her son and herself, and saves money out of it. She lives better on that than many a backwoodsman.

If one has any knack at trading, he will get more money than he will spend simply by "swapping" and selling trinkets. If he has a camera he can make his way and secure a collection of plates of unrivaled interest. If he likes nature, a few dozen traps—three or four—will get him 'coons, 'possums, and other fur-bearing animals sufficient to pay expenses. He would find game birds—water fowl—in abundance at times, and could kill them. There are State laws which would interfere with hunting on shore to some extent, but inquiry along the way and *Game Laws in Brief* would cover this question.

But a river trip would be dangerous to some kinds of ambition. In its way, the river has an unequalled charm. It carries one with it, and there is no incentive to protracted labor. A very little chopping warms a cabin boat stove for a long while. The river and its banks are objects of ceaseless interest. It requires only a few weeks' manual labor to furnish a year's supply of food. If the women folks liked it, there would be ten times the number of river people living there now.

Mrs. Haney would not leave her cabin boats for anything. She has a daughter in South Memphis who does not approve of her mother being a shanty boat woman, and would like to have her come and live in town, and perhaps thinks inside "be respectable." But Mrs. Haney says she wouldn't give up her independence for anything. "I've owned seventy-five cabin boats, I expect," Mrs. Haney said one day, "and the boys is always laughing about me. They say maw never does get beat selling a boat."

The boats she lives in are always for sale—at her price. One could buy the little blue boat for sixty dollars or seventy-five, with all the fixings and trimmings, and "it ain't often you find as big a bed as that one, or as good a stove as this on the river; no, indeed." True for it, "the bottom doesn't leak a drop—look in there; why, you could blow the dust off the streamers;" but it's cottonwood, a fact not dilated on to would-be purchasers. Cottonwood makes a fine boat, but when it begins to rot it goes fast. "If this boat was good, pitchy yellow pine, I don't believe I could bring myself to sell it," Mrs. Haney said.

The ambition of most of the river people, especially of the confirmed ones, is to have a gasoline. They have in their minds just what they want, and in many instances get it; for the river people are not poverty-stricken. I have the bills of fish sent by a little red-and-white cabin boatman to Memphis, which day after day ran from \$3 to \$7 per shipment. A man living on the river must have a boat, and a boat is property. Jesse Haney paid \$20 and a \$5 skiff for a big new skiff that two men traveled down the river in. Haney wanted it for fishing in next spring. Frank Sparks, at Tiptonville, a market-hunter, retired, but now a hotel keeper, is putting up a gasoline boat to hunt from for fun, and use for profit, too, for he proposes to get out and buy supplies among the farmers and others in high water days.

I had been in Ash Slough only a day when I went to the Cossitt Library with a letter of introduction to Mr. Johnson, the librarian. I looked over the papers there for a time, and then Mr. Johnson introduced me to Robert H. Mitchell, who sees to it that the members of the Hatchie 'Coon Club, on the St. Francis, get their good times. While I was looking over the papers, a small, unshaven man addressed me, and made motions of inquiry in regard to my connection with *FOREST AND STREAM*, which he saw me examining with considerable attention. I forgot him in the interesting things that Mr. Johnson and Mr. Mitchell had to tell. Especially was I struck with the suggestion that I make a trip down the St. Francis River, and arranged my plans accordingly. I would put bag and baggage and boat on the cars for Pickett, and there start down the St. Francis on a 250-mile journey.

All the way down the river I had been warned to keep my eyes open. Repeatedly I was told that I would find men of the most desperate character along the way, and that they would not hesitate to do murder if a little money was the incentive. As my expenses were not large, I carried only enough to take me from town to town, so to speak, but nevertheless I took as much precaution as possible to prevent being knocked on the head.

I did not once think of crime in other than violent forms, and when the inquisitive man of the library joined me late in the afternoon on the main street of town, I accepted his company and proceeded to get as much information from him concerning the river as possible. He was an undersized, chinless individual, who

had begun to raise a beard in order to cover his deformity. His forehead was fairly well shaped, but his eyes danced about in a fashion that indicated the criminal character; but he was a glib talker, and knew the river so well that there were a hundred hints in what he had to say by the time we reached Bill Scarlet's ferry across the Wolf. He said he knew the river, and was used to cabin boating, but the way he got into the ferry skiff should have been a caution to me. He came down off the sawdust-pile on board with an awkwardness that liked to have upset the craft, passing me with a rough, gliding motion. My suspicions were well aroused, of course, and I watched out for the move of a highwayman. Doubtless had he been a highwayman I would have been an easy victim, for the man had a score of chances to draw down on me.

We went on board Mrs. Haney's boat, and Mrs. Haney got supper for us; a good, hearty meal it was, too. We ate, and afterward my visitor had numerous propositions to make. I told him frankly enough that I came down the river, and he wanted to go on down with me; upon which I told him I couldn't, for I was going over to the St. Francis; whereupon, in a burst of enthusiasm, he said that that was just the kind of a trip he'd been wanting to make for a long while. I shut that off by saying I was going alone, but if he wanted to, he could meet me at the mouth of the St. Francis in three or four, perhaps five, weeks. He said he'd probably do it.

"You see," he said, "it's just like this. My pardner is in New York, mixed up in a lawsuit. He told me he'd come to Memphis a month ago, and then we'd get a cabin boat and go down the river and have a time. We're both of us sports, and have been going together five or six years on the old river having a good time hunting. Too good a time, I might say, for we liked hunting too well, and that broke up our business, and we failed, resulting in this law business he's now at. You see, we had a bicycle business" (I was in bicycle knickerbockers) "up to St. Louis, and didn't attend to it, and had to go into bankruptcy proceedings, and things got into a bad mess, and we decided we'd just get out and take one of our little mind-resters on the river and forget dull care and have a good time like we've done before."

"Now, if my pardner don't come I want to go down the river anyhow, and I can't wait here forever, for it takes money to live," my visitor went on, "and if he does come he wants me to get somebody to go in with us on a cabin boat. We can get one down the river. Here's what he says."

Then he took three or four letters from his pocket. He had given me a name, but the envelopes were addressed to someone else, and instead of being postmarked New York, had a South Orange, N. J., stamp. I thought to myself that it takes only a good listener to make one of these fellows give himself away. According to him, the letter said: "Now you find a man, if you can, and if he's game, all right, let him come in, but make him cough up his share of the price of the boat, and then we'll know he means business."

"Now, we'd like to have you," the man said, flapping his head till the hair that covered his bald top was disarranged, and glancing into my face forty times a minute.

Meantime, Mrs. Haney went over to Lottie's and left us alone in her boat. She had over a hundred dollars of her son's savings on board, and had known me only four days, but in spite of her advice, trusted me so much as to tell about the money and where it was. It came nine o'clock, and the man started for home. I recalled a bunch of the busted-in-the-head yarns of the river, and kept my eye on the fellow. He kept ahead of me to the ferry, and as Scarlet was not there, I put him across. He went up the dark brown sawdust-pile, silhouetted against the broad, yellowish reflection which a lighted

city casts against its own bank of smoke. He had his shoulders humped up a little, and his hands in his trousers' pockets; a moment later, when I turned from sending the skiff out into the current, he was nowhere in sight, the blank, dark face of the sweet-smelling damp sawed wood having swallowed him up.

I went back to the landing on the island, tied the boat, and found another one loose; how it came so I don't know, and watched it settled against the side of the wagon ferry safely, and then went up to the boat, with the mean feeling that I hadn't treated the man right, for I would have liked traveling in a cabin boat.

I talked to Sam Cole when I got back about the fellow, and asked what he thought of a man who said thus and so, and looked so and so. "No good!" Sam said.

In the morning when I got up—I was on Carlos' catamaran—I happened to put my hand in my knickerbockers pocket, looking for my knife. I thought it was in my hip pocket, where I frequently carried it, the knife being a heavy hunting sort. I felt in the left front pocket, where I had several silver dollars. They were there. I ran my hand into my left front pocket, and found my knife there, but my pocketbook, containing fourteen dollars, wasn't. It wasn't in my bedding, either; nor was it anywhere around.

It dawned on me after a while that I had run into another good story, which was just my luck exactly. I laughed, felt silly, wondered, and went to thinking. At first it seemed that I had lost my St. Francis trip, and that hurt, and then I found I was in the way of some things to hear as regards some aggravating types of bad men, though not necessarily dangerous ones. But I had learned to "look a little out," and when I got some more money I shed the knickerbockers for corduroy trousers such as the rivermen wear. They are less comfortable, but a great deal less conspicuous when one must go up and down two-thirds the length of the street of a place like Memphis, which is such a promising city. I had an idea that came during the bit of a panic into which I had fallen on discovering my loss, and I took to thinking about statistics. I went to the library again, and took a look at the file of a local paper. I told Mr. Johnson what had happened, and he was sympathetic. He said one of the slickest men in Memphis had been taken in by a green farmer for quite a lot of money a couple of years ago. It was soothing to hear about the slick Memphis man being done by a game. I found the statistics interesting if not consoling. I hadn't been taken in by a new game—not by a long shot. If there is any one thing more familiar to readers of Memphis newspapers than the story of a stranger taken in by local confidence experts, the three months' file didn't show it. From two to five victims were recorded each week. RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

How Did She Know It?

WORCESTER, Mass., Nov. 4.—The other morning I stood on my lawn when a neighbor's cat walked by within ten feet of me, apparently without any fear. She changed her course slightly and was walking from me, when I discovered a half-eaten pear that some boy had thrown there, and stooped down to pick it up, with the idea of throwing it at the cat, which I did, with my eye all the time on the cat. She did not turn her head in the least, but the moment I commenced to stoop she commenced to increase her pace, and by the time the pear was half-way to her, she was going with all the speed a cat possesses.

A. B. F. KINNEY.

* * * *The current number of Game Laws in Brief gives laws of all States and Provinces. Price 25 cents.*

The Happy Hunting Ground.

In the Happy Hunting Ground,
Just beyond the setting sun,
Pleasures rarely to be found
Fancy points out one by one;
Charmed with magic view and sound
Is the Happy Hunting Ground.

Winds in silent zephyrs move;
Mild the twilight's golden gleam,
Silence solemnly reproves
With touches gently all unseen;
Holds her sway in peace profound,
In the Happy Hunting Ground.

Skies peep through the smoky hues;
Sun with slanting, mellow rays
Glisten in the frost and dews
On leaf and blade, while each decays;
Shedding beauty all around
In the Happy Hunting Ground.

Towering peaks with hazy view,
Stalk out o'er the mountain waste,
Lifting still beyond the blue,
Where distances seem all effaced;
And dreamy ways and paths are wound
Through the Happy Hunting Ground.

Nooks and vales and deep ravines,
Rocks and hills and wooded trails,
Trackless wilds, slow mossy streams,
Each a welcome never fails,
For the eager traveler bound
For the Happy Hunting Ground.

Boundless wilderness to rove
Not disturbed by stunted art,
Gems and rarest gifts to prove
Lying close to nature's heart;
All is mystery profound
In the Happy Hunting Ground.

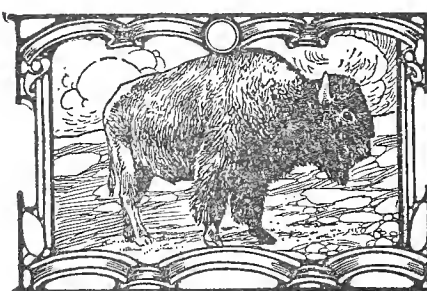
Soft the timid game shall tread,
Through the marsh and barrens wide;
Swift the whirr of wings shall spread
And toward the thickets glide,
Where the ferns and lichens brown
Hide them. Happy Hunting Ground!

There the feet, though numbed with toil,
Yet shall haste with speed away;
There the heart, though choked with moil,
Shall rejoice from day to day;
Join the chase with gun and hound
In the Happy Hunting Ground.

Thorn and brier shall not trip,
Hills be not too steep to climb,
Feet though weary shall not slip,
Darkness shall not stop the find;
Joys be not by sorrows drowned
In the Happy Hunting Ground.

Age shall lift his heavy hand,
Loose the limbs and clear the eye;
Time no more shall count his sands
'Gainst the daily passerby;
Jollity with joy is crowned
In the Happy Hunting Ground.

D. L. CREVELING.



NATURAL HISTORY



A Pair of Pet Cheetahs.

A SHORT time after my first arrival in Durban, Natal, South Africa, I made the acquaintance of a young colonist, who was clerking in an up-country store. He informed me that within comparatively a short distance of his place of business there was an old Boer woman who had in her possession a pair of young cheetahs which her sons had captured after shooting the mother and finding that she was giving milk. Whenever a Boer kills a female of the larger cat animals, he immediately tests her teats, in order to ascertain if she is giving milk. If such is the case, the vicinity is promptly searched, in order to capture the nurselings. Giving my newly-made acquaintance *carte blanche* to purchase the animals, he left with the promise, if possible, to fulfill my wishes. Some time elapsed before I received any communication from him, when my anxiety was relieved by the arrival of a letter, announcing the purchase of the animals, which would be forwarded by the first wagon leaving his neighborhood for Durban. A few weeks subsequent my solicitude was relieved by the arrival of an ox team from the Orange Free State bearing a rough wooden box containing the animals. They were immediately shifted into a cage which had been specially prepared for them.

Some little time elapsed before I succeeded in making friends with them, which delay I attributed to their having been accustomed to a female instead of a male attendant. Owing to their blunt, non-retractile claws, I did not fear being scratched, consequently had only to guard being bitten. By dint of a series of quiet, peaceful moves, I finally managed to pass my hands between the bars of the cage and fondle them without any indications of displeasure. My next maneuver was to place collars on their necks, preparatory to taking them out of the cage, which was a wearisome job, and required my entire stock of patience to make it a success. Attaching a small, stout cord to their collars by means of a snap-hook, and then

passing it through a ring secured to the end of a stout wooden rod, completed my preparations for their exit from confinement. I made my first essay with the male, as he seemed to be of a quieter disposition than the female, which was disposed to be nervous and flighty. Gently raising one of the bars of the cage, I quietly passed the cord, which had been previously attached to the collar, through the ring at the end of the rod and made it fast with two half-hitches, then gently coaxed the animal to step outside, when the bar was quickly dropped into its socket to prevent the female in her attempt to follow her fellow prisoner. Holding the rod firmly with both hands so as to keep the animal at bay, if he should attempt to leap on me, I anxiously watched his movements for a few moments after his exit. He crouched, whisked his tail, and seemed as if he was preparing to jump on to me. Grasping the rod with a firm hold, so as to keep him at a distance, I passed some apprehensive moments awaiting developments. Finally he purred and lay over on his side, as if he wished to be petted. Acting upon the manifestation, I grasped the rod firmly with my left hand and extended the other, as if I wished to caress him; whereupon he stretched himself out at full length and seemed to be anxiously awaiting fondling. His wishes were immediately granted, and in a short time I was kneeling alongside of him, and slipping the cord through the ring, the rod was dispensed with, and I never had occasion to make use of it afterward. He soon learned to trot by my side, and the slightest tension of the cord served to check any rapid movement.

My experience with the female was somewhat more tedious, as she was exceedingly nervous and timid; but by exercising great patience and vigilance, I managed to secure her confidence and good will. My next move was to take both of them from the cage at the same time, and train them to walk alongside of me, one on each side. They were disposed to frisk a little at first, but continual twitches with the neck cord gradually cured them, and

eventually they trotted along without the slightest attempt at romping. My next move was to introduce them into my house, so that they could prowling about the two rooms without being worried by the neck cords. They acted so quietly in their new surroundings that I concluded that it was not a new experience to them, but had been accustomed to the same privileges in the domicile of their former owner.

Of course such an unusual addition to my family was soon noised about the neighborhood, and there was a large increase of my usual number of visitors. Among them was a little girl, brought by her father, who lived close at hand, with the excuse that the child had nearly worried the life out of him by constantly expressing a desire to see my two big cats. I acknowledge that it was with some misgivings that my consent was given for the introduction, and, to guard against any mishap, I put the neck cords and rods into use. To my great surprise and gratification I found that there was no occasion for their employment. The animals seemed to look on the child as an old acquaintance, and but a short time passed before she was seated on the floor between them, and fondling them to her heart's content. In a twinkling it struck me that the animals had been accustomed to a similar companion before they passed into my possession. Holding my tongue as to my conclusion, I exacted a promise from both father and child that no mention should be made of the incident; in return for which she should have the privilege of constantly coming and petting the animals in my presence, and I can say that she constantly availed herself of the permission without ever receiving the slightest injury from the animals.

A short time subsequent the whole town was set agog by a story, told by a small boy, who lived a full half a mile from my domicile. He said that he was out in the bushes near his house when he suddenly came face to face with a spotted animal which was lying down under a vagrant banana tree. Opening his lips, in order to give

Some Animals I Have Studied.

XIV.—Two Dogs in Perfect Harmony.

AFTER all I doubt if any dog has ever revealed any quality more admirable than the ability and will to agree entirely with some other dog, causing him to appear gentle, merciful and just toward his comrade. In the case of Coallie and Gipsy, there exists a mutual admiration and respect that are sometimes pathetic, and always commendable. Coallie is the stronger, steadier, the more insensible to pain, and Gipsy knows it; but Gipsy is the swifter, has usually the better scent, possesses the better judgment, and Coallie is well aware of this, and their reliance upon, and confidence in, each other is the result. In addition, each is sure she can depend on the other to "stand by to the bitter end" in any struggle with a wild beast, and innumerable are the times that they have already tested each other's courage and loyalty. Indeed, there is a fond rivalry between them to find which may seize the most perilous position in any battle.

Though Coallie is not slow, Gipsy is so much fleetlier that she can carry a small rabbit and "run right away from" Coallie easily, and she used often to do so; but finding, about two years ago, that Coallie could not always catch a rabbit unaided, she began to "divide" with her. Often I have seen her catch a rabbit, and after teasing Coallie a while with it, perhaps eating a portion of it almost under her nose, suddenly drop it at my feet, seeming to say, "Now, Coallie, you just come here and watch on this side of the fence, and I'll run a rabbit right to you, so close you can catch it yourself," and Coallie would follow her to the spot indicated, and Gipsy would go outside, and in two minutes the rabbit would be in the bigger dog's grip. Too often has it occurred just as described for me to believe it accidental. There is every evidence, excepting spoken words comprehensible to man, that the whole affair has been thought out and prearranged. Signs sometimes speak more plainly than words. The smaller dog plainly appears to offer the proposition. The larger dog as plainly appears to receive it with favor, to comprehend it, to have faith in the former's knowledge and ability—in short, to trust her. And the quick-following consequences justify my opinion of the scheme.

If they are widely separated when hunting for rabbits, and Gipsy starts one, she generally soon picks it up. If I am near and gently ask for it, she will surrender it, though sometimes very reluctantly. If Coallie stirs up a rabbit she either soon trees it or loses it, generally; seldom does she catch one unaided; that is, compared to the number she doesn't catch; yet she catches more than ordinary hounds and curs. If she loses the rabbit, she calls Gipsy to help find it. If she trees it, she barks for me to come and get it out. If Gipsy is with her, Coallie watches the tree while Gipsy comes after me and guides me to the tree. Gipsy has come after me hundreds of times, I truly believe, whether I happened to be at the house or in the fields, or in some distant part of the forest, or at a neighbor's house. It matters not how far away (unless I'm entirely out of the neighborhood), she seems to know where to find me. Sometimes, when "in deadly earnest," they do not bark on the chase, and but for the little dog's habit of coming after me, the rabbit, when treed, would have to remain unclaimed. I have almost come to the conclusion that a dog enjoys chasing a rabbit more than catching him, and that whenever he barks sharply on the run he is in no hurry to capture the fugitive, if, indeed, he cares to at all. I would like to hear the opinions of sportsmen and naturalists on this subject. Many superficial observers declare that rabbits naturally out-run nearly all dogs, and seem to think that a rabbit is caught only under exceptional circumstances, as when worn out, sick, too playful, or intending to commit suicide. They cannot understand that the dog may be over-confident, and allow opportunities to slip by, thinking he can at any time easily overhaul the game after he has had all the sport desirable, or that he may not intend to really try to catch the rabbit, or that he may prefer to leave the rabbit for another day. I have often seen Gipsy play with uninjured rabbits just as a cat plays with a mouse, sitting and pretending to look another way until the rabbit would jump up and sneak off a distance of fifteen to sixty feet, then, when it "lit out" in earnest, she would fly at it and snatch it again. And after continuing this seemingly cruel sport for many minutes, she would finally kill the rabbit or just deliberately walk off and leave it free. Stranger still, I have known rabbits—not necessarily pets nor domesticated, either—which seemed to have formed a "treaty of peace" with certain dogs or with all dogs, and would come and play with them, or some one of them, every moonlight night for a week or more, or at some hour of the day, and perhaps every day; and, so far as I could distinguish, no such rabbit was ever caught by any dog, although the dog thus visited might pretend to be eager to take the bold, defiant, mocking old fellow.

There is a ravine sloping rapidly eastward on the southern half of my land that contains a number of never-failing springs and small pools, and which is called Turkey Hollow, as it is a favorite resort of these magnificent wild birds. They not only find rich picking there at all times of the year, for there are so many varieties of berries that there's never a day in the year, winter or summer, but ripe ones of some sort are to be found; and, in their seasons, there is also an abundance of nuts, acorns, and other seeds, besides grasses, but like often to roost there. Here happened an adventure which will serve to indicate the friendly rivalry between Gipsy and Coallie. We were hauling wood from a hillside between the house and Turkey Hollow. The dogs always go along, if allowed to, and while we are at work they hunt. Suddenly they began barking most excitedly, and after waiting to see whether they really meant it, we went to them, the distance being an eighth of a mile. We saw at once what was the trouble—flying squirrels. I've had one experience with flying squirrels so very extraordinary that I'm tempted to digress here, but it must wait. A white oak, evidently hollow, rose straight up from a flat spot in the depth of the ravine, and was unusually scarce of branches, being more like a round chimney than a tree in shape, although yet green. At a height of about 16 feet it was clothed with a circle of small, short sprouts,

which extended almost evenly from all sides like the spokes of a wheel, though some of them were crooked. Opposite this, eight or ten feet westward, was the gently-sloping top of a very tall pine sapling whose roots clung to the ground a great distance north, where the body was little more than six inches in diameter. It was very smooth. But after numerous frantic efforts to climb the perpendicular oak as far as the bunch of sprouts, where probably they had last seen one or more of the flying squirrels, the dogs ran to the butt of the pine, leaped on it, ran upward a few bounds, and fell off, or became discouraged and jumped off. In a minute they desisted and returned to the oak. We laughed at them, and then I said encouragingly: "Gipsy, you can climb it if you're careful. You're my climber. Come on, that's a good dog." And carrying her toward the butt of the pine till I came to a part of it I could easily reach, I placed her carefully on the trunk, steadied her a moment to give her confidence, and exclaimed: "Now go! Maybe the squirrel is up in the top of this." This time she ascended to a point almost opposite the oak's sprouts. Here, wavering, she turned, and came down at a run, leaping off in my arms.

Coallie had looked on intently, trembling with anxiety. Now she gave a joyful bark that seemed to say, "I'll do that, too, if I die for it!" and running eagerly to the butt she jumped upon it and bounded upward in a most daredevil style. Several times she slipped, but kept on undaunted. Further, further; higher, higher, higher, until at that part nearest the squirrels' supposed hiding place in the oak, and then she gave a mighty, panther-like leap, and hurled herself upon those frail sprouts in the oak. It was wholly unexpected, and the most foolhardy trick I ever saw any dog attempt for so unimportant a purpose. Of course we cheered her till the forest rang and echoed. But not content with her brilliant feat, she reared up—tip-toed, so to speak—and leaped up a few inches higher against the round, limbless, perpendicular trunk, several times missing her footing, when she fell back and precariously catching a limb with her forepaws. She seemed to say: "My scent tells me that the squirrels went higher, and now that I've come so far, I'd like to go on." She seemed no more timid than a thing with wings. I often think what an almost invincible creature a brave, intelligent dog would be if he could fly like a hawk; only man could successfully resist him—i. e., supposing other mammals remained as now. Finding she could get no higher hold, she actually crept clear around the trunk, stepping from limb to limb. Gipsy good-naturedly applauded her, as generously as we did, though she showed some signs of chagrin; for she generally far surpasses Coallie in all climbing feats.

I am sorry to say that Coallie's fine performance did not wind up with a graceful climax. She became so confident and vainglorious that she boasted thusly: "Huh! This is nothing! I feel as safe as on the ground. I could go to sleep up here," and she did lie down across a few of the slender, bending limbs, not by any means close enough together to form a safe-looking couch, curl up just as when on *terra firma*, and sleep, or pretend to. So far all right. But I now took it in my head that the inside of the tree might contain a lot of flying squirrels, or afford Gipsy a chance to climb to even a greater height than Coallie's (she has gotten several rabbits by climbing up inside of trees where the hollow happened to be the right size for her), so I chopped a hole in the side, near the ground, and told the little dog to enter. Coallie jumped up and began to bark at the first shock of the ax. In her eagerness she leaned far over and looked down. And when Gipsy crawled through the opening, Coallie danced about so recklessly that she soon fell through. She struck on her back (Gipsy is nearly as certain to alight on her feet as a cat), but though it knocked all the conceit out of her for three minutes, she was unharmed.

I wish I had kept account of the dangerous snakes killed by her since introducing her to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. A few days ago she came home with a swelled head, for she is indifferent to the danger of being bitten, and even when a snake fails to bite her, she is almost sure to inflict the wound on herself in chewing the head, causing the poison tusks to break through the serpent's opposite jaw into her own flesh, usually into her lip. To-day, with her last wound barely out of sight, she ran to where Gipsy was barking. I was hauling rocks to mend a badly worn public road, but left the team with Chester, who remarked, "Gipsy says snake," and followed, arriving in time to see Coallie kill two of those short, greenish-mud-colored, concave-bellied, flat-headed, wide-mouthed, horrible smelling reptiles variously styled "spreadin' adders," "blowin' adders," "vipers," etc. It closely resembled the "hognose" described by Mr. Hay; but possesses real poison fangs, and never bluffs, but uses them with unvarying evil effect. Its bite never fails to produce great swelling, and as suddenly as the bite of a rattler—that is, almost immediately. And instead of trying to escape, after the manner of other serpents, it appears always eager to fight. It seems to me more to be dreaded than any other. There is a water-snake outwardly resembling it which has tusks somewhat like a boar's that are proportionately longer than the teeth of any other serpent I know of. The snakes despatched to-day were respectively about 28 inches and 32 inches in length, and very broad.

About the middle of August Coallie produced a new family, and two days later Gipsy brought forth her first. Coallie's pups were two or three times the size of Gipsy's. But after their eyes opened and they began to leave their nests and run about, the latter more than made up in intelligence what they lacked in bulk, and could "get all around" the former in any sort of a game. However, when it came to a clinch, those heavy young Coallies had a very great advantage, and sometimes the little Gipsies would cry, when the play became too rough.

Now, here we come to unmistakable evidence of thought, kindness, justice, on the part of the mothers. It was not merely that Gipsy interfered, for that might have been expected, but that she gently pushed off the larger pup. Stranger still, Coallie did the same whenever she happened to be nearer the wrestlers; pushed off her own pup, and not so gently, either, as Gipsy did. It seemed that she realized that she possessed a mother's authority. Once, after pushing one of her pups away from the little fellow he was teasing the second or third time in a few

a yell of horror, he suddenly remembered the advice given him by his grandfather, which was to look firmly in the eyes of any wild beast that he should meet unexpectedly, and quietly back out of sight and danger. Suppressing his desire to yell, he acted as had been enjoined by his ancestor, and managed to reach home without any mishap, where he fell into the lap of his mother, to whom he blubbered out his wonderful escape. Of course the occurrence immediately became the gossip of the town, and the local paper, issued on the following morning, had a leading article by a freshly arrived reporter, picturing in bitter terms the recklessness of allowing a crazy Yankee to keep dangerous wild animals in the vicinity, and naming one of my pet cheetahs as the cause of the boy's terrible experience. Of course I felt nettled at being the subject of such a scurrilous assertion, and ached for an opportunity to prove its falsity. As luck would have it, within a couple of days I was in a position to get at a true version of the whole affair. The father of the little girl who had made friends with my cheetahs was awakened early one morning by the youngster, who informed him that one of the animals was lying just inside of the yard gate. Hastily donning his clothing, he hurried out, and was surprised to find a large coach dog, whose chain had become entangled in the yard fence while evidently leaping over it, and therefore was kept as a prisoner. After breakfast he took the dog into town and hunted up its owner, who acknowledged that it had been missing for several days, and he had given up all hopes of regaining it, as it was a fresh arrival and not yet accustomed to its surroundings. The boy who had helped to start the false report was brought face to face with the dog and instantly recognized and acknowledged it as the cause of his wonderful story; but the truthful reporter failed, in the next issue of his paper, to give a correct version of the affair.

Some days subsequent the father of my little friend suggested a scheme which he thought would force both the public and the scribe to acknowledge their false positions. He proposed that on the ensuing Saturday the youngster and myself should each lead one of the animals down the main street of the town. I instantly agreed to the project, and forthwith began to rehearse for it with the companionship of the damsel. I gave her the male to handle, as I thought him more trustworthy and less liable to create a scene than the female, and in a couple of days felt every confidence in being able to make a success of the project. Both of the parents were present at each rehearsal, every morning and afternoon, and declared their intention to accompany us on our trip, one on each side, in order to prevent the interference of any meddler who might wish to create a scene. About 10 A. M. on the proposed Saturday my little companion and myself suddenly appeared on the road leading into town, and by the time that we reached the head of Main street quite a large crowd had assembled to greet us and satisfy their curiosity. I purposely put the little girl in the lead, and the hearty plaudits and complimentary remarks which she received fairly stunned her blissful parents, who marched closely alongside of us. Just before reaching the butcher shop from which the meat was obtained for my pets, the idea struck me to go in, take possession, and hold a levee for the benefit of the town generally. Acting upon the notion, the animals were placed upon the counter of the shop with the lassie seated between them, before the proprietor of the establishment could recover his consciousness. It required the services of two policemen to keep the crowd in motion, among whom I caught a glimpse of the reporter busily making notes of the occurrence. Finally observing indications of unrest with the animals, I feared that a sudden move by them would cause a panic among the throng. Beckoning the father of the child to my side, I requested him to see if he could engage one of the ox teams which had stopped in front to carry us out of town. He stepped outside and soon returned, saying that he had been successful. Whereupon I caught hold of the neck cords of both animals at a short grip, while the father helped the youngster down, and we passed out through the bewildered visitors and were seated in the wagon before they could recover from their fright. The span (colonial term for fourteen oxen) were put in motion, and we wended our way out of town, amid the applause of its pleased citizens.

In the next issue of the paper there was a florid description of the entire affair, ending with a retraction of the statements in the former issue. Henceforth the cheetahs held a reception nearly every afternoon, as many of the townsfolk drove out in order to satisfy the curiosity of themselves and friends whom they brought out with them. It did not take long for the matter to become a nuisance, for I had to be present constantly, as some of the visitors were inclined to annoy the animals, which nettled me; besides I feared that some of them would be hurt as a result of their bad behavior. Fortunately no one was hurt, although there were several narrow escapes. At odd moments, when I did not fear interruption, my time was taken up in using every device that I could conceive in trying to tame and domesticate my pets. I found that they paid no attention to dogs and fowls, but the appearance of a cat would cause a series of snarls and growls of so vicious a nature that in comparatively a short time I was no longer bothered by visits from the feline pets of the neighborhood. One morning, as I was leading them from their cage to the house, the male happened to spy the vibrating ears of a reclining calf which had been tied to a fence in a neighboring lane, and it required a stiff lug on my part to prevent him from making his way to his intended prey. This incident made me anxious for opportunity to try him with an antelope; but as the coast of Natal is heavily clothed with timber, I was unable to make the attempt, as it would have caused an absence of a day or two.

To my great sorrow, the day appointed for the shipment of my pets arrived, and it was with a heavy heart that I took them, with sundry other living natural history specimens, on board of the steamer bound for Europe. The little girl and parents accompanied us, and they had to use force in order to take her away from her favorites, who seemed to be aware of the situation, and when her father lifted her in his arms in order to take her away from the cage, gave vent to a series of growls and howls which were distinctly audible after our boat had been pulled some distance away from the steamer.

FRANK J. THOMPSON.

minutes, she exhibited a little anger, and scolded him so sternly that he sneaked off in evident chagrin.

The smaller puppies liked to play with the big ones, nevertheless, and soon became so active that they were amply able to defend themselves. Several times have I observed one of the little ones prone on its back begging its huge opponent to be gentler, suddenly hurl "the big ruffian" off, throw him backward, and roll him rapidly down hill, as a very active man rolls an empty barrel, pushing with the forepaws as if they were hands, and growling as if in unaffected rage.

These same little Gipsies can perform one feat I never knew any dog to succeed at: they can climb straight up a soft-barked tree, cat-like; but of course this power will soon cease when they get to digging.

L. R. MORPHEW.

Drumming Grouse.

JERSEY CITY, NOV. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* L. F. Brown in this week's *FOREST AND STREAM* asks whether partridges drum in the fall months. I have heard them drum at that time of year, and on more than one occasion I have watched an old drummer at it on an old log near the farmhouse where I was stopping, in Sullivan county, New York.

I could never tell where the drumming sound came from, whether from hitting the log or his breast with the wings. I have heard it said that it was caused by the wings coming together over the bird's back. I believe, though, it is caused by striking the breast or sides. At different times I have heard the drum of a partridge while coon hunting late at night in the fall. I know a party in Sullivan county who will drum up a partridge, and I have been with him several times when he has done it. He would select for this performance a spot near a drumming log; and concealing ourselves as near the log as possible, he would imitate the drum of a partridge to perfection by striking his breast with his clenched right hand. Generally after two or three "drums" we would be rewarded by seeing the bird coming, almost on a run, and always along a log or on the rocks, never on the ground if logs or stones were near. I have seen them fly from one log to another rather than walk on the ground. The reason he gave for partridges answering to his drum, was that an old drummer "keeps" in that certain piece of timber, and hearing the drum of another bird in his section of country he comes forth to give battle and drive the intruder off.

I have seen one come within fifteen feet of where we were hiding, the bird strutting back and forth as if he were trying to locate where the sound came from. And what a grand picture that noble bird would make, his head, neck and shoulder feathers on end, his tail in full spread, and with wing-tips touching the ground, he, Sir Partridge, ruler of that certain bit of timber, stood ready to give battle to any intruder on his sacred domain. To kill partridge in that manner would be looked down upon by all true sportsmen, and properly labeled pot-hunting, and I sincerely hope the day is not far distant when the killing of moose in the calling season, using very nearly the same methods, shall be looked upon in the same light.

OTTO KEIM.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. L. F. Brown's article anent the fall-drumming grouse, shows that he was the butt of his companions, and the victim of a practical joke. If he ever really saw a grouse drum, he ought to have seen that neither in the first four or five slow beats, nor in the subsequent faster ones, did his wings strike his breast.

THE OLD ANGLER.

ORANGE COUNTY, N. Y.—Oct. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I had always supposed that all partridge hunters and all country boys knew perfectly well that the ruffed grouse drums in autumn. Let me depose that this very day, on Shinnecock Mountain, five miles back of Storm King, I heard partridge drum at four different times during the day. I flushed and saw two partridges, and flushed and heard the roar of several others as they evacuated the premises. I had no gun or I would have killed something. I am sure of this, for we never miss the bird in these hypothetical stories of what we would have done "if."

How does the partridge drum? Well, now, why don't your anxious inquirer look it up in the books? Audubon would tell him. This is what Audubon says of the drumming bird: "It beats its sides with its wings in the manner of the domestic cock, but more loudly, and with such rapidity of motion, after a few of the first strokes, as to cause a tremor in the air, not unlike the rumbling of distant thunder."

But probably Mr. Allen Kelly, or some other distinguished "myth buster" will rise up and in "tongue unknown to script" explain to us that Audubon did not know a thing when he thought he saw it, and is old-fashioned and out of date and superseded as a back number anyway. So or not so, we cannot have too many records of original observation on such subjects, and I hope to see more in your columns.

By the way, I thoroughly enjoyed, and I suppose all your readers did, Mr. Kelly's letter in your issue of this week, which was of the nature of serving a writ of replevin on Mr. Seton for those "Monarch" bear stories. My sympathy is always with the man who has "lost a bear," and it did me good all through to see Mr. Kelly round up his stolen grizzly and the rest of his band of bears. But we must not be too harsh in our judgment of the animal novelists. When a writer makes an honest attempt, such as, according to Mr. Kelly, Mr. Seton made, to see actual wild bears at large in the wilderness, and fails to find them, what is he to do except take bears from books, Kelly's or other folks', and thus make his "intimate studies" in the only way open to him?

R. D.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following from Nuttall (Montague Chamberlain's edition, Vol. II., page 32), has a bearing on the grouse question as showing that the drumming is done in the autumn as well as in the spring, and that when drum-

ming the bird does strike its body with its wings. Nuttall says:

"In the month of April the ruffed grouse begins to be recognized by his peculiar drumming, heard soon after dawn and toward the close of evening. At length, as the season of pairing approaches, it is heard louder and more frequent till a later hour of the day, and commences again toward the close of the afternoon. This sonorous, crepitating sound, strongly resembling a low peal of distant thunder, is produced by the male, who, as a preliminary to the operation, stands upright on a prostrate log, parading with erected tail and ruff and with drooping wings in the manner of the turkey. After swelling out his feathers and strutting forth for a few minutes, at a sudden impulse, like the motions of a crowing cock, he draws down his elevated plumes, and stretching himself forward, loudly beats his sides with his wings with such an accelerating motion, after the first few strokes, as to cause the tremor described, which may be heard reverberating in a still morning to the distance of from a quarter to that of a half mile. This curious signal is repeated at intervals of about six or eight minutes. The same sound is also heard in autumn as well as spring, and given by the caged bird as well as the free, being, at times, merely an instinctive expression of hilarity and vigor. To this parading ground, regularly resorted to by the male for the season, if undisturbed, the female flies with alacrity; but, as with other species of the genus, no lasting individual attachment is formed, and they live in a state of limited concubinage. The drumming parade of the male is likewise often the signal for a quarrel; and when they happen to meet each other in the vicinity of their usual and stated walks, obstinate battles, like those of our domestic fowls for the sovereignty of the dung-hill, but too commonly succeed. When this sound, indeed (according to Audubon), is imitated by striking carefully upon an inflated bladder with a stick, the jealous male, full of anger, rushes forth from his concealment and falls an easy prey to the wily sportsman."

If I am not in error in my recollection, other observers have reported practically the same thing in your columns in former years.

JOHN BLACK.

BEAUMARIS, ONT.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in your number for October 29 an inquiry as to whether partridges ever drum in the fall months. I felt certain that on several occasions I had heard them but, strange to say, while taking a stroll in the brush this afternoon I distinctly heard one, but did not see it. Two years ago I also recollect not only hearing one, but watching it for some time; this was between the 15th and 30th of September, and was an old bird, and I have no doubt but in all cases it is the old birds which drum in the fall.

J. H. W.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As Mr. L. F. Brown has asked if grouse drum in the fall, I will say that in Maine and New Brunswick they drum nearly as much in the fall as in spring. I have shot a great many when drumming in the fall. They usually drum more in the afternoon in the fall, and I have sometimes heard them drum all night. Only a few years ago I shot one at about 9 P. M. by moonlight which was drumming. I crept close up to his log, but it was too dark to see him till probably mistaking me for some animal, he flew up into a tree which brought him into the light so I could see to shoot. I once heard seven drum in one afternoon, and several times have shot three in an afternoon in the fall. My son shot two drummers last week.

MANLY HARDY.

The Woodcock in England.

HERE to-day and gone to-morrow is only too often the case with woodcock, but sometimes these birds will choose a certain wood and stick to it persistently without any apparent reason. Year after year they may be found in one particular spot, and nowhere else for miles around, although other adjacent coverts would appear to be equally well suited to their needs. It is when such a covert is known to hold 'cock that the sportsman can enjoy the shooting at its best. In settled weather the birds are likely to stay; but, since our climate is as erratic as a woodchuck's whims, it is best to lose no time in looking for them. Open weather and a full moon are the conditions most propitious for good sport. The birds, being nocturnal feeders, depend upon the moon for light, and on mild nights the worms work up to the very surface of the meadows and provide abundance, even for such a voracious appetite as that of a famished 'cock. Satisfied and snug in their dry beds, the birds will lie well next day, and can be flushed one by one at close quarters. After a dark night or in frosty weather, when the ground is too hard for penetration by their sensitive bills, the birds will be hungry, restless and wild. On a continuance of frost, they will work into the deep, sheltered corners of the covert, and diligently turn over the dead leaves or probe the soft mould in their search for insect food. Then, perhaps, suddenly they will be gone.

By using the plural in speaking of their movements there is some risk of conveying an impression that woodcock are gregarious, or at least moved by some feeling of sociability, which induces them to act in concert. Any such bond of friendship, however, certainly does not exist. A dozen 'cocks may haunt the same wood, but each is in reality a hermit, living and moving in total disregard and independence of his neighbor, ignoring even his very presence. But, following the dictates of nature, every bird leaves his hiding place for his feeding ground at the same time, probably sharing the same flat worm pastures, and returns at the same time in the small hours of the morning. But there is no sign of comradeship in their movements; each bird chooses his own course from the solitary resting place to the particular corner of the meadow which he considers yields the richest fare. Spasmodic and versatile in all other respects, the woodcock displays system and regularity in his flights. So methodical is he that every evening he takes the same line and emerges from the same opening in the wood, flitting silently out, and making straight for his feeding ground. It is by watching at dusk that the sportsman can discover the line

taken by each bird, and make sure of getting a shot at flight time.

A chance of a woodcock never seems to lose its charm—rarity of opportunity may in some degree account for it, for satiety in this bird is a thing unknown. If flushed in the daytime, he springs up, a startling apparition of rich brown, which slips noiselessly through the first opening in the treetops—beak down, shoulders up, and a large liquid eye shining like a big black bead, set well back in his curious head. There is no mistaking a woodcock; he is like nothing else.

At dusk he is no less startling, even though one be standing alert and expectant on the border of the wood. There is a touch of the uncanny about the bat-like bird as he silently flits out in the twilight with undulating wavy flight. Seen against the darkening sky for a moment, he looks twice his actual size. The next instant, unless the gun be thrown up smartly and held straight, he has vanished in the gloom.

Every sportsman remembers shooting his first woodcock, and the satisfaction with which he placed the coveted pin-feather in his hatband. How easy to recall every detail. First, flushing the bird from under a holly bush in the little wood; the subsequent discovery of his line of flight; the diplomatic bribery which induced the gardener to lend his muzzleloading "bird scarer"; the moments of anxious suspense and hopeful expectation at dusk, rewarded time after time by the same result; a deafening report, a bird flying serenely on, and a boy taking a sitting posture on the grass, the 'cock being eventually shot, perhaps, by some one else. Yet that first woodcock lives in the memory as no other bird can ever do.

The alleged decrease of woodcock in England is believed by many to be more imaginary than real—would that it were so! That the birds breed with us in greater numbers than formerly there can be no doubt; so any decrease must be in the migrants which reach these shores in October and November. The comparative mildness of recent winters would in some degree account for fewer 'cocks coming south, as the migratory instinct does not seem so strong with these birds as with many others. It is probably due to the many extensive areas of covert under strict preservation that woodcock breed more freely in England nowadays. And for the same reason—i. e., reluctance to disturb pheasant coverts—a good many 'cocks are never seen or shot where in former days they would have been the center of attraction, and would have gone to make up those bags we read of in our fathers' diaries—and which to-day, with a sigh, we pronounce to be impossible.—London Field.

As to Sleeping Ducks.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I once saw two black ducks fast asleep. There is no mistake about this. I was camped on an island in a meadow early in April. The meadow was open, but the pond above was still frozen solid. I had been out till late the night before shooting muskrats, and there were no ducks on the meadow. In the night it froze all over the meadow except a small place near my camp. On looking out very early in the morning, I saw something in the center of the open place which I knew was not there the night before. They proved to be two black ducks, which had dropped in during the night, and their heads were so flat that as one lay partly behind the other they looked like a short piece of a log. After watching them a while, I went to camp, got my gun and shot one with my rifle barrel. If those ducks were not sound asleep, then I have never seen anything asleep in my life.

M. HARDY.

NEW YORK, NOV. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:*—I accept Mr. Ackert's offer to show me two or more dusky mallards "all asleep together" on floating ice in the Hudson next March.

There can be but one opinion among sportsmen if he shot sleeping ducks without first making them fly. And it is interesting to note that with him, "duck-and-man telepathy" does not "work."

L. F. BROWN.

Birds in the Erie Museum.

A LADY here in Erie, Mrs. Brandes, has placed in the public museum several cases of the finest mounted specimens of birds that I have ever seen. There are five cases; but the one that will be the first to attract attention portrays a tragedy of the woods. A gray fox, which looks as natural as when alive, is in the foreground; he is sneaking off carrying a quail in his mouth, while another quail, probably this one's mother, sits fluttering in a branch above him. A handsome wood duck stands in among the grass in another case; he seems to be on the watch here, as if he were in his native woods. Another case has a fine English pheasant and his mate, two of the handsomest I have ever seen. Then there is a ringed gull, and then some English grouse. Next come two snowy owls that must be looked at very closely to find out that they are not still alive. A bird of paradise occupies another case, and there are several other specimens, all of them of the greatest interest.

CABIA BLANCO.

A Beaver Colony.

MONTREAL, Oct. 29.—From the Desbarats, Ont., Canada, news columns of the local paper I have cut out the following item, showing that in Ontario, at least, the game laws are respected: "The township council is up against a hard proposition. A colony of beavers have dammed a creek in the Center Line road, opposite Mr. Chas. Steinburg's farm, and the road is flooded and is now impassable. Mr. McMaster, of Roek Lake, nearly lost his team there last week. The dam has been torn away several times, but the beavers immediately repair the break. The council will have to close the road until spring or else crossway the dangerous part of the road. The beavers are protected by the game act, but the council is seeking permission from Game Warden Tinsley to destroy this particular colony."



GAME BAG AND GUN

With Grouse and Pointer.

On a certain Saturday evening in November of a certain year, the New York train stopped at a little station in Sullivan county, dropped two passengers and a trunk, chortled a bit, pulled out, and the excitement of the day was over for the gathered townspeople. Not so for D. and myself, who happened to be the two passengers. For on this our first trip after grouse, the real excitement would commence Monday morning, weather permitting, and whether or no on Tuesday. Adjourning to the hotel, we engaged rooms, had the trunk salvaged, interviewed the guide (whom we had previously engaged) regarding details, and turned in.

Monday morning dawned clear and cold, with a heavy frost on the ground, and of course we piled on all the heavy clothing available, and naturally regretted it before the sun went down.

Breakfast in our stomachs and a husky bit of lunch in our pockets, we started out to meet Eli and Spot, guide and dog. After a brisk half-mile walk up the railway track, we found them waiting for us, and without more ado started in to do business.

Under the first wire fence went the bunch, and straightening up on the other side, spread out, the dog nosing back and forth in front. Before many minutes passed we jumped a rabbit. I fired and D. fired. I fired again and D. fired again. Eli didn't shoot; I suppose to see what we would do. The rabbit? Oh, well, the rabbit got away.

With a "Go on, Spot!" to the dog, who had stopped head up at my first shot, Eli remarked: "Ye'll have t' do better 'n that when we git into the brush." We but-toned up our lips and tagged on.

Pretty soon the dog froze up in a hummocky field, and Eli said, "Rabbit." We got placed, in went Spot and out bounced Molly. As before—but what's the use? Eli didn't shoot; he simply said things. However, we were destined to square matters with him later.

On we went again in extended order through brush and woods for half the morning with never a point. Through swamps and over deadfalls, under 'em and around 'em. Eli's professional pride was touched to think that the morning was to be a goose egg, his remarks being pertinent and to the point. We were all working hard, and the dog was doing his best; but fate or a hoodoo was at work, and we began to scan each other for the Jonah. Nevertheless, we were soon to be introduced to our first grouse. Working along the side of a hardwood ridge, with Eli in the middle and D. and I forming the wings, we had just gone through, under and over a wire fence, according to our respective inclinations, when—wh-r-r-r-r! up popped a brown bird, and up jumped my gun. But why dwell. The hammers, of course, were down, and although Eli intimated that the bird roosted in a tree after going fifteen yards, I was too surprised to do anything except look the part. You probably know how it was yourself when your first grouse got up.

We seemed to have struck the place, for a little further on Spot came to a point; and it was a case of "gather round girls," with no "after you, my dear Gaston" business when the bird flushed.

In went the dog, and the minute the bird left the ground down she came with a broken wing. D.'s gun muzzle was oozing fumes, and it was score one for the tyros. Then we witnessed some intelligent work. The bird, able to run but not fly, had started back into the swamp laurel as fast as legs would take her, with the dog trailing close behind. A half minute went by, and no dog; a minute, and still no Spot. Eli called, whistled, and came to the conclusion that Spot had found the wounded bird and was pointing her. He told us that Spot would never break a point as long as the bird stayed, so there was nothing left but to go in and find him. We plunged into the mass of laurel, deadfalls, mud, and water, and after ten minutes' blind hunt found our dog. And there was a sight worth going a long way to see. Spot, flat on his belly, his back touching a moss-covered deadfall, ears up and eyes front, watching the bird, who had completely hidden herself from our eyes under a mass of roots and leaves.

With the first bird of the day resting in the back of D.'s shooting coat, we wandered on. Coming across a beautiful little stream which purled along with many a turn through rows of hickory and white birch trees, we, upon Eli's suggestion, decided to lunch.

As I sit here in my warm room, with the winter wind howling outside and the mercury hovering around the lower rungs of the Fahrenheit ladder, I can close my eyes and see that scene almost as vividly as when we were a part of it. Woods all about, the stream at our feet, and the blue sky overhead; Eli reclining against a stump, D. sitting on a log, smoking, and the dog snoozing away as though he had lived there all his life. It is such scenes as this which bind one to the woods and streams and make one wish to get away from the turmoil of town.

Lunch and a smoke over, we put the dog ahead and started on. By three o'clock we had tramped considerably over five miles, with never a point, and Eli was beginning to say things again. Coming out of the woods into a field in which there were a few apple trees, we filled our pockets, descended a hill, crossed the railroad and plunged into a swamp. Spot began to act anxious, and Eli said, "Look out for woodcock, boys." No sooner were the words out of his mouth than Spot froze up. He went in cautiously, but it proved to be only a warm spot. We floundered through the slough, seeing woodcock chalkings and borings galore. Leaving the swamp, we topped a rise swinging in an arc to the right. Mark! Away went the woodcock in a straight line from Eli's feet, and his gun barked, and then barked again. At the second bark the bird was still going, and the air in

Eli's vicinity was blue and sulphurous. D. and I looked at one another, and knew we were even for those two cotton-tails. Two grouse and a rabbit fell to our guns in the next hour, and as it was becoming dark and we were near home, concluded to quit for the day.

As D. and I walked down the railroad track in the dusk, each busy with his own thoughts, and tired enough to sleep on a picket fence, we brought to a close a day in no way remarkable for the size of its bag or the oddity of its incidents, but thoroughly enjoyable withal.

D.'s version of the second day is as follows:

Election day dawned clear and cold, and after having a hearty breakfast our little party climbed into an old buckboard, and tucking Spot under the seat, started on our second day's hunt; just as anxious as we were the preceding morning, only not quite as spry.

We drove about six miles to a little village called Woodburne, and going straight to the only hotel in town, we unhitched the horse and put him in the barn while Eli was casting his vote.

Stripping ourselves of everything that was not absolutely necessary, we started to hoof it to the shooting grounds, always on the lookout for anything we might start along the roadside. After we had gone about half a mile, we came across a large patch of woods and decided that we would start in for blood. Spreading out in a line we broke into the woods, and hadn't gone far before we heard a whirr of wings and a quick shot, and then the voice of Eli's boy calling, "I've got him, dad!" And sure enough, he had first blood of the day. He pocketed his bird while N. and I looked on with envious eyes.

After being cautioned by Eli that there wasn't to be any "You first, dear Alphonse," but to shoot the minute we saw anything, we started off again, Eli working the dog, and N. and myself starting at every little rustle of the leaves. We went on this way half an hour or so without starting a single grouse, and Eli was beginning to say a few things such as "Well, boys, this is th' fust time I've cum through these here woods without scaring up at least half a dozen birds, anyway," and cursing the luck in general. N., who had been doing a lot of hunting and was not saying much, hollered to us that Spot had got a point, and when the rest of us came up, sure enough, there was the old dog frozen stiff as a poker pointing to a large laurel patch. Eli pricked up his ears, and motioned for me to come up slowly, every now and then steadying the dog by talking to him. N. was on his right, eagerly waiting for the bird to flush. As I came up I heard a whirr and just caught a glimpse of an old grouse sailing off through the trees. I raised the old twelve to my shoulder and let fly both barrels; but alas! it was the same old story—nothing doing. In the meantime, N. had flushed a bird over to the right and had duplicated my performance, although he claims he raked the bird, and Eli said he saw some feathers fly, so it must be so.

After holding a short consultation, we came to the conclusion that it was about time to eat a little lunch; so Eli led the way to a clear little brook that he knew ought to be near where we were. Laying our guns to one side, we endeavored to do full justice to our sumptuous repast, and I imagine we succeeded very well. The result of our morning's shoot had been one solitary grouse, and that was killed by our guide's boy.

We rested for an hour and took condolence out of several pipefuls of tobacco, and feeling much refreshed, we started out again in quest of the wily grouse. During the course of the afternoon we managed to bring down a grouse apiece to our respective guns, and N. shot a couple of rabbits. I had to catch an early train to the city, so it rather broke up our afternoon and caused us to hunt hurriedly over some good woods, where if we had gone carefully we might have shot one or two more birds.

THE TYROS.

An Exciting Bear Hunt.

BY EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

I HAD often expressed the wish to Steve Norris, my old-time guide and boatman, who had served me faithfully on more than one good outing with rod and gun, that I might, when opportunity offered, join him on one of the fur-trapping expeditions he had been accustomed to make every autumn; and it is therefore hardly necessary to say that when I received a letter from him early in November a few years ago, stating that he had put up a line of traps, and I could come as soon as I desired, the invitation was eagerly accepted, and that my grip was quickly packed and I was soon speeding on an express train to the northern country, in which was the home of my guide.

His traps were located in the wilderness, about twenty miles from his house. A dozen miles or so of this distance was covered by an old tote road, over which a buckboard proved a not uncomfortable vehicle, the horse being driven by old Steve's son, a big, muscular fellow, about twenty years of age, who had already acquired much of the knowledge of woodcraft, for which his father had long been famous.

At the end of the tote road the horse was unharnessed, my dunnage and the provender for the animal were packed in two large bags, which were strapped on his back, and we then took up the route over a path which was very rough, its last two miles being merely a blazed trail.

We arrived at the trapper's camp late in the afternoon, and found him busily engaged in stretching some skins of minks and musquash which had recently been taken from his traps.

Of course, his greeting was a cordial one, and I was soon made to feel myself at home in the shanty or

camp that he had erected. Although the walls of this structure were composed of no heavier material than sheets of bark, it was strongly and compactly built, the layers of the bark being so deftly withed together that the interior was as warm and comfortable as the room of a dwelling house. It was about twelve feet square, and contained a rough table, two or three benches and a couple of bunks, in which were laid soft and fragrant beds of hemlock boughs.

It was a primitive affair, such as one would expect to be occupied only by a hunter or trapper or one of his Indian cousins.

After putting away my belongings beneath the bunk which had been assigned to me, I joined the others by the camp-fire, where they were preparing supper, in the cooking of which some choice slices of venison, that Steve had procured a day or two before my arrival and in anticipation of my coming, played a conspicuous part.

Our meal was eaten with the keen relish that hunters and woodsmen always possess, and it was followed by the burning of tobacco, which seems inevitable when conditions similar to ours prevail.

During our "smoke talk" I learned that the line of traps extended about eight miles, following the course of the stream which flowed before the camp, and circling a small lake a couple of miles away.

I also learned that mink were rather plentiful; that of wildcats, or lynxes he had already captured three; that there were otter in the lake I have named, some of which he expected to trap; that musquash were abundant, and "bear signs" were so plentiful that he had four traps placed in situations which he felt certain would give a good account of themselves.

While we were engaged in conversation, I was startled by a most unearthly yell, which was uttered by some animal in the undergrowth near the camp; it was almost exactly like the scream of a young girl in great distress or terror. Excited as I was by the uncanny sound, I made a movement as if to seize my rifle, but Steve motioned me back to my seat, saying quietly, "You don't need to worry about that critter, it's only a porcupine, or quill-pig, as it's sometimes called; they often holler like that at this time of the year. I confess I jumped myself the first time I heard one of the brutes."

"Porcupine!" I exclaimed. "Is it possible that such a scream as that could be uttered by one of those animals? I thought it might be a panther, for I once heard a cry somewhat like that as I was tenting on the Magalloway River. I suppose, however, that they are about exterminated in these woods."

"Yes," he replied, "and I'm mighty glad of it, too; they're savage brutes, and unless a man has a gun with him he stands no chance with one of 'em. I had an adventure once with a painter, or 'Injun devil,' as people sometimes name 'em, that I shan't forgit to my dyin' day."

"I had been out trappin' near Spencer Lake, away off to the east'ard from here, and was going home with a putty heavy pack on my back, for I had my camp kit, a pair of blankets and forty or fifty pelts. I had almost reached the cove where I had left my boat, when I heard sticks crackin' just behind me, and then some-thin' let out a screech that made me jump, for I knew what it was; I had heard it before."

"Now, I knew that that critter was on my trail, and that he was bound to make meat of me if I'd let him. I didn't have a rifle in those days, but I used a single-barreled gun which carried an ounce bullet putty well and would generally knock over most any animal if it hit it right."

"I felt putty consid'able skerry, for I knew that unless I hit that brute right I was done for, for running with that heavy pack on was out of the question. I turned around two or three times and looked back and saw that the critter was gitting more and more clost. Gosh mighty, but he was a whopper! His body seemed to be over six feet long without counting his tail. Every now and then he gave a screech that made my heart jump. At last, when he got within four or five rods of me, I put up my gun, aimed at his head, and pulled trigger. The gun had an old-fashioned percussion lock, and, though the cap exploded, the gun did not go off, there bein' no primin' in the tube."

"I confess I got rattled then, and began to run, and I run good and hard, too, and had almost reached the boat when I stumbled over an old root and fell sprawling; and there was where I had a lucky escape, for as I fell I started out an old bear from the bush nearby, and he made off in the direction of the painter."

Gosh 'mighty! what a screech the varmint let out when he saw the bear. He didn't seem to care for me then; bear's meat seemed to be what he wanted.

"I scrambled up and made for my boat, which I pushed out into the lake in mighty short meter, and when I got at a safe distance I laid by and watched the fun."

"The bear turned tail as soon as he found out what was after him, and made for the shore of the lake, calkerlatin', I reckon, to swim out into the water, knowin' that he would be safe there, for the panther hates water like pizen. But he wasn't quick enough, and he had jest time to throw himself on his back on the shore when the painter made a jump for him."

"Well, if that bear didn't make his hindlegs, paws and jaws work it's no matter. I never see sich clapper clawing in all my born days."

"The painter seemed to git all that was coming to him, for he pulled back and looked at the bear, as if he thought he was a putty good fighter; but the brute must have been hungry, for he made another jump for the bear, who was still lying on his back. The second

fight wasn't as long as the first one, for the sharp hind claws of the bear cut into the belly of the painter in such a way that the critter was glad to crawl away with some of his innards hanging out.

"As for the bear, he got up a little the worse for wear, shook himself to see if he was all there, and ambled off in a direction different from that the painter took.

"Yes," continued the old trapper, as he refilled and lighted his pipe, "a bear is mighty handy with his feet, for he can box with his forepaws so well that a man has got to be putty quick to hit him with an ax or other weapon; and as for his hindfeet, the claws on 'em is as sharp as knives, and a man or other critter has all kinds of trouble comin' to him if those claws get a chance to slash him."

Steve was in a reminiscent mood that night, his stories of the denizens of the forest keeping me interested until bedtime. He had been a keen observer, and was thoroughly conversant with the characteristics and habits of every wild animal that was pursued either as game or for fur.

On the following morning we were astir at daybreak, and after eating a hearty breakfast, Steve and I left the camp for the purpose of visiting the traps, leaving Oscar, his son, to tidy up things, preparatory to starting down the trail with the old horse, on their return to the trapper's home.

To visit a line of traps eight to ten miles in length means to the ordinary walker a good day's tramp, and a pretty rough tramp at that, for the path, if path it can be called, leads through all sorts of cover, around or over ledges, windfalls, etc., and before we had accomplished half the distance, I was glad to have an opportunity to take a short rest.

Our catch thus far was a good one, consisting of a couple of minks, a red fox and a lynx, the two latter having been taken in wire snares, which proved more effectual with these suspicious animals than ordinary steel traps are.

"It's no use lugging all this meat around," said the guide, as he quickly removed the skins from the animals. "We'll leave these carcasses here to draw the bears, and in a day or two we'll set a trap here for 'em. And speaking of bear traps, I've got one clost by that has been set a couple of days, and as there was plenty of signs, it ought to have a grip on one of the critters by now. We'll soon see, anyway."

At these words, throwing his pack over his shoulder, Steve started off with ax in hand, I, with rifle ready for instant service, keeping close behind him.

The route was through a dense piece of chaparral, through which it was impossible to see more than two or three rods in any direction, but the spot at which the trap had been set was soon reached, the old trapper picking his way without any difficulty.

"Yes, old Bruin has been here sure enuff," exclaimed the guide, "and he has lugged the trap off with him. The next thing is to find the critter."

A few words of explanation concerning the method of setting a bear trap may be necessary here.

The presence of bear in any stretch of forest is detected by the experienced woodsman by certain unmistakable signs, such as the ripping open of an old log or windfall for the grubs it may contain, or the digging up of an anthill, or the tearing down of the bark from the trunks of trees, beneath which the big white borers and beetles, upon which the animal feeds, are secreted.

Selecting a suitable location for placing the trap, it is baited with the entrails and other offal of animals, which are dragged around the spot and finally left at the place where the trap is to be set; and sometimes the more flamboyant the bait is the more attractive it seems to be to the bear.

The trap is set so that the animal cannot reach the bait without springing it with his foot, and to the chain that is attached to it is fastened a log of wood four or five feet in length, called a "hobble." This is not so heavy as to prevent the bear from moving around, and when he finds himself caught he starts off, dragging the hobble behind him; and sometimes he is able to go a mile or more before he gets tired and lies down. Of course, there is a chance of the hobble being "hung up" between two trees or saplings, but he generally picks out an open route. The trap is chained to this hobble firmer than to a tree, for the reason that if it is thus firmly attached the bear gnaws off his foot and escapes.

In dragging the hobble he leaves many signs, which are easily followed by one experienced in woodcraft.

Hanging his pack in the crotch of a tree nearby, the trapper, with ax in hand, took up the trail that had been left by the bear and hobble, following it as accurately as he would have done if the tracks had been made in newly fallen snow.

"Gosh 'mighty!" he exclaimed, pointing to the imprint of a huge foot in a soft spot that had been crossed, "he's a buster and no mistake; it's the biggest footprint I've ever seen."

I looked at the imprint, and wondered how I should act if I were within reach of one of those immense paws.

For at least half a mile the tracks were followed before the cracking of sticks, which indicated that we were nearing the animal, was heard. Pushing steadily ahead, the guide soon discovered the huge black form of the bear as he was crawling beneath a big windfall, or old decaying trunk of a dead tree, as if he were endeavoring to conceal himself.

"Well," said the guide, "he's crawled in under that windfall, and the next thing is to git him out. The best plan is for me to go 'round on the other side and poke him out with a pole, and you stand on this side and shoot when he comes out of cover."

I assented to this arrangement, and stood with cocked rifle near the windfall awaiting the appearance of the bear. The trapper, after cutting a stout pole, moved around to the further side of the windfall and began poking in the spot where he thought the animal was secreted, and it was not long before a loud growl announced that his probing was effectual. The bear was evidently disinclined to come out, for it required considerable urging on the part of Steve to move him, and when he did emerge from his hiding place, instead of coming out near where I was stationed, he started out

briskly on the further side, evidently with the intention of attacking the trapper.

"Come round here, quick!" shouted Steve, "the bear has got rid of his hobble somehow, and if we don't look out we'll lose him."

I hurried to the spot as quickly as I could, and found that the brute, now thoroughly enraged, instead of endeavoring to escape, was attacking the guide with the greatest fury. As he was encumbered by nothing but the trap, which was attached to one foot, he could move almost as if he were unhampered, and easily evaded the blows that Steve aimed at him with the ax, and quickly sent it spinning into the undergrowth. The trapper, now disarmed, had no alternative but to run, for the bear was rushing upon him, and about to seize him with his huge black paws. Steve was a pretty good runner, and he darted about among the bolls of the trees with a celerity that was astonishing in a man of his years; but the angry bear was also quick in his movements, and ever and anon, he almost came within striking distance of the guide.

As I was following them, I did not dare to shoot, fearing that the bullet might hit the trapper, who was on a line with the bear from me, and it was only after Steve reached a pine tree, into which he swung himself by its lower limbs, and which he began climbing, the bear following him, evidently determined not to be cheated of his prey, that I had an opportunity to use the rifle with safety to my friend. Higher and higher mounted the guide, the bear following him almost as well as if he had no clanking trap fastened to his foot; and he had mounted nearly thirty feet before he was in a position that would insure a successful shot, when, aiming carefully at the point of juncture of the head and neck, I fired. But one shot was needed, for the work of the bullet was fatal, and almost without another struggle the huge brute came crashing down through the branches to the ground.

"That was a mighty close call," exclaimed Steve, when he had descended from his lofty perch and stood beside me. "Old Bruin meant mischief, for sartin. I hadn't reckoned on his gittin' rid of that hobble. Well, we'll take off the brute's pelt and git back to camp, for it's growing late."

It was an unusually large bear, and its long glossy black fur was in the best possible condition. It did not take long to remove the skin and hams, which Steve made into a pack, and slinging it over his shoulder, together with the huge trap, led the way back to the windfall, where he recovered his ax, and then, retracing our path to the spot where he had left his pack, a portion of which I insisted upon carrying, we started "homeward bound" for the camp, which we reached just as the sun was sinking beneath the western horizon.

"A Deplorable State."

LA SALLE, N. Y., Nov. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Game laws are made to be broken. At least this seems the only use that is made of them through this section of the State. I cannot think of one game law that is the proverbial exception to prove the rule that is not openly violated. The old Niagara, once the home of many game fish, flows peacefully on as of yore, but its sturdy inhabitants have nearly gone. Its banks and surrounding territory once furnished cover and feed for a feathered host, but to-day the covers stand deserted.

The maskinongé, the king of all our game fish, are practically extinct. Time was, and that only a few short years back, when a boat could bring in two or three large, gamy 'longe for a day's catch. To-day you are lucky if you can land one for a season's catch. It was a pleasure in those days to sit in a boat and feel the tremble of the line caused by the whirr of the spoon. Anticipation was keen, momentarily realization probable. Now, alas! anticipation is at lowest ebb and realization rare! rare! rare!!! And why? Simply because our game laws are not enforced; our game officials are—well, not doing their duty. I know personally that our game wardens know of daily infractions of the law, and I have yet to learn of one single instance where they have even tried to detect the infringers.

Again, Upper Niagara black bass fishing was at one time fine. Not later than 1901 catches of from 60 to 70 bass were made by one boat in one day, and we think we hear you murmur "game hog!" To-day the catches are very small, and "fisherman's luck" by no means rare. Again you ask me why, and again I answer, non-enforcement of the game laws. "Game hogs" have played their part, but it is a very small part as compared with other fish-destroying agencies. The way our fish have gone was nicely told one day last spring by a little boy about four years old. Our little boy saluted his father upon his return from work one evening by telling him what a large basket of fish two men had caught that day, and ended his story by stating that "they had caught them all on one hook that they had in a valise." That tells the whole story. There are too many using the fishing tackle that is done up in small packages and must be lighted before using. Our bass spawning beds are literally blown to pieces. Big fish and little fish, game fish and food fish all come to the top after a stick of dynamite has done its fiendish work. "Familiarity breeds contempt," and so familiar has this thing become along our shores, that no one seems to pay any attention to it. No attempt is made to keep the dastardly work secret, and I have known of blasting to be done within 100 feet of men who were trying to have a little sport fishing in a lawful way. Seine fishing is indulged in to a considerable extent, and while the damage done to game fish in this way is considerable, it does not begin to compare with the damage done with dynamite, as the principal fish caught in the seines are sturgeon.

For the last two years I have been advocating stocking our fields and covers with birds, and the one great obstacle that I have found was the non-enforcement of the game laws. Wherever I have brought the subject before sportsmen they have invariably answered that the attempt would be useless, for the birds would receive no protection and would be killed faster than we could supply them. I still cling to my theory and still persevered in my undertaking until a few days ago, when I gave up in despair. There was a small covey of quail back about a mile, and these I had been watching and fostering as one

would a baby. Imagine my indignation and grief when the other day a man informed me that one of our hunters had gone back there and potted the whole bevy. I should as soon have thought of firing upon a group of children as shooting into that tame flock of birds, but unfortunately there are others whose scruples are less fine.

Our duck shooting has gone the same road as all the rest. Decoy shooting a few years back was very good. To-day the feeding grounds along the shores are empty. The great number of hunting gasoline launches are to blame for this. Every flock of birds that arrives on our river are spied out with long-distance field glasses and a launch is after them. They are chased morning, noon, and night, and the duck that stays longer than one day is a fool. They are given no chance to feed, and spend what little time they are among us flying up and down the center of the river looking for some quiet resting place.

Have not things sporting reached a deplorable state in this section? Is there a remedy? That this article will reach the eyes of someone who can suggest a remedy is the most heartfelt wish of

A READER.

In New England.

Boston, Nov. 5.—Mr. Cyrus A. Taft, of Whitinville, reports that the hunters in his section are flushing some coveys of quail, and he thinks there are one or two that will kill all they can, but this is not true of all of them. He is anxious to get more birds the coming year for stocking, and says he is strongly inclined to put out some early in the winter, as he thinks by his system of troughs for feeding he can carry them through all right. Partridge shooting, he says, is fair.

Mr. Charles Bradbury, of Camden, Me., tells me that woodcock and partridge shooting has been exceptionally good in his section this fall.

Mr. William Pray, of Boston, says his experience in Massachusetts, so far as upland birds are concerned, this season has been very discouraging, and his main reliance for birds is his place in Maine.

Our smelt fishermen have had phenomenal success this season—so good that some of them who are hunters as well as fishermen have deferred their gunning trips up to the present time. On the north shore several boatmen have seen an anomaly in the shape of a white whale.

I have reports of several deer being killed in various towns in New Hampshire, one of the largest in Berwick weighing 250 pounds. Several have been reported from Vermont of unusual size, 250, 275, 300, and the largest 350 pounds; also several bears, the largest weighing 400 pounds. A bill is before the Legislature at Montpelier to abolish the open season on deer for a period of three years, and I understand it is meeting with some support. The great slaughter of last year (1,000 deer) has, in the opinion of some, reduced the stock almost to an alarming extent. Most of the Massachusetts sportsmen who have returned from Maine have been able to secure one or two deer, and several have got a moose also. One of these is Miss Helen Maude Locke, of Arlington, who has just returned from a hunting trip which she made in company with her uncle, Mr. Edwin S. Farmer. They brought out other trophies, but of course the moose was most prized. The antlers contained 20 points and measured 52 inches from tip to tip. Miss Locke's first shot struck just back of the shoulder, the second in the forehead, killing instantly.

The shipments from Bangor this year in October were 1,564 deer, 92 moose; as against 1,675 deer, 78 moose for the same period in 1903. Many game birds have been secured which, for safe transportation, must be properly tagged and accompanied by the owner. By neglecting these precautions, some of the hunters have been forced to forfeit their birds.

CENTRAL.

Small Shot for Brush Shooting.

A RUFFED grouse jumped from under a stump close to my feet and he suddenly lost one wing, cut off as neatly as you please. "That was a bad shot," said Sam. "Why so?" asked I. "Because," said Sam, "if you had held straight and hit him fairly he would have been blown into smithereens."

The point of view is the thing with which to pin decisions relating to such a shot, and there may be many points of view aimed at my ideas concerning the use of small shot for brush shooting, but the subject is worth some notes anyway.

Did you ever notice that most of the ruffed grouse that are brought to bag at this time of the year have broken wings? That seems rather peculiar if one holds up a plucked grouse and observes what a comparatively small part of the sky-line is occupied by the vulnerable surface of a wing. And yet not many grouse are bagged with wings whole, although there may not be more than one or two shot in all of the rest of the body of a bird.

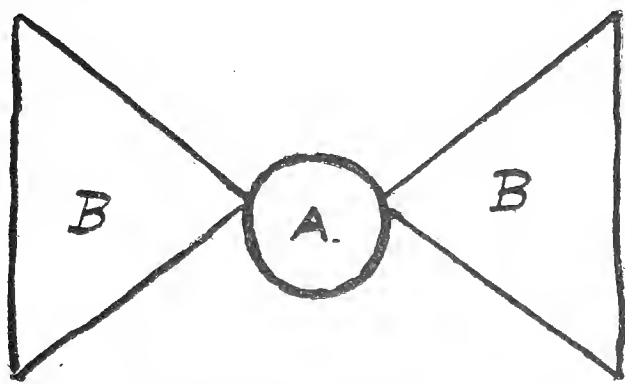
One day last week I shot a few partridges and woodcock, but there were several others that flew right along while I was playing a Japanese march for them, and if they did not stop flying before night, they went a long way if the speed rate was maintained. I felt, however, that birds which kept on had been in the center of the charge at several of the shots. Number 6 shot was used that day, and it was the first time that I had used such large shot in brush shooting for many years. Next day I went out in the afternoon with a supply of No. 7½ shot, but only got shots at five birds during the afternoon. Four of these came down with the first barrel—three partridges and one woodcock—and every one of the four came down with broken wings, but otherwise in what might be called good running order. My argument is this: If we use large shot there are fewer shot to the charge, and fewer wings are hit, and birds hit fatally in the body may fly out of sight before they drop. If we use small shot and hit more wings, more birds will drop where they can at least be retrieved by greyhounds, and the body shots are not nearly so likely to be fatal for the birds which escape. By using small shot we are more humane toward the birds, and at the same time we can be more generous toward our friends who are awaiting our return home with game for distribution.

The reasons for hitting more wings with small shot are probably two. One that is commonly recognized is be-

cause there are more shot to the charge; the other is an idea of my own, and as such may not be acceptable, but it is presented at face value.

During the flight of a partridge the wings presumably traverse at each stroke a space somewhat larger than the diameter of the body of the bird.

The whole charge of shot does not arrive at a given spot at the same instant, and there is an appreciable interval between the arrival of the shot at the head of the



RELATIVE SPACE BODY AND WINGS.
A—Body Space. B—Wing Space.

charge and of the trailers which bring up the rear. During this interval the wings of a bird may sweep one or more times through the area of the arriving shot, and if the wings in one stroke sweep a space which is equal in diameter to twice the diameter of the body of the bird, we have an explanation for the reason why so many wings are hit. A single shot in the wing will bring the bird down more promptly as a rule than several shot in the body.

It may not be in the interest of game protection to give away this wing tip, but birds in the brush are fairly safe against the younger generation of shooters, at least, for the latter are apt to practice on artificial flying targets, and that introduces a principle of protection. The sportsman who learns to hit artificial flying targets is shooting at something that is going slower and slower all of the time after it leaves the machine, and when he goes out into the brush he has to shoot at something that is going faster and faster all of the time with its own machine, and the shooter splits the difference and nothing else with his charge.

Then again the men who practice on artificial flying targets are apt to get into the habit of taking sight along the gun barrels, and when they are in the woods a lot of limbs get in the way. They do not take sight along the bat when striking at a ball, and unless they stop sighting and learn to bat the birds with the gun, we shall have plenty of game birds left for many years to come.

ROBERT T. MORRIS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 8.

Hints and Wrinkles.

Readers are invited to send for publication under this head hints and wrinkles drawn from practical experience, and pertaining to shooting, fishing, camping and outdoor life.

A Wallet for Toilet Articles in Camp.

NO MATTER how many bags and boxes the amateur camper out takes with him to the woods, he will find that some system of keeping everything in its proper place, and providing that proper place, is necessary if he expects to find a thing when he needs it. And few petty annoyances so exasperate one as a long and almost fruitless search for some article that is generally found at last in the very bottom of a duffle bag, underneath sundry articles of clothing and the like. The toothbrush, the hairbrush and comb, and articles that are needed every day have a way of getting lost or mixed with other articles, and in the end one naturally concludes that it is best to separate such things from the rest of the outfit and keep them together in some receptacle made for them.

As canoeists often go from camp to camp, and get into the habit of separating each group or articles in their outfits, a wrinkle often observed among their effects is worthy of mention here. This is a bit of canvas with pockets sewed on, which is hung in the tent while in use, and rolled up and tied with a string for stowing in some duffle-bag when camp is moved. An illustration of a simple contrivance of this sort is given here, for the reason that any person can make one in a few minutes if he is handy at sewing on a machine, or if not, some good-natured woman relative will help him out. Some of these wallets are made of a single piece of heavy duck, nicely bound with braid, and with six or more pockets sewed on one side, each pocket being also neatly bound. These are not difficult to make, but the simpler one illustrated will answer many requirements. It is less fancy, but thoroughly serviceable, nevertheless. To make one, then, take a piece of canvas or brown duck 18 by 24 inches or more in size and fold one end over the piece a little more than a third of the entire length. Then turn the edges down all round and sew two or three seams up the sides and across the top. These will leave the article with one large pocket, while the seams will answer to stiffen the edges instead of using braid. Down the front two more seams are then sewed, when the wallet assumes the form shown in the illustration, with three roomy pockets. A grommet is then put in each one of the upper corners, a bit of tape sewed on the back, and the thing is completed. On one of the walls of the tent two bits of cord should be sewed, and the wallet is then suspended inside the tent by this means, where it will be within reach at all times. Nothing handier for holding small articles can be found. When camp is broken, the wallet is taken down, rolled up and tied with the string, then stowed away until the tent is pitched in some other place.

Besides the brushes and comb, a shaving brush, razor, paper, and soap—if one carries these things to camp—can be kept in it, as well as a tiny mirror, spool of thread, buttons, needles, perhaps a screwdriver, and even fishing tackle or a target revolver and some cartridges can be kept in the wallet and away from the damp ground. Some tents are made with pockets in each corner, or several pockets on one side, but while these are handy, during a continuous rain they become damp, so the

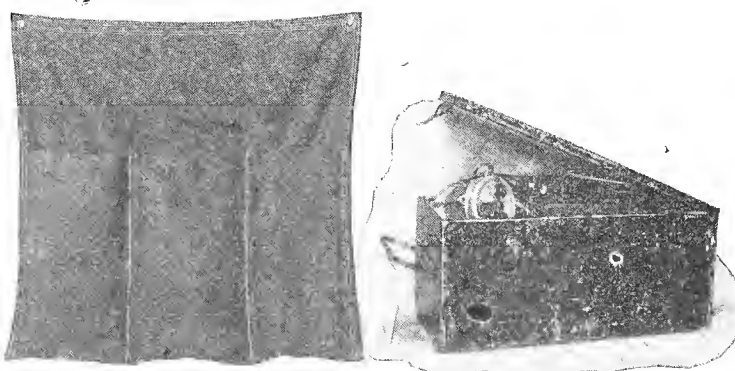
separate pocket is better, and as it is taken out of the tent when camp is broken, the articles it contains are not so likely to be smashed as they will be if they are left in the other pockets while the tent is folded or rolled.

Again, it is the simple and inexpensive articles one makes that he often appreciates most, for in a great many respects the cost of an article does not add to its real value in the estimation of the owner.

A Serviceable Tin Box For Camp Use.

Here is a box that should be found in every outfit of canoeists and campers. It is an ordinary japanned tin bond box, costing thirty cents at a stationery shop, but in a year's use it will be found fully as serviceable as any other one article carried by the camper. The dimensions of one of these bond boxes are $4\frac{1}{2}$ by $4\frac{1}{2}$ by 10 inches. They are made of heavy tinned iron, stayed at the edges with wire, and are practically indestructible and waterproof unless entirely submerged. There is a wire handle, hasp and staple for a fastening at one end, and the box is heavily japanned outside. The illustration shows one that has been in use for five seasons, but is good for more.

One of these boxes is very handy in a camper's outfit, as it will hold a large number of small articles likely to



CAMP POCKET AND HANDY BOX.

be lost if not kept in something of this sort, and its advantages over a bag for small stuff are evident at a glance. As a box for fishing tackle alone, this variety is worthy of trial, while articles that are subject to rust if exposed to damp air are well protected if kept in it. This is especially true of revolvers or pistols, and small cartridges loaded with nitro powder deteriorate to some extent if exposed long to salt air.

Sling Straps for Rifles.

The sling strap is not so much appreciated in this country as it is in Europe. Here one sees a rifle carried by means of one of these handy straps now and then; while in European countries both guns and rifles are very generally carried on a sling strap while their owners are afield, but not actually engaged in hunting for game. It is true that modern rifles are lighter in weight than were those of even a few years ago, but it is equally true that even a comparatively light rifle seems to grow heavy during the fag end of a long tramp. If, therefore, the weight of the rifle may be shifted from the hand to the sling strap now and then, one will feel much fresher at the end of the tramp and be more comfortable all the time he is out, besides having his hands free while the shoulder bears the burden.

All of the manufacturers of rifles supply swivels and sling straps to order, and these are superbly made in all respects save one: the straps are too wide for lightweight rifles; an inch is sufficient width, whereas most of the standard straps are nearer one and a half inches.

But some persons object to this plan because of the studs that are set into the stock and fore-arm, or the barrel, and to which the swivels are attached. There is a way of getting around this feature, too, and it is very satisfactory. A simple strap can be made with a slip-loop at either end. One loop is slipped round the tang of the stock, and the other round the barrel, where the fore-end will hold it in place, and if this loop is made of rather thin leather, it need in no way interfere with a clear view of the front sight. I have often used a strap of this sort for carrying game in an emergency, and found it quite handy. One of the ends can be so arranged that the length of the strap may be changed at will.

PERRY D. FRAZER.

North Carolina Audubon Society.

GREENSBORO, N. C., Sept. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first year's work of bird and game protection in North Carolina under the new State law has closed. The work of the Audubon Society, which is the State Game Commission, may be briefly summed up as follows:

One hundred and twenty-five thousand copies of printed information, such as linen posters containing digests of the game laws, copies of the laws in pamphlet form, etc., have been distributed among the people. Twenty-nine game wardens have been employed, and as a result of their activities twenty-two shipments of game, which were being forwarded to northern markets, have been seized in the express offices and express cars, their contents confiscated, sold at auction and wherever sufficient evidence existed the shippers have been prosecuted. "Fire lighting" of ducks and geese has been largely stopped in Currituck and Pamlico Sounds. Not until the past year has a serious effort been made to enforce the game laws, but during this time the wardens, under the directions of the Audubon Society and its friends, have secured sixty-one convictions for violations of the bird and game laws.

To further stimulate interest in bird and game matters the secretary has made thirty-two public addresses and lectures, many of these being accompanied with stereopticon views of portraits of the birds and photographs taken in the field.

The Society numbers at the present time over 800 members. Among these are many gentlemen from the North, who, while hunting in the State last winter, became interested in the work the Society was doing,

united with it, and have contributed to its success by their financial support and sympathy. Some joined as sustaining members, paying \$5 annually; some as life members, the initiation fee for which is \$10, with no additional fees or dues.

The secretary would be very glad to correspond with any one who is interested in the work of bird and game protection in North Carolina, and who may care to join the Audubon Society.

Copies of the law, or information regarding matters connected with the game interests in the State will be gladly furnished upon application.

T. GILBERT PEARSON, Secretary.

Old Jim Beckworth, His Book.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the year 1881 I attended a council of River Crows, held at the old Stillwater Agency in Montana, the object of which was to cede the right of way to the Northern Pacific Railway extension west of the Missouri River; and there I met the three United States Commissioners from Washington, and also several prominent military officers from Fort Custer (including your whilom correspondent, Captain Geo. K. Sanderson, then senior captain of the post), and the head chiefs of all the ten Crow tribes, of whom I have photographs at this day. One of these chiefs was a dark negro named "Smoky" (from his color), who told me he was raised on a plantation in Missouri. His age I should judge was 35. His affiliation with these always friendly Indians was inspired by reading Jim Beckworth's book, of which he had a copy. This book had a rough wood-cut portrait of Jim, whose features had somewhat the cast of a mulatto's, which some persons allowed that he was. My own adventures among the Crows at that time would make almost as interesting reading as Jim's, if I could get any magazine to print them.

This brings me back to my caption, and to Jim Beckworth himself. He was born in Fredericksburg, Virginia, and migrated to Missouri with his father's family about the time of the Louisiana Purchase. All of his people were massacred by the Indians except himself, and he took refuge at the trading post of St. Louis, where he was occupied several years. At the approach of manhood he enlisted under General Atkinson (for whom the old Fort Atkinson of sixty years ago, at the Great Bend of the Arkansas River, was named) in pursuit of furs. He was afterward the hero of many exciting adventures along the Great Divide, which he recorded, or got some more competent person to record, in his book. It might have been Captain Jim Bridger himself who put his hand to the pen. He lived, it seems, for twenty years among the Mountain Crows, and became one of their principal chiefs. I dare say that it was his influence largely that kept the Indians steadfastly friendly. It used to be their boast that they had never killed a white man.

As Jim Beckworth was not restricted in the article of wives, he took unto himself almost as many as the Grand Turk or King Solomon. When he left the nation he left behind him a numerous progeny of half-breeds, one of whom became in his turn a chief of the tribe. This intermixture accounts for the pale complexions of so many of the Crows, as well as for their friendship. The stark faces of Beckworth's massacred family, murdered by the Indians, were kept as a tradition in the tribe; and so we may not know how many emigrants to the Far West were immune from attack through this one far-reaching incident. Verily the ways of Providence are inscrutable.

The information imparted by Jim Beckworth's book is of a quality to compare with that contained in Ruxton's "Life in the Far West," which came out some half a dozen years earlier, and is of great value to the annalist of to-day. To one who has enjoyed the opportunity of intercourse with the redskins during the '50s, while they were still in their breech-clout state, and who can vouch for what he has seen with his own eyes, it has every appearance of being entitled to credence. The recitals of his adventures in war and the chase are less exaggerated than the majority of our modern camp-fire stories. He was no doubt a keen observer, as all plainsmen and old-time mountain men were, and accordingly he gives very minute descriptions of the various tribes he "met up with." While he was not contemporary with the earlier "pathfinders," the information he gives constitutes a very valuable suffix to their recitals.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Lost His Head Twice.

PLAINFIELD, Mass., Nov. 4.—That's queer, too! But the fact remains. A plump partridge has just thumped against the side of the cottage where I am now writing, with force enough to jar the building. That is a fact, too, for I felt it, and I thought it was a boy's baseball that had hit. The bird had obviously lost its head. For a few minutes it lay stunned upon the lawn until our French-Canadian man of all work came and picked it up. After a little it came to, and began to struggle. Then he bore it away to the wood house, where there is a chopping-block and an ax, and there he lost his head again!

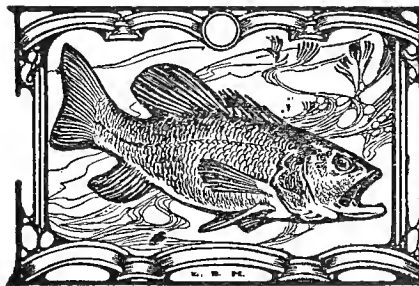
CHARLES HALLOCK.

Long Island Dee.

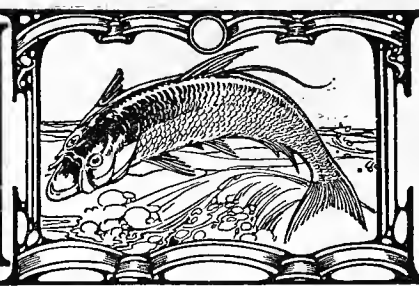
THE two deer hunting days on Long Island last week—Wednesday and Friday—brought out the usual concourse of men and dogs, but the number of deer seemed not so large. The other days were Wednesday and Friday of this week.

A WESTERN paper devoted to dogs advertises a book on "the immortality of animals and the relation of man as guardian from a Biblical and philosophical hypothesis." By the side of this, in the next column, are advertisements of a book on training dogs for the pit. There seems to be wanting here a saving sense of humor.

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.



SEA AND RIVER FISHING



A Past Grand Master of Angling.

MANY of the men who have become expert with rod and reel, masters of woodcraft, skilled in the life and makeshifts of the camp, joying in the attractions of stream and forest, yet feel in their old age that their best angling joys were had when they did not know of finer tackle than the rude pole, cork "bobber," line tied to the hook without leader or snell, and when they used the grasshopper, angleworm or grub for a lure.

From such humble beginnings men like Hallock, Jordan, and Harris have become experts with the fly, writers about fish and fishing, makers of books, founders of sporting publications, and over their words we love to linger as we find them all too few. But that springtime of their boyhood was the best, as they were happy with the tamarack or cane pole while fishing for chubs or sunfish in the pond, or were after shiners and "punkin seeds" along the creek.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy." What would not the old fisherman give to hark back to those child days! Would Hallock tell of his angling in Alaska, Quebec or Nova Scotia, where he captured trout and salmon with the Murphy bamboo rod and shining reel? Would he speak of the days and nights along the Nepigon, his cruises along the Florida coast, his delight in canoe and camp? Yes; but dearer yet must be the recollection of his days with the perch and sunfish more than a half century ago.

Such men, authorities upon the sport of fishing and camping, are entitled to the thanks of all true sportsmen. Think of that distant date when *FOREST AND STREAM* was founded, of its struggles, and the devoted work of its founder until it became and continues a well-spring of pleasure to so many thousands of readers each week. Such an accomplishment—practical, beneficent—places sportsmen under lasting obligations to those who have woven into the journalism of sport the best years of their lives.

There are also men who, of course, have fished in widely separated regions, who for many years had little thought of sharing their experiences with their fellow sportsmen by telling about them in print. Trout, ouananiche, sea trout, bass, grayling, grilse, salmon, the deer and caribou in Quebec forests, the joy of canoeing and angling along the Miramichi, Nepisiguit, St. John or Tobique rivers in New Brunswick; the smoke and flicker and flame of camp-fires, the stalking of deer and listening to the drumming of partridges and calls of quail—these were what they longed for "as the heart panteth after the water-brooks," and the all too short vacation meant life with them.

Some of these men are now old, unable to bear privation, undue exertion, the tent life and cramped posture of the canoe, wading the stream or carrying the gun. But they not only retain their love for those outing scenes, but it has all become more dear. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." They have but to sit in the armchair or lie in their beds at home and close their eyes, and presto! before them swings that winding, forest-bordered river where they were so happy. The fishing of youth, the sport of manhood, the laborious and painfully-bought camping of older age, have been succeeded by the sporting joys of memory. Prisoners they may be, but, like Christopher North, their hearts are out in the forests, beside lakes and streams, joying in wind and storm. And as they grow ominously near to their farewell to earth, how their hearts must reach forward in longing and hope that on the Other Side some stream, camp, tent and canoe may be vouchsafed to them, and the renewal of childhood and its heaven "around about."

These men have reached a ripe age when their brother sportsmen best love to read what they may choose to write of their experiences. Often they have full strength of brain and faculty when confined even to their rooms with infirmities. And what a pleasure it is to read their contributions to the sporting publications! A very few retain all the strength and judgment of the days when they were editors, lawyers, merchants—men who were a part of, and joyed in, the world's work. Strong, virile, their bodies infirm, they yet ray forth opinions and experiences that are the result of even a three-fourth century's knowledge of sport. They are men whom all sportsmen, even those whose hair is already silvered with age, delight to honor.

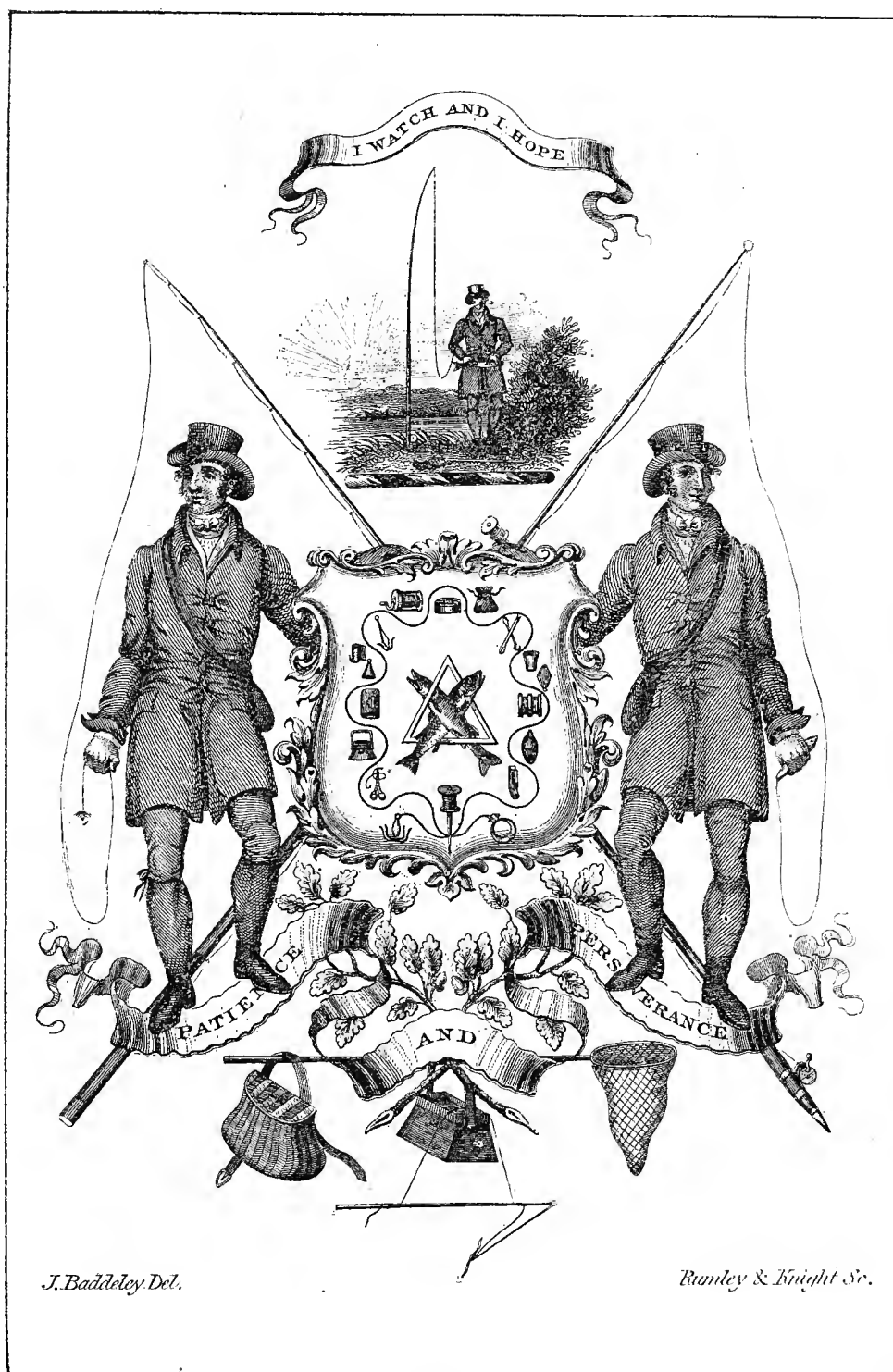
Fond recollections cluster about them even in dreams, proving the worth of Rousseau's words, "Absence is to love what the wind is to the fire; it extinguishes the little, but increases the great."

Such a man, a past grand master of angling, and a prominent authority whom we all love to honor, lives at Sussex, New Brunswick, and is now eighty-four years old. Readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* do not need mention of his name to recognize this all too poorly drawn picture of him. May his few remaining years be bright and happy in that home up in the beautiful Kennebecasis Valley.

L. F. BROWN.

The Qualities of an Angler.

THE arms here shown, which we have called "the device of all true anglers," is the frontispiece of "The London Anglers' Book, or Waltonian Chronicle," published by John Baddeley in 1834, and, as the extended title page runs, "containing much original information to anglers generally, combined with numerous amusing songs and anecdotes of fish and fishing never before published." The editors of the *Bibliotheca Piscatoria* describe the little book as "coarse and Cockney," and the description is perhaps not undeserved; we give one of the yarns, of the "Setting Horse," a story which will be recognized as that one which in slightly different form Lincoln used to tell of the horse which squatted to point game when in the middle of a river, to the great chagrin and alarm of the rider. But whatever we shall say of the contents of the book—and it was a good sort of book for those who wanted a good book of that sort—we will all assent to Mr. Woodward's estimate of the frontispiece as a gem.



THE DEVICE OF ALL TRUE ANGLERS.
Being the frontispiece of "The London Anglers' Book." London, 1834. From the collection of Mr. Russell W. Woodward.

It is an ideal device. Mr. Woodward kindly sent us, as fitting to go with it, this exposition of the qualities of an angler, as set forth in John Denny's "Secrets of Angling," an extremely rare little book of verse printed in 1613, forty years before the "Compleat Angler." Here follow

The Qualities of an Angler.

Now, ere I farther goe, it shall behoue
To shew what gifts and qualities of minde
Belongs to him that doth this pastime loue;
And what the vertues are of euery kinde
Without the which it were in vaine to proue,
Or to expect the pleasure he should finde.
No more then he that hauing store of meate
Hath lost all lust and appetite to eate.

For what auails to Brooke or Lake to goe,
With handsome Rods and Hookes of diuers sort,
Well twisted Lines and many trinkets moe,
To finde the Fish within their watry fort,
If that the minde be not contended so,
But wants those gifts that should the rest support,
And make his pleasure to his thoughts agree,
With these therefore he must endued be.

The first is Faith, not wauering and vnstable,
But such as had that holy Patriarch old,
That to the highest was so acceptable
As his increase and of spring manifolde.
Exceeded far the starres innumerable,
So must he still a firme persuasion holde,
That where as waters, brookes, and lakes are found,
There store of Fish without all doubt abound.

For nature that hath made no emptie thing,
But all her workes doth well and nисely frame,
Hath fild each Brooke, each Riuer, Lake and Spring,
With creatures, apt to liue amidst the same;
Euen as the earth, the ayre, and seas doe bring
Forth Beasts, and Birds of sundry sort and name,
And giuen them shape ability and sence,
To liue and dwell therein without offence.

The second gift and qualitie is Hope,
The Anchor-holde of euery hard desire;
That hauing of the day so large a scope,
He shall in time to wished hap aspire,
And ere the Sunne hath let the heavenly cope
Obtaine the sport and game he doth desire,
And that the Fish though sometimes slow to bite,
Will recompense delay with more delight.

The third is Loue, and liking to the game,
And to his friend and neighbour dwelling by;
For greedy pleasure not to spoile the same,
Nor of his Fish some portion to deny
To any that are sicklie, weake, or lame,
But rather with his Line and angle try
In Pond or Brooke, to doe what in him lyes
To take such store for them as may suffice.

Then followeth Patience, that the furious flame
Of Choller cooles, and Passion puts to flight,
As doth a skilfull rider breake and tame
The Courser wilde, and teach him tread aright:
So patience doth the minde dispose and frame
To take mishaps in worth and count them light,
As losse of Fish, Line, Hooke, or Lead, or all,
Or other chance that often may befall.

The fift good guift is low Humilitie,
As when a Lyon coucheth for his pray,
So must he stoope or kneele vpon his knee,
To saue his line or put the weeds away,
Or lye along sometimes if neede there be
For any let or chance that happen may,
And not to scorne to take a little paine,
To serue his turne his pleasure to obtaine.

The sixt is painefull strength and courage good,
The greatest to incounter in the Brooke,
If that he happen in his angry mood,
To snatch your bayte, and heare away your Hooke:
With wary skill to rule him in the flood,
Vntil more quiet, tame, and milde he looke,
And all aduentures constantly to beare,
That may betide without mistrust or feare.

Next unto this is Liberalitie,
Feeding them oft with full and plenteous hand,
Of all the rest a needfull qualitie,
To draw them near the place where you wil stand,
Like to the ancient hospitalitie,
That sometime dwelt in Albions fertile land,
But now is sent away into exile,
Beyond the bounds of Isabellas Ile.

The eight is knowledge how to finde the way
To make them bite when they are dull and slow
And what doth let the same and breeds delay,
And euery like impediment to know,
That keeps them from their foode and wanted pray,
Within the streame, or standing waters low,
And with experience skilfully to proue
All other faults to mend or to remoue.

The ninth is placabilitie of minde,
Contented with a reasonable dish,
Yea though sometimes no sport at all he finde,
Or that the weather proue not to his wish.
The tenth is thanks to that god, of each kinde,
To net and bayt doth send both foule and Fish,
And still reserue inough in secret store,
To please the rich, and to relieue the poore.

Th' eleauenth good guift and hardest to indure,
Is fasting long from all superfluous fare,
Vnto the which he must himselfe inure.

By exercise and vse of dyet spare,
And with the liquor of the waters pure,
Acquaint himselfe if he cannot forbear,
And neuer on his greedy belly thinke,
From rising Sunne vntil a low he sincke.

The twelfth and last of all is memory,
Remembering well before he setteth out,
Each needful thing that he must occupy,
And not to stand of any want in doubt,
Or leaue something behinde forgetfully:
When he hath walkt the fields and brokes about,
It were a griefe backe to returne againe,
For things forgot that should his sport maintaine.

Here then you see what kinde of qualities,
An Angler should indued be with all,
Besides his skill and other properties,
To serue his turne, as to his lot doth fall:
But now what season for this exercise
The fittest is and which doth serue but small,
My Muse vouchsafe some little ayd to lend,
To bring this also to the wished end.

Fishing in Parauay.

THE people of Paraguay—or at least the people of Asuncion—are not fish eaters to any great extent. The River Paraguay at Asuncion teems with desirable food fishes of several species. The fishery is conducted by Italians. The daily product of the five or six seines averages thirty corubinis, which range in weight from 1 to 3 pounds, and sell at from \$1 to \$9 each, Paraguayan money, or one-ninth of that amount in American gold. A trawl fishery operated by about the same number of men catches as many more of other species, notably the pacu and dorado. The dorado is regarded as a game fish, taking a troll and also a fly. I imagine the best tackle



SEINE FISHING AT PARAGUAY.

for them would be the same as used for maskinongé or the large pike pickerel. Inquiry as to why the people did not eat more fish, elicited the reply that fish are too expensive, and besides, "nobody but Indians eat fish." Now, even in the capital city of Paraguay, the natives have much Indian blood in their veins. As there was ample room for the operation of long seines, I inquired why they were not employed to insure a much larger catch, and to this the reply came, "There is no demand for more fish." "But if they catch more," I said, "the price can

be reduced, putting the fish within the reach of the poor people." The answer came, "They do not care to reduce the price." This is illustrative of the fact that immigrants to a country of easy going habits and customs, quickly acquire the easy-going ways of their adopted country.

The introduction of artificial ice plants into tropical countries will revolutionize the food question, and it will not be long before the people of Asuncion will outgrow their sensitiveness about eating fish. The ice plants will make it possible to keep fresh fish. At present the fishing is conducted and the fish are marketed in the afternoon, to be consumed at the dinner or evening meal. The seine fishing is conducted from rowboats, two men to a boat. Each boat has a fishing ground on which a permanent anchor is denoted by a buoy. One end of the net rope is attached to the anchor and then one man pays out the seine while the other rows in a circle, returning to the anchorage as the last of the net strikes the water. The boat is then made fast to the anchor in the place of the seine, and the latter is hauled in. Very frequently a useless sort of fish gets into the seine and cuts his way through it, releasing the more desirable ones at the same time. The photograph was taken on a dark day in front of Asuncion while a scine was being hauled. I imagine the natives of Paraguay, in the country, eat fish when they have energy enough to catch them. Although fond of sports, few anglers, for the pleasure of it, are found among the natives of South America.

JOHN W. TITCOMB.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

A Trout Setter.

From "The London Anglers' Book," 1834.

A BUTCHER in the neighborhood of Uxbridge was in possession of a Dog who had lost, through his dare-devil exploits, an ear and an eye; his tail was also curtailed, although he was no cur, as his courage would prove, and his other faculties were in perfect order. The Dog was the Butcher's inseparable companion, and accompanied him wherever he went. Their dispositions were similar, and they often wandered about the neighborhood early in the morning, the Butcher riding a favorite Welsh Pony, more prized for his size than his beauty. The Pony was, if possible, more attached to the Dog than the Dog to the Master.

The Butcher had observed that his Dog was, by natural inclination, fond of sporting, and encouraged him to a certain extent, for at one season of the year the hares are to be found early at the same spots, and although disturbed, will return to lay at the exact place the next morning. The Dog had found the resting places of all the hares in the neighborhood, and would make a dead set at them, till he received the word to put them up, which being done, he would then proceed to find another. In this manner the Butcher, the Dog, and the Pony nearly every morning amused themselves, till at last the Pony knew where to find the hares as well as the Dog. One morning the Dog was absent with one of the Butcher's men of business to fetch some sheep home, the Master and Pony went by themselves the usual round, and the Butcher was surprised to find he was conveyed to the same spots, nor would his companion leave till he had dislodged the game, after which the nag regularly proceeded to find another hare. Thus he discovered a quality in the Pony he was not aware of, and purposely confined Snap the next morning, to put the Pony's abilities to a further test, when he found he acted exactly as before.

An annual coursing match took place about this season, and the Doctor, the Parson, the Lawyer, the Butcher, and several other gentlemen met at an inn to arrange where it should take place. The conversation turning upon the capabilities of the dogs to be engaged in the sport, the Butcher offered to lay a wager of a rump and dozen that

his Pony would find more hares than any Dog they could bring. The Company thought at first he was in jest, but when they saw his earnest manner, and found his cash on the table to support his bet, they soon cried "Done!" and the wager was laid.

The Parson was a keen sportsman, and had really some good Dogs, but they were, to be sure, a little out of practice, he having been laid up with the gout. The Lawyer had been promised the use of a Dog belonging to a notorious poacher whom he had got through a scrape; and the Doctor had borrowed a none-such from one of his patients; at all events, the Butcher and his Welshman would stand no chance.

The day and place of meeting being appointed, the Butcher, on his Pony, was the first on the spot (having gone through a rehearsal the previous night); he was soon joined by the Lawyer, Doctor, Parson, and sundry lookers-on. It was soon proved that the Dogs stood no chance with the Pony, who regularly walked up to the hares, to the surprise and admiration of the field. It immediately occurred to the Parson that if he could possess the Pony he would be able to ride to his sport without the trouble of hunting with dogs, and offered to buy him of the Butcher, and although the price set upon him was at first an obstacle, he ultimately purchased him at the price asked.

The coursing match had thinned the hares in the Pony's circuit very considerably, and the Parson and Pony were busy among the remainder till they were all exterminated. Day after day the Parson and the Pony went out, but returned empty, the Pony not having the benefit of his old friend Snap's instruction; till his master began to repent his bargain, and to accuse the Butcher of having taken him in. He had occasion to go some distance, and on his way obliged to cross a ford. The Pony having reached the middle, made a sudden step, which sent the Parson head and heels over the Pony's ears into the stream, and with very great difficulty he escaped drowning, but assistance being at hand, he was helped out. The next time he met the Butcher he complained of his bargain, and, indeed, called it a little short of swindling. This gave rise to such high words that both Doctor and Lawyer were likely to have a job. The Butcher contended that, as the season was over, the Parson had no right to expect the Pony would act unsportsmanlike. "That's not what I complain of," said the Parson. "I complain that he is a complete gib. I narrowly escaped drowning by his pitching me over his head into the stream when crossing the ford." "Oh," exclaimed the Butcher, "I had forgot to tell you he is equally famous for finding trout as hares, and no doubt he stood at one of them." "Say no more," says the Parson. "If that's the case, I am satisfied. Trout fishing is quite as agreeable to me as coursing."

The Kennel.

Points and Flushes.

THE Western Massachusetts Fox Club has issued the notice of their seventeenth annual meeting, to be held on November 16 and 17, at Westfield, Mass. The notice in part reads as follows: "The hunters' horn will sound at 5 o'clock on Wednesday morning for breakfast. At 6 o'clock carriages will be ready at the Park Square Hotel to carry the hunters to the grounds. The Annual Club Dinner will be served to members and guests at 6:30 o'clock on the evening of the first day's hunt. Kindly notify G. E. Austin by November 6 if you can attend. This is imperative, in order that proper arrangements may be made for the banquet. We hope to be favored with your presence."

EDWARD G. CLARK, Secretary.



YACHTING



Salt Water in Marine Gasolene Engine Cylinders.

BY A. E. POTTER.

A LITTLE salt water in a gas engine cylinder will do a considerable amount of harm in a very short while, particularly if the cylinder is hot at the time. Leaky gaskets are usually the cause, resulting in turn from imperfect surfaces or insufficient width of cylinder walls. Cracked or spongy cylinders or slight holes between the water-jacket and ports or water in the crank case frequently cause trouble. It is usually the custom now to discharge part or all the jacket water into the engine exhaust, and unless great care is observed in installation, water will sooner or later trouble you. In two-cycle installation, unless the top of the cylinder is lower than the surface of the water outside, no very great care need be observed, except that the water ought to enter in the direction of the exhaust gases. The exhaust should always be above the water line. In four-cycle engines it is frequently the custom to have the exhaust either at, just above, or just below the waterline, thereby not only reducing the power of the engine materially, but rendering the liability of getting water into the cylinders very great sooner or later. Add to this the fact that frequently the top of the cylinder is below the waterline, and there is nothing to prevent water from running through the pump into the water-jacket, then into the exhaust pipe, filling it, and, should an exhaust valve be off its seat, filling the cylinder.

Frequently, even where the top of the cylinder is above the waterline, water will be found in the cylinder, and the novice in particular will be puzzled to explain its

presence. A solution of this sometimes seeming phenomenon is that when the engine was stopped there was a considerable amount of water in the muffler and exhaust pipe, which, seeking the lowest point, became "trapped." Should the exhaust valve be off its seat, these hot exhaust gases, condensing, form a partial vacuum in the cylinder and this water is drawn into the valve chest and frequently into the cylinder itself. In the two-cycle engine this is not nearly so liable to happen, owing to the fact that when the exhaust port is open the inlet port is usually open also, and new gas takes the place of the condensing hot gases.

I know of one case in particular where a three-cylinder two-cycle engine of 24 or 27 horsepower was condemned for no other reason than that the water from the sea cock would continually fill the after cylinder. After this defect was remedied, it did good service in another boat, and, for all I know, is in use to-day.

Another case in point is where two four-cylinder four-cycle engines were condemned and taken out of a yacht and others installed in their place at an expense of several thousand dollars for no other reason whatever than that water could not be kept out of the cylinders, while the exhaust was some two feet below the surface of the water outside, and no means of relieving the vacuum.

I certainly advocate the use of water in the exhaust; but if the top of the cylinder is below the waterline outside, the water discharge must extend to a point considerably above the waterline, with a free outlet, while above that point the connection to the exhaust should be made. In addition there should be a drain cock always in the lowest part of the exhaust piping between the engine and where the water enters, which should be kept

open in starting and always when engine is shut down.

Salt water in a hot gasolene engine cylinder has a tendency to corrode the walls of the cylinder almost as soon as it touches them. The side where the thrust from the piston comes, where of course there is a thinner film of oil, is attacked more quickly, thus increasing the tendency of loss of compression due to wearing the cylinder unevenly. The rings are very likely to become rusted into the slots and become useless for the purpose designed.

In case water should be found in the cylinder, the first thing would be to wipe it out carefully and use kerosene freely, turning over the engine several times by hand. Then, having proceeded to prevent a recurrence of the trouble, shut the engine up and run two cups of kerosene and cylinder oil in equal parts through the engine. The cylinder oil, being heavier, will run through first, followed by the kerosene. If the engine is allowed to stand over night, incalculable harm may be done.

There is one caution I should like to impress on owners of gasolene engines, and that is when attempting to start your engine it seems to be "set," or the pistons slightly stuck in the cylinders. This almost invariably indicates the presence of water, perhaps in but small quantities, but sufficient to cause you trouble sooner or later. Its source should be sought and the trouble remedied at once. If it is in the gasket, a new one should be put on at once. Don't make the mistake that is frequently made, and attempt to use rubber sheet packing, as many do; but get a packing that is especially made by one or two prominent manufacturers, a combination of asbestos and brass wire gauze, and the slightly increased expense will be repaid you many times. One caution in using this,

however: be sure and tighten the head by screwing down the nuts or cap screws just as soon as the engine has run a few minutes. Should your inlet or exhaust valves at any time show the appearance of rust, look for water leaks, for this condition always is positive proof of coming trouble.

A Week on the Cuban Coast.

WE HAD intended starting on this trip some months before, but had been delayed by many causes, chiefly by the non-arrival of our power dory, which had been contracted for a July 1 delivery, but which, owing to the failure of the boat-builder and his dishonest attempt to swindle us, only arrived at the end of September.

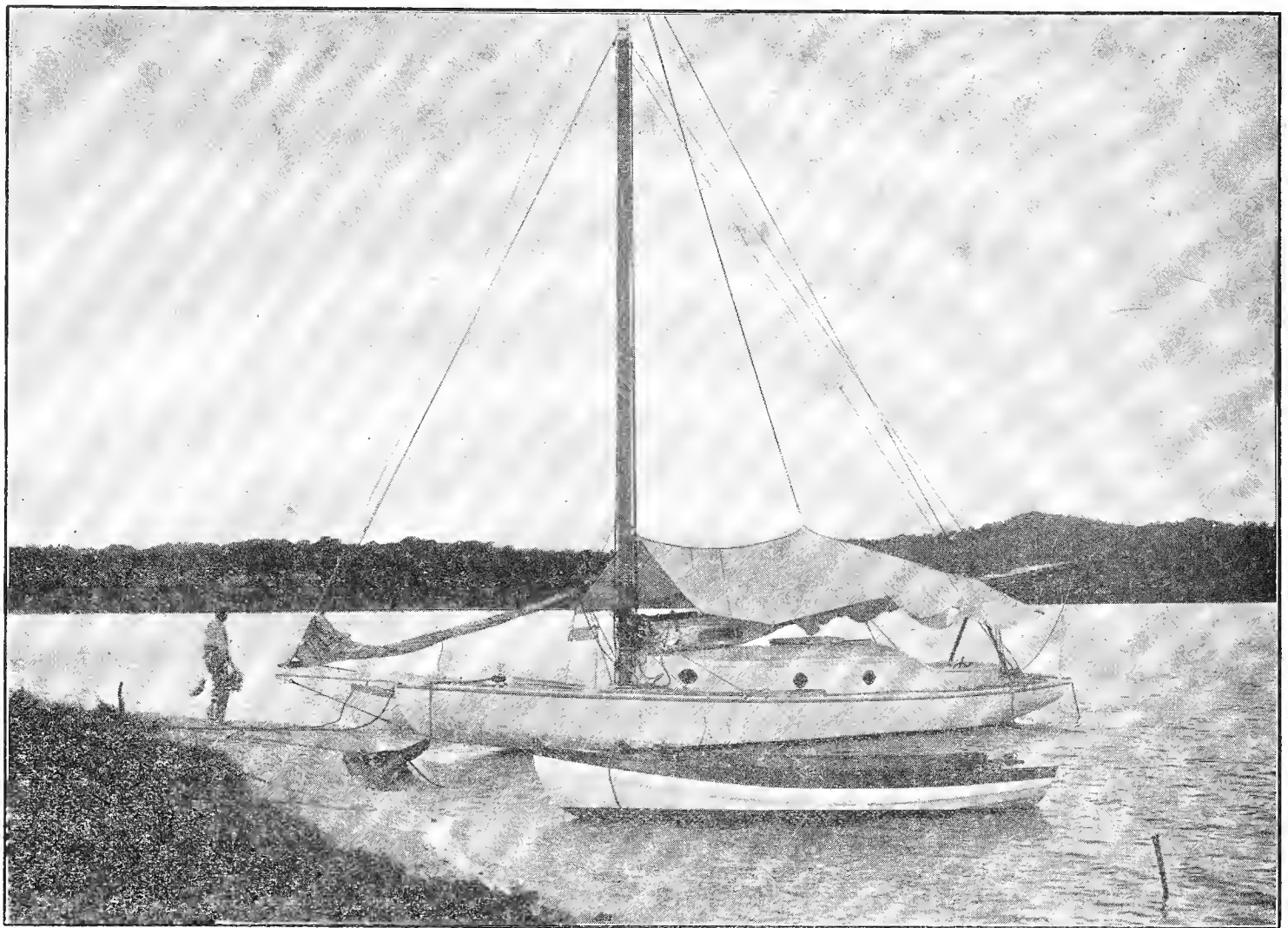
On Thursday, Oct. 8, we finally left the town of Guantanamo, situated some fourteen miles north of the bay of the same name, by rail, to join our squadron, which was waiting for us at Caimanera, a small village at the terminal of the Guantanamo railroad, over which all the sugars made in this district, some 40,000 tons last year, are shipped.

The squadron consisted of the flagship, a 25ft. sloop, Soledad (described in FOREST AND STREAM, Dec. 21, 1901), the aforesaid power dory fitted with a 1½ horsepower kerosene engine, made by the International Power Vehicle Co., of Stamford, Conn., and a 13ft. tender.

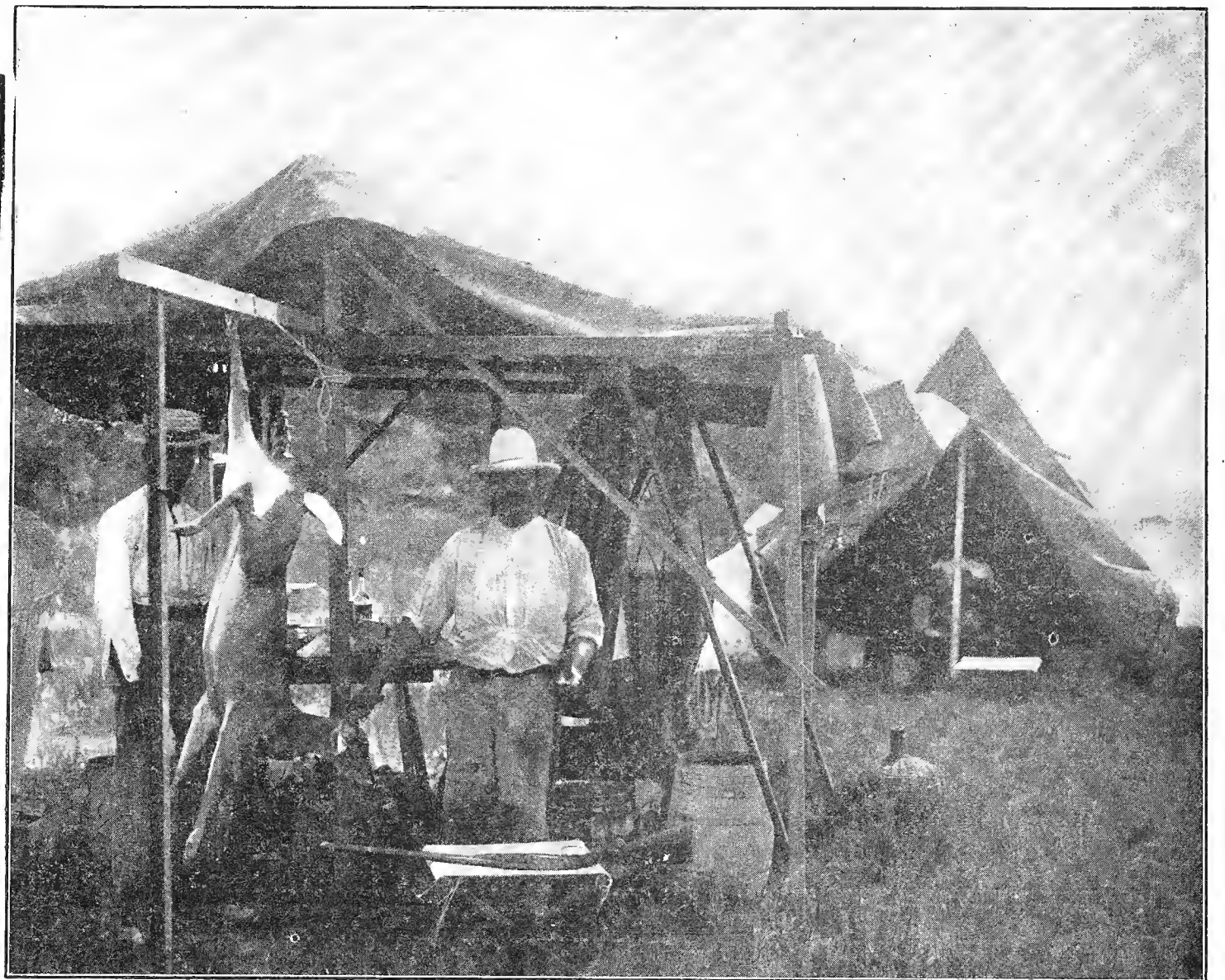
The party consisted of the Madame and myself, the captain; George, the colored cook and factotum; Modesto, a Spanish sailor, who composed the crews of the three ships, and Esperanza, a colored carpenter off one of the sugar estates, whom we took along to put up camp and to keep us provided with fresh meat with his gun. We took along two wall tents and two shade tents, for down there the sun is somewhat too much in evidence most of the time. All the ice, food and drinks was packed away, the tender put on deck, and with the dory at the end of the tow-rope, we raised the mainsail and started at exactly 3 P. M., almost no wind. After a few minutes, wind dies out and dory brought alongside; Captain jumps in and starts getting the engine ready. Now the dory is ahead and the sloop at the other end of tow-rope, being pulled along at about 2½ miles. At this point we look like a cup racer being towed to the line. In this fashion we cover the few miles to Fisherman's Point, near the entrance to the bay, now famous for the fighting there during the war, when the marines beat off the Spaniards after repeated attacks. Here now are a few houses belonging to the pilots, and a cable station. We anchored here to wait for the land breeze that almost always blows at night, to continue our outside trip. We whiled away the time by preparing and eating dinner. In due time, soon after dark, our breeze arrived, but on trying to raise the anchor we found we had caught the cable. However, after some loss of time, we cleared it and got under way, this time towing the dory. Wind, fresh from the N. for the 3-mile run to the light-house at the entrance to the harbor, which we quickly made, then flattened sheets for a close-hauled sail up the coast, to the once famous "Puerto Escondida," which was the home port of all the pirates and buccaneers in the days of the Spanish Main. This bay is an ideal spot for camping, and is well named "Hidden Bay." The entrance is very narrow and full of reefs (see photograph), and high hills hide the masts and sails of any ship once inside, and one can easily imagine the old-time men-of-war passing and repassing along the coast looking for the pirates and not seeing any trace of them! There are no inhabitants at all on this part of the coast which is quite wild, and, of course, there are no charts, nor buoys, nor lights anywhere between Guantanamo and Maisi, and one has to know the channels to get into any shelter.

We were making good time in spite of a lump of a sea which kept pounding us continually and soon made all hands, barring Captain and crew, most uncomfortable, some one remarking that the ocean was no place to cruise on anyhow! By 3 A. M. we were opposite the entrance, and as it was a very dark night, we decided to lower sails and start the engine in the dory for a tow in, for any attempt to beat in against a head wind in the narrow channel on a dark night would probably land you on a reef, of which there are many along the channel. We had selected a small beach of clean sand that runs out into the bay about a mile inside the point for our camp, and toward this the dory was steered, once clear of the reefs. This beach slopes off rapidly into deep water, allowing the sloop with her spoon bow to run right on to the beach and to tie up to land while still in deep water, and enables one to walk ashore from the bows without even a plank, as may be seen from the photograph.

Our tents were soon up and everything snug by 4 A. M., and all hands turned in for a short sleep. Soon after daybreak came hot coffee, and then Esperanza was started inland with his gun after meat, and the Captain took the dory to go for fish for breakfast. A few minutes trolling at half speed at the entrance to the bay provided a couple of Spanish mackerel, one about 20 pounds and the other 16 pounds. These are caught here with a light hand line with a piece of mullet for bait, and they put up a good fight, and plenty of skill is necessary to bring them in. A novice will not only lose the fish, but also the line, and will have his hands badly cut. By 8 o'clock the Captain was back, quite satisfied with his day's work. Soon after a yell was heard inland, and Esperanza appeared, staggering under the load of a fat cottontail deer, which he had killed half a mile back of the camp. Esperanza and his deer were photographed in the shelter tent; then the deer was cleaned and cut up, and what could not be eaten fresh was salted down for future use. Fresh meat will hardly keep twenty hours in this climate, so the natives cut it into strips, put some salt on it, and hang it out for a couple of days in the sun to dry—then it will keep a couple of months. Later, bathing suits were donned, and a swim along the beach indulged in; but one has to keep very close to land, for these waters are full of sharks and other fish, that will take a bite out of one if they get a chance. Nothing much was done for the rest of the day, and as soon as it was dark, at low tide, we went for lobsters. This is how they catch them here. You take a torch, and



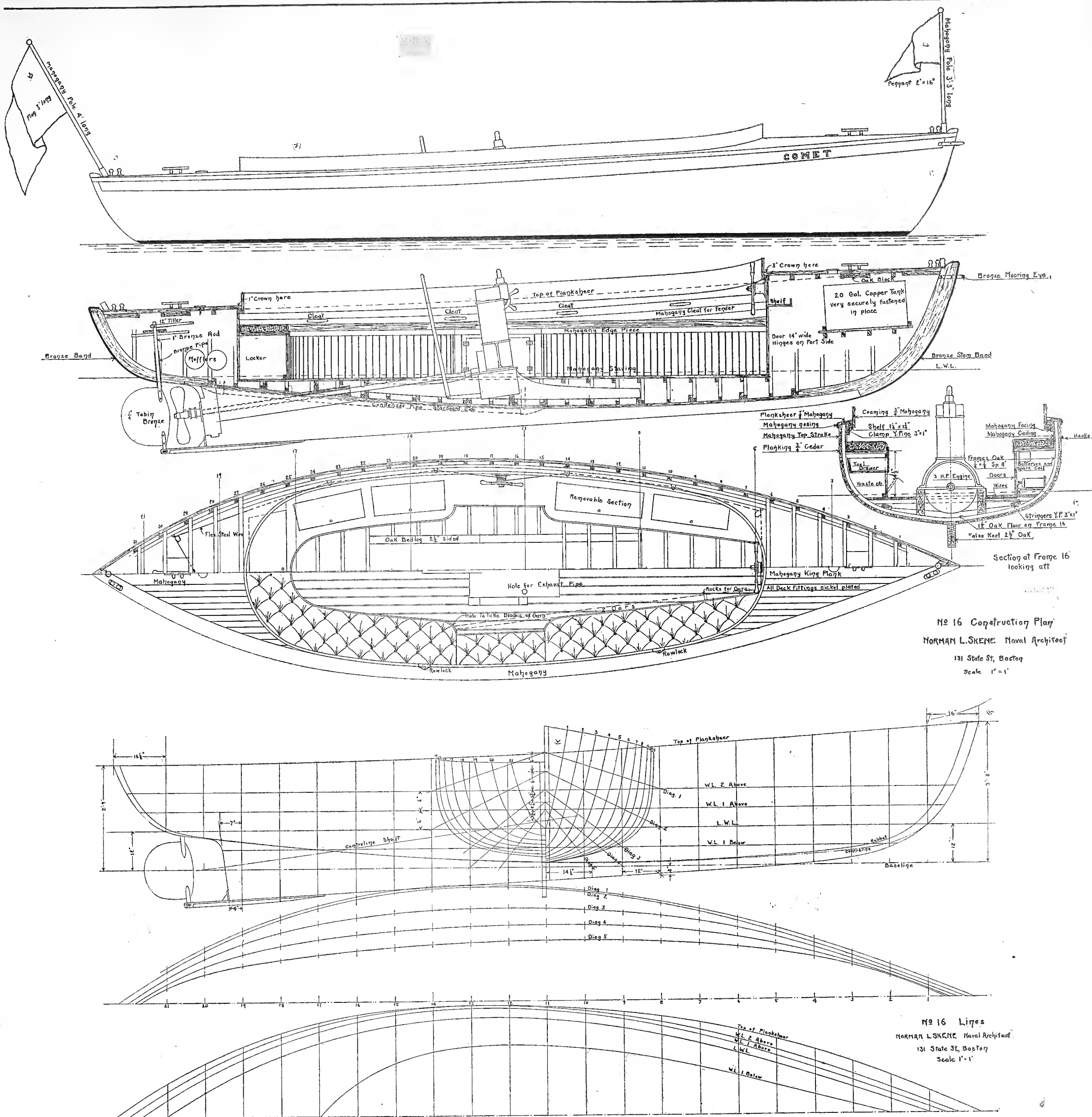
THE SQUADRON TIED UP TO THE BEACH.



FRESH MEAT.



ENTRANCE TO PUERTO ESCONDIDO.



TWENTY-FOOT LAUNCH COMET—DESIGNED BY NORMAN L. SKENE FOR E. M. GILMAN AND BUILT BY T. L. WHITE.

either wade around the rocks in two or three feet of water, or go in a small rowboat, holding the torch near the water, until you see the lobster (they come out to feed on dark nights and can easily be seen with a torch). As soon as you see one you jump into the water and grab it, keeping an eye open that nothing grabs you in the meanwhile. The lobster is thrown into a bag over your shoulder, or into the bottom of the boat, and you continue. This way we caught four weighing about 9 pounds each. Only the Captain retired and allowed the crew to do the grabbing. Once upon a time the Captain believed in civilized methods for fishing, but gave them up after they had cost him many dollars in nets, baskets, pots, etc., that the sharks, saw-fish, sword-fish, etc., smash almost as fast as you lower them overboard.

All hands then turned in to sleep the sleep of the just with "the starlight on our faces" to quote from a much-discussed poem.

With a little shooting, plenty of fishing, some sailing and much power-boating, one happy lazy week went by, and with great regret we struck camp to return. For three days previously it had been blowing hard from the E., and quite a heavy sea was running outside. Early in the morning the Captain and crew took the dory for a long run outside to see how the engine would behave in really rough water. It was a pleasure climbing up big seas and then sliding down on the other side without getting a drop of water on board; the engine ran merrily, just as well as in smooth water.

About midday, seeing that the wind was, if anything, freshening, we decided to wait no longer, so tying three reefs in our mainsail and without setting a jib, we headed for the entrance, towing the dory. We were just able, by pinching her, to clear the rocks on the

leeward point, though the sea running in the narrow channel made it nasty work, and before we got clear she put her nose under up to the mast, much to the horror of the Madame, who thought we were going down sure. Once clear, however, we were able to ease her off and, running before the sea, it was not so bad. We tore down the coast, making record time; but as the wind still kept on freshening we had to drop the peak, until we made the lighthouse at the entrance to Guantanamo Bay, where we gybed around and came into smooth water for our 9-mile beat up to the dock at Caimanera. The dory towed well, but we had to double the tow-rope so as not to get in without her. I am sure this small boat never before went so fast and perhaps never will again.

It did not take us long to make our anchorage, thus ending a most enjoyable week, and we were hardly on shore before we were making plans for another trip, of which perhaps more anon.

E. A. B.

NEW CRUISING LAUNCH.—Mr. Henry J. Gielow has recently closed a contract with the Electric Launch Works, of Bayonne, N. J., for a 70ft. cruising launch. She is 74ft. 5in. over all, 70ft. 2in. waterline, 12ft. breadth, and 4ft. 10in. draft. The construction is of wood throughout, and of a very substantial character.



NEW AUXILIARY YAWL.—Messrs. Macconell & Cook have designed for Mr. H. A. La Chicotte, of New York city, an auxiliary yawl 46ft. over all, 32ft. waterline, 12ft. breadth, and 7ft. draft. She will have liberal accommodations, and will be fitted with an 18 horsepower Standard engine.

Twenty Foot Launch Comet.

THE design of the launch Comet is from the board of Mr. Norman L. Skene, of Boston, and her plans are published in this issue. The boat was built by T. L. White, of Manchester, Mass., for Mr. E. M. Gilman, of Boston, Mass.

The plans show the boat to good advantage, and a very fair idea may be had of her appearance and construction. She was built in a very thorough and substantial manner, and mahogany was used almost entirely in her finish. Comet was built solely for a comfortable boat and as such is a success.

The engine, which is a 3 horse-power Murray & Tregurtha motor, was entirely nickel-plated, as were all of the metal fittings used on the boat.

The dimensions are as follows:

Length—	
Over all	22ft. 8in.
Waterline	20ft.
Overhang—	
Forward	1ft. 4in.
Aft	1ft. 4in.
Breadth—	
Extreme	5ft. 10in.
L.W.L.	5ft.
Draft—	
Extreme	2ft.
To rabbet	10 3/4 in.
Freeboard—	
Forward	2ft. 8in.
Least	1ft. 9in.
Area midship section	3.06 sq. ft.
Displacement	2,200 lbs.

"Forest and Stream" Designing Competition No. IV.

Sixty-foot Waterline Cruising Power Boat.

\$225 in Prizes.

THE three designing competitions previously given by FOREST AND STREAM have been for sailing yachts. In this competition, the fourth, we are to change our subject and give the power boat men an opportunity. The competition is open to amateurs and professionals, except that the designers who received prizes in any of the three previous contests may not compete in this one.

The following prizes will be given:

First prize, \$100.

Second prize, \$60.

Third prize, \$40.

Fourth prize, \$25, offered by Mr. Charles W. Lee for the best cabin arrangement.

Mr. Henry J. Gielow, N.A., has very kindly agreed to act as judge. In addition to making the awards, Mr. Gielow will criticise each of the designs submitted; and the criticisms will be published in these columns.

The designs will be for a cruising launch propelled by either gasoline or kerosene motors, conforming to the following conditions:

I. Not over 60ft. waterline.

II. Not over 4ft. draft.

III. A signalling mast only to be shown.

IV. Cabin houses, if used at all, to be kept as low and narrow as possible.

V. Construction to be of wood, and to be strong, simple, and inexpensive. The cost of the boat complete in every detail must not exceed \$9,000.

VI. The location of tanks and engine or engines to be carefully shown. Either single or twin-screws may be adopted. The power and type of the motor must be specified.

VII. The boat must have a fuel capacity sufficient to give a cruising radius of 700 miles at a rate of 8 miles an hour. The maximum speed shall not be more than 14 miles nor less than 10 miles. The estimated maximum speed must be specified.

VIII. All weights must be carefully figured, and the results of the calculations recorded. A thousand-word description of the boat and a skeleton specification must accompany each design.

The design must be modern in every particular, without containing any extreme or abnormal features. We wish to produce an able, safe, and comfortable cruising boat, one that will have ample accommodations, so that the owner and his wife and two guests, or three or four men, can live aboard, and one that can easily be managed at all times by two or three paid hands in addition to the steward. The draft is restricted to 4ft. in order that the boat may have access to nearly all harbors, canals and rivers North and South, and may thereby widely increase the cruising field. We have in mind a boat that can be used North in the summer and South in the winter, and a craft well able to withstand outside passage along the coast in all seasons of the year.

Special attention must be given to the cabin arrangement. The interiors should be original, but devoid of any impractical features. Arrangements should be made for a direct passage forward and aft without going on deck.

Drawings Required.

I. Sheer plan. Scale, $\frac{1}{2}$ in.=1ft.

II. Half breadth plan. Scale, $\frac{1}{2}$ in.=1ft.

III. Body plan. Scale, $\frac{1}{2}$ in.=1ft.

IV. Cabin plan and inboard profile and at least one cross-section. Scale, $\frac{1}{2}$ in.=1ft.

V. Outboard profile. Scale, $\frac{1}{2}$ in.=1ft.

The drawings should be carefully made and lettered; all drawings should be preferably on tracing cloth or white paper, in black ink. No colored inks or pigments should be used.

The drawings must bear a *nom de plume* only, and no indication must be given of the identity of the designer. In a sealed envelope, however, the designer must inclose his name and address, together with his *nom de plume*.

All designs must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York, not later than February 3, 1905. All drawings will be returned. Return postage should accompany each.

The FOREST AND STREAM reserves the right to publish any or all the designs.

MEETING OF THE Y. R. A. of L. I. S.—Mr. T. H. McDonald, of the Bridgeport Y. C., presided at a meeting of the Y. R. A., of Long Island Sound, held at the Hotel Astor, Longacre Square, New York, on Monday evening, October 27. Sixteen clubs were represented by the twenty-two delegates present. After the reading of various reports, a committee was appointed to confer with other clubs concerning a universal measurement rule. The following nominating committee was appointed to nominate officers for 1905: Ward Dickson, chairman; H. H. Gordon, F. C. Sullivan, C. F. Kirby and Fred. A. Hill.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Gas Engines and Launches.

(Continued from page 372.)

BY F. K. GRAIN.

Propellers.

THE propeller wheels used on gas engines are, as a rule, smaller in diameter than employed in steam practice, the reason for this being that the gas engine is usually run at a higher speed, and where no reversing gear is used, the engine is, of course, obliged to start against the full load of the wheel. Of late the manufacturers have been using wheels of larger diameter and less pitch, the effect of this being to increase the efficiency of the wheel, making the engine easier to start, decreasing the number of revolutions somewhat, but adding to the speed of the boat and materially reducing the consumption of gasoline. In order to avoid the use of reversing gears inside the boat, the reversing propeller wheel is used to a large extent. These wheels, although of many different patterns, are mechanically all on the same principle, the blades being turned by the movement of a sleeve surrounding the propeller shaft, which revolves with the shaft, as of course there are no gears to intermesh or any necessity for slowing down as with the inside reversing mechanism. These wheels will reverse at full speed, and as the wheel always travels in the same direction, it takes hold instantly of the water and will not race as in the case of a solid wheel reversed, as the action of the water is all in the same direction.

The reversing propeller wheel is necessarily somewhat weak structurally, it being impossible for mechanical reasons to design them as a perfectly true screw; they therefore lack the efficiency of the solid propeller wheel.

Although this deficiency would hardly be noticeable excepting to the expert, the word "pitch," relating to propeller wheels, is not universally understood, as the same word is employed in designing the angle of the propeller shaft or incline of an engine. As applied to the propeller wheel, it refers to it in the same sense as to the pitch of a screw, the propeller wheel being in action a perfect screw. Therefore, the pitch of the propeller wheel designates the number of feet that the wheel would travel in one revolution, supposing it to be a screw; therefore if we have a propeller wheel 20 inches in diameter and 30 inches pitch, it denotes that it will travel 30 inches each revolution. It is by this means that calculations are made on the speed of the vessel. From this, however, in calculating speed we have to deduct for skin resistance and the slip of the propeller, etc. In small power boats any estimates based on these calculations will as a rule prove anything but reliable, as proportion of beam to length is in all cases excessive in comparison with larger vessels. Of course, as we decrease the pitch of the propeller wheel, we have a slower screw, consequently more powerful, and for this reason it is becoming the practice of high speed boats to use a wheel at the least possible pitch, and in order to gain on the travel of the screw to increase the revolutions.

While this proves very efficient and gives the extra power to drive the boat at increased speed, it also materially increases the consumption of gasoline and the wear on the engine and batteries, and this practice is therefore hardly to be recommended for every-day use. The form and general design of the propeller wheel has so often been extensively experimented with, that the subject is worn threadbare, and is sufficient to say that the true screw propeller wheel will, in all probabilities, remain as at first the standard of excellence. We have not the exact figures before us, but we believe that the true screw wheel is capable of developing 96 per cent. of efficiency, therefore it will be readily seen that all that can be possibly hoped for by improved and freak propellers will be 6-100 per cent., which will readily be admitted to be hardly worth bothering with.

Launches.

Every owner of a launch is admittedly a self-confessed crank on the subject of his particular boat and his ideas on the subject. The whys and wherefores of the design of small launches admit, however, of very limited variation, and modern practice confines us to but few forms. Up to the past few years it was the custom to make the lines of the hull considerably hollowing in the bow, also cutting away under the stern, and in most cases the greatest beam of the under-water body was placed as in small sail boats, aft of midship; in other words, until the sail boat had been almost entirely superseded by the power boat, the inclination among the builders, especially those who built from rules of thumb, was to make the power boat of about the same form as the sail boat, but of less beam.

With the power boat the greatest beam of the under body should be forward of amidship, and all lines should be full, showing no hollows; in other words, the sail boat is designed with a view of doing its best work while beating to the windward, lying on its side, whereas the power boat is to travel on an even keel. Until quite recently the launch with the overhanging or fantail stern was the popular boat, unquestionably a very handsome form of a boat. This fantail, however, added weight to the boat, made the lines of the stern abrupt in their curves, and where properly designed, the fantail of course not touching the water, it was simply so much useless wood carried around and a handicap to the speed of the boat. In the modern boat we find the form of the deck plan to be almost a wedge, the stern being the widest part, thence tapering gradually to the bow.

We will then have a boat without any hollow lines, with its greater draft near the bow, the keel tapering up to the stern, which is cut off square and wide. In this case the boat will draw no water under the stern, the effect being that the boat will, owing to its wedge shape in the forebody, displace the required amount of water with the least possible effort, the water then passing the stern, flows under the boat with the result that the buoyancy of the afterbody is increased. It is admitted that the nearer we can keep a boat to the top

of the water the faster it will go, owing, of course, to the reduced resistance, and in the above form of boat we obtain these results. This model of boat, while very seaworthy, if built to extremes in length of reduction of beam, will, however, prove to be a very wet craft, which necessarily is the case with any form of high speed boat. In the construction of a launch it is hard to combine speed, seaworthiness and carrying capacity and meet with success, therefore determine for what use you wish your boat and the locality in which it is going to be used, keeping those points in mind in buying, otherwise you are liable to meet with disappointment.

It is said that there is very little new under the sun, and this can more truthfully be said in reference to the construction of launches in general, as there has been very little variation in the method of building wooden vessels since Mr. Noah built the Ark.

In order to get, or rather to make the effort to obtain a boat at reduced prices, a number of buyers are influenced to allow some house carpenter, who has built a boat probably when he was a boy, build their boat. This invariably leads to disappointment, either in model or workmanship, or date of delivery, and the first thing to do when you have made up your mind to own a launch is to go to a reputable builder, who builds boats and nothing else, or to a firm who will turn out the complete launch which you may test before final settlement.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Queries on Marine Motors.

R. R. H., Wareham, Mass.—If R. R. H. will send his name in full, we will take pleasure in answering his question in full. We do not answer any anonymous questions.

H. L. W., Philadelphia, Pa.—I have read with interest Mr. F. K. Grain's articles on "Gas Engines and Launches" that have appeared in your columns from time to time, and I have found them helpful and instructive. During September I bought a new launch fitted with a 6 H.P. two-cycle engine, and then my troubles began. The engine runs satisfactorily for three or four days, or a week, and then, without warning, and apparently without rhyme or reason, absolutely refuses to start. After working over the engine for a long time it starts just as suddenly as it stopped. Will you kindly suggest some remedy, and also tell me how to prevent recurrence?

Ans.—From observation and from the numerous inquiries received at this office, we assume this to be a very common trouble. For that reason this question is answered very fully.

In getting ready to start your engine, first see that the rocker arm is free, not gummed or "stuck" in the sleeve, and see that the lever is not loose on the shaft. A drop or two of kerosene will usually suffice to loosen a "stuck" shaft, or it may be necessary to remove it and brighten it with a piece of emery cloth. If the lever is loose on the shaft, drive the taper pin lightly or tighten the set screw. Close the switch, and with a wooden-handled screwdriver touch the insulated and uninsulated part of the plug at the same time. If no spark shows at either point on breaking, turn the engine one quarter of a revolution and see whether or not you get one. If you do, it shows that the current "breaks" and arcs properly, providing the points are dry and clean. If you can get no spark, open and close the switch several times. If a slight spark appears at the switch as you break the contact, it shows that the current is "grounded" somewhere, and this must be sought for. Disconnect the wire from the insulated electrode, close the switch, and snap the wire sharply across the binding post of the electrode and then on some part of the engine. If the two electrodes are in contact, you will get a spark at both places. If not in contact, you ought to get no spark at the electrode. If you do, here is your ground, and either a new plug should be used or the mica insulation should be replaced with new.

It is frequently the case that you get no spark at all, or a very light one. In this case, search diligently for loose wire connections at the battery, switch, spark coil, ground wire at the engine, also at the insulated electrode; if still weak or no spark, open the switch and connect one end of a wire to the spark coil binding-post farthest from the battery, and with the other end touch the opposite pole of the battery, giving a short circuit through the battery and spark coil. If you get no spark, try each cell separately and find if you have a "dead" cell, which should be thrown out. A small battery volt-meter is handy, but a cheap electric buzzer or bell will be found very convenient for this purpose. Attach two short wires and hold one to the positive and one to the negative of each cell. Any difference in the strength or voltage will show itself in the noise of the bell or buzzer. You should always carry a set of about five cells of good dry battery, wired together by means of flexible terminals, easily procurable at almost any supply house, and almost indispensable, binding the cells together with a good stout cord. Leave one zinc and one carbon unconnected, of course. These should always be kept in a dry place, for when your spark fails you as above, is when you will need a new set in all probability.

Now, in case your engine is of the jump spark type, instead of proceeding as above, you would turn the engine over until the contact is made at the "timer," "commutator," or whatever the device may be called. Then close the switch. If the vibrator does not begin to sing, press lightly on it with the finger. If it does not vibrate when closing the switch, but you can notice a tremble at your finger end, it will be necessary to adjust it; but before doing so, be sure that all battery and wire connections in the primary wiring are tight. The large cable that runs from the coil to the spark plug and from the opposite binding post to the other on the coil is known as the secondary wiring. Having satisfied yourself that the vibrator works as it ought, you can be reasonably sure that the spark is all right, although to be "cock-sure," open the switch, remove the plug carefully—more so if porcelain insulated than mica—lay it on the engine so that the metal body of the plug only shall be in contact, then, the contact being on at the "timer," open and close the switch several times. If a good fat spark appears, well and good; but if a crooked, lean, slow spark, the points are too far apart. In this case always open the switch and with a screwdriver or something close the aperture slightly; one thirty-second part of an inch will usually be sufficient; the point of a penknife is

a good gauge. If a spark shows up inside the plug, it means defective or broken insulation. If of porcelain, replace it or substitute another plug. If of mica, tighten the insulation by slightly tightening the nut. This latter trick I have used on several occasions, rendering defective plugs good as new. I know of one in constant use for two seasons which had been condemned as no good, with nothing the matter with it except that the shellac used as a binder for the mica had burned out, leaving it spongy and loose.

There is one condition which ought to be considered in the line of jump spark ignition troubles. Suppose the vibrator works satisfactorily, and after trying several plugs you can get no spark. This would show a short circuit in the secondary wiring. It may be that the wire is wet, runs too close to the piping or engine, or maybe it is not sufficiently insulated. The remedy for this would be to incase the cable or heavy wire in ordinary rubber tubing, and if desired results are not then obtained the only recourse is to put in a new secondary cable between spark plug and coil. As a matter of precaution before this step, disconnect the two wires from the secondary terminals on the coil, and connect two short wires thereto so that the ends shall be about one quarter of an inch apart. Then close the switch. If the coil is in proper shape, the spark will jump across the intervening space whenever the primary current is closed. If a coil is used with no vibrator, similar to the usual coil used on motor cycles, there will be seen two sparks, one on closing and one on opening the primary current.

In the jump spark ignition, remember that the voltage is from 20,000 to 30,000, and don't touch or get near any part of the plug, secondary wiring or coil binding-posts when the switch is closed, for you are liable to get a very unpleasant shock which you will be likely to remember.

Having satisfied yourself that the sparking mechanism is in proper shape, next see that you have sufficient gasoline. If you are using a generator valve, be sure that the needle valve is at the proper position; rock the fly-wheel back and forth three or four times, and if the ignition is set very early, as it should be for easy starting, bring the starting pin up unusually high in the opposite direction and let go. The engine ought to start, the compression at first starting the piston down and the fly-wheel in the right direction, the circuit breaks, causing a spark which ignites the charge of gas pumped into the cylinder, which in turn explodes and carries the piston by the next upper center, unless the ignition is set so early that the force of the next explosion is felt before the center is past and the engine stops and reverses, running several times part of a revolution in either direction.

Now turn the engine over carefully by hand and note the position of the piston when igniter snaps. If the contact points are bright and there is no water in the cylinder, you can be quite sure that the ignition is all right.

Having dealt with the ignition, we will give our attention to the explosive mixture. In this connection we will have to treat of several subjects, the vaporizer or generator valve, float feed or constant level carburetor, the check valve engine, and the newer type of so-called "ported" engine.

The generator valve regulates more or less accurately the gasoline feed, and at the same time acts as a check valve against the explosive mixture which is compressed lightly in the crank case of the usual two-cycle, or as we shall call it here, the check valve engine. The usual trouble with beginners starts right here with the generator valve. If the engine does not start after one or two attempts, and gasoline shows at the generator valve, the chances are that the engine is "flooded," that is, the mixture is so rich in gasoline that it will not ignite. The remedy now is to close the gasoline valve and turn the engine over a dozen times or more with the relief valve open until an explosion occurs. Then close the relief cocks and start the engine. If it begins to slow down, open the gasoline valve and regulate the flow until the proper mixture is obtained. Sometimes a drop of water or a little dirt will effectually close up the needle valve or a little dirt may get on the seat and by preventing the valve poppet from seating will allow too much gasoline to enter, thus rendering the mixture either too poor in gasoline, which renders the engine liable to explode in the crank case, or too rich, when the engine will smoke, miss explosions and eventually stop. To the practiced man, the condition will be readily apparent, but to the novice he had better stop the engine and take the vaporizer apart, and try to find the trouble. Remember that the usual trouble, when the spark is in proper shape, is too much gasoline. There is one condition that will not usually occur except in cold weather, and that is by the cold formed from the rapid evaporation of gasoline freezing the moisture in the air until a thin coating of ice prevents proper seating of the valve and the gasoline supply will be interfered with.

With float feed carburetors there is very rarely any trouble experienced, but they cannot be attached to the ordinary check valve engine unless a swing or other light acting check valve is employed.

In the so-called "ported" engine, in which the gas inlet is opened and closed by the piston, the generator valve gives so much resistance that the carburetor is almost a necessity, if any power is to be got out of the engine. In starting a two-cycle ported engine with a float feed carburetor, it is usually necessary to put a few drops of gasoline into the cylinder through the priming cup or relief cock, then prime the carburetor by depressing the float, and the engine ought to start if the spark is in good shape on the first or second revolution with the relief cock opened.

It is usually understood that given an ordinary gasoline engine with perfect mixture and proper spark, it ought and will run. Now, there is one condition which will thoroughly upset these calculations, and that is water in the cylinder, either through the gasket between the head and cylinder, the exhaust or cracked cylinder. If its presence is ever suspected, lose no time in getting rid of it. An almost infallible indication of slight leak is when, on attempting to start, the piston seems, or really is, "stuck" in the cylinder. Water will saturate the insulation of the firing-pin or insulated electrode and kill the spark. If any moisture exudes from the insulation on starting or attempting to start, investigate at once. Don't let salt water remain in your cylinder one minute longer than necessary.

British Letter.

A GOOD deal of unnecessary mischief is being made by the irresponsible manner in which some of the papers comment on the alteration to Rule 6, governing the races for the British international cup for motor boats. The rules have recently been amended by the International Commission, and many improvements made, notably in lengthening the course to between thirty and thirty-five miles. It has also been decided in future that the start is to be flying, and that all competitors shall be started together by signal five minutes after the preparatory signal (Rule 6). Mr. Basil Joy, the secretary of the A. C. G. B. I., is stated to have said that, in consequence of this alteration to Rule 6, "there will be no possibility of a similar contretemps occurring as that which robbed Napier Minor of her victory at Ryde this year." Remarks of this kind, which have been freely indorsed by many of our papers, are not calculated to promote good feeling between British and foreign clubs, and are altogether uncalled for. It has been abundantly proved that Napier Minor was knocked out at Ryde the moment she was beaten by Napier II. Nobody knew this better than Mr. Edge, and nobody was more fully aware that Napier Minor was not qualified to run than he was. The fact that Napier II. was of too flimsy construction to stand the smooth water of the Solent, was unfortunate, but to expect that, as a result of her breakdown, he should be allowed to run his already defeated Napier Minor was simply to expect one set of rules for himself and another for his opponents, which is obviously not the highest form of sport. There can be no doubt whatever that Napier Minor was run against Trèfle à Quatre in direct opposition to the rules governing the races. This being so, she was not a winner, although she came in first, and to talk about her as having been robbed of her victory is simply to talk sheer nonsense. It has also transpired that Mr. Edge did not obtain official sanction to run Napier Minor instead of Napier II., as he would have us believe, but that when he approached two of the race officials, Major Lindsay Lloyd and Mr. Dinsmore, on the subject, they said they thought he would be entitled to do so; but they were particularly careful to tell him that the opinion they offered was entirely unofficial, and Mr. Edge said he quite understood this. This puts Mr. Edge clean out of court; and, in spite of his many attempts to keep himself before the public eye, by writing to the papers, as is invariably the case with him whenever things do not go exactly as he wishes, he has but few sympathizers among the better class of people who follow the so-called motor boat racing.

It is a pity that the International Commission did not see fit to bring in a rule to the effect that no competitor shall be allowed to run more than one boat in future, for so long as any one individual is able to enter more than one boat, the representatives of firms engaged in the trade of building motor boats and engines will always have the pull over private owners, and motor boat racing, at any rate as far as high speed launches are concerned, will remain what it now is—merely a trade advertisement—owing to the enormous outlay required to procure even a small launch.

The Council of the Yacht Racing Association had a meeting on Oct. 14 at the Royal London Y. C. to consider and adjudicate upon some protests which had been referred to them from time to time during the past season. None of the cases presented any great complications, but one which was referred by the Torbay Sailing Club, arising out of a foul at the start, shows how little competitors and sailing committee alike know about the much-vexed question of the luffing rule, even when there are no complications. The wind was in such a direction that the boats would have it on their starboard quarters when they cut the line at right angles. While maneuvering for the start between the guns, one boat, A, saw that she was going to be too soon, hauled her wind and sailed along the line. Another boat, B, which was sailing free and could have borne away under A's stern, did not do so, but luffed and put herself in the position of overtaking boat. A promptly luffed B, as she had a perfect right to do, under Rule 29, and she forced B outside the starting line. After this there was a foul, presumably owing to B bearing away and forcing A over the wrong side of the line. B was palpably in the wrong, but she protested against A, which won second prize, and A was disqualified by the sailing committee. A appealed to the Yacht Racing Association, with the result that her appeal was upheld. This is really quite a simple phase of the luffing rule; but it only shows how easy it is to misinterpret it and how necessary it is to have a competent court of appeal.

E. H. KELLY.

MEASUREMENT RULE CONFERENCE.—A conference of delegates from the New York, Eastern, Atlantic, Larchmont, Beverly, Boston, Seawanhaka and Marblehead Corinthian Y. C.'s and the Y. R. A., was held at the New York Y. C. on Thursday, October 27, for the purpose of discussing, and if possible recommending, to the clubs in interest a uniform measurement rule.

The importance of this conference cannot be overestimated, and as the clubs and associations represented control practically all the racing in New York and eastern waters, it is to be devoutly hoped that the consummation of the object of the conference may not be prevented by reason of the personal predilections of either individuals or clubs. While there is but little probability that all racing yachtsmen will accept any one measurement rule as perfect, it is indisputable that uniformity on the Atlantic Coast with any good rule as a basis is vastly to be preferred to present conditions.

It is a fact that by reason of unsatisfactory measurement conditions, a number of men heretofore prominent in racing have deserted to the automobile and so-called automobile boats, and their building boats and returning to yachting is dependent upon the adjustment of this important question.

It is probable that several meetings will be required to fully discuss and decide upon all details, but it is expected that whatever rule may be recommended will be presented to the various clubs within the next few weeks.

Co-Education on a Yawl.

BY SARAH HITCHCOCK, BUFFALO, N. Y.

OUR party consisted of four, captain, mate, skipper and an A. B. Of course, our captain and mate were old yachtsmen, but the skipper and A.B. were new yachswomen and not quite thoroughly seasoned. Two summers' experience doesn't make a real sailor of a woman, and the wonder is that the men expect it.

Our boat is able, easy to steer under all conditions, and will point as high as the average sloop—"an able, handsome lady," if the opinion of her crew is to be relied upon—yawled-rigged, built by Weir, of Hamilton, 36ft. over all, 25ft. waterline, 10ft. breadth, 5ft. draft, with 3,400 pounds of iron on her standing keel and 1,000 pounds of inside ballast. Her least freeboard is 26in.; bilges hard, and, to quote the mate, is as stiff as a church. We carried a bright cedar dinghy, which we found towed well in all kinds of weather. Her cabin, with 5ft. 10in. head room, is commodious and comfortable. Two transoms, 3ft. wide, make luxurious seats by day and capacious beds at night by having three iron strips reaching from one transom to the other across the passage way, on which are laid two boards 10in. wide and the full length of the bed, leaving stepping room between. The cushions being turned about and the space at the end filled in by a third cushion (which formed a back in the day time), made two berths, almost the full width of a bed. A burlap curtain stretched from the companion to the galley doorway and completed the sleeping-car aspect of our cabin.

We left Buffalo in the early dawn, and with a very light spinnaker breeze made Port Colbourne, Ontario, before noon. There are no ports along the American or south shore of Lake Erie, short of Dunkirk, so Buffalo yachtsmen always set sail for Canadian ports. There is an inhospitable shore, too, and keel boats must give reefs and land a wide berth.

Is one ever ready to start on a cruise? We had spent plenty of time over plans and discussions, and were ready to pride ourselves on our start. But not for long, for at Port Colbourne we were obliged to mend the spinnaker, set up the bobstay and get ice and fruit. While these things were being done by the men, the ladies prepared lunch. The galley does not boast of full head room, but has all the other comforts. There are two trusty Primus stoves, an ice box, a large galvanized water tank and the prettiest of blue dishes. It was just the time to christen our new copper frying pan, for we were to have chops.

"Everybody ready? If you are, I'll put on the chops," called out the skipper, popping her head above the companion way. She put the pan on to let it get "real hot," and it did. She had the lining well melted before she had found the chops. The captain looked sad.

"They told me that wouldn't need relining for three years."

"That meant on land. Three days on a yacht," retorted the skipper.

A little cool air settled the tin, and we tried it again, with success. We had a small folding table to put up between the seats and a white oilcloth table cover that is most fitting on a cruise. When under way, we used paper napkins, and sometimes wooden plates.

Port Colbourne is at the entrance of the Welland Canal, and affords good shelter. Recently finished breakwaters give a fine berth, where one is not disturbed by passing vessels or by any wind that blows.

After dish-washing for the ladies and a short smoke for the men, we got away for Port Maitland, twenty miles further west. Our progress was slow, and we soon found ourselves becalmed in the big bay between Sugar Loaf Point and Mohawk Island Light, with every indication of a long calm. Fortune favored us toward late afternoon, and a lively northeaster blew up, bringing a pouring rain; but this was not minded, as we bowled along with the wind on the quarter, through the inside passage to Maitland.

Twilight was deepening into darkness as we dropped our hook in Grand River. This picturesque spot is a favorite with Buffalo yachtsmen, and we found other boats there, come to spend the Fourth of July. The friendly landlady of the port let us dry out at her kitchen fire, where other yachtsmen had already gathered.

The next day, the Fourth of July, dawned clear and cloudless. We breakfasted on fruit, shredded wheat biscuit, bread and butter and coffee. A saucer of berries was passed to each one. "You must eat those first and then put the biscuits in the same dishes. I'm not going to do superfluous washing this hot day," said the A. B.

Butter packed in a crock proved a satisfactory way of carrying it; except in the country we had no trouble in getting cream. After a light breakfast we did without hot dishwater. The lake water at summer temperature answers admirably if some good soap is used.

We got under way about 9, starting with jib and driver, and setting the mainsail as we passed the light-house.

"What's the course?" asked the mate as he hoisted the ensign.

"S.S.W. ½ W., and the wind is out of the N.E."

"Then let's get out that spinnaker again, mate."

"Aye-aye, captain." And it was set to stay all day for a run of fifty-eight miles.

We bowled along with a cheerful ripple under the bow, making eight miles an hour steadily. Hour tricks at the tiller all round make easy work. The day was perfect summer, sky clear and blue and the breeze warm—a hot day on shore we learned afterward.

We passed out of sight of land before long, munching our sardine sandwiches in the middle of the lake, where the water looked deep and cool, and where the whitecaps shone more brilliantly, tumbling and tossing in their frolics. The tap, tap of the ice-pick was almost the only sound heard during the afternoon. The mate had turned steward and brewed tempting collins, which he presented at intervals. The captain drowsed over a book and complained of indigestion by turns. Only a helmsman was needed on deck throughout the day. Presently we began to catch hazy glimpses of the Chautauqua hills on the south shore, and got the

glasses out to pick up the Erie lighthouses. Our course must have been carelessly taken, for we made land fully ten miles too far east. It was worth while, for the water is deep close to shore, and one can sail along near enough to see the people at their doors and hear a friendly dog bark. The bluffs make a pleasant relief from the low Canadian shore line, and the absence of reefs from Dunkirk to Sandusky is a comfort to yachtsmen.

Entering Presque Isle Bay through the channel at the eastern end, we hailed a passing yacht, and were told to take Scorpion's moorings off the yacht club. It was a friendly reception indeed, for we found the Fourth of July celebration about to begin on the edge of the water. The bank that rises sharply beyond was crowded with people in gay colors, giving a sort of patchwork effect.

We took in the spinnaker, jib and driver as we entered the harbor, and had them furled and stowed as we rounded up to our mooring under the mainsail alone. The tomato salad had been prepared on the way.

"Let's eat in the cockpit."

"Is it soup to-night?"

"I'm for that."

"I'm for big dishes."

There was much to see. Boats of every description gathered about us in the gloaming, making merry with songs and laughter, while the moon rose majestically over the hill to lend her aid to the pretty shore scene.

"No dish-washing to-night," said the skipper, finding her glass of iced tea.

It was smoke and rest, for our hearts were filled with a contentment that only such a day's sail can bring.

That affinity which one sailor has for another brought some Erie Y. C. men alongside after the fireworks were over, to bid us welcome. Every attention was shown us while we lay at Erie.

"After all, what religion knits people so closely together as a common sport?" as Stevenson says in his "Inland Voyage." "For will any one dare to tell me that business is more entertaining than fooling among boats?"

When we were at anchor we made ourselves very comfortable. A large wind sail, equipped with flaps, kept out by means of a stick fitting into grommets, was hauled up through the forward hatch by means of the spinnaker or jib halliards. It stood about six feet high and had a diameter equal to the hatch. This carried a current of air through the cabin, keeping it cool when the deck was unbearable. An awning was spread above the cockpit over the boom and guyed at the four corners to the jigger shrouds aft and the backstays forward. When long in port, a rug was spread in the cockpit, and a table with a green cover held books, needlework and a pitcher of ice water.

A day and a half in Erie was well spent, but the mate likes to be on the move.

"Put the gaskets on him," suggested our captain, and with a meager smile the mate subsided.

It was just as well, for there was the usual south-wester blowing. Our mooring was exposed, and the short waves made it rather tiresome by evening, so we dined ashore, clad in our best.

Luck was with us, and we believed in it when a light N.E. breeze came up next morning. We worked our way out of the bay, but ran into a calm off Presque Isle Light. Nothing to do but send our mate in for a swim. It never failed to bring a breeze.

"Going in, mate?"

"Too hot."

"Oh, do! We don't want to sit here all day."

But the mate was obdurate.

There were pound nets near by, so we investigated them. They are set anywhere apparently, and abound along the American shore from Erie on, constituting a serious menace to those who cruise by night. (Yachtsmen will encourage the movement started last fall for their abolition as being an obstruction to traffic on the waterways.)

The sun blazed down on us. The barometer rested high and steady. With the evening we hoped for an "offlander," an assured thing, the Erie men told us, especially during such hot weather. Presently a light air came off the lake, and we mogged along slowly but steadily, thinking to make Conneaut, our next stop. The twilight fell, and with it the light lake breeze. Then we were treated to a novel experience, for the trusty breeze from off the heated shore crept out, flopping the sails over, and we lost not a moment's headway.

Conneaut, with its smoke and noise, came into view about 8 o'clock. We decided to pass it by and perhaps put in to Ashtabula. Why should we leave such a glorious moon? If the ladies would turn in, the men agreed to stand two-hour tricks from 11 o'clock until morning. 'Twas the captain's trick and about 2 o'clock. Below all was quiet. Who could stay awake when the silence of the night was upon him, unless he had compass and moon to keep him company? We were nearing Ashtabula, another smoky commercial port, where boats load with coal and iron ore. The "offlander" was blowing the smoke out over the lake and obscuring the light. A freighter was outside calling for the fog-horn. Three short blasts, then an answering blast from the lighthouse. A voice out of the night startled us all.

"What's that?"

"Where?" shouted the mate, leaping on deck.

"That black thing to port."

"To starboard, you mean."

"No, to port. Looks like a breakwater; but there is none here. Look up the Coast Pilot and see what there is at Ashtabula."

"Nothing but piers and lighthouses," said the skipper, book in hand, poking her head out of the companion-way; so we were no wiser and must needs steer between these black objects, holding our breath for fear there were more ahead or more underneath.

We afterward found that they are new cribs not yet charted.

Past the smoke, the moon again lighted our course, and we moved lazily along until morning. At day-break the A. B. came on deck for her trick. Chart and log gave us Fairport, distant about 10 miles. Drifting

along, we waited for the 10 o'clock breeze our captain believed in. It came out of the N.E.

"Spinnaker again, mate." And we needed it to keep her from yawing, as the breeze quickly freshened to fifteen and at times twenty miles per hour.

Express packages were waiting for us at Fairport, but we passed on, under the smart breeze, and by Cleveland, heading for Rocky River, the port of the Lakewood Y. C., seven miles beyond. It is only a small river and a hard port for a stranger to make, for one must keep well to the west of the dilapidated old piers and in midchannel between them and the bluff.

"Take off your mainsail and go in slowly," called a passing boat. We stored our spinnaker and furled the mainsail, and went in under jib and driver, dropping the driver when we were well inside. A deep-draft boat must know this little harbor or be well guided, not to run aground on a sandbar. The river is deep to the banks and full of yachts, all made fast to tall piles stem and stern and close to shore. They looked like a long procession, two abreast, coming down the river. They drop sails and pole to their places in line, and present a novel sight to those, like ourselves, who make moorings in wind and current.

We were offered a pile close to shore, and found a pier of one plank ready to use. Wind and weather were of no moment in this snug berth.

The men took pillows and blankets and slept in the club house, for it was a warm harbor. A mosquito or two worried the skipper, so she used the new mosquito netting, the joy and pride of the captain. The companion was opened wide and three thin sticks fitted closely into it, with netting stretched tightly over them, so that we were completely screened. We spent three days in this lovely spot. (Boats were moored along shore, with their spars in the branches. Most of them are sloops, and not a few of fine design, with most enthusiastic owners, who gave us a hearty welcome and made our stay a delightful one to remember.) One evening we rowed up the river to find a laundry. The company purse suffered a collapse when we had paid for it, but \$5 all around the next day put it into commission again, and the row up and down the river was worth a good deal. While we were drifting back in the moonlight, the gaskets on the mate parted; clamoring on board, we consequently got ready for a start. The moon was hazy, and there had been every prediction of thunder showers all day; but about 11 o'clock we cast off our lines and were poled out of the river by a member of the club. Every yacht there is furnished with these long pike poles. Hoisting our mainsail again under way, we set our course W.N.W. to clear Avon Point, eight miles beyond, before directing our course to Vermilion. There was a light offlander blowing. One has to keep well out from Avon Point, from one to five miles, according to the man you talk to and the depth of his keel. Keels count more than charts when you talk to a man of the locality.

About midnight a red light appeared on our starboard bow.

"What's that rhyme about 'red to red,' etc.?" asked the A. B.

"Green to green or red to red, perfect safety, go ahead," responded the skipper, proud of her winter's work at boxing compass and learning road rules.

"Better have a look at her," concluded our captain, and we found her to be an old wind-jammer with all her light canvas set and a beautiful sight in the misty moonlight slowly approaching us.

Changing our course to pass alongside and then astern of her, we hailed her helmsman and asked how far it was to Lorain.

"Ten miles," he answered. If he had only reminded us not to look for the light with an offlander blowing we would have been more thankful.

We were not at all sure of our shore now, for we had evidently gone further out than we should and the moon was obscured by cloud. Whether we were half a mile from shore, or five, was a mystery. We had lost our bearings. Chart, Coast Pilot and compass were not working together. Each one was going its own gait, while our eyes played tricks on us at every turn, and we were steering toward land one minute and out into the lake the next.

It was growing darker and darker in the northwest. Lightning flashes broke the blackness more frequently.

"Better take in the log, and double reef the mainsail. All hands on deck!" The A. B. took the tiller, the skipper stowed everything loose, while the men shortened sail. Reefing a yawl is an easy matter. The short boom, all inboard, made quick work of it, and the sail was soon re-set. Jib and jigger halliards were cleared and coiled ready to run. Darker and darker it grew, and nearer came the thunder and lightning. It was 2 o'clock in the morning. No light anywhere except the hand lanterns we used to work about the deck.

"There she comes," yelled the mate.

"Down with the driver and jib!"

They were down, but not tied when the squall was upon us. A gleaming mass of white struck our bows and broke over us, and the captain on the bowsprit passing a gasket around the jib, went to his waist in the angry sea that lay beyond and into which the yacht plunged, snorting and pitching. The double-reefed mainsail alone was enough to lay her rail well under and to send her along at a fast clip. She was headed into the wind to avoid a lee shore. The racket in the rigging, the shriek of the wind and noise of rain and spray made even loud orders inaudible, except from a windward position. There was no time for coats, and even the captain's sou'wester didn't protect his glasses, for the spray, blowing off the top of the waves, flew aft in a line with the boat.

Frequent trips forward were necessary, as the side lights kept going out. These trips were only possible on hands and knees. The slatting and pitching put out the flame as fast as lighted, and the A. B., now below, having been relieved at the tiller by the mate, was kept busy lighting lanterns, which were passed up to the captain, who crawled back and forth with them. The spray constantly showering his glasses, made it impossible for him to take the stick.

Below, all was confusion. Time had not been taken

to stow things snugly. Port holes of course were closed. Bathing suits, stoves, books and plates played about the floors. The eggs preserved their dignity. They alone failed to join in the mad frolic, but sat composedly in an open basket on top of the ice box. Their mission in the world was evidently not finished.

Speeding on at a furious rate in the pitch darkness, a sudden flash of lightning revealed the fact that we were among pound nets. In another moment the yacht took a lurch, and a huge stake appeared along her lee rail, inside the boom and the mainsheet. In a trice it was straining against the latter and prevented putting the yacht into the wind. It was a breathless moment for the mate, as the pole bent and bent, and it was a question as to which would go, the mainsheet or the stake. The sheet held and finally cleared, but that pesky stake was bound to give us more trouble, and held up the dinghy when she came along. However, that smart little lady executed a side step and trotted along after her mother.

In connection with our lights going out, a large freighter to starboard had given us uneasiness. Where was she now? She might have been ten yards ahead and we not be able to see her because of the blinding rain which fell in sheets. And where was the Lorain light? Had we passed that?

Presently, under the beating of the rain, the sea began to go down a bit, and the wind dropped somewhat. At dawn we saw the light, two miles away. Time of day? No time, only daylight, and we could see where we were. The wind went out nearly flat. We hurriedly spliced the main sheet and set all sail, but soon found ourselves flopping helplessly. Everything pulled and banged and clattered about that could make a noise. The blocks on the jib traveler, as well as on the main traveler, made harsh music as they scraped back and forth. The sea was still high.

It had all been too much for our skipper, for she had had a cucumber for supper, and she needed sympathy in the cabin. The captain held the tiller. He had had a hard night and felt the need of sleep, but grasping the stick with a will, he sat comfortably enveloped in a steamer rug, and in sleep as well. Coming on deck with some chocolate as morning refreshment the A. B. couldn't help a smile as she relieved him of his task. A light air out of the south soon sprang up, and she put about and headed for Lorain.

Coming abreast of the opening, all hands were called. It wouldn't do to take them in asleep. Breakfast and a few hours' rest sufficed for Lorain, and the yawl with the men on board, was towed out. All sail was hoisted and the course set for Vermillion. We were left behind at the hotel, asleep, but were en route by electric car by afternoon. Skirting the shore of the lake, we could see the yawl lazily making her way in and out among the pound nets.

We found Vermillion a delightful little town. A small river makes a snug harbor for some fishing tugs, but the piers are rapidly falling into decay. Our first duty was to buy provisions for Sunday, but we had to see if the yacht was making any headway, so we walked out to the lighthouse. We were tired, and we were sleepy, and the A. B. is an easy sleeper, so she went to sleep on a ledge at the foot of the lighthouse, while the skipper went back to get some lunch.

Had the A. B. moved in her sleep she would have had to swim for her life, unless some of the spectators on the opposite pier came to her rescue.

At night the wind died out, but later came the offlander. We got our provisions and ice in a rowboat and waited for the yawl. We had picked out a snug berth beside a pier, so when her red and green came into view the skipper got out at the pier, while the A. B. rowed out to pilot them in.

Squalls and N.W. winds kept us in Vermillion for four days. We were cruising for pleasure. The gaskets loosened often on our mate, but we managed to keep him amused pretty well.

What to have for dinner was of more moment now, with no sailing to occupy us. Chicken and creamed potatoes one night; fish that the captain was meaning to fry, but boiled in butter and water instead, for another night, and berries, berries all the time, with potato salad as a relish.

The mate poked the barometer religiously. It was low, hugging 29, and absolutely refused to rise.

"Kill sailing as a sport, those barometers," growled he. "Wouldn't have one in my boat. Keep you in when it's fun outside."

The village blacksmith spent one day fixing the gooseneck for the spinnaker, a piece of work that lasted fully a week. Other yachts put in to avoid the storms, so the townspeople turned out to inspect. Most of them "supposed we thought we were having a good time, but we couldn't make them believe it."

One quiet afternoon we were sitting in the cockpit sewing, and a little old lady dressed in the garb of long ago, came by on the pier. Our awning was just low enough to hide us, but she dipped fore and aft to get a glimpse and say a cheery word or two. Finally pulling up the awning, she gazed a moment and asked, "Don't ye git sick like, a-teetering like that all the time? I would."

At an early hour one morning, one of the storm-bound yachts hailed us as she passed on her way out bound for Sandusky, and said there was a fine offlander blowing. So there was, and we were soon under way bound for Put-In-Bay.

We ladies were to sleep a few hours more. With the wind on the quarter, we made a fine start, and held it for a hour, when the wind shifted to S.W. and headed us, freshening all the time. Beds were no longer beds, but inclined planes. The spinnaker boom, which we carried aloft, was banging against the mast. The captain went aloft on the hoops to lash it to the jumper stay.

We had laid our course to pass south of Kelly's Island, but the wind headed us, so that when we made land we found we could only fetch north of Kelly's Island. Picking up land on our port bow, we could make out Sandusky. Then Pelee Island came into view on our starboard bow. It was a gray, misty morning, sky and water were all alike. There is a passage

just north of Kelly's Island and one directly south of Middle Island.

Everybody had a different idea of the course, because what is every one's work is no one's work.

It had been an unwritten duty of the A. B.'s to lay off the course carefully, while the others did or did not as they pleased. They usually pleased, but this morning they had not, so when we found ourselves fetching north of Kelly's Island, a spirited controversy arose.

"What's that red can buoy for?" asked the captain.

"It marks a reef northeast of Kelly's Island," answered the A. B. from below, "and you must keep south of it, too."

"Nonsense, it's good water anywhere here; that means for big vessels."

"Oh, very well; rocks showing don't matter, I suppose. The Coast Pilot says keep south of it, or else north of the black gas buoy that is near Middle Island."

"We can't fetch that on this tack."

"Well, come about then."

"Oh, you're crazy down there."

"Look yourself, then," and the chart and Coast Pilot appeared on deck impelled by the wrathful arm of the A. B.

"Mutiny and insubordination!" yelled the mate, dancing a hornpipe and chewing some chocolate. "Irons and the lazarette for the A. B." And he circled about the deck to the whistled tune of a Sousa march.

We tacked.

Put-in-Bay is well named, for it is as snug an anchorage as ever was found. Gibraltar Island lies north of it and South Bass Island south, where there is a resort called Put-in-Bay. In Rocky River a gentleman had given us a rough sketch of the bay, with a chicken coop on Gibraltar Island for the central point. We were to drop anchor right abreast of it, and we did, not more than fifteen yards from shore.

A yawl from Sandusky was lying near, and her occupants regarded our burgee with some curiosity. It was not strange, as we do not often see east end burgees at western end ports nor the reverse either.

We were at the extreme point of our cruise. Coming up the lake with a spinnaker had been of much more interest than letters, but here we found a two weeks' budget, the first since leaving home.

As there was to be a regatta here the next week, it behooved us to brighten up a little and have things shipshape, for boats began to arrive next day.

Sitting under our awning late in the afternoon, passing a lazy hour or two before dinner, we saw a schooner coming around Gibraltar Island. Her decks swarmed with a uniformed crew. In big arm-chairs on deck sat a company of portly gentlemen, attended by cabin boys. With mainsail flattened in she came into the wind and slowly lost her way. Down went her anchor, at a mute signal from her captain. Down went her headsail and foresail at the same time. It was Priscilla, of Cleveland. She was built twenty years ago to compete with Puritan as a possible America Cup defender, and is as beautiful and staunch as ever. "Queen of the unsalted seas," most assuredly, and we felt repaid for a long trip just to see her come to anchor.

Soon after a very large yawl came around the island and dropped anchor alongside Priscilla. She was from Sandusky, and was followed by a large sloop from Toledo. All the yacht etiquette was observed, and we all joined in.

The three boats were returning from a week's cruise about the upper end of the lake, and had organized an Interlake Cruising Club. They expect to be joined by several more boats next year.

That night toward 10 o'clock it began to blow from the S.E., and blow hard. We put out the spare anchor and turned in. Sleep was all very well for an hour or two, and then it came on to blow a gale of fifty miles, and rained hard. Every puff sent a quiver through the yacht from stem to stern, as she pulled at her hawsers. "That awning must come down," and the captain rose accordingly, with the mate following. Some things are funny, even in strenuous moments, for it is funny to hear two bare-footed, wet and thinly clad men try to get an awning down in a gale of wind. We could positively hear their teeth rattle as the icy rain got to the quick. We were anxious lest some of the larger boats ahead of us should drag anchor and swing on to us. We were but a little way from shore, but the water is deep to the very edge. As we sat up and looked out the port holes our relative positions seemed to have changed for a minute, until we placed the points of the compass or swung back to the original position. Toward morning the wind took off a little and we slept again at daybreak we found several new comers at anchor with hard runs to report and bedraggled crews and boats. At different times during the day they continued to come around the island into the bay, with small boats gone, spars and sails carried away, and one with an extemporized jury rig—eloquent testimony of the night.

Many of the smart boats, at anchor or near us during our stay, "were drawing too much water," as they put it, so visiting around from yacht to yacht was the order of the day, and the boats were visibly lightened, while the crews were as visibly weighted, and empty bottles bobbed and nodded sociably as they floated about.

Squally weather continued for several days, and incoming boats brought tales of hard trips and bad weather.

With us time had begun to be a thing of moment, for our runs were to be long, as we were to return by the north shore. We should be moving on, and we held daily consultations on the advisability of going, with every prospect of a very hard day's run; but our faith in luck had not diminished, and we were enjoying life very well.

After five days at anchor, we awoke one morning early to find a light spinnaker breeze blowing. A long day, but an easy one, for it was a sixty-five mile run to Port Rondeau, and no harbor anywhere en route.

With all hands on deck at 4 o'clock we hoisted sail and left Put-in-Bay. Setting the spinnaker just outside the bay, we laid our course due east to pass south of Ballast and Middle islands. Our log was put out, and

when four miles east of Middle Island, we headed for Southeast Shoal Lightship, with a course of N.E. $\frac{1}{4}$ E. It was a beautiful morning—a day to take it easy and enjoy the water, sky and air to the utmost.

Bowling along at a merry gait until late in the morning, we passed the lightship, leaving it a mile to port, and shaped our course N.E. to make Port Rondeau.

On our port bow was Pelee Spit, which we soon left behind, putting ourselves out of sight of all land for two or three hours.

As the afternoon advanced, the breeze died out, leaving a flat calm, and off the N.W. was brewing a thunder storm. It looked ominous.

"Let's get ready for this. Double-reef the mainsail and see what's coming."

Halliards were cleared and everything stowed. Rubber coats were put on and we were really ready. We waited. A light air out of the east came up and still the storm seemed to be coming on out of the northwest. We dropped jib and driver and sat waiting, ready we were; but the storm went around to the west, so we put on all sail and shook out the reefs.

Still our easterly air, and then the storm was coming again.

"Double-reef again!"

Double-reef we did, and doused jib and driver. No more wind and no more storm; so for the second time we put on all sail again. The light east wind had almost gone out, leaving fog.

Rondeau was some eight miles farther, and night was coming on. Not a promising one either, for we could hardly see the light.

Our course had been carefully taken and as carefully kept, and before dark we had made out the port with the glasses.

Knowing we were not to have a shore supper, we enjoyed some good canned chicken, à la creme, and made ready for a calm night. The storm had gone round, but we did enjoy the satisfaction of having been ready for it, so we took hour watches now and were happy.

We had barely steerage way left; but, fortunately, Port Rondeau was not a commercial port, so we had no fear of large vessels. We managed to keep our course for a little while, but we could not see the light. Finally it was little use, and a boat does move even with no perceptible wind, so the A. B. took her trick at the tiller. It was about 3 o'clock in the morning when she declared she heard shore sounds.

"Captain, come up," called the mate who had been on watch forward, "we hear shore sounds on our port bow. I heard a rooster crow off there, too."

"If your compass is working, it's impossible," quoth the sleepy captain, and he went below to pick up that dream of cruising in the Mediterranean where he had left it. It was no use, he was soon called again, and the A. B. resigned the tiller to him and she went below, still insisting that she heard shore sounds, and she was right, for in a few moments we were aground. Not badly, of course, for we had no real steerage way and the yawl rested as easily as on a feather bed.

All sail was dropped and the anchor was carried out astern to kedge off to. Then we let off the mainsheet, so the boom was at right angles to the boat, and topped it up.

"Come on, you girls," urged the mate, "climb into the dinghy and get on the end of this boom."

"What if we should drop in?"

"Drop in, why that wouldn't hurt anything. Water is a little wetter than fog, that's all."

Our mate was always optimistic, and a heavy weight in the bargain, but it always takes three to list the yawl. We soon canted her over, so her keel no longer rested on the bottom, and the captain pulled her free.

"All right, we're afloat." He held the lantern, which closely resembled a fire-fly in this fog, and we scrambled back and anchored for the rest of the night. There was a lively discussion as to who it was that had failed to keep the course, and no one had been so careless. Our talking had attracted the attention of a wakeful farmer's wife, and a voice came out of the fog, asking what the matter was. For answer we preferred to ask a question about the light.

"About two miles east," was the answer. "Need any help?"

"No, thank you, we were only looking for the light," called back the shrewd skipper.

Their friendly solicitude was appreciated, but we preferred to keep our real situation to ourselves.

Wet and sleepy, we lay ourselves down for a few winks before daylight. That is, some of us did, for some of us were good sleepers.

It always took the skipper to see to things, for she never slept unless she had to. She sat up and shivered to enjoy the birds' morning carols.

Daybreak revealed our situation, and we were not more than thirty feet from shore, with the light hardly a mile's sail away.

The port of Rondeau is a delusion and a snare. We found good piers and a lighthouse, with a large bay inside, perfectly land-locked, but no place for a boat drawing five feet to sail in. The town of Rondeau does not exist, unless one small store can be called a town, and that lies at the extreme end of the bay. There is a summer resort at the pier called Erie.

Here we expected important mail, and had supposed Port Rondeau to be at the piers. After a few hours' rest, the ladies started to hunt Rondeau and mail, while the men took the yacht on to Port Stanley, where we joined them. Their breeze was a fresh one on the quarter, so that they had to tuck in two reefs. This is easy, even though short-handed, in a yawl. She travels along under jib and driver, while the mainsail is let down and reefed at leisure. One man steers, the other reefs and takes his time. Meanwhile, the boat is under absolute control.

All the Canadian ports that can have any possible commercial use are being improved and are snug harbors. A little stream, hardly a river, is the *raison d'être* of them all. Much can be said for Port Stanley itself, but we were not so well impressed by the people. Their welcome was hardly cordial. Tied alongside the pier, we were at the mercy of their remarks, which were mostly harmless sarcasm but irritating. Even the

harbor master tried to collect dues, but our lawyer was not to be duped that way, and asked for the statute. He read and declined to pay and afterward proved his point upon correspondence with the government authorities.

From Port Stanley to Port Burwell is a paltry twenty miles, a mere step, so after an early breakfast we set sail about 9 o'clock, with a nice wind from the land. This went out presently, leaving us very nearly becalmed until the 10 o'clock breeze came off the lake, giving us a nice wind on the beam. It was a glorious sailing day, but we were glad to have such a short run, as the morrow's run was to be very long. Sailing by day and making a port every afternoon was like running on schedule time, if such an indignity can be offered a sail boat.

By this time the moon was at its best in the early morning, so we slept with our weather eye open to make an early start for Port Maitland, as it was seventy-five miles, with no chance short of it for good shelter. Inside Long Point is a small bay off the lighthouse, but very indifferent protection at best, I am told. At 1 o'clock the mate jumped up to view the prospects.

"Out of sight, captain, let's be off. The night's simply great, and there's an offlander blowing that is the real thing."

So silently did they get under way that the A. B., lying snug in her berth, called out, "Are'n't we off yet?"

"Off? We're a mile out." She curled up contentedly, lulled to sleep again by the cheerful sound of the water rushing past the pillow. Not so the skipper; her head had been above the companion to see that they had cleared all right. It was a beautiful start. A breeze of fifteen miles on the quarter was sending us along in the stillness of the night. Every star shone out its brightest. Water and sky seemed to combine forces to charm the mariner who should be on deck.

We were not more than a mile from shore, so the mate stood watch forward for pound nets.

"Nets to starboard; quick!" "Hard a-lee," "A pole dead ahead," etc., came sharply out of the night.

Toward 5 o'clock the offlander went out, leaving bald spots all about us. It was hardly worth while to hold the tiller, but a ripple ahead encouraged the helmsman.

At 6 o'clock it was the duty of the ladies to turn out, so the A. B. came on deck to find the yawl off the lighthouse at the western end of Long Point. Across the narrow strip of land one could see Port Rowan, ten miles across the bay, and pick out the cottages of the Long Point Company in the marshes just inside the bay. Long Point is a long, narrow sand spit, and is owned by a company of sportsmen who occupy these cottages in the fall while they shoot ducks and deer, with which they have stocked the point.

Sitting at the tiller, to be on hand if the ripples and bald spots should be merged into one, the A. B. scanned the point with the glasses in an effort to catch a deer at the water's edge. It was a listless occupation. No clouds to watch, no boats nearer than the ship's course on the far horizon, no gulls and no breeze. It was a dreamy hour. Below there were sounds that are evidences of happy dreams. All was as still as nature. can be when she is drowsy. It was a warm morning and she felt it.

"What's for breakfast?"

"I'm for jute rugs," (the mate's name for shredded wheat biscuit).

"We got milk at Burwell you know."

"We'll take it in the cockpit."

But, alas! that milk had soured and was about to go by the board, when the A.B. thought of the good cottage cheese it would make, and make it she did and tied the bag to the jigger shroud, letting it hang over the side to drain.

Skirting the shore for several hours, with barely steerage way, we began to notice a deeper blue in the water. Why was this? The Coast Pilot was referred to, and we found that Lake Erie is deepest off Long Point.

Our breeze began picking up and heading us as if it might be going around with the sun, as it often does in mid-summer. Our course was due E., but fortunately the breeze died out about noon. Here was the mate's chance to swim for a breeze. It is a much surer remedy for a calm than scratching the mast or whistling. He did go in while we kept a sharp watch astern, lest that 2 o'clock breeze should come ahead of time. The water was exceptionally clear as we were off the end of Long Point.

Barely ten minutes after the mate was on deck again a light breeze came out of the S.W., and our course was N.E. by E. for Port Maitland, thirty-five miles away. Another spinnaker breeze, and one where a spinnaker added greatly to our speed.

To be sure we were not bowling along very fast, but it meant that we would make Port Maitland that night if the breeze held.

Before long we had left all land beyond our horizon, and it is much less entertaining sailing to have no land to speculate upon and no light to look for. Even calling all hands to look at the lighthouse you have picked up ahead and which proves to be a tiny fishing buoy, is more entertaining than water, water everywhere.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Zettler Rifle Club.

THE attendance at the regular practice shoot held Nov. 1, was very light. Scores follow on the 25-ring target, 75ft., offhand: L. P. Hansen 1208, C. Zettler, Jr., 1207, C. G. Zettler 1191, L. Maurer 1184, F. J. Herpers 1155, J. G. Bernius 1151, A. Begerow 1137, T. H. Keller 1136.

On Oct. 29 the ladies held a contest on the Zettler ranges, in which Miss Millie Zimmerman, daughter of that famous marksman, Gus Zimmerman, led the race for first place. Scores: Miss Millie Zimmerman 486, Mrs. H. Fenwirth 485, Miss K. Zimmerman 482, Miss B. Ludwig 479, Miss F. Muller 478, Mrs. F. Liegiebel 476, Mrs. F. Watson, Mrs. Stoltz 469, Mrs. H. Scheu 466, Mrs. H. W. Turbett 464, Mrs. B. Zettler 451.

MINIMUM SHOTGUN CHAMBER SIZES. (All decimal dimensions are given in inches.)

Bore of gun.*	Mean diameter of wadding.	Length of chamber A. Nominal.	Decimal.	Depth of rim E.	Length of chamber taper A-E.	Additions to bore for front of chamber.	Diameter at front B.	Calculated taper. (Does not apply.)	Size of head C—For gauges.	For chambers.	Additions to C for size of head.	Size of head D.	Radius of rim circle.
4 (.935)	.948	4 in.	4.000	.130	3.870	.100	1.035	1.0900	1.090	.110	1.200	.030
8 (.835)	.845	3 1/4 in.	3.250	.115	3.135	.079	.914	.929675	.9297	.930	.105	1.035	.020
10 (.775)	.784	3 1/4 in.	3.250	.074	3.176	.070	.845	.860880	.8609	.861	.074	.933	.020
10 (.775)	.784	2 3/8 in.	2.875	.074	2.801	.070	.845	.859005	.8590	.859	.074	.933	.020
12 (.729)	.738	3 in.	3.000	.074	2.926	.071	.800	.814630	.8146	.815	.074	.886	.020
12 (.729)	.738	2 in.	2.750	.074	2.676	.071	.800	.813380	.8134	.813	.074	.886	.020
12 (.729)	.738	2 1/2 or 2 9-16 in.	2.560	.074	2.486	.071	.800	.812430	.8124	.812	.074	.886	.020
14 (.693)	.702	2 1/2 or 2 9-16 in.	2.560	.068	2.492	.070	.763	.775460	.7755	.775	.072	.847	.020
16 (.662)	.671	2 3/4 in.	2.750	.062	2.688	.070	.732	.745440	.7454	.745	.071	.815	.020
16 (.662)	.671	2 1/2 or 2 9-16 in.	2.560	.062	2.498	.070	.732	.744490	.7445	.744	.071	.815	.020
20 (.615)	.623	2 3/4 in.	2.750	.060	2.690	.070	.685	.698450	.6985	.698	.068	.766	.020
20 (.615)	.623	2 1/2 or 2 9-16 in.	2.560	.060	2.500	.070	.685	.697500	.6975	.698	.068	.766	.020
24 (.579)	.587	2 1/2 in.	2.500	.060	2.440	.070	.649	.661200	.6612	.661	.067	.728	.020
28 (.550)	.557	2 1/2 in.	2.500	.060	2.440	.064	.614	.626200	.6262	.626	.062	.688	.020
32 (.502)	.509	2 1/2 in.	2.500	.060	2.440	.060	.562	.574200	.5742	.574	.062	.636	.015
.410 (.416)	.415	2 in.	2.000	.060	1.940	.055	.465	.474700	.4747	.475	.062	.537	.015
.360 (.360)	.363	1 3/4 in.	1.750	.050	1.700	.055	.415	.423500	.4235	.424	.055	.479	.015

*The decimal diameters of bore are the minimum sizes as recognized for proof purposes, except in the case of 4-bore and 32-bore, where special values have been adopted.

Chamber Sizes for all Bores.

THE accompanying table of chamber sizes represents the outcome of nearly a year's work of the Gunmakers' Association and its sister society in Birmingham. It may be remembered that we took strong exception to the series of chamber dimensions which were issued by the two associations in September. The present table of altered sizes provides a full justification for the withdrawal of what we then objected to. It must not, of course, be assumed that we were alone among those who felt that the 1902 sizes could never come into general use by gunmakers and cartridge manufacturers. In fact, the memorandum now issued jointly by the two associations characterizes their various defects under the following six subject matter headings: (1) The published sizes were not in accordance with the rules laid down; (2) the 5-bore cartridge put forward to replace the conventional so-called 4-bore was not wanted; (3) no chamber for the above 4-bore was specified; (4) the 32-bore cartridge specified could not be used with a barrel of the caliber laid down; (5) several of the chambers departed from existing sizes to an extent requiring the manufacture of the old as well as the new cartridges, in order that existing guns might not be thrown out of use; (6) the reduction in length of the 2 9-16 in. cartridge to 2 1/2 in. was regarded as an undesirable alteration.

In setting to work to frame a new series of sizes which would command the confidence, not only of all gunmakers, but also of the ammunition manufacturers who had refused to countenance the 1902 table of sizes, a series of sound general guiding principles was laid down as a basis for controlling the work to be undertaken. These were that as rules cannot be strictly followed in all cases, none should be quoted; that, where possible, sizes previously agreed to should be adopted; that there should be a suitable relation between the front end of the chamber and the bore of the barrel; that the chamber taper should be .005 in. per inch of length; that, though the size under head may vary with different lengths of the same cartridge, the diameter of the rim should be unaltered; that, in order to save complication in regard to the uniform taper, two sets of sizes should be given for the size under head, viz.: to the nearest thousandth of an inch for chambers, and the nearest ten-thousandth for gauges; that the shape of the rim recess should be altered to give a square edge for gripping the cartridge; and, finally, that the mean diameter of wadding for each bore of cartridge should be specified.

The system adopted for the working out of the new chamber sizes proceeded upon lines of logically developing the different measurements, starting with the bore of the barrel as a basis. This process is very clearly shown in the arrangement of the accompanying table. The decimal diameters of the various calibers of shotgun were taken at the values specified for the purposes of proof, exceptions only being made in the cases of 4-bore and 32-bore cartridges, where practice departs from the theoretical diameters arrived at by treating the nominal bores as equivalent to so many spherical lead balls to the pound. To test whether the decimal calibers so obtained were in correct relation with the average size of gun barrel, reference was had to the mean diameters of wadding which have a definite value, by reason of the standardization effected in this respect by the ammunition manufacturers. In some instances there may have been a doubt as to the exact size of a given bore of wadding, but as the divergence seldom amounted to more than a few thousandths of an inch, it was found comparatively easy to arrive at characteristic mean values. The difference, therefore, between the minimum caliber of the gun and the mean diameter of the wadding for the various bores specified represents the ideal relation which theory and practice have jointly defined. This series of diameters of wadding has never before to our knowledge been specifically stated in print, which affords a subject for congratulation to the two associations, since progress in cartridge making must always advance along the lines of standardization.

The nominal and decimal length of the various cartridge chambers are shown in parallel columns, and it is interesting to note that the two have been brought into closer juxtaposition than in any previous set of sizes. The only exception arises in connection with the nominal 2 1/2 in. case; but as it is unlikely, at this time of day, that sportsmen will refer to this cartridge as of 2 9-16 in. length, the two dimensions are placed side by side. It is thus open to the sportsman to continue to designate the cartridge as of 2 1/2 in. length, the gunmaker being equally justified on his side in terming the chamber 2 9-16 in. The depth of the rim, which is shown in the next column, will be seen to represent a diminishing value, starting with the 4-bore and finishing with the .360-bore. Again, it may be stated that the graduation of dimensions is very evenly maintained, and that the new sizes give reason for hoping that the slight alterations of cartridge which they involve will represent a marked change for the better as regards facility of extraction. The adjoining column, which specifies the length of the chamber taper, is more or less in the nature of a constructional piece for the calculation of other portions of the chamber. The length of the taper walls of the chamber is obviously obtained by deducting the depth of the rim from the total length over all.

The column of additions to the decimal diameter of the bore for arriving at the front of the chamber represents an entirely novel method of arriving at chamber dimensions. In the previous table of sizes this relation was ignored, with the result, for instance, that the 32-bore cartridge, with external dimensions of .562 in., was expected to shoot in a barrel of .526 cal., whereas this margin of difference was so small that the interior of the cartridge would of necessity be much smaller than the bore of the barrel. Other instances of a less glaring nature could be quoted, in which the bore of the barrel was unsuitably related to the size of the chamber. It is, however, evident, that the adoption of a progressive series of differences must provide the required agreement between cartridge chamber and barrel. Consequently, by adding the values stated in the seventh column of the table to the diameter of the gun barrel, the dimensions at the front end of the chamber were

immediately arrived at, and these are stated in the next column.

To arrive at the diameter at the back of the chamber by calculations based on the front diameter was a very simple matter. The length of the taper walls of the chamber, as shown in the sixth column, required only to be multiplied by .005 in order to give the number of thousandths of an inch that the diameter at the back of the chamber exceeded that at the front. The column of calculated tapers shows the amounts that had to be added to the size at front in order to give a true taper to the walls of the chamber of .005 of an inch for every inch of length. The addition of this value to the diameter at the front of the chamber is shown in the table as the size under head, for which three alternative dimensions are submitted. The first in millionths of an inch is merely put forward to show the theoretical diameter. The middle column gives the same value to the nearest ten-thousandth of an inch, this being for the guidance of gauge makers, whose working instructions must be stated within this fine limit. The conventional chamber size is, of course, that shown in the third column, being true to three decimals of an inch.

Having arrived at the fore and rear dimensions of the chamber, it is necessary to determine the additional size for the extending rim. This diameter is known as the size of head, and in continuation of the principle of showing the relation which exists between adjoining portions of the chamber, the column of additions is duly displayed. These, it will be seen, represent the same mathematical sequence as is evident in the other columns of differences already referred to. The size of head—in other words, the diameter of the rim—is thus given for all sizes of cartridge. The last column, which states the radius of the rim circle, may be dismissed in a very few words. Experience has shown that a chamber with a square rim recess is difficult to clean, and is generally unsatisfactory from a mechanical point of view. On the other hand, the edge of the rim recess cannot be too square and sharp, since satisfactory ejection of the cartridge depends upon this condition being fulfilled. It was therefore decided that the form of the rim recess adopted should represent a square edge, with a slight rounding of the corner, where dirt would otherwise collect. An additional reason for adopting a square edge to the rim recess than was specified in previous chamber dimensions was that the naturally plastic nature of the cartridge head, when subjected to the pressures experienced in shooting, causes a tendency for the cartridge rim to mould itself to the shape of the rim recess of the chamber. By squaring the corner of the rim a better shape is imparted to the cartridge to facilitate extraction.

Reviewing the new series of chamber sizes as a concrete whole, there seems to be good reason for saying that they contain many desirable features, and apparently none that is objectionable. It is, of course, not to be expected that in the official card of chamber sizes shortly to be issued the whole fabric of figures here reproduced will be used. The present table is merely put forward as a justification for the dimensions now issued. The various columns of differences, representing the scaffolding, so to speak, will be removed now that the new sizes have duly passed the preliminary report stage. That they may be accepted as final is shown by the fact that Messrs. Eley, Joyce and Kynoch have jointly approved the whole of the dimensions laid down. It would thus appear that a question which has been under active discussion for no less than five years has at last reached its final stage. In answer to those who may object that sizes have previously been issued only to be withdrawn at a subsequent stage, it is reasonable to point out that the exceeding technicality of the question made it impossible to arrive in one step at the conclusion which now seems so obvious.—Field (London).

Massachusetts Rifle Association.

SCORES follow for the regular weekly shoot:

Long-range match, 1000 yds.: F. Daniels 46, W. Charles 39, M. T. Day 39.
Offhand match, Standard target: R. L. Dale 93, S. C. Sampson 82, M. T. Day 80, A. W. Hill 76.
Offhand match, German ring target: R. L. Dale 226, A. Nieder 211, M. Alden 209, F. H. West 193.
Military revolver match: D. A. Allen 46, G. P. Cooley 46, O. C. Charles 44, W. A. Smith 42.
Pistol match, 50 yds.: E. E. Patridge 92, Mrs. E. E. Patridge 81, J. B. Hobbs 79.

Tau Alpha Society.

THE following scores were made Nov. 2 by this society on the Zettler ranges. Twenty shots per man on the regular 1/4 in. ring target offhand. Scores: E. S. Hall 446, W. S. Prenchard 417, E. D. Barlow 416, Gerard N. Whitney 414, R. G. Shirley 374, H. S. Orr 359, J. V. Geraghty 342, Lloyd Collis 322, E. D. McMurray 329.

A handsome silver cup went to Mr. Hall, he having won it by a comfortable margin under the conditions imposed, namely, high man for three consecutive shoots.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Nov. 8.—Bound Brook, N. J., Gun Club all-day shoot; merchandise prizes. F. K. Stelle, Sec'y.
Nov. 17-19.—Tampa, Fla.—Tampa Bay Rod and Gun Club, \$400 added. J. A. Hansbrough, Sec'y.
Nov. 24.—Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club merchandise shoot. C. G. Blandford, Capt.
June 8-9.—Dalton, O., Gun Club annual tournament. Ernest F. Scott, Capt.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

In the club team contest, Nov. 5, the Castleton Gun Club was victorious at Rahway, N. J.

The Florists' Gun Club defeated Hill Rod and Gun Club, of Chester, Nov. 5, by a score of 168 to 140, ten men on a side.

The Media Gun Club defeated the Highland Gun Club at Gorgas Station, Pa., Nov. 5, by a score of 176 to 162, in a ten-man team match.

At the live-bird shoot held at Point Breeze Track, Philadelphia, last Saturday, Fred Coleman was the only one to kill straight in the 10-bird event. He had the back mark, 31 yds.

The Narberth Gun Club lost the team match in the opening series of the Trapshooters' League, to the North Camden Gun Club by a score of 126 to 106, out of a possible 250.

We are authoritatively informed that the firm of Messrs. J. H. Lau & Co., New York, will be continued under the same firm name as heretofore, with no change of policy or management.

The Clearview and S. S. White gun clubs met in a ten-man team contest at Darby, Pa., on Nov. 5. Each contestant shot at 25 targets. Clearview won by a score of 192 to 183. Mr. H. Stahr, of the S. S. White team, distinguished himself with a straight score, his nearest rival being Mr. F. L. Ludwig, of the Clearview team.

A ten-man team contest between the Meadow Springs and Hillside gun clubs, near Philadelphia, Nov. 5, was won by Meadow Springs, with a score of 172 to 149 targets. Four of the Hillside team were absent, so under the rules each was credited with 12 in the score. In the Meadow Springs Club handicap, seventeen contestants, three tied on 25.

The twenty-eighth and last trophy shoot of the season, held by the Garfield Gun Club, of Chicago, had thirteen contestants. Team races are now quite a favorite form of the club's competition. Three matches were shot, six and seven-man teams, captained by Dr. Meek and Mr. Eaton. Dr. Meek's team won all three of these team contests.

Mr. W. G. Hearn, who has been seeking health on the shore of Long Island during a number of weeks past, has entirely recuperated. He has accepted a position with the Marlin Fire Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., as traveling salesman, and had arranged to assume his duties as such on Monday of this week. Mr. Hearn has had a long and broad experience in the gun and ammunition trade, and has many friends.

Capt. C. G. Blandford writes us as follows: "The next regular club shoot of the Ossining Gun Club will be held on Saturday, the 12th inst. Some handicap prize events will be shot. Members of the team are especially requested to attend. A number of shooters have requested that we run a tournament on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 24. We have been promised some very fine merchandise prizes for that day. The programme will be as follows: Six sweepstake events at 15 clay birds, each \$1.30 entrance. Three events at 25 clay birds each, merchandise, \$1 entrance. The prizes will be worth double the price of entrance. First prize in one event will be a pair of binoculars worth \$25. For further particulars apply for programmes to C. G. Blandford, Captain, Ossining, N. Y."

BERNARD WATERS.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Montclair Gun Club.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., Nov. 5.—Owing to the fact that a large delegation of the Montclair Gun Club accompanied their team on their visit to Rahway to-day, but seven shooters faced the traps. All present had a very good time. Several novelty matches were arranged. A walking match; standing with back to the traps when giving the word to pull; shooting with the gun at the hip; in fact, quite a number of experiments that did not appear on the score card, were the order of the day.

At Rahway the Castleton Gun Club were the winners of the silver cup, but Montclair was but one point below the winning team.

Events:	1 2 3 4	Events:	1 2 3 4
Targets:	25 25 25 25	Targets:	25 25 25 25
C. H. Hartshorn.....	14 12 16 16	H. W. Benson..... 21 16
C. L. Bush.....	16 17 19 15	Dr. Cash..... 13 16
E. H. Holmes.....	15 12 10 ..	S. Case..... 14
H. F. Holloway.....	.. 15 16 15		

EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

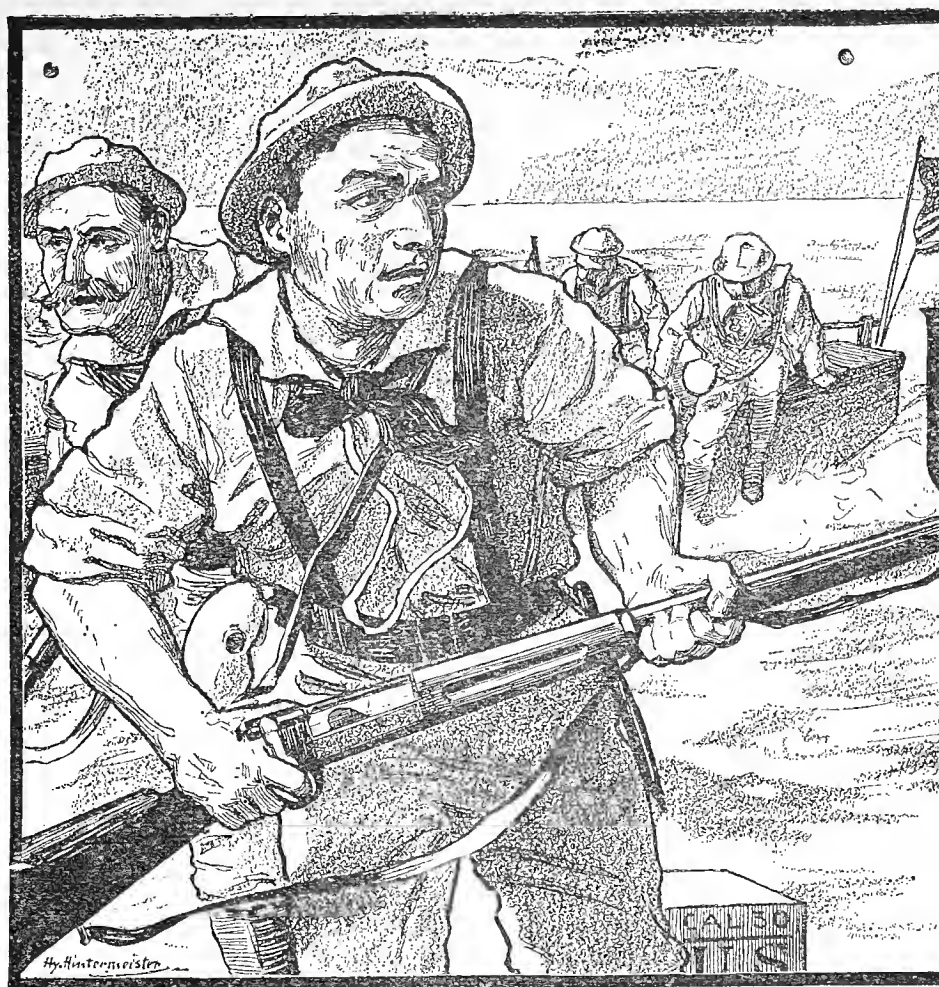
Trap at Point Breeze.

At the Point Breeze Race Track, Philadelphia, Nov. 5, scores were made as follows:

Ten live birds, handicap rise:
Murphy, 27.....111012102—8 Nelson, 28.....1000102100—4
Hyland, 30.....200222222—8 Coleman, 31.....222222222—10
Buckley, 26.....0112010011—6 Aiman, 27.....0211120222—8
Clegg, 28.....1120220122—8 Talbot, 26.....2022220222—8
McCoy, 29.....0222222212—9 Edwards, 30.....2122111200—8

Open sweepstake, 5 birds: McCoy 5, Murphy 4, Buckley 4, Talbot 5, Nixon 5, Coleman 4, Clegg 5, Aiman 4, Hyland 4, Muller 4.

Miss-and-out, sweepstake: McCoy 4, Muller 3, Coleman 4, Aiman 4, Hyland 4, Nixon 4, Hallman 4, Buckley 3, Edwards 4, Murphy 4, Clegg 4, Talbot 4.



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New York Athletic Club.

TRAVERS ISLAND, N. Y., Nov. 5.—The weather conditions were pleasant and favorable for good shooting. The shooting contingent of the New York Athletic Club was out in good force, and probably had in mind the benefits of practice for the Election Day shoot. Mr. George Bechtel was high man on actual breaks in a special cup event, with 24 out of 25. Messrs. F. W. Perkins and G. E. Greiff followed with 23 each. The conditions were of the best. The summary:

Shoot No. 1.—Special cup; 25 targets:

	Bk.	Hcp.	T'tl.		Bk.	Hcp.	T'tl.
W J Elias	20	4	24	H S Sidway	15	4	19
G E Greiff	21	1	22	L G Schroeder	11	6	17
J Tanty	16	5	21	H J Frost	12	4	16
F W Perkins	16	4	20				

Shoot No. 2.—November cup; 50 targets:

	Bk.	Hcp.	T'tl.		Bk.	Hcp.	T'tl.
G Bechtel	41	8	49	F W Perkins	37	8	45
G E Greiff	44	2	46	Dr. De Wolfe	34	8	42
H Keller	42	4	46	L G Schroeder	27	12	39
W J Elias	38	8	46	P R Robinson	14	14	28

Shoot No. 3.—Special cup; 25 targets:

	Bk.	Hcp.	T'tl.		Bk.	Hcp.	T'tl.
G Bechtel	24	4	28	H Keller	20	2	22
F W Perkins	23	4	27	H J Frost	15	5	20
G E Greiff	23	1	24	L G Schroeder	12	6	18
Dr. De Wolfe	20	4	24	P R Robinson	11	7	18
W J Elias	20	4	24	J Tanty	12	5	17

Tie—Bechtel and Perkins for first place. Shoot-off won by Bechtel.

Shoot No. 4.—Special cup; 25 targets:

	Bk.	Hcp.	T'tl.		Bk.	Hcp.	T'tl.
G Bechtel	21	3	24	F W Perkins	17	3	20
Dr. De Wolfe	19	4	23	L G Schroeder	13	7	20
W J Elias	18	4	22	J Tanty	11	7	18
H Keller	18	3	21	H J Frost	10	7	17
G E Greiff	21	0	21				

Shoot No. 5.—Special cup; 25 targets:

	Bk.	Hcp.	T'tl.		Bk.	Hcp.	T'tl.
L G Schroeder	20	7	27	J Tanty	14	7	21
G Bechtel	20	3	23	P R Robinson	11	7	18
Dr. De Wolfe	19	4	23	H Keller	13	3	16
W J Elias	19	4	23	H J Frost	9	7	16
F W Perkins	18	3	21				

Shoot No. 6.—Special cup; 25 targets:

	Bk.	Hcp.	T'tl.		Bk.	Hcp.	T'tl.
W J Elias	20	4	24	G Bechtel	17	3	20
Dr. De Wolfe	19	4	23	L G Schroeder	12	7	19

Warwick Gun Club.

WARWICK, N. Y.—The appended scores were made on the Warwick Gun Club grounds on Friday, Nov. 4, 1904. The weather was fine, but there was a grayish tint to the light that at times made it very hard to see the targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	15
J A Ogden	7	6	9	4	6	7	6	10	11	9
N W Edsall	9	5	9	5	8	7	8	8	13	8
A C Thorne	6	5	7	8	8	7	8	10
W A Moody	9	5	7	6	4	7	7	..	13	..
F Dunning	6	6	7	..	8	8	6	..	12	..
W S Lines	7	..	7	10	7	9	9	..	11	..
J P Cooley	4	6	6
T P Terhune	4	..	7	4	8	7
W A Manchee	3	4	6	8	3
S B Rogers	6	..	6	7	6	5
J Van Orden	6	4
H Cahill	5	3	6
J N Servin	8	..	6	6	6	5	4	4
E Hyatt	3
G A Williams	7	..	5
D Green	6	..	8	..	7
Dr. McLaurey	6	..	6
J Hall	5	..	6	4
T Welling	4
W S Terhune	7	..	5	6	3
Deghucce	3
F Cary	6
J H Farber	8
D Kendik	7	9	6
J Freeman	3

Match between Warwick Gun Club, of Warwick, N. Y., and West Milford Gun Club, of West Milford, N. J., ten-man team, each shooter shooting at 25 birds:

Warwick Gun Club—Williams 20, Welling 19, Rogers 18, Lines 18, Edsall 18, Green 18, Dunning 17, Ogden 15, Servin 15, Hyatt 12; total, 170.

West Milford Gun Club—Manchee 18, T. P. Terhune 17, Moody 17, W. S. Terhune 16, Van Orden 14, Hall 13, Cooley 12, Thorn 11, McLaurey 11, Deghucce 6; total, 135.

JOHN B. ROGERS, Capt.

Hunter Arms Co. Trophy.

MANNING, Ia.—At the shoot held by our club members on Oct. 16 for the silver loving cup donated by the Hunter Arms Company, of Fulton, N. Y., the day was a bad one for good scores. The wind was blowing a gale, but the interest in the event did not lack. Mr. H. Hoffman and Mr. Ed. Breckenridge tied on the event, and Mr. Breckenridge won the tie shoot-off by one target.

G. A. ROBER, Sec'y.

WESTERN TRAP.

World's Fair Handicap.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 4.—The State shoot was held here last May, but did not draw as well as it should, though the excursion rates were on. The G. A. H. was lost to this city, though it had aspirations, so that it was thought best to hold a World's Fair Handicap on live birds.

Alex. Mermod set to work to give a shoot that would be worthy of the name "World's Fair Handicap." He was importuned to make a live-bird race, and 50 live birds, \$50 entrance, was the ultimatum. What puzzled him most was the handicap, which was finally set for 34yds. as the limit.

Tuesday, the first day of the month, was the opening day, and what pleasant day it was for being out of doors. It was genuine Indian summer, smoky and very quiet; no wind to assist the birds in any way, neither were the steady flights of targets in any way perverted.

When all was ready to start, the live-bird event, 10 birds, \$7 entrance, high guns to win, there were twenty-five to enter.

The birds were a little slow to start, yet there was, now and then, a screamer that "woke 'em up." Eleven men divided on straight 10, while seven lost one, so the boys were in fine fettle, and each thought he would win the handicap, figuring from the results.

The target game was not a hard one, as the trap was run with moderation, yet steady, and the target thus maintained a steady, even flight.

There were thirty-five who took part in this pleasant pastime, and as good scores were the rule, all were happy. Many were the regrets expressed that two tournaments had not been provided, as there would no doubt have been fifty shooters present.

Taylor, from Dayton, O., and W. R. Crosby, were the good ones with 98 to the credit, while Fisher and Anderson came next with 96. Fifteen who shot through averaged over 90 per cent.

Totals of the five events, each at 20 targets: Garrett 92, Anderson 96, Peters 81, Kauffman 91, Rodaman 65, Cornelius 91, Fisher 96, Taylor 98, Scheiss 72, Williams 78, H. Spencer 95, Mermod 93, Powers 95, Clayton 83, Tipton 29, Marshall 91, Crosby 98, Wade 83, Riehl 95, Spencer 93, Peak 88, O'Neil 83, Oberding 81, O'Brein 92, Young 88, Elliott 62, West 82, Money 93, D. Gilbert 79, Lister 12, Robinson 53, Boyd 58, Booker 17, Duncan 17, Mrs. Topper 14.

The wind-up for the day was a miss-and-out, \$2 entrance. The birds were not fast as a whole, hence the match was long-drawn out, and only ended at the twenty-first round when only Ed. O'Brein, Kansas, and Ellis Duncan, from Louisville, Ky., were left in. Wade killed 18, Booker 15, Marshall and Riehl 12, Money 14. The scores:

Event No. 1, 10 birds, \$7 entrance, high guns:

First Day, Nov. 1.

Garrett	0201222022	7	Clayton	2212221222	10
Robinson	1221221022	9	Tipton	1222021222	9
Anderson	1221221222	10	C Spencer	1221222222	10
Peters	1222212222	10	Marshall	2222222222	10
Kauffman	2221221222	10	Crosby	2221221222	9
Hall	2211221222	10	Wade	2221222222	9
Duncan	2211221222	10	Riehl	2220201222	8
Booker	0201221222	8	Peak	2022020122	7
Vietmeyer	2221221222	10	D Elliott	1002210022	6
O'Neil	2021221222	9	Oberding	2221222222	10
H Spencer	0222020200	9	Sargent	1121221200	8
Mermod	1222212221	9	O'Brein	0221221221	9
Powers	2221221222	10			

Event No. 2, miss-and-out, \$2 entrance:

Money	2121212221	1230	O'Brein	2221222122	122212222
Tipton	22210		Kauffman	22210	
Clayton	10		Garrett	1112211220	
Powers	1222122222	20	Peters	22220	
Elliott	1222122220		Anderson	221220	
Hall	2222212210		O'Neil	2212220	
Robinson	2222212210		Schwartz	10	
Riehl	2222222222		Young	2222212220	
Marshall	2222222220		Duncan	2212212222	122222212
Crosby	2122122122	1122211210	Booker	2212212222	1220
C Spencer	2222222222	22222220	Lister	0	
H Spencer	10		Mermod	0	
Wade	2212212212	12222220	Cornelius	0	

Second Day, Nov. 2.

With perfect weather conditions, the big handicap was started at 9 A. M., Wednesday morning, there being twenty-three of the best shots of the Western and Central States among the entries. Target shooting was abandoned until the afternoon, and all interest was centered, by the shooters and the visitors, in the "get-away" of the great 50-live-bird handicap. Handicap, did I say? Well, I guess yes. Look at it.

One year ago a tournament was held here, during which there were some excellent scores made from the 33yd. mark, something like 99 out of 100 with the other dead out. In getting up this

programme, it was the intention to set this party, and probably one other, his side partner, back a yard, hoping thereby to draw more from the ranks of the best shooters in the amateur class. What was the outcome? The very man the rule was made for failed to come, and as one other presented himself who was set back to 34, see what followed. All others were set back, some one yard; others two yards. There were six on the 33yd. line, half of them amateurs; ten on 30yds., four being experts; three at 31yds., and three at 30yds., none nearer.

This World's Fair Handicap will then set a precedent for longer distance shooting. Some very good scores were made, as it took 47 to get in the money, and those getting 47 only took down about half their entrance. This would indicate that the distance was about the proper one. On the other hand, what of those who did not get above 44, and those who withdrew? The withdrawals were: Clayton 33, Anderson 32, Elliott 32. True, they shot well on the first half of the match, but they soon lost out when a lively lot of birds were struck.

The good scores made show good shooting, of course; but they were made with no wind and hazy atmosphere, and their flight was steady. They were trapped in the Fulford trap, with underground loading, which invariably handicaps the birds to a great extent by making them slow. If the wind had been blowing strong, then the lost birds would have been much greater.

The handicap committee was picked up from among the shooters, and they no doubt were honest in their opinions; yet it must be said that in justice to all, when a man comes 500 or 1,000 miles, or even one mile, and puts up \$50 to shoot, he would be entitled to know who the handicap committee was going to be before making the entry.

As to the shooting, it went on quite regularly, and still rather slowly, as but one set of traps was in use, and when the hour of 4 P. M. had arrived, the shoot was abandoned for the day at the end of the thirteenth round.

Peters, the Cincinnati sporting goods man, had missed 6, and he was out; Hall, the good one, who has won many a hard race, was straight, as was Anderson, who followed him; Wade was not much disheartened, having lost two, but after Clayton had made 24 out of 25, he let three start away for Kansas City from the 33yd. peg and withdrew. Frank Riehl had lost 2, Harry Tipton 3, "Our Tom" and Chan Powers, 1 each, Booker 2, Duncan 4, Bill Crosby 1, and that an easy one, Charley Spencer 2, Chas. Young 3, Robinson 1, Harlow Spencer 2, John Cabanne 2, Harold Money 1, O'Neil 2, Dave Elliott 4, Garrett 2, O'Brein 1, and Ward 4. So all had a hard-luck story save Hall and Anderson, and they had something to cause them to lose sleep—as how to get the next 20 was the puzzle. Hall, at any rate, knew well the birds would be lively on the start off in the morning. And the shooting was by squads of five, each man shooting at 10 birds for a string and then wait.

The target shooting was indulged in to the extent of 100 targets, in which more than half the contestants went above 90 per cent. "Old Reliable" Crosby scored 98, same as first day, being equalled by Chas. Spencer, Chan Powers; Alex. Mermod and John Garrett going down the line with 97, Riehl and Money 96, Marshall 94.

Ten of the amateurs had entered for a fine silver cup, given by a St. Louis sporting journal, for which the 97s were a tie. The shoot-off was a hot one, and there were two strings of 25 before a decision. Powers did not account for 2 of his, while Alex. and John let one go "unbusted." In the second string Garrett made a 25, while Mermod fell away to the bad. Garrett thus shot at 150 targets and lost 4. Mr. Garrett came on to the fair to enjoy himself, as he brought his wife and daughter, who were delighted spectators at the tournament. Totals, of the five events, 20 targets each, are as follows:

One hundred targets, \$2.50 entrance, for sportsman's cup: Peters 84, Clayton 92, Anderson 88, Cornelius 87, West 84, Garrett 97, Riehl 96, Powers 97, Marshall 94, Crosby 98, C. Spencer 98, Robinson 86, Cabanne 83, H. Spencer 92, Money 96, O'Neil 91, Mermod 97.

Third Day, Nov. 3.

Now for the third day, the climatic conditions remained the same, and all the shooters had to contend with was the fast birds that would most likely be trapped.

Hall and Anderson shot a couple to warm up, and the race was on. Each killed first round, but in the second Anderson's bird fell outside, and he was doomed. Hall went straight with 10, but his partner, Anderson, went down and out by a loss of 4. Wade missed one, and Frank Riehl "stubbed his toe" so hard that he scored but 2 out of 6 in a row. Tipton lost one, and the next squad came on. Marshall, Powers and Booker lost a bird, Booker 2 and Crosby none. It must be made note of that for the second time during the tournament Tom Marshall lost his thirteenth bird. Sure, says Tom, all because Gilbert was not present with his rabbit's foot.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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MONOLOGUES OF KIAH.

It was a raw, rainy day in camp. The duress imposed by the bad weather occasioned some grumbling. All day the light was of a twilight sombreness. Not a rift in the murky sky afforded hope of a return to sunshine. Inertia and glumness dominated. Late in the afternoon, Reuben Green became more cheerful and therefore more talkative. He started thus: "This was the kind of day our party of four encountered when we started on a big-game hunt in the fastnesses of the Cascade Range at its northern part. That now is several years ago. All the members of the party, excepting myself, were experienced and successful hunters of that famous region. We, however, were alike well armed and equipped. Our main quest was for silver-tips"—"Excuse me for interrupting you," Kiah broke forth, eagerly, "but while it's on my mind let me tell you that you just now hit on a word which has been swirling through my head all day. Just a moment more to tell you about it. The matter of tips, all kinds of tips, it seems to me has become a serious question. It concerns everybody. Now, take my own case for example—tips have almost ruined me. I have been figuring them up all day, and they amount to enough to yield a living income if I had had sense enough to invest them in some good stock that appreciated about 600 per cent. instead of throwing them to the birds. Of course, a tip is supposed to be a gratuity, given for some nominal personal service, or for some real service, for which he who serves is already paid. However much, at their inception, tips may have been considered as gratuities, they long since have passed into the domain of extortion. Indeed, in the fashionable hotels and restaurants, the manner of extracting tips from a recalcitrant guest borders close on blackmail, as by tilted noses and hostile looks the attention of other guests is directed to him. The double phase of character exhibited concurrently by a fashionable waiter is of things fantastic. He commonly serves in all the effulgence of evening dress. In speech and manner he affects a refined suavity and solicitude in behalf of his victims, and yet he is so debased and lost to all self-respect that, before the public, he will extend his hand for a humiliating paltry gift, and, if it is not forthcoming, will assume the manners of a disappointed cur. Still, the tippee has embellishments. He whose esteem is measured by tips, has a graduated scale of thanks corresponding to the size of the tip. For 25 cents he displays a weary resignation and mute forbearance. For 50 cents he will give a dainty nod and address you as Monsieur. For a dollar tip he will pour you another glass of water, will tenderly help you with your hat and overcoat, and bid you a respectful good night. A peculiar feature of tips is that the more you buy the more you are supposed to pay the waiter for that privilege, so that while you are purchasing from his employer you are paying the waiter a commission also. Still, there is a difference in waiters. There is a pleasure in tipping a really skillful waiter, but what I dislike is that I have to tip whether I am in the humor or not, or else take my place on the waiter's black-list, which signifies that every waiter in a restaurant makes common cause against the free American citizen who refrains from tipping one. And yet there is a great deal in a name, for graft and tip, while having certain differences in practice, have much that is common in principle. As a peculiar phase of a parasitic development in a profitable business, it is an interesting study. There is no more reason why I should fee the waiter who serves his employer in serving me than I should fee the street car conductor, the grocery clerk, the postman, etc., except at Christmas time. Strange to relate, if it were not for me and others like me who dine in restaurants, the waiter would have no vocation at all as at present. One may be penalized lightly for a first offense, but let the offender come athwart the outraged waiter a second

time and he will find the elaboration of slow service, scraggly dishes and ill will. So it is with my barber, the baggageman, the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker—but those are some of the reasons why I enjoy camp life, with its independence and freedom, so much the more. But, Rube, you began to tell about your bear hunt. Tell us the rest."

"Oh," Rube replied, "that's so long ago since I began the story that I have forgotten all about it."

BREAKING OPEN PACKAGES.

DEPUTY GAME WARDEN JOHN BUCKLEY, of Milwaukee, has been carrying things with a high hand in his search for fish unlawfully in course of exportation from the State. The Wisconsin statute prescribes that it shall be unlawful for a transportation company to carry out of the State any trout caught in inland waters, or any other game fish, except that twenty pounds in weight, or two in number, may be exported under certain restrictions. It is further provided that any shipment made in violation of the provisions of the law may be seized, confiscated and sold by any game warden "in a manner provided by law." The law, Section 22, Chapter 312, of the Laws of 1899, prescribes that it shall be within the power of every officer charged with the enforcement of the laws protecting fish and game "to examine and open any package in the possession of a transportation company, which said package he shall suspect or have reason to believe contains contraband fish or game." Under the authority thus conferred, Warden Buckley has entered the trains of the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad Company and has forcibly seized trunks, valises, grips, and other packages, and broken them open, only to find in numerous cases no prohibited fish or game in them. The company has protested to the local officers and to the Attorney-General, but has been unable to put a stop to the conduct of the warden; and finally has taken the question to the courts. As a result, Court Commissioner Hugh Lyon, of Milwaukee, has issued an order restraining Warden Buckley from searching baggage for fish or game unless the baggage shall be seen to contain such material carried in violation of the law. The grounds upon which the railroad company claim that the game warden should be restrained is that the section of law which gives him authority to search baggage without a warrant is in conflict with Article 4 of the amendments to the Constitution of the United States, which reads: "The right of the people to be secured in their persons, houses, papers and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures shall not be violated; and no warrants shall issue but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized." It is also claimed by them that the game seizure provision is in violation of Section 11 of Article 1 of the Constitution of Wisconsin, and that therefore it is null and void.

THE LONG ISLAND DEER HUNTING.

THE Long Island deer hunting this season has not been all that the anticipatory fancy of its participants painted it. The open days were four, the first two Wednesdays and the first two Fridays of the month; and though there was the usual mob of shooters a less number of deer was scored. This may be explained by two reasons, first, that the deer when alarmed took more precipitately to the protected estates where they were safe from pursuit; and second, that private grounds were more thoroughly policed and there was therefore less chance for trespass upon them.

Deer hounding on the Island is followed in a way which in every other part of the State is forbidden. Nowhere else than on Long Island are dogs permitted for chasing deer. The procedure there is for the hunters to take posts along the line of the drive, many of them securing positions in the night that they may be ready for the break of day; and as soon as daylight comes the drivers put the dogs on the trail and drive the deer past the hunters amid a fusilade of rifle ball and buckshot. The Long Island deer are semi-domesticated creatures which have a certain degree of confidence in their human co-tenants of the soil, and they do not always promptly recognize the meaning of the opening uproar of men and dogs and guns. But a deer is by nature no fool, and after

the frightening and enlightening experience of the first day, the Long Island animals are shy and alert and wary and wise enough in their own way to stay in the grounds of the South Side Club and on other protected territory, where they are secure from pursuit and know that they are secure.

As for this Long Island deer hounding, it is not deer hunting. There is a grave question if the time has not come when it should be done away with, or perhaps there is no question about it. Long Island deer should be exempt from this annual raiding by a mob of men and dogs. If there are more deer in the country than the people living there care to have, the surplus stock might well enough be taken up by the game commission and removed to the Catskills and the Adirondacks. As we have said before, this Long Island deer range might be utilized as a valuable source of supply for other parts of the State where there is room for deer hunting. The Long Island performance "between daylight and sunset on the first two Wednesdays and first two Fridays after the first Tuesday of November" is too much like a massacre of domestic stock.

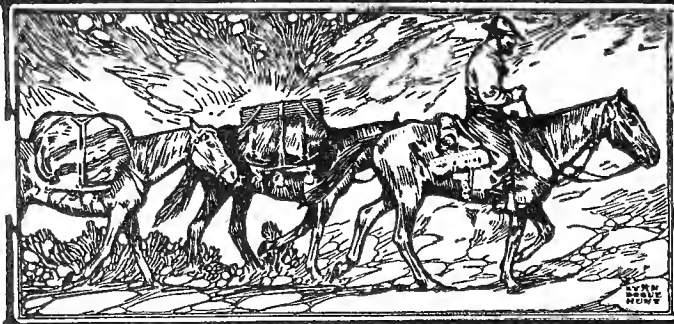
THE SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY ELK.

It has long been known to a few persons that in the San Joaquin Valley of California there remains a remnant of the vast herds of elk that in the days previous to the gold find roamed that great State, furnished food to its inhabitants, and shared the pasturage of the wild cattle and horses which formed the wealth of the Spanish settlers. These herds were practically exterminated many years ago, but there remain on the lands of Messrs. Miller and Lux, the great cattlemen, a few head which, through the wisdom of the proprietors of the soil, were protected, and, if they did not increase, at least remained stationary in numbers. Messrs. Miller and Lux are broad-minded men, and two or three years ago offered to present to the general Government this band of elk, provided the Government would furnish a place for them and remove them to it. This generous offer was, we believe, first made public by Dr. C. Hart Merriam at the annual dinner of the Boone and Crockett Club in January, 1903.

For two years efforts have been made to secure from Congress an appropriation sufficient to provide a home for these elk while they should be held under fence and under the eye of the proper protecting officials. Singularly enough the chairman of the House Committee on Agriculture has been opposed to the appropriation of funds sufficient to properly carry out this project. A small sum of money has been appropriated, however, a paddock inclosing not far from four-fifths of a square mile has been built in the Sequoia National Park, and at this present writing the elk are being gathered up to be removed to their new home. Dr. C. Hart Merriam, the eminent Chief of the Biological Survey, who has been constantly working at this matter for a number of years, is now in California and is superintending the transfer.

It is believed that these elk represent a species hitherto undescribed, and quite different from the elk that formerly roamed the plains from the Mississippi westward. In habit they are reported to be somewhat similar to the old-time plains elk, living in the open country often among the tules of the marshes, and rarely visiting the timbered foothills. It is to be hoped that before long we shall know more about them.

ONE of the elements of the characteristic piquancy of the FOREST AND STREAM is found in the wide range of its correspondence, which comes from every quarter of the land, and often brings to the common fund some local peculiarity of sentiment, wisdom or speech which has for the rest of us an agreeable twang of novelty. There, for instance, is the word "fiste" used this week by Mr. Morphew who writes from Arkansas. When the proofs came back from the printer this word was queried on the margin. The proofreader evidently could not find it in his dictionary. Yet the term "fiste" or "fice" or "fyse"—for it is spelled in all these ways—is by no means uncommon in the South. It is a good old English word, meaning a small dog, or cur, and has lingered in many sections of the South; and we believe is still current in New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Mr. Morphew's use of it shows that it is a part of the Arkansas vernacular.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

The Moros of Mindanao.

AWAY down in the very southernmost part of the Philippine archipelago lies the Island of Mindanao, smiling in the sunshine or scowling under the clouds which sweep over its mountains.

As one skirts along its shores the island seems almost like a bit of stage setting, with its cool, green groves of cocoanut palms, its graceful bamboos, and its towering mountain peaks shimmering in the lazy distance or raising abruptly from the ocean.

The water is blue and covered with little whitecaps; flying fish skim from wave to wave; here and there a school of mackerel breaks from the water, only to go plunging back again with a splash, or a porpoise rolls lazily along his way. The air is cool, and the sun bright and usually not too warm, for, although this fairy island is only little more than five degrees north of the equator, it is never uncomfortably hot, and that moist, sticky heat, so common to the tropics, is almost unknown.

As you loll back in your long bamboo chair, and



MORO GIRLS.

watch the shifting scene and drink in the spicy odors of the land breeze, while the steamer plows her way through the blue waters, life does indeed seem well worth the living; you watch the groves of trees gradually grow larger and larger and then pass astern and speculate as to the inmates of the picturesque little houses nestled so snugly among them; or idly follow a vinta as it goes skimming along, its rag of a sail bellied out by the wind and its outrigger cutting off the tops of the waves and dashing the spray all over its occupants.

Between you and the shore there will probably be thousands of gulls wheeling and circling, their white wings flashing in the sun, and lending to the picture just that touch of life necessary to complete it.

It is indeed a charmingly peaceful scene you gaze upon, and as you turn with a sigh of content and call a passing steward to bring you something cool to drink, you can hardly realize, that beneath and beyond those mountains on the horizon, which glimmer and glisten so in the sun, there are people who have never heard of the United States, and whose whole idea of the universe is limited to the country side in which they dwell. People who do not know that there is any other place in the world besides Mindanao and the islands adjacent to it; and who believe that the reason that it does not sink into the ocean, is because a big fish carries it on his back, and that the earthquakes, which so frequently visit the island, are caused by this fish wriggling to get away from something which is attacking it. People who worship all sorts of strange gods, devils and evil spirits; who make human sacrifices to their deities; who wear little or no clothing, live in trees and subsist on fruits, nuts, and the game they can kill with their primitive bows and arrows, spears or snares. That in some places the old feudal system, like that which our forefathers lived under in England hundreds of years ago, flourishes.

It is estimated that there are about twenty-five tribes living on the island, and of them little or nothing is known of twenty, beyond the mere fact that they exist. Mindanao was occupied by the Spaniards for nearly four centuries, and only in the past year did a traveler, Mr. A. H. Savage Landor, discover a race of white people living there, of whose existence not the slightest inkling had ever reached the ears of the Spaniards or of the civilized world. Once penetrate five miles beyond that silvery beach on which the little waves lap and play, and you will find yourself in a strange land—a land as uncivilized and savage, as wild and untamed, as any to be found in the whole world. Huge snakes will glide stealthily away at your approach; monkeys of a dozen different varieties, from the old gray ape three feet and a half tall, to the little, long-tailed fellows scarce six inches high, will chatter and scold at you as you pass; here a deer will jump from

his bed almost under your feet and go crashing away through the dense jungle with its network of vines and creepers, and there a wild boar will grunt defiance at you from behind a bush. Bright-plumaged birds flit from tree to tree, parrots and toucans, pigeons and doves, and a hundred others. Gorgeous blossoms and dainty orchids make the air heavy with their perfume, and over all broods that warm silence, alive with a thousand voices of the various wild creatures so dear to the lover of the woods.

It is indeed hard to believe as you glide along and gaze upon the peaceful beauty of the scene which unfolds itself before you that this gem of an island should so belie its looks, and that its crystal brooks, rolling and tumbling down to the sea, are full of the deadly amoeba, that germ which has killed more of our soldiers than all the bullets and knives of Spaniard, insurgent and savage; that many of those beautiful trees are poisonous; that the forest is full of venomous snakes and reptiles; that a night spent in the jungle is almost sure to be followed by an attack of fever, and that each rock may conceal a lurking savage waiting to plunge his spear into you as you pass—but still, such is the case.

The little town of Malabang lies on the shores of Illana Bay fifteen miles from Parang Parang, twenty-five from Cottabatto and 150 miles straight across the bay from Zamboanga, the capital and metropolis of the island. Directly back of Malabang, to the north, there rises from the surrounding hills a triple-headed mountain, known as the Genassi Peaks, and just behind these peaks lies Lake Lanao, the sacred lake of the Moros; on a bluff overlooking which is Camp Vicars in the very heart of the Moro stronghold; and those living there are the first white men who have ever been in that country, although there is a legend to the effect that about 1587 a force of Spaniards entered it and succeeded in maintaining themselves there for two years or more, but were finally all killed or captured by the natives, and nothing ever heard of them again. This legend seems to be borne out by the fact that there are found among the Moros of the lake, or Malanaos, as they are called, Spanish helmets, swords and shirts of chain mail, which the Moros say were brought into the country by this expedition, from which their ancestors took them.

Ten miles from the coast as the crow flies, and twenty-three miles from Malabang by trail, one might as well be in the heart of Africa for all the evidences of our twentieth century civilization he would meet, and it was like living three or four hundred years ago to be with the people who call the country theirs.

The Moros are Malays, and originally came to



MOROS OF THE LAKE.

Mindanao from Borneo. Arriving at Mindanao they settled along the coast at different points, and following up the rivers gradually drifted inland. At the present time most of them live in the valley of the Rio Grande de Mindanao, the largest river on the island, which flows into the sea near Cottabatto; there are other communities of Moros near Zamboanga, on the south, and Iligan on the north coast, a large number of them are settled in the valley of Lake Lanao, and they are found scattered along the entire coast of the island and here and there through the mountains. The whole of the Sulu archipelago is also populated by them, although the Moros of that section differ slightly in language and customs from those of Mindanao.

In religion the Moros are ostensibly Mohammedans, but that faith is really only a veneer, concealing beneath it a mass of superstition and belief in all kinds of evil spirits.

They are a very war-like people, constantly fighting among themselves, and forcing the native tribes in their vicinity to pay them tribute, and were for years the

terror of the entire Philippine group. They are armed, as a rule, with ancient guns of every conceivable size, make and date, from the old flint-lock bell-muzzled blunderbuss up, although not a few Remingtons are found among them, and now and then a Mauser or some other higher-power rifle. They invariably file or knock off the rear sight of a gun as soon as they get it into their possession, and frequently cover the front sight with a piece of cloth or nipa to protect the barrel from the weather. When thus armed they are little to be feared, except at close quarters. They also use knives of various kinds, and spears which they throw very skillfully, and sometimes carry shields. In their forts, they have many peculiar brass or bronze cannon, which they got from India after the mutiny, and which they call "lantakas." These cannon are of little account, except to make a noise, and while I have seen a number of them used in the various fights we had, I never heard of their doing any damage.

The Mindanao Moros are not pure Malays, their blood being considerably mixed with that of the Chinese, Arabs and native tribes inhabiting the island, with whom they have intermarried. They are fairly good looking, generally short in stature, but beautifully formed, very muscular, and have small well-shaped



ON THE TRAIL IN MORO LAND.

hands and feet. Their hair, which is long, black and straight, is worn twisted into a knot on the top of the head and is frequently covered by a gay-colored handkerchief, tied into a fantastically-shaped turban.

Their vitality is simply wonderful, and they will recover readily from a wound which would kill one of us almost instantly. I know of a case of a man who had fourteen frightful cuts, one of them through the brain, who lived for eight hours after having been wounded, notwithstanding the fact that during this time he had been carried over two miles slung to a pole as one would sling a deer to pack it out of the woods.

They are, as a rule, cheerful, fond of all kinds of games, especially those of chance, wrestling, dancing and athletic sports, and have a keen and well-defined sense of humor and of the ridiculous. Unlike the Filipino, they are for the most part honest, and while they went in and out of my tent at will for nearly a year, I never had the smallest article of any kind stolen by them. Personally they have a fanatic sort of courage, that impels them at times to go bravely to certain death, but they are utterly unable to face white troops in an open fight, unless they are strongly entrenched or in vastly superior numbers. I once saw one of them, absolutely alone and armed only with his kris, charge two companies of American regulars. It afterward developed that he had taken an oath to sell himself into slavery if the Americans were victorious, and rather than keep it had decided to die, killing as many Americans as possible while they were killing him. This they called "going jura mentado," which is really nothing more than taking an oath before a priest, to run amuck. There is quite a ceremony connected with this act, the one taking the oath clothing himself in white, fasting and praying for a certain length of time, and dividing his property among his relatives and friends before starting out. This act, it is said, was in former years very common, but in recent times it has been stamped out, and while we were being constantly warned by our allies that this or that Moro had gone "jura mentado" and was coming into our camp to get killed, I personally never knew of but this and one other case.

The Mindanao Moros, unlike those of Jolo or Sulu, have no one head, the country being divided among numerous Sultans, who have their Dattos under them, and who in turn have their followers, and so on. When a Sultan declares war on another tribe, he sends word to his Dattos to join him, bringing with them their men; this they do if they feel like it, or the Sultan is strong enough to compel obedience. It not infrequently happens that a Datto will become more powerful than the Sultan to whom he owes allegiance, in which case he does pretty much as he pleases.

The coast and river Moros, since their old favorite method of earning their living by piracy has been put

down, live mostly by fishing and trading. The lake Moros, however, are excellent agriculturists, and also skilled workers in wood and metals; they know something of the arts and sciences; the women weave beautiful cloth from silk and hemp fibres, and all of the better class read and write their own language with more or less fluency. The lake dwellers are unquestionably the elite of the Mindanao Moros, who, having been driven back by the others from the coast and rivers, finally settled on the shores of Lake Lanao, and making up their minds that they had gone far enough, decided to stay and fight it out; which they did with such good success, that for over three hundred years they kept not only the other Moros, but the Spaniards as well out of their country, and it was not until about 1889 that the Spaniards obtained a foothold on the north end of the lake at Marahui and built a road from there to Iligan. Over this road they carried three gunboats, made in sections, and had just gotten them put together, when the Spanish-American war broke out, stopping all further operations.

For a couple of years after the war, the Moros gave little or no trouble, but in March, 1902, a detachment under Lieut. W. D. Forsyth, 15th U. S. Cavalry, which was scouting in the mountains back of Parang Parang, was attacked one morning while at breakfast and one man killed, the detachment being forced to abandon their horses and everything else except their rifles and to make their way as best they could back to Parang Parang on foot through the jungle, not daring to follow the trail which they soon found was literally lined with Moros in ambush. In order to punish them for this act of hostility against the Government, an expedition was fitted out at Malabang to go to Lake Lanao, recover the horses abandoned by Lieut. Forsyth, and teach the people there that it would not do to trifle with the United States. This column, known as the Lake Lanao expedition, left Malabang under the command of Colonel (now General) Frank D. Baldwin, of the 27th U. S. Infantry, on the 18th day of April, 1902, and had five fights with the Moros between April 19 and May 2, the last and greatest of them being the battle of Bayang, in which fifteen Americans were killed and fifty-six wounded out of about 250 men actually engaged.

The Sultan of Bayang, the most powerful, hostile and influential ruler in the lake country, was killed in the fight and his followers were either killed or scattered. This expedition, which was the first to enter this sacred land, established Camp Vicars, named in honor of 1st Lieut. T. A. Vicars, 27th U. S. Infantry, who was killed in the battle of Bayang during the assault of Fort Pandapatan, thus in less than three weeks gaining a foothold in the lake country, which the Spaniards had been trying for nearly four hundred years to accomplish without being able to do so, and it was there that the writer was stationed for a year, and where he learned what little he knows of the Moro character and customs.

AHMI COMMISSARIO.

My Sermon to Negroes.

It was down in the middle of the Texas cotton country, and right in the middle of the cotton-picking season, when I preached my first and last sermon in any pulpit. The sermon may not have been a very polished one; it had at least the merit of being extempore. I used no notes, but "made it up as I went along."

The Civil War had been over eighteen months, and the planters were trying to get on their feet again, but found it to be hard work. Most of them had still all the negroes who had been their former slaves; the young men had not yet begun to crowd into the cities, but the negroes only worked when they felt like working, and any sort of an excuse was sufficient for them not to feel like it; that was the way that most of the men at least felt a good part of the time. Cotton was still worth 20 cents a pound; it had been worth 30 cents not long before, and would only be worth about 10 in a year or two, so the planters naturally wanted to make hay while the sun shone. The negroes got a cent a pound for picking seed cotton. It takes about three pounds of seed cotton to make one of ginned, and I have had negro women tell me that they picked and got paid in silver for one hundred and fifty pounds a day.

Just in the middle of the most busy season an old negro evangelist, who had been traveling half over Texas, struck our county and began to hold his "bush meetings." He would hold forth a day or two on one plantation, then move to the next, taking with him all the people off this one who would follow him.

The planters were very tired of this, but were afraid to interfere with him. This bureau of ours was here, and if a white man only looked crooked at a negro, the negro would complain of it, then the white man would be arrested.

I came in contact with the planters a good deal on account of my being our sheriff's deputy, and found them to be a clever set of men. They complained to me about this old nuisance, but I could do nothing. But at last I had some of them go to the bureau officer and tell him that I had sent them. I had no use for the average negro preacher, anyhow. I had seen many specimens of him in different parts of the South, but this one seemed to be below their average even. When a boy we had a burlesque of a negro sermon which we used to rehearse. It had for a text "And they shall gnaw files and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the whangdoodle mourneth for her first born." Since then I had attended meetings held by colored men in the South, whose sermons were a burlesque on even this one. Theirs could not be made a burlesque of; they were a complete one in themselves. I would have to keep in mind where I was now not to laugh at them.

Some of these "ministers" could not read the plainest chapter to be found in the Bible and not twist it all out of shape, and give it a meaning it was never intended to have. But I have forgot all about my minister.

I was sent for by the captain who was in charge of the bureau at Lagrange, one morning, and asked what I knew of this man. I told him all I knew of him. Then I was told to arrest him whenever I met him. I started to find him right away. I wanted to put him out of business for

a while for the benefit of the planters. Going out in the direction I had heard of him last, I met a young negro a few miles from town, who told me where to find "Uncle," that was what they called him. I found him in a grove a few hundred yards from a planter's house; and dismounting at the house first I met the planter and told him what I had come for. The preacher had just begun his service, I suppose. He was "lining out" a hymn. I could hear him from here. The hymn he was at work on was "When I Can Read My Title Clear." I could have sung it for him without any lining out. The lady coming to the door said, "Stop and take dinner and let him finish his sermon; then arrest him." A negro boy took my horse and I sat on the porch listening to the singing and praying until we were called to dinner. At the table the lady complained of the loss of her house servants; all except the cook and one boy were up there now, she said.

"They will be here in a short time now," I told her, "and will stay here. I mean to give those negroes a talking to that will keep them at home for a while."

After dinner the planter and I walked up to the meeting. "Uncle," had a small stand placed under a large oak tree for his pulpit. His hearers sat on the grass just below him. He had taken his text from the Sermon on the Mount, and while we stood here behind him, he read the verse "Blessed are the pure in heart." He made it "poor in heart," and so understood it, as I found from his remarks on it.

"This will do for to-day," I told the planter; and stepping up to "Uncle" I said: "Stop this; I want you now."

"What does you want me for, sah?"

"I have been sent to arrest you. Come with me now."

"Can't I finish dis sermon, sah?"

"No; I'll finish it for you. Sit down here."

He took his seat on a chair he had; and walking to his stand on which his Bible lay open I closed it; then stood a moment looking down on the sea of black faces. There were at least 500 of them here—men, women and children. A good many of these women were the house servants that their mistresses needed so badly. I could tell them by the smart dresses and ribbons they wore. The field hands wore no ribbons, nor much of anything else except rags.

"I have a few words to say to you people before I dismiss you," I told them, "and I want you to pay particular attention to what I do say. Keep it in your mind, and tell it to all your friends who are not here to-day."

"I have arrested your preacher because he has been trailing you people all over the country after him and keeping you from your work. You have been following him around when you ought to have been saving the crops. Now, this must stop, and stop right now. Go home and go to picking that cotton. How do you expect to live next winter if you don't work now when the work has to be done? These planters won't keep you; they can't if you don't pick their cotton. They will have nothing to keep you on. You are free now. We have made you free, and that is all we can do for you; you must now help yourselves. Work, just as the white man does, or starve. Don't sit around here waiting for that seven acres and a mule that some fool white man has told you of. He was lying when he told you, and he knows it as well as I do. There are no seven acres or a mule for any of us; if there were, I would want mine right now. All the acres and mules either you or I will ever get will be those we buy and pay for."

"But dese heah planters has lots of land, sah," an old negro told me.

"Yes, I know they have, and they are going to keep it. We won't take it from them; it belongs to them just as yours will belong to you when you get it. Yours can't be taken from you then, either."

"Now remember, these meetings you have been holding every day in the week must stop right now. Hold your meetings on Sunday. The Bible here says that for six days you must work in the cotton fields and rest on the seventh. Then you can go to church, or go fishing if you want to."

"Uncle" was heard from now. I had been expecting to hear from him long since. Jumping up he said: "No, sah; I begs youah pahdon, sah; but dat Bible doan say so. Dat what you tell 'em is not in it, sah; an' I knows it, an' so does you, sah."

"You sit down and keep quiet, Uncle. I am doing this preaching, or trying to. You keep still."

"Now, you people go home and go to picking cotton. When I come out here again, if I do not find you at it, I will take as many of you as that jail will hold—and it can hold a good many of you; and put you in it and keep you in it. That is all now. Go home."

"Can't I give them the benediction first, sah?"

"Yes, but nothing else. I want no more preaching here to-day."

They stood up while he gave them the benediction, and he made it a long one, too. Then I asked him if he had a horse. "I has a meuel, sah." "Then get him and come on." A boy brought him his "meuel." The mule was not much larger than a donkey, and "Uncle" stood nearly six feet high. When he was mounted his feet just cleared the ground.

I brought him down to the "big house," and got my horse and we started. Part of the congregation were now striding out for home in all directions; and part of it, mostly women, and all of them in their bare feet, fell in on the road just behind us.

"Where are you people going?" I asked them.

"We want to go with 'Uncle' to town, sah, if you will let us."

"Well, I won't. You don't want to go to jail, do you?" No, they did not. "Well, that is where he is going. Clear out of this now." They left.

The bureau officer in town had a district that embraced several counties; he had been a volunteer captain and hailed from New England, but he was a fair man; he treated both whites and blacks exactly alike. I often tried his cases myself, not bringing them to him at all. He would tell me to go out to a certain man's place, find out what the trouble was, and if the planter was to blame to bring him in. The trouble generally was that a party of negroes had made a raid on this man's chickens or hogs, and he had shot at them. I would give the negroes a calling down then, and bring nobody in.

I took "Uncle" to town and up to the court house, where the bureau was.

"Is dis de jail, sah?" he asked.

"This is the court house. I'll try you here first, then find you the jail; but your trial will be only a matter of form. I tried you on our way in here. I am going to give you two years."

I had the old fellow scared half to death now; he believed everything I told him. I had put in my time coming in in stuffing him with information about the bureau and what I could do with him. Leading him by the arm, I took him into the office and up to the captain's desk. The old fellow was about to begin an address, when I said: "That will do now; cut that short off. The captain does all the talking that is done here. This is the Freedman's Bureau I told you about."

"So you are a preacher," the Captain said, looking at him.

"Yes, sah, I tries to preach."

"You don't succeed very well then," I said, "if that sermon I listened to to-day is a fair specimen of your efforts at preaching."

"What church do you belong to?" the Captain asked.

"I is a Baptis', sah."

"You have put your foot in it now," I thought. The Captain was a Methodist, and had no use for any other church.

"Where were you ordained?"

"Sah?"

"He does not understand you; he has never been ordained. None of these colored traveling preachers have; they ordain themselves whenever they think they have a call to preach."

The Captain said: "Well I hardly know what to do in your case. You cannot hang him, can you?" he asked me.

"Yes, sir, I can, as soon as you give me the order."

"Uncle" was shaking now as though he had the ague. At last the Captain asked, "Have you any friends here in town?" Yes, he had.

"Then stop there to-night and come here again in the morning, and I will see what I can do about your case."

I was afraid that he might forget to come back; so next morning I hunted him up and brought him back. Then the Captain gave him his orders not to preach any day except on Sunday, and let him go.

I met him a few days after this, still hanging around town, and asked him what he meant to do? "You are not doing any more preaching, are you?" I had been watching him and knew he was not preaching. No, he had not done any. "And you don't seem to be doing anything else. Why don't you go out and pick cotton? You can make as much at it as you can at preaching, and you won't be taking money off men who are poorer than you are yourself then."

"No, sah," his Master had called him and he must preach. He was going up to Round Top now.

"Oh, no you are not; that is in my district also, and I don't want you up there any more than I do down here."

Well, then, could he go to Columbus. Yes, but he would not want to, though, if he knew the sheriff there. Going to the office now I wrote to the sheriff of Colorado county, telling him that "Uncle" was about to pay him a visit, and if he did not need him there, to pass him on to Galveston, not back this way again; we did not need him here.

He blew into Columbus a few days after this, and started one of his revivals right in town, and the sheriff put him in jail for vagrancy.

The talk I had given the negroes was all over the county in less than three days. The planters could tell me about it wherever I went; their negroes had told them. Some of the planters afterward told me that I had saved many a bale of cotton for them. One old planter who had a big place a few miles from town had had great trouble with his field hands, and weeks before I had arrested "Uncle" I stopped at his place all night one night; then next morning, just at daylight, started at one end of his negro quarters and went clear to the other end, running every man and boy out to the field without his breakfast. I had to pull most of them out of bed; then telling the women to get their breakfast and follow the men. There never was any more trouble with these hands. They picked cotton now from sun to sun, and saved his whole crop.

This man had a big bunch of fine horses, Kentucky stock that he was raising for market. He told me to go into his field and select the horse that suited me and ride him away. It would have taken me about thirty seconds to select that horse; I had him selected ahead, but I would not be allowed to keep him in the troop, and would not take him as a present and then sell him.

CABIA BLANCO.

The Tobacco Cure.

PLAINFIELD, MASS.—A writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat reports a speedy cure of a badly sprained ankle by the application of a poultice of tobacco leaves dipped in water. He writes: "When I reached my rooms I was surprised to find that the pain in my ankle was very much lessened, and decided to give the poultice a fair trial. In the morning when I awoke there was absolutely no pain in my ankle whatever, and only the slightest suggestion of a swelling. I was able to don my shoes without trouble, and that day attended to business as though nothing had befallen me. Since then one of my friends suffered a sprain and consented to have a leaf tobacco poultice applied, which resulted in his case just as it had in mine. I have also tried it in other instances of slight injury, where there was pain and danger of swelling, and have found that invariably it relieved the pain within a remarkably short space of time, and generally prevented any swelling." Tobacco quids were almost the sole application for wounds and bruises on the plains fifty years ago. They could not get anything else in emergencies, and almost every man had his plug.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Wrecked by a Whale.

Capt. Jones, of the British steamship Quernmore, reports that on Sept. 30 he sighted the Danish schooner Anna of Marstan flying signals of distress. The vessel was in danger of sinking, and the crew of six was taken aboard the Quernmore and brought to Baltimore. Capt. Madsen, of the Anna, reports that on Sept. 27 his vessel, which was in ballast, struck a whale, and was so seriously damaged at the bows that she gradually filled with water. The Anna was bound from Patrix, Iceland, to Campbelltown, N. B.

Trails of the Pathfinders.—XIX.

Ross Cox.

On the 17th of October, 1811, the ship *Beaver*, Captain Cornelius Sowles, sailed from New York for the mouth of the Columbia River. She carried one partner, six clerks, and a number of artisans and voyageurs, of the Pacific Fur Company, an association of which John Jacob Astor was the chief proprietor. Among the clerks on this ship was Ross Cox, who, some years later, published a work in two volumes, called, "The Columbia River, or Scenes and Adventures During a Residence of Six Years on the Western Side of the Rocky Mountains among Various Tribes of Indians Hitherto Unknown, Together with a Journey Across the American Continent."

Cox was a British subject, but, like many of his compatriots, was eager to secure an appointment among Mr. Astor's company, for he was captivated by the love of novelty, and with the hope of speedily realizing an independence in the new country that was being opened.

It will be remembered that, for about a hundred years after its charter had been granted, the Hudson's Bay Company made little effort to extend into the interior the trading posts which it, alone, had the privilege of establishing on the shores of the Hudson's Bay and its tributary rivers. True, trading posts had been established in the interior, but chiefly by the French traders, who had practically possessed the country until the close of the French and Indian War. Then came the founding of the Northwest Fur Company of Canada, before long a formidable rival to the Hudson's Bay Company. It was conducted on the wiser plan of giving each one of its employes the chance to rise and become a partner, provided only his success justified the promotion. The Hudson's Bay Company, on the other hand, hired its men, paid them regularly, but offered no inducements to extra exertion on the part of its officers. The result could not be doubtful; and as we all know, consolidation at length took place between the two companies.

In the early part of the last century, John Jacob Astor, whose fur trade with the interior had not been altogether satisfactory, determined to explore the northwest coast, and proposed to the Northwest Company to join with him in establishing a trading post on the Columbia River. The proposition was declined. Nevertheless, in 1809 Astor formed the Pacific Fur Company, and needing able and experienced traders, he induced a number of men connected with the Northwest Company to leave that establishment and join him. Among these were Alexander McKay, who had been a companion of Sir Alexander Mackenzie in earlier days.

Astor's plan was to establish posts on the northwest coast, to which each year a vessel should carry goods for the Indian trade, and having discharged her cargo at the mouth of the Columbia River, should take on board the furs of the year's trade, and thence proceed to China; selling her furs there, she should load with the products of that country and return to New York.

The first vessel fitted out by the Pacific Fur Company was the ill-fated *Tonquin*, commanded by Capt. Jonathan Thorne. She sailed from New York in 1810, with a number of partners, clerks and artisans, and with a large cargo of goods for the Indian trade; and about the same time a party under W. P. Hunt and Donald Mackenzie left St. Louis to cross the continent to the mouth of the Columbia.

The *Beaver* was the next of these annual ships to sail. She rounded the Horn, and touched at the Sandwich Islands, where a number of the natives were shipped as laborers for the post, and on the 8th of May the ship's company found themselves opposite the mouth of the Columbia River. They crossed the bar without accident, and after a voyage of six months and twenty-two days, cast anchor in Baker's Bay.

The accounts which they received from their friends at Astoria were very discouraging. Here they learned of the loss of the ship *Tonquin*, with all on board at the time. There had been almost constant quarreling between the captain and his passengers. The captain was a man of great daring, but harsh and arbitrary in manner, and very ready to quarrel with the British subjects whom he carried as passengers. His obstinacy resulted in the loss of several men at the mouth of the Columbia; and the chief mate of the vessel, in consequence of a dispute with the captain, left her, and obtained an assignment to command a little schooner built by the company. The *Tonquin*, with McKay and Lewis, one of the clerks on board, dropped down to the mouth of the Columbia and proceeded northward, to go as far as Cooke's River, on a trading excursion.

In the meantime the overland parties, under the command of Mackenzie, McLellan, Hunt and Crooks, after great suffering, reached the fort.

The fate of the *Tonquin* was learned in the month of August, 1811, from a party of Indians from Gray's Harbor. They came to the Columbia for fishing, and told the Chinooks that the *Tonquin* had been cut off by one of the northern tribes, and every soul massacred. This is what seems to have happened. The *Tonquin*, somewhere in the neighborhood of Nootka, cast anchor, and McKay began to trade with the natives, who were perfectly willing to part with their furs. One of the principal men, however, having been detected in some small theft, was struck by the captain, and in revenge the Indians formed a conspiracy to take possession of the vessel. The interpreter learned of this, and told McKay, who warned the captain of the intended attack; but he only laughed at the information, and made no preparations for it. The Indians continued to visit the ship, and without arms. The day before the vessel was to leave, two large canoes, each containing about twenty men, appeared alongside. They had some furs in their canoes and were allowed to come on board. Soon three more canoes followed; and the officers of the watch, seeing that a number of others were leaving the shore, warned Capt. Thorne of the circumstances. He immediately came on the quarter-deck, accompanied by Mr. McKay and the interpreter. The latter, on observing that they all wore shot cloaks

or mantles of skin, which was by no means a general custom, at once knew their designs were hostile, and told Mr. McKay of his suspicions. That gentleman immediately apprised Captain Thorne of the circumstances, and begged him to lose no time in clearing the ship of intruders. This caution was, however, treated with contempt by the captain, who remarked, that with the arms they had on board they would be more than a match for three times the number. The sailors in the meantime had all come on the deck, which was crowded with Indians, who completely blocked up the passages, and obstructed the men in the performance of their various duties. The captain requested them to retire, to which they paid no attention. He then told them he was about going to sea, and had given orders to the men to raise the anchor; that he hoped they would go away quietly; but if they refused, he should be compelled to force their departure. He had scarcely finished, when, at a signal given by one of the chiefs, a loud and frightful yell was heard from the assembled savages, who commenced a sudden and simultaneous attack on the officers and crew with knives, bludgeons and short sabres, which they had concealed under their robes.

"McKay was one of the first attacked. One Indian gave him a severe blow with a bludgeon, which partially stunned him; upon which he was seized by five or six others, who threw him overboard into a canoe alongside, where he quickly recovered and was allowed to remain for some time uninjured.

"Captain Thorne made an ineffectual attempt to reach the cabin for his fire-arms, but was overpowered by numbers. His only weapon was a jack-knife, with which he killed four of his savage assailants by ripping up their bellies, and mutilated several others. Covered with wounds, and exhausted from the loss of blood, he rested himself for a moment by leaning on the tiller wheel, when he received a dreadful blow from a weapon called a *pautumagan*, on the back part of the head, which felled him to the deck. The death-dealing knife fell from his hand, and his savage butchers, after extinguishing the few sparks of life that still remained, threw his mangled body overboard.

"On seeing the captain's fate, our informant, who was close to him, and who had hitherto escaped uninjured, jumped into the water and was taken into a canoe by some women, who partially covered his body with mats. He states that the original intention of the enemy was to detain Mr. McKay a prisoner; and after securing the vessel, to give him his liberty, on obtaining a ransom from Astoria. But on finding the resistance made by the captain and crew, the former of whom had killed one of their principal chiefs, their love of gain gave way to revenge, and they resolved to destroy him. The last time the ill-fated gentleman was seen, his head was hanging over the side of a canoe, and three savages, armed with *pautumagans*, were battering out his brains.

"In the meantime the devoted crew, who had maintained the unequal conflict with unparalleled bravery, became gradually overpowered. Three of them, John Anderson; the boatswain, John Weekes; the carpenter, Stephen Weekes, who had narrowly escaped at the Columbia, succeeded, after a desperate struggle, in gaining possession of the cabin, the entrance to which was securely fastened inside. The Indians now became more cautious, for they well knew there were plenty of firearms below; and they had already experienced enough of the prowess of the three men while on deck, and armed only with hand-spikes, to dread approaching them while they had more mortal weapons at their command.

"Anderson and his two companions seeing their commander and the crew dead and dying about them, and that no hope of escape remained, and feeling moreover, the uselessness of any further opposition, determined on taking a terrible revenge. Two of them, therefore, set about laying a train to the powder magazine, while the third addressed some Indians from the windows, who were in canoes, and gave them to understand, that if they were permitted to depart unmolested in one of the ship's boats, they would give them quiet possession of the vessel without firing a shot; stipulating, however, that no canoe should remain near them while getting into the boat. The anxiety of the barbarians to obtain possession of the plunder, and their disinclination to risk any more lives, induced them to embrace this proposition with eagerness, and the pinnace was immediately brought astern. The three heroes having by this time perfected their dreadful arrangements, and ascertained that no Indian was watching them, gradually lowered themselves from the cabin windows into the boat; and having fired the train, quickly pushed off toward the mouth of the harbor, no obstacle being interposed to prevent their departure.

"Hundreds of the enemy now rushed on deck to seize the long-expected prize, shouting yells of victory; but their triumph was of short duration. Just as they had burst open the cabin door, an explosion took place, which, in an instant, hurled upward of two hundred savages into eternity, and dreadfully injured as many more. The interpreter, who had by this time reached land, states he saw many mutilated bodies floating near the beach, while heads, arms and legs, together with fragments of the ship, were thrown to a considerable distance on the shore.

"The first impression of the survivors was, that the Master of Life had sent forth the Evil Spirit from the waters to punish them for their cruelty to the white people. This belief, joined to the consternation occasioned by the shock, and the reproaches and lamentations of the wives and other relatives of the sufferers, paralyzed for a time the exertions of the savages and favored the attempt of Anderson and his brave comrades to escape. They rowed hard for the mouth of the harbor with the intention, as is supposed, of coasting along the shore to the Columbia; but after passing the bar, a head wind and flowing tide drove them back and compelled them to land late at night in a small cove, where they fancied themselves free from danger, and where, weak from the loss of blood and the harassing exertions of the day, they fell into a profound sleep." Here they were captured, and a little later killed.

Such is Cox's account of the destruction of the *Tonquin*, obtained, we may presume, from the interpreter. Other accounts of the same event agree with it in its main facts, though there is some question as to who it was who blew up the ship, some narrators believing that it was Stephen Weekes, while others think that it was Lewis, the clerk.

As if the spirits of the newly-arrived traders had not been sufficiently dampened by the story of the *Tonquin*, an added misfortune followed the next day. This was the return of one of the parties that had started overland, some to trade, others to carry despatches to the east. These men had been driven back by an encounter with Indians, and after great difficulties and much suffering, reached the post again.

Cox has much to say of the situation of the fort, and its surroundings, of the natives, and of the bountiful supply of elk, wildfowl and fish, on which they subsisted.

On the 28th of June, 1812, a party of nearly a hundred men, well supplied with trade goods, started in canoes up the Columbia. They went well prepared to meet the Indians, each man carrying a musket and forty rounds of ball cartridges, and each also wearing leathern armor, "a kind of shirt made out of the skin of the elk, which reached from the neck to the knees. It was perfectly arrow-proof; and at eighty or ninety yards impenetrable by a musket bullet. Besides the muskets, numbers had daggers, short swords and pistols; and when armed cap-a-pie we presented a formidable appearance." At the portage every precaution was taken to guard against surprises. Five officers were stationed at each end of the portage, and the remaining, with twenty-five men, were scattered along it at short distances from one another. This was especially necessary at the foot of the first rapids, where the portage was three or four miles long, the path narrow and dangerous, and in some places obstructed.

The ascent of the river, over falls and rapids, was very laborious. The boats had to be dragged up part of the way, and the labor was hard and long-continued. A little negligence of some of the men who were at the upper end of the portage resulted in a small trouble, for wandering away a short distance from the goods, two Indians endeavored to carry off an entire bale. It was too heavy for them, and they were about to open and carry away the contents, when two men, carrying burdens, arrived and gave the alarm. The Indians attacked the men, but the disturbances called back the officers, and the Indians fled. "A shot was fired at them by our best marksman, who was told merely to wing one, which he did with great skill, by breaking his left arm, at upward of a hundred yards distance. The fellow gave a dreadful shout on receiving the ball, but still continued his flight with his comrade, until we lost sight of them."

Keeping on up the rapids, they saw other Indians, some of whom were on horseback, and much more attractive to the eye than the canoe Indians seen further down the river. From the fishing Indians they purchased salmon in considerable numbers.

Before this they had reached the high volcanic, treeless country, and had found rattlesnakes; and here an odd incident happened to one of the men, named La Course, which might have been fatal. Cox says: "This man had stretched himself of the ground, after the fatigue of the day, with his head resting on a small package of goods, and quickly fell asleep. While in this situation I passed him, and was almost petrified at seeing a large rattlesnake moving from his side to his left breast. My first impulse was to alarm La Course; but an old Canadian whom I had beckoned to the spot requested me to make no noise, alleging it would merely cross the body and go away. He was mistaken, for on reaching the man's shoulder, the serpent deliberately coiled itself, but did not appear to meditate an attack. Having made signs to several others, who joined us, I was determined that two men should advance a little in front to divert the attention of the snake, while one should approach La Course behind, and with a long stick endeavor to remove it from his body. The snake, on observing the men advance in front, instantly raised its head, darted out its forked tongue, and shook its rattles; all indications of anger. Every one was now in a state of feverish agitation as to the fate of poor La Course, who still lay slumbering, unconscious of his danger; when the man behind, who had procured a stick seven feet in length, suddenly placed one end of it under the coiled reptile, and succeeded in pitching it upwards of ten feet from the man's body. A shout of joy was the first intimation La Course received of his wonderful escape, while in the meantime the man with the stick pursued the snake, which he killed. It was three feet six inches long."

Toward the end of July the party camped at the mouth of the Walla Walla River, and met a number of Indians of that tribe. Twenty horses were purchased for Robert Stewart's party, and its eleven members left the next day for St. Louis. The Walla Wallas seem to have been friendly and attractive. They were kind and gentle, yet dignified; as were also the Indians of the Pierced-nose tribe, then called by the French *Les Nez Percés*, a name which they still retain. Their houses were large; some square, others oblong, and some conical; they were covered with mats fixed on poles, and varied from twenty to seventy feet in length. These people seemed well to do, and owned many horses, twenty-five of which the traders bought; and from this time on some of them proceeded by land, while the others dragged, paddled or pulled the canoes up the stream. It was at a Pierced-nose village, at no very great distance from the Columbia, on Lewis River, that the party left their boats and canoes, caching them in the willow brush, and leaving them in charge of the chief. Here they secured about fifty horses for pack animals, and a few for riding, but not nearly enough to give a horse to each man. Traveling along up the stream, the thirty-two men who were in Cox's company started for the country of the Spokanes. They had the usual incidents of travel—trouble with pack-horses, lack of grass for their animals, often lack of water for themselves; but before they had gone very far an adventure happened to the author which made it impossible for him to chronicle the doings of his party.

On the 17th of August they stopped for noon, and

turned their horses out to graze in very good feed. Cox went apart some distance, and after feasting on the fruit that grew here, lay down and went to sleep. When he awoke the sun was low, and no sound was to be heard. His companions had vanished. It afterward appeared that they had started in three sections, at a little distance from one another, and that each division of the command supposed Cox to be with one of the other divisions. It was not until toward night that his absence was discovered; and in the meantime he had awakened and set off in pursuit of the party, but soon lost the trail. He was lightly clad in a shirt and pair of cotton trousers, and moccasins. He had no arms; no knife; no means of making a fire. The first night out he plucked a quantity of grass, covered himself with that, and slept through the night. On the following day he journeyed eastward, and late in the evening saw, only a mile from him, two horsemen rapidly riding to the east. They were near enough so that he could see that they belonged to his party. He raced after them, shouted, waved his shirt, and did everything possible to attract their attention, but they did not see him. By this time his moccasins had absolutely gone to pieces, and this night the labor of pulling the grass cut his hands. It was two days since he had eaten. Birds and deer were numerous, and close to him fish were seen in the waters, but he could not catch them. That night, however, he found an abundant supply of cherries, which gave him a hearty supper; but the howling of wolves and "growling of bears" kept him awake much of the night. The following day he looked for horse tracks, and at night returned to the place where he had slept before. His feet were now so much lacerated by prickly pears and the stones over which he had walked, that he was obliged to make bandages for them from the legs of his trousers. His fear of wolves and bears grew; and perhaps the man's weak condition tempted the animals, for he tells us that they came quite close to him. As he wandered on occasionally he saw horse tracks, but always old; yet showing that there were people in the country. On the night of the 25th, he found no water, and as he was about to lie down to sleep, he found that he was surrounded by snakes of every kind. "It was a peculiar soul-trying moment," he tells us. "I had tasted no fruit since the morning before, and after a painful day's march under a burning sun, could not procure a drop of water to allay my feverish thirst. I was surrounded by a murderous brood of serpents, and ferocious beasts of prey; and without even the consolation of knowing when such misery might have a probable termination. I might truly say with the royal palmist that 'the snares of death com-

passed me round about.'" But he lived through it. All the next day he traveled without water, and when at night he came to a stream, he was so weak that he fell into it, and was almost carried away, but caught himself by an overhanging bough and regained the shore. Here he found food and ate it eagerly. "On looking about for a place to sleep, I observed lying on the ground the hollow trunk of a large pine, which had been destroyed by lightning. I retreated into the cavity; and having covered myself completely with large pieces of loose bark, quickly fell asleep. My repose was not of long duration; for at the end of about two hours I was awakened by the growling of a bear, which had removed part of the bark covering and was leaning over me with his snout, hesitating as to the means he should adopt to dislodge me; the narrow limits of the trunk which confined my body prevented him from making the attack with advantage. I instantly sprang up, seized my stick, and uttered a loud cry, which startled him, and caused him to recede a few steps; when he stopped and turned about apparently doubtful whether he would commence an attack. He determined on an assault; but feeling I had not sufficient strength to meet such an unequal enemy, I thought it prudent to retreat, and accordingly scrambled up an adjoining tree. My flight gave fresh impulse to his courage, and he commenced ascending after me. I succeeded, however, in gaining a branch, which gave me a decided advantage over him; and from which I was enabled to annoy his muzzle and claws in such a manner with my stick as effectually to check his progress. After scraping the bark some time with rage and disappointment, he gave up the task, and retired to my late dormitory, of which he took possession. The fear of falling off, in case I was overcome by sleep, induced me to make several attempts to descend; but each attempt aroused my ursine sentinel; and, after many ineffectual efforts, I was obliged to remain there during the rest of the night. I fixed myself in that part of the trunk from which the principal grand branches forked, and which prevented me from falling during my fitful slumbers. A little after sunrise, the bear quitted the trunk, shook himself, 'cast a longing, lingering look' toward me, and slowly disappeared in search of his morning repast. After waiting some time, apprehensive of his return, I descended and resumed my journey through the woods."

A few hours later Cox came upon a well-beaten horse-trail, with fresh tracks both of hoofs and human feet. Following this he came that evening to a spot where the party had camped the preceding night; and about a large fire which was still burning found the half-picked bones

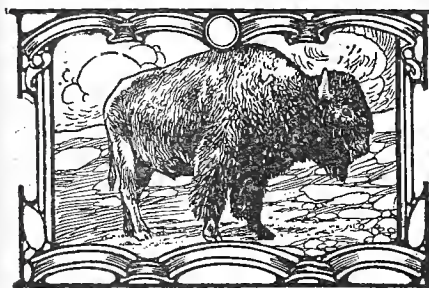
of grouse and ducks, on which he made a hearty meal, the first flesh he had tasted in a long time. For two days more he followed the trail; on the second day finding fruit. The tracks grew constantly fresher, but the bandages of his feet were constantly wearing out, and, with the exception of his shirt, he was almost naked. At evening he came to a fork in the trail, with fresh tracks on both branches. One led up a hill, the other into a valley. Cox took the upper one, but as it was growing dark feared that he might not find water at night, and turned back and followed the trail into the valley. Before he had gone far he thought he heard the neighing of a horse, and hurrying onward before long he saw several horses feeding in a meadow on the other side of a stream. He crossed, and one of the horses approached him, and to the weak and starving man the good beast looked like a real friend. A little further on he saw smoke, and then two women appeared, who at sight of him fled to a shelter at the further end of the meadow. From this at once emerged two men, who came running toward him in the most friendly manner. They carried him in their arms to their home; washed and dressed his wounds, roasted some roots and boiled salmon for him. In fact, they treated him as if he had been a relation rather than a stranger. The men talked with him in signs, and gave him to understand that they knew who he was, and that he had been lost and that they with other Indians and white men had been searching for him. To a man who had been wandering in the desert for fourteen days, the sight of these Indians, and the harsh, guttural sounds by which they expressed their thoughts, were perfectly delightful. Full, warm, and clad, for the first time in two weeks, he slept that night as he had never slept before.

The next day the men took him in a canoe across the Coeur D'Alene River, and having given him deerskin clothing, they set off on horseback to the eastward.

After seven hours they came to where some of the Canadians were at work getting wood. Francois Garderie joined them just before they reached the tents, and taking Cox for an Indian, spoke to him. It was not until he replied in French that he recognized him, and there was much rejoicing in all the camp when he joined his people. The party had supposed that he had long perished; for considering his youth and his inexperience in the Indian country, the oldest voyageurs had given him up after the sixth day.

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



NATURAL HISTORY



California Bird Life.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having spent August, September and part of October in California, I have a mind to submit a few jottings of my observations while in that country and traveling across the intervening territory.

The journey was made via St. Louis, St. Paul, Butte, Montana, Seattle, Portland, and thence by Shasta Mountain and the Sacramento Valley, to San Francisco. Being on a strictly business mission with important engagements to meet, there was no time to linger by the way, nor make any diversions for the purpose of sight-seeing. A couple of hours were spent in St. Paul, where dwells Mr. Charles Cristadoro, one of FOREST AND STREAM's valued contributors; but there was no time to meet him on his own "dung hill," and renew the fight over the duck and Limburger proposition. The interval between trains was fully occupied in negotiating for an upper berth in the sleeper for Portland, along with a crowd of other unfortunate applicants. A berth had been secured (?) in St. Louis two days before, and paid for, but the Burlington agent had failed to provide for it by wiring ahead. Shasta Mountains was passed a little more than arm's length distant, apparently, in whose environs the genial Ransacker abides on his coon-haunted "ranch," and makes and bakes bricks for his needs by a recipe from the encyclopedia.

In traversing the extensive plains east of the mountains, a most notable feature was the absence of forest growth and the paucity of bird life, these doubtless being directly related. Sparrow hawks were more in evidence than any other bird as seen from the train. These, with a few blackbirds, made up nearly the whole of visible bird life in a day's journey.

While in California my movements were restricted to making a number of excursions from San Francisco to all parts of the Sacramento valley, below the mountain region, and less extensively into the San Joaquin valley. Through this "great central valley" of California, bounded on the east by the "High Sierra" and on the west by the Coast Range, the Sacramento River courses southward from the northern extremity, and the San Joaquin northward from the southern end. They meet opposite San Francisco and flow together into the ocean through Suisun, San Pablo and San Francisco Bays, the Coast Range barrier having been broken here in a former geological age. All of this region is also characterized by the lacking of forest growth and paucity of bird life. There was a total absence of the numerous varieties of song birds that so enliven the woods and groves of the east and south. Only one variety of blackbird was observed, which is identical with one of our southern varieties, somewhat smaller than the common crow blackbird, with conspicuous yellow eyes, and a few with red shoulders. These birds were more numerous than any other species.

The bluejay of this region was encountered infre-

quently. It differs widely from the southern jay in many particulars. It is a secretive bird and not easily descried in the thickets. Its single, unmusical and disagreeable note was heard on a number of occasions before the bird could be seen and identified. It appeared to be a dark blue all over, without any display of white in its flights. The multi-colored magpie made a striking appearance, with its rounded wings and extremely long and narrow tail. A single flock of a hundred or more was seen near the Feather River, whirling along the fence row and across the field with a great show of animation.

One strange variety of bird was seen in the upper Sacramento and Feather River country, whose popular name even could not be learned from the citizens encountered. This bird flew along the road side from one post to another, is slate-colored all over, and somewhat resembles in size and flight our southern "bee-martin" (Audubon's "kingbird"). A small bird resembling the field sparrows, was called by the people the "chippy" bird. One only mockingbird was observed in the upper San Joaquin, and a few robins were visible. There were some doves, and a few "valley quail," but neither were numerous, though the country abounds in small grain.

Along the water courses were many blue herons and a smaller bird supposed to be a bittern, or "fly up the creek." Also many hawks were seen along the Sacramento in some localities, and a species of owl, that exhibited so much daytime alertness and quickness of motion as to suggest that it might be a "hawk-owl." These birds presumably live on the "gophers," a small burrowing rodent that infests the alfalfa fields and destroys much of the crop by feeding on the roots of the plant. These burrowers invade the levees along the river bank, in places honeycombing the embankments, and are a principal source of danger in flood times, their burrows sometimes causing crevasses in the levees. In some localities men are employed to patrol the levees, with "trap and guns," for the destruction of these little creatures, that are about the size of a small rat.

It is a curious sight to see the large gray squirrels, in a treeless country, racing across the dusty roads and desiccated plains and disappearing in burrows in the ground. These squirrels much resemble our common grays, but are somewhat larger. They are not esteemed as game animals, and are not protected by the game law, while the "tree squirrels" are. What they live on, the Lord only knows.

The open season on ducks began on Oct. 15. Some complaint was heard that the date was fixed in the middle instead of the first of the month, as it was said that the home-reared birds were fully grown by the earlier date. In the Tulare Lake country, upper San Joaquin valley, sprig-tails were shot in September, in the wheat fields, under the plea of depredation on the grain. This seems to have been accepted as justification by the game law authorities. There were many ducks in evidence on the marsh lands about the bays,

mallards, teal, and sprig-tails, and the duck crop promised to be abundant. These marsh lands have all been appropriated by the numerous hunting clubs. In one case, known to me, four cents an acre was paid to the owner for the season's shooting privilege.

I have reserved for the last my observations on the meadow lark, having something particular to say about this bird. In controversy with several of your western contributors over the question of this bird's claim to being considered a "song bird," I believe the expression was used that those gentlemen and myself were looking at the opposite sides of the same shield.

This expression is specialized and emphasized in its application to the California meadow lark. This bird has a strong family resemblance to the southern meadow lark, but there are some very marked and particular differences. In coloration, the California lark lacks the vividness of contrast between the bright yellow "vest" and glossy black "cravat" that is conspicuous in the southern variety. But in voice and utterance the difference is most striking. While again there is strong family resemblance between the vocal expressions of the two, those of the California bird are much superior in volume and richness and in variety of notes. There is a distinct difference also in the notes uttered and in their arrangement. Moreover, the California lark is quite voluble, his song being frequently heard, while that of the southern lark is infrequently, as well as feeble and monotonous. The California meadow larks are rather numerous, and are widely distributed throughout the Sacramento valley.

These observations were made in the late summer and autumn, when the cheerful songs of the meadow larks were the only bird voices to relieve the stillness of nature. It may be presumed that his voice is much more in evidence in the spring time; and the California meadow lark is certainly entitled to all the honors of a "song bird," in an otherwise songless region.

Whether the alliance is closer between the California larks and those of the middle west, or between the latter and those of the south, I am not informed, but suspect this to be true, judging from the claims advanced in favor of the northern lark as a songster. There were but a few turkey buzzards and carrion vultures, and some common crows, observed in California, mention of which was omitted above, and I believe that completes the list of birds seen in that country.

Several "jack rabbits" were seen in the Tulare Lake country. These differ much in size and appearance, and in manner of running, from our "cottontails" and "cane cutters." The latter run with ears laid back flat and the little "cotton" tail erect, and proceed in bounds with legs extended fore and aft. The "jacks" run with their rather long tails closely tucked down, like a wounded deer. In their mode of progressing, there is an appearance of stiff verticality of the legs, the body being high up from the ground. They run on a level for half-dozen yards or so, and then make a little up-

ward bound, as if for observation. This they continue to do, bounding upward at regular intervals as long as in sight, running always at great speed. The appearance of those animals in their flight was rather comical to my unfamiliar eyes.

In returning from California, the southern route was taken. After leaving the irrigation oasis in the vicinity of Los Angeles, the route traversed some two thousand miles of unbroken desert of most desolate and forbidding aspect. There was no bird life visible, except a few sparrow hawks and a few crows. I felt a concern for these poor birds, as I was unable to conjecture how they obtained a livelihood.

The welcome sight of an expanse of forest was not presented until after Houston, Texas, was passed. Our approach to the crossing of the Pecos River was heralded by the announcement that we were to cross the highest bridge on the continent, 365 feet down to the water. As the train approached, there was nothing in the appearance of the country to indicate the vicinity of a river, but we popped suddenly upon a deep chasm incised beneath the desert plain by the flowing waters of past ages, the desert features reaching up to the very brink of the cañon. The train paused some minutes on the bridge, where there is a foot-way from which the passengers were allowed to toss stones down into the rather insignificant stream at the bottom.

COAHOMA.

Some Animals I Have Studied.

XV.—The Truth About Squirrels—Queer Doings of Deer.

SOMEONE many years ago published an extravagant eulogy of the squirrel, picturing in poetical prose his beauty, grace, litheness, strength, and concluding somewhat like this: "Lithesome as a bird, free as air, and innocent as the angel that walks by your children." Innocent? Perhaps. That is, if hawks, eagles, tigers, lions, and all other carnivora are innocent.

In reality the squirrel is fierce, rapacious, not at all squeamish about violence or bloodshed. He is not merely prompt and brave in defense, but is mercilessly aggressive. Not that I condemn him for these propensities, for it is as easy to find excuses for them as for man's similar practices. But let us be right, even when sentimental.

Nevertheless the squirrel possesses many admirable qualities after taking the fullest measure of his common and uncommon faults. It is asserted by some that he is not wholly vegetarian or granivorous, but that he commonly eats insects, and occasionally mice also; and pet squirrels have been known to kill rabbits that were put in with them. One of our neighbors built a beautiful little house with fine wire netting sides for a menagerie, and put in, first, two or three fox squirrels, which soon became so tame that they would eat peanuts from the hand of even a strange man. Then some rabbits (I forget how many, but I think they were full grown) were added. One day in passing I missed the rabbits, and inquired what had been done with them. Mr. Gillen, the proprietor, sadly informed me that they had been slaughtered by the innocent-looking squirrels, every one of them.

I have known wounded squirrels to whip big, cowardly dogs—temporarily. A squirrel's teeth cut like a pair of scissors or like a saw, for the jaws move right and left with a sawing motion instead of up and down. His movements are quick, his strength is marvelous, and his cunning is probably unsurpassed. Many species of animals move the jaws in nearly the same manner, but probably no other can bite so severely in proportion to size. And certainly no other (excepting possibly mountain sheep and allied cliff-jumpers) can fall from so great a height with so little injury.

Squirrels not only fiercely fight general enemies, but one species fights another, just as one tribe of men fights another. Indeed, I have cause for suspecting that they sometimes fight individuals of their own kin and species—generally from jealousy. And in that sort of battle they are supposed to perform a certain malevolent act scarcely mentionable in a polite journal like *FOREST AND STREAM*, and unthought of by other animals lower than human; though others have, at very rare intervals, accomplished the same by accident—i. e., without choice.

The endurance of a very old male squirrel is almost beyond belief. Once I saw one driven from his hole by fire emerging with his eyes almost burned out, his whiskers gone, and his whole body singed, and ascending to a great height in a tall pine. There he was shot twice with a rifle, at last falling upon the rocks in a rough gorge below the root of the tree, where he "stood off" a pack of hounds and won a yelp from a large, cross brindle farm dog, until I put my foot on him, which I would not have done had I not wished to end his misery, for my sympathies were now with the squirrel, for which interference the said brindle dog attacked me! Judge C. Floyd Huff, of Hot Springs, can attest this story.

Now, I don't want the classification of animals rearranged, yet I sometimes think the squirrel should be given to the quadrumana instead of the quadrupeds, even though a rodent; for his feet are all practically hands, very flexible, very prehensile. In climbing, he does not depend at all on his claws (indeed they are often blunt as an old dog's), as does the cat; but clasps rough projections, however small or undiscernible, between the cushion-like knobs under each joint of every toe or finger. He cannot climb a solid, smooth, upright surface as a cat can; but give him a tree with rough bark or numerous limbs, or a soft, dead, rotten surface, and he can run all around any cat. Another proof that his claws are not needed, is the fact that he comes downward head first, instead of slowly and painfully backing down cat-fashion.

Exercising stealthy, Indian-like tactics, I have often concealed myself in favorable locations and studied the habits of wild squirrels; and no one who has not done so can realize what a wealth of entertainment he has missed. The study of tame or captive squirrels cannot inform one fairly of the complex character of those in a state of nature. They have their heroic, noble traits, as well as their selfish and cruel habits. Many a time I have known an old sire, suddenly approached and startled in his home tree, to refuse to dart into the secure hole containing the female and young; and not only bark warn-

ingly to his mate, but expose himself plainly to the hunter, as if to draw his fire, and even leap into another tree, at great risk, and thence into another, and still another, leading the enemy entirely away from the nest. And sometimes his exposures are so sudden, so unexpected, and his leaps from cover to cover so swift and bold, that it is no shame to the ordinary rifleman if the little schemer gets lost in the woods without a wound. I have even known a "father squirrel" to jump to the ground after being shot at, defying two men and a dog, and escape. Yet such is their understanding that they seldom risk coming down when a watchful dog is near. They seem to know that they cannot outrun a dog; at the same time they evidently feel assured that the dog cannot climb or shoot. Their idea seems to be that while in the tree they must dodge the man, and while on the ground the dog is most to be dreaded. But while in the tree trying to dodge bullets, they are so afraid of hawks that if any large bird, even a crow, flies over, they will frequently forget, or ignore, the gun below, and come scampering wildly down in search of a hole.

I have seen squirrels of largest size run out upon limbs so slender that they curved like a rainbow with them; then, nothing daunted, continue on outward over twigs small as slate pencils, at last hanging by a mere bunch of leaves, till, *mirabile visus* by a tremendous effort they leapt over toward the nearest foliage of a neighboring tree, several feet distant horizontally, but far enough below to enable them to slant within reach as they fell, sometimes catching by a hold as frail as that just left.

Our neighbor Armon once helped saw down a tall pine which broke off about the middle as it struck the ground, revealing a nest of young squirrels in its ample hollow. The mother escaped. Fearing the dogs might kill or injure the little ones (there were three, I think, yet blind and helpless), Mr. Arman transferred them to the hollow stump and covered that with a chunk that would have weighed about fifteen pounds, intending to remove the covering when ready to depart. He forgot it, however, and left it so. But next day when he returned, the chunk was moved slightly aside and all the squirrels were gone. He has no doubt that the mother wedged herself into the stump and rescued her babies. He does not think they were taken by an enemy.

There are comedies as well as tragedies in squirrel life. Sometimes they miscalculate and get ridiculous falls, at which even the jays seem to laugh. They laugh merrily themselves if they don't fall into water, and are not menaced by an enemy. They seem at peace with hornets along the Little Wabash, else, with their rude, rash ways, they'd get into many a "funny" scrape with them. But with all their skill and cunning they are now and then the victims of certain little inanimate things—burrs. A big red squirrel came dancing along toward a shock of corn where I was only half concealed with a large rifle. He, or others of his kind, had been there before, for there was a peck of shelled corn with the germs all eaten out, by the shock. He saw me too late to escape to the woods, so he started to run up a dead tree near by. But, ere he had risen twelve feet, he stopped with a wry face—there were burrs on his "elbows!" He bit one of them—one of the burrs, not the elbow—off. It stuck to his lips. Oh, what a face he presented! He grinned good-naturedly as he looked toward me, seeming to say: "Old fellow, don't shoot just yet. Don't you see, it wouldn't be fair!" He took one hand and pulled the burr off his lips. It fastened itself to his fingers. He tried to shake it off, but it adhered. Then what? Why, he reasoned; and with the same result as I have frequently observed in dogs and cats, namely: turning both lips back and carefully nipping the burr with bare teeth, it drops to the ground as soon as the jaws part again. Simple enough, apparently, but requiring undoubted forethought and great care. Dogs and cats soon learn this. And so did this squirrel; or else, if it was not his first trial with burrs, he suddenly remembered a former experience and promptly resolved to profit by it. After that he rapidly ridded himself of the burrs.

While talking of the many-sidedness of squirrels, I am reminded, by my own experiences with deer, that they, also, have not the simple, unvarying habits most people suppose, although their average intelligence is evidently very low in the scale of animate beings. (1) Instead of being always timid and alert, they are sometimes the most stupid and careless animals I know of (excepting rabbits) for a few minutes at a time. (2) They are not entirely herbivorous nor vegetarian, but eat a little of almost everything they come in contact with that they can at all chew. I believe they would eat meat, fat or lean, if the animal odor were completely disguised, even if the odorant happened to be some nauseous substance. I've seen them at least nibble at punk, rags, leather, paper, hair, minerals, greasy things of various sorts, tools of men, bits of household furniture etc. (3) The buck is not entirely selfish, but sometimes tries to defend the doe, or even a fawn.

I will endeavor to illustrate 1 and 3:

1. I have often placed myself within well-nigh arm's length of sound, wild deer without the exercise of any unusual or difficult caution. They were asleep? Well, not always; for on one occasion, at least, I walked up to two, one of which was feeding. She had her tail toward me, was in full view, in low grass, and I was walking on a hard, gravelly road, with a sack of meal on my shoulder. My approach could not have been noiseless, either, for I wore coarse, heavy shoes. I was so amazed that I stood still, within about twelve feet of her, wondering if I could pass on without arousing her notice. After what seemed like a long while, and as long a look at her as I desired, I went yet nearer, somewhat more cautiously than before. I believe I could have touched her with an ordinary walking cane (I hope Mr. Brown will not ridicule this, for I am "with him" on the dusky mallard question), but I had none. I stood there, trembling and panting with excitement, until the situation became tense and uncomfortable. Was the doe bewitched? Ahem! Still I was not noticed. I coughed. Then she looked back. Next she gave a startled jump. And in a moment I was startled, too, for up sprang a larger deer beyond her, and away they went, with a suddenness which proved that neither of them was wounded, sick, tame, nor in any manner disabled.

At another time I was running along a hard road, down hill, and passed within three feet of a pine log, parallel with my course, behind which three deer were lying, not at all concealed; and not one of them stirred

until my dog (Major, the clown), who was about a rod behind me, came up to them, when they sprang up and ran away all right. About two hundred yards distant they stopped behind a huge white oak and seemed to be fighting him; while he appeared to consider it the gayest lark of his life. He barked at them just as he was in the habit of barking at the hogs when romping with them. But I was on an errand for a sick man, and had to hasten on.

3. One evening, soon after I settled on my homestead, I heard a pandemonium of barking, yelping and howling dogs of every voice going by west of the house. Soon three deer—buck, doe and fawn, I supposed—crashed by, northward, closely pursued by a string of assorted dogs which seemed endless, for they kept plunging by all night and till nearly noon next day. A small white-and-black fiste was in the lead of the pursuers, and was so much swifter and fiercer than the hounds, that he occasionally seized some part of the hindmost deer, causing it to bleat piteously; and every time this happened, the buck would plunge back and scatter the hounds like chaff in a whirlwind, for they—or several of them—were ever close up at each effort of the fiste to stop the deer; but the fearless fiste would only turn from his intended victim long enough to defend himself. No retreating for him! Again the noble buck would race forward, the rear deer, which was usually the doe, I think, the fawn seeming to be kept purposely in the middle as much as possible, having put a few rods' distance between herself and her merciless pursuers during the slight delay. The buck made so many backward charges before they went over the hill out of my sight, that I could not avoid thinking he intended to do his utmost to save his companions; though I am told this is unusual for a buck.

Here I will halt in my animal biographies. If I write any more about them, it will be in story form.

L. R. MORPHEW.

HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS.

The Drum of the Grouse.

AITKINS, Minn., Nov. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: In a recent issue, L. F. Brown asks if partridges drum in the fall. To which I answer, yes. Mr. B. will doubtless recall the lines:

"Hid in the woods are many subtle voices,
In ceric cadences through shadows coming;
Night, cloaking bashful tongues, rejoices
In owls who! who! and ruffed grouse faintly drumming."

Those lines were written in the deep wood in early October, and were suggested by sounds of the night as heard in a tent. Queer place to write poetry that might have done credit to a literary mill in Boston, but nevertheless true, as was the ruffed grouse drumming. That was four years ago, when for two months—September and October—the grouse drummed every day and all day; every night and all night. This year, under similar circumstances, with seemingly a far larger supply of partridges, there is very little drumming.

It is the old grouse that drums in the fall; possibly the young, but assuredly the old. The drumming is not made with the wings, but is identical with the rumbling noise made by the strutting turkey gobbler, the booming of the prairie rooster, sage grouse, and so forth. This cannot be said to be knowledge gained from close acquaintance, for the wild drumming grouse is hard to get on intimate terms with, except by the new nature school, but from general observations of all animals and birds as well as grouse as seen from the rear end of a shotgun, or while drowsing in the wood on warm days, or loafing in camp and field, I have noticed many accurate descriptions of just how the grouse did up the drumming act, and have wondered that someone who knew did not get up and smite the nonsense in the solar plexus; but then I reflected on what S. D. Barnes said about there being ten witnesses to defend an old legend to where one would stand for simple facts, and I realized that we are still in the grasp of the spook story and the new nature rascals, and herewith throw up the sponge.

E. P. JAQUES.

KELLER, Wash., Nov. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Ruffed grouse drum in the fall and winter in this country. I have killed them from their drumming logs many times, and have killed them from the top of a snowbank. This when the snow was late in going off in the mountains in the Clearwater country.

This spring an old drummer took possession of a log over a thicket about two hundred yards from my cabin. I went over one day and flushed the old fellow, and cut away the brush so that I would have a clear view from a little hill near, probably 75 yards; and I then left, and it was not long before the drummer came back, and I was ready to take a good look at him with my 12-power Zeiss monocular, which would bring him up so that he appeared to be not over ten feet; I could plainly see those feather-like hairs around his bill. I think I went and watched him at least twenty-five times.

When he would begin, he would stand up very straight, then would ruffle up his feathers, then strike two strokes with his wings. Then he would begin and go through, and at the finish quit with two strokes; but the wings seem barely to touch, and the wings do not touch the bird's body. I have several times shot them through the head, and when they fell on their back, in a depression, and while in their death struggle, they drummed as plain as they did when on the log or other projection.

About forty years ago a party of us hunting in the Blue Mountains above Dayton were camped in a rail lean-to, and a pheasant was drumming near camp. I asked one of the boys to go with me and we would see if we could not kill it by a torch light. He laughed, and said he did not care to go sniping. I then said to another, "Bill, let us go," and Bill said "All right." I split a torch, and we went toward the place from whence the drumming proceeded. It was one of the darkest nights I ever saw. We got to within about twenty feet of the big log, and the bird flew up into a white fir that stood near. I said to Bill, "I will climb the tree and see if I can't locate the bird." I got up the tree to where the limbs were thick enough so that I had no trouble in climbing. Then he gave me the torch, and I went on up; and when up about twenty feet I saw the bird not over six feet above me. I had my Colt's .36 revolver, and held

the light so that I could get a fairly good sight, and fired, and down came the bird. When we returned to the camp we had the laugh on the boys, and we roasted and ate the bird.

While going to Republic in April, I camped at Thirty-Mile Creek, where there is a service bottom, and there are probably a hundred acres in the flat. It began raining soon after we had put up our tent; it rained a little all night, and was raining in the morning when I woke up, and there was one continual drumming without any intermission. I never had heard such a thing in any place where the ruffed grouse are found. This fall, when I camped there again, we were out but a few minutes and got six birds, all we needed for our breakfast; we had killed all we needed for supper in traveling along the road. Deer are well driven back from the road, and it is late in the winter before they come in very near.

Bear are about as plentiful as usual. The salmon have been very scarce, and some nights the Indians catch only three and four. They seem to be a food of the past. A few years ago I went past the trap one morning, and the night before they had taken 2,600 out, and there were some fine ones. But say what you will, trout is preferred by

LEW WILMOT.

Sleeping Ducks.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mention has been made in your columns of the alleged unwisdom of using the "universal negative." In a discussion, most men resent it. Yet no man ever really saw a live and foliated tree, as Ruskin has amply demonstrated. Likewise, no man ever saw exactly the same rainbow in any two consecutive instants. This is also true of clouds. And no two men, even when standing side by side, ever saw the same rainbow at the same instant. "No man knows it all," and often not even some part of that all of which he may feel very sure he has entire knowledge. Let the doubter look through a field-glass up and down a stream for five minutes, and note how much more he sees—proving the universal law of obscurity under which we live.

The above "universal negatives" are thrown in here just for good measure. And I now repeat what I have as yet only used as a general denial, but this time as a "universal negative," that no man ever saw two or more dusky mallards (*Anas obscura*) all asleep together.

Of course, this is intended to apply only to dusky mallards that are in a wild, free, healthy state, like the dusky mallards that Mr. Burroughs declared were all sound asleep—and not to birds dead, or also dressed and in cold storage; nor to those that possibly might be drugged or poisoned by abnormal air or food.

The following appeared in your columns last week:

"They proved to be two black ducks, * * * and their heads were so flat that as one lay partly behind the other, they looked like a short piece of a log. After watching them a while, I went to camp, got my gun, and shot one with my rifle barrel. If those ducks were not sound asleep, then I have never seen anything asleep in my life."

If two or more "black" ducks were seen "asleep" (one of them being shot while asleep!), and which were without a sentinel, then one or both of those ducks were not dusky mallards. It would be interesting to know just what the markings on those ducks were.

How can this shooter know that "black" ducks a rifle-shot away were both dusky mallards "sound asleep?" One or both of these "black ducks" might have been the ordinary brown mallard (*Anas boschas*), the shoveler (*Spatula clypeata*), which is of a dark olive brown, or the black scaup (*Fuligula marila*), or easily one of several varieties of the scoters; for all of them look black when "squatting" on ice. Both or one of them might have been of the numerous black hybrids or sub-species, or specimens of the brown sprigtail.

As Mr. Ackert has proffered a full exhibition next March of two or more dusky mallards "slumbering" while "standing on one foot with their heads under their wings," it is preferred to accept this proof when both sides will be present. When the proof is really furnished, it will be fully acknowledged here as to that special feature of this discussion, and to which gentlemen are, for manifest reasons, so eager to confine it.

Meanwhile, if Mr. Ackert will be my guest from next Christmas eve to the morning of January 2, I will take him over the Southern Railway to Goldsboro and Beaufort, and thence by boat to Ocracoke, on the outer North Carolina coast, east of Pamlico Sound, where he shall be made comfortable at The Hunters' Rest. But he must leave his gun at home, and use only field glasses, and the blinds on wheels, behind which he can advance to within fifty yards of redheads, mergansers, brants, and thousands of dusky mallards. Probably he can also do this with wild geese there. It will be strange if he does not be favored with seeing from one to four square miles of water "black" with ducks. He will see along shore and on the water dusky mallards, many "asleep," in pairs, quartettes, families and flocks, but will never see even two together without one is a sentinel for the other. And he must write and publish here a detailed account of his observations of groups, pairs, etc., of dusky mallards, and whether he saw any of the birds without sentinels. He could not fail to not only oblige, but greatly interest readers. I will agree to write nothing about the trip.

When, during many years, a man has observed dusky mallards, I insist that by perfectly legitimate reasoning he may safely state the above "universal negative." And meanwhile, here are a few little extracts from what the real naturalists have said about dusky mallards:

"Shy and vigilant. Many sentinels are seen on the look-out while the rest are asleep."—Audubon, Vol. VI., pp. 247-248.

"So vigilant that on the least alarm from the sentinel," etc.—Bailey's "Our Own Birds," p. 240.

But the ex-president of the American Ornithologists' Union, Mr. Elliott, is the present real authority on our wildfowls. His several books, and his work for the Smithsonian Institution, are well known. His work, "Wildfowl," published in 1898 by F. C. Harper, has this to say of dusky mallards: "Of all water fowl, it is one of the most cunning and suspicious. It has a keen sense of smell; and no matter how well one may be concealed in a carefully constructed blind, if the wind blows toward

the advancing bird, it will detect the sportsman's presence and remove itself from the dangerous neighborhood. It is rare when it will even settle among decoys. Watchfulness and ability to detect danger," etc. (p. 106). And he says of even the common mallard, a much less vigilant bird than the "duskies," that "They are in the habit of taking a nap in the sun's rays, having one or more of their number, however, to act as sentinels, and announce any approaching danger." (p. 103.)

Until after March, no further mention of this matter will be made by me.

L. F. BROWN.

Birds in the Zoo—A Suggestion.

WHILE the collection of birds of prey in Bronx Park is fairly representative, that of song birds, it must be confessed, is very poor. Whoever has visited the Zoological Gardens in London, or the Jardin des Plantes in Paris, cannot fail to have been struck by the contrast offered in this respect. Of course our institution is new, and it may be, and no doubt it is, the intention of the management to add materially to the present collections, not only of birds, but of beasts, as facilities for their proper care are provided. In this connection I should like to make a suggestion.

It is a well-known fact that when birds are crowded together, no matter how musical they may be individually, they make only a shrill discord, which is very trying to the nerves. But apart from the effect upon us it is a gross injustice to the song birds to herd them (if I may use the expression) with a lot of noisy "trash." I recollect that during a visit to the Zoo in Philadelphia, I was moved to something very like indignation at hearing the British blackbird—that beautiful poetic minstrel—endeavoring to sing while a South American jay kept squawking and a West Indian rail blowing his fish horn, as it seemed in envious derision.

I repeat it is a gross injustice to birds like the British blackbird, to condemn them to such company. Some people, I suppose, imagine that birds have no taste or feelings. Nothing could be further from the truth. We do not find song birds in a state of nature keeping company with the rabbit, or pouring forth their songs when they are liable to be interrupted by jarring sounds. How has our best songster come to have earned the designation of Hermit? No, indeed; song birds are not indifferent to their company or environment, but, on the contrary, are exquisitely sensitive and select. And we may well believe, too, that their music is a source of infinite joy and consolation to them. Rob them of it (as we virtually do when we place them side by side with mere vulgar makers of noise), and we do them a worse injustice than in depriving them of their liberty.

Now why, in the new arrangements at the Zoo, should not the famous songsters at least have little separate buildings or pavilions for themselves? There they could be happy, or as happy as it is possible for them to be in confinement, and then we could hear and study their individual lays in all their purity. How delightful in the springtime to have the bulbul from Persia singing in one pavilion; the nightingale from England in another, and so on!

I confess I have sometimes doubted of the benefit to be derived from gazing on a wild animal in captivity, but I have never doubted of the beneficent influence of birds. Their grace and beauty appeal to the æsthetic sense and their songs awake in us a joyous unison with nature, as it were. Assuredly when man comes to be perfectly civilized, as I trust he will some day, he will owe it not a little to music and not least to that variety of it which springs so marvelously from the untutored throats of birds.

NEW YORK.

F. M.

Monarch, the Big Bear.

Editor Forest and Stream:

One of our essayists—Lowell, I think—said concerning plagiarism that if someone found a way for transmuting lead into gold, no one would be particular about where he got his lead. This is not a reflection upon Mr. Allen Kelly's writings, for I have never heard of his "Bears I Have Met, And Others," but have ordered it by this mail, apropos of the controversy. My friend Mr. Barnum used to say to his critics, "Say what you please about me, but do not leave me alone." We must allow as much literary license to Thompson Seton as we do to Kipling. Literary genius is something that we have to accept as a whole, just as we buy a basket of peaches, and when an author has vogue he leads out into the light a lot of ideas that otherwise would have to shine in the shade. Thompson Seton's Redruff in "Wild Animals I Have Known" is recognized by the few who read my "Bonasa Umbellus, Rex" in a collection of sketches that was published a few years ago. That volume received more than one hundred press notices of such favorable character that for a while I associated only with celebrities, and always rode in a cab instead of taking the trolley car with the crowd. The book was displayed on the shelves of the Putnams and listed in their catalogues, but something less than fifty copies were sold, I believe, and this autumn publication was discontinued and the plates melted. Let no one think that I want literary fame, for I have trouble enough with my legitimate profession.

On Thompson Seton's country place there is a beautiful stream that has wet the pens of many admiring writers. Where does that stream come from? From my own country place. The whole business starts from several big springs in a romantic part of my forest, but no one would suspect that it began from anywhere excepting under Thompson Seton's line fence. He is welcome to all of the water that runs from my land on to his, and to all of the lead that I can dig up for transmutation. He may even describe me as a rough character whose language is unfit for publication, and with justification, for a stranger looking for farm help came into the field where I was working not long ago and said that he wanted to employ me as soon as I was through with that job. And as to language unfit for publication, one of my bulls got loose the other day and uprooted sixteen thrifty young

pine trees that had been carefully set from the nursery last year, and that were my especial pride. When Allen Kelly comes to New York again, we will hunt up Thompson Seton and get L. F. Brown to bring along a copy of Kipling, and we will all go over to the Metropolitan Club for a good dinner at my expense.

We do not always stop to consider how much benefit may result from having things taken from us. Another one of my neighbors, Sam. Taylor, of the Rider and Driver, has a lot of beautiful thoroughbred horses that can jump over things like philosophers, and when they all get into my garden do I object? Not a bit of it. People driving through the place think they are my horses, and that I can afford to feed them on green peas and celery, and it gives me such standing that the bank no longer sends notice that my account is overdrawn.

Then again there is often nice etiquette in such matters. When Caribou Charlie and I were exploring a wild Labrador river we took along three canoe paddles as provision against accident. Two Indians coming down river with one whole paddle and one broken one stopped to talk with us, and on departing the Indian who spoke English said: "You haddum tree aviron ki tchiman. Me haddum one aviron nin tchiman. Now you gottum two aviron. Me gottum two aviron." It would have been a breach of etiquette of the country to have claimed our paddle. It was not a case of theft, but simply one of plagiarism of a paddle, and the Indians appreciating its fine workmanship thought more highly of us for having furnished it.

ROBERT T. MORRIS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 7.

Wild Pigeons or What?

Editor Forest and Stream:

A few days ago a small telegram from Chardon, Ohio, appeared in a Cleveland paper giving an account of a flock of about 500 pigeons that had passed over this town of Chardon, flying south.

I set this down at the time as being a reporter's yarn, and paid no more attention to it then; but since then I have seen a more extended account in two local papers, each account by a different correspondent, so there may be some truth in it after all. The best account is this one, given by the Corry, Pa., Leader:

CHARDON, O., Nov. 1.—A flock of fully 500 wild pigeons passed over Chardon Saturday afternoon. Hundreds of people who are familiar with the markings of the wild pigeon witnessed the sight. The flock was also seen at Aquila Lake. The reappearance of these birds after an absence of twenty-three years, has caused considerable speculation among the sportsmen of this locality. Wild pigeons were last seen near Chardon in April, 1883.

The last great flight of these birds in northern Ohio was witnessed in the spring of 1876. The pigeons reappeared in the spring of 1877, but in greatly diminished numbers. Their total disappearance later caused the belief to become general that the birds had been annihilated by market hunters. For years the Smithsonian Institution has had a standing offer of \$1,000 for a single specimen of the American wild pigeon. At various times the presence of pigeons has been reported in remote sections of foreign countries, but all efforts to locate the birds in the United States have proved fruitless.

These pigeons, if that is what they were, and I begin to think now that they may have been pigeons, came across Lake Erie from Canada. Chardon is about twenty miles due south of Lake Erie.

CABIA BLANCO.

[These may have been passenger pigeons, but we have spent some time in the past running down and proving false similar reports, that we are disposed to doubt it. If the reporters' statements about the pigeons are no more trustworthy than that about the Smithsonian Institution and its \$1,000 reward, even the most enthusiastic naturalist is not likely to lose much sleep over the Corry Leader's story.]

Travels of Prairie Chickens.

AN Emporia man advances the theory that prairie chickens are so scarce about Emporia now because they migrate west every spring to hatch their young. This sportsman was out trying to find some the other day and failed, although he went clear to the Flint Hills.

All the farmers along the way told the same story. Each said there was a big bunch of chickens on his farm until spring and they then disappeared. The farmers thought it was nothing strange that the chickens should go west to hatch their young, and are looking for chickens to come back next winter.

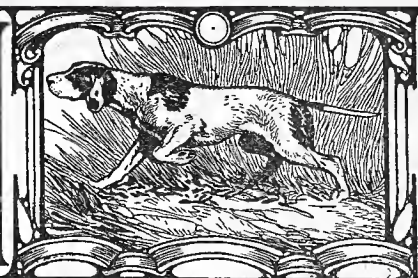
As a matter of fact, prairie chickens are not among the migratory birds, but the chickens in this part of the country seem to be adapting themselves to conditions. This country is being settled up closely and put under the plow, and the birds want wilder territory, where their young will be safer than in a well settled locality. Then in the winter the birds come back to the cultivated country because there is plenty of food in the fields.

Last year the attention of sportsmen was attracted by great flocks of chickens that came in from the Northwest in the duck season. It was the first time they ever saw chickens migrating. A flock was seen near Americus which was said to have had 400 chickens in it. Last winter there were a number of flocks of chickens within four miles of town, which was an unusual thing. The birds were supposed to have come in from western Kansas to get the benefit of the plentiful supply of kaffin corn, which the chickens relish.—Emporia Gazette.

It is astonishing how quickly the foreigner degenerates in Africa. He is himself conscious of this degeneracy, but is apparently powerless to overcome the downward tendency. Climatic conditions influence the mental and moral as well as the physical and social environments. Africa is the home of some peculiar maladies; among the most violent are the fever, the ulcer, the kra-kra, and the yaws. A stranger in coming to Africa is sure to have the African fever or its equivalent, which sometimes manifests itself in an ulcer which has been known to fasten itself upon the body with all its hideous consequences for more than twelve years. The climate and the fever leave the victim with his energy gone, his health impaired, and his will shattered. Europeans find it necessary to make trips to the Madeira Islands or to the continent to build up the waste places, for which there seems to be no remedy here.



GAME BAG AND GUN



A New Brunswick Hunt.

THE Province of New Brunswick, in the neighborhood of the Tobique River, was once noted as a favorite resort for caribou, but for some reason this fickle, migratory animal has become somewhat scarce in that locality. The moose has become more abundant. Various reasons are given for the diminishing number of caribou and the increased number of moose, but I do not undertake to explain the cause of the change. There are certainly quite a number of moose in the country, and if one is not too eager to shoot the first chance he gets, and will wait till he sees a good head, a hunt of several weeks ought to secure satisfactory results. The law allows a sportsman only one moose, and that fact should make him careful about bagging anything which comes in sight.

The true sportsman should form a resolution to carry out a good trophy or nothing. It is pitiable to see what rubbish some people will lug out of the woods; heads that are wanting in size and defective in fair proportions. The head of the moose lacks the grace and beauty of outline which characterize the elk, the only large animal of this continent which can compare in size, and so it must make up in massiveness what it lacks in other respects. An elk's head is almost invariably beautiful and graceful whether large or small. In securing a trophy you can afford to be more independent of size in getting an elk head than in getting the head of a moose.

The attractiveness of a moose head consists largely in its grotesqueness, and the size has quite as much to do with that as its shape.

If you intend to hunt in New Brunswick, a great deal depends upon the kind of hunting you desire whether you go early or late in the season. In the early part of the season, say from the first of September to the 25th of October, there is little or no snow, and it is extremely difficult to get any large game at that time by stalking; the ground is covered with dry leaves and brittle wood which make considerable noise at every step. At that season you must depend largely upon canoe work and calling for moose, while caribou and deer are still more difficult to hunt during that time.

The moose frequently come down to the water, of which they are very fond, and in which they bathe and wallow. The caribou are less apt to frequent such spots. Calling is a favorite method of bringing moose within range, but great care has to be exercised, for a single false note and your noble quarry, instead of accepting an invitation to a funeral, which he is to grace, will retire to a place of safety.

When there are a few inches of snow on the ground, hunting becomes more attractive to the true sportsman. Instead of sitting in his canoe waiting for something to come within his range, he is vigorously exercising his muscles and his knowledge of woodcraft to secure a shot, and often his skill is put to a considerable trial in shooting through thick timber.

There is nothing more improving to health and conducive to happiness than strenuous exercise in the cold bracing air, with sport as an incentive. Whatever may be the outcome of your hunting, you are sure to take out of the woods with you an increased supply of vital energy and robustness which after all is very important. If your hunting should not furnish you with such tangible results as you would like to see, console yourself with the reflection that a very wealthy man once offered "a million dollars for a new stomach," and perhaps you have secured an equivalent for a great deal less.

Early in October of this year I joined my guide at the forks of the Tobique. We immediately started out in a canoe, into which I packed all my things, to pole up the Little Tobique. The water was pretty high, and this increased the difficulty of ascending a river which naturally contained a strong current, diversified by rocks and the debris of stray logs and woodland refuse. The sturdy skill of the guide was considerably taxed in spite of the small assistance rendered by me with the paddle, and yet I was of some assistance in forcing the canoe over places where there was no poling bottom. In about five hours we reached our destination and put up at the camp, which consisted of a very commodious log cabin, where we found the cook, who soon began to busy himself in preparing the evening meal. The two succeeding mornings I got up before day, while the stars were still bright, and returned late in the morning, having as a reward for my pains a good appetite and plenty to satisfy it, when I could succeed in getting it down. The third morning both the guide and myself overslept, and with a blush of shame I encountered the glare of "Old Sol" as he fiercely drove his burning rays down upon our heads.

It seems that the same morning a lazy bull moose had been guilty of the same offense, and appeared at the bank of the river to take his belated bath just as our canoe came dancing and twisting down the swift, turbid stream toward him. The big bull did not seem in the least concerned, although every moment we were rapidly drawing nearer. If he had been standing in the water, I believe he would have let us run into him had we been disposed to do so. With a quick movement of the paddle the guide turned the canoe so that I could secure an easy position to shoot, and then a sharp crack of the Mauser rifle, followed by the heavy swaying motion of the animal as he sank with a deep groan to pour out his life blood on the sand, closed the incident.

The head measured 52 inches and was quite shapely. As I surveyed the prostrate form of this pride of the Canadian forest, I thought that it was no particular skill of mine which had brought it within easy reach and secured me a fine trophy. It seemed to me as though the original owner of the antlers had almost made me a present of them. We do not appreciate anything so much if it comes into our possession too easily. I would have

been better pleased if his "royal nibs" had made the shot more difficult and had given me a chance to exercise my skill. He may have mistaken me for one of those sportsmen who tremblingly pass the gun to the guide and ask him to shoot.

During that time I saw another moose which I declined to shoot, because, as I informed a friend, I had all the law allowed, and for the further reason that "it had no head." When I informed my friend that the moose "had no head," he seemed somewhat incredulous, but after I explained that this was "an Irish bull," he seemed better satisfied.

During the rest of my sojourn I had considerable amusement with my .22 automatic Winchester, which affords plenty of practice without making too much noise, in shooting at a mark, and is also useful for small game.

The return trip home was diversified with the experience so common of the transition from the rough camp life to your own fireside, when you sit in an easy chair and talk it all over with your friends. Sixty miles of paddling down the Tobique, ever impelled by its rapid though wayward current, which required the constant correction of your course, and interrupted the survey of the beautiful banks decorated by the virgin forest for miles, marked the first day's journey. The next day a ride in stuffy cars over a second-class railroad until you finally land in a Pullman coach and spin along at the rate of sixty miles an hour. Perhaps you pick up a chance acquaintance with one or two sportsmen who have just returned from a similar outing, and tell you of their mighty deeds which lose nothing by repetition; you shrink within your modest little self as you listen, for you know you have accomplished nothing which will stand well in comparison.

On my way back I met several sportsmen, one of whom related to me his exploits, which were very tame on first recital. We were sitting in the smoking apartment of the Pullman, when presently two other sportsmen came in and we got into conversation over our different hunting experiences. The two sportsmen who came in last related the wonderful feats which they had accomplished. After they had talked themselves out, my first acquaintance, much to my surprise, who had been so modest in what he related, took a fresh start. I think a couple of good drinks, which stimulated his imagination and stirred his personal pride, had something to do with it. With an eloquence which truly surprised me he added the "verisimilitude of truth to otherwise bald and uninteresting statement of facts." It was evident that the newcomers were outclassed, for my modest friend was not only gifted of tongue, but he told his story last. I have discovered that there are more ways than one of establishing a reputation as a sportsman, and sometimes the "gift o' gab" is more important than skill in handling a rifle.

E. F. R.

NEW JERSEY.

In North Carolina.

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA.—The partridge hunting season has begun in almost all of North Carolina, and as predicted, there is a very good crop of birds, with a great many youngsters among them. Old hunters who devote themselves to prowling around the woods at night in search of the toothsome 'possum, declare that the young 'possums have a lot more sense than the old ones, because they always climb the biggest trees they can find, whereas, nine times out of ten, the old 'possums climb the little tree. In fact, this peculiarity has come to be a by-word among hunters. Just so, it seems, the little partridges have learned how to alight in trees, and sit very close to the body of the tree. By doing this they look exactly like a knot on the limb, and can deceive the keenest eye, while of course a dog cuts no figure in such a case. The old birds are learning this habit of taking to trees, and I find that all the sportsmen are talking about it; not only so, but about the long flights the grown birds are making—three hundred yards, four hundred yards, five hundred yards, and even six hundred yards, at one burst. Time was when if the birds were flushed in an open field they would fan out, so to speak, and there was a picnic in picking them up one by one; but now they make a mad rush for the nearest woods or heavy shelter, and go clear out of sight in their flights. There will be more sportsmen in the State than ever before the season ends. Last year there were about a thousand registered sportsmen, and no doubt some slipped in from Virginia and South Carolina who did not pay the \$10 license tax to the Audubon Society.

Speaking about 'possums, one of the funniest trials ever held here was one in which a negro boy with a little body, big appetite, and very fine taste, was before a magistrate on the charge of having found, just before the season opened a lady 'possum with her dear little brood of about a dozen 'possumlets. He had no compunction, but killed mamma then and there, and took away the little ones in order to raise them. The game warden here prosecuted him, and he was convicted and sentenced. All the little 'possums died, and the loss of so much highly prized food naturally set the old hunters against the youngster. Nothing on earth is more prized than a 'possum, and a wag once remarked that he would like to see the effect if one of them were taken into a negro church during a revival meeting. He intimated that it would break up their affair. The writer has been out twice after 'possums since the season opened, and has walked ten miles each time to no purpose; but yet there are plenty of 'possums. Barbecued, with hot sauce, baked sweet potatoes on the side, and hot corn bread cooked thin and well done, they beat any food which four-legged animals furnish. Why people up North have not caught on to their goodness passes comprehension.

There are plenty of bears in North Carolina, and these are both in the mountains and in the extreme eastern counties. Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Pierce, of San Francisco, have come to North Carolina after them, and have started in hunting around Mount Mitchell, one of the wildest parts of the United States. In this region, and part way up the mountain, lives "Big Tom Wilson," who has with his rifle shot 150 bears, while his son has a good number to his credit, the son's wife also having shot several.

This seems to be a very good season for large game in this State, and it will really pay sportsmen to visit the mountain and eastern counties after bear and deer. Waynesville, in the mountain region, is a good point to start from; while Newberne, Morehead City, and Wilmington are good points in the east.

By reason of their courtesy to the son of the late Edmund S. Heath, of Newark, N. J., the Messrs. Dortch, well known and delightful sportsmen of Goldsboro, N. C., have received bequests amounting to \$11,000. This Dortch family is well known in this State, not only for being good shots but for breeding good dogs; in fact, typical Southern gentlemen sportsmen. Charles Heath, who was their personal friend, visited them each winter until he died. Until two years ago he hunted every season with them, but when he returned his health was poor. He came South in an endeavor to recuperate, and went to their home, where he was just the same as a member of their own family, a dear friend to them, and greatly liked by all the people. He died suddenly, and these gentlemen went with the remains to his New Jersey home. His grateful father never forgot their loving kindness to his son, in health and in sickness.

FRED. A. OLDS.

KINSTON, N. C., Nov. 11.—Quail shooting in this section is better this season than we have had in several years; in fact, all game known to this section is more plentiful than heretofore. A good many birds were left from last season to raise from, and we had a very favorable spring and summer for their raising, it being very dry about the time they were hatched, and not too much rain at any time till the young birds could fly. People are also more particular about keeping their dogs shut up. Loose dogs do more damage two months in the spring of the year than all of the shooters do in the five months of shooting season.

I. M. TULL.

Tiger Nights in China.

From the South China Weekly Post.

THERE is no dearth of tiger stories in South China, but it does not often occur that a more interesting authentic yarn comes to hand than the tale of the hunt which has lately taken place at Yik Ma, a village not half an hour's ride from Pakhoi.

Three weeks ago news was brought in that a pair of tigers had taken possession of the cover near the village, and during the evenings and nights paraded the street and held up the villagers, levying toll on pigs and dogs, and, it was said, children.

Two of the foreign sportsmen immediately made Yik Ma their headquarters, and found the paddy-fields in the vicinity trodden by the beasts, and the inhabitants in a state of panic. Previous to their arrival, a beat had been organized by the natives, the result being simply that one was badly mauled and the tigers in status quo.

At the time, July 25, the moon was nearly full, and the foreigners tried the easiest method of bagging the tigers, sitting over a pig at night. They were ensconced in a tree for some hours, and found it a method necessitating more patience than the average man possesses. The tree was the abode of more ants than they had imagined were contained in the whole province. Mosquitoes were in myriads and very hungry to boot, smoking was strictly prohibited, and talking not tolerated; and after an hour, cramp assailed them in every limb. Moreover, piggy, more philosophic than the tiger slayers, went to sleep. One of our friends, who shall be called B. in this narrative, with more courage, perhaps, than discretion, came down and prodded him to a sense of his duty, till the welkin rang. B. had just reached the foot of the tree, and it was very difficult to climb, when A. noticed, in the very poor light which the clouded moon afforded, a huge dark mass noiselessly detach itself from the cover—some forty yards away—and come swiftly toward the tree, piggy and B., who were all in his line. With a word of warning to B., who could not see the tiger, he fired several times after the first shot, more with the idea of frightening off the tiger from B. than of wounding him. Within three seconds or so tiger had retired, with piggy, who, after the first squeal of terror, lapsed into silence, whether of fear or death it is impossible to say. It was so dark at the moment that little could be seen; the beast was a grand old fellow, but his motions were so snaky, and the light so bad, that it is no wonder that he was missed. A curious fact is that he deliberately seized and carried off the pig in the face of a rapid fire.

The sportsmen went home sadly. On the next day, a beat of the surrounding cover was made, but no tiger was seen, the bushes were very dense, and the beaters terrified and lazy. It is next to impossible to make them keep line or go well into cover. The army presented a grotesque appearance, every weapon imaginable being carried, even an executioner's sword and the dummy pikes and halberds usually seen in front of yamens; gongs and kerosene tins being beaten as an accompaniment to the deafening howls of the mob.

On returning to the rest-house the tiger was reported

to have been seen lying in a sweet potato field outside the house during the beat, and sure enough, there were his tracks.

Night after night the two sat up in various trees over dogs, pigs and goats, but, although the tiger was seen on several occasions at some distance, no shot was possible. On one occasion fresh tracks were found in the morning, showing that he had come straight up from behind in the shadow to the tree in which the two sportsmen were presumably asleep, and had stayed there within a very few feet; and, probably, there was a smile on the face of the tiger.

This was a very big male, and must have been nearly, if not quite, ten feet from tip to tip. He was obviously not accustomed to be crossed, and prowled at first very openly by day and night. He avoided Europeans, but paid little attention to the natives who frequently met him. He did not seem to be a confirmed man-eater, as he had had many chances of carrying off the villagers.

After a few days he became very wary; wherever the sportsmen sat up, tracks were found somewhere else, and frequently the pad-marks were so fresh that he must have been about a few minutes before they were seen. On one occasion they watched till sunset and went home for dinner, intending to return when the moon rose, leaving heavy impedimenta, spare rifles, ropes, etc., under guard of a shikar in the tree. Hardly were they out of sight when Mr. Tiger appeared, and the coolie fired and missed him.

Meanwhile the tracks became more numerous and of various sizes till it was quite evident that there were at least four or five tigers in the neighborhood, two being cubs, and one apparently a medium-sized tigress. On Sunday, Aug. 7, at dawn, B. was watching in a tree alone, when the biggest tiger emerged from cover and gave him a fair chance. B. gave him two bullets, and he bounded off into cover, leaving traces of blood. B. then organized a beat, going through the cover himself at the head, the only possible way of keeping the men at all in order. Presently, with a growl, the beast turned like lightning from deep cover, and mauled a beater slightly, clawing his heel badly; B. followed him up, and presently got a broadside shot into his ribs at ten feet with a single-shot .44 rifle.

The tiger luckily did not charge, for on B. turning to his carrier for his second rifle, he saw him in full flight howling. A. then arrived, and they ascended two trees at the extremes of the bit of cover, where the tiger obviously was lying. Hardly was he up, when B. heard panting underneath him and saw the brute. He fired, and the tiger rushed forward with a terrifying growl right through the bushes under A.'s tree, reaching thick cover, where he hid. A. could see a section of ribs between the boughs, and lodged a Dum Dum bullet where he judged the shoulder to be. The wounded beast turned a somersault backward and made a convulsive rush back toward B.

Thinking him finished now, the beaters were called back, and he was left awhile to stiffen or die, and later B. went into the cover to find him. Hardly had he gone twenty yards when a second and smaller tiger sprang at him. B. tripped and was helpless, and in a moment the brute was biting his legs. He instinctively drew his legs up to protect his head and neck, and succeeded, for after biting his ankles and calves, the beast sheered off. B. managed to crawl out of cover, and then collapsed after a most marvelous escape. Whether it was the tigress or a well grown cub, it is impossible to say. B. was carried back to Pakhoi in great pain; but now, we are pleased to learn, he is doing well. He is to be greatly congratulated on such a comparatively easy escape from his encounter with a beast which could, with one blow, have thoroughly avenged the four bullets in her lord and master.

The villagers report many stories of these tigers within the last few days. It is said that every evening the wounded old male drags himself on his fore-paws to some stream or other to drink, bleeding and partly paralyzed. Moreover, six tigers are now seen, some of them foraging for their wounded father, whom, the Chinese say, they actually have been seen to drag to and from the water. On the 9th inst. no less than three parties of foreigners were waiting in trees in the vicinity, but did not see any tiger, though the villagers say that next morning two, one wounded and another, came to water. While the former drank, the other stayed on a small hill hard by, watching, eventually chasing a woman who passed, but doing her no harm, returning to his drinking friend, and they disappeared together in to cover.

The vitality of this tiger is marvelous. He is bleeding continually, carries four or five bullets and howls with pain at night. The villagers' stories are to be taken not too literally, but it seems extraordinary that a small village so close to Pakhoi should be infested with these brutes.

The nature of the country presents great difficulty for their extinction, as the cover, though not large, is very dense, in some places almost impenetrable and straggling in many directions. Beating is almost impossible, accidents being almost inevitable owing to the lack of pluck and discipline in the men which can be employed; but we hope greatly that one day soon the tigers will be bagged. The accident and the pluck which occasioned it have made every one eager for vengeance.

Currituck Duck Shooting.

REPORTS of the duck shooting at the opening of the season on Currituck Sound indicate an abundance of birds. Food is abundant, and already the ducks and geese have made their appearance in large numbers. It is understood that at the Narrows Island Club, where six members were present, the first day's shooting yielded 146 birds, and the second day 193. Geese, as usual in that favored wintering ground, are very plenty.

It seems altogether probable that the results of the abolition of spring duck shooting over a considerable portion of Canada and the northern United States are already being felt, and in the course of a few years the observance of the law may result in a great increase in the number of birds.

In New England.

BOSTON, Nov. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The regular November meeting of the State Association was held on Thursday evening, November 10, with President Hinman in the chair. There was a good attendance, and twelve new members were elected. A vote of thanks was tendered Messrs. C. W. Dimick and O. R. Dickey for the assistance rendered by them last spring in obtaining and distributing quail. A nominating committee, of which the librarian, Dr. E. W. Branigan, is chairman, was named by the president to present a list of officers for the coming year at the December meeting and which will come up for final action on the second Wednesday in January, the date of the annual meeting.

Several members spoke of the scarcity of quail and partridges in their respective localities. Ex-President Reed, recently returned from Princeton, tells me he saw very few birds, securing only a few woodcock. In that section the ruffed grouse are almost extinct. Mr. A. B. F. Kinney says a similar condition exists in the whole region about Worcester. Mr. Herbert E. Tuck, of Haverhill, reports that he has been out but did not take his gun; instead he took a camera with his dog. Most of the gunners there, he says, are exercising praiseworthy restraint, but "of course we have a few that would shoot the last bird if they could, and they are of the kind that would not give a cent toward restocking, and then will kick because the birds are all gone." He reports that some of the quail have bred this season and a "few flocks are seen." His friends who have been in the brush say partridges are scarce. He has done some hunting in New Hampshire, but did not find birds numerous there. I hope soon to secure information regarding conditions in the western part of our State.

Messrs. Dimick and Dickey returned a week ago from the east central part of Vermont, where they were out for a couple of days and did not meet with their usual success. From Maine come many reports of excellent bird shooting. One friend, just back from Nova Scotia, says "We got a good number of birds, but had to work hard for them, some of the time wading in water several inches deep." Three Hyde Park sportsmen who have a stand a few miles out got ten out of a flock of twelve geese.

The Vermont Legislature at last accounts were still wrestling with the deer question, some members working to abolish the open season, others to shorten it one-half to five days. One member characterizes the deer shooting of this season as merely "a slaughter of pet animals" that had become a part of the farm stock as much so as the cattle. He calls it unmanly slaughter, declaring there is room for "ten times their present number" without causing material damage to offset the charm which their presence gives our State.

Last Monday was the banner day for game receipts at Bangor—137 deer, 8 moose and 4 bears (and a few more expected by a later train). E. D. Atherton, of Boston, got one of the moose, and John J. Warner, also of Boston, secured one of the bears. Thirty heads went to Bangor and Portland taxidermists for mounting. Fully half the total were killed by Maine hunters. The receipts on Friday, November 11, were 84 deer, 3 moose, and 1 bear. C. E. Vitter and another New York hunter, and one from Portland got moose. Half a dozen Boston men secured deer, among them W. A. Washburn and W. E. Wyman. A host of hunters are now on their way into the woods to be on hand when the snow comes to enable them to track the deer. Up to Friday night the Bangor receipts for the week were 494 deer and 19 moose, as against 670 deer and 20 moose in the corresponding time of 1903. An albino deer has been shot by Mr. Hedge, of Plymouth, near Eustis. Isaac Taylor, of Taunton, killed a loup cervier near Spotted Mountain. CENTRAL.

Mr. Hallock is Out.

PLAINFIELD, Mass., Nov. 11.—I sold my only gun a day or two ago, and went out of business. It was a 2-shot 12 gauge "Bill Golcher" hammer gun, bought in St. Paul in 1880, and has done good service in a great part of the United States and Canada. I never moved anywhere across country without it. My last shot was fired October 3 at a swinging target. Lieutenant Butler, of the Sons of Veterans Camp here in Plainfield, who purchased the gun, says it is a very good pattern of No. 7 shot evenly distributed. The distance of target from firing point was 50 yards. That lets me out of the tournament at 70 years of age with a tall feather, especially as I never was a crackerjack, don't you know. I used to have quite a variety of shooting irons when I was in my prime, but the arsenal was disbanded quite a while ago, and Bill Golcher has been my only companion since. CHARLES HALLOCK.

Where do the Little Ones Make Tracks?

Editor Forest and Stream:

While not a hunter of the deer, yet I have frequent occasion to invade the haunts of *Cervus virginianus* in search of the "small deer" of our fauna, in which I am somewhat interested. These trips are usually made in the company of a learned friend well versed in the ways of our larger mammalia, and we not infrequently run across deer signs, and the accompanying track of what is unhesitatingly pronounced that of a buck—a big buck. So, too, I hear now and then of neighbors or acquaintances seeing the track of a "big buck." True 'tis that the tracks it has been my privilege to see do look big; and I find it no difficult task to descry in the mind's eye a lordly buck, adorned with a pair of regal antlers, proudly borne aloft as he pursues his stately; yet no doubt alert, way through the forest glens and upland meadows. Nilly-willy, the resonant lines from Sir Walter surge to mind,

"The stag at eve had drunk his fill,"

as we follow for a few rods along the trail writ plain in the ruck of autumn leaves turned slightly awry by the long dangling toes, punctured here and there by deep-sunk hoof marks which seem ever to just graze the prostrate twigs which would crackle as they break were he to step on and not beyond them. My friend finds it no

difficult matter to follow in his wake on such a tell-tale trail for great distances.

But what I am driving at is, where, oh, where do the deer which are not "big bucks" walk abroad? I am fully aware that the deer family is not composed wholly of these stately lords of the harem, and that somewhere in the dark recesses of the forest dwell the coy does, spry spikes and shy fawns. And yet it has never been my fortune to have pointed out to me the trailing track of one of these lesser ones. From a nearer view I know something of the biggest fish and why he inevitably gets away, and can readily make allowance for the "big buck" that the huntsman hit though it got away by reason of a defective shell or through being a mile or so distant when the shot offered. But for the life of me I am still unable to fathom the mystery as to where the cunning does, the frisky young spikes, and the pretty spotted fawns walk when they go a-feeding or an airing. Will some mighty Nimrod from among your gentle readers, better versed in the wiles and the ways of the woods, rise to explain why 'tis only the tracks of the big bucks that we see? WILLIAM WALTERS CHAMPION.

WILLIAMSPORT, November.

The Government's Importation of Camels.

From the Twentieth Annual Report of the Bureau of Animal Industry.

BY CHARLES C. CARROLL, A.M.

IN the early "50s" the Government was sorely beset with difficulties in protecting the vast frontiers of the country from ravages of hostile Indians. The transportation of men and supplies over the great reaches of plain, mountain and desert that stretched between the Mississippi River and the Pacific coast was a problem that swallowed liberal appropriations of money and used up thousands of mules, and was in the end so poorly solved as to chafe and fret the spirits of successive commanders. The roving Indian, with his agile pony that enabled him to make deadly swoops on isolated settlements and escape with ease, was a continual nightmare to the War Department; while the unprotected condition of the Pacific coast, so remote and so painful of access, disturbed it no less. Under these circumstances it occurred to the military officials that the use of the camel might at least aid them in performing the difficult duties of protecting the expanding frontier and keeping open a line of communication between the Mississippi and the coast.

The idea of translating this old servant of mankind from the East into America was not a new one. After the conquest of South America by the Spaniards, it is recorded that Juan de Reineza, a Biscayan, made an attempt to introduce camels into Peru, and toward the end of the sixteenth century camels were seen near the foot of the Andes by José Acosta, the Spanish missionary and writer. But the animals were not looked on with favor by the ruling Spaniards, and they dwindled away. In 1701 a vessel, probably a slave trader, brought some camels from Guinea to Virginia, but no record remains of the enterprise except that it failed. In the early times camels were brought also to Jamaica and employed there with success until a small insect, called the "chiqua," so we are told, got into their feet and ended their usefulness.

Maj. George H. Crosman was the first of our military men to consider and advocate the use of the animal for military purposes in this country, the transportation difficulties of our stubborn Indian war in Florida convincing him that camels might be used with effect. He made a study of the subject, and about 1836 brought it to the attention of the authorities. His ideas were taken up by Maj. Henry C. Wayne, whose studies on the subject were more complete, and who, as early as 1848, suggested to the War Department and to members of Congress the plan of a Government importation. At about the same time Jefferson Davis, then a United States Senator from Mississippi, was impressed with the desirability of trying the animals, and, as chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, labored until he left the Senate (in 1851) to secure some practical test by the Government.

The suggestion that camels be used in this country for travel, for carrying the mails, and for transporting supplies is frequently met with in the newspapers of the "40s." These suggestions were made both by tourists from other countries, surprised at the wide extent of our territory, and by observant Americans who had traveled in the Orient and had become acquainted with the universal use of the animal throughout all of the eastern countries.

John Russell Bartlett, who was appointed in 1850 by President Taylor as a commissioner to run the boundary between this country and Mexico, on making the report of his three years' service in that work, strongly urged that camels be employed by the Government in the Southwest. At about this time, too, Prof. George P. Marsh, the philologist and diplomat, who served this country as minister to Turkey and to Italy, published an instructive book on the camel "considered with reference to his introduction into the United States," taking the ground that an energetic attempt to import and use these animals could not but result in success.

In the winter of 1852-53 the proposition was made to the Committee on Military Affairs in the Senate to authorize the Secretary of War to import thirty camels and ten dromedaries, together with ten Arabs to look after them, the proposal being supported by a paper of some length by Mr. George R. Gliddon, the archaeologist, who had lived twenty-eight years in the Levant, and was, during eight years of that time, United States Consul at Cairo. No measures were taken, however, by that Congress to provide for the importation.

When, in 1853, Jefferson Davis became Secretary of War in the Cabinet of President Pierce, he came more intimately into contact with the troubles of military transportation in our great West, and resolved to give the camel an opportunity to lessen these difficulties. Major Wayne was asked to prepare some remarks on the subject, to be used as the basis of an appeal to Congress, and he wrote a paper in favor of the project.

This paper was liberally drawn upon by the Secretary when he submitted his annual report and recommendations in December, 1853. This report, which was transmitted with the President's message to Congress, aroused a good deal of interest on account of the general belief that something could be accomplished with camels in this country. After reciting the dangers of the slow transportation between the East and the West, and giving in detail the results of an exploration which had been ordered by Congress for the purpose of locating the best route for a proposed transcontinental railway, Secretary Davis said that even such a railway, if built, would but partly remove the difficulty. It would serve to transport troops and to supply depots along the route and at the extremity of the line, but there would still be vast reaches in the interior too remote from its depots materially to feel its effect. "On the older continents," he continued, "in regions reaching from the torrid to the frozen zones, embracing arid plains and precipitous mountains covered with snow, camels are used with the best results." They carry all the commerce of central Asia, and have been used from the mountains of Circassia to the plains of India to transmit dispatches, draw ordnance, and as a substitute for dragoon horses. The example is cited of Napoleon who, by the use of the dromedary in his Egyptian campaigns, subdued the Arabs, a race "whose habits and country were very similar to those of the mounted Indians of our western plains." Mr. Davis, therefore, believed that the dromedary would supply a want in the way of carrying expresses, making reconnaissance, and moving troops rapidly across country; and he recommended that "necessary provision be made for the introduction of a sufficient number of both varieties of this animal to test its value and adaptation to our country and our service."

The Secretary's recommendation did not bring results from that Congress, but it served to encourage those who believed that the camel would prove useful as a beast of burden in the United States, and a company was formed in New York, under a liberal charter from the Legislature of that State, with the announced objects of importing and developing a number of camels of different kinds and of employing them in transportation in the West. The organization was styled "The American Camel Company," and its officers were William G. King, Charles W. Webber and Edward Magouran, the last an enthusiast on the subject.

In his report of December, 1854, Secretary Davis, after again calling attention to the great sums expended for the transportation of men and supplies, said, "I again invite attention to the advantages to be anticipated from the use of camels and dromedaries for military purposes, and, for reasons set forth in my last annual report, recommend that appropriation be made to introduce a number of the several varieties of this animal to test their adaptation to our country." The committee that prepared the annual army appropriation bill seemed still skeptical, for the bill came to the Senate with no provisions for camels. In this body an amendment proposed by Senator Shields, of Illinois, was attached, appropriating \$30,000 "to be expended under the direction of the War Department in the purchase and importation of camels and dromedaries to be employed for military purposes." In the House the proposition had for its sponsors Mr. Phelps, of Missouri, and Mr. James A. McDougall, of California, the latter venturing the prediction that the results of the experiment would "prove invaluable to the country." After the usual vicissitudes of amendments to appropriation bills, this proposition became a law in March, 1855.

Secretary Davis lost no time in beginning what he evidently expected to prove a most successful and far-reaching experiment. In May he directed Major Wayne to proceed to the Levant, stopping in England and France for the purpose of interviewing military men in those countries in regard to the camel and its uses in war. The Secretary of the Navy placed at the disposal of Mr. Davis the storeship Supply, with her crew, under the command of Lieut. David D. Porter (afterward Admiral Porter), for the purpose of transporting the animals to this country. It was supposed that the climate of Texas would more nearly furnish such conditions as the camels were accustomed to, and it was accordingly ordered that they should be landed at the most convenient point in that State.

Major Wayne arrived in England in June, 1855. After inspecting the show camels at the zoological gardens in London and interviewing scientists and military men, he went to Paris, where he pursued the same course, obtaining considerable valuable information. He joined Lieutenant Porter and the Supply at Spezzia, Italy, June 24.

In the meantime Lieutenant Porter, having discharged his cargo of supplies for our Mediterranean squadron, and entering heartily into the spirit of the camel enterprise, had visited the farm of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, near Pisa, where camels had been bred and used for two hundred years. The original stock had come from Egypt, and a sufficient number were kept by the Tuscan ruler to perform the work of 1,000 horses. The animals were found to be performing hard work daily, being forced to carry loads as high as 1,300 pounds each, and toiling from sunrise to sunset. Despite this arduous service, they were badly treated by unappreciative keepers; were forced to obtain their entire subsistence by their own gleanings from nearly barren tracts of land covered with stunted pines and scanty grass, and were never housed, although the climate was hot in summer and cold in winter. The number was limited.

In order that they might be able personally to study the animals, ascertain how the voyage would be likely to affect them, and how the arrangement they had made for embarking and stabling would work, Major Wayne and Lieutenant Porter determined to secure one camel at the first opportunity. They accordingly sailed directly for Tunis, where early in August they bought their first animal. Upon applying for a permit to bring it off, the Bey of Tunis graciously presented to the United States through them two other camels—one, at least, a fine animal, that subsequently became the veteran of the herd and proved himself a sturdy sailor,

for he accompanied the ship for over 10,000 miles and was landed in good health on American soil nine months after his embarkation.

The voyage was resumed and Constantinople reached early in October. From this city the officers, leaving the ship, made a side trip to Balaklava, in the Crimea, to learn what they could about the camels that were used in the Crimean war. The English quartermaster gave them an opportunity of inspecting the animals in the possession of the English, and they gained much information which they regarded as pertinent and valuable. They were told that in the conquest of Sind some 25,000 camels had been used by Gen. Sir Charles Napier, an unusually acute student of transportation problems; and so satisfactory had they proved in the Crimea that the numbers on hand at Balaklava were to be increased for the next campaign. Here the Arabian,* or one-humped, camel was used almost exclusively. The average load was 600 pounds, carried twenty-five to thirty miles a day. A corps of 1,000 men mounted on 500 camels had rendered most effective service under General Napier. It was often marched seventy miles in twelve hours. On arriving at the desired point, the camels were left with the keepers and 500 men operated as infantry, the camels, kneeling and hobbled in a hollow square, even serving as a breastwork in case of necessity. The Bactrian, or two-humped, camel also was found at Balaklava, but, though stronger and heavier than the Arabian, was not so much used because of the difficulty of placing the load over his two humps and because slower in pace. Both officers were enthusiastic over what they saw and heard of the camel in the Crimea, Lieutenant Porter declaring that in the United States, at any point south of 36 degrees (about the latitude of Raleigh, N. C.), the camel would be fostered with the greatest care, and that its value there for labor would be much greater than that of the horse. He expressed the hope that he might see the day when every southern planter would be using the camel extensively, and he thought this not improbable, as a good work animal might then be imported from Smyrna for about \$300.

Two of the three camels procured at Tunis had shown symptoms of the itch; and, as it was feared that they might infect the ship with the disease, they were sold. Their lazy life on the vessel, coupled with good care and abundant food, had so fattened them that there was no trouble in finding a Turkish butcher, whose bid of \$44 for the two was accepted. The Sultan, professing great interest in the experiment of our Government, offered to present four of his finest animals, but, as they had to be fetched from Asia, our officers deemed it imprudent to wait. Persia had been thought to be the best place to procure fine camels, but it was now so late in the season that the mountain passes were filled with snow and ice, and a trip to that distant country would have been difficult, if not impossible. So the Supply was headed for Egypt, arriving at Alexandria in December. Major Wayne journeyed on to Cairo, where he purposed buying twenty dromedaries. An unexpected obstacle was encountered in the "custom of the country." In order to avoid having all his good camels and horses sent out of his domain to supply the wants of the Eastern war, the viceroy had made a law that no animal of any kind should be exported, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he was prevailed upon to issue a permit, first for the exportation of two camels, then for ten. The last concession came too late, however, as, wearying of the slow processes of oriental routine (the negotiations being conducted in due form through the American consul), Major Wayne had determined to sail after loading but three camels. But now the viceroy himself had become interested in the experiment of the United States, and proposed to present the Government with six dromedaries. It seems to have been the intention of the ruler to present six of his finest beasts, and on learning of the proposed gift the major and lieutenant were aroused to the highest pitch of pleased anticipation, particularly as they had met with such ill success in their purchases and had been so worried by the unforeseen rules against exportation. They expected nothing less than a group of lithe-limbed, deep-chested racers of the best blood of Oman or Nubia—the flower of the royal herd, with pedigrees reaching back toward the beginnings of recorded time. After a week of impatient waiting, they were informed that the present of the potentate was in readiness in the palace yard, and, upon going to embark it, their chagrin was severe when, instead of the swift, well-kept dromedaries of the desert, they found a wretched half dozen of the commonest street camels of Alexandria, their hanging heads showing the spirit broken by ill usage, half denuded of hair by the itch, and loathsome from disease. Lieutenant Porter spurned the gift and took little pains to conceal his disgust. The viceroy's minister was informed of the miscarriage of his master's well-intended liberality, and the blame was laid on the rascally subordinates to whom the selection of the present had been intrusted; and, after another week of waiting, six fairly good camels were forthcoming. Thus, when the Supply sailed on Jan. 22, 1856, she had on board nine dromedaries and the Tunis camel.

Our officers reached Smyrna Jan. 30, and, by having sent in advance Mr. Gwynn H. Heap, they were able to assemble rapidly the remainder of their shipment and prepare pack saddles and covers. This latter item was carefully attended to, as it was certain that properly fitting saddles could not be obtained in the United States. Mr. Heap's acquaintance with the languages and customs of the east, gained while serving as vice-consul at Tunis, enabled him to purchase the animals to the best advantage. Those he brought to Smyrna

*The natural historians have generally designated the two-humped animal of this genus as the camel and the one-humped as the dromedary. After a careful study and observation in the home of the animal, Major Wayne disregarded this classification, and speaks of it as of two distinct species—the Bactrian and the Arabian. The Bactrian has two humps; it came originally from Bactria and is now found more generally in Tartary and the northern parts of Central Asia. The Arabian has but one hump and is found principally in Arabia, Persia, Asia Minor, and India. The dromedary (Greek *dromas*, a runner) is simply a swift courser, or racer, as distinguished from the camel of burden (always, however, Arabian, or one-humped).

were bought at various points in the interior, the town camel being avoided, as it was generally infected with

the itch caught from the streets and dirty khans. He appears to have paid as low as \$100 for at least one animal and as high as \$400 each for several others, the average price being about \$250. No such fancy price as \$1,800 to \$2,000 for a single animal were paid, although the idea was prevalent at the time in this country that the camels had cost the Government about \$2,000 each. The prices, indeed, were found to vary, as do those of horses, according to breeding, size, training and soundness ranging from \$15 to \$1,000 and over. A sound burden camel capable of carrying from 400 to 600 pounds could be bought at \$50 to \$130, a dromedary at \$45 to \$1,000, the common stock bringing \$45 to \$150, and the swifter, pure-bred animals from \$150 up. A good Tuilu, or Maya, brought \$200, while two-humped Bactrian breeders sold at \$300 to \$600.

Lieutenant Porter solved, with his customary intelligence, the problem of loading the camels into the ship. He built first a boat twenty feet long and seven feet wide, flat-bottomed so that it would easily slide up on the beach. He then constructed the "camel car," very strongly made and bound with iron, with a door at each end, and shaped to fit snugly into the boat. The camel was coaxed into the car, or, if he withstood coaxing and refused to enter, ten sailors with a block and tackle forced him in. The car, mounted on trucks, was then rolled down the beach and into the boat. The car weighed 1,000 pounds and by means of it the animals, averaging in weight 1,400 pounds, but going as high as 2,000 pounds, were loaded into the ship at the rate of one each half hour.

The home voyage was begun Feb. 15, 1856, with thirty-three animals, as follows: Nine dromedaries, or runners, twenty-three camels of burden and one calf. Among them were two Bactrian males (two-humped) for use in breeding with the Arabian female. The offspring, called a "booghdee" (male Tuilu and female Maya), is always one-humped and much heavier than the pure Arabian and on this account is greatly prized as a burden-carrying animal. Mr. Heap had picked up a fine Tuilu, an enormous fellow 7 feet 5 inches in height, 10 feet long, 9 feet 9 inches in girth, and weighing when in good condition 2,000 pounds. Lieutenant Porter was obliged to cut a hole in the floor of the deck which served as the ceiling of the camel stable in order to accommodate this Tuilu's hump. Seven males were included in the load, the remainder being females, not counting the booghdee, which will not breed.

It was an interesting voyage home. The staunch little sailing craft met the most tremendous gales in the Mediterranean and was buffeted by unusually heavy weather during most of her trip across the Atlantic. It was often necessary, in order that they might not be injured by the tossing of the sea during the more violent storms, to tie the camels down in the position they assume when kneeling to receive their burdens, which posture they held for days at a time, eating and drinking much as usual and suffering no harm beyond a temporary stiffening of the joints.

The camels occupied a huge stable between decks. A thoughtful contrivance was a covered structure 60 feet long, 12 feet wide, and 10 feet high. Along the sides of this were placed at frequent intervals large portholes fitted with glass windows and heavy shutters. A hatch was provided in the top so as to let the animals down to their deck, and this aperture, being so far above the upper deck, could be kept open even during storms when it was necessary to close the portholes. Thus fresh air was assured in all kinds of weather—a very important matter on shipboard.

The success of this part of the experiment was due to the sagacity and watchfulness of Lieutenant Porter, who reduced the care of the animals to a military basis. He promulgated a set of "rules and regulations for the camel deck," requiring, among other things, that one person should always be on watch; the camels to be fed and watered every day at 3 o'clock precisely; the females having young to be fed and watered, in addition, at 7 o'clock in the morning; the deck never to be wet except by order; the hayracks to be filled every two days, and the amount of food to be kept account of; the camels never to be struck with anything but the flat of the hand; their beds to be littered down before sunset; each camel to be curried and brushed half an hour every day and their feet and legs to be well rubbed; their feet to be cleaned with soap and water twice a week; particular care to be observed in putting hay under their knees and haunches when they lie down; "the least thing the matter with an animal to be reported at once." The strictest cleanliness was exacted, the stalls being cleaned daily, and frequently witewashed. The daily ration of food consisted of a gallon of oats, ten pounds of hay, and a gallon of water to each animal, this being varied by occasional portions of crushed peas or barley made into dough ball; salt was served once a week. The animals got along very well on this regimen, although their natural diet consists of the leaves and tender branches of all kinds of trees and shrubs, while they have a special fondness for dried bushes of a bitter and astringent flavor and seem to consider prickly and thorny vegetation a dainty.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Anticosti Island, Anticosti.

It was in 1895 that the island of Anticosti was purchased by Mr. Henry Menier, the great French manufacturer, from the syndicate which had for some time owned it, the price paid being \$160,000. The island is 130 miles long by about 27 miles wide, and is thus larger than Long Island in New York State. It was then without human inhabitants except at one place, Fox Bay; the few people residing there supporting themselves by trapping and fishing. The waters about the island abound in fish, and produce the best lobsters in America.

Previous to the purchase by Mr. Menier, little was known of the interior of the island. Much had been written concerning it, but those who told the stories relied more on their imagination than on precise information for the material which they gave the public. As a matter of fact no large mammals, except the black bear, are found on the island; neither moose, caribou, nor even beaver existed there at the time of the purchase. There are no wolves nor lynxes.

After Mr. Menier first bought the island he had some

trouble with the colonists, who declined to accept him as ruler. Before long, however, this difficulty was smoothed away, the malcontents removed, and other colonists brought in. On purchasing the island, Mr. Menier naturally desired to learn what its material condition was, and what it produced. With this in view, he engaged as medical officer for the island, Dr. Joseph Schmitt, a naturalist in close touch with some of the most eminent scientific men of France. From his pen has recently appeared a monograph of the Island of Anticosti, giving us much reliable information about that inaccessible land. The paper, which is fully illustrated, is in French, covers nearly 400 pages, and has many maps and diagrams.

It is divided into five parts, of which the first, follow-

ing an introduction, deals with the geography, history, meteorology and climate, and the second with the geology and paleontology. The third part is botanical, and the fourth deals with the zoology, from protozoan up to mammals, with a page or two on anthropology. The fifth part tells very briefly of the treatment of certain diseases in men and animals, of the possibilities of agriculture, the resources of the island, and certain conclusions.

The part dealing with the zoology will chiefly interest our readers, many of whom will be surprised to learn of the great paucity of mammalian life on the island. The black bear, the otter, the marten and the fox are the sole land mammals noted, except two or three mice. Of marine mammals, on the other hand, there are many—

seals, whales, and dolphins. The walrus is entered in the list, but appears to be only a memory, since it seems to have quite disappeared.

Agriculture is undoubtedly possible in Anticosti, where wheat, oats, barley and potatoes appear to grow and ripen.

Mr. Menier purchased the island for a game preserve, and it is said that red deer, caribou and moose have been turned out there, as well as beaver, and that all of these are doing well. Silver foxes occur, and some of them confined in a large park are breeding with results that seem to be satisfactory. Mr. Menier is looking carefully after the well being of the fur-bearing animals, not less than of the game, and it is reported that fur is increasing.



Fish and Fishing.

Arctic Salmon and Whales.

VALUABLE contributions to the comparatively limited knowledge respecting the salmonidae of the far north, are believed to have been brought back by the members of the recently returned Canadian expedition to the Arctic Ocean, whose reports upon the natural history of the regions visited by them are awaited with no small degree of interest. While scarcely anything of importance has thus far been given out by members of the party in advance of the publication of their official reports, Mr. A. P. Low, of the Dominion Geological Survey, reports a large decrease in the whaling industry in Hudson Bay, but declares that a splendid industry might be established in canning Arctic salmon. The rivers, he says, still fairly swarm with these fish, which, while not as good as the Atlantic catch, are of a much better quality than the British Columbia product.

Good Fall Fishing in Northern Ontario.

Mr. L. O. Armstrong, tourist agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway, has just returned home from a trip through the French River district of Ontario. He left the railway at Wahnapitei station, and thence descended the river of that name until he reached the French River. In this district, which is to be opened up by the Toronto-Sudbury branch of the C. P. R., Mr. Armstrong says that there is a larger acreage of good fishing water within reasonable access than anywhere else in Canada. None of these waters have ever been netted or dynamited, and it is gratifying to know that everything that is possible is being done by the railway authorities to prevent the undue destruction of fish life in this important district. Mr. Armstrong got any number of bass averaging four pounds, some mas-kinongé averaging twenty-three pounds, and some doré averaging seven pounds.

The Sea Trout

During the last summer I was fortunate enough to enjoy opportunities for the study of the sea-run trout of the Saguenay and some of its tributaries. At times they afforded splendid sport, and were as plentiful during portions, at least, of the past season, as the salmon were scarce. The wordy war waged by the ichthyologists over the proper identification and name of this fish appears to be as far as ever it was from a satisfactory settlement, but among those who have angled for it there is but one opinion as to the excellence of both its flesh and its game qualities. So the practical disciple of Izaak Walton is equally satisfied with his sport among the sea trout, whether the fish be simply his old friend, the spotted brook trout, which has grown bright and silvery by a prolonged visit to the sea, or whether it be, as claimed by some, a distinct variety. It may be *Salmo trutta*, *Salmo trutta marina*, *Salmo im-maculatus*, bull trout, salmon trout or white trout to the ichthyologist. To the angler it may also be either of these, but it is pre-eminently, to him, the sea trout, to distinguish it from the fish that he takes in brooks and lakes far from the sea, as contrasted with this glorious silvery denizen of tidal or brackish water.

When first lifted from the sea, the backs of the white trout are of a bluish-green, just the color of the wave, and the under part of the fish sparkles like molten silver. Soon after the salmon have run up into the rivers on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, the whole of the Gulf along either shore abounds with the smaller fish, the individual specimens running from one to seven pounds in weight. They proceed up the rivers to spawn, though it was formerly supposed that they never ascended into the purely fresh water. This belief was undoubtedly strengthened by the fact that they are most freely caught either in the salt or brackish water, and that they are not always correctly identified when taken out of fresh water, because of the striking changes in both their form and coloration, produced by even a very short sojourn in fresh water. They lose flesh, and hence appear longer in shape and become very brilliantly colored, with tri-colored fins of black, white and scarlet, and numerous bright spots over the body, which have simply become visible because of the partial disappearance of the silvery sheen that veiled them when in salt water. This sheen gradually and partially disappears in fresh water, as it also does from the salmon.

Besides ascending the rivers to spawn, there is no doubt that the sea trout run into some of them after the smelt, upon which they feed, and when these latter return to the sea, late in the year, the sea trout again follow after them.

In the lower part of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the sea trout fishing commences much earlier than it does farther west. Thus in the bays and harbors of Prince

Edward Island it is good in June. In these bays and along the coasts of the island, the fish are taken with a scarlet fly, from a boat under easy sail, with a "mackerel breeze," and often with a "heavy ground swell." The fly skips from wave to wave at the end of thirty yards of line, and there should be at least seventy yards more on the reel. It is splendid sport, as a strong fish will sometimes make a long run and give a good chase down the wind. In fact, it is not too much to say that the sea trout is the most valuable of the salmonidae after the Atlantic salmon itself, and neither in beauty of form or color, in excellence of flavor, nor yet in sporting qualifications do they fall behind even him, notwithstanding that they are his inferior in both weight and size. Often, too, a very large run of these beautiful fish is met, and among other catches on record is one of sixteen trout, weighing over eighty pounds, caught in one morning at St. Peter's Bay, twenty-eight miles from Charlottetown, in Prince Edward Island. The same angler, with a friend, killed 300 of these fish in a single tide.

Sometimes the sea trout is killed quite out of sight of land, by trolling a fly from a sail boat, much in the same way as in mackerel or bluefish angling. The trout frequently throws itself out of the sea to secure the rapidly skipping fly, its beautiful bright sides flashing like silver in the sunlight. When struck, it runs with sufficient velocity to bring the angler's heart into his mouth, and a hundred yards of line proves little enough, at times, to hold him.

In salt water fishing there is no need whatever to be particular about a choice of lure for sea trout. A fly is by no means necessary. Any bright artificial bait is all that is required, and any particular resemblance to known living creatures is apparently superfluous. Keeping well outside the bar, the angler should trail this bait at the end of twenty yards of line, and even more of the fish are shy. The spinning and glistening bait is apparently, to the trout, gifted with the power of escape. The trout is piqued, snaps, and reflects not until the hooks are in him, but then the angler must be prepared for a rush, beside which that of a pollack of the same size is a mere crawl.

Keeping in view the fact that these frantic efforts are the result of fright, the cautious angler knows how to let his fish run out to a certain point, when, suddenly raising the point of his rod, he brings pressure to bear and winds up. Out goes the line again, and the same compliments are exchanged, the number of the runs depending upon the angler's skill, and still more on the size and condition of the prisoner. The depth at which the spinner should work depends largely on the weather and general state of the atmosphere and water. A fresh breeze, as divers have remarked, will create a disturbance among the marine life below, even where the water remains perpetually calm; myriads of tiny creatures are set in pursuit, and these are the main objects of the trout's pursuit.

On calm evenings the sand-eels come to the top, where also the trout are to be found on the feed. A little variation in the number of sinkers used, aided by a little judgment and observation on the part of the angler will generally determine the exact position of the fish, which are at no time very hard to find, least of all when hungry.

Some of the best sea trout fishing is to be had off the mouth of the Cascapedia in the Baie des Chaleurs, and in the lower stretches of tidal water in the Moisie, the Trinity and the Saguenay rivers. In many of the salmon rivers, notwithstanding the sportive character of the sea trout, its rising at the salmon fisher's flies calls down upon it many maledictions, because of the disturbance which it creates in the pool in which it may be found, spoiling the salmon fishing for some time to come.

Yet when the salmon fishing is dull or the season for it has closed, many a good day's sport is taken in salt or brackish water in the lower stretches of the salmon rivers by their lessees, for upon a trout or grilse rod the sport afforded by a large sea trout is fully equal to that experienced in killing a salmon on a salmon rod.

On the Saguenay.

On no other trout water in the world, perhaps, is there the same character of trout fishing to be had as in the Saguenay River. The Saguenay sea trout, like the Saguenay salmon, have almost a world-wide reputation. The Saguenay salmon, however, must run into one of the tributaries of the great dark river before they will rise to the fly. The sea trout, on the other hand, are successfully fished for on the Saguenay itself, and the sport certainly offers an unique experience. Precipitous cliffs, ranging from 1,200 to 2,200 feet in height, hem the river in on either side, and in many instances these cliffs actually overhang the water. If the channel of

the river were to be dried up, it would be seen that some of these cliffs run down as far below the present level of the Saguenay as they rise above it. There are many places where the water is over a thousand feet deep, and this close to the cliffs. In almost any other water of one-tenth of this depth, it would be absolutely useless to fish with the fly. In the early spring and late in the fall, the fish would be found only in shallower water, and if they sought such deep water at all it would only be for the purpose of seeking the bottom of it in the heat of summer. But in the Saguenay, even the surface of the water is cold enough to satisfy the longing of any fish, even in the hottest weather, and in all the bays of the river there is excellent fishing. Except when agitated by storms, the water of the Saguenay is very placid. It is also very brackish and subject to the action of the tides. The gloom of the surroundings is quite awe-inspiring. The only signs of life are afforded by the occasional leap of a salmon, the bobbing up of a seal's head, or a school of white porpoises, rolling their huge bodies along the waters, ever and anon spouting a shower of liquid diamonds into the air.

In the still water of the Saguenay, artificial baits are quite unnecessary. In the eddies of the tidal water curling around the various points of rock, the sea trout rise readily to the fly throughout the season. In the latter part of June and early in July they may be caught in the St. Lawrence just off the mouth of the river. A little later they are to be found in Tadoussac Bay; and as the season advances, should be followed higher up the stream from bay to bay. One of the most successful flies for these fish is the red ibis. Another is the Montreal. These are both well-known flies that can be had of any tackle dealer. One that is less known, but is equally efficacious, is known as the Alexandra, called after the Queen of England, who is fully as successful as an angler as her husband is unsuccessful.

The Alexandra fly is intended as a vague imitation of a minnow, and was originally recommended to be east and played minnow-fashion just below the surface of the water. English fishermen found it to be so taking that its use was forbidden upon some streams. The favorite method of fishing with this fly is to allow the line to run with the current, and then draw it back upstream by short, sudden jerks that open and close the haekles, giving glimpses of the bright, silvery body. All the leading salmon flies are also excellent lures for sea trout, but new ones should not be used, for the trout bite so savagely that they destroy artificial flies very much more than salmon do. When not rising to the fly, the sea trout may generally be taken a little below the surface of the water, with the lance or sand-eel, which exists in large numbers in the Saguenay, and at low tide may be dug out of the sand at the mouth of the river, and wherever there are bays higher up the stream, where a portion of beach is revealed by the running down of the tide.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Visible Results of Salmon Culture

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Nov. 5, Mr. W. E. Meehan, Commissioner of Fisheries for Pennsylvania, gives the first authentic intelligence the present writer has been able to obtain of any visible results from all the millions of salmon fry that have been planted in the rivers of the northern States since 1856. In that year, Dr. Fletcher, of Concord, N. H., got from the Miramichi River in New Brunswick 70,000 salmon ova, which were hatched out by Livingston Stone, of Charlestown, N. H., and planted in several rivers of New Hampshire and Connecticut. Though these were said to have "done well," I could never learn that a mature salmon was taken from any of the waters in which they were planted.

Mr. Meehan now tells that, "In the early '70s the late Thaddeus Norris and several other enthusiastic fishermen planted Atlantic salmon fry in the tributaries of the Delaware River near Easton, Pa. I think the number planted in two years was 50,000. Although it subsequently transpired that the tributaries of the Delaware in which these fish were placed were not the most favorable waters, a number of salmon lived and returned to the Delaware River. Probably thirty or forty were caught; but at the time the experiment was considered to be unsuccessful."

In 1868 Mr. Norris published in Philadelphia and London his work on "American Fish Culture," the best book on the subject the present writer has ever seen. At that time and up to his death, Mr. Norris was considered the best authority on fishculture in America, and if he pronounced the experiment a failure, there can be no reasonable doubt of the correctness of his judgment. Since that year many millions of eyed-ova, or young fry, furnished by Livingston Stone from his

hatcheries on the Sacramento and Columbia Rivers, have been planted in waters of the northern States; but the writer has never been able to get authentic intelligence of a single mature Pacific salmon taken from northern waters. When it was reported in your issue of Oct. 8, that Col. Haggart had taken a Quinnet salmon with a fly from Pierce Pond in Maine, he was glad that at last Livingston Stone's labors were about to show some visible results; but your next issue dashed all his hopes by announcing that the supposed Quinnet was only a native land-locked salmon.

Commissioner Meehan further informs us that, "About 1890 the late Henry C. Ford, then president of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, planted several thousand fry in the tributaries of the Delaware River in Pike and Wayne counties on the Pennsylvania side. In 1895 more than \$5,000 worth of Atlantic salmon were caught in the nets between the head of Delaware Bay and Trenton. In 1896 and '97 I planted several thousand more fry. The result has been that since quite a number of salmon have been caught in the nets of the shad fishermen, and one year it was estimated that nearly \$3,000 worth were captured."

This is the first authentic intelligence the writer has been able to obtain, and he feels bound to accept it, coming as it does from a State Commissioner of Fisheries, though it staggers all his previous confidence in his knowledge of the life history of the salmon. He was under the impression that it had been well established, according to all the best writers on the subject, including Mr. Norris, that alevins became parrs in the first year of their life. In the second year, that they lose the parr marks and put on the bright silvery appearance of smolts, which go to sea in the fall of that year. The following year they return as grilse of four to six pounds, and in the next year as mature salmon. There are well authenticated exceptions to this general rule, of which no explanation has ever been given by the scientists who have most carefully studied the subject. But, waving natural history, and confining our attention to the practical part of the matter, we cannot but regret that, for practical purpose, the results are so little encouraging and that, so far as he has gone, Commissioner Meehan only sustains the facts and figures given in the last and previous issues of your paper.

From the several thousand of fry planted about 1890, there were caught in 1895 more than \$5,000 worth of mature fish. In 1896 and '97 Mr. Meehan himself planted several thousand more fry, which, with the natural increase of those planted about 1890, produced the estimated value of \$3,000, a little more than half the first planting yield. Since then fourteen years have elapsed; consequently there should be the natural increase for eleven years of all that escaped capture. It is much to be regretted that Commissioner Meehan did not give us the number or value of the salmon taken in 1903 and '04, so that we might know whether the catches continued to decrease yearly by 50 per cent. or whether they showed any increase. Perhaps some other State Commissioner can supply, through your columns, what Mr. Meehan has unfortunately neglected. Any authentic date that can be given will be a boon to hundreds of your readers, as well as to

THE OLD ANGLER.

Fish Chat.

BY EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

A Study of Fish Markets.

MANY years ago—yes, many more years than I wish they were—I used to knock about the country a great deal with my dear old father on outings with rod and creel. He was as great a crank—no, I will not say that; but he was as much of an enthusiast in all matters piscatorial as I am at the present time; and it was undoubtedly due quite largely to the intercourse we then had together in such matters that I now, after that lapse of time, find my greatest enjoyment in angling. "As the twig is bent so the tree is inclined." I am not quite certain about the correctness of that quotation, but I will let it stand; the bent of my mind, which naturally turned to nature studies, was permanently fixed.

In the great number of enjoyable outings we thus participated in, we visited many cities and large towns on our way to favorite fishing localities, and if our stay was in any of them at all prolonged, my father invariably steered for the fish market, if such there were; and if the place did not support the dignity of a market and had simply a fish stall, it answered his purpose quite as well. This trait in his character may seem strange to the ordinary run of people, for strangers in a strange city usually employ their spare time in inspecting public buildings, art galleries, parks, and other places which are supposed to interest the majority of travelers. But dear old pater's mind ran on fishes above and before everything else, and an inspection of the various varieties which were displayed for sale gave him greater pleasure than would a visit to an art museum filled with the choicest works of Rembrandt, Murillo, Michael Angelo, and other princes of the brush and palette.

In examining the piscine treasures displayed before us, he asked no end of questions relating to the localities from which the fish came and where, and the condition of the various catches; and time and again have I seen him poke open the maw of a fish which had recently been dressed, for the purpose of ascertaining the character of the diet upon which the fish had fed. We found in the markets of the different cities some species which seemed common to nearly all of them; but as a rule those which were being vended were local, if I may use that expression; that is to say, peculiar forms would not in ordinary markets be common to those which were considerably separated. Fish in Baltimore markets, for example, consisted very largely of the spotted weakfish or southern sea trout, so-called; to which were added shad and mackerel in their seasons, black sea bass, sheepshead, and a number of other species of more southern habitat.

In Philadelphia we found most of the above named species, together with the common weakfish or squeteague, and from interior waters the German carp, yellow perch, and catfish had come.

In New York markets, the largest of their kind on the

continent, we found, of course, all the species I have named, together with scuppaug, or porgies, as they are commonly called in that section; tautog or blackfish flounders, fluke, and various other marine species; south of New York we did not often find in any considerable abundance cod, haddock or halibut, the transportation of those species seeming to have ceased when the great metropolis was reached; but we found here displayed for sale fresh-water fishes which had not seemed to have sought a market in a lower latitude. Thus brook trout, whitefish, pickerel, black bass, and some of the western lake trout and others were always displayed in their proper season.

North and east of New York the display of fishes becomes more localized. In Providence mackerel and shad were always to be found in their season; scuppaug, blackfish and weakfish were also abundant, but fresh-water species, with the exception of the salmon, which of course is almost always on sale in every city, were a rarity in that market. In Newport the same conditions prevailed, the greatest abundance of scuppaug being seen there; in fact, I believe that even at the present time the largest shipments of that delectable pan-fish made to New York are from those two principal cities of Rhode Island.

In the Western markets the chief varieties of fish offered for sale were from fresh water; the cod, haddock, and two or three other leading salt-water varieties being received at the principal centers. One who is not familiar with the extent to which the breeding of the whitefish has reached, would be astonished to see the immense numbers that are sold in Chicago and other great Western cities. It seemed to be a popular table species, but to me it lacks the tasty qualities which appeal to the epicurean fancy. I have tried them fried, boiled and broiled, but somehow they seemed insipid no matter in which form they were cooked.

In Quincy Market, Boston, commonly, but improperly, called Faneuil Hall Market, we found almost, if not quite, as great a variety as that seen in Fulton Market; but north of Boston the number of species displayed for sale decreased very materially.

The habit I acquired in studying the fish markets clung to me, and it has been my custom, ever since my father passed away, to inspect the finny beauties which were offered for sale in places I visited, and I believe it has been of very considerable value to me in affording information which I could not otherwise have acquired.

Prevalence of the Striped Bass.

There was one species of fish which I have almost invariably noticed in all the markets on the Atlantic Coast, and that is the striped bass, or weakfish, as it is often called. From the Rappahannock all along the shore as far north at least as Montreal, on the St. Lawrence, it is found in greater or less abundance; and in many localities it is one of the most important, commercially, of all the marine fishes. I wish I had memoranda by me showing the magnitude of the catch in different localities; but those who have access to statistics can easily satisfy themselves on that point. I will state, however, that the Canadian Blue Book for 1903 gives the catch of New Brunswick alone at 138,300 pounds. While this is not an enormously large catch, when compared with the take of cod, haddock, etc., it shows that the bass occupies a respectable position in the Dominion fisheries. While this species seems to be holding its own in waters north of Massachusetts Bay, it appears to be gradually decreasing in numbers from that point southward; and not only that, but it is decreasing very perceptibly in average size. This fact I have already stated in FOREST AND STREAM for December 19, 1903. Of course the great decrease in numbers is attributable mainly to the great growth and spread of the weir system, particularly in Buzzard's and Narragansett bays, where it was formerly the most abundant of all the commercial fishes. In addition to the destruction caused by the weirs, pounds, etc., those voracious marauders, the bluefish, have done more than their share in reducing the great schools which were formerly so abundant; in fact, in the great bay I have named, the bass are so few in numbers that but little record is made of those captured in Massachusetts north of Cape Cod.

In the Report of the Massachusetts Commissioners on Fisheries and Game for 1903, I find that not a single bass is reported as having been taken in the waters of Essex county, where it was formerly very abundant, and not one in Norfolk or Plymouth counties, in both of which I used to get exceptionally good bass fishing.

In Barnstable county, however, the catch was about 9,000 pounds, and this encourages the hope that the fish will gradually recover from the destruction that has been meted out to it in the Bay.

The Bass in Canada.

While the bass seems to be holding its own in the rivers of New Brunswick along the northern shore, as far, at least, as the Miramichi, its size is gradually decreasing in those localities, as I have shown in the article above referred to; but in the St. Lawrence, according to Mr. Chambers, it is decreasing both in average size and in numbers. In his communication in FOREST AND STREAM of October 15, he mentions this fact and gives some interesting accounts of the distribution and habits of the fish in that river.

Mr. Chambers is correct in his statement that the bar, so-called by the Canadians, and the striped bass are identical. I have seen these fish in the markets of both Montreal and Quebec, and they were unquestionably the striped bass—*Roccus lineatus*—but that is a quite different species from the bar fish—*Pomoxys sparoides*—of Lake Michigan, the calico bass and grass bass of other western and southern localities, which never, so far as I am aware, attains a greater weight than two or three pounds. The habits of the two species are quite different, the striped bass being a bold, active predatory fish, preying, like the squeteague and bluefish, upon all the smaller species; the other is rather of a peaceful disposition; so much so, in fact, that, according to Prof. Goode, "it will live harmoniously with all others, and while its structure and disposition restrain it from attacking any other but very small fry, its formidable armature of spinous rays in the dorsal and abdominal fins will guard it against the attacks of even the voracious pike."

Apropos of the Montreal fish stalls, I would say I have

never seen exposed for sale any of the ouananiche or the splendid spotted trout with which the lakes and rivers of the Province of Quebec abound, and not a single grilse have I ever seen exposed for sale there, or for that matter, in any market in America.

Salmon Everyw. ere.

The salmon is almost always to be seen in every market, but those which are for sale are as likely—more likely, in fact—to have been brought from the Pacific Coast as to have been killed in near-by waters. In the Montreal market I have seen cod, haddock, and halibut which I was informed had been brought from Portland, Me.; but the variety of other species for sale there was exceedingly limited.

What Can We Do With the Dog Fish?

The more I look into the matter, the more I am convinced that something must be quickly done to check the ravages that are being made on our marine fisheries by that despicable pest the dog fish. Its numbers seem to be increasing with tremendous rapidity, and its rapacity appears to keep abreast of its fecundity. I have recently improved every opportunity for interviewing "bankers" and other deep sea fishermen, and from all with whom I have conversed comes the same discouraging story. One trawler assured me a few days ago that he lost in one trip over two hundred hooks which were bitten off at the ganging as neatly by the sharp teeth of the pseudo shark as if the lines had been cut with a knife. Another said that in hauling his trawls he not only found that the hooks were bitten off, but discovered that numerous heads of cod were left hanging from the hooks, the bodies having been eaten by the marauders. Some idea of the rapacity of the dog fish may be had when I state that some of the heads of the cods which were left hanging on the hooks had belonged, evidently, to very large fish. "Yes, thirty or forty pounders," as my informant stated. "I tell you it's mighty discouraging," exclaimed one of the fishermen, "to haul your trawls day after day and find that the dog fish have always been ahead of you; I don't know what we're going to do. One thing is certain, unless the dog fish let up on us, cod fishing is done for. There is some talk about the Government paying a bounty for every one caught; but if the bounty was large enough to make it an object to catch the brutes, the Dominion treasury could not pay the bills. There has also been more talk about setting up mills along the shore to grind up the dog fish for manure, but while we are waiting for all these things to be done, we are likely to starve. Some of us have been trying the experiment of ganging our trawl hooks with wire; the dogfish can't bite this off, and we have the satisfaction of clubbing the brutes to death when we haul them up."

Habits of the Dog Fish.

The dog fish is not solely a bottom feeder, as many suppose it to be, for it preys upon surface ranging fishes quite as much as it does upon those which forage deep in the water. For example, it follows schools of mackerel with the greatest pertinacity, a number of the dog fish acting in concert together in much the same way as that in which a horde of pollock will surround and destroy a school of herring or young cod. This habit of preying upon mackerel has earned for the destroyer the title of the "mackerel shark." It also follows schools of herring, and so vigorously has it attacked them this season, that the herring have been widely scattered, and for this reason, as most fishermen believe, bait has during the past year or two been exceedingly scarce; so scarce, in fact, that a large number of fishing vessels have been forced to lie idle.

I have watched the items relating to the fisheries which have been published in various Dominion newspapers, and gather from them that in the opinion of many anglers, netters, and others who are interested in matters piscatorial, that the salmon have been destroyed in such numbers by the dog fish that there is almost a danger of extermination of our king of game fish by the insatiable pirates.

At first glance one would hardly believe that such an active and quick-moving fish as the salmon could be captured by the little sharks; but when we remember that the mackerel, which is almost as speedy in its movements as the salmon, is caught without difficulty by the dog fish, it would seem that the opinions above expressed are not without foundation. All who are familiar with the habits of the salmon, know it is often captured by seals, and they cannot possibly be as quick in their attacks as are the dog fish.

The Tuna in a Nova Scotia Harbor.

Recently while enjoying a yachting excursion in the magnificent outer harbor of Lockport, N. S., our skipper discovered a large fish which was slowly moving about on the surface of the water. The yacht was headed toward the fish and we approached it closely enough to permit a pretty close examination of its great proportions. A monster it was, indeed, nearly sixteen feet in length, and its size was such that it must certainly have weighed at least seven or eight hundred pounds. It did not manifest any disquietude at our close proximity, but moved leisurely around, and most of the time just at the surface, its back and dorsal fin being out of the water five or six inches.

"That's a horse mackerel," exclaimed the skipper, as we glided by the huge fish.

"Yes," I replied, "and one of the largest I have ever seen; if we had a harpoon we might try our luck with him. I had no idea they ever came into these waters."

"Oh, yes," he answered, "we see them now and then all along the coast way up to the Gut of Canso. They're great fish killers, and no mistake. This chap is in here after herring, I have no doubt."

I make this record of the occurrence of the tuna in the locality I have named, believing it will interest those who have recorded its presence elsewhere. So large a fish could not be angled for in the manner in which the tarpon is; but smaller ones could be, no doubt, and what a fight they could put up! I used in former years to get no little sport in harpooning swordfish, and it is not among the impossibilities that when another season rolls around I may try my hand on a tuna. There will certainly be a good opportunity for doing so at Lockport.



YACHTING



GEORGE LENOX WATSON.

THROUGH the death of George Lenox Watson, Great Britain loses a fine sportsman, a thorough gentleman, and her greatest yacht designer. Mr. Watson was one for whom we cherished the greatest regard and respect both as a man and a designer. He was a man of great culture and rare ability and was loved and revered by all who came in contact with him. His was a fine character. His many successes did not change in the least his charming disposition and reserved nature. The life he led was of the simplest sort, and during his entire career he was untiring in his devotions to his mother. George Watson was perhaps the greatest designer of steam and sail yachts of his time, and his death will be sincerely mourned by his many friends in the States and at home.

We are grateful for the privilege of being able to print the personal recollections which follow from the pen of Mr. John Hyslop.

George Lenox Watson.

BY JOHN HYSLOP.

THE death of George Lenox Watson, which occurred early on Saturday last, November 12, comes to us as a most unexpected announcement. To those who knew him through his work as a yacht designer, it will be recognized that a man who stood in the foremost rank of his profession has been lost to it, and if the money value of his productions may be taken as a measure of the confidence which he inspired in his patrons, it may be questioned if he had any rivals who reached his level. To those of us who had the good fortune to know him as a man, other considerations than respect for his ability will make a deeper impress, and form a subject of more grateful comment. There has, since the first announcement of his death, been no lack of reference to what he has done as a designer, with much fullness of details, which make less needful any enlargement on this subject.

George L. Watson commenced yacht designing about the time when it had its inception as a profession distinct from the business of yacht building, and since that time the two lines of work have ordinarily been kept separated. The cutter *Madge*, which was brought here in 1881, was one of the productions of his earlier years. Her performances in these waters may, in strict accuracy, be called a revelation, and these, with a study of her details of rig and characteristics, influenced very perceptibly and beneficially a variety of changes in American yachts. Commencing as a designer of small yachts, Mr. Watson very speedily was intrusted with more important commissions, and indeed, in a very few years' time, may be said to have had a recognized preference in the profession for commissions in the larger class of vessels, and latterly the designing of the most costly steam yachts has constituted the greater part of his work. Our own most competent designers would, I feel sure, be the last to underestimate the merits of yachts designed by Mr. Watson for the international Cup contests. I am confident that Mr. Herreshoff would not. At this time, when the relative weight of hull and rig to total weight of displacement is such a well recognized factor in relation to speed, there would appear to be the need of a distinct superiority in model or elsewhere for a vessel to successfully engage in a contest when she has first to cross the Atlantic in either direction. In my experience as measurer of the New York Y. C., in every contest where Mr. Watson was present, there were many occasions which gave striking evidence of his manly spirit and fair mindedness, which I should be glad to give if it would not unduly lengthen this communication; and there are other experiences of my own, or well known to me, of which I could write feelingly, telling of the admirable, generous, and lovable character of the man. I saw something of him—of his home life, his business life, his associates and surroundings, and his personal habits—when I was in Glasgow in the summer of 1898. These all showed the confidence and high esteem in which he was held, and in contrast to this his own quiet, simple and unassuming demeanor. Intrusted at that time with the carrying out of important and costly contracts, he was content to describe himself as "just a toy maker." A faithful, diligent, conscientious hard worker in his profession, no detail regarded as drudgery, no inconvenience as occasion for shirking, he went about his work, and preserved through it all, if a somewhat retiring, yet a genial presence, and a kindly and active considerateness—even, as I know, for some who might reasonably have looked for resentment.

At the time I write of, Mr. Watson was a bachelor, his mother, then over 80 years old, presiding over his home, and the considerateness of which I have written showed itself toward her in the most exquisite development that I have ever witnessed. A bright-faced, gentle and refined woman, and such mutual appreciation of mother and son, formed a picture never to fade from my memory.

It will not be easy to replace George Watson as a capable designer. It would in many ways be more difficult to excel him as a man.

Past, Present and Future of the Motor Boat.

BY A. E. POTTER.

THAT the motor boat has come to stay, goes without saying. But a few years ago, not to exceed eleven, I saw on the Thames River at Norwich, Conn., a peculiar looking launch. It was running with no apparent effort except a peculiar popping noise, had no smokestack, nor did it resemble one of the electric launches first made famous at the Chicago World's Fair. I asked several bystanders what the propelling power was, and none could answer. Several days after, in describing the incident, I was informed that a gasoline engine was used for its propulsion, and I became at once interested; nor have I lost any of my enthusiasm since that time; on the contrary, it increases whenever I note any advance in construction, design or new features in this most instructive mechanism, following up as it did the bicycle, both of which are responsible for development of mechanical skill and knowledge, an opportunity which the American people were not slow to appreciate and grasp.

When John H. Hoxie, of Mystic, Conn., bought his launch, *Hattie B.*, equipped with a 6 horsepower Sintz motor, and on his trips up and down the Mystic River, and through Fisher's Island Sound—for all his coming was heralded by an "infernal" racket, especially rasping to churchgoers on Sundays or to the tired villagers seeking slumber at night—he was the envy of all others thereabouts. I have heard it said that once on a quiet summer's day his launch was heard at Noank from the time he left his moorings at Mystic until he tied up at Watch Hill wharf, and on his return the same atmospheric conditions being present, the progress was punctuated by regular snorts, save occasional missed explosions, until "blocked" at the Mystic drawbridge. While not vouching for the actual truth of the above, I do not consider the facts entirely chimerical.

The next season marked a great improvement in the *Hattie B.*, a larger engine with muffler increasing the speed and reducing the sound of the exhaust.

About that time Thos. H. Newbury bought from Palmer Bros., of Cos Cob, the first engine they sold. He installed it in a 17ft. rowboat bought from the keeper of North Hummock Light, after first adding a false stern. These were the first two launches on the river where now are owned in the neighborhood of a hundred, the little village of Noank, at the mouth of the river, boasting in the ownership of between forty-five and fifty, for the most part engaged in fishing and lobstering.

The first in Noank to adopt gasoline power for propelling their boat and for lifting their trawls of lobster pots were Wm. P. Latham and John L. Daboll, joint owners of *Falcon*; yet a canvass of the lobster boats this summer showed that but some four only were not equipped with power.

At Bridgeport, New Haven, Milford, South Norwalk, and other points on the Connecticut shore, the power boat is fast superseding the steam oyster boat, except with the large concerns who ship seed oysters extensively and own large beds. The individual boats licensed to fish on the public beds are debarred the use of power, either going to, coming from, or fishing on the grounds, or to haul dredges. I understand that even boats with power are not allowed to dredge unless the propeller wheels are removed. But for this there would be several hundred more motor boats engaged in catching seed oysters, and the oyster would soon share the fate of the lobster, so far as the Long Island Sound natural beds are concerned.

On the Long Island shore the conditions are a little different, in that the beds are usually owned by smaller concerns, cultivated by means almost exclusively of the power boat. There is hardly a planter who now uses steam for this purpose, or for marketing his product, even the sailing vessels being usually equipped with auxiliary gasoline power, in place of the old-time sloop with hand windlass.

In Gardiner's, as in Peconic and Great South bays, the motor boat plays a very important part. Where these craft are employed to transport fish to shipping points, fishing gear can be tended regularly, their product arrives in market in much better condition, and the result is that the gasoline motor once installed becomes, like the telephone, a necessity. So we might enumerate the various industries at different localities where for commercial purposes, such as carrying produce to market, short ferries, taking out fishing and sailing parties, the motor boat has proved the "proper thing in the proper place." These boats run in winter and summer, unless tied up by ice floes or storms, and, unlike the pleasure boat, which is hauled out and covered by the owner during the winter, are always "in evidence."

There is another large class of motor "boatists"—the man of moderate means who owns a boat for his own pleasure, whose first outlay is small, expense of running, care, and repairs is low. Probably no other form of recreation offers quite so much in return for the investment. He knows he can sell the boat at almost any time for what he paid for it, and his investment does not worry him. His "name is legion," as can be attested by the vast numbers which can be noticed on bays, rivers, sounds, etc., on every pleasant afternoon during the summer, or peacefully lying at their moorings when not in use. He can go when or where he pleases (of course after he learns his engine), alone or accompanied by family or friends. If he breaks down, he will always find a friendly launch to tow him home or to a safe haven, the credit of being able to do the towing is usually sufficient pay, trusting that when he in turn becomes entangled with a line in his wheel, or his gasoline tank is empty, some friendly launch will take his line to even

matters up. What does he care for racing? Perhaps he is unable to pay out the little extra that it would entail; but more likely he will say—and honestly, too—that he did not buy his launch for racing purposes; he doesn't know how fast she will go and doesn't care, so long as he can go where he pleases. Yet underneath this exterior apathy for motor boat racing he reads with avidity all the boating periodicals, all the racing news, and if he can afford the time and expense, watches the struggles from some point of vantage.

The cruising launch and the auxiliary yacht are important factors in the gasoline engine world. Those who can afford the cruising launch and the time to enjoy it, have usually one ideal, and that is a boat with a little better accommodations, a little more power, just a trifle increased speed, while the owner of the auxiliary, except with a good spanking breeze, rarely takes off his sail covers, and about the second or third season either removes the spars and converts her into a launch proper, or trades for a cruising launch. The yachtsman brought up to love the sailing craft, sighs, bemoans the lack of enthusiasm among his fellow sailing friends, and then—what else could he do? Why, he becomes the worst "crank" in the motor boat ranks.

There is but one more distinctive class. This is in truth a separate adaptation of the gasoline engine, and unfortunately we cannot all enter the sport with all that it means. It is in the high speed auto boat. Here is where brains, high mechanical ability, a knowledge of the high art of the naval architect, a cool head, a "long roll," and plenty idle time are necessary.

The speed results so far obtained this past year are remarkable, yet the auto boat is in its infancy.

From a business standpoint the power boat is a success. Examine the columns of publications who give up a part even of their columns to motor boats, engines, and accessories, and mark the vast number of manufacturers, both large and small, of marine gasoline engines, their number being augmented by new ones constantly springing up. How few of them meet with business reverses and leave the field to others. A remarkable thing it is that there is hardly a gasoline engine manufacturer or launch builder but has prospered the past year or two, while the indications are that the demand, being healthy, is bound to increase. Did you ever hear of a man tiring of motor boating?

Queries on Marine Motors.

B. A. H., Rochester, N. Y.—I am building a launch hull with bent oak frames—my first experience. Have keel, stem, sternpost and deadwood in place, also forms and battens ready for the timbers. What is the cheapest and simplest way to soften the timbers to bend them into place? I do not want to go to the expense of steam-box, boiler, etc. Which is better to bend, yellow bark or white oak? 2. What are the advantages, if any, from building a launch with a deadwood aft over using a double knee for a sternpost and planking from the rabbet in the keel and sternpost, rather than to a rabbet in the deadwood?

Ans.—The cheapest and one of the best methods is to procure a piece of second-hand 2in., 2½in. or 3in. steam pipe, or boiler tubing, about 6in. longer than the longest timber. Bury one end in the ground 2 or 3ft., first plugging it carefully with a piece of pine. Leave the pipe protruding from the ground at an angle of approximately 45 degrees. Fill this with water and build a fire under it. As soon as the water boils, immerse each timber separately; let it stand for a minute or two and it will bend like a piece of rubber. Green yellow-bark butts will be found to bend even better than white oak. The wood, of course, should be straight-grained.

2. A launch is undoubtedly stronger built with a good deadwood, and the cost would be less. It is largely a matter of choice and, except that all the room aft inside is needed for a reversing gear or wheel, we should strongly advise the deadwood. This construction would be heavier, but it would cost less, and the boat would be ever so much easier to "plank."

A. B. H., New Orleans, La.—1. Will a four-cycle engine burn more or less gasoline with a vaporizer than with a float feed carburetor? 2. Why do some makes of two-cycle engines take so much more fuel than others developing the same brake horsepower at the same speed?

Ans.—1. With a float feed carburetor and auxiliary air supply, a better mixture can be maintained with less wire drawing, thus getting more power with the same amount of gasoline. 2. On account of different locations of exhaust and inlet ports, higher or lower initial and final compression, different lengths of connecting rods, different methods of carburation, etc., *ad infinitum*.

W. A. W., Baltimore, Md.—The forward cylinder of my quadruple cylinder marine gasoline engine heats up badly. What is the cause and remedy?

Ans.—If your engine is installed at a considerable pitch, the forward cylinder may not get its share of the water. More likely the trouble may be from insufficient water piping from the engine. In case the pump is of the rotary or gear type, the piping should be larger on this account, else the water turned into steam makes back pressure on the pump and reduces its capacity. The remedy would be to increase the piping one size from the engine outboard, or increase the size or speed of the pump.

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.

Pleasure.

As Sailboat and Cruiser.

PLEASURE was designed and built for day service in the Great South Bay, Long Island, by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co., in 1901, and this accounts for her main characteristics, the water there being shoal and the winds strong.

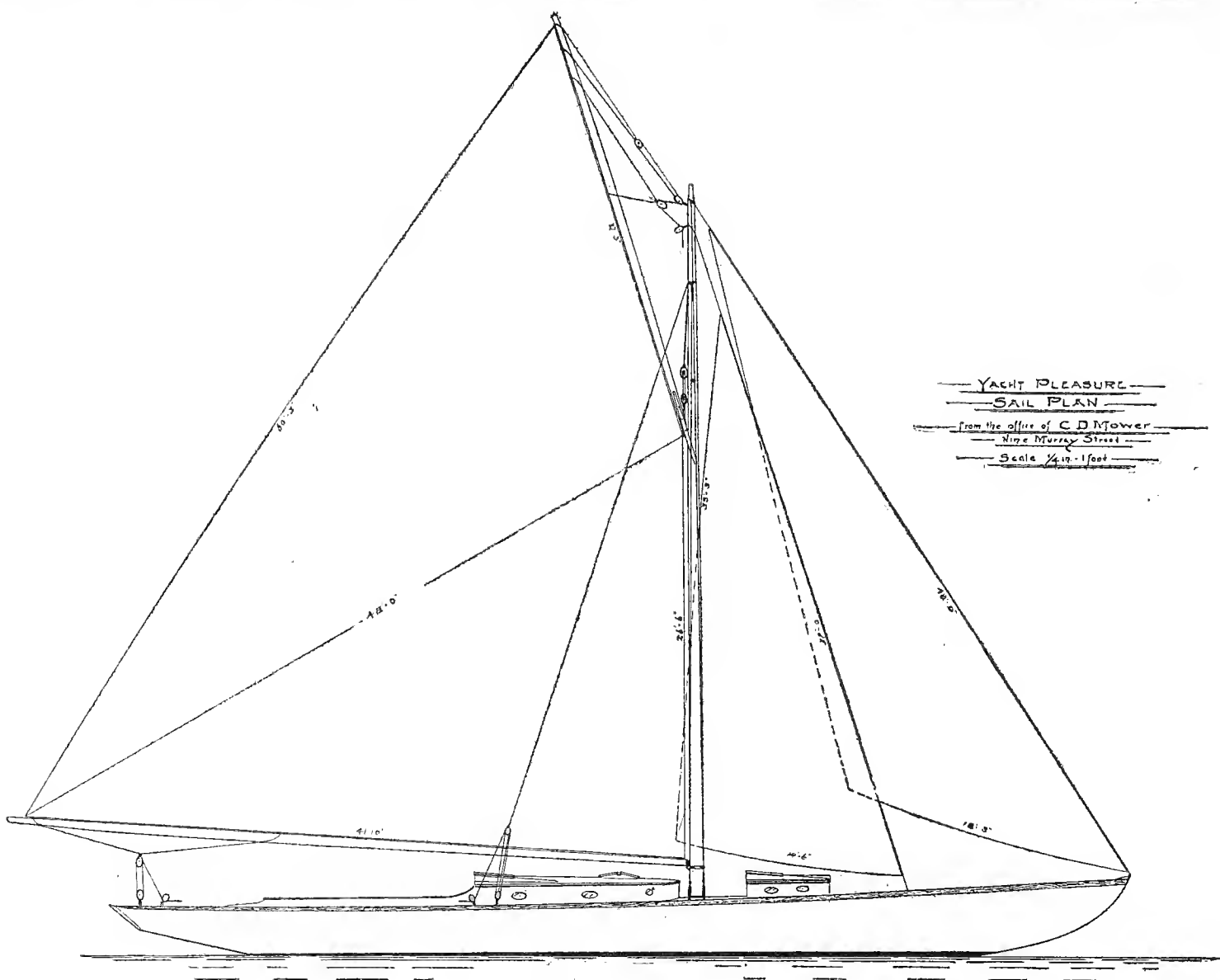
Her dimensions are as follows:

Length—	
Over all.....	64ft. 3in.
L. W. L.....	45ft. 6in.
Overhang—	
Forward	10ft.
Aft	8ft. 9in.
Breadth—	
Extreme	15ft. 10in.
L. W. L.....	14ft. 6in.
Draft—	
To rabbet	2ft. 3in.
Extreme	3ft. 6in.
Board down	9ft.
Freeboard—	
Forward	4ft. 9in.
Least	2ft. 2in.
Aft	3ft. 2in.

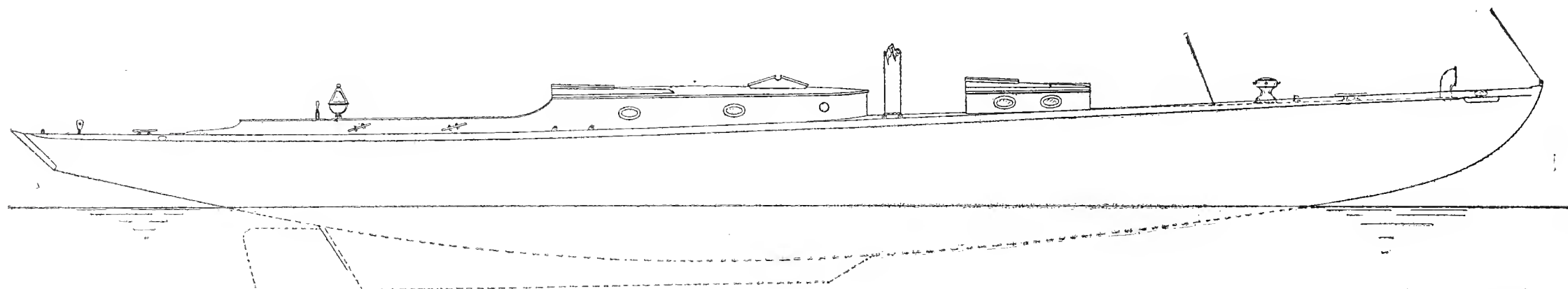
These figures give one some idea of the boat's size. Her sail area, of about 1,800 sq. ft., makes her very easy to handle, particularly as there is no bowsprit and no topmast, and it is a simple matter to pull down the head sails. Her rig makes her a knockabout, although she is larger than the boats usually known as such.

As she was intended to make the passage through Fire Island Inlet in all weathers, she was very substantially built, double planked from the turn of the bilge to the planksheer, ceiled up throughout, and her frames and stringers are unusually heavy, the former being fastened to the keel with bronze knees. Bolted to the keel is about 6½ tons of lead in one piece.

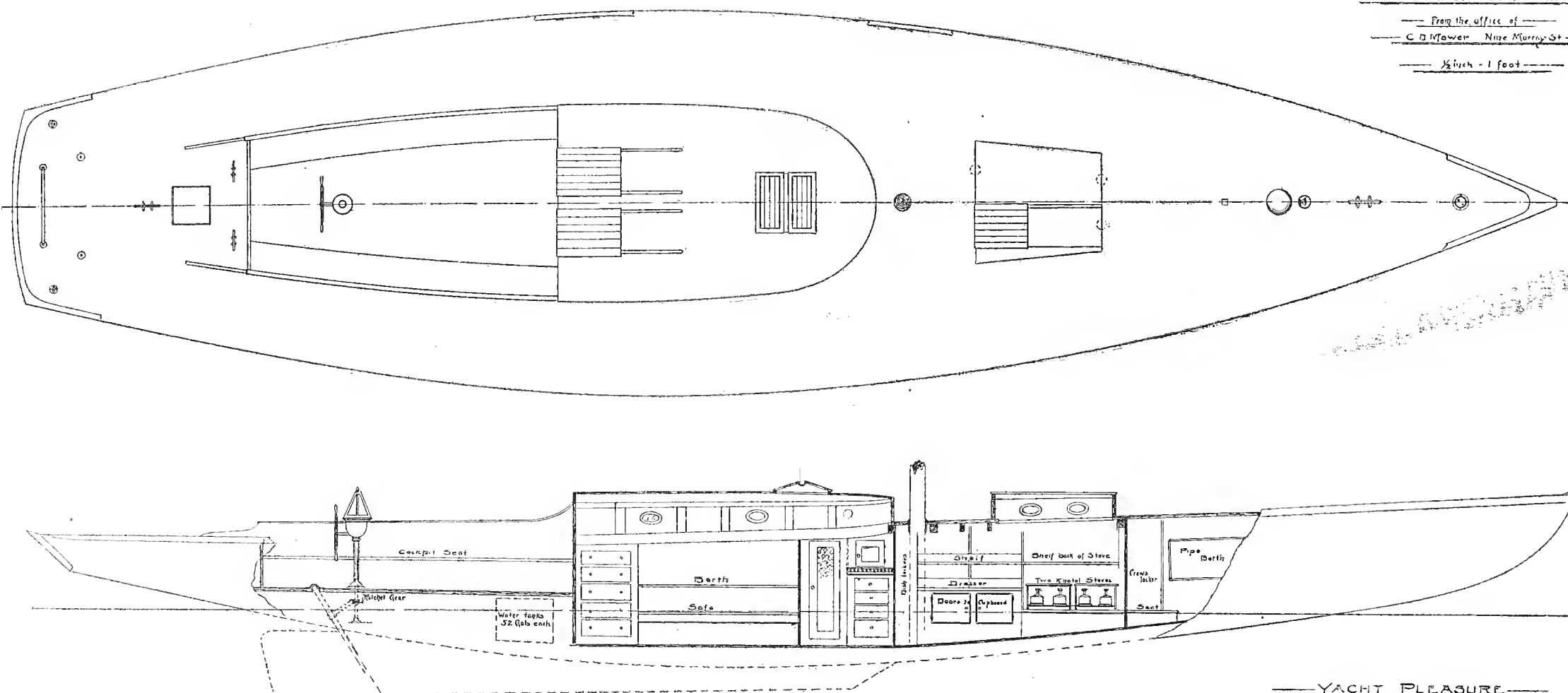
Her length and breadth give her a fine deck, which is cut by a house about 11ft. 6in. long, and a cockpit 13ft.



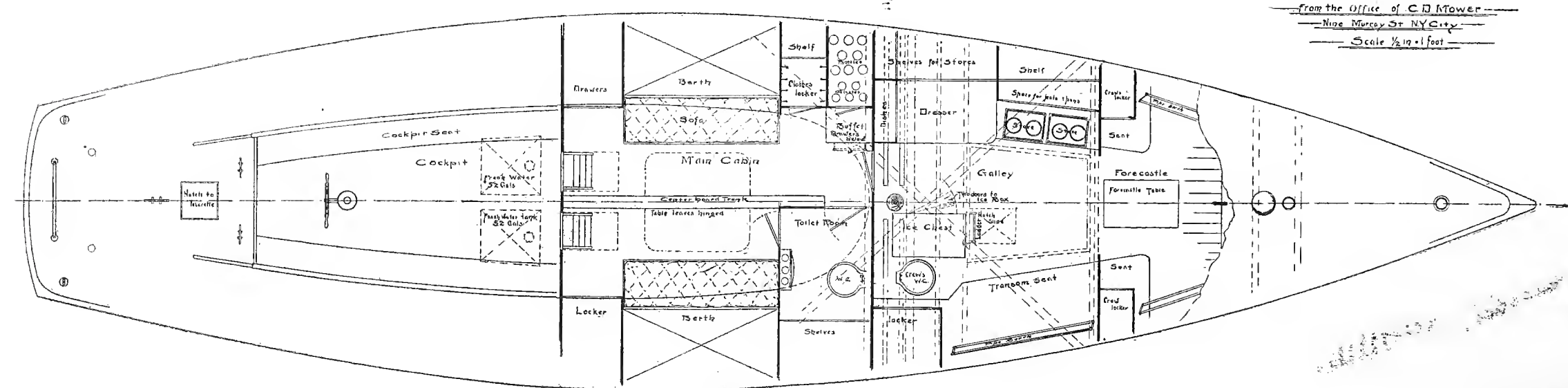
PLEASURE—SAIL PLAN.



YACHT PLEASURE
OUTBOARD PROFILE & DECK PLAN
From the office of
C. D. Mower, Nine Murray St.
Scale 1/16" = 1 foot



YACHT PLEASURE
CABIN PLAN
From the office of C. D. Mower
Nine Murray St. N. Y. C.
Scale 1/16" = 1 foot



PLEASURE—OUTBOARD PROFILE, INBOARD PROFILE, DECK AND CABIN PLANS.
Designed and built by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co., 1901. Owned by Theodore C. Zerega, N. Y. Y. C.

long. The cabin house, unlike most South Bay boats, has solid wooden sides, with the usual ports to open, and the cockpit floor is above the waterline. Inside she was almost without fittings or bulkheads.

She was acquired by the present owner, Mr. Theodore C. Zerega, N. Y. Y. C., during the spring of 1904, and there were many things to be done before she could be considered a cruiser on which one could live during the summer and make room so that a crew could be reasonably comfortable.

The first thing done was to charter a tug boat for a pleasant day in April and tow her from South Brooklyn to Jacob's yard, City Island. The owner was interested to see how much she would slap in the ferry-boat seas in going through the East River, and she rather surprised him by her good behavior. She was immediately hauled out upon her arrival at City Island and the work commenced.

From the mast forward, a distance of about 24ft., there was scant headroom, say about 4ft. 9in.; and as the galley had to go there, a mahogany hatch with slide was made, 5ft. long and 4ft. wide at the forward end, and 5ft. wide at the after end. The deck was cut out to this size, and this house, about 1ft. high, was fastened on. This made about 5ft. 8in. headroom and gave standing room for the cook. On top of this house was the forward slide, and at the ends and sides were placed lights and deadlights.

A large dresser and ample lockers for china and glass, and lockers for food were fitted on the port side of the forecabin, and a crew's water closet was placed on the starboard side aft. In the center aft was built a good sized ice-box, with ample cold storage room under the ice. Each man was given a locker for his clothes, and when the table was set up, the lanterns placed and a slab of green linoleum fitted to the floor, the forecabin was ready for the men. Three Primus stoves and one Khotal kept the cook-steward busy all summer. A bulkhead was built between the forecabin and cabin and the wash room enlarged. A new water closet and wash basin was supplied. On the port side, where an ordinary house ice-box had stood, was built in a buffet and lockers for glasses and bottles and an ample hanging locker for clothes. The bed places, transom seats and the after lockers were not touched, as they were just what was needed. A skylight was fitted to the cabin top, and after the painters had spent a few days inside, the cabin looked very comfortable indeed.

Under the cockpit was a water tank on port side, and one of equal size was supplied for the starboard side. When the plumbing was connected up, water was to be had by pumping either in the wash room or the forecabin. The cockpit floor is covered with a set of rubber mats that just fit. On the fore deck was placed a ventilator, which was kept in place throughout the summer, making life bearable in the forecabin in the warmest weather.

The upholsterer had plenty of work in doing over the bedding forward and aft, putting linoleum down all through, and carpet over the linoleum in the cabin.

There was an endless number of things to get for the cabin, but when everything was in position, even to lamps and curtains, the place looked comfortable, and during a three months' cruise proved most satisfactory.

On her fore deck she had two anchors, one 40 pounds and one 60 pounds, of the Herreshoff pattern. The 40-pounder was considered too small and was struck below to be used as a kedge. The 60-pounder was used as the ordinary everyday anchor and shackled to the chain, and a new Herreshoff anchor of 95 pounds was received from Bristol and placed on deck as a best bower. A large 135-pound fold-up anchor was purchased and stowed under the cockpit; but it spent the summer there, as we never had occasion to use it or its 45-fathom hawser. A compact little capstan on the fore deck handled the ground tackle with perfect ease. The steering gear is worth notice, as one can walk around it and steer, either standing up or sitting down, with perfect comfort.

A new 12ft. rowboat was placed on davits, fitted on the starboard side between the runner and the rigging, and when she is swung in there is plenty of room between her and the cabin house to walk past.

The local sailmakers, Messrs. Lathorne & Ratsey, overhauled the sails, which were in pretty good condition, and supplied the usual painted sail covers and a set of awnings and hatch covers made of Khaki-colored canvas that were easy on the eyes and perfectly waterproof.

Two men forward and a steward were ample to run the boat and keep her up properly.

After a most enjoyable summer, spent in cruising between New York and Stage Harbor, Chatham, the ship is safely laid away for the winter, her belongings carefully stowed in her locker; her linen in trunks, and her standing and running gear covered with canvas, so as to keep out the dust. Her mast was taken out and all rigging overhauled and given new service where required. The bilges and the cabin and forecabin floors have been painted. Her deck has been varnished two coats, and a skeleton frame built fore and aft to hold a heavy canvas cover made from a schooner's old mizzen and fitted with eyelet holes every 3ft., so that the cover is now over the frame and laced across under her keel.

Here we sadly leave her for the winter, but look forward to an early commission in the spring of 1905.

Co-Education on a Yawl.

(Concluded from page 417.)

We were particularly anxious to make a good land fall this time, and our course had been most carefully taken. It was a point of honor with us all to have our trick at the tiller show no deviation from the true course.

About 4 o'clock we sighted land on our port bow, and felt a great inclination to steer for it, feeling that we must be too far out. Then we began to look for the white shaft of Mohawk Island light. It stands on a tiny island a mile from the main land and marks the shore side of the reef that runs out a mile or more,

I am afraid we may have looked toward Dunkirk for it, so eager were we to pick it up over the water.

Mogging along thus, twilight came upon us, but not before we had picked up several familiar points west of Maitland.

"Fill the water tank, mate, while you are forward with the side lights. We may stay over here a day," sang out the skipper.

We were nearing home, for forty miles seemed a mere step after our longer runs.

Both the Maitland and Mohawk lights were plainly visible now. Betting ran high on our land fall, only we all felt sure we couldn't miss it; but when the captain bet a box of candy that we would hit the lighthouse keeper in the eye, there was no higher bet to be offered. We had held our course rigidly and were anxious to see the outcome.

It was quite dark, and the light was perhaps half a mile away, so the spinnaker was stowed and we ran on slowly, and the captain won his wager, for we ran straight in midway between the piers and anchored off the hotel.

It is a beautiful river, deep and wide and bordered by low fields, much like Holland. There is plenty doing in summer, but not a store of any kind short of Dunnville, four miles up the river, where deep-draft yachts can go very well. Here we rested a day just to more thoroughly enjoy our homeward sail over a familiar course.

Next morning brought us a spanking breeze out of the N. and we pulled up anchor about 9 o'clock. It was a breeze almost abeam after we passed the Mohawk light and set our course due E. to Point Abino, and a freshening breeze. A young bird, either a hawk or an owl, lit on the end of our main gaff, balancing itself with remarkable agility. For an hour it sat there, but suddenly started toward shore, and we noticed then what it had evidently noticed before, that we were abreast of Sugar Loaf Point, the nearest we had been to land in some time.

The wind was freshening and puffy now, so we tucked two reefs in the mainsail, to make the yawl ride on an even keel. She made just as good time as when she was carrying all sail and needed luffing in the puffs. Everything seemed to be hurrying; clouds, whitecaps, gulls and the yawl. It was a lively race with nature.

After passing Point Abino, our course lay a little N. of E. to make the red light at Buffalo. The wind continued to freshen and to work aft and rose at length, as we afterward learned at the Buffalo weather bureau, to thirty miles. In running before strong winds our yawl douses her driver, as it is found at such times to drag on her rudder. This and the jib being snugged down and the mainsail reefed, we found ourselves jogging along at a fast clip, the short boom easily clearing the seas, now very large.

"Get out your watches for this last twelve miles," called out the mate, "we're humming." And indeed we were. The yacht's hard bilges and comparatively flat floor kept her at it and we tore down on the lighthouse at a steamboat pace. All four of us were in the cockpit for this last hour of our month's cruise. The mate, as lunch time approached, handed out some of his good collins, and with a glass in one hand and a sandwich or doughnut in the other, we ate our last meal on board, and watched our flight.

"Let's get our pipes going and lay for that light," said the mate. "I tell you, old man, we're going to do the Buffalo-Point Abino record."

"We can't light 'em here. Come on down."

"Give the A. B. the stick. She'll keep her going."

"If you can get in at 2 o'clock you break the record all right," said the skipper, excitedly, one eye on the water rushing astern, the other glued to the white shaft of the approaching lighthouse.

"Don't look astern," cautioned the mate as a comber broke close to our taffrail, causing the A. B. at the helm to start apprehensively, "spoil your nerve."

We were now in the back wash, which sets out from the artificial break walls. This kicks up an ugly mass of tossing whitecaps when stirred by a strong wind down the lake. Solid water came over our forward decks and rushed aft with a swish and gurgle. The yacht jumped and bounded.

"This maelstrom is stopping us," growled the captain. "Don't you believe it. You're flying. It'll be better than two."

* * * * *

The skipper was right. It was better than two. We had smashed the local record for the last twelve miles and had to our credit the day's trip of forty miles in the good time of 4h. 30m.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Nov. 14.—The Regatta Committee of the Eastern Y. C., composed of Messrs. Henry Howard, chairman; George Atkinson, Jr., Stephen W. Sleeper, and Louis M. Clark, secretary, has issued in pamphlet form a most complete report of all the events given by the Eastern Y. C. during the season of 1904. Included in this report the summary of the ocean race from New York to Marblehead is given. The arrangements for this ocean race were very complete in every detail, and the information given in the report will undoubtedly be of great value to other clubs at this time when ocean racing appears to be a growing pastime. The records of the special open races, giving Dorel, Peri II., and Bat as winners of the cups presented by Commodore Laurence Minot, are given. A table showing the records of all of the yachts which took part in these races has already been published in FOREST AND STREAM. The port to port runs on the annual cruise are given in complete summaries. These also appeared in FOREST AND STREAM at the time of the cruise, with description of the conditions, the work of the various yachts, etc., on each run. Perhaps the most important records in the book are those of the series of motor boat races. Not one detail of this series has been omitted. The records of all of the boats on every leg of the course which they completed, have been preserved, and a table has been provided giving dimensions, horsepower, etc., with the greatest and the average speeds in

nautical miles. There is also a series of illustrations in half-tone showing the wave effects at different rates of speed. The motor boat race committee was composed of Messrs. Henry Howard, chairman; S. W. Sleeper, W. B. Stearns, A. Appleton Packard, and William Wallace, secretary. The production of this report is consistent with the work done by the Eastern Y. C. Regatta Committee during the past season, which was marked by earnest endeavor and great efficiency.

Whatever may be the outcome of the work of designers and builders during the winter months, it is certain that there is more or less apathy at present. The establishment of new rules may alter the situation somewhat, but it is unlikely that there will be many yachts built except for the smaller classes, with the exception of steam and power craft. Motor boats are in evidence on every hand, but there are few sailing craft. One of the neatest launches that has yet been seen, has been produced from lines by Mr. Fred. D. Lawley for Mr. J. H. Proctor, of Boston. The launch, or really cruising yacht, is 61ft. long, about 10ft. breadth, and 3ft. draft. She has a 40 horse-power motor, which is expected to drive about 12 miles an hour. The layout of this boat is most admirable; almost every inch of space is utilized, without giving the hull a crowded appearance. There is a raised deckhouse forward, abaft of which, over the low cabin trunk, is a very roomy bridge. In the forward part of the boat the crew is placed; these quarters run underneath the deckhouse and give considerable room. From the deckhouse, which is used as a dining saloon, a low companionway leads to the galley, which is ample for the needs of such a yacht cruising. Aft of the galley space is the engine room. Everything connected with the propelling of the yacht is in this room. There are two large gasoline tanks, one on each side, and in the after end of the room is the air tank. Connected with the engine is a dynamo for electric lighting. Access is gained to the engine room from the deck by a hatch and a ladder on the port side. In the after part of the boat is the main saloon, which has berths on either side, and an abundance of closet space. Leading off the saloon is the toilet room. There is quite a little room left in the space under the after deck, entrance to which is gained by a door under the main companionway stairs. There is quite a little deckroom aft, and there is plenty of space on either side of the cabin trunk to pass forward to the deckhouse. A signal mast is carried which is hollow. Inside the mast the wires are run to the light at the mast-head. The compressed air whistle is also placed on this mast, the pipe running up inside. Mr. Lawley has also designed an 83ft. boat which will have twin screws, with two 50 horsepower motors. The layout is something like that of the first boat described, except that the extra length allows of a double stateroom forward of the main saloon.

Mr. B. B. Crowninshield has a number of orders. The largest is for an 82ft. waterline auxiliary centerboard schooner, the owner of which wishes his name withheld for the present. She will be 108ft. over all, 82ft. waterline, 22ft. 3in. breadth, and 6in. draft. A novel feature of this schooner will be a deckhouse which will have full headroom, but which will not protrude in any unsightly manner above decks. This house will be placed over the engine space and one half will be sunk below the main deck. The owner and his guests will thus be enabled to see all that is going on around them, and at the same time be sheltered in stormy weather. He also has an order for a class of one-design 18-footers, the order coming from Mr. F. W. Denton, of Trimountain, Mich. At least four boats will be built. He has an order for a Y. R. A. 22-footer, but the name of the owner is withheld. Rather a novel order has come from a western yachtsman for a 22-footer. She is to be designed for the old rule of waterline plus the square root of the sail area, divided by two. Mr. Crowninshield's order is to design a yacht that will have so many freak features that the rule will be abandoned in the section where the boat is to be raced.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

THE MARINE EXHIBIT AT THE SPORTSMEN'S SHOW.—The Motor Boat and Sportsmen's Show is giving promise this winter of extra attractions and an attendance far ahead of any previous exhibition. Space is being rapidly taken, and indications are that long before December 1 every foot of available space, including basement and galleries, will be taken. The New York Sportsmen's Show in itself is a big drawing institution, and this year's extra motor boat additional advertising will enhance its popularity, and by increasing the attendance will surely, from a business point of view, prove of benefit to exhibitors and visitors. The following exhibitors have signed contracts for space up to the present time:

Launches, Motor Boats, Etc.—Newbury & Dunham, American De Dietrich Motor Car Company, E. H. Gotshalk & Co., Milton Point Shipyard, Standard Boat Company, Buffalo Gasolene Motor Company, Palais De L'Automobile, Pierce Engine Company, Smith & Mabley, James Craig, Jr.; Electric Launch Company, Standard Motor Construction Company, Gas Engine and Power Company, Charles L. Seabury & Co., Lozier Motor Company, Truscott Boat Manufacturing Company, Cushman Motor Company, Mathews Boat Company.

Motors and Engines.—Edison Manufacturing Company, Smalley Motor Company, Carlyle-Johnson Machine Company, Isham Company, Trebert Auto and Marine Motor Company, F. A. La Roche Company, Sovereign Engine and Construction Company, Richardson Engineering Company, Spaulding Gas Engine Company, Mianus Motor Works, Eagle Bicycle Manufacturing Company, and many other concerns on the upper tier.

* * *

LAUNCH LADY ANTOINETTE SOLD.—The launch Lady Antoinette has been sold by Mr. Howard Keller, of New York city, to Mr. Harold Weston, of Jacksonville, Fla., through the agency of Stanley M. Seaman, New York. The boat was shipped to Jacksonville last week.

Royal Munster Y. C.

RARELY, if ever, did any club begin its existence with such a small roll of members or under less auspicious circumstances than did the Royal Munster Y. C., of Ireland, which, two years ago, attracted so much attention in yachting circles of the two hemispheres, by reason of its being the honored recipient of a "King's Cup" from His Majesty, King Edward VII., for an international race at Cork, Ireland.

The club was founded in 1872 (or 152 years after the establishment of its sister club, the Royal Cork Y. C., which has the distinction of being the first sailing club known to the world's history). In August of that year seven gentlemen, David Goold, Richard Foley, Thomas K. Exham, Patrick O'Connell, Joseph E. Russell, Henry Egan and Henry Harding Hayes, prompted by a love for yacht racing, then, unfortunately, beginning to rapidly decline in the south of Ireland, met together and formed themselves into what was then known as the Munster Model Y. C.

From the beginning, the primary object of the club was not only to revive racing, but more particularly to promote amateur sailing, and with these ends in view the members set to work. Each had his own little open sailing boat, and on the days appointed for racing, each was his own helmsman and crew, the reason for this single-handedness being a rule of the club, which distinctly said: "No person but a member of the club may be on board any boat, while taking part in a race given by the club." And the good effects of this rule were apparent when, in 1873, the club opened its second season with an increased roll of members and boats.

Thus encouraged, in 1873, the club held its first annual regatta, which was a complete success, and the third year of the club's existence not only saw a still further increase in the number of its members, but also the open sailing boats succeeded by the decked 16ft. class, known as the Munster Model Y. C. class; a year or two afterward came the 18ft. class, and, as time went by, these were in turn superseded by larger boats. Some of these erstwhile flyers are still to be seen flitting about Cork Harbor during the summer months, and even occasionally competing in races against the more modern boats of their size.

Thus, things prospered from the beginning with the club, and what must have been, if possible, even more gratifying to the original promoters, yachting had received an impetus and was beginning to revive. Year after year, the club became more and more popular; its spirit had spread and members began to pour in, bringing with them boats of more or less size on which to fly the flag of "the plucky little Monkstown Club," and to take part in its matches, till 1886, the conditions in which the club found itself were such as to render the title "Model" inappropriate. Accordingly, this title was dropped, and the club became the Munster Corinthian Y. C.

Under this name the club continued growing in favor and importance for six years, at the end of which time, through the request of His Majesty, the King (then Prince of Wales), Her late Majesty, Queen Victoria conferred the title "Royal" on the club, and changed its name to the Royal Munster Y. C.

In the same year ('92) the club, for the first time in its history, departed from its usual custom of catering solely for local yachts, and at its annual regatta gave a race for the crack first-class racers then going the round of the British and Irish regattas. This invitation brought the then famous 40-raters, Corsair and Thalia; in '94 Vigilant and Britannia met for the first time over an all-deep-sea course under the auspices of the Munster flag; in '95 the club was again honored by Queen Victoria by the presentation of a Queen's Cup. This much coveted trophy was battled for by Britannia, Ailsa, Isolda and the fast American 20-rater Niagara, the last-named losing the cup to the Royal cutter by only 9s.

1896 saw the first-class racers again assembled to do battle over the Cork Harbor course for prizes offered by the Royal Munster and also an important innovation, as far as local yachting was concerned, namely, the first appearance of the Cork Harbor six-tons (T. M.) one-design class, the establishment of this class being mainly due to the efforts of the Royal Munster, which gave a guarantee to provide weekly races confined to the new class for five years, and, though the guarantee is long since expired, the club continues to carry out its conditions.

To commemorate the club's jubilee in 1897, the then Commodore, the late Mr. Richard Foley, presented the club with a silver shield, to be given to the one-design boat winning the most races given by the club during the season. This gracious act tended to create even greater enthusiasm among helmsmen and owners, and to further encourage the enthusiasm, other members came forward with similar champion prizes in subsequent years.

Thanks to the efforts of the club, yachting in the south of Ireland had in 1898 become fixed on a firmer basis than it had ever been before. But the Royal Munster committee was not content with this prosperous state of things. It next turned its attention to making it permanent, and with that object the club boat class was established. These boats are of the 16ft. type, and were, as well as the one-design class, all built at Cork from the designs by William Fife, Jr. The club boats, as the name implies, are the property of the club, and for the purpose of teaching members, who would otherwise not have a chance of learning to handle and sail a yacht. A small annual subscription, in addition to the ordinary subscription, is required from those making use of the class, and the boats are allotted by ballot to subscribers who wish to take part in the races specially provided for them; and in order to fully insure the carrying out of the idea that prompted the establishment of this class, a special sub-committee is appointed annually to look after it and its interests.

The Royal Munster committee, also with a view to keeping the sport alive and of fostering a love for it from early boyhood, has admitted to membership, at reduced subscription rates, young gentlemen under

eighteen years of age. These junior members have all the privileges of senior members, as regards sailing, etc., but have no voice in elections or in the affairs of the club; nor is the fair sex forgotten, ladies also may become members on the same terms as the junior members, and as a result some of the lady-members have become more than a match for their masculine rivals in handling and racing a boat. From this, it may be seen, the Royal Munster is leaving no obstacle in the way of yachting becoming accessible to every one.

From the first day of its existence, the club has adhered steadfastly to its original aim—that is, the encouraging of and making of amateur yachtsmen. The rule aiming at this end and which is rigidly enforced, reads as follows: "On boats of 10 tons (T. M.) and under, only one paid hand is allowed to form part of the racing crew and then, only on condition he does not touch the helm, all the rest of the crew must be either members or non-residents of the County of Cork. Any violation of this rule disqualifies the offending boat and renders her liable to suspension for the rest of the season from taking part in races given by the club." The funds of the club are allocated solely to yacht racing and to the strict adherence to these two rules, together with the never-tiring zeal and energy of Mr. H. Harling Hayes, who has been secretary almost from the club's inauguration, and who is now the sole remaining one of the seven original members, may be entirely attributed the club's success.

That it has succeeded not only as a club, but also in fulfilling the end for which it was created, is an indisputable fact, proof of which was the club's selection by the greatest proof of which was the club's selection by His Majesty, King Edward, to be the first Irish club to become the recipient of a King's Cup since his accession. The efforts of the club to bring about international competition for this trophy are too well known to mention here, suffice it to say the committee did their best. Mr. Pierpont Morgan was waited on with a view to inducing him to bring Columbia over to meet Shamrock I., which Sir Thomas Lipton promised to enter, but, unfortunately, the notice given was too short to permit of the American flyer's crossing the Atlantic in time, and the project fell through. The cup was subsequently won by Bona.

The annual subscription of the club is one guinea (\$5); entrance fee, the same amount. There is no club house, meetings being held in one of the leading hotels of the city of Cork, otherwise the headquarters of the club are at Monkstown, a pretty and popular summer resort situated on Monkstown Bay, one of the widest expanding arms of Cork Harbor, and over which a great part of the bi-weekly races given by the club are sailed. Opposite the club quay is the anchorage, where numerous yachts lie moored throughout the summer season, and where there is sufficient water at all times for yachts of any draft, besides shelter from the prevailing westerly winds.

Few clubs can boast of the Royal Munster's record. Since its inauguration it has made giant strides. Thirty years ago its flag was unknown outside Cork Harbor; to-day, it flies at mastheads, not only throughout the United Kingdom, but in North and South America, and even as far east as Japan.

The club officers for the ensuing year, which shows promise already of being a good one, are as follows: Com. A. F. Sharman-Crawford, I. P., Slainté, 20 tons; Vice-Commodore, Arthur H. Julian, Maureen, 6 tons. Committee—G. A. Goold, James J. Foley, Thomas Russell, D. J. Daly, G. H. T. Beamish, George M. Fox, F. H. Stopford. Hon. Secretary, W. C. Taylor, B. L. Secretary and Treasurer, H. H. Hayes. J. J. H.

Officers of A. C. A., 1905.

Commodore—C. F. Wolters, 14 Main St., East Rochester, N. Y.
Secretary—H. M. Stewart, 85 Main St., East Rochester, N. Y.
Treasurer—F. G. Mather, 30 Elk St., Albany, N. Y.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—W. A. Furman, 846 Berkeley Ave., Trenton, N. J.
Rear-Commodore—F. C. Hoyt, 57 Broadway, New York.
Purser—C. W. Stark, 118 N. Montgomery St., Trenton, N. J.
Executive Committee—J. C. MacLester, U. G. I. Building, Philadelphia, Pa.; L. C. Kretzmer, L. C. Schepp Building, New York; E. M. Underhill, Box 282, Yonkers, N. Y.
Board of Governors—R. J. Wilkin, 26 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Racing Board—H. L. Quick, Yonkers, N. Y.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Lyman T. Coppins, 691 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Rear-Commodore—Frank C. Denmler, 526 Smithfield St., Pittsburgh.
Purser—J. C. Milsom, 736 Mooney Brisbane Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.
Executive Committee—F. G. Mather, 30 Elk St., Albany, N. Y.; H. W. Breitenstein, 511 Market St., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Jesse J. Armstrong, Rome, N. Y.
Board of Governors—C. P. Forbush, Buffalo, N. Y.
Racing Board—Harry M. Stewart, 85 Main St., East Rochester, N. Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—D. S. Pratt, Jr., 178 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.
Rear-Commodore—Wm. W. Crosby, 8 Court St., Woburn, Mass.
Purser—W. S. Stanwood, Wellesley, Mass.
Executive Committee—Wm. J. Ladd, 18 Glen Road, Winchester, Mass.; F. W. Notman, Box 2344, Boston, Mass.; O. C. Cunningham, care E. Teel & Co., Medford, Mass.; Edw. B. Stearns, Box 63, Manchester, N. H.
Racing Board—Paul Butler, U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.; H. D. Murphy, alternate.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Chas. W. McLean, 303 James St., Montreal, Can.
Rear-Commodore—J. W. Sparrow, Toronto, Canada.
Purser—J. V. Nutter, Montreal, Canada.
Executive Committee—C. E. Britton, Gananoque, Ont.; Harry Page, Toronto, Ont.
Board of Governors—J. N. MacKendrick, Galt, Ont.
Racing Board—E. J. Minett, Montreal, Canada.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Burton D. Munhall, care of Brooks Household Art Co., Cleveland, Ohio.
Rear-Commodore—Charles J. Stedman, National Lafayette Bank, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Purser—George A. Hall, care of Bank of Commerce, Cleveland, O.
Executive Committee—Thomas P. Eckert, 31 West Court St., Cincinnati, O.; Dr. H. L. Frost, 10 Howard St., Cleveland, O.
Board of Governors—Henry C. Morse, Peoria, Ill.

How to Join the A. C. A.

From Chapter I., Section 1, of the By-Laws of the A. C. A.: "Application for membership shall be made to the Treasurer, F. G. Mather, 30 Elk St., Albany, N. Y., and shall be accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and by the sum of two dollars, one dollar as entrance fee and one dollar as dues for the current year, to be refunded in case of non-election of the applicant."

"Forest and Stream" Designing Competition No. IV.

Sixty-foot Waterline Cruising Power Boat.

\$225 in Prizes.

THE three designing competitions previously given by FOREST AND STREAM have been for sailing yachts. In this competition, the fourth, we are to change our subject and give the power boat men an opportunity. The competition is open to amateurs and professionals, except that the designers who received prizes in any of the three previous contests may not compete in this one.

The following prizes will be given:

First prize, \$100.

Second prize, \$60.

Third prize, \$40.

Fourth prize, \$25, offered by Mr. Charles W. Lee for the best cabin arrangement.

Mr. Henry J. Gielow, N.A., has very kindly agreed to act as judge. In addition to making the awards, Mr. Gielow will criticize each of the designs submitted; and the criticisms will be published in these columns.

The designs will be for a cruising launch propelled by either gasoline or kerosene motors, conforming to the following conditions:

I. Not over 60ft. waterline.

II. Not over 4ft. draft.

III. A signalling mast only to be shown.

IV. Cabin houses, if used at all, to be kept as low and narrow as possible.

V. Construction to be of wood, and to be strong, simple, and inexpensive. The cost of the boat complete in every detail must not exceed \$9,000.

VI. The location of tanks and engine or engines to be carefully shown. Either single or twin-screws may be adopted. The power and type of the motor must be specified.

VII. The boat must have a fuel capacity sufficient to give a cruising radius of 700 miles at a rate of 8 miles an hour. The maximum speed shall not be more than 14 miles nor less than 10 miles. The estimated maximum speed must be specified.

VIII. All weights must be carefully figured, and the results of the calculations recorded. A thousand-word description of the boat and a skeleton specification must accompany each design.

The design must be modern in every particular, without containing any extreme or abnormal features. We wish to produce an able, safe, and comfortable cruising boat, one that will have ample accommodations, so that the owner and his wife and two guests, or three or four men, can live aboard, and one that can easily be managed at all times by two or three paid hands in addition to the steward. The draft is restricted to 4ft. in order that the boat may have access to nearly all harbors, canals and rivers North and South, and may thereby widely increase the cruising field. We have in mind a boat that can be used North in the summer and South in the winter, and a craft well able to withstand outside passage along the coast in all seasons of the year.

Special attention must be given to the cabin arrangement. The interiors should be original, but devoid of any impractical features. Arrangements should be made for a direct passage forward and aft without going on deck.

Drawings Required.

I. Sheer plan. Scale, 1/2 in. = 1 ft.

II. Half breadth plan. Scale, 1/2 in. = 1 ft.

III. Body plan. Scale, 1/2 in. = 1 ft.

IV. Cabin plan and inboard profile and at least one cross-section. Scale, 1/2 in. = 1 ft.

V. Outboard profile. Scale, 1/2 in. = 1 ft.

The drawings should be carefully made and lettered; all drawings should be preferably on tracing cloth or white paper, in black ink. No colored inks or pigments should be used.

The drawings must bear a *nom de plume* only, and no indication must be given of the identity of the designer. In a sealed envelope, however, the designer must inclose his name and address, together with his *nom de plume*.

All designs must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York, not later than February 3, 1905. All drawings will be returned. Return postage should accompany each.

The FOREST AND STREAM reserves the right to publish any or all the designs.

ERIE Y. C.—At a meeting on the 9th inst., the following officers were elected to serve for one year: Com., W. L. Morrison; Vice-Com., Albert B. McDonald; Rear-Com., Carl Reichel; Fleet Captain, W. W. Ester; Sec'y and Treas., W. S. Reitzel; Directors—W. S. Foster and Frank Fairburn; Regatta Committee—F. Reitzel, F. M. Sloeum, E. A. Davis; Meas., Grant Lynch; Asst. Meas., Wilbur Altman; Surveyor, Henry Schacht; Asst. Surveyor, Frank Feisler; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. C. H. Harvey.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Gas Engines and Launches.

(Continued from page 414.)

BY F. K. GRAIN.

Construction of Hulls.

In all cases the best construction for the average hull is to follow the old and standard method, which consists of a natural crook oak stem, oak keel, which should, if possible, be in one piece. The transom or backboard should also be of oak. The ribs we prefer of straight-grained oak, steam bent, and placed not over 12 inches apart from center to center.

In order to bind the heels of the timber or ribs securely together and to the keel, they should be connected by a piece called a floor timber. This may be of oak where the boat is moderately flat, but as it approaches the bow these timbers, if cut from straight stuff, will of course be cross-grained, and they should therefore either be bent in or cut from natural crooks. It is customary to gouge out a limber hole from the timbers near the keel, in order to allow the bilge water to drain to the lowest point.

This method of cutting the limbers of course tends to weaken the timbers, and much the most preferable plan is to gouge out a channel the length of the keel, making it sufficiently large, so that a strong copper sash chain can be laid in it. By pulling this chain then at any time the channel will always be cleansed.

In fastening the frame together for a power boat, we recommend the use of copper rivets, securely fastened with burrs where it is possible. In the wake of the engine it is a good plan to increase the size of the timbers or double the quantity. The planking should be of good quality of white cedar, not too wide, and fastened along each edge to the timbers with copper nails securely burred and riveted. Between each copper nail place a galvanized boat nail. This will prevent the plank from any inclination to buckle or warp. Of course at the ends of the planking—at the bow and the stern—it is necessary to use either galvanized nails or brass screws, as it is impossible to put in a copper nail and rivet it. The use of copper nails without being riveted is useless, for as soon as they corrode they will become so loose that they can be picked out with the fingers.

In all smooth planked launches the seams should meet on the inside of the planking, being open toward the outside. This allows of their being caulked, for which purpose cotton is used. After caulking, the seams should be thoroughly payed with white lead or varnish, depending upon the finish of the boat. This will harden the cotton and hold the putty afterward used to fill the seams. In the lap streak or so-called clinker-built boat, the upper edge of the plank is beveled off about one inch, the next plank lapping over it that much, the edges being fastened every few inches by riveted copper nails. In this method no caulking is employed, as the laps of the planking are supposed to be drawn firmly together. The upper plank of the boat is called sheer streak, and should be made of hard wood. On the inside of the boat we have a corresponding piece called the clamp, and this piece in a launch should be as deep as possible, in order to prevent the tendency, which exists in all power boats, to hog.

In hogging, the boat settles at each end, and this is caused, of course, by the greatest buoyancy of the boat being midships; and in small launches, where the motor is placed in the stern and the tank in the bow, there is a great tendency to hog. If a deck frame or brace were put across the midships of the boat, it would, in a great measure, prevent this trouble.

The deck timbers in the old-fashioned construction usually had a knee connecting each end to the side of the boat, called daggerknees. These, however, do not amount to much in a power boat and, in fact, we believe in making all cross-timbering as light as possible, as there is very little side strain in a power boat as in a sail boat, the strains being all the other way, we believe, in ample fore and aft timber.

On the deck, the plank, which is placed on the outside, is called a planksheer. The decking, filling in the planksheer, if made of hard wood in combination with a sheer streak and clamp, form a three-sided box around the entire outside, adding a great deal of strength to the boat. It is customary, however, at present for cheapness sake, to sacrifice this planksheer, laying the deck to the edge, parallel to the keel. The decks should be laid in comparatively narrow strips and thoroughly caulked.

In a great many launches we notice fancy hardwood decks of tongue and groove stuff without being caulked. These decks will soon rot out and will always be leaky, and there is no way of making them tight. In the inside finish of the boat, we believe in having as little fancy work as possible, dispensing with all beads, O. G. mouldings and other fancy work which it is hard to scrape up or reclaim when weather-beaten, and we think that after all it has a tendency to make a boat look cheap.

When a bronze propeller wheel is used, the rudder shoe, rudder and stem band should also be of brass or bronze, otherwise the galvanic action set up by the bronze propeller wheel will eat these articles if made of steel or iron, particularly of steel, especially of the finer grade, which corrodes much faster than iron.

In installing the engine no matter where located in the boat, the foundation should cover as many of the timbers as possible and should not rest on the planking if it can be avoided. The material for the engine bed should be of oak. We have neglected to say anything about mahogany for use in boat work, it being of course the king of woods when of proper quality, but is little employed nowadays on account of the expense.

In putting cabins on launches, their design will depend entirely upon the requirements of the owner; but we are very sorry to see a growing tendency to put high cabins on boats of 25 feet and under, as these boats are not sufficiently large or of sufficient beam to carry this top hamper, and are unquestionably dangerous, and in a strong blow with the average power are unmanageable. If a cabin is desired on a small boat,

the new style, now called hunting cabins, is by far the most preferable. These cabins are of the low trunk type, the same as in the old-fashioned sail boats, generally covering about two-thirds of the cockpit.

In designing a cabin launch where any kind of a gasoline or naphtha engine is used, the part used as an engine room should not be inclosed on the sides, as ample opportunity should be given all gases from the engine to escape and not be confined in the cabin.

In the matter of trimmings, or what is termed the jewelry for a launch, we have of course but the two, brass and galvanized iron, galvanized iron being the most serviceable, although it does not look quite as attractive, but needs no cleaning. The chocks to which the ropes lead, also the cleats, should be about two sizes larger than will be shown you by your storekeeper, as they invariably put on too small a chock, and one that will not hold the rope is worse than no chock, and a small cleat is an abomination.

The anchor for the boat should be in all cases amply large, with a good liberal supply of the best rope or chain for the same. It must be remembered that the anchor upon which the safety of your boat depends, and maybe sometimes your life, is the only real practical insurance which the average owner carries. There are at the present time a number of very excellent folding anchors in use which seem to have all the qualities necessary to make them equal to the old-fashioned anchor, and they have the advantage over the old kind, of taking up no room whatever.

All small power boats should carry a pair of good stout ash oars, as there is no telling when some accident may happen to the machinery or the propeller wheel, in which case, should the operator find himself in a heavy sea and close on a lee shore, especially without an anchor, the situation would at least prove rather trying.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Rifles and Bullets.

BY WALTER G. HUDSON, M.D.

This is the first of a series of articles on modern rifle shooting from the pen of Walter G. Hudson, M.D., of New York city, president of the Manhattan Rifle and Revolver Association, and recognized as one of the highest authorities on the subject.

TARGET shooting as a sport has been more or less sharply divided into match rifle shooting and military rifle shooting. The points in which the match rifle differs from the military are its lighter trigger pull, finer sights, and better finish; and in addition, various departures from military styles are allowed in the way of special attachments, butt plates, heavier weight of barrel, etc. The match rifle also is developed with accuracy as its chief aim and accuracy at the particular distance it is to be used, while the military rifle has to be adapted to all ranges, and be strongly built and serviceable under adverse conditions, even if at the expense of some accuracy.

In view of these considerations, it is scarcely to be wondered at that the target rifle, developed with the sole object of shooting from the offhand position at 200 yards, as in vogue by the German-American (Schuetzen) clubs, should differ so much from the long-range match and military rifle. The schuetzen rifle has changed but little in many years, and in its present form is probably as near perfection for its purpose as it is possible to get. Most of the modern schuetzen rifles still use black powder, and in the finest American makes, the bullet is pushed down from the muzzle, as in the old muzzleloading rifles. They are extremely accurate, and the shooting is generally done on sheltered ranges; so that this kind of shooting brings the game down to merely one of skillful holding.

On the other hand, the long-range match rifle has of late years approached more and more closely to the military, so much so that most of the match rifles now in use in England are merely military rifles fitted with fine target sights. Skill in shooting at the long ranges, whether with military or match rifles, involves not only good holding, but also a knowledge of the effects of disturbing factors, such as changes of light, wind, barometric pressure, temperature, etc.

It must not be supposed, however, that schuetzen rifle shooting is of no value to riflemen who aspire to honors with the military or long-range rifle. It has the advantage of using very cheap ammunition, it is generally done on ranges provided with facilities that insure comfort to the shooter during even the coldest and most disagreeable weather, and it is the best possible training for fine holding. Therefore, it is far better for the riflemen who would keep in practice to shoot 50 or 100 shots at 200 yards say once a week or two weeks during the winter with a schuetzen rifle than to abandon the game altogether during cold weather. There are a large number of civilian riflemen who confine themselves almost entirely to this kind of shooting, and who are, nevertheless, very well posted and skillful riflemen, able to take up other branches of rifle shooting at short notice; and their skill in holding and intimate knowledge of many of the technicalities of the rifle, learned by long and careful practice with their own weapons, certainly put them far in the lead of the novice, no matter what other branch of rifle shooting they adopt.

But it is in long-range shooting undoubtedly that the rifeman finds the highest development of the sport. And in late years, since the advent of the modern smokeless powder rifle of high power and small caliber, it is gratifying to note, in our American as well as in the British weapons, that the military and match rifle have approached very near to each other. In the old black powder days the match rifle, with its paper patched bullet, heavy charge of powder and necessity of cleaning after each shot, was a far different weapon than the military rifle. In those days, to attempt to shoot 1,000 yards with a military rifle, would have been considered the height of folly. But now there is little difference in the scores made with match and military rifles at these long ranges. Indeed, our Krag, when a good barrel can be selected, and when the drag is removed from the trigger pull, is, in the opinion of many expert riflemen, fully capable at the mid and long ranges of holding its own against the finest match rifles that can be produced. There are few target sights that afford better aiming than the 1901 model Krag sight, and, while it is true that the target sights, as a rule, are further apart and adapted to the back position, the modern high power rifle seems to shoot so much better from the prone position as to more than compensate for any slight advantage the target sights might thus gain over our military sight. A glance over the records of those long-range matches of recent years that have been open to both military and match rifles, will show that in 90 per cent. of the matches the Krag has come out victorious. Indeed, the remark-

able development of accuracy in the American high power rifle within the past few years has not been due to any particular refinement in the weapon or sights, but solely to the improvement in the bullet and in the more uniform measuring of powder charges.

To deal understandingly with the differences that have taken place in rifles since the adoption of the high power principle, it will be necessary to look a little into the principles governing all rifles. A rifle may be regarded as an implement embodying all the resources of science and art in the effort to throw a projectile far, swiftly and accurately. The projectile is acted upon by the natural forces precisely as is a stone when thrown from the hand, the differences, due to the higher velocity of the bullet, being in degree and not in kind. The mystery that in the minds of the uninitiated is supposed to attend the flight of a bullet is chiefly due to the fact that the bullet cannot, under ordinary circumstances, be observed in its flight and its motion watched, like the stone.

The first thing that may be taken as true of all projectiles, no matter how thrown, is that they fall toward the earth as soon as the support is removed from them, just the same as though they were not projectiles. But, even while they are falling, the energy applied is driving them ahead. From this it will be clear that no weapon, however powerful, can drive a bullet so fast that it will go in a straight line; it immediately begins to fall as soon as it leaves the barrel unless the latter has been directed upward to some extent, in which case, besides its forward motion, it will rise until the upward force also imparted to it has been expended, and then begin to fall according to the well-known law of falling bodies—slowly at first, but faster the further it falls. The flight of a bullet, therefore, is always in a curved line.

It does not seem as though air would offer much resistance to the passage of a body through it, but any one who has ridden a bicycle knows that it does. Moreover, the resistance of the air increases much more than proportionately with the speed of the moving body, for if the speed be doubled, the resistance will be more than quadrupled. The air, therefore, becomes a much more potent factor in retarding the progress of a bullet than of the stone thrown from the hand, even though, weight for weight, the bullet presents less sectional area. The forward motion of the projectile, therefore, will become slower the further it travels, while its falling speed is continually increasing owing to the laws of gravity; and for this reason the further it goes, the more curved will be its flight, until at last it drops to the ground.

It is evident that the greater weight a bullet has in proportion to its sectional area, the less will be the degree of the resistance opposed to it by the air, other things being equal. An athlete could not throw a cork as far as a boy could a piece of lead of the same size and shape. Therefore the heaviest available material—lead—is used in the manufacture of the rifle bullets. For the same reason, the modern long bullet maintains its velocity much better than the old round bullet used in the musket and early muzzleloading rifle.

But when a bullet is made longer than its diameter, some means must be taken to insure its flying in the direction of its long axis—point on. This is the object of the spiral grooves that are cut on the inside of a rifle barrel, for it is found that if the bullet be caused to rotate with sufficient rapidity on its long axis, it will not turn sideways during its flight. The degree of this twist in the rifling is called its "pitch." The longer the bullet in proportion to its diameter, the quicker the pitch of the rifling must be; if the bullet is too long for a given pitch of rifling to handle, this will be shown by the bullet going through the target in a sideways or tipping position—in the parlance of the rifleman, it "keyholes." It is necessary for the bullet to be kept point on from consideration of accuracy, as well as to maintain its velocity.

When we increase the proportionate length of our bullets and use a quicker twist of rifling, it becomes necessary to harden the bullet by the addition of tin or antimony, so that it will hold on to the rifling and not be blown straight through the barrel without following the grooves—stripping, riflemen call it. But when we reach a certain point in lengthening the bullet and increasing the pitch of the rifling, no alloy of lead is sufficient to give good results. Therefore, in the modern high power rifle, the bullet is made up of a core of lead, with a jacket of very tough metal, generally an alloy of copper and nickel; and the tough jacket holds on to the rifling so well that we are enabled to fire charges of highly explosive compounds behind the bullet, giving nearly double the velocity that it was possible to obtain with the old black powder rifle. The modern high power rifle is, therefore, one which fires a jacketed bullet very long in proportion to its diameter, by means of a charge of smokeless powder several times as strong as black powder, with nearly double the velocity obtained with lead bullets and black powder; and as a result of the long bullet and high and well sustained velocity, the curve described by the bullet is much nearer a straight line—"its trajectory is flatter," its penetration greater, and its range longer.

There is another deviation laterally from the straight line shown by a rifle bullet and more pronounced in rifles having a quick twist; this is called "drift." It is a lateral movement due to the spin of the bullet on its long axis. As the bullet is constantly falling in its flight, the under surface meets with more air resistance than the upper, and the bullet, therefore, tends to roll laterally on this denser air; so that a rifle having a right-hand direction to its pitch of rifling, will cause a bullet to drift to the right, while one with a left-hand twist will drift to the left. Correction of this drift needs to be made on the sights of match rifles, but on the military sight of our national arm, the Krag, the correction is made automatically when the elevation is changed.

Gratis (O.) Rifle Club.

THE Gratis Township, O., Rifle Club held their November medal shoot on the 5th. The day was pleasant, but a strong wind caused several poor scores. The conditions were any rifle, 100yds., offhand, 4 shots, possible 48.

November medal match:

C Chrimer	12 12 9 12—45	Silas Lee	10 8 9 12—39
J W Leshner	10 19 11 12—43	M Pence	12 9 6 12—39
G. O. Chrimer	10 11 9 11—41	Geo Busche	10 6 8 11—35
C Busche	9 11 11 9—40	C Glaze	9 7 8 10—34

At the conclusion of the medal event three matches for cash prizes were shot under the same conditions, three moneys in each match. In the first G. Busche and G. O. Chrimer tied for first, and the former won, Chrimer second, Pence third. In the second, G. O. Chrimer and Pence tied for first. Chrimer won the shoot-off. Pence second, C. Busche third. Third match, C. Busche first, J. W. Leshner second, S. Lee third. The scores:

Prize matches:

G O Chrimer	43 46 40—129	C Chrimer	39 41 38—117
J W Leshner	40 41 43—124	M Pence	42 46 35—123
C Busche	32 43 44—119	S Lee	40 34 41—115
G Busche	43 38 38—119		

B.

Massachusetts Rifle Club.

The following scores were recorded at the regular weekly shoot:

Long-range match, 1,000yds.: F. Daniels 48, W. Charles 43, B. E. Hunter 39.

German ring target, 200yds.: A. Nieder 217, J. E. Lynch 205, F. C. Fitz 200, J. B. Hobbs 198, M. T. Day 196.

Mr. R. L. Dale secured a total of 1136 in 50 consecutive shots, as follows: 229, 234, 218, 226, 229—1136.

Standard target, medal match: Louis Bell 86, R. S. Hunter 80, J. E. Lynch 78, J. B. Hobbs 77, M. T. Day 77.

All-comers pistol match: R. S. Hunter 90, H. S. Adams 86, W. A. Smith 85, J. B. Hobbs 84, H. E. Comey 84, S. D. Martin 84.

Rifle Notes.

The Wilmington Rifle Club, Wilmington, Del., are arranging for a series of indoor matches to be shot this winter. This is a step in the right direction. Get in line, gentlemen.

On Nov. 26 and 27 the Williamsburg Shooting Society will hold an open gallery tournament for liberal prizes, at headquarters, 122 Hamburg avenue, Brooklyn.

The first championship gallery match under the auspices of the Indoor Rifle League will be held at Pittsburg, Pa., Jan. 16 to 20, 1905.

The 100-shot championship match shot on the Greenville ranges was won by Mr. H. M. Pope, of Chicopee Falls, Mass., with a total of 2270. Dr. W. G. Hudson, last year's leading man, was second with 2250, closely followed by F. C. Ross, 2233. The weather conditions were all that could be desired. Twenty-seven men faced the targets in the race for championship honors. Dr. Hudson recorded the highest 10-shot total, 237. A full report will be given in our next issue.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Nov. 17-19.—Tampa, Fla.—Tampa Bay Rod and Gun Club, \$400 added. J. A. Hansbrough, Sec'y.
Nov. 24.—Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club merchandise shoot. C. G. Blandford, Capt.
Nov. 24-26.—Tucson.—Arizona Sportsmen's Association tournament.
Nov. 30.—Edgewater, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Mullerite Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
1905.
Jan. 17-20.—Hamilton, Can., Gun Club live-bird tournament. J. Hunter, Sec'y.
Jan. 23-28.—Brenham, Tex.—Sunny South Handicap.
Jan. 31-Feb. 2.—Taylor, Tex.—Central Texas Handicap.
June 8-9.—Dalton, O., Gun Club annual tournament. Ernest F. Scott, Capt.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM goes to press on TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The trap editor of this journal is absent this week shooting at ducks or shooting into the welkin.

Mr. J. W. Farrell, of Muncie, Ind., has challenged Mr. Austin Flinn, of Wabash, to contest for the English Hotel Cup.

Live-bird sweepstakes have been arranged for Thanksgiving Day, at Muncie, Ind. The programme is devised for those who like good competition.

Among the distinguished visitors in New York this week were Messrs. Herbert Taylor, of Wilmington, Del.; Mr. E. H. Tripp, of Indianapolis, and the Hon. Tom Marshall, of Keithsburg, Ill.

Mr. A. A. Schoverling, manager, writes us as follows: "All-day shoot of the Mullerite Gun Club on the grounds of the North River Gun Club, on Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 10 A. M. Programmes later."

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, secretary-manager, announces that the annual meeting of the Interstate Association will be held on Dec. 8, the purposes of which are more fully set forth elsewhere in our trap columns.

On Nov. 13, the Hudson Gun Club, of Jersey City, commenced a series of three shoots for a Reble gun, \$100 grade. The conditions are: Handicap point system, 25 targets, entrance \$1.50; re-entries unlimited, \$1. Targets 1 1/4 cent.

The secretary, Mr. Jas. W. Bell, has sent out the following invitation: "Indianapolis Gun Club. Come and win your Thanksgiving Dinner, Saturday afternoon, Nov. 19. Five 20-target events, entrance 30 cents each. Three prizes each event—turkey, duck and chicken. Winner each first prize handicapped 1 yard."

Mr. Hugh M. Clark, of Wabash, retained the championship of Indiana, in his defense of that title in a contest with the former holder, Mr. Max Witzgreuter, of Ft. Wayne, on the grounds of the Corner Rod and Gun Club, Nov. 6. Mr. A. C. Spencer, of Muncie, has challenged Mr. Clark to contest for the Lieber trophy, emblematic of the Indiana State championship. The contest will take place in the near future.

On Nov. 12 the Princeton Gun Club team won the intercollegiate championship. Harvard was second with 190, Yale third with 171, and Pennsylvania fourth with 170. Each man shot at 50 targets. The best individual work was done by Stutesman, of Princeton, who broke 44. Princeton—Stutesman 44, Gaines 41, Pardoe 38, Frick 35, McIlvan 33; total 191. Harvard—Foster 40, Webster 38, Ward 39, Bartlett 37, Wyckersham 41; total 190. Yale—Thompson 37, King 35, Ady 38, Pugsley 37, Alden 24; total 171. Pennsylvania—Longnecker 38, Koom 35, Perkin 30, Adams 23, Way 34; total 170.

BERNARD WATERS.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Crescent Athletic Club.

BAY RIDGE, L. I.—The Election Day shoot held by the Crescent Athletic Club, Nov. 8, was well attended. Thirteen events were shot. The Holiday cup had thirteen contestants, an unlucky number for twelve of the contestants. Mr. C. T. Foster won it.

The weather was clear and cool. There were eleven trophy events. The winners of the main events were as follows: Mr. W. W. Marshall, won two at 15 targets, A. G. Southworth one at 15 and one at 25, O. C. Grinnell, Jr., one at 15 and one at 25, C. Kenyon, Jr., one at 15 and H. B. Vanderveer and E. W. Snyder one each at 25 targets. Each trophy event had handicap allowances added to the scores. Scores:

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: C. Kenyon, Jr. (3) 14, E. H. Lott (0) 13, O. C. Grinnell, Jr. (3) 13, G. W. Callaghan (3) 11, H. B. Vanderveer (1) 11, W. T. McConville (2) 9, G. W. Gair (5) 8, E. G. Werfield (4) 7.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: O. C. Grinnell, Jr., (3) 15, H. B. Vanderveer (1) 14, E. H. Lott (0) 13, C. Kenyon, Jr. (3) 13, G. W. Callaghan (3) 11, W. T. McConville (2) 9, E. G. Werfield (4) 8, G. W. Gair (5) 7.

Trophy event, 25 targets: O. C. Grinnell, Jr. (5) 25, H. M. Brigham (0) 23, A. G. Southworth (0) 12, E. H. Lott (1) 21, W. T. McConville (4) 21, H. L. Kenyon, Jr., (5) 20, H. B. Vanderveer (3) 19, E. G. Warfield (7) 17, G. W. Gair (8) 13, G. W. Callaghan (5) 10.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: H. M. Brigham (0) 14, E. H. Lott (0) 14, D. V. B. Lott (4) 14, W. T. McConville (2) 13, L. C. Hopkins (1) 12, A. G. Southworth (0) 12, O. C. Grinnell, Jr. (3) 12, G. W. Gair (5) 11, E. G. Warfield (4) 11, G. W. Callaghan (3) 8.

Shoot-off: Brigham 14, D. V. B. Lott 13, E. H. Lott 11.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: W. W. Marshall (3) 15, H. M. Brigham (0) 14, A. G. Southworth (0) 12, E. W. Snyder (4) 12, L. C. Hopkins (1) 12, E. G. Warfield (4) 11, E. A. Cruikshank (4) 11, D. V. B. Lott (3) 10, O. C. Grinnell, Jr. (2) 10.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: W. W. Marshall (3) 15, H. M. Brigham (0) 14, L. C. Hopkins (1) 14, A. G. Southworth (0) 13, E. H. Lott (0) 13, E. W. Snyder 4, 12, E. G. Warfield (4) 11, D. V. B. Lott (3) 9, O. C. Grinnell, Jr. (2) 9, E. A. Cruikshank (4) 8.

Trophy shoot, 25 targets: H. B. Vanderveer (3) 23, A. G. Southworth (1) 23, W. W. Marshall (5) 22, H. M. Brigham (0) 21, C. F. Foster (7) 20, G. W. Callaghan (7) 20, L. C. Hopkins (2) 19, E. W. Snyder (7) 19, O. C. Grinnell, Jr. (4) 18, E. A. Cruikshank (7) 17, J. Nicholson (7) 16, E. G. Warfield (7) 13, C. Kenyon, Jr. (4) 9, R. A. Clarke (7) 7.

Shoot-off: Vanderveer 23, Southworth 22.

Trophy shoot, 25 targets: E. W. Snyder (7) 25, H. M. Brigham (0) 23, W. W. Marshall (5) 23, C. Kenyon, Jr. (4) 23, E. H. Lott (1) 22, L. C. Hopkins (2) 22, A. G. Southworth (1) 21, O. C. Grinnell, Jr. (4) 21, E. A. Cruikshank (7) 19, Jere Lott (4) 18, J. Nicholson (7) 15, C. F. Foster (10) 14, G. W. Callaghan (7) 16, R. A. Clarke (7) 8.

Holiday cup, 25 targets: C. T. Foster (7) 24, L. C. Hopkins (2) 23, G. W. Callaghan (7) 23, H. M. Brigham (0) 22, E. H. Lott (1) 22, C. Kenyon, Jr. (4) 22, H. B. Vanderveer (3) 22, E. W. Snyder (7) 21, A. G. Southworth (1) 20, O. C. Grinnell, Jr. (4) 19, W. W. Marshall (5) 15, J. Nicholson (7) 15, W. C. Dammeron (7) 11.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: H. M. Brigham (0) 15, A. G. Southworth (0) 14, E. H. Lott (0) 14, C. T. Foster (4) 14, H. L. Kenyon (2) 13, W. W. Marshall (1) 12, O. C. Grinnell, Jr. (2) 12, L. C. Hopkins (1) 12, W. C. Dammeron (4) 12, J. Nicholson (4) 10, E. A. Cruikshank (4) 9, G. W. Callaghan (5) 10, H. B. Vanderveer (1) 9, Dr. C. C. Henry (4) 8.

Trophy shoot, 25 targets: A. G. Southworth (1) 25, C. T. Foster (6) 24, H. M. Brigham (0) 23, L. C. Hopkins (2) 23, C. Kenyon, Jr. (4) 22, W. W. Marshall (5) 20, O. C. Grinnell, Jr. (4) 20, W. C. Dammeron (7) 18, G. W. Callaghan (7) 19.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: A. G. Southworth (0) 15, L. C. Hopkins (1) 14, E. W. Snyder (4) 14, W. W. Marshall (3) 13, O. C. Grinnell, Jr. (2) 13, H. M. Brigham (0) 12, W. C. Dammeron (4) 8, E. A. Cruikshank (4) 6.

Match, 5 pairs and 15 singles: H. M. Brigham 20, A. G. Southworth 20, E. H. Lott 17, O. C. Grinnell, Jr., 12.

Shoot-off: Brigham 3, Southworth 2.

Nov. 12.—The regular weekly shoot, Mr. H. L. Kenyon scored the limit alone for the November cup. The scores follow:

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: Bennett (1) 15, Marshall (3) 12, Southworth (0) 11, Grinnell (2) 11, Vanderveer (1) 9.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: Grinnell (2) 14, Marshall (3) 12, Southworth (0) 12, Vanderveer (1) 11, Bennett (1) 10.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: Grinnell (2) 14, Southworth (0) 14, Bennett (1) 13, Marshall (3) 12, Kenyon (3) 11, Hopkins (1) 10, Vanderveer (1) 10.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Grinnell (2) 13, Southworth (0) 12.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: Kenyon (3) 15, Grinnell (2) 13, Southworth (0) 12, Marshall (3) 11, Hopkins (1) 10, Vanderveer (1) 10, Bennett (1) 9.

Shoot for November cup: H. L. Kenyon (5) 25, Bennett (3) 22, Hopkins (2) 22, Southworth (0) 20, Grinnell (4) 21, Marshall (5) 15, Vanderveer (3) 13.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: Southworth (0) 13, Kenyon (3) 13, Werleman (4) 13, Hopkins (1) 13, Damron (4) 10, Grinnell (2) 7.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Werleman (4) 15, Southworth (0) 13, Kenyon (3) 12, Hopkins (1) 10.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: Southworth (0) 13, Kenyon (3) 13, Werleman (4) 12, Marshall (3) 11, Grinnell (2) 10, Hopkins (1) 10, Vanderveer (1) 9, McDermott (4) 9.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Kenyon (3) 15, Southworth (0) 8.

Team shoot, 10 targets:

Duffs—Vanderveer 7, Kenyon 7, Hopkins 8, Werleman 5; total 27.

Stuffs—McDermott 2, Southworth 7, Grinnell 5, Marshall 4; total 18.

Bound Brook Gun Club.

BOUND BROOK, N. J., Nov. 11.—Thirty-two shooters faced the traps at the shoot given by the Bound Brook Gun Club on Election Day. Fourteen shooters shot the entire programme. The targets were thrown about 45yds. About 6,000 targets were used in the day's shoot, and not over 20 targets were broken by the trap all day.

The prizes were evenly distributed among the shooters. Bissette, of South River; A. E. Stables, of New York; Dr. Betts, of New York; Piercy, of Jersey City; Ackers, Dunn and Brown, of Rahway; W. G. Tingley, of Trenton, and Dr. Pardoe, of Bound Brook, were among the prize winners.

The trade was represented by Welles, Elliott, Apgar, Butler, Fanning and Glover. Although Glover is last on the list, he came out ahead, making high professional average, making 181 out of 200.

Dr. J. B. Pardoe had charge of the office, assisted by F. K. Stelle, who acted as entry clerk and arranged the squads.

An intermission was taken at noon, and while the shooters were eating their lunch Dr. J. B. Pardoe took a picture of the shooters.

S. W. Dunning and Byron Prugh kept the score, and Mr. J. Brokaw refereed.

Bissette made high amateur average. His score was higher than any of the professionals. Piercy, of Jersey City, won second, and Hendricks, of Rye, won third.

Staples won the silver loving cup. In the handicap event there were eleven ties, shot off miss and out. Phillips won the medal.

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Bissette	200	189	Exber	175	124
Wells	200	149	Hendricks	200	160
Ackers	200	157	Philips	200	146
Brown	200	145	Raymond	150	91
Dunn	200	108	Dr. Betts	175	131
Elliott	200	169	Martin	85	53
Apgar	200	171	Staples	200	182
Butler	200	164	Bidwell	45	24
Fanning	200	166	Maltby	100	79
Glover	200	181	Hulsizer	80	46
Tingley	140	105	Van Cleff	80	57
Pardoe	200	154	Rosenthal	80	19
Jackson	50	30	Hobbs	60	45
Savin	35	7	Dunning	60	33
Rushmore	60	12	Dr. Pardoe	45	35
Piercy	200	164	Games	45	33

F. R. STEELE, Sec'y.

Felford Memorial.

WILMINGTON, Del.—Messrs. Keller, Butler, Elliott and Fanning, the gentlemen on the committee in charge of the E. D. Fulford Memorial, have asked me to act as custodian of the funds. Of course, in handling a thing of this kind, considerable detail work is entailed, and on this account I have taken hold of it with some reluctance; but in view of my personal friendship for Mr. Fulford, and of my desire to see that a fitting memorial is gotten up, I shall of course be glad to receive funds, which might be sent by any of his many friends.

Subscriptions can be addressed to me, care E. I. duPont Co., P. O. Drawer 1001, Wilmington, Del., and at periods of every two or three weeks it is my intention to publish in the various journals a list of subscribers. Any one not wanting his name to appear in this list must so signify, and it can be entered as a cash donation; but my records, such as will be turned over to the committee, will show each donor and the amount.

This fund will be in my hands until Feb. 1, 1905, on which date I shall be ready to turn it over to the proper parties.

Even before the committee's notice was published in the papers this week, I received several donations, and I append to this a list, in order that interested friends might see just how well Ed. Fulford was thought of.

It is not my intention, and I don't think it is the desire of the committee, to make solicitations, and parties wishing to contribute, do so of their own free will.

	Subscriptions.		
Union Metallic Cart. Co.	\$15 00	J. T. Skelly	5 00
Remington Arms Co.	10 00	Herbert Taylor	5 00
Annie Oakley	5 00	T. H. Keller	5 00
F. E. Butler	5 00	J. M. Hawkins	5 00
J. A. R. Elliott	5 00	L. J. Squier	5 00
Eugene du Pont	5 00	J. S. Fanning	5 00
Frank Lawrence	5 00		

JAS. T. SKELLY.

Cook County Championship at Targets.

THE conditions governing the contests for the Cook county championship at targets, as announced to take place at the Watson Park Shooting grounds during the fall and winter of 1904-1905, have been changed to allow such shooters who are unable to attend on Saturdays to contest for same on Sundays, if they so desired.

The following are the dates as corrected: Saturdays—Nov. 5 and 19; Dec. 3 and 17; Jan. 7 and 21; Feb. 4 and 8; March 4 and 18. Sundays—Nov. 20; Dec. 4 and 18; Jan. 8 and 22; Feb. 5 and 19; March 5 and 19; April 2.

Rules and Conditions—Fifty-target Race for the Championship of Cook County.—Entrance, price of targets only. Open only to bona fide resident amateurs of Cook county. Trophy cup valued at \$50 will be presented by the Chicago Trapshooters' Association to the winner. There will be ten races on Saturdays and ten on Sundays. A shooter can compete on either a Saturday or Sunday date, but he cannot shoot in more than ten races in all. A shooter competing on a Saturday cannot compete on the following Sunday. Winner of most races to receive the trophy. All stand at 16yds. Shooters will be handicapped one yard for every win. All ties to be shot off at 25 targets. The first squad will be up at 3 P. M. sharp. No shooter can enter after first squad is at the trap. Targets will be one cent. Shells for sale on the grounds. A contestant must notify the secretary when on the grounds of his intention of competing for the trophy. Remember this, or your score will not be counted.

The grounds are at Burnside, Ninety-fifth street, near South Park avenue. Take I. C. R. R. trains or Calumet electric to Burnside.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Nov. 12.—The scores herewith were made at the regular bi-monthly shoot of the Ossining Gun Club, to-day. The targets were thrown fast and a puffy wind cut the scores up considerably. Mr. D. McFarland came up with his new gun and did nice work considering the conditions. Event No. 9 was for 100 loaded shells. Washburn and Blandford tied with 18 out of 25; Washburn won by one target on a shoot-off at 25. Figures after names denote yards handicapped. We have had some nice prizes donated for our Thanksgiving Day Handicap merchandise shoot, among which are a \$25 pair of binoculars, \$5 gold piece, two silver dishes, two hunting coats, etc., and we have just begun to collect.

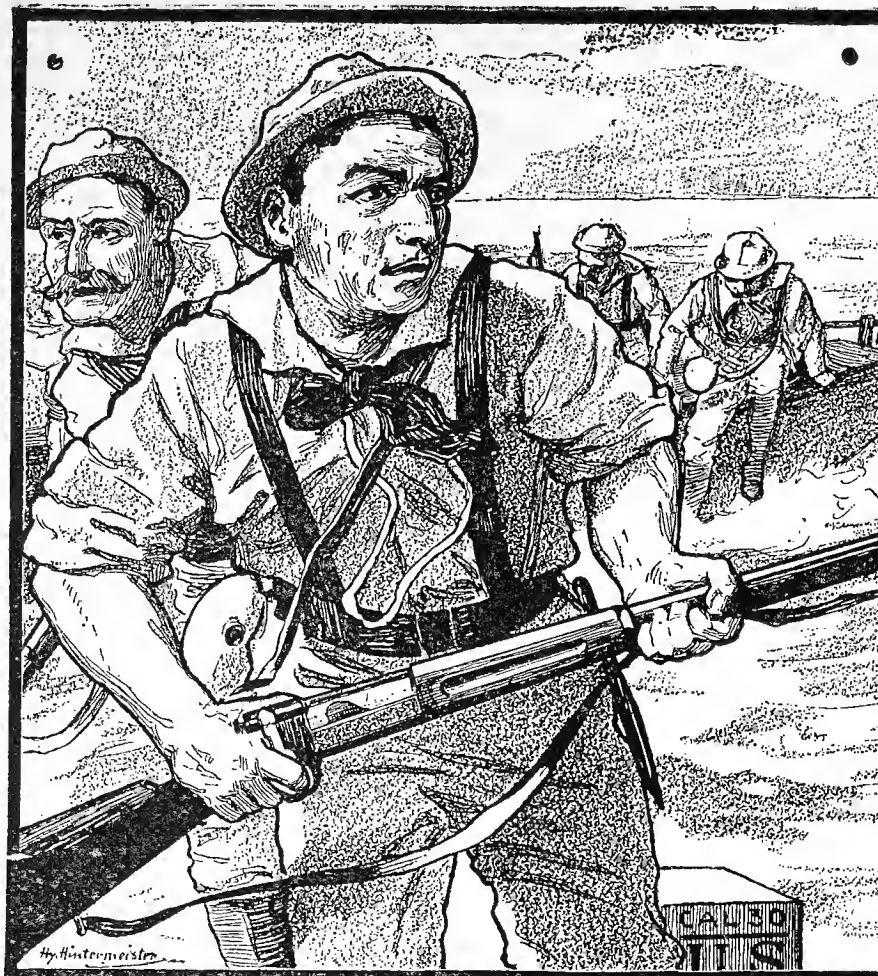
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
D McFarland, 6	4	8	6	2	6	5	6	..	14
C G Blandford, 20	5	9	7	8	5	7	7	8	18
H Stratton, 16	6	4	5	4	6	6	13
I T Washburn	8	..	8	7	6	7	7	10	18
H Sherwood, 18	5	4	6	5	5	7	7	..	13
D Brandreth, 18	5	16

C. G. B.

Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Nov. 10.—The scores made at the shoot of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club to-day, each event at 25 targets, were as follows:

Snyder, 1	21	22	18	19	Travers, 0	18	23	22	19
Hans, 1	21	25	24	22					



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WESTERN TRAP.

St. Charles beats Warrenton.

ST. CHARLES, Mo., Nov. 8.—There have been three contests between the town of Warrenton, as represented by the gun club, and the town of St. Charles, the last one being held on Nov. 5. On July 3 the home club was defeated by 2 targets. On Aug. 28 the tables were turned by 2 targets, which tied the clubs. The last shoot found St. Charles' boys in the best trip, and with 29 to the good, made a decided victory.

The St. Charles now feels able to shoot with any club located in Warren or Lincoln counties. The scores:

St. Charles—Paul 35, Hubbard 38, Wilke 47, Schoenberg 43, Barklage 43, Wilmes 37; total 243.

Warrenton—Langford 40, Linnert 39, Boloom 19, Yocum 39, Harbaum 38, Morrissey 39; total 214.

Invitation Shoot.

EVANSTON, Ill., Nov. 9.—There are a couple of good fellows at Warsaw, Ill., as evidenced by the clever act in inviting C. D. Baxter and O. T. Campbell, of this city, to shoot with them. Saturday was the day chosen, and the day was pleasantly spent.

Each man shot at 20 live birds, with the result that Gash was high with 19, Baxter 17, Wernhauer 16, and Campbell 14.

Campbell got even on the target shooting, as he was high with a score of 56 out of 65 targets.

East St. Louis Championship.

EAST ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 7.—For some months there has been a proposition on foot which finally terminated in a shoot held Sunday at the Central Gun Club grounds. It was the opening shoot for the championship of East St. Louis, St. Louis and Belleville. The conditions were 100 targets, and the opening contest was won by W. H. Clay. It was a good first with 94, making the last 25 straight. Lenhorth was not far in the rear with 92.

The next shoot will be held at the Progressive Gun Club, East St. Louis.

The scores, each shooting at 100 targets: Lenhorth 92, P. Baggerman 90, W. H. Clay 94, W. Baggerman 86, Deletine 78, Strop 70, Huff 82, Covy 90.

At Francesville.

FRANCESVILLE, Ind., Nov. 12.—The regular shoot for the club's trophies was held Tuesday. All the members present shot in six events, with a total of 85 targets. Brown, from the 21yd. line, was high man with 76. E. Brown, of Pleasant Grove, won the cup event, and the club badge was carried away by Frank Rice. The scores, at a total of 85 targets, distance handicap, follow: Nichols (21) 74, Brown (21) 76, Rice (17) 67, Kopka (17) 57, Prewett (17) 55, Shumacher (17) 68, Myers (17) 65.

Effingham Tournament.

EFFINGHAM, Ill., Nov. 10.—The first annual tournament of the Effingham Gun Club was held here last Saturday with a good attendance both of trade representatives and amateurs. The visitors were well pleased with the good grounds and the way the targets were thrown. All were pleased with the division of money on the Jack Rabbit system, as this gives all some opportunity to enjoy the sport without it becoming too expensive.

The trade men, Vietmeyer, Riehl, Cadwallader, Boa and Standish and Bronaugh were ever ready to give some detailed information as to guns and ammunition on trapshooting pointers.

The day was a fine one for the sport, and on the whole the shoot was a success. William Hawcs was high man with 141, while George Johnson made 139. The scores:

	Shot at. Broke.		Shot at. Broke.
Vietmeyer	195 168	Greenherst	195 99
Riehl	195 182	Gandell	195 89
Cadwallader	195 170	Burden	195 91
Boa	195 185	Parkhurst	100 47
Ryman	195 120	Walters	120 59
Johnson	195 139	Pretzky	45 21
Austin	195 101	Le Crone	55 23
Haines	195 141		

At Freeport.

FREEPORT, Ill., Nov. 10.—A few years ago targets were sent to the town of Freeport by the carload, which was an index to the shooting done at the trap.

Following this, came a season of inactivity and no more shooting was done for several years. With about twenty out to-day and a powder representative present, it is a pleasure to note that the shooting men have come forward to once more enjoy the pleasure of burning powder.

Mr. Keck, the one-armed shooter, made a good score, though out-classed by Waddington.

Scores: J. A. Poling shot at 100, broke 59; Keck 150, 117; Waddington 115, 104; E. B. Hall 50, 39; A. C. Knoor 100, 67; Younglove 75, 47; H. F. Jansen 115, 70; A. Moogk 75, 14; C. E. Bentley

25, 7; W. F. Karchner 75, 20; W. N. Tice 15, 8; Piersol 10, 2; Brown 25, 14; J. Sweeney 25, 18; Dillon 25, 20; W. A. Kintzle 10, 3; R. Rosenstell 15, 10; Ray 25, 15.

At Joplin.

JOPLIN, Mo., Nov. 9.—The Webb City, Mo., Gun Club held an open contest Tuesday. The attendance was fair and the scores only medium, the average being less than 50 per cent. It requires some persistence to shoot at 70 targets and only score 12, or to make ten straight ciphers. The scores: T. B. Brewer shot at 110, broke 73; J. McLoughlin 80, 51; R. M. Jones 70, 45; B. Gammon 100, 42; Jim Smith 50, 35; F. Hamilton 40, 21; F. Boyer 50, 17; John Donahoe 70, 12; Frank Houston 10, 4; Lowery 20, 3; J. McCormack 10, 3.

At Guthrie.

GUTHRIE, Okla., Nov. 9.—The race Saturday for the White trophy was a close one. N. D. McGinley and H. U. Carle shot at 15 live birds; result, McGinley 14, Carle 11. The next contest for the medal will be between Harold Eisenschmidt and the holder.

The target scores follow: Harry Carle broke 39 out of 50; Kusy 68 out of 100, Rosenberg 67 out of 100, Daniels 52 out of 75, Donnelly 102 out of 125, Eagan 124 out of 150, McGinley 18 out of 25, Olssmith 58 out of 75, Hutton 29 out of 50, Sam Smith 63 out of 75, H. C. Eisenschmidt 61 out of 75, MacMorris 56 out of 75.

In Other Places.

When the last meeting of the Oak Knoll Gun Club, of St. Louis, was held, the club members were pleased to meet Mr. and Mrs. Crossman, of Clayton, Mo. Mrs. C. was high gun on the per centage, with 72½. Scores: Mrs. Crossman shot at 40, broke 29; C. Crossman 60, 39; Essig 75, 54; Barrowe 75, 54.

Tuesday the Nicholas Park Gun Club met and spent a pleasant afternoon. Several good scores were made, the best being that of William Craig. Another tournament will be held at Jacksonville, Ill., Nov. 20 and 23. This club has completed a good club house and can take care of a large attendance.

Burlington, Ia.—A one-day tournament was held here recently. Considerable interest was taken, as there were special prizes awarded. The best prize was won by Mr. Wagoner, and he was proud of it. There are many shooters around Burlington, and there should be more tournaments held.

Teranceville, Nov. 7.—The gun club held a shoot Saturday and six events were on the programme. Nichols and Brown were handicapped at 19yds., with the rest at 16yds. In the cup shoot Brown was high with 24 out of 25. The club will hold an all-day tournament on Nov. 24. All who attend will have a good time. This is assured by the fact that Everett Brown will be the manager.

Taylorville, Ill., Nov. 7.—The shoot held here Saturday was a record-breaker in this respect, that H. W. Cadwallader, professional, shot at 25 targets from the 20yd. mark and broke them all. "Cad" has made a reputation in other parts of this and other States, but they were made at 16yds. For the day the highest score for a professional was made by Frank Riehl, 169 out of 175; second, H. W. Cadwallader, 164. The amateur average was won by W. J. Manning, Morrisonville, 158; second, J. P. Speer, Taylorville, 155; third, W. E. Keller, of the same place.

M. B. Acumpaugh, of Leads, S. D., says that deer shooting will be good in the Black Hills this winter. The open season is Nov. 15. All poachers are being watched.

The pigeon shooters of Rockford, Ill., on last Monday were invited by the farmers south of town to rid their premises of the pigeons. The boys report having had a most enjoyable time, and the farmers enjoyed a potpie which was flavored with pigeon.

The members of the lately organized gun club of Rockford, Ill., were so well pleased with their tournament that regular shoots will be held. The contest for the Lefever gun will not soon end, as to own it the same party must win twice in three attempts.

The U. M. C. Gun Club held their semi-monthly shoot Tuesday with targets and live birds trapped. The Chas. White cup was up as between N. D. McGinley and Harry Carle. McGinley was the last winner.

The Topeka, Kan., Gun Club has taken to the woods for the next few weeks. It would seem that target practice is little tame for the gunners of the West during the game season.

Shooting poorly pays at times. At Freeport, Ill., W. W. Waddington, has donated a fine sofa pillow, which will be awarded to the poorest shot of the gun club.

C. F. Gilstrap writes that there was an error in the scores as sent in by him of the shoot at Bryan, Tex., and that T. E. Hubby should have the credit of making the highest score.

There will be one more shoot held by the Missouri League of Trap Shots, at which time all the guns and special prizes that were up for the season will be decided. The place is Elliott's Blue River Park, and the time Nov. 24 and 25.

The shoot for \$25 a side between Rupert and Knister, of Decatur,

did not materialize, owing to the non arrival of pigeons. The match will be pulled off this week.

Freeport, Ill., Gun Club will invite all the surrounding clubs to join them in a tournament. The dates will be announced soon.

The Matthews, Ind., Gun Club held their fourth annual tournament last Wednesday. The attendance was not good and yet the manager has failed in his duty to furnish scores.

The medal offered by the Ewell, Tenn., Gun Club for 1904, was won by W. C. Bobb. He made one perfect score and high average.

The Winsor Gun Club at Boise, Idaho, believes in doing the social act as well as shooting at the trap. Last Saturday there was a meeting at the Vendome Hotel, where plates were laid for forty. The secretary reports that the occasion was one never to be forgotten.

The Highland Gun Club, of Elkhart, Ind., held a shoot last Friday, with twenty present. Kit Shephardson, of La Grange, was high gun, with "Smoke" Loshbaugh second. "Shep" lost but 10 out of 180. There were several representatives pushing the interests of their various concerns.

The secretary writes that the Menominee, Mich., Gun Club will not attempt to keep up their shoots during the winter. He was well pleased with the showing made during the past season. The Northern Peninsula tournament will be held by this club during the season of 1905.

Mounds, Ill., has come into the shooting fold, and a wag has given the club the name of the Hit or Miss Jerusalem and Jericho Gun Club. Some of the members do not lay much claim to marksmanship, yet they hope to improve their opportunities.

The trapshooters at Pipestone, Minn., have thought well of the proposition to organize a gun club.

During the last week of January and the first ten days of February there will be much doing in the trapshooting line in Texas. Jan. 23 to 28, the Sunny South Handicap at Brenham; Jan. 31 and Feb. 1 and 2, Central Texas Handicap at Taylor, and then the following week at Houston comes the Otto Sen's Grand Southern Handicap. This should keep the shooters busy.

On Nov. 10 the Lincoln, Neb., Gun Club held a tournament. The weather was very disagreeable, being windy and snow falling. Dan Bray, the Nebraska veteran, now of Columbus, was the winner of the Denver Post trophy with a score of 71 out of 100 targets, to Geo. Carter's 68. Those who know these Western trap shots well know that the shooting must have been fiercest ever, as the scores plainly show.

Tuesday last the Leroy, Minn., Gun Club met and shot at 50 targets: C. Cannon 30, C. I. Roy 42, F. O. Welles 24, J. L. Denel 37. Archie Welles, a thirteen-year-old boy, used an 8-gauge gun and broke 11 out of 25.

The day following the World's Fair Handicap there was a special match between Joe O'Neil, of St. Louis and Dr. E. Duncan, of Louisville, Ky., consisting of 50 live birds each. The result was a tie, and on the shoot-off at 15 birds, O'Neil killed out and Duncan lost one. Thus O'Neil went 65 straight.

On last Saturday there was some trouble at the Youngstown, O., shoot. It was reported that one party would have been high man over all if all the targets he hit with shot had "busted." The scores as reported were Francis 21, Seaborn 19, Selby 15, Hughes 15, Barnett 13.

The gun club of Kent, O., closed the season with a 100-bird race, in which Fred Bean won with 88. Will Lec, of Kent, won the medal with 23. Lyman received a medal for being the champion kicker.

The Crescent Gun Club, of Evansville, held together well into the fall. Last Friday, 25 targets were fired at the following results: Haddy 22, Heaur 20, Beard 17, Wanders 16, McKim 14, Hill 14, Keuln 9, McKinney 8, Ruhl 6.

Ralph Storm and E. E. Hagaman, of Waterloo, Ia., shot a match at 100 targets. Storm broke 85 to Hagaman's 76; but as Hagaman was allowed 16 added as broken, he had a grand total of 92. Mr. Storm is storming around now, and will not give so much allowance again.

It is reported that in the vicinity of Des Moines, Ia., the weather has not been suitable for quail shooting, and owing to this the gun club is yet able to hold regular shoots. The latest matches have been arranged on the unknown angle system.

The shoot held this week at Tampa, Fla., promises to be a big one. Good grounds are to be used, and money to the extent of \$400 will be added, being larger than ever before offered. Many visitors were reported present.

Now and then the members of the Wizard of Oz company take a half day off and visit some shooting park. The last account places them in Detroit, Mich. At the trial of 25 bluerocks, Mrs. Fred Stone, from 14yds., made 19; Mr. Stone, 21yds., 18; Mr. Meek, 16yds., 14. The prize was a cup, donated by the members of the Wizard of Oz company.

The Portsmouth, O., Gun Club will hold their regular shoot Friday of this week.

The shooters of northern Ohio are keeping in line despite the approach of the hunting season. Take Cleveland, O., for a sample. Notices are published weekly of the shoots to be held by the Cleveland, the Recreation, and the Fairmount gun clubs.

The Cleveland, O., Gun Club will hold a shoot on Thanksgiving Day. There will be ten events, the prizes being poultry and silver. Of late sweepstake shooting has not drawn so well as merchandise prizes.

The Kingdom Gun Club, of Fulton, has awakened, and will surely prosper. Last Friday the following members put in the afternoon with the targets. The scores: N. B. McKee broke 30 out of 40; Dr. H. A. Bragg 38 out of 62; R. A. Moore 50 out of 62; J. H. Atkinson 35 out of 62; D. C. McCue 15 out of 40; James Ratikin 35 out of 50; Frank Gingrich 13 out of 25.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

Saturday, Nov. 12, was cloudy and cool, but there was little wind blowing, and some of the few members who visited the grounds made good scores. The main event was a series of five 20-target shoots, the prize in each being a ticket in the Burmister Hotel drawing. Ten men shot the full 100 targets. Ahlers and Leever tied for first on 95 each. Gambell second with 91; Don Minto third with 89, and Maynard fourth with 86. The tickets were won by Leever in the first and fourth, and Ahlers captured the prizes in the other three events.

Eight scores were shot in the cup race to-day, making the total entries 88, Faran still leading with a straight. Gambell (18) 20, 22; Ahlers (19) 18, 18; Harig (19) 18, 15; Williams (18) 17, 20.

Phil was in town a few days this week, and on the 8th came out to the grounds and smashed a few to keep his hand in.

F. W. Cook, who has been with the Pickering Co. for some time, has been promoted to salesman in the firm's sporting goods department. He is a member of the club, and did some fair shooting to-day, breaking 19 out of 29 in one of the practice events.

Luther J. Squier is in town on a little vacation, and greeted his friends at the club to-day, but did not shoot.

Everybody was glad to see Aekley again, and sorry that he had not sufficiently recovered to take part in the sport.

John Falk was on hand and as jolly as ever, though not yet fully recovered from the effects of a severe cold.

Gambell announced the Thanksgiving day programme, and it is a good one, as might be expected. Ten events, 15 targets each, \$10 entrance. Six prizes are offered. First, second and third are 50, 30 and 20 per cent. of purse respectively; fourth, a turkey; fifth, Burmister Hotel ticket; sixth, dressed duck. Shooting to begin promptly at 1:30. Lunch served at noon. Everybody come.

All Saturday contests during the winter will begin at 2 P. M. Maynard, Herman and Dr. Davis start on Monday for the southern part of Illinois, where they will put in a few days with the quail. They have engaged a guide and team, and anticipate great sport.

Don Minto, Ahlers and Bell will open the quail season at Leesburg, O., and remain in that locality a week. The scores:

Prize race, 100 targets: Ahlers 95, Leever 95, Gambell 91, Don Minto 89, Maynard 86, Williams 77, Harig 76, Andrews 67, Cook 61, Cottingham 41.

Welfare Gun Club.

At the shoot of the Welfare Gun Club on Nov. 5, twenty-four men took part. The large number of spectators bore evidence to the popularity of trapshooting among the N. C. R. contingent. The big event was a team match between ten men of the polishing department, and ten men from other departments of the N. C. R. The wind was blowing a gale, and prevented any large scores from being made. The first eight events were for practice, then came the medal race, won by Le Seur; then the team match, and then the closing event at 15 targets, for a 33lb. turkey, won by D. Tibbals.

The regular shoot of the Central Covington, Ky., Gun Club was held on Sunday, Nov. 5. O. H. Grau was high man with 74 out of 80. Ed Trimble second with 72, C. Brittfield and J. E. Schreck third with 71 each. H. Heidel 68, S. Robinson 65. A number of those present shot at 30 targets, with the following results: J. Wise and J. E. Schreck, Jr., first with 22 each; K. Sutton 20, H. Kroger 19, J. P. Heidel 18, J. Elliott 17.

The Dayton, O., Gun Club put its medal in competition in July, the last contest for the season taking place on Oct. 29. During that time the medal has been won as follows: C. H. Cord, July 30 (the first contest), Oct. 8; D. Tibbals, Aug. 6; Ed. Keller, Aug. 13, Oct. 15; John Sirran, Aug. 20; O. H. Bailey, Aug. 27; M. J. Schwind, Sept. 10, Oct. 1; Ed. Rike, Oct. 29. The medal contests will be resumed early in March, when the 1905 season will open.

Dayton Gun Club.

The Club's third monthly all-day shoot on Nov. 11 was held under favorable weather conditions, the day being light and sunny. The last affair of the season was an enjoyable occasion, and was well attended, over twenty shooters taking part. The sport began at 10 A. M. and was kept up until dark, besides the regular programme a number of sweeps being shot.

The programme consisted of twelve 15-target events and eight 25-target sweeps were shot besides, though none of the shooters took part in all of them.

Interesting features of the day were the close race between Heikes and Rike, only four targets separating them; and Schwind and Craig, the former breaking 147, the latter 145. These latter had a side bet between them in each event, and each won five times and were tie twice. On the last event for a \$5 purse they tied on 14. The scores:

Shot at. Broke.		Shot at. Broke.	
Heikes	180	Watson	60
Rike	180	Hubler	45
Lindemuth	180	Hodapp	30
Schwind	180	Shirer	15
Craig	180	Watkins	30
Ike	180	Woodburn	30
La Rue	180	Oldt	15
Curphey	180	Bailey	15
Young	180	Davis	15
Carr	120		

Sweeps, eight at 25 targets each:

Shot at. Broke.		Shot at. Broke.	
Davis	125	Heikes	50
Craig	100	Mathews	50
Schroeder	100	F. Whitacre	50
Hodapp	100	Woodburn	50
Carr	100	Wagner	25
Schwind	75	Ike	25
Smith	75	Lindemuth	25
La Rue	50	Young	25
Rike	50	Stover	25
Anspurger	75		

Rike was using his new gun, and broke 212 out of 230. Heikes shot at 230 and broke 210. Charlie Matthews, of Lewisburg, broke 43 out of 50.

Notes.

The Welfare Gun Club held an all-day shoot on Nov. 11, with turkeys for prizes. The affair attracted quite a crowd, and fine sport was had. The club has fine grounds, easy of access, and the members are as genial a bunch of shooters as you will run across in a long journey. All visiting club members were entertained at dinner by the home club.

John F. Beaver, of Dayton, and Daniel Francis, of Arcanum, went to northern Wisconsin for deer hunting. This is Mr. Beaver's fifty-fourth expedition, and Mr. Francis is also a veteran big-game hunter.

Wm. H. Van Riper and son, Chas. Spidel, L. Groneweg and C. Long, of Dayton, have just returned from their hunt in Maine. Each killed their two deer. They had a fine camp and good weather, and enjoyed the outing immensely.

Indiana State Championship.

FT. WAYNE, Ind.—The match for the trophy emblematic of the championship of Indiana, on Nov. 6, was won again by Mr. Hugh Clark, of Wabash. He defended it against Mr. Max Witzgreuter, the prior holder. The scores were 46 and 42. A large and enthusiastic audience witnessed the contest. Clark killed 23 out of the first and second 25 birds respectively. Witz scored 22 and 20 respectively. The retrieving work of Ed. Evans' and Henry Tarmon's dogs was excellent.

In the big team shoot the Wabash men were also victorious, winning from the Corner Club team by 3 points. The visitors shot 108 out of a possible 125, while the locals bagged 105. The teams were made up as follows:

Wabash—Ferrell, Shephardson, Williamson, George Abdon and Clark.

Corner Club Team—Witzgreuter, A. H. Witte, Charles Rundell, August Freese and Rodney Fleming.

The match target shoot between A. H. Witte and H. Hockemeyer was declared off because Hockemeyer was unable to be present. The minor target events, which served as preliminaries, were all good, and great enthusiasm was shown in the results of each race. Ferrell officiated as referee. August Freese as official scorekeeper, and William Wiegman as trap-puller.

This is the last event at that place until Thanksgiving Day. The Wabash team was Wabash in name only. Properly it was an all-state team, composed of Clark, of Wabash; Shephardson, of La Grange; Farrell, and Williamson, of Muncie, and Abdon, of Ft. Wayne.

Two amusing incidents occurred in the course of the live-bird race. In one instance, Ed. Evans' setter dog broke away from his handler when the shooter had missed the bird. The dog ran out to the boundary and then started back to the score. In passing the traps, he scented a bird in one trap, took the trap rope in his mouth and tugged away at it until the trap opened, and then the dog gave the bird a great chase. The other feature that enlivened the spirits of the crowd occurred when the other dog, in bringing in a dead bird, stopped at the location of the target traps and buried the dead pigeon in the sawdust in which the bluerocks had been packed. Suggestions for the owner to feed the dog were offered.

A. C. Spencer, of Muncie, has challenged Hugh M. Clark for the Lieber cup, emblematic of the Indiana championship at live pigeons. The race is being arranged for, and will possibly be held at Elwood, and possibly earlier than Thanksgiving. J. W. Farrell, of Muncie, has challenged Austin Flinn, of Wabash, for the English Hotel cup. This is a target trophy, and the match must be shot on the grounds of the Indianapolis Gun Club.

A sweepstake shoot at live pigeons will be held at Muncie on Thanksgiving Day. This programme is about the warmest one that has been offered in many months, at any point in the middle West.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Rickman won the point in the Rochester Rod and Gun Club's handicap contest for the Hunter Arms Co. trophy. He has now won six points. Borst has won seven. The contest ends on Nov. 16, and Rickman still has a chance to tie Borst for the prize. Stewart made the best net score, but as he was scratch man, his 24 did not equal Rickman's 19, with his allowance of 6 added. The scores:

Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'al.	Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'al.
Rickman	19	6	25	Norton	18
Stewart	24	0	24	Borst	14
Adkin	22	1	23	Clark	18
Kershner	22	1	23		

The Interstate Association.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Nov. 10.—Kindly announce to readers of FOREST AND STREAM that the annual meeting of the Interstate Association will be held on Thursday, Dec. 8, at which time Grand American Handicap matters, applications for tournaments and other business of importance, covering the year 1905, will be passed upon. Applications for the Association's assistance in giving tournaments during the season of 1905 should be in the hands of the secretary-manager (address 219 Coltart Square, Pittsburg, Pa.) no later than Dec. 3, in order that they may be brought before the Association's tournament committee at this meeting.

ELMER E. SHANER, Sec'y-Mgr.

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

Mr. Topperwein "got busy" Nov. 10 at St. Louis, and without a miss broke 3,507 flying targets (the size of the targets being 2½ inches), a display of marksmanship which is truly marvelous and without parallel in the shooting annals of the world. It is probable that his record will stand until such a time as he sees fit to make another try. In this remarkable performance Mr. Topperwein used, as he always does, Winchester, 22 caliber greaseless bullet rifle cartridges and a Winchester .22 caliber automatic rifle.

Mr. Charles Lancaster has removed to larger and more convenient premises, at 11 Panton street, Haymarket, London, S. W. The following very pleasing information was recently received by him and is self explanatory:

British Royal Pavilion,
Louisiana Purchase Exposition,
St. Louis, U. S. A., Oct. 22, 1904.

Dear Sir—I have the pleasure to inform you that I am advised by the American Exposition Authorities that the International Jury of Awards have awarded your exhibit a gold medal in Group 120. Yours faithfully

C. M. Watson, Colonel,
Commissioner-General for Great Britain.

Charles Lancaster, Esq.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

New Train Service to Florida, Aiken and Augusta.

THE Southern Railway announces, effective Nov. 6, a new train will be put on between New York city and Jacksonville, Fla. Leaving New York daily at 3:25 P. M., carrying through Pullman Drawing Room Sleeping Cars New York to Jacksonville and Augusta, with connections for Aiken, Camden and Charleston. This train will also carry Southern Railway Dining cars.

Early in January, 1905, the elegant train so appropriately named the "Southern's Palm Limited" will resume service for the tourist season. The train is composed of the very highest class equipment, including Pullman Compartment and Drawing Room Sleeping cars, Dining cars, Club car, Library and Observation cars, and is operated solid between New York and St. Augustine, and also handling one Pullman Drawing Room Sleeping car between New York, Aiken and Augusta.

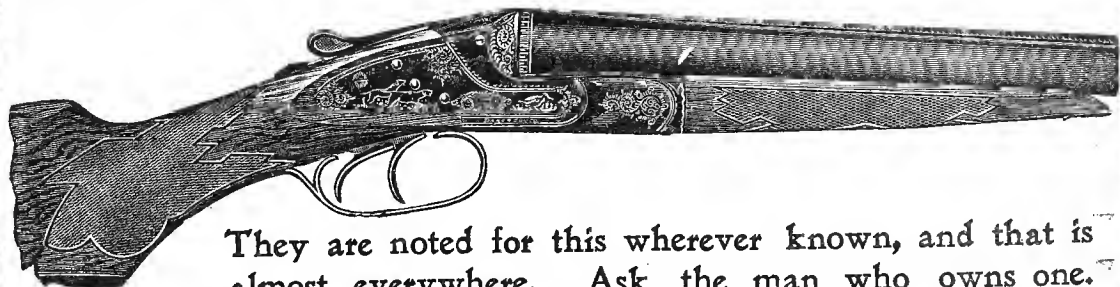
A book of information descriptive of the winter health and pleasure resorts of the South, where the tourist or invalid may avoid the rigors of the Northern winter, enjoying the perpetual comforts of the South, is just being issued by the passenger department, and will be mailed to any address upon receipt of two cents postage. New York office, 271 and 1185 Broadway. Alex. S. Thwatt, Eastern Passenger Agent.

Pennsylvania Railroad's Winter Excursion Route Book.

In pursuance of its annual custom, the Passenger Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has just issued an attractive and comprehensive book descriptive of the leading winter resorts of the East, and South, and giving the rates and various routes and combinations of routes of travel. Like all the publications of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, this "Winter Excursion Book" is a model of typographical and pictorial work. It is bound in a handsome and artistic cover in colors, and contains much valuable information for winter tourists and travelers in general. It can be had free of charge at the principal ticket offices of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, or will be sent postpaid upon application to Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

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They are noted for this wherever known, and that is almost everywhere. Ask the man who owns one. Fine Trap and Medium Field Grades, \$25.00 to \$200.00 and up. Inquire of your dealer or send for full descriptions.

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Cor. Liberty & School Sts., BATAVIA, N. Y.

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The Perfected Bulk
SMOKELESS POWDER

To the many expert shots who think extreme high velocity with a close and even pattern in a load can only be obtained by using specially loaded and extra long shells, **MULLERITE** will be a revelation, as its superior qualities in regular factory loads are unapproached.

DON'T ARGUE, DON'T INFER. TRY A HUNDRED.

Send 4c. in Stamps for 1905 Calendar.

As the edition will be limited, kindly send name at an early date. Ready about November 15th.

SCHOVERLING & WELLES,

Sole U. S. Agents,

2 Murray Street, - - - New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1904.

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No. 846 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

HENRY P. WELLS.

HENRY PARKHURST WELLS, successful lawyer, enthusiastic angler and outdoor man and graceful writer, died November 20 at his home in Brooklyn, N. Y., after a long illness.

Mr. Wells was born in Providence, R. I., in 1842. He was a graduate of Amherst College, and a soldier in the Civil War. He was admitted to the New York bar in 1869, and to the bar of the United States Supreme Court in 1883.

Mr. Wells was one of the most ardent lovers of outdoor life, and not satisfied with enjoying this himself, desired to share his pleasures with others, and to give them the benefit of his long experience and his keen observation. His manual of "Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle" has had a wide circulation, and his other books, "American Salmon Fisherman," and "City Boys in the Woods," were not only charming in themselves, but appealed strongly to the popular taste. Mr. Wells was a long time correspondent of FOREST AND STREAM, to which he contributed many articles on angling, in one series of which were detailed his experiments on the sight of fishes.

Personally Mr. Wells was a most attractive man, a ready and entertaining talker, and possessed of keen and almost boyish enthusiasms. He was a delightful companion, and will be sadly missed by a large number of old-time anglers.

NOT NECESSARILY A PART OF SHOOTING.

WHEN we consider that tens of thousands of guns are in use every day of the autumn shooting season, we may reflect that it would be strange, indeed, were the papers free from reports of shooting casualties. "About this time," as the almanacs say, "look out for" headlines like these: "Gunner Shot by Friend." "Shot by Son while Gunning." We shall not look in vain. The papers are full of them. It would be no difficult task to fill a column or two of the FOREST AND STREAM every week with detailed stories of shooting casualties of this character, but no good purpose would be served by doing so, except for the admonition afforded by so many horrible examples. A journal devoted to field sports is naturally reluctant to make much of the dangers of shooting, nor is there any good reason why gunning casualties should be given prominence in its columns. They are not necessarily any part of shooting.

Occasionally there is chronicled an aggravated case, the circumstances of which compel more than casual attention. Such a happening is reported to us by a Minnesota correspondent. We repeat it in briefest outline only. A well-known ferry boat master of the Duluth-Superior harbor was out hunting, traveling up and down the road in a buggy, carrying a double-barreled shotgun, looking for partridges. The gun slipped back and was in danger of falling out of the buggy. The man reached quickly forward, and, catching it by the muzzle, drew it forward. Both hammers caught and were drawn back and then released before they came to a full cock, with the result that both charges were exploded, and blew off his left arm at the shoulder, set his coat afire, and started the horse running away in a mad gallop. A mile and a half further on the horse was stopped, and the wounded man was taken to the hospital. It is a moving story; and the pity of it is, as of so many others, that the casualty came from a disregard of those simple rules of gun handling which no sane man should ever think of violating. To carry a loaded gun in a wagon is of itself to invite fate. To pull a falling gun muzzle forward is to make imminent fate doubly assured. A pathetic element of most of these woundings and maimings and killings by gunners lies in the fact that they are caused by a violation of the simple rules which ought to be the gunner's invariable and inviolable guide of conduct. If these rules are observed, sport with the gun in the field is not more hazardous than riding in trolley cars or walking the streets.

There are some men who are constitutionally careless, and others who are flippant with deadly weapons. If some practicable system could be devised of testing a would-be shooter's temperamental fitness to carry arms, its adoption would preserve to many a home the son or brother or father of whom it would otherwise be bereft. Such a system we may look to see in a thousand years. In the

meanwhile, let us exhort one another in season and out:

Don't point a gun at a human being.

Don't pull a gun muzzle end first toward yourself.

Don't carry a loaded gun in a wagon.

Don't stand a loaded gun up in the corner for the baby to play with.

Don't handle a gun you know to be empty in any other way than you would handle it if you knew it to be loaded. Handle it always as if it were loaded, thus cultivating a habit of caution which shall in time become second nature.

If such rules be observed, shooting accidents will be extremely rare, and the casualties which are not accidents, but are the natural results of criminal carelessness, will be unknown.

MONOLOGUES OF KIAH.

THE flickering camp-fire shed its cheerful light and heat a few feet on all sides against the circumambient darkness. Tremulous high lights on the faces and figures of the campers playfully responded to the fire's flickerings, revealing expressions which were either vacuous or contentedly free of cares past or future. Each man squatted or lolled about according to his fancy; for supper had been eaten, pipes under forced draught emitted volumes of smoke and fumes, and the stomachs of the party in unison were functionally busy in elaborating material for repairs of mind and body. Peace and quiet reigned, save for the whisperings of the leaves and breeze. Contentment, consequent to satiety and sluggishness, dominated the camp; and each man seemed to be too apathetic either to talk or to listen. One might easily imagine that the muteness was perpetual; fallaciously so, however, for no group of men ever remains long silent. Ruben broke the inaction by grasping a carboy of water near-by and pouring out a large swallow for himself, thereafter wiping his mouth with much gusto; then solemnly stuffing his pipe with another cargo of tobacco preparatory to further fumes. Apropos of his own musings, he began thus: "Give me camp life for true enjoyment. Here we find pure air, sunlight everywhere by day and unpolluted darkness by night. Here good health comes to us while we are free from the shams, fictions, and maraudings of society. I enjoy it heartily for its simplicity, its sterling genuineness—" "Exactly, precisely," exclaimed Kiah, with irrepressible eagerness, "and we, when gathered together happily in camp, are always free to have heart-to-heart talks on the themes of sport dearest to us. In my opinion, the communion of thought is the strongest bond of true sportsmanship. Yet how few there are who properly appreciate this higher form of it—the pleasures of mind, of memory, of anticipation; in short, of its intellectual feasts. I regret to say that few rise above the gross materialism of sport. It is a pleasure to me to shoot over my dogs, to admire their beauty, to study their pedigrees, to observe their cunning ways; and, to confer a favor on my friends, to share with them my pleasures, as it were, by telling them truthfully of all these things. Now, there's that new setter puppy that I bought soon after it was weaned. It was as precocious as anything that you ever saw, from the very moment that it opened its eyes to the light of day. I noted many of its acts, which were manifestations of high reasoning powers; but my wife was a closer observer, and noted many more than I did. Why, every time that that pup barked, she could interpret its language and explain the ideas that it was endeavoring to articulate. It was a born hunter. It began to point about as soon as it was able to waddle about. That was a matter of course, because it was bound to be a good field dog, having in its pedigree fifty-nine field trial winners on its sire's side and 198 on its dam's side. I have the pedigree with me, and I will read it to you in full in the morning at breakfast. It shows blood that is the bluest of the blue. You know that it is a matter of months to accomplish the education of the average dog in work to the gun. My puppy was in the hands of the trainer just three weeks when he graduated perfectly, and I immediately took him on a quail hunt. He would range in rings around my other setter dog, which therefore was considered the widest and fastest ranger that ever lived. And find birds! Why, that pup would pick up points on single birds with the same ease and accuracy that a turkey picks up corn. But its acts, while phe-

nomenal, were a mere bagatelle in comparison to the grace and beauty that it infused into its points and backs and gallops. On point, it stood with nose proudly tilted high in air, tail extended straight as an arrow pointing slightly above the line of its back, one forefoot held delicately off the ground, eyes glistening, lips quivering—oh, it was grand! In the city I called on my friend Bill Smith—you know that he is a dog fancier, or rather pretends to be such—and after buying several hundred dollars' worth of goods of him, I began to tell him about my pup. I had not in a half hour of talk finished its pedigree before he told me that his office was a place in which to transact business, and not an annex to a dog kennel. Such a man as that has no genuine sportsmanship in his soul. Now in camp it is so different. Here each has a pleasure when the other is pleased because of the sole reason that that other is pleased. We are all congenial spirits together, and pleasant conversation on our sportsmanship makes one endless feast of reason and flow of soul. I, better than anyone else, Ruben, can understand your exaltation of spirit on happiness unalloyed in camp, on your passion for camping—" "Camping be hanged!" Ruben tartly retorted. Again peace and quiet reigned, save for the whisperings of the leaves and breeze.

YELLOWSTONE PARK BIG GAME.

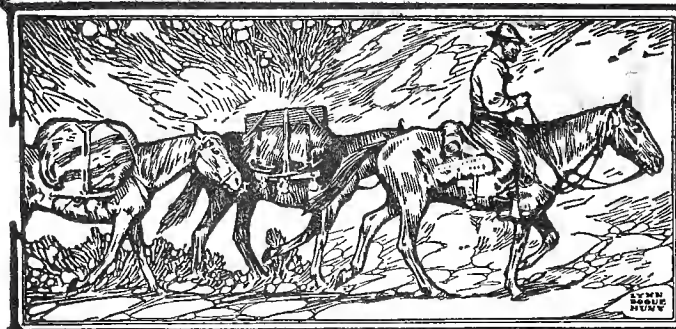
MOST of us read with very great pleasure President Roosevelt's interesting and delightful paper entitled "Wilderness Reserves," published in the last volume of the Boone and Crockett Club's book, and copied in FOREST AND STREAM. Those who did so, and all visitors to the Yellowstone Park are glad to at any time hear of game conditions in the Yellowstone Park.

During the summer the game is driven by the flies to the high mountains; but with the first snows of autumn they begin to descend again toward lower ground, where open pasturage can be had, and when winter fairly sets in they occupy the flats of the Yellowstone River and its tributaries, or make their way out of the Park southward toward the Jackson Hole country.

In the Park the antelope have already begun to leave the higher land and to pasture on the flat, not far from the town of Gardiner, which for many years has been their wintering ground. A year or two since Major Pitcher, the superintendent, brought water on this flat and sowed it with alfalfa, and last year more than 1,100 antelope wintered on this small area.

The deer and sheep are beginning to come down to their winter homes. Eleven white-tail deer and from 50 to 100 black-tails have been feeding on the parade ground of Fort Yellowstone. On the benches of Mt. Evarts there is a band of about thirty mountain sheep, among them a number of lambs, while recent accounts from the Hayden Valley show that it is dotted with bands of elk, and a scout recently from there estimated their number at 3,000.

The increase in the game which has followed the close protection of the Park makes the question of their winter subsistence a problem of ever-increasing importance. Major Pitcher's experiment of sowing alfalfa on the winter range of the antelope has solved this question for these animals; and, since this flat is used by the antelope only in winter, it will produce during the summer crops of alfalfa hay which will serve to feed the sheep of the Gardiner Valley and the deer of the post all through the winter. The very large bands of elk which winter in the valley of the Yellowstone, and on its tributaries, still remain unprovided for, and in exceptional winters these animals must be fed if we would not see them die of hunger. As things are at present in ordinary winters the elk can get along well enough. There will always be some starvation just at the end of the winter and in March and April, and many old and poor animals will perish; but this will only be a natural death rate. Once in a while, however, at intervals of ten or fifteen or twenty years, there comes a winter with heavy, deep snows and early spring crustings, and at such a time the elk must be fed, or they will be swept away almost to the last hoof. The cost of providing hay for these animals—to be used only in case of necessity—will be comparatively trifling, and the Department of the Interior, with an eye to just such a possible danger, should see that the superintendent of the Park takes proper measures to provide against it.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

A Cheap Winter in Florida.

A WINTER in Florida is not what it used to be, for wealth and fashion have converted it into an expensive abiding place for the tourist or transient visitor, and the appalling array of handsome hotels from Palm Beach or Ormond to St. Augustine on the Atlantic Coast, and from Punta Gorda to Tampa on the Gulf side, appear to verify this statement. Fifteen years ago the writer spent a winter in Florida, and a return to it last winter made vivid impressions of sharp contrasts on the mind.

Florida has kept pace with the other Southern States in development, changing its topographical features to suit the needs of a new generation, and losing thereby, it must be confessed, much of its pristine beauty and attractiveness. There is one thing about it that does not seem to change materially, although tropical fruit growers will not agree to this. The superb climate in winter lures one into outdoor life that recalls our northern springs and autumns. The destruction of the pine woods in northern and southern Florida may have had something to do with climatic changes which ruined the orange industry in parts of the State, but to the transient visitor such changes in the temperature are scarcely noticeable.

The orange belt has been pushed gradually further south, and in the northern tiers of counties it is hardly safe to depend upon oranges or pineapples for a living. A disastrous "freeze" comes along about once in every four or five years, and the work of half a decade is thus ruined within twenty-four hours.

The absence of pine woods is the most striking feature of Florida's landscape to-day. The pines were doomed fifteen and twenty years ago. When it was found more profitable to plant orange groves than raise pine trees, the work of denudation was carried along at a reckless pace. The lazy man's method of clearing the land was adopted. The trees were simply "ringed" with an ax or burnt by fire around the base, and within a year or two they would decay and fall of their own volition.

Young pines have sprung up in places and clothed the land with a new virgin green, but their usefulness as wind-breaks or climate-regulators is for the future rather than for the present. The orange trees are not planted as generally as ten years ago, and many groves of them have been left in neglect. Their low, stunted heads are frequently found mingled with thick growths of young pines and palmettoes, indicating financial disaster to some unfortunate who placed too much confidence in oranges.

Florida has cultivated the hotel in recent years more than anything else. Trusting to the climate to draw winter visitors to the State, southern and northern capital has been invested heavily in great hostleries which rear their heads above the canopies of tropical vegetation along either coast. Built of wood, stone, bricks, and the queer conglomerate called "coquina," they present a rather imposing sight to the visitor, for they are surrounded by tropical gardens and lawns where one may pluck oranges, grape fruit, lemons, alligator pears, kumquats, guavas, and other tropical and semi-tropical fruits fresh from the trees.

But one must pay for such accommodations. Rates for living have advanced to keep pace with the changed conditions. The hotels are for those liberally provided with immediate funds. One wonders sometimes where all the money comes from to make these huge hotels profitable investments during the short winter season of a few months. The season does not properly begin until the first or middle of January, and by the latter part of March the transients return north again.

Furnished cottages are provided for the favored few who prefer housekeeping to hotel life. When one pays five hundred dollars for a furnished cottage in Florida he does not contract for the same accommodations that he receives for a summer home along our northern beaches. There is rarely gas, electric lights or germ-proof artesian well water. Moreover, the cottages are furnished in the southern way, which frequently means hard mattresses stuffed with dried Spanish moss and a startling deficiency of needful furniture.

If one wishes to visit Florida and follow the footsteps of fashion, listening to concerts and watching the dignified yacht racing at St. Augustine, or joining the crowds at the automobile races on the beautiful beach at Daytona or Ormond, or luxuriating in the Oriental splendor of hotel life at Palm Beach, he must be prepared to pay for it; but if he is seeking a quiet outdoor life under simple conditions, he can find it at a cost that is not much different from that of a dozen years ago. Florida is a big State, and it is not all settled yet. There are great regions in the lower part of the State which combine all the pleasures of an ideal climate and environments with little trouble and expense. Whether one seeks the coast or interior, it is practically the same.

By preference the writer sought out old camping places in the interior, where, along the edges of beautiful inland lakes, existence was rendered ideal. With the lowering of Lake Okeechobee by the numerous drainage enterprises in the past few years, the region along the edges of the Everglades has been made peculiarly attractive. The swamps are less repulsive in appearance. During dry winters it is possible to hunt and fish where a dozen years ago no one except the plume-hunter and Seminole Indians ever thought of going. The soil is sandy and the rains quickly disappear in the porous earth, while the luxuriant vegetation spreads a garment of rich green and

brown over the whole scene. One can pitch camp on the banks of the winding lagoons and spend the winter hunting and fishing in the Everglades without experiencing swamp fever, malaria, or mosquito bites. The draining of the Everglades has thrown open thousands of acres of fertile soil to the settler, and the edges of the swamp have been cut down in many places to make room for market gardens and fruit orchards.

A few miles west of the Kissimmee River one stumbles into a veritable paradise of clear-water lakes nestling among the pines where the hand of man has not yet made any great changes. A small settlement called Avon Park has been built up in the heart of this region, but not being on the line of any railroad it possesses few of the modern luxuries that have transformed other parts of Florida. The series of lakes in this region find an outlet into Lake Ishtopoga—a body of water about one-sixth the size of famous Lake Okeechobee. This beautiful sheet of water is surrounded by pines, saw palmettoes, black-jack oaks, and cypress trees. It is located in a natural hollow, with its basin margined with thick vegetation. To reach it, one must cross twenty miles or more by muleback from Fort Meade, Bowling Green or Zolfo Springs. Once in this paradise of lakes and woods, it matters little whether one sees a railroad or hotel again for months. One can cut loose from his base of supplies and live upon the country. The land is teeming with game, wild fruits, and flowers, and the waters are alive with fish waiting to be caught. There is no such gamey creature here as the tarpon of the Gulf, but huge catfish, bullheads, pike and pickerel make fishing an idle pastime that baffles description. One can find good board among Northern people in Avon Park at five and six dollars a week, and at the hotel for seven to ten dollars; but the true way to do is to push out from the settlement and spend a month on the edge of the Everglades.

This whole region is the land of birds rather than of flowers. How the State ever received its name in the Spanish seems strange to a visitor, for the flowers are not conspicuously abundant. When the orange and lemon trees are in bloom, an orchard composed of these trees is rather imposing, especially as the ripe, yellow fruit mingles with the fragrant flowers. The guava has a rather delicate flower, and also the alligator pear and the half-wild kumquats. The wild jasmine is the most conspicuous flower, and this trails over everything in the swamps, giving a yellowish tinge to the whole landscape. A few magnolias tower up above the other vegetation in places, and innumerable air-plants display subdued colors among the tall branches of certain favorite trees. Otherwise the landscape gets its color hue from the delicate green of the new cypress leaves, the darker emerald of the pines, or the sombre green of palmettoes.

But once inside of the swamp, flashes of gold and purple, crimson and yellow, blue and white, and all other combinations of hues, greet the eyes. The plumage of the gaudy birds are beyond compare. They are like jewels among the trees.

On all sides paroquets chatter, displaying richness of plumage that startles the spectator. The famous ibis and flamingoes still range the swamps and watercourses of the Everglades, although their presence is growing less every year, owing to the greed and butchery of the plume hunters. A sight of a troop of these birds is sufficient to pay for a trip to the great dismal swamp. Standing knee-deep in the sluggish stream, with craned head and long, curved neck, the ibis or flamingo makes a pretty sight which should excite our admiration instead of murderous instincts. I never saw one yet that I didn't feel like dropping down behind a bunch of palmettoes to watch it. Unfortunately the birds are keen on the scent of danger, and past experience has made them wary, and it grows more difficult each year to study them at close range.

Cardinals and nonpareils fill the boughs of the swamps, and several varieties of woodpeckers hammer away at the bark of decaying pine or cypress. Mockingbirds fill the swamps with their incessant imitative songs. Robins and thrushes are everywhere, richer it seems in their southern plumage than when in our northern orchards; bullfinches warble and trill from the thickets, and rare birds of plumage flitter across open spaces to display their bright colors. Above the swamps and lagoons poise strange shadows which make the smaller birds of the bush silent and frightened. An osprey or eagle swoops down upon the singing birds, or perhaps a great man-of-war hawk drops like a shot to strike some innocent prey. Across the larger lakes troops of gulls, curlews, herons and cranes fly, and even on the mud-banks one may find quail, mud-hens and jacksnipes.

Camping near the edges of the swamp on the northern edge of Lake Ishtopoga, we found every possible advantage for a pleasant outdoor existence in midwinter. Numerous lagoons made it possible to penetrate far into the interior of the surrounding swamp, and occasionally wild turkeys were started up from the dense bush. The wild turkeys are probably scarcer to-day than the plumage birds. Ten years ago it was an easy matter to start up an old turkey gobbler by imitating the challenge of the fighting bird, and the flock of hens that inevitably accompanied the gobblers always gave the hunters a few good shots.

We got our first turkeys early in the season, and for Thanksgiving dinner we had wild turkey cooked brown and tender over the camp-fire. There were no cranberries

to be had in that region, but the native "Crackers" make a sauce out of the oranges of the wild seedling variety that adds piquant spice to any kind of meat. The wild orange is both bitter and sour, and when properly shredded and slightly sweetened in the form of a sauce it takes the place of apple sauce or cranberry jelly very well.

There is prevalent a general misconception that down in the Everglades wildcats, pumas, bears, rattlesnakes and alligators are so numerous that night and day are made rather hideous and dangerous. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The diamond-back rattler is so scarce that hunters have to make diligent search for one when a reward is offered by some visiting tourist for a skin and rattles, and the alligators are so few and small of size that they are not worth considering. Pumas, wildcats and bear there are in the Everglades, but they confine their attentions to the small game of the thickets instead of trying to tackle hunters. One may camp out with perfect safety, and never once be disturbed unless it be by some too inquisitive night prowlers anxious to know the meaning of the strange white tent in their native habitat.

The cost of living in such a home of luxury is an unimportant item of a winter's sojourn in Florida. The cost of reaching the southern part of the State with the necessary traps and equipments represents the chief outlay of capital. With game in woods and swamp abundant, fresh-water fish to be had almost for the asking, and plenty of wild fruits to be plucked from trees and vines, the campers can live on less than two dollars a week, counting the cost of ammunition for guns and bait for hooks. Oranges, pineapples, and tropical fruits can be purchased from the few scattered Cracker plantations for nominal prices, and if one wishes them, fresh vegetables can be planted in the mucky soil and raised ready for eating within a month or less. We camped in one spot during most of the winter, and we had crisp radishes and lettuce from seed within three weeks, and when we left the beginnings of a garden were left to spread around at will. Some future camper may discover traces of these cultivated vegetables running wild among the palmettoes and wonder if they have not fallen upon some strange freak of nature or made a botanical discovery that will require a revision of our standard text-books on this subject.

Our winter in Florida was thus an endless series of joyful days and restful nights—healthful, life-giving, and stimulating—and all for a price that would hardly have paid for a third-rate apartment in New York or for a summer cottage at the seashore.

W.

Floating Down the Mississippi.

A Sportsmen's Club of the Swamps.

AS SOON as I could, I took to the woods again, with the feeling that I belonged in them. I put my duffle aboard a train and headed for Pickett, beyond Marked Tree, from which place one reaches the Hatchie 'Coon Club. It was the 7th of December when I bade good-by to my friends of the cabin boat and to Carlos, who was hammering away on the big Cole boat. Cole was spending about \$600 on the craft—the savings of years. A lean, gaunt young fellow, he was a type of what a boy who had been beaten repeatedly out of his rightful earnings becomes. He began life the son of parents who died soon after he was born. He was put in an asylum, from which he was turned out uneducated and with only his native ability to start on. He began at the curbstone and worked up to being an errand boy, then truck driver, then towboat hand, and finally independent cabin boater, with a good wife and fine boy to care for. No one had ever given him anything, nor showed him mercy in business dealings. His one object now was to get the best of everyone. He paid what he said he would—but one could see his future: that of a lean, grasping old man, owning half a town, likely enough, and hated by most of his neighbors.

My train backed out of the depot and crossed the Memphis bridge, from which I saw the wide river at evening from a considerable height. The sun was setting, and a sandbar and the water were in the pathway of the yellow reflection; the clouds were clean-cut and radiant colored, like a cold autumn sky in the north—white, yellow and gold. Later the sky turned gradually to rufous and red, against a background of blue-gray. Seen among the knotty limbs of gum and cypress trees across the level of swamp land, it was brilliant, but chilling, growing more so as the blue of the clouds became dominant.

It was an interesting ride for me. The train ran high above the surrounding levels on a dirt embankment. The car windows were on a level with the branches of the trees. There were houses at intervals on stilts which had the whitewash stained with yellow far up their sides, the result of the last flood. We crossed high above the "company" levee—a dirt embankment with a narrow top, on which walkers had worn a path, built by private subscription.

A smallish, agile man with a sandy mustache was in the chair beside me; the train was provided with chairs that were immovable save for tilting. He was a cotton buyer, and talked about the crop. After a time he raised his feet to the back of the unoccupied chair in front of him and slid down into his own chair till he was sitting on the small of his back. The flow of talk was not interrupted. The train was well filled with people who had been

to town "to buy." Here and there among the rest a man would sink down in his chair out of sight. In a moment there would appear the white bottom of a flat quart bottle above the back of the chair, and wiggle around in concentric circles, seeking a center, the dark fluid within agitated considerably by ascending bubbles that burst in spray sparkling in the lamp light. Then the bottle would curve down over out of sight, and pretty soon the man who went down would come up again smiling.

A couple of ladies were across the aisle, and one scat further back from the cotton buyer and me. "Will you lend me your knife?" one asked me. She wanted to peel apples.

We were whirled along, not very fast, passing sawmill towns and railroad stations that were twenty feet above the level of the ground. Marked Tree, the famous sawmill town of the Arkansas Swamps, was a blaze with electric lights from dynamos in one of the big sawmills—a town built on stilts, and one side of it owned by Ritter, who came there a \$1.25-a-day man, and now runs a store and most of the place, after a very few years of business dealings and much fish-netting.

Beyond this was Pickett, nine miles distant; and at Pickett I came out on a platform the edge of which was a jumping-off place 15 or 20 feet high. Here some other men got off, and Mr. Mitchell met us, and some fussing around by the light of lanterns followed as baggage was looked after. We all went down a flight of stairs and the baggage was slid down two inclined peeled saplings. At the foot were rails, and on them a hand-car with seats along each side and handles to work it by. On this piled all hands, and almost everybody grabbed the handles. The car began to click and wriggle, and clump over the iron rails. One felt the butted air cold on his face, while a big lantern reflector light showed the rails leading along on top an embankment between two forests; very dense and dark the depths seemed, too. After a time a light was discovered far ahead. By and by that proved to be a light in a window—the club house of the Hatchie 'Coons.

The Hatchie 'Coon Sunk Lands were the result of the New Madrid earthquakes, and that is where the name of the club came from, but there is an analogy between the club house and 'coon trees, for both have their dens pretty well up in the air to be above the overflow, and, for the needs of the users, are comfortable, as they should be. We went up a flight of many steps to get to the living level, and there, in a large room, was a fire-place, roaring red and warm. On the walls were deer heads, some birds and other things which he had mounted for himself or others. The style was different from that followed by eastern taxidermists—at least Adirondack ones—for the deer heads were very short-necked—only an inch or so behind the ears—but natural. In the ears had been placed metal plates, preventing the curling down so aggravating in some work. On the mantel were some medicines in bottles—"chill cures," and things good for the stomach-ache, chiefly. The water was imported from Memphis in order to avoid possible contamination in the St. Francis water. In summer and till freezing weather, acetylene gas is burned throughout for light, and a gasoline pump supplies water for various sanitary purposes; but in mid-winter these are not kept going, lest they freeze.

Across the back of the room were many cots with heaps of bedding on them. It had been nearly a month since I had slept on anything softer than a layer of quilt on boards, and I was irritated to find that the springs and mattresses of the iron single bed simply made me wakeful. I got only half a night's sleep because I was too comfortable. I was dozing in the morning just before daybreak when Mitchell roused us out. After breakfast the paddlers, or hired men, appeared, and the four went away, sitting in cane-bottomed chairs in small boats, while a paddler stood up behind poling them into the mazes of St. Francis Lake, each sportsman with a gun, hunting.

I took a walk out on the bottoms after a while, and had my first look from close to the ground at the swamp lands. The trees were tall, the ground mealy, the leaves cloth-like, the twigs rotten. One could see a long way in places, the trees and brush alone obstructing the way. By looking close I could see that the ground undulated slightly, and, forewarned, could see that there were differences in the timber growths on the waves and in the hollows. The man who knows the bottoms goes by the tree growths, having no mountain range to guide his footsteps. I suppose the swamp hunters to be better woodsmen than hill men for this reason. They are obliged to observe small things, as the hill country man is not to so great an extent. The sun and the compass were my only guides, and I had to keep watch of them all the while. I could not get on a ridge and follow it for an hour straight away, though what is called "ridges" were there in plenty. I could not see them.

The swamps had been burned over in places, and fire caused Mitchell to get out one night while I was there to save his fence. Some few small twig shoots may be killed by these slow fires, but the big trees are not, unless the flames get into a hollow and burn the tree inside out. Even this does not destroy the heavy woods, but may even serve as an antiseptic against the fungus rot which destroys so many of the trees of the bottoms. One sees from the way the fire crawls along the muggy bottoms that "dry" as regards leaves there, is but a relative term.

I came to a lot of tall grass, and strolling through it, took hold of one of the spears to pull it loose, an Adirondack habit partly broken right there. It was saw grass, and though soft enough to the touch, there were splinters in it hard as thorns, one of which went into my hand. The reformation was completed some days later when I absently took hold of a vine and picked out thorns for the next half an hour. The native goes through brush elbow and shoulder first, his face protected by a broad-brimmed hat usually, the flap of which comes down to his neck.

I saw some droves of hogs and their tracks all through the woods at times seemed deer-like. I do not suppose anyone used to following tracks would be fooled by them, however—blunt, spreading, and short-stepped as they are. About a mile and a half from the club house there was a bunch of cypress trees with some knees sticking up out of the damp ground—root nubs with round tops from a couple of inches to three feet high—and in a cattle path here

I found the familiar deer print of sharp hoofs and long steps. I saw fox squirrels also. They looked enough like my Adirondack red squirrels at a distance to make me a bit homesick.

It quite takes one's nerve when he realizes he is in a swamp a hundred miles long and forty wide, with only a hummock here and there. I had the tram road, the railroad and the river on three sides of me, and my compass to take me south, the direction to hit the tram. Still it was nervous tramping. When I was ready to start back I headed south and hit the two-mile tramway square in the center.

That "evening" the hunters came in with from one to four ducks apiece. They ate their night meal, and it was not late when all hands turned in. The next day was like the first, save that I went to Cane Ridge—every place and thing has a name in the bottoms. Each locality has its Cane Ridge, Horse-Shoe Lake, bayou or slough; its cypress brakes and dark corners. Some scratching in leaves on the ridge was as near as I came to seeing a turkey. That night the train brought some more hunters, one of them the secretary of the club. Some stories were told of the kind which would seem to indicate that the present is less attractive than the past—that times have changed, and nobody has any fun these days. The younger men did not join in this, but listened. One or two guessed that it might be the men who had become different, and that there is an old time in some memories, but that the times of to-day will be old in the future to those who are young now—especially the high old times.

What stories and things one does hear at a club! One man had fished the whole gulf of Mexico shore line from 100 miles south of Tampa to the border. Another had gone the length of the St. Francis when it was through a "wild country" not a somewhat settled one as it is now. "The way my wife makes a mint julep, she puts sugar in the bottom of a glass and mint on this, breaks up ice fine in a napkin, and then pours whiskey over the ice in the goblet." "Finest eating in the world is one of those loggerhead snapping turtles right out of the St. Francis." "First polecats ever were in this region, so far as I know, came right last year, and became plenty." "The water over to Walnut Ridge is sickly, but looks all right. After a dog drinks it he eats mud to take the taste out of his mouth." "Most expensive hotel you ever saw, and the meanest. Why, they cut a boiled egg in two and serve half in a side dish. They charge fifty cents for a meal of that kind." "I used to shoot pigeons off that church with a .22 BB cartridge. I don't see why it is, but a BB cap will kill a pigeon, but a .22 short or .22 long will let one of them fly half a mile. Just the same with a snake or squirrel. The BB cap kills them dead." "I used to know him well before he got killed." "That's so; I did see something about it. I'll bet it made him sore to have to give those ducks up when the sheriff nailed him," and so on.

The old Ocoola Gun Club is the best known sportsmen's club in the bottoms. It seems to have fallen apart these days, but the time was when to be a member of the Ocoolas was to be a good shot, a good fellow, and a man who could travel the overflow at night. Some time a man will gather up the traditions about old-time American sportsmen's clubs, and among the things he will look for will be the stories which can be had of venturesome trips by sportsmen into the Arkansas swamps. The doings of the Ocoola Gun Club would tell the story of the swamp hunting. There were features of the swamp life not found elsewhere, of course. In the first place, desperadoes were to be reckoned with; they wouldn't steal, but they would kill a man for an "insult." Yet the swamp people were most hospitable to strangers, and the old-time sportsmen had no trouble with them. Occasionally, however, men who thought liquor, noise, and slaughter necessary for a good time came, and then things happened. One of these parties was put off a train a few years ago, in the days of Barney Mitchell, one of the most noted bad men. The train crew dropped the crowd, its boats and duffle, in the middle of the swamp because it was making trouble for the other passengers. The men claimed to be fishermen, but each one had a gun or rifle. It was the time of the overflow, and they dumped their duffle into their boats and put out into the swamp, which was ten feet deep with water. They were to camp, but had no ax, lantern, beds or substantial provisions—just guns, ammunition and beer, stuff that was an insult to a swamp man if he smelled it. Moreover, they had a negro servant. This outfit got into the swamp, became lost inside of an hour, and then for two days yelled themselves hoarse, and shot their guns till the barrels were hot. Finally Barney Mitchell heard them, and blew his hunting horn, and they came to the music, not thankful, but disgusted with the country, and angry because help hadn't come before.

There was a steamboat at the Madison Landing, and the men asked Barney if it was a steamboat. Then they asked which way the boat was going. They were told to ask the captain. They wanted to know how far it would go, and under the steady questioning the native ire began to reach the safety valve pressure. Finally they asked if the captain would take them as passengers; whereupon, as one man, the Swamp Angels said that if he didn't take them and their nigger, things would happen. The natives put the crowd on board forcibly, and told the captain not to let them off for a hundred miles. A week later Robert Mitchell came that way, and some of the swamper slept on the floor in order to give him their bed; it all depended on how one took the native. And it depends on that to this day.

Twenty years ago Mitchell, of the Hatchie 'Coons, made a trip down the St. Francis with a companion. It was before the levee had fenced off the swamp, and the great bayous were nearly all open streams, kept so by the overflows. He came down the Tyrone, which is now impassable because of fallen trees, and entered the St. Francis, down which he went to the mouth. Wild turkeys came to every sandbar; deer fed on every flat; countless ducks and geese were in every reach and bend. The two ate venison; duck breasts, wild turkeys, or squirrels as they pleased. They had less than fifty cents in their pockets, and the few natives they met would have been insulted if an effort to repay their hospitality had been made. The clearings were fifty miles apart, and there was a stretch of a hundred miles without a house in

sight. Fur-bearing animals—'coons, 'possums, mink, and otter and beaver were to be found everywhere; but times have changed.

One sees a greater variety of things in the swamp these days than during the "unbroken wilderness" period. I found it a strange land compared to anything I had hitherto seen, and I felt that it was more interesting now than in the early days, when it was only a wilderness.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

Ruminations of November.

FROM the falling of the first ripened maple leaf until the ground is thickly strewn with crisp, brilliant foliage, one harvest succeeds another, leaving the earth at last clad in a russet mantle to await the advancing snows of winter. Thus, when the splendor of October has vanished, it is left bare and frosted; keen winds sweep through the stripped orchards or across the withered fields, and no longer does the soothing murmur of insects awaken the evening quietude. But there still remain harvests to be gathered, and the sap of autumn as yet has not ceased flowing.

Perchance these harvests, however, which are often the best and richest of all, are overlooked by man in his haste to garner only the crops he has raised from the soil, for many of the former may not be harvested with the hands or other implements, but are fruits that the eye and spirit must gather. He who would reap such harvests, therefore, should walk abroad, not looking at his own meagre landscape of thought, but opening his inner vision to view the distant horizon and seek out the beauties therein.

No doubt the atmosphere which during late autumn is almost nightly purified by a hard, sharp frost, quickens and as it renews the embers of thought and meditation. Moreover, it is a stimulus to health and bodily vigor, casting aside any lassitude that might linger from the summer season. A flavor of winter is obtained without the colder intensity of a later period, while smouldering leaf piles remind one that the time has not yet arrived to kindle a perennial fire on the hearth, for their pungent scent is alone symbolical of the autumnal months. From almost any favorable outlook on a still day these thin, blue columns of smoke may be seen curling slowly upward, and we often smell the fragrant incense of a neighbor's fire, perchance many miles distant. There are few indeed spending all or portions of their lives in the country who have not raked and burned leaves as systematically as the farmer digs his potatoes. For the most part, however, they are harvested merely to be got rid of, and their poetry and beauty go up with the smoke, unseen.

Every deciduous tree, from the smallest sapling to the oak or beech, whose dimensions awaken admiration and wonder, bear an unflinching crop of crimson, yellow or russet foliage. What if the leaves did not turn after the first frosts, but remained green until they finally withered and fell? It would be as disappointing as a flower garden without bloom or an orchard that bore no fruit. Then surely the life and inspiration of autumn scenery would be lost to a great degree.

After several cold rains, preceded by frosts, the leaves fall in golden showers on a breezy day, or still more often they float silently to earth, limp and moist, in accompaniment with the raindrops. It takes, however, but a few hours of clear, penetrating sunlight to restore their crisp texture, and the woodlands again rustle musically at every step. Although the sombre tints of November are only enlivened by the warm, red-brown foliage of oaks, or richly-colored sumac, there is a new beauty in the rugged symmetry of the leafless trees which summer has failed to reveal. Their aspect seems more inspiring and masculine than during the former season, when, as it were, they have a tropical and should we say, more feminine beauty.

On the whole, a fire is considered a better companion by many than the sharp winds and gray, chilly weather which predominates in late autumn; but despite this partiality, November is nevertheless a most desirable month for outdoor occupation, whether it be labor or pleasure. The simple pastime of walking is enhanced, not alone with physical benefits, but reflects on the mental faculties, and arouses hope, ambition and aspiration. Both the spiritual and material appetites of man are keener; he breathes the thin, rarified ozone and assimilates its bracing virtues throughout his system, instinctively drawing closer to nature, as though the season incurred a more intimate relationship. Neither does winter signify that one must remain continually sheltered from snows and cold weather, like some hibernating mammal, not appearing until spring thaws are in session; but rather let us leave the fireside and gain the open if we would obtain health, hardihood and sincerity.

If returning from a walk on a November evening, as a purple mantle of twilight descends over the mountains and shrouds the uplands with a misty veil, how at home we then feel in the world! The plaintive lowing of kine in a distant milkyard has a melodious intonation; we hear a belated apple or chestnut fall by the roadside, and in the gathering dusk search for it as eagerly as a child. The frosty atmosphere breathes an odor of newly plowed fields, while across the darkening mountain slopes a vapory snow squall drifts by, as though the walls of autumn had at last crumbled and allowed the winter hosts entrance. At such times we imbibe the very spirit of the hour, neither regretting summer's vernal beauties nor yet overstepping the snow-bound threshold which confronts us. The present fulfills our desires, and as the sunset frightens the fading landscape, its radiance likewise illumines those real and imaginative creations that flow around us in unending continuation.

During the interval that marks the final decade of autumn, the elements display a temperament which completely overthrows most weather calculations and which no other month, perchance, excepting March, can well boast of. Tranquil skies and balmy zephyrs recall those lines of Keats addressed "To Autumn," in his delicate and refreshing verse:

"Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom friend of the maturing sun;"

and thus for a time the subtle influence of Indian summer causes the winter gods to shrink and fade from our vision. Nevertheless, their obscurity is of short duration; another day dawns with a gray, overcast zenith, high winds and exhilarating ozone; or else a gale from the northeast fills the air with whirling snowflakes and freezes the earth in an icy grip. But again, a breath from the south may dispel the northern forces before they obtain full sway, and in fact one does not ever know what new mood the weather will assume, or what fresh outlook will greet him each morning.

Radiant dawns and glowing sunsets are characteristic of this month; it appears at times as though the sky drew nearer, while the colors and clouds became more intensified and individual. Now that the earth has faded, and there remain only russet pasture lands and oak leaves to warm the scene, the heavens seem to replace this loss with rich, luminous skies, reflections, as it were, from some Elysian field clothed in perpetual brilliancy and beauty. The dawns "come up like thunder," and before the blaze of mellow gold, which so often ushers in a day of gray quietude, Thoreau's "morning twilight" retreats with haste to nightly realms. Some time previous to the sun's appearance, the branches of the trees, woven in a network against the sky, will take on a green-bronze sheen most alluring and wonderful to the eyesight. Is it not Horatio who says to his companion as they wait for Hamlet in the gray early hours,

"But, look; the morn in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill."

We would only have to place the word frosts in the stead of "dew" to obtain a complete and ideal description of November sunrises.

As the twilight deepens on the mountains, those clouds which have rested heavily along the horizon, lift and break up, revealing a clear vivid sunset which fills us with calm, inspiring contemplations. Ethereal islands that glow with a celestial light, drift on a sea of fiery color, while further up the sky fades into pale saffron or bluish-green tints. We look on and on through the ocean of illimitable space, and perchance our thoughts may float as serenely over the horizon of destiny as these clouds above the setting sun.

After all, then, the sky remains everlastingly fruitful throughout the year; its brilliancy lingers when the sombre cloak and withering frosts of late autumn deprive the landscape of richer colors, and its warm sunsets animate the bleakest seasons.

PAULINA BRANDRETH.

The Last Wild Turkey.

A Thanksgiving Story.

I WILL tell the story as it was told me by Tim Mulcahy; though not in his words, which, I confess, ran a little to prolixity.

It seems that one evening in November as there was an informal congress of the sports of the village around the stove in the postoffice, Al Budd came in from the woods and reported that he'd seen a wild turkey—a great buster of a fellow. Immediately there was intense excitement. Not for many years had a wild turkey been seen in the woods, and it was supposed that the race had become extinct, in those parts at least. Besides Thanksgiving was coming on. Who was to be the lucky man to give thanks over "that old Mohican—the last of his race in Buckram county"—as one speaker eloquently described him.

But presently the excitement subsided as suddenly as it had arisen, for it had occurred to the assemblage that after all Al Budd was only "taking a rise out of them" and was even then laughing in his sleeve. So he became the object of the severest and most penetrating scrutiny. And at the suggestion of one wise man (delivered in a whisper), he who was noted most for his powers of cross-examination (having once been a clerk in a lawyer's office), began to put Al through his facings. Where had he seen the turkey? Was he sure it was a turkey? How far off was it? Was it a hundred yards? Would he swear it was a hundred yards? What did the turkey do? Did it gobble or make any other noise? Would he be able to identify it if he saw it again? Etc. etc., much to the admiration of the crowd.

But Al bore it all without flinching, and as besides he had a tolerable reputation for telling the truth, it was finally concluded that he had really seen a wild turkey, strange as the thing appeared. Whereupon there was a revival of the excitement and the sports began to drop off to look to their weapons and map out plans of campaign. All, that is but Tim Mulcahy, who as he expressed it to the writer afterwards, scorned to be found among "a lot of murderin' pot hunters, drivin' a poor stray bird to death."

Well, bright and early next day Gus Schwake, Ed Moebus and "Dutch Pete," with some others of lesser fame, were off to the woods. And perhaps they didn't beat them! But the turkey was nowhere to be found, much to the chagrin and disappointment of the beaters. Towards evening they happened to converge at an open spot and began to compare notes. "Dutch Pete" declared that there was no use in going after a wild turkey. The only way was to wait for it. Ed Moebus inquired a little sarcastically of Pete where he was going to wait. Gus Schwake thought Pete was right but said it would first be necessary to find out where the turkey roosted and then build a blind. He had hardly ceased speaking when their three hearts leaped into their mouths as they heard a commotion as of some big bird alighting in a tree nearby. Instantly they crouched and Ed Moebus, who was the best Indian, started off on all-fours to make a reconnaissance. He returned in half an hour and reported that he had been unable to locate the bird, but that doubtless it was somewhere in the neighborhood. It was then agreed that they should remain where they were until morning, only separating and concealing themselves around the open space, where probably the bird would come to feed, as nuts appeared to be plentifully scattered about. The night passed slowly and uncomfortably for the

watchers, but day at length dawned and they sat up on the alert and full of expectation. The light was still rather thick when they were thrilled to the soles of their feet at hearing a heavy flapping of wings and presently the object of their watch sailed down majestically and lit in the middle of the open space. For a moment the noble bird stood looking about him warily. Being evidently satisfied with his observations he was in the act of lowering his head when there was a three-cornered explosion which shook the forest. Almost simultaneously the three sports dashed out to seize the prize. But judge of their feelings when they beheld the turkey take wing and disappear over the tops of the trees apparently uninjured!

"I schvear dot bird ain'd humans!" cried "Dutch Pete" excitedly.

Ed Moebus and Gus Schwake were too surprised to speak.

To soothe their feelings they filled their pipes and had a smoke, and then concluding that there was no more hunting for that day they slowly and sadly turned for home. It was agreed that nothing should be said about what had happened, for while they felt that there must have been some enchantment at work, they realized that it would not be easy to make the village take that view. Unfortunately, however, "Dutch Pete," who had a loose tongue, blabbed the matter to his wife, who told it to Mrs. Belschnickel, and then the cat was out of the bag.

So the three sports became the laughing stock of the village. All they could say in self-defense was that the turkey must have been a phantom. "Dutch Pete," who by reason of his indiscretion felt that the onus of defense lay upon him, was sure it was a phantom. They had heard of phantom ships and phantom deer, why not phantom turkeys? And now he recalled several circumstances at first unmentioned, such as that the turkey's eye shone like a cat's in the dark, and that its feathers emitted a sort of blue fire, like they saw on plum-puddings at Christmas. All this only set the village laughing the more heartily, and Tim Mulcahy was especially unmerciful in his raillery.

"Talkin' of blue fire, Pete," said he, "did you ever hear of such a thing as a blue funk?"

It was the eve of Thanksgiving, a beautiful dry crisp evening, and the boys were all loafing down the road from Jake Kummelwasser's.

While the fun was at its height someone descried a tramp coming up the road. On observing the crowd the tramp hesitated and appeared to be about to turn back, but apparently realizing that if he did it would be no use as he should be pursued, having excited suspicion, he continued on. When he came up it was seen he had a bag slung across his shoulder.

"What have you got in the bag, cap?" demanded Tim Mulcahy.

The tramp appeared to be in trouble at once. He flushed, stammered something about "old rags" and shifted from one dusty foot to another.

"Boys," said Tim, "I'm a respecter of every man's liberty, even when he's a hobo, but I think it'll do no harm to see what's in that bag. Come, open up, me man."

Thereupon the tramp grew saucy, as you please—told Tim and his companions that they were only a lot of "fresh country ducks," and that if they attempted any interference with him he would bang them over the head with the bag.

After this bold bluff he suddenly changed his tune and began to cry.

It was obvious to the assembled sports that the poor wretch was a little simple, as the saying is.

"There—there," said Tim soothingly, "we don't want to take anything from you, me poor man. We were only foolin'! Whatever you've got you're welcome to it. So good day to you."

The tramp was moving off, then suddenly turned and called out:

"Will you buy it?"

"Buy what? What is it?" said Tim.

"Something you don't see every day," answered the tramp.

With that he lowered his bag and pulled out a wild turkey.

There was a sensation! You may be sure all the boys opened their eyes.

"And how did you kill it?" queried Tim, examining the bird.

"I killed it with a stone," answered the tramp.

Tim ceased his examination and regarding the tramp repeated:

"Killed it with a stone?"

"Yes," said the tramp, "see where I hit it on the head."

Tim now turned his eyes on the crowd and burst into a laugh that echoed away back in the valley. In this he was joined by all, except Ed Moebus, Gus Schwake and "Dutch Pete," who hung their heads and looked terribly abashed.

"Oh, Lord," exclaimed Tim, "I'll never get over this. To think that a stone could do more execution than three guns! But come, never mind, boys," he said, observing the suffering of Ed and his companions, "We've got the turkey anyway and that's the main thing. I invite yez all to Jake Kummelwasser's tomorrow for a slice. And you too," he said, addressing the tramp, who on hearing this concluded that that was to be his only payment and appeared again about to cry, so Tim hastened to add:

"In the meantime here's a dollar for you and me respectful compliments on your skill."

It only remains to be recorded that the following day at Jake's became historic in the village as the Wild Turkey Thanksgiving.

FRANK MOONAN.

The Camp-Fire.

The menu card of the Canadian Camp-Fire Club dinner last week was graced with this cameo by Edwin L. Fabin:

"Cold night weighs down the forest bough,
Strange shapes go flitting through the gloom;
But see—a spark, a flame, and now
The Wilderness is home."

Trails of the Pathfinders.—XX.

Ross Cox.

(Concluded from page 425.)

It was October 17, the anniversary of the sailing from New York of the Beaver, that Cox and Farnham set out on their trading expedition to the Flatheads; and on the 10th of November they reached the small village of these people. They were charmed with their frank and hospitable reception, and with the superiority in cleanliness of these Indians over other tribes that they had seen. They determined to remain here for awhile, and began the building of a log house in which to winter. Meantime the Indians kept coming in, and they made quite a trade in beaver. In December, Cox, having had a good canoe built of cedar planks, took leave of Farnham, and with six men set out to descend the river to Spokane, which was reached about New Year's day.

Soon after returning to Astoria a tragedy occurred. The people at the fort had been losing many things through the pilfering of the Indians. It seemed impossible to detect them, and appeals to the chief did not stop the stealing, nor bring back the stolen property. At last things came to such a pass that two armed sentinels were placed at either end of the camp, with orders to conceal themselves and to keep a sharp lookout. Shortly after midnight they saw a man creep out of one of the tents, carrying a bundle of clothing and some other things. They watched and followed him until they saw him step into a small canoe at the water's edge, when they stepped forward and captured him. All hands were now called, and an inventory was taken of the property. Most of the things that were missing were found in the canoe with the man, but he declined to tell what had become of the remainder. The thief had never been suspected, and in view of this, and the aggravated character of the robbery, Mr. Clark determined to hang the man, as he had said a few days before at the council of the Indians he would do if he detected him. The man was accordingly hanged, the Indians having previously been asked if they did not regard this as a proper punishment for one who had committed these offenses. All agreed that it was right that he should die.

During a trip to the Flatheads Cox witnessed an extraordinary display of fortitude by a Blackfoot prisoner whom they were torturing. It is a graphic picture of the savage cruelty of the savage man, and is far too horrible to print. An effort was made by the traders to put an end to these tortures, and the Flatheads were induced to set free, and send away to their people, a number of Blackfoot women. To these prisoners, now being set free, it was explained that torture between the tribes ought to cease, and as they were turned loose unharmed, it was hoped that they would persuade their people on the prairies to abstain in future from torturing Flathead captives. Cox is enthusiastic about the attractiveness of the Flatheads. It was here that he was successfully treated for rheumatism by an old Indian doctor; the cure being a morning bath in the river, now frozen over, through a hole in the ice, followed by rubbing of the affected parts by the old doctor. After twenty-five days of the treatment the trouble had entirely disappeared.

There came to this remote northwest corner in the autumn news of the War of 1812, and British war vessels took possession of Astoria in the name of the King, and named the trading post "Fort George." It is rather touching to read that the Indians at the mouth of the Columbia River flocked to the post and offered their services to resist the war vessel, in order that the Americans might not be captured and made slaves, as the Indians supposed they now would be. The offer, of course, was declined, since most of the employes were already British subjects, and were only too glad to be captured by their countrymen.

The arms of the Indians about the mouth of the Columbia River were bows and arrows, and a short, double-edged sword, or club, about two and a half feet long. The Indians wore armor, a shirt of elk skin, which was doubled and thrown over the shoulders, with holes for the arms, and reached as far as the ankle, and was perfectly arrow-proof. The head was covered by a war cap or helmet, made of bark, grass and leather, and would also resist a ball. They had another kind of arm or which was formed of thin slips of hard wood, ingeniously laced together, and much lighter and more pliable than the elk-skin coat. The extraordinary canoes built by these people have often been described, as have also their great houses.

In August, 1814, a party of sixty men, including proprietors and clerks, left Fort George to go up the river with trade goods. On the way they met some Indians, who attempted to steal various small articles, and were warned to stop it, but paid no attention to the orders. Three caught in the act of pilfering were flogged. At night the party was attacked by Indians, and a Canadian was killed. There were many narrow escapes. Passing up the river they met with the Walla Walla, who received them in their usual friendly way. A little later the party separated, that to which Cox was assigned going to Spokane House, where the Indians, who had expended all their ammunition, received them with great joy. An amusing sketch is given of the personality and character of the Scotchman, McDonald, celebrated for his great size, his flaming red hair, and his daring bravery. A small tribe of Indians were camped between an immense fall in the Columbia, known as La Chaudiere and Spokane House; their chief was a philosopher, frugal, thrifty, opposed to gambling, and so in many respects different from the average Indian. Here occurred the death of Père Hoole at the age of ninety-two, while he was setting his traps.

In October the various parties returned to Fort George with the proceeds of their trade, and on the 18th of November again set out for the interior. Not far above the mouth of the Walla Walla, they met a number of Indians coming down. They stopped the first canoes to ask for tobacco, and as they passed the last ones, endeavored to take from them some bales of goods. The arms of the canoe men were not within reach, but each of the proprietors or clerks carried his arms. Every effort was made to avoid open hostilities. The canoe men tried to beat the Indians off with their paddles, and the Indians had not yet attempted to use their arms. When a tall Indian refused to let go the bale of goods that he was trying to

take from McDonald's canoe, M'Kay struck him with the butt end of his gun, and obliged him to drop the bale. The Indian instantly placed an arrow on his bow, which he aimed at McDonald, who quickly stretched forth his arm, seized the arrow, broke it to pieces, and threw them into the Indian's face. The Indian, by this time very angry, had ordered his canoe to push off, and was just about to shoot an arrow at McDonald when M'Kay fired and killed him. His two companions were about to use their bows, but McDonald, who had a double-barreled gun, shot them both, killing one and severely wounding the other. The fight was on, but the Indians threw themselves in the bottom of their canoes out of sight, and the vessels soon drifted down the river, and out of gun-shot. The traders at once went ashore and armed themselves. The Indians lurked about and shot at them, but without effect. Embarking, the white men paddled to a narrow island in the river, built breast-works, and prepared to pass the night. The next day the wind blew hard, and they were obliged to pass the night on the island. Meantime the Indians were signaling, and canoes could be heard crossing and recrossing the river. The spirits of the white men were low, and they believed that they were likely all to be killed. The next day the traders sent out a flag of truce to the enemy, and asked for a talk, being determined to pay the relatives of the dead for the loss, rather than to have any fighting. The Indians refused this, however, and declared that two white men must be delivered to them to be treated as they thought best. One of these white men, it was explained, must be McDonald. The offers made by the traders had been sufficiently liberal, but the general sentiment of the savages seemed to be that these offers must be refused, and that white men must be killed to accompany the dead Indians on their way to the home of the dead. After a heated discussion, it became evident that there was little hope of a compromise or of peace. One by one the Indians sulkily drew away from the council and joined their friends who were sitting at a distance behind them. Just as the conference was over, however, it was interrupted by the arrival of a dozen mounted Indians, who dashed into the space between the two parties, and halted there. These men were under the leadership of a young chief whose courage and wisdom was respected by all the Indians of the country. He made a strong plea for a peaceful settlement of the difficulty, finally declaring that no one of the Indians should dare to attack the whites. This speech put a different look on matters, and the Indians presently consented to the proposed compromise, and smoked with the traders. The wounded and the relations of the dead proved quite willing to accept the payments offered, and friendly relations were at once renewed.

In May, 1816, the author found himself once more at Oakinagan, and this time occupying the chief position there. He at once set at work to rebuild the post, where he spent the summer. The point between the Oakinagan River and the Columbia, where the trading post was built, was absolutely free from rattlesnakes, although the surrounding country abounded with them. The snakes were frequently eaten by the Canadians, who skinned them as eels are skinned, and then spitted them on a stick run through the body, and then roasted before a fire. Cox tells a curious story of the treatment of a young woman supposed to have consumption by an old Indian. The treatment consisted in killing a dog and placing the foot and leg of the patient within the newly killed carcass until the flesh became cold. They were then taken out and bandaged with warm flannel. Besides this, she took daily a small quantity of bark in a glass of port wine. The result was that her condition greatly improved; she regained her appetite, and in the autumn was strong enough to travel across the mountains with her husband. The following summer Cox met her at Rainy Lake in the full enjoyment of health. Cox also tells of a white man, absolutely dying of a decline, who was cured by being

placed at short intervals in the body of a newly killed horse. After two treatments of this kind, at intervals of a few days, he began to regain his strength, and by adhering to simple and careful living, was finally restored to his ordinary health.

Wolves were very abundant, and were very troublesome to the horses. "These destructive animals annually destroy numbers of horses," Cox writes, "particularly during the winter season, when the latter get entangled in the snow, in which situation they become an easy prey to their light-footed pursuers, ten or fifteen of which will often fasten on one animal, and with their long fangs in a few minutes separate the head from the body. If, however, the horses are not prevented from using their legs, they sometimes punish the enemy severely; as an instance of this, I saw one morning the bodies of two of our horses which had been killed the night before, and around were lying eight dead and maimed wolves; some with their brains scattered about, and others with their limbs and ribs broken by the hoofs of the furious animals in their vain attempts to escape from their sanguinary assailants.

"While I was at Spokane I went occasionally to the horse prairie, which is nearly surrounded by partially wooded hills, for the purpose of watching the maneuvers of the wolves in their combined attacks. The first announcement of their approach was a few shrill curish barks at intervals, like the outpost firing of skirmishing parties. These were answered by similar barking from an opposite direction, until the sounds gradually approximated, and at length ceased on the junction of the different parties. We prepared our guns, and concealed ourselves behind a thick cover. In the meantime, the horses, sensible of the approaching danger, began to paw the ground, snort, toss up their heads, look wildly about them, and exhibit all the symptoms of fear. One of two stallions took the lead, and appeared to await with a degree of comparative composure for the appearance of the enemy.

"The allies at length entered the field in a semi-circular form, with their flanks extended for the evident purpose of surrounding their prey. They were between two and three hundred strong. The horses, on observing their movement, knew from experience its object, and dreading to encounter so numerous a force, instantly turned around and galloped off in a contrary direction. Their flight was the signal for the wolves to advance; and immediately uttering a simultaneous yell, they charged after the fugitives, still preserving their crescent form. Two or three of the horses, which were not in the best condition, were quickly overtaken by the advanced guard of the enemy. The former, finding themselves unable to keep up with the band, commenced kicking at their pursuers, several of which received some severe blows; but these being reinforced by others, they would have shortly despatched the horses, had we not just in time emerged from our place of concealment and discharged a volley at the enemy's center, by which a few were brought down. The whole battalion instantly wheeled about and fled toward the hills in the utmost disorder; while the horses, on hearing the fire, changed their course and galloped up to us. Our appearance saved several of them from the fangs of their foes; and by their neighing they seemed to express their joy and gratitude at our timely interference."

In portions of the country inhabited by the Walla Walla, Nez Percés and Shoshones, wild horses were at this time very abundant. Sometimes from seven hundred to a thousand were seen in a band, and persons who had crossed the continent by the Missouri route told Cox that in the Snake Indian country bands varying from three to four thousand were frequently seen. The Spaniards at San Francisco informed the traders of the Northwest Company that in the year 1812 they were obliged to kill upward of thirty thousand horses in order to preserve sufficient grass for the buffalo. Just what is meant by

California in this connection is uncertain, since it is not known that the buffalo were ever found in the California of modern times.

In his description of the horses of the country, Cox tells of a ride of seventy-two miles which he made between twelve o'clock in the morning and soon after dark, to outstrip some rival traders who were on their way to the Flatheads. The Flatheads were out of tobacco, but Farnham, who was in charge of the party, felt sure that if a supply of this commodity were brought them at once, they would promise their skins to him. Cox, riding a splendid horse, known as Le Bleu, reached Farnham two hours in advance of his rivals, and secured the trade.

In the summer of 1816 Cox determined to abandon Indian trading, and applied to the proprietors for leave, which was granted with regret. Nevertheless, he wintered at Oakinagan.

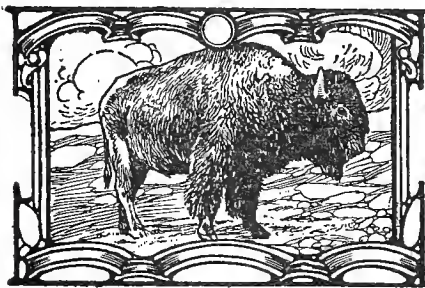
In April, 1817, a party of eighty-six men embarked in two barges and nine canoes from Fort George to ascend the Columbia. They continued up the river with various adventures, seeing Indians constantly, but having no trouble with them, and on the 17th day, twenty-three of the party who were to cross the Rocky Mountains to the plains left the loaded canoes and continued up the Columbia, past Oakinagan, the mouth of the Spoken River, to Great Kettle Falls. Continuing, they passed through the lakes on the Columbia. The river grew narrower and narrower, and the current swifter, and at length they reached the Rocky Mountain portage, where they were to leave their canoes. The hard work done so far on the trip had exhausted many of the men, who were now practically unable to work; so that seven men, six Canadians and an Englishman, were sent back in the best canoe to Spoken House. Only one of them reached there alive, having been found by two Indians on the borders of the upper lake, and by them transported to Spoken House. Now came an overland journey on foot, where the nine remaining men were obliged to carry loads of about ninety pounds each. The journey was very difficult, over steep mountains, across rapid streams, and through deep snow fields. On the 31st of May they reached two small lakes on the summit of the mountains, at which they encamped. From these lakes a stream joins a branch of the Columbia River, while another, called Rocky Mountain River, empties into Peace River, and so takes its way to the Arctic Ocean.

The next day they reached a beautiful meadow ground, where five of the company's horses were found grazing, and their pack saddles were placed conspicuously near a large fire which was still burning. The animals had been sent up from Rocky Mountain House to meet them.

The next day, in crossing the Rocky Mountain River, a series of accidents happened, by which the first raft made was lost, and the second got away, carrying several men with it, the result being that the party was now separated. From this time on until they reached Rocky Mountain House, they did not get together, and there was some suffering from hunger and cold. Nor was their situation much better at Rocky Mountain House, for they were unable there to obtain provisions, the people here being themselves on short allowance. On the 7th of June they left Rocky Mountain House, and soon entered the Athabasca River, and continued down it until they reached Elk River, which they ascended, and at last met Alexander Stewart and the Slave Lake brigade. From here they proceeded eastward, down the Beaver River to Ile à la Crosse, reached the English River, Cumberland House, and the Saskatchewan, and thence went through Lake Winepic to Fort Alexander by way of Rat Portage to Rainy Lake and Fort William.

From here eastward the journeying was through the more or less settled country occupied largely by Canadian farmers. The party continued eastward, until on September 19, five months and three days after leaving the Pacific Ocean, Cox reached Montreal, and his journeyings were at an end.

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.



NATURAL HISTORY



The Drumming Grouse.

SKOWHEGAN, Me., Nov. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have noted with interest in the later numbers of your most excellent publication the query relative to the drumming of the ruffed grouse, and the several replies by observers.

Some excellent observations on the ruffed grouse were read at our seventh annual meeting of the Maine Ornithological Society, held in Portland, November 29, 1902, by Dr. Wm. C. Kendall, of the United States Fish Commission. These were published later in the Journal of the society, and as the notes throw light on the subject in question, I quote the following from Dr. Kendall's most interesting article:

"This year I had a number of opportunities for observing the male grouse drum. In all but one instance the birds were on old logs. The exception was one in Freeport which was sitting on a stone wall. You are all doubtless familiar with the sound. It was made in all cases that came under my observation exactly as I described it last year in the Osprey. There was no 'strutting up and down the log.' If the bird detected a sound, he would straighten up, look and listen, then resume his crouching position with head drawn down. When about to drum, he would raise himself, straighten himself back, sometimes glancing about suspiciously, sometimes not, then produce the drumming sound and resume his former position.

"The drumming seemed to be produced by expelling the air from between his wings and body by short, quick strokes of the wings, which at no time 'met behind' or touched the body. It has been stated that the drumming cannot be a 'love note' because it occurs so often in other

seasons than in the spring. Now, I have been in the Maine woods since May 1, and have had all the opportunities one could wish for to hear and observe these birds drum, and have heard more drumming birds in the late fall than at any other season, though I heard a few in the spring. If pairing takes place in the spring, it seems to me that it must be before the female is ready to lay her eggs. I have this year seen instances of undoubted pairing in October and November, especially during the last of the former and first of the latter month. Drummers were heard most frequently in October. I recall hearing none in August and September. At this time the birds observed, for the most part, were in flocks of young with their mothers. In October there were seldom more than two together, and when in pairs they were always male and female.

"You have seen that picture of grouse which advertises some gun firm or another. It is a good one. This fall I saw the same pretty sight in living birds. The cock on a log, tail a-spread, wings drooping slightly, and an immense ruff about his neck—so much that I could hardly detect his head, though I was within ten or fifteen feet of him. Below, by a rock, stood the female, motionless, and although not just at that moment casting admiring glances at the swain on the log, I have no doubt that she had been doing so.

"One night while tenting on Webster Brook—it was October 17, a bright moonlight, still, cold, frosty night—I had fallen asleep and dreamed I was in my native town in one of my boyhood haunts with my gun, looking for 'partridges.' In my dreams I heard one drum and started to steal upon him. But for some reason I awoke before I reached the bird, and lay awake for a while, when I heard the drumming 'sure 'nough,' which at intervals of

six, eight or ten minutes, I should judge, was repeated. I looked at my watch and it was 1:15 A. M. The bird was still at it when I last looked at my watch at 3:30 before falling asleep again. I thought this night drumming an unusual occurrence, but my guide said he had often heard them drum on just such nights, but I doubt if he were forewarned by a dream.

"I had the good fortune to observe a drummer approaching his bandstand. He flew down near our tent, the same sleep disturber, I presume, stood for a minute upright, listening, then with head stretched out straight ahead, crouching close to the ground, he swiftly glided through the bushes to the log. I followed him and saw him drum. Sometimes prior to this, after watching one drum, I drove him from his log. Instead of running or flying as the birds do at other times, he dropped without a sound to the ground and sneaked swiftly and silently away. The only drummer I ever saw fly at once from the perch where he had been drumming, was not over a month ago in Freeport, when my dog frightened him from the stone wall previously mentioned.

"My observations then lead me to suspect that the mating season is not confined to the springtime, and possibly the principal season is in October and November. But I am open to correction."

The above is in accord with my own observations. I have on several occasions heard the drumming in the night. I recall one instance, while camping several years ago in northern Franklin county in Maine. We were tented near a trout brook. I was awakened by the drumming of a grouse. It was on a dark, foggy night.

I have just returned from a ten days' trip to the lower Dead River. We were camping near the Dead River Dam, just above Grand Falls. One bright moonlight

evening as we were returning to camp, and were following along the Spencer Stream, we heard a grouse drumming near us. I was very much pleased to find the Canada grouse—"spruce partridge"—rather plentiful in the Dead River region. We saw them nearly every day during our stay. I was very glad to learn from our guide, Alvah J. Dumphy, that very few sportsmen ever shoot them. They are exceedingly tame there, and will fly up to a low branch of a spruce and sit and look at a person as unconcerned as can be. We found them usually in the dense spruce bushes in some solitary out-of-the-way place not far back from the river. The ruffed grouse were very plenty and very tame there. While hunting deer, we came upon flocks of them; they would hop up on a log or a low limb and look at us, showing very little signs of fear.

Beaver in Maine.

Having digressed from my subject, I will mention the quantities of beaver and their signs we saw in that region. I had not supposed there was a place in Maine where they were so plenty. We examined seven or eight dams, which are very interesting and ingenious contrivances. We saw several houses and many poplar trees which they had gnawed down along the banks of the river, felling them into the river and cutting the trunks up into sections and floating them to a place near their houses and sinking them. I measured trees they had felled that were 16 inches at the base where they had gnawed them off. One evening while in camp we had a discussion as to how the beaver contrive to sink their logs after cutting them off. Our guide gave his theory, and I would like to hear through these columns from those who have had opportunity to observe along these lines. It would doubtless interest other readers.

It is an interesting experience to float down the river noiselessly in a canoe on a clear, cold, moonlight night, and as one rounds a bend in the river catch sight of a beaver. Flap goes his broad, flat tail, spluttering the water high in air and making a noise that sounds as though someone from the bank had thrown a large rock into the water ahead of one. I shall long remember one such evening, when, with a hunting companion and our guide, as we silently paddled our canoe down the river from Long Falls to the dam; it was a clear, sharp, moonlight night, and every now and then could be seen a muskrat swimming along ahead of us. Several beaver were sighted, and as the first one that we came up to splashed the water ahead of us, my companion started and said, "Tho't it was someone on the bank who threw a rock into the river ahead." We occasionally heard the hooting of an owl above the sound of the rushing water above us on Long Falls, locally called "The Hurling Machine," from the fact that when the logs go over the rapids in the spring the logs having the bark on come out below with the bark well peeled off. Below us was heard the dull roar of the Grand Falls below the dam.

We occasionally startled deer on either bank as they were coming down to the water's edge to drink. Big game we found very plentiful, frequently seeing signs of moose. One large bull was shot near our camp while we were there, and one of our party fired at one but did not bring him down. Deer were very plentiful. We brought out a large 10-point buck which dressed 211 pounds. Canada jays were numerous, and so were pileated and northern hairy woodpeckers. J. MERTON SWAIN.

WHITEFIELD, N. H., Nov. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been in the woods a greater part of the time for many years, and there has been no autumn that I have not heard partridges drum. During the present autumn I heard them nearly every sunny day during September and October. I have always found it to be the old bird, but perhaps the young one may drum; but I cannot call to mind a case of seeing one. As to the wings striking the body, I will state the facts as I have seen them many times by watching the bird. I have seen drumming birds from all points—front, side, and rear—and they all seem to be in the same position and to perform the same movements.

The partridge selects a large log, though I have seen him choose a rock; and after finding one to his liking, generally occupies it day after day, though I have known of them shifting their location a number of times in a single hour, contrary to the general rule.

In the act of drumming, a partridge stands nearly if not quite erect, with his wings at right angles to his body, the first movements being quite slow, but the last so fast that the motion of the wings cannot be followed with the eye; but at no time do the wings come in contact with the log, and by being extended it is impossible for them to hit his body; neither can they come in contact with each other, unless it be the extreme tips; therefore the drumming must be caused by the motion of the wings through the air. W. H. YOUNG.

EAST MONTPELIER, VT., Nov. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While the talk is on about the habits and drumming of partridges or grouse, I will fold my vote and hand it in. Men are not plenty who ever saw a partridge drumming near enough and with clear light to tell exactly how their wings went to produce the drumming sound. Many years ago, when a boy, I was fishing for brook trout; not with rod and reel, but with a pole cut on the bank of the brook and thrown away when the crotched limb to carry the trout was full. The brook in which I was fishing run over stones and rocks through a deep gully or ravine, with a dense growth of spruce and hemlock up the sides. All of a sudden I heard the drum of a partridge wonderfully near. Instantly I forgot fishing. No still-hunter for big game ever approached more stealthily than I did that partridge. Stepping lightly on the stones in the brook so as not to snap a twig, and moving slowly, I gained little by little, when bang! another drum, and so near I dropped on my hands and feet and crept forward with renewed caution, occasionally rising enough to peek over the bank through the undergrowth, when whack! whack! whack! buzz! another drumming. This time I located the bird exactly, only I could not see him distinctly. I moved a little under the bank and risked an eye over; saw enough to know that if I could move a foot or so more it would bring him between me and a clear space through the tree tops at the top ridge. This done, I waited for the supreme moment

for drumming, with my heart beating so loud it seemed to me the bird must hear it. Well, at last he raised himself on his toes, with wings extended and brought together over his back, with a spring or spasmodic snap just before the backs or butts touch, giving the whack or drum beat. This was done slowly three or four times, and then running into a rapid succession of strokes like the roll of the tenor drum, or nearly indescribable. Many times since I have seen the domestic cock, just before crowing, beat his wings together over his back three or four times in the same manner as this partridge; but instead of giving the rapid beats for a final, he would crow. Partridges drum in the fall, but with nothing like the frequency or regularity of spring. GEO. DAVIS.

HOUQUAM, Wash., Nov. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Ruffed grouse do drum in the fall, as I have had ample chance to observe in over forty years of my life that I have lived in or near the woods. As to whether both old and young drum, I never had that phase of the subject presented to me before, much to my regret, for I have had ample opportunity to learn the facts in the case, and if a chance should again occur I will try to improve it.

Further, when he (for it is only the male that drums) drums, he strikes in front, his wings not touching the log on which he stands. I have watched one drum for the space of an hour, when there had been a flurry of snow—as often happens in some sections of the country inhabited by grouse—and his wings left no marks in the snow, which they would have done if he had struck the log. This observation was made to prove whether or no an article that I had read in a newspaper was correct. The article stated that the bird struck the log on which he stood, and that it was invariably a hollow one, and that the sound produced was on the principle of the drum. What first started me to doubt the correctness of the statement was that I never had known a bird to select a hollow log for that use.

About his striking his breast, the motion is so quick that it is difficult to decide whether he beats his breast or strikes his wings together in front of him. Some of my observations were made in New York State, others in Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Michigan; the one where the snow was on the log was in the latter State. The snow had fallen the night before, and there were no other tracks in it except those made by the bird that I saw drum, so there was no chance for me to be misled about it. W. A. LINKLETTER.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Nov. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of November 12, R. D. quotes Audubon and Mr. John Black quotes Nuttall as authority that a drumming grouse does strike his sides with his wings.

The Old Angler says that they do not, and I will quote an authority to bear him out. I see by L. F. Brown's article on sleeping ducks in the issue of November 19 that he says Mr. Elliott "is the present real authority on our wildfowl," and he ought to be just as trustworthy in his observations of grouse. In "Game Birds of North America," Mr. Elliott says: "The male grouse drums at all times in the year: in the spring as a defiance to his rivals or as a call to the hens to come and admire him as he struts in magnificent form upon his chosen log; and in summer and autumn, or even winter, as an indication of his lusty vigor and general satisfaction with himself. The sound heard on these occasions is like a deep muffled roll of a drum, even likened by some persons to low thunder, and has a great ventriloquial power. It is produced solely by the wings, and these are not permitted to touch the body * * * suddenly he throws his body forward and stretches out his neck and commences to beat the air with his wings, but does not touch his flanks."

Now, I think that Mr. Elliott's opinion on a question of this kind is of more value than that of Audubon, for the reason that this is a question which has been much discussed during the past fifty years, and Mr. Elliott must be very sure of his position, as he mentions the fact twice that the grouse does not strike his body with the wings. On the other hand, I should suppose that Mr. Audubon probably settled this for himself without much stress being laid on the point as to whether the wings really did come in contact with the flanks or not. DIXMONT.

The Government's Importation of Camels.

From the Twentieth Annual Report of the Bureau of Animal Industry.

BY CHARLES C. CARROLL, A.M.

No experiments were made to ascertain how long the camels could go without water, and the information gained by the investigations of the expedition show that the tales on this subject are largely fables. The camel needs water each day, and gets along best when so supplied. He has a set of several stomachs, in one at least of which are cells where water is stored to the extent of about a gallon and a half, and this can be drawn upon when the animal does not get his daily supply. Habituated to traveling across the deserts, he has through centuries developed the power of going from five to eight days without a drink, and nature has assisted him by giving him a skin so constructed that he perspires very scantily. But there is nothing in his supposed habit of drinking vast quantities of water and concealing it about his body for use in emergencies. His hump does, indeed, supply him with nourishment when at work where food is scarce, this being very well shown by the fact that during a long, hard trip this unsightly protuberance gradually decreases in size, so that it is necessary to change the length of the packing thongs accordingly, until at the end of the trip the hump has almost entirely disappeared. The substance of the hump is pure fat. After a course of high living without work, the hump so increases in size that it is awkward to place a saddle on the animal. It is said to be customary then to slit the skin, lay it back, and cut off slices of fat. This fat has somewhat the appearance of thick cream and was said to be much esteemed by the Arabs, who use it in tea and coffee, but our investigators had no opportunity of testing it.

The strict regulation against wetting the camel deck was necessary, because the camel can travel over any

kind of surface except one that is slippery. In Asia Minor, Syria, Persia, North Hindoostan, and Tartary he travels loaded across valleys and mountain ranges and desert alike, exhibiting no hesitancy except when he encounters ice or mud. Here he loses control of himself, spreads his legs wide apart, and if not helped generally ends by the dislocation of shoulders or hips or by literally splitting himself up, an injury which is always fatal.

Six Arabs, one of them a Bedouin of the desert, were engaged to go along with the ship, with the idea that they would be useful in caring for the animals, but they proved helpless in bad weather, and their services were unnecessary in good weather. A Turk was also employed because he represented himself to be a "camel M.D.," perfectly familiar with the management of camels, their disease and treatment. This gentleman turned out to be an Oriental Sangrado. His cure for a cold was a piece of cheese; for swelled legs, tea mixed with gun powder; and for some further trifling complaint he gravely proposed to tickle the animal's nose with a chamoleon's tail. He was soon set aside by the common sense of Lieutenant Porter. In giving birth, one of the camels died, this being attributed to an injury received in loading. Two young ones, born soon after leaving Smyrna, were so much treated by the camel doctor that they also died; four others born during the voyage were kept out of his hands and would have come on very well, but one was starved because the mother could not be induced to rise and suckle it during a ten days' storm; another was accidentally lain on by an old camel and crushed. The other two were successfully reared, and, having the run of the camel deck, amused the whole ship by their friskiness and precocity; they were thoroughly at home in the worst of weather, perfectly steady on their legs, going about the deck without falling during gales that forced even the sailors to hold on to some support. Such remarkable seamanship was attributed to the fact that they were born at sea.

The show animals of the lot were two handsome dromedaries—one a Nomanieh from Oman, the other a Sennai from Nubia. Of all dromedaries the swiftest and most enduring in the Nomanieh, as it is also the best for riding, its natural gait being a movement of the hind leg and foreleg on opposite sides at the same time, or a movement of each leg in rapid succession. This gait must be taught to other breeds, as they naturally move in a rough trot. A good Nomanieh can travel from 90 to 100 miles a day, but cannot keep such traveling up day after day. From fifteen to twenty days he can keep up a gait of 50 to 60 miles a day. Many stories are, of course, related of feats of endurance and speed, but these are to be taken with allowance. Our explorers found that the mail was regularly carried between Cairo and Suez on a camel. The distance is eighty-four miles and was covered in eighteen hours. The burden camel usually carries from 250 to 400 pounds, and travels regularly from 20 to 30 miles a day.

In the cargo were four Pehlevans—camels which had been taught to wrestle, a sport which is common in the East. It seems that without any training at all the animals engage in contests which are a sort of wrestling bouts. Whenever two males meet for the first time, especially if there are any females about, an encounter of this kind is indulged in. The camel that is thrown to the ground acknowledges his inferiority by scarcely daring thenceforth to look at the females. This natural propensity is cultivated by the Arabs and Turks, and the young camel is taught to wrestle, with some degree of science, by hoisting the right foreleg over the neck of his antagonist and coming down upon him with all the weight of the body. One of the Arabs employed by Major Wayne amused himself on the voyage by training "Uncle Sam," a month-old camel, to wrestle, a pastime at which he soon became so proficient and which he liked so well that it was found necessary to tie him up, as he developed the trick of making sudden rushes at the men and throwing them to the deck.

It was in the midst of the rutting season when the animals were taken on board at Smyrna. At this period both sexes are cross and disposed to kick and bite. "The camel's kick is soft," says the Arab proverb, "but it takes life away;" its bite is not less terrible, as its heavy jaws and the leverage of its long neck enable it to pull and tear with great force. The females were exposed to the males constantly at this period with the purpose of securing as many young as possible at the earliest time. Except at this season, the camels were found, as a rule, docile and well behaved. The animal's patience is sometimes strained beyond endurance by the brutality of its drivers; at such times it displays some cunning in waiting until the man is well within its power, when it takes summary vengeance. It appears to believe, however, with the American Constitution, that no man should be put in jeopardy twice for the same offense; and the driver who has mistreated a camel will place some part of his clothing where the beast will find it; and, after trampling and tearing the offender's coat, the camel is well satisfied and harbors no further grudge. When it does become necessary to discipline the beast, our experimenters were cautioned that the punishment must be severe; they were instructed to take a heavy club flattened at the end and with this to strike the animal with great force on the left side of the neck and six inches back of the jaw and to keep up the beating until the refractory animal rolled on the ground in sign of submission.

Mr. Albert Ray, the keeper of the camels, who performed his work with sagacity and zeal, does not appear to have made any warm friendship among the animals, although they were individually named and kept track of in his journal, in the picturesque nomenclature of the Orient, as Gournal, Adela, Mahomet, Massandra, Ibrim, Ayesha, and so on. Such friendships are common enough, however, among the Arabs, as the camel, when well treated, is inclined to become attached to his master, though perhaps to a lesser degree than the dog or horse.

By his intelligent and energetic care, Lieutenant Porter thus kept his charges in excellent health, and landed safely at Indianola, Tex., May 14, 1856, thirty-four camels (a gain of one on the voyage), all ap-

parently in really better condition than when taken from the sandy wastes of their native deserts.

After some days of rest the herd was marched by easy stages to San Antonio, Tex., about 120 miles, where Major Wayne set about making arrangements to establish a camel ranch and to attempt the breeding of the animals. His plans were interfered with by Secretary Davis, whose idea was to find out first whether or not the animals, in the language of his instructions, "were adapted to military service, and could be economically and usefully employed therein," although he directed that they be given ample time to recover from their long voyage.

Some experimentation along this line was at once attempted. Major Wayne reported that, having removed his camp to Green Valley, 600 miles from San Antonio, he one day sent three 6-mule teams, with a wagon to each team, and six camels to San Antonio for a supply of oats. In going the camels were held back to accommodate themselves to the slower pace of the mules. Returning, the camels carried 3,648 pounds of oats, while the wagons brought 1,800 pounds each. Thus 3 camels were equal to 6 mules and a wagon, and, in addition, the camels came to camp in two and one-half days, while the mules were nearly five days in performing the journey.

One day at Indianola Major Wayne, who had been greatly annoyed by the skeptical attitude assumed by many persons throughout the country, and particularly by the jests of the unbelievers in the Texan town, thought to teach these latter a lesson. He brought up one of his finest pets, and, having caused it to kneel, ordered 2 bales of hay, weighing 314 pounds each, placed upon it. The knowing by-standers were convinced that the animal could not rise with such a load, but they laughed in scorn when the Major ordered 2 more bales piled on, making an aggregate weight of 1,256 pounds. To the amazement of all, and to the utter confusion of the scoffers, the camel, at the word of command, easily rose and walked off with his burden. This signal victory for the camel partisans created no little talk, and the incident was chronicled in verse by a local Texas poet, though unhappily, says Major Wayne, when he made his report, "I have not at hand a copy of the paper in which the ode was published," and it thus failed of official immortality.

"On another occasion," to use the language of Secretary Davis in his annual report of December, 1856, "the capacity of the camel for traveling over steep acclivities and on muddy roads was tested with the most satisfactory result. Instead of making the détour rendered necessary by the location of the road to avoid a rugged mountain impracticable for wagons, the camels followed a trail which passed directly over it and, a heavy rain occurring while they were at the depot to which they had been sent for supplies, the road was rendered so muddy that it was considered impassable for loaded wagons. The train of camels were nevertheless loaded with an average of 323 pounds each and returned to their encampment, a distance of 60 miles, in two days, suffering, as it is reported, no interruption or unusual fatigue from the mud over which they had passed or the torrents of rain which fell upon them. These tests fully realize the anticipations entertained of their usefulness in the transportation of military supplies. The experiment of introducing them into the climate of the United States has been confined to the southern frontier of Texas. Thus far the result is as favorable as the most sanguine could have hoped * * * The very intelligent officer who was sent abroad to procure them, and who has remained in charge of them, expresses entire confidence both of their great value for the purpose of transportation and their adaptation to the climate of a large portion of the United States."

It should be noted that, in addition to this favorable opinion expressed by Major Wayne, that "intelligent officer," in his letters to the Department, placed especial stress on the comparison in usefulness between the camel and the mule, claiming superiority for the former and pointing out that the camel required less food and no more attention than the mule.

Something over \$20,000 of the sum appropriated by Congress was yet unexpended, and in June Lieutenant Porter was furnished with \$10,000 of this and directed to fetch home on the Supply another shipload of camels. The storeship then lay at New York, and, as food for the return trip, she took on board 150 bales (about 20 tons) of hay, 6,000 gallons of oats, 10 barrels of beans, 500 gallons of barley, 50 pounds of powdered sulphur, and 50 pounds of lard. The Department commissioned Mr. Heap at \$2,000 a year and expenses and sent him on ahead directly to Smyrna, where, by the time that Porter arrived in November, he had collected from the interior a shipment of fine young animals. The Sultan of Turkey, through our minister at Constantinople, presented 6 dromedaries, which were included in this shipment. On the whole, this shipload was a much finer lot than those procured on the first trip. At Smyrna Lieutenant Porter employed nine men and a boy at \$15 a month each and brought them along to help care for the animals. The Government continued to employ some of these men, together with some of those who were brought over on the first trip, for many years at \$10 to \$15 a month. One of them at least, Hiogo Alli, remained in the service as camel driver, interpreter, or mail carrier until 1870, when, on being discharged, he filed a claim for further employment on the ground that such was due him under the contract made in 1856.

Lieutenant Porter sailed for home November 14, and, although meeting the roughest weather he had ever encountered, he lost but 3 camels on a voyage of eighty-eight days, and was able to turn over to Major Wayne, at Indianola, February 10, 1857, 41 animals, all in fine condition. The new animals were taken to Camp Verde, which was now officially designated the camel station. Up to this time Wayne had lost 5 of his first herd—2 by Spanish fever (a disease incident to acclimation), 1 by epilepsy, 1 from the bite of a particularly ferocious companion, and one from blows probably inflicted by a mule driver who did not take kindly to the foreign beasts. The second shipload thus raised the camel herd to 70 in number.

In February, 1857, the Senate directed the Secretary of War to furnish it with a report regarding his camel experiment. This report was submitted the same month, and is a well-written and comprehensive document comprising the letters of Lieutenant Porter and Major Wayne, together with the information they had obtained and the conclusions they had drawn.

About this time the administration of President Buchanan came in and with it John B. Floyd as Secretary of War. Major Wayne, who had thus far conducted the camel experiment so vigorously and efficiently, was now transferred to the office of the Quartermaster-General at Washington, and could not, of course, give his personal attention longer to the Government camels, though he continued his interest in them, and was honored with a first-class medal from the Société impériale zoologique d'acclimation of Paris, for his successful introduction and acclimatization of camels into this country.

During the summer of 1857 the camels were used sparingly in carrying the supplies and in short scouts. In the fall of that year Lieut. Edward Fitzgerald Beale, afterwards a brigadier-general, and also minister to Austria under President Grant, was employed to open a wagon road from Fort Defiance, N. Mex., to the eastern frontiers of California, and a part of the herd of camels were put at his disposal for this expedition. The journey occupied forty-eight days through an unexplored wilderness of forest and plain and desert, the Colorado River being reached October 18. Lieutenant Beale speaks in the most enthusiastic terms of the work performed by the camels on this arduous trip. He says that they saved the members of the expedition from many hardships, and excited the admiration of the whole party by their ability and willingness to perform the tasks set them. He started with the determination that the experiment should be most thorough, and subjected the camels to trials "which no other animals could possibly have endured." On the desert they carried the water for the mules; traversed stretches of country covered with the sharpest volcanic rock without injury to their feet; climbed with heavy packs over mountains where the unloaded mules found it difficult to go even with the assistance of the dismounted riders; and, to the surprise of all the party, plunged into rivers without hesitation and swam them with ease. The lieutenant concludes that he would rather have one of the camels for such work than four of the best of his mules. One of the men who had charge of the camels on this trip, writing home to the Richmond (Va.) Examiner, paints the same rosy picture of their entire docility and utility.

This and other favorable reports induced Secretary Floyd in his annual report in December, 1858, to make some interesting comments. "The entire adaptation of camels," he says, "to military operations on the plains may now be taken as demonstrated." The beast, to his mind, had already proved its "great usefulness and superiority over the horse for all movements upon the plains or desert," it would be of great value against the marauding Indians, and would materially reduce the expenses of the quartermaster's department in furnishing transportation. He recommended that Congress at once "authorize the purchase of 1,000 camels." So far was Congress from authorizing such a wholesale purchase, however, that it did not appropriate a cent, and a year afterwards, in December, 1859, the favorable reports continuing, the Secretary renewed his recommendation:

The experiments thus far made—and they are pretty full—demonstrate that camels constitute a most useful and economic means of transportation for men and supplies through the great desert and barren portions of our interior. * * * An abundant supply of these animals would enable our Army to give greater and prompter protection to our frontiers and to all our inter-oceanic routes than three times their cost expended in any other way. As a measure of economy I can not too strongly recommend the purchase of a full supply to the consideration of Congress.

But that body could not, as so often happens, see the matter in the same light as the Secretary, and did nothing towards loosening the purse strings for this purpose. By December, 1860, the Secretary was still further confirmed in his opinion of the good work of the camels, and reiterated his recommendations of the two preceding years.

Secretary Floyd probably based his belief and recommendations largely upon the reports of Lieutenant Beale, for, after the successful trip of that officer from Texas to California to open a wagon road through the wilderness, the secretary had placed twenty of the camels in his hands to be employed by him in national explorations. These expeditions were made over a large part of the Southwest, more particularly in the Rocky Mountains, and extended over a period of four years. During this time the animals rendered efficient service and were so well cared for by Lieutenant Beale that in 1861, with the incoming of a new administration and a new Secretary of War, he turned over to the Government quartermaster in California a herd of 28, all in good condition. For the next two years these 28, with several others that had been brought on from Texas, were held at the various forts and military stations in California, no one of the officers in charge appearing to be able to find any work for them to do. In 1862 Lieutenant Beale wrote to Secretary Stanton describing the idle and unfavorable conditions under which the animals were then kept, stating that instead of any natural increase since he had returned them, 3 of the finest had died, and proposing to take all of the remainder, give bond for their safe return at any time demanded, and to use them in further exploration and in packing supplies across the great basin. At this time, he states, they were "of no earthly use either to the Government or any one else," and the expense of their maintenance was about \$500 a month. This proposition was rejected, and a year later a plan was set on foot by Deputy Quartermaster E. B. Babbitt, stationed at San Francisco, to employ the camels in carrying the mail between Fort Mohave, N. Mex., and New San Pedro (Wilmington), Cal. Objection was made to this plan by both Lieut. D. J. Williamson, commanding at the former place, and Capt. William G. Morris, at the latter, their reasons being based on statements entirely the reverse of those officially made by Major Wayne and Lieutenant Beale.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Monarch, the Big Bear.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It seems to have been fully demonstrated that Mr. Seton's last book was nearly all taken from Mr. Allen Kelly's "Bears I Have Met, and Others," and without Mr. Kelly's knowledge or consent. Also that this "book" of Mr. Seton's is practically only what Mr. Kelly, by Mr. Seton's urgent request, had saturated Mr. Seton with in the parlor of a Los Angeles hotel, after Mr. Seton had "hunted him up," and not, as Mr. Seton alleges in the preface of his "book," told to him in wildernesses by wild savages, and in "tongue unknown to script."

Yet this kind of authorship was soberly defended here last week by Mr. R. T. Morris, as being the privilege of "genius that transmutes lead into gold." The Doctor should not have asserted this before reading Mr. Kelly's book, and despite his denial, is intended as "a reflection on Mr. Kelly's writing." They compare favorably with the work of the appropriating "genius." They are not lead, to be "transmuted," but are already "gold."

It seems to depend on whose ox is gored. How quickly Mr. Kelly would have been confronted with a claim and suit for damages, and an injunction, if one of Mr. Seton's books had been so "appropriated" by Mr. Kelly. Mr. Kelly's years of actual experience and very exceptionally complete knowledge, and his vivid, charming selection and style, as well as his money expenses and copyright of his book, are not Mr. Seton's to "transmute," be they lead or gold. Yet Dr. Morris compares them to the trivial taking of a canoe paddle by an Indian, and which it would be "a breach of etiquette" to claim; to playful fence jumping and pasture breaking by a neighbor's horses, and to the water, to which Mr. Seton is "welcome," that runs from the Doctor's land into Mr. Seton's land at Stamford, Conn.

This is special pleading. Suppose that the Doctor should wake up some fine morning and find that all his trout and all the partridges on that beautiful country estate, had been "appropriated" and exposed for sale by Mr. Seton in the New York and other markets. Suppose that, not content with this, Mr. Seton had, during the night, spirited away all the woods, waters, land and houses constituting the Doctor's country place, and had set them up elsewhere as an owned addition to Mr. Seton's estate; and that when the Doctor remonstrated, his own words, used here last week, should be quoted to him as follows: "We do not always consider how much benefit may result from having things taken from us." Certainly not! But how long does the Doctor think a court and jury would listen to such spohistry by Mr. Seton's attorney?

Courtesy and goodwill between sportsmen and neighbors is one thing. To seek and secure substantial rewards in reputation and money royalties, by taking admirable property painfully accumulated by another, is something very different.

L. F. B.

Wants to Join the Party.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just finished perusing Mr. Brown's "Sleeping Ducks" article. I never like to push in the door, but I have a feeling away down that I would like to join in on that trip with Mr. Ackert, and, were it possible, would like to see Coahoma made a welcome party thereto. It's a moot question between Mr. Brown and Mr. Ackert as to whether (dusky) mallards sleep all together and at one and the same time. Now, if Coahoma still insists that ducks can't smell, we, too, could join in the hunt, armed only with a can (hermetically sealed) of imported Limburger, the same to be opened up before those present when it is blowing a stiff gale toward the ducks.

I feel like the alderman we once had in St. Paul who accentuated each statement made by remarking, "And I can prove it, Mr. President." The habit of proof was so strong upon him that one day when in a leaky boat fishing he was so intent upon his sport that he did not notice that the boat was rapidly filling through the many fissures in its sides. When he discovered the situation, bailing was out of the question, it being only a matter of a few seconds before the gunwales and water met. "Pat," he yelled out to his friend, "this boat is sinking, and I can prove it," and suiting the action to the word, he jumped free of the boat and floundered through mud and water to terra firma.

That's the way I feel about the question of ducks smelling. They can smell and I can prove it.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

Sleeping Ducks on Hudson Ice.

JERSEY CITY, Nov. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In his reply to L. F. Brown, in FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 5, James Ackert, Jr., writes of killing black ducks on ice floes in the Hudson River in March; he also invites Mr. Brown to come up and be convinced in March next.

As I understand the New York game laws, it is illegal to kill ducks at that time of year, and if Mr. Ackert kills them at that time of year, as I am led to believe by his article, one thing is certain, whether ducks sleep or not, and that is there must be a game warden along the Hudson somewhere who needs waking up.

OTTO KEIM.

Canadian Camp-Fire Club.

At the annual dinner of the Canadian Camp-Fire Club, in New York on Wednesday evening of last week, the *pièce de résistance* was roast Adirondack black bear, sent to the club with the compliments of Grover Cleveland. Dr. William J. Long was the toastmaster, and the speakers and their topics were: Professor George Willis Creelman, "The Winnebago and the Mississoga;" William M. Fuller, "Backwoods Life;" L. O. Armstrong, "A Woman's Canoe Trip in Canada;" Alvah D. James, "On the Amazon;" Dr. Robert T. Morris, "Grubbing for Rations."



GAMIE BAG AND GUN



Marksmanship.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Among the numerous interesting letters which have appeared in your paper lately upon the subjects of barking squirrels and snuffing candles with the old backwoods flintlock rifles, that of your correspondent J. W. Shurter, in *FOREST AND STREAM* of August 13, appears to me to be of the greatest value, because it gives reliable details of the degree of accuracy actually obtained with those weapons. There is, as Mr. Shurter says, no doubt but that, when sending specimens of the rifles and the targets made by them to the Emperor Napoleon, the best work of the best marksmen would be selected. The targets—10 bullets in a square of 4 by 4½ inches at 75 yards, and 10 in a 6-inch square at 125 yards, were really good for round balls of moderate size fired from rifles with the open hunting sights then in common use; but they are also quite sufficient to dispose of the myths about the marvelous accuracy of the old weapons related by various writers of histories and novels.

With regard to barking squirrels, if a bullet weighing 50 to the pound, which is stated to have been the size used by Boone, passed through the bark close behind the elbows of a squirrel lying flat on a branch, I believe he would be killed almost invariably; because he would receive a great shock produced by a sudden blow upon the network of nerves called the solar plexus. Audubon also was so careful and truthful a writer that it is difficult to doubt any statement made by him, even if some well-known riflemen have tried to kill squirrels by barking them and have frequently failed. Possibly their bullets were not of sufficient diameter and did not strike the exact spot necessary for giving the shock. A deviation of half an inch would make a great difference. Is it, however, quite certain that Audubon really wrote the account so often quoted? I read in an American paper twelve years ago that the whole narrative appeared in "Hilliard's First Class Reader," published in 1859.*

I first became interested about rifles through reading, more than fifty years ago, the accounts of writers like Fenimore Cooper and Mayne Reid; and for years I really believed that the marvelous accuracy described could be obtained from backwoods rifles owing to their thick and heavy barrels diminishing recoil and vibration. But when I saw these rifles in the hands of hunters with whom I lived in the Adirondack Mountains and in Canada, I was disappointed at finding that, although they shot well enough for killing game, there was nothing in their accuracy which I had not seen equalled by British rifles of lighter weight and much larger bore. Other men who have had far more experience than myself with hunters in various parts of America, appear to have been equally unsuccessful. They describe the marksmanship as good, but almost invariably at short distances. In 1839 the Hon. C. A. Murray traveled in the States, hunting deer in the Alleghany Mountains and buffalo on the prairies. In his journal, when writing about the Alleghany, he says: "We killed a good number of deer, and sometimes amused ourselves shooting at a mark for small wagers. On these latter occasions I witnessed the skill of most of the professional hunters in the district. At a short distance—from twenty-five to thirty yards—they shot with much precision, but although their rifles are so long and heavy in metal, their performance at 150 yards was very inferior to that of many sportsmen whom I could name in Britain." In 1847 an Irish gentleman named John Palliser, traveled through Louisiana, Arkansas, and Missouri, spending a winter near the Ozark Mountains at Fort Union, then a depot of the American Fur Company. He was acquainted with many of the hunters and trappers, and engaged one of the most celebrated of them named Boucherville as guide and companion, of whom he writes in the highest terms. Palliser killed buffalo, grizzly bears, wapiti, and other game, large and small, but does not even hint at any extraordinary short or long range shooting on the part of the trappers. Boucherville, whenever time allowed, made a rest for his heavy rifle by driving his ramrod and wiping rod into the ground crosswise. The best marksmen mentioned was a Mr. Denig, physician at the fort, who often shot prairie fowl in the neck at 50 yards or more, which was certainly splendid work.

In 1846 Mr. G. F. Ruxton, an officer who had retired from the British army, traveled through Mexico to the Rocky Mountains, where he spent a winter, and returned across the prairies to St. Louis in the following summer. He was acquainted with numerous trappers and hunters, with whom he was often engaged in the pursuit of game. He describes the trappers as fine shots; but neither in his journal nor in a novel called "Life in the Far West," where some of the most noted among them are introduced, does he mention one shot at game or man which could not fairly have been expected from a well-made English rifle of far less weight than those of the trappers, which were very heavy and carried balls about 32 to the pound. His own rifle was double-barreled and fired balls 25 to the pound.

Murray, Palliser and Ruxton were all ardent hunters, and it is incredible that they would not have used the long, heavy rifles of the trappers and hunters and recommended them to their own countrymen if they had found them practically superior to those they had brought from England.

About, I think, the year 1850, the American and British Governments appointed a commission to settle the boundary line of Oregon. It was accompanied by John Keast Lord as naturalist, and he lived in that then unsettled part of America for three years, along with the hunters who supplied the commission with food. They were liable

to be engaged in fighting the Indians, and Lord himself formed one of a party which rescued some white women who had been captured. It may therefore be supposed that the rifles were of the best quality and kept in good order; yet Mr. Lord, in his book "At Home in the Wilderness," states that he never saw the long, heavy rifles of the hunters shoot with any extraordinary accuracy; that the men using them missed as often as other people, and that the sole advantage he could discover in them was economy of ammunition, owing to their small bore.

I spent much more money than I could well afford in purchasing American rifles, both muzzle and breechloading, and experimented for many years before finally coming to the conclusion that rifles are not made which will do such work as is ascribed to the old backwoods weapons. Fenimore Cooper, when describing some off-hand rifle shooting at 100 yards in the "Pathfinder," makes his hero say, "I can see the head of the nail, and what I see I can hit." In reality the most accurate rifles of the present day when fired from a rest with globe and aperture sights, will often miss a mark the size of a nail-head, and are doing very fine work if they put several successive shots on an inch bullseye at 100 yards. In *FOREST AND STREAM* of September 10, Mr. Perry D. Frazer clearly proves the impossibility of driving a nail, except by chance, at far shorter distances than 100 yards.

It is certain that the principle of thickness and weight in barrels is right; but it was carried to excess in the old rifles. In 1864 I examined two of these in the shop of a rifle-maker named Booth in the city of Ottawa. They had flintlocks and weighed 12 to 14 pounds each. When the butts rested on the ground the muzzles were level with my eyebrows, so that the barrels were four feet or more in length. And all this for firing round balls of about 100 to the pound.

Much stress has been laid by some writers on the argument that the distance between the fore and hind sights on the old rifles gave greatly increased accuracy of aim; but against this must be put the extra difficulty of truly boring and rifling such long barrels with the tools in use 140 years ago, owing to the spring of the rod which held the steel borer and cutter. The argument as to accuracy of aim would apply equally to rifles with aperture sights on the stocks; and yet, since these came into general use within the last sixty years, we find that the most celebrated target shots in America have seldom had barrels more than 32 to 34 inches in length. In Britain a barrel of 34 inches is almost unknown.

About 1848, a gentleman named Chapman, in New York, wrote a very interesting and instructive book on "The Improved American Rifle." I lent my copy many years ago to a man who never returned it, but, to the best of my recollection, Chapman stated that the most accurate of the rifles with round balls did not put them into less than a 10-inch ring at forty rods. Certain it is that some of the finest target work has often been accomplished with short barrels. Early in the sixties Mr. H. W. S. Cleveland, author of a work upon American rifles dated 1864, which I still possess, won a match with a .40 caliber Maynard rifle having a barrel only twenty inches long, against the members of a rifle club using the old-fashioned muzzleloaders with very heavy barrels. The distance was 220 yards, and all Mr. Cleveland's shots were in the right half of an 8-inch bullseye—in about a 4-inch ring.

General Jacob, of the Indian Army, tried numerous experiments with rifles of various patterns during a period of 25 years, and at ranges up to 2,000 yards. He finally found that with rifles of a weight that could be carried without too much fatigue—that is, from nine to ten pounds—he obtained the greatest regular accuracy with barrels 24 inches long, as that allowed of their being made sufficiently thick to prevent injurious vibration and jump. There must be many of the old rifles with barrels four feet and upward in length still existing, and if some of them had their grooves cleared out with rifling machines so as to cut away the rust and leave them as perfect as when new, a test of their accuracy and trajectory with round balls would be deeply interesting and worthy of record in rifle literature. But the test should be a fair one; that is to say, the balls should fit only with such a degree of tightness that they could be pushed into the muzzle by a steady pressure of the ramrod; for anything tighter than that would be impractical for either man or hunting purposes.

In *FOREST AND STREAM* of September 17, 1885, there was an account of a trial at 100 yards of a .42 caliber muzzleloader by Romer with balls weighing 130 grains and the same weight of Hazard FG powder. Great accuracy, combined with a very flat trajectory up to 125 yards, was the result. But a ball which, with a linen patch, can be forced with a fair degree of quickness into the grooves of a .42 gauge rifle weighs about 112 grains, or 63 to the pound. The ball actually used weighed rather more than one of 54 to the pound, and was a proper fit for a .44 gauge muzzleloader. It must therefore have required driving into the grooves with a mallet or some instrument to which considerable pressure could be applied. A delay of that kind in loading would often cause loss of life when skirmishing with Indians, or loss of the game when hunting.

In 1887 I tried a series of experiments with a .35 caliber Maynard rifle, loading it with round balls at the muzzle and using lubricated cloth wads next the powder, with patches of unbleached linen; the balls weighed 63 grains, or about 111 to the pound, and fitted so tightly that I had to drive them into the muzzle with blows of the hand upon a piece of wood hollowed so as not to deform the balls. The rifle weighed 8 pounds 3 ounces, had a 26-inch barrel, and the grooves had one turn in 32 inches. The fore sight was of white metal with a broad, flat top, and the rear sight a very open notch. I used Curtis &

Harvey's No. 6 powder, gradually increasing the charge from 30 grains to 82 before there was any sign of stripping. With 78 grains the balls could be kept in about a 3-inch ring at 100 yards in calm, clear weather. The only rest procurable was the seat of a chair which I used while sitting on the ground, so it seems probable that the rifle might have proved as accurate as the Romer .42 caliber if fired, like that, with aperture sights and from a machine rest. When, however, I used thinner patches so that the balls could be forced into the grooves as quickly as is necessary in hunting, there were at once evidences of stripping, so that the shooting could not be depended upon beyond very short ranges.

After all, it is certain that powder charges equal to the bullet in weight could have been used by the old hunters in only exceptional instances. Their rifles usually carried balls between 40 and 60 to the pound; sometimes 32 to the pound, especially on the prairies or mountains. If we take a ball of 45 to the pound, a powder charge of equal weight would be more than 5½ drams. Men living remote from towns where ammunition was scarce, or those who lived for months in camp, could not have afforded such charges, and they would have been unnecessary, because less than half the quantity would have been amply sufficient for killing deer, bear or man at the ranges ordinarily found in the brush. I have tried the effect of a round ball of 48 to the pound from a .45 caliber carbine with 2 drams of powder. It had a trajectory quite flat enough for practical work, and drove a plug of flesh through both shoulders of a deer, killing it almost on the spot. I therefore think that a charge exceeding one-third the weight of lead was seldom used in the old rifles because it would have been unnecessary and wasteful. With that charge they were far superior in trajectory to the British rifles made for spherical balls during the first half of the nineteenth century. The recognized best charge for muzzleloading shotguns was equal measures of powder and shot. British gunmakers having had little experience of rifles, began, and for many years continued, to make them for the same proportions of powder to lead; so the general rule was to load each rifle with its own bullet mold full of strong powder. This gave 1½ drams for a 16-bore, 2 drams for a 12-bore and 2½ drams for a 10-bore. The grooves were usually made with so rapid a twist that these charges could not be exceeded without a risk of the bullets stripping. The trajectories were therefore high, but the accuracy at known ranges was, I believe, fully equal to that of the heavy American rifles. The late Horatio Ross, who was one of the best shots at game or target in the British Islands, describes in a book on deer stalking a trial he made of a double rifle by Purdey, the marks being chalk disks exactly the size of the bullet patches at 100 yards. He fired twelve shots from right to left barrels alternately, and broke eleven disks. The patch, which fitted an ounce round ball, was only 1½ inches in diameter. This trial occurred as long ago as 1833, and shows the care with which rifles were made seventy years ago. Mr. Ross believed that the accuracy of the old spherical ball rifles had never been equalled by those of the time when he wrote this, in 1880, at sporting ranges. The want of power, owing to the small powder charges, forced British sportsmen, when hunting dangerous animals, to use rifles of much larger caliber than would otherwise have been necessary. And, similarly, when American hunters had reduced the bore of their rifles in order to economize ammunition they were obliged to increase the proportion of powder in order to make their small bullets effective. When the rifles had a turn in the grooves sufficiently slow to allow the use of a large charge without the balls stripping, they gave a combination of accuracy with flat trajectory far superior to that of the British rifles. Captain Forsyth, of the Indian Army (who was Conservator of Forests in Central India), recognizing this fact, effected a great improvement in English rifles by reducing the twist in the grooves. Of course the larger the ball the less is the spiral required to maintain its accuracy, and Forsyth found by experiment, about 1860, that a ball of about 15 to the pound could be fired with five drams of powder and carry perfectly true at sporting ranges from a barrel rifled with one turn in 8 feet 8 inches. Weapons of this kind were used with great success until the invention of the express rifle, which, owing to its bullet being of an elongated shape, had a flatter trajectory than any spherical ball at ranges exceeding about 125 yards.

Although elongated bullets are said to have been invented in the eighteenth century, they could not have been equal to the spherical in accuracy, otherwise they would certainly have been adopted by American makers when the hunters spread across the prairies and into the Rocky Mountains. Those mentioned in old works on gunnery were egg-shaped and therefore ill adapted for keeping in a line with the axis of the bore when passing out of the barrel. The first elongated bullet of which I have read that gave good accuracy, was invented about 1823 by a Captain Norton, of the British Army. It was cast with projections which fitted the grooves of the rifle mechanically, and made with hollow points which were filled with percussion powder; Norton's object being to blow up the ammunition wagons of field artillery, which he proved to be readily done at 1,000 yards or more. The British military authorities, however, made no use of his invention.

In 1848 Chapman published his work describing the American rifles of the best kind, such as those made by Wesson, Billingshurst, James, and others. The bullets were called "pickets," shaped like sugar-bowls, with the points sometimes sharp and sometimes flat. The bases being placed upon a linen patch, they were driven into the grooves by blows of the hand upon a kind of piston rod, the end of which was reamed out to fit the point of the bullet. The rod worked in the center of a cap which fitted the muzzle of the rifle, thus insuring that the bullet was truly centered in the bore with a perfect mechanical

*The sketch was first published in Audubon's Ornithological Biographies, which bear date from 1831 to 1839.—E.P.

Hawaiian Game Seasons.

HONOLULU, Hawaii, Nov. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The game birds of Hawaii are fairly well protected by law. The laws are observed by the real sportsmen, but in the country districts our Oriental population disregard them and shoot game in and out of season. Another safeguard is the law specifies a hunting license for each island, the fee for which is \$5.

Among the birds, both native and foreign, the following are protected by law during the closed season: Wild dove, wild pigeon, pheasant, quail, native duck, native goose, foreign duck, plover, snipe, akekeke, curlew, kuku-luaio and the mud-hen.

The wild ducks, plovers, snipes, and curlews are migratory birds, and it seems incredulous that the little feathered birds that cannot rest on the water are able to sustain the long flight from Alaska, some 2,500 miles. But they go and come with the seasons, leaving us in the spring and returning in the early fall.

When the plover first reach our shores they are in fine, fat condition; but after a few weeks become thin. It is said that birds, when about to migrate, take on a "fever," and even their notes of call are changed, and they fly with great speed, some of the best flyers making 240 miles an hour. In this case, the birds from the northwest make the journey in from 12 to 15 hours. There is no place for the land birds to alight to break their long flight. These same birds mentioned are found on the islands 1,000 miles further south of us. They are all here now, and the island hunters are making good bags.

Eight sportsmen went duck hunting last week and bagged over 150 wild ducks besides some plover. The duck hunting, however, is closely confined to hunters leasing ponds, which they bait and protect the game. These ponds are only shot over every few weeks, for if they were constantly hunted the ducks would leave the island.

Pheasant shooting is confined more to the uplands. They would become more plentiful were it not for the mongoose, a pest that was imported to rid cane fields of the rats, and these pests now destroy the bird eggs, the young, and even the full grown pheasants. Mongoose are about the size of a rat, know no fear, and have been known to take a good sized rooster off and kill it in broad daylight. It is essential for pheasant hunting to have dogs to get the birds flushed in the low shrubbery on the hills and higher plains. Hunters, however, are able to make bags of from 10 to 20, according to locality.

The most popular hunting is dove shooting. They are very plentiful about the time the rice crop is harvested, when they are found on the fields of cut grain. It is no unusual thing for hunters to make a bag of 100 per gun. A great many of my acquaintances make bags of from 70 to 90 regularly each Sunday during the height of the season.

Plover, snipe and curlew are found on the marshes and along the shores. The use of decoys is very helpful in bringing them within range of a blind. The bags have not been very heavy this season. They seem to keep in small flocks and are very wild. ALBERT DELMAR.

The Adirondack Deer Season.

THE season for deer hunting in New York State, which opened on Sept. 1, closed Nov. 15. Taken all in all, the season has been a fairly good one, although it is probable that the aggregate number of deer killed was considerably smaller than in any open period for several years past. Several causes conspired to bring about this result, and no doubt all had a greater bearing thereon than is generally known. It is universally conceded that a great many deer perished in the Adirondack region last winter, and as a natural consequence there were fewer in the woods this fall than there otherwise would have been. There are certain localities where deer were apparently as numerous this season as they ever were, but in other sections a pronounced falling off was noticeable. There has been a wide difference of opinion as to the cause of the mortality last winter, but that many died cannot be successfully disputed. The theory that the severe cold weather and the deep snows proved fatal to many has had numerous advocates, and very likely they may have to some extent contributed to that end, but there must have been other influences. Some people claim that the streams were frozen so hard that the deer were unable to get water and perished from thirst, while others say the snow was so deep the animals could not obtain food to sustain life. A few believe that the deer froze to death. Experienced woodsmen, however, do not hesitate to express the opinion, that if the deer had been left undisturbed in their yards, or chosen winter quarters, and not frightened out by men or dogs, the mortality would have been comparatively slight. Another explanation which appears very reasonable, is that many dead deer found when spring opened were animals which were mortally wounded or badly crippled during the previous hunting season. But whatever the cause of death may have been, the depletion in the ranks of the deer was one of the prime reasons why there were fewer killed this fall than usual.

The remarkably heavy foliage on the deciduous trees and undergrowth proved a great disadvantage to hunters during the greater part of the open season. The leaves remained on the trees and shrubbery until very late, and thus made it difficult for a person to discover a deer, even though it was close at hand. Another thing which had an important influence in protecting the deer was the reluctance of hunters to travel about in the woods in quest of game through fear of being mistaken for a deer and shot at by some over-anxious and reckless marksman. The numerous shooting accidents which have occurred in the Adirondacks prevented many people from visiting the woods this fall, particularly while the leaves were on the trees; and those who did go were very careful not to incur any undue risks. Many hunters who had occasion to go through the shrubbery took the precaution to whistle or sing while doing so, preferring to take the chance of frightening game away rather than to give some careless secreted marksman an excuse for shooting in their direction on the theory that a moving bush

might possibly conceal a deer. It was noticeable that a very large percentage of the hunters waited until after the leaves had fallen, believing that the danger of their being mistaken for deer would then be less than earlier in the season.

The city sportsmen, as well as the guides here, come to realize the wisdom of wearing a red hunting suit, red sweater, red shirt, red coat or, at least, a red hat while tramping through the woods, and there is no doubt that it is one of the most efficient safeguards that can be adopted to prevent a person from being mistaken for a deer or bear. The custom of wearing clothing of this conspicuous color has become very popular in the Adirondacks, and is bound to increase in favor from year to year. It is believed by experienced woodsmen that red will not frighten a deer, and that oftentimes it will serve to attract and hold the animal's attention, so that the hunter who wears it will stand just as good a chance of seeing game as the one who declines to do it.

After the leaves had fallen, the conditions for hunting were presumably at their best; but hunters found themselves seriously handicapped when looking for deer by the fact that the woods were so noisy. The ground was heavily carpeted with dead leaves, and when these were dry, as was the case most of the time, it was an utter impossibility to still-hunt successfully. It was out of the question for a man to walk through the woods without making such a noise in the dry leaves as to alarm any deer that might be within a radius of a quarter of a mile or more, and so hunters found it very difficult to obtain anything like a satisfactory shot. There were a very few days, however, perhaps half a dozen in all, during the latter part of the season, when the conditions for still-hunting were ideal. Twice or three times there was a light fall of snow during the night, and on the following morning the ground was covered to the depth of five or six inches with soft, damp snow. At such times hunters were enabled to move through the forest noiselessly and to readily follow the fresh track of a deer when they found one. November 14 was one of these days, and hunters who were in the woods at that time made a good record, or had no one to blame but themselves. It is believed that a very large proportion of the deer killed during the season were shot on the days when there was snow on the ground, and on the few other occasions when it had rained sufficiently to moisten the fallen leaves and make still-hunting practicable.

It is predicted that when the reports are all in from different portions of the Adirondacks, it will be found that a good many deer have been taken this year, although, as has been intimated, the number is not as large as it was last year or the year before. The probabilities, in any event, are that the slaughter was fully as great as it could be and not exceed the present annual rate of increase.

Thinking sportsmen are of the opinion that there is danger of going beyond these bounds, and in order to guard against it, they are advocating shortening the open season still further. Probably some additional protective measures will eventually have to be adopted in order to properly conserve the game supply, and it will be wise to take the necessary action before the deer have been too greatly reduced in numbers.

W. E. WOLCOTT.

UTICA, N. Y., Nov. 21.

In Nebraska.

OMAHA.—Nov. 1 the open season for quail began in this State and local sportsmen have been busy ever since. Duck shooting this fall has been poor, but the prospects are flattering for great sport with Bob White. Notwithstanding the excessively frigid weather during the latter part of winter the birds are reported in unusual plentifulness in all favored localities. The heavy snow of February lay but a few days upon the earth; the havoc among the birds in consequence was small. Had the white blanket lain for any considerable period and the weather maintained its intense severity, the quail in the least covered districts would have been all but exterminated. It is the inclement weather in this section of the country which works the greatest disaster to the birds. The sportsmen, hawks, owls and coyotes cut but little figure by way of comparison.

From a personal standpoint, each lover of the field and wood has a preference in regard to the species of game he prefers to hunt and shoot to obtain the greatest amount of profit and pleasure, and this preference naturally forms the individual's opinion as to which is the best of all for the purpose of healthful sport. One prefers wild fowl, and not taking into consideration his own personal fancies and idiosyncrasies, his peculiar success in this branch of gunning, or his advantages, which undoubtedly are mainly instrumental in determining his preference, he emphatically affirms that this class of shooting is the best of all. And of this constituency I am honest in admitting that I am an ardent follower. And so with all the rest of the craft whose choice is the shooting of some other bird—whatever it may be it is certain to be extolled above all others. I am willing to confess, however, that it is my belief that from the standpoint of the greatest amount of pleasure to the greatest number, quail shooting, for numerous reasons, is the finest sport of all.

It affords so much mixed shooting—in the open and in the cover, and slow and swift—that there is plenty to tax the skill and tickle the fancy of all, however crochety or fastidious. In the open country the shooting is not too difficult to dishearten one of even the most moderate skill, while, on the other hand, in our tangled and matted creek bottoms, the pastime is well calculated to test the nicest skill of the best shot who ever picked up a hammerless. So, taken as a whole, in the open or in the brush, the gunner of average deftness can manage to make a satisfactory showing, and thus secure the consequent excitement which comes with reasonable success. In this connection, I will add, and meet the approval too, of all the experienced sportsmen, I think, that a certain degree of success is essential to the shooter's pleasure. Many writers deprecate the consideration of the bag, treating it as an

fit. The grooves were cut with a "gaining twist," which commenced with a turn in five feet, and ended with a turn in about three feet at the muzzle. The result was a degree of minute accuracy which had never before been approached, and which has hardly been surpassed by the most perfect rifles of the present day. A favorite size for deer hunting was one which carried round balls of 75 to the pound and pickets weighing about half an ounce. The powder charge for the latter was 82 grains. The bullet fitted the grooves for 3-16 of an inch from the base upward. With this large charge and the very slight friction between the picket and the barrel, the trajectory was flat, so that no allowance was necessary up to 150 yards when firing at the shoulder of a deer. I had a highly finished rifle of this kind by James, of Utica, N. Y. It was about ten pounds in weight and made for pickets weighing 140 grains, or 50 to the pound; the round balls weighing 90 to the pound. The powder charge for the picket was 55 grains. For off-hand work at the target, or for quiet standing shots at game, it was excellent; but its long top-heavy barrel and short stock with crescent-shaped butt made it exceedingly awkward for shots at running, or even quick shots at standing, game. Within a year I exchanged it for a double English rifle weighing only 8½ pounds and carrying round balls 17 to the pound, and never regretted doing so. Not long afterward I was sent to a station in India where antelope of three species were fairly numerous, but very wild through having been hunted for two or three years by the men of a Highland regiment. In the open it was frequently difficult to stalk as near as 150 or 200 yards, and in the jungle snap-shots were often necessary. During the first cool season I went out with both shotgun and rifle whenever duty allowed time, and bagged thirty antelope without one escaping wounded, so far as I was aware.

It appears highly probable that the American rifles with picket bullets first suggested the idea of the express system. Purdey made some express rifles in 1859, and by about 1866 they were used by numbers of English hunters. Those of .40 and .45 caliber gave a practically flat trajectory up to 150 yards, and were accurate enough to hit the vital part of a deer at that distance, but they never equalled the American muzzleloaders with picket bullets in delicate accuracy at any distance, although far better for game shooting, owing to their lightness and handiness.

All that I have written about the old rifles refers to those used when round balls were universal. I am convinced that notwithstanding their 4-foot barrels and heavy weights, the very best of them would be beaten, in trajectory as well as accuracy, at all ranges beyond 150 yards, by the Winchester and Marlin rifles with 26-inch barrels and of nine pounds weight, chambered for either the .40-65-260 or .38-56-255 cartridges. The myths respecting their wonderful performances arose through a few well-known facts:

1. The men who used them depended greatly for food upon close shooting at game, and often for their lives upon holding straight when fighting with Indians. The time required for reloading would frequently cost them their lives or the loss of food unless the first shot were well placed. Therefore they were forced to acquire the habit of always taking careful aim instead of firing recklessly, as has become the habit of many hunters since the invention of quick-loading rifles.

2. Owing to the plentiful supply of game and the necessity of using it for food, America contained during the eighteenth and first quarter of the nineteenth centuries, a far greater number of good marksmen in proportion to the population than had ever existed in any other country.

3. The fire of such men, whether their rifles were long or short, light or heavy, would necessarily be far more deadly than that of any troops taught the use of guns after enlisting in an army.

4. The British officers who, during the Revolutionary War, were astonished at the shooting of the backwoodsmen, had, in most cases, not seen a rifle before going to America; and few of those who had seen one were practically acquainted with its use. Even in the Highlands of Scotland, ball shooting smoothbores were, long after that period, often used for stalking deer.

5. Every one who fires a rifle for many years will, at times, make very extraordinary shots, or even several in succession, and those who are practically unacquainted with the rifle often imagine that such shooting is habitual, and can be repeated regularly. The description of a marvelous shot is liable to be much exaggerated when passing from one individual to another. (Mr. H. W. S. Cleveland, in his work on the rifle, states that he once killed a partridge at an extraordinary distance in Maine, a shot which he knew he might not have been able to repeat in firing fifty times. But that shot was talked about far and near for years afterward as a proof of Cleveland's skill and of the accuracy of the Kentucky rifle, one of which he was then using. He says that rifles were then almost unknown in Maine.)

J. J. MEYRICK.

BUDLEIGH SALTERTON, Devonshire, Nov. 6.

Bringing Game Through New Jersey.

THERE are certain New York counties—Orange and Sullivan—which are reached from New York city by way of the Erie Railway. The Erie passes through New Jersey, so that a sportsman bringing his game home with him is obliged to take it out of the State of New York (which is forbidden by the New York law) into New Jersey, and then out of New Jersey (which is also forbidden by law) into New York again.

In former years the New Jersey wardens at the Jersey City ferries have seized and confiscated such game in course of transit through the State; but this season, acting under instruction, they permit the game to pass. Under date of Nov. 18, President Benj. P. Morris, of the New Jersey Fish and Game Commission, writes: "*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Commission promulgated a rule last year that it was not a violation to bring game from some other State across New Jersey and take it over the ferry into New York; that our law was simply designed to prevent taking of game killed in New Jersey out of the State. Of course parties with game in possession may be examined, and it is the duty of the wardens to do so, and explain from whence they got the game."

BENJ. P. MORRIS.

irrelevant incident, gross and unsportsmanlike, and these are so enthralled with the beauties of nature and the ethics of gunning in the abstract that they think it should be mentioned in hushed tones only or viewed with eyes askance. But, according to my idea the beautiful and the useful should go hand in hand. Each is a component part of the whole, and as such should be equivalent as factors in the joys of the field and stream. A full bag and a full creel distinguishes the expert and the enthusiast. To the sentimental, which surely ennobles and adorns the useful in life, there must be added the material, the serious and the practical; the hunter must be rewarded for his efforts or he will soon cease to be a hunter. It is not all shooting to shoot, or all fishing to fish.

There is still another important feature about quail shooting. The man whose business cares allot him but a few days for shooting, and these at no regularly stated time, certainly has more possibilities for recreation and sport on quail than any other bird that flies, notwithstanding there may be a lack of fervid enthusiasm and superlative exaltation as is conspicuous among the wildfowl, the jacksnipe and the grouse shooters.

Quail are undoubtedly more uniformly and widely distributed throughout the United States than any other high-class game bird. Its habitat comprises both open and timbered districts from piny Maine to silvery-sanded California, and from the borders of British Columbia to the Gulf of Mexico. It differs from the ruffed grouse, whose home is exclusively confined to the woods, and therefore in a much smaller territory than that of Bob White, and from the pinnated grouse (prairie chicken), which is purely a bird of the prairie. The quail flourishes wherever it can obtain a sufficient food supply, either in a timbered country, or in the treeless and shrubless prairie adjacent to some river or water-ways. It readily adjusts its habitat according to the dominating circumstances of food and cover, whether it be on our plains, or in the woods or in a region embracing both open and cover. Here in Nebraska it frequents both field and wood, preferring such as have a good food supply, with hedges, river and creek beds choked with plum and grape and crab-apple, to which it can run or fly to shelter or safety. Here it rarely penetrates far into the woods, preferring to skirt along the outer edges of them merely for protection, as both the redtail and Cooper's hawk are its deadly enemy, and it must be ever alert to escape them.

But the idyllic season is now here, so whistle up the old dog and prepare for a day in the thicket and stubble. The blackbird, with the scarlet splotch on either wing flashing in the hazy sunlight, has chucked a last sad farewell overhead; russet has succeeded the gold in the thin branches of the cottonwood; a dull dun lights the faded green of the pasture land, and a marked change has come over the old setter. No longer does he tap out an indolent welcome on the porch floor at your coming at noonday or evening, but springs down the walk with eager bark and sparkling eye to meet you, soiling your business apparel with his forepaws as he leaps for your face, and evoking a harsh word of command for his effrontery. But he knows you don't mean it, and cavorts around you in an ecstasy of emotion, rushing off through the drooping peony and chrysanthemums, and back again to peer into your face in an effort to fathom your intentions—whether you are merely home for grub or after canvas coat and hammerless.

A few more days and the sport will be at its height, and from out the tangly Elkhorn's mazes, where the orange arils of the bittersweet are darkening among its maroon and still clinging leaves, will come the plaintive signals of the scattered bevy that will set your soul ablaze. How different from the cheery whistle that so lately floated across the harvest field, yet how thrilling, how penetrating. Strangely exciting, indeed, is this autumn call of the quail. He who has never heard its melody when the hills are bathed in purple and gold, when the sumach burns its brightest, and a mellow sunlight floods the land, has missed one of the sweetest emotions of the human breast. Strong, indeed, must be the fetters of office or counting room that holds back the born sportsman when the perennial rustle of the late November winds sound like mystic music from angels' lutes and the blackening walnuts have dropped from their bare branches, when the querulous caw of the crow comes like a phantom cry from over the silent fields, and the acrimonious scolding of the irascible bluejay, tilting up and down, through the elm's gray network, is nearly all that is left of the pleasing summer sounds, and when the golden flash of the yellowhammer's wing the last gleam of brilliant life.

Gossiping about quail shooting reminds me that most of it is at close range. A majority of the birds killed are within twenty-five yards, and often much nearer than that distance. A gun weighing 6½ to 7½ pounds is of ample weight, and the 12-bore is most commonly used, though the 16 and even 20 are excellent, and preferred by many sportsmen, especially those in the South. But under almost any circumstances, the gun should be a cylinder. There is little need of a chokebore in quail shooting. However, it is an exceedingly difficult matter to induce the average shooter of the day to use a cylinder-bore gun. Its use seems to be construed as reflecting on one's ability to shoot a close gun instead of being accepted as a matter concerning the gun fit for the particular kind of game. It requires time to effect a cure in the use of chokebores in quail shooting. One has to treat indulgently the emotional attacks, sentimental and practical, which appertain to shooting, from the romance of it which requires that the landscape be bathed in mellow sunlight, the prairie bespangled with flowers, the breezes laden with the fragrance of the wildwoods, the glories of nature coloring all, to the assaults in the practical details which require the closest of guns in shooting Bob White, the heaviest of loads when the lightest are better, and what commonsense dictate, or that a point, to be ever so well done and so accurate withal, is sporting heresy unless made by a black, white and tan dog. The sportsman should go forth equipped for his sport according to its needs and not the whimsicalities of senseless custom. He should never take a full-choke gun in cover nor a cylinder-bore to shoot ducks. There should be intelligent adjustment of means to ends. Industry and skill and hunting craft should not be balked by inappropriate theories and weapons.

SANDY GRISWOLD.

Some New England Clubs.

BOSTON, Nov. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your readers have heard frequently of the good work which has been performed by the Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club. A few evenings ago the club held its annual dinner at the Johnsonia under conditions especially pleasing. For the first time in the history of the club, the tables were graced by the presence of ladies. Previous to the banquet, an informal reception was held under the direction of Messrs. H. A. Hill, W. C. Kimball and Dr. J. W. Barton. The president, Dr. Russell Bingham, was master of ceremonies, and introduced the Rev. A. T. Kempton, who presented his illustrated lecture, "Hiawatha," which held the closest attention of his hearers until nearly midnight. The slides are exceptional for their exquisite colored effects, and the experience of his trip last summer to the land of the Ojibways, on Lake Huron, was graphically described, and won the unstinted praise of his hearers.

President Bingham, ex-President I. O. Converse and Mr. J. E. Morse constituted the banquet committee.

Another large and influential club of our State, the Greenfield Sportsman's Club, has just celebrated its annual, which was one of the most enjoyable in the history of that organization. Venison, coon, rabbit and pigeon "done to a turn" under the direction of landlord and Mrs. Leipple, of the Union House, kept the 200 sportsmen gathered about the tables in Hungari Hall, delightfully busy for over an hour, when the president, Dr. L. A. Newton, presented Capt. J. W. Collins, chairman of the State Commission. After expressing his pleasure in being able to greet so many of his fellow workers, the Captain said he appreciated the existence of such clubs, as without them the work of the Commission would amount to very little. "We count on your support, and we hope the interest you have manifested in the past will continue."

The chairman declared the work of the Commission in the protection of fish and game was a benefit not only to sportsmen, but "to the State at large." If game and fish can be provided in our own State, the Captain argued, no inconsiderable portion of the \$2,000,000 or so expended annually by Massachusetts sportsmen outside her boundaries would be spent nearer home, and inure to the financial benefit of her own citizens. "It is your plain duty," he said, "to hand down to those who shall come after you as good or better game conditions."

Col. F. D. Pierce was received with three cheers as his name was called, and he spoke in his usual entertaining way of the benefits of the club in promoting a "better knowledge of many things," as well as good fellowship.

Mr. Wm. A. Davenport, while recognizing the value of the work of the Commission, prophesied that it would be hampered in the near future unless accompanied by "forest planting"—the only way, in his opinion, to keep up the covers needed for the adequate protection of game in the winter.

Senator-elect Gerrett, who was a member of the House two years ago, paid a tribute to the chairman of the Commission for his efficient service, and urged a rigid observance of the game laws, especially that making Sunday a close season, which, he said, "was greatly in the interest of protection." If the position taken by Capt. Collins is tenable, fish and game protection should be the care of every citizen, whether he be a sportsman or not.

A more enthusiastic gathering of sportsmen than that which annually convenes in Hungari Hall it would be hard to find. Many years of success and usefulness to the Greenfield Sportsman's Club, and to all its members.

The Vermont Fish and Game League.

The annual dinner of this influential club was held in Armory Hall, Montpelier, after a business meeting at the Pavilion. President F. L. Fish, of Vergennes, urged greater observance and enforcement of the laws and alluded to the work already accomplished in the propagating of fish and protection of game. He requested members of the Legislature to consider the question, "How long can Lake Champlain stand seine fishing?" He emphasized the importance of stopping the pollution of trout streams and of protecting the ruffed grouse.

Mr. James F. Hooker, of Brattleboro, who was the toastmaster, made allusion to the President of the United States as the best-known sportsman in the world.

Governor Bell made pleasant allusions to certain interesting phases of Vermont politics, and remarked upon the number of legislators before him, and said he could easily see by looking over the assemblage "why 375 of the 460 bills related to fish and game."

Mr. Hale K. Darling, of Chelsea, spoke for the Legislature. Mr. Robert A. Lawrence, of Rutland, advocated the formation of county leagues, and the printing of game laws in Italian. Hon. J. W. Titcomb, of Washington, spoke of fishculture in the Argentine Republic, and described his work transporting trout eggs 300 miles across a desert. He said that Argentina had a great future, and is to become a rival of the United States in agriculture. Commissioner Thomas, of Stowe, gave the number of deer legally killed this year in the State as 446.

Seventy-five new members were added to the list of the League. This Association has the proud distinction of having among its members about all the active politicians in the State.

In Maine.

A heavy fall of snow occurred last Sunday—a foot in the West Branch and Aroostook regions and half as much in the region about Moosehead and Katahdin. A deer head brought from Crema Pond had antlers with thirty-three points. The prongs in the central part had palms like those of a moose. There is exceptional hunting in the region about Silver Ridge in Kingman. It is reported that eighteen exceptionally large deer were brought out in one day. Shipments for the week from Bangor, the biggest of the year, were 615 deer and 13 moose. A heavy snowfall is reported also in the Rangeley region and in New Hampshire, and the hunters are getting many deer.

CENTRAL.

In Massachusetts.

BOSTON, Nov. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Another State reservation is to be asked for next winter when the Legislature convenes. Petitions for the setting apart of Sugar Loaf Mountain in Deerfield have been extensively signed by citizens of that and several neighboring towns who are interested in the project. They would like very much to have the summit of North Sugar Loaf also included in its taking by the State. These are twin mountains, standing side by side, close together, rising abruptly from the rich plain on the west bank of the Connecticut River, not far from the Sunderland bridge. Both are heavily wooded, and the southern one is accessible by means of footpaths and a good carriage road, which leads out of the main highway between Greenfield and Northampton, branching off a little south of the village of South Deerfield. The Greenfield, Deerfield and Northampton electric cars pass the point of divergence hourly. From Amherst the Amherst and Sunderland street railway carries passengers within a short mile of the mountain road. Thus it will be seen that the advantages of the mountain park would be within easy reach of a large population in the Connecticut valley. The young ladies of Smith College and the Amherst students frequently make pilgrimages to Sugar Loaf on what they call "Mountain days." At the top of the mountain is a farmhouse, known as the hotel, fronting the south and facing the view that makes the mountain famous. Nearby one may take his stand on a great shelf of rock, jutting out from the face of the mountain and which holds the observer out over the valley, so that he may look almost straight downward five or six hundred feet. A path winding around under this shelf to a recess in the cliff leads to a rough stone seat known all up and down the valley as "King Philip's Chair." There is a legend that the great Indian Chief was wont to sit on this rocky throne to read the smoke signals of his warriors or watch the burning of the English settlements. It is well worth a journey of many miles to behold the exquisite view to be had from the summit of Sugar Loaf, embracing as it does the placid waters of the river stretching southward until lost to sight far down the valley, where the spires of Holyoke and Northampton rise out of the hollow just below Mt. Tom. To the southeast may be seen the college buildings at Amherst. In whichever direction you look, the view is most enchanting. As regards the expense of the taking by the State, those who are interested say it would be small in comparison with other mountain reservations. It would not necessarily include a large tract of land, but only the wooded summits, as it would not be necessary to secure adjacent land (as in the case of Mt. Tom), in order to insure fire protection. The estimated value of the land is \$10 an acre, or a little more, and it is thought not much more than 300 acres would be required, and that probably \$3,000 would buy the hotel property. It would be necessary to secure an appropriation covering only the first cost, as the expense of maintenance would doubtless be assessed upon Franklin county. Should the plan prove successful, there will be another tract, though not a large one, where game will be secure.

SPECIAL.

Wisconsin Against Spring Shooting.

MILWAUKEE, Nov. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A determined effort will be made at the coming session of the Wisconsin Legislature to stamp out spring shooting in this State, and for that purpose an association is being formed to popularize the movement which is expected to terminate in revoking the amendment made to the game laws two years ago giving permission to shoot all varieties of ducks with the exception of wood ducks, mallards and teal.

The State administration is at the head of the plan to preserve the game birds of Wisconsin, and at a meeting of the sporting writers, which was held in Milwaukee on November 16, attention was called to the additional necessity for protecting feathered game in Wisconsin by Game Warden Tracy, under whose able administration the laws have been carried out to the letter since he was inducted into office. The fullest co-operation of the newspaper men was promised, and steps were taken to secure signatures to a gigantic petition to the Legislature requesting that the laws be amended to prohibit the destruction of ducks and geese in the spring.

In Milwaukee there is an overwhelming sentiment against spring shooting, and in many sections of the State the feeling is similar. The improvement in fall shooting has been marked since the game laws were amended six years ago and spring shooting stopped for years, while the sale of game was regulated to such an extent that dealers have been out of business for two years. Residents in the interior of the State have gradually realized that in the game they have a valuable asset which should not be disposed of as was the "goose that laid the golden egg." Ten years ago the farming communities were howling for the retention of the spring shooting section in the game laws, asserting that the closed season in the spring months of the year was the invention of the "city feller" and the devil; but now, with the return of the days when twenty-five to thirty birds a day are an average bag, bringing city men to their localities and the distribution of the coin of the realm for circulation, they are taking the other side.

The protection of game and fish in Wisconsin has been radically improved since the advent of Governor La Follette at Madison four years ago. Radical changes in the laws regulating the shipment as well as the shooting of birds and animals have been enforced with impartiality, with the result that the game laws of Wisconsin mean something now. Infractions are rare, and the detection of contraband shipments from the interior to Milwaukee long since caused them to almost totally cease.

About the middle of December another meeting of the association will be called to perfect the organization, which may be retained permanently.

J.

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.

As It Is in Africa.

OUR destination was 75 miles northeast of Monrovia by a straight line, but the circuitous route which we were compelled to take made the distance 100 miles. This distance will not seem great in a country where the inhabitants enjoy facilities of travel, but in a country where the substitutes for railroads, electric cars, stages, beasts of burden, and all other means of modern travel are human beings, it is considerable to the traveler, who is compelled either to walk or to be carried in a hammock.

The traveler who travels by hammock finds himself swinging to and fro, suspended from a horizontal bar whose ends rest on the shoulders of two stalwart natives, who rush him at breakneck speed through narrow and uneven paths, over dangerous ravines and huge logs which block the way. Sometimes the unequal height of the carriers occasions much suffering to the victim, which the native enjoys richly.

The absence of railroads and of every other vehicular convenience for travel in Liberia is a serious drawback to the development and prosperity of the Republic. For this reason very few Liberians venture into the interior. Except soldiers and traders, the Liberians are absolutely ignorant of the interior of their country. They prefer to go to Europe for pleasure and recreation, although the interior of Liberia is said to be rich in products, beautiful in scenery, and healthful in location. Only the foreigner ventures. Because of his willingness to assume the difficulties of the journey he becomes at once the object of curious wonder.

Our party consisted of T. R. McWilliams, professor of science in the College of West Africa, as scientist; E. Harrison Lyon, as photographer; Mr. Zacihus Kennedy, a Liberian road commissioner; a botanist; a student of native customs; and nine natives to carry food and luggage, making fifteen persons in all. Several rare specimens of flora and fauna were collected, and many interesting pictures were taken of the chiefs and their people.

We left Monrovia April 28. The route took us up to the head of the St. Paul River and thence to Harrisburg, the base of operations for Dobbles Island. Here we calculated upon securing a sufficient number of natives to accompany us as carriers; but this being the season for planting, we found it impossible to hire anyone, and were compelled to walk to and from Kpondia Hill, a distance of more than 200 miles.

After leaving Harrisburg, a Liberian town inhabited by civilized people, we found no roads entitled to be called such leading into the interior, either to or from native towns. They are all crooked and labyrinthine. They are made crooked to mislead the enemy, and to render his approach to a town difficult during a tribal war. The aborigines give themselves no concern about obstacles in the road. They cut down a tree and leave part of the huge branches lying across the path. They never think of removing them except when compelled to do so by a Liberian commissioner. They prefer either to climb over or to go around, and to swim a creek rather than to take the trouble to cross it by the bridge. When an old road is abandoned, it is flagged by placing a branch as an obstruction at the fork of the path. The native knows what this means and takes the new road. The reason given by the natives for leaving obstructions in the road, and for making them narrow and winding, is not only to bewilder the tribal foe, but also to render it difficult for the Americo-Liberian to find them in their native fastnesses.

The way to Kpondia Hill lies through 37 native towns and half towns, having each from 100 to 600 inhabitants. They are built largely in the midst of dense forests or upon the top of steep hills. The distance from one native town to another of the same tribe hardly ever exceeds three miles, and the population is never more than 2,000. The houses are constructed of mud and thatch. No marked improvement is visible in this section on the primitive style of house builders. The interiors of the houses are clean, and so are many of the towns. Although a goodly number of the men in these towns speak and understand English, some few reading and writing it with astonishing accuracy, the knowledge does not make any difference in their mode of living, climatic conditions and social environments force them to a strict adherence to primitive customs. The municipal officer of every town is styled the chief, and of the half town, the headman. All disputes are settled by them.

We arrived at Tecker Town in time to witness the burial ceremonies over the remains of the King's daughter, who had died three days previously. Her death was evidently occasioned by physical exhaustion. She undertook a journey of 40 miles three days after becoming a mother. Her relatives, however, concluded that her somewhat sudden death was due to witchcraft, and the whole town accordingly set about finding the witch. The memory of the death was honored by the customary dance, which consisted of hideous yells and physical contortions, leaving the women in a state of exhaustion and the men in a state of frenzy. The ceremony closed with repeated volleys from firearms, to announce to the spirits on the other side the coming of the departed. Upon the grave was left a brass kettle, some of the wearing apparel of the deceased, and some articles of food.

To discover the witch, the suspected party was forced to swallow poison made from the sassy-wood bark. According to the theory, the guilty cannot live with a dose of this concoction, but upon the innocent it will have no effect. Many innocent persons have been the victims of this superstition, until recently an antidote has been discovered, which the suspects carry concealed.

Kpondia Hill rises abruptly about 600 feet above the surrounding country, which gives the traveler a magnificent and picturesque view of rolling hills, fertile valleys, and verdant plains, through which meander heathful streams, wherein fish and game abound.

The King received us kindly, and gave us his house, which was an improvement on the surrounding huts. He is himself a tall, spare, but well built man, with keen eyes and sharp features, rather dignified, and good looking. The flat nose, thick lips, and big teeth the

native African is frequently represented as possessing are no part of the features of this man, and his people partake of the same even and intelligent profiles. The usual picture does injustice to the native Africans in Liberia.

The next and most important step before retiring is to "dash" the King until "his heart lies down"—an aboriginal expression which signifies satisfaction. The dash, which is equivalent to a tip, consisted of a piece of white cloth, tobacco, pipes, salt and matches.

The traveler would conclude from appearance that Africa must be a land of warriors. Every man appears as a warrior. He seems to live always in the fear of the enemy and in the shadow of the great evil, which prompts him to go armed from head to foot. With his sword he defends himself from the enemy, and with his charms he protects himself from the evil. His arms, which are a part of his dress, consist of a short sword, a country knife, a spear, and a bow and arrow, which he uses with great precision. It is of frequent occurrence for boys between the ages of 8 and 9 years to stick a piece of chip about an inch and a half in width in the ground or on the limb of a tree and, at a distance of 200 feet, to split it in halves with the arrows from their bows.

The country knife is indispensable to the native. It is his most effective weapon of defense. With it he can successfully meet the attacks of the boa constrictor and many of the ravenous beasts and poisonous reptiles, of which he has but little fear. The only animal which he seems to fear is the baboon. He will entrap an elephant, chase a leopard, and pursue a hippopotamus, but he will fly in mad haste from the hideous yells of a baboon, which resemble the cry of a man in distress. This sound unnerves him, and despite his reputation for courage, he will desert you in the densest forest. Our party had an illustration of this during the trip. When in the midst of a thick bush, ten miles away from any settlement, we heard this doleful noise, which we mistook for the cry of distress of perhaps some misguided traveler. The natives came to a halt. They knew what it was, and in their discomfiture started to leave us in the thickest forest, but the sudden discharge of our fire-arms brought them to their senses.

Continual tribal wars in the interior have resulted in the depopulation of whole sections and in the extermination of thousands of families. Africa is the most thinly populated of the continents, there being only thirteen persons to the square mile. Liberia is never without tribal wars. The natives are always fighting, to the detriment of the country. Gold, ivory and cattle which formerly came to the markets of Monrovia have been diverted into other directions because of better protection to life and property. This fact contributes to the scarcity of fresh meat at the capital.

Women are invariably the cause of every contention. Wealth among the aborigines is based solely on the number of wives, boys and cattle possessed. The man who has the most wives can easily be king. The abduction of one of the wives of a Pessy man, and the refusal to give her up when demand is made, is casus belli. The men of a captured town are frequently put to death in the most cruel manner, while the women and children are reduced to abject bondage. Of these the king takes the lion's share, and distributes the remainder among his followers. The children are frequently sold, pawned, or given to satisfy financial demands, very often among themselves, or to members of neighboring tribes, or sometimes to Liberians, who pay the price for them, and then keep them under the apprentice system until they reach maturity, when they are given their liberty, if they do not abscond in the meantime.

The social life of the interior has a degenerating tendency on the morals of the foreigner also. Illustrations in social and moral degeneracy are numerous among white and black foreigners. These victims have not been confined to the secular life, but have been found in the religious life also. Men and women who came to teach and to lift up have been found among the victims not merely of heathenism but of wanton immorality.

Currency is absent from this section. The natives bring their products—coffee, palm oil, palm kernels, palm wine, kasada, starch, piassava, ivory, skins, venison, camwood, rubber, beeswax, honey, gold, precious stones, sheep, goats, cattle, ginger, kola nuts, and other things—and for these they get from the merchant cloth, salt, tobacco, pipes, gin, cutlasses, brass kettles, iron pots, trinkets, beads, handkerchiefs, powder, caps, shot, stockfish, looking glasses, combs, Florida water, and other commodities, all of which are sold at large profit. For instance, cloth purchased in England at three to five cents a yard is sold in trade for twenty-four cents.

A Talk to Foys.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I had a good illustration the other day of how some boys—and the practice is not altogether confined to boys—handle their guns. I first noticed the boys while they were shooting at some birds; only shooting at them, though—they were not hitting any of them. Had they been men, I would not have let them even shoot at them, for the birds were protected ones and were on posted ground, also. I let the boys shoot away; I did not expect to see them hit anything, and they did not. After they had kept it up half an hour and had crawled all over the place on their hands and knees, the birds left and the boys started to go home. Then I interviewed them. There were four of them, three with guns and one to carry the game if they had got any to carry. The oldest boy had his gun under his arm, with the muzzle pointing right at the next boy in front of him, and had the hammer down on top of the cap. I had seen a few guns like his before, and examined it. It was an old musket, and bore the legend "U. S. Harper's Ferry, 1855." It had been at one time a flintlock, but had been altered to percussion, and the place where the pan had been was now plugged up with brass. They were about as dangerous at the breech as at the muzzle when I had one of them.

I carried mine up to the Peninsula in 1861, when we went there to take Richmond, but did not take it just then. I did not carry it long, though; the first time I found a rifle whose owner had been shot I exchanged my musket for that. I raised the boy's hammer to half-cock, then tried it to see if it could be pulled off at half-cock; some of them can; but this one could not.

"This is a fine gun," I told its owner, "but it is out of place here. It should be up in the museum. Now, after this don't let me ever catch you carrying it with that hammer down. Keep it as it is now, and quit pointing it at a boy's head. Point it down. If you should happen to let the gun fall with the hammer the way you had it just now, some one would get shot. And take that cap off before you put the gun away." He took it off there and then.

"What have you in the gun?" I asked.

He took a small bottle out of his pocket that was half full of No. 6 shot.

"That is large enough for ducks. Had you hit one of these birds with a dose of that there would not have been enough of the bird left to pick up."

Two of the small boys had Flobert rifles, both of them loaded. "Do you leave the loads in?" I asked. Yes, they left them in for the next time. "Well, get them out now and keep them out until you want to use the gun again. Suppose your mother or sister should pick up that gun, not knowing it was loaded, what would happen? Or suppose a baby got hold of it and shot himself?"

They had not thought of that. "Yes, I know you did not; and a good many others don't think of it. That is how we get shot with a gun that we don't know is loaded. Now think of it after this. And another thing, let these birds here alone just now; wait for the open season; and in the meantime shoot English sparrows. I let you boys shoot at the birds to-day because I knew you could not hit them. Had you killed one of them I could have made it cost your father just \$7.40. I would not do it, of course, after I had let you keep on shooting and had not stopped you."

"I was going to quit as soon as I saw you," the big boy said, "but these boys told me that you did not care if we did shoot them."

"Yes, I care. Don't shoot any more of them, though."

One of the small boys wanted to know if he might not shoot crows. "Oh, yes, you can shoot at them. All the crows you shoot with a Flobert rifle, though, won't depopulate that crow colony very much. The crows get up at daylight here, and they know a boy and a gun when they see him. You won't shoot many of them."

CABIA BLANCO.

Massachusetts Game.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Nov. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our season opened on all game in our county of Bristol on November 1. Woodcock were never more numerous than at this season, but on the second day not any were to be found, as the ground froze up solid and they went off south. Quail are very scarce; the severe cold weather of last winter had much to do with this year's crop. Partridges are fairly plentiful, and wintered well. Rabbits and hares are thick and the woods are full of gray and red squirrels. Foxes are very plentiful, and while very few have been killed this fall, the hunters have no trouble to go out and start two or three in a day's hunt. I think they have as much to do about the scarcity of quail as the cold winters do. The game wardens are after law breakers, and arrested and convicted a father and son for shooting and having quail in their possession before the first day of November. They were fined \$20 each in the District Court, and were let off easy. There is plenty of work here for the wardens to do, as the market-hunters and market men both need looking after.

CONSTANT READER.

Birds of British Columbia.

THE Provincial Museum of Victoria, B. C., has recently published a Catalogue of British Columbia Birds, compiled by Mr. Francis Kermode, the museum's curator. It is an interesting paper, but, we may assume, contains only a portion of the birds of that great Province, which holds within its borders alike mountain and plain, foggy seashore and deep, hot, dry valley. Such a territory, extending from the seacoast to the crest of the continent's backbone, and from the Straits of Fuca nearly to the Arctic, has room within its borders for many forms of life. Over much of the Province little collecting has been done, and further search will undoubtedly considerably enlarge this list, which has grown from 339 species and sub-species noted in the list of 1898, prepared by the late John Fannin, to 362, the present number.

The notes are briefly annotated, and the localities given where the species have been taken. The publication is a very useful one, and Mr. Kermode deserves thanks for the pains taken with it.

The Woodcock's Whistle.

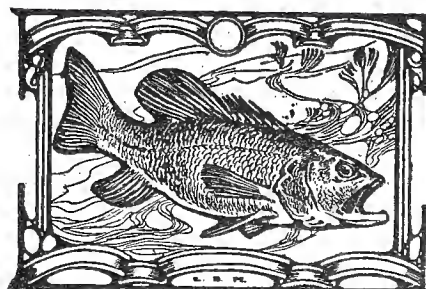
BUFFALO, N. Y., Nov. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please tell George L. Brown I'd like to shake his hand for his interesting dissertation on "The Bird That Passes in the Night." He evidently appreciates the little brown wizard as thoroughly as I do.

Apropos of the woodcock's whistle, it may interest some of your readers who have followed the discussion in FOREST AND STREAM's pages to hear the little evidence I can offer. A few days ago I shot a cock which my good old Dan brought to me very much alive. In taking the bird from the dog's mouth, I grasped it by the bill, and imagine my astonishment when, as the dog released it, the bird fluttered its wings rapidly and produced the familiar whistle. I know that while this occurred the bill was held tightly shut by my hand.

I do not offer the above as conclusive evidence that the sound is made by the bird's wings, but in my own mind I feel very sure that such is the case.

EDWARD A. EAMES.

* * * The current number of *Game Laws in Brief* gives laws of all States and Provinces. Price 25 cents.



SEA AND RIVER FISHING



Fish and Fishing.

Fontinalis in British Waters.

BRITISH anglers are certainly to be pitied for their failure to satisfactorily stock their running waters with the American brook trout. Its appearance, when first introduced into English streams, was heralded with jubilant anticipations; its capacities for rapid growth were hailed as a good omen, and its gorgeous dress and graceful form won golden opinions from all piscatorial classes, who willingly paid large sums of money for what was then considered the coming trout. No authority disputes its value as a game and food fish. But the complaint is made, wherever it has been introduced into British waters, that it will not remain in them unless confined. Piscatorial authorities on the other side of the ocean seem to be at a loss to account for the vagaries of the vanishing American fish, especially in view of the reputation it enjoys in its own country as a home-loving fish. It is suggested that British waters may be found unsuitable for this beautiful char, though this can scarcely be the case, when it is remembered that it thrives most successfully in Scottish tarns and other inclosed waters.

It is scarcely surprising, however, to those acquainted with the habits of the American brook trout, to learn that it does not remain in waters having an easy and uninterrupted communication with the sea, even though they may possess the requisite degree of temperature and purity. It is doubtful if it is always to be found in any similarly situated Canadian waters. Usually, however, *Salvelinus fontinalis* ascends, in Canada, for the purpose of spawning, the streams down which he runs to sea. And the peculiarity of the British experience of the fish is not so much the fact that it fails to remain in the waters in which it is planted, when they afford such easy access to the sea, as that it departs, in English coastal streams, from its Canadian practice of returning to fresh water to

those who are accustomed to fight *fontinalis* in coastal streams, when freshly in from the sea, and, in fact, those anglers who fish for him in any running streams, need not be surprised to learn of the somewhat low opinion of its game qualities entertained by those British anglers who, failing to find him in running waters at all, have taken him only in ponds. Thus the well-known angling writer, John Bickerdike, says that he is inclined to place *Salmo fario*—the so-called brown, German, or English trout—before *fontinalis*, adding, however, what fully explains his preference, "But, then, I have only caught *fontinalis* in ponds, for in our streams it obstinately refuses to remain." There is just as much difference in the sport afforded by a pond trout and a freshly run specimen of the same variety from the sea as there is between a truly landlocked salmon and a perfectly bright fish of equal size, with the sea-lice still adhering to him.

Mr. Bickerdike should come to America and fish for *fontinalis* in some of the streams running into Lake Superior from the north, into Lake St. John, or into the Gulf of St. Lawrence or the Saguenay River. He would scarcely then place *fario* before *fontinalis*, so far as game qualities are concerned; especially as he admits that *Salmo irideus* is a harder fighter than *fario*. There is a wide difference of opinion among anglers and ichthyologists in regard to the game qualities of the rainbow trout. Jordan and Evermann say that it is a trout of exceeding gameness, and possibly a greater fighter than others of the group, when its weight is considered. The late Dr. G. Brown Goode, on the other hand, describes it as a fish of little gameness and activity.

It would be interesting to learn whether any American ichthyologist is aware of the correctness of the story told to Mr. Bickerdike by a fishculturist of experience to the effect that rainbows, when not furnished with a stream in which to spawn, become egg-bound, this condition being followed by blindness and death.

Virgin Fishing Waters.

The members of the Laurentian Fish and Game Club have been taking a fresh route into their preserve during the last two summers, and one which I had urged upon them as long ago as March, 1899, at their banquet of that year at the Holland House, New York. Instead of ascending the St. Maurice River, to Lake Wayagamack, they go by way of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway to Lake Edward, and there take guides and canoes for the splendid cross-country trip to their club waters. Almost the entire distance can be covered by a water route, and many of the lakes crossed afford excellent fishing. The country traversed is an excellent one for game. During the season just closed, some fifty to sixty guides were engaged at one time by members of this club who crossed over from Lake Edward to their club house.

These waters are controlled by Mr. Rowley, who outfits the guides and parties engaging them, so that the latter secure at the same time the necessary permits for fishing en route to their own territory. While not virgin waters, some of these lakes and the connecting streams afford excellent fly-fishing. What I had in mind when I wrote the heading "Virgin Fishing Waters," were a number of lakes somewhat south of the route just described, which are about to be opened up to anglers by a new line of railway now building from a point on the line of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, where it touches the Batican River near the Jeannotte, to La Tuque, on the Upper St. Maurice. This branch line will be very convenient to the members of the various fish and game clubs on the St. Maurice River, and as already mentioned will open up a great number of virgin fishing waters. The Quebec Fish and Game Protective Association is taking

every possible means to prevent the illegal fishing of these waters by the men employed in building the railway, and have a guardian backward and forward nearly all the time.

Four-footed Trout Fishers.

From many fishing grounds in the north country, I have reports of a large increase in the number of the fur-bearing animals of the woods and waters. Beavers, which were a few years ago threatened with destruction, have so rapidly increased since the enactment of the law prohibiting their hunting, that they are fast becoming a nuisance to hunters and fishermen. Their dams are so numerous that many a lake has had its waters raised considerably, thus contributing to the killing of the shrubs along the banks of the water, and many a good place for the feeding and the hunting of the caribou has been flooded. There will probably be an end to this rapid increase in the number of beaver after the expiration of the present law next autumn. The prohibition to hunt beaver has also contributed to the increase of many other fur-bearing animals, such as the mink and the otter. Trappers have not troubled themselves much about these latter furs, when unable to hunt beavers at the same time. The consequence has been that otters have increased to such an extent that they are working great devastation upon some of the spawning beds of the trout. Besides being great gluttons, these animals are extremely successful fishers, and it does not take a few of them very long to completely destroy all the trout upon a pretty large spawning bed. So many of them are reported upon the spawning beds of the big trout of Lake Edward and the Jeannotte, that trappers in the vicinity are being supplied with traps for the catching of these four-footed anglers, whose pelts are now extremely valuable, though the catching of them is by no means so easy as many might suppose. It is reported that many blood stains on the newly formed ice already mark the scenes of the slaughter of trout by these successful fishers, who practice their art all the year round, respecting no close season and no fishing regulations.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Looking Backward.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The article of L. F. Brown referring to the pleasures and enthusiasm of the youthful sportsman takes me back. Saturday morning—early and no school. Joe stands out in the early morn upon the walk and hurls pebbles at my bedroom window and I start up with a jump—and we are off for the pond armed with rods made from trusty hickory saplings and with bended needle hooks. We were after goldfish and the silvered variety, there being many granddaddies in the pond we were to fish. Bait! Dough with worms as a reserve.

No fly-fisherman ever was more intent upon the arranging of his book of flies as we boys with pincers and kerosene lamp as we tested and bent our needles into barbless hooks. With what care did we carve our floats of cork, arranging them to a nicety. How the old pond comes back to me and the flat rock upon which we sat well shaded with the overhanging willows and a large chestnut. How we sat by the hour patiently waiting for the goldfish to give the sign that sent our floats well below the surface. A strike of a tarpon would to-day send the blood coursing through our veins with less vehemence than did that cork as it disappeared beneath the surface, leaving a rippling ever increasing series of rings upon the shaded surface of the old millpond.

And the day we went home to dinner leaving our poles set and lines in the water—only to find one of the poles being towed upon the surface on our return. The pond was celebrated for its snapping turtles and as a swimming hole was not popular. The ways and means to secure that floating pole with something on the end of that line would have done credit to a marine engineer. But we got the pole at last, and with a mighty haul we snaked his eelish up upon the grass. And then the struggle! Slippery he was, and we certainly would have lost him had we not grabbed handfuls of sand and thus overcome his slimy coat. Excitement! Well, I guess.

And how we strung worms patiently on thread and formed them into a "bob," and at night bobbed for eels. And as we jerked them out upon the grass what an exciting chase to secure them with the lantern's aid before they wriggled back into the water. Jacking a deer or moose for real excitement could not be in it with this.

I have crouched in a pit upon the Dakota prairies and watched a faint speck come from out of the eastern horizon and caught a feeble honk honk with my ears, and have watched motionless and seen the speck form a V, and heard the honk clearly and more clearly yet, and then recognized the outstretched necks of the leery geese, nearer, nearer, but yet afar. This set one's heart thumping, 'tis true, but was not in it with the time I watched Lou level the old musket on the stone wall near the willow that overhung the pond, at the laughing kingfisher that had alighted. It seemed ages until he pulled the trigger, much longer than when our rifleman at Dublin pulled the trigger that sent the deciding bullet that plowed the air through a lane of expectant, anxious onlookers, to finally land upon the bullseye and give America the Palma Trophy.

Yes, friend Brown, 'tis hard to-day to equal the joys and pleasures of the boy who does things with either rod or gun for the first time. I have only to recount to any boy how he stopped his first quail, to see his eyes sparkle and his cheeks get aglow. How many of us can forget after repeated trials how we stopped our

first partridge whirring through the white birches? Who shall forget the first trout he lost and the one he at last landed? The spring days of life afield can rarely be forgotten.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

Increase of Whitefish in Lake Ontario.

ENORMOUS quantities of whitefish were caught this season at the western end of Lake Ontario. Whitefish have increased to such an extent in this part of the lake since the United States hatchery at Cape Vincent has been in operation, that Booth & Co. have been shipping whitefish by the carload to Detroit and Chicago this season. No one at this end of the lake doubts now that the Cape Vincent hatchery is doing great things for Lake Ontario.

SALMO.

Canoing.

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How to Join the A. C. A.

From Chapter I., Section 1, of the By-Laws of the A. C. A.: "Application for membership shall be made to the Treasurer, F. G. Mather, 30 Elk St., Albany, N. Y., and shall be accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and by the sum of two dollars, one dollar as entrance fee and one dollar as dues for the current year, to be refunded in case of non-election of the applicant."

A. C. A. Membership.

THE following have been proposed for membership in the A. C. A.: Wm. A. Roos, Jr., Fred W. Lohr, H. C. Hinck, Jr., Albert Krunke, all of New York, and all members of the Hiawatha C. C.; D. Webster Anders, Philadelphia, Pa.; L. N. A. Bedard, H. R. Hume, H. D. James, E. M. Olin, H. R. Stuart, all members of the Sylvan C. C., and of Pittsburg, Pa.; Thos. I. Taylor, Brookline, Mass.; Wm. Ord, Buffalo, N. Y.

JOHN S. WRIGHT.

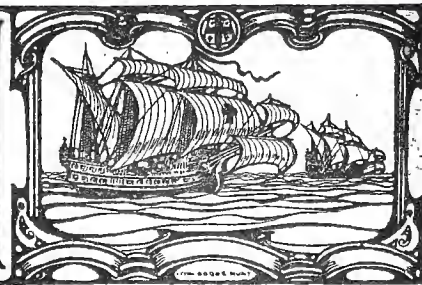
Exhibits at the Sportsmen's Show.

THE following list gives the names of the exhibitors who have taken space on promenade floor of the Garden for the Sportsmen's Show: American Company, Armour & Co., Mahlbach Saddlery Company, G. W. Cole Company, Foster Rubber Company, Bird, Jones & Kenyon, Douglas Manufacturing Company, Wm. Hjorth & Co., Abercrombie & Fitch, E. R. Durkee & Co., Richelieu & Ontario Railway, Canadian Pacific Railroad Company, Grand Trunk Railway Company, Herz & Co., H. L. Rand, Schoverling & Welles, C. L. Altemus & Co., Doubleday, Page & Co., Charles F. Splittorf, Dayton Electric Machine Company, Rudder Publishing Company, Victor Metals Company, Lambert Snyder Vibrator Company, Charles E. Miller, Remy Electrical Company, Wm. Roche, S. L. Crosby Company, State of Maine, State of New York, State of Virginia, H. M. Stevens.

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.



YACHTING



ON November 18, at the meeting of the Society of Naval Architects, at the rooms of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, Mr. Clinton H. Crane, the well-known designer of yachts and power launches, read a very instructive paper. He spoke of the assistance of the automobilist in the development of light weight motors for high speed launches. Mention was also made of lubrication troubles, especially the usual trouble of excessive oil in the rear cylinder. This common defect ought to be easily overcome, and no doubt will be as soon as designers realize its importance.

Mr. A. A. Packard, in his paper, called attention to lessons learned from the July motor boat races held under the auspices of the Eastern Y. C., regarding imperfect carburation and frequent adjustment of carburetors necessary when the boats changed their direction at the turns.

There is another lesson to be learned which might be mentioned, and that is that the same carburation and adjustment used on an automobile, where rarely the full power of the engine is utilized at a certain engine speed, is insufficient in marine work. In the motor boat the maximum engine speed gives the best result with each individual propeller tried. In order to get this best result, the proportions of air and gasoline vapor must be very nearly perfect. In an automobile the engine will run with a mixture much too rich, and if it is in danger of stopping from overload, the clutch is thrown out or gears are changed. In a motor boat, if the mixture is too rich the speed of the engine slackens and the boat immediately feels it. In every high or low speed motor boat engine an auxiliary air supply is absolutely necessary to perfect the mixture and get the maximum power out of the engine. Where once installed, we are safe to say, it has always proved of value, not only in increased power, but in decreased consumption of gasoline. The reason therefor is that the "wire-drawing" being less, larger charges of explosive gas are utilized, and a much finer adjustment of the proportions is permitted than with a needle valve in the gasoline supply.

Recently, in one of our daily papers, we noticed that an excuse was offered for the failure of a high speed auto-boat not making better time than there was no pressure on the gasoline tank. We can readily see how no pressure on the tank may affect an automobile when going up hill, particularly if the engine is under the hood in front while the tank is in the body of the machine, and the machine is inclined as on a hill; but where the level is always the same, as in a motor boat, it is hard to see how pressure would affect gasoline feed to a float feed carburetor, providing there was sufficient sized piping from the tank.

In the Yachtsman of November 3 there appears a very interesting article by Rankin Kennedy, C.E., of Rankin Kennedy & Sons, on the hydraulic jet propeller. This method of propulsion has been twice tried by British naval authorities. The last time, in 1883, it developed but 32.2 per cent. total efficiency against 50 per cent. with a similar screw propelled boat. In analyzing the results, he found from the official reports that the pump losses were no less than 54 per cent. and the loss in the jet 30 per cent. He found pump makers ready to furnish their product rated at 10 horsepower and higher with a guaranteed efficiency of 80 per cent. He made actual tests with various jets, with 12ft. to 16ft. head of water, and by means of specially designed jets noted efficiency of from 65 to 90 per cent. With 85 per cent. as standard jet efficiency, and 80 per cent. pump efficiency, he secured a result of 68 per cent. In 1883 the very best having been but 32.2 per cent., he shows over 100 per cent. improvement.

The form of propeller showing best results is decidedly novel, and although it is not destined to take the place of the screw-propeller, it may be found useful in many cases for marine propulsion.

It is said that recent experiments at the Massachusetts School of Technology have shown an efficiency in water jets of better than 98 per cent. From this Mr. Kennedy makes the deduction that 80 per cent. pump efficiency and 95 per cent. jet efficiency will produce a result of 76 per cent. against the very best screw-propeller efficiency ever obtained of 71 per cent. These experiments will no doubt be of interest to many engine builders and propeller designers.

From Fishing to Gasolene.

BOSTON, Nov. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been so interested in F. K. Grain's articles on gas engines that for the first time in years, fishing crank though I am, the fishing columns of my FOREST AND STREAM no longer claim my first attention. I feel that Mr. Grain's articles give a better and clearer explanation of the vagaries of the gas engine to the novice than anything I have yet seen, and wish to know if they are to appear in book form. With his book in my pocket, I am confident I shall no longer be obliged to search my brain for new invectives to hurl at that balky, oath-compelling motor of mine, and instead of a domineering, pitiless master, it will become a reliable and obedient servant.

HERBERT AUSTIN.

GAS ENGINES AND LAUNCHES BEING EXPORTED.—The Lozier Motor Company report recent sales abroad as follows: 36ft. cabin launch with 10 horsepower two-cycle double cylinder engines, for Punta Arenas, Chile; engines have also been shipped to Manila, Buenos Ayres, Cabanas, Cuba, and Mexico City. This firm's export trade is reported unusually good, and demand constantly increasing, notwithstanding high freight rates and duties.

Gas Engines and Launches.

(Continued from page 414.)

BY F. K. GRAIN.

A Few Engine Wrinkles.

A FEW wrinkles gleaned from a vast store of experience will unquestionably be of help to some.

Painting and Cleaning Engine.

To repaint your engine, first clean it thoroughly with gasoline, then sandpaper it down and give it a coat of shellac, after which one good coat of enamel paint will produce a lasting finish. In order to preserve bright parts, keep them well greased with vaseline. Never clean your engine up or wipe it off after it has been used; allow the oil to stand on the surface and wipe it off before using. Brass work may also be kept bright by a coating of vaseline.

Batteries.

Dry batteries, when used, should be boxed, and it is a good plan to connect them in a box to the binding post on the outside, placing the coil also in the box, with the switch fastened to the outside. A strap handle can then be fastened to the box and the whole outfit removed and put under cover ashore. This will always preserve your batteries from moisture, save you not a little money, but a great deal of annoyance and trouble.

Spark Coils.

Spark coils that have become thoroughly saturated with water may be dried out by putting them in an oven and, unless saturated with salt water, will probably not suffer very much.

Insulations.

Mica insulations, as used in the majority of engines, are made of hydraulic pressed mica. To make a home-made washer, take the ordinary stove mica and cut the washer out with a gouge. The mica tube can be wound over the spindle, by holding it under water while winding—this will prevent cracking. Round bullseyes of glass for sight feed lubricators can also be cut from glass by using a stout pair of shears, holding the whole under water.

Pipe Sizes, Joints, Etc.

In making pipe joints for gas or gasoline, use shellac on the joints, or if that is not at hand, ordinary brown soap will do where the joint is for gas only. Glue will make a very secure joint; but never use any form of lead on the joints.

Steam, water and gas pipe is made in the following sizes: $\frac{1}{8}$, $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{3}{8}$, $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{3}{4}$, 1, 1 $\frac{1}{4}$, all butt welded, and from thence up, varying half an inch, all lap welded, the measurements being the inside diameter. Brass pipe of the same sizes can also be had, usually seamless drawn. It is called brass pipe iron-size. Of course brass pipe is made in all kinds of varying sizes and thicknesses, called tubing, which is, however, not adapted to the stand and pipe threads. Brass and iron pipe can be bent into almost any shape by filling it with melted resin, and after bending, dissolving the resin. The iron fittings, such as elbows, tees, etc., used in iron piping for gas engines, are generally of malleable iron and designated as gas fittings. Gasoline pipes, connecting the engine with the tank, are of either lead, brass or copper. The lead pipe, of course, can be bought at any plumber's; but for a really good outfit there is now on the market a seamless copper-annealed tubing, which is very strong, and yet can be bent into any shape. It has the advantage of being very small in diameter, and is generally used double to prevent failure in case of stoppage of one of the tubes.

Tools.

Every launch should have an outfit of tools suitable for an adjustment to the engine. A good selection is an 8-inch and a 14-inch pipe wrench, a 10-inch monkey wrench and a small bicycle wrench. We add to this the usual small screwdriver, a pair of pliers, two or three files, and a sheet of emery cloth. The tools should be kept well greased and wrapped in an oiled cloth, and should be taken along every trip, as they will often save you being towed in.

Propellers, Bearings, Packings.

It very often happens that a propeller wheel will foul up with eel grass, or perhaps a rope, in this case it can be usually removed by reversing the direction of the propeller wheel. If the propeller wheel is put on by the ordinary taper and should come loose, uncouple the shaft from the engine and slide it back until clear of the coupling, holding the shaft firmly and giving the end of it a sharp blow with any piece of metal that is handy, being careful not to upset the end of the propeller shaft. Of course this operation is to be followed up as soon as practical by hauling the boat out and setting up on the jam nut, on the outboard end of the shaft.

Packing.

Packing for stuffing boxes, where the stuffing box is sufficiently large enough to admit it, use square Italian hemp, which is laid up in Albany grease, for sale at all outfitters. This packing is not made smaller than one-quarter of an inch; for smaller sizes it is best to

rebraid a part of the strands of small hemp and thoroughly saturate with grease. Both of these packings should be cut so that they form a ring exactly surrounding the shaft, using say two to three rings and placing them so that the joints are broken. Never put in packing by winding it around continuously, as in this form it is sure to cause trouble.

Set Screws.

Set screws, usually employed in small engines for fastening the propeller shaft into the coupling of the engine, are very much inclined to slip, and it is generally the case that once slipping, they will continue to do so. Therefore, in putting in your shaft, set up on the set screw until a mark is made on the shaft, then remove the shaft and file a flat spot sufficiently large for the point of the set screw to rest on. Where set screws are exposed, in any locality where they are liable to come in contact with the occupants of the boat, they should in all cases be protected by a covering of some kind, as they are very dangerous.

Speaking of pipe and monkey wrenches, never use a pipe wrench on a nut bolt, or any part of the machine which it is liable to mar, as it will surely leave its mark.

If it is desired to use a pipe wrench on a round finished surface, wrap a piece of tin around the surface then grip this with the wrench. A very good substitute for a pipe wrench is the ordinary monkey wrench, laying a square nail or the end of a file on the object so that the wrench will jam. This little trick will often act as a good substitute for the pipe wrench.

Installation of Marine Gasolene Engines.

BY A. E. POTTER.

AT this season of the year there are many who contemplate ordering new power boats or engines for the coming season. To them in particular, as well as to the manufacturers or salesmen, it is essential that the installation be made as safe as possible. Some manufacturers realize this necessity and insist on the very safest possible; others realize it, but count the cost; while others still are careless or ignorant of what is necessary to protect the lives of their patrons or their own reputation.

It is to be regretted that there are no federal requirements covering the installation of all gasoline explosive engines. As the regulations now stand, the only inspection necessary is for boats of over fifteen tons, used for commercial purposes. The local inspectors make any rules they see fit in the absence of specific ones, vary them as they please, enforce them or not as suits them.

No boat propelled by steam used for any purpose whatever, even the ferry boat hauled across the river by a chain, is exempt from inspection, and must have a licensed man in charge, no matter whether he uses the boat for his own pleasure, taking out his family or friends, or in carrying passengers or freight.

This regulation, I understand, was originally made to allow the use of naphtha and similar powered boats to be used for yacht tenders, made before the general use of the gasoline explosive engine for boat work.

There are to-day plenty of people who would enjoy motor boating were they sure of a safe installation. I maintain that no one should be allowed to expose other people to unnecessary danger, growing out of his want of knowledge of the requirements of safety installation. The licensing of the operator is unnecessary, but the inspection and registering of the boat is decidedly important.

The same rules should not apply to all boats. Regulations to be followed in installing an engine as auxiliary power in a cabin boat would necessarily be more exacting than in a small open launch. In a boat with a cabin and the engine installed in the cockpit, the regulations would need to be different from where the engine was inside the cabin.

I should suggest the adoption of three sets of rules. These would work no great hardship to manufacturers or owners and the increased number in use would more than pay the slightly increased cost. The rules could be made to apply to all boats built or engines installed after a certain time with certain modifications for installations already made.

Open launches should have tanks made of copper or heavy iron, galvanized after it is made. These tanks should be in separate tight compartments, suitably vented with vent holes covered with gauze to keep fire from entering. Tank should have a circulation of water around it to wash out any accumulation of gasoline in the compartment. Piping should pass outside close to the keel, and be protected from injury. For this purpose, annealed seamless brass pipe should be used. From where it enters the boat to the vaporizer, soft copper pipe should be used, with one or two bends in it to allow for a little vibration. A tight bulkhead should extend from directly back of the engine to directly in front, provided with a hand pump, so that water or any leaked gasoline would be easily removed. The air inlets to the carburetor, vaporizer, or auxiliary should be always covered with wire gauze strainers to prevent flame passing from the cylinders into the lower part of the boat where it might ignite an accumulation of gas.

These same rules would apply to installation in a cabin boat with the engine outside the cabin. In addition there should be an independent bilge pump run by the engine to keep this engine compartment free from water and any chance gasoline floating on top.

When the engine is installed below deck or inside the cabin, an additional precaution should be taken. All relief or pet cocks connecting with the explosive chambers

of the engine should be either piped into the engine exhaust or outboard by an independent line. Under no circumstances should an engine installed in a cabin be allowed to belch fire from a pet or relief cock with any liability of igniting accumulated gas.

All tanks should be provided with shut-off cocks or valves at both tanks and just inside the skin of the boat where the gasoline pipe enters.

These are simple precautionary rules, and are not expensive. If you follow them out and are reasonably careful in operating your engine, you may laugh at all ordinary dangers from the use of gasoline in the motor boat. Ounces of prevention, perhaps, etc. Under no conditions whatever should any air pressure be allowed in the gasoline tank.

Log of the Launch Clara.

THE following account of the cruise of the 37ft. launch Clara from Miami, Florida, to New York via the Gulf of Mexico, Mississippi River, Great Lakes, Erie Canal, and Hudson River, was taken from her log book. The boat is owned by Mr. F. D. Hughes, and he was accompanied on the memorable trip by his wife and one paid hand.

Clara was designed and built by the New York Yacht, Launch and Engine Company, at Morris Heights, in 1902. She showed up to remarkable advantage on the long trip. Since she was built she has been driven continuously for thousands of miles in all kinds of wind and weather, and has stood all the severe tests given her splendidly.

The boat is 37ft. over all, 34ft. waterline, 9ft. 6in. breadth, and 3ft. draft. She is fitted with a 10 horsepower gasoline motor. She carries a little canvas, being rigged with a lug sail forward and a jigger aft.

In company with Clara during parts of the trip were two other gasoline power boats, both designed and built also by the New York Yacht, Launch and Engine Company. Palmetto, owned by Mr. T. A. Snider, was 65ft. over all, while Mr. H. C. Roome's Roamer was some three feet longer.

MIAMI, FLA., MARCH 29, 1904.

Day broke with a fresh N.E. wind blowing. Everything was aboard, and the boat was soon in shape for starting. Broke out the anchor and got under way at 9:30 A. M. Set both sails and headed for Caesar's Creek, which place we reached at 1 P. M. and anchored. During the early part of the afternoon a nasty squall, which had been making up, broke out of the N. and W. The rain that accompanied was very heavy. It soon cleared up, and at 4 P. M. we hoisted anchor and ran down Hawk's Channel to Angelfish Creek. After passing through the latter, Card Sound was reached. Thence to Steamboat Creek, where we had fine fishing catching mangrove snappers and grouper. We reached Barne's Sound via Steamboat Creek, thence to Jewfish Creek, anchoring for the night at the mouth of the latter stream. The foregoing is strictly the inland passage, and the stretch from Caesar's Creek to Indian Key should not be attempted by boats drawing more than 3ft. First day's run about 55 miles.

JEWFISH CREEK, FLA., MARCH 30.

A beautiful day, fresh E. wind. Started in good season and went through Jewfish Creek to Blackwater Sound and across the Sound to a cut called Boggy, and between the keys to Lignum Vitæ Key, where we anchored. In this vicinity are located Indian Key and Tea Table Key, and off on the reef is Alligator Light, where big fish of all kinds are to be found. We fished two hours on the flood tide, but did not land a tarpon; caught three big grouper and two jacks. Experienced several rain squalls with a shift of wind to N.E. When moon rose, clearing the clouds away, it turned out to be a beautiful night.

LIGNUM VITÆ KEY, FLA., MARCH 31.

At 5:30 A. M. we hoisted sail and weighed anchor; the wind was fresh from the E. Had a fine run across the shoals to Cape Sable, wind and tide both with us. When off Northwest Cape the wind shifted to N.E., blowing very fresh, and we anchored off Pavillion Key at 4 P. M. We lowered small boat to hunt for clams, but had poor luck; we did, however, find a queer shell-fish known as the angel-wing clam, although we had to dig down three feet for it.

PAVILLION KEY, FLA., APRIL 1.

Another beautiful day; wind S.E. All hands turned out early to look for clams again, and by 6:30 had a ton of hard clams, which proved to be very tender and delicious. Later we left for Punta Rassa, and anchored off St. James City about 6 P. M. Passed Mr. N. M. George's yacht Granatsa, of Bridgeport, Conn., off Naples, headed east. Found Aristook anchored off St. James City.

ST. JAMES CITY, FLA., APRIL 2.

At 7 A. M. left for Useppa Island, which place we reached at 9:45 A. M., and tied up to a dock. Engaged a guide for tarpon fishing, as our man George was too sick to handle the oars. I lost the noon fishing, and was not able to fish until the moon rose at night. Went down to Boca Grande, towing the guide and his boat astern, anchored off quarantine. Mr. Emory, of Boston, came aboard at 7:30. Mrs. H. went out with guide in small boat and fished for tarpon until midnight; had one strike, and just before leaving hooked a big fish; after fighting for over half an hour, lost it. Twenty boats were out for tarpon and a picturesque sight it was in the moonlight. The sponge schooners coming down the bay looked for all the world like phantom ships. Only two tarpon landed; last night, however, six were caught. After fishing the midnight tide, we pulled up anchor and sailed back to Useppa. The big English auxiliary Valhalla was anchored at Boca Grande.

USEPPA ISLAND, FLA., APRIL 3.

Sailed out of Boca Grande at 9 A. M.; fresh N.W. wind blowing, so concluded to make Gasparilla Pass, which we entered at 10 o'clock, and found a fine harbor, hard beach and beautiful water. Shot a few snipe, which proved very good eating.

GASPARILLA PASS, FLA., APRIL 4.

Wind N.E., blowing strong and very cool; lay at anchor all day, turning in about eight after a lazy day.

GASPARILLA PASS, FLA., APRIL 5.

Crossed the bar at 6 A. M., wind blowing fresh from E. N.E. Off Horse and Chaise Point 8:25, both sails drawing well, passed Egmont Key and up Tampa Bay to Tampa, tying up to the hotel dock at 6 o'clock; 97 miles day's run.

TAMPA, FLA., APRIL 6.

Fine and clear. Tampa has made wonderful progress during the last few years, and is now a lively, go-ahead city. Clara was hauled out to fix stern bearing; think the trouble lies in too much packing. She was run off ways in one hour.

TAMPA, FLA., APRIL 7-13.

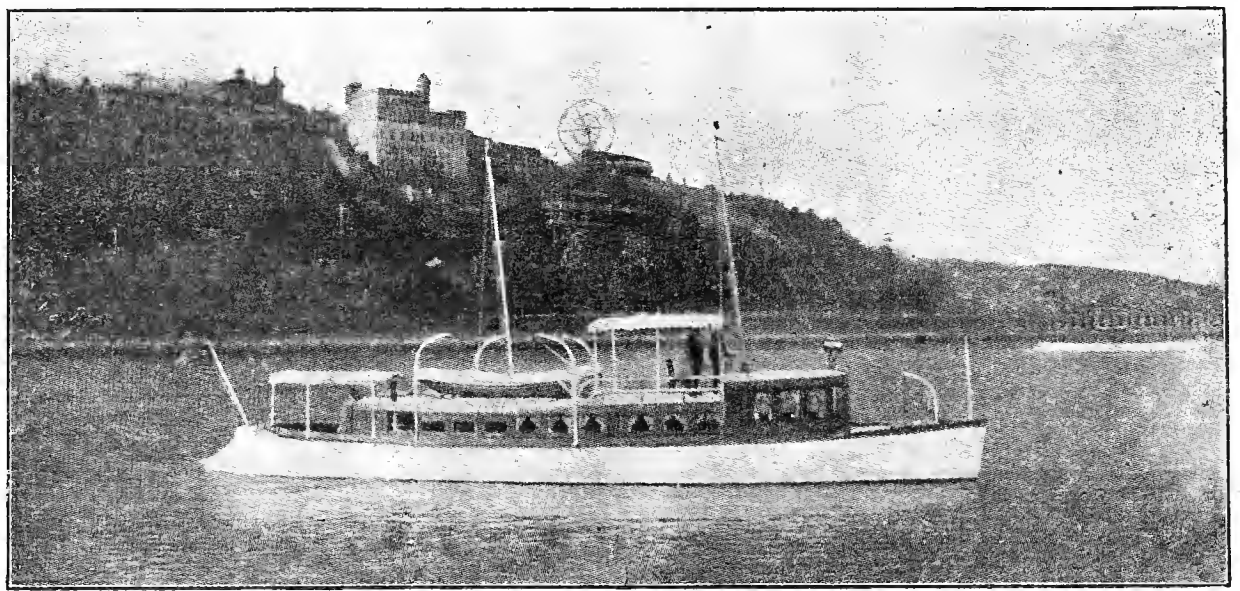
Remained at anchor, having decided to await the arrival of the launch Roamer, owned by Mr. H. C. Roome. Weather was delightful during our stay, but as the days slipped by, began getting very restless. One night we dined at the Gran Oriente, Ybor City, and found the bad Spanish cooking anything but palatable. On the 13th we filled Clara's tanks with gasoline.

TAMPA, FLA., APRIL 14.

A trifle warmer to-day; armed with marine glasses we boarded a trolley car for Port Tampa, hoping to sight Roamer or Palmetto. Was surprised to see Mr. T. A. Snider, owner of Palmetto get aboard the same car, also bound for Port Tampa to meet his wife and wait for his yacht, which was expected that night.

TAMPA, FLA., APRIL 15.

Ninety degrees in the shade, wind N.W., but too hot. Left at 2 P. M. for lower bay; just at sundown sighted two yachts off Mullett Key; one proved to be Roamer, headed up the bay for an anchorage. Wind shifted to N.E. We dropped anchor off Mullett Key; about mid-



PALMETTO.

Designed and built by the New York Yacht, Launch and Engine Co., of Morris Heights, N. Y., for T. A. Snider, Cincinnati, O.

night the wind shifted to S.E., causing us to roll so much sleep was out of the question.

OFF QUARANTINE, MULLETT KEY, FLA., APRIL 16.

Wind S.E., with smooth sea; left at daybreak. Caught a kingfish off Pass-a-Grille; the bay is full of small kingfish averaging ten pounds apiece. They are very good eating. Also saw many pompano jumping, and finally caught three Spanish mackerel. Sighted Anclote Light at 9:45; rounded light at 10:30; continued on up the Anclote River, where we anchored and had dinner and a nap to make up for lost sleep. Wishing to get on to the good fishing grounds, we hoisted anchor, started up the engine, and headed for the channel to the northward of Anclote Key, where we anchored. In coloring these waters are like Biscayne Bay, and teem with fish of all kinds. All the spongers and fishermen in schooners and sloops, the former type of boat predominating, are bound in for Sponge Harbor to stay over Sunday; all boats are crowded with canvas, impatient to get home. Had poor success at fishing, so up anchor and sailed into Sponge Harbor. The smell of sponge curing is not pleasant. Weather fine, air delicious; 45 miles to-day.

SPONGE HARBOR, ANCLOTE KEYS, FLA., APRIL 17.

Left 7:45; off Withlacoochee Bar at noon; big steamer coming out; at first sight she looked as if she was aground, as the deep channel winds among the shoals. Fine run and beautiful day; N. wind. Tied to dock at Cedar Keys about 4:15; bought the papers and looked the town over, then left for Sea Horse Key, where we anchored for night. Wind shifted from light N. to fresh S.W. Twenty-five schooners, all spongers, anchored in the harbor.

SEA HORSE KEY, FLA., APRIL 18.

All hands up by 5:30, but found too much fog to make a start, so had a leisurely breakfast. The spongers had disappeared, some getting away by midnight. By 10 o'clock the fog had lifted, and it turned out a beautiful day. About 3:30 fresh S. W. breeze sprang up; toward night it died down. Much disappointed that the yachts Roamer and Palmetto have not shown up. Sailed up to Cedar Keys for the papers and to mail letters. The town is in a dilapidated condition. At one time it must have been prosperous, as some of the houses now abandoned are very solid looking. Went through the oyster factory and saw the process of canning oysters.

SEA HORSE KEY, FLA., APRIL 19.

Off by 5:30. N. wind; afterward shifting to N.W.; toward evening shifted to W. A beautiful day and we had a fine run. The sea was a little lumpy for twenty miles then it was smooth until W. wind sprang up, kicking up quite a chop. Anchored off St. Mark's Light at 6:30; run 100 miles. Caught several Spanish mackerel and one cavale troling; saw a big fish jump out of the water; made a jump of five or six feet. The color of the water has changed from a beautiful blue to a dingy green.

ST. MARK'S, FLA., APRIL 20.

Light N.E. wind, and after a good breakfast—a fine porterhouse steak and delicious grape fruit—we left St. Mark's at 6:40. The kingfish were jumping all around

us, the water being fairly alive with them; put out a line and caught several Spanish mackerel in a few minutes. The kingfish are evidently bound up the numerous rivers on the Florida coast to spawn. Up to date have caught all the fish we could use, and at Tampa stocked up with fine meats, etc., so that we have lived like lords. Entered Apalachicola Bay through East Pass, and on up to Apalachicola, a town of 5,000 inhabitants. This place is noted for its oysters, and they excel in flavor the famous Lynn Haven Bay's. After looking the town over, we left for the lower anchorage, St. George's Light, where we spent the night. About 3 P. M. a strong S. wind sprang up.

ST. GEORGE CAPE, APALACHICOLA BAY, APRIL 21.

Light N. wind. After breakfast crossed the bar, going out of the West Pass at 6 A. M. Beautiful day, and very smooth, the sea like molten metal; passed Cape San Blas close to and over the shoals. Crossed St. Andrew's bar at 1 P. M., and anchored in Hurricane Harbor. The exhaust pipe is leaking, so devoted the afternoon to repairing same. The waters are very beautiful, shading from a sapphire blue to various shades of green. Wind has shifted to S.W. About 5:30 the yachts Roamer and Palmetto arrived and anchored near us, the Roomes came aboard in their power tender, and we were glad to see them. The wind shifted to N.E., blowing hard. About midnight it worked round to the E.

ST. ANDREW'S SOUND, FLA., APRIL 22.

Wind E., blowing hard. Palmetto left at daylight for East Pass. Roamer did not start and we decided to wait for better weather. However, it turned out all right; had we made the run we should have had the benefit of a fair wind. At noon we ran alongside Roamer and invited Commodore and Mrs. Roome to go up to St. Andrew's

with us. We ran up to the dock and tied up, then went ashore to inspect the town and buy some stores, ice, etc. It is a small place, with no communication with the outer world except a steamer twice a week. Oyster canning seems to be the main industry. This is a fine body of water, as clear and beautiful as the waters around Key West. During the night the wind blew hard from the E.

ST. ANDREW'S SOUND, FLA., APRIL 23.

Over the bar at 5 A. M.; quite a sea on, but did not realize how bad it really was until we had been gone about half an hour. At times the seas were very high, and we had both sails set running before it. It was the biggest sea we have ever been out in, but we never took a drop of water aboard. We realized that if the wind shifted to the S. any more it would be extremely nasty, so ran along shore. About 11 A. M. we were off East Pass, and decided to try and make it, although it seemed foolhardy and impossible to go in through such broken water; but there was little choice; if we kept on to Pensacola it was doubtful if we could live in such a sea, and in any event it meant hours of tossing about, so in we started. This is a bad bar to cross, as there is only six feet of water on it and nine fathoms outside close to the bar, and the sea breaks with tremendous force. After crossing the first breaker, we had to haul up on the ranges, which forced us to put the boat broadside to the sea; one immense breaker caught us and almost rolled us over; then another caught us with a sickening crash; we thought it was all up with us that time, but she righted and shot into the smooth waters of Santa Rosa Sound. Oh, the relief and the beauty of this world, doubly intensified by our nearness to death; the trees looked greener, the sky bluer, and everything took on a beauty hitherto unseen. Life is indeed sweet. We stopped at the fish dock long enough to repair damages, such as righting the stove, sweeping up broken crockery, putting the carpets out to dry, etc. No damage whatever to the boat, not even a window broken. In fifteen minutes we were off through the Narrows into Santa Rosa Sound. Stopped at quarantine, where we found Roamer, she having crossed Pensacola Bar a few minutes previous. After going through the formality of seeing the doctor, we sailed on up to Pensacola, tying up to the wharf at Baylen street. Went ashore for mail and stores; found quite a lively town.

The U. S. warships Olympia, Kearsarge, the torpedo boat Truxton, and a number of others were anchored there.

PENSACOLA, FLA., APRIL 24.

Wind blowing very fresh from S.E.; rode through town on trolley; our explorations afforded us considerable amusement.

PENSACOLA, FLA., APRIL 25.

Wind still blowing heavy from S.E. to S.W.; wrong quarter for us to make a start.

PENSACOLA, FLA., APRIL 26.

Went down to Fort Pickens to look the sea over; anchored, intending to get an early start in the morning, but we dragged, and the bay was very rough, so returned

to our snug berth at Baylen street wharf. Wind N.W. in the morning, but shifted to S.W. again.

PENSACOLA, FLA., APRIL 27.

Wind N.W.; left at 4:50 A. M.; crossed the bar at 5, wind blowing strong from N.W.; passed through the Swash Channel into Mobile Bay, where we found a big sea, so rough we could not lay our course to Grant's Pass, but had to keep her head to it until we struck the shoals, then headed for Grant's Pass, through which we sailed into Mississippi Sound and up to Pascagoula. The storm signals are up for a N.W. gale; 90 miles made to-day.

PASCAGOULA, MISS., APRIL 28.

Fresh N. wind blowing when we started, but let up considerably toward noon, then blew strong in puffs. Had a fine run across the Sound, passing many sloops and schooners engaged in oystering. Entered Lake Borgne by Grand Island Pass, but left Grassy Island on the starboard; after a short run, sighted the beacon marking the entrance to Lake Borgne Canal, into which we passed, and after a delightful run tied up at the lock at 4 P. M.; 23½ miles to our credit to-day. The lock keeper informed us that Palmetto had locked through at 3 P. M. After looking the Mississippi River over from the levee, decided to wait until morning to lock through. It seems very strange to be lower than the big river.

LAKE BORGNE CANAL, LA., APRIL 29.

Slight fog, N. wind. Locked through and entered the Mississippi River about 7:30. The experience was novel and not so bad as it looked the night before. As one looked out on the river and watched the logs fly by, it seemed impossible to ever stem such a current, but by working the eddies and counter currents, one can make from five to six miles an hour. Tied up at Algiers just above the Morgan street ferry, which is very convenient to New Orleans. What a busy city, and what a panorama the levees afford, teeming with life afloat and ashore. The toll charge through Lake Borgne Canal is 10 cents per foot. Went ashore and had lunch at the Cosmopolitan Café, then boarded a car for Lake Ponchartrain, where we found Roamer. The weather is cool for this time of the year.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., APRIL 30.

Beautiful day, slightly warmer; leaking badly again through the stern bearing. Went through the French market and old French quarter; its glories have departed, and we found the old Royal Hotel being torn down.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., MAY 1.

Quite warm, and heavy showers during the day. We left Algiers and headed up river to Audubon Park. About 5 P. M. weather cleared, and it turned out to be a beautiful moonlight night. We suffered from the mosquitoes quite a little.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., MAY 2.

Clear and cold; cleaned up the boat and took matters easily all day.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., MAY 5.

After an early breakfast we went down to the French market to purchase stores, and afterward returned to the boat and got away by 10 o'clock. We had a good run of 83 miles, and dropped anchor three miles from College Point near a cottonwood grove. The air was thick with blackbirds on their way North, and they sang and chattered until dark. The pump bothered us a good deal, the check valves getting stopped up with fine sand.

COLLEGE POINT, LA., MAY 6.

Proceeded at 6 A. M. Made good time, both sails drawing well. The wind is fair and heavy; in the afternoon it proved too heavy for the driver, and it pulled out the block, so had to take in sail. Off Missouri Bend the weather looked so threatening we tied up to the bank or levee to see what it would amount to; in a few minutes we were deluged with rain, but no wind, so cast off and proceeded on to Baton Rouge, where we tied up to dock, or rather coal barge, for night; 73 miles day's run.

BATON ROUGE, LA., MAY 7.

Beautiful day, very clear and cool. After breakfast we went ashore to see what could be had for the table, but were informed that it was against the law to sell meat after 8 A. M. Found a nice town, most interesting because it was so very southern. At 10:30 we cast off and made a good run to Iowa Point, 50 miles. Just below St. Francisville we passed an old cemetery belonging to St. Francis Church, and the river had encroached on it to such an extent that one half of it was washed away and in the vaults (the dead are buried above ground in Louisiana) we saw skulls piled up; in several vaults entire skeletons were visible, a gruesome sight. This is a most interesting cruise so far. The town of St. Francisville looked beautiful nestled up on the bluff.

IOWA BEND, LA., MAY 8.

Up anchor and off by 5:15. Shortly after noon the S.W. wind sprang up and helped us considerably. We had company all day in the shape of the Mississippi steamer Betsy Ann, and while she was faster than Clara, she had to make many landings, and in that way she averaged down to our speed, so that we were together until just below Natchez, when we lost sight of her. A bad squall made up in the W. so we dropped anchor close to the shore with Natchez two miles away. The squall worked away from us and was very picturesque, much lightning and thunder and a heavy downpour for a few minutes. We ran 82½ miles in 14 hours, but in places we struck a terrific current. Turned in early and slept heavily.

NATCHEZ, MISS., MAY 9.

Fine weather continues, although slightly cooler to-day, but exhilarating. Rested and spent some time ashore, and found Natchez a charming southern city.

NATCHEZ, MISS., MAY 10.

Visited the market before 6; plenty of fresh vegetables, but not a great variety of meat. The native beef, however, is very tender, juicy and sweet. Returned to the boat to get breakfast and got under way at 11 A. M. We found the people of Natchez very courteous and obliging, and our short stay proved very delightful. Anchored for night just below St. Joseph's, 50 miles. Put 25 gallons of gasoline at 25 cents per gallon aboard.

ST. JOSEPH'S, LA., MAY 11.

Made a fairly early start, getting off at 5:30; a beautiful day. Made a good run to Vicksburg, tying up at 5:30 P. M. Off Diamond Island Towhead we touched bottom on sandbar, but did not get hung up. This is the first time we have been near the bottom on the Mississippi River. St. Joseph's is a busy city; cotton is high, and everybody seemed prosperous.

VICKSBURG, MISS., MAY 12.

Took aboard 150 gallons of gasoline at 15 cents; also stored up with groceries, provisions, etc. Weather is very warm and mosquitoes very plentiful.

VICKSBURG, MISS., MAY 13.

Off at 6 A. M.; made a good run to Lake Providence, arriving there about 4 P. M. Encountered an awful current through Island 95, off Point Lookout; the island, we found, had washed away, and is a sea of snags. We found Island No. 97 also washed away. Upon reaching Lake Providence we spoke a small launch coming out and inquired of them how great a draft could go through into the lake. They said 3 feet, and we gave them a line, as they had broken down, and towed them through the canal, built by Gen. Grant, into the lake, tying up at the levee. We found Vicksburg a clean, progressive town.

LAKE PROVIDENCE, LA., MAY 14.

After a leisurely breakfast, we made a start at 7 A. M.; weather clear and cool; made a good run to Greenville, where we tied up for the night at 6:30. Found many changes off Island 86.

GREENVILLE, MISS., MAY 15.

Beautiful spring day; lay quietly in our berth all day; the only excitement was a colored Baptist congregation assembled on the bank of the river to baptize two women. Very dirty town, but fine modern hotel.

GREENVILLE, MISS., MAY 16.

Had an early breakfast and went ashore to buy fresh vegetables and stores. Off by 6:30 A. M. Tied up at Arkansas City about 2 o'clock; 40 miles day's run.

ARKANSAS CITY, ARKANSAS, MAY 17.

Off at 5 P. M.; made a good run of 90 miles; not actual, but 90 miles further on our way, owing to the many cut-offs. We found the chutes very good and the current off Pushmata was very swift. We anchored at sundown in chute off Island 66. A steamer passed through in the night bound up stream. Off Scrubgrass Island had a heavy rain and wind squall; soon over, however, and a beautiful sunset followed.

CHUTE OF ISLAND NO. 66, MISSISSIPPI RIVER, MAY 19.

A cool and bracing day. Off by 5 A. M.; a steamer passed us bound south. Arrived at Helena, Ark., at 12:30, tied up to a raft there and went ashore to look for stores, etc. Rather attractive is Helena. We bought a fine porterhouse steak for 15 cents per pound, and delicious strawberries; in fact, all food seemed first-class and reasonable. In the afternoon we were made uncomfortable by the transfer ferry used to transfer the cars across the river. This ferry made a huge wash, causing us to roll heavily.

HELENA, ARK., MAY 20.

Weather decidedly cool; Roamer and Palmetto hove in sight about 10 A. M. Took on thirty gallons of gasoline at 17 cents. At 11 A. M. we cast off and proceeded up the river; tried a short cut off Harbin's Point, and Palmetto followed. It proved to be a regular cul de sac, and we had to go back and around, losing much time. Palmetto got aground and we gave her a line and pulled her off. We had the pleasure of seeing Roamer go by while we were hunting for a passage through the supposed cut-off. Then we tackled the biggest puzzle of the trip, Bordeaux Chute and Commerce Cut-Off, so completely changed were they that the Government charts were of no use. We were through the Bordeaux Chute before we knew it; before reaching the chute we saw a big bar making almost across the river. It looked impossible to get across it or around it; however, we finally got around it, and by using judgment and reading the water, we got through all right, and tied up astern of Roamer for the night off Star Landing. After dinner, went aboard Roamer to compare charts and found Mr. Roome had secured information regarding the changes in the river from Capt. Goode, one of the best pilots on the Mississippi. Mr. Roome very kindly gave us the information, and marked the various changes in the river as far as Memphis on our charts.

OFF STAR LANDING, MISSISSIPPI RIVER, MAY 20.

Up and off by 4 o'clock, reaching Memphis at 9:45 A. M. Found Memphis to be a fine city, clean and up-to-date. Many people came down to see the yachts. Capt. Goode came aboard and we also had the pleasure of meeting his wife.

MEMPHIS, TENN., MAY 21.

Hot day. We rode out to the race track, where Lou Dillon was quartered, but did not see her trot. The track seems very fine. Before breakfast, went to the market; bought fine spring lamb, green peas and fresh vegetables. The best of everything is to be had here.

MEMPHIS, TENN., MAY 22.

Weather hot; lay off the levee all day.

MEMPHIS, TENN., MAY 23.

Went ashore early, as weather is decidedly hot. The new pump arrived and was put in place immediately.

MEMPHIS, TENN., MAY 24.

Left at 4:30 A. M., and after a long day's run tied up astern of Roamer at 7; mosquitoes very thick; 92½ miles the day's run.

OFF FORKED DEER ISLAND, MAY 24.

Started at 5 A. M., arriving at New Madrid, Mo., at 6:45. We encountered many long bars, but owing to our light draft, we were able to work the shoal places, keeping on the edge out of the strong current and sometimes cutting across. The day's run was 82 miles.

NEW MADRID, MO., MAY 26.

Off at 5 o'clock; cool S. wind blowing. Passed an old ferry boat worked by two mules on a treadmill, thus turn-

ing the stern wheel, and steered by a man forward working a leeboard. The boat was a very interesting and primitive affair. After bucking a strong current for two hours we reached Cairo about 4 P. M. and tied up to a coal barge, but were immediately informed it would cost us \$5 a day to remain there, so we cast off and tied up to a barge belonging to a Mr. Barrett opposite the Halliday Elevator. There we learned we might not have to pay more than \$2.50 a day. This struck us as being extortion, and we cast off the lines and left with the purpose of going to some point further up stream. Remembering we had left our charts aboard Roamer, we attempted to anchor on the Mississippi side of Cairo, but owing to the swift current the anchor would not hold, so back we went into the Ohio River, and anchored across from Cairo in Kentucky waters. In the meantime the wind sprang up and blew half a gale, and the sea was big in both rivers; the boat rolled uncomfortably until midnight, when the wind let up. Our experiences at Cairo have completely disgusted us with the place.

CAIRO, ILL., MAY 27.

The day dawned cool and cloudy; hoisted anchor and went across the river and tied up alongside Roamer, intending to stay only long enough to get our charts and necessary stores, and then leave for a more friendly port. The wharfmaster, however, informed us we would have to pay \$2.50 for tying up to Roamer for an hour or he would libel the boat. We told him to go ahead and collect if he could, and if necessary we would stay there and fight it. He then changed his attitude, and informed us if we left immediately it would be all right. We expressed our willingness to leave, and within a few minutes were on our way up the Mississippi. Roamer followed shortly after, and both of us were glad, indeed, to depart. This wharfage outrage is not the fault of the Cairo residents. They deplore it as much as the victims. It is the result of one man owning all the water front and charging what he pleases, leaving the unfortunates that approach by water with no facilities whatever for getting ashore. I would strongly advise yachtsmen to give Cairo a wide berth. We made Daniel's Light about 3 P. M., and finding a snug place to lie for the night, we anchored. Roamer came in later. We found the river so changed we had to guess as to our whereabouts.

DANIEL'S LIGHT, MISSISSIPPI RIVER, MAY 28.

Left this port at 5 P. M.; early starts are our forte. We made good time through to Cape Girardeau. We stopped off at Cape Girardeau long enough to look the town over and get the papers and other necessities. Off the Devil's Backbone the scenery was gorgeous, and from Commerce the river is a panorama of wonderful effects. After leaving the Devil's Backbone the beautiful scenery is on the Missouri shore, and by working the eddies we kept up fairly well with Roamer until we struck a straight stretch. There we had a strong current to buck, and off St. Mary's Roamer anchored, but we kept on, anchoring some two miles below Chester.

CHESTER, ILL., MAY 29.

Made another early start, getting off before 5 A. M. Had a fine run, although at times the heavy rain blotted out much of the best scenery. Parts of this river surpass in grandeur the famous Hudson. The cliffs assume many fantastic forms, and one cliff resembled a Moorish castle. The current was very strong, and our progress was consequently slow. We reached St. Louis at 6:30 P. M., and tied up alongside of a sand barge astern of Roamer.

ST. LOUIS, MO., MAY 30.

Cloudy and cold. After breakfast, moved up the river and tied up alongside the yacht Annie Russell, where we lay fairly quiet. We rested all day; had lunch ashore, and then went through the market; everything looked very attractive.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MANHASSET BAY Y. C. OPEN THE YEAR ROUND.—The amount required for installing hot water heat at the club house, has been raised by private subscription, and the new plant will be in operation by December 1. Pending its completion, the house will be heated as heretofore, by stoves.

The club steward has been retained for the winter, and members may at any time obtain restaurant service and club supplies as desired. The privileges extended to ladies will be continued during the winter.

A table d'hôte dinner will be served every Sunday, provided the attendance warrants, at 75 cents per cover.

Several of the members having proposed that trap-shooting be arranged for, notice is given that there will be a match at the club on Saturday, November 26, at 3 P. M. for prizes provided by private subscription. The arranging of future dates will be dependent on the attendance at the first match.

It is also proposed that a class of scooters be inaugurated for use during the present winter season, and a meeting of those interested was held at the club house on Sunday, Nov. 20.

LAKE MICHIGAN Y. C. OFFICERS.—At a meeting of the Lake Michigan Yachting Association, held at the Hotel Wellington, Chicago, on the evening of November 12, the following officers were elected: President, C. E. Soule, Columbia Y. C.; First Vice-President, J. R. Brunnick, Jackson Park Y. C.; Second Vice-President, R. B. Brown, Milwaukee Y. C.; Sec'y, Charles Scates, Macatawa Bay Y. C.; Treas., Wilbur Bassett, Chicago Y. C. Arrangements were made for the annual regatta August 4 and 5, 1905. A committee to revise the rules was also appointed which will report at an adjourned meeting, December 1.

STEAM YACHT AIDA SOLD.—The 95ft. steam yacht Aida, owned by Mr. Edward Swann, has been sold through the agency of Mr. Henry J. Gielow to Captain L. Darien, Alexandria Bay, N. Y. The same agency has also sold Mr. Thomas Cusack's 45ft. cabin launch Ventura II. to Mr. Beverly D. Beebe, who will use the boat for cruising in Florida waters this winter.

Cruising Launch Nancy Ann.

THE Gas Engine and Power Company and Chas. L. Seabury & Co., Consol., shipped to Galveston, Texas, on Saturday, November 12, an ideal cruising power boat for southern waters. The owner, Mr. W. L. Moody, of Galveston, Texas, has secured an able, commodious, and handsome craft. Very rarely has it been our privilege to inspect a boat so near an ideal cruiser, or one of her size in which comfort and beauty are so well combined.

Her frames are of bent oak, and planking of cedar. All fastenings are of copper. One of the features of her construction is an extra wide guard and wearing strip, appreciated where landings are made at docks or piers in any thing but smooth water.

Butternut and mahogany enter largely in the interior finish, while a handsome teak rail adds decidedly to her appearance. The cushions and hangings in the pilot house are red, while the saloon furnishings are in a green shade. The effect is very pleasing.

Her motive power is two six-cylinder four-cycle Speedway motors, 6in. diameter cylinders and 6in. stroke, developing at 600 revolutions per minute approximately 30 horsepower each. Ignition is by double equipment of separate storage battery, with an emergency battery of primary cells. The jump spark system is used, with special Seabury commutators or distributors.

Nancy Ann has a gasoline capacity of 250 gallons, with the usual water-tight bulkhead and water circulation about the tank so familiar in all the Morris Heights launches.

She developed a speed on her final trial trip of between 14 and 15 miles, proving conclusively that Nancy Ann, while lacking nothing to complete perfect appearance and comfort, is not deficient in power or speed.

Queries on Marine Motors.

C. G., Newark, N. J.—My two-cycle single-cylinder engine is behaving very queerly of late. I have been in the habit of starting it by rocking the flywheel back and forth three or four times, bringing it up at last smartly and letting go. Instead of starting ahead, it runs nearly one revolution ahead, and then in the opposite direction or backwards. If I start it to run in the opposite direction, it runs without reversing. Can you explain why? It was only a short time ago that when I attempted to start it, it would run nearly a revolution ahead, then back, then ahead, and would not pass the upper center. Is my compression too high?

Ans.—Your ignition is undoubtedly of the make-and-break type, and, like nearly every similar make, the engine will run in either direction. It would appear from your description that the eccentric had slipped on the shaft, so that the high point came just ahead of the upper center when going ahead and just after when going astern. You would have two remedies in this case. One would be to make your ignition a little later in starting, gradually increasing the lead in until the engine seems to be doing its best; and the other to move the eccentric, carrying the ignition apparatus a little in the opposite direction and fastening it securely when the high part is exactly on the upper center. In the second case referred to, the ignition was set too early, and the eccentric had not slipped.

Nearly all manufacturers set their eccentrics exactly on the center, but some who always use reversing gears and wheels set theirs a little after the center, claiming that the engine is surer to start in the right direction. It may become necessary to run the engine backwards some time, and it will be found quite inconvenient to start, except with the relief cock open and ignition very late. Occasionally is found a two-cycle engine so built as to run in one direction only. It is only a short time ago that a man who knew all about gasoline engines worked over two hours trying to start at two-cycle engine that would only run in one direction, by rocking the flywheel back and then bringing the starting pin up smartly, letting go.

Occasionally is found the two-cycle engine with the starting pin located 90 degrees after the upper center; and unlucky is he who does not notice or know the difference, should he try to start with the usual late ignition and not let go soon enough.

E. W. B., Boston, Mass.—Do you know of any make of two-cycle marine engine that can be run in either direction and be made to ignite going ahead or backward after the upper center is past?

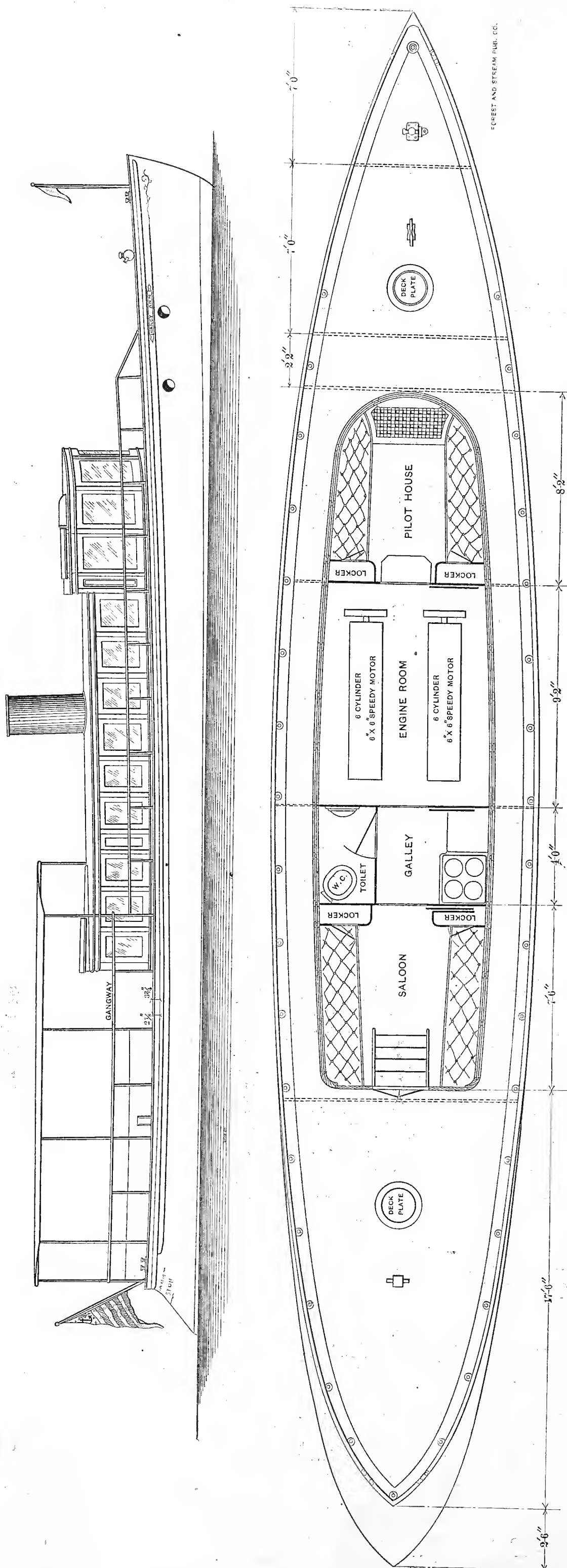
Ans.—There is at least one manufacturer who advertises this feature. We do not know whether patented or not. It is a good departure, for by its use an engine could be started without any danger of "back-kick," and the lead of the spark could be changed to suit. It would be an easy matter to have the igniting eccentric loose on the shaft, with the key-way about three times the width of the key, or possibly twice would be enough; or there could be stops put on the flywheel to accomplish the same object. With a rigid eccentric the spark trip lever must be released before the upper center or while the eccentric is going up, either going ahead or back, or both if set exactly on the center. A very great improvement in the two-cycle construction—the elimination of the danger of getting hit by the dangerous starting pin—could be made, if the engine could be started by turning the flywheel over by hand, leaving the relief cock on the side open.

R. B., Tottenville, S. I.—In my four-cycle engine my float feed carburetor "pops" frequently. Would adding an independent air supply remedy the trouble?

Ans.—Your float feed carburetor "pops," in all probability, from an irregular mixture of gasoline and air, due to variations in the height of the gasoline. When the level is low the mixture is too poor, and when high, nearer correct. To stop the occasional "popping" will reduce the power of the engine, for it will be necessary to increase the richness of the mixture. If this noise is objectionable, an independent air supply, which would in itself increase the efficiency of the engine, would reduce the occurrence at less loss of efficiency.

R. D., Greenport, L. I.—Which is correct, "carburetor," "carburettor" or "carburetor"?

Ans.—According to authorities such as Webster, Century and Standard dictionaries, it is "carburetor," although sometimes spelled "carburettor."



NANCY ANN—CRUISING LAUNCH—DESIGNED AND BUILT BY THE GAS ENGINE & POWER CO. AND CHARLES L. SEABURY CO., CONSOLIDATED—OWNED BY W. L. MOODY, GALVESTON, TEXAS.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

NEW LAUNCH FOR USE IN NEW MEXICO.—The Standard Boat Company, of Steinway, N. Y., have on the stocks a high speed passenger launch for a lake in New Mexico, a commodious steam launch for the Peruvian Government Health Department; also several smaller craft. Prospects with them are excellent for a busy season.

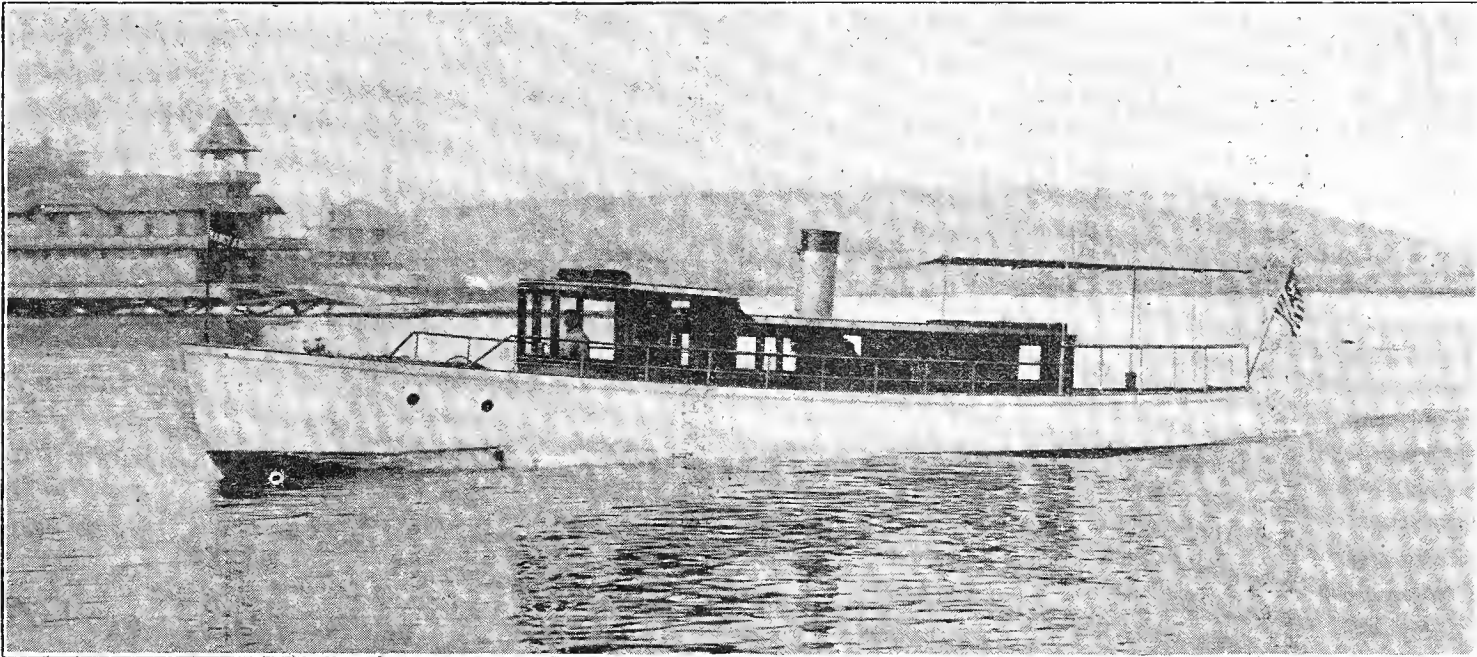
CABIN LAUNCH SHIPPED TO MEXICO.—Through their Mexican agency the Racine Boat Manufacturing Company, of Muskegon, recently shipped to Frontera, Mexico, a 45ft. stock cabin launch. A very interesting thing to note in connection therewith is the item of transportation from factory to destination. Freight to New York was \$78.12; lighterage and freight from New York to final destination, including insurance, \$525.30, or a total of \$603.42, exclusive of duties. They have just received from the west for shipment abroad an 18ft. launch for Seville, Spain; a 11½ft. ducking boat for Tabasco, Mexico, and an 18ft. "Turbine" launch for Buenos Ayres.

NEW ELECTRIC AND STEAM LAUNCHES.—The Electric Launch Company will have ready for delivery December

de B. Parsons and C. L. F. Robinson. Meas., Francis W. Belknap. Committee on Admissions—Henry C. Ward, chairman; Frederick Gallatin, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Tracy Dows and John Jacob Astor. House Committee—Thomas A. Bronson, chairman; John M. Goetchius, Jr., and William H. H. Beebe. Library Committee—T. O'Connor Sloane, chairman; Charles SooySmith and John H. Cole. Committee on Models—Theodore C. Zerega, chairman; Robert Goelet and J. Rutherford Buchan. Committee on Club Stations—William H. Thomas, Henry H. Rogers, F. August Schermerhorn, Augustus C. Tyler, Charles Lane Poor, C. L. F. Robinson, W. Frazier Harrison, Henry C. Ward, William Lanman Bull and J. Rogers Maxwell. The annual meeting of the club will be held on the evening of Thursday, Dec. 15.

NEW BOAT FOR F. J. HAVENS.—There is building at W. F. Down's yard at Bayshore, L. I., a racing boat for Mr. Frederick J. Havens, from designs made by Mr. Henry J. Gielow. The boat is intended for racing in Class Q of the Gravesend Bay Y. R. A., and is 33ft. over all, 25ft. waterline, 7ft. 6in. breadth and 5ft. 6in. draft. She will carry 575 sq. ft. in the mainsail and jib.

ALTERATIONS ON SCHOONER PRISCILLA.—The old schooner Priscilla, once an aspirant to America Cup honors, now



NANCY ANN.

Designed and built by the Gas Engine & Power Co., and Charles L. Seabury & Co., Consolidated.
Owned by W. L. Moody, Galveston, Texas.

1 three 60ft. steam launches for harbor work for the New York Police Department. They shipped last week two electric launches 18ft. and 25ft. long respectively to Palm Beach, Fla., for Mr. Joseph Jefferson.

NIRODHA CHANGES HANDS.—The house-boat Nirodha has been sold by Messrs. Macconnell & Cook to Mr. Waldo P. Clement and Mr. J. E. Childs, of the New York Y. C.

AUXILIARY KETCH FOR HARRISON B. MOORE.—Mr. Henry J. Gielow has recently finished the plans of a cruising ketch for Commodore Harrison B. Moore, Atlantic Y. C. She is 92ft. over all, 66ft. waterline, 20ft. breadth and 6ft. 8in. draft. The boat is intended for cruising in southern waters, and will be fitted with a 25-horse-power Craige motor. Mr. Gielow has also completed designs for a 50ft. high-speed gasoline launch and an 86ft. waterline steam yacht.

OLD MILL Y. C. OFFICERS.—At a meeting of the Old Mill Y. C., held on Nov. 13, the following officers were elected: Com., C. J. Mehrrens; Vice-Com., W. Wheeler; Rear-Com., John Stahle; Cor. Sec'y, Henry H. Robertson; Financial Sec'y, T. Boyle; Treas., Harry Walker; Meas., William Myers; Trustees, D. S. Van Wicklin, John May, Henry Lange, John Schepp and W. Reynolds.

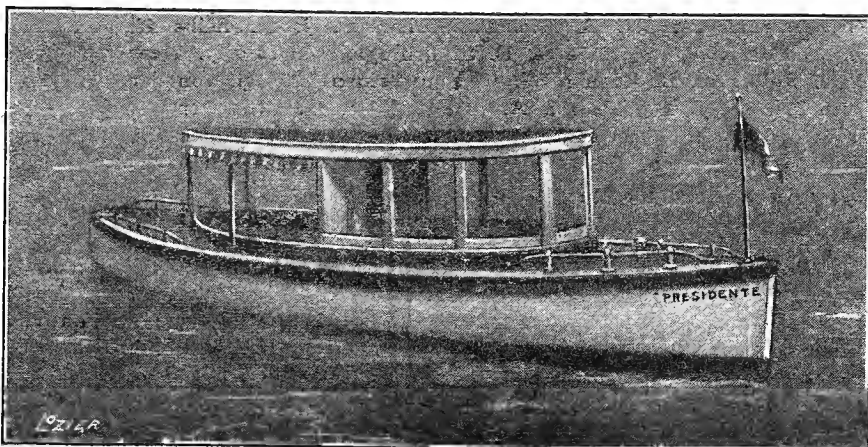
SCHOONER QUICKSTEP PURCHASED BY E. B. HAVENS.—Rear-Commodore Edwin B. Havens, of the Atlantic Y. C., has purchased the schooner Quickstep. The boat was built of steel in 1889 by H. Piepgrass at City Island from designs by the late Edward Burgess. She is 85ft. over all, 65ft. waterline, 20ft. breadth and 7ft. draft.

NEW YORK Y. C. OFFICERS.—The Nominating Committee of the New York Y. C. have selected the following gentlemen to serve as officers and on committees during 1905: Com., Frederick G. Bourne; Vice-Com., Henry Walters; Rear-Com., Cornelius Vanderbilt; Sec'y, G. A. Cormack; Treas., Tarrant Putnam. Regatta Committee—Oliver E. Cromwell, chairman; H.

The Launch Presidente.

SOME two months ago the Lozier Motor Co. shipped the launch Presidente to South America. Her destination was Brazil, where she will be used by the customs officers. Presidente is 31ft. long over all, and is fitted with a double cylinder two-cycle engine of 15 horsepower. The boat is beautifully built, and no detail was overlooked in her construction and equipment to make her as complete as possible in every detail.

The builders sent an expert with the launch to Brazil, in order that full instructions regarding the handling, etc., could be given to the native operator.



"Forest and Stream" Designing Competition No. IV.

Sixty-foot Waterline Cruising Power Boat.

\$225 in Prizes.

THE three designing competitions previously given by FOREST AND STREAM have been for sailing yachts. In this competition, the fourth, we are to change our subject and give the power boat men an opportunity. The competition is open to amateurs and professionals, except that the designers who received prizes in any of the three previous contests may not compete in this one.

The following prizes will be given:

First prize, \$100.

Second prize, \$60.

Third prize, \$40.

Fourth prize, \$25, offered by Mr. Charles W. Lee for the best cabin arrangement.

Mr. Henry J. Gielow, N.A., has very kindly agreed to act as judge. In addition to making the awards, Mr. Gielow will criticise each of the designs submitted; and the criticisms will be published in these columns.

The designs will be for a cruising launch propelled by either gasoline or kerosene motors, conforming to the following conditions:

I. Not over 60ft. waterline.

II. Not over 4ft. draft.

III. A signalling mast only to be shown.

IV. Cabin houses, if used at all, to be kept as low and narrow as possible.

V. Construction to be of wood, and to be strong, simple, and inexpensive. The cost of the boat complete in every detail must not exceed \$9,000.

VI. The location of tanks and engine or engines to be carefully shown. Either single or twin-screws may be adopted. The power and type of the motor must be specified.

VII. The boat must have a fuel capacity sufficient to give a cruising radius of 700 miles at a rate of 8 miles an hour. The maximum speed shall not be more than 14 miles nor less than 10 miles. The estimated maximum speed must be specified.

VIII. All weights must be carefully figured, and the results of the calculations recorded. A thousand-word description of the boat and a skeleton specification must accompany each design.

The design must be modern in every particular, without containing any extreme or abnormal features. We wish to produce an able, safe, and comfortable cruising boat, one that will have ample accommodations, so that the owner and his wife and two guests, or three or four men, can live aboard, and one that can easily be managed at all times by two or three paid hands in addition to the steward. The draft is restricted to 4ft. in order that the boat may have access to nearly all harbors, canals and rivers North and South, and may thereby widely increase the cruising field. We have in mind a boat that can be used North in the summer and South in the winter, and a craft well able to withstand outside passage along the coast in all seasons of the year.

Special attention must be given to the cabin arrangement. The interiors should be original, but devoid of any impractical features. Arrangements should be made for a direct passage forward and aft without going on deck.

Drawings Required.

I. Sheer plan. Scale, ½in.=1ft.

II. Half breadth plan. Scale, ½in.=1ft.

III. Body plan. Scale, ½in.=1ft.

IV. Cabin plan and inboard profile and at least one cross-section. Scale, ½in.=1ft.

V. Outboard profile. Scale, ½in.=1ft.

The drawings should be carefully made and lettered; all drawings should be preferably on tracing cloth or white paper, in black ink. No colored inks or pigments should be used.

The drawings must bear a *nom de plume* only, and no indication must be given of the identity of the designer. In a sealed envelope, however, the designer must inclose his name and address, together with his *nom de plume*.

All designs must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York, not later than February 3, 1905. All drawings will be returned. Return postage should accompany each.

The FOREST AND STREAM reserves the right to publish any or all the designs.

NEWPORT Y. C. OFFICERS.—The Newport (R. I.) Y. C. held a meeting a short time ago and elected the following officers: Com., Herbert L. Marsh; Vice-Com., John A. Allen; Rear-Com., Alexander Fraser; Sec'y, William M. Arnold; Treas., John S. Coggeshall; Meas., Albert Hass; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. S. C. Powell; Regatta Committee—John G. Costello, W. Douglass Hazard, William Edson; House Committee—William M. Borden, Frank H. Scannevin, James D. Hidler, Alexander Fraser, Ray B. Wilson, Jr.; Finance Committee—Alvah H. Sanborn, Dalton E. Young, Hugh L. Taylor; Library Committee—William H. Arnold, John S. Coggeshall, and Hugh L. Taylor.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Jan. 16-20.—Pittsburg, Pa.—First annual tournament of the Iroquois Rifle Club.

The Palma Trophy.

LAST week the following interesting communication appeared in our esteemed contemporary, Shooting and Fishing, under the heading, "English View Marking of Rifles in Relation to the Palma Trophy Controversy":

"I hoped the Palma controversy was dead, but Colonel Bruce's letter shows it is not. I ask for a little space in which to clear up one or two points.

"The fundamental difference is this. The American contention is: 'It was the duty of the British to protest. They did not do it; therefore we kept the rules.' The British view is this: 'It is the duty of every competitor to keep the rules, and not to await protest.'

"The British viewer's mark has nothing to do with proof at all. It is put on by a government official as a guarantee that the rifle is in all respects of bona fide government pattern. It does include rifling, which is about the most important part of the construction. I inclose an actual view certificate of a rifle I recently finished and sold:

No. 14100

Army Inspection Department,
27 June 1904.

This is to Certify that the Rifle magazine L. M. Mk. II. Barrel and Breech Action submitted by The Birmingham Small Arms Company, Ltd., has been viewed and found to be correct, and in conformity with the Government pattern so far as regards length, weight, bore, rifling, form of chamber and fitting of breech action; that it takes the Government ammunition, and may be used in any match restricted to Government Military Rifles or Carbines of this pattern. The barrel is numbered A036. W. McD. Allardice.
for Inspector of Small Arms.

"Now, every rifle in the British Palma team bore this viewer's mark. I sold Lieutenant Miller his rifle, and it was in every single detail of actual government pattern. It had on the sight a narrow bar to allow of shooting at 500yds. with the leaf up. These are no advantage at 800yds., and they are supplied to soldiers out of army stores at four pence each by the government. They are allowed in army competition and at Bisley, and in the Palma conditions to which all teams agreed. Every rifle was strictly and perfectly of actual government pattern and would have been accepted by the government from any contractor making rifles for the government.

"It would have been quite easy to put five points per man at least on to the average British score by simple changes in the bore and rifling; but that would have been a fraud under the conditions, and the rifles would have been refused the viewer's mark.

"The rifle used by Wallingford was exactly similar to that with which he won the British army championship. That used by Miller was exactly similar to that with which he won the Prince of Wales one hundred pounds, and the Cheylesmore top score of the .303's the next week. I sold him both, and I know Martin, of Glasgow, sold Wallingford his. They were better rifles than ordinary government rifles, because better made and adjusted in many important points, but they were absolutely to government gauges and pattern.

"Now, the American rifles were not of government pattern in rifling, either in form, or spiral, or number of grooves. They shot better than any Krag of government pattern and dimensions. They were in no sense of the ordinary government pattern or dimensions internally, and did not fulfill the conditions to which the team officials had agreed.

"That was well known to me, and some others. But we had no information that this new pattern rifling had not been adopted in the United States since the date of our specimen Krag rifles. Britons would not charge opponents with breach of conditions without absolute proof, and proof was not then available. It was assumed that the American officials of the team would put before the meeting of captains of teams any point on which there could be any doubt, but they failed to do it. The American rifles were accepted in competition at the North London meeting, because they were understood to be the American Army pattern, and the shooting would give a very useful comparison.

"I was not in the British team, but I watched the match very closely and some of the practices. I do not blame the members of the team for using the barrels served to them; they left all such matters to their captain, no doubt. He failed to keep the conditions, and probably he failed to comprehend them. I do not write to try to convert him, but to put facts within my own knowledge before the many friends I have among the riflemen of the United States.

"Until the rifles used by your team were barred out at Sea Girt as not of government pattern, we had no real knowledge that that pattern had not been recently adopted.

"Personally I would have objected before the match or never. But our excellent captain is tenderer in hand and heart than—
"L. R. TIPPINS."

"While I should be very sorry to prolong the discussion of the unfortunate Palma trophy question, there is such a complete misapprehension on your side of the water as to the government viewing and marking of rifles, that some explanation of the matter seems very desirable.

"Viewing and view marks are totally separate and distinct from proving and proof marks; the latter is not done by the government at all, but at either the Birmingham proof house controlled by guardians (composed of members of different sections of the Birmingham gun trade), or else at the London proof house, controlled by the Gun Makers' Company. The proving merely tests the strength and soundness of the barrel and action; a firearm may not be sold here without proof marks.

"The viewing is done by the government viewers at the Government Small Arms Factory at Enfield—the same officials who pass rifles manufactured at Enfield, and also small arms supplied to the government under contract. The view marks are placed on both barrel and action; they certify that the weapon is of strictly government pattern in every particular from buttplate to muzzle, inside and out; for example, sights, chamber, lead, bore, shape, number and depth of grooves, weight and shape of stock, etc. The stock and butt may be made of selected grain wood; but must not be checkered; they may be polished.

"A rifle so viewed may be used in any individual or team service rifle competition at Bisley and other rifle meetings; while one not viewed, if used, will lead to the competitor being warned off such competitions for life. All the rifles used by the British team in the Palma match were used in other service rifle competitions and matches, from the King's prize downward. It is commonly

believed on this side that the United States rifles could not have been used in corresponding competition in America.

"However, whatever either rifles were, the shooting of both the leading teams was beyond question superb; the organization of the United States team was as near perfect as anything in this world, and certainly far ahead of that of the other teams. Personally I think the better organization quite counterbalanced the disadvantage of being less familiar with the range; while the small difference of the scores was, I fancy, mostly due to the difference of the rifles, especially of the sights.

"MAURICE BLOOD."

New York Schuetzen Corps.

FRIDAY, Nov. 11, was a scene of great activity on the Zettler ranges, the above organization holding their first practice shoot. Seventy-five members were on hand to make things interesting. Scores: R. Gute 487, G. Ludwig 473, O. Schwansman 470, P. Heidelberg 463, B. Zettler 462, C. König 456, F. Facompre 455, H. Hasse 455, J. N. F. Seibs 454, J. C. Bonn 453, L. C. Hagenah 453, J. C. Brinckman 449, J. Paradies 448, J. H. Hainhorst 446, J. Facklamm 445, C. Seivers 445, J. G. Tholke 445, M. J. Then 443, H. D. Meyer 441, N. C. L. Beverstein 441, G. N. Offerman 439, H. Nordbruck 436, H. C. Hainhorst 438, W. Dahl 436, J. H. Meyer 437, C. Schmidt 434, H. Beckman 434, H. Leopold 432, H. Offerman 432, H. B. Michaelson 432, J. C. Brinckman 432, Wm. Grell 431, A. W. Lemcke 431, Wm. Schultz 430, A. Beckman 428, G. Thomas 426, Geo. Junge 426, C. Roffman 426, J. N. Herrman 424, J. H. Krozer 420, J. Schmidt 419, H. Gobber 418, H. Koster 418, Dr. Chas. Grosch 417, J. Jantzen 417, H. Mesloh 417, A. Evers 416, C. Maun 415, F. W. Dierks 415, H. M. Meyer 411, Hecker 410, H. Hess 408, J. Bradley 407, H. Kahres 407, W. P. Rottmann 401, H. Caplan 400, L. Goldstein 389, A. Geibchaus 389, D. Ficken 387, Chas. Beach 382, D. Von der Leith 380, G. N. Bohlen 377, W. J. Behrens 373, F. Schultz 367, M. Von Dwingelo 363, N. W. Haaren 357, P. Pranz 356, F. Lankeman 355, G. H. Ficken 349, C. Knell 339, C. Heilshorn 328, W. Schaefer 319, B. Krumm 303, J. F. R. Ernst 282, R. Ohms 125.

On the bullseye target, the following centers were made: L. C. Hagenah 35 degrees, F. W. Dierks 41½, F. Schultz 41½, H. Nordbruck 42½, H. Hasse 54, H. Beckman 55½, J. H. Hainhorst 62, J. N. Herrman 65, John Bradley 66, Jacob Schmidt 75½, H. D. Meyer 76, H. Mesloh 80½, J. Jantzen 86, J. Facklamm 89, H. C. Hainhorst 91, J. N. Seibs 92, Hy. Decker 102, William Dahl 109, H. Gobber 110, J. C. Brinckman 118, H. Kahres 119, C. Maun 122½, C. Schmitz 129½, P. Heidelberg 163½.

Championship 100 Shot Match, 1904.

THIS match, held annually under the auspices of the Zettler Rifle Club, was shot on the Greenville range Election Day, Nov. 8, under ideal weather conditions.

The range was open for practice at 9 A. M., with plenty of competitors on hand long before that time. In last year's contest several were handicapped, on account of a late start, and were unable to finish; but this year the match started promptly at 10 A. M., the only shooter unable to finish being M. Dorrier, who did not enter the match until the afternoon.

The allowance of telescope sights this year seemed to meet with the approval of many, several men at once availing themselves of the privilege. Mr. H. M. Pope, of Chicopee Falls, Mass., was the winner of the match.

At the close of the contest a banquet was served at the park, and a very pleasant evening was had in discussing past performances. Scores follow: H. M. Pope 2270, W. G. Hudson 2250, F. C. Ross 2233, George Schlicht 2197, W. A. Tewes 2188, J. T. Humphrey 2146, R. Gute 2101, W. A. Barker 2100, L. P. Hanson 2088, L. P. Buss 2084, A. Hubalck 2082, L. Schmidt 2034, Owen Smith 2002, H. F. Barning 1988, George Bain 1966, H. Fenwirth 1964, J. Kaufman 1935, C. E. Taintor 1919, A. Begcrow 1902, P. Andrassey 1894, B. Zettler 1874, L. Maurer 1850, O. Mertens 1801, P. J. Donovan 1790, M. Behm 1728, A. Fritsky 1504.

Rifle at Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 15.—Capt. Louis Siebe, proprietor of Shell Mound Range, yesterday gave a shoot and a dance, to signalize the closing of the picnic season. The attendance was large, as the Captain is a very popular host. All enjoyed the choice dinner served by the proprietor and his wife.

The regular club competitions were held, and the average scoring was high. The interest was keen, as Dec. closes the competition for the much-desired annual medals. Notable scores were: F. E. Mason 233 with rifle, 200yds., and D. B. Faktor 231.

I am very much pleased to see that there is serious talk of putting the Government arm into the hands of civilian marksmen. It would also be the best possible investment for the Government to furnish an abundance of ammunition to the State militia without cost. The question of ranges is a perplexing one; but a 500 or 600yd. range can readily be established near every town or city, and a man who does good work at this distance can be counted on to do effective work at longer distances. I earnestly hope the general Government will take the necessary steps to make a marksmen out of every citizen.

ROEL.

New York Central Schuetzen Corps.

A good attendance and keen competition marked the opening of the season's gallery practice for the above society, held on the Zettler ranges, Wednesday, Nov. 16:

Ring target: R. Gute 487, R. Busse 481, Geo. Zimmerman 476, J. Hess 474, H. D. Muller 473, D. Scharninghausen 466, J. N. Seibs 461, C. Gerken 460, Geo. Viemeister 458, F. Rolles 454, M. Oltmann 452, G. Rohdes 450, W. J. Daniels 449, H. Roffman 447, A. Ritterhoff 440, J. von der Leith 436, P. Bauman 434, H. Brummer 428, H. von der Leith 425, C. Tietjen 404, H. A. Fiecke 396, D. Wuehrmann 395, J. Eismeyer 366, G. Dillhoff 362, F. Ricker 342, J. C. Miller 328.

Bullseye target: H. A. Fiecke 65½ degrees, J. N. Seibs 67, H. Roffman 72½, R. Busse 88, D. Scharninghausen 93½, J. Hess 99, G. Rohde 99, B. Eusner 118, G. Zimmerman 122½, J. von der Leith 125, W. J. Daniels 127, A. Ritterhof 129, H. Brummer 130, F. Rolles 134, R. Gute 144, C. Gerken 152½, H. D. Muller 159, Geo. Viemeister 160, M. Oltmann 164, H. von der Leith 182½, F. Ricker 189, P. Bauman 200, G. Dillhoff 229.

New York City Schuetzen Corps.

SCORES follow for the regular practice shoot at headquarters, 155 West Twenty-third street, New York, Nov. 17:

Ring target: A. Kronsberg 482, C. G. Zettler 477, R. Busse 473, R. Schwaneman 468, J. Metzger 449, G. Schroeter 431, Wm. Heil 403, A. Wiltz 402.

Bullseye target: R. Schwaneman 69 degrees, R. Busse, 100, J. Keller 116, J. Metzger 130, G. Schroeter 141½, A. Kronsberg 148, Wm. Heil 195, A. Wiltz 222.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at Four-Mile House, Reading, on their last regular shoot day. Conditions: 200yds. off-hand, at the 25-ring target. Hasenzahl was declared champion for the day, with the good score of 228. He was also high on the honor target with 67 points. A tricky 6 to 9 o'clock wind blew all day, making good scores difficult to make:

Hasenzahl	228	217	217	215	207
Payne	224	222	222	220	218
Nestler	220	218	215	214	213
Bruns	220	214	211	209	209
Roberts	215	213	213	212	212
Hofer	215	215	202	201	200
Odell	213	212	210	209	208
Hofman	210	204	197	194	192
Freitag	208	200	191	186	185
Trounstine	199	185	175	158	...

New York Independent Corps.

THE second practice shoot of this club was held Thursday evening, Nov. 10. Scores follow: H. D. Muller 484, L. Schmidt 484, F. Liegebel 482, A. Begerow 478, F. A. Young 471, J. N. F. Siebs 469, J. Bittschner 467, J. Facklamm 467, Wm. Soell 467, G. T. Zimmerman 464, J. Schmid 457, B. Eusner 452, H. J. Behrens 439, H. Kabiske 427, F. C. Halbe 422, A. Rodler 410.

Zettler Rifle Club.

THE appended scores were recorded on Nov. 15 in the regular weekly shoot on the regular 25-ring target, 75ft., offhand: L. C. Buss 1229, C. Zettler, Jr., 1217, L. P. Hansen 1216, G. Schlicht 1214, R. Gute 1213, C. G. Zettler 1210, R. Zettler 1191, H. C. Zettler 1188, A. Begerow 1183, H. Fenwirth 1180, L. Maurer 1176, T. H. Keller 1169, G. J. Bernius 1163, F. Herpers 1145.

Rifle Notes.

The team match shot on the Creedmoor range Nov. 12, between the Ninth and Seventy-first Regiments, resulted in a victory for the Seventy-first by a margin of 31 points.

S. M. Van Allen, of Jamaica, N. Y., the expert fancy rifle shot, left Saturday for the south on a hunting trip in company with a party of well-known sportsmen. The trip, we believe, is to be an extended one.

The Iroquois Rifle Club, of Pittsburg, will hold their first annual rifle tournament under the auspices of the Indoor .22 Caliber League of the United States, Jan. 16-20.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Nov. 24.—Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club merchandise shoot. C. G. Blandford, Capt.
Nov. 24-26.—Tucson.—Arizona Sportsmen's Association tournament.
Nov. 29-Dec. 1.—St. Thomas, Ont., tournament.
Nov. 30.—Edgewater, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Mullerite Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Mgr.
Dec. 6-8.—Salina, Kans.—Anderson's tournament.
Dec. 17.—Lakewood, N. J.—All-day shoot of Mullerite Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.
1905.
Jan. 17-20.—Hamilton, Can., Gun Club live-bird tournament. J. Hunter, Sec'y.
Jan. 23-28.—Brenham, Tex.—Sunny South Handicap.
Jan. 31-Feb. 2.—Taylor, Tex.—Central Texas Handicap.
Jan. 31-Feb. 2.—Taylor, Tex.—Central Texas Handicap tournament. C. F. Gilstrap, Mgr.
Feb. 6-9.—Houston, Tex.—Len's Grand Southern Handicap. Alf. Gardiner, Mgr.
June 8-9.—Dalton, O., Gun Club annual tournament. Ernest F. Scott, Capt.

West Virginia Sportsmen's Association.

SISTERSVILLE, W. Va., Nov. 21.—We should like to claim the following dates and announce to the shooting fraternity that the ninth annual tournament of the West Virginia State Sportsmen's Association will be held on the grounds of the Ohio Valley Shooting Association, Parkersburg, W. Va., May 16, 17 and 18, 1905.

I am informed that, besides a number of merchandise prizes of value, there will be something like \$600 in cold cash added to the purses.

The affair will be under the management and personal direction of the three famous Indians: F. E. Mallory (Chief Tell'm How), Jno. F. Mallory (Chief Hole Digger), and Hon. S. T. Mallory (Chief Life Saver). These noted warriors are thoroughly civilized and quite peaceable, and no one would suspect that they are full-blooded Comanches. It has been a long time since they have killed any one. While, on festive occasions, a great many would naturally expect them to appear on the shooting grounds in paint and feathers, to eat raw meat and drink blood, we positively assure all that they will do nothing of the kind. On the other hand, they walk and talk as other people, and have actually been known to take their own lives in their hands in rescuing those of their tribe. Upon this particular occasion, we guarantee that they will do their utmost to provide every comfort for their visitors, and to do all in their power to make our ninth annual a banner tournament. We will have something more to say about this shoot later.

ED. O. BOWER, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM goes to press on TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The regular shoot of the Montclair, N. J., Gun Club will be held on Thanksgiving Day, commencing at 9 o'clock.

There will be an all-day shoot at Point Breeze, Philadelphia, on Thanksgiving Day. Competition will begin at 10 o'clock. A special match is fixed to take place between Messrs. Fred Murphy and C. W. Wilson, at 25 birds, \$50 a side.



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A team shoot as an important feature of the Grand American Handicap, is advocated by an esteemed Western contemporary.

Capt. E. B. Wadsworth, who is famous as a trapshooter and catcrer, issued an invitation to many of his personal friends to be present on the 19th inst., at the re-opening of the historical Hancock Tavern, now situated at 60 State street, Boston.

On account of bad weather, the Hudson Gun Club series of three contests for a gun was postponed. The first shoot is to be held on Nov. 27. The competition is open to every one. Handicap, point system; 25 targets, re-entry; three best scores to count.

An all-day shoot of the Mullerite Gun Club will be held on the grounds of the Lakewood Gun Club, Lakewood, N. J., on Saturday, Dec. 17, commencing at 10 A. M. Programmes later. A special 100-target handicap will be one of the events. Messrs. Frank Muldoon, Freehold, N. J., and A. A. Schoverling, 2 Murray street, New York, are the managers.

The programme of the second Mullerite Gun Club shoot, to be held on the grounds of the North River Gun Club, Fort Lee, N. J., Nov. 30, has four events: One at 10, two at 20 targets, 65 cents and \$1.30 entrance, \$1 and \$2 added. No. 4, the Mullerite Handicap, 100 targets, \$4 entrance, will begin at 1 P. M. Re-entry, \$2. Targets 1½ cent. Shooting begins at 10 A. M.

At Philadelphia and vicinity, the Philadelphia Trapshooters' League matches resulted as follows: 'Clearview defeated Media by a score of 181 to 167; North Camden defeated the Hill Rod and Gun Club, of Chester, by 184 to 159; the Highland team defeated the Hillside team at Chestnut Hill by a score of 163 to 160. Meadow Springs defeated Narberth by a score of 163 to 148; the Florists defeated the S. S. Whites by 179 to 170. Each team consisted of ten men, and each man shot at 25 targets.

The ninth annual live-bird shoot, to be given by the Magic City Gun Club, Muncie, Ind., on Nov. 24, has a programme as follows: Nos. 1, 5 birds, entrance \$5; No. 2, 7 birds, entrance \$7; No. 3, 20 birds, handicap, entrance \$15; No. 4, 10 birds, handicap, entrance \$7. Extra events to suit the shooters. Interstate Association rules will govern. Division of money, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. in 5 and 7 bird events; 35, 30, 20 and 15 per cent. in 10 and 20 bird events. Ship shells, etc., to F. L. Wachtell, Secretary. High grade loaded shells on the grounds. The programme contains the following invitation: "Come and assist us to dispose of another of those big country turkey dinners with our compliments." The officers are: President, J. W. Farrell; Treasurer, Mr. G. G. Williamson; Secretary, Mr. F. L. Wachtell.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Nov. 19.—Scores made to-day were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Shot
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	at.
Vietmeyer	13	19	17	17	19	100
Harcourt	13	18	18	16	16	100
Hillis	16	14	17	14	..	80
Moller	14	14	17	14	17	100
Cooper	17	18	13	16	18	100
McCrovoy	17	15	15	14	12	100
Parry	18	19	20	19	16	100
Dickman	18	19	16	16	16	100
Moore	11	12	14	17	15	100
Mark	10	8	14	11	6	100
Bell	15	17	20	17	11	100
Steffin	16	13	13	14	..	80
Partington	15	13	16	19	14	100
Morrison	10	8	8	60
Leib	15	17	16	16	17	100
Hessong	7	14	40
Roderback	2	20
Shaffer	..	7	20
Dark	..	16	8	11	5	80
Farrell	..	19	19	17	19	80
Voris	..	11	19	13	..	60
Morris	..	15	17	16	..	60
Schilling	..	17	8	8	..	60
Hice	..	10	9	12	9	80
Clark	16	20
Short	9	12	..	40
Dixon	16	19	..	85
Tripp	19	17	..	40

Prizes won as follows: Turkey: Parry, Bell, Partington and Farrell. Duck: Cooper, Harcourt, Farrell and Moore. Chicken: Bell, Leib, Steffin and Harcourt.

The club desires to express its thanks to Mr. H. W. Van Nest for his very kind assistance.

Mr. J. W. Farrell, of Muncie, Ind., has challenged Mr. A. S. Flinn, of Wabash, Ind., present holder of the English Hotel cup.

WESTERN TRAP.

ADAIR, Ia., Nov. 16.—With weather the very best, and a good attendance, the Adair shoot came off on time yesterday. There was a good crowd of visitors out to witness the shooting of such experts as Budd and Adams. The other trade men present were Fred Whitney and M. Sharp.

The amateurs were so evenly matched that two targets would cover the difference, viz.: H. H. Frickle 179, F. McLuren 178, Talbott Baker and McDowell 177.

The gentlemen who were at the top as amateurs are new men at the game, and if they have, as claimed, had little opportunity to practice, they are surely comers.

In the champion event there were five ties of 19 out of 20, viz.: Burger, McDowell, McLuen, Talbott and Vermylia. On the shoot-off Vermylia brought the Winchester to the front and won out. Scores, at 200 targets: C. B. Adams 177, F. H. Adams 166, Fred Vermylia 172, C. E. Talbott 177, C. W. Budd 188, C. Harkin 159, J. Biggs 187, C. Rober 153, T. Baker 177, A. P. McDowell 177, F. McLuren 178, J. Burges 173, J. Fickle 179, J. Hansen 145.

At Detroit.

Detroit, Mich., Nov. 16.—The hunting season being on, there is not a full turnout at the traps as formerly, yet the Grosse Club held a shoot yesterday at the Seven-Mile House, that was well attended. Carl Weist Jr., came off victorious with the A medal; Fred Koster was down for the B, and Dwyer carried away the C medal.

At El Paso.

El Paso, Tex., Nov. 14.—There has been something doing here for the past six weeks or more, as the boys have had the presence of Frank Faurete, and besides, the big tournament coming on to stimulate the members of the club to action. Now that the shoot is so near at hand, we have another addition in T. E. Hubby. There will be more here soon, as Harold Money and Wm. Heer are expected to-morrow, together with many of the good shots from the State of Kansas.

In order to keep in line with these gentlemen, our best shots, such as Rand, Shelton, Campbell and Pennebacker, have kept in good practice, as the following scores will show: Faurete shot at 100, broke 85; T. Hubby 75, 71; Rand 100, 96; Shelton 75, 52; Campbell 100, 86; Edwards 50, 29; Pennebacker 50, 45; Hitt 50, 28; Vilas 50, 29.

At Freeport.

Freeport, Ill., Nov. 15.—There will be a tournament held here in two weeks at which the diamond badge will be put in competition. Rockford, Beloit, Belvidere and other clubs will take part. This badge is now held by J. R. Graham, of Ingleside, Ill., he having won same at the late Rockford tournament. Scores: W. Waddington shot at 115, broke 87; F. Lord 65, 48; W. H. Vietmeyer 165, 139; C. T. Keck 100, 77; L. Younglove 100, 48; R. Wilson 75, 41; R. Farrell 100, 61; H. Janssen 100, 42; Dr. Karchner 65, 28; E. White 25, 21.

In Other Places.

Chicago shooters are active, and the old familiar Watson's Park is in line as of yore for at least two days of each week, as there is one club that shoots each Saturday, and another every Sunday. The shooting within the city limits is confined to that of target shooting. A series of shoots is now being held, the final one being in March, 1905, for which several prizes will be awarded.

The Aetna Gun Club, of St. Louis, has established winter quarters, having completed a comfortable club house. This will accommodate those who wish to spend a portion of Saturday or Sunday at the traps. Messrs. Doggs and Lanberg are the proprietors and will be pleased to meet all who wish to practice.

On Nov. 27, at the Progressive Gun Club grounds, East St. Louis, Ill., the second shoot for the championship of St. Louis, East St. Louis and Belleville will be held. Mr. Clay won the first shoot, and it will keep all busy to prevent him from winning.

The Sterling, Ill., Gun Club has abandoned the traps for the winter season. The money in the treasury was divided, and now it will be up to individuals to conduct the winter live-bird and target tournaments.

During the past ten years, while in many localities trapshooting is entirely abandoned, there has been more tournaments held in the central part of Illinois in the winter than during the summer. This is accounted for on the theory that the farmers who shoot are not so much engaged during the winter, hence more time for shooting.

The Hempstead County Hunting Club, of Hope, Tenn., has filed articles of incorporation. The incorporators are: J. F. Ward, President; D. M. Goodlett, J. H. Wallace, J. C. Jones, W. Y. Foster, R. M. Wilson, C. V. Jagersville, W. S. Eakin, J. F.

Jehonson, S. Knobel, J. R. Hewing, J. H. Black, C. E. Ratcliff and W. M. Green.

Chas. M. Whitlaw, member of the Spokane, Wash., Rod and Gun Club, died last Friday, at Wallace, Idaho, of pneumonia. He was one of the leading fanciers and had dogs in hands of Eastern trainers. He was prominent in the meetings of the Northwestern Sportsmen's Association.

The newly organized gun club, the Amateur, of Davenport, Ia., has started in on a social season by holding a dance on last Saturday night at the Northwest Turner Hall.

At the next shoot to be held by the Barborton, O., Gun Club the cup given for the championship of Portage, Summitt and Stark counties will be decided. Akron has a lead, though Canton and Barborton tied at the last meeting.

The eighth shoot of the Missouri League was held Thursday, Thanksgiving Day, at Kansas City. This winds up the season.

Chas. W. Budd, the veteran trap shot, after his two weeks' rest at the World's Fair, quit his "fudging" long enough to win the high average at the Adair, Ia., tournament, held Nov. 12.

A new shooter in the person of W. H. Biggs won the amateur high average at the Adair, Ia., tournament, held Nov. 15.

There was a fair number of shooters at the Springfield, O., shoot, held Saturday last. The prizes were turkeys. The winners were Watkins, Young, Foley, Henderson and Oates on straight scores.

The Ohio Valley Shooting Association, of Parkersburg, W. Va., after meeting, called off their shoot of last Saturday. The biggest shoot of the season will be the "Jack rabbit," to be held Thanksgiving afternoon. It is said that shooters from Maritta, St. Marys, Sistersville, Wheeling and Parkersburg will participate.

Indianola Gun Club, Columbus, O.

THE Indianola Gun Club, of Columbus, O., held their last shoot of a very successful season on Nov. 12, with a good attendance of shooters and spectators. The features of the day were the match for the Wolf trophy and the final in the series of contests for merchandise prizes.

Those present were disappointed in the match between Webster and Buchanan for the Wolfe trophy, as neither of the contestants shot in his usual form. The weather condition were not of the best, still it was felt that the men should have made a better showing. In the first half they tied on 23, and in the second, Webster led by two targets, winning the trophy—45 to 43.

The prize contests were exciting throughout. Several shooters were disappointed, of course, but proved to be cheerful losers. Darby, Buchanan, H. E. Smith, Mooney, Newlove, and Harrison all got in the shoot-off. In the first all dropped out but Newlove and Harrison, who broke 9 out of 10 each. In the second Harrison went straight and took second prize. H. E. Smith, J. H. Smith and Newlove, each of whom had won the badge once, decided the winner in the third shoot-off, H. E. Smith breaking 9 out of 10, taking third prize. First prize, a Winchester shotgun, was won by G. B. Buchanan. Second prize, case of shells, F. H. Harrison. Third prize, a pair of hunting boots, H. E. Smith.

Darby had a good show for a prize in the first shoot-off, but after breaking his first 8 straight, he missed 2, and it was all off.

The club will hold a merchandise shoot New Year's Day, and invites all shooters to be present. It will be the best shoot Columbus ever saw.

In the prize contest at 25 targets, Buchanan led to-day with 25 straight. Webster and Darby tied for second on 23. Newlove and Harrison third, 21 each. Dr. Wilcox and Weinman fourth on 20 each. J. H. Smith, H. E. Smith and Mooney in order named 19, 18 and 15.

Eight 10-target events were shot. Bassell led the crowd with 49 out of 70, Dr. Wilcox 44 out of 50, H. E. Smith 40 out of 60, Webster and Darby 33 out of 40 each, Buchanan 23 out of 30, Mooney 29 out of 40, Weinman 25 out of 30, J. H. Smith 19 out of 20, Borger 17 out of 20, Jesse Smith, Harrison and Newlove shot in only one event, scoring 5, 10 and 6, respectively.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

The game season is responsible for the slim attendance at the shoot on Nov. 19. The weather was perfect, but only five men took part in the cash prize event. Gambell and Medico led with 42 each. Sycamore was second with 40. Peters did good work in a match at 50 targets, breaking 47, Gambell second with 45, Medico third with 43, and Roll 25.

Shooting at 12 pairs, Gambell broke 14, Peters 11 and Harig 10. Little practice work was done, Harig showing the best, missing but 2 out of 40 shot at.

The cash prize series ends in February, when it is probable that other prizes will be offered, the winners to be decided in three months instead of one year.

The Peters Cartridge Co. has offered a solid gold watch fob. This will be shot for three months, the handicap probably being

the same as used in the Parker gun shoot. The first contest will be held early in January.

Col. Bob West left for the Hot Springs on Nov. 21, and will remain there some time.

Five new expert traps are to be installed. They will be placed in a long, straight pit, dug just in front of the old live-bird traps, and will have a high blind. Every variety of target flight can be had, and a good opportunity for practice afforded the members.

The annual game supper of the club will be held on the second Thursday in December.

Judge Gregg, Harry Rowe, George Given and Henry Koch are hunting in Brown county, where quail and rabbits are fairly abundant. D. Brelin and Fred Prince are at New Baltimore, O., and will work northward in their search for birds. John Schatzman and Fred Dreihls are hunting among the hills and vales of Adams county. Dreihls took a dachshund with him, as he is as fond of rabbit hunting as of quail. Lewis Ireton and Taylor McDougall have gone to West Virginia after big game. The day's scores follow:

Cash prize shoot, 50 targets, distance handicap: Gambell (18) 42, Medico (19) 42, Sycamore (19) 40, Foley (19) 35, Roll (20) 27.

Welfare Gun Club.

THE Welfare Gun Club, of Dayton, held their regular medal shoot on Nov. 12. Enough were present to make an enjoyable afternoon of sport. Three practice events were shot at 15, 10 and 25 targets respectively, Spangler shooting in all and missing but 4 out of the 50. Event 3 was the medal contest, with six men entered. Monbeck won after three shoot-offs. Event 4 was a team match, five men, from the N. C. R. Polishing Department against five men representing all the other departments of the factory, at 25 targets each. The Polishers were defeated by 103 to 95.

E. F. Watson returned from a most successful hunting trip in the Blind River district of Ontario. He brought back a moose weighing 1032 pounds and having a magnificent pair of antlers, spreading 52 inches, with 11 and 12 points. Mr. Watson killed him on Nov. 3. At the time he was thirty-five miles northwest of the Blind River. Mr. Watson presented the meat to the N. C. R. officers' club, and is having the head mounted.

John J. Stoecklein and Charles W. Sander have gone to Mississippi, and will be gone several weeks hunting wild turkeys, quail and partridges.

Springfield (O.) Gun Club.

ELEVEN members indulged in a shoot on Nov. 12, a turkey being given as a prize in each of the first seven events. The eighth event was at 25 targets for the targets. Watkins won the first event with a straight score of 10 and took the turk. Young won the bird in the second event after shooting off a tie on 9, with Henderson, Watkins and Poole. The other winners were: Third event, Foley; fourth event, Young; fifth, Young and Watkins divided the bird; sixth, Henderson; seventh, Oats. Watkins was high in the last event with 24 out of 25; Young a close second with 23. Seven 10-target and one 25-target event were shot.

Shot at.	Broke.	Shot at.	Broke.
Watkins	85	Rankin	35
Young	80	Strong	20
Henderson	79	F. Henderson	15
Snyder	76	Oats	6
Poole	68	Austin	6
Foley	68		4
	40		33

Philadelphia Trapsshooters' League.

THE schedule of the Philadelphia Trapsshooters' League is as follows:

Dec. 3—Narberth at Hill Rod and Gun Club, Chester; Meadow Springs at Camden; S. S. White at Highland; Hillside at Media; Clearview at Florists'.

Dec. 17—Camden at S. S. White; Florists' at Highland; Hill Rod and Gun Club at Media; Clearview at Meadow Springs; Hillside at Narberth.

Dec. 31—Narberth at Clearview; Highland at Hill Rod and Gun Club, Chester; Meadow Springs at Florists'; Camden at Hillside; Media at S. S. White.

Jan. 14—Highland at Meadow Springs; Florists' at Media; Hill Rod and Gun Club at Hillside; Clearview at Camden; S. S. White at Narberth.

Jan. 28—Narberth at Florists'; Meadow Springs at Hill Rod and Gun Club, Chester; Camden at Media; Hillside at S. S. White; Clearview at Highland.

Feb. 11—Florists' at Camden; Highland at Narberth; Hill Rod and Gun Club at S. S. White; Media at Meadow Springs; Hillside at Clearview.

Feb. 25—Camden at Highland; Clearview at Hill Rod and Gun Club, Chester; S. S. White at Meadow Springs; Narberth at Media; Florists' at Hillside.

March 11—Clearview at S. S. White; Meadow Springs at Hillside; Highland at Media; Florists' at Hill Rod and Gun Club, Chester; Narberth at Camden.

March 25—Camden at Hill Rod and Gun Club, Chester; Narberth at Meadow Springs; S. S. White at Florists'; Hillside at Highland; Clearview at Media.

April 8—Hill Rod and Gun Club at Narberth; Camden at

Meadow Springs; Highland at S. S. White; Media at Hillside; Florists' at Clearview.

April 22—S. S. White at Camden; Highland at Florists'; Media at Hill Rod and Gun Club, Chester; Meadow Springs at Clearview; Narberth at Hillside.

May 6—Clearview at Narberth; Hill Rod and Gun Club at Highland; Florists' at Meadow Springs; Hillside at Camden; S. S. White at Media.

May 20—Meadow Springs at Highland; Media at Florists'; Hillside at Hill Rod and Gun Club, Chester; Camden at Clearview; Narberth at S. S. White.

June 3—Florists' at Narberth; Hill Rod and Gun Club at Meadow Springs; Media at Camden; S. S. White at Hillside; Highland at Clearview.

June 17—Camden at Florists'; Narberth at Highland; S. S. White at Hill Rod and Gun Club, Chester; Meadow Springs at Media; Clearview at Hillside.

July 1—Highland at Camden; Hill Rod and Gun Club at Clearview; Meadow Springs at S. S. White; Media at Narberth; Hillside at Florists'.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Montclair Gun Club.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., Nov. 12.—Some ten men participated in the regular Saturday afternoon shoot to-day.

Events 1 and 2 were for practice. Kendal made the best score, 23. Event No. 3, 10 targets, handicap match, prize a pearl-handled knife, was won by Mr. Kendal. Event No. 4, 15 targets, handicap, was tied for by Messrs. Bush and Wallace with an even score of 15, but on the shoot-off, miss-and-out, the prize, a recoil pad, went to Mr. Wallace. Event No. 5, miss-and-out, went on the fourth round to Mr. Winslow, who took home a pendometer. Event No. 6, 25 targets, was tied for by Messrs. Holloway, Hartshorne and Winslow, and on the shoot-off the prize, a gun case, went to Mr. Winslow. Event No. 7, 10 targets, prize a pearl-handled knife, was won by Mr. Holloway, with 9 breaks to his credit.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	25	10	15	25	10	
C. W. Kendall, 0.....	21	23	9	14	1	22	8
Wallace, 6	15	16	8	15	1	20	7
Winslow, 8	13	15	4	10	4	23	7
Cockfair, 0	19	22	8	11	1	17	8
Bush, 6	18	7	15	3	19	4	
Force, 4	6	5	1	13	6	
Hartshorne, 8	8	8	1	23	4	
Holloway, 8	9	..	23	9	
Robinson
Soverel, 2	19	..

Events 3, 4 and 6 were handicaps. Handicaps as indicated at each shooter's name, are based on 25 targets. Same percentage applies on the 10 and 15-target events.

Nov. 19.—Eleven men faced the traps to-day and spent a very pleasant afternoon. The weather conditions were perfect, but no new records were made in the shoot for the silver cup.

The regular shoot of the club will be held Thanksgiving morning at 9 A. M.:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25	25	25
Wallace	17	16	20	17	17	Moffett	18	23	15	19	14
Kendall	18	20	22	23	21	Doremus	12	24	11	18	..
Holloway	19	16	G. Batten	19
Bush	15	17	Soverel	21	18
Scheffey	17	Winslow	10	16
Babcock	21	..	21	23	16						

EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

Trap at Point Breeze.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—On Saturday, Nov. 19, fifteen contestants took part in the live-bird competition at Point Breeze. In the prize shoot, 10 birds, handicap rise, Mr. Fred Murphy was the only one who scored straight. The scores follow:

Murphy	2121211111	10	Singerly	2212022202	8
Wilson	2222222022	9	Hyland	*212122200	7
Boshell	222222222*	9	McAnany	*222020112	7
Delaney	1111111011	9	Williams	22022220*1	7
Vincent	222022222	9	Copeland	2220020022	6
Aiman	22202222*	8	Thomas	*2212022*	5
Edwards	202022221	8	Scott	00220220*1	5
Martin	0*21212122	8			

Miss-and-out sweepstake, entrance \$2: Aiman 6, Murphy 6, Boshell 6, Delaney 6, Wilson 5, Edwards 5, Copeland 5, Martin 5, Singerly 4, French 3, Ford 3, Thomas 2.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Nov. 15.—In the final contest Mr. George Borst secured possession of the Hunter Arms cup. Prior to this shoot, he had a lead of one point over Rickman, who also won a point, as did T. F. Adkin, yet he had to be satisfied with second honors.

Owing to the fact that winning the Hunter Arms cup rested between Borst and Rickman, only five competed in the event, the others participating in special sweepstakes. Adkin made the best actual score with a perfect string. Borst, with a handicap of 6 just managed to make his point, while Rickman, with the same handicap, had two more than the necessary 25. The scores:

Brk. Hdp. Tot'l.			Brk. Hdp. Tot'l.				
Rickman	21	6	27	Stewart	24	0	24
Adkin	25	1	26	Kershner	15	1	16
Borst	19	6	25				

Crescent Athletic Club.

BAY RIDGE, L. I., Nov. 19.—A good attendance of contestants, considering the early season, was present. Scores:

Considering the early season, was present. Scores:							
Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap:							
Hdp. Brk. Tot'l.			Hdp. Brk. Tot'l.				
Grinnell	2	13	15	Damron	4	8	12
L C Hopkins.....	1	13	14	Southworth.....	0	11	11
Vanderveer	1	13	14	Dr S P Hopkins.....	2	9	11
Marshall	3	10	13	Hickling	4	6	10
Dr Keyes	1	12	13	E H Lott	0	9	9

Trophy shoot, 15 targets:					
L C Hopkins.....	14	15	Grinnell2	9	11
Southworth0	14	14	Dr Hopkins2	9	11
Marshall3	9	12	E H Lott.....0	10	10
Keyes1	11	12	Vanderveer1	8	9

Trophy shoot, 15 targets:							
C E T Foster....	4	11	15	Southworth	0	11	11
Marshall	3	10	13	Dr Hopkins	2	9	11
Dr Keyes	1	12	13	Damron	4	6	10
Grinnell	2	10	12	E H Lott.....	0	10	10
L C Hopkins.....	1	11	12	Dr Raynor	4	3	7

Trophy shoot, 15 targets:					
Foster	4	10	14	Dr Keyes	1 12 13
Marshall	3	10	13	Southworth	0 12 12
L C Hopkins	1	12	13	Dr Hopkins	2 10 12
Grinnell	2	11	13	Damron	4 7 11

Shoot for November cup, 25 targets:					
Southworth	0	24	24	Marshall	5 14 19
L C Hopkins.....	2	20	22		

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: Dr. Raynor 13, E. H. Lott 13, Vanderveer 13, Grinnell 13, L. C. Hopkins 12, Marshall 9, Hickling 8, Dr. Hopkins 8.

Shoot-off, 15 targets: Grinnell 15, E. H. Lott 14, Raynor 12, Vanderveer 9.

Trophy shoot, 15 targets: Marshall 14, Southworth 11, Grinnell 11, Dr. Hopkins 11, L. C. Hopkins 10, Foster 10.

Trophy shoot, 25 targets: Southworth 20, L. C. Hopkins 20, Grinnell 20, Foster 19.

Shoot-off, 15 targets: Grinnell 13, Southworth 11, Hopkins 10.

Trap Around Reading.

TAMAQUA, Pa., Nov. 5.—Sportsmen from all parts of the region saw Michael Hannon, of this city, defeat Reese Reese, of Lansford, in a shooting match at 25 live birds each for \$110 a side, and the gate receipts. Hannon killed 18 birds to his opponent's 12.

Bethlehem, Pa., Nov. 3.—Seven of the crack wing shots of the Lehigh Gun Club participated in a live-bird match at the Saeger Farm traps this afternoon. Each shot at 15, Fehr being high gun. Fehr killed 14, missing only his sixth; Beahm 13, Koch, Saeger and Breder each 12; Gorr and Jacoby 11. fl fl fl

Mahanoy City, Pa., Nov. 5.—In a live-bird shoot here to-day William Lloyd, of Morea, defeated Peter Beishline, of Jeanesville, for \$100 a side. Each man shot at 13 birds, Lloyd killing 10 to his opponent's 9.

Lavorack, Pa., Nov. 3.—Bowen with 21 breaks out of 25, carried off the high gun at the semi-monthly target shoot of the Pennsylvania Gun Club yesterday afternoon.

Club shoot, 25 targets, 16yds. rise: Bowen 21, Bailey 19, Rossberg 18, Snyder 18, Rodgers 16, Geiger 15.

Mahanoy City, Pa., Nov. 5.—Shooting at 13 birds for \$50 a side to-day, Jesse Webb defeated Richard Weeks, of Park Place, by 7 to 6.

DUSTER.

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

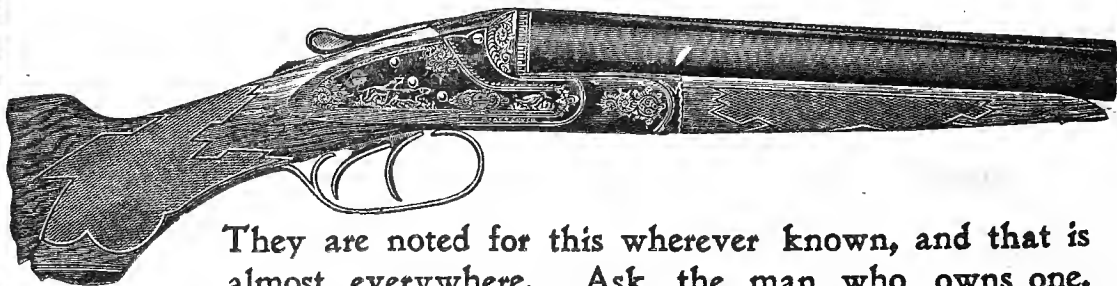
Capt. A. W. du Bray and Mr. Duncan, shooting for the Lyon's cup on the old Kentucky Gun Club grounds, tied on 20 straight pigeons at 31 yards rise, 30 yards boundary. On the shoot-off, Mr. M. du Bray won the event. On the old Kentucky Gun Club grounds, at an invitation shoot, Oct. 27 and 28, Dr. Duncan scored 25 straight pigeons at 31yds. rise. In the Kentucky Futurity at 50 pigeons, Mr. J. Q. Ward, of Paris, Ky., won the handsome cup, scoring 47 at 31yds. The second prize in this event was won by Mr. W. B. Allen with a score of 46. Fred Coleman at Plumsteadville, Pa., Oct. 25, scored 40 straight from the 16yd. mark and 135 out of the 140 at 20yds. rise, with quite a good stiff breeze blowing. Frank H. Snow, Brooklyn, O., at Hamilton, O., Oct. 18 and 19, won high average, breaking 360 out of 370 for two days' shooting. At Fremont, O., on Oct. 21, Mr. Snow broke 149 out of 155 singles and 14 out of 20 pairs, 163 out of 175 for the day. All of these records were made by the Parker gun.

"Tests showing the Safety of Cartridges and Loaded Shotgun Shells when Subjected to Careless Handling, Falls, Shock and Fire" is the theme of an illustrated booklet issued by the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn. Eighteen illustrations of the effects of shock, fire, etc., with full descriptive text, convey practical information on the absence of all danger in handling or transporting cartridges in cases.

The G. W. Cole Company, 141-145 Broadway, New York, have issued a booklet descriptive of the many articles to which "3 in 1" oil may be applied. They number between sixty and seventy. It will be sent free, with a generous sample of oil, to any one who will write for same to the above-mentioned company.

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FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 346 Broadway, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1904.

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No. 846 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

HE PAYS HIS FINE.

FOR a long time it has been known that a young New Yorker who visited Montana in the summer of 1903 was guilty of serious infractions of the game law. The Montana game wardens learned of this, and have been pressing him hard ever since. A dispatch in the papers of last Tuesday, November 29, announces that the New Yorker has plead guilty, been fined the sum of \$500 for killing a mountain sheep, and has paid the fine. The incident is therefore regarded as closed.

It is well understood—and the fact is referred to in the article on the mountain sheep in "American Big Game in Its Haunts"—that this man was taken with his guide to a well-known "lick" in northern Montana, and that during the first part of his watching a bunch of nine rams came there. There was much shooting, and finally the rams all went away. The day following seven rams came to the lick, and the New Yorker, with or without the assistance of his guide, killed three or four of them. The matter became known to the forest ranger of the locality, and to other people, and the New Yorker, hearing of it, left the State, as did also his guide.

It is well recognized that the punishment of infractions of game laws by a mere fine has bad features. It tends to make people think that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor. A wealthy man, caring little for a mere fine, is perhaps ready to break the law and to pay the penalty; the poor man, unable to pay a heavy fine, may be shut up in jail if he breaks the law. The law should provide that infractions of the game laws may be punished either by fine or imprisonment, or by both. If this were the case, the rich man, knowing that he might be imprisoned for his offense, and having before his eyes the fear of the sturdy common-sense of the average justice of the peace, would hesitate a long time before committing any glaring violation of the statutes for the protection of game.

The curious way in which laws and regulations forbidding the killing of game are regarded by the average man was well exemplified a few years ago, when an eminent New York preacher openly killed an elk in the Yellowstone Park, and then went to the commanding officer, and telling what he had done, asked to be allowed to pay the fine. The remarks made by the commanding officer to the divine are probably still remembered by him, and we venture to say made much more impression than any fine would have done.

THE CAMEL.

CABIA BLANCO has long since shown himself a much-traveled Ulysses, who has visited many places, known many men, and seen many things. Not long ago when Capt. Wm. F. Flynn wrote of having been on a bear trail on the top of a remote mountain away in the Southwest, Cabia Blanco responded the next week with the story of how he had been on the same trail on the same mountain, and had run from—or was it pursued after—the same big bear. And when we printed something about the killing of a whale, in which was discovered a harpoon which had been imbedded in its carcass many years, he capped the story with a reminiscence of a whale which his own ship had taken in the Pacific having a long time carried harpoon in its body. This wide range of experience, his faculty of seeing things, and his happy way of telling of them, all contribute to the interest of whatever comes from his pen. His simplicity, directness and sincerity are qualities we can all appreciate. To-day he writes of his "meeting up" with one of the stranded relics of the band of camels which were imported by the United States Government. The incident is a concise and graphic ending of a comic story, which is humorous in no less degree because it happens to be an historical monograph on an official enterprise involving generous expenditure of public funds. The utter futility of this camel enterprise of the United States authorities could not have been more completely summed up than it is in the picture Cabia Blanco draws of that lone beast, with camelesque obstinacy refusing to budge, or to do anything else than to stand stock still in the corral and "eat its head off" at the fodder rack.

The failure of the camel importing attempt was not

so unfortunate after all. This is a land of railroads, not of camel trails. The genius of America is expressed in the snort of the locomotive, not in the camel's squeal. As the development of the half-century intervening has abundantly demonstrated, we can conquer the deserts in an American way, which has in it nothing of the Sahara. We have outgrown the camel stage of human progression, and have relegated the beast to the category of those wild creatures which, thinking we have no better use for them, we shoot, if we can get within range; and afterward, growing older and wiser, and moved by motives partly practical and partly sentimental, we would not see utterly destroyed, but strive to save from extermination. The camel today has a place with the elk and the mountain goat and other big game of Arizona, under the protection of that clause of the law which forbids its possession dead or alive. If any living specimens be still chewing the cud of contentment in the security of the arid Arizona wastes, they take good care to avoid the proximity of man, and in particular of troopers who would persuade them to carry United States mails.

Another American camel enterprise is worth noting in this connection. In the early part of the last century, camels were introduced into Cuba to transport the copper ore of the Cobre mines to Santiago. The beasts proved to be well adapted to the work; and perhaps because the Spanish tongue had some resemblance to the gibberish they had been used to, the Cobre camels were fairly tractable burden carriers. But the animals were killed off eventually by the ravages of a most insignificant creature, the niqua, or, as it is called in the English tongue, jigger, a minute insect classified by scientists as a cross between Satan and a woodtick. This little pest burrowed into the feet of the camels and eventually proved their destruction.

MONOLOGUES OF KIAH.

AS BECAME sportsmen good and true, the campers were early risers. They had slept sweetly and were dispatching their simple but abundant breakfast by the light of the camp-fire, before the dawn. With admirable two-handed sweeps at every dish in sight far and near regardless of sequence, they maintained a graceful rhythm of knife and fork; consequently the hillocks of edibles vanished with speed, volume and accuracy. This expeditious manner of tossing food is oftentimes a peculiar feature of some sportsmen when living close to nature. Without interrupting his intake in the least, Ruben remarked: "I confess that I always feel cross and sour in the morning, particularly at breakfast. After a good meal like this, however, I feel that I am my sunny self again. I attribute it to the vital forces being low, therefore not to any true blemish of disposition. In the morning everyone needs an hour or two in which to pull oneself together after a night of slumber before one can hope to attain full, normal sweetness of temper; then one can heartily concern one's self in promoting the comfort and interests of one's fellows, while betimes not forgetting one's own. True sportsmanship enjoins, as Kiah wisely said—"I was thinking of that very subject myself," Kiah hastily interposed, "and I find that there are very, very few sportsmen who agree with me on a subject which is clear as the sun at noon. There indeed are few who accurately know what sportsmanship enjoins. Besides the heart-to-heart talks so dear to all of us, the friendships of old comrades in sport, the privilege of forming an acquaintanceship with members of the guild who are strangers, the delights of living close to nature and numerous other correlated pleasures and benefits, I know that true sportsmanship is a matter of set forms. Do you hunt birds? Then such should be done in a ceremonial manner. So of fishing. These set forms admit of no deviation whatever, if you would be a true sportsman. I would suggest to you, purely in the interest of sportsmanship—a suggestion free from all egotism—that if you desire to know the precise forms to which I so earnestly allude, you will respectfully and studiously observe your good friend Kiah fish and shoot. Then you will behold the refined gold of true sportsmanship. All others are base, spurious. Multitudes will obstinately contend that as sportsmanship has merit according to the pleasure which it confers, the methods which any individual finds pleasurable accord-

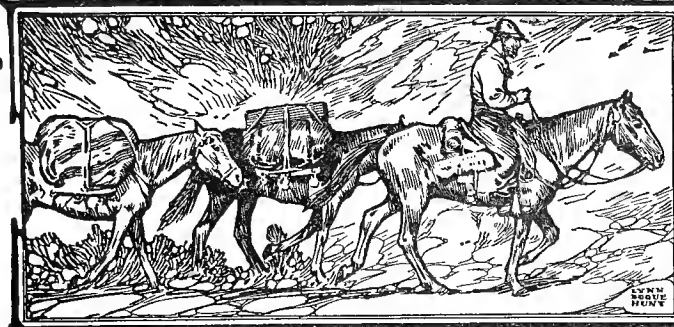
ing to his own ideas, skill and money, are legitimately entitled to recognition in sportsmanship so long as they violate no written or moral law. This, if allowed, would reduce sport to a variant according to the whim or gratification of the individual. It is a perversion of sport to have any enjoyment in violation of the forms which I practice. I elaborated them from years of experience, and I know them to be correct because of the delights I derive by observing them in pursuit and capture. Thus they are not according to the bigoted emotions of those individuals who would force sportsmanship into their selfish measurements. They base all their conclusions on impressions and aspects. All their concepts are of aspects. Therefore, considered properly, as a chaotic psychological phenomena, whose component parts are a heterogenous hodgepodge of freak concepts and distorted aspects; I submit to you, Ruben, whether or not you know what true sportsmanship is."

"I don't know anything about it, Kiah," Ruben humbly replied, "and after your heart-to-heart talk, I don't think I ever knew anything."

WE are glad to have the appreciation of Henry P. Wells, written by Mr. Hyde. It voices the feelings of a large circle of friends and angling acquaintances. One quality of Mr. Wells, which must have impressed all who come in contact with him, and a quality which is everywhere manifested in his books on angling, was the thoroughness which led him to investigate to the ultimate attainable factor a difficult problem in mechanics. Mr. Wells was a patent attorney; the work of his profession cultivated his natural bent in this direction; the integrity of a patent might depend on some recon-dite basic principle, to the complete mastery of which he applied himself with a zest like that which made him the enthusiastic angler playing a salmon. When he came to write his fishing books, this taste—or shall we say passion—for investigation contributed in generous degree to the value of his studies and writings. The preface of the book "Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle" illustrates this quality of its author in the paragraph telling of his planned study of the conditions under which the fish in the water sees the fly:

Though these experiments were many in number, that which I regarded as of first importance was the further investigation of how lines, leaders and flies appeared to trout under the varying conditions of light and water which confront the angler when rod in hand. It is not my nature to be content with one experiment when another and a more conclusive method of investigation suggests itself. My plan was to procure a diver's outfit, together with the necessary skilled assistance, and at various depths beneath the surface of the water, and over light and dark colored bottoms, and in sunshine and shadow, myself impersonate a fish while a friend angled for me, as it were. Thus, and with aid of telephonic communication and a stenographer, I hoped in two or three weeks' time to make quite an impression on the problem.

THE idea of public preserves for wild game, whether for game in general or particular species most in need of special fostering, is growing in popular appreciation. The current report of the Biological Survey illustrates this in its record of two reservations so widely apart as Florida and California. The Florida one is the Pelican Island preserve for pelicans, situated on the East Coast. Through the co-operation of the American Ornithologists' Union, a warden has been maintained and the birds have been practically undisturbed. That the Pelican Island preserve may be a permanent institution must be the wish of every winter visitor to the East Coast, where the birds make such an attractive feature of shore life. It would be hard to say how many thousands of persons find pleasure in the sight of these immense birds flying in groups and squads and companies, in courses parallel with the shore; now sailing majestically before the wind, and now beating up heavily against the gale, or swinging in long curving lines to and from the roosting grounds. As a commercial proposition, the pelican is one of the outdoor attractions of Florida which are good investments. The other preserve noted in the report is the preserve for the elk presented to the Government by Miller and Lux, established in Tulare county, Cal., on the Middle Fork of the Kaweah River, just within the boundary of the Sequoia National Park, the details of which were given in our issue of November 19.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In the Mountains.

THE October days of the present year were passing all too rapidly. The delicate tints of the frost-bitten leaves, blending with the grays and browns of the rocky cliffs and the dark green of the firs and pines, painted the mountain sides in hues of evanescent splendor, forming a picture which drew wistful glances from the eyes of the old hunter, and pulled at his heart as a magnet upon a needle.

For anxious days the work of the ranch persisted in detaining, but opportunity came at length. Though his sons were grown to manhood and had gone out into the world for themselves, he persuaded himself that he was yet able to endure alone the labor of another expedition into the hills, and the work of preparation went busily on as the days flew by.

Billy, the old gray pony, was hardly sufficient for the task of carrying his increased weight up the mountain sides, but the sorrel mare, strong and vigorous, would do for a saddle animal; for though her stumbling awkwardness had long ago merited for her the homely appellation of the Old Sow, it was a case of Hobson's choice. Billy could carry the pack saddle. The wall tent being too heavy, three yards of six-foot wide sheeting were purchased and saturated in two pounds of melted paraffine, the cloth being held by the ends and edges in dipping, that the central part would receive all the liquid as soon as it grew cool enough to be handled, and I had a sheet 9 by 6 that shed water perfectly. The old .45-70 Sharps, with its express ball cartridge, was taken along for deer and the 12-gauge double-barrel for grouse. My beautiful little black spaniel pet was to be my companion, though he would have to be tied in camp while deer hunting went on.

Finally the cavalcade was formed, and with Billy's halter firmly tied to the mare's tail, and the eager spaniel dancing and yelping with delight under her nose, the march was begun.

For a number of miles the way along the base of the mountain was easy; but when the place was reached where the ascent should have begun the steep pitch and the rugged rocks looked so forbidding that my heart failed, and recollecting something of a legendary trail further to the northward, reputed to lead one into the deepest recesses of these mountains, I continued along the mountain base in search of it. Here the words of the sage Uncle Remus were again verified—"Right dar is whar he done broke his merlasses jug!" For a time all was easy; for soon finding a trail leading in the right direction, it was followed joyously, an occasional partridge being taken in to prevent the yelping spaniel going positively insane; but gradually it became apparent that the trail did not lead through the kind of ground usually traversed by Indian trails, and I suddenly found myself at the edge of a small clearing, near a little log cabin, unoccupied and decayed, a monument of the hopeless ventures where a place for a home is selected by some industrious immigrant without adequate knowledge of the worthless nature of much of this, as of all other, mountain land. Hurrying past the deserted cabin, I rejoiced to find the trail still leading on, and hoping still that it would lead me safely through the jungle that had now closed in on all sides, tangled and impenetrable; a mile further brought me to another similar place, where the trail ended. Here the pack was unloaded and the ponies were turned loose to graze, while dinner was cooked and eaten; and the meal for myself and my dog was made perfect by the smell and taste of a partridge cooked in the finest of all ways meat is prepared for the table—toasted on a stick before an open fire.

A way out of the surrounding jungle was now the problem. A careful search revealed a wagon track, dim and crossed by fallen poles and brush, leading northeast and seeming to invite effort, and the slow march was resumed. Confusion worse confounded soon resulted, the dim track turning down a ravine, which grew gradually narrower as the hills on either hand crowded closer and steeper, and I soon encountered places where the spring floods had torn everything loose and in the descending roadway had plowed cellar-like pits, through which a path must be found among the giant boulders where a brawling stream elbowed its turbulent way or loitered lazily in deep, dark pools, and the whole difficult gorge crossed and recrossed by fallen timber. Oh, it was fine—for the man in search of such a highway—and the whole perplexing business culminated in an indescribable tangle where, in jumping the creek, the unwilling pack pony was dragged across by main "strength"; and the Old Sow, having finally wrestled every last one of all her snaky legs through a snarl of brush and snags, left the sad-faced Billy firmly anchored between two leaning trees which stoutly refused to let the loaded pack saddle slip through the gap, and with his halter lashed to the mare's tail, his gray neck was stretched out like that of a gander. As the novelists tell us, we will now draw a veil over the scene!

If the atmosphere in that abominable gorge grew suddenly hazy with vociferation until the listening partridges hurriedly plugged their tingling ears with their toes, and the vagrant bear shrank shudderingly into the nearest gopher hole, paralyzed into hibernating weeks before his time, where is he who really loves the great wilderness

(where Dame Nature sometimes cuffs the ears of rash intrusion), who will not be easily persuaded to forgive an occasional emphatic statement of the case on the part of the long harassed hunter? How that elongated cavalcade was finally rescued from the jungle by the exercise of generalship compared with which Xenophon's story of the "Retreat of the Ten Thousand" pales into mythical insignificance, I'll never tell, for I hardly know myself. Though the three-pound package of soda crackers in the pack of the long suffering pony was ground into a dusty mass of flour, thickened by shreds of flaming bright-lettered advertisement, the toiling procession finally halted in triumph in an open glade, with Billy's pack wrestled into the appearance of a last year's birds' nest, and we felt that, in the language of the irate Southerner, we had "done done it" at last.

A few rods further a wide, well-beaten trail leading northward was found, and following it up a gradually ascending grade, a dim trail, old and time-worn, turned in the direction of the mountains, and I fondly hoped this would prove to be the one of my anxious search. Turning into the old, disused trail, I rode along its gradually ascending way until, as the sun sank below the mountain crest a beautiful grassy hillside was found, where fine feed for the ponies grew in abundance, and with wood and water conveniently at hand a beautiful camping ground awaited me. Here the ponies were watered, hobbled and turned loose, promptly taking the back track as fast as they could shuffle along; and when supper had been disposed of and the bed made down in the open, as the clear autumn sky gave no indication of foul weather, the tired man, worn with the fatigues of the day's march, lay down to rest.

As the shades of evening began weaving fantastic shadows around the sinking camp-fire and drowsiness to weigh upon his eyelids, his ear caught that sweetest of all dear Mother Nature's melodies, the languorous murmur of a tiny mountain brooklet; and as the heart of the old hunter opened to its charm, the small stream sang to him, in murmuring monotone, a soothing song of peace; and its own little answer to the problem of the mystery of human life, so unfathomable to us all. Following the direction indicated by the dreamy murmur of the stream, his mind wandered back into the far distant past, while the sweet melody sang to him of a

"former happier day,
When heaven was yet the spirit's home,
And her wings had not yet fallen away!"

And then the music of the tiny stream told of the days of his own innocent childhood, so far away drifted into the past.

"I remember, I remember, the fir trees, dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops were just against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance, but now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven than when I was a boy."

And still the song murmured on, and into the hunter's attentive ear was poured, in siren tones, the tale of his own joyous youth; of the long-gone time when to his eager gaze was shown—

"Every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen!"

And next the melody found expression in a song of sad and sober days, of the time when, with the passing years, came the sad conviction that

"All the sports are stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down."

And now, in still sweeter tones the song floated on, fainter and still further away; on, and still onward, into the land of the great Beyond. And in wondrous notes it sang of a hunting ground where the happy hunter wandered with unentangled feet in the land of blessed camp-fires, by gently murmuring brooks, where landscapes of surpassing loveliness

"Restored every rose, yet secreted its thorn!"

And as the slumber of the tired hunter deepened toward oblivion, the melody in faintest, far-off notes of more than mortal music, whispered to his soul of the wonders of the mysterious Ocean of Eternity, where, in some fair Island of the Blest, a home of unfading joy awaited the weary feet; where "There shall be no more death; neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."

A low growl raised him to his elbow. The October moon, riding high in the unclouded heavens, flooded the lonely camp ground with light, showing the night to be far advanced, and the vigilant spaniel, with ruffled hair, gazing intently into the thicket just above the camp, from whence the night breeze brought to his sensitive nostrils some olfactory note of warning. But the midnight intruder failing to appear, the restful slumber of the forest camp again took possession of the wayfarer. The morning dawned gloriously, and after a hurried breakfast the trail was again followed. Up and still upward and with increasing steepness the way meandered the mountain side, where the hunter dismounted and led his horse up the most difficult steeps, until at length a wide basin of gently sloping land was found inclining southward; and here the man found himself almost on a level with the summit to the westward, while the view in all other directions was grand. Far away the wide ex-

pansive of mountain scenery spread out around him like a billowy ocean of green stayed in mid-upheaval; and while the peace of the mighty hills took possession of the soul, the fatigues and annoyances of the upward climb were forgotten.

Here was met the first of that finest of all our grouse, the blue or mountain grouse. A small flock scattered in front of us, and the crazy spaniel raved beneath the trees where they had taken refuge, and a few of them were added to the bag to preserve his peace of mind. But now the trail grew dim, and finally spread out and vanished entirely. In vain was the mountain side searched. Away to the westward rose the crest of the divide, while the wide basin to the southward, through which a stream meandered, was so filled with fallen timber between the creek and the open hillside where I rode, that unless a trail through the jungle could be found the lack of water would drive us down the mountain again. More tantalizing still, fresh deer tracks were now noted, which became more plentiful as the search for water led me further westward. But search as I might for a trail to water, the impassable tangle of fallen timber still interposed, until I stopped to study the signs and learn the situation.

Pony tracks months or years old were found at the foot of small trees, where their stamping feet had worked circular depressions of considerable depth in the soft earth, showing that it had been done in fly-time, and that in each case the pony must have been tied for hours. Further search discovered patches of huckleberry bushes; and a small pine tree stripped of its bark for a length of two feet at a point about breast high from the ground, made all plain. The old trail led up to the berry patch, and the bark had been stripped from the tree to make a berry basket.

Not until the afternoon waned was the search for water abandoned, but finally the retreat began. Fuel, feed and water are absolute necessities in successful camping; and slowly and sadly the journey down the mountain continued until the old camping ground was reached, and in the depression of evident defeat camp was again made for the night. Then once again came the restful charm of the moonlit camp, and the song of the brook during the silent hours.

"Still nature's vesper chimes are rung,
And songs, by unseen spirits sung,
Float round my head, that on a stone
Find rest; I sleep, but not alone."

By this time it became manifest that deer hunting on the line of this trail was impossible under the circumstances, and the dog was tied in camp, another route was selected, and all day I wandered in search of the timid deer, which are growing scarcer as the years go by. But the hunt proved fruitless, and when nearing camp, and noting what I fancied to be a ruffed grouse 75 yards in front, I fired at it and scored a clean miss. The bird flew up to a limb a short distance away, and now seemed less like a partridge than before. Carefully approaching until within 25 yards, I fired at its neck and brought it down with the head dangling from a bit of skin. In the meantime I noted a similar bird on the ground to my right; and as I gathered the dead bird and looked more carefully at both, I saw that I had found a pair, male and female, of the strange grouse known as fool hens. A shot at the head of the second clipped the skull just enough to paralyze the bird, which was secured in shape for entire examination.

The first one proved to be the male, bluish slate in color on back and sides, with the short feathers crossed by delicate pencillings in black, and a few of the wing and tail feathers tipped with white, while small black markings ornamented the short slate-colored feathers at the base of the bill, and a narrow band of naked orange-colored skin was found above each eye, very like that of the male of the larger blue grouse. This band of naked skin appeared wrinkled, as though it might be inflated or widened, and probably made to appear more vivid in color during the mating season, after the manner of the blue grouse. The female was similar in appearance, save that instead of the delicate pencillings of the short feathers of the back and sides being black in color, they were of a cinnamon tint, making the bird lighter in color, and the skin above the eye was feathered. There was little, if any, difference in size or weight, both appearing to be about the size of the ruffed grouse or partridge, but a trifle plumper. The flesh was dark colored, but rich and sweet in flavor.

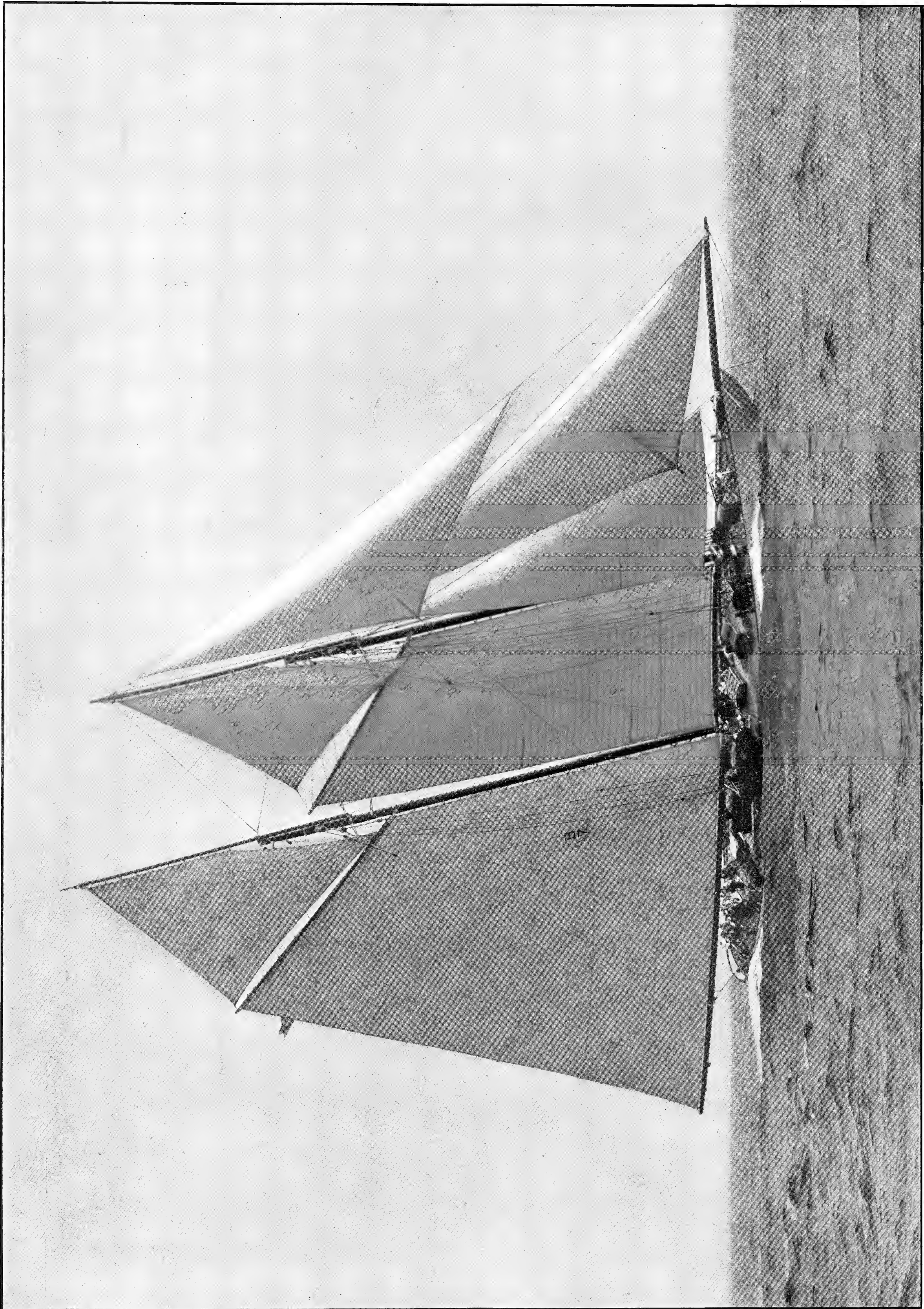
I was much pleased at securing the beautiful birds in such fine shape, and they were taken home for exhibition among friends. They are not at all plentiful in our mountains, and their existence, as a distinct species, is by many considered mythical. Years ago I found one sitting on a limb of a small fir about five feet from the ground, and carefully and very slowly approaching it, got my hand within two feet of its legs, when, in spite of all my care, the snapping of a twig under foot startled the pretty creature, and it hopped up on another branch just above reach.

The following morning found me stiff and sore, and it became manifest that nothing remained for me but to "hit the trail" for home. Making camp, cooking, and hunting horses, besides the fatigue of the daily climb, proved a heavy task for a lone hunter of my years, and reluctantly and somewhat sadly the ponies were saddled, packed, and turned down the trail.



BEAUTIES OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

Photo Copyright, 1904, by W. S. Berry.



"WITH LIFTED SHEET."
EMERALD, OWNED BY WILLIAM E. ISELIN.
Photograph by James Burton, New York.

I gathered in a grouse or two more on the homeward journey, to the increased gratification of Jet, and when the cavalcade finally drew up at my door all I had to show for the fatigues of the trip into the hills was a bunch of nine beautiful birds, which were shared with friends who in other days had been good to us in like manner.

Now this is not much of a story to offer to the members of the great FOREST AND STREAM family in return for the constant enjoyment of the perusal of the dear old paper which keeps us all in constant touch and sympathy; but it is such as I have.

Though the passing years are dealing kindly with the veteran hunter, he cannot climb the mountain sides as in days gone by; and though smaller game only comes to bag in reward of lessened effort, and his step is slower and shorter in its pursuit, yet the fascination of the wilderness still holds sway in his heart, and the mountains, holding wide their giant arms in silent invitation, still appeal to him, and not in vain.

ORIN BELKNAP.

KETTLE FALLS, Washington.

A Forest Derelict.

ON a mountain-top, but the flight of a grouse south of the line dividing the counties of Sullivan and Ulster, and between the Willowemoc and Neversink, with hemlock, balsam and spruce interwoven among the hardwood timber upon its borders, Long Pond lies. Beneath its quiet surface pickerel lurk, while muskrats build their homes upon the marshy sections of its shores. Into its depths the deer plunge, to throw off the scent when run by stray hounds, and during the summer months seek relief in its cold waters from their greater tormentors, the flies, and feed upon the lily-pads. The bluejay flits about the foliage, his plumage and noisy call vying with the effulgence and monotonous notes of the scarlet tanager. At the approach of evening the woods resound with the sweetest melody of the American forestland, the song of the hermit thrush.

At the lower, or southern, end of the pond, partly submerged, lie a number of fallen and decayed tree trunks, their size and evident age indicating the growth of hemlock and pine that preceded the advent of the tannery and the sawmill. Amid these corpses of former forest monarchs is a log of some eighteen feet in length, the peculiar outlines of which attract attention; upon inspection marks of human handiwork are at once apparent. At first sight it impresses one as having been designed for use as a trough for the feeding or watering of cattle; but the ends have been fashioned with more precision than such an object would demand, and a seat has been worked out of the solid log at one extremity, while an auger-hole, as if intended for the reception of a staff, has been bored halfway through the bottom at the opposite end. Time and weather have worn off the sides where the log has been cut thin, so that when put into the water and entered the displacement of one's weight leaves it practically without freeboard. Yet its steadiness and buoyancy, even to-day, prove it to have once been a staunch canoe. And this is the tradition that attaches to it:

Long before a white man had effected a permanent habitation in what was then a vast wilderness, when the hardy trapper alone had penetrated the remote solitudes and run his fur line into the country of the Lenni-Lenape, a noble pine stood among many of its kind upon the margin of the little mountain lake. Had the pine been given powers of observation, with the passing of years gradual changes in its environment would have been noted. Where formerly the twang of the bow-string had barely awakened an echo, the crack of the rifle was now heard; and the greater frequency of camp-fires and larger volumes of smoke proclaimed the replacing of the savage by the white man. Still the sombre hue of the raven blended with the dark green of the spruce; the cry of panther, the howl of wolf broke the silence of the forest; eagles soared above the fir-capped mountain—primitive wilderness lingered.

In time the visits of the white man became more frequent. Isolated log huts sprang up in clearings left by forest fires, and the restless settler sought in wood and waters additions to his scanty larder. Necessity rather than pleasure brought him to Long Pond. Trout, the preoccupants of the lake, were readily caught from a rudely-constructed raft of logs. Deer were shot as they fed upon the shores or drank of the waters of the pond. As the condition of the settlers improved, a spirit of sportsmanship was engendered in place of the desire to secure fish and game for food alone, and the need of a canoe on Long Pond was felt.

On a summer morning, prior to the period of birth of the oldest living inhabitant of Sullivan county, two men broke out of the woods upon the shore of the pond. Their mixed garb of homespun and skins denoted the dual character of husbandman and trapper. Upon their shoulders rested the implements that had laid the foundation of America—the rifle and the ax. Searching among the larger timber for a tree suitable for their purpose, the lordly pine was chosen. Incessant and vigorous ax-strokes followed, and the tree that had withstood the storms of centuries succumbed to the power of man. The desired length was then chopped from the butt and the construction of a dugout commenced. Occasional pauses in the work occurred while a survey was made of the progress in the crude boat building. At noon a frugal meal of rye or corn-bread, with an accompaniment of venison or bear meat—or possibly of the greater luxury of salt pork—was eaten. Perhaps a line was cast into the lake, and that trout, fresh from the water, supplied a welcome variety to the meagre repast. The axes were then resumed and with the passing of the afternoon the building of the dugout advanced. At length it was ready for trial. Likely not without anxiety was the test of its steadiness made. Some slight alterations in the outline of the craft may have been required to enable it to maintain an even keel. A few clips with the ax effected these. A slab was now riven from the trunk that furnished the hull; paddles were made from this, and the canoe was ready for use.

Eager to test its merits, birch or iron-wood saplings were secured and the woodsmen paddled out upon the pond to fish a spring hole favored by the large trout during the heat of summer.

Upon the return to shore, a round of birch or spruce bark was peeled from a convenient tree, and from this a jack was formed. The light was obtained from a large candle, made by removing the pith from a piece of elder wood and refilling the cavity with tallow and a wick.

By this time darkness had fallen. The settlers, weary yet contented with the result of their day's work, withdrew into the cover of the woods to obtain a few hours' repose until the waning of the moon should admit of successful hunting. In fancy we see their stealthy return about midnight, the lighting of the jack, the noiseless entry into the dugout, the older hunter with his flintlock rifle of great length in the bow; while the younger man paddles the canoe silently along the edge of the lake, with the light directed almost at a right angle to their course. With weird effect, like some will o' the wisp, the dugout glides along the shore line. A black duck, feeding upon the water near the nest of his mate, gets up in alarm; a muskrat splashes noisily from the bank into the pond; the screech owl hurls defiance at the hoot owl—even the steady nerves of the older hunter feel a thrill at these interruptions of the stillness. As the canoe proceeds, the older man waves many an admonitory signal backward to his impatient companion to check his speed. Disappointment has begun to make itself felt within the breast of the latter. To himself he complains: "There are no deer in. Didn't I say there was no use hunting to-night after chopping all day? We might as well—ah!" The rifle is extending itself cautiously under the light—it is now held in the position for firing. As yet he who wields the paddle sees nothing. But the actions of his more experienced comrade in the bow dispel any misgivings that may have arisen within him. As the canoe silently advances under the influence of the noiseless paddle strokes, an indistinct form, showing grayish in the candle light, is made out by the man in the stern. The figure of a deer with head erect, held in fascination by the jack, follows, and the light from the bow is reflected toward the hunters in two balls of fire.

Holding the canoe steady with the paddle, the younger man waits expectantly. From the bow come a flash of fire and the crack of the rifle and instant darkness follows. The pungent smoke of the powder hovers about the canoe, while the report of the rifle awakens a hundred echoes against the fringes of the lake. Listening eagerly for the result of the shot, the hunters catch the sound of splashing as the deer makes his way unsteadily toward shore. They follow in the canoe, and before a landing is effected the noise ceases. The candle is relighted with the aid of flint and steel, and the search along the water's edge continues. The hunters find the deer with his forequarters upon the bog and the remainder of his body in the water, from which the rifle ball has deprived him of the power to draw himself, and the knife ends what the rifle has begun. Thus in blood was the dugout christened.

And many times in the years that succeeded was this scene re-enacted. Through several generations the old dugout was intimately associated with the lives of the pioneers of Sullivan and Ulster county. The father took his son, and the son took his son out on Long Pond to watch for deer, or to fish for trout—or later for pickerel; and as the hours passed in this remote and peaceful corner of the woods, traditions were related by parent to son, confidences were exchanged and the ties of kindred were strengthened. Their bones have long since mingled with the earth of the forest, whose secrets were open to them, and the old canoe, abandoned and neglected upon the shores of the little mountain pond, survives as the sole memorial of their primitive and hardy lives.

JAY W. DEE.

Indian Summer.

ALL day the mountain tops exhale a ghost-like vapor, which clings gently just below their summits and catches up the sun shafts into their midst, where the prismatic rays tinge the whole atmosphere with color, diffusing a warm but quiet shade of purple over the spine of the entire mountain-range. Flashes of crimson and gold shoot out from the dense green of the mountain pine, marking the rendezvous of the maple and hickory and oak, while over all and between the masses of umbrage the vine spreads its brown leaves and purple festoons; now clinging to the birch like children eling in time of fear to the parent, anon looping down like the folds of some mighty python, ready to entangle with deadly embrace some hapless victim. Near-by, and in and out among the trees, springs the squirrel, the gray squirrel; while down among the underbrush leaps the rabbit or roams the stealthy fox, intent upon the capture of the lordly grouse who congregates at this, of all times, to feed upon the mast or the purple grapes. The hawthorn which in early spring scented the atmosphere for miles around and lent enchantment to the moonlit eve, now spreads before the gaze a gaudy galaxy of berries, waxy and shiny and plump, conscious of their destiny—either to feed the æsthetic grouse or to fall and disappear, there to lie beneath the massive sheets of snow until the re-awakened the rejuvenated earth bursts forth with melody from the million throats of songsters—till nature's spring song penetrates its easement, warming its heart to life with songs of joy and hope, and bursting from its bonds with very joy at living, it springs forth delicate and feathery, until by successive stages, each month lending some added grandeur, it stands erect on the mountain-side, a tender miniature of the parent tree. The massive oaks spreading their limbs in all directions, hoary and old, scatter their succulent product to the ground to raise their sturdy offspring, or hold with extended arms their store of tempting acorns to the nimble squirrel. In and out, and up and down wanders the jay, that noisy coxcomb of the forest aisles, screaming his senseless jargon to all who chance to listen; while high in air, in sable phalanx, clumsily sail the crows home to their roosting, cawing discordant orders to their noisy host. Now do the robins congregate and bluebirds brimming o'er with

love sail high in air, sprinkling their sad songs in liquid cadence, like the chime of the vesper dying out in the distance.

Myriads of blackbirds float in the evening sky, in closely-ordered ranks, the modest brown of the subordinates contrasting strongly with the gaudy uniforms of their superiors, whose scarlet chevrons disclose a flaming mark to the huntsman's aim. Far o'er the cultivated fields and up from the sleepy valley echoes the homely note of the bell of the bell-cow, and far o'er the hills in multiple reverberations comes the stifled detonation of the sportsman's gun—the death-song of its fair victim.

Thus fades the day, and night draws on apace, the reddening sky losing in warmth and gaining in coolness, assumes a pale yellow shade, while at the horizon line streakings of gray and indigo appear. Now cease the birds their evening matin, homeward in serried columns are driven the cattle, and the night wind begins its melancholy wail among the sedge. Slowly the lengthening line along the horizon ascends as over the eastern slope peeps the crescent moon, while over and above them all settles the frosty rime.

GEO. W. BEATTY.

Trails of the Pathfinders.—XXI.

The Commerce of the Prairies.

AT the end of the sixteenth and during the seventeenth century a line of Spanish settlements ran from Mexico northward along the Rocky Mountains, terminating in the important town of Taos. To the north, northeast, and northwest of this town were other settlements occupied by the Spaniards and their descendants, and the streams and geographical features of the country bore Spanish names—almost up to the headwaters of the Rio Grande del Norte. North of the Arkansas there was a change of tongue, and the names were English, or often French, given later by American trappers, who had pushed westward, or by French Canadians and Creoles, who were early voyageurs over the plains.

Though Taos was an important place, it did not equal, either in size or wealth, the town of Santa Fé.

The first settlements of what is now New Mexico, were made about the end of the sixteenth century, and a colony was established on the Rio del Norte, in New Mexico. Agriculture was practiced, and mines were discovered and worked. But the Spanish, in their greed for precious metals, made slaves of the docile Indians, and forced them to labor in the mines, under circumstances of the greatest hardships and severity. Almost a hundred years later, in August, 1680, this ill treatment caused the insurrection of the Pueblos, which put an end to many a flourishing Spanish settlement, and, temporarily, to the country's development. For a time the Spaniards were driven out, but it was for a time only; a little later they returned, resubdued the country, and, by the close of the century were stronger than ever. Nevertheless, the Pueblo revolt was not without its good effect, and during the eighteenth century the Indians were far better treated than they had been before.

In the year 1806, Capt. Zebulon M. Pike crossed the plains, and reached the city of Santa Fé. His return told the inhabitants of what was then the further west of a country beyond the plains where there were towns and people who would purchase goods brought to them. Previous to this, a merchant of Kaskaskia, named Morrison, had sent a French Creole named La Lande, up the Platte River, directing him to go to Santa Fé to trade; but La Lande, though he reached that city, never returned, nor accounted to his employer for the goods that were intrusted to him. James Pursley, an American, was perhaps the second man to cross these plains, and reach the Spanish settlements. When Capt. Pike returned, the news of these settlements, hitherto unknown, created a great interest throughout the slowly advancing frontier.

Expeditions went out to Santa Fé in 1812, but the traders were suspected by the New Mexicans of being spies, their goods were confiscated, and they themselves imprisoned and detained for years, some of them returning to the United States in 1821. After this, other parties went out, and the trading which they did with the Spaniards was successful and profitable. More and more expeditions set forth, often manned by people who were entirely ignorant of the country through which they were to pass, and the hardships which they were to face; and they starved to death or died of thirst, or, at the very least, suffered terribly, and often were unsuccessful, but about 1822 the trade with Santa Fé became established. The distance from the American settlements across the plains to Santa Fé was hardly half that from Vera Cruz to Santa Fé, and there was great profit in the trade; but it was not without its dangers. Indians were constantly met with, and many of the traders did not understand how to treat them. Some traders were robbed; others, resisting harshly and sometimes killing a savage, were attacked, robbed of their animals, and occasionally lost a man.

Among the interesting records of the plains of these early times is Josiah Gregg's "Commerce of the Prairies, or the Journal of a Santa Fé Trader, During Eight Expeditions Across the Great Western Prairies." Gregg was an invalid, who made his first trip across the plains on the advice of his physician. The effect of his journey was to re-establish his health, and to beget in him a passion for prairie life. He soon became interested, as a proprietor, in the Santa Fé trade, and for eight successive years continued to follow this business. The period covered by his volumes is from 1831 to 1840, during which time the trade was at its height.

The caravan, with which Gregg started, set out with near a hundred wagons, of which one half were hauled by oxen, and the remainder by mules. The very night that they left Council Grove their cattle stampeded, but being corralled within the circle of wagons, did not escape.

Having a large company, it was natural that there should be among it a number of people who were constantly seeing dangers that did not exist. They had been out but a short time when, "Alarms now began to

accumulate more rapidly upon us. A couple of persons had a few days before been chased to the wagons by a band of buffalo; and this evening the encampment was barely formed when two hunters came bolting in with information that a hundred, perhaps of the same 'enemy' were at hand—at least this was the current opinion afterward. The hubbub occasioned by this fearful news had scarcely subsided, when another arrived on a panting horse, crying out 'Indians! Indians! I've just escaped from a couple, who pursued me to the very camp!' 'To arms! to arms!' resounded from every quarter—and just then a wolf, attracted by the fumes of broiling buffalo bones, sent up a most hideous howl across the creek. 'Some one in distress!' was instantly shouted: 'To his relief!' vociferated the crowd; and off they bolted, one and all, arms in hand, hurly-burly, leaving the camp entirely unprotected, so that had an enemy been at hand indeed, and approached us from the opposite direction, they might easily have taken possession of the wagons. Before they had returned, however, a couple of hunters came in and laughed very heartily at the expense of the first alarmist, whom they had just chased into the camp."

While baseless Indian scares were common, they sometimes had genuine frights, as in the case of a large body of Indians met on the Cimarron River. On this occasion, "It was a genuine alarm—a tangible reality. These warriors, however, as we soon discovered, were only the vanguard of a 'countless host,' who were by this time pouring over the opposite ridge, and galloping directly toward us.

"The wagons were soon irregularly 'formed' upon the hillside: but in accordance with the habitual carelessness of caravan traders, a great portion of the men were unprepared for the emergency. Scores of guns were 'empty,' and as many more had been wetted by the recent showers, and would not 'go off.' Here was one calling for balls; another for powder; a third for flints. Exclamations, such as, 'I've broke my ramrod!'—'I've spilt my caps!'—'I've rammed down a ball without powder!'—'My gun is 'choked; give me yours!'—were heard from different quarters; while a timorous 'greenhorn' would perhaps cry out: 'Here, take my gun, you can outshoot me!' The more daring bolted off to encounter the enemy at once, while the timid and cautious took a stand with presented rifle behind the wagons. The Indians, who were in advance, made a bold attempt to press upon us, which came near costing them dearly, for some of our fiery backwoodsmen more than once had their rusty, but unerring, rifles directed upon the intruders, some of whom would inevitably have fallen before their deadly aim, had not some of the more prudent traders interposed. The Indians made demonstrations no less hostile, rushing, with ready sprung bows, upon a portion of our men who had gone in search of water, and mischief would, perhaps, have ensued, had not the impetuosity of the warriors been checked by the wise men of the nation.

"The Indians were collecting around us, however, in such great numbers, that it was deemed expedient to force them away, so as to resume our march, or at least to take a more advantageous position. Our company was therefore mustered and drawn up in 'line of battle;' and, accompanied by the sound of a drum and fife, we marched toward the main group of the Indians. The latter seemed far more delighted than frightened with this strange parade and music, a spectacle they had, no doubt, never witnessed before, and perhaps looked upon the whole movement rather as a complimentary salute than a hostile array, for there was no interpreter through whom any communication could be conveyed to them. But, whatever may have been their impressions, one thing is certain—that the principal chief (who was dressed in a long red coat of strouding, or coarse cloth) appeared to have full confidence in the virtues of his calumet, which he lighted, and came boldly forward to meet our war-like corps, serenely smoking the 'pipe of peace.' Our captain, now taking a whiff with the savage chief, directed him by signs to cause his warriors to retire. This most of them did, to rejoin the long train of squaws and papooses with

the baggage, who followed in the rear, and were just then seen emerging from beyond the hills."

It was estimated that there were not less than two or three thousand of these Indians, who were supposed to be Blackfeet and Gros Ventres. They remained for some days in the neighborhood of the train, and kept the traders on tenterhooks of anxiety, lest there should be an attack, or a wholesale driving off of cattle. Later there were talks—or at least friendly meeting—and giving of presents; and finally, the Indians moved away without doing any harm. It was but a day or two later, however, when some Comanches had a skirmish with the train, but without evil results to either party.

It was not long after this that the train, still journeying westward, saw evidence of their approach to the Spanish settlements. On the 5th of July, as they were proceeding after a celebration of the day before, they met a Mexican *cibolero*, or buffalo hunter, one of those hardy wanderers of the plains, who used to venture out from the Spanish settlements to secure dried buffalo meat, killing buffalo, and trading with the Indians. These wanderers made long journeys, which often extended as far as the country claimed and occupied by Crows, Cheyennes and Pawnees. Perfectly accustomed to the life of the plains, armed with gun and lance, and bow and arrows, they were not less free than the aboriginal inhabitants, whose methods in many ways they imitated, and whose blood many of them shared. Like the Indians, these buffalo hunters killed their game chiefly with the arrow and the lance, and drying its flesh, packed it on their mules, or in their ox-carts, and carried it back to the settlements to trade.

It was not very long after, that Gregg, leaving the train and pushing ahead with others, found himself in the city of Santa Fé. He was much impressed by the new country, inhabited by a race as different as possible from those whom he had left in his eastern home. He was a close observer and records interestingly much of what he saw.

He was also far-seeing enough to make true predictions as to one of the chief industries of the southwest:

"By far the most important indigenous product of the soil of New Mexico is its pasturage. Most of the high table-lands afford the finest grazing in the world, while, for the want of water, they are utterly useless for most other purposes. That scanty moisture which suffices to bring forth the natural vegetation is insufficient for agricultural productions, without the aid of irrigation. The high prairies of all Northern Mexico differ greatly from those of our border in the general character of their vegetation. They are remarkably destitute of the gay flowering plants for which the former are so celebrated, being mostly clothed with different species of a highly nutritious grass called grama, which is of a very short and curly quality. The highlands, upon which alone this sort of grass is produced, being seldom verdant till after the rainy season sets in, the grama is only in perfection from August to October. But being rarely nipt by the frost until the rains are over, it cures upon the ground and remains excellent hay—equal, if not superior, to that which is cut and stacked from our western prairies. Although the winters are rigorous, the feeding of stock is almost entirely unknown in New Mexico; nevertheless, the extensive herds of the country, not only of cattle and sheep, but of mules and horses, generally maintain themselves in excellent condition upon the dry pasturage alone through the cold season, and until the rains start up the green grass again the following summer."

The mines, the domestic animals and their care, horses, mules, the art of packing, the matter of branding and venting brands, the raising of sheep, goats and fowls, are all treated with considerable detail, and the wild creatures of the country, down to the very flies. Accounts of the Spanish inhabitants of the country—glowing with their local color—and of the Indians are given; and some space is devoted to a description of the Pueblo Indians—one of the first descriptions of these peculiar people, who have since been so fully studied.

The wild tribes are described, especially the Navajoes, Apaches, Yutas, Caiguas, or Kiawas. Much is said of the raids of the Apaches and the terror in which they kept the inhabitants of the towns, as well as the Mexican troops stationed there to protect these inhabitants. The savage butchery of a lot of Apaches by a troop of men, under an American leader, may perhaps be the incident which has given rise to many similar tales concerning the similar slaughters of the olden times. It seems there was a celebrated Apache chief, called Juan José, whose cunning and audacity had caused him to be feared throughout the whole country. The government of Sonora had announced that all booty taken from the savages under his command, should be the property of those who took it. "Accordingly, in the spring of 1837, a party of some twenty men, composed chiefly of foreigners, spurred on by the love of gain, and never doubting but the Indians, after so many years of successful robberies, must be possessed of a vast amount of property, set out with an American as their commander, who had long resided in the country. In a few days they reached a rancheria of about fifty warriors with their families, among whom was the famous Juan José himself, and three other principal chiefs. On seeing the Americans advance, the former at once gave them to understand that, if they had come to fight, they were ready to accommodate them; but, on being assured by the leader that they were merely bent on a trading expedition, a friendly interview was immediately established between the parties. The American captain having determined to put these obnoxious chiefs to death under any circumstances, soon caused a little field-piece, which had been concealed from the Indians to be loaded with chain and canister shot, and to be held in readiness for use. The warriors were then invited to the camp to receive a present of flour, which was placed within range of the cannon. While they were occupied in dividing the contents of the bag, they were fired upon, and a considerable number of their party killed on the spot! The remainder were then attacked with small arms, and about twenty slain, including Juan José and the other chiefs. Those who escaped became afterward their own avengers in a manner which proved terribly disastrous to another party of Americans, who happened at the time to be trapping on Rio Gila, not far distant. The enraged savages resolved to take summary vengeance upon these unfortunate trappers, and falling upon them, massacred them every one."

It is added that, "The Apaches, previous to this date, had committed but few depredations upon foreigners (i. e. Americans), restrained either by fear or respect. Small parties of the latter were permitted to pass the highways of the wilderness unmolested, while large caravans of Mexicans suffered frequent attacks."

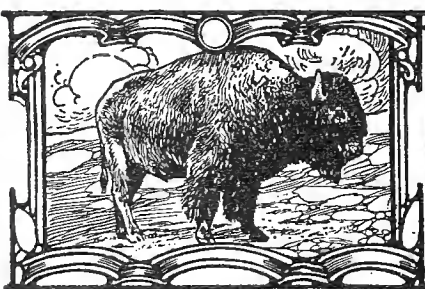
It is generally known that the Indians of the plains regarded the Mexicans as a different people from the dwellers of the United States, and there was even a time when a distinction was made between the inhabitants of the United States and those of the Republic of Texas.

The bounty on scalps, adopted by the Mexican government in 1837, was one of the many schemes devised by the people of the borderland to check the ravages of the Indians. By this *Proyecto de Guerra* a series of bounties were paid for scalps, running from one hundred dollars for the scalp of a full-grown man, down to fifty for that of a squaw, and twenty-five for that of a little child. For a brief time this bounty was paid, and Gregg himself saw a scalp brought in on a pole by a Mexican officer in command of troops, precisely as the Indians, returning from the war-path, used to bring their scalps into their home village.

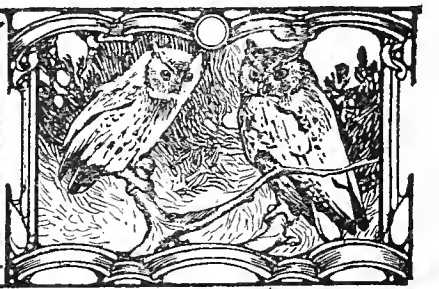
In 1838, Gregg returned across the plains, meeting a few adventures, among which the most important was an attack on the train by Indians, who were supposed to be Pawnees. The effort was merely to steal their horses, which, happily, they saved.

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]



NATURAL HISTORY



The Importation of Camels.

From the Twentieth Annual Report of the Bureau of Animal Industry.

BY CHARLES C. CARROLL, A.M.

Acting on this unfavorable information, General Babbitt reported to the Department that for two years he had endeavored in vain to render the camels serviceable, and gave it as his conclusion that experience had proved "the inexpediency of substituting them for our native animals." At this time the animals in California numbered thirty-five in all, and were kept in the southern part of the State. The report of General Babbitt produced an order from the Department, on Sept. 9, 1863, directing him to advertise and sell the camels at public auction. This was duly carried out, and the animals were purchased by Samuel McLaughlin, in whose care they had been for some time before.

It is probable that most of these camels found their way into menageries or zoological gardens. It has been supposed that some of them were taken to Nevada to be employed in packing salt from the deserts for use in silver extraction, but as the Nevada camels were of the two-humped kind, they probably came from a different source. In 1860 or 1861 a company was formed in San Francisco for the purpose of importing camels from Asia. They sent an agent to the high tablelands of Central Asia and procured about twenty Bactrian, or two-humped, camels, and from this herd came the

twelve animals that were employed for some time in carrying salt from a marsh in Esmeralda county, Nev., to the Washoe silver mill, a distance of 200 miles. They performed this work satisfactorily, carrying, says Mr. L. Metral, of Virginia City, who packed them, an average of 600 pounds each, and traveling from fifteen to twenty miles a day. The discovery of salt at a more accessible point deprived them of much of their occupation, although they remained in the vicinity of Virginia City for a number of years.

Professor Brewer, of Yale College, records that during a trip through the West, made about 1865, he saw a few of the animals near Virginia City. "Their backs," he says, "had not been cared for, and they had been used in packing heavy loads of salt from the deserts. Salt water and alkali had accumulated in the long hair of their humps, their pack-saddles had galled them, and great loathsome sores nearly covered the parts touched by the saddle. A pitiless snow squall was sweeping just then over this inhospitable region, and these miserable beasts, having fallen into bad hands in a bad climate, looked sadly enough." As late as June 28, 1876, the Virginia City Enterprise contained an account of an ascent of Mount Davidson made by a train of eight camels, each carrying one-third of a cord of wood. The animals approached to within 150 feet of the summit, reaching an altitude of nearly 9,000 feet.

The historian H. H. Bancroft states that in 1876 the Nevada camels were all taken to Arizona, with the exception of one pair which, placed on a ranch in the

Carson Valley, in a few years increased to twenty-six. The story of the remarkable fecundity of this pair of camels spread far and wide, finding its way into Major Leonard's important work on *The Camel*, published in 1893, as well as into the encyclopedias. It should, however, be taken with great allowance, when it is remembered that the female camel gives birth but once in three years, and does not begin to breed until five years of age. The employment of animals for practical purposes in Nevada steadily diminished. Their appearance on the public roads frightened horses, thereby giving rise to suits for damage, and leading finally to legislation prohibiting their use on the public highways and their running at large.

In the meantime the camels left at Camp Verde were employed in various errands to places over the State and became so common a sight on the streets of several towns that they ceased to excite curiosity. In some instances they were looked upon as a nuisance, because they frightened horses, and the city council of Brownsville is said to have passed an ordinance forbidding them the streets.

Thus they remained until the outbreak of the Civil War, increasing naturally to some extent, showing themselves well adapted to the climate and other conditions of Texas, and described in the papers of the day by those who saw them as healthy and strong, of greater stature and in all respects superior to the camels of the traveling menageries. At the beginning of the war the camel station passed into the hands of

the Confederates, from whom the herd received scant attention, being allowed to pick up its own living by grazing. Naturally, some of the animals wandered away. Of these there is an official account of at least three. These were captured in Arkansas by the Union forces and "sent to Mr. Paden, near the Des Moines River, in Iowa, for the benefit of his care and economy in their support." In June, 1863, Lieut. J. Grayler, from the headquarters of the Department of the Missouri, at St. Louis, asked the Department what he should do with them; the quartermaster-general, on the ground that the number was too small for use, recommending that they be sold at public auction, which action was accordingly ordered by Secretary Stanton.

Doubtless others of the herd during this period of loose discipline wandered off from Camp Verde and found their way westward to the deserts and mountains of the Texas Panhandle, of New Mexico and of Arizona, where they lived free and half wild, the prey of hunters both white and red. There are numerous recorded instances where soldiers or hunters have seen the animals and pursued them. These instances occur with decreasing frequency down to within the past ten years.

When at the close of the Civil War the Federal Government was again in charge of Camp Verde, all thought of making practical use of the camels was abandoned. The number was now forty-four, and in March, 1866, sealed proposals to buy them were invited. The bids were opened at New Orleans, at the office of the chief quartermaster, Col. E. G. Sawtelle. Three persons were willing to buy: Horace Bell offered \$5 each; Joseph Hallam, \$10 each; while Col. Bethel Coopwood's bid was \$31 each. Gen. M. C. Meigs, Quartermaster-General, at Washington, reluctantly gave the order to sell at \$31 each, expressing at the same time his belief that private enterprise would better develop the animal in this country and his regret that the experiment had failed.

The animals were delivered to Col. Coopwood at San Antonio, Texas, and kept by him in that vicinity until December, 1866, when they were driven into Mexico. In January, 1867, twelve of them were sold to the proprietor of a "circus and caravan," and the remainder appear to have been, during the next fifteen years, disposed of in the same manner. As late as May, 1903, the Express, of San Antonio, speaks of having observed in one of the midway shows which had exhibited in that city a camel with the United States brand on it and the counterbrand of a subsequent purchaser. No doubt a search through the many menageries, traveling shows, and the zoological gardens of the country would reveal other survivors of the Government camels, although their number is likely to be few, as it is now more than thirty-five years since they passed from Government ownership, and the camel does not often, even with the best treatment, attain to more than forty years.

Thus, after a checkered official life of eleven years, the camels passed finally into the hands of private owners. Of the two shiploads of animals, the Government retains nothing except the bones of one of the beasts, which stand in a case at the National Museum at Washington and perform the duty of illustrating to students the peculiar skeleton framework of the "ship of the desert," besides serving as a souvenir to those acquainted with the story of the attempt to transplant these ancient drudges from their homes in Africa and Asia to the Western World. The camel in question, while at Fort Tenjon, Cal., was killed by one of its mates that had gotten loose during the night. The animals were rutting and consequently intractable. The soldiers relate that the combat was most furious, the beasts striking each other resounding blows with their ponderous feet, while the drivers dared not interfere. The bones of the defeated animal were forwarded by Lieut. Sylvester Mowry to the Smithsonian Institution.

The most potent cause of the failure of the camel experiment was its interruption by the Civil War. Had Major Wayne been left in control of the camels which were imported under his supervision, and supplied with sufficient money to breed and increase them, as he so well knew was necessary, and had he been free to familiarize the teamsters and drivers with their management, there appears to be no particular reason why they should not have been of as much use in parts of this country as they were and are in the countries of the East. They were easily and quickly acclimatized and they performed with success their tasks in the initial experiments; indeed, so long as Major Wayne remained with them. But few officers understood their management, and they found in the mule driver an inveterate enemy. To secure their general use, a long course of experimentation, as well as teaching, was required. The beginning of the Civil War removed Major Wayne to the South, and during the succeeding years the camels were exposed to capture and recapture by the contending forces, neither of which had much time to devote to experiment. The construction of railways between the east and west, of course, limited the field in which it was proposed to use the camels, but they might still have been employed to advantage had anyone been found with the enthusiasm and information on the subject possessed by Major Wayne to collect and care for the scattered remnants of the herd and increase it to such numbers as might be of some real use. In idleness they were merely a useless expense to the Government and were very properly sold; but, as in the case of any unfinished experiment, it is to be regretted that the trial of the camel in the Western world was not carried to conclusive results.

Cabia Blanco's Experience with a Camel.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have taken an interest in Mr. Charles C. Carroll's report that is being reproduced in the FOREST AND STREAM, from the fact that I came in contact with one of these camels. It was one of the original importation, I was told, and seemed to be old enough to have been one of them.

Three of the troops of our regiment, the Fourth Cavalry, were sent up from San Antonio to Camp Verde, Texas, in the fall of 1866. Verde was away out on the frontier then; the towns of Kerrville and Bandera were out here on each side of it, only a few miles away, but

they could hardly be called towns then; neither of them had a post-office. Our nearest post-office was down at Boerne, forty miles away, and I was detailed to carry the mail from there, making two trips a week. I used my horse to carry the mail. This is what the camel had been brought here for, but he never carried any mail, and unless he "met up" with someone who knew more about camels than I did, he never carried anything else anywhere.

After I had been given an introduction to him by our quartermaster, I put in half a day in trying to get him to kneel. He would neither do that nor anything else. I could mount him—he did not seem to know nor care whether I was on his back or not—but I could not move him out of his tracks. The quartermaster wanted me to use a blacksnake whip on him.

"No sir," I told him, "he seems to me to be too innocent to be whipped, or else too stupid. If he were only a mule, now, I would make him obey me or kill him; but I guess I don't need a camel; a horse suits me well enough."

The camel stood in the corral a week eating hay. That is all that we could get him to eat. I tried to force both corn and oats down his throat, but he refused both, and finally he was taken out to where he had been got and turned loose again.

There was quite a number of those camels running loose somewhere west of Kerrville then; they had been there since 1860.

There are still several of these camels, or their descendants, rather, in western New Mexico and Arizona. I met them there as late as 1884. Mexicans had them and used them as pack animals. They seemed to have no trouble in handling them. I was told by Mexicans that there was quite a number of these camels running wild in the Colorado desert, California. This is where those that were brought by Lieutenant Porter in the Supply were finally taken to.

It is amusing to watch a horse act the first time he sees one of these camels. There is no animal—not even a bear—that will frighten a horse so badly as a camel will.

CABIA BLANCO.

Birds in California.

AS AN humble disciple of California ornithology, let me take some of the kinks out of Coahoma's tale. In your issue of November 19 he gives the result of some observations made in our State in the previous three months, and comments upon the paucity of bird life observed.

Now, Coahoma, just remember that you visited us at a time of year when resident birds have finished the cares of paternity, and winter visitors have not yet put in an appearance! California is rich in bird life at all seasons, but the months spoken of are the ones when our birds are most silent. Worn out with family cares that have wasted the energies of the breeding species, they are silent and shy. And it is these birds that constitute the bird orchestra in all lands.

From the first of February until the first of August is the time to hear the birds' songs, and to admire the beautiful plumage of our residents. From November 1 throughout the winter months is the time to observe our winter visitors.

And now, "with these few remarks," Coahoma, let me take up your trail and help you straighten out those "kinks." At the time you visited our valleys there was no doubt a paucity of bird life observable to the passing traveler. If you had had time to investigate a little closer, however, you would have found a fair amount of bird life. This you would have found in the orchards and groves surrounding the homes of the valley farmers, in the groves of oaks that are found scattered throughout the Sacramento Valley, and in the willows and cottonwoods that line the banks of all the streams, sloughs, and lagoons found in those localities.

Here you would have found housefinches and Arkansas goldfinches by the thousand, with many bullocks, orioles, and black-headed grosbeaks—all good singers. You would also have found, in fair number, many kinds of flycatchers, chipping sparrows, horned larks, purple martins, swallows and swifts, bluebirds, and many other varieties in diminishing numbers. You were unfortunate in your observation of blackbirds, as there is no country richer in this variety of bird life than California. Besides the allied species of the cowbird and the variety you mention, there are the following varieties: The yellow-headed blackbird, three kinds of the red-winged blackbird, and the bi- and tri-colored blackbirds. As to the jays, I agree with you about their sly and secretive habits, and their raucous voices, but you must have been quite a distance from them when in flight, or you would have seen that their underparts are almost entirely white.

The bird that went flitting from post to post ahead of you as you drove along the highway, was undoubtedly the Arkansas flycatcher (*Tyrannus verticalis*). The owl which you think might be termed "hawk-owl" was the ordinary burrowing owl which is found throughout the valleys of our State. Your "gray squirrels" were not squirrels at all, but spermophiles. They are pests of the first degree; useless as food, unless a man was starving, and very destructive in wheatfields. One family of spermophiles will destroy as much wheat as would be necessary for the existence of half as many human beings annually. They are warred upon unintermittingly by trap and poison throughout the wheat-growing sections of the State, and still they multiply.

But, brother Coahoma, this was what aroused me, and started me in the notion of straightening out your "kinks." Toward the close of your article you state "the California meadowlark is certainly entitled to all the honors of a 'song bird' in an otherwise songless region. Songless region, indeed! Why, that is rank slander! All the world knows that California has the finest climate, the finest fruit and flowers, the largest trees, the tallest mountains, the deepest cañons, the richest soil, the handsomest women, and the fastest horses in all the world. Such being the case, do you think we will stand for a black eye on our birds? Perish the thought.

No, no, Coahoma, come out here in our spring and early summer months and I will introduce you to some of the sweetest singers in all birdland. I will take you to the high sierra, where you can listen to Townsend's

solitaire, the sierra hermit thrush, and the American dipper, in their native haunts, where the mountain torrents sing their songs to the everlasting peaks. I will send you into the cañons to listen to the weirdly beautiful notes of the rock and cañon wrens. I will take you further down the sierran slopes and introduce you to the California thrasher, the black-headed grosbeak, and the long-tailed chat, and let them charm your heart with their unique and entrancing songs. I will take you where you will hear many varieties of song sparrows; where the goldfinches trill their sweet lays, where the housefinch sings his artless roundelay throughout the year, and where many varieties of the warblers lisp their sweet numbers while searching the foliage of our fruit trees for the noxious insects that nest there.

Songless, indeed! Nowhere on this great green earth of ours can a greater variety of song birds be found than in our glorious State. I have not enumerated half of them, and have left the mockingbird out entirely, as being too common to mention.

AREFAR.

AUBURN, California.

"Monarch, the Big Bear."

Editor Forest and Stream:

Dr. Morris's letter on the subject of Mr. Seton, Mr. Kelly and Monarch, does more credit to his genial cheerfulness of nature and his tolerance of human frailty than it does to his ethical sense. Putting aside for a moment the question of Mr. Seton's culpability in using Mr. Kelly's material, just how much of a sinner is he still in his relation to the reading public—the public that, believing in his assumption of accurate knowledge and intimate acquaintance with the subjects of which he writes, has bought his books, created his vogue, and made it possible for him to enjoy the pleasure of a country place next door to Dr. Morris?

Mr. Seton poses as a scientific authority upon grizzly bears. Although he is one of those who break the loaf of science into small bits and soak it in sugar and water, nevertheless he sets himself forth as having, and is believed to have, accurate and intimate and first-hand knowledge of the subject, and the people who read his books believe they can depend upon his statements. His publishers advertise this book as an intimate scientific study of the habits and characteristics of the grizzly. And yet it appears that he got nearly the whole of the material for that book from an acquaintance, either by listening to the other's bear yarns in a hotel parlor or by wholesale appropriation of his printed work. And although those yarns had as their subjects bears, grizzly and brown and black, Mr. Seton shouldered them all upon a grizzly, not even knowing or caring, as long as they served his purpose, whether they were true or were mere camp-fire stories.

Now, what is all this but a literary buncoing of the reading public? For my part, I am unable to see any difference, ethically considered, between it and certain methods of enriching one's self commonly called getting money under false pretenses.

Dr. Morris's good-natured admission of the genesis of "Redruff" exposes another animal story in which Mr. Seton, instead of writing from that first-hand knowledge which he pretends to possess, merely helped himself to what he needed from another man's pages. It happened that the proceeding did not touch Dr. Morris in a sensitive place, and so he doesn't mind—he is even glad of it. But suppose Mr. Seton had heard Dr. Morris give a detailed account of his treatment of a case of surgery, and had then set himself up as a surgeon, and, by virtue of the copious notes he had taken, assumed to treat as a specialist other similar cases? Would not Dr. Morris then think him a fake and a quack, and be ready to invoke the law for his suppression? And if he should happen to achieve brilliant success, would that make any difference with the doctor's convictions as to the moral status of the affair?

Nor has Dr. Morris considered that the taking of other people's "lead" may become a serious practical question when lead means livelihood. Mr. Seton and Mr. Kelly both write for their living. To each these bear stories meant working capital, to be transmuted into income. Can Dr. Morris see any moral difference between helping one's self to capital of that sort and taking horses, or land, or tools, or bottles of medicine out of a drugstore?

It is not surprising that there should have been hazy notions about property in ideas in the days of Grub street, when a literary man's livelihood depended on the favor of a wealthy patron, and not on the market value of what he wrote. But in these later days, when ideas and knowledge and information and facility in dressing them up have come to have as distinctly a money value as wheat or hogs or cotton, it is surprising to find any law-abiding citizen attempting to justify a dealer in these things who takes that which belongs to another.

WESTERN.

NEW YORK, Nov. 28

The Mockingbird Breeding in Massachusetts.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Editor Forest and Stream: Early in October, while on a visit to Pasque Island, in the mouth of Buzzard's Bay, I saw two mockingbirds, and Captain Wilcox gave me some interesting information regarding them. In the spring he saw one flying about the garden, and even investigating the glass plant room or conservatory, as though it might have been at one time a captive bird. Soon it disappeared and was not seen for about two weeks, when it came back with a mate, and they proceeded to make themselves at home, and were frequently seen about the bushes and in the clumps of stunted pines on the hill, where the male sang splendidly all summer.

As the season wore on the Captain counted six birds, and saw two of them feed the others, which would seem to indicate that they bred on the island. On the 29th of September four were seen, and after that they seemed to separate, only one or two being seen at a time.

S. S. B.

* * * The current number of Game Laws in Brief gives laws of all States and Provinces. Price 25 cents.



GAME BAG AND GUN



A Colorado Lion Hunt.

THE mountain lion of the West is the panther or cougar of our Eastern States, sometimes called "painter" by the old-fashioned backwoodsman; in some localities it goes by the name of "Indian devil," no doubt on account of the weird, unearthly noise it makes at night. In Mexico it is known as the "puma," and grows to a larger size than elsewhere. The mountain lion is in appearance very similar to the African lioness, having a smooth, tawny skin without any mane; a full-grown animal that will measure about 8 feet from its nose to the end of the tail and weighs about 200 pounds, is considered a large specimen. They seldom exceed this, and more frequently fall below it.

Although often engaged in hunting big game, I never saw a mountain lion at large except when one has been rounded up by a pack of dogs. In their habits they are stealthy and secretive, carefully keeping concealed, and never willing to fight unless cornered with no chance of escape. Occasionally, when the odds are overwhelmingly in its favor, a lion will provoke a battle, but this is not often the case.

In disposition and character the mountain lion belies its name; of all carnivorous beasts it is, perhaps, the most cowardly. Being exceedingly destructive, it not only kills for food, but it also kills out of wantonness. I have run across numbers of deer that have been destroyed by the same animal within short distances of each other, the carcasses being allowed to remain almost entire. It has also been stated on good authority that one lion will be likely to kill in the course of a year about 150 deer.

Considering its destructive disposition, I have no doubt that in a country where the deer are at all numerous this statement is not far from the truth. The ranchman has a cordial hatred for this destroyer of his stock, and the devilish cunning displayed by the lion in evading traps and turning away from poisoned meat makes him all the more unpopular. This animal will not eat of any kill unless it is his own or some other lion. Extremity of hunger may cause him to act differently, but it is exceptional. Most success in hunting this game is to be found in localities where the deer are plentiful.

It is practically useless to attempt any hunting of this kind unless you have a pack of well trained dogs handled by someone who has complete control over them. Great care and patience has to be exercised in breaking a pack of dogs for this purpose, and stop them from running other game. If, for example, a pack should take after a timber wolf, that animal is so fleet that he would distance most of his pursuers and string them out considerably. The wolf has been known to turn on the pack thus separated and kill a number of the dogs, one after the other, before the pack could be united. The disappointed huntsman, reaching the end of the run on his jaded horse, might survey the remnants of his pack—first the survivors with downcast heads and apologetic tails between their legs—and then some dog fur scattered over the blood-bespattered ground, and here and there a mangled corpse. It is no joke to have a pack run for miles after the wrong game over rough country, your whole day's sport broken up, and perhaps lose your dogs for several days.

The mountain lion has not much endurance in the chase, although very fast for a short distance, which he covers by a series of leaps. In a short time he is tired or driven to the ledge of a precipice or into some hiding place. If you are fond of hunting with a camera, you generally have ample time to take a photograph of your prize, perhaps posing in the branches of a tree and looking as pleasant as possible—for a mountain lion!

The lively serenade furnished by the dogs, which he recognizes by continual growls, displaying his whole set of ivory, completes a scene not soon forgotten. Your share of the business is very tame, although absolutely effective. A shot at close range behind the shoulder, and the lion tumbles among the savage dogs to engage in a losing fight; while in the agony of death, not infrequently, he leaves some little reminders of his long claws and strong teeth upon his assailants.

In the month of January, 1900, I engaged the services of a man with a good pack of dogs to hunt "lions" and "cats" in Colorado. The "cats" referred to are bobcats, not the wildcats known in the Eastern States. The winter was unusually free from snowfalls, and the ground being exceedingly dry, it made hunting very difficult, because the dogs could hardly follow the scent on the ground.

My first destination was a ranch on Strawberry Creek belonging to the guide, about twelve miles from Meeker. Here we engaged in a fruitless hunt for several days, until one morning a fresh fall of snow covered the ground, when our efforts were rewarded by the dogs striking a couple of cat trails; these we followed a short distance, with the whole pack tearing away ahead of us in full call. The dogs followed the trail to a great pile of massive rocks, which towered a hundred feet above our heads, and there became bewildered. What had become of the stealthy bobcats? The guide and myself climbed the rocks to search for them. Looking down from the summit I saw one of them lying in front of the cave surveying the dogs, which were silently and swiftly nosing around below it.

It was easy enough to shoot the cat where it was, but as it rested on the ledge of a rock of some breadth, it was a grave question whether it might not die there where it would be practically inaccessible, and we would have all our pains for nothing.

To drive the cat from its position into a better one was more than a doubtful possibility, as it was likely to run back into the cave. So I took a chance and fired. Like a crash of lightning above their heads, the excited dogs heard the report and knew "that there was some-

thing doing." The wounded cat gave a sudden leap into space and fell among them. If there is any question about a "cat having nine lives," it seems that the dogs were bound to be on the safe side, for they hauled the remains until I began to fear that the fur might be damaged before I could come to the rescue. Through a fatal curiosity, the other cat peeped over the precipice, and paid for its rashness with its hide, which I added to my collection. The job of skinning the cats I turned over to the guide.

The big dogs sat around in sullen dignity, particularly avoiding any familiarity with smaller dogs and with each other. Each one seemed to consider himself the hero of the occasion. I have had occasion to observe that the pack would work and fight well together, but after the fray they seemed to be intensely jealous of each other.

Several of the dogs interested me considerably. One of them was called "Old Jim," a big black-and-tan fox-hound, with a deep bass voice which would swell the chorus when the pack was in full call and sometimes almost drown it. Old Jim would sometimes provoke the not over angelic temper of the guide by occasionally leading the whole pack after a coyote. On one occasion he had distinguished himself by whipping a coyote, and whenever one of these "sassy" prairie wolves would show itself, he could not resist the temptation of giving chase, leading the whole pack after him.

Anyone acquainted with western hunting knows how useless it is for dogs to attempt to outrun a coyote. The coyotes would frequently come close to the pack, if there was no man near-by, as though to provoke a chase for our special annoyance. The dogs, however, would never run the coyotes' trail; they were broken of that.

Another interesting acquaintance was a dog called Turk, a cross-breed, but a very strong and stubborn fighter, all seamed with scars. Turk kept near the guide, and did not run with the pack except when there was something in view. He was a good-natured dog ordinarily, but an ugly customer in a scrap.

There was another dog called Boxer which had a very keen scent; long before the rest could discover a trail, you could hear Boxer's knowing yelps, which would gradually develop into a chorus, as one by one the other dogs would detect the scent as it became warmer. Boxer had more judgment than any other dog in the pack, and was very good in puzzling out a broken trail.

We spent several days longer at the ranch on Strawberry Creek. While there the guide purchased a broken down horse to feed to the dogs. It is not a particularly easy matter to keep twenty-one dogs supplied with food. When the horse was led out for execution the dogs became intensely excited and seemed to know "what was up." The moment the animal was shot, and almost before it could fall to the ground, the whole pack of dogs, big and small, was tearing some part of the carcass. No doubt the habit of attacking wild animals as soon as they have been shot developed their naturally savage dispositions.

At the suggestion of the guide, we decided to go to a ranch near the Bear River Cañon, two days' journey from our present location. When we arrived at the ranch, after a long day's ride on horseback, we found the ranchman's wife keeping house; her husband had left for several days. She seemed in no condition to entertain us on account of a bad headache, but kindly offered to do whatever she could. We volunteered to help her out with her domestic duties. First of all I prescribed for her headache; the medicine went down the wrong way, which caused her to vomit, after which she declared she felt better. As the result proved satisfactory in an unexpected way, my professional pride did not permit me to enlighten her to the contrary. I say professional pride, because I went by the nickname of the "Doctor" on account of an emergency case I carried with me. I made myself useful in doing most of the chores usual on such occasions, while the guide held the baby, which howled incessantly. The expression on his face while performing this duty was as angelic as I have seen it when Old Jim would lead the whole pack off on a chase after a coyote against his impotent protest. When the meal was served, two other children turned up, one a little girl nine years old, who was censured for not taking care of the baby; the other a boy of about eleven, who was particularly good, according to his mother's account of him. Our first day's experience with these interesting children caused us to reverse the parental opinion. When we returned from our hunt the evening of the following day, the guide missed his lasso; the good little boy had tried to lasso a cat which was selecting some delicacies from a tin can, the cat took a sudden leap to escape the lasso, and in doing so shoved its head into the can and cinched the lasso round its body; cat, can, and lasso disappeared in the sage brush and were never found.

The country around Bear River Cañon is very rough and quite picturesque. The cañon is steep and cuts a great gorge in the mountain, and is very difficult to cross. In one place we were headed off by the precipice, which must have been fully a thousand feet in depth; I rolled a stone off the edge, and its descent seemed to take a considerable time. A shower of broken fragments and dust, followed a second or two afterward by a dull crash which reverberated through the cañon, announced the termination of its fall.

The dogs finally succeeded in jumping a lion, running right upon him. From a distance I could see the chase along the side of a mountain until it turned in the direction of the cañon. The lion did not seem to be going very fast while covering the ground by long leaps, which he appeared to do without much effort, but when I looked at the pack which did not seem to be gaining on him, they were straining every nerve, and looked as if they were "going it for all they were worth." No doubt the easy gait of the lion made his speed deceptive. The lion

took refuge upon a ledge of the precipice some fifteen feet below the crest. When we arrived at the spot the dogs were raising an awful din in their impotent frenzy as they looked down upon the smiling countenance of the lion, which was displaying all his teeth. It was thought inadvisable to shoot the lion on the ledge where he was, because there was a good chance of his dying in an inaccessible spot, so we dropped stones on him, hoping to drive him on out of that place and compel him to run to the top of the precipice and take refuge in a tree.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

E. F. R.

North Carolina Attractions.

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA.—Under the direction of the writer, Governor Aycock and the other State officers enjoyed their fourth annual rabbit hunt two days before Thanksgiving. The party started from the Capitol Square here in an ambulance, not forgetting to take the components of a good dinner in the shape of a roasted turkey and plenty of baked sweet potatoes and some good bread. The hunting ground was five miles west of here, and there the party was joined by Mr. William Robbins with his pack of nine beagles, and by Mr. Charles Crawford with his pack of the same number. We stopped at a house more than a century old, and the hunt began without any preliminaries. The country is rolling, set thick here and there with noble forests, corn fields, cow-pea patches (dear to the taste of the rabbit), and with fields of broomsedge, in some places thickly grown up with young pines. It is an ideal rabbit country, and the rabbits in such cover thrive wonderfully. They are big, hardy fellows, and run, as the Governor expressed it, "just like a fox." In fact, some of the rabbits ran two or three miles and the music by the dogs was simply grand to the ear of the listening officials, who were all enthusiastic sportsmen. The Governor carried a gun, and so did State Auditor Dixon, and the rivalry was great between the two. The Governor won out, killing three, while the Auditor bagged only two. At a distance of 75 yards the Governor, with a Remington gun lent him by me, killed a rabbit by hitting it in the eye. He declared the eye was all he saw, and added that he made it a point to shoot rabbits in the eye. He acquired a great reputation at once among the entire party. In all 15 rabbits were bagged, ten of which fell to the guns, while five were taken by the dogs. I didn't carry a gun, but made it a point to keep just as near the dogs as I could, and I must have run and walked twenty miles during the hunt.

By the way, the costume I wear is a model one for men who come south to hunt, being entirely of canvas, the trousers being made to fit tight around the ankle and to button, over these the canvas leggings fitting snugly. The trousers and hunting coat are of 12-ounce duck. Light shoes with very broad soles are worn. In this clothing one can pass without trouble through the thickets of blackberries, well set with briars which abound down South.

The hunt ended a little before three o'clock, and then we went to the old country house and applied ourselves to the turkey and potatoes, adding to these a couple of gallons of fresh milk and about four pounds of good, home-made butter. Many a joke was passed around as we ate that excellent dinner. One of the sportsmen was Commissioner of Agriculture Patterson, who was dressed very much like the pictures one sees in the papers of the Southern politician—big hat, of the softest texture, long coat, the clothing being of the black so much affected by the old-style Southern gentleman. The up-to-date people call this type of coat a Prince Albert, but to the negro it is always known as a "Jim-swingler," and is to them one of the most coveted garments. Attired in this costume the tall Commissioner, a very enthusiastic rabbit hunter, said he was ready for any chase. He did not carry a gun, but was right in the running after the rabbits, and kept the hounds very close-pressed. One of the darkies with us was a great admirer of the Commissioner, and very early in the game expressed his admiration by saying to the writer: "Dat Comishner gemnum shore is a runnin' man. I never seen in my life any man whar cud outrun him. Den, too, he's main hand about cheerin' on de dogs. Dey hear him er comin', en when he whoops there is sompin' doin'." He shore is the runninest man I ever seed, an' de shoutinest. En he can carry dat Jim-swingler anywhere."

The rabbits, which were carried in a crocus sack by one of the darkies, were brought back to Raleigh and given to one of the charitable institutions. Everybody in this part of the world eats rabbit. Sometimes it is barbecued, that being a very popular mode of preparation, but it is cooked in a dozen ways. Rabbits are brought in here by the hundreds. A great many are caught in gums, which are made out of a hollow log or else a box, long and small, with one end permanently closed, and at the other a slide set with a Fig. 4 trap, baited with a bit of cabbage. Country boys take thousands in this way. Rabbits generally sell for ten cents apiece, and are always in request. In a county near here they are known as "sand horses," and when I asked a man from that county why this name was given them, he replied that it was because "they play around in the sand in the moonlight."

Dr. Jas. R. Rogers, of Raleigh, went to Chase City, Va., for a fox hunt this week, and was joined there by Mr. O. K. Holding, of Wake Forest, with his pack of 15 fox hounds. They went to the Hotel Mecklenburg, where there is a pack of 18 hounds. The sport began Tuesday morning. They found that the writer had told the truth when he said in a recent letter to *FOREST AND STREAM* that deer are so plentiful in that part of Virginia that they greatly embarrass the fox hunters, who dearly love to catch the foxes, but at such a time set no value upon the deer at all. A great chase was in progress, when sud-

denly a big buck sprang from his lair, and away the hounds went on his hot scent. So furious and fast was their rush that they caught him after a run of three miles and pulled him down, one of the hunters, who was riding a very fast horse, coming up and taking him from the dogs and cutting his throat in the approved style. He was hung up and the chase was resumed by a return to the place where the fox had last been seen. There was another failure, for another deer led the dogs astray. The pack of Mr. Holding, being new to the country and new also to the excitement of deer hunting, which is not enjoyed in this section of North Carolina, fairly went wild over the great game up before them, and this broke up the hunt, for of the Holding pack only seven returned, eight having gone a vast distance after the deer. Mecklenburg county adjoins North Carolina. The deer, with seven dogs following him, was last seen crossing the Southern Railway near the North Carolina line, and quite near the Roanoke River. Dr. Rogers and Mr. Holding offered rewards for the return of their lost hounds, and the Mecklenburg sportsmen say the dogs will probably all be recovered unless they attempted to cross the river. The plentifulness of deer in that part of Virginia, in such a well populated country, is certainly very remarkable, and impressed the writer when there in September and October.

Thousands of sportsmen went out on Thanksgiving Day in all parts of this State, it being by long custom the greatest of hunting days. It was windy and not so favorable for game, but the kill of partridges was in spite of this quite large. The demand for partridges is growing greater all the while, and prices are advancing. While a few years ago only 5 cents had to be paid for a bird, now the standard price seems to be from 12 to 15 cents. The Audubon Society is very close in its search for persons who trap or net partridges; in fact, is after all violators of the now strict game law, and arrests are made every day somewhere in the State.

News comes from Carteret county that Game Warden Willis caught a native in the very act of killing ducks at night by firelight. The natives who have defied the law about this matter for years have made threats that they would shoot anybody who attempted to arrest them or interfere with them, and they have always carried ready for use cartridges containing the lead balls used as sinkers on fish-nets. But Willis caught his man, and carried him before a magistrate, who imposed a heavy fine upon him, and also taxed him with the costs. The arrests have had a good effect, as it has been said that the Audubon law could not be enforced in that particular community. The arrest was made on Core Sound. It is a good season for ducks and also for geese, sportsmen report to me.

The item about bears in the western part of this State in a recent number of FOREST AND STREAM, has attracted the attention of some sportsmen north. They had been told in the article that many bear were killed around Mt. Mitchell, but say they could not find that mountain in their geographies. It certainly ought to be in every geography, as it is considerably the highest peak in the United States east of the Rocky Mountains. The bears in that western country are much larger and much fiercer than those in the coast countries, because they eat chestnuts and other things which give them a wonderfully fine flavor.

Really there are so many kinds of sport in North Carolina that the wonder is that more people from the North—true sportsmen, that is—do not come here. The way for them to do is to find out where to go for the particular game they are after, pay the Audubon license tax, make themselves good friends with the farmers, be willing to pay reasonably for their sport, and they will find it smooth sailing. Of course sometimes there are gruff farmers, but a pleasant introduction and that sort of thing will go a long way. They must remember that no birds can be shipped out of the State, and so be content to enjoy good sport and to live on the fat of the land.

FRED. A. OLDS.

Game in New England.

BOSTON, Nov. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The bill to abolish the open season on deer for a term of three years has been defeated in the Vermont Legislature. I have not yet learned what is the fate of the bill which makes the season for deer hunting five days instead of ten.

Mr. Silsby, of Newbury, for the Fish and Game Committee, has introduced a bill as a substitute for seventeen others that have been presented, entitled, "An Act Relating to Fish and Game Protection." This prohibits the taking of fish by grappling; makes the open season for brook trout and kindred fish from May 1 to August 1 in brooks and streams, to September 1 in ponds and lakes, but owners of private ponds may take fish from February 1 to September 1. It changes the open season on wall-eyed pike, pike-perch and pickerel, making it from May 1 to November 1, except in Lake Champlain. It prohibits all fishing except by angling; limits the catch of brook trout to 10 pounds in one day, of lake trout and masquinongé to 25 pounds in one day. It prohibits catching trout and black bass for purpose of sale, and defines stocking of waters by owners as "placing therein annually not less than 1,000 fry or 300 fingerlings for each half mile or less of stream and one acre or less of ponds," affidavits of such stocking to be filed with the town clerk. It also repeals sections permitting seining under license. It was ordered that the bill be printed. It is understood that this has the approval of the commissioners.

A black bear which had been doing much damage to crops and live stock in the town of Hardwick, Vt., was recently shot and tipped the scales at a little more than 300 pounds. Just before Thanksgiving Mr. Aaron Crosby, of Hanover, N. H., took advantage of the snowfall for a hunt on Moose Mountain, and brought back a handsome buck.

Three Boston hunters, members of the Roslindale Club, returned from Maine in time to furnish friends with venison as an accompaniment of the Thanksgiving turkey. They are Wm. H. Jenness, superintendent Roslindale post-office, and Messrs. L. Dimock and H. E. Greenlaw. They visited their camp on Uncolcus Stream, Penobscot county, Maine. They report an abundance of large and small game in that region. They brought out two bucks

each. The largest was shot by Mr. Jenness, weighing 300 pounds. Its color was unique, being a yellowish red, which the guide said was a novelty in that locality.

Reports from the Rangeley country are that snow is now nearly a foot and a half deep, and conditions for tracking are excellent. Mr. J. R. Mann, of Arlington Heights, and two friends, all members of the Middlesex Sportsmen's Club, have just returned with all the deer the law allows to be brought out. Many Massachusetts towns are represented by devoted nimrods in this section.

The records for a single day's shipment from Bangor were broken on Monday, and this week has eclipsed the previous ones of this season. There were 656 deer and 40 moose shipped this week from Bangor Station. One of the finest collections of game ever seen in that city was brought by Messrs. E. H. Corliss and E. E. House, of Boston. Each had a moose and two deer, and all the animals were large. Messrs. C. and J. Swan, of Boston, had one moose and two deer. T. Lathrop, of Boston, had a moose. There were between 90 and 100 Massachusetts sportsmen represented among the owners of the big game that passed through Bangor during the week, and it is more than likely an equal or larger number of Maine hunters secured game during that time. It would not be a greater hardship for a citizen of the Pine Tree State to pay a license of \$5 for hunting large game than it is for some of the non-residents to pay the required \$15. Such an arrangement would add from 33 1/3 to 50 per cent., no doubt, to the fund for protection of game.

CENTRAL.

Quail in Costa Rican Rice Fields.

A BRIGHT morning in the month of August found us ready for an early start after quail in the rice fields, three miles out from San José, Central America. Ben, an ex-cowboy, down here for railroad work, and myself on coffee business and hunting. This to be my first experience for quail in this new country, and not soon to be forgotten.

We breakfasted, and placing shells and lunch in our pockets, we left for the railroad, a short distance across the parade ground. Ben pulled out from the engine house a four-wheeled arrangement called a bicycle car. It had two bicycle seats side by side, handle bars and sprocket, chain and cranks, mounted on four wheels to fit the narrow gauge track. Strapping guns on the front handle bars, we matched to see who should do the pedaling, as the right side only contained the necessary crank and chain. Ben lost, and we climbed in. If we had met a train it would have been all up with us, for there was no brake, and the only way to dismount was to disentangle our legs and crawl out behind. Usually there was but one train a day and that at three in the afternoon. After the first mile it was down grade, and one could see the track stretching out far ahead. I forgot to mention, before starting Ben had filled his pockets with small stones and instructed me to do likewise; why, he would not say; but soon I discovered their use, for out of the first hut we passed all the dogs of the family rushed, and they were not a few, for in that country they harbor dogs of all sizes, shapes and colors. Ben was busy keeping the machine going, so it fell to me to repulse the enemy. Waiting till they were quite close, I fired the missiles, and oh, what a ki-yi-ing and yelping, with every dog running back. This continued as long as we were among the coffee plantations, where these huts lined the road. Soon we were out amid stretches of cleared land, and there we beheld in front of us, though distant, the shining hazy blue of the Pacific Ocean. Around us were the volcanoes and mountains standing out so sharply in the wonderful atmosphere found in that high altitude, while in the air above hovered numberless vultures, some with wings outspread and many sailing up and still higher till almost lost to sight. Such mornings as these are found in that land of tropical verdure and ever smiling skies. Shortly we were down lower and among the rice fields, entering the town of Rio Grande.

Ben proposed we should make a grand entry, and come in dignified fashion to the station, which was also the store of the town. Alas for our well formulated plan, the fulfillment was not as we expected! In all single track railroads there are sidings at the station, and this was no exception, the switch being close to the store. When the front wheels of the machine struck the frog of the switch and stopped, the rear wheels formed an arc in rising, and from their seats shot the two hunters. We surprised the natives as well as ourselves by entering town in such an ungraceful manner; but they concealed their merriment with politeness quite worth imitating. After collecting myself and belongings, I looked for Ben, and found him sitting between the tracks with one side of his face well marred and for a moment dumb. Have you ever cowboied or been in a corral when the broncho goes to the bad and tries to burn up the supreme earth? Well, Ben found speech, and thankful was I that the gazing crowd could not understand English, especially English used on the Western plains. With the assistance of some of the spectators the car was righted, which by great luck had only badly twisted seats to repair. It was a mystery how the guns ever escaped injury in such a tumble. We righted these and delayed long enough to buy some kola for lunch.

Soon we were in the quail country. We go slowly, looking each side for Bob White. What is that, a head on the track? Carefully we bear down upon it, when up the bird rises, going to the right, giving a great shot to Ben, who takes advantage of it and brings him down. This was the first Costa Rican quail I had seen—a bird much smaller than our quail of the north, and darker in color, and scientifically known as *Colinus leylandi*. Once again we advance cautiously, hardly going a dozen yards before from Ben's side rise four of the birds and sail over into the lot beyond.

We lift our car and place it near-by and climb the fence, when from all sides the quail appear, and the sport is fast and furious. What a chance for a good dog, and what a picture he would make! We work across the lot and back on the far side, not trying to pick them out, but flushing straight ahead. The tally on our return was eight to Ben and five to me, and more to be picked up by following the scattered ones, as they lay close and were easy to wake up, but we were satisfied, being out for

sport rather than to make large returns. However, we twice repeated the walk through the field, and brought in twenty-five fat, fine looking quail. Just think what feeding they had enjoyed in those rice fields!

We decided to go on to an old tie camp at the big bridge over the Rio Grande River, there to lunch and shoot in the fields near-by till time for return train. However, before we reached the bridge we encountered so many good opportunities for a shot we dismounted and entered an open lot. It was a peculiar one, for at the far end it was screened off by some bushes and coffee trees. Ben took the left side and I followed the right, for I saw some birds and was securing them, when, looking over in Ben's direction, I noticed a bird rise close to the fence; his gun was up in an instant, and on its report the quail crimped. But the strange attitude and expression on Ben's face! What does it mean? Quite motionless, and then, as it were, flying toward the fallen bird, and yet not stopping to pick it up, dashing through the fence made of the bushes before mentioned like one possessed. Now, in that southern country there is a tiny wasp having a sting fit for an insect a hundred times his size; the poison is not dangerous, but very painful, and produces a swelling which mars one's beauty for many a day, and poor Ben had met such a wasp, hence his hasty exit from the shooting ground.

When I reached him, judge of my surprise to see him with his penknife picking shot out of the back and neck of a peon, whom he had hit with the same shot he was using for the quail. Ben's flow of Spanish was great, and from what little knowledge I had could gather he was informing his victim that it was an "honor to be shot by an American," and so successful was he, that when offered money the poor fellow would not accept, but shook hands and smiled. Yet it was a sad smile, for Ben had shot almost too well.

On the way back my companion indulged in remarks which did not indicate he had found very much pleasure in quail shooting, and as he had maimed a peon in his sport, he declined to look for more birds on this trip. We then walked to the river bank and finding a cool spot under the bridge, ate our lunch and finally concluded that our hunting trip, while varied in its adventures, was worth the making, and we were gratified in having made the acquaintance of several Costa Rican quail, and fortunate in not carrying empty bags to San José.

Views of a Blunt Old Man.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been a duck shooter going on forty years. I hunted ducks before the majority of your readers knew how to shoot a gun; and when I was young we did not make so much pother about whether it was sportsmanlike to shoot them in any one particular way rather than another. We wanted ducks, and we got them. Like little Sally Waters sitting in the sun, weeping and sighing for a young man, we looked to the east and we looked to the west, and we banged away at the duck we loved the best. (In parentheses, we generally got him, too.)

I don't quite know what to make of the implied criticisms and the insinuations of unfair treatment of duck made in recent issues by writers concerning hunters who shoot ducks sitting on the ice. I don't know what to make of it because we all do it, and I never yet met a duck hunter—I mean while he was hunting—who did not do the same thing, and call it all right. Of course a man sitting in a snug, warm room and theorizing about ducks on the ice and how to do them, might figure it out that the truly æsthetic way was to shoot them up before he unlimbered on them; but the man who is there has no such notion, and we who have been there know that he hasn't. He just blesses his stars if he can get the drop on the birds before they fly; and even then, what with his bundlings and numbness and stiffness, the ice on his eyelashes making him see double, he thinks himself "some punkins" of a shot if he has a duck to take home to the pot.

This is just what happens. It is the practice, and theory be hanged. I will leave it to your practical duck shooters to say if I have stated the facts or not.

And I will leave it to them, too, if it is not the practice of duck shooters, shooting ducks on the water, to "give 'em one settin' and another flying" whenever they can get a chance to do so.

As for the shooting at two sitting black ducks by your contributor, Mr. Hardy, I assume that Mr. Hardy wanted duck for dinner, and took what fortune sent him—or as much of it as he could—as fortune intended he should take it, sleeping or not sleeping, at all events sitting, just as we all like to pot a duck when we are after meat.

And there you have the convictions, sentiments, creed and rule of conduct, and the actual practice of

A BLUNT OLD MAN.

Newfoundland Moose.

St. JOHN'S, N. F., Nov. 20.—The game warden at Howley writes the Fisheries Department that during the past week hundreds of caribou have crossed the railway line at that place going south. They evidently remained longer north this season than for some years past, very little snow having fallen. There was no sign of the moose.

The moose referred to are some half dozen imported early this season. They have been seen several times during the summer in the vicinity of Howley railway station. They were apparently getting on all right. If these increase and multiply, as it is expected they will, the addition to our stock of deer will be great for sportsmen. At present it is against the law to molest them.

There are several American sportsmen at present on West Coast. These will have no trouble getting good heads, as the deer are reported very numerous and in good condition. The deer are on their annual migration south, and are passing Howley station daily in great numbers.

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.

Capture of Animals.

From "The Trapper's Guide."

The Muskrat or Musquash.

THIS is an animal of amphibious habits. Its head and body are from thirteen to fifteen inches in length. The tail is nine or ten inches long, two-edged, and for two-thirds its length rudder-shaped, and covered with scales and thin, short hair, the edges being heavily fringed. The hind feet are slightly webbed; so that it can "feather the oar," as the boatmen say, when they are brought forward in swimming. The color is brown above and ashy beneath. Muskrats are nocturnal in their habits; but are frequently seen swimming and feeding in the day time. They are excellent swimmers, and can go from ten to fifteen rods under water without breathing. Their natural food is grass and roots; but they will eat clams, mussels, flesh, corn, oats, wheat, apples, and many other vegetables. In open waters they sometimes find their way into farmers' cellars through drains, and make free with whatever they find in store. They thrive best in the sluggish streams or ponds bordered with grass and flags. The roots of these plants are their chief support, and from the tops they construct their abodes. These structures are dome-shaped, and rise sometimes to the height of five or six feet. The entrances are at the bottom, under water; so that the inside of the houses are not exposed to the open air. The muskrats live in them in winter, gathering into families of from six to ten members. Hundreds of these dwellings can be counted from a single point in many large marshes.

Muskrats have a curious method of traveling long distances under the ice. In their winter excursions to their feeding grounds, which are frequently at great distances from their abodes, they take in breath at starting and remain under the water as long as they can. Then they rise up to the ice, and breathe out the air in their lungs, which remains in bubbles against the lower surface of the ice. They wait till this air recovers oxygen from the water and the ice, and then take it in again and go on until the operation has to be repeated. In this way they can travel almost any distance, and live any length of time under the ice.

The hunter sometimes takes advantage of this habit of the muskrat, in the following manner: When the marshes and ponds where muskrats abound are first frozen over and the ice is thin and clear, on striking into their houses with his hatchet for the purpose of setting his traps, he frequently sees a whole family plunge into the water and swim away under the ice. Following one of them for some distance, he sees him come up to renew his breath in the manner above described. After the animal has breathed against the ice, and before he has had time to take his bubble in again, the hunter strikes with his hatchet directly over him and drives him away from his breath. In this case he drowns in swimming a few rods, and the hunter, cutting a hole in the ice, takes him out. Mink, otter, and beaver travel under the ice in the same way; and hunters have frequently told me of taking otter in the manner I have described, when these animals visit the houses of the muskrat for prey.

In summer, muskrats live mostly in banks and in hollow trees that stand near a stream; and sometimes, for want of suitable marshes and ponds, they remain in the banks and trees through the winter. They are very prolific, bringing forth from six to nine at a birth, and three times a year. The first kittens also have one litter, which attain to about the size of house rats in September. They have many enemies, such as the fox, wolf, lynx, otter, mink, and owl. They are found from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Rio Grande to the Arctic regions. But they do not inhabit the alluvial lands of Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Florida, though in other regions they live much further south.

The modes of capturing the muskrat are various. One of them we have already seen. Another is by spearing. These methods are good at certain seasons and in certain conditions of the ice, etc.; but for general service there is no means of capture so reliable as the steel-trap. Traps should be set in the principal feeding places, play-grounds, and holes of the muskrat, and generally about two inches under water. Bait is not necessary except when game is scarce and its signs not fresh. In that case you may bait with apples, parsnips, carrots, artichokes, white flag-roots, or even the flesh of the muskrat. The musk of this animal will sometimes draw effectually at long distances. The bait should be fastened to the end of a stick, and stuck over the trap about eight inches high, and in such a position that the animal will have to pass over the trap to take the bait. Care should be taken to fasten the trap to a stake in such a position that the chain will lead the captive into deep water and drown him. If he is allowed to entangle himself or by any means to get ashore, he will be very likely to gnaw or twist off a leg and get away.

Curing Skins.

However successful a trapper may be in taking animals, he will not secure a full reward for his labor unless he knows how to take care of skins, and prepare them for market in such a manner that they will command the highest prices. As skins that have been riddled with shot find little favor with fur-dealers, so skins that have been cut in stripping off, or that are encumbered with remnants of flesh, or that have passed into a state of incipient putrefaction before drying, or that have not been properly stretched, or that have been dried too fast, or that have been neglected and exposed after being cured, are very sure to be thrown out by the fur inspector as second or third rate skins, deserving only poor prices. Great quantities of valuable furs, taken by boys and inexperienced trappers, are rendered worthless by bad treatment in some of the processes of preservation. I shall give such information on this part of the trapper's business as I have obtained, both from my own experience and from conversation with fur-dealers.

General Rules.

1. Be careful to visit your traps often enough, so that the skins will not have time to get tainted.

2. As soon as possible after an animal is dead and dry, attend to the skinning and curing.

3. Scrape off all superfluous flesh and fat, but be careful not to go so deep as to cut the fibre of the skin.

4. Never dry a skin by the fire or in the sun, but in a cool, shady place, sheltered from rain. If you use a barn door for a stretcher (as boys sometimes do), nail the skin on the inside of the door.

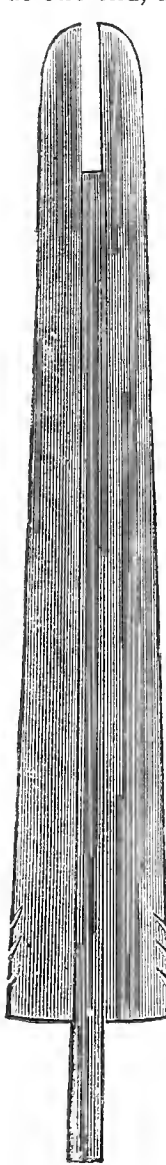
5. Never use "preparations" of any kind in curing skins, nor even wash them in water, but simply stretch and dry them as they are taken from the animal.

Stretching Skins.

In drying skins, it is important that they should be stretched tight, like a strained drum-head. This can be done after a fashion by simply nailing them flat on a wide board or a barn door. But this method, besides being impracticable on the large scale in the woods (where most skins have to be cured), is objectionable because it exposes only one side of the pelt to the air. The stretchers that are generally approved and used by good trappers are of three kinds, adapted to the skins of different classes of animals. I shall call them the board-stretcher, the bow-stretcher, and the hoop-stretcher, and will describe them, indicating the different animals to which each is adapted.

The Board-Stretcher.

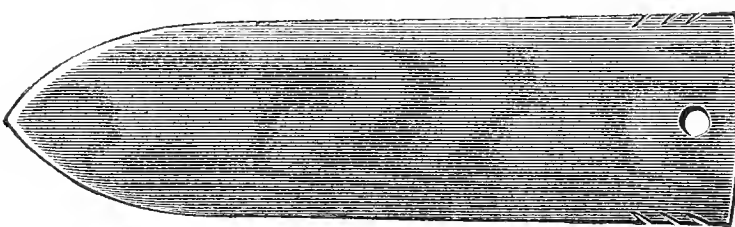
This contrivance is made in the following manner: Prepare a board of bass-wood or other light material, two feet three inches long, three inches and a half wide at one end, and two inches and an eighth at the other, and three-eighths of an inch thick. Chamfer it from the center to the sides almost to an edge. Round and chamfer the small end about an inch up on the sides. Split this board through the center with a knife or saw. Finally, prepare a wedge of the same length and thickness, one inch wide at the large end, and tapering to three-eighths of an inch at the small end, to be driven between the halves of the board. This is a stretcher suitable for a mink or a marten. Two larger sizes, with similar proportions, are required for the larger animals. The largest size, suitable for the full-grown otter or wolf, should be five feet and a half long, seven inches wide at the large end when fully spread by the wedge, and six inches at the small end. An intermediate size is required for the fisher, raccoon, fox, and some other animals, the proportions of which can be easily figured out.



Board-Stretcher.

These stretchers require that the skin of the animal should not be ripped through the belly, but should be stripped off whole. This is done in the following manner: Commence with the knife at the hind feet, and slit down to the vent. Cut around the vent, and strip the skin from the bone of the tail with the help of the thumb-nail or a split stick. Make no other slits in the skin, except in the case of the otter, whose tail requires to be split, spread and tacked on to the board. Peel the skin from the body by drawing it over itself, leaving the fur-side inward. In this condition the skin should be drawn on to the split board (with the back on one side and the belly on the other) to its utmost length, and fastened with tacks or by notches cut in the edge of the board, and then the wedge should be driven between the two halves. Finally make all fast by a tack at the root of the tail, and another on the opposite side. The skin is then stretched to its utmost capacity, as a boot-leg is stretched by a shoemaker's "tree," and it may be hung away in the proper place, by a hole in one end of the stretcher, and left to dry.

A modification of this kind of stretcher, often used in curing the skins of the muskrat and other small animals, is a simple board, without split or wedge, three-sixteenths of an inch thick, twenty inches long, six inches wide at the large end, and tapering to five and a half inches at six inches from the small end, chamfered and rounded as in the other cases. The animal should



Muskrat-Stretcher.

be skinned as before directed, and the skin drawn tightly on to the board, and fastened with about four tacks. Sets of these boards, sufficient for a muskrat campaign, can easily be made and transported. They are very light and take up but little room in packing, thirty-two of them making but six inches in thickness.

The Bow-Stretcher.

The most common way of treating the muskrat is to cut off his feet with a hatchet; and rip with a knife from between the two teeth in the lower-jaw, down the belly, about two inches below where the forelegs come out. Then the skin is started by cutting around the lips, eyes, and ears, and is stripped over the body, with the fur-side inward. Finally a stick of birch, water-beech, iron-wood, hickory, or elm, an inch in diameter at the butt, and three feet and a half long, is bent into the shape of an ox-bow and shoved into the skin, which is drawn tight, and fastened by splitting down a sliver in the bow, and drawing the skin of the lip into it.

This method is too common to be easily abolished, and is tolerable when circumstances make it necessary; but the former method of stretching by a tapering board, in the case of muskrats as well as other small animals, is much the best. The skins treated in that

way keep their proper shape, and pack better than those stretched on bows, and in the long run boards are more economical than bows, as a set of them can be used many times, and will last several years; whereas bows are seldom used more than once, being generally broken in taking out.

Sleeping Black Ducks.

GREEN BAY, Wis., Nov. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been interested in the articles whether or not black ducks sleep. I have been very undecided on the point myself, but yesterday I can say I saw a black duck asleep, and he must have been very sound asleep at that, for I walked through the water with my dog to within 60 feet of the bird, making noise enough to scare a wide-awake bird at 60 yards. Ducks were not flying any too thick on the bay side, so I decided to walk around the pond, which covers a few acres and is bushy near the shores, with the rice growing up close to the edge of the brush. The water was about ten inches deep in the brush which I splashed through after the dog, and from his actions I thought he evidently scented some sort of a bird. When I had got past the brush, I stopped and surveyed the pond ahead, and could see everything, as the wild rice for the most part was down and the rest very thin. I saw a black duck within forty yards of me all huddled up, evidently asleep, and I felt that I had a chance to see if it was asleep or not.

I let the dog go ahead, which he did very slowly, coming to a half-hearted point, and we splashed into the deeper water now nearly to my knees until within not over 60 feet of the bird. I then stopped and stood still with the dog for at least a couple of minutes, and I firmly believe that this duck was asleep. I yelled and the bird looked up, and then, upon seeing me, jumped and I killed it. The bird was in good condition, and was shot when on the wing, so was no sick or crippled duck.

A. G. HOLMES.
[The question is not whether black ducks sleep—all ducks sleep; but whether a company of them all sleep together.]

Cuvier Club's Annual.

THE thirty-first annual banquet of the club was held on November 22, and was enjoyed by over three hundred members and guests. Eugene L. Lewis, chairman of the Reception Committee, with some of his big staff of assistants, met the guests as they entered the building, and as they reached the top of the steps leading to the main floor, President P. F. Swing and Vice-Presidents Henry Hanna and P. E. Roach received them with a cordial welcome which carried with it the freedom of the house. There was one thing which cast a shadow over the pleasure of the evening for very many of those present, and that was the absence of ex-President Alex. Starbuck, who was reported to be ill. To say that he was greatly missed, is but stating a fact, and is not in any way reflecting upon the administrative resources of the new president, Judge P. F. Swing, who was called to the office by Mr. Starbuck's recent resignation. Among the noted anglers present were the following: Abe Furst, T. B. Paxton, J. S. Peebles, P. E. Roach, and F. G. Tullidge. W. B. Smith, R. J. Morgan and George Gerke composed the Banquet Committee, and that their work was well done was the general verdict, the dinner being pronounced one of the best ever given by the club. Two additions to the menu—black-tailed deer and diamond-backed terrapin—were obtained by Mr. Smith. Luther Parker, chairman of the House Committee, assisted in welcoming the guests, as did the secretary, W. J. Lawler. Chef Max Basse supervised the preparation of the various dishes and added to the reputation he has made in the past as the club's chef. The next public event of the club will be the New Year's reception.

The Watch as a Compass.

TORONTO, NOV. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Under the above heading I have recently seen a new formula published by you for determining the points of the compass from a watch. It is as follows: "Get the number of hours from midnight, divide by two, and point the hour at the sun, so that the shadow of a match or lead pencil falls directly across the center of the watch. Twelve o'clock will be north, six south, nine west, and three east."

I have for many years used another formula, which is as follows: "Point the small hand of the watch to the sun, and half way between that and twelve o'clock will be due south."

I have submitted both methods to the Director of the Meteorological Service here for his opinion, and he says: "I prefer your method, as it is expressed in fewer words and is about as accurate as the other. Neither method gives direction with exactness except at the equinoxes, and the error will be greatest at the solstices (midwinter and midsummer)." I may say that the second method I have found convenient and sufficiently accurate for ordinary purposes.

Carrying Game from New York to New York.

RELATIVE to the practice of the Forest, Fish and Game Department respecting the bringing of game from Orange and Sullivan counties through New Jersey via Erie Railroad to New York city, the question has never been raised, as a hunter or sportsman returning home with the number of birds the law provides one may transport, purchases a ticket direct to New York, which is a guarantee that he is not trying to evade the law by stopping in New Jersey with his game, which the law prohibits being transported without the State.

Montgomery Association.

THE annual meeting of the Montgomery County Fish and Game Protective Association was held on November 25 at Dayton, O. About 250 members were present. The election resulted as follows: President, Edwin Best; Vice-President, O. B. Brown; Secretary, John F. Campbell; Treasurer, W. N. Kuhns. Executive Committee—B. F. Seitzer, B. F. Hershey, E. T. Hardy, H. G. Protzman, Dr. D. W. Greene, H. M. Altick, Charles E. Pease.

Federal Game Protection.

From the Report of the Secretary of Agriculture, relative to the work of the Biological Survey.

Entry of Foreign Birds and Animals.

CONSTANT vigilance is necessary to prevent the introduction into the United States of birds or animals that are likely to become pests. No species, therefore, except a few that are well known and harmless, are allowed to enter this country without a special permit from the Department. The permits issued during the year numbered 318, and allowed the entry of 1,470 mammals, 205,400 canaries and 41,630 miscellaneous birds. Several importations were made of birds intended for liberation, among them 65 capercaillie from Sweden, brought in at New York and destined for the stocking of Algonquin Park, Ontario; 40 Mexican quail, liberated at various points in California by the Board of Fish Commissioners of that State, and 366 European song birds—goldfinches, bullfinches, larks and robins—turned loose in British Columbia. Permits were also issued for the entry of about 3,000 eggs of partridges and pheasants.

Interstate Commerce in Game.

Since the passage of the Lacey Act in 1900, 42 convictions for illegal traffic in game have been secured in cases passing through this Department. Of these, 26 were tried in Federal courts, 16 in State courts. During the past year 10 cases, involving the shipment of 700 birds and 36 rabbits, were reported to the Department. Six convictions were secured, one of which involved the longest distance shipment thus far taken up—from St. Paul, Minn., to Portland, Ore. In order to expedite cases arising under the Lacey Act, State wardens have been advised to present their evidence direct to the Federal courts instead of referring it through this Department and the Department of Justice. This advice has been followed in two or three instances within the past few months, and the indictments have been much more promptly secured in consequence.

Limited available resources have, as heretofore, made it necessary to concentrate efforts in two or three areas, and in all cases prevention of local shipment has been given precedence over prosecution after shipment has occurred. The passage of the laws by Texas in 1903, prohibiting sale and capture of water fowl, made it possible for the first time to restrict the enormous destruction of ducks in that State for Northern markets. Through local authorities and express companies, general attention was called to the provisions of the State and Federal laws, and a close watch maintained on usual shipping routes. No violation of the law was noted, and it is probable few consignments of ducks reached Northern markets from this State during the year.

An attempt was made to ascertain the effectiveness of recent legislation prohibiting shipment and sale of game by means of a special investigation in co-operation with State wardens and others. The kinds and prices of game in the markets of a dozen or more important cities during Thanksgiving week were ascertained. That considerable progress has been made in enforcing shipping laws was conclusively shown; few prairie chickens were on sale in any Eastern markets, and in some instances prices three or four times as high as those of a few years ago were charged; pheasants

were absent from the markets of several cities where they were formerly abundant; and at the opening of the season quail were unusually scarce, though later, when the routes of shipment still open were discovered by the trade, they became more abundant.

Protection of Game in Alaska.

The Alaska game law has accomplished the two main objects for which it was enacted: the shipment of deer hides has been stopped, and the export of heads of big game as trophies has been curtailed. The protection of game has been as satisfactory as could be expected in so large a region and without wardens. A mistaken belief, however, that the law does not permit natives to kill game for food, coupled with objections to the presence of visiting sportsmen, particularly on the Kenai Peninsula, gave rise to considerable criticism of the law. This adverse feeling led to the introduction of a bill in the Senate to replace the present law with one doing away with all restrictions except a provision to limit the export of trophies and charge license fees of \$25 to residents and \$250 to non-residents for such export. As the adjournment of Congress without definite action left this measure still pending, the Department deemed it advisable to suspend the issue of permits for the present except in very special cases. Early in June new regulations were issued extending some seasons, permitting unrestricted shipment of bear skins, and making other desirable changes.

The Bend of the Hemlock Tip.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va., Nov. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please note how positive the Canadian Pacific people are that "the topmost twig of every uninjured hemlock tree tips to the east." Dr. Hedges, who is a very close observer, writes me from the Adirondacks that that is not the case. See his letter attached. What can you tell me about it? W. O. WATSON.

"WOODLAND, N. Y.—*Dear Mr. Watson:* All summer I have been trying to settle the question as to the direction of the top of the hemlock. So far as I can see, it is governed entirely by local conditions, for here in this part of the Catskills it is entirely different from what it was in Saranac.

"In Saranac the tip tended pretty generally northeast (winds largely southwest); often in the deep woods you would find one due north.

"Here I have found them turning more to the west, though the direction is not so constant as at Saranac. Trees side by side will go entirely different ways.

"Anyway I would not advise you to use hemlock tips as a compass till you know the country so well that you do not need a compass. H. S. HEDGES."

O' Pinions Vibrant.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I would like to ask those sophisters who are discussing the drumming grouse, whether hummingbirds, bumble bees, locusts, bluetail flies, and other buzzing insects, produce their rhythmic sounds by thumping their sides with their wings, hitting them together overhead, or beating a tattoo on sonorous substances? No one seems to have raised this question in structural analogy, but it might prove interesting to investigate. PERDRIX.

Long Island Shooting.

BAYPORT, L. I., Nov. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The past week has been the most successful for duck shooting we have had so far this season, the weather being fine and the birds flying good. Quail and rabbit shooting has been pretty slow, but in my rambles through the woods, this week, I kicked up several partridges, and when the leaves get off the brush a little more, there ought to be some good shooting. The most successful duck hunters this week were: Mr. G. Still and party, 36; Capt. Green, 22 and 2 brant; Mr. D. F. Thompson, 24 and 4 redheads; Mr. J. C. Hutzler, 28; Mr. A. J. Lewis and H. C. Smith, 22; Mr. F. B. Lord, 12; Mr. Daly and party, 26; Mr. Stansburg, 12; Mr. E. S. Hawkins, 12. Others shooting here from Manhattan were Mr. J. K. Hackett, Mr. Goebel, W. R. Wheelen, E. Runge, Sr., E. Runge, Jr., C. Rump, J. Boyd, U. J. Brower and G. E. Blakeslie and Dr. G. Wilkinson, Jersey City.

The ducks are in the bay in millions, one flock at least a mile in length can be seen off here at any time.

HENRY STOKES.

A Short Lesson in Natural History.

PORT RICHMOND, S. I., Nov. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If all the type used in printing stories about the wild things were set end to end, I have no doubt they would form a four-ply belt twice around the globe. The reading public, for the past three or four years, have gone daft on the subject of animal study, and yet the New York Tribune, one of the biggest newspapers of the second city of the world, publishes a full-page photograph on the cover of its supplement, showing a colored man up a tree after what the Tribune calls a 'possum, but which is very evidently a stuffed 'coon.

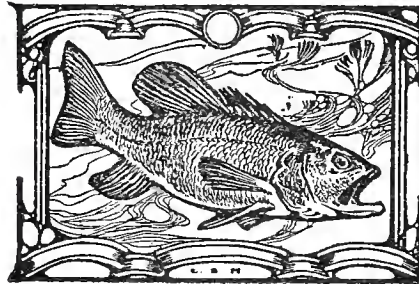
The Tribune should know better. Even without a course of Bon Jourraughts or Kan Jellyan or Ernest Theton Sompson, the Tribune should have identified the animal by a mental reference to that poem of our childhood, beginning,

"Squirrel has a bushy tail,
'Possum's tail is bare;
Raccoon's tail has rings around
And stumpy grows the hair."

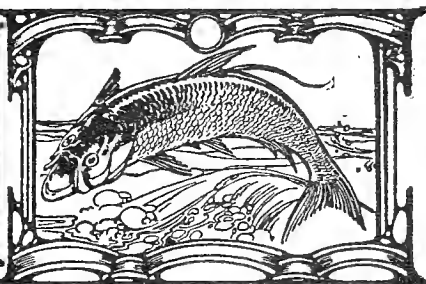
SIDNEY EDWARDS.

Dakota's Varying Seasons.

GALESBURG, N. D., Nov. 21.—In this country it is customary for the ground to freeze and farm work to be over at this time, but this year so far, though the ground froze at the usual time, yet the weather since has been so fair and mild that considerable outside work such as plowing has been going on up to now. It only goes to show the vagaries of this climate, and if there is any place where more capers can be cut in this respect than by our fickle Dakota Lady of the North, I would like to be told about it. But with all her vagaries she is a bountiful mistress, and gave us this year, as usual, many large portions of prairie chickens and mushrooms until we surely had "our satisfy." Therefore we grumble not at any game of freeze-out she may make us play. In fact, we would hardly trade winters or summers, either, with any Eastern man. J. P. W.



SEA AND RIVER FISHING



An Outing Among the Rainbows

A Letter to an Angling Friend.

TACOMA, Wash., Nov. 6.—*Dear Friend:* The fishing season has closed, the rods and tackle have been put away, and nothing is left but pleasant memories of delightful trips and big fish. I have not wet a line since the trip to the Skokomish, September 5, 6 and 7, though I was greatly tempted to try it up there again. In writing you about that trip I did not do justice to it, and have always thought I would take it up at a later day and give you a more detailed description of the catch.

Mr. Howe and I left Shelton at 5 A. M. on the morning of September and loafed on the way over to hunt grouse. We reached the river about 9 o'clock; we sent the wagon on to the ranch and then put our tackle together. The stream was low, and the water on Latham's Bar was hardly half way to our knees. Clear up that stretch of water to Kelly's Pool was black with salmon, and the water was kept in a turmoil by the fish fighting and dashing here and there, while many were busy standing on their heads digging their spawning beds. They were the dog salmon, and beastly looking things they were as I kicked them out of my way when I crossed to the other side. Howe went up to the pool on this side, while I began at the little willow patch on the opposite bank. My second cast brought a fine fellow to the surface, and the next hooked him. It was twenty minutes before I netted him, and he pulled down the scales to 3½ pounds. Howe was having a struggle above, but after a vigorous fight lost his fish. We then went down to the pool—you will remember the place where I "discovered" the fish on our first trip this year. There Howe, who was fishing below me, hooked a big one and in a second I was fast to a daisy. They leaped and fought here and there, up and down, till we felt that we had contracts on our hands that we could not fill. There were plenty of thrills running up our spinal columns; and with teeth set and jaws locked we fought the good fight. Howe's leader broke, and his fish (he declared it was an 8-pounder) went to nurse his sore jaw among

the roots under the bank. Mine was "fought to a finish" at last, and in the net showed 4¾ pounds.

Two more 4-pounders fell to us there, and then we passed down to where the river turns to the left. At the lower end where you cross over, and where the water rolls over a half sunken log, I shortened my line to about 12 feet, and standing above cast over and hooked a big one as it rose. It broke away. Another cast and another big one was fast; but, it, too, broke away, taking the lower half of my leader. I went ashore and bent on a new one, and stepped back and cast again. As long as I live I think I shall never forget the whale that came out at me from the depths of that little pool. Three times he rose lazily, smelled the fly and disappeared. It was the first time in my life that a fish scared me. I have hunted and killed all sorts of big game of the West, and have had some nerve-trying experiences, but I do not think that even my biggest grizzly ever gave me a greater "creep" than the fish that rose to me there. I said to myself: "Jack, get out of this and get your nerves in shape. Cool off. Go take a smoke, and don't tackle that fish to-day." Howe, in the meantime, was busy, and had landed two good ones, making four to each of us.

We went through the woods to the Donkey Engine Bar; salmon, salmon everywhere. You will remember how swiftly the water runs under this shore at the head of the bar. I went in there and crossed and was nearly knocked off my feet by salmon dashing between my legs and throwing water all over me in their hurry to get out of the way. In this swift water I hooked five big fish and landed three. My basket was now full to the lid—seven fish: Howe's ditto. The tip of my big rod was showing signs of weakness, and I was afraid to trust it any longer; so we crossed on the logs to the Donkey Engine and went through the timber to the jam below (only a few hundred feet), and then walked the jam to the head of Foster's Bar. I took both baskets—no small load—and went up to the house, where I put the fish on ice and changed my rod for the one Mr. Canfield gave me.

It was then 11:30; we had been fishing 2½ hours. Howe took this side of the bar and I crossed over. What

a time we had! Big fish came at us from everywhere. I hooked one, and after fighting him half an hour made up my mind that I could never land him. I could not get him within sixty feet of me. I finally worked him over into still water and held on. When I would try to pull him in he would go the other way. Finally he stood on his head, with his tail, which was fully eight inches broad, out of the water. I knew what he was after, but in spite of all the strain I could bring to bear, I could not raise his head out of the gravel, where he finally succeeded in rooting the barb from his jaws. From his weight on the rod and the vitality and strength he showed, he was a good 8 or 10-pound fish. Need I tell you I went ashore and lay down on the bar, filled my pipe, and thought things?

When rested, both in mind and body, I went at it again, and was soon fast to another big one. After a long, hard fight, in which I was in fear of again losing, I felt the fish was mine. Howe was busy, but called to ask if I needed any help. I said "No," for I had my quarry well in hand, and when I got him into my net at last and staggered ashore, I felt that I had well earned the old fellow that tipped the scales at 5½ pounds.

It was now 2 o'clock, and our baskets were so full that a sardine could not have been packed into them. Again seven fish each, and nothing under 3½ pounds. We had enough, and were very tired after so many royal battles. So we went to the house and rested the remainder of the day. It would have done no good to have fished in the afternoon, for as soon as the sun got directly overhead it was so bright that it showed the river bottom along the whole bar, and the fish simply lay on the bottom and would not rise. Had the weather been cloudy, I actually believe we could have caught a wagon load had we been so minded. It was keen sport, such as a man does not often get.

We fished over the same water every day, namely, Latham's, Donkey Engine, and Foster bars, and it was a repetition of big fish lost and big fish caught. On the Donkey Engine Bar I hooked and landed a double, one a 3½-pound rainbow and the other a Dolly Varden of about 1¾ or 2 pounds. Again I hooked a good fish and

lost him through my leader breaking. I was fishing at the time with a heavy yellow leader. It broke at the second fly. Fifteen minutes after Howe hooked a fish which I netted, and it was the one I had just lost, with my yellow leader and fly in his jaw. He was 3½ pounds.

The last day on Foster's Bar I had played a big one for quite a while, and had him over in smooth, though shallow, water, when a big dog salmon jumped on him and tore him off, only to get caught himself on the lower fly. As soon as he felt the sting of the hook, he started down stream and I braced myself and held till the leader parted.

About eighteen or twenty of our fish weighed 4 pounds each, and the rest ran from 2 to 3½ pounds. When we loaded our box into the wagon, it was all we could do to carry it.

The river could be forded anywhere on the bars. Our fish were all caught in the shallow water, not one out of the deep pools. We could not get a rise below where you caught your 4½-pounder. There were no salmon down there, and where there were no salmon there were no trout. Most all the fish were caught on a No. 6 grizzly-king.

Don't you think you could change your time of visiting and get out here the latter part of July or August 1, so you could get the late fishing? It is much the best, and you could fish all the time.

Had I not been afraid of breaking my small rod, I think I could have saved many of my big fish. I shall get some new tips for my 11-foot rod before I tackle the Skokonish again.

I am afraid I have wearied you with this long letter, but I hope not. Mr. Canfield was just in and asked to be remembered to you. With kind regards, I am very truly yours,

JOHN LEASURE.

Fish and Fishing.

The Former Abundance of Canadian Fish.

MAGNIFICENT as are still the opportunities of anglers in many parts of the Dominion of Canada, it is melancholy to note the effects of over-fishing and other destructive agencies upon what were once amazing supplies of fish. I can mention trout streams within a few miles of the city of Quebec, which contained many fish of from half a pound to a pound in weight not more than a quarter of a century ago, and in which there can only now be found fingerlings and very few even of them. There are other streams quite near to the same city which, in the early part of the last century, were famous salmon rivers. Now it would be impossible to find a single fish in them. Judging from the reports of those who ought to be able to distinguish a salmon when they see one, a few specimens of the Atlantic salmon are caught every season in Lake Ontario. Though exceedingly scarce there now, these fish are reported to have been incredibly abundant in waters tributary to the lake but a little over half a century ago. The late Mr. Samuel Wilmot was accustomed to tell of the wholesale destruction of salmon ascending the creeks emptying into Lake Ontario, between 1840 and 1850. He himself often assisted with a pitchfork, when the farmers were using that rude implement to transfix and secure large numbers of the spawning salmon; but more remarkable still is the statement contained in the report for 1859 of the Superintendent of Fisheries for Upper Canada, showing the capture of an extraordinary number of salmon at certain points along the lake. He stated that of 470,000 fish taken at Port Credit in 1856, two-thirds were salmon. And the mention, in the same report, of salmon trout—the great lake trout—shows that the two were not confused in it, as they frequently are in some parts of Ontario. Even at that time the supply of salmon had seriously declined, for the Superintendent further says: "Many of the streams running into Lake Ontario were once the resort of myriads of salmon. I have seen them from 1812 to 1815, swarming the rivers so thickly that they were thrown out with a shovel, and even with the hand."

Fifty years ago, the nets at the mouth of some of the Canadian salmon rivers yielded ten fish for every one now taken by them.

An equally astonishing decrease is noticeable in the whitefish supply of Lake Ontario. The catch of 620,000 pounds in 1870 had fallen to about 400,000 in 1890, and to 126,000 pounds a few years later. Yet forty years ago, on Wellington Beach, at the extreme east end of the lake, where the fish are now exceedingly scarce, single hauls of over 500,000 large whitefish occurred. Last year only about 77,000 pounds of whitefish were taken out of the entire lake, and but for the fact that millions of fry have been planted in its waters for several years past, it is easy to imagine that the fishery might before now have been entirely exhausted.

How the Fish Have Been Destroyed.

I picked up the other day a copy of the very valuable reports upon the fisheries of New Brunswick, prepared more than half a century ago by the late Mr. Perley, to the Legislature of the Province. After reading Mr. Perley's representations of the wholesale destruction of fish in those days, one ceases to be surprised at the diminution of our fish supply, and to wonder only that so far as the rivers of New Brunswick are concerned, there are still any fish left in them. Spearing of salmon upon the spawning beds was quite an ordinary practice in those days. Describing the fish seen by him in one of the pools of the Nepisiguit as late as the month of September, Mr. Perley states that they were like sheep in a fold, that many of them had been wounded by the spear and were swimming about in a crippled condition; some with parts of their tails cut off, while others were seen with portions of their entrails protruding from wounds in their sides. And yet the fish at this season of the year were of course what is generally known as black or spent fish and altogether unfit for human food. All the grilse that could be killed appear to have been sent to market, one fisherman being reported to have sold £80 worth of them in a single season. It is not much wonder that Mr. Perley should have remarked that "if all the calves in New Brunswick were killed at an

early age, it is not likely that afterward there would be many cattle," and that "if all the grilse are taken, it is quite certain that salmon will soon cease to exist."

The same short-sighted and wasteful policy in regard to the sea fisheries of New Brunswick, as that already described in the case of the salmon, is on record. Mr. Perley attributed the enormous falling off, in his day, in the cod fishery of the Baie des Chaleurs, to the wanton destruction of the proper and natural food of the cod—herring and capelin—which were then taken in immense quantities; not for eating, or for curing, or for bait—but for manuring the land. In a representation made to the Legislature at that time by a fisherman of Gaspé, he stated that he had seen 500 barrels of capelin taken, in one tide, expressly for manure, and that he had also seen a thousand barrels of herrings caught at one time and left to rot upon the beach.

Bouehette, in the early part of the last century, and Nettle and Dr. Adamson later on, described the infamous practices by which the salmon rivers of Quebec were being destroyed in their days. Mr. Nettle stating in 1857 that even then there was not one-twentieth of the fish taken in them that were to be had in former years.

Human Flesh as Bait for Fish.

It appears that the Hawaiian chiefs of some years ago were much addicted to the use of human flesh as bait for sharks. It came cheaper than pig, was equally acceptable to the shark, and gave the chief an opportunity to kill any one whom he disliked. The victim was cut up and left to decompose for two or three days in a receptacle. Kamehameha I. was a great shark hunter, and kept those of his victims who were intended for bait, penned up near the great temple of Mookini. Mrs. Beckley gives a particularly interesting account of another method of capturing the huge niuhi or man-eating shark, followed by the natives. They first of all captured a large number of the small common shark, saved their livers with a portion of the flesh, wrapped them in ki leaves and baked them underground. From fifty to a hundred canoes were loaded with the baked meat and large quantities of the pounded roots of awa, mixed with a little water and contained in large gourds. The fleet would sail many miles out to sea in the direction in which the niuhi is known to appear. Arrived at a comparatively shallow place, the canoe containing the head fisherman and the priest and the sorcerer, who was supposed to be indispensable, would cast anchor; meat and the baked liver would be thrown overboard, a few bundles at a time, to attract sharks. After a few days the grease and scent of cooked meats would spread through the water many miles in radius. The niuhi would almost always make its appearance after the third or fourth day, when bundles of the baked meat were thrown to it as fast as it could swallow them. After a while it would become comparatively tame, and would come up to one or other of the canoes to be fed. Bundles of the liver with the pounded awa would then be given it, and it would become not only satiated, but also stupefied with awa. A noose was then slipped over its head, and the fleet raised anchor and set sail for home, the shark following, a willing prisoner, and the occupants of the nearest canoes being careful to feed it upon the same mixture from time to time. It was led right into shallow water until it was stranded and then killed. Every part of the bones and skin was supposed to confer unflinching bravery upon the possessor, and the actual captor, that is, the one who slipped the noose over the niuhi's head, would also, ever after, be always victorious.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Another Sea-Serpent Myth.

OPPORTUNITY has rarely been afforded biologists to determine the real basis for any of the numerous sea-serpent stories which for centuries have contributed to the gaiety of nations. The present year has not been deficient in its crop of marine monsters, as reported in the newspapers, and a recent event was signalized by the very unusual capture of the creature, which by this time has been seen at close range by thousands of people.

Simultaneously with the assembling of the American Fisheries Society at Atlantic City, N. J., in July, there was exhibited on one of the piers an animal which was advertised as "a genuine sea-serpent," and was said to have just been caught off Atlantic City. Those who availed themselves of the unwonted privilege of inspecting such a creature, found it to consist of an imperfect skeleton, about 10½ feet long, stretched at full length on a plank. The parts present were the cranium, numerous elements representing the bases of the fins, and the vertebral column, which, with an apparently short section missing from its posterior end, contained 274 vertebrae. The skeleton was evidently that of some selachian, but the deficiencies made it difficult to determine its position.

The New York, Philadelphia and seashore papers printed notices of the creature, most of them referring to it as a sea-serpent, but a few hinting that it was not a real animal, but a manufactured product. Some of the accounts of the capture of the sea-serpent and its behavior before falling a victim to the brave fishermen were of a highly imaginative character.

The facts in regard to this animal are as follows: The badly decomposed carcass was snagged by a line fisherman a few miles off Atlantic City about July 25; the jaws, fins, and most of the soft structures were missing, but the skin of the trunk was partly intact, and the idea gained therefrom was that the body was about 12 or 15 inches deep. As the specimen was a paying attraction, it could not be obtained for study; but the writer had made and brought to Washington a series of drawings and photographs, and also secured several of the vertebrae. The material was submitted to Dr. Theodore Gill, the distinguished ichthyologist, who was soon able to determine the identity of the fish. It proved to be a thresher shark (*Alopias vulpes*), and good osteological plates of the species were found in Molin's paper in the Memoirs of the Venetian Institute, 1859.

H. M. SMITH.

BUREAU OF FISHERIES Washington, D. C.

Henry P. Wells.

NEW YORK, Nov. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It was with the keenest regret that I saw the announcement of the death of Mr. Henry P. Wells in your issue of this week. Appreciative as your note was, it does not do him adequate justice.

I knew Mr. Wells well for the last twenty years, and I believe no one will have a greater or better influence than he on the angling fraternity—old boys and young boys, we are all alike—for the next twenty years. What influence he has had is history.

Mr. Wells' predominant traits were modesty, thoroughness, geniality, and generosity; and combined with these were a good knowledge of mechanics, of natural science, of literary art, and a willingness to impart his knowledge to others. Above all, he was an angler.

Whether it was at the side of a salmon river, wading a trout brook, on a lake in Maine, or sitting in front of the blazing logs in his beloved camp of the Parmachenee Club on the island in Parmachenee Lake, he was always the same—genial, modest, of a kindly but keen wit, ever ready to suggest when asked, but never intruding.

His books are a fair picture of the man, for unlike many writers, he did not try to keep his knowledge for publication only.

Two instances occur to me. A young amateur once said to him that he thought that he had made an improvement on the Parmachenee-belle, a fly which, as we all know, was born of Mr. Wells' fancy, which is famous throughout the world, and which was, therefore, naturally a source of modest pride to its inventor. I expected at least a demur, but the answer was a very quiet "very likely." Another time he was shown a cheap bamboo rod which the owner had reinforced by extra windings of silk, and by adding extra line rings. We all know what cheap tackle is, but Wells tried the rod and then handed it back with a hearty "I like the action better than that of my \$70 rod of —," naming a maker other than himself.

His books are a storehouse of practical information such as the angler wants, and they have the added charm of a literary style peculiarly their own; natural, unaffected and straight to the point.

Attractive to both men and women, listened to with great respect by all, I feel sure that there are many who will feel his loss as I do, and among them notably John S. Danforth.

J. E. HINDON HYDE.

The Massachusetts Commission.

BOSTON, Nov. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The term for which Commissioner Brackett was appointed (in 1899) as Fish and Game Commissioner by Governor Woleott, ended several weeks ago, and no appointment has yet been made. In some sections of western Massachusetts there has been for several years some dissatisfaction from not having representation in the Board of Commissioners, and in view of the fact that all members of the present board reside in the eastern part of the Commonwealth, it was thought that, if the sportsmen outside of the metropolitan district could unite on a candidate, he would be likely to secure the appointment from Governor Bates. It was the opinion of some of our prominent Boston sportsmen that such a selection would tend to promote a continuance of the harmonious relations which have been brought about in the last few years by the various conferences, and what may be designated as the "pooling of issues" by the several clubs scattered over the State. Your readers have been kept posted in reference to the various movements under the leadership of the State Association and the Central Committee which have resulted in securing more stringent protective legislation. The fact of so much delay on the part of the Governor is interpreted as an indication that he is greatly perplexed by the multiplicity of candidates. His prompt re-appointment of Chairman Collins indicates that he would like to give him a man as a colleague who can furnish him relief in certain lines of work, more especially such as is to be done in the office, and which Captain Collins has said repeatedly in the hearing of your correspondent is greatly needed. We can all well remember the time (not six years ago) when our Commission had no office. When first appointed the Captain said he was not a believer in "vest pocket commissions," and in a very short time he was able to convince the Superintendent of the State House that it was his duty to find a place for him under the "Gilded Dome." This was the first step toward a regenerated Commission. In a future letter I will speak of others, and shall endeavor to present a summary of work accomplished each year which will tell its own story. I believe I express the general sentiment of Massachusetts sportsmen in saying that they are entitled to all the work that can be done by the three best men that can be selected as members of the board, devoting to its duties all their time—not a few weeks in the year, and not one or two days only in a week. Under our statutes three men are provided, and there is nothing that implies that either of the three is to be a nonentity. It is desirable that there be three able men, and sportsmen desire that the appointment shall go to the candidate who can do most for the department. Governor Bates will make no mistake if he discards all other considerations and makes his selection on the ground of capacity and fitness for the position.

In the recent field trials for beagles at Grafton, some of the Massachusetts winners were Chetwood Smith, of Worcester; John Caswell, Pride's Crossing; A. J. Purinton, Palmer; Samuel Frothingham, of Boston and Lenox, and Jacob Worth, of Boston.

There was a large gathering of fox hunters at Westfield this week, and the weather conditions were favorable for a fine outing. This was the fall meet of the Western Massachusetts Fox Club, of which Mr. John T. Way is president. There were thirty hounds, which were put out two successive mornings, and the net result was two pelts. All lovers of birds, knowing how destructive Reynard is to bird life, would be glad to read of greater slaughter of this species of robbers of birds' nests and devourers of quail and partridges. There is a strong sentiment prevailing in favor of a bounty on foxes. Several sportsmen who would have been glad to buy quail last spring for stocking purposes told your correspondent that they

did not wish to purchase quail for foxes to kill; but if a bounty could be put upon them so as to give the birds a chance, they would contribute. The bird hunters wish their brothers who love the baying of the hounds good luck, but think they are not killing the foxes off fast enough. Reports from every direction indicate that foxes are multiplying very rapidly, and are not only thinning out the birds, but are causing great annoyance to the farmers. One sportsman told me this week that, in his opinion, they are destroying more birds than are shot by the hunters.

The gunners on our south shore have been getting excellent bags of sea fowl the past two weeks. Some of our North Attleboro friends have lately secured a good number of partridges, but theirs is an exception to the general experience of the men who have been in the brush this fall. C.

Mr. Stone is not a Skeptic.

CAPE VINCENT, N. Y., Nov. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Looking over some old files of FOREST AND STREAM, the other day, I came across an article in the issue of May 9, 1903, headed "Salmon Culture in America," and signed C. H. Barkdull, in which Mr. Barkdull classes me with the "unfortunate skeptics" who do not believe in salmon culture. I think Mr. Barkdull must have had me mixed up in his mind with someone else, for I do not know of anyone who has worked harder than I have to increase the salmon of this country, or who did more for the cause during the quarter of a century between the years 1872 and 1897.

It is a small matter, I know, and only a personal one, but I must say that I do not like to be called an unfortunate skeptic who disbelieves in salmon culture, when I

spent nearly the whole of this quarter of a century trying to prove that I *did* believe in it by diligently hatching and distributing salmon during that period, to say nothing of the fact that I inaugurated salmon culture in this part of the world by building and operating in 1868, at my own expense, the first salmon hatching station in America.

I agree with Mr. Barkdull about the pretty girls and the gold mines and the big trees of the Pacific Coast; but I think he must give me credit for not being much of a skeptic on the subject of salmon culture.

A. LIVINGSTON STONE.

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YACHTING



British Letter.

G. L. Watson.

By the untimely death of Mr. G. L. Watson, which took place at his residence in Glasgow on Nov. 12, after a short illness, Great Britain has lost her greatest yacht architect. His loss is indeed irreparable, and will be felt not only in this country, but all over the world.

Mr. Watson first came into prominent notice a quarter of a century ago, when, after having experienced some success in the 5-ton class, he produced the 10-ton cutter Madge, destined three years later to be the pioneer in American waters of a type of boat which was to cause a complete revolution in yacht designing in the States and to kill forever the dangerous crabshell stamp of boat which had been in vogue there for many years. Madge's performances produced as startling an effect in America in 1882 as the famous schooner America had done in Great Britain thirty-one years before, and the result of her racing, crowned as it was by the subsequent brilliant performances of the Fife boats Clara and Minerva and the Herreshoff cutter Gloriana, was that the ultra deep and narrow British model and the flat-sectioned, shallow-bodied type, so common in America, became gradually merged into the boat of moderate proportions to the distinct benefit of both countries. In 1880 Mr. Watson turned out in Vanduara, 98 tons, the first of a long list of big racing cutters and yawls, nearly every one of which has been a successful prize winner. Vanduara was built of steel, was easily head of her class, besides being by far the best looking boat in the fleet, and is racing to this day in the handicap class under the name of Nicandra.

Mr. Watson has never succeeded in producing an America Cup winner; but in 1883 he designed for Mr. James Coats, owner of the 10-tonner Madge, the 72-ton cutter Marjorie, the most beautiful specimen of a straight-stemmed cutter ever seen, and one of those extraordinary samples of perfection of type which Watson alone knew how to create, and which never seem to grow old. There was some talk of Marjorie going across the Atlantic in 1884 to try for the America's Cup. Had she done so, there can be little doubt but that she would have brought it back. The idea fell through, however, and a golden opportunity was lost.

Of all the British designers who have been employed in the attempts to recapture the cup, none have gone so near success as Watson. His first attempt in 1887 was a failure, and there can be no doubt that Thistle was outclassed by Volunteer. Valkyrie II. was the second boat from his board which crossed the Atlantic to try and regain the coveted trophy. She was one of four new big cutters built in 1893, the others being Britannia, also a design of Watson; Calluna, W. Fife's first big racing cutter, which turned out a failure, and Soper's Satanita.

Valkyrie II. before her trip across the Atlantic was raced consistently with these boats, and was far and away the best of the bunch. She beat Britannia twice out of every three races, and had she been left in her original trim, there is no reason to suppose that she would not have disposed of Vigilant. Unfortunately, with the supineness which has characterized the management of most of the later cup challengers, she was tinkered up on the very eve of her departure by having some lead removed from her keel, and her sail area increased. These alterations were an absolute experiment, for the boat was no longer floating at her designed line and there was no possible chance of a trial with a known opponent before starting on her voyage across the Atlantic. The experiment resulted in disaster, as indeed it deserved to do, and another glorious chance of winning the cup was gone.

It was not until Valkyrie II. was back in British waters the following season that the full extent of the damage done to her speed was made manifest. It was at once apparent that she was no match for Britannia, whose master she had been the year before, and it is probable that she was 15m. or 20m. slower over a 40-mile course than when she first came out. Unfortunately, before she could be put back to her original trim she was run into and sunk by Satanita at the regatta of the Mudhook Y. C. Britannia proved herself a better boat than Vigilant, and it may be taken for granted that the America's Cup was never in greater danger of capture than it was in 1893.

Watson designed two more cup challengers, Valkyrie III. and Shamrock II. The former was not a boat of great promise, but the latter, under better management, might have been successful. She was the first cup challenger that ever sailed home ahead of her

rival in a race devoid of accidents. She lost the race on time allowance, but it was really thrown away by bad judgement on the part of her skipper. Had she been as well managed and sailed as Columbia, she would in all probability have beaten her. It is only fair, however, to remember that Columbia was in her third season.

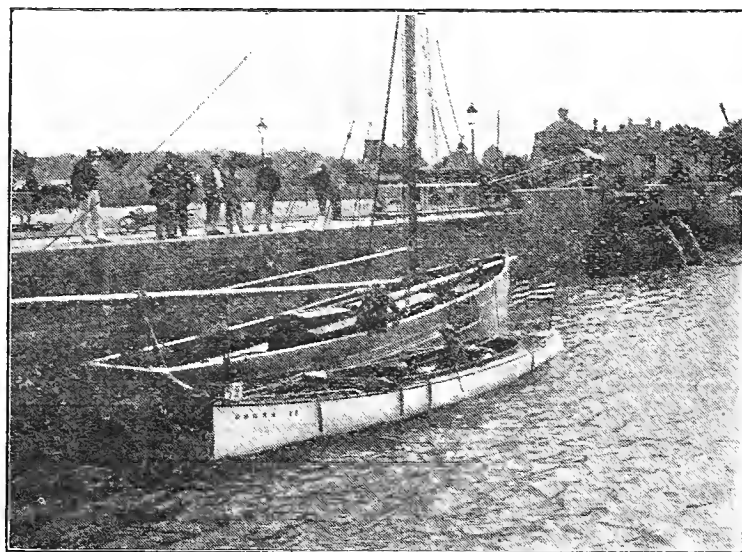
Watson has designed racing yachts of all sizes from the very smallest to the largest, and they have been distinguished alike for their speed and great beauty. There was a refinement of finish about the racers which no other designer, British or foreign, has been able to equal, and his wonderful talent for symmetry has also left its mark in his cruising yachts and steamers.

Of late years he had given less attention to sailing yachts and was chiefly engaged upon steam yachts. He was engaged upon the design of a steam yacht of 2,000 tons for Mr. Kenneth M. Clark, owner of the cutter Kariad, at the time of his death, and he was responsible for the lines of a dozen of these palatial vessels exceeding 1,000 tons, many of which found their way to America and are too well known to require description. Mr. Watson had been out of health for some time, but only became seriously ill a few days before his death. The funeral, which took place at Glasgow, on Nov. 16, was by his own request quite a private affair, but the German Emperor sent a magnificent wreath and was personally represented.

The news that Mrs. Turner Farley has given Herreshoff an order for a 52-footer has been received in England with general satisfaction. It is ten years since Niagara came over here and sailed with such marked success, and it will be interesting to see whether the Bristol designer can do better with our rating rule than our own designers. Our 52-footers have not been improved upon to any great extent since the present rule came into use; in fact, it is an open question whether Fife's Magdalen, which came out in 1900—the first year of the new rule—is not a better boat than anything we now have, except perhaps, in very light winds. At any rate she could stand up to her canvas, and the newer boats seem unable to do so. The tax on girth has had the undesirable effect of cutting down draft of water too much for stability, and the class is now unmistakably tender. If Herreshoff can see a way out of the difficulty he will earn the gratitude of British yacht owners, if not of the designers. E. H. KELLY.

Usona II.

THIS photograph shows the Lozier launch Usona II. on her arrival at Trouville, France, after the "Paris-to-



USONA II.

Sea" contest last August. She was entered in the cruiser class, and finished first out of sixteen competitors by a margin of over two hours.

S. & M. MOTOR BOATS FOR MR. FRANK CROKER'S LAUNCH.—The Smith & Mabley Company have received at their boat shop, the 45ft. speed launch designed a year or so ago by Mr. C. F. Herreshoff, Jr., of this city, and built by the Chase Pulley Co., of Providence, R. I., for Mr. Frank Croker. This boat was to have been furnished two high-power Rochet-Schneider automobile motors, by the late Alex. Fischer. It has not yet been decided whether installation will be a 75 or 150 h. p. Smith & Mabley Sixplex. If the larger motor is chosen, the boat will surely be heard from in 1905.

Propellers.

BY A. E. POTTER.

THERE is more than one auto boat designer just at present "up against it" in propellers. His boat shows up-to-date construction, he has seen the engine tested, and is reasonably sure of its power; but the speed of the boat is not up to his expectations. He is well satisfied that his propeller is at fault, but in what essential respect he does not know. He consults all the written authorities he can find, and his mind is soon added with blade surface, pitch, slip, frictional resistance, etc.

The party from whom he purchased the wheel showed him recommendations galore, and told him his wheel would fill the requirements. He buys and tries his luck, fails; buys another, fails; gets desperate, and soon he has a collection that appals him, and a bill for wheels that frightens him.

In selecting a propeller for a high speed auto boat, one should go at it intelligently. He cannot expect to get the right wheel the first time, but the second time he ought surely to make an improvement, until finally he begins to realize his hopes.

Now, for instance, his first wheel comes from the manufacturer ordered a certain diameter and pitch, either two, three, or four-bladed. It is well understood, I think, that an absolutely true pitch wheel offers the least resistance on high speed. A true pitch wheel would have the same pitch at each and every diameter. At 20 inches diameter it may be, and usually is, more or less pitch than measured at 16 inches. Each blade should have the same pitch. Obviously it is true that it is possible to get two blades true to each other; something next to impossible to find three or four blades all alike. If he will make a careful record of his measurements, note his engine speed, and carefully time his boat at full speed between two fixed channel or other marks, with and against the tide, this data will be invaluable in the selection of his next wheel. If his engine does not turn up to what the builders suggested, the wheel, if true pitch and blades are all alike, has probably too much pitch, which should be reduced. If the boat goes faster or nearly as fast at slower engine speed, especially in lumpy water, the wheel has insufficient blade surface. Very rarely does a propeller have too much blade surface, but many times has excessive pitch. Too much blade surface will make comparatively little difference so long as the blades are true themselves and true with each other. The only drag they will make is the additional frictional resistance through the water.

I should strongly advise auto boat owners and designers against trying any but guaranteed and tested true pitch wheels, except they are put on and tried out by the manufacturers themselves, and sold subject to approval. One should remember that an engine rated at 1,200 revolutions per minute is not developing so much power at 800 and still less at 600. If the wheel slows the engine down beyond its rated revolutions per minute, it is not correct.

In cruising boats and launches the propeller question is not quite so important, although there is hardly a case where the performance of the boat and engine cannot be improved by an intelligent study of the wheel. The field is probably not so fruitful, but I have seen cases where 15 to 20 per cent. improvement in speed has been made by substituting a wheel more suitable for the work. I understand that at least one manufacturer is contemplating putting an interchangeable wheel on the market which will be true pitch and can be exchanged for one of the same diameter with more or less pitch at small additional cost. The motor boat has surely set the propeller designer and manufacturer to thinking.

WORK AT MORRIS HEIGHTS.—The New York Yacht, Launch and Engine Co., of Morris Heights, are equipping the launch Canvas Back for the Spesutia Island Rod and Gun Club, of Havre de Grace, Md., with two 12-15 horsepower Twentieth Century gasoline engines. They are also building a 90ft. cruiser to be equipped with a 6-cylinder 100 horsepower Twentieth Century engine for Mr. J. E. Fletcher, of Providence, R. I., to take the place of his 55ft. Coronet II., recently sold to Mr. R. L. Hull, of Philadelphia.

OUR English cousins describe our two-cycle and four-cycle types of gasoline explosive engines as the "two-stroke" and "four-stroke." Undoubtedly the long appellation of the "one in two strokes cycle" and "one in four strokes cycle" would be much more easily understood, but these names are too long. Why would not "two-stroke cycle" and "four-stroke cycle" be less confusing and more explanatory?

Four Philadelphians Cruising Down East.

BY THE LADY COOK.

IN the first place, we did not start from Philadelphia, but having summered several seasons in a native cottage on one of the islands of Casco Bay, with our yacht Eleanor lying off the back door, early in August of 1903 we stocked the small cabin from the island store and headed further down East; that is, the cook's husband, and his father and brother.

Eleanor is a sloop-rigged yacht, often known as the dead rise bateau, 26ft. 6in. over all, 16ft. 6in. waterline, 8ft. 2in. breadth, 20in. draft, with centerboard down 4ft. 6in., sail area 418 sq. ft., carrying 600 pounds ballast. She is of entirely single-handed, home-made construction; I hesitate to call her even amateur build, as the before-mentioned brother, who is responsible for her existence, does not intend to build another, his life-work being entirely apart from any work of the hands. For two seasons our family had knocked about in the waters of Casco Bay and often outside in an open Hampton boat, which is undoubtedly the best type of open boat for these waters, often chilled in calm sunsets, and wet with heavy seas, with no cabin even to stow warm and dry clothing. Then Eleanor was conceived. That is, we must have a cabin, with enough about it to make a boat answering our needs. The fact that she is flat-bottomed might relegate her among the unseaworthy, but with skillful handling and proper precautions as to attempting long open stretches of open water in threatening weather, we have ridden out many a blow and enjoyed a 250-mile cruise. A centerboard and cabin without head room but with ample width and length to accommodate four sleeping occupants by night, and the same space used for cooking purposes and shelter by day, lockers forward, ice-chest aft, and plenty of room under the overhang for stowing clothing, fishing tackle, charts, etc., comprises the interior. After a ten days' cruise we once calculated that it was equal to living for the same time under the family dining table at home, going about on all fours when a needed article happened to be beyond arm's length—but oh, the simplicity of it, the absolute rest, and the reluctant return to civilized ways!

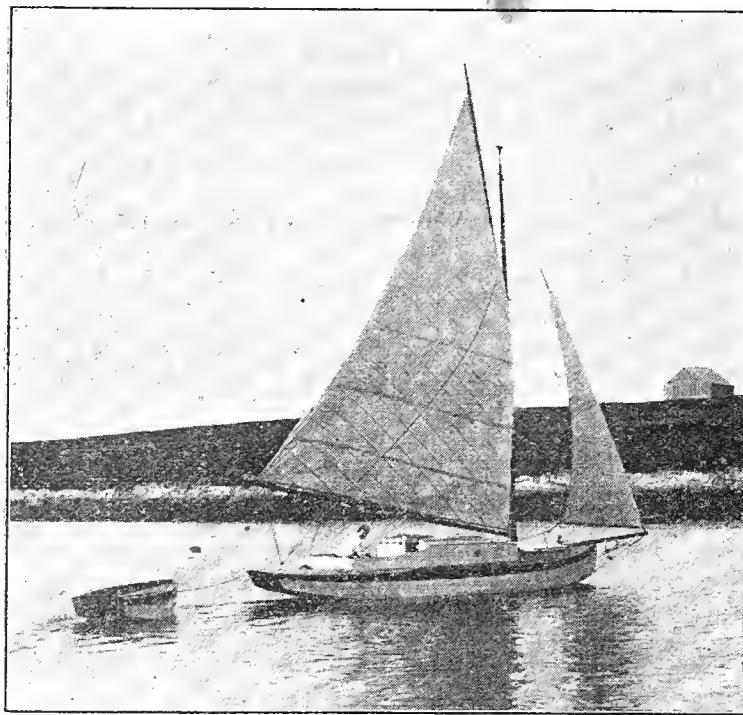
With a fair S.W. wind on this August day, we started to beat out 10 miles to Sequin Light; three long legs and Small Point was rounded, with the light just ahead, then close-hauled for The Sisters. After passing these rocks the wind suddenly dropped, and we slowly drifted to the Cuckolds, passed inside the light, and a few gentle zephyrs enabled us to make Card's Cove on Linekin's Neck, at 7:40 P. M., too late to go ashore that night for provisions; but before even lighting the Khotal for a hot meal, let me ask how all the other cruising yachtsmen we see get along without a mosquito-proof cabin? Our scheme is copper bands covered with two thicknesses of cotton netting slipped over the port-holes, and perfectly fitting frames with bronze wire for the fore and aft hatches. If one midget should find his way in before we come to anchor, he is easily found and disposed of on the perfectly white top and sides of the cabin. With an acetylene lamp, a good bicycle lamp, and an old trusty lantern, there are cards, books, magazines, nautical and otherwise, yarns and songs, until the blankets are unrolled and the race is on as to who will get to sleep first.

Next morning fog and rain, wind S.E.; no hurry to get off under these conditions, so the cook goes ashore for fresh bread, beefsteak, New England doughnuts, and whatever else she can find. Low water and unfamiliar landing places necessitate partial disrobing; but the fog was thick and thereby convenient. By 11 o'clock scenery was appearing, and a light wind enabled us to pass out inside Green Island, where the current set in toward the island, and at one place the centerboard touched slightly; no damage, however, and as the fog again looked threatening, we made for the Thrum Cap, intending to anchor somewhere in the Thread-of-Life passage, as it was that much to the East, rather than Christmas Cove. After passing Turnip Island and dodging several hundred lobster buoys, anchored behind Hay Island at 2 o'clock. Having friends at the other end of Rutherford's, two of us unfolded ourselves and walked the distance through mud and rain, appearing in fine trim before hotel guests and rocking-chair sojourners.

More fog the following morning, but after a violent rainstorm, the fog lifted a little and we started for Pemaquid Point, intending to take advantage of any further clearing, but we had no sooner threaded our way out of the passage than the fog settled down so thickly that we returned to our former anchorage. At nine o'clock the weather was sufficiently encouraging for us to start again, and with a light wind were able to make Pemaquid, sail close-hauled. After rounding the point, the wind freshened and we had a delightful two hours' sail across Muscongus Bay. From this point is the first view going up the coast of Camden Mountains, and from here up to Mt. Desert there is no lack of shift and change in the mountain outlines. But this seemed to be a period of storm for us; in the northwest the blue-black clouds rolled up, and we made for Herring Gut; just before entering it the squall came whistling, preceded by a gust of rain. We met it head on, breaking our wire bobstay with the strain, and dropping the mainsail sailed to an anchorage under the jib. The storm soon passed off to the East, and with wind light from the S.W. started for Lennant's Harbor, chiefly to procure alcohol with which to start the stove. But the fluid was not so easily obtained, the druggists at two of the small coasting towns where we put in having the conscience to refuse us a drop even of wood alcohol. In vain did we plead cold meals and perhaps a stress of bad weather before Rockland could be reached; nothing would move them out of a literal translation of the laws of the State. Then the cook hunted up a doctor's sign, and after choosing between the only two that she could find in the town, walked in and presented her case, with the awful consequences which would ensue if he should refuse a little of the spirits. All the doctor had was at her service, which all was but half a pint, but was enough. Hereafter, alcohol in generous quarts will be first on the list of cruising necessities. A magnificent rainbow and the evening marked by the new moon and the splashing of innumerable fish in the harbor ended the third day of our watery world.

At six in the morning weighed anchor and with a fair

wind reached through Mussel Ridge Channel, making Rockland at 10 o'clock. Two hours sufficed to get a new washer on the pump of the Khotal and plenty of Columbia spirits at one of the marlin-smelling shops skirting the harbor. At twelve off for North Haven, across West Penobscot Bay, but the wind was not true enough for us to fetch the Thoroughfare, and we were compelled to hold off. The wind kept increasing in strength, and two reefs were put in; even then it was impossible to hold the course. Fierce gusts came off the land and heavy clouds banked up rapidly; we then decided to ease off the sheet and make for a little harbor toward the north of the island of North Haven. Here we put out two anchors and passed the night. It was a case of toss that night in a little cove not too well protected, but all hands slept, and next morning the weather was gloriously clear, with a S.W. wind. We emerged from shelter not with trepidation, oh, no, but curious to see if things outside were as they had been the day before; but the wind had gone down considerably, and with two reefs in the mainsail beat to the Fox Islands Thoroughfare entrance. Here we shook out the reefs, and with a good wind aft had a thoroughly enjoyable day. Across the Isle au Haut Bay, where we lifted the tender on the stern to increase speed, through Deer Islands Thoroughfare, across Jerico Bay, and at buoy No. 2 took the time, when we found that the last 5 miles were covered in just 55 minutes. Through Casco Passage and Blue Hill Bay, and just as we reached the bell buoy off the entrance to the channel West of Cranberry Island, the wind suddenly changed to the S.E. and burst upon us with all the force of a squall. The sky was perfectly clear and a moderate N.W. wind had been



ELEANOR.

blowing when this happened. Whether this is peculiar to the Maine coast or not I cannot say, but during several years' experience there, sailing practically every day during the summer months, we have met with these conditions probably four times. This time there was a heavy swell, and the long line of wave-swept ledges under our lee allowed no room to reef. Hastily shoving the tender over and lowering the peak, we fell off and made for the passage. The wind increased as we got to the bar in the channel, and with an ebb tide against it, there was a heavy choppy sea which took all our attention. We had had times of dogged hard work, but this was an affair of alertness, of taking advantage of every wave, of breathless suspense during long seconds while the question of supremacy between the elements and our little craft was being debated. It was with great relief that we finally got through and anchored at Mause, an old town near the more fashionable Southwest Harbor. Upon going ashore, an old salt eyed us curiously, and then drawled out, "What you call that boat? I saw you coming in with your peak lowered. She can go, but I never saw a boat of that type."

Last winter I read of a cruise where the skipper got as far as Bass Harbor in a small boat, but had been forewarned not to try to get any further. Curious to know why, I wrote to the editor of the paper, but he could give no information. After traversing the course, under the conditions we found there, we thought perhaps we had discovered for ourselves the reason why.

That day we made 45 miles, an average of five miles an hour for the day. A row across the harbor and a walk through the village for supplies to last over Sunday, resulted in a most elaborate menu for Sunday morning breakfast. During my trick at the tiller next day, when the mate was trying to get a few lines ready to send home to assure them of our safety so far, I was interrogated as to what that "breakfast food was this morning." Then I knew that the fame of that breakfast was going abroad. We always had another hot meal at night of fresh vegetables and meat, but there were days when the work, or rather pleasure, of chart, compass, log, and coast pilot was too strenuous for even a sandwich to come between.

We had intended to go around to Bar Harbor, but when we found that wind and tide were favorable to getting out of that channel, decided to return, and were off by 6:20 the next morning. Just outside the wind died out, and we slowly drifted to Bass Harbor Light. Here we passed midway between the light and the opposite island, but it is much better to keep near the light. There is a bar which extends almost across; where we passed there was apparently not more than eight feet of water, and under improper conditions some very nasty seas would undoubtedly be met there. A breeze from the S.E. then came up, and back we flew over the course of the day before, to North Haven, from 6:20 in the morning to 6:15 P. M., a full day of charm.

A habit which the cook has of falling overboard at least once a season has lost its novelty. Through no fault of her own, I declare it, this was her night, and down she went into the icy depths, but there was only a head poked out of the cabin, a voice calmly asking, "Is R. over-

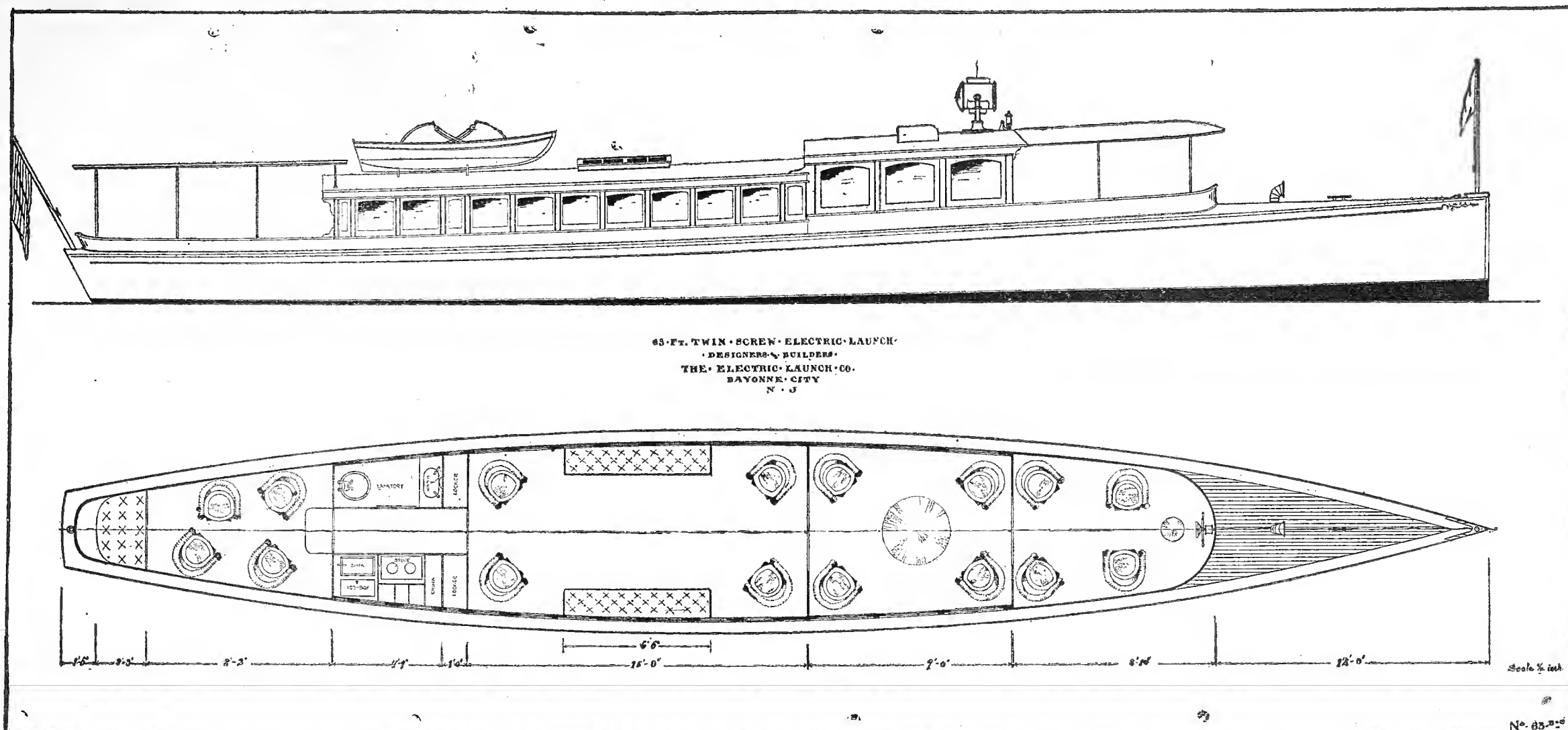
board?" and a patient waiting until she appeared some few feet away, viewing the fleet in the harbor, and trying to decide in the darkness which boat she shall swim for; then a shout of "Over here!" and the next day a fluttering of garments in the breeze. But I greatly prefer that trick to the boom or gaff hitting me; and worse than that, one night when we had anchored too close to a wharf and all had turned in early but the mate, who had gone ashore for a few hours, he came down to the sloop and found the end of the boom wedged in between the stones of the wharf, the tide having risen, and the boom on a tremendous strain. He tugged and pulled and shoved, and finally, without thinking of the position of his chin, directly over the boom, it was released, and his head almost went with it.

Again West Penobscot Bay to cross, but as the wind seemed determined to carry us north every time we approached this body of water, we went up to Camden, passed back of the island at the mouth of the harbor, and anchored in the company of such boats as the yawl Katharine II. and auxiliary schooner Idler. We found this harbor much preferable to Rockland, where the smoke from the lime quarries soils the deck and the tender in a little while.

Fog and rain, wind S.E. The weather did not look promising, but the wind was fair. There were salad days in our sailing when we would beat in a fog, and by making accurate calculations we never missed but one buoy in that sort of work; but after a few years' experience have decided to fog it only with a fair wind. This day we saw the most curious cloud forms—light, detached, fantastic, and flying low; evidently advance guard to the heavy fog blown in later. We steered for Frenchman's Island, and just before reaching it the fog came down thick. We had been able to make out the buoys, and with compass made Ash Island beacon at the entrance to Mussel Ridge Channel without difficulty. It commenced to rain and it rained hard, so decided to make Seal Cove and spend the night there; anchored off the granite works' wharf at 11:20 in the morning. According to custom, the cook went ashore, with no excuse this time but to buy chocolate at the store, but desolation upon tombstones, the wind shrieked through the fog, the store was locked, an old woman at least a thousand years old hung out the second story window and said she was desperately ill and could not come down; the faces of the dogs and of a few children peeping out the panes of an adjacent house were harder than the granite. A few minutes sufficed for this place, and then back to the snug and warmth of the cabin, books, and companionship. We put out two anchors that night and slept to the accompaniment of the fog whistle at White Head Light, about a mile to the west of us.

Clear and calm when we awoke next morning; got up anchor at 7:20, and with light wind and ebb tide passed White Head. Later in the morning the wind sprang up so strong from the S.W. that we anchored and put two reefs in the mainsail and one in the jib, had lunch, and started off again. In beating up to Marshall Point we had some difficulty in locating the old fish weir; the tide was high, and all but one or two stakes were covered, and these barely visible. Across Muscongus again, and instead of stopping at Squirrel Island, we decided to go up into Boothbay Harbor and try Townsend's Gut for the first time, a narrow, crooked passage opening out into the Sheepscot River. This passage could only be made in a S.W. or S. wind, except in a small boat which could go about quickly. We were through in twenty minutes. There is a drawbridge, but three toots on the horn is a signal which promptly opens the draw. As we were now in entirely new waters, it was necessary to look up an anchorage for the night on the chart, and decided to cross the Sheepscot and get back of Fire Islands on the west side of the river. This is an unusually pretty harbor, where we had the very coldest bath of the season next morning. This was to be a day of extremes and superlatives, for after the coldest bath, we had the strongest N.W. wind that we had ever encountered; put two reefs in but found it necessary to hold the sheet most of the time. To complicate matters, just off Sequin the chart blew overboard, and the boat was put about in the gale to recover it; then a moss-grown hat appeared from the cabin to inquire what was the matter, and the hat, rich in associations, also went overboard. This time the mate jumped into the tender and went for the hat. The jib had blown around the forestay, and the skipper, in fixing it, had tied the jib sheet to the knight-head. When he tried to bring the boat up to the wind it would fall off again, the head being pulled around by the wind. After considerable rowing by the mate and almost running him down, things were straightened out, and we bowled on. After rounding Small Point, we got the full strength of the waves and wind; put in a small cove and reefed again, putting three reefs in the mainsail and two in the jib, the first time it had been necessary to do this in the four years' handling of the boat. Beating out, we found it practically impossible to manage her. Even with the three reefs we had to hold the sheet, and the waves washed over the deck. If the wind had been fair, it would not have been so bad for us, but in such a wind and sea we could make very little headway. We therefore put about and ran into the first protected spot we saw. It was a good enough place, apparently, as a last resort refuge, but after being told that the place we had anchored in was bare at low tide, we decided to move on. I do not remember ever to have been out in such wind. Sighting a likely looking place back of little Gooseberry Island, we ran in there late in the afternoon. It was the place we wanted; the water was deep and beautifully protected. We put down the big anchor and the little anchor astern and to the east to keep the boat off the rocks. Things were rather wet inside, caused by the straining of the boat; there was a hasty meal, and for the first time we were all too tired to wash dishes; they were put out in the cockpit for the dew to wash.

Being ten miles from home, it was a temptation next morning to try hugging the shore and making a circuitous route, as the wind was about as strong out in the open as it had been the day before. Twelve hours' sleep and a hearty breakfast put the mettle in us again, and we started out, beat up to the northern end of Wood Island to get advantage of the lee, and then headed over to the mouth of the New Meadow River; beat out again and were able to let off sail for Jaquish Channel. The wind was very strong and coming in fierce puffs, but



OUTBOARD PROFILE AND CABIN PLAN OF 63FT. TWIN-SCREW ELECTRIC LAUNCH.
Designed and Built by The Electric Launch Co., of Bayonne City, N. J.

under the lee of the land we made good weather of it. Off Jaquish, the main sheet horse gave way, and instead of one man handling the sheet it now required two to manage it, but in a few minutes we were able to ease her off, and home was in sight.

About 250 miles was the distance covered in a leisurely way, and so thoroughly enjoyed that we expect to repeat the trip again.

To women who contemplate roughing it in this way, I should advise, above all things, to go light with the baggage. A set of slickers for wet weather (slicker skirts are now obtainable), a white drilling jacky shirt such as the jackies wear on men-o'-war slipped over the shirt-waist for protection from the soil of cooking and a little extra warmth, and a sweater, are all the extra outside clothing I have ever needed in four years' cruising. The jacky shirt can be thrown aside easily every time an anchorage is made and one wants to go ashore.

Queries on Marine Motors.

R. M. H., Phila., Pa.—My two-cycle motor seems to "stick" when piston is ascending and insulated electrode is removed. Disconnecting the shaft does not help matters. Can you tell me the cause?

Ans.—If the engine showed this trouble when new, it would indicate that the upper part of the cylinder was either smaller than the lower part or was out of round. It frequently occurs when the cylinder is strapped for boring on a lathe that it is held at each end by three adjusting screws. The tendency is to slightly distort the cylinder and on removing from the lathe the bore will sometimes be a trifle irregular. In your case, supposing the trouble to be of recent appearance, we should say that the lower piston ring catches in the exhaust or inlet port. It may be broken or the parting may have shifted until the ends catch in the port openings. This could be readily determined by removing the piston and examining the condition of the inside of the cylinder, the piston and the rings. The piston rod may be bent, but in that case it would stick only in one direction, as when going ahead, and be perfectly free on the reverse.

J. J. B., Dubuque, Ia.—We are much interested in your motor boat articles. Nearly every one here who loves the water has a launch. We all have the usual troubles which help make the sport so fascinating. Would it be practical to have two explosions for each charge, one at the last of the compression, and the other at the end of the stroke to explode the balance of the gas (if there be any) before it passes out of the exhaust? 2.—Which do you think the better for marine work, the jump spark or make and brake?

Ans.—In order to get the maximum power from an explosive mixture, it is necessary to ignite it considerably before the end of the compression stroke. If the mixture is poor in gasoline vapor the flame remains the whole length of the power stroke, combustion being slow. If the mixture is in the proper proportion, there is no explosive gas left at the end of the stroke. Many attempts have been made to compound the explosive type of engine, but not particularly successfully. In no case could "compounding" be assisted by a subsequent spark. It is imperative that the back pressure on the exhaust be as low as possible, to rid the combustion chamber of the products of perfect combustion which are carbon dioxide, nitrogen, and watery vapor, as any volume of these remaining in the cylinder under pressure after the exhaust closes reduces the volume of the incoming charge. The principal loss of gas in two-cycle engines is from poorly designed and proportioned exhaust and inlet ports and incorrect "baffle" plates, which are used to deflect the incoming charge to free the cylinder of burned gases.

2. Both systems of ignition have their good and bad points. We have used both with excellent results. The jump spark is almost universally used in automobile work, and in the past year or two has been used extensively in marine. If the coil can be kept dry, the secondary wiring is sufficiently well insulated, and the installation is intelligently made, just at present the jump spark system seems to have first call. The cost of operation is probably less, and jump spark troubles can usually be located easier than make-and-break. It will be a long time, however, before either system is abandoned entirely.

E. B. B., Syracuse, N. Y.—Can you tell me what advantage a double form of ignition could be in a marine gasoline engine, in which the jump spark is used only to start the engine, and the make and break is used after engine is started?

Ans.—There is one make of French engine that uses jump spark ignition for starting and then runs on a closed circuit, with break of contact caused by a pin on the head of the piston, similar to that formerly used when the "Empire" first adopted electric ignition. The only advantages to this double ignition would appear to be, by its use, being able to start the engine without danger of back kicks, and igniting the charge much earlier. In this particular case noted, the current for the jump spark was from a storage battery, while the make-and-break was from a magneto.

R. J. H., Providence, R. I.—What will it probably cost to change my make and break two-cycle single-cylinder engine to jump spark?

Ans.—A good jump spark coil will cost about \$8. A timer can be bought for \$3 to \$5, or can be made for considerably less. Secondary wiring will cost about 5 cents per foot. Plugs from 35 cents to \$1.50 each. Four cells of dry battery will usually be found sufficient to operate jump spark ignition. (We expect to give full directions for making a timer and installing jump spark either in connection with, or in place of, the make-and-break.)

W. J. B., Bensonhurst, N. Y.—Why does my double-cylinder four-cycle engine start harder, now that I have equipped it with positive acting inlet valves?

Ans.—When your inlet valves had light springs on them, they would readily lift from their seats. Now it sometimes takes quite a little vacuum to lift on the "off" down stroke. For instance, in attempting to start with the forward piston on the upper center and after one on the lower, the forward piston descends and draws in a charge of gas through the mechanically operated inlet valve, while the exhaust valve on the after cylinder is open. The next stroke upward in the forward cylinder compresses that charge partly and draws the charge into the after cylinder also through a mechanically operated inlet valve. The next down stroke forward is a power stroke, but if for any reason the charge does not ignite, additional gas is taken into the cylinder to replace that which has passed through the compression relief, and this has to come through the inlet valve held to its seat by a much heavier spring. You will probably notice that it is harder turning the flywheel to ignite on the after than the forward cylinder, and this is the reason.

E. J. M., Chicago, Ill.—Do you know of any two-cycle engine in which the inlet of gas is controlled by the piston closing and opening a port in the cylinder wall that can be started readily without recourse to "priming" with gasoline?

Ans.—The bother of "priming" a "ported" two-cycle engine with gasoline is the chief disadvantage of this modern construction. Some manufacturers claim "priming" in their particular engines is unnecessary, but we do not see how it can be avoided without turning the engine over very rapidly when starting. When the bearings become worn and leaks develop, you will usually not attempt to start without "priming."

Cruising Electric Launch.

We are reproducing this week the lines of an electric cabin launch designed by the Electric Launch Co., Bayonne, N. J., for a prominent New York yachtsman, who already owns a 42-footer of the same type. Dimensions as follows: 63ft. long, 9ft. 2in. beam, 2ft. 2in. freeboard and 3ft. 3in. draft. Planking is of cedar, copper fastened. Interior finish is of mahogany throughout. In the cabin are four folding Pullman car-type berths. The motive power consists of two 15 h. p. motors and 176 porcelain insulated marine type accumulators. The motors will be direct connected with two controllers, effecting five speeds ahead and reverse. Storage capacity is estimated to be sufficient for 140 miles at a speed of 10 miles, with a maximum of 12 miles. By a special arrangement, it is not necessary to use the direct current for recharging, as any electric light circuit can be utilized, economically, or even a trolley circuit. This boat is particularly designed for Long Island Sound use.

Log of the Launch Clara.

(Concluded from page 455.)

ST. LOUIS, MAY 31.

After breakfast we visited the World's Fair, and were much disappointed at the condition of things. The grounds and buildings are far from completed.

ST. LOUIS, MO., JUNE 1-7.

During this period Clara remained at her moorings, and we made frequent visits to the Exposition. The whole affair is laid out on such a magnificent scale that it was rather too large to appreciate it fully even after a protracted stay. We were glad to see FOREST AND STREAM exhibit in the Forestry Building. On the whole, the weather was pleasant, and our stay proved an agreeable one.

ST. LOUIS, MO., JUNE 8.

Warm and sultry. Ashore early to do our marketing, then bade farewell to St. Louis. We cast off about 10:30, heading for the Illinois River. We ran on about 20 miles, where we anchored for night. Could not find the floating light off Piasa Island in the Mississippi River, which bothered us a little, as we were afraid of getting on the dike. However, we got through safely. The scenery on the river at this point is very beautiful, the cliffs below Grafton being particularly magnificent. We found the Illinois River well lighted and a beautiful river, although it seems to be full of fish nets. About midnight a steamer passed going north.

ILLINOIS RIVER, JUNE 9.

Cold and foggy. After breakfast we proceeded up the river, reaching Kampsville Lock about 9 A. M. We learned that the superintendent was away, and as we were not registered, we could not lock through after 8 A. M. and before 5 P. M. Being unwilling to wait until 5 P. M., we went over the dam and touched lightly, although the lock keeper or his assistant had assured us we would find 5 feet over the dam, and that the steamer Bald Eagle had gone over the dam at midnight. The Kampsville Lock is a State lock, and toll is charged. La Grange, the next lock, is a Government property and free. The latter we made about 3:30, and the superintendent proved to be very nice and obliging. A dredge was working in the lock, but he offered to take it out and lock us through. Rather than put them to that inconvenience, we waited two hours for the dredge to finish. The superintendent gave us considerable information about our course, and presented us with two big frogs, which were very palatable. Finally we locked through and went on up to Beardstown, where we tied up for the night. This is a nice town, with good, clean stores.

BEARDSTOWN, ILL., JUNE 10.

Left about 8:30 A. M., and reached Havana about 1:30 P. M. Went ashore to get acquainted, and found the place clean and thrifty. Then we cast off and took in tow for seven miles a skiff with an old man and his two boys. Arriving at Copperas Creek Lock, we stopped a few minutes. The superintendent told us we could go over the dam all right, which we did. This is a State lock and toll is charged if you lock through. Found no difficulty in navigating to Pekin, where we tied up for the night; 86 miles made to-day. Found very few lights.

PEKIN, ILL., JUNE 11.

A wideawake, hustling town is Pekin. Left about 9 A. M., and made Peoria without trouble, where we stopped for information, as we had been told the river from Peoria up was dangerous and impossible to navigate without a pilot. As we had sailed from Florida to Peoria without a pilot, we thought we could navigate the Illinois River, although we could not get charts, and had to rely upon the little information that was picked up along the river and our own judgment. The captain of the launch Islander very kindly gave us instructions how to leave the lights, etc., but notwithstanding this we were very much puzzled. We passed the first light, Waterworks, giving it a good berth, and made little Detroit all right. This place is in the bend and hard to pick up until you are

almost abreast of it. The next light we missed, but the one on Blue Creek Point we picked up, although it is so hard to find, and after sailing through what looked to be a lake of snags, Sand Point Light showed up pretty well, owing to the bar running out from it. After passing Henry it is easy sailing. The iron mines show up a long way off, looking like twin mountains. We passed under a bridge further on, and later encountered another, where we stopped and hailed a passing carriage for information. We could not make out what they said, but in answer to our question as to where the Illinois and Michigan Canal was, they waved their hand further on; had not gone far when we ran into the canal entrance. One could easily pass it, as there is nothing to indicate a canal; only a creek or ditch until one reaches the first lock. After blowing our whistle repeatedly, and waiting some time, the lock tender arrived upon the scene. He informed us we would have to pay ten dollars to register, besides the mileage fee. This is an imposition, as we found the canal in a dilapidated condition; some of the locks are on the verge of collapse. It is well named the "Ditch." From the entrance to Utica it is shoal and the canal is in disreputable condition. However, it is the only way to get into Lake Michigan, unless one goes back to the Mississippi River and up to the Wisconsin River. We had been told the latter was impossible to navigate on account of the shoal water. This information we afterward found to be incorrect, as we were assured by a reliable captain we could have carried four feet through easily owing to the high stage of water. After locking through two locks we went on to the next, locked through and tied up for the night.

ILLINOIS AND MICHIGAN CANAL, JUNE 12.

Near Utica found the dredge at work. They pulled out to let us pass. As yet have met no craft of any kind. Beyond Utica the canal is better. We went on as far as Ottawa, where we tied up at the collector's office; found it to be a very nice town, and the country all around is beautiful.

OTTAWA, ILL., JUNE 13.

Left at 9 A. M., and we reached Joliet about 6 o'clock, where we stopped for the night. Here we saw the new drainage canal, which can be navigated from Chicago to Joliet only. They also have a bear dam below Joliet, as the canal runs at a terrific rate.

JOLIET, ILL., JUNE 14.

Took aboard 50 gallons of gasoline at 13 cents a gallon; then we left for Chicago. Tied up to Wells street bridge at 2:30 P. M., thankful to get out of the dirtiest and most filthy water we have ever navigated; from Joliet it is a sewer, and quite impossible.

CHICAGO, ILL., JUNE 25.

We leave to-day after a very pleasant stay. The Columbia Y. C. members, and Mr. Hickey particularly, being very kind and helped to make our stay most enjoyable. We found they were such good sportsmen we joined the club. While in Chicago saw some good racing between the yachts competing for the Lipton Cup. Our only objection to Chicago is the soft coal nuisance. We took aboard 125 gallons gasoline at 11 cents. About 2 P. M. the wind blew up fresh and we ran into Waukegan, a most delightful town. We passed Palmetto bound S.

WAUKEGAN, ILL., JUNE 26.

Light W. wind; off by 5:10 A. M. Made Racine at 8:50. Went ashore to see if we could find marine ways to haul out, as the stern bearing is still leaking, but could find no ways of any kind, so left at 11 o'clock. We arrived at Milwaukee about 1:30, and went up the river, thence back around to the Kinnikinnick River, and tied up to a wharf. In five minutes we were surrounded with the toughest lot of young boys I have ever seen. When ordered off the boat they commenced to gather rocks. Not knowing what they might do, George, the man, went for a policeman. We got out the gun, not with the intention of using it, but to see if they would scatter. This they finally did. A policeman could not be found, and not caring to stay over night, we moved over to the Milwaukee Y. C. house, where we found a nice clean slip to lie in.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., JUNE 27-JULY 1.

We lay in our snug berth for several days, making trips about the city and the surrounding country. Oconomowoc was visited one day, and the place was most attractive.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., JULY 2.

Left at 11 A. M.; made Sheboygan 4:30. Fine run, smooth sea and light N.E. wind, shifting to S.W. as we entered the harbor; weather cool.

SHEBOYGAN, WIS., JULY 3.

Left at 5 A. M., but had to run back, owing to the fog. We had breakfast, then made another start; made Manitowoc at 9:15; found a good sized town with up-to-date department stores and immaculate streets. Commodore and Mrs. Vilas paid us a short visit; they had just run up from Milwaukee in their yacht Thistle.

MANITOWOC, WIS., JULY 4.

The Fourth turned out to be rainy and cold, with plenty of noise. Toward noon it cleared off, and we rode by trolley to Two Rivers; the scenery was most disappointing.

MANITOWOC, WIS., JULY 5.

Delightful weather, with N. wind. Pulled stern out to fix shaft, and found the shaft and stuffing-box terribly worn. Had a new bronze shaft put in very reasonably, and work was well done.

MANITOWOC, WIS., JULY 8.

Rainy and disagreeable. We are waiting for good weather to run to Sturgeon Bay.

MANITOWOC, WIS., JULY 9.

Thick fog; about 9 o'clock it was partially dispelled, so we cast off lines and bade good-by to Manitowoc. We were due off Kewaunee at 12 o'clock, but in the meantime the fog closed in thick; could not see a rod ahead of us; did not hear the fog horn, so changed the course to W., and finally heard the welcome sound. We were almost on top of the pier, when the fog lifted, and we entered the harbor easily. We found the river entirely free from fog. Just as the fog lifted the old lighthouse on the pier head loomed up so big and sudden our man

George ran forward and shouted, "A steamer is upon us!" The old fog horn did sound ominous. This is a beautiful country, hilly and rugged; a quaint, crude town. At 4 P. M. we cast off lines and at 5:30 made Ahnapee, a nice town, much larger than Kewaunee. While at Manitowoc we were looking for the Standard Oil agent, and having been directed to the house, we knocked at the door, and a German woman responded. Thinking she was his wife, we asked to see her husband. She replied, in very broken English: "He gone to cemetaire." We in turn asked when he would be back. She again said: "No, no; he gone to cemetaire." Finally a neighbor volunteered to act as interpreter, and said her husband had been dead two years, and that the Standard Oil agent lived across the street.

AHNAPEE, WIS., JULY 10.

Under way at 4:30 A. M. Entered Sturgeon Bay Canal at 7:15, and stopped at Sturgeon Bay City to inquire for Roamer, but was told she had not called there, which we afterward found to be a mistake. Met the yacht Thistle going E. through the canal. Green Bay is beautiful, and in places majestic cliffs rise up sheer from the water. We tied up to a small dock in a beautiful bay off Detroit Island, the snugest harbor for small craft imaginable. The water is very clear, and we astonished the natives by showing them fish swimming under our glass bottom. Weather cool, N.E. wind.

DETROIT HARBOR, GREEN BAY, WIS., JULY 11.

After an early breakfast, cast off and ran out through the Port de Mortes passage. Laid our course from Pilot Island to Beaver Light; made South Fox Island at 11:30, and Beaver Island Light at 2 P. M. Then decided, instead of making Beaver Harbor, we would run on to Mackinac, and arrived off the fort at 7:15 P. M., 120 miles day's run, which is one of the finest runs we have made on the cruise. When we left the harbor in the morning it was blowing fresh from the S., but after sighting the Fox Islands had clear weather. Off South Fox Island we passed a steam trawler. Weather cool.

OLD FORT MACKINAW, MICH., JULY 12.

Wind N. W., blowing half a gale and very cold. We took the ferry across to Mackinac Island, a beautiful spot, and wonderfully pure and invigorating air.

MACKINAW, MICH., JULY 13.

Warmer weather, W. wind. Left 7:30 A. M., and made Cheboygan at 8:15. About 9:30 left for Presque Island Harbor, but off Ten Mile Point the wind shifted to N.E., blowing fresh, and we ran back. Cheboygan is not much of a town, dirty and unattractive—not a shade tree anywhere. Lumbering seems to be the main industry.

CHEBOYGAN, MICH., JULY 14.

Made a very early start, casting off lines at 3:10 A. M., and had smooth water until we got off Roger's City, when the wind shifted from light W. to fresh S. As we passed Presque Island Harbor the storm signals were up for a S.E. gale, so we headed into Middle Island Harbor, finding a snug anchorage and a well equipped life saving station. The weather looked nasty and the wind was blowing hard from the S. Toward night the wind shifted to S.W., accompanied by lightning in the W. and N.W., followed by light rain.

MIDDLE ISLAND HARBOR, LAKE HURON, JULY 15.

W. wind blowing fresh and storm signals for S.E. gale still up. Off at 7 A. M., and said good-by to Middle Island with regret. Off Thunder Bay we found a big sea running and the wind increasing. Just before reaching Sturgeon Point it looked so dirty and fearing the S.E. gale predicted, we turned back and ran into Black River. There found only 3 ft. on the bar, and rocky bottom. We made it all right, however, and went on up the river to the village, a desolate place. After an hour's stay, we decided to go outside again. We headed down the coast, making Au Sable at 4 P. M. The wind held to the W., with occasional vicious puffs. Found only 3½ ft. on the bar at Au Sable River. The town is in a dilapidated condition. We suffered from the many mosquitoes considerably. Only 30 gallons of gasoline in the town, which we purchased for 18 cents per gallon.

AU SABLE, MICH., JULY 16.

Over the bar at 4 A. M. Off Saginaw Bay we found the sea smooth, but a big swell on. Off Port Sanilac the wind came out of the E., but very light. Passed Port Huron about 5:30 A. M., and ran down the St. Clair River; tied up at St. Clair at 7 P. M.

ST. CLAIR, MICH., JULY 17.

Left this port at 6 A. M., and made Detroit at 10 A. M. It is a beautiful run down the St. Clair River, which is very properly named the Venice of America. Detroit is finely situated, and has one of the best club houses in the country. Had to wait until 2 P. M. Monday before we could get gasoline. Thermometer 96 degrees in the shade.

DETROIT, MICH., JULY 18.

As soon as we filled our tanks with gasoline we left for Put-in-Bay, which place we reached at 9 P. M. We had trouble with the compass light; it refused to burn. However, we made the harbor all right, and anchored near Roamer. We found the harbor ablaze with the lights from the many yachts lying there.

PUT-IN-BAY, O., JULY 19.

Left in company with Roamer at daylight, and made Cleveland at 10:30 A. M. Fresh W. wind, but the city fearfully hot.

CLEVELAND, O., JULY 20.

Got away at daylight, but found a rough sea and a head wind, so turned back. At 7 we started a second time and found the sea had gone down. We made Fairport about 11 A. M., and after lunch took the trolley to Painesville, a very nice town, where we found a carnival of fakes in possession of the place. Fairport does not amount to much as a town, but considerable ore is shipped from here.

FAIRPORT, O., JULY 21.

Weather cooler; N.E. wind blowing fresh all night, resulting in quite a lumpy sea. However, we started, but after getting out six miles decided to run back and wait for better weather. At 10 the sea had gone down considerably, so made another start, arriving at Ashtabula

at 2:30 P. M. This is quite a town, having big shipping interests and a population of many foreigners.

ASHTABULA, O., JULY 22.

Left 4:30, and reached Erie 10 A. M. Smooth sea and no wind when we left; before reaching Erie, however, it commenced to blow from N.E. fresh, and in the afternoon it blew very hard, followed by thunder and rain. Erie has a fine harbor.

ERIE, PA., JULY 23.

For a short while the wind was about S.W., and we made a start for Buffalo, but the weather looked bad, and we ran back. Just off the bar we saw a waterspout about half a mile away.

ERIE, PA., JULY 25.

N.E. wind still blowing hard, as it had done for past 24 hours. After breakfast made a start, and found a big sea running, but kept on. When off Dunkirk it began to get smoother, and we had a fine run, reaching Buffalo at 6 P. M., where we found Roamer and tied alongside of her.

BUFFALO, N. Y., JULY 26.

Went out to Tonawanda by trolley and back to the Iroquois for lunch. Afterward we enjoyed a drive through this beautiful city.

BUFFALO, N. Y., JULY 27.

Did Niagara Falls and enjoyed the day very much.

BUFFALO, N. Y., JULY 28.

Weather hot; with several guests aboard, we cast off at 9:45, and sailed down the Niagara River to Tonawanda, where we entered the canal. After clearing and putting George ashore to go to Niagara Falls, we continued on to Lockport, where we tied up for lunch, then went through five locks, one after another. After locking through, Mrs. M. and Mrs. N. left us and returned to Buffalo.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., JULY 29.

Rain all day. At 5 A. M. we started and passed through a beautiful country. The scenery around Genesee Falls is a great treat. After going through five locks we made Newark at 7 P. M., where we tied up to the bank of canal for the night.

NEWARK, N. Y., JULY 30.

A clear, fine day; cold N. W. wind blowing fresh. We left at 4:45 A. M., and stopped at Syracuse an hour or so. We made New London about 7 P. M.

NEW LONDON, N. Y., JULY 31.

Weather cool and heavy fog on canal, so did not start until after breakfast; made Amsterdam and tied up for night. After dinner, went ashore to buy stores, and were astonished to find such a lively place.

AMSTERDAM, N. Y., AUGUST 1.

Warm S. wind blowing. Made Catskill after a most beautiful run. The scenery from Little Falls to Cohoes is most impressive. At Cohoes we passed through sixteen locks. At Troy one can leave the canal and go down the Hudson or continue on through canal to Albany. If one has an ebb tide it is better to leave the canal at Troy. At the latter place the locks are in a disreputable condition and a disgrace to the State.

CATSKILL, N. Y., AUGUST 2.

Left at 5 A. M. The same heavy, warm S. wind still blowing. When off Tarrytown ran into a vicious squall and saw another to the south of us. Went through Spuyten Duyvil and tied up at Morris Heights.

We found that gasoline could be procured at most of the towns we touched at. The following shows where we purchased fuel and what we paid for it:

	Gallons.	Cents.
Miami, Fla.	140	18
Tampa, Fla.	110	16
St. Andrews, Fla.	15	20
Pensacola, Fla.	110	15
New Orleans, La.	50	13
Natchez, Miss.	25	25
Vicksburg, Miss.	150	15
Helena, Ark.	30	17
Memphis, Tenn.	120	12½
St. Louis, Mo.	160	12½
Joliet, Ill.	50	13
Chicago, Ill.	125	11
Manitowoc, Wis.	50	12½
Detroit, Mich.	100	12½
Buffalo, N. Y.	100	12½

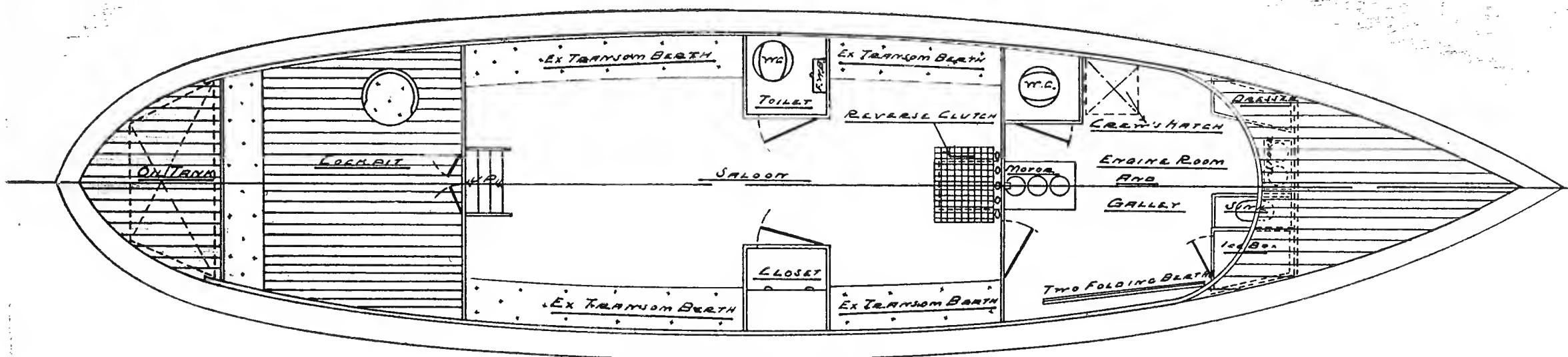
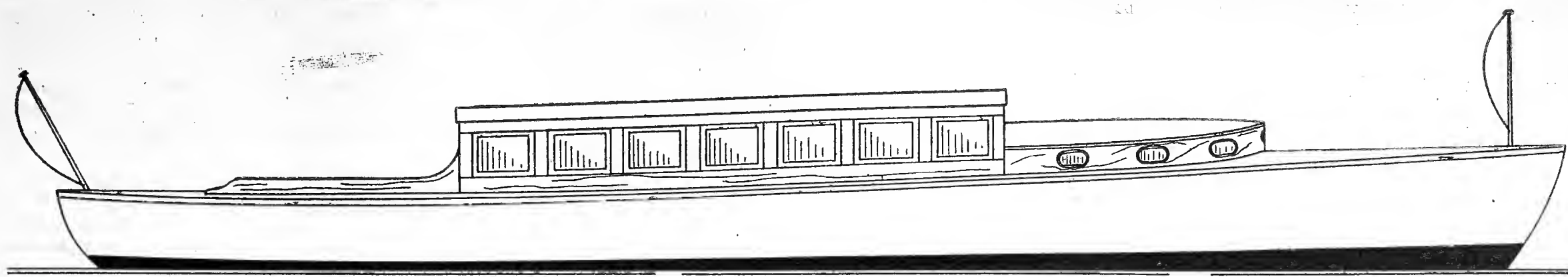
We used gasoline for fuel, lighting and cooking, and the 1,335 gallons consumed on the trip for all these purposes cost \$190.90.

55-Foot Cruising Launch.

We publish herewith the outboard profile and cabin plans of a 55 ft. cruising launch, now building in the shops of the Standard Boat Co., Long Island City.

The boat was designed for a New York yachtsman as a medium-speed launch, intended to be thoroughly seaworthy in all summer weather. The low trunk cabin forward is used instead of the ordinary round glass, in order that there may be no danger of a broken sash admitting green seas. She is arranged with the engine room, crew's quarters and galley fittings forward, followed by the owner's quarters, which consist of a forward saloon, an aft saloon, a toilet and a closet. In the forward part of the forward saloon is arranged the steering wheel and the reversing lever for the engine.

As shown on the sketch, the trunk cabin and house are laid out so that the steersman can see. Aft of the house is a self-bailing cockpit with a wide seat at the end. It is intended to use chairs also. The gasoline tank is placed aft, of sufficient capacity to give a cruising radius of 500 miles. The boat is fitted with owner's w. c. and wash basin; also a crew's w. c. with galvanized sink, in the galley. It is the intention to build this boat of oak keel, stem, sternpost and deadwood. Steam bent oak frames; yellow pine plank, with mahogany joiner work inside and out. The design in general is intended to meet the requirements for an all-around cruising boat, and it is especially laid out with the idea of removing the crew from the middle of the owner's quarters.



OUTBOARD PROFILE AND CABIN PLAN OF 55FT. CRUISING LAUNCH.
Designed and Built by the Standard Boat Co., Long Island City.

Gas Engines and Launches.

(Continued from page 458.)

BY F. K. GRAIN.

Gaskets, Packing, Graphite, Oils.

GASKETS, or the packing used in the cylinder head and different parts of the engine, can be made of good quality of drafting paper, giving the paper and the surfaces to be brought together a thorough coat of shellac, bringing the surface together while wet. Do not put graphite in your oil cups, as it will produce a short circuit should it work up on to the electrode.

Oilers.

Oilers are to be had in copper, brass and zinc; but the best oil-can for cylinder lubrication is an ordinary ten-cent teapot. Do not cover your motor over closely or wrap it in a canvas, as the canvas will hold the moisture and cause it to sweat and rust.

Tightening Bolts.

To tighten up the bolts of a cylinder head or any similar surface, start by putting down one bolt moderately tight, then follow with the opposite one, then the one at right angles, working from side to side. After all are in place and tight, follow in a like manner and screw down hard. Always tighten nuts holding the head after engine has run and become warmed up. Be careful not to use a wrench which is proportionately too large for the bolt without using great care, as it is very easy to twist off the ordinary stud bolt.

Defacing Surfaces.

Do not pound on any of the bright surfaces of your engine with a hammer or wrench, without putting a piece of hard wood between, as it will be sure to mar the surface.

Nuts, Pipe Fittings.

Nuts and pipe fittings that will not readily unscrew can be started by pounding a little with the hammer. In case of a pipe, hold a weight against the opposite side, then apply the wrench.

Electric Switch.

Electric switch should be placed where it will not get wet, otherwise the moisture over the surface will short circuit, producing the same results as the closing of the switch.

Pumps.

If your pump refuses to work on first starting, hit the inlet check valve a sharp blow, and nine times out of ten your difficulty is at an end. Be careful in packing your pump not to screw down too hard on the packing, it being far better to have the pump leak a little.

Lubrication before Starting.

Before starting your motor, fill all oil and grease cups, and oil all parts not provided with cups. Then adjust cylinder lubricator and start same, feeding before engine is started. If the engine has been standing idle for any considerable length of time, it is well to flush or force a considerable quantity of oil to the cylinder before starting. Should the cylinder oil thicken by becoming chilled so that it will not feed, the cups can be warmed by burning a small piece of waste, say about the size of a walnut, saturated with gasoline and held under the cup.

Handling with Reverse Lever.

In handling your engine when desiring to make a stop, no matter whether equipped with reverse gear or reverse wheel, never stop the engine until the actual stopping point is reached. Many smash-ups are caused by operators getting rattled and stopping their motors when they should have allowed the motor to run and depended on the reversing mechanism. When the engine has no reversing device and dependent upon reversing the engine, always make the approach for a landing from the side, avoiding coming head-on.

Generator Commutators

Become scored and rough from use, and should be kept smooth by holding a piece of fine sandpaper stretched over a flat stick on the commutator while it is running, afterward applying a thin film of vaseline with the finger. Never use emery cloth on the commutator, as the small particles of emery will imbed themselves in the soft copper of the commutator and destroy it and the brushes.

Short Circuits

On generators are often caused by the dust from the brushes, and copper covering the insulated inside terminal causing a short circuit. A good plan is to keep a small paint brush convenient for dusting these parts.

Wiring Batteries.

Batteries are wired in single sets of any given number of cells in series, as follows: Begin with either pole of the first battery, say the zinc, and wire to the carbon of the next; then from the zinc of this one to the carbon of the next, and so on until the desired number are wired. This will leave at the end of the set a carbon and a zinc pole vacant, to be attached to the line wiring. In the wiring of a double set the same plan is followed; but at the one end the zincs of each set—that is, the terminals from both sets are brought together, the other ends being kept separate. These separate ends being run to the two poles of the double throw switch. Another way, sometimes employed in wiring a double set of batteries, is to wire both sets in series, then connect both carbons together on one end and both zincs at the other end. By this wiring we use both sets at the same time, the effect being, however, to double the amperage or, in other words, the results are the same as if we had but one set of batteries, but of double size.

Gas and Pet Cocks

That have become leaky may be made tight by being ground in with powered emery and oil, putting a little brown soap on the valve before putting it together.

Caution.

Never attempt to look in at any opening to the cylinder while the switch is turned on, and also beware of all open air and pet cocks—the reason is obvious.

Paint for Exhaust Pipes.

The best paint or covering for exhaust pipes or other parts subject to extreme heat is ordinary stove blacking applied in the usual manner. If asbestos covering is used over the exhaust pipes, it must be protected by metal covering if exposed to the elements, otherwise, moisture will dissolve it.

ROBERTA NOT LOST.—The yacht Roberta, before reported lost on the North Carolina coast, was at Charleston, S. C., on the 20th ult. Captain Golden reports all well on board.

Maritime Superstitions.

From English Country Life.

"Seamen love to hear and tell,
Of portent, prodigy, and spell;
What gales are sold on Lapland's shore,
How whistle rash bids tempests roar;
Of witch, of mermaid, and of sprite,
Of Erick's Cap and Elmo's Light."—Scott.

Foam-crested waves are usually termed "sea-horses," but on the Welsh coast they are supposed to be the sheep of Gwenthiddy, a mermaid, and the fisher-folk say: "Beware when you see Gwenthiddy driving her flock ashore." Every ninth wave which breaks upon the beach is said to be larger than the rest, a belief which Tennyson mentions in "The Holy Grail":

"Wave after wave, each mightier than the last,
Till last a ninth one, gathering the deep,
And full of voices, slowly rose and plunged
Roaring . . ."

This is called Gwenthiddy's Ram, or the Death-wave, and according to a Cornish saying,

"When the ninth wave breaks
The earth shakes."

Another superstition speaks of a foam-crested wave as "the sheep of Norway," which are under the charge of a shepherdess named Aslauga,

"Who tends
Her flock along the white Norwegian beach,"

and it is considered a very ominous sign when Aslauga's sheep make their appearance.

"Who knows what tale of wreck or death to-morrow may be told,
For the wild white sheep of Norway are coming to the fold."

When the waves send up a high spray, it is said that mermen are drinking toasts to the welfare of sailors. Sometimes the mermen appear in the shape of a mist which stretches right across a harbor bar, in order to warn sailors not to put out to sea on account of a gathering storm.

The Scotch have a curious legend concerning "the ribbed sea-band," that is, the vermicular ridges which the waves make along the beach. Michael Scott, the famous wizard of olden times, had charge of a demon, for whose tireless energy it was necessary to find constant employment. No matter how difficult the task might be, the demon always contrived to accomplish it in a single night, and it seemed to be quite hopeless endeavor to keep him at work. At length Michael be-thought himself of the task of making ropes out of sand. The demon was vanquished at last. He is still vainly striving to accomplish his task, and the untwisted strands may be seen upon the shore whenever the tide recedes.

The ebb and flow of the tides are under the control of a giant, who lives far down in the depth of the sea. The waves bear witness as to the state of the giant's temper. When he is angry they are lashed to fury, and they sink to rest as his temper cools. Children give the title of "soapsuds" to the lumps of froth that are churned by the action of the waves, and they say that "the giant has been washing his hands" when they see

"Crisp foam-flakes scud along the level sands
Torn from the fringe of spray."

The electric light which often plays about the mast-head of ships is known by various names, such as St. Elmo's Stars, or the Feu d'Hélène. One flame only is a sign of foul weather. Two flames, which were known

to the ancient Romans as Castor and Pollux, are a favorable sign:

"Safe comes the ship to haven
Through billows and through gales,
If once the Great Twin Brethren
Sit shining on the sails."

In Horace's Odes too, we read

"Where'er the sons of Leda shed
Their star-lamps on our vessel's head,
The storm-winds cease, the troubled spray.
Falls from the rocks, clouds pass away,
And on the bosom of the deep
In peace the angry billows sleep."

According to a Scandinavian myth, storms are caused by the flapping of the wings of Hrasvelg, the gigantic eagle who is stationed at the root of the tree which supports the world. Many charms used to be employed in order to secure immunity from storms. At Mont St. Michael, in Normandy, nine druidesses used to sell arrows to sailors for this purpose. The arrows had to be discharged by a young man on his twenty-fifth birthday. In Lapland, favorable winds were often sold to sailors. Whistling on board ship is said to bring "both bad winds and bad luck." Eric, King of Sweden, was often called "Erie Windy-cap," from a popular belief that the wind would blow from the direction in which he turned his cap.

Southey mentions St. Cyric as the patron saint of sailors in "Madoc," where he says:

"The weary mariners
Called on St. Cyric's aid."

But it was St. Clement who was generally regarded as the sailor's saint, while St. Nicholas was the special patron of the fishing community. Many cliffs along the coast used to have caves which were used as oratories, and dedicated either to one of these saints or to the Virgin, the "star of the sea," who was supposed to possess great influence over the weather. Passing vessels always lowered their topmasts to these cave-chapels in token of respect.

Sailors have a decided preference for a vessel that has been christened by a woman. If the bottle of rose-water does not break when thrown over the bows, the vessel is not properly christened, and it is sure to be one day lost with all hands. A similar fate awaits the vessel whose name has been changed. In some European countries the name of a boat must not be divulged before it is launched.

To sail after a Saturday's moon is quite as ill-fated as the well-known superstition concerning a Friday's voyage, but a horsehoe "that has been found" insures a boat's safety if nailed to the mast with its ends upward. A boot-jack or red garments of any kind are strictly tabooed by sailors, and it is considered to be a very evil omen if a stray bird rests upon the yardarm of a vessel. It is unlucky to pick up a drowning man, as he is sure to do some injury:

"Save a drowning man at sea,
And he'll prove your enemy."

If a fisherman runs a fish-hook into his finger, the hook must be carefully kept from getting rusty until the wound has healed, otherwise he would get blood-poisoning. Swedish fishermen believed that a fish-hook made from a nail used in building a church will bring successful fishing.

It used to be considered lucky to commence mackerel-fishing upon May Day, as a good haul could be obtained by decorating the masts of the fishing-boats with garlands. When the floats to the mackerel-nets were thrown overboard, the fishermen used to shout in chorus:

"Watch, barrel, watch! mackerel for to catch;
White may they be, like a blossom on a tree.
God send thousands, one, two, and three,
Some by their heads, some by their tails,
God sends thousands, and never fails."

As the last net went overboard, the captain was careful to use the formula, "Seas all!" which was supposed to insure the perfect safety of the nets.

Tradition declares the haddock to be the fish in whose mouth St. Peter discovered the tribute-money. In proof of this assertion, the dark spots upon its body just beyond the gills are pointed out as the impression left by St. Peter's first finger and thumb:

"Haddock, which appear
With marks of Rome, St. Peter's finger here."

The dory disputes with the haddock for the honor of being St. Peter's fish; but another tradition attributes the marks upon the dory to St. Christopher, who is said to have caught one while wading through an arm of the sea, bearing our Saviour upon his shoulders.

The Finns declare that the reason why the flounder is so much whiter upon one side than on the other is that the Virgin Mary once laid her hand upon one. The spot which she touched immediately turned white, and has remained so ever since.

The pike is said to bear marks of the Crucifixion upon its head. The cross, nails and sword may all be seen there. Upon the continent there is a superstition that these marks appeared because the pike alone remained above water at the time of the Crucifixion. All other fishes sank in terror to the bottom of the sea, but the inquisitive pike put out its head in order to behold the scene.

The Jews have a superstition that a child which is backward in learning to talk can easily be cured by putting a live fish into its mouth. But it must not be a shell-fish of any kind. The barnacle is supposed to turn into a brent-geese when broken off the keel of a ship. So general was this belief in days of yore that the Roman Catholics permitted the brent-geese to be eaten upon all fast days on account of its supposititious marine origin.

Phantom ships find a place in the folklore of many nations, from the spectral bark which glides in and out of the icebergs near the North Pole to the Flying Dutchman, which may only be seen off the Cape of Good Hope. The French cherish a tradition of a vessel which enters Dieppe Harbor upon the eve of All Saints' Day, having on board the wraiths of those who have

been drowned at sea during the past year. Their faces are turned toward the shore as the vessel glides slowly and silently past the pier, but not a word is spoken, and as the hour of midnight strikes the death ship vanishes into the gloom of night. In Brittany the fisher-folk tell of another phantom ship, which roams for ever up and down the coast bearing the souls of the lost.

The Germans have a legend of a vessel manned by a skeleton crew, which sails about the North Sea, carrying skulls at her portholes instead of cannon. Upon the bridge stands the captain, with an hour-glass in his hand. When this mystic glass shall have been turned a certain number of times, the end of the world will come. Tradition also speaks of a gray-colored ship, which has sailed the North Sea for many centuries without helm or crew. She is only visible at night-time, when flames play about the masthead.

The Kobold of the Baltic is a sea-goblin, who rides upon the bowsprit of a phantom ship, called the Carmilhan, during a storm. She

"Haunts the Atlantic north and south,
But mostly the mid-sea,
Where three great rocks rise bleak and bare,
Like furnace-chimneys, in the air,
And are called The Chimneys Three."

These rocks will not be found marked upon any chart, for they are of the same nature as the Carmilhan.

Norse traditions speak of a colossal ship called the Mannifual, whose masts would shame the dimensions of our largest oaks. She was so huge that when she once ventured into the English Channel, her mizzen-boom swept a flock of sheep off the Dover cliffs while her bowsprit was touching Calais.

CADILLAC REACHES NEW ORLEANS.—The ex-Canada's Cup defender Cadillac reached New Orleans a few days ago, after having been transported from Detroit, Mich., by rail. She is 49ft. long, 11ft. 6in. beam, and draws 3ft. She was carried on a 60ft. car, and the journey was made in about two weeks. Mr. S. F. Heaslip, president of the South Gulf Coast Yachting Association, is the new owner of Cadillac. She was sold through the agency of Mr. L. D. Sampsell, secretary of the Southern Y. C.

NEW POWER TENDERS COMPLETED.—The Gas Engine & Power Co. have ready for shipment two particularly interesting power boats. They are both yacht tenders, but in size and general appearance are about as unlike as two similar boats could be. One is for Mr. James Gordon Bennett's Lysistrata, 30ft. long, 7½ft. beam, 2ft. 4in. draft, with liberal freeboard, square stern, a nice looking boat which will easily seat twenty-five persons. Power is furnished by one four-cylinder model A Speedway motor 4½ by 5in. On speed trial she did better than nine miles. The other is 32ft. 6in. long, 4ft. 4in. beam, double cedar planked, two cockpits, finished inside with Spanish cedar, has a six-cylinder 4½ by 5in. model A Speedway motor, and weighs, complete, approximately 2000lbs. Commodore F. G. Bourne, New York Y. C., is the owner of this high-speed and remarkably light-weight tender. She will be carried on board Delaware on davits. Eyebolts are connected to two four-legged yokes, fastened through two sister keelsons, instead of the usual plates outside the keel. New departures noted were aluminum engine beds and tank amidships, between the two cockpits. Her appearance in the water will be marked, as she will be white above and green below the waterline.

NEW YORK Y. C. ONE-DESIGN CLASS.—At a meeting of the committee appointed by Commodore Bourne to select a design for a one-design class, the plans submitted by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co. were accepted. The design shows a boat of 30ft. waterline, 43ft. over all, 8ft. 6in. breadth and 7ft. draft. The sail area will be slightly over 1000 sq. ft. Eleven members of the club have already agreed to build from the design, and it is more than likely that twenty boats will be built in time for next season's racing.

"Forest and Stream" Designing Competition No. IV.

Sixty-foot Waterline Cruising Power Boat.

\$225 in Prizes.

THE three designing competitions previously given by FOREST AND STREAM have been for sailing yachts. In this competition, the fourth, we are to change our subject and give the power boat men an opportunity. The competition is open to amateurs and professionals, except that the designers who received prizes in any of the three previous contests may not compete in this one.

The following prizes will be given:

First prize, \$100.

Second prize, \$60.

Third prize, \$40.

Fourth prize, \$25, offered by Mr. Charles W. Lee for the best cabin arrangement.

Mr. Henry J. Gielow, N.A., has very kindly agreed to act as judge. In addition to making the awards, Mr. Gielow will criticize each of the designs submitted; and the criticisms will be published in these columns.

The designs will be for a cruising launch propelled by either gasoline or kerosene motors, conforming to the following conditions:

I. Not over 60ft. waterline.

II. Not over 4ft. draft.

III. A signalling mast only to be shown.

IV. Cabin houses, if used at all, to be kept as low and narrow as possible.

V. Construction to be of wood, and to be strong, simple, and inexpensive. The cost of the boat complete in every detail must not exceed \$9,000.

VI. The location of tanks and engine or engines to be carefully shown. Either single or twin-screws may be adopted. The power and type of the motor must be specified.

VII. The boat must have a fuel capacity sufficient to give a cruising radius of 700 miles at a rate of 8 miles an hour. The maximum speed shall not be more than 14 miles nor less than 10 miles. The estimated maximum speed must be specified.

VIII. All weights must be carefully figured, and the results of the calculations recorded. A thousand-word description of the boat and a skeleton specification must accompany each design.

The design must be modern in every particular, without containing any extreme or abnormal features. We wish to produce an able, safe, and comfortable cruising boat, one that will have ample accommodations, so that the owner and his wife and two guests, or three or four men, can live aboard, and one that can easily be managed at all times by two or three paid hands in addition to the steward. The draft is restricted to 4ft. in order that the boat may have access to nearly all harbors, canals and rivers North and South, and may thereby widely increase the cruising field. We have in mind a boat that can be used North in the summer and South in the winter, and a craft well able to withstand outside passage along the coast in all seasons of the year.

Special attention must be given to the cabin arrangement. The interiors should be original, but devoid of any impractical features. Arrangements should be made for a direct passage forward and aft without going on deck.

Drawings Required.

I. Sheer plan. Scale, ½in.=1ft.

II. Half breadth plan. Scale, ½in.=1ft.

III. Body plan. Scale, ½in.=1ft.

IV. Cabin plan and inboard profile and at least one cross-section. Scale, ½in.=1ft.

V. Outboard profile. Scale, ½in.=1ft.

The drawings should be carefully made and lettered; all drawings should be preferably on tracing cloth or white paper, in black ink. No colored inks or pigments should be used.

The drawings must bear a *nom de plume* only, and no indication must be given of the identity of the designer. In a sealed envelope, however, the designer must inclose his name and address, together with his *nom de plume*.

All designs must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York, not later than February 3, 1905. All drawings will be returned. Return postage should accompany each.

The FOREST AND STREAM reserves the right to publish any or all the designs.

Canoëing.

Officers of A. C. A., 1905.

Commodore—C. F. Wolters, 14 Main St., East Rochester, N. Y.
Secretary—H. M. Stewart, 85 Main St., East Rochester, N. Y.
Treasurer—F. G. Mather, 30 Elk St., Albany, N. Y.

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Rear-Commodore—F. C. Hoyt, 57 Broadway, New York.
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Board of Governors—J. N. MacKendrick, Galt, Ont.
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Purser—George A. Hall, care of Bank of Commerce, Cleveland, O.
Executive Committee—Thomas P. Eckert, 31 West Court St., Cincinnati, O.; Dr. H. L. Frost, 10 Howard St., Cleveland, O.
Board of Governors—Henry C. Morse, Peoria, Ill.

How to Join the A. C. A.

From Chapter I., Section I., of the By-Laws of the A. C. A.: "Application for membership shall be made to the Treasurer, F. G. Mather, 30 Elk St., Albany, N. Y., and shall be accompanied by the recommendation of an active member and by the sum of two dollars, one dollar as entrance fee and one dollar as dues for the current year, to be refunded in case of non-election of the applicant."

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Jan. 16-20.—Pittsburg, Pa.—First annual tournament of the Iroquois Rifle Club.

The Rifle in Italy.

THE National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice is collecting information from various governments as to what is being done in the same direction in other countries. An interesting description of what the Italian Government is doing for the promotion of rifle practice has been received:

"In 1882 the Italian Government organized an association for the purpose of teaching all citizens how to properly handle the military rifle. This organization is under the supervision of the Secretary of War, who has his headquarters at Rome. As soon as there are 100 members affiliated in any community, a branch is formed. Every citizen above sixteen years of age making an application with bona fide certificate, on the payment of 60 cents a year, becomes a member.

"Total or partial exemption from military duty is given to members who have profitably taken shooting lessons for two years before the call to arms. A student cannot get his diploma or attend any university unless he presents the shooting booklet, proving that he has attended the shooting exercises of his society.

"As soon as a branch society is formed, it takes the name of the National Rifle Association—society of the city or town where it is located. The members meet and elect an executive board, which holds office for two years. This board is composed of three men for every 100 members, five for 200, seven for 500 and nine for 1,000 or more members. The Italian Government also appoints a commissioned officer over each society, who has the same authority as the other members of the executive board.

"In the vicinity of each branch society, by the order of the executive board and under the supervision of a military engineer, there is built a shooting ground. If the society cannot pay the expense of making and maintaining it, such expense will be paid, one-third by the city, one-third by the county, and one-third by the Government. This is a law of the country.

"The Government gives each branch, according to the number of members, sufficient rifles, and sells the ammunition at cost price. Many complaints were made that the cartridges for the small caliber rifles were too powerful for safety at the ranges, and three years ago the Government experts made a cartridge for practice only which shoots accurately up to 300 yards and costs something less than a cent each. The difference between the regular and the reduced cartridges is as follows: Regular cartridges, weight of bullet 10.50 grains, filled with solenite 2.28 grains; reduced cartridges, weight of bullet 7 grains, filled with ballistite 1.1 grains. The reduced cartridge looks the same as the regular, except that the metallic outside part of the bullet has an opening the size of a square millimeter, which is filled with sand.

"The day for practice is always Sunday, so the workingman can always attend the meetings without losing a day's work. A military instructor attends each meeting to teach the rules of shooting, cleaning of the rifle, and the individual and company drill. The instructor is an officer of the army, and all shooting is carefully watched by him. There are separate targets for the picked marksmen.

Every year there are community matches; every two years, inter-county matches; and every five years a national match. This latter match, with few exceptions, is held at Rome, and the occasion is made a legal and popular holiday. Representatives of each branch of the society and of the army and navy attend. The Government gives free railroad tickets to representatives; other marksmen who attend are allowed 75 per cent. discount on cost of tickets. In the last match, which lasted fifteen days, about 20,000 men took part. There were 300 targets, and all the officers in charge of the shooting were from the regular army. The points were marked ticket by ticket in the pit and by the range officer, each controlling the other. There were about 2,000,000 cartridges shot. The list of prizes had among its donors the King and Queen of Italy, members of Parliament, the cities, the counties, the Government, ladies of nobility, etc. The King always opens the match. At the last meeting he made a 3, which is the possible; then a 2, and 0. He said, laughingly, 'I am not sure that I made the first two shots, but the last one I am sure I made.' The giving of the prizes is attended by the civil and military authorities, regiments drawn up in full dress, and a large crowd from the city. The King gives the prizes to the first three men in each class."

Miniature Versus Service Rifles.

THE chief complaint against our service rifle when used in combination with the Morris tube for work at miniature ranges is that it sets up a false standard of shooting. The very fact that the service rifle is constructed to fire powerful military cartridges means that the sights are primarily set so as to comply with the behavior of the full-power cartridge at long distances. The Morris tube gallery ammunition does not, therefore, leave the barrel so as to strike the bull at 25yds. when the sights are properly aligned. It, therefore, happens that the average performance of a marksman using the service rifle as a miniature weapon is far below the true merits of the shooter and the ammunition. It is for this reason that in the case of a substantial proportion of the miniature marksmen of the country the relations with the National Rifle Association are strained. The latter body aims at insisting on the use of the service weapon, whether or not it is suitable for the work to be done, whereas the practical exponent of miniature rifle club shooting persistently urges his right to select for miniature shooting the combination of weapon and ammunition which is best capable of recording on the target the degree of skill exercised by the individual.

If the service rifle and Morris tube combination was as effective proportionately at short ranges as the same weapon shooting full-power ammunition is at the longer distances, we should side with the National Rifle Association. On the other hand, if a weapon costing anything from one-fifth to one-half the price of the service rifle and Morris tube combined, and firing ammunition 50 per cent. cheaper, can produce superior shooting, our sympathy must, of course, be accredited to those who desire that the selection of weapon shall to a great extent rest with the individual competitor. At tournaments and other gatherings which are intended to promote rifle shooting as a national pursuit, and not merely to uphold mistaken fads, the policy adopted in regard to rifles and ammunition should be the one that represents the greatest good for the greatest number.

To make our argument clear, we may suppose that a dozen rifles are fitted with Morris tubes, and that a series of ten shots are fired from each of them at 25yds., using a table rest to insure perfect steadiness of aim. So far as possible, the shooter

should take a perfect sight, touching the lower edge of the bull with the tip of the foresight. The position of the group of shots which results should then be noted. The figure of merit of each rifle would then be represented by the smallness of the area containing the shot holes, and the distance of its center from the middle of the bull. It is not unfairly condemning the service rifle to suggest that the shots would neither occupy a small area, nor would they center around the bull. The weapon ceases to be a service weapon if the foresight is thrown right or left to produce central shooting at 20yds.; in the same way it is inadmissible to lower the sight below the adjustment for so-called point blank shooting. With a rifle shooting high and to one side it is impossible to cultivate satisfactory shooting, and if any proof of this contention were needed it would only be necessary to quote the bad scores which are the rule rather than the exception at ordinary drill-hall practice. A separation of 3in. between the two widest shots in a series of seven rounds fired at 25yds. does not, on account of its frequency, stir the instructor to wrath. Such results are not to be wondered at if the idiosyncrasies of the rifle demand that the shooter should aim off the bull in order to hit it. This no doubt is necessary in the absence of a wind-gauge when shooting at military distances, but here at least the shooter has some kind of confidence that if disturbing conditions are absent, and provided he has found the correct elevation for his back-sight, all properly aimed shots should strike the bull. It is then and only then that the shooter feels assured that every serious divergence from the bull is due to some fault of his own.

When a sportsman purchases a deer-stalking rifle from one of our leading gun makers, it is, as a matter of course, taken down to the range, where it is fired, usually at 100yds., from a table rest. An extraordinary amount of specialized skill has been developed by the class of shooting expert who carries out this test. Our own reports of these weapons give frequent evidence that ten shots from a well-made rifle will fall nicely within a 3in. square when firing at 100yds. A gun maker would be about as likely to send out a weapon throwing its group of shots a foot high and 3in. to the left at 100yds. as to commit any other folly likely to take away 80 per cent. of the efficiency of the weapon. It is, therefore, the work of the gun maker's shooting expert to adjust the two sights so that the accuracy of the weapon shall be of real use to the sportsman by making the average line of travel of the shots coincide with the line of aim. This is the essence of rifle shooting as we understand the term. No one can cultivate perfection in the manipulation of the rifle unless the line of the sights is correctly related to the line of the barrel. On the other hand, while we believe that fixed sights have many advantages for sporting rifles, which are likely to be used by many shooters who are not scientific riflemen, there is a good deal to be said in favor of leaving the rifle club enthusiast to adjust his own sights.

The miniature target is fired at under conditions which are totally dissimilar to those which obtain in the pursuit of wild game. The bull of the target represents a mark as small as the human eye can well appreciate, and its area allows for very little deviation on the part of the shooter, let alone inaccuracy in the sighting of the rifle and the dispersion of the shot. In this way it happens that a minute error in the sighting may produce a serious divergence from the point of view of the score made. In so far that no two shooters will obtain exactly the same results from the same rifle, it is not remarkable that the fixed sight adjustment of a weapon sold for a few pounds will leave much to be desired from the point of view of the conscientious shooter. Ignorance on the most elementary matters must of necessity exist among every body of learners, and it is not, therefore, remarkable that of the many thousands of shooters we have in this country there are very few who really understand what a rifle should do and how to make it do it. An American arms catalogue puts the question in a nutshell in the following words: "The test of accuracy in shooting is the close grouping of the shots. If the shooter can make a close group, this group can be brought to any desired locality by adjustment of the sights." In these two short sentences we have the alpha and omega of miniature rifle shooting.—Field (London).

New York Schuetzen Corps.

THE second gallery shoot of this club took place Friday evening, Nov. 25. Scores follow: G. Ludwig 484, Gus Zimmerman 478, F. Facompre 471, B. Zettler 469, D. Peper 469, C. Meyer 464, O. Schwaneman 462, H. D. Meyer 459, H. Nordbruch 459, P. Heideberger 458, M. Lackman 455, A. W. Lemke 454, J. H. Meyer 453, H. B. Michaelson 452, J. Wellenbrock 452, Capt. J. H. Hainhorst 450, G. Thomas 449, C. Roffman 447, H. W. Mesloh 447, S. C. Seigers 446, J. H. Kroeger 446, W. Dahl 444, H. Gobber 444, N. C. L. Beverstein 444, F. Ronn 439, C. Koenig 437, J. Bradley 435, G. W. Offerman 435, J. Paridies 435, F. W. Diercks 434, Dr. C. Grosch 433, H. Beckman 432, W. Schults 432, S. H. Martins 428, C. J. Brinckman 429, H. C. Hainhorst 427, H. Hesse 427, Geo. Zimmerman 427, G. J. Voss 427, H. Meyer 423, C. Schmitz 423, L. C. Hagenah 422, J. C. Brinckman 422, J. N. Herrman 421, R. Ohms 417, W. J. Behrens 417, C. Wahlman 417, C. Maren 414, M. J. Then 413, C. H. Ficken 411, N. W. Haaren 410, H. Quaal 409, Capt. J. G. Tholke 407, Von der Leith 406, M. V. Divingelo 406, A. Lederhaus 405, J. Jantzen 404, H. Decker 403, H. R. Caplan 402, H. Hoenisch 402, D. Ficken 395, H. Offerman 392, F. Schultz 390, W. Schaefer 387, G. Junge 382, D. Dede 379, Nic Jantzen 371, G. N. Bolken 370, J. F. R. Ernest 366, C. Boesch 364, J. N. Tonjes 360, F. Gobber 353, Geo. Wehrenberg 322, P. Prange 299.

Bullseye target: J. C. Bonn, 30 degrees, G. J. Voss 36, H. Offerman 50, G. Ludwig 55, O. Schwaneman 59½, Geo. Zimmerman 67½, N. W. Haaren 67½, H. Nordbruch 69½, C. Koenig 79, H. Beckman 79½.

Williamsburgh Shooting Society.

This organization held a very successful open-to-all gallery tournament on the Hamburg Avenue range Nov. 26 and 27. Shooters from New Jersey and Staten Island appeared on the scene the second day, giving the local experts some pretty stiff work in order to remain in the front ranks. Scores follow, all shooting off-hand on the ½in. ring target:

R. Gute	75 73 73—221	Wm. Rosenbaum ..	72 72—144
P. Muth	74 74 73—221	Martens	73 71—144
L. C. Buss	74 73 73—220	Owen Smith	73 71—144
A. Huberlick	73 73 73—219	Sparling	72 72—144
Zeigler	73 73—146	J. Kaufman	72 71—143
M. Dorrier	74 72—146	G. Worn	72 70—142
W. A. Tewes	73 73—146	F. Kost	71 71—142
P. J. Donovan	73 72—145		

Premiums for the most rings: P. Muth, \$5; F. Kost, \$3; L. C. Buss, \$2.

Greenville, Ohio, Rifle Club.

THE Greenville (O.) Rifle Club held a shoot on Nov. 24, only a few men taking part. The conditions were: 12 shots, 200yds., off-hand, possible 120: Katzenberger 87, Smith 73, Hetzler 68, Wilson 67.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati O., Rifle Association at Four-Mile House, Reading road, Nov. 20. Conditions, 200yds., offhand, at the 25-ring target. Hasenzahl was declared champion for the day, with the good score of 326. Payne was high on the honor target with 70 points. Mr. John W. Coleman a former member of the Miles Standish Rifle Club, of Portland Me., was a visitor at the range, and before the day was over, made formal application for membership. We are pleased to extend him a cordial welcome into our midst, and we trust he will spend many a pleasant hour with us. Mr. Strickmier visited the range and shot a score with Mr. Odell's rifle. It was quite a treat to have his genial form in our midst, and we trust he will not stay away so long again. The scores:

Hasenzahl	226	221	217	216	212
Payne	222	221	219	215	208
Odell	221	218	216	201	200
Nestler	220	219	217	215	212
Bruns	220	214	213	209	209
Strickmier	217
Trounstine	212	197	196	188	184
Freitag	196	194	192	189	189

Harlem Independent Corps.

WEDNESDAY evening, Nov. 23, the Harlem corps held full sway on the Zettler ranges. A baker's dozen participated in the race for high scores on the ring target.

Ring target: Hy. Koch 451, A. Feigert 450, G. Thomas 444, A. Miller 443, J. W. Blumenberg 425, H. Behrman 421, C. Wolf 410, H. Hollworth 406, W. Mensch 382, C. Hopf 349, L. Lewenson 306, J. Hollroeth 246, F. Lauzer 171.

Bullseye target: A. Feigert 23 degrees, C. Hopf 72, A. Miller 86, J. W. Blumenberg 99, G. Thomas 160, H. Hollroeth 160, C. Wolf 180, Hy. Koch 206, J. Hollroeth 244.

Massachusetts Rifle Club.

Long range match, 1,000yds.: W. Charles 46, F. Daniels 45, F. Carter 43, I. James 40, T. E. Russell 36.

German ring target: A. Neider 219, F. C. Fitz 203, F. H. West 197, M. T. Day 195, R. Berry 194.

Pistol match: E. E. Partridge 94, W. A. Smith 90.

Military revolver match: R. L. Dale 29, S. C. Sampson 27, J. W. Bickwell 46, J. B. Hobbs 44, S. D. Martin 41.

Standard American target: R. L. Dale 95, S. C. Sampson 87, M. T. Day 80.

Williamstburgh Rifle Club.

The following scores were shot on the Hamburg avenue range at the regular semi-monthly practice shoot. All shooting at 75ft. offhand, on the 25-ring target: G. Worn 248, 247; P. Andrassey 244, 245; M. Baal 243, 245; C. Zeigler 244, 244; H. Hubaek 243, 243; J. Kaufman 243, 246; F. Kost 242, 242; M. Mertens 243, 239; J. Kuhl 235, 237; G. Grimm 236, 235; J. Kiefer 220, 229; W. Kantz 220, 220.

Independent New York Schuetzen Corps.

THE regular practice shoot of this society was held Thanksgiving evening, Nov. 24, on the Zettler ranges, Capt. Zimmerman securing a total of 490 out of the possible 500. Scores follow: Gus Zimmerman 490, L. Schmidt 484, A. Begerow 483, F. Liegibel 480, L. C. Hamerstein, Jr., 474, H. D. Muller 465, Jacob Schmid 465, F. A. Young 457, E. Kiefer 456, B. Euser 454, H. J. Rohrens 444, J. Geo. Bauer 411, E. Gartner 402, F. C. Halbe 390.

Zettler Rifle Club.

This group of expert target shooters again met at headquarters, 159 W. 23d Street, Tuesday evening, Nov. 21. Scores follow: L. C. Buss 1219, L. P. Hansen 1212, R. Gute 1208, C. Zettler, Jr., 1204, C. G. Zettler 1203, H. Zettler 1197, L. Maurer 1189, H. Fenworth 1186, B. Zettler 1188, F. J. Herpers 1154, Geo. J. Bernius 1142.

Rifle Notes.

At the regular weekly shoot of the Miller Rifle Club, Hoboken, Capt. W. A. Tewes succeeded in securing the possible 250 on the German ring target, onhand, at 75ft. But twice has this feat been accomplished on this range.

After but a brief illness Mr. Joseph Moore, for many years chief scorer of the Creedmoor range, died of pneumonia Nov. 16. His congenial ways won for him a host of life long friends, who deeply mourn his loss.

Mr. Alfred I. DuPont, of the well-known powder concern, was accidentally shot while on a hunting trip in Virginia the past week. While his condition is not considered dangerous, there is a possibility that he may lose one of his eyes. Mr. DuPont was at once taken to Philadelphia, where he is under treatment at the University Hospital.

The official figures showing the results of rifle practice for the year 1904 of the National Guardsmen on the various State ranges gives the 7th Regiment the lead by a wide margin, 987 men qualifying as follows: 615 marksmen, 206 sharpshooters, 130 experts and 46 distinguished experts. A showing of this kind speaks for itself, no comment being necessary.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Dec. 6-8.—Salina, Kans.—Anderson's tournament.
Dec. 17.—Lakewood, N. J.—All-day shoot of Mullerite Gun Club.
A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.

1905.

Jan. 1.—Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Gun Club annual shoot.
Jan. 17-20.—Hamilton, Can., Gun Club live-bird tournament. J. Hunter, Sec'y.
Jan. 23-28.—Brenham, Tex.—Sunny South Handicap.
Jan. 31-Feb. 2.—Taylor, Tex.—Central Texas Handicap.
Jan. 31-Feb. 2.—Taylor, Tex.—Central Texas Handicap tournament. C. F. Gilstrap, Mgr.
Feb. 6-9.—Houston, Tex.—Len's Grand Southern Handicap. Alf. Gardiner, Mgr.
June 8-9.—Dalton, O., Gun Club annual tournament. Ernest F. Scott, Capt.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM goes to press on TUESDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The Montclair, N. J., Gun Club will hold its annual election and dinner on Dec. 3.

Mr. Lewis C. Hopkins won the November cup at the shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club on Saturday of last week.

The Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Gun Club announces Jan. 1 as the date of its annual shoot for 1905. Competition will begin at 10 o'clock. All are welcome to participate.

Dec. 10 has been fixed upon by the Ossining and Poughkeepsie gun clubs for a team race. The match will be shot at Poughkeepsie. The next practice shoot of the Ossining Gun Club is fixed to be held on Dec. 3.

In the tournament of the Gallatin, Tenn., Gun Club, Nov. 24, the Sumner County Handicap, at 15 live birds, was an event of chief interest. Seven tied on 13 as high score. In the shoot-off, miss-and-out, J. C. Baker, of Jacksboro, Tenn., shot all his competitors out on the thirteenth round, and won the handsome loving cup, which was the prize.

Messrs. J. Edwards and A. A. Felix made clean scores of 10 in the weekly shoot held at the Point Breeze track, Saturday last. This was the seventh and last shoot of the prize series. The five best scores of each contestant were the basis of the decisions. The winners were: J. Edwards, first, 48 out of 50; A. A. Felix, second, 47 out of 50; F. Murphy, third, 46 out of 50.

Mr. Hood Waters, famous as an expert of the Lafin & Rand Powder Co., was a visitor in New York last week. He is recovering from a severe trouble with his eyes, which impairs his success at the traps as compared with his admirable skill when in his usual good form. He journeyed to Ossining and participated in the recent holiday shoot of the active and popular club which is domiciled there.

Under date of Nov. 26, Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, secretary-manager, writes us as follows: "The annual meeting of the Interstate Association will be held Thursday, Dec. 8, at 10 A. M., at Oakland, Bergen county, N. J. The meeting will be held in proper form and adjourned to the afternoon of the same day, when the adjourned annual meeting will be held in the offices of the Lafin & Rand Powder Company, 99 Cedar street, New York City, at 1:30 P. M."

The Aqueduct, L. I., Gun Club had a large gathering of shooters on Nov. 24. Fourteen shooters participated, and there were fourteen prizes, awarded as follows: W. Hopkins, H. Van Siclen, Dr. Ireland, E. Smith, W. Ryder, S. Northridge, H. J. Selover, J. W. Dayton, H. Camden, W. Glazebrook, H. Bramwell, D. Mohrman, A. Van Siclen and S. Hitchcock. In a 10-bird sweepstake the scores were: Hopkins 10, H. Van Siclen 9, Mills 8, Dr. Ireland 7, Smith 6, Hitchcock and Northridge 5 each, Dayton, Camden and Bramwell 4 each.

BERNARD WATERS.

Woodmont Rod and Gun Club.

THE Washington, D. C., Post, of Nov. 27, contains the following account of the grievous loss sustained by the Woodmont Rod and Gun Club:

"The club house of the Woodmont Rod and Gun Club, situated on the Maryland side of the Potomac River, opposite Great Cacapon, W. Va., and about ten miles west of Hancock, Md., was completely destroyed by fire yesterday afternoon. The building, which was reduced to a pile of ashes, was erected about fifteen years ago at a cost of \$6,000, and was insured for \$4,000. The contents, which were insured for \$2,000, were nearly all removed before the fire had gained much headway, and the loss is practically confined to the structure.

"A defective flue in the room over the bedroom of the superintendent of the club preserves caused the fire. The flames were discovered about 12:30 o'clock in the afternoon, and, immediately, Messrs. W. Scott Towers and N. O. Messenger, two members of the club, and Gen. George B. Williams and Mr. Charles C. Randolph, who were present as their guests, began to fight the flames with buckets of water.

"The attendants of the club were called into service and battled hard to check the progress of the fire, but it quickly became evident that they could not cope with it. Italian laborers employed on the railroad near by were sent for by Messrs. Towers and Messenger. They responded to the call for assistance, and joined the impromptu fire brigade. Modern fire apparatus was not to be had, and the crude appliances were ineffective to stop the flames. It soon became evident that there was no hope of saving the lodge, and all hands then turned their attention to the removal of the furnishings and other equipment of the club house.

"In a short time the place was a mass of burning ruins, and it continued to burn until about 3 o'clock. No one was hurt in the fire. Messrs. Messenger and Towers and Gen. Williams and Mr. Randolph, who had gone to the club house last Friday for a few days' outing, returned to Washington last night.

"Located as it was, at a high point on the picturesque banks of the Potomac, the lodge was a mecca for well-known sportsmen of this city and Pittsburgh. Its guests in the past have included many men of national renown, who sought recreation here. Among them were the late President Arthur and former President Cleveland, the latter of whom was entertained at the club house on two occasions while on fishing trips. Many entertainments were given there during the winter months, and the young people of the surrounding country frequently held dances in the spacious rooms of the house.

"Mounted trophies of hunts adorned the walls of the building, the furnishings of which were elaborate, but, through the efforts

of those who fought the flames, these, as well as the records of the club, were saved.

"Besides the regular club quarters on the ground floor and the rooms of the superintendent, the lodge had accommodations for twenty guests. The club preserves contain approximately 3,000 acres in the vicinity of dam No. 6, about 108 miles from Washington.

"Several prominent Washington men incorporated the club in 1881, and at present it numbers among its members many of the most distinguished men of the nation. Mr. Henry Clay Stewart is the president and James M. Green its secretary and treasurer. The superintendent of the place is Alexander Reid, who resides there with his wife.

"Reports were received here last night that the woods in the neighborhood of the club house were on fire, but it was stated that the fire at the lodge had no connection with the forest fire."

IN NEW JERSEY.

Montclair Gun Club.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., Nov. 24.—The Thanksgiving Day shoot of the Montclair Gun Club was greatly enjoyed to-day. Some fifteen men participated. Events 1 and 2 were for practice. Event 3, 25 birds, was won by Mr. Howard with a score of 23; prize a box of shells. Event No. 4, a handicap match, 25 birds, was tied for by Messrs. Bush and Doremus on a score of 24. On the shoot-off the prize, an opera glass, was won by Mr. Bush. Event No. 5, a handicap match, 25 birds, each member being allowed to shoot at missed birds of event No. 4 for his handicap in event No. 5, was tied for by Messrs. Soverel, Bush, Wallace and Cockefair, but was finally won by Mr. Bush, who received a very handsome silver loving cup, which had been donated by Mr. Wallace for this event:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	15	25	25	25	Targets:	10	15	25	25	25
Cockefair, 0	8	14	19	16	17	Scheffey, 10	8	14	19	16	17
Doremus, 8	8	7	14	24	13	Badgley	8	7	14	24	13
Wallace, 4	6	12	18	17	17	Bush, 6	6	12	18	17	17
Winslow, 8	6	6	14	17	13	Crane, 4	6	6	14	17	13
Hartshorne, 8	4	5	17	22	15	Swartwout	4	5	17	22	15
Bettinson, 10	5	11	19	14	14	Babcock	5	11	19	14	14
S R Soverel, 2	8	18	22	22	22	Pray, 6	8	18	22	22	22
Howard, 0	12	23	22	20	20						

Handicaps as indicated apply only on event No. 4.

Scores of Nov. 26:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	25	10	25	15	10	25	25	25
C W Kendall	15	8	19	9	5	23	19	15
Cockefair	8	21	11	10	18	20	17	17
S H Soverel	17	10	10	3	10	18	15	15
Wallace	17	10	10	3	10	18	15	15
Hartshorne	17	10	10	3	10	18	15	15
W I Soverel	17	10	10	3	10	18	15	15
Baldwin	17	10	10	3	10	18	15	15
Pray	17	10	10	3	10	18	15	15
Bush	17	10	10	3	10	18	15	15
Scheffey	17	10	10	3	10	18	15	15

The shoot this afternoon was quite well attended, considering its nearness to the Thanksgiving Day shoot. Aside from event No. 6, Mr. Kendall's shooting was not up to the average. Mr. Bush shows the greatest improvement over past performances.

The club holds its annual meeting and dinner on the evening of Dec. 3, at which time a new set of officers will be elected.

EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

Pattensburg Gun Club.

Pattensburg, N. J., Nov. 26.—The most exciting and interesting events of all the year took place to-day at the shoot of the Pattensburg Gun Club. Though cold and the wind blowing toward the traps and carrying targets 60yds. at a high speed, only seven shooters attended. They all showed a will, and they wondered what was the trouble. This was our regular monthly medal shoot, and the final for the Hunter medal, which was up to to-day in Mr. A. E. Holbrook's hands. At the last moment he weakened, and Mr. R. Stamets took it from him, with second badge of the monthly contest. Mr. C. W. Bonnell took first prize, this being the second time in succession.

A E Holbrook	010000100010011010011000—9
H P Gano	0100010010110001110110110—13
R Stamets	01011100100010101101111—16
N Stamets	100100011110001100101010—13
C W Bonnell	10110111110110111111000—19
Harry Gano	01101001000100000101110—11
A Hellman	010000100010111000110001—10

C. W. BONNELL, Sec'y.

Bound Brook Gun Club.

Bound Brook, N. J., Nov. 28.—The wind and snow on last Saturday kept a number of the members home from the regular shoot of the Bound Brook Gun Club.

Among the visitors at the shoot was Dr. Bache's wife and mother, and the Rev. E. E. Roberson, of the Methodist church. Mr. Roberson is an old hand at target breaking, considering that he has not shot at targets for a few years, yet his score was equal to the majority of the members.

Dr. Pardee showed how he could break targets, even if it did snow. After he left the score, he looked like a walking snow bank, and said he could find them all right, too.

Dr. Bache and F. K. Stelle tied for the first cup, and, after shooting at twenty-five more, they were still tied. It was decided to let it go until the next club shoot, when they will try it again.

Mr. Du Four came over in his automobile, so he would have some way of getting cup No. 2 home. S. W. Dunning was the winner of No. 3 cup and the medal.

	Hdp.	Bk.	Tot'l
Du Four	000000000110000011010110	8	14
Dunning	0000010100001101001000	9	12
Stelle	1011010011111011010100	17	10
Dr. Bache	1001111110111111110001	20	8
Dr. Pardoe	111110011001101100011011	16	4

Shoot-off for cup.

	Hdp.	Bk.	Tot'l
Dr. Bache	111100101011011011110	18	8
Stelle	1101010011111100111001	17	10

Extra events: Du Four shot at 10, broke 6; Dunning, 20, 11; Stelle, 25, 15; Dr. Bache, 10, 4; Dr. Pardoe, 75, 60; Roberson, 25, 17.

F. K. STELLE, Sec'y.

Highland Gun Club.

GORGAS STATION, Pa., Nov. 26.—A stiff wind made unfavorable conditions for big scores at the monthly shoot of the Highland Gun Club, to-day. The scores in the club event, 25 targets, 16yds., all at scratch, were as follows: Denham 19, Ringold 17, Pinkerton 15, Dalton 11, McMichael 11, Meehan 11, Burns 7.

Crescent Athletic Club.

BAY RIDGE, L. I., Nov. 26.—Compared with an average shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club, the attendance was light. The November cup was won by Mr. Lewis C. Hopkins. The scores:

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap:						
Hdp. Brk. Tot'l.			Hdp. Brk. Tot'l.			
Marshall	3	11	14	Damron	4	8
H L Kenyon	1	12	13	Lott	0	11
F Stephenson	0	12	12	Grinnell	1	9
L C Hopkins	1	11	12	Vanderveer	1	8

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap:						
Lott	0	14	14	Vanderveer	1	10
F B Stephenson	0	13	13	Keyes	1	9
Grinnell	1	12	13	Kenyon	1	8
Marshall	3	10	13	Damron	4	5
Southworth	0	12	12			

Shoot for November cup, 25 targets, handicap:					
L C Hopkins....	2	18	20	Kenyon	2 15 17
Southworth	0	17	17		

Trophy shoot, 25 targets, handicap:					
Lott	2	21	23	Keyes	2 19 21
O'Brien	4	19	23	Brigham	0 18 18
F B Stephenson	1	21	22	Vanderveer	3 15 18
Kenyon	2	20	22	Southworth	0 16 16
Grinnell	3	18	21		

Shoot-off, same conditions:					
O'Brien	4	13	17	Lott	1
					22
					23

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap:						
F B Stephenson.	0	15	15	Keyes	1	10
Brigham	0	13	13	O'Brien	2	9
Lott	0	13	13	Marshall	3	8
Kenyon	1	11	12	Vanderveer	1	9
Southworth	0	12	12	L C Hopkins.....	1	8

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap:						
Grinnell	1	13	14	Lott 0 14 14
Keyes	1	13	14	Hopkins 1 13 14

Shoot-off, same conditions:					
Grinnell	1	13	14	
Lott	0	14	14	
Hopkins	1	13	14	
Keves	1	12	13	

Shoot-off, same conditions:					
Hopkins	1	11	Lott	0	11
Grinnell	1	10	11		

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap:									
Grinnell	1	13	14	Marshall	3	10	13
Hopkins	1	13	14	F B Stephenson	0	12	12
Lott	0	14	14	Southworth	0	12	12
Lott	0	14	14	Kenyon	1	9	10
Keyes	1	12	13					

Shoot-off, same conditions:					
Lott	0	13	13	Grinnell	1 10 11
Hopkins	1	11	12		

Match, 25 targets, 20yds., all scratch: F. B. Stephenson 23, H. L. Kenyon 17, A. G. Southworth 15, H. M. Brigham 14.

Nov. 24.—There was a good attendance of members and guests. The gobbler handicap, 15 targets, prize a bronze turkey, resulted in a tie on straight scores between Messrs. H. L. Kenyon and O. C. Grinnell, Jr. Kenyon won in the third shoot-off, 15 to 13.

The holiday cup, 25 targets, resulted in a tie, Messrs. Frank B. Stephenson and H. L. Kenyon, breaking 24 each. In the shoot-off the scores were: Kenyon 24, Stephenson 23. Mr. A. G. Southworth won an event at 25 targets, and one at 15. Mr. O. C. Grinnell won two 15-target events. Mr. Lowell M. Palmer won one 15 target event. In a six-man team contest Frank B. Stephenson and Harry B. Vanderveer, captains, the team of the latter won; scores 67 to 58. Mr. W. W. Marshall and D. C. Bennett each won one event at 15 targets.

Trap at Point Breeze.

THE final shoot of the series of seven contests, held at the Point Breeze, Philadelphia, Race Track, Nov. 26, was decided, and the winners were, first, J. Edwards, 48 out of 50; A. A. Felix, 47 out of 50; F. Murphy, third, 46 out of 50. The five best scores of each of the contestants were counted in the decision. The weather conditions were excellent for live-bird shooting. A strong wind was a material assistance to the birds.

An open sweepstake resulted as follows: Alman, Felix, Maloney, 5 each; Murphy, 4; Ford, 1.

Club shoot, 10 live birds, handicap rise:

J Edwards	2122222222—10	H Stein	2222022202—8
A Felix	2222222222—10	J Bruce	2020222222—8
F Muller	2222222222—9	C French	2022022202—7
F Murphy	2112222020—8	J McAnany	2222022202—7
S Alman	2112221232—8	C Jones	2020222202—6
H Delaney	1121110*21—8	H Thomas	2002220220—6
J Maloney	2012222120—8	H Brawley	2000200222—5

Fred Muller lost his first bird dead out, and won second money alone.

Meadow Springs Gun Club.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 26.—The club handicap shoot at 25 targets to-day had scores as follows:

	Hdp.	Bk.	Tot'l		Hdp.	Bk.	Tot'l
Garrett	5	23	28	Murdock	6	11	17
Bush	2	19	21	Henry	0	16	16
E Zeiler	5	16	21	Chadburne	0	16	16
Roberts	0	20	20	Dill	0	15	15
Martin	0	20	20	Heite	0	14	14
Alexander	2	17	19	Mann	6	7	13
Cantrell	0	18	18	White	0	12	12
Boyer	0	18	18	Dr. Zeilin	5	7	12
Lucas	0	17	17	Long	0	7	7
Davis	1	16	17	Lee	0	3	3
Pepper	3	14	17				

Team shoot, 25 targets per man, eleven men to a team:

Henry's team—Garrett 23, Martin 20, Bush 19, Beyer 18, Henry 16, Chadburne 16, Dill 15, Heite 14, Depew 13, White 12, Dr. Zeiler 7; total, 173.

Peper's team—Roberts 20, Cantrell 18, Lucas 17, Alexander 17, Davis 16, E. Zeiler 16, Pepper 14, Murdock 11, Mann 7, Long 7, Lee 7; total, 146.

Clearview Gun Club.

DARBY STATION, Pa., Nov. 26.—The number of contestants was sixteen in the regular club handicap, 25 targets, 16yds. mark for all. A stiff wind made good scores difficult. Mr. Geo. Springer was high with 24. Mr. L. Huber made 20, the highest actual score. Scores:

Hdp.	Bk.
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Where to Hunt Game in the South

WHERE to hunt game in the South is becoming more and more of a problem each succeeding year. Not by any means on account of the scarcity of game, but owing largely to the increasing tendency of sportsmen to form clubs, and reserve the shooting privilege of large sections of country. In this way places where sportsmen have formerly found good shooting are no longer open to them, consequently they must cast about for new territory, new guides, and new accommodations while in pursuit of their pleasures afield. And it is well to add here that the shooting preserves, while in a way numerous, cover but a very small fraction of the vast bird country throughout the Southern States, and for many years to come can the individual or parties of hunters find good shooting and good accommodations in the South. The most serious and really only perplexing problem is just where and with whom to shoot. For the accommodation of its patrons the Seaboard Air Line has at considerable expense and time taken up this matter in behalf of the sportsman, and publish the following list of places where they know birds can be found and good accommodations had, and in many cases, for those not owning their own kennel, dogs may be secured as well.

NORTH CAROLINA.

North Carolina presents a great variety of country. There are many miles of open pine woods in which the shooting is very fine. Quail, of course, is found most generally, but in many places wild turkeys are still numerous. In the following summary only the best points have been selected. It will be observed that these places are located with reference to their distance from some central point. At Seaboard, sixty-nine miles from Portsmouth, Va.—Shooting good. Country rolling. Quail numerous, turkeys and deer in the swamp lands. Guides, from \$1 to \$1.50 a day. Horses, \$2 a day; there are no dogs for hire. Board, \$1 a day. At Gary's, seventy-six miles from Portsmouth—Quail, rabbits, squirrels, and turkeys abundant. Guides—J. F. Lifsey, E. G. Garlick, at \$3.50 to \$5 a day, furnishing dogs and team and board where desired. Horses, \$2 a day. Board, \$1.50 a day. At Weldon, seventy-nine miles from Portsmouth—Shooting good. Quail, turkeys, ducks, squirrels and deer. Guides—Henry Grant, "Billy" Clanton, William Roberts, Ben Pope, and J. T. Evans will act as guides at reasonable rates. They will also furnish dogs. Horses, \$2.50 to \$3 a day. Board, \$1 per day up. At Gaston, ninety-one miles from Portsmouth—Quail, squirrels, rabbits, and frequently wild geese are abundant. Guides—J. J. King and Sam Shaw, at \$1 a day. Horses, but not dogs, \$1 to \$1.50 a day. Board, \$1 a day; \$5 a week. At Littleton, ninety-nine miles from Portsmouth—Quail very numerous this season; also turkeys, geese, and ducks. Guides—George Kirkland, J. J. Myrick, J. H. House, or John Reed, at \$1 a day or \$5 a week. Guides will also furnish teams and dogs. Board, \$1 a day; \$5 a week. Judge Gummerie, of the New Jersey Supreme Court, is a regular hunter here every fall. At Roxabel, eighty-one miles from Portsmouth—Quail are abundant, and in the Roanoke River bottoms turkey and deer are plentiful. Guides at reasonable rates. At Norlina, ninety-eight miles from Richmond, Va.—Quail, turkeys, squirrels, and rabbits. Guides—F. B. and F. P. Wiggins will act as guides at reasonable rates. Mr. F. B. Wiggins can furnish two or more dogs. Horses, \$1.50 a day. Board, \$2 a day. At Henderson, one hundred and fourteen miles from Richmond. On the ridge between the Tar and Neuse rivers—Shooting excellent. Quail, turkeys, squirrels, rabbits, foxes, and a few deer. The quail shooting is especially fine, and will be better than usual this season. The country is level and open, with enough cover to protect the birds. Board, \$5 to \$10 a week. Guides—R. J. Southerland and Mr. June Clements will take charge of parties at reasonable rates, furnishing horses and dogs. Henderson has an established reputation among sportsmen, and is visited every season by Northern hunters. At Manson, one hundred and three miles south of Richmond—Quail shooting unusually fine; also turkeys and squirrels. Guides—J. H. Bullock and C. M. White. They also furnish dogs. Horses, \$1 a day. Board, \$2 a day. At Middleburg, one hundred and six miles south of Richmond—Quail, turkeys, deer, and partridges. Guides—Alfred Plummer can furnish board, guides, and dogs at reasonable rates. At Franklinton, one hundred and thirty miles from Richmond, Va.—Quail, turkeys, and squirrels abundant. Guides, \$1.50 a day; they supply dogs. Horses, \$1.50 and \$2 a day. There is a good hotel at which board can be had at \$2 a day or \$10 a week. At Raleigh, the capital of the State, one hundred and fifty-seven miles from Richmond—This is a good point from which to go to less populous sections. At Osgood, thirty-seven miles south of Raleigh—Here the country becomes less rolling, but the shooting is as fine as it is in the northern part of the State. Quail, turkeys, and squirrels plentiful. Guides, \$1 a day. Board, \$1 a day. Teams at reasonable terms. At Lakeview, sixty-two miles south of Raleigh—All the land in this section is posted and under the management of the Lakeview Townsite Company, which readily grants permission to sportsmen from a distance. Quail and turkeys are very plentiful. Last spring the Lakeview Company planted a large number of small patches of peas, inclosing them so they would benefit the partridges and other wild game. Competent guides may be obtained at from \$1 to \$2 per day. Board, \$2 per day at hotel; \$5 to \$10 per week in boarding houses. At Southern Pines and Pinehurst, two hundred and twenty-five miles from Richmond—At Pinehurst there are 35,000 acres of land over which the shooting privileges are owned by the management of Pinehurst. Probably the finest quail shooting in the country is found here, as the birds are cared for scientifically and are protected for the benefit of guests of the place. There is maintained a kennel of hunting dogs for the use of guests of Pinehurst. Twenty of the best trained dogs in North Carolina were purchased for this purpose, and are kept in good condition under charge of Mr. Gray. Competent guides always to be had by day or week. At Aberdeen—Mr. H. H. Powell, one of the best known hunters in North Carolina has the

shooting privilege over 5,000 acres of ground. Mr. Powell acts as guide, and being familiar with the country, knows where the game can be had, and makes it easy for those desiring sport to have plenty of it. Mr. Powell has a comfortable home for those who desire to hunt over his grounds. At Hamlet, two hundred and fifty-four miles south of Richmond—This is one of the best points in North Carolina from which to arrange hunting expeditions. There is an excellent hotel here, and within a radius of twenty miles there is some of the best shooting in the State. Guides and dogs can be had here to hunt the adjacent country. At Rockingham, near Hamlet—Quail very abundant this season; also turkeys. Guides not needed. Teams can be hired reasonably, but hunters must bring their own dogs. There is a good hotel here; rates \$1 to \$2 a day. At Polkton, thirty-three miles from Hamlet—Here is a famous shooting country. In addition to the quail and turkeys, there are plenty of foxes and of fox hunters. Guides can be had cheaply, and teams also at low prices. Good board, \$1.50 a day, or \$5 a week. Guides—Sam Hubbard, William Bryant, Prince Henry, and James Willoughby. At Peachland, thirty-seven miles from Hamlet—Quail very abundant. Guides can be had at nominal prices, and so can dogs and horses. Board, \$1.50 a day; \$10 a week. At the Rutherfordton Branch, between Shelby and Rutherfordton, is some of the best quail shooting in the country. The line here runs into the foothills of the North Carolina mountains. It is a rich grain country, and the birds are numerous and in fine condition. Board can be had at almost any of the stations of the Seaboard Air Line Railway, and agents of the road at Lincolnton, Shelby, Ellenboro, and Rutherfordton will gladly furnish information to prospective visitors. At Lumberton, forty-three miles from Hamlet—Quail, turkeys, and squirrels abundant. In the swamps deer are found. Horses, from \$1 to \$2 a day. Board, \$1 to \$2 a day; less by the week. At East Arcadia, also near Wilmington, and in one of the best sections for game—Quail, wild turkeys, woodcock, ducks, and squirrels plentiful; and in the swamps bears, deer, mink, otter, and other wild animals rarely found to-day, within reach of sportsmen. Board can be had at reasonable rates, and guides and horses can be hired. Guides—T. J. Johnson and R. H. Grant, of Wilmington. Board at the Wilmington hotels from \$2 to \$3 a day.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Much the same conditions exist in South Carolina as in her northern neighbor, though the State does not afford an equal number of excellent hunting and fishing points. Between Hamlet and Atlanta, however, there is both good shooting and fishing, and in some other regions of the State the conditions for both are fine. At Greenwood, between Hamlet and Atlanta—Quail are abundant, and so are squirrels and rabbits. Guides can be had if needed, and teams may be hired at reasonable prices. There is a good hotel here, where hunters will be well taken care of. At Abbeville, about fifteen miles beyond Greenwood—The quail shooting is especially fine; it is a common thing to bag seventy-five in a day. The local sportsmen will act as guides at nominal cost, and will furnish horses and dogs. Board may be had very cheaply. At Calhoun Falls, a little beyond Abbeville, is another good point for either fisherman or hunter. Camden, three hundred and twenty-seven miles from Richmond—Good shooting and hunting on the Wateree River. Quail shooting is especially fine, and guests at the three large tourist hotels here have full benefit of the sport. Guides, dogs, and horses may be had at reasonable prices, and local sportsmen always may be counted on to accompany visitors. In season doves are also abundant. Fox hunting is a favorite sport, and there are several good packs of hounds in the town and immediate neighborhood. This sport is enjoyed here under favorable conditions rarely found in this country. Mr. A. J. Boykin, of Camden, has excellent hunting grounds within five miles of station. He acts as guide, and supplies dogs, board, etc.

GEORGIA.

At Stillwell, twenty-four miles north of Savannah, low, flat country, near the coast—Quail, doves, turkeys, snipe, woodcock, ducks, wildcats, deer. Board can be had here, but it is well to go to Savannah, and there make arrangements for guides and equipment. At Dorchester, twenty-five miles south of Savannah, near the coast—Quail, turkeys, and squirrels. Guides—Patrick James, Sumner Lambert, C. A. Tate, \$1 a day. Horses, \$1.50 a day; no dogs. Board, \$4 a week. At Clyo, thirty-two miles north of Savannah—Quail, turkeys, and deer abundant. Guides and dogs at reasonable rates. Board \$1 a day; \$5 a week. At Riceboro, about thirty miles south of Savannah—Quail, doves, turkeys, plenty of deer. No guides. No boarding-houses; but an ideal spot for operations from Savannah. At Darien, ten miles further south—Quail, turkeys, and deer plentiful. Guides, \$1 a day. Horses, \$1.50 a day; no dogs. Board, \$1 to \$2 a day. At Everett City, fifty-six miles south of Savannah—Splendid hunting—quail, doves, turkeys, ducks, squirrels, deer. Guides can be had if desired, but they are unnecessary. Board, at Brunswick, \$1.50 a day up. At Townsend—The same conditions prevail here and at White Oak, Woodbine, Colesburg. At Collins, sixty miles from Savannah—The quail shooting here will be unusually good this season. Guides not needed. Board, 75 cents a day. At Ohoopce, sixty-eight miles from Savannah—One of the best points in the State. Quail, doves, turkeys, ducks. Guides—N. B. Jarriel, E. J. Giles, R. A. Giles, \$1.50 a day. Horses and dogs at reasonable prices.

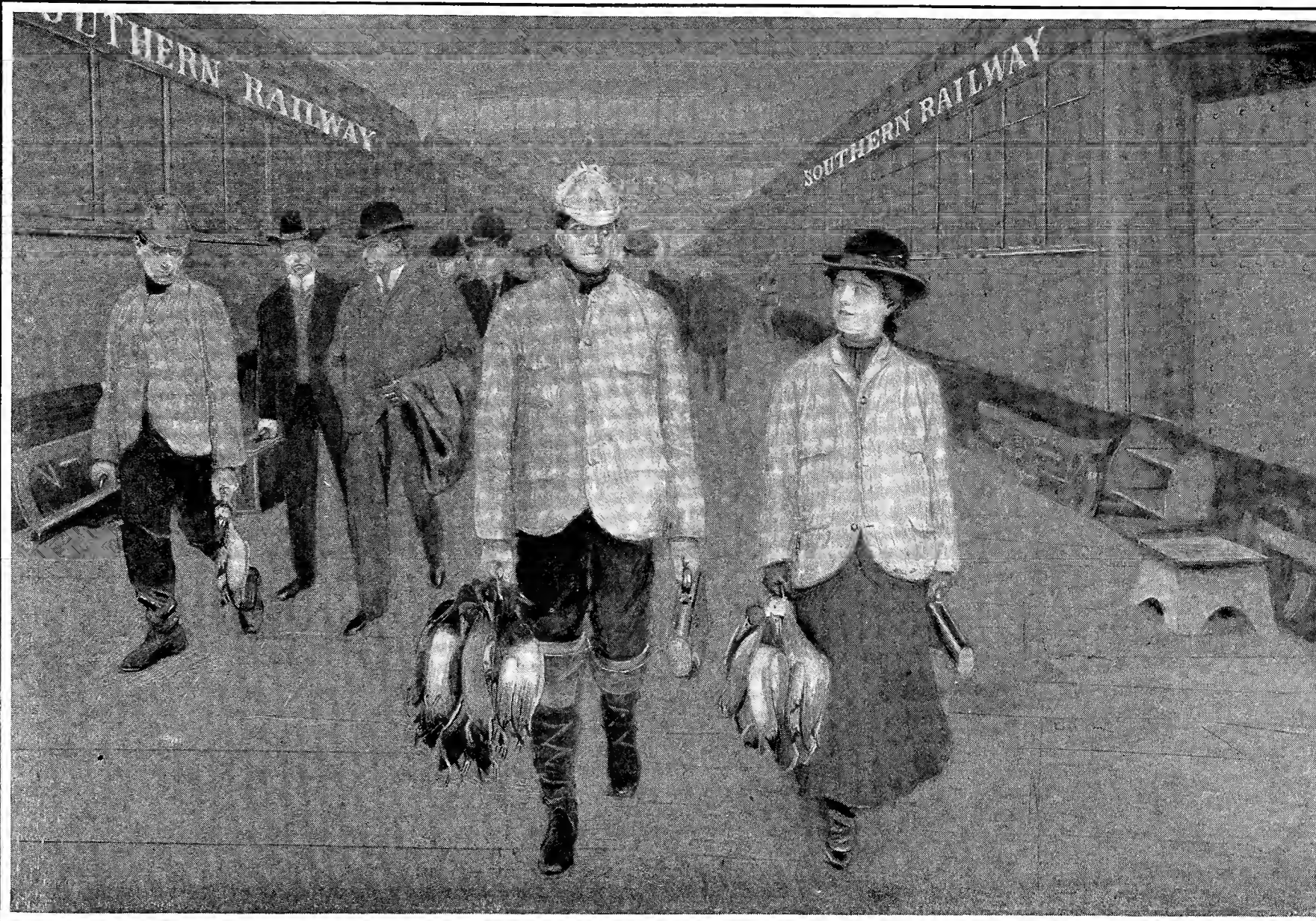
FLORIDA.

East of the Rocky Mountains there is no such hunting as in Florida, and the fishing is equally fine both in the fresh-water streams and lakes and in the fishing on the coast. The tarpon, the king of all game fish, has his true habitat in the waters just south of Tampa Bay, on the west coast of Florida. Fishermen have come here in such numbers from this country and from England, that it has

paid to maintain a good hotel at Sarasota. For shooting, it may be said, in brief, that at any point a very few miles distant from centers of population, quail are to be found. In Florida one can find quail as easily as he can find English sparrows in northern parts; but the presumption is that the sportsman who goes to Florida has larger game in view. Probably, however, the finest sport with the gun obtainable in civilized lands is quail shooting, and this is found in absolute perfection in Florida. At Live Oak, eighty-two miles from Jacksonville, is a splendid point for both fishing and shooting. All kinds of fresh-water fish native to these parts are here in abundance. The quail shooting is unsurpassed. Guide—W. R. McGregor, \$1 a day. Horses, teams and guides are usually furnished by livery stables, \$3 a day. Board, \$1 to \$2 a day. At Hampton Springs—With this as the central point, he can get whatever kind of game he wants. Below Hampton Springs, Fenholloway River affords fine fishing, bass, perch, and bream being plentiful. Quail, turkeys, and squirrels abound in the hammocks (heavily wooded tracts) and deer are also plentiful. Frank King and George Lee, of Perry, Fla., are competent guides, whose services can be had for \$2 per day. Cook's Hammock, through which the Steenhatchie River runs, and the adjacent territory, abound in game; quail in the open woods, turkey, deer, bear, panther, and wolves in the hammocks and swamps. Along the coast ducks and geese are plentiful. Rookeries of sea and plume birds are found which are of interest to ornithologists. At McClenny, twenty-seven miles from Jacksonville—Fine fishing. Quail, doves, and squirrels plentiful. Guides can be had at reasonable rates. Board, \$2 a day. At Madison, one hundred and ten miles from Jacksonville—Good fishing and splendid hunting. Quail, turkeys, ducks, deer, and bear plentiful. Guides will be furnished by D. H. Mays & Co. and Thomas McLeary, from 50 cents to \$1.50 per day. Teams and dogs can be hired cheaply. Board, \$1.50 to \$3 a day. At Monticello, one hundred and forty miles from Jacksonville—Fine quail, dove, duck, and snipe shooting. Guides can be had at all times at reasonable rates. Board, \$2 a day; \$12.50 a week. At Ward City, sixty miles from Jacksonville—Fishing and hunting fine. Quail very abundant, squirrels plentiful. Fine hunting country. Guides, \$1 a day. Neither horses nor dogs for hire. Board, \$2 a day. At Chaires, twelve miles from Tallahassee—Fishing fine when river is at right stage. Fine quail, turkey, and squirrel shooting. Deer also plentiful. Guides—No trouble to secure guides. Board very reasonable. At Gainesville, seventy miles from Jacksonville—Fishing and hunting good. Quail and ducks the principal game. No regular guides, but good livery service at \$2.50 and \$3.50 for team. Board, \$7 to \$10 a week. At Tallahassee, one hundred and sixty-five miles from Jacksonville—Trout, bream, mackerel, bass, bluefish, etc. Deer, turkeys, ducks, snipe, woodcock, quail, and doves all abundant. Guides furnished by livery stables at \$3 to \$4 a day with team. Horses, \$1.50 a day; dogs, \$1. Board, \$2.50 and \$3 a day at hotels; \$7 to \$12 a week in boarding-houses. At St. Marks, twenty miles from Tallahassee, on the Gulf—Splendid sea fishing, as well as fresh water. Fine duck and goose shooting as well as quail. Guides—Ernest Oliver and Carey Turner, \$1.50 a day. Board, \$1 to \$2 a day. At Fernandina, thirty-four miles northeast of Jacksonville, on the coast. Excellent sea and fresh-water fishing. Quail, ducks, and some deer. Guide—Crockel Holzendorf, \$1.50 a day. Teams at reasonable prices. Board, \$1 a day and up. At Yulee, twenty-four miles north of Jacksonville. Fine fresh and salt-water fishing. Quail, turkeys, deer, and squirrels. Guides—John White, J. J. Edmondson. Horses, \$2 a day. Deerhounds can be rented. Board, \$1 a day. At Waldo, on main line, fifty-six miles south of Jacksonville. Good fishing and excellent quail shooting. Board, \$2 a day; \$6 to \$10 a week. At Ocala, in the heart of the best hunting section in the State—Quail, duck, turkeys, deer, etc., can be found in abundance. Guides—Henry Livingston, Ocala; W. H. Hopkins, Orange Lake, \$1 to \$1.50 a day. Can furnish team at \$2.50 to \$4 a day. Board, \$1 to \$3.50 per day. At Wildwood, one hundred and twenty-eight miles south of Jacksonville. Trout, speckled perch, bream, etc., abundant. Quail, turkeys, and deer abundant in the neighborhood. Guides—L. W. Cook, Jeff Walker, 75 cents a day; \$3 a week. Board, \$1 to \$2 a day. At Leesburg, eleven miles from Wildwood—Splendid bass fishing, quail and duck shooting. Guide—G. E. Winter. Horses and dogs can be hired. Board, \$1 to \$2.50 a day. At Tavares, twenty-two miles from Wildwood. Fine fishing and shooting—Quail, ducks, squirrels, deer, and bear. Guides can be had at \$1.50 per day. Horses, \$1 a day. Board, \$1 and \$2 a day. At Oviedo—Splendid fishing; perch, bream, trout. Quail, turkeys, and deer abundant. Board, \$1 a day. At Mohawk, short distance from Tavares—One of the best points in Florida, where, at the Jolly Palms Hotel, there is a sportsman's resort with everything necessary to make an expedition enjoyable. Fine fishing in lakes and streams, and all kinds of large and small game close at hand. Lake Weir, a fine fishing point, is three miles distant.

At Lacoochee, fifty miles north of Tampa. Fine fishing, trout, pickerel, etc. Quail, turkeys, and deer abundant. No professional guides. Horses and dogs can be hired. Board, \$1 a day. At Abbott, thirty-eight miles north of Tampa—Trout, bream, perch, etc. Quail, turkeys, and deer in abundance. Quail more plentiful than ever before. Guides—J. A. Turner and John Smith. Board, \$4 to \$6 per week. At Braidenton, on the Manatee River, about sixty miles below Tampa—Fishing fine in the river and bays along the coast. Bird shooting fine, also good duck and snipe shooting. The fishing in Sarasota Bay, a few miles below here, is the finest on the Florida coast. This is the home of the tarpon, which is caught here in greater numbers than anywhere else. There is a good hotel at Sarasota, and boats may be hired.

For further information address: W. E. CONKLYN, General Eastern Passenger Agent, Seaboard Air Line Railway, 1183 Broadway, New York.



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Drawn for Leslie's Weekly by Edward V. Brewer.

Hunting and Fishing in the South.

WINTER VACATIONS have become more popular with many than summer outings, from the fact that the folks who take their vacations in winter can take with them every device for out-door pleasures, and find places to indulge every fancy. There is no other section of country in the world that furnishes so many diversified pleasures as the Southern States, in the Fall and Winter months.

To tell *just where* to find the various kinds of game and fish, *just where* to find the best golf courses—*just where* one can find and satisfy his pet hobby, The Southern Railway has published a book that deals fully and plainly with Hunting and Fishing. Aside from the interesting and instructive details in the book, its artistic value makes it worth your while to secure a copy. The front cover contains a picture of Ex-President Grover Cleveland bagging ducks. The back cover shows the genial Joseph Jefferson fishing.

The Southern Railway has published this book for the general information of the patrons of its lines, and will be glad to send it to persons interested.

For further information call on or address any of the following agents of the Southern Railway:

A. S. THWEATT, Eastern Passenger Agent, 1185 Broadway, New York.

C. C. THORN, Passenger Agent, 271 Broadway, New York.

L. S. BROWN, General Agent, 705 15th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

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WESTERN TRAP.

JACKSONVILLE, Ill., Nov. 24.—The second shoot of the season for the Jacksonville club was held Tuesday and Wednesday, with good weather conditions, especially the first day.

About thirty shooters were present, all being much delighted with their entertainment. This club has the use of the Nichols Park grounds, and they are fine, although "a bit" far from the street car line. The club's officers are made of the correct stuff, and they are workers.

There are attractions for shooters elsewhere at this time of the year. Besides game shooting, many of the trapshooters are too busy for recreation at the traps with harvesting their fall crops.

Everything in connection with the shoot was run to the best that possibly could have been thought of in any way connected with a tournament. No disputing the referee; no correcting the score cards. Leslie Standish was in the office, and that kept going smoothly. Targets were sent a distance of 45 yds.

The handicap was not severe. There were Hall, Harris, Groves, Ed. Scott and Z. Scott at the 17 peg; all the others, including the professionals, at 16 yds. On the second day Harris and Hall were sent a yard back, and there the wind caused a lot of trouble.

Ike Harris beat out all the amateurs the first day, with the very good score of 189. Tom Hall, J. C. Ramsey and T. C. Stoner all finished second. J. L. Scott came next with 184. Then one "Dad" Gilbert came on with 90 per cent. Now this was extremely pleasing to all present, even to Viemeyer.

Frank Riehl was at the top with 196. Cadwallader came on with 188, then Lord 183, and Keck, the one-armed man, 178. The latter made 91 out of first 100. Tom Hall's score the second day was very good, when with the strong wind and at 18 yds., he made 184. This won him high average over all for the two days, with Groves and Stoner second. The high men for the first day fell away, and yet Riehl won high expert average with 368. Cadwallader 367 and Fred Lord 366. The three were as near even as could be and not to tie. Each shot a different shell. It was unfortunate that the wind sprung up the second day.

Those present were: Hugh Snell, Litchfield, Ill.; Tom Hall, Loami, Ill.; J. C. Harris, Fairbury, Ill.; J. C. Ramsey, Manito, Ill.; T. C. Stoner, Mt. Zion; W. M. Gilbert, Philadelphia, Ill.; J. L. Alderson, Chapin, Ill.; J. P. Bunch, Chapin, Ill.; H. Englebrecht, Chapin; W. Morris, Merritt, Ill.; then J. A. Groves, J. Z. Scott, C. S. Magill, H. C. Goebel, Simon Fernande, H. M. Seymour, Ed. Scott, O. C. Henry, John Vienna, J. O. Vassellar, Geo. A. Wisner, G. T. Perry, W. L. Leach, Wm. Craig, S. B. Stewart, J. W. Horney, of Jacksonville, Ill.; H. W. Cadwallader, Decatur; C. T. Keck, Chicago; H. V. Viemeyer, Chicago; Fred Lord, La Grange, Ill.; Frank Riehl, Alton, Ill., and Leslie Standish, Chicago. Scores:

Nov. 22, First Day.												Shot at.	Broke.
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11		
Targets:	10	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	10		
Viemeyer	8	16	14	19	12	18	17	13	20	13	11	8	200
Lord	9	19	14	20	14	18	17	14	20	12	17	9	200
Cadwallader	10	19	15	19	13	18	14	19	14	20	8		200
Keck	9	19	14	16	15	18	17	15	17	13	16	9	200
Riehl	9	20	15	20	15	19	20	14	20	14	20	10	200
Harris, 17	10	19	14	20	15	19	20	12	20	13	17	10	200
Groves, 17	8	20	13	19	12	17	10	17	18	14	16	10	200
Hall, 17	8	18	14	20	15	18	17	14	17	13	20	10	200
Snell, 16	8	16	12	14	11	17	18	13	18	13	17	9	200
Ramsey, 16	10	20	14	12	13	18	19	15	18	15	18	10	200
Ed Scott, 17	10	16	13	18	13	16	19	12	16	15	15	8	200
J. G. Scott, 17	6	19	15	17	13	20	19	14	19	14	19	9	200
Goebel, 16	8	19	13	19	14	16	17	14	17	14	18	9	200
Magill, 16	10	13	6	16	12	17	15	11	19	13	17	5	200
Seymour, 16	10	19	13	19	13	16	18	12	13	12	16	8	200
Englebrecht, 16	9	18	14	15	12	18	15	13	17	14	17	8	200
Gilbert, 16	9	18	15	17	10	18	19	13	19	14	18	10	200
Stoner, 16	10	19	15	17	15	18	19	14	19	14	18	9	200
Morris, 16	7	20	14	18	14	17	18	14	17	13	16	9	200
Alderson, 16	12	11	60
Bunch, 16	15	29
S. L. Perry, 16	13	12	17	6

Nov. 23, Second Day.												Shot at.	Broke.
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11		
Targets:	10	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	10		
H. W. Viemeyer	10	15	11	16	14	18	20	12	17	10	16	9	200
F. H. Lord	8	17	12	20	15	20	18	13	20	11	19	10	200
H. W. Cadwallader	7	14	11	17	15	19	17	14	19	15	17	7	200
C. T. Keck	7	14	11	17	13	17	13	9	16	8	19	10	200
F. C. Riehl	10	16	13	17	13	18	13	18	11	17	8		200
I. Harris, 18	10	14	11	18	20	17	15	13	19	7	16	7	200
G. T. Hall, 18	9	20	12	20	13	19	19	13	18	15	17	9	200
J. A. Groves, 17	10	18	14	19	11	18	17	12	18	14	15	10	200
J. C. Ramsey, 17	5	12	13	18	13	16	19	14	17	14	14	7	200
T. Stoner, 17	10	14	13	15	11	18	15	14	16	13	16	8	200
J. Z. Scott, 17	7	11	14	16	13	17	13	11	13	7	13	7	200
Ed. Scott, 17	4	14	11	15	12	13	15	9	10	12	11	9	200
H. Goebel, 16	7	16	12	18	14	18	7	13	18	12	17	8	200
Seymour, 16	9	15	14	15	13	17	16	11	17	13	18	9	200
Englebrecht, 16	12	20	14	16	15	11	14	11	14	6	170
Craig	18	16	13	13	15	18	8		106

At Chattanooga.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Nov. 20.—The weather was bad on the day set for the October shoot for the Smith trophy, hence the November meeting was the occasion for two shoots.

There was a change in the conditions from 30 singles, use of both barrels to 15 singles and 10 pairs. The weather was of the very best, and that assisted in the making of two record scores. In the October shoot, Plummer made 23 out of 25, and all thought that it would stand for many moons; but when the November shoot had closed it was no good as "Tony" O'Connell got very busy, and with "nary a goose egg," set a pattern of a perfect score. Though this was Tony's first win, it makes all the members worry to think of their slim chances to take the trophy at the future shoots.

The scores for October: Plummer 23, Webb 21, Thomasson 19, O'Connell 18, Roy 16, Burk 16, Chicester 16, Moore 14, Hutchins and Morrison did not finish.

November contest: O'Connell 25, Plummer 22, Webb 20, Burks 19, Roy 19, Moore 17, Morrison 16, Hutchins 13.

At Milford.

Milford, Ill., Nov. 19.—The gun club here held a tournament Friday which was fairly well attended. This club has good, live officers, viz.: Tom Blessing, President and Bert Smith Secretary. The grounds used are situated conveniently to the business center of the town. The trap works well, hence it is a pleasure to meet with the club and participate in a tournament.

Leslie Standish was present and took charge of the office. The expert shooters were Fred Lord and C. T. Keck, the one-armed man. Fred Lord made the high score, 118 out of 140, followed by Miller and McKinnis with 117 each. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	10	10	15	10	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	10		
Lord	8	9	13	8	8	12	6	13	9	13	10	9	140	118
Keck	5	10	13	6	7	11	8	13	8	13	8	9	140	111
Blessing	6	3	10	7	6	9	9	12	6	9	8	8	140	93
Hawkins	7	5	10	7	5	11	9	11	9	9	7	9	140	99
McKinnis	8	8	13	8	8	12	7	11	9	14	10	9	140	117
Miller	9	10	10	6	9	8	10	11	7	14	8	10	140	117
R. D. Kane	7	6	13	5	7	10	8	14	9	11	8	5	140	103
Smith	3	6	3	7	13	6	7	5	3	105	53
Cavanaugh	2	4	..	5	..	4	4	50	19
C. A. Lee	8	9	..	12	40	29
G. M. Sammons	13	5	25	18
P. Littree	6	10	6
F. Baker	8	10	8
Adsit	3	1	5	35	9
Hartman	6	10	6
Johnson	2	10	2

A One Arm Challenge.

Lincoln, Neb.—It will be news to some shooters to learn that George W. Maxwell, of Hollstein, Neb., the good target shot, has but one arm. He met with an accident while shooting quail and lost one arm. He did not give up shooting, and by reference to scores made at the late shoot at his home town it will be noticed that he tied "Bill" Heer the first day, and came near doing the trick the second.

One-arm shooters are not common, hence the novelty of the thing has set some of the Nebraska trapshooters to thinking, and they have decided to issue a challenge for Mr. Maxwell, and will back him against any one-armed man the world over. The conditions, 100 targets, the money purse, anything reasonable. While no names are given, a letter to George Carter, of Lincoln, or Wm. Townsend, of Omaha, will meet with a response.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

Cincinnati, O.—The attendance on Nov. 26 was much better than on the previous Saturday, thirteen taking part in the practice events. The principal event to-day was a 100-target sweepstake with five entries. Ahlers made the fine score of 92. The day was cloudy and cold, with a strong wind, which affected the flight of the targets and made the shooting difficult.

The boys were sorry to learn that the genial Del Gross has been sick for over a week, and confined to his bed. All wish him a speedy recovery. Scores:

Sweep, 100 targets, \$1 entrance, two moneys, 60 and 40 per cent.: Ahlers 92, Squier 84, Faran 79, Peters 79, Gambell 71

In spite of the weather, a good deal of practice shooting was indulged in, and some good work was done. Gambell shot at 90, broke 70; Squier 140, 102; Ahlers 105, 90; Block 150, 100; Williams 120, 86; Maynard 140, 114; Peters 115, 84; Faran 70, 59; Tuttle 180, 103; Hesser 220, 152; Pfeiffer 95, 72; Barker 20, 15; Don Minto 20, 13.

It has been some time since as large a crowd as attended the shoot on Nov. 24 has been present at the grounds. The day was cloudy and cold, and a strong wind, which blew most of the afternoon, made the shooting difficult.

Maynard, who has just returned from his Illinois trip, reported having had a good time, and very fair sport on quail. Colonel, who has been away for many months, took part in the sport.

Barker was high man for the day with 136. Squier second, 135, and Ahlers third, 132.

The programme consisted of ten 15-target events, \$1 entrance, purse divided 50, 30 and 20; fourth man, a turkey; fifth, a Burmister Hotel ticket, and sixth a dressed duck. All ties for the money divided; ties for the prizes were shot off in next event. In the first event, Tuttle won a turkey. Second event: Dick, turkey; Tuttle, ticket; Gambell, duck. Third event: Medico a turkey. Fourth event: Faran, turkey; Dick, ticket. Fifth event: Peters, turkey; Grau, ticket; Hesser duck. Sixth event: Faran turkey; Tuttle, ticket. Seventh event: Faran, turkey; Williams, ticket; Harig, duck. Eighth event: Ahlers, turkey; Tuttle, ticket; Grau, duck. Ninth event: Hesser, turkey; Tuttle, ticket; Peters, duck. Tenth event: Williams, turkey; Hesser, ticket; Dick, duck. Scores:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Barker	150	136	Block	135	98
Squier	150	135	Hesser	120	96
Ahlers	150	132	Maynard	120	94
Faran	150	128	Peters	120	92
Gambell	150	127	Don Minto	75	67
Dick	150	120	Meyers	105	70
Grau	150	120	Williams	60	41
Tuttle	150	103	Ward	45	25
Medico	120	106	Colonel	60	19
Harig	120	99	Robinson	30	11

Ohio Notes.

The shoot held by the Welfare Gun Club, of Dayton, on Nov. 19, was a record-breaker in point of attendance, a large number of spectators being present, and thirty men taking part in the various events. The Rohrer's Island and Dayton gun clubs were well represented.

Harry Oswald has issued the following challenge to Dayton shooters: "I hereby challenge any club member in this city, Mr. Spangler preferred, manufacturers' agents barred, to shoot a match at 100 targets each, \$100 a side, or any part of it; 50 targets each to be shot on the Rohrer's Island Gun Club grounds and 50 targets each to be shot on the N. C. R. Gun Club grounds. Each party to select a judge and the two judges to select one referee. Interstate Association rules to govern.

While L. G. and J. W. Sherlock, of Dayton, were quail hunting, they flushed a bevy of twelve albino quail. They succeeded in killing four of the white birds, which they will have mounted.

Charles Urban and party spent three days in Brown county and brought back sixty-seven rabbits and fifty-six quail.

Jesse Pursell, of Piqua, with four friends from Pittsburg, spent a few days at Lewistown reservoir and bagged seventy quail, forty rabbits and one wild goose.

Mad River territory has proved barren this season. Dr. Wm. M. Duckwall, of Dayton, hunted there for two days and never saw a bird.

F. W. Brown and John R. Brown, Dayton, who are hunting near Dunbar, Wis., write that the former killed his first deer on the run at a distance of 200 yds.

Ed. A. Deem, one of the best-known sportsmen of Dayton, is at Richmondale, Ross county, with a party of Washington C. H. friends.

Annie Oakley will spend a week hunting quail around her mother's home at North Star, Darke county.

Carl Hambreck, of Dayton, and T. C. Angel and Joseph Machir, of Butler township, are at Gallon, La., for a month's hunting.

Joseph Cheney, Fred Ernst and Howard Saxby, of Mechanicsburg, will spend two weeks in the mountains of West Virginia, in a section where big game as well as pheasants, quail and wild turkeys are plentiful.

Messrs. H. E. Talbot, E. F. Platt and Geo. Mead have just returned from a hunting trip in the Ontario forests. The party brought home three fine bucks, the largest one being killed by Mead.

Mr. D. Norrod, of Doicstown, New Brunswick, has been the guest of Col. Frank T. Huffman, Dr. D. W. Greene and Mr. John S. McIntire. Mr. Norrod has been their guide for many years on their hunting trips in the Canadian forests. He is sixty years old, but still hale and hearty, and as active as many a man who is years younger. He is a thorough woodsman and perfectly familiar with the localities in which deer and moose abound. He comes from the Minamiky country, which is the section almost invariably visited by hunters from Dayton and vicinity, and has a large acquaintance among the sportsmen.

Chas. W. Sander and John J. Stoecklin have gone to Wheeler, Miss., for quail hunting. Their headquarters will be about fifty miles from a railroad, in a section where wild turkeys and other game are abundant. They took with them Frank Platt's Irish setter Pat, S. A. Thomas' pointer Pride, and Dr. Scherbenzuber's pointer Joe, three good ones.

The Gazabo Hunting Club, of Hamilton, drove over to Laurel, Ind., in their six-horse wagon for a couple of weeks' hunting. The party was composed of C. A. Strobel, P. E. Schwab, Max Her-

main, John Getz, Gus Deemer, Sam P. Durbin, Geo. Rohman, John Braun, Tony Waradorf and Jacob Brown.

For the first time in ten years Ed. Rike was obliged to open the season without his field companion, Rolla O. Heikes, who is in St. Louis, on business, and was unable to get away. Mr. Rike took a day's shooting along Beaver Creek, and then went to Huntsville with Harry Harman for a couple of weeks.

BONASA.

Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club Banquet.

The annual banquet of the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club was held at the Highland Hotel, Friday evening, Nov. 18. A large number of sportsmen were present, many from out of town being on hand. The tables were prettily arranged in the palm garden of the hotel, and covers were laid for seventy. During the supper music was furnished by Nonpareil Mandolin Orchestra of Westfield. The menu card was in the form of a target, and among the good things served that tickle the palate of sportsmen were the following:

MENU.	
Manhattan	
Blue Points	
Celery	Stuffed Olives
Venison Soup—Hunter Style	
Quail en Casserole—Mushroom Sauce	
Julienne Potatoes	Sweet Pickles
Fried Smelts—Tartar Sauce	
Claret Punch	
Roast Mallard Duck	
Potatoes a la Duchesse	
Cauliflower in Cream	Cider Jelly
Tutti Frutti Ice Cream	
French Coffee	Roquefort Cheese
Toasted Crackers	Claret Punch
Cigars	

After the dishes were cleared away and cigars lighted, C. L. Kites, secretary of the club, made a brief speech, and acting as toastmaster, called upon the following for informal after-dinner speeches. T. Ed. Doremus, of Schaghticoke, N. Y., and H. L. Tilton, of Boston, Mass., who were the guests of honor, also Dr. S. B. Keith, of Palmer; A. M. Arnold, of Somerville, Conn.; Wm. Henry, of Thompsonville, Conn., and D. N. Coats, J. Douglass Law, Abraham Snow, Chas. Vining, Wm. E. Parsons and F. D. Kemp, of the local club. During Mr. Tilton's speech, he presented to the club a beautiful silver loving cup, which the club won for having the largest number of entries of any club in the country in the series of national sportsmen's contests for season of 1904.

The main tenor of the speeches was the needed protection of game birds, and a few of the speakers went so far as to advocate a close season for birds for two or three years in order to replenish the supply and restock the covers. Every one had a good time, and all agreed that it was the best supper held yet. Among those present were H. L. Tilton, Boston, Mass.; T. Ed. Doremus, Schaghticoke, N. Y.; E. H. Pinney, Stafford, Conn.; Dr. S. B. Keith, Palmer, Mass.; Wm. N. Henry, Thompsonville, Conn.; Edward Craven, Thompsonville, Conn.; R. L. Soper, Westfield, Mass.; A. M. Arnold, Somerville, Conn.; Chas. Axtell, Geo. M. Blair, D. N. Coats, W. A. Cone, Ernest Cady, W. L. Clough, Chas. Fitch, E. Gesner, Amenzio Griffith, W. J. Hyland, Burton Hickox, E. K. Janser, D. C. Keeney, C. L. Kites, H. L. Kites, Albert Keyes, J. Douglass Law, Wm. M. Lester, A. C. Merritt, W. A. Newton, Elmer E. Neal, W. C. Pease, Wm. E. Parsons, Dr. Benj. Pierce, Geo. Rice, Jr., G. H. Reynolds, H. W. Shannon, Abraham Snow, W. H. Snow, Chas. Vining, A. A. Vining, A. H. Whitmore, F. H. Williams, F. D. Kemp, Wm. T. Keyes, Geo. K. Turner, Alonzo Pixley, R. A. Fosket, Ralph Blodgett, L. A. Herry and Harry Cady.

MISFIRE.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Nov. 24.—The Thanksgiving Day merchandise shoot of the Ossining Gun Club was a big success, thirty-one shooters participating, many of whom shot through the entire programme of 190 clay birds. While the merchandise prizes were not, for the most part, very valuable, still they were attractive enough to hold the boys, and the handicaps were sufficient to hold down some of the crackjacks like Floyd and Piercy, who, from 20yds., had to step some to keep in the game. Piercy was breaking in a new gun, so was not in his usual good form. Hood Waters and W. G. Hearn, trade representatives, were most welcome visitors. Considerable interest was manifested in extra event No. 10, which was a handicap at 25 targets. The prize was a silver berry dish, given by Col. Franklin Brandreth. This resulted in a tie between C. W. Floyd and Ray Hendricks, of Rye, N. Y., with a score of 22. The latter won on a shoot-off at 10 targets with a straight score, which was shot in semi-darkness—a remarkable performance.

The Ossining Gun Club team will go to Poughkeepsie on Dec. 10 for a team race. The next practice shoot will be held Dec. 3.

Mr. Waters has just recovered from a serious illness, so was naturally out of form. Figures after names denote yards handicap in merchandise events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	25	15	15	25	15	15	25	25
Hood Waters, 19.....	11	11	18	14	13	20	8	9	18	11
Geo. Piercy, 20.....	13	11	21	10	12	19	9	12	21	20
D. Brandreth, 18.....	11	14	16	12	12	18	13	11	18	20
C. G. Blandford, 19.....	11	8	17	11	10	18	11	13	15	..

W. G. Hearn, 17.....	14	12	20	12	12	18	9	12	..	19
A. Traver, 18.....	11	10	23	14	13	18	14	11	19	..
F. W. Perkins, 16.....	10	7	19	13	15	18	11	12	22	..
H. L. Stratton, 16.....	7	8	18	9	8	17	11	9	19	19
H. W. Bissing, 18.....	14	14	20	11	14	19	12	9	15	..
F. C. Snyder, 18.....	11	11	16	11	10	17	10	17	15	..
E. A. Staples, 16.....	8	11	21	13	14	22	15	13	23	19
C. W. Floyd, 20.....	14	10	15	13	19	14	12	20	22	..
E. McDonald, 16.....	2	4	12
A. Bedell, 19.....	9	13	16	12	8	14	13	..
R. Hendricks, 18.....	13	15	20	13	12	21	11	13	20	22
L. M. Coudrey, 17.....	9	12	13	10	9	14
A. L. Barnes, 18.....	8	8	19	11	12	11
K. R. McAlpin, 16.....	8	8	18	12	18	19	..
I. T. Washburn, 18.....	9	12	20	10	..	21	13	12	19	14
G. B. Hubbell, 16.....	6	10	20	17	14
J. C. Barlow, 16.....	8	8	16	..	11	..	12
F. Brandreth, 17.....	9	11
F. Hahn, 16.....	10	8
J. Hyland, 17.....	10	15	10	13	15	13	14	17	15	..
W. S. Smith, 14.....	..	16	3	15	..
J. Carpenter, 17.....	13	8	18
F. Fowler, 16.....	7	5	..	12	9	16
J. DeLamater, 16.....	5
W. H. Coleman, 18.....	15	9	12	17	19
Dr. G. Tompkins, 16.....	13
L. Piercy, 16.....	14

Prize Winners.—First event: A. Traver, Poughkeepsie, \$5 gold piece, donated by Ossining Gun Club; G. Piercy, Jersey City, silver plate, donated by F. Brandreth; E. A. Staples, New York, stein pitcher, donated by E. Macdonald; H. W. Bissing, Poughkeepsie, ham, donated by J. Brown; C. W. Floyd, New York, hunting coat, donated by Barlow & Co.; R. Hendricks, Rye, 50 shells, donated by I. T. Washburne; I. T. Washburne, box of cigars, donated by Thomas Lyons; G. B. Hubbell, Gun Bug pin, donated by C. G. Blandford; A. L. Burns, Maraschino cherries, donated by Smith Bros.

Second event: E. A. Staples, \$5 gold piece, donated by F. Brandreth; R. Hendricks, stein, donated by D. Brandreth; I. T. Washburne, 100 shells, donated by Schoverling & Welles; Geo. Piercy, hunting knife, donated by Ossining Gun Club; C. W. Floyd, gun case, donated by M. Hartley & Co.; D. Brandreth, hunting vest, donated by Ossining Gun Club; F. W. Perkins, Poughkeepsie, sack of flour, donated by Crown & Williams; C. G. Blandford, stein, donated by H. L. Stratton; H. W. Bissing, fountain pen, donated by Ossining Gun Club.

Third event: E. A. Staples, pair binoculars, donated by C. G. Blandford; F. W. Perkins, water color, donated by C. G. Blandford; Geo. Piercy, stein, donated by H. L. Stratton; C. W. Floyd, vase, donated by Ossining Gun Club; R. Hendricks, 50 shells, donated by I. T. Washburne; A. Traver, Maraschino cherries, donated by Smith Bros.; H. L. Stratton, New York, stein, donated by D. Brandreth; I. T. Washburne, hunting coat, donated by W. S. Smith Co.; K. R. McAlpin, Monarch shirt, donated by Barnes & Barnes; D. Brandreth, cleaning rod, donated by Barlow & Co.

Gallatin Gun Club.

GALLATIN, Tenn., Nov. 24.—The Gallatin Gun Club to-day gave its fourth annual fall shoot, which was a decided success in all respects, except the attendance. Only eleven shooters participated, but they had the pleasure of shooting at as hard a lot of birds as ever flew from anybody's traps. The birds were a selected lot of old birds, which only needed a little wind to make them very hard. They had the little wind in the shape of cold blast from the north, which picked the birds up off their feet as soon as the trap opened. Considering the quality of the birds and the lack of practice of most of the shooters, the scores are good.

The third event at live birds was the Summer county handicap, 15 birds, a handsome loving cup to the winner. The cup was won by J. C. Baker, of Jacksboro, Tenn., who tied with seven others in the event, and then shot all the others out in a hot shoot-off, miss-and-out. Baber stayed in the miss-and-out until the 13th round, when an old, tough bird carried two loads of shot over the line, to drop dead out of bounds. Five 15-target events followed the live-birds shooting.

Bright Harris, of Gallatin, was high gun for the day, as he was also last year at our shoot. He shot about 95 per cent. at targets, and was the principal money winner in the live-bird events. The scores follow:

Live Birds:	5	7	15	Live Birds:	5	7	15
Lyles, 28.....	4	6	13	W. G. Harris, 31.....	4	5	13
Porter, 28.....	4	..	13	B. Harris, 29.....	3	7	13
Martin, 29.....	4	4	13	Baker, 29.....	2	4	13
Armstead, 30.....	5	5	12	Seay, 28.....	4	4	12
Legler, 31.....	2	5	12	Baber, 28.....	4	4	13
Hobson, 28.....	2	6	13				

Extra event, 15 birds: Seay (33), 13; B. Harris (33), 14; W. G. Harris (33), 15.

Shoot-off for cup—Summer county handicap:

Martin11110	B. Harris.....110
Lyles20	Baker1122222221222
Hobson10	Baber2212111111120
W. G. Harris.....21220	
Targets:	15 15 15 15 15
Lyles14 11 11 14 11—61	Hobson11 12 15 8 11—57
Legler13 11 14 15 13—66	Baker10 7 11 11 11—50
Armstead13 7 12 10 ..—42	Baber11 10 14 12 11—58
Porter11 8 12 10 8—49	W. G. Harris...12 15 13 14 12—66
Martin12 9 11 8 ..—40	B. Harris15 13 13 15 15—71
Seay13 12 11 10 ..—46	

The Gallatin Club feels grateful toward Messrs. Porter and Campbell, trade representatives, and Mr. Geo. Hobson, of Bowling Green, for their kind services in scoring and refereeing.

Sec'y.

New York Athletic Club.

TRAVERS ISLAND, N. Y., Nov. 26.—To-day was full of active competition at the traps of the New York Athletic Club. The November cup was won by Dr. J. K. Knowlton, who, with Gus Greiff, had two wins previously scored for it. In the shoot-off, Dr. Knowlton won.

All events were handicaps, allowances added. The November cup had 50 targets, with scores as follows:

Hdp.	Bk.	Tot'l	Hdp.	Bk.	Tot'l
Gus E. Greiff.....2	38	40	J. Painter.....6	40	46
L. G. Schroeder...10	30	40	Pontefract.....6	32	38
H. Gleffer.....6	22	28	Dr. Knowlton...2	40	42

No. 2, cup event, 25 targets:

Hdp.	Bk.	Tot'l	Hdp.	Bk.	Tot'l
Gus E. Greiff.....2	17	18	Pontefract.....6	18	22
L. G. Schroeder...10	13	17	Dr. Knowlton...2	20	21
H. Gleffer.....6	13	17	McGraw.....7	5	12
J. Painter.....6	21	23	McIntyre.....0	5	12

No. 3, 25 targets:

Hdp.	Bk.	Tot'l	Hdp.	Bk.	Tot'l
Greiff.....1	20	21	Pontefract.....4	16	20
Schroeder.....4	16	20	Knowlton.....1	18	19
Gleffer.....4	9	13	McGraw.....7	10	17
Painter.....2	20	22	McIntyre.....7	11	18

No. 4, 25 targets:

Hdp.	Bk.	Tot'l	Hdp.	Bk.	Tot'l
Greiff.....1	17	18	Painter.....1	23	24
Knowlton.....1	19	20	Pontefract.....5	16	21
Schroeder.....4	13	17	McGraw.....7	9	16
Gleffer.....5	19	24	McIntyre.....7	8	15

Scores made on Nov. 24 follow:

Hdp.	Bk.	Tot'l	Hdp.	Bk.	Tot'l
F. Perkins.....10	30	40	Woodhouse.....14	34	48
W. J. Elias.....6	38	44	Foster.....17	31	43
G. Bechtel.....6	36	42			

November cup, 50 targets:

Hdp.	Bk.	Tot'l	Hdp.	Bk.	Tot'l
Perkins.....10	31	41	Woodhouse.....14	27	41
Elias.....6	38	44	Foster.....12	34	43
Bechtel.....6	36	42			

No. 3, special cup:

Hdp.	Bk.	Tot'l	Hdp.	Bk.	Tot'l
Elias.....3	17	20	Foster.....4	19	23
Perkins.....5	19	24	Woodhouse.....4	10	14
Bechtel.....3	18	21	DeWolff.....3	12	15

No. 4, 25 targets, scratch: Elias 23, Perkins 18, Bechtel 21, Foster 16, DeWolff 19.

No. 5, scratch: Elias 18, Perkins 18, Bechtel 19, Foster 15, DeWolff 12.

Indianapolis Gun Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Nov. 26.—The practice shoot of the club to-day had scores as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	25	Broke. Shot at.
Tripp.....11	14	14	10	11	11	10	15	23	96	120
Moore.....12	13	9	14	9	10	67	90
Dixon.....5	14	10	14	9	9	12	73	105
Nash.....8	11	18	..	37	55
Dickman.....13	11	13	12	14	12	98	115
Bell.....13	12	8	..	12	11	..	14	19	89	115
Hice.....9	5	10	24	45
Clark.......	8	8	15

Very cold and strong wind made hard shooting.

To "The Indians."

New York, Nov. 25.—Whereas the Great Spirit has summoned to the Happy Hunting Grounds our friend, Mr. E. D. Fulford, of Utica, N. Y., and it has been suggested that his sportsmen friends erect to his memory a monument as a fitting tribute to their substantial friendship, I will ask that each and every member of the Tribe forward to Mr. J. T. Skelley, Wilmington, Del., care of DuPont Powder Co. (who has been selected as custodian of wampum) any amount which you may deem proper.

Frank C. Riehl,
Chief Scribe.

TOM A. MARSHALL,
High Chief.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

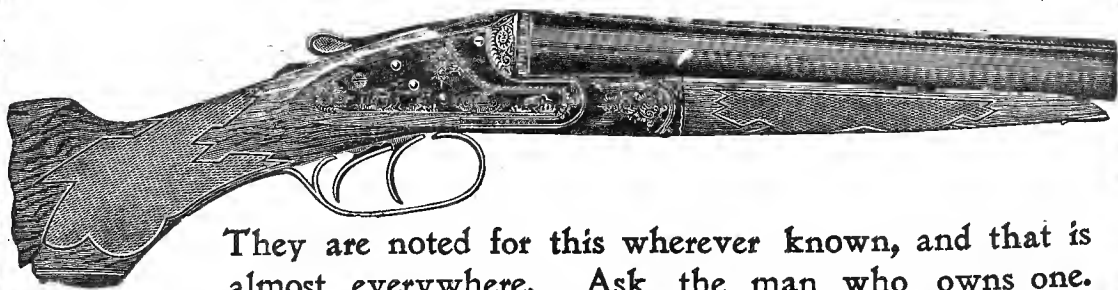
The E. J. Willis Company, 8 Park Place, New York city, are busy compiling their annual catalogue for issue during January. Realizing the demand for motor boat supplies and accessories, they offer their catalogue as a medium for the sale of meritorious goods. Manufacturers of such might do well to give them a call. The Witherbee Igniter Company, of 27 Thames street, this city, have passed their experimental stage with their gasoline engine igniter outfits. They are clean, compact, and easily handled, and for all engines where the storage battery is adapted, are giving universal satisfaction. Frank Croker's XPDNC in her recent Hudson River race with the Challenge, was equipped with a Witherbee. Several large automobile manufacturers have adopted it as standard equipment.

Pennsylvania Railroad Company Will Issue Clerical Orders for 1905.

PURSUANT to its usual custom, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will issue clerical orders for the year 1905 to ordained clergymen having regular charge as settled pastors of churches located on or near its lines. Clergymen desiring such orders, should make individual application for same on blanks furnished by the company, and which can now be obtained from the Ticket Agents. Applications should be sent to the General Office of the company as soon as possible, in no case later than Dec. 15, so that orders may be mailed by Dec. 30, to all clergymen entitled to receive them.—Adv.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1904.

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No. 846 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

FEDERAL PROTECTION OF WILDFOWL.

A BILL was introduced in the House, on Monday of this week, by Hon. George Shiras 3d, of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to Protect Migratory Game Birds of the United States." It is printed on another page.

This means a Federal law on wildfowl, something for which earnest students of the problem of protecting the wild ducks, and sportsmen everywhere solicitous to devise some efficient scheme of conserving the birds, have been earnestly wishing for many years.

While the suggestion has often been made that a law of Congress would accomplish the end which the diverse and conflicting laws of the separate States have not secured and never could secure, a prevailing objection raised in discouragement of Federal action has been found in the proposition that the game belongs to the State, its protection is an exercise of the police power of the State, and Congress has no jurisdiction.

The course of reasoning by which Mr. Shiras has found what he believes to be a sufficient answer to this objection is outlined in the text of the measure. Briefly it is this: Game birds are of two classes. One class is of species which are native to a State, breeding and remaining within its limits, and so throughout the entire term of their existence properly within its jurisdiction; and may efficiently be protected by its laws. The other class is of migratory species, which breed in districts beyond the State boundaries in the north, and pass, after a temporary stay, into other districts out of the State boundaries to the south, and being thus only temporarily and transiently in the limits of the State they are not properly under its jurisdiction, nor may they efficiently be protected by it.

On the other hand, while the control of the individual State is temporary only, the control which might be exercised by the United States would be so extended as to secure the desired end.

In practice the protection of wildfowl by the States has proved ineffectual. If the migratory species are to be preserved, they must have the protection which only the Federal Government can give.

The experience of the last quarter-century of game protection has convinced us all of the futility of striving to secure uniformity of protection for ducks. If it shall be attained at all, it must come through the intervention of Congress. All technical considerations dismissed, and fine-spun theories of State and Federal jurisdiction aside, the true consideration of public advantage supports this measure of Mr. Shiras.

The people of this country want the wildfowl protected. There is not the slightest question of that.

If a law of Congress enforced by Federal agencies will secure that protection, the people want the law and the Federal execution of it.

Leaving for subsequent consideration certain details of the plan as outlined in the measure, we believe that we represent the thoughtful sportsmen of the entire country when we declare that in House Bill 15601 Mr. Shiras has pointed the way to the satisfactory solution of a problem which has vexed us for a generation. If we are correct in the estimate of the reception the measure will have, we trust that sportsmen everywhere, as individuals and in association as clubs and game protective societies, will declare for the Shiras Bill in an expression of support. We share the confidence expressed by Mr. Shiras the other day when he remarked, "If the sportsmen of the country want this law they can have it if they will say so and work for it."

We have now such an opportunity as has never before been presented to provide for a wise system of conserving a great natural resource.

AMERICAN FOREST CONGRESS.

DURING the first five working days of January next there is to be held in Washington an American Forest Congress, under the auspices of the American Forestry Association. To this congress are invited representatives of foreign nations, as well as Americans of many sorts; Congressmen, Governors of States and Territories; foresters and generally all people interested in forest work. This does not include merely foresters, lumbermen and wood-working associations, but irrigation people, miners, stockmen, makers of turpentine, railroad men, engineers and members of various Chambers of Commerce and Boards of Trade.

The various subjects to be considered by the congress are: (1) Relation of the public forest lands to irrigation; (2) relation of the public forest lands to grazing; (3) the lumber industry and the forests; (4) importance of the public forest lands to mining; (5) forestry in relation to railroad supplies; (6) national forest policy; (7) State forest policy.

The gathering, which is being brought together at the call of some of the most eminent men of the country, promises to result in an interchange of views on a subject of the very highest importance, and is likely to result in great benefit to the whole Northern American Continent.

THE CAMEL CAN SWIM.

ONE of the most amusing features of the introduction of camels into the United States, the story of which has been told in our natural history columns, was the prolonged discussion of the question whether the camel could swim or would drown. It had been stated on the authority of Father Huc that the camel could not swim, and when the United States authorities proposed to import the beasts for traversing the deserts of the Southwest, the objection was promptly made that the enterprise would be futile because the camels would be unable to cross the rivers. As the point was demonstrable by a simple experiment with the beast in its Asiatic home, one might assume that before purchasing camels the authorities would have settled the swimming question by a preliminary experiment; but no one appears at the time to have thought of this. The curious discussion was carried on all the while the importation was in progress. The camels were landed at Indianola, and thence proceeded to Albuquerque, a journey of a thousand miles, consuming forty-five days; from Albuquerque the expedition marched to Zuni, thence to the Little Colorado, a stream too shallow for the swimming test; and then on to the Colorado, where at last the conditions were found to settle the long-involved question. The river here was from 200 to 300 yards wide, with nineteen feet of water in mid-channel flowing at the rate of three or four miles an hour. The result of the trial was recorded in the New York Tribune of Jan. 22, 1858: "Now it was to be proved whether the camel could swim; a test to which Lieutenant Beale had looked forward with not a little anxiety. Having reached the Colorado, he was determined to settle the question for himself. The first camel brought to the bank refused to enter the river; but another being brought down, to the great delight of the whole company it took the water freely and swam boldly across. The others, tied one behind the other in strings of five, were taken across in the same way. They not only swam with ease, but in this particular, as in others, they seemed to outdo the horses and mules. This seemed to be the only remaining test needed to establish the character of the camel as a beast of burden specially suited for those regions."

Thus at the end of a journey of thousands of miles over land and sea, and after months of anxious speculation, it was determined in the distant Colorado that the camel could swim, and the bright minds of the officers, for many months burdened with anxious speculation, were finally set at rest.

Had these white men possessed the scone of a Carib they would have decided the question by throwing a cheap priced camel into the Red Sea and watching to see it swim or drown. Hugh Linchot relates that when the first Spaniards arrived at Porto Rico, and the islanders saw the great ships and heard the thunder of the cannon, and saw the white faces, they thought that they had come down from heaven. But the Casique Yaguara made a test of their immortality by promptly

throwing a Spaniard into the water, to try whether he would drown or not, and seeing him wholly deprived of life, he concluded in consequence that the rest of them were mortal, and thereupon set upon them, when they were seeking for gold, and killed above a hundred and fifty of them.

FIRE IN THE WILDERNESS.

THE terrors of fire on the prairie or in the forest have often been pictured. Volumes of early travel over the plains of the Southwest describe the fury and speed of a conflagration on the prairie, the mingling of beasts ferocious and gentle in a common flight, and, after the fire had passed by, the blackened, smoking land strewn with carcasses. Not a few among our readers have witnessed such scenes, and in early days it was not uncommon to find on the prairie old buffalo bulls whose sight had been destroyed by the flames through which they had run. Even within a few months we have seen in Dakota a prairie fire which, traveling over level land, ate up within our view the stacks and buildings of a prosperous farmer.

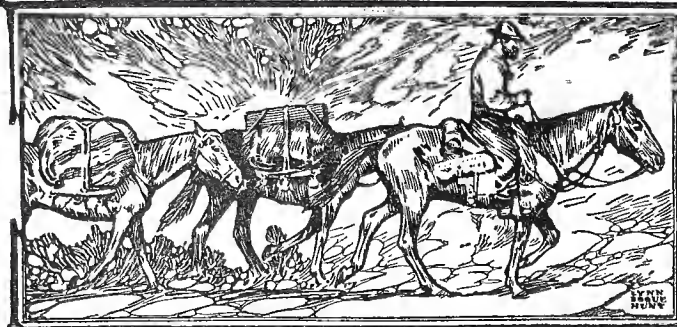
There recently occurred a deplorable conflagration in the St. Mary's country in northern Montana, a region well known to many of our readers. The fire started within the forest reserve on the head of Swift Current River, among dead tops left years ago by persons cutting timber for houses or for mining use. The wind was blowing a gale, and, once beyond control, the fire destroyed the local saw-mill near the town of Altyn, one house in that town, and thence swept down through a fine body of timber south of Swift Current River and over on to Boulder Creek, and perhaps all around Flat Top Mountain. The few houses occupied by miners and squatters within the area covered by the fire were all destroyed, together with all their domestic animals. For fury and swiftness no fire like this was ever seen, even in that country of forest fires. The heat was so intense that fish were cooked in Boulder Creek, and within a mile of Swift Current Valley a bull elk was found roasted in the timber.

A large area of mountain and valley once covered with beautiful green timber is thus now a blackened waste, and many years must elapse before the country shall become reafforested.

The danger to the forest from the heaps of dry tops left here through the inefficiency of an employe of the Land Office was long ago recognized, and the attention of the Land Office called to the peril. To its failure to act in the premises is due this disastrous fire.

WIDGEONS.

WE are not disposed to intervene in the discussion of the ethics which should control in the writing of books of bear stories; but we cannot refrain from alluding to the contribution which Dr. Morris makes, in his letter printed to-day, to the figures of speech drawn from field sports and the ways of animals. We say of a detective that he is "on the wrong scent;" of a man who is used to induce others to do something that he is a "decoy duck;" of one who is making a mistaken attack that he is "barking up the wrong tree;" of a fugitive who is caught that he has been "run to earth;" of one who is indiscreet in certain methods that he is trying to "hunt ducks with a brass band;" of a lawyer quizzing a witness in a certain way that he is on a "fishing excursion" for information; and so on, as any of us may note in the speech of the next person who talks to us. In his exposition of the principle that we must grin and bear it when we believe ourselves to have been stolen from and must find our recompense in the joy of the struggle and the consciousness of having contributed something to the sum total of human good, Dr. Morris draws a new figure of speech from the wild ducks whose habits he has noted as a sportsman. Having observed the ways of the widgeon which gets its fine flavor by snatching the dainty roots of the wild celery brought to the surface by other ducks, he applies the figurative appellation "widgeon" to those members of the human family who appropriate to themselves the good things brought to light by their fellow workers in the various fields of literature and science, not forgetting the medical profession, as to which we may assume that the opinion of Dr. Morris should be accepted. Such appropriators he calls "widgeons." The term is felicitous; it describes the thing perfectly. We are all familiar with the phenomenon; the widgeons, like the poor, are always with us.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

In Missouri.

WHEN *Jemima*, M.D. (Meat Dog), discovered, from my attire, that I was going shooting, she approved of the measure with delicious enthusiasm. Momentarily forgetful that it is against the law to paw me, much less embrace me, she did the latter, after which she fetched me the morning paper and bothered me all the while I was reading it at breakfast, by beseeching me to hurry up, although it was barely daylight and there was an abundance of time. A lady of quality and a member of a learned profession, as above indicated, she nevertheless, when not afield with her master, works by the day as a gopher-digger, whereby she has acquired the strength of a mule; and when she nudges a fellow at his breakfast it means something. On the whole, I prefer that kind of dog—or man. Several men had assured me that it was too dry to go quail shooting; that the scent was bad, and I would not find any birds unless I stumbled across them, and that a dog could not even find dead birds. And, I confess, the outlook was not encouraging, when later it happened that the train was late and the day turned warm and dry; but we were in for it now, hopeful on my part, sanguine on *Jemima's*, and must make the best we could of it.

It was after 12 o'clock when we got off the train, and so, when we were fairly out of the small town, I sat down in the sun at the top of a hill and ate my lunch. Below stretched a valley leading off to a farmhouse, presided over by a lady who, being a Pennsylvania German, is the best cook in that part of Missouri, and where I intended to stop that night.

Teams were hauling gravel from the bed of the stream, and when we got down there and were close to them, *Jemima* pointed a covey of quail in a patch of underbrush, which I flushed, but did not shoot at, because of the horses. I marked them down and went to where the teams were, and found the man there who owned the land on one side of the stream, who said I might shoot on his side, and on the other side also, since the farmhouse on the other side was vacant, and that the horses would not be frightened.

And then *Jemima* and I began to have fun, and to put to shame the prophets of evil, for she found those birds again in a jiffy. I never touched a feather! I apologize to the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* for not being able to say I made a nice double; but the fact is, I have not written any shooting stories for some time, and the truth slipped out before I knew it.

The birds flew toward a side thicket across an old field. One of them lit in this field and *Jemima* pointed it, and I made a very pretty single miss—that is, it was a single bird, but there were two barrels! I began to commune with myself then and, after I had struggled with my feelings for a moment or two and apologized to the dog, I laid it all to the circumstance that the Judge had asked me to bring him two birds for two members of his family who were ill. I was too anxious to get those first two birds. It was the same way week before last. We had visitors at our house, and I went a few miles out of the city on a suburban train to just get enough quail to go around. I knew birds were scarce there, but thought I could make it. I made a good many misses, in spite of which, by dint of naming each bird for some member of the household, politely beginning with the visitors, I got everybody checked off, except the hired girl. I missed her bird five times in succession, and began to think it was not meant that hired girls should eat quail. So, when the dog was not looking, I shot her a rabbit; and right away, after *Jemima* hurried in to see what I was shooting at (which she didn't), she found me that girl's quail again, and I killed it as nice as anybody's quail. I examined the bird critically, but so far as I could discover the markings were the same. It was, apparently, of the same variety as our own and our visitors' quail. Joking aside, I missed more birds that day than I often do, and those I killed often flew some distance before falling; and so I cut open one of my shells. They had been on hand upward of a year, and as they were some of the "factory loaded" shells you brag so much about in your advertising pages, I wanted to see what was the matter—and I think I saw. The powder (nitro) was caked in one compact mass, so tight that I could only pick it apart with my knife. Another shell proved to be in the same condition, and I concluded that some of the powder detonated and some of it only burnt up. Anyway, they were deficient in power, for they did not kick, some of them, and when there is no recoil to speak of there is very little penetration.

It was not the fault of the ammunition on the present occasion, however, for I had brought only twenty of the old shells with me, and had fifty newly purchased ones, and was missing with both kinds. Directly a bird got up in the thicket, and by dint of a certain expedient of mine, I killed it. It is a difficult thing to do, and especially difficult with a man of a nervous temperament; but after many years' experience in field shooting I have concluded that it is the secret of good shooting. It consists in an almost imperceptible pause before pressing the trigger. It is the hardest easy thing to do I know of, but it counts. When I can manage to strike a streak of doing that, I kill like

clockwork, whether at ducks, snipe or quail; and, as for prairie chickens, one can shoot thus all day without a single miss. It results in three things: First, it enables you to get your eye down on the rib of your gun; second, to get your gun on the bird if it is going away, and third, to get it ahead of the bird if it is crossing rapidly.

After this digression upon the art of shooting, I proceed to state that I missed two more birds. Each time the bird popped up, my vaunted expedient popped out of my head. And then a thing happened, which I shall never forget. *Jemima* went in the field beyond the thicket and got on a point, and when she failed to respond to my whistle I knew what was up and began to hunt for her. The weeds were as high as my head and, when I approached her at length, the noise started two birds, one of which came skimming over the tops of the weeds straight at me, and as I threw my gun up in the air, expecting to turn as the bird passed me and shoot it if I could, the poor thing darted squarely into the gun barrels and dropped lifeless at my feet. To shoot a game bird and put it in one's pocket is one thing; but to have a tragedy like that at one's door is a vastly different one. I stood there, shocked more than I can tell, feeling like a murderer, until *Jemima* came and picked it up and gave it to me.

I left that place and went across the creek to a cornfield, where the dog began to walk; and when that dog walks in a cornfield, I know it is time for me to climb over the fence and follow her. She has a way of conjuring up a bevy of quail at the end of such a saunter, and if she gets out of sight you have to hunt her. It was not two minutes on this occasion before she stopped with a high head, indicating that the birds were some distance down the rows. When I got to her they arose and I had time to shoot at one bird, which dropped with a broken wing. After I had my way for a few moments and had her to hunt where I thought it was, I let her have hers, whereupon she proceeded some sixty yards further and pointed and then picked up the bird in a ditch. I got through a hedge over which the birds had flown, suspecting that some of them had stopped there, which was the case, *Jemima* finding two, both of which I killed as they flew toward a thicket. Following up this clue, we found the remainder of the covey therein, and when they rose, I got more. Then I missed one, and then killed one; then three other hunters appeared on the scene. I had heard them shooting for an hour past, and as they were coming from up the valley, where I expected to shoot on the morrow, it augured ill for the morrow. They turned out to be a pseudo dog trainer, who lived near the village and who had three young and poorly-trained dogs, one of them gunshy; and two men from the city, neither of whom could shoot very well. They had killed but ten quail, and this pleased me so much, that I let them have my scattered covey to chase around and shoot at, and started back across the creek to the cornfield below the vacant house, killing one more bird as I left.

I now had ten birds, and in half an hour it would be time to think of my farmhouse and supper. I sat on the fence surrounding the cornfield, and *Jemima* started to work it out at a clipping gait, and then all at once dropped to that eloquent tip-toe trot of hers, and, as I hustled down off the fence, I said to myself, "Here is where I have a little cornfield practice," for the corn was of the typical Missouri variety—eight or ten feet high. "One bird at a time now, son," I said to myself as the dog stiffened out, and I kicked up the covey and stuck to my rule, the bird dropping at the first barrel. Retrieving it, we went to the upper side where the dog pointed, and the same process was gone through with with the like result. Following them around the upper edge she pointed again, and as she did so, a single bird darted up in the open where I stood, which I killed and marked against the fence, and slipped in a shell just as *Jemima's* bird got up, which I killed. She then reluctantly retrieved the two birds, after which she went on a few rods and pointed two more, one of which I missed, and, while my gun was empty, several more birds followed the missed one into the stubble field. When she was making this last point, where I missed one and killed the other, I remarked to her as I walked up to flush, "Well, Miss *Jemima*, you certainly are doing yourself proud in this cornfield, not to mention any other member of the family." We then followed in to the stubble field, where she made four more points on single birds, two more of which I missed. But we had seven birds out of the covey, and seventeen in all for the afternoon, and the sun was setting, so we went on to the farm.

When I had made my salutations, I took a big, generous package of raw meat from my back game pocket and fed my good dog good, after which supper was in order, followed by an early retirement to the best room—the one with the bed in one corner and the melodeon in the other, and the tidies on the chairs, and fancy lamp, that is never lighted, on the center table. *Jemima*, M.D., slept on my coat by my bed, but woke me up with her cold nose about 2 A. M., to say, "Let's go out after 'em again." I gave her a piece of my mind and turned over and finished my nap.

In the morning we went down toward the saw-mill, and just as we came in sight of it, I heard quail whistling

in the woods, just over the fence. I climbed over and the birds got up and I missed them. I soon discovered that I had another missing spell, but managed, nevertheless, to get five more birds, making twenty-two in all. I had determined to stop shooting when I got two dozen, as that would be enough for this trip; but the covey, what remained of it, had gotten scattered and I could not find them. I had to put in the time until noon some way, so I went up to the saw-mill and watched the men working there a while, and then a man told me he had flushed a "large gang" of quail the evening before, which had lit in an old field, even pointing out the exact spot where he assured me the birds were to be found.

I went over there after a while, accordingly, and discovered that this corner of the field was where that covey made it a habit to roost. They must, therefore, be in one of the adjacent cornfields. The first field was a blank, and while I was taking it easy at the edge of the other field, *Jemima* thrashed it out pretty well before I missed sight of her. I knew she must be behind some corn shocks at a certain corner, and I stood watching them, expecting, if she did not soon emerge, to go down and see if she had found them. After a minute or two a large covey came from behind the shocks, followed apologetically by the dog. She had been pointing them as they had been feeding, and they had taken alarm at something. To make a long story short, I followed this covey up a few minutes, struck another hitting streak, and before I could get to the house and eat my dinner and walk to the train back along the valley which I had traversed the afternoon before, my total had been swelled to thirty-two birds. I felt satisfied, and *Jemima* evidently felt proud, for every dog that came near me and my bulging pockets had to take a licking, her dog fight score for the trip home being one village setter, one greyhound in the baggage car and a hound she met on the way home from the train. As an example of inherited traits, this is the third dog of this strain which I have owned, and every one of them would fight any dog that came near their quail, although perfectly peaceful at other times. They seem to have a sense of personal interest in birds shot over them. GEORGE KENNEDY.

P. S.—The last covey but one, on the way home, I shot but one bird out of; and the last covey I did not molest at all. I just flushed them in order to get *Jemima* off her point. Enough is plenty; and I know where there will be plenty more next year. Not that I am to shoot no more until then, heaven forbid, but that I try to go to a different locality each time. The next place, for instance, is to be in "Happy Valley," where I expect to make the best bag of the year.

Floating Down the Mississippi.

A Journey Through the Swamps.

ON the afternoon of Dec. 10, Mr. Mitchell took me up the river into the St. Francis Lake. Our boat was a little steel one, rather wabbly; but Mitchell drove it along as only a man of the swamps can do. I have always found the sensation of sitting in the bow of a paddle-driven boat one of the pleasantest there is. One sees himself sent headlong at stumps, or the bank, or swift water, wondering if the turn will be made or not. Of course it is, and just in time. Here, I was going into one of the most interesting places in America. It is like Reelfoot Lake, but more diversified, and presenting a score of problems to all sorts of nature investigators. Flocks of wild ducks sprang out of the flag grass at intervals along the way. They rose above dead tree trunks like those of Reelfoot, surrounded by yellow grass, or growing trees instead of deep water. On either side was a swamp wilderness, while underneath flowed a stream of the clearest water imaginable. At the bottom were masses of giant or cattail moss, growing on half-buried victims of the New Madrid earthquakes. With these logs were occasional white flakes of pearl shells. The water in places came through numerous channels, and the canoe-man would find new difficulties trying to make his way down the main channel in low water. In high water, some chutes lead far back into a wilderness so dense that "the geese get lost in it." In low water, the problem is to find any channel at all.

Mitchell pointed out pools from which he had taken messes of black bass. The local paddlers sometimes explained to one another the difference between lake trout and brook trout, using bass as the specimens. On the Mississippi the perch is called "speckled trout." Three years ago the first bass flies were introduced to local knowledge by Johnson of the Cossitt Library at Memphis. His light rod, and leaders and flies are the wonder of the region. One may guess the fishing to be had there from this late introduction of modern bass lures.

A feature of the swamps that sportsmen must consider, is the law which prohibits hunting by non-residents. The cause of the law is explained in a thousand stories which the native tells. Game was exceedingly numerous only a few years ago, and there was no difficulty in getting an ample supply at any time. Hordes of shooters were attracted, and "head hunts"

were of common occurrence. Men killed ducks, twisted off their heads and threw away the carcasses. The man who brought in the most heads was the best man. Deer were killed for their hides—one party recently arrested had nineteen green hides in their possession. Wild turkeys were shot and sent to market to "cover expenses." The Swamp Angel found himself hunted out of his own meat.

Then when game began to get scarce, some St. Louis men formed a club and bought up a lot of land, from which hunters were to be excluded. I couldn't learn just what happened when the attempt to keep the swamp angels from the wild lands was made, for I did not know that such an attempt had been made until after I was out of the St. Francis. But the situation was handled effectually. After fuming a while, the swamp angel burned buildings, took a few shots at obnoxious persons, and then raised his voice, till it was heard in the Legislature of his State. Then the Arkansas non-resident law was passed. It is not enforced against men who do not hog the game, nor the hunting lands, nor interfere with the swamp angels; but the club that tried to overwhelm the swamp angels, found itself thrown out of the State bodily. The club sportsmen of the Arkansas swamps are, without question, the meekest sportsmen on the continent as regards the natives of their favorite hunting grounds.

Throughout the St. Francis Lake region, the dead trees have furnished two classes of men with interesting occupations. It is only a few years since the dead trees ceased to be cut for the purpose of rafting the logs to the saw-mills. Hunters, during the overflow, used to cut down enough of the dry standing timber to make rafts, on which they lived while they hunted. The nearest dry land might be several miles from this raft, and the hunters came and went, of course, in canoes or boats. If one became lost, he had to tie his boat to a tree and wait for daylight. A stranger sort of hunting cannot be imagined. Of course there were places back in the woods which were not overflowed, and here the game congregated in vast quantities—deer, turkeys and the rest. One would find deer standing around in water up to their knees, on ridges that were not quite high enough. The poor things became emaciated with hunger, and no one of the natives killed them, unless for meat. It was the visitor who came in and knocked them over with shot-guns at a range of ten feet. The swamp rabbits—hares—are seen sitting in rows on logs half submerged. But these rabbits take to water like deer when the dogs pursue them, so the water is a hardship, merely as it keeps them from their food. They become so weak and careless, that clubs are used to kill them. And wild turkeys are shot from trees with equal ease. It is in such features as these that the tourist gains some idea of what the Arkansas swamps are. In a mountain country game goes to "high ground" in wet weather. But here, for a breadth of eighty or ninety miles, and a length of 300, an elevation of ten feet means more, relatively, than 500 in the Adirondacks—much more, for when a deer is up to its knees in water near the freezing point, a further rise of ten inches soon spells death to it.

Here and there along the way were sticks jutting up from the water, on the ends of which were bits of duck or fish, and inshore from them the reddish line of rust marking the presence of No. 1 or 2 steel traps. The traps were only six or eight rods apart, and in none that we saw was there any catch. It was a glimpse of past industry worth noting emphatically. Years ago these bottoms furnished furs in vast quantities, and the regular trappers were men who made western history; but in these later days, the trappers make a scant living, at best. The man who set these traps told me that he began in early September, and trapped as long as he could catch any. He said he began so early, in order to get ahead of other trappers—with the usual result of "blue" hides, scantily furred and worth only a few cents. If the trappers would wait till late October, even the present catch would treble in value. But it is not done; and trapping is merely a piecing-out process, utilized by men who, for the most part, eke their livings from as many and as easy sources as possible.

Years ago Mitchell trapped in the bottoms for fun, and made money at it. The channel up which we went to look at St. Francis Lake was the scene of many incidents memorable in swamp trapping, one of which was Mitchell and Charlie Gunlock coming down in the dead of a black, cloudy night, with a load of furs, in a dugout sunk almost to the gunwales, and only the feel of the bottom at the end of a paddle to go by. Gunlock mentioned that incident almost the first thing when I met him a hundred miles or so further down the St. Francis as one of the best feats of swamp craft he had known in twenty-five years' experience; Mitchell was the pilot.

We returned to the club house in the late dusk. It was the time when the swamps—as all wild lands—accentuated their individuality. The loneliness, the chilled humidity, the dense forest brakes and the flatness were most plain. When the poet of the swamp lands begins to sing, he will unquestionably dwell on the blunt twilight of his favorite land. No one who goes into the swamp and feels the wonderful compression there which is the antithesis of mountain exhilaration, can help but understand the men who go hunting in noisy crowds because they cannot bear the natural spiritual depression incident to the lowlands. The quack of a duck, the cheep of a muskrat and the wash of the wind through the flag belong more to the moist, forest-clad lowlands than do human voices raised to shatter the stillness.

Of the river, down which I was to go, I could hear little definite information. Mitchell had not been down it in twenty years, and none of the others were acquainted with the region. But wilderness, frontier cabins and clearings might all be found there, and if I was to get through at all, it was time to start on. A freeze might come any time, which would hold me fast for days. It was Dec. 11, and time to start on.

It was morning when I loaded my boat and made ready to start on. A trapper was at the boat house getting ready to go down stream a half-mile to camp in a tent for the winter. All his duffle, tent, stove, a

hundred traps, bedding, and the like were piled in a dugout ten feet long and twenty inches wide. The sides were only half an inch clear of the water when the mass of stuff was in it, and he had only room for his feet as he stood in the stern balancing. He landed against a foot high bank, sawed by a three-mile current, without mishap—but I don't know how he did it. The canoe was unloaded when I came past him a few minutes later, guided by a paddler who was to show me the way through an intricate maze of quake-river stumps and logs.

Through the maze, I came to a youth in a board canoe, on his way from his line of traps to the cabin boat at the foot of St. Francis Lake. His guidance was welcome, for without it I would surely have hung up on numerous shallows on the way.

The foot of the lake was indicated by a scarcely perceptible rise in the ground, and the appearance of river banks. The cabin boat was on skids, and beside it was a gasoline stern-wheeler for tender. I drove past in the quickening current and a hundred yards beyond I was alone, and very much so. The most ardent seeker of solitude will go far and wide before he finds a lonelier place than the Arkansas Bottoms when a winter's day is coming to a close, even though the sky be clear and the weather warm. Indeed mere warmth of weather in winter is a matter of suspicion as that night impressed upon me.

I pushed, instead of pulled the oars, and the current was considerable, but I did not make fast time, and when dusk came I was still far from Marked Tree. I tied to a stump, unrolled my hammock, spread the canvas over the gunwales, without hoops, and crawled down in, and by dark I was asleep. For hours I slept blissfully, soundly and restfully, but suddenly the wind veered with a swish, and in a moment I was awakened by the rain-bearing chilling wind that comes from the north. There was nothing to do but turn out, brace up the canvas on tripod and sticks to shed the water and then try and sleep again—a try that was successful. In the morning the oil-stove warmed the tent, and some hot cocoa and some of the lunch Mitchell put up for me served for breakfast.

The rain was not yet come, but held off in the clammy fashion that characterizes weather in the bottoms. I soon started on, because my boat contained no grub, and, rain or shine, I must reach Marked Tree. The wind brought a faintly perceptible mist, which increased in density, until the water gathered in globules on everything. When these broke and ran down the sides of the boat, one knew that it was raining. After a time the mist drops increased in size to such an extent that their pelting on the face was perceptible. In a couple of hours, when I reached Marked Tree (upper landing), the rain was pouring down. I stopped in a trapper's tent for a time waiting for it to cease. The trapper and a visitor were knitting hoop nets, and one listened with manifest pleasure when I told them that a steel trap half a mile above town contained a 'possum busily engaged in chewing a log close by.

After a time I went up town in a hard rain to buy supplies. Marked Tree is said to be on the route of an old Indian trail that crossed the bottoms, and that here the Murrell gang had a hiding place for stolen slaves, and other plunder. It is a town on stilts, these days, very noisy with the whine of bandsaws and exhaust of steam. The buildings are all on stilts, or dirt embankments, thrown up because the region is liable to be flooded under any spring. At night, electric lights illuminate the clearing, and beams dart far among the trunks of a wilderness in the taming.

I bought supplies, of which quinine and lemons were an important part, for a weeping cold and malarial aches had seized me. A soap box full of stuff was brought to the landing for me, and I went down stream. The saw-mills had two booms across the river just below the railroad bridge, and I had a time passing them both. After seven miles' rowing, I came to Marked Tree again, and by land about a mile from the upper landing. When I was down stream out of sight of town it was forest on both sides of me again. I grew hungry, and on examining my stuff, I discovered that the chubby-faced clerk had left out my chocolate, potatoes, tomatoes, etc., to the value of forty cents at the store, but whose absence I felt for the next 250 miles. I hoped the clerk's dinner, for which he was in such haste, didn't taste good to him. I should have examined my stuff when it was delivered. But there was no help for it, so I cooked dinner without potatoes and the other things.

I tied in some miles below town for the night. I had cane hoops to hold up the boat cover and a piece of oil cloth purchased at Marked Tree, covered the bow, so that neither the rain nor wind was unbearable. Still at frequent intervals all that long night the warm zephyrs of rain, followed by freezing gusts, kept rousing me from sleep in most wearisome fashion. The swamp traveler during winter weather ought to have a perfectly wind-proof covering for his boat. Toward morning the cold wind held steady, the sky cleared and ice formed around the boat an inch thick. Dressed for the cold, especially the feet, it was not uncomfortable.

Shortly after daybreak I awakened to a cold and raw morning. But the oil-stove warmed the interior of the tent, and thawed the frozen canvas. Breakfast was as poor a meal as I ever ate; for my baking powder was damp and the pancakes were clammy and bitter in consequence. But a cup of thick chocolate made the mess digestible and I started on. It was a clear day and I heard occasional gunshots, and saw a pair of hunters at Horseshoe Lake—one of the couple of hundred horseshoe lakes of the Mississippi Valley which were formed by the streams taking short cuts across peninsula necks. The hunters told of Turkey Jimmy killing twenty-seven coons in one night by means of a headlight of his own invention. This sounded pretty steep, but it is true, probably, for there seem to be more raccoons on the Mississippi bottoms than in any other part of the land.

It was a long, hard day because the water was so low that at the shoals there was usually but one channel down which I could make my way. Sometimes the keel hung in the sand, and I had to back out and try again. The sand bars were moving down stream in

waves, the faces of which were steep, reaching far down into deep green pools of water, while the crests were just under water. I was aground a dozen times before I thought to put the weight in the boat well toward the bow. When I struck then, by shifting the stuff back a couple of feet I could pole myself out of the false channels that lured me on and seek the true one a yard or so to right or left.

The river was utterly sinuous. Ahead of me was a bend, and behind was a bend only a few rods distant, if I was not already in the curve. The straight reaches were fifty or seventy-five yards long usually. The stream would bear to the right until one felt as if he was coming back to the upper stream again, and then the bend would be to the left for as long a time. On one side was the steep bank into which the current was cutting slowly, and on the other the sloping bar, with willows and stream-side shrubs which hid the gum forests in that direction. Though I watched the sun, I lost the sense of direction, and my compass seemed to point anywhere, except to the north. Had I been on foot, I could not have been more completely turned around. The current of the stream at the ripples alone assured me that I was down-bound.

At intervals I flushed flocks of mallard ducks, and sometimes I had glimpses of squirrels among the trees. And at intervals along the stream were the evidences of men being in that neighborhood. Every dozen rods or so were fish heads, tails and chunks on the ends of short sticks jutting from the water. Inside, at the edge of the bank was the rusty form of a steel trap. Beyond the trap, out in the way was often another stake, "the tangle stick," around which a victim would wind the chain and so accomplish its own drowning. In one of the traps was a sparrow hawk, his body half submerged in the icy water. He was a most disgusted looking bird, and seemed ashamed of himself. I did not attempt to kill him, nor any of the other victims that I saw on the way. One time a man was found dead, shot through the heart, on a fish box in the Arkansas River that was not his. An action in the neighborhood of a trap might be misconstrued, so I kept my distance from the traps.

Late in the afternoon I came to a new house built of rough boards, but vacant. A couple of hundred yards below I came to an old log house, in front of which was a gallows-like frame from which were suspended a lean wild turkey hen and a big swamp hare. I ran in below a log at the ford and after tying went up to the house.

A tall, lean man before the fire-place shrunk before my voice when I addressed him from the door, and he invited me in to "warm" in a voice that was not welcoming; nevertheless I "warmed." I spoke of the game, but he was not communicative. On asking about the region he said it was thickly settled. "There are twenty-five people and three houses within five hundred yards of this place," he said. "Did you see that new house when you come down the river? Theh's a fam'ly going to move in theh d'rectly. And theh's a house about a mile below here that was built only las' spring. This country's settling up fast; hit sure is." He volunteered the information that he was a carpenter, and was profiting by the boom that had struck the locality. In the morning he was gone hunting when I went up to say good-by to him. A suspicious man I was to some of the swamp people that I met. The time when detectives hunt the "wanted" in the Arkansas swamps is not yet over with. And when a little while after starting down stream I met three men in a flat boat towing a dug-out, the thought that perhaps these men were less than they should be was confirmed that night by an old man who was seeking information about a sassafras dug-out which pearl fishers were supposed to have stolen.

The three men were the advance of the army of pearl fishers which was making its way up the St. Francis. At Big Eddy was a gasoline boat—a home-made affair with canvas top, with which a man was making his fortune carrying the shells he was digging to market. When I climbed to the top of the twelve-foot high bank, half a dozen fox squirrels darted among the leaves seeking tree trunks from behind which they peeked at me impudently; and a swamp hare, startled from its form, ran within ten feet of me, headed for the swamp depths. "The woods were full of game," as wild turkeys scratching in the leaves and deer hoof prints in the moist soil showed.

I wished a thousand times that I had a proper companion with me. Those miles of forest would then have offered vast pleasure instead of loneliness worse than that of a crowd. To leave the boat was to invite theft by some one of the many whose dug-outs scratched the sand at the shoals, but who seldom came in sight. To stop was to make a delay that would, perhaps, result in my being frozen in by the ice. And yet a month could have been passed there in seeing the swamp forests, which are wildest America, perhaps.

Moss-grown, vine-hung gum cypress and willow trees with occasional patches of cane on higher and richer ground marked the wilderness brims that were at the edge of the river. The moss covered whole tree trunks, and began to show the ragged edges and flying ends which in the Louisiana swamps becomes the loose purple-gray tresses of Spanish moss. The trees looked awkward, for their trunks were big and clumsy, while their top branches were heavily jointed and gnarled. So many of the trees were diseased and fungus-grown that the mind was filled with a cold horror. Many of the trees were of vast size, splendid columns with beautifully marked bark, on which the sun marked the ridges and crevices with lattice-work distinctness. But frequently the searing coils of ivy were sunk deep into the bark, and the breaking branches and the discolored wood that was disclosed showed the slow strangled agony of the parasitic victims. So many of the trees were in trouble that one fancied himself in a land stricken by pestilence. It was a shuddering horror this of silent trees of wonderful size and strength giving way slowly to the damp rot in their hearts. The healthy tree, thrown to the ground by a shattering thunderbolt, was a pleasanter spectacle.

Stopping at a house of sawed boards to ask where I was, I found only women there, and they were frightened to see a foreigner come up from the river. One old one, whose thin clothes and fleshless bones suggested one of A. B. Frost's most pathetic pictures, answered the questions as she stood before the door arms akimbo. The next house was a "right smart distance." "Parkins' is that-

away, and right smart—perhaps twelve miles." "Right smart of people lives round here," and there were houses along the river at intervals.

Toward night I spied a rived board house, and on going to it the door proved to be guarded by a fence that ran from one corner of the house in front of the door in a semi-circle to the next corner beyond. To get over the fence one must climb by way of two stepping blocks. Within the yard were corn ears in husks, and without were many pig tracks. The yard was to give the chickens a chance to eat and to keep the pigs away from the door. No one was at home, and I set about making my boat comfortable for the night. While I was at this a young fellow came along the trail from down stream. I greeted him, and he jerked his hand toward the house, inviting me to go with him to it, trying to say "Come in and warm!" but failing to get more than the letter "c" pronounced, for he stuttered emphatically. He built a fire in the fireplace, an opening made of split boards and daubed with mud. He was dressed in a light gray suit, celluloid collar, bright red necktie, and heavy shoes. His trousers were rolled up and his hands brawny. In a box which he soon opened was a pair of patent leather shoes, and a more striking contrast could hardly be found. To see patent leathers in the depths of Arkansas swamps, in a split clapboard sassafras house, the proud property of a swamp woodsman, was surprising.

After a time a man and woman came—W. H. Casen and his wife, who were attending the lumber camp which this building was. The spring previous a negro was killed out in the woods a piece, in a difficulty, the nature of which had been forgotten. The man who stuttered was a neighbor, and a scraggling bearded old man who dropped in later inquired about the sassafras dug-out which the pearl diggers stole. The snuff bottle was passed around. The stutterer dipped with his finger, the woman used a chewed-stick brush, but Casen poured the powder from the bottle into the required place in the left cheek, a fact that puzzled me until I learned that he came from the Ozark Mountains of Missouri.

Casen voiced the indignation of the bottom lands against the game hogs who formerly swept the region of its wild turkeys, deer, bear, ducks, and other marketable creatures. One party of hunters in the fall of 1902 shot forty wild turkeys and sold them in the Memphis markets to "pay expenses." Another gang killed seven dozen ducks in a day for "sport," and sold them for expenses. 'Coons were hunted and trapped by the scores, and still there was a good deal of game left, though deer and bear were driven back five miles or more.

Life in the bottoms was different from Casen's mountain experience; but the opportunity to get rich was not to be neglected. Land that could be purchased for \$1.25 an acre would pay for itself in the clearing many times over, now that saw-mills were reaching back that far for timber; and once this land was cleared, cotton land, valued at \$30 an acre, was ready for the planting. Casen had a quarter section—180 acres—to clear, and he pictured himself a plantation owner in a very few years. Of course there are drawbacks; one of which is the overflow that covers all the land to depths from a few inches to thirty feet. Men build cabin boats in the swamps to live in during the high water, if the land on which they live is subject to flooding in ordinary high water; but those whose land has a "high ridge" on it are overflowed in unusual years only, and then they must build flats or rafts, and while saving their own lives, see their cattle and horses and hogs topple over and drown when the icy water has chilled them so that they can no longer stand.

We ate biscuit, rabbit, duck, and corn bread for supper, and then amused ourselves with French harp and stories. One remark by Mrs. Casen indicated the swamp life better than most descriptions. She was one of the women who were scared when I asked questions at the new house up the river. Hearing me repeat the questions, and remembering that the old woman had told me 12 miles to Parkins, and Casen said the distance was really 18 miles from his house, she said:

"We didn't know how far it was. The men folks has been there, but we never has."

Here were women—one of them at least fifty years old—who had never seen two dwelling houses standing side by side; they had never seen a town of other description than a lone cabin, with the sign "Post-Office" printed in rude capitals on a rough sawed plank over the door. The newspapers with which the flimsy cloth they purchased at the "store house" or of the wandering peddler, was wrapped, were meaningless sheets to them. Election day means the time when the men folks "go to town" and come back with tales of fighting. Fancy how much these women hear about the horse show, wireless telegraph, automobiles, and other spasms and symptoms indicating the wonders of the human mind and progress as seen in New York.

However, they have their own affairs. A saw-mill was being built not five miles distant; pearl diggers had appeared—"even niggers!"—clearings were being made, and a load of cotton already taken to market foreshadowed the whirr of cotton-gin and wide fields devoted to the "staple product of the valley." For people who had never been able to see two hundred yards "without squinting through the bresh," a mile wide cotton field was something to be hoped for, even if the scene was not first in their minds.

When the youth who stuttered displayed his patent leathers, the woman whose waist and bust lines were perfectly natural, asked him:

"Gwin to spo't 'round a little?" The answer was a wink and an embarrassed grin. There was that in the woman's tone which indicated that the inborn wisdom of the sex in the swamps is not less than in regions where the figure is more restricted and the mind less so. The subtle compliment was not lost on any of the men present.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

*Christmas will be all the pleasanter to look back upon through 1905 if among the gifts of the day shall have been a paid-up subscription to FOREST AND STREAM. It is a gift which renews itself every week, it loses nothing by age, never becomes an old story, keeps its interest, and is as acceptable on its fifty-second coming as on the first. For a sportsman old or young the FOREST AND STREAM is a most appropriate Christmas gift.

Trails of the Pathfinders.—XXII.

(Concluded from page 466.)

Commerce of the Prairies.

In 1839, after having been only a few months in the "States," Gregg was unable to resist his longing for the free life of the prairies and began to make preparations for another trip to the Mexican settlements. At that time the ports of Mexico were blockaded by French men-of-war, and the demand for goods was great, with a prospect of correspondingly high prices. Late in April the wagon train, loaded with twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of goods, crossed the Arkansas, not far from the mouth of the Canadian fork. They had not proceeded far before they lost a teamster; "a Cherokee shop-keeper came up to us with an attachment for debt against a free mulatto, whom we had engaged as teamster. The poor fellow had no alternative but to return with the importunate creditor, who committed him at once to the care of 'Judge Lynch' for trial. We ascertained afterward that he had been sentenced to 'take the benefit of the bankrupt law' after the manner of the Cherokees of that neighborhood. This is done by stripping and tying the victim to a tree; when each creditor, with a good cowhide or hickory switch in his hand, scores the amount of the bill due upon his bare back. One stripe for every dollar due is the usual process of 'whitewashing'; and as the application of the lash is accompanied by all sorts of quaint remarks, the exhibition affords no small merriment to those present, with the exception, no doubt, of the delinquent himself. After the ordeal is over, the creditors declare themselves perfectly satisfied: nor could they, as is said, ever be persuaded thereafter to receive one red cent of the amount due, even if it were offered to them. As the poor mulatto was also in our debt, and was perhaps apprehensive that we might exact payment in the same currency, he never showed himself again."

The party just setting out were well armed with Colt's repeating rifles and revolvers, and carried besides, two small cannon. Among the men were a number of young fellows from the east, most of them quite without prairie experience. They had not been many days out when one of the party, out hunting, became lost, and not returning at night, muskets were fired to guide him to camp; but he imagined that the firing was done by hostile Indians, and fled from the sound. Finally, according to his statement, he was attacked during the night by a panther, which he succeeded in beating off with the butt of his gun. It was imagined, however, from the peculiar odor with which the shattered gun was still redolent when he reached camp, that the "painter" that he had driven off was not many degrees removed in affinity from a skunk.

When the train reached the north fork of the Canadian, they met with a considerable camp of Comanches, with whom they had some friendly intercourse. With them was a body of United States Dragoons, under Lieut. Bowman, to whom had been entrusted the task of trying to make peace with the Comanches, and so protecting the settlements of the border. Among these Comanches were a number of Mexican captives—women, boys and small children—of whom Gregg notes that a number of them were still well able to speak Spanish. In other words, their captivity had been so short that they had a clear memory of the events of earlier life. An effort was made to purchase several of these captives, in order to return them to their homes. Most of them, however, were unwilling to go, and for a variety of reasons; one of the lads, only ten or twelve years old, explaining that by his life among the Indians he had become "now too much of a brute to live among Christians." One lad Gregg did purchase, and was repaid by much gratitude.

It was near the Canadian River, which they had now reached, that a small party of Americans experienced terrible suffering in the winter of 1832 and '33. "The party," Gregg says, "consisted of twelve men, chiefly citizens of Missouri. Their baggage and about ten thousand dollars in specie were packed upon mules. They took the route of the Canadian River, fearing to venture on the northern prairies at that season of the year. Having left Santa Fé in December, they had proceeded without accident thus far, when a large body of Comanches and Kiawas were seen advancing toward them. Being well acquainted with the treacherous and pusillanimous disposition of those races, the traders prepared at once for defense; but the savages having made a halt at some distance, began to approach one by one, or in small parties, making a great show of friendship all the while, until most of them had collected on the spot. Finding themselves surrounded in every direction, the travelers now began to move on, in hopes of getting rid of the intruders; but the latter were equally ready for the start, and, mounting their horses, kept jogging on in the same direction. The first act of hostility perpetrated by the Indians proved fatal to one of the American traders named Pratt, who was shot dead while attempting to secure two mules which had become separated from the rest. Upon this, the companions of the slain man immediately dismounted and commenced a fire upon the Indians, which was warmly returned, whereby another man of the name of Mitchell was killed.

"By this time the traders had taken off their packs and piled them around for protection; and now falling to work with their hands, they very soon scratched out a trench deep enough to protect them from the shot of the enemy. The latter made several desperate charges, but they seemed too careful of their own personal safety, notwithstanding the enormous superiority of their numbers, to venture too near the rifles of the Americans. In a few hours all the animals of the traders were either killed or wounded, but no personal damage was done to the remaining ten men, with the exception of a wound in the thigh received by one, which was not at the time considered dangerous.

"During the siege, the Americans were in great danger of perishing from thirst, as the Indians had complete command of all the water within reach. Starvation was not so much to be dreaded, because, in cases of necessity, they could live on the flesh of their

slain animals, some of which lay stretched close around them. After being pent up for thirty-six hours in this horrible hole, during which time they had seldom ventured to raise their heads above the surface without being shot at, they resolved to make a bold sortie in the night, as any death was preferable to the death that awaited them there. As there was not an animal left that was at all in a condition to travel, the owners of the money gave permission to all to take and appropriate to themselves whatever amount each man could safely undertake to carry. In this way they started with a few hundred dollars, of which but little ever reached the United States. The remainder was buried deep in the sand, in hope that it might escape the cupidity of the savages, but to very little purpose, for they were afterward seen by some Mexican traders making a great display of specie, which was without doubt taken from this unfortunate cache.

"With every prospect of being discovered, overtaken and butchered, but resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible, they at last emerged from their hiding-place, and moved on silently and slowly until they found themselves beyond the purlieu of the Indian camps. Often did they look back in the direction where three to five hundred savages were supposed to watch their movements, but, much to their astonishment, no one appeared to be in pursuit. The Indians, believing, no doubt, that the property of the traders would come into their hands, and having no amateur predilection for taking scalps at the risk of losing their own, appeared willing enough to let the spoliated adventurers depart without further molestation.

"The destitute travelers, having run themselves short of provisions, and being no longer able to kill game for want of materials to load their rifles, they were very soon reduced to the necessity of sustaining life upon roots and the tender bark of trees. After traveling for several days in this desperate condition, with lacerated feet, and utter prostration of mind and body, they began to disagree among themselves about the route to be pursued, and eventually separated into two distinct parties. Five of these unhappy men steered a westward course, and after a succession of sufferings and privations which almost surpassed belief, they reached the settlements of the Creek Indians, near the Arkansas River, where they were treated with great kindness and hospitality. The other five wandered about in the greatest state of distress and bewilderment, and only two finally succeeded in getting out of the mazes of the wilderness."*

After many difficulties, Gregg reached Santa Fé again, and prepared to start south for Chihuahua, where a better market for his goods was expected. They crossed the famous Jornada del Muerto, and reached El Paso del Norte, and at last Chihuahua. Here was a country devoted to cattle raising; the herds, according to Gregg, being almost as numerous as those of the buffalo to the northern plains. Some time was devoted to journeying through northern Mexico.

One of the largest cities visited was Durango, one of the handsomest cities of northern Mexico, having at that time a population of about 20,000. Situated in a level plain, surrounded on all sides by low mountains, it presented two or three handsome squares, with fine buildings, and some splendid churches. "Durango is the first northern city in which there is to be found any evidence of that variety of tropical fruits, for which southern Mexico is so justly famed. Although it was rather out of season, yet the market actually teemed with all that is most rich and exquisite in this kind of produce. The *maguery*, from which is extracted the popular beverage, called *pulque*, is not only cultivated extensively in the fields, but grows wild everywhere upon the plains. This being the height of the pulque season, a hundred shanties might be seen loaded with jugs and goblets filled with this favorite liquor, from its sweetest unfermented state to the grade of 'hard cider'; while the incessant cries of 'Pulque, pulque dulce! pulque bueno!' added to the shrill and discordant notes of the fruit venders, created a confusion of sounds, amid which it was impossible to hear oneself talk.

"Durango is also celebrated as being the headquarters, as it were, of the whole scorpion family. During the spring, especially, so much are the houses infested by these poisonous insects, that many people are obliged to have resort to a kind of mosquito-bar, in order to keep them out of their beds at night. As an expedient to deliver the city from this terrible pest, a society has actually been formed, which pays a reward of a *cuartilla* (three cents) for every *alacran* (or scorpion) that is brought to them. Stimulated by the desire of gain, the idle boys of the city are always on the lookout, so that, in the course of a year, immense numbers of this public enemy are captured and slaughtered. The body of this insect is of the bulk and cast of a medium spider, with a jointed tail one or two inches long, at the end of which is a sting whose wounds are so poisonous as often to prove fatal to children, and are very painful to adults.

"The most extraordinary peculiarity of these scorpions is, that they are far less dangerous in the north than in the south, which in some manner accounts for the story told Capt. Pike, that even those of Durango lose most of their venom as soon as they are removed a few miles from the city."

On his return to Santa Fé, Gregg, having ordered his men to "rope a beef" for food, from the herds which covered the plains, got into trouble with the Mexican authorities, and was greatly delayed, being taken back to Chihuahua, tried for his offense, but acquitted on the ground of ignorance of the laws and the customs of the country.

Shortly before they reached the Staked Plains, on their return, they were attacked by a war party of Pawnees, on foot, who succeeded in running off a few of the horses, and in wounding two or three men. Their Comanche guide took them safely across the plains, until at last they reached the Canadian River. Gregg relates of the winds of the prairie: "It will often blow a gale for days, and even weeks together, without slackening for a moment, except occasionally at

*Mooney—Kiowa Calendar, p. 255—gives the account of this occurrence from Kiowa sources. They say that one Indian, Black Wolf, was killed in the fight.

night. It is for this reason, as well as on account of the rains, that percussion guns are preferable upon the prairies, particularly for those who understand their use. The winds are frequently so severe as to sweep away both sparks and priming from a flintlock, and thus render it wholly ineffective.

While following down the Canadian they found buffalo very abundant, and the gentleness and lack of suspicion of the animal is noted. "On one occasion, two or three hunters, who were a little in advance of the caravan, perceiving a herd quietly grazing in an open glade, they 'crawled upon' them after the manner of the 'stillhunters.' Their first shot having brought down a fine fat cow, they slipped up behind her, and resting their guns over her body, shot two or three others, without occasioning any serious disturbance or surprise to their companions; for, extraordinary as it may appear, if the buffalo neither see nor smell the hunter, they will pay but little attention to the crack of guns, or to the mortality which is being dealt among them."

Gregg's praiseworthy reflections on the wanton killing of the buffalo are made in entire good faith, yet only a day or two later he frankly confesses to some unnecessary killing that he did himself. He says of the excessive destruction: "The slaughter of these animals is frequently carried to an excess, which shows the depravity of the human heart in very bold relief. Such is the excitement that generally prevails at the sight of these fat denizens of the prairies, that very few hunters appear able to refrain from shooting as long as the game remains within reach of their rifles; nor can they ever permit a fair shot to escape them. Whether the mere pleasure of taking life is the incentive of these brutal excesses, I will not pretend to decide; but one thing is very certain, that the buffalo killed on these prairies far exceeds the wants of the travelers; or what might be looked upon as the exigencies of rational sport." In a footnote he adds: "The same barbarous propensity is observable in regard to wild horses. Most persons appear unable to restrain this wanton inclination to take life, when a mustang approaches within rifle shot. Many a stately steed thus falls a victim to the cruelty of man."

In April, 1840, Gregg reached the end of his journey—his last trip upon the plains. He was as susceptible as other men have shown themselves to the attractions of the free life of the prairie, its "sovereign independence;" but acknowledges the disadvantages which follow an almost entire separation from one's fellow men. Nevertheless, "Since that time," he says, "I have striven in vain to reconcile myself to the even tenor of civilized life in the United States; and have sought in its amusements and its society a substitute for those high excitements which have attached me so strongly to prairie life. Yet I am almost ashamed to confess that scarcely a day passes without my experiencing a pang of regret that I am not now roving at large upon those western plains. Nor do I find my taste peculiar; for I have hardly known a man who has ever become familiar with the kind of life which I have led for so many years, that has not relinquished it with regret."

In his account of animals of the prairies, Gregg names first the mustang; and here we find one of the earliest mentions of a traditional wild horse, which has come down in many a story.

"The beauty of the mustang is proverbial," he writes. "One in particular has been celebrated by hunters, of which marvelous stories are told. He has been represented as a medium-sized stallion of perfect symmetry, milk-white, save a pair of black ears—a natural 'pacer,' and so fleet, it is said, as to leave far behind every horse that had been tried in pursuit of him, without breaking his 'pace.' But I infer that this story is somewhat mythical, from the difficulty which one finds in fixing the abiding place of its equine hero. He is familiarly known, by common report, all over the great prairies. The trapper celebrates him in the vicinity of the northern Rocky Mountains; the hunter on

the Arkansas or in the midst of the plains, while others have him pacing at the rate of half a mile a minute on the borders of Texas. It is hardly a matter of surprise, then, that a creature of such an ubiquitary existence should never have been caught.

"The wild horses are generally well-formed, with trim and clean limbs; still their elegance has been much exaggerated by travelers, because they have seen them at large, abandoned to their wild and natural gaiety. Then, it is true, they appear superb indeed; but when caught and tamed, they generally dwindle down to ordinary ponies. Large droves are very frequently seen upon the prairies, sometimes of hundreds together, gambolling and curvetting within a short distance of the caravans. It is sometimes difficult to keep them from dashing among the loose stock of the traveler, which would be exceedingly dangerous, for, once together, they are hard to separate again, particularly if the number of mustangs is much the greatest. It is a singular fact, that the gentlest wagon-horse (even though quite fagged with travel), once among a drove of mustangs, will often acquire in a few hours all the intractable wildness of his untamed companions."

It is many years since the real mustang has been seen on the prairie. To-day his place is taken by the range horse, an animal of very different character, though of similar habits. Yet, we well recall a time, long before the day of the range, and its cattle or horses, when journeying through the southern country, little bands of mustangs could sometimes be seen. One such, which passed once close to our command, was noticeable for the presence among its numbers of a gigantic mule, which it had picked up from some traveling party, and which was now as wild as the horses themselves.

Naturally, Gregg has much to say about the buffalo, and he voices an impression which long had currency, and may still be believed by people, that the bulls were sentinels and guards for the cows and calves. Speaking in general terms, he says, "A buffalo cow is about as heavy as a common ox, while a large fat bull will weigh perhaps double as much."

"These are very gregarious animals. At some seasons, however, the cows rather incline to keep to themselves; at other times they are mostly seen in the center of the gang, while the bulls are scattered around, frequently to a considerable distance, evidently guarding the cows and calves. And on the outskirts of the buffalo range, we are apt to meet with small gangs of bulls alone, a day or two's travel distant, as though performing the office of 'pique guards' for the main herds."

He inveighs against the slaughter of the buffalo, which was even then so great, and says: "It is believed that the annual 'export' of buffalo rugs—often, but it would seem improperly, called 'buffalo robes'—from the prairies and bordering 'buffalo range,' is about a hundred thousand; and the number killed wantonly, or exclusively for meat, is no doubt still greater, as the skins are fit to dress scarcely half the year." A good description of the mass of the buffalo, and of their alarming appearance, is given in a sentence, where he tells of having turned a frightened gang, which was rushing toward him. They had parted and run by; "still their advance is somewhat frightful—their thundering rumble over the dry plains, their lion-like fronts and dangling beards, their open mouths and hanging tongues—as they come on, puffing like a locomotive engine at every bound, does at first make the blood settle a little heavy about the heart."

In his remarks about the gray wolf, and its habits, he touches on a subject which has more than once come up in *FOREST AND STREAM*, and elsewhere—that is to say, the question as to whether the big wolf of America ever voluntarily attacks man. He says: "I have never known these animals, rapacious as they are, extend their attacks to man, though they probably would, if very hungry, and a favorable opportunity presented itself. I shall not soon forget an adventure with one of them, many years ago, on the frontier of Missouri. Riding near the prairie border, I perceived one

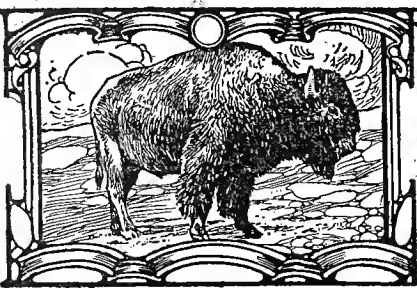
of the largest and fiercest of the gray species, which had just descended from the west, and seemed famished to desperation. I at once prepared for a chase and, being without arms, I caught up a cudgel, when I betook me valiantly to the charge, much stronger, as I soon discovered, in my cause than in my equipment. The wolf was in no humor to flee, however, but boldly met me the full half-way. I was soon disarmed, for my club broke upon the animal's head. He then 'laid to' my horse's legs, which, not relishing the conflict, gave a plunge and sent me whirling over his head, and made his escape, leaving me and the wolf at close quarters. I was no sooner upon my feet than my antagonist renewed the charge; but, being without weapon, or any means of awakening an emotion of terror, save through his imagination, I took off my large black hat, and using it for a shield, began to thrust it toward his gaping jaws. My ruse had the desired effect, for, after springing at me a few times, he wheeled about and trotted off several paces, and stopped to gaze at me. Being apprehensive that he might change his mind and return to the attack, and conscious that, under the compromise, I had the best of the bargain, I very resolutely took to my heels, glad of the opportunity of making a draw game, though I had myself given the challenge."

Gregg devotes considerable space to a discussion of the aborigines of America, and among these he mentions most of the prairie tribes. He speaks at some length of what we now call the civilized tribes—that is to say, the Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws, Chickasaws and Seminoles. He notes the dreadful evil that liquor has created among the Indians, and gives, at the same time, a somewhat amusing account of the Legislative Council among the Choctaws, where whiskey was banished from the nation: "Many and long were the speeches which were made, and much enthusiasm was created against the monster 'whiskey,' and all his brood of compound enormities. Still every one seemed loth to move his arrest and execution. Finally, a captain of more than ordinary temerity arose, and offered a resolution that each and every individual who should thenceforth dare to introduce any of the liquid curse into their country, should be punished with a hundred lashes on his bare back, and the liquor be poured out. This was passed, after some slight changes, by acclamation; but, with a due sense of the injustice of ex-post-facto restrictions, all those who had liquors on hand were permitted to sell them. The council adjourned; but the members soon began to canvass among each other the pernicious consequences which might result from the protracted use of the whiskey already in the shops, and therefore concluded the quicker it was drank up, the more promptly would the evil be over: so, falling to, in less than two hours Bacchus never mustered a drunker troop than were these same temperance legislators. The consequence of their determination were of lasting importance to them. The law, with some slight improvements, has ever since been rigorously enforced."

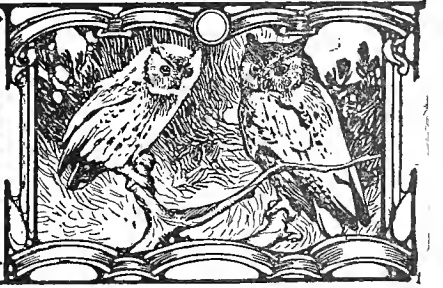
It is interesting to note that the Comanches, while bitterly at war with the Mexicans and the Texans, for very many years, nevertheless, cultivated peace with the New Mexicans, "not only because the poverty of the country offers fewer inducements for their inroads, but because it is desirable, as with the interior Mexican tribes, to retain some friendly point with which to keep an amicable intercourse and traffic. Parties of them have therefore sometimes entered the settlements of New Mexico for trading purposes; while every season numerous bands of New Mexicans, known as Comancheros, supplied with arms, ammunition, trinkets, provisions, and other necessities, launch upon the prairies to barter for mules, and the different fruits of their ravages upon the south."

Gregg's history of these first beginnings of the westward commerce of the United States is a most valuable and interesting repository of the facts of the period. It purports to be only a diary of a trader, but actually it is history.

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.



NATURAL HISTORY



American Ornithologists' Union.

THE Twenty-second Congress of the American Ornithologists' Union convened in Cambridge, Mass., Monday evening, November 28. The business meeting was held in Mr. William Brewster's museum, and the public sessions, commencing Tuesday, November 29, and lasting three days, were held in the Nash lecture room of the University Museum.

The fellows present were: Chas. B. Cory, Outram Bangs, and H. A. Purdie, of Boston; William Brewster and Chas. F. Batchelder, of Cambridge; Drs. J. A. Allen, Jonathan Dwight, Jr., and Messrs. Frank M. Chapman and William Dutcher, of New York city; Ruthven Deane, of Chicago; Henry W. Henshaw, of Hilo, Hawaii; Drs. A. K. Fisher, T. S. Palmer, and Merrs. E. W. Nelson and H. C. Oberholser, of Washington, D. C.; Dr. Louis B. Bishop, of New Haven, and John H. Sage, of Portland, Conn.

Among the other members present during the sessions were: Glover M. Allen, Geo. H. Mackay, Walter Deane, Ralph Hoffmann, Francis H. Allen, J. D. Sornborger, E. H. Forbush, A. C. Bent, Miss Harriet E. Freeman, Rev. Wm. R. Lord, Geo. C. Deane, Chas. E. Ingalls, W. R. Davis, H. G. Higbee, Owen Durfee, R. H. Howe, Jr.; Max Boewe, Mrs. Lidian E. Bridge, T. Otis Fuller, A. C. Comey, J. Stanley Howard, C. E. Bailey, Miss Helen A. Ball, Miss Emma G. Cummings, Prof. C. F. Hodge, F. H. Kennard, Harold Bowditch, F. B. McKechnie, John B. Wheeler, Rev. H. W. Gleason, H. Porter Hall, Miss Harriet E. Richards, Bradford Torrey, Miss Helen Granger, A. H. Clark, Dr. C. W. Townsend, Chas. H.

French, C. W. Chamberlain, Mantin Copeland, Howard M. Turner, Wm. L. Underwood, Richard S. Eustis, Miss Fannie A. Stebbins, Mrs. Wm. Howell Reed and Elizabeth S. Hill, of Massachusetts; Prof. T. Gilbert Pearson, of North Carolina; Louis Agassiz Fuertes, Geo. O. Shields; John Lewis Childs, Miss Eliza S. Blunt, and John T. Nichols, of New York; Mrs. Elizabeth B. Davenport, Mrs. Carrie W. Ormsbee, and Miss Isabel M. Padlock, of Vermont; Fred. B. Spaulding, of New Hampshire; Rev. H. K. Job and Mrs. Eustace L. Allen, of Connecticut; James H. Fleming, of Toronto, Canada; Arthur H. Norton and J. M. Swain, of Maine; W. E. Clyde Todd, of Pittsburg; Mrs. Irene G. Wheelock, of Chicago; Henry Oldys, of Washington, D. C., and Wm. L. Finley, of Portland, Oregon.

Chas. B. Cory was re-elected President; C. F. Batchelder and E. W. Nelson, Vice-Presidents; John H. Sage, Secretary; Jonathan Dwight, Jr., Treasurer; Frank M. Chapman, Ruthven Deane, A. K. Fisher, Thos. S. Roberts, Witmer Stone, William Dutcher, and C. W. Richmond, members of the Council.

Three associates were elected to the class known as Members, and 125 new associates were elected, the largest number in any one year since the society was founded.

Papers of universal interest on the subject of bird migration were presented by Prof. W. W. Cooke and Dr. Louis B. Bishop, and the conclusions reached seemed reasonable.

Mr. E. H. Forbush referred to certain disappearing birds, and asked that information concerning them be sent to the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture.

Mrs. Irene G. Wheelock gave a detailed account of her

studies, extending over many years, on the regurgitative feeding of nestlings. Her paper created much discussion.

Mr. Wm. L. Finley's papers on the land birds of Oregon and California and the sea birds of the Oregon coast, illustrated as they were by beautiful lantern slides, showed what exceptional opportunities he had had for studying the avifauna of the Pacific region.

In his paper on the nesting habits of the flamingo, Mr. Chapman exhibited most excellent views from photographs which he had taken of the birds in the Bahamas. He observed much there that was new concerning the domestic life of the species.

Mr. Henry Oldys spoke of some interesting bird songs, and Mr. Fuertes gave imitations of bird notes and explained the habits of the birds.

A valuable paper on the birds of the sandhill region of Nebraska was presented by Dr. Robert H. Wolcott. His observations covered a section of the country very little known.

Rev. H. K. Job showed a large series of lantern slides from photographs of shore birds, herons, and water fowl, and explained the ingenious expedients to which he resorted in order to secure good results.

From the report of the Committee on Protection of North American Birds, read by its chairman, Mr. William Dutcher, it was evident that satisfactory results had been obtained during the past year, and that interest in the preservation of wild bird life was not lacking at the present time.

In the absence of Prof. C. F. Hodge, of Worcester, so well known for his successful experiments in rearing ruffed grouse in confinement, Miss Helen A. Ball ex-

plained a series of lantern slides showing the different stages of growth of the grouse from the chick to adult plumage. She stated that the young became very tame—eating from the hand—and that two adult wild birds placed in the inclosure with the others soon showed no fear. In a short time it was impossible to distinguish them, either in plumage or habits, from those raised in confinement.

On Friday after adjournment of the Union, Mr. Harold Bowditch, with other local ornithologists, conducted a party to Ipswich, an historic locality for bird students.

The social features of the congress just closed will long be remembered, for nothing could exceed the cordial welcome shown by the local committee and by the members of the Nuttall Ornithological Club.

The next annual meeting will be in New York city, in November, 1905.

Following is a list of the papers read at the sessions:

"A Review of the Gulls Which Have Light-Colored Primaries." Jonathan Dwight, Jr., New York city.

"An Untenable Theory of Bird Migration." Wells W. Cooke, Washington, D.C.

"Regurgitative Feeding of Nestlings." Irene G. Wheelock, Evanston, Ill.

"The Direction of Flight in the Fall Migration at New Haven." Louis B. Bishop, New Haven, Conn.

"Some Interesting 1904 Bird Songs." Henry Oldys, Washington, D.C.

"The Status of *Helminthophila leucobronchialis* and *Helminthophila lawrencei*." Louis B. Bishop, New Haven, Conn.

"Wear in Its Relation to Subspecies." Jonathan Dwight, Jr., New York city.

"The Psychological Conditions of Bird Study." Wm. R. Lord, Rockland, Mass.

"Some Disappearing Birds and Suggestions for Their Protection." E. H. Forbush, Wareham, Mass.

"Florida Notes." Illustrated by lantern slides. Frank M. Chapman, New York city.

"The Land Birds of Oregon and California." Illustrated by lantern slides. Wm. L. Finley, Portland, Oregon.

"Experiments in Rearing Ruffed Grouse in Confinement." Illustrated by lantern slides. C. F. Hodge, Worcester, Mass.

"Some Strange Bird Notes—A Mystery." E. H. Forbush, Wareham, Mass.

"*Cyanocitta cristata* and Other Eastern Birds at Wray, Yuma County, Colorado." Horace G. Smith, Denver, Colo.

"The Birds of the Southern West Indies." A. H. Clark, Boston, Mass.

"Ornithology of a Churchyard." B. S. Bowditch, New York city.

"The Nesting Habits of the Flamingo." Illustrated by lantern slides. Frank M. Chapman, New York city.

"The Sea Birds of the Oregon Coast." Illustrated by lantern slides. Wm. L. Finley, Portland, Oregon.

"Exhibition of Lantern Slides." Wm. L. Bailly, Ardmore, Pa.

"Illustrated Readings from Thoreau's Journals." H. W. Gleason, Boston, Mass.

"Experiments With Nesting Boxes." Illustrated by lantern slides. E. H. Forbush, Wareham, Mass.

"Report of the Chairman of the Committee on the Protection of North American Birds." Wm. Dutcher, New York city.

"Observations on the Birds of the Sandhill Region of Nebraska." Illustrated by lantern slides. Robert H. Wolcott, Lincoln, Nebraska.

"The Season's Experiences with Shore Birds, Herons, and Water Fowl." Illustrated by lantern slides. Herbert K. Job, Kent, Conn.

From the Sportsman's Viewpoint.

None of the papers and illustrated lectures of the meeting appealed quite so strongly to sportsmen as that elucidating the experiment by Prof. C. F. Hodge, of Clark University, Worcester, in the rearing of partridges. A young lady told the story of the Professor's success in raising grouse from the egg, and teaching wild birds to eat from his hand. Some of the pictures showed the development of the captured chicks, picked from the shell which recently inclosed them. At least a score of views were required to bring the birds to maturity. They were shown "dusting" themselves in the earth, stretching their necks for grapes, of which they are very fond; standing on the Professor's knee and eating from his hand; making music on a log (drumming); strutting about with widespread tail, and neck feathers puffed out. Many men have tried the experiment of domesticating the partridge, but hitherto without success, and so the belief has become general that the bird is untamable. Prof. Hodge has been able in a single day to induce wild birds by the example set them by the home-reared ones to jump to his knee and eat grain, beechnuts, grapes and other things. The bird shows wonderful quickness in discerning an enemy, but when it is sure of kind treatment is not averse to human society. Your readers who have visited the island in Rangeley Lake owned by Mr. Dickson, of Philadelphia, where gunning is prohibited, can testify that the grouse there are almost as tame as barnyard fowl. Many have flown over from the mainland to this place of refuge, and now in summer they often show themselves on the piazza looking for crumbs or grain. Not long ago one took a look into the upstairs part of the boat house and was picked up by one of the men, and when he set the bird on the ground outside he shook his feathers unconcernedly and walked away in the most deliberate manner possible. All sportsmen will rejoice if Prof. Hodge will continue his experiments until he is able to "blaze the way" for the rearing of grouse in captivity—"a consummation devoutly to be wished."

On Thursday afternoon was held a joint meeting of the Audubon Society and Ornithologists' Union, at which Prof. C. B. Cory presided. The chief feature was the report of Dr. Wm. Dutcher, of New York, who spoke for the National Committee on the Protection of North American birds. He explained the objects for which the Audubon societies are working. Its methods are by lectures, holding meetings, distributing educational literature in reference to the aesthetic and economic value of birds and animals, promoting comprehensive and uniform legis-

lation, and the employment of wardens to protect colonies of birds during the breeding season. He said: "I am glad to be able to present the best report of work done since the organization of the society." Some of its main features are the following: The adoption of the model law in Louisiana and Mississippi, thus helping to close the gap in the coast States; the organization of an active, aggressive Audubon Society, now doing splendid work in California; a largely increased membership in the societies of many States; a large bird reservation, including seven islands, in the Gulf of Mexico made by President Roosevelt at the request of the national association. Thirty-five wardens were employed during the year, and the colonies of birds guarded by them show a remarkable increase, not having been disturbed by hunters or eggers. These wardens were located, ten in Maine, one in Massachusetts, two in New York, eight in Virginia, four in North Carolina, four in Florida, two in Oregon, one each in Texas, Michigan, and Louisiana. A special warden has been placed in charge of the reservation above mentioned. Literature has been sent out to agriculturists and the public schools. Illustrated lectures have been loaned to schools and societies. Several lecturers have been in the field advocating the objects of the Audubon societies. Most valuable aid has been rendered by the United States Department of Agriculture, Post-Office Department, Lighthouse Department, and Department of the Interior. Plans set forth for the coming year are to secure additional legislation, to defend our laws from objectionable amendments, to organize additional societies, prosecute the educational work in every direction, and to increase the number of bird guards as fast as our means will permit. It is also proposed to incorporate the National Association of Audubon Societies, that it may legally receive bequests and gifts for carrying on its work. Mr. Dutcher informed the audience that a New York philanthropist had already made a bequest of \$100,000, and it is proposed to appeal to the bird lovers of the country to increase the amount to \$1,000,000, the interest of this fund to be used for wild bird and animal protection in North America.

At the morning session, Dr. T. S. Palmer, of Washington, gave a talk on the "Prairie Chicken." Cumulative records were presented by colored maps showing the range of the bird and the methods of obtaining data. He expressed the opinion that the outlook for continuance of the species is most encouraging. In Nebraska shipments have practically ceased, and in many States a close season has been adopted, and all violations are followed up. In some States their killing has been prohibited temporarily in order to insure future abundance. In many markets where they used to be sold by thousands there are now none on sale. More are sold in Boston than anywhere else.

CENTRAL.

New Light Among Unnaturalists.

IN spite of all the pow-wow among the scientists over the new school of natural history writers, they seem to thrive, and one of them has just written a book, which even Mr. John Burroughs cannot fail to commend. More than any of its predecessors, it brings to light the principles, or the lack of them, underlying the school of the "Unnaturalists" and adds to old acquaintances a new and notable "Book of Clever Beasts." The book is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons and purports to be by Miss Myrtle Reed. We conjecture, from internal evidence, that it has been edited by Miss Reed. It would have taken a very clever man to write it. All the higher critics of Birdville Center are at loggerheads over the authorship. One, a woman-hater, declares that it is much too clever to have been written by any mere woman. Another thinks that some of the incidents smack too much of those of other famous animals already recorded; but everybody who has read Mr. Thompson-Seton's delightful works knows that animals repeat themselves, else how could his "Wully" have been so much like Red Wully in "Bob, Son of Battle"? The artist at the Center, who has carefully studied Mr. Peter Newell's illustrations, and who knows how Mr. Newell can topsy-turvy anything into anything else he pleases, reports that there is no cryptogram concealed in the illustrations. The general impression is that this is the last work of Mr. Sitdown, who very likely died of mental exhaustion, leaving nothing behind him but this manuscript, which has been put in order for the press by Miss Reed, whose name the publishers inadvertently left on the title-page, after the manner of a book, which has recently received much attention in FOREST AND STREAM.

The little book, which seems to be as veracious as any of the recent books on natural history, tells of Mr. Johnson-Sitdown's experience as a "Little Brother of the Woods." He lives in the forest, a quiet and retired life, making notes upon the creatures for whose lives he has obtained contracts from the publishers. The others have little interest for him. "I knew Hoot-Mon (the owl) of course—every Little Brother of the Woods knows Hoot-Mon—but an article on him had not yet been ordered, and so I made no special study of him." It is only later that he makes the acquaintance which ripened into such a beautiful friendship. "I had written about everything I knew for the magazines, and my work was still in demand, but, seemingly, there were no new animals." Then only does he begin to cultivate Hoot-Mon. He discovers the nest, "long and narrow, with a great bundle of feathers at one end for a pillow. Hoot-Mon was asleep, lying flat on his back, with a blanket made of rabbit skins over him, snoring audibly. In the bottom of the nest was a hare mattress. I did not disturb him, for he works at night and needs his sleep in the daytime."

This thoughtfulness pervades and beautifies the book. Mr. Sitdown seldom fails to call attention to his kindheartedness—and his jeweled repeater. "I never shot any more ducks," he says again, "and refused, ever afterward, to wear duck trousers in summertime. These garments are really a luxury, being made of canvas-back duck."

"I do not claim that my owl was more brilliant than the owls of my fellow unnaturalists, but only that I had superior opportunities to study. When a Little

Brother of the Woods sees anything that I have missed, I do not call him a liar, and I expect others to pay the same courtesy to me."

While waiting for these compliments to be returned, Mr. O. Sitdown-Johnson Johnson-Sitdown—to give him his full name—lived a whole winter with Hoot-Mon. "Often he got hungry for his own kind of food, and at such times I would put on some red flannel stockings I had made for him, without feet; a red flannel shawl, pinned closely at the throat, and a face-mask, also of red flannel, with openings for the eyes and beak and those wonderful ears, of which I have spoken before. He got so that whenever he wished to go hunting, he would search out these articles from the corner in the cabin, where they were kept—never forgetting the safety-pin that fastened the shawl—bring them to me and stand very still while I put them on."

Later on we read of the pathetic end of Hoot-Mon. He twisted his head entirely off—an event not without precedent in the literature of the "Little Brothers." "I was stunned, and it was more than an hour before I saw how it had happened. It was my own fault; no one but myself was to blame. An owl will turn his head but never his body, and Hoot-Mon had followed me around the stump with fond eyes until he had wrung his own neck." But, as the author admits when speaking of Jim Crow: "Even if Jim had not been so very dead, I could not have saved him, for in the words of a rival unnaturalist, 'there are no hospitals for sick crows.'"

Through such simple and unaffected accounts of actual friendship with the animals, we learn the life-histories of little Upsidaisi, the mouse; Jagg, the scoot-away goat; Snoof, the bear; Kitchi-Kitchi, the squirrel; Jim Crow; Hoop-la, the wonderful fox; Jenny Rag-tail, the rabbit; and Hoot-Mon, the owl. All are intelligent and affectionate beasts, ready at any time to instruct and amuse their human inferiors. There is less of sadness in this book than in most of its sort; the author skillfully avoids the tearful conclusion more than once. "It was not pleasant," he says on one occasion, "even though the end of a wild animal is always a tragedy. The only way to make a story of this kind untragic, is to quit before you get through."

When we consider the needless tears we have all shed over the true animals existing only in the imagination of the unnaturalists, we first begin to realize how much sweetness and light are added to existence by this discovery of Mr. Sitdown's. We can all do just what he did—"quit before we get through." No more shall we need to pursue these harrowing tales to the end—we are free to leave off anywhere, even before we begin. No other group of fiction writers ever so terrorized their audience, compelling their readers to weep over the funerals of those whose wedding bells they had just rung! What would novel-reading result in, if that were insisted on. A strike, gentle readers, But why should we submit in the case of the loves and the lives of the lower animals? Are their lives any more inevitably tragic than ours? What is tragedy anyway?

The book under review makes an appeal to reason not noted in any of its predecessors; it offers some proof of the statements contained. Lovers of truth are urged not to omit the appendix. (Probably all books, like all men, would have appendices if the publishers did not cut 'em out.)

"Realizing that much of this work must of necessity seem almost incredible to all save genuine Little Brothers of the Woods, I have, at great expense and difficulty, secured for exhibition purposes, a collection of relics which will fully substantiate every statement I have made."

"This exhibition will be an annual affair, and will be held in the main office of my publishers, on Nov. 31 only."

"Admission is free to all who hold a copy of this book under the left arm. Copies are not transferable."

"The complete catalogue will be found on the following pages."

Among the exhibits we note the following:

"A 4—Mainspring of my jeweled repeater."

"A 10—Returned manuscript. A 11, A 12, A 13, the same."

"E 16—Picture of me, showing crow's feet around eyes."

"G 8—Pen sketch of Jenny drawing map."

"G 9—Better picture of same thing—'Wild Animals I Have Known,' p. 122."

"G 20—Drawing of rabbit entertainment."

"G 21—Superior picture of same thing—'Ways of Wood Folk,' p. 250."

"H 28—Rabbit's tail in alcohol. (This exhibit has the words, 'A tragedy,' lettered on the bottle, being the end of a wild animal.)"

At last we have a succinct and satisfactory definition of what an animal tragedy is—it is a rabbit's tail! Mr. Johnson-Sitdown deserves the thanks of all seekers after truth for having discovered what was the will-o'-the-wisp which, for seven years or more, we have been chasing when we worked so anxiously, so tearfully to get the last glimpse of the tragic end of some wild animal!

FANNY HARDY ECKSTROM.

P. S.—The illustrations, by Peter Newell, are not tragic at all, even though they are killingly funny; but readers take their risks.

P. S. S.—It is hoped in order to accommodate FOREST AND STREAM readers, to whom this comes too late, that the publishers will re-open this exhibit on the second Saturday after Christmas, this present year. If some one else will head a petition to that effect, the present critic is willing to take the tragedy part of it.

The Linnaean Society of New York.

REGULAR meetings of the Society will be held at the American Museum of Natural History, 77th street and Eighth avenue, on Tuesday evening, December 13 and 27, at 8:15 o'clock.

December 13—B. S. Bowditch, "Photography in Nature Study." Illustrated by lantern slides.

December 27—C. G. Abbott, "A week with the Ospreys on Gardiner's Island." Illustrated by lantern slides.

C. G. ABBOTT, Secretary.

"Monarch, the Big Bear."

Editor Forest and Stream:

Western does not agree with my defense of Ernest Thompson Seton in FOREST AND STREAM for November 19. He says: "Dr. Morris' letter on the subject of Mr. Seton, Mr. Kelly and Monarch, does more credit to his genial cheerfulness of nature and his tolerance of human frailty than it does to his ethical sense."

Now, what are these books of Seton and of Kelly? They are nothing but literature, anyway. Some of us have been brought up in the hard school of science, where the slightest deviation from truth is a fly in the milk; but we love to step down into the garden of literature, where the fly is a butterfly, spreading its gorgeous wings over a single drop of milk just long enough to get potential for a new flight. It is a short step from biology down to metaphysics, from that to history, and then to pure literature. People who are fooled by literature would not get things straight anyway, so what is the difference so long as literature is enjoyable? Let it go at that.

Concerning my Redruff ideas that pleased Mr. Seton, Western says: "It happened that the proceeding did not touch Dr. Morris in a sensitive spot, so he doesn't mind." A man on earth has little time for bothering with sensitive spots. In fact, some of us hold that a sensitive man is a most dangerous element in society. His feelers come out like the claws of a basketful of crabs whenever a finger is pointed at him admiringly or in caution. Sensitive men are apt to reach out and pinch at anything that attracts their attention. Put your sensitive men in a basket and cover them up with sea weed where they can nab at each other, but out of sight of useful folks.

Western says further: "Suppose Mr. Seton had heard Dr. Morris give a detailed account of his treatment of a case of surgery, and had set himself up as a surgeon * * * and if he should happen to achieve brilliant success, would that make any difference concerning the doctor's convictions about the moral status of the affair?" Why, bless your soul, my good Western, do you not know that that is just what happens every day in our professional life? Whenever I spend time, money, and labor in developing a new procedure, the first thing that comes out of it is a ferocious attack from colleagues who have not as yet given the matter attention. That is not only right, but desirable, because so many fanciful things are foisted upon the public by well-meaning doctors that the only safeguard lies in battling every head that bobs up with a new idea. The idea when let loose will care for itself if it is sound. The next result is that after the fighting is over my product is appropriated by men who have not had to bear the onus of the contest, and they make all of the profit. It may cost a surgeon thousands of dollars and loss of prestige and of friendships to bring out an idea, the eventual profits of which go to others. What are we all working for, anyway, for ourselves or for the crowd? There is no doubt a certain sort of satisfaction in working for one's self; but it is twice as much fun to work for the crowd. Give me the fun, and let the losses go. But does appropriation of ideas in literature mean loss? I bought both of the books in question on account of the plagiarism charge, and that meant at least thirty cents added to the incomes of the authors.

L. F. Brown also says that it is naughty for one writer to take material that has been painfully gathered by another. Oh, it is not such a painful process! Life is a struggle and a fight, like a game of football or any other healthful amusement, and it is good sport to play both games.

Where does a widgeon get his fine flavor? By snatching dainty roots of valisneria that are brought up from the bottom by other ducks. Is it a painful process for other ducks to pull up the valisneria? Not a bit of it; they do it for exercise after they have had a fill. The widgeon knows just what it wants for developing an exquisite flavor, and that is why so many people are after Setgeons. Human nature craves romance. The best of real things are not good enough for us. Down on the South Bay there are two gunners living in the same village, with whom I go after ducks. At the opening of the season one will write: "Some ducks in the Bay. Flocks not yet broken up properly for decoying. Weather not good; wait until I send for you." The other gunner writes on the same day: "Never saw so many ducks here before. Thousands in sight from the window as I write. All breaking up nicely. Weather just the thing. Come right down." Both gunners are looking at the very same ducks, only they state the matter differently. Which gunner's advice would you follow?

ROBERT T. MORRIS.

P. S.—We have many more widgeons in the medical profession than in the profession of literature, and the public actually fosters them. They not only take the best that is brought up, but not content with that, seek to keep the real workers obscured for fear that they will obtain credit that is their due. If the workers are truly altruistic, they let everything go, and get their joy out of seeing the public get the benefit of their work, even though it means loss to them. If a writer in general literature is truly altruistic, I think he can maintain a similar attitude when others make use of his facts.

NEW YORK, DEC. 2.

Did He Mean It—or Didn't He?

Editor Forest and Stream:

I read Dr. Morris' remarks re Seton Thompson's appropriation of Allen Kelly's "Monarch Bear" stories. And then I read them again. They reminded me of the Hibernian barber who shaved me a few days ago at the Southern Hotel in St. Louis. My mind was a thousand miles away, and, influenced by strenuous thought, I budged a little. "Am I hurtin' of yez, sohr?" said Pat. "Gwan," said I, "I didn't know you were shaving me!" And with uplifted razor in one hand and meditatively rubbing his chin with the other, said he: "Well, sohr, I don't know but that's a compliment, begorra!"

And that's the way I feel about Dr. Morris' article on Mr. Seton Thompson—"begorra" it's complimentary. At first I imagined Dr. Morris was a rubbing of it in to the hide of Mr. Thompson with a velvety hand, just as one is

wont to rub in croton oil with a soft rag; but I am afraid "I have it not," like the Irishman who, when asked by his friend had he a light, Pat replied, as he pulled on his stogie, "I have"—a draw, a puff of wind—"I have not," and out went the match! Now, when I imagined Dr. Morris was just laying open Mr. Thompson with a keen-edged scalpel, "I had not" his intention at all.

It's all right for Dr. Morris to complacently watch the water in his brook meander to beautify the grounds of Mr. Thompson, but that water cost Dr. Morris effort of no kind; for do not the springs gush unaided from somewhere on Dr. Morris' estate to run their watery course free and untrammelled to the sea!

In the commercial world the confusion of *meum et tuum* is looked upon with a less lenient eye. Witness an electrical sharp, who, finding that his water pipes were undergoing an attack of electrolosis, just simply wires up his house and warms and lights his rooms from current drawn from his water pipe by means of properly arranged wires. The lighting company learned of it, and at least threatened all sorts of things. They called it robbery because they had produced the current at the expense of coal and labor. But there was no labor involved in the flowage of the springs; but there was labor—brain work—involved in the production of Allen Kelly's stories so deftly utilized by Mr. Thompson.

As I stated above, I was completely fooled when reading Dr. Morris' supposed strictures on the literary strabismus perpetrated by Mr. Thompson. I for one would like to hear more from Dr. Morris upon this subject. It is a most interesting one, to say the least.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

ST. PAUL, MINN., DEC. 2.

MONTREAL, DEC. 2.—Editor Forest and Stream: The correspondence anent Mr. E. Thompson Seton is, I think, one which will warrant an expression of opinion from one who knows him pretty thoroughly, inasmuch as two of the letters published might lead the public to think that Mr. Seton is not a close and appreciative student of nature. I know very well, indeed, much of the country, its fauna, and its Indians, about which Mr. Seton writes, and I must say that he has enlarged my horizon although interested in these things myself. Mr. Seton is a thorough investigator, he is a scientific authority upon the habits of many wild animals, he is a student of human nature, and an artist and naturalist. I have never wasted any of the hours that have been spent in his company, but have always come away with the feeling that I had learnt something, and that the good-natured part of me was working more actively.

I do not wish to pronounce upon the subject of "Monarch the Big Bear" and Mr. Kelly; but there are tens of thousands of Mr. Seton's friends who may be misled by the controversy into exaggerating Mr. Seton's fault—if fault there be—in connection with the story. I am inclined to think him guilty of a trivial plagiarism only (if guilty at all), and one which the thousands to whom he has given pleasure and profit will readily forgive.

Let us, at all events, keep an unbiased mind until we hear from Mr. Seton, who is now in Europe.

L. O. ARMSTRONG.

How Do They Do It?

Editor Forest and Stream:

Three things are puzzling to me—yea, four:

1. The partridge drum. I used to think I knew all about it, and whether the bird smote the log or not. If so, many of your communicators could not tell what they know—half of them knowing quite the opposite of what the other half knows—I would still retain and maintain and defend against all comers my conviction that the bird does strike the log; or does not—I am not prepared at this moment to satisfy myself as to which one of the two theories I am just now holding.

2. How does the hummingbird maintain itself perfectly still in the air when it is sipping sweets or extracting insects from the flowers? I can understand how the rapid movement of the wings which produce the hum can drive the bird forward in its darting movements, but how that same hum can be kept up and the bird go neither forward nor backward nor up nor down, is too much for me to comprehend.

3. How does a flying fish fly? Does it by moving its "wings" propel itself through the air by fin movement, or does it get its entire momentum before it emerges from the water, and simply use its fins to steer by, or to support itself by their planes while in the air. I have spent hours in trying to determine this point by watching the actual fish as seen from the deck of a sailing vessel or steamer. I do not know any more about it now than I did before. Your Santa Catalina Island readers perhaps can give me some light on the problem.

4. Another question as to fin work. How does the porpoise propel itself through the water? From the bow of a swiftly moving steamer I have looked down into water so clear that it was practically as transparent as the atmosphere, and have watched a school of porpoises playing along the bow, swimming at equal speed with the steamer, and now falling behind, and then darting ahead, and ever and anon emerging from the water to blow. Every part of the body of the porpoise was visible, but look as closely as I would, I could not detect a movement of the flippers. All I could see was the upward movement of the tail which drove the porpoise head down, and the downward movement of the tail which drove the creature up out of the water. The specific question I wish to ask is, does a porpoise propel itself by its flippers? Presumably the movement of the porpoise is analogous to that of fishes, and some of your students of the fish in the water may solve this puzzle.

GEO. A. BENT.

In Jordan and Evermann's "Fishes of North and Middle America," the flight of the flying fish is described as follows: "Observations on the flight of these fishes, and especially of *Exocoetus californicus*, have been several times made under most favorable conditions by Dr. Charles H. Gilbert and the writer. The flying fishes live in the open sea, swimming in large schools. They

will 'fly' a distance of from a few rods to more than an eighth of a mile, rarely rising more than three or four feet. Their movements in the water are extremely rapid; the sole source of motive power is the action of the strong tail while in the water. No force is acquired while the fish is in the air. On rising from the water, the movements of the tail are continued until the whole body is out of the water. While the tail is in motion, the pectorals seem to be in a state of rapid vibration, but this is apparent only, due to the resistance of the air to the motions of the animal. While the tail is in the water, the ventrals are folded. When the action of the tail ceases, the pectorals and ventrals are spread and held at rest. They are not used as wings, but act rather as parachutes to hold the body in the air. When the fish begins to fall, the tail touches the water, when its motion again begins, and with it the apparent motion of the pectorals. It is thus enabled to resume its flight, which it finishes finally with a splash. While in the air it resembles a large dragon-fly. The motion is very swift, at first in a straight line, but later deflected into a curve. The motion has no relation to the direction of the wind. When a vessel is passing through a school of these fishes, they spring up before it, moving in all directions, as grasshoppers in a meadow."

The Sleeping, Smelling Black Duck.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. L. F. Brown's invitation to take me to Pamlico Sound, a place where I have long wanted to go, is most generous and kind. Unfortunately, however, I cannot, like the black duck, "get away."

From Mr. Brown's description of the places to be visited, I feel sure that I would see no flock of black ducks all asleep at once. Unlike Mr. Brown, I cannot say that I would not see such a thing; but I would be willing to gamble my last dollar on it. After re-reading the descriptions of the places and the conditions under which Mr. Brown has observed black ducks, it is no wonder that he has never seen a pair asleep. I have made a specialty of dusky mallards all my life, and I have never "caught them napping" under such conditions. So far so good; but if I went on to say that no man ever did, then my observations become valueless. So far as my observations go, the conditions for a pair of sleeping black ducks are as follows: In the spring, say in middle March, a soft, dark day with the snow falling fast from the south, no wind, the river full of drifting ice, no shooting going on, a pair of newly mated ducks, quarter or half a mile from shore, on an ice floe. Nor is it every day or every such day that one would find a pair sleeping. I have never seen three ducks asleep at once—it is always a pair, which, newly mated, seem to be "two minds with a single thought, two hearts that beat as one."

A neighbor of mine, Mr. Hudson Covert, who has also hunted black ducks several springs gone past, says he also has seen a pair of black ducks asleep. "But," he says, "if the boat happened to hit a cake of ice as I paddled up, away went the ducks. Also, one day I had a friend with me who could neither paddle or shoot. When I got within easy range, I turned the boat sidewise to shoot, and then, too, the ducks always jumped. Another time on Black Creek, when not hunting, I found a pair of black ducks asleep on a strip of ice outside the fringe of willow-herb and dodder. They heard my paddling just as I saw them. By the very comical but startled way in which they stretched their necks and 'rubbered,' I knew they had both been asleep. As soon as they saw me they sprung into the air. More tellingly to the point, however, is an experience of mine one spring, when I was using a new-fangled boat I had just built. The boat was long, narrow, and low, and being painted white, needed no battery. I lay flat on my back in it, making it go by a device of my own, of which I will say no more than that it worked 'by hand,' and therefore was not in violation of law. I found it did not work, however, for though I could get near the ducks, I could not raise up, seize my gun and aim quick enough to catch the swift-flying black ducks before they were out of range. I got hardly any ducks with it, and returned to the use of a battery. But one day I saw a pair of blacks asleep. It was snowing and raining. I came up to within thirty yards of them, rose up, adjusted myself, raised my gun and aimed, the ducks remaining motionless. They were asleep, and when they awoke, they found themselves in the next world. The reason I remember it so distinctly, was from my trying out the new boat. It was a mile below Judge Parker's, off the end of Esopus Island."

Mr. John Burroughs, in his article in Outing, also says he has seen four black ducks asleep. If he says so, I believe him; had he gone on to say that there was no man who had not seen a pair of black ducks asleep, I would have been skeptical.

Mr. Hardy, the famous Maine woodsman, has also seen a pair of black ducks asleep under just the conditions that one would expect to find them.

Maybe black ducks can smell cheese, but those that I have seen can't smell a man. I have paddled up close to black ducks with a gale blowing from me to them. Mr. William Brewster, of Cambridge, Mass., says they can't smell at all. A fox can smell you, but if you stand or sit motionless, he cannot see you. A duck can see you ten miles away (I sometimes believe), but can't smell you.

To Mr. Otto Keim I will say, that last spring was the first time the law has been on ducks in March. I shot no ducks then.

JAMES ACKERT, JR.

The New York State League.

THE annual meeting of the New York State League was held in Syracuse on Thursday of this week. Among the subjects discussed was the proposed law forbidding the sale of grouse and woodcock. A report of the proceedings will be found in our issue of next week.



GAME BAG AND GUN



A Federal Game Law.*

An Act to Protect Migratory Game Birds of the United States.

WHEREAS, experience has shown that laws passed by the States and Territories of the United States to protect game birds within their respective limits have proved insufficient to protect those kinds and classes of said birds which are migratory in their habits, and which nest and hatch their young in States other than those in which they pass the usual hunting season, and in some cases breed beyond the boundaries of the United States;

And whereas such local laws are also inapplicable and insufficient to protect such game birds as, in their migrations, are found in the public waters of the United States, outside the limits and jurisdiction of the several States and Territories;

And whereas the absence of uniform and effective laws and regulations in such cases has resulted in the wholesale destruction and the threatened extermination of many valuable species of said game birds, which cannot be practically restored or re-stocked under State laws applicable in the case of game birds having their permanent habitat within the respective States and Territories, therefore,

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,

Section 1. That all wild geese, wild swans, brant, wild ducks, snipe, plover, woodcock, rail, wild pigeons, and all other migratory game birds which in their northern and southern migrations pass through or do not remain permanently the entire year within the borders of any State or Territory, shall hereafter be deemed to be within the custody and protection of the Government of the United States, and shall not be destroyed or taken contrary to regulation hereinafter provided for.

Sec. 2. That the Department of Agriculture is hereby authorized to adopt suitable regulations to give effect to the previous section by prescribing and fixing closed seasons, having due regard to the zones of temperature, breeding habits and times and line of migratory flight, thereby enabling the Department to select and designate suitable districts for different portions of the country within which said closed seasons it shall not be lawful to shoot or by any device kill or seize and capture migratory birds within the protection of this law, and by declaring penalties by fine or imprisonment, or both, for violations of such regulations.

Sec. 3. That the Department of Agriculture, after the preparation of said regulations, shall cause the same to be made public, and shall allow a period of three months, in which said regulations may be examined and considered, before final adoption, permitting, when deemed proper, public hearings thereon, and after final adoption to cause same to be engrossed and submitted to the President of the United States for approval.

Provided, however, that nothing herein contained shall be deemed to affect or interfere with the local laws of the States and Territories for the protection of game localized within their borders, nor to prevent the States and Territories from enacting laws and regulations to promote and render efficient the regulations of the Department of Agriculture provided under this statute.

House Bill No. 15601, introduced Dec. 5 by Hon. George Shiras 3d, of Pennsylvania, and referred to the Committee on Agriculture, Hon. Jas. W. Wadsworth, of New York, Chairman.

Who Are the True Sportsmen?

AS DIFFERENT persons choose to shoot small game in different ways, and I never could see that it made any odds to the game whether it was shot flying or sitting, I have never interfered with other people or called them hard names because they did not do as I did. At the same time my private opinion is that very few of those who cry out about "pot-hunting" or unsportsmanlike ways of shooting, have ever given game the same chance that I have.

First as to duck shooting: I have always considered it a mean, lazy way to shoot any kind of ducks, except on sea shore, from behind a blind or with decoys or by baiting. I consider it giving the ducks a great deal fairer chance either by long rifle shots or by creeping to them and taking any chance which offered, either flying or sitting, or as the most of my shooting at ducks has been to shoot from a moving canoe at ducks which are usually on the wing. We have but few ducks here, and it is extremely rare that one can get over half a dozen in a day on our lakes or streams, and yet many of those who kill from 25 to 100 in a day from behind blinds, where not a tithe of the skill is required, will find fault with the man who may shoot one bird in three sitting, and kill the rest in fair flight instead of when dropping down to, or rising from, decoys, when the birds are often nearly as still as when sitting, and offering a great deal larger mark. Any fair wing shot knows that he is surer to kill most kinds of ducks flying than sitting. I have shot mostly at wood ducks and blue-winged teal, and have averaged better at those flying than those sitting, but often it is "Hobson's choice." After crawling for a long time, one gets a chance to poke a gun through the bushes, where there is no chance to shoot in any other way except sitting. I believe that the man who can by fair still-hunting get a chance to fire at ducks as wild as they are here, is entitled to shoot in any way he chooses, and it is no one else's business.

Most men who shoot ruffed grouse prefer to shoot over a dog. Of course in this kind of shooting they must shoot flying. But I notice that they give the bird as small a chance as possible. They usually shoot a cylinder-bored gun with $1\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ ounces of shot, usually No. 8.

If the object of wing-shooting is to increase the bird's chance of life, why not shoot as I do—a choke-bore with only one ounce of No. 6 or No. 4? I have shot at least 2,000 ruffed grouse, and have never shot a single one by the help of a dog. Probably at least half of them have been shot where the birds are as wild as can be found in the United States. I have depended on myself to do the hunting, and would prefer to kill one in this way to several shot over a dog—unless the dinner depended upon it. For many years I used a gun with one barrel rifled, and where grouse were tame I nearly always shot at the head and can count by the hundred those shot in that way. Often when I have missed I have not used the shot barrel unless I needed the bird to eat, and repeatedly I have shot a single bird when there were three or four others looking at me while I reloaded my rifle, and have picked up my bird and left the others without disturbing them. I have shot quite a number of ruffed grouse flying, but I had much rather gun a shy old bird and after starting him five or six times shoot him running or sitting, than to shoot one flying without any gunning. I once started one nine times before I shot him, and have him now mounted. It is not the quantity of game I get that I care for; it is the way I get it. I have no fault to find with those who prefer to hunt with dogs; in fact the most of them would not get much if they did not use them; but I am sure that if more hunted game as I do, there would not be such an outcry about the scarcity of birds.

The great mass of so-called sportsmen need to be educated up to the fact that to bring in a large bag of any kind of game does not prove that the owner is a good gunner. When a man has to depend on a dog for his game, he from necessity does not learn as much about the habits of the game he shoots as the one who does his own hunting. Many people seem to think that the end and aim of all gunning is to kill all one can. Now, I do not believe in killing anything for the mere sake of killing. For many years I have not shot a heron, bittern, fish-hawk, log-cock, kingfisher, woodchuck or porcupine, simply because I had no use for them, and if they did any harm it was so small that there was no good excuse for killing them. The gentleman who signs himself "A Blunt Old Man" expresses my views better than I can, and has my thanks. Robert Burdette once, in speaking of an article entitled "Every Man His Own Grammarian," said, "That is which I always did." So I have always gone my way and let the other man go his, but I believe that the man who does his own hunting without any aid of dogs, blinds, decoys, etc., is the truest sportsman, and although he may not decrease the game supply so much, is the best gunner.

M. HARDY.

Shooting Ducks Sitting.

Editor of Forest and Stream:

One or two duck hunters who have killed dusky mallards on the Hudson in springtime from behind white muslin blinds, have actually admitted that they then shot ducks not only sitting at rest, but ducks that were, in addition, sound asleep! Truly strange admissions to supposedly bring credit to the writers when printed in America's foremost sporting publication!

Such "sportsmen" and law-breakers have caused stringent enactments by nearly all the States, forbidding, under penalties, various pot-hunting practices—limiting the time of year, day or week, number and kinds of blinds, guns and decoys, boats, and of the ducks killed, and forbidding their sale or transportation, and the use of poisoned or medicated food, etc.

If one of these pot-hunters were a guest at the club house of almost any shooting club, and should fire at ducks when they were at rest or asleep, he would have a very uncomfortable experience furnished to him by almost any club member who saw him. Many clubs punish such shooting by a fine, or even by expulsion for a new offense after admonishment.

Yet some "Blunt Old Man" fires a flint-lock blunderbuss here in defense of such practices, and as their champion declares that reference to them in deprecation is "implied criticism" and "insinuation."

Sportsmen readers are entitled to know who it is that assumes to rebuke them and furnish instruction that such practices are universal among duck shooters. Who is Blunt Old Man? Let him get from behind his blind and shoot in the open.

L. F. B.

ST. PAUL, MINN.—Editor Forest and Stream: I admire the bluntness of the "Blunt Old Man," but in such cases as this I think he ought to follow Priscilla's advice and speak for himself, and not for others. *De gustibus non disputandum.* Now, if "Blunt Old Man" takes everything coming his way, sitting or standing or sleeping, he certainly is privileged to do so, but when he, as a general proposition, assumes that everybody else with a gun behind a blind will do the same thing, then I say it's time to call a halt. There is a wide difference between the ethics of a sportsman and a marketman. In the case of the latter, it's meat, and ergo, dollars, any way you can get them. I don't know how it may be with others, but if I were to fire into a flock of dusky mallards "all asleep together at the same time" (excuse me, Mr. Brown), and laid the whole flock low, including the sentinel, I'd feel ashamed of myself, unless I was shooting for market. In other words, game has no rights which the market-hunter is bound to respect. I can only speak for myself when I say that to shoot a sleeping duck, a sitting grouse, a partridge strutting on a log, or a running quail upon the ground, to my idea, is the height of unsportsmanlikeness. I wonder if mortal man or boy who, crawling up to a fence corner and shooting into a bevy of quail sunning themselves in the noonday sun, ever felt proud or satisfied with himself after the deed was done? We can go just

a little further, if the "Blunt Old Man" will permit it, and advocate the dynamiting of trout, the seining of bass, and the spearing of salmon. This is certainly getting meat, I would like to take a rising vote and thereby ascertain how many of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM are with the "Blunt Old Man" or with

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

In Cold Camp Under the Spruce.

HERE is a story of near-home camping in New England. It was written by Mr. C. H. Gere and printed in his own paper, the Hampshire Gazette, and Mr. Charles Hallock sends it to us as something that should be in FOREST AND STREAM:

CAMPING beneath the spruces in winter! Winter is when the leaves are off and water freezes. The sensation is great! A little more ozone, and much less flies and ants; much more sighing of the branches and a little more scurrying for firewood than in summer. We had camped in the Rockies in winter and survived it, but to go out from your house in a civilized part of the earth and voluntarily commit yourselves to the elements when water freezes in your bucket as you sleep, to stumble out of your tent in the morning and put on frozen shoes, to take your morning wash from an ice-fringed stream, these seemed to our home counsellors too rigorous for constitutions any less hardy than log drivers. Yet we two tried it, my son-in-law and I. We wanted to go a-hunting. We sighed for the hills. We could go up and live in board houses, and eat pie and cake and such things when the appointed meals were announced, or we could take along our tent and frying pans, and eat in the woods what we wanted, when we wanted. A majority vote of the household was for the pie and the board house, but we, the hunters, took to the woods.

After all the arguments were over, we backed a springless wagon up to the back door and loaded in the outfit. There was a 10 x 12 wall tent. A cotton mattress, abundant wool blankets, a big buffalo robe, two changes of shoes, an extra pair of pants, four pairs of stockings for each, an extra overcoat, in case we came in wet from a hunt, two cast-iron kettles, two frying pans, two water pails, plates, cups, etc. For the week's feeding of two men and two dogs there were twenty pounds of beef, a few onions, five pounds of pig sausage, five of dog sausage, four quarts of self-rising buckwheat flour, a quart jar of real maple syrup, taken back to the hills whence it came, apple sauce in glass jars, home-grown chow-chow in glass jars, two quarts of chestnuts to roast under the camp-fire at night, a peck of apples, a peck of potatoes, a peck of wheat coffee, four loaves of bread, five dozen doughnuts, two pounds of cheese and a half-pound of real Switzer, sugar and salt in glass jars (paper bags are apt to get wet and burst while camping) and three jars of jelly.

This, with the game we should shoot, seemed enough to feed two men a week. Then we had an ax, wire, a few nails, and a lantern; but our piece de résistance was a sheet-iron stove weighing about fifteen pounds, four lengths of pipe and two elbows.

We remembered a spot in the spruces, along Mill Brook in Plainfield. We would camp there. It was twenty-five miles away. We left home at 11 A. M. The way was steep, the wagon heavy; we fell short of the goal. Night was coming on us four miles short of the end. We turned into a pasture bar-way, rattled over mountains of boulders and brought up in a little clearing in a thick mass of spruces, beside a clear brook, into which we had put 5,000 of the State trout fry for several years past. There was little time to select the exact spot, though the locality was known years before, we having stopped there in the balmy June days when fishing down the brook. The earth was thick with the spruce needles and deep covered with the decay of fallen trees. Little moisture comes up from the soil through this covering. You sit around the tent and camp-fire in comfort in such a spot.

Hurriedly we unhitched, lest darkness come before the camp was made. One goes with the horse to a nearby barn, and the other, more used to camp life, makes the camp. Back the tent up against a tree, run a pole through the top of the tent to a limb of the tree, drive two stakes at the front corners, slip the ropes over the stakes, lift the front end of the pole and rest it on a forked stick; the tent is up. Drive in the other stakes and make taut the ropes; the tent is secure in a gale. It takes an experienced hand but a few minutes. Lay spruce twigs over the ground, a foot deep, throw on your mattress; you can sleep the sleep of youth, before nerves were made and care was born.

Next a fire, then to the brook for a kettle of water. Set two kettles a-boiling, one for coffee and one for dish washing. Fry ten sausages, cut half a loaf of bread. Set up the stove in the tent, running the pipe out of a hole cut in front. Then your supper is ready, and you, too. After supper grope around in the woods for dead branches, to keep the tent warm while you talk over the tame events of the day and the wild events of the morrow. Strange, anticipation is always wild, no matter how oft experience proves the morrow to be as tame as was to-day and yesterday.

After supper the glimmer of a lantern through the trees, and the clatter of footsteps over the rocks tell the approach of a visitor, a nearby farmer, known of old, who comes to sit out the evening and answer many questions of the haunts of game around about, with bright visions of which we retire, exultant in our power to slay it as it flees our approach.

The night was cold, the brook was lined with ice in the morning. Water froze a quarter-inch thick in

our bucket, yet we slept warm. By daylight we were up, the camp fire was snapping, the kettle steaming, and breakfast eaten by sunrise; boiled potatoes, pork sausage, barberry jelly, bread and butter, coffee.

The dishes are washed and everything stored away in the tent, for it looks like rain or snow. Then we start, the dog more anxious than we. Swamp, brush, alders, spruce, fallen logs, rocks, blackberry briars—what obstacle does not the hunter surmount in his eagerness to shed the blood of the affrighted remnant of the game birds of the woods and fields. Enough we saw, but none we shot, save a poor lone rabbit, which committed itself to the open by force of a dog on one side and one of the hunters on another. After six hours of weary trudging through the brush, we return to camp, unlimber our guns at the wagon, the while bemoaning our luck, when a partridge gives two preliminary twitters and bounds out of the yellow birch tree on which the tent pole rests. A partridge actually at rest, eating birch buds! We could have killed it had we seen it sitting there. Clearly, this is no place for us, we must move.

After dinner we load up and move through Plainfield Center, about four miles, to our originally selected spot. Deep in the spruces, where no wind blows, the ground dry with spruce needles, on a knoll, whence water would run quickly in case of rain, a little brook just far enough off to sing softly at night, and a trout in the hole where you dip your water, such the spot. At dusk we arrive. Two partridges, gone to roost in the spruces, fly as we come, and a rabbit scurries off into the denser woods.

The noise of the camp making is over, supper eaten, and stillness comes over the forest. The stove is fired by green yellow birch, a good burner, probably best of all woods green, though white and black birch and hickory burn nearly as readily green. Nearby people come to see how comfortable one can be in a tent in November. They were not cold, though the night was very frosty outside. The second night we had other visitors and a long spell at high five.

Here we try the white rabbits, going to the spruce woods around Plainfield Pond. It wants a good dog for this work, one that is very active in search and slow on the trail. Rare traits are these in combination. An active dog is apt to be too quick on the trail, and overrun the scent. Then he has to take too much time in making circles around the places where he left the scent. The best sport is had with two dogs, one a vigorous brush beater, to get up the rabbit, and the other slow on the trail. The white rabbit does not live in holes, as the small brown rabbit does, and never goes into a hole unless wounded. He sleeps in the daytime under a bush, or fallen tree-top, or in thick laurel. To get the rabbit running, your dog must first find him, and this is the longest part of the hunt. When started, the rabbit will run off perhaps a half-mile, but always comes back near where he started. The impatient hunter tries to keep up with the hound, whose baying is a delightful sound as it sifts back through the long woods. The patient waiter, though chilled in body and cold of feet, stays where the pursuit began, and then doesn't always get a shot. The talking of companions will turn the rabbit from his course, as it will a flying partridge. Keep still, get in certain runways, if you know them, and from ten to forty rods ahead of the hound will come the rabbit, and it's a quick shot you get at best. If the leaves are dry, the dog will be slow on the trail, but if the leaves are damp or there is a moist snow the rabbit is pretty certain of a long chase unless the hunter interferes. There is no other sport equal to running white rabbits with a good hound. Partridge shooting requires more skill, and a dog of finer qualities to hold the bird to a point, but the bird dog never barks. There is no music. The sympathetic reader may be inclined to pity the poor rabbit, so relentlessly pursued by the hound, but, however much or little the noise of the dog and the fact of pursuit may prey on the rabbit's nerves, the speed of the chase is no tax on the rabbit's strength, because the rabbit frequently leaps at right angles from his course and throws the dog off the scent long enough to give the rabbit plenty of rest.

White rabbits are not as plentiful as formerly, and it is probably not because they are killed by hunters. They seem to migrate. They leave a section where they have long been numerous and are unknown there for a number of years, then they come back. It is said that they will not live in the same region with the brown rabbit, just as the gray squirrels are driven away by red squirrels.

It is a wise provision of nature that the food of the browsing animals, rabbit, deer, partridge, should be richer in winter than in summer, and in summer richer than the grasses on which foraging animals, cattle and horses live. Common grasses contain about 4½ per cent. of protein, and the tender ends of brush about 7 per cent. in summer. In winter the brush is much richer in nutrition than in summer, for trees are busy all summer storing up in their buds starch and sugar and fat, that they may make a rapid growth when the first warm days of another growing season come again, and be ready to blossom, fruit and seed, that the great work of reproduction may be well done.

On our rabbit hunt our dog followed the trail of two deer, the tracks of which we ourselves could see in the frosted grass. Speaking of deer, one came close to our tent one night, then running away, with much crashing of dead branches. There is room up there on Hampshire's highest hills for deer. Miles and miles of wooded hills and pastures growing up to brush, with lessening habitations of man, is the aspect. Mixed with the baying of our hounds came the puff of a steam saw-mill, working up the spruce into barrel staves, the beech and maple into chair stock, the ash into scythe handles and wagon material.

We were back home from the rabbit hunt at 1 o'clock, and took time for an elaborate meal of boiled beef, put in the kettle the night before, and kept simmering well into the night. Nothing like beef when you are using up muscular tissue behind a dog. It fills the need of the tired hunter better than any other food, and smacks more of the aboriginal menu than anything

else procurable. When the Indian surcharges his frame with a meat dinner he lies down and sleeps. That was what we did, and when we woke and stumbled out of the tent, there sat a partridge, not twenty feet from the camp-fire, and no gun ready for her. We cut the branches from the spruces down to the dipping place in the brook, and a beautiful walk it was, over the soft dead needles and dry moss. We examined the trout in the brook, now in their brightest colors, ready for the mating, which comes Nov. 16, with hardly a day's fail. The fins of the trout were bordered with a wide stripe of white, and a lesser stripe of scarlet, and the scarlet and white spots on the sides were more pronounced than in summer. In a pond, nearby, where there are thousands of trout in summer, there were few now, and these were at the head of it in the current, lying over freshly cleaned gravel, whereon they were to drop their spawn. It's a great work, this reproduction, and from the tadpole up, only shirked by man.

Say, look at that queer looking stump over across the pond! Sticks up from a clear space beneath the spruces. Looks like a bottle, with a long neck, and the neck twisted a little sideways. Great Caesar! can it be a partridge? Quick, the gun!

Alas, too late! A couple of hops, a couple of "peeps," "pceps," a spread of wings, and off she goes; another chance missed.

The next day we would hunt partridge. We would get up early, get a quick meal, and be off by sunrise. There was a dim light in the east when we turned out. What a glorious thrill to feel the zest of life return, as you grope to the brook for a wash in the icy water, and appetite strong for a lantern-light breakfast. Buck-wheat griddle cakes? Yes, just the thing for a strenuous day and easy had. Pour in a little syrup to make them brown good, flop them in the air by a deft turn of the wrist (takes a strong nerve to risk a delicious, big, brown slap-jack on this aerial toss), and serve hot, with sausage. Who couldn't shoot partridges on such a meal!

When we came to, it was 10 o'clock. Maybe it was the griddle cakes, or maybe the sausage, or maybe getting up so early. At any rate, we had slept over three hours after breakfast. But no matter, the birds are near; we haven't far to walk. We found that the partridges were eating beechnuts, but that they feed under beech trees which were not a great ways from the spruces, to give them shelter. We noticed that they started to fly with a spruce between us and them. That is education, a full college course, with a post-graduate added. In the story books they always shoot a lot of game, on great hunting trips like this of ours, and so we fashion this story.

When we were off in the woods one day we received a call from Charles Hallock, the founder of FOREST AND STREAM, and author of many books. We found his card and several magazines on our bed. Mr. Hallock spends his summers at Mr. Gurney's, in Plainfield, and the winters in various places in the South. Strange, that the first sporting book I ever read, and one of the best ever written, was largely about this very stream we heard singing in the night, Mill Brook, Plainfield. If you would catch some of the spirit of the woods, read this book of Hallock's, "The Fishing Tourist."

Another day after the rabbits, and we must go home. We hated to go. Man started in the woods, why not continue there? But no, we must go back and build higher this mighty structure of civilization, which eats up those at work in the top stories a little bit faster than they can walk into the ground floor.

The last hunt is over, the last night under the spruces, the wagon is packed, the horse is headed for home, the cold, gray clouds promise snow; but we know that we can camp out in winter with as much delight as in leafy June.

C. H. GERE.

Growth of Moss on Trees.

From the Literary Digest.

It is often said that expert woodsmen are able to ascertain the points of the compass in a forest by noting the growth of moss on the trees, the usual statement being that it is thickest on the north side. This was hardly borne out by an investigation made about two years ago by Henry Kraemer, of Philadelphia, who found that in his vicinity moss grew on all sides of the trees except the south, the predominating direction being the east. In a later investigation by a French botanist, M. Leon Bédel, it appears that no dependence at all can be placed on the moss as a guide to the points of the compass. The determining factor seems to be ability to hold moisture for the sustenance of the parasitic growth. M. Bédel, in an article in the *Revue Scientifique*, describes his observations. Alluding first to Kraemer's data, he says: "It may be seen that the parasitic growth is not thickest on the north side, but rather on the east. Looking a little closer, we find that M. Kraemer has proved a fact of considerable importance—that the moss, which does not care for publicity, tends to cling, by preference, to the parts of the trunk that are inclined from the vertical, * * * especially on those that form an acute angle with the ground. In any case, on a given trunk, the favorite habitat of mosses and other parasites, he says, is the side that 'receives and holds' the greater proportion of moisture. Here there is some vagueness, since the side that receives the most moisture is that exposed to the wind, while that which retains the most is the sheltered side. And we should also distinguish between isolated trees and trees in a wood or forest."

To clear up these points, observations have been made during the past two or three years in the neighborhood of Dozulé, France, by the author, who believes that he has established the following facts: (1) Exposure has only a slight influence on the fixation of mosses, and it is impossible to lay down a rule in the matter. (2) Mosses usually grow on the upper, rather than the lower, side of inclined trees. (3) They are more abundant on cracked and furrowed than on smooth trunks, and also on knots and lumps. (4) Moss prefers horizontal to vertical branches, and grows thickly in bifurcations. (5) The direction of the wind seems to have no influence on the fixation of moss.

The key to this whole matter appears to the author to lie in the question of moisture. He says:

"The fixation of moss on trees is governed by the degree of moisture retained. Mosses grow preferably on the parts of the tree that hold most water. This law is true for isolated trees as well as for groups. Even when grouped trees have not one face more exposed than others to moisture, they have one that holds more of it; that is to say, there is always one face more or less inclined, or more cracked, or rougher, on which the water from the leaves or branches stays longer.

"It is especially the quantity of water retained and not that received that influences the growth of the moss. Of two trees situated side by side, one with a smooth and the other with a rough trunk, the former will have no moss and the other will be covered, because the water easily runs off the one, while on the other it is held by the irregularities of surface.

"The retention of moisture explains why the upper part of horizontal branches is mossy, while the under side is not. The water, owing to gravity, strives to reach the earth in a vertical course. It does not remain on the lower side of the branch, because it can fall thence directly to the ground without meeting any obstacle, while on the upper side the branch itself opposes a direct fall. The water has to run around the branch to reach the lower side, and the roughnesses of the bark retard and retain it. * * * It is the same in the case of an inclined trunk. * * *

"To sum up: Mosses grow preferably on the parts of the tree that retain most moisture. They are thus more abundant * * * on rough or cracked parts; on the upper side of a branch or inclined trunk; on knots or bosses; at the fork of branches; at the base of the trunk.

"We may say that 'moss draws moss.' When moss has grown on a tree it is itself a powerful factor in the retention of moisture; and new moss, either of the same or a different species, develops and thus increases the extent of the green covering."

In North Carolina.

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA.—A party of Raleigh sportsmen is back from a jolly good hunt in eastern North Carolina. They left here Sunday, November 13, snow then falling, and went to Croatan in Craven county, near the junction of the Neuse and Trent rivers, prepared for a week's hunt for any and all game, principally ducks and geese. In the party were J. D. Bowen, conductor on the Seaboard Air Line; W. R. Sherman, J. J. Bowen, manager of the Southern Express office here, and his two sons. They arrived there about 6 o'clock Monday afternoon, found no one to meet them, owing to failure to get a letter giving time of arrival. They got a couple of carts to haul the luggage out to camp, seven miles distant. When they arrived at the "camp" they found an old deserted log house which had been used by fishermen as a dwelling. The whole party got busy, gathered fuel, made a fire, the weather being very cold, after which they unpacked the luggage, got out the cooking utensils and had supper at about 11 o'clock. During all this time the geese were constantly passing back and forth over and above the camp, honking so loudly that the party could hardly hear themselves talk. They went to bed full of happy anticipations of the next day's sport.

At 4 o'clock the next morning they got up and had breakfast, and just as day began to dawn they left camp, each man going in an opposite direction, of course all bent on making the largest bag for the day. They assembled again in the afternoon at 6 o'clock, when they had dinner, and then made showdown of the first day's work, which was something like twenty ducks, all mallards. They did not hunt deer the first day, though they are plentiful in that locality, but devoted some time to them later on. They spent five days at Croatan, the range of hunting extending something like ten miles in practically every direction, both on water and land. They hunted mainly in the creeks, where the mallards were feeding, these being all tidal streams, quite narrow, deep and tortuous. There is wild rice, grass seed and roots. No wild celery was seen, this being the food so dear to the canvasbacks, and which is also greatly relished by all other kinds of ducks, though all of the latter except the canvasback and redhead are too lazy to dive in deep water after it. The natives in that part of the country call these other ducks the "lazy ducks." The hard-working canvasbacks and redheads dive in water as deep as 12 feet and pull up the roots of the celery. Much of the stuff floats to the surface and then the other ducks, the lazy fellows, get in their work. What they leave floats to the shore and is in the shape of wrack.

As a result of the five days at Croatan the party got three deer, forty mallards, nine squirrels, three geese, and a bald eagle. They devoted some of the time to fishing with a seine 250 yards long, owned by one of the boatmen, and caught about 200 pounds of trout, jack, welshman (or "chub," really large-mouth black bass), and mullet, the latter fish being very fat and highly prized by all North Carolinians when fresh, and by the coast people both fresh and when cured. Along the back of the mullet lie two streaks of fat, which are often cut out and put aside in kits and used as lard. The coast people like the mullet because it is so fat that it will "cook itself."

All that part of North Carolina is a paradise for the hunter and the fisherman, the real sportsman, either on land or water. People up north know a lot about Currituck Sound, which is the head-center of canvasback shooting in the world, but they don't know what a game treasure-house a vast deal of North Carolina is. The real sportsman is welcomed here—not the pot-hunter or the shooter for market. These get the chilly hand, the icy heart, the stony stare. All land in North Carolina is posted by a general law, and in many of the counties the written consent of land-owners is necessary. The gentleman sportsman coming to North Carolina will have no trouble, but let the other classes beware. There is no room for them here.

One of the interesting natives at Croatan is Uncle John Pittman. He is 80 years old, but the spryness and vitality of the North Carolinians is shown by the fact that the old fellow put in two whole days deer hunting with the party. In his time he has killed great numbers of deer, and the love of the sport has never left him for a minute. He

keeps a fine pack of deer hounds always ready for the use of his friends, and it is certainly well worth while to be a friend of "Uncle John." His stories of his past deeds in the hunting field fill in the evenings delightfully. He has a negro assistant, "Uncle Needham," who is as old as Uncle John, and the two have hunted together ever since they were a dozen years old. Needham keeps at the hunting almost every day. He is very proud of being a bear hunter, and in that section has killed about thirty of these animals, this fall having shot two, one of which weighed over 300 pounds. He thinks there is no meat on earth quite so good as that of the bear, and nothing can be more amusing than Needham's stories, in his native dialect, about his hunting of the bear, not to speak of lesser game. Every night Needham sat in the middle of the floor, the center of attention, and told us, young and old, story after story about bears and ghosts, or "hants," as he calls them. His belief in a "hant" is as firm as that he holds in the Supreme Being. The negroes never say ghosts, but always "hants." He actually got the youngsters in the party so frightened by his stories that in broad daylight they were afraid to go to the spring after a bucket of water, and at night dared not stick their heads out of the door. Uncle John has a nephew, Noah McGowan, whom he is training to succeed him as a deer hunter. Soon the mantle of this Elijah of the hunting field will fall upon the trusty Noah, for there is a pride in the family in always having a crack deer hunter in its ranks. This has come down for generations from the old hunting days, away back before 1700.

After breaking camp, the party made their way in boats up a creek to the house of Uncle John, shooting all the way, and walking from their camp to his snug old house, where they first of all received a hearty greeting at the hands of his niece, Miss Gratsy McGowan, who, by the way, is a notable housekeeper. Such a supper as was laid! Made up, first of all, of a great blue china platter piled high with North Carolina "collards," admirably cooked; other dishes being a pile of well baked sweet potatoes (yams, not those miserable things which the New Jersey people raise and eat, and which so many unfortunately ignorant Northern folk call sweet potatoes); North Carolina ham, cornbread in great slabs, hot and fine; cold pork, biscuits as big as your fist and standing as high; truly a noble meal, which was washed down with plenty of black coffee, hot and fine. The hunters ate until they could barely move, and left the table greatly to the distress of Miss Gratsy, who deplored the utter loss of appetite, though they had eaten about six pounds apiece it really seemed. They left the kitchen and went to what the country folks call the "big house." Uncle John wasn't feeling very well just then, but sat up in bed and told a few stories and enjoyed the companionship of the crowd very much. The party had taken with them on the trip three gallons of corn whiskey, commonly known as "white liquor." That is the sort which gets next to the heart and the stomach of your native North Carolinian. No "red liquor" for him; it doesn't go at all. He will leave a bottle of it unnoticed, but will sail into the white stuff every time, declaring it to be the only pure whiskey. Uncle John can carry off a quart every day with the finest grace in the world, and declares it makes him younger.

People who go to eastern North Carolina hunting had better take tents. The winters are very mild and tents give all the comfort desired. Croatan is immediately upon a railway and is very conveniently located. Persons who may desire to go there, or anywhere in the State, for that matter, to hunt, had better write ahead and obtain permission, and arrange all affairs beforehand. These people own the land for miles and miles around Croatan,

and of course they also control the hunting. If you are all right they like you; that is the sort of people they are. This is indeed typical of all North Carolinians. Be sure you are right and then go ahead. It is a good old motto, and applies to hunting trips just as much as it does to anything else in the world.

Mention ought to be made of Wiley Pittman, of Croatan, as a capital hunter and good companion and boatman. He is an expert and knows all that country far and near; by the way, owning his own boats and seines. He went with the party on all the trips, and was invaluable, full of good advice as to the best hunting ground, and a very companionable fellow in every way. Sportsmen who come to North Carolina will have to unlearn a good many things they think they know, and if they keep their eyes and ears open, they will go home with a great many admirable new ideas. They can pick up something else in North Carolina besides game.

All this is just a mere little bit of a chat about the possibilities of the eastern section as a resort for true sportsmen. Now for a little line or two about the shooting in Raleigh's vicinity. Charles E. Johnson, who is one of the best sportsmen here, is very proud of his new self-acting shotgun, one of those terrible weapons which it is the desire of not a few to see put utterly out of action. It is a five-shot automatic. The other day he was out hunting partridges near here. His dogs found a fine covey. A bird got up, and was killed; he put in another cartridge, giving him five ready for use, and as in very rapid succession the birds got up, killed five without a break, then going forward and getting all the six. Mr. Johnson by no means is a "hunting hog," but a gentleman sportsman, and tells me that with the advent of his new automatic he has made a fixed resolve never to kill more than 15 birds in any one day. He has killed over 60 in a day. He says that with moderation such as his, the automatic is no more a slaughterer of game than the old-fashioned gun.

For the first time Raleigh will this winter enter the lists as a place of resort for Northern people, with two up-to-date hotels, the Yarrowborough and the Park, and will present not only the attractions, social and otherwise, of a charming old Southern town, but will offer to sportsmen a point of special advantage, from which they can easily reach good shooting very near-by on five lines of railway, and from whence they can quickly get to other points of advantage in this particular. A number of people from the North are already arranging to come here. Pinehurst, of which the writer has written several times, is only a little over an hour distant, and there will be much visiting between the two points. Raleigh is so close to New York (only 15 hours' run by either the Seaboard or the Southern Railway) that there is no trouble about getting in or getting out. The main line of the Seaboard passes through the city. The partridge shooting will be found to be excellent. A new railway is in course of construction which will be an air-line to one of the finest duck shooting sections of the State, to which one can go from Raleigh in three or four hours when the road is finished. Another fact is that the schedules out of Raleigh and into it for local points are perfect for sportsmen, so they can spend the day in any direction they choose. Good roads, macadam or gravel, well graded, add to the facilities for getting out into the country. The presence of Northern people here in numbers will mark a new era in the life of Raleigh—something it has heretofore not known except by hearsay. FRED. A. OLDS.

All the game laws and fish laws of the United States and Canada are given in the "Game Laws in Brief."

A Massachusetts Deer Case.

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Inclosed find clipping from a local paper giving a short account of a trial held in the district court, South Framingham, Mass., Nov. 19, 1904, for the illegal killing of a deer:

"Fred. L. Bowman was arraigned before Associate Justice Higley in District Court this morning charged with hunting and killing a deer on his farm in Sudbury. He pleaded not guilty and stood trial, being represented by counsel. The prosecutors were officials of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association. The testimony showed that one Young, a meat dealer of Sudbury, had deer meat from the defendant, and which, he testified, he took thinking it was veal. Officers also found a sack saturated with blood, and clinging to which were deer hairs, on defendant's farm. Bowman denied any knowledge of the presence of the sack on his place. He was discharged."

The defendant was acquitted on account of the evidence not being sufficient to justify the conviction of the guilty party. You will notice that Young, the meat dealer who sold the venison, testified under oath that he received deer meat from the defendant supposing it to be veal. On inquiring into the case I find that Young took this meat which he supposed to be veal and sold some of it as venison to one party and offered it as venison to another party. Both parties were in court and testified to this.

If such an open violation of the law, with such evidence as was given, can go unpunished, I would like to have you or some reader of *FOREST AND STREAM* tell me what kind of evidence is necessary to bring about the conviction of parties who kill these harmless animals. How long will the deer last in a community where only the fear of the law keeps them from being slaughtered, if such open violations as this can go unpunished?

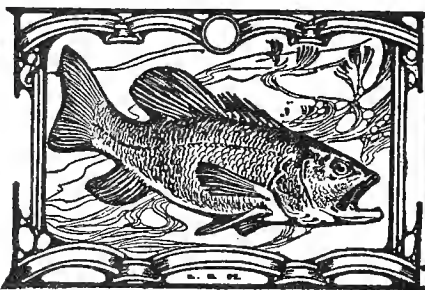
CONSTANT READER OF *FOREST AND STREAM*.

In Florida.

PUNTA GORDA, FLA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your number of November 26 is an article by "W." on "A Cheap Winter in Florida." The article is far from correct. To say that "the absence of pines is a striking feature of Florida's landscape" is in nowise a fact, and the writer must know very little of the State. He says that "the lowering of Lake Okechobee by the numerous drainage canals, etc." There has been no lowering of Lake Okechobee; all the work of the Hamilton Disston Drainage Company was a failure. There is no change in the conditions as to the rise or fall of water. The woods are practically the same. The only change is caused by cattle men who burn the grass for their stock, and by the new turpentine stills. Your correspondent says radishes grow in three weeks. Humbug! And those famous ibis and flamingo. I have been in Florida for sixteen winters, and have only seen one flamingo. And "Paroquets displaying richness of plumage that startles the spectator." I have never seen these birds, and never saw a man who had. Have passed from Kissimmee to the Gulf and back; have hunted in about as wild country as there is. He says "rattlesnakes are so scarce that hunters have to make a diligent search for one." I have to keep up a search to avoid them. One of my men killed a 6½-foot fellow to-day that had nine rattles and a button. He says "Alligators are few and small of size." There are lots of them from ten to twelve feet long. In one pond last winter I saw thirty young ones.

Where could this man have been to learn so much that is not so?

C. A. DEAN.



SEA AND RIVER FISHING



The Sea Trout Again.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Among all the writers on Fish and Fishing who contribute to the columns of the oldest and best known sporting paper in America, there is not one whose pleasant gossip is looked for with more eagerness or read with more interest by The Old Angler than that furnished by your usually well-informed correspondent, E. T. D. Chambers. Much to the writer's regret he reads in your issue of November 19 nearly two columns of information (?) respecting what Mr. C. calls the "sea-run trout of the Saguenay and its tributaries," those found in the lower part of the St. Lawrence, in the bays and harbors of P. E. Island, in the mouth of the Cascapedia in Bay Chaleurs, and in the tidal waters of the Moisie, the Trinity and the Saguenay rivers.

Whether intended or not, the scope of the paper implies that these "sea-run trout" are denizens of the sea, and resort to fresh water rivers only to spawn or "run into some of them after the smelt upon which they feed, and when these latter return to the sea, late in the year, the sea trout again follow after them."

There is nothing in the article to indicate that Mr. Chambers ever saw these "sea trout" except in the Saguenay and some of its tributaries. Indeed, the context leads us to conclude that the last summer was the only time he "was fortunate enough to enjoy opportunities for their study." Unfortunately for the conclusions to which his single season's study has led him, they directly contradict the conclusions of other observers who have made this fish the study of a lifetime, and have had exceptional opportunities for the study.

In your issue of April 11, 1903, the veteran artist and angler, Walter M. Brackett, of Boston (than whom, in the present writer's opinion, no more competent and careful observer can be found), wrote: "Allow me to say that I have spent thirty summers in the pursuit of

my favorite sport of salmon fishing on the Restigouche and its tributaries, the York and St. John in Gaspé, and for the past twenty seasons on the Ste. Marguerite, a tributary of the Saguenay, all of which rivers abound in sea trout (so-called). During all these years I have been a careful observer of their structure, habits, etc., and have yet to find a single point of difference between them and brook trout, excepting that these have acquired the habit of spending a part of each year in salt water, but always in the vicinity of the streams in which they are bred. They spawn in the upper regions of the streams under the same conditions and at the same time as other trout." Mr. Brackett concluded a minute and correct description of this fish in these words: "In answer to Mr. Hallock's question, 'When is a sea trout a brook trout?' I will say ever and always, whether in fresh or salt water, he is the much-loved *fontinalis* pure and simple."

In your issue of July 23 last, that veteran angler and charming writer, Edward A. Samuels, said: "So far as I have been able to discover, we have but one *S. fontinalis*, and I have handled the fish upward of fifty years, having taken them not only in the waters of many of the States, but also in all the Provinces of the Dominion, and have even crested them from the Laurentide lakes, and have never been able to discover such peculiarities of markings and coloration as would be necessary to constitute a distinct variety."

With the waters of Bay Chaleurs and most of the rivers debouching into it on both sides, the present writer is familiar, and he can say with confidence that, while all about with the so-called sea trout, these are identical with the common brook trout in structure, in habits, in markings, in colors, and that more are caught far from the estuaries of their native rivers.

Had Mr. C. looked a little more sharply into Frank Forester's "Fish and Fishing," from which he quoted all that part of his paper relating to P. E. Island, he would

have found that writer indorsing the belief of his friend, the late M. H. Perley, that there is but one distinct species of brook trout in North America, and that this is a migratory fish which, when not debarred, descends to salt water and returns to spawn in the clearest, coolest, and most limpid water it can find. In his "Report on the Sea and River Fisheries of New Brunswick," Mr. Perley says: "During the last thirty years the writer has caught many thousands of these trout in estuaries, rivers, streams and lakes in the Provinces and in Maine, and can safely say, after close and attentive examination, that he has never seen but one species of the brook trout, whatever naturalists may say to the contrary." This was the opinion of Prof. Agassiz, of Harvard, and of Profs. Baird and Goode, of the Smithsonian Institution, each of whom carefully examined specimens sent them by

THE OLD ANGLER.

The Rainbow Trout.

It is about twenty years since the rainbow trout was introduced into note by the United States Fish Commission. My friend, Prof. Baird, kindly called my attention to them, knowing my interest in such matter, and at my request the Commission sent me, to my place in North Carolina, a few live fish and some eggs. They reached me safely, and were duly planted in the streams which supplied two large ponds. They grew wonderfully, so much so that, to my astonishment, some of them were taken the next year which weighed over a pound, and very soon two and three-pound fish were commonly taken by the summer visitors here, who have free use of my stream and ponds. Since then I have not done much fishing myself, nor have taken much care to keep trace of the fishing done by the many summer visitors who come here to enjoy our beautiful mountain country; but I have quite often heard of fish of three or four pounds being taken, and on one

occasion, I myself had the good fortune to come across a big fellow which I could reasonably judge to weigh at least ten or twelve pounds, but which has invariably broken the tackle of every one who has hooked on to him. I judge the fish will weigh twelve pounds at least, and I have been told of other fish seen lying at the bottom of one of my ponds, at least quite as large. A three-pounder hooked by me in one of the ponds from a boat, near dusk, one evening, occupied all my attention for three hours, when he kindly leaped into the boat and was safely secured. This was my last fishing, having been in Chicago for some time past, and giving but little attention to the sport when at home in Highlands, N. C. I expect to spend some time in North Carolina the coming summer, and will renew my acquaintance with these grand fish and tell you more about their condition.

No other fish can take better care of itself than this. Some fish planted from my waters into the head of the Tennessee, a few miles from here, have appeared far down, and are now taken abundantly in the main river. Doubtless the waters on that side of the mountains are now well stocked, and probably the fish are all the way down the big Tennessee and probably further. There is no gamier fish than this; it takes the fly greedily. And the most favorite one is the white miller, as I should judge from seeing the water actually foaming from the hundreds of fish rising as these moth dipped into the water to drop their eggs at the season. It is easy to find schools of these fish lying apparently dozing on the bottom of the deeper parts of the ponds, and treating a bait dropped down to them with the utmost neglect. Having no time to give my waters any protection, they are poached very freely, and occasionally I hear of wonderfully large fish being speared as they lie in shoals on the bottom, where the deep holes are. Readers of the FOREST AND STREAM are cordially invited to try their luck in my streams, and they will not only get some first-rate fishing, but enjoy the pleasure of spending a few pleasant days and really cool nights here, at the elevation of 4,000 feet; and they will see the woods filled with our abundant flowers all the summer through, walk on the shady roads and enjoy the cool, bracing air, sleep soundly under the needed blankets during the cool nights, and free from mosquitos or other annoying flies, really rest in the pleasantest mountain region in the whole broad expanse of the United States. No need to ask leave to fish down the waters for six miles down the stream, and two up it from the town; and no questions are asked of any stranger who may shed his benignant countenance on our pleasant, quiet forest-shaded and flower-spangled mountain country, for I own all the stream.

It is the healthfullest locality in the whole Union. There are hundreds of cool springs; one of lithia water, and doubtless more not yet discovered; and a sort of procession of strangers, seeking rest and health here, tread the shady road from the village to this particular spring to get their morning and evening inspiration from it, cool and fresh as it flows down a shaded ravine in which the sun never shines, and thus the water is nearly ice-cold at all times.

We have abundant feathered game—wild turkeys, pheasant and quail in abundance. And as the FOREST AND STREAM folks are all my friends, they will be welcomed and well treated. We have excellent hotels and private boarding houses, where trout are cooked to perfection, and a climate free from all taint of malaria, and a specific cure for all disorders of the lungs and heart—a region in which every tree, native to the United States but one, is growing, and one which is found nowhere else. There are no swamps or wet places, and our waters are pure and soft. The woods are brilliant with flowers from the early spring to the late fall, and then they are gorgeous with all shades of yellow and red; and the Indian summer lasts until spring.

HENRY STEWART.

Fish Chat.

BY EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

The Striped Bass is Not a Weakfish.

IN FOREST AND STREAM for November 19 I had a short paper on "A Study of Fish Markets," in which, in treating of the striped bass, I was made by the types to use the expression, "the striped bass, or weakfish, as it is often called." When I wrote that paper I thought I wrote "rockfish," and wrote it very plainly, but if I did not, I stand ready to be forgiven; that a man who killed his 30-pound bass before most of the present generation of anglers was born, and therefore ought to know something of what the characteristics of the fish are, surely ought not to be supposed to write such a thing, but when he receives letters like the following, he begins to lose confidence in his penmanship or in his mental condition when the writing was done. The letter is from Newport, R. I., and reads thus:

"My Dear Sir—I find in FOREST AND STREAM of November 19, 1904, in an article written by you the statement, 'The striped bass, or weakfish, as it is often called.' Is not this a misprint for 'rockfish?' If not, could you kindly tell me where it is called 'weakfish,' and your authority for the same. Thanking you in advance for your reply, I am yours faithfully,

Now, as a reply to this, and to head off all letters of similar import, I will say right here that the expression was a misprint *pure et simple*, and that no man could by any stretch of his imagination, unless he had absorbed a dozen or two "high balls," think of classing the bass with the weakfish.

The types, first and last, and I have for upward of fifty years been keeping them moving, have made some curious messes for me. One of the drollest happened not many months ago. I had written, as I thought, a rather interesting description of the charms of salmon fishing, and in it I gave as one of the requisites the salmon angler should possess was "a great lung capacity." The types dropped out the word "lung," making as a desideratum for the angler "a great capacity."

The chaffing I had to endure for that slip was among the worst I ever experienced, and I had no idea there were so many people who read FOREST AND STREAM so

carefully. I wonder how many times I was requested to state "for what the salmon angler should have a great capacity," and I was asked if I was darkly hinting at "Rhumb," or any of the other precious liquids, to absorb which many fishermen consider it to be a necessity in their outings. I made my peace with some of the more turbulent, but at what a cost!

"Sea Trout" Again.

I had hoped that the discussion regarding the identity of the so-called sea trout would be dropped from the columns of FOREST AND STREAM until I could get my monograph on that fish, which I now have in preparation, completed; but the topic will not down, and, after all, it is perhaps best that all possible light should be thrown upon it, and from every available source. In FOREST AND STREAM for November 19, Mr. Chambers has something in relation to the silvery beauties, which, although written in a most interesting manner, is not entirely free from error, or which will not, at any rate, excite some discussion.

In treating of the sea trout fishing near Charlottetown, he states that a very large run of these beautiful fish is often met, and among other catches on record is one of 16 trout weighing over 80 pounds. Now I know something of the fishing around Prince Edward Island, and I think I can truthfully say that neither near Charlottetown nor in St. Peter's Bay, nor anywhere else on the coast of the island, may be had anything like such fishing as he describes. The largest "sea trout" I ever took in any of the waters around the island were killed near Malpeque, and none of them overrun two pounds weight.

So far as my experience goes, large runs of these beautiful fish do not now occur in many of the waters in which they were formerly abundant. The catch of sixteen trout weighing eighty pounds occurred nearly fifty years ago, and the story is told by Mr. Perley, of St. John, N. B., in Frank Forrester's book on "Fish and Fishing," page 123; but conditions have changed since then, the average size of game fishes has decreased very considerably, and I doubt if there have been many 5-pound "sea trout" taken near the island during the last twenty years. It was Mr. Perley's glowing account, as printed in Frank Forrester's book, which first led me to visit their homes and become acquainted with the merits of the fish, and I have for the last forty years kept up the acquaintance most assiduously and faithfully. During that period I have taken them in many of the rivers of Quebec, all around Prince Edward Island, and practically every river in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick in which they are found, and I do not believe I exaggerate when I say I have probably handled as many specimens as any angler now living. With this long experience I cannot refrain from putting on record here the fact that I never knew of one being taken in the sea "out of sight of land," as Mr. Chambers asserts is done; nor that they will rise to the fly if trailed behind a yacht or other sailboat in deep water "with a mackerel breeze and often with a heavy ground swell." If Mr. Perley did not draw on his imagination when he wrote that account of "sea trout" fishing, the fish must have changed very considerably in their habits during the last half century. Thad. Norris, in "The American Angler's Book," printed in 1864, reprints Perley's account and criticises it rather freely.

Mr. Chambers' account of the gaminess of the trout is not a bit overdrawn, and the story is charmingly written; but the degrees of the gaminess of the fish vary considerably with the locality, length of time they have been in the river, and with different conditions of water. In a deep, broad pool the trout does not begin to give as much play as it does in shoaler pools and in moving streams. I have often had a two or three-pound fish in live water leap above the surface and make long, sharp runs which caused my reel to sing right merrily; when others of similar size, hooked in deep, still water, rarely come to the surface until they are ready for the landing net; they insisted on "sagging down," just as a salmon often does in deep water. A 10-pound salmon in the Rangeley lakes, sometimes when the water is five or six fathoms in depth, does not begin to vie in activity with one of equal weight in quick water.

Like the salmon, the "sea trout," if long in the river, has not a moiety of the gaminess it has when just up from the salt water. I will not say just up from the sea, for, so far as I have been able to learn, and I have studied the fish very carefully, it never goes to the sea, nor even very far from the estuaries of the river in which it makes its home. I reside in the heart of one of the best "sea trout" countries on the Atlantic Coast, every river northwest and south of me teeming with them, and I am daily thrown in contact with men who depend upon deep sea fishing for a livelihood; they ply their calling all the way from "the banks" to the inshore fishing grounds; that is to say, fishing grounds which are not more than two or three miles from the mainland, and not one of all whom I have questioned has said that he has ever seen or heard of a "sea trout" being taken, either in mackerel or herring nets or in any other manner whatever, at any distance from the entrance of rivers which they descend for food in the late autumn and in the spring. Occasionally one is captured in a herring net when drawn close to the shore, but in the deep water of the ocean not one has ever been seen.

The trout is not, therefore, in any sense a sea trout; and it does not remain in the salt water very long after the spring run of smelts have ascended the streams to spawn. In my articles on this fish printed in FOREST AND STREAM January 24, 1903, and August 6, 1904, I have discussed this habit of the fish at considerable length, and will not further enlarge upon it here.

Now a few words on the breeding habits of this fish. It has been stated in FOREST AND STREAM that "it is brought up in the sea, better fed, and developed under conditions which make it larger, fatter, more rangy, and without the peculiar colors which characterize the brook form. * * * Presumably the young of any brook trout hatched out in the sea and fed in the sea would be the same." The inference to be drawn from this statement is that the "sea trout" is not only "brought up in the sea," but that it is hatched there also; this is an error of no small magnitude, for as the fish is never seen in the sea, and is never taken there, it is evident that it does not depart from the usual habits of our salmonidæ by spawning there. On the contrary, it always passes the season

of reproduction in fresh water streams, ascending them if possible to their very heads, and in such waters we always find the young from the condition of fryhood to the fingerling stage, and from that up to the mature fish.

It has been my custom to devote every moment of my spare time to nature studies, and in these I have never lost an opportunity when by the seaside to investigate the various kinds of fry that are found among the weeds, sand and pebbles at the edge of salt water and in the pools which have been left by the receding tide. I have exceptional facilities for this line of work, for my home is located within five rods of the bay shore. I have never in all my investigations found in salt or even brackish water either fry or fingerlings of any of the salmonidæ. Young herring, pollock, mackerel, and a number of other marine species were abundant, but not a single troutling. My experience in this respect is not exceptional, for of the many intelligent fishermen and anglers with whom I have conversed, not one has said he had ever seen the fry or other young of trout in salt water. No, the so-called "sea trout" cast their ova in fresh-water streams and the fry, instinctively for self-preservation, work their way up the little rills which empty into the streams, often for considerable distances.

On one occasion as I stooped to obtain a drink of cold water from a living spring which was at least twenty rods distant from one of the famous sea trout rivers of New Brunswick, I discovered in the water a number of fry, of which, after the expenditure of considerable perseverance, I captured three or four, which on examination proved to be the fry of trout. That those tiny creatures could have wriggled their way up the little rill, which barely trickled among the stones, mosses and water plants, for that long distance, was astonishing to me. That they had done so there could be no doubt, for adult trout could not possibly ascend to the spring to deposit their spawn in it.

Now with regard to the size of "sea trout." The article referred to states that owing to being "brought up in the sea they are better fed, grow larger and fatter * * * than those in the brook form." This statement is also capable of qualification, for in many localities where food is abundant the trout which do not descend to the salt water attain much greater size, plumpness and weight than do the others which go to salt water periodically. For example, the spotted trout in the Rangeley lakes, Maine, where there is the greatest abundance of minnows and other food, grow to a size such as is never attained by the "sea trout."

I have known of trout being taken at the Upper Dam which weighed 10, 11 to 12 pounds, and fish weighing from 6 to 8 pounds used to be brought into camp every day. I have taken my share of the large ones, having killed in one week one which weighed 7½ pounds, two of 6 pounds, one of 5 pounds, and two which overran four pounds, and my catch on one occasion was seven fish which weighed 32½ pounds, and this is something I have never equalled or even approached among "salters," as they are called in Massachusetts.

I have been informed by fishermen that the "sea trout" are so abundant in many of the small bays of Labrador and Newfoundland that they are caught by barrel-ful in herring sweep nets and cut up and used for cod bait. But none of my informants ever saw one among those immense numbers which exceeded five pounds in weight.

In the various rivers I have fished, I have found the average weight of the trout to be no greater than about three-fourths of a pound; that is, taking them as they came. I have found that two-pounders were not uncommon, and larger ones were often taken. In Musquodouit Harbor, about twenty-five miles northeast of Halifax, I have killed them of five pounds weight. The largest I ever killed in the Margaree River, Cape Breton, weighed a trifle over five pounds, and is figured in my "With Fly-Rod and Camera." At Prince Edward Island I never took one that exceeded two pounds in weight. In the various New Brunswick rivers one does not kill a large proportion of very heavy fish. In the Nepisiquit my largest was a pound and a half; in the Miramichi I have killed several which weighed over two and a half pounds each. In the Jacquet, which is one of the best trout rivers in the Province, I have taken many fish which weighed over three pounds. In the Restigouche and its tributaries the average of "sea trout" is, I think, not over, or much over, a pound. We used to get a lot of big ones near what is now the Restigouche club house, when the house was kept by dear old Col. Fraser. Ah, those were jolly days, indeed, and what a treat the old man's genial nature was! I have seen many hundreds of the fish caught near Campbellton and offered for sale in the town by the Indians, which did not average a half pound each. Very large "sea trout" are taken in the Big, or Grand, Cascadepia, and the little Cascadepia rivers, and in the other streams along the Quebec shore of the Baie des Chaleurs to and even beyond Gaspé.

If my memory serves me correctly I think the largest catch of these beautiful fish I ever made was on the great Bonaventure River, which used to be, and for aught I know, now is, famous for large sized trout; the catch numbered thirty and their weight was over sixty pounds. The fish were all silvery bright, just up from the Bay, and in their eagerness to take the fly often leaped clear of the water.

Yes, Mr. Chambers is right, the "sea trout" is one of the most gamy of fish. Although not as active as the grilse, nor indulging in such saltatory performances, nor as strong and vigorous a fighter as the salmon is, it gives, in the absence of these nobler game, a sport well worth the following. As I before stated, it changes its garb of silvery sheen after a brief sojourn in the river to the normal coloration of the spotted trout, *S. fontinalis*. As to its identity with that fish and non-identity of the European sea or salmon trout, I will not take space to discuss at length in this article. I will say, however, that I started in, a great many years ago, with the conviction that the sea trout, so-called, was, if not the European fish, a species quite distinct from our old darling, the spotted trout. So firmly was I impressed with this belief, I thought I would have no difficulty in proving that it was correct; but after all these years, and after examining hundreds upon hundreds of specimens taken in most of the Canadian waters it frequents, and comparing them anatomically in the most careful manner possible with undoubted specimens of *fontinalis*, I have been forced to abandon the idea I held and settle down to the realization of the fact that it is not a distinct species, or even a

variety, and goes down to salt water simply for the purpose of obtaining food which is not to be found in its native streams.

As a salmon angler, I have found the trout a perfect nuisance, for it comes to the fly as soon as it touches the water, and seizes it long before the large fish can rise to it. It also destroys more expensive flies in a week's fishing than the salmon will in the entire season. With a little practice an expert angler can shake off the pertinacious intruder without stirring up the pool very much; but no matter how skillful he may be in eluding or shaking off the trout, he will find that many a good day's sport with the salmon is marred by the "sea trout." As a rule, salmon anglers get but little sport out of the trout, for the reason that with their heavy tackle they quickly bring the fish to creel; but with a six or eight-ounce rod, preferably the former—for I hold that the keenest enjoyment is to be had with the lightest tackle practicable—a good sized sea trout, fresh-run and bright, will give the angler splendid sport. Most salmon anglers are after the nobler game, but when that is not to be had, the trout furnish an enjoyable substitute.

Fish and Fishing.

Landlocked Salmon.

IN a lake near Sussex, about midway between Moncton and St. John, N. B., there are salmon that are truly landlocked, instead of being only nominally so, as are the ouananiche of Lake St. John. And these salmon, if their present condition continue, will eventually become quite as distinct from the ordinary type of *Salmo salar* as are the so-called landlocks of Maine, concerning which, Colonel Andrew Haggard has been writing so charmingly in the London Field. By this I mean to emphasize my belief that, except in the matter of size, the landlocks of Maine resemble the best known type of *Salmo salar* less closely than do the ouananiche of Lake St. John. Both in manner and in appearance, and especially in the avidity with which they rise to surface lures, the Canadian ouananiche and its Newfoundland kinsman more closely approximate the salmon of the sea, which ascends fresh water to spawn, than the Maine fish does, though the latter more nearly approaches it in the matter of size. The landlock of Maine inhabits a less turbulent home than the fresh water habitat of either the freshly run salmon from the sea or the ouananiche of the Grand Discharge, and, as a rule, seeks its food in greater depths of water.

From a report by Mr. Isaac Sheasgreen, who has charge of the Miramichi fish hatchery for the Canadian government, I learn that about four years ago, 25,000 salmon fry were planted in the New Brunswick lake already referred to. The water of the lake is clear and cool, and in some parts is very deep. In others there are shoals with about ten feet of water. No mud exists, the bottom being clean and stony. At the outlet, which is very small, an arrangement has been made to prevent the fish from escaping. The lake, which is about two miles long by one broad and is beautifully situated, is owned by a party of gentlemen resident in Sussex, who made application for the fry in question. Two years after the planting of the fry, fourteen young salmon were caught in the lake, but in the following year the water seemed to be fairly alive with them, all about the same size, some ten inches in length and beautifully formed. One rod caught fifty in a day. Of course if this kind of fishing is allowed to continue, the lake will soon be exhausted. The planted fish will no doubt increase and multiply, if properly protected, just as the salmon in the Stormontfield ponds have done, but their progeny will gradually grow more dissimilar in both appearance and habits, to the salmon of the salt water.

The Restigouche Salmon.

Though both the hatchery men and the guardians on the Restigouche River find it difficult to account for

the apparent scarcity of fish and the poorness of the fishing there during the last season, I find that they are not prepared to admit that there is any steady decrease in the supply of the fish. They simply claim that the season was a phenomenal one, and certainly appear to have reason on their side when they assert that it is impossible that there should have been any such wholesale killing of the fish since the season of 1903, as would appear to have been the case if the smaller number of salmon killed was due to any marked reduction in the supply of the fish. In support of their theory they refer to some excellent scores made upon the river in the season of 1903. Thus in that year the Mitchell and Ayer Club, at Dawsonville, a few miles above Metapedia, landed 120 salmon; Camp Harmony Club over 100, while Messrs. Rogers, Brooks & Co., at Kedgewick, seventy miles above tide water, scored more than 200 salmon. Two rods on the Upsalquitch, during five days in July, landed thirty-eight salmon, and one rod in two days took fifteen salmon. All who traveled up and down the Restigouche and its tributaries during that season, declare that the salmon were never more plentiful than they found them on that occasion, and the guardians were unanimous in corroborating their reports. I now learn that a very large number of fish had ascended to their spawning beds on these rivers during the latter part of the present season, and that there is no present reason to fear for the future welfare of the salmon fisheries of the Restigouche.

It is very gratifying to note that the intelligent criticism of modern methods of fishculture, which have been printed from time to time in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM are bearing fruit and have attracted the careful attention of some of those engaged in the industry. The progress of biological research and the heavy outlay incurred in the operation of fish hatcheries alike demand that the science must prove itself a progressive one. I firmly believe, with many earnest students of the subject, that Mr. Alexander Mowat has struck a sound note in protesting against the waste of fish life involved in the too early planting of salmon fry. From his many years of practical experience he declares that the little fish should not be planted before the yolk-sac has entirely disappeared. If they could be held over and fed for a few weeks, much greater results would be produced. With this end in view, Mr. Mowat recommends the construction of a large retaining pond, well up toward the head or source of the Restigouche River, so that large numbers of alevins or fry can be retained and fed for a few months before being liberated. As the young salmon spends the first two years of its life in fresh water streams bordering on or emptying into the Atlantic Ocean, the fry, if retained a short time in ponds well up the rivers, would naturally have the advantage of feeding for eighteen or twenty months, throughout nearly the entire length of the river, while migrating to sea and before reaching the ocean. A step in this direction has already been made on a small scale. A pond has been built at the Restigouche hatchery for the purpose of holding over and feeding a certain number of the fry as an experiment. In addition to the pond, which is forty feet square, and six feet deep, several large tanks were erected outside, in conjunction with the pond, and about 100,000 fry were placed in the ponds and tanks and fed five times daily, great care being taken to keep all dead and decaying matter constantly removed. The food consisted of raw fish ground to a pulp, raw and boiled liver and blood. The fish grew and thrived well, were greatly admired by visitors and were really a beautiful sight. After having been a little more than three months in the pond, and being from one and a half to two inches in length, they were liberated when nearly five months old and quite capable of caring for themselves. This initial work has proved such a pronounced success that it ought to be prosecuted upon a much larger scale. Under the conditions which have hitherto prevailed, there can be no doubt that millions of young fish have been artificially hatched at the public expense, only to

become the helpless prey of predatory fish as soon as liberated from the hatchery.

Fishculture in Canada.

There has been an enormous increase during the last few years in the output of the Canadian government fish hatcheries. Twenty years ago it was only one-sixth of what it is to-day. Last year alone over 314,000,000 fry were distributed from the government hatcheries, an excess of forty millions over the preceding year. Until a few years ago, the following were the only species artificially hatched by the government: Atlantic salmon, British Columbia salmon, lake or salmon trout, lake whitefish, and lobsters; whereas, at the present time, instead of five or six kinds of fish planted under auspices of the Dominion government, no less than thirteen kinds are now hatched and distributed.

Since the government undertook the culture of black bass, four years ago, the demands for the fry from all parts of the country have grown to such an extent that Professor Prince admits that there must be a very large expansion of the work. It is likely to assume immense proportions, as there are no end of waters in the country devoid of sporting fishes, and offering all the conditions for fruitful bass ponds. This is one of the problems now confronting the fisheries department of the government. Another one is the necessity of more hatcheries on the Pacific Coast, in order to prevent the threatened destruction of some of the more valuable species of western salmon.

Smelt.

Just at the present time smelt are being taken in the St. Lawrence River by millions. They are exceedingly plentiful this year, and hundreds of city urchins are to be daily seen fishing for the toothsome delicacy from the wharves of the city, among the batture ice, content to shiver with cold for hours at a time, for the sake of the sport of hauling up the little fish, two and three at a time.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

A Word for Salt Water Fish.

NEW YORK, Nov. 25.—It amuses me to hear the praises of the fresh-water fish of various kinds, but somehow there are two or three or more kinds of salt-water fish that are worthy of mention; but leaving out tarpon, tuna, and striped bass, there seems none so poor as to do them reverence. Take the cero, or so-called kingfish, caught in Southern waters. Fish for him with black bass tackle and see where you would land! He comes out of the water, and no small jump, either; and when a fish can do what he can, hooked and on the end of a line, take care of himself against a shark, it strikes me he is game with a big G; and when it comes to being good to eat, if codfish were as scarce as salmon, they would be worth a dollar a pound.

This question of game in fish depends a good deal upon the tackle. Who would think of tackling a bluefish or bonito of eight pounds with a trout rod, line and reel? Why, the first rush would take the line, and a fly-hook would be crushed like a pipe stem! Yet I have caught an 8-pound brook trout on the fly in the Rangeleys on delicate trout tackle, and would not hesitate to try it again; but have not the slightest idea of tempting a blue or bonito with any such articles. With longer line and larger reel might land a small one with a trout rod, but it would be a case of time long drawn out.

I expect to go to Miami in March and have a shy at tarpon, barracuda, kingfish and amberjacks, and wish you were going along. Am mulling around fishing tackle and fishing tackle stores, and having a good time. There is a lot of fun in that, and some of the most pleasant hours I have are communing with rods, reels and lines, and congratulating them on the good they have done, and living over the various battles I have had with good fish. The whole business comes back to me, and all the surroundings are photographed in my memory, and it is fine.

C. H. MALLORY.



YACHTING



High Speed Gasolene Launches.

BY CLINTON H. CRANE, ASSOCIATE.

Read at the twelfth general meeting of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers, held in New York, Nov. 17 and 18, 1904.

THE application of internal combustion engines to the propulsion of launches is by no means a novelty, but great public attention has of late been attracted to the subject owing to the high speeds obtained by a certain number of small launches driven by engines of this type.

It might have been expected that the makers of marine gasolene engines would have developed a light engine from the heavy slow moving engine which has been on the market for years. However, the demand for a light weight motor has so far been met only by automobile makers, although marine engine builders are now beginning to take up the matter.

The older makes of motors weighed from 80 to 200 pounds per brake horsepower, and in sizes up to 75 horsepower have proved extremely satisfactory in all sorts of working vessels. Engines of this type manufactured by the Pennsylvania Iron Works (Globe Motor), Standard Motor Construction Company, and other well-known makes have run satisfactorily day in and day out with practically no attention or trouble.

The manufacturers of automobiles have been the first to realize the possibility of a light weight motor, and

have been able to reduce the weight per horsepower to between 8 and 20 pounds per brake horsepower in the best practice of to-day. To have divided the weight per horsepower by 10 is certainly a remarkable achievement.

The reduction of weight has been accomplished in three ways:

- First—The elimination of unnecessary material.
- Second—The employment of higher grade material.
- Third—The use of higher piston speeds.

The higher piston speed has necessitated modifications of design in four particulars—mechanical balance, ignition, lubrication and cooling. All four of these difficulties have been met with entire success in the engines used by automobiles.

The slight change of conditions from an automobile to a boat has given rise to unforeseen troubles with ignition and lubrication. The ignition troubles have been principally due to water affecting the insulation of the electrical gear for igniting the gases; and this, by care in installation, can be readily corrected.

The troubles with lubrication arise from the fact that in a boat the engine driving the screw is ordinarily set at an incline, the result being that the after cylinders and bearings receive too much oil, the forward too little. It may not be generally known that in a gas engine too much oil is as bad as too little.

Several systems of forced lubrication have been designed to meet this trouble, with more or less success,

but the adjustment of the oil supply is of such delicacy that I think it safe to say that most people can trace their troubles in high speed motors to this alone.

During the past year we have designed a dozen launches to be driven with light weight automobile engines of various makes, and the only troubles experienced have been with one or the other of these difficulties.

The extremely light weight per horsepower of the modern gasolene engines has presented the possibility of attaining higher speeds on the water than heretofore.

The past year, though not yet having realized this possibility in point of actual speed, has brought us to a point in relative speed never before attained to my knowledge.

I present to the society as a type of this high speed automobile launch, the Vingt-et-un II., designed by my firm. This boat on public performance has shown a speed of over 22 knots per hour.

To attain, for her length, a speed relative to this Turbinia would have had to make 35.5 knots an hour instead of 32.76, as is credited her by report. To attain for their length a speed relative to this, torpedo boats would have had to make 44 knots an hour instead of 30 knots as actually obtained.

From the fact that Vingt-et-un has attained such a high point on the speed curve, I feel that the record of a progressive trial run last September on this launch over a measured mile would be of interest to the society.

Vingt-et-un's principal dimensions are as follows:

HULL.		
L.W.L.	38ft.	9in.
Beam	4ft.	7in.
Draft of hull, mean.....		7in.
Wetted surface on trial, including struts, rudder, shafting, etc.....	146.3 sq. ft.	
Displacement on trial.....	3,850 lbs.	

ENGINE.

Smith & Mabley Simplex four-cylinders.		
Diam. cylinders	6½in.	
Stroke	6¾in.	
Rev. full speed.....	850	
Piston speed	956	
Brake horse-power full speed.....	68	

TRIAL TRIP OBSERVATIONS.

Run.	Time Over Measured Statute Mile.	Average Rev.
1 { Against tide... 7m. 17s.		380
1 { With tide..... 4m. 45 2-5 s.....		380
2 { Against tide... 6m. 7 2-5 s.....		438
2 { With tide..... 4m. 34 3-5 s.....		425
3 { Against tide... 3m. 31s.		670
3 { With tide..... 2m. 49s.		690
4 { Against tide... 3m. 7s.		740
4 { With tide..... Watch stopped by accident...		745
5 { Against tide... 2m. 38s.		850
5 { With tide..... 2m. 20s.		835
6 { Against tide... 3m. 10s.		728
6 { With tide..... 3m. 2s.		666
7 Run spoiled by driftwood getting on stem.		
8 { Against tide... 4m. 1s.		564
8 { With tide..... 3m. 30s.		597

In selecting a course to run this trial, owing to the small size of the boat, absolutely smooth water was a necessity.

This was especially true with a gasoline motor, as even a small amount of spray on the electrical apparatus for ignition is sufficient to impair the regularity of the engines. It was not possible to count the revolutions without removing the forward part of the engine cover. We therefore chose a measured mile course on the Harlem River laid out by the Engineering Department of the New York University, quite recognizing the disadvantages due to shallow water (an average of about 16ft.) and a strong tide (a maximum of nearly 2 knots). One man was placed at the forward end of the engine with stop-watch and revolution counter to note revolutions, the helmsman taking the times over the course with and against the tide. The difficulties of observation were increased by the large amount of floating wood which had to be dodged.

Runs were made with and against the tide with engine speeds between 380 revolutions and 850. It was found impossible to throttle the engine to a lower speed than 380 and have it run with sufficient regularity to make the result of any value.

The engine had before installation been tested on the brake for a maximum power at varying revolutions. This brake horsepower curve gave us a value of 68 horsepower, or 850 revolutions.

The information which we principally desired to obtain was the rate of increase of power at the higher points of the curve not already investigated.

The speeds were reduced from statute miles per hour to nautical miles per hour.

The speed revolution curve was obtained by laying in all the spots with and against the tide, and figuring the tidal correction for each of runs separately on the assumption, that for a small variation in revolutions a speed varied with the revolutions.

As will be seen, the speed revolution curve and slip curve, which was deduced from it, run very easily through the various spots.

In constructing the effective thrust curve, I made the following assumption, based on the well-known laws of screw propellers, i. e.:

$$TaR^2 \times (S + C).$$

Where T = effective thrust.

R = revolutions of propeller.

S = apparent slip.

C = a constant dependent on wake factor and on the shape of screw.

I assumed this constant to be 5, allowing for a wake per cent. of 3, and a screw correction of 2.

The formula then becoming

$$TaR^2 \times (S + 5),$$

Undoubtedly there is variation in this constant (C), but the curves of effective thrust and brake horsepower have been deduced on this assumption, and from the effective thrust curve the curve of the variation of power with speed was readily obtained.

The slip curves, and in fact all the curves, seem to agree in character very closely with the known curves of torpedo-boat practice, and within the limit of the observation the increased speed was accompanied by no apparent change of rate in the increase of power after 14 knots was reached.

On this progressive trial the boat was carrying about 350 pounds, more weight than her usual racing condition, due to the man on board and some extra tools and gasoline.

During the summer over several courses a mean speed of 22 knots has been obtained at an unknown number of revolutions, as in this case it was impossible, owing to the spray, to have a man in a position to count the motor.

Vingt-et-un has been able to maintain this high speed through, for her, very rough water. In the race for the Gold Challenge Cup she won the last two races on the Hudson in a strong wind blowing up the river against an ebb tide, without her speed suffering appreciably, as will be seen by the official figures. The course was given out by the officials as 16 nautical miles. By actual measurement on the chart it was 15½ nautical miles. The mean of the speeds up and down the river the second day was 21.16 knots, and the third day was 20.57 knots.

It seems to me that in addition to the model experiments in Washington there might be considerable advantage in trying small models of the proposed vessels, driven by their own power over rough water courses, as a boat's ability to maintain her speed in rough water is vastly more important than speed in absolutely still water.

The boat with all her equipment and a crew of two, in racing condition, with fuel for 50 miles at full speed, weighs 51 pounds per horsepower. The engines run with absolute regularity, maintaining their high speed for hours at a time with very little attention from the engineer. The regularity of the running is particularly apparent in comparison with steam-driven craft, where irregular firing and dirty fires make tremendous variations in the results.

Rochester Y. C.

BY THOMAS G. YOUNG, SECRETARY.

THERE are indications that, back in the seventies, or thereabouts, there was a yacht club in Rochester. But no authentic records are available as to its scope or plans, and it eventually ceased to exist. After which, for some time, yachting interest in the vicinity was maintained mainly by individuals. In the fall of 1886 a desire to combine for more effective development of the healthful and princely pastime was expressed; and after a few preliminary meetings in December of that year, the Rochester Y. C. was organized with forty-six members on the roll. A constitution was framed, and the following officers were elected: Com., Geo. H. Newell; Vice-Com., Matt Cartwright; Sec'y, Charles A. Wortz; Treas., Edmund Ocumpaugh; Fleet Captain, E. N. Walbridge; Meas., John J. Leary; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. W. S. Hall.

Rooms were rented and meetings held during the winter, at which papers on nautical subjects were read and discussed, and a good deal of enthusiasm created in the enterprise. Several additional members were enrolled, and in the following April the club was incorporated and took its place among the clubs of the inland lakes.

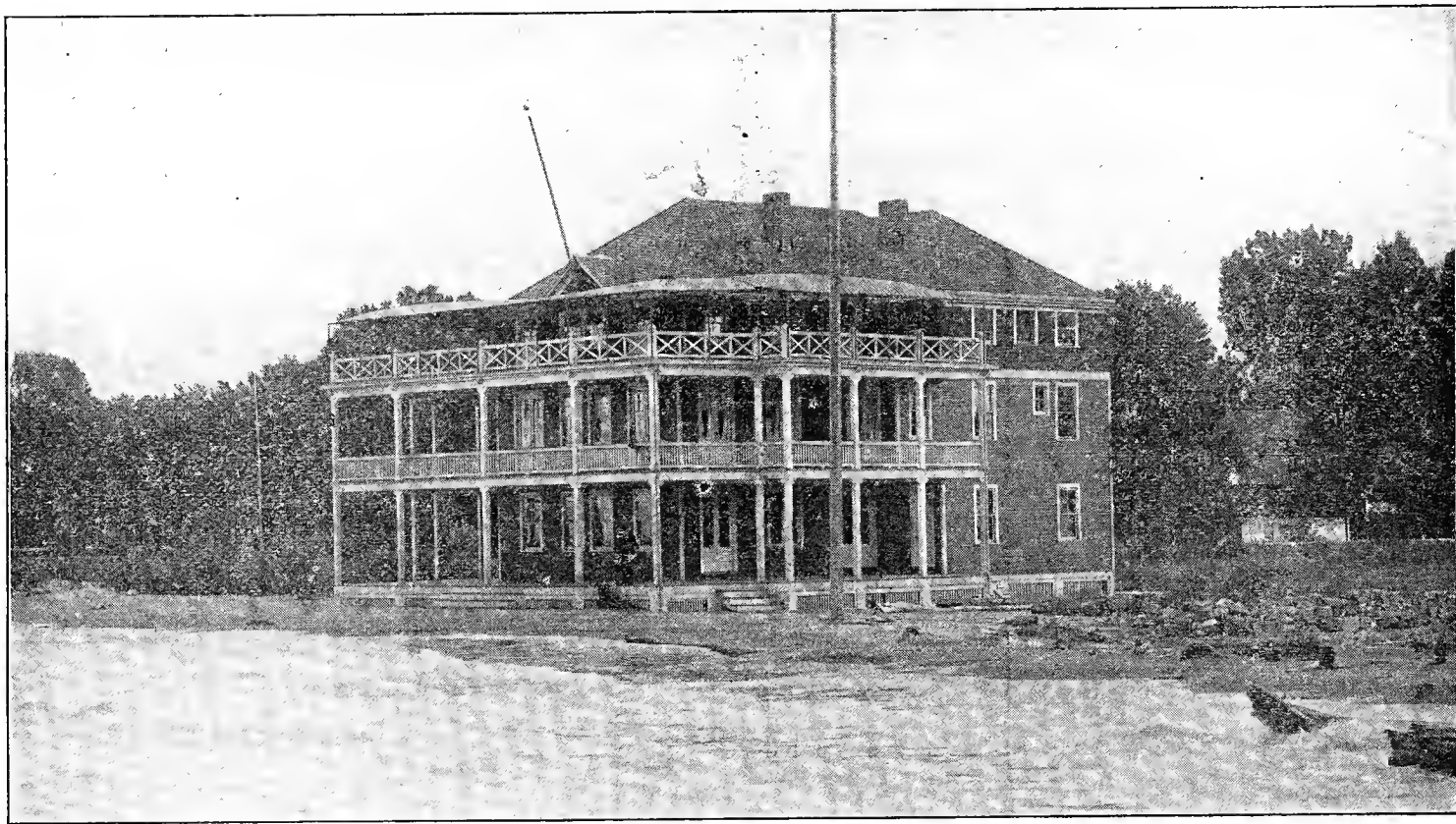
The summer programme consisted mainly of a stated

hauling out boats for summer repairs and for winter storage.

Schedules of local races and sailing days covering the entire season have constituted the usual summer events. Besides the cash and trophy prizes offered, a number of handsome cups have been donated as special trophies for certain racing events during each year, passing from one to another as success has perched on the banner of the winner.

Considerable interest has been taken in the annual circuits of the Inland Lake Yacht Racing Association; several of the rendezvous have been held at our port.

The increase of membership and the need of better accommodations led to the consideration of a more eligible site and a more commodious house. At the annual meeting in December, 1901, the project assumed definite form. An elegant site was procured on the east side of the mouth of the Genesee River, fronting on the lake shore. A subscription was started, and about May 1, 1902, plans were decided on, the contract let, and the work pushed forward so rapidly that the house was formally opened in the latter part of June following. The building is a three-story frame structure, 45 by 60 feet, with a piazza 16 feet wide extending around three sides of each story. The ground floor contains a good sized assembly room, a large apartment fitted with individual lockers, toilet room and shower bath, and a large storeroom. The second story is fitted with an assembly room same size as that on the lower floor, which is used as a reading room and resting place, secretary's office, buffet, ladies' parlor and toilet room, and a room 15 by 15 feet used for a private party dining room. The upper floor contains a dining room capable of seating eighty or more, while the broad piazza affords seating accommodations for even a larger number, and is the favorite place for café service in summer. The remaining space on this floor is occupied by the large kitchen,



HOME OF THE ROCHESTER Y. C.

day in each week designated as "sailing day," when a goodly number of the young fleet would turn out for an afternoon sail, carrying such of the non-yacht owning members as chose to avail themselves of the privilege. Reviews by the commodore, maneuvers by signal, and other marine tactics, lent spirit to the occasions, as did also invitations to the ladies to join the company on "Ladies' Days."

Early in the history of the club some boats of the better class were purchased at the seacoast and brought into the fleet; among which were Vennette, Choctaw, Major, Onward, and Cinderella. With the introduction of this new timber more of the racing spirit was engendered, and some very interesting contests were held. Especially noticeable among these importations was the famous Scotch-built cutter Madge, whose record on the Atlantic Coast before her purchase by members of the Rochester Y. C. was decidedly creditable. The introduction of this craft of a pronounced cutter type to American waters may be regarded as a prominent factor in changing the style of American yacht architecture from the old skimming dish pattern to a modified cutter form.

For a few years this yacht took the lead in the Rochester fleet, being, in fact, without a competitor capable of coping with her in fast sailing; but she was eventually laid aside, partly through being outclassed in the progress of yacht construction and partly by her owners failing to keep her in proper trim. She was finally hauled out on the beach, the immense lead appendage to her keel was chopped off and sold for junk, and her ribs left to bleach on the barren sand—a memento of a once famous "has been."

In the summer of 1890 a novel innovation was made in the building of a number of sailing dinghies of one type, and much pleasure was afforded both to the occupants of these little ships and to the spectators who witnessed their frequent contests in the river when outside sailing was not desirable, and involuntary plunge baths were not infrequent.

Soon after the organization of the club, the desirability of having a club house at the lake was very manifest, and after due deliberation a site was procured and arrangements made for the erection of a club house. Plans were prepared for a building of two stories and an attic. The lower floor contained storage lockers and a large room for housing spars and dinghies. The second floor was arranged with an assembly room, secretary's office, and was devoted to social purposes. A broad balcony across the east end afforded a good view of the river and anchorage. The attic was used for storage of extra canvas. A marine railway was also constructed for

fully equipped with two large coal ranges, pantries, refrigerators, and all the necessary paraphernalia for convenience in café service. A dumb waiter furnishes means of conveying provisions from the store room to the kitchen. There are also on this floor dormitories for the servants required in this department. The principal entrance to the building opens into a large hall, from which easy staircases furnish access to the upper floors.

The view from the broad balconies is exceptionally fine, affording unobstructed sweep of the lake coast for about twenty miles, thus giving an excellent opportunity to witness the races, the entire course being in full view.

The house stands as near the water's edge as safety will allow, and the level grounds extending inland are well adapted for ornamentation, and are being improved as fast as is feasible. It is contemplated to fit them out with tennis court, croquet ground, and other facilities for outdoor land recreation as may be required, which, together with the planting and decoration proposed, will conduce to make the entire plant a most desirable summer resort for the members and their families.

There are some items in the history of the club deserving of a passing notice. The Fisher Cup, which, since 1882, had been a contested trophy among the yachts on the lakes, was challenged for and won by Onward from the yacht Norah, of Belleville, on September 19, 1892. In November, 1895, by the terms of the original contract, being up to that time unchallenged, it became the bonafide property of the owners of Onward, who then donated it to the Inland Lake Yacht Racing Association as a perpetual challenge cup for yachts of 35ft. sailing length or over in the clubs of Lake Ontario and Bay of Quinte, forming part of the association. In September, 1900, it was challenged for by the Royal Canadian Y. C., and successfully defended by Genesee, of the Rochester Y. C., against Beaver, of the Royal Canadian Y. C. It is still in the custody of the winning club.

In 1896 the celebrated cup offered by the city of Toledo was raced for by Vencedor, of Chicago, and Canada, of Toronto, and it was won by the latter. The cup was then deeded by the owners of Canada as a perpetual international trophy between representatives of the two nations bordering on the Great Lakes—hence the name Canada's Cup. The Chicago Y. C. was the first to challenge and several yachts from that city were built for the trial races. The field having been opened for representatives from other clubs to try for the choice, the Rochester Y. C. prepared and put into the contest the yacht Genesee. The result of the trials at Chicago was so successful for the Rochester yacht that she was chosen as the representative of the Chicago Y. C. The

result of the contest between her and Beaver, of the Royal Canadian Y. C., off Toronto in August, 1899, was a complete victory for the Rochester yacht, and the cup passed into the hands of the Chicago Y. C., it being the challenger. In 1901 the Royal Canadian Y. C. again competed for the prize, and their representative, Invader, proved to be the winner. The sporting blood of the Rochester Y. C. was now thoroughly aroused, and Commodore Van Voorhis was promptly on hand to lodge a challenge for the next contest, which was accepted. By the terms of the contract the winning club has the privilege of choosing the size of yachts to compete for the ensuing struggle, and it was decided to enter the lists with yachts of 40ft. sailing length. This necessitated a greatly increased expense in building such a yacht, but the Rochester boys were equal to the emergency. A syndicate was formed, plans decided upon after designs by Mr. William Gardner, of Messrs. Gardner & Cox, and the contract for building the yacht placed in the hands of B. F. Wood, of City Island, New York. When completed she was, to all appearances, the finest craft which had yet appeared on the inland lakes.

The new yacht, named Irondequoit, entered the lists with Strathcona, of Toronto, in very deed a foeman worthy of their steel. On August 8, 1903, the contest began. The first two races, owing to some unaccountable mishaps, were unfavorable for Irondequoit, but her supporters were undaunted in their courage and faith in the capacity of the boat on which the reputation of the club was staked. Mr. Addison G. Hanan was placed in charge of the yacht, and her true qualities were brought out, resulting in winning the next three races in one of the most spirited and exciting contests ever witnessed on the inland lakes.

The coveted prize thus came into the custody of the Rochester Y. C. A challenge from the Royal Canadian Y. C. has been accepted by the Rochester Club, and active preparations are now being made by both interested parties. It has been decided to contest with boats of 30ft. class. Several new yachts are being planned for the occasion, and it is pretty well assured that the coming season will witness considerable sport in our nautical lines. The races will take place off Ontario Beach at Charlotte, N. Y.

About a year ago the handsome schooner yacht Helene was brought here by W. A. Stace and enrolled in our fleet. During the past summer the following additions have been made to the list: Pharamond, a 74ft. power boat, which has borne the pennant of Vice-Commodore Briggs; Mohawk, a staunch and commodious 35ft. sloop owned by Thos. B. Pritchard, the commodore-elect; Climax, by H. A. Barrows; Gladys, by F. A. Mabbett; Outlaw, by C. V. Aspinwell.

There are now enrolled in the fleet between 40 and 50 sailing craft, ranging from 15ft. to 110ft. waterline, and about 20 power boats of various dimensions.

The following gentlemen have held the position of commodore in the club since its organization: George H. Newell, 1887-1890; J. R. White, 1891; Matthew Cartwright, 1892; J. R. White, 1893; H. S. Mackie, 1894; A. T. Hagen, 1895; F. S. Todd, 1896; A. G. Wright, 1897; F. E. Woodworth, 1898; A. G. Wright, 1899-1900; Charles Van Voorhis, 1901-1903; Charles M. Everest, 1904.

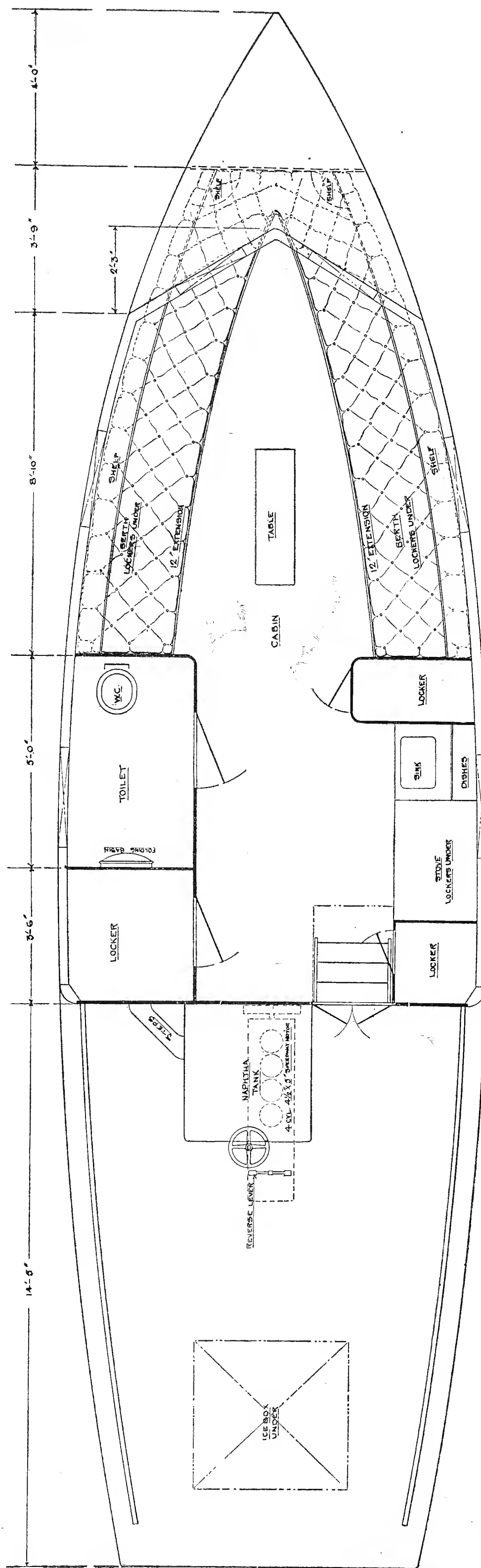
The officers just elected for 1905 are: Com., T. B. Pritchard; Vice-Com., L. G. Mabbett; Fleet Captain, Frank T. Christy; Sec'y-Treas., Thomas G. Young; Corres. Sec'y, C. V. Burton; Meas., W. H. Pillow, Jr.; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. W. J. Herriman. The present roll of membership is 350, and a considerable increase is looked for during the coming year.

Rhode Island Notes.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Dec. 3.—Extensive improvements in club house facilities planned for the coming season by the two leading yacht clubs of Narragansett Bay afford good evidence of the steady growth of yachting interest in this vicinity during the past few years. This has been manifest for some time in the rapid growth of club membership as well as in the increased number of craft devoted to pleasure, especially in the line of power boats of medium size. Naturally there is an access of interest in organization and the several clubs, under this stimulus, show signs of an activity that promises well for this sport in Rhode Island waters during the next few seasons.

The Rhode Island Y. C. has for some years had a commodious club house admirably located at Pawtuxet, some six miles from the city, and for several seasons it has maintained a small club house at Potter's Cove, near the north end of Prudence Island, a few miles from Bristol, which has come to be a favorite yachting rendezvous for the whole bay. A few months ago, however, the whole property at Potter's Cove was bought by Mr. James A. Garland, of the New York Y. C., with the intention of building an extensive summer residence. This deal dispossessed the yacht club, of course, and it looked as if yachting days at Potter's Cove were over, except for Mr. Garland. During the past week, however, plans have been completed, by which the R. I. Y. C. will continue to have a summer home at the Cove. A tract of land has been purchased on the south side of the Cove, opposite the old club house, and at a meeting held this week it was decided to erect a building to contain a large dining room, ladies' rooms and sleeping rooms. The club house will be on a more ambitious scale than the old building, the principal purpose of which was the serving of the regular club clam bakes during the season, and the members are greatly pleased by the outlook. The building committee consists of Commodore F. T. Rogers, Secretary George E. Darling, Fleet Capt. Howard E. Barlow and Messrs. Scott C. Burlingame and Charles G. Easton.

Extensive alterations are to be made on the club house of the Edgewood Y. C. in the early spring. The rapid growth of the club necessitated a considerable addition to the building a year ago and now, for the same reason another enlargement is to be made. The new addition will extend 25ft. over the water front from the present building, and the full width of the structure. On the lower floor the additional space will be given over to a large smoking room and a broad verandah. The second floor will have broad window openings and will afford a commodious promenade space as an annex



HOUSE-BOAT CLOVER—CABIN PLAN.

Designed and built by the Gas Engine & Power Co. and Charles L. Seabury & Co., Consolidated. 1904.

to the present ball room. The building, which is to be of handsome architectural design, will be completed in time for the opening of the season.

F. H. YOUNG.

Queries on Marine Motors.

WHEN E. W. B.'s question was answered in this column in our issue of Nov. 26, we had in mind The Toquet Motor Company, which concern makes a specialty of a two-cycle marine engine that can be run in either direction and be made to ignite going ahead or backward after the upper center is passed. Under the date of Nov. 25 we have a letter from The Toquet Motor Company, of Saugatuck, Conn., and in part they say "this is a very important feature which we make a special point of."

N. B. E., Fall River, Mass.—I am told that with the jump spark ignition you are liable to receive a severe shock. Is this so? What precautions should be taken?

Ans.—You can get a severe shock from the secondary wiring or spark plug. The only precautions to be taken are to be sure and not come in contact with the secondary wiring or plug when switch is in. The cable should be inclosed by or run through ordinary rubber tubing as an additional precaution, and should run direct from the coil to the engine without coming near any part of the inside of the boat.

F. J. W., Bay Shore, L. I.—Which takes the less battery to operate, make-and-break or jump spark?

Ans.—This question is answered in an article published this week on "Ignition of Marine Gasolene Engines."

C. F. W., Pittsburg, Pa.—Where can I buy a good jump spark coil, and how much ought one to cost?

Ans.—Consult our advertising columns for coils. Probably \$7 to \$8.

Electric Marine Gasolene Engine Ignition.

BY A. E. POTTER.

IN this essential of gasolene engine construction there are in reality three types, the "wipe," where the insulated electrode wipes or rubs by a fixed insulated one, very rarely met with except in engines designed and built some years ago, not very plentiful even at that; the very common "make-and-break," and the modern "jump spark" ignition.

Marine engines are usually designed to use an "open," although occasionally is found an engine operating on a "closed," circuit. In the open circuit, contact is only made sufficiently long to magnetize the spark coil, while in the closed circuit the electrodes are in contact all the time, except when the spark is made and a very short time thereafter. It will be readily seen that open circuit takes decidedly less electrical energy and is more economical.

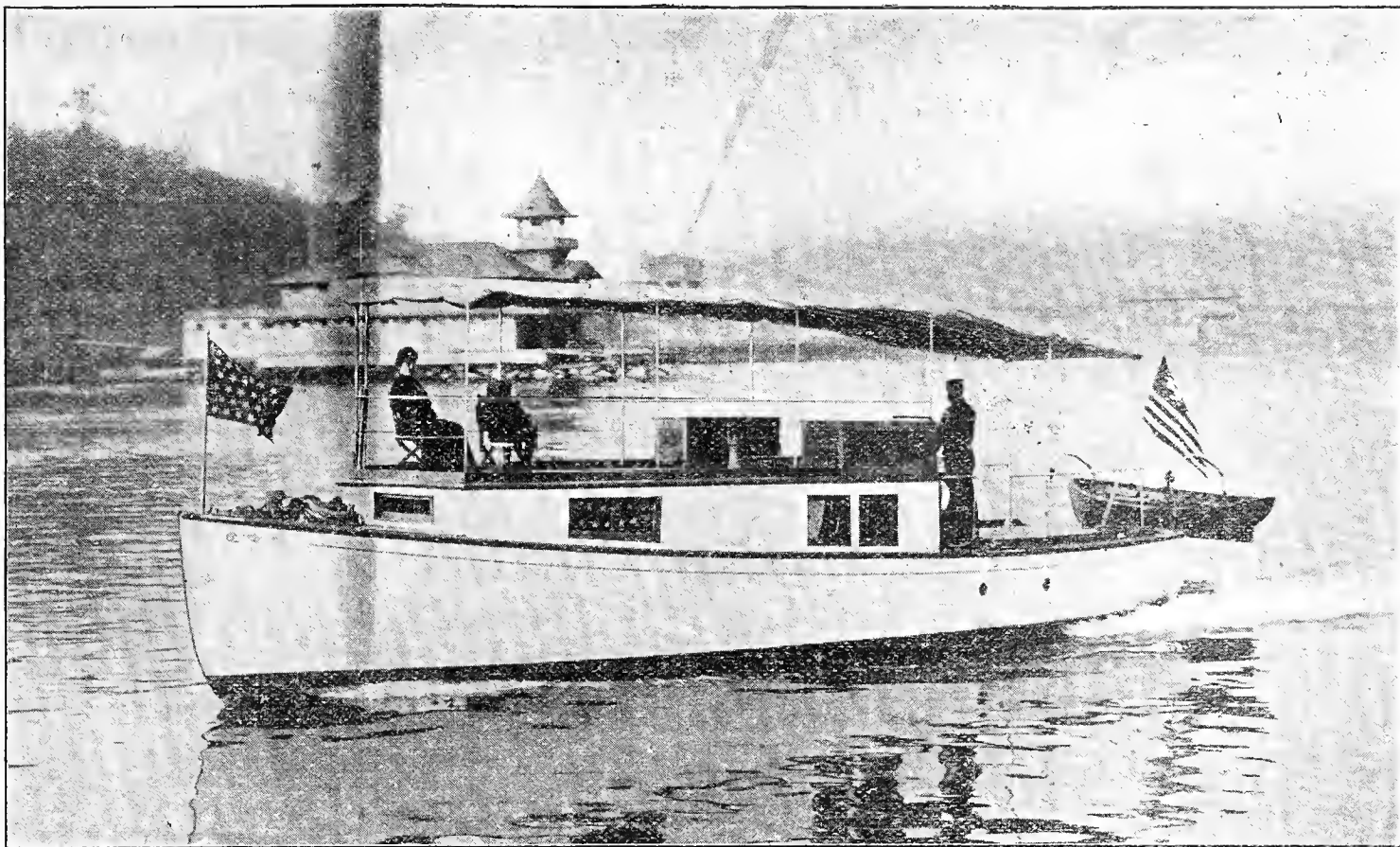
When an electrical circuit is completed, there are two currents passing in opposite directions, the positive through the established circuit toward the negative pole, and the negative toward the positive. Just so long as the circuit is complete, the two currents pass and waste. From this very fact decidedly more attention should be paid to the length of contact if the electrical energy is to be economized and our batteries are to last longer as a result. Even a damp atmosphere acts as a medium of connection, and for that reason the batteries should be kept in a dry place.

When an established electrical circuit is interrupted the two currents will leap across the intervening space and heat the air to incandescence. This is what causes the spark.

The electrical energy used for ignition may be derived from either chemical or mechanical means, or even by a combination of both.

Sal ammoniac batteries, either wet or dry, and caustic alkaline batteries, such as the Edison or Gordon, are chemical entirely, while magnetos and generators (often incorrectly called dynamos) are mechanical in their operation. The accumulator or frequently called storage battery is a combination of both.

The use of the dry battery has pretty generally superseded the wet sal ammoniac cell on account of cheapness, convenience, and cleanliness. The better and higher priced alkaline batteries, usually designated as oil batteries from the use of a sealing of oil to prevent evaporation and "crawling" of salts, on account of their long life, are very popular among marine engine operators because they can be depended on for long, hard usage. With proper attention and adjustment of the electrodes one set of six cells of the larger type will usually last two full seasons without recharging.



CLOVER—HOUSE-BOAT FOR SOUTHERN WATERS.
Designed and built by the Gas Engine & Power Co. and Charles L. Seabury & Co., Consolidated.

Houseboat Clover.

THE Clover is a combination of cruiser and houseboat, a new type of boat, but one bound to become popular. She was designed by the Gas Engine & Power Co. and Charles L. Seabury & Co., Consolidated, for a prominent New Yorker, especially for southern waters. Her extreme width and shallow draft make her commodious, and not especially expensive to run. She is 40ft. over all, 11ft. beam and has a draft of but 2ft. 4in., and is 14 tons net. Her power equipment is a four-cylinder, $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. x 5in. Speedway Model A. gasolene engine.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Dec. 5.—One of the neatest designs for a cruising gasolene launch is that of Tonopah, owned by John F. Anderson, of Philadelphia. The lines were drawn by Mr. Fred D. Lawley, and the boat was built at the Lawley plant at City Point. Although some feet shorter, the general appearance of Tonopah is very similar to that of steam yachts of the Scout, Mirage and Tramp type built by Herreshoff. A dummy smokestack makes the likeness all the greater. Tonopah is 70ft. over all, 66ft. waterline, 10ft. beam and 3ft. 6in. draft. She is propelled by twin screws, operated by motors of 50 horsepower each. These gave her a maintained speed on her trial trip of 12.3 knots an hour. Each motor has a separate gasolene tank of 200 gallons, the piping running from the tanks to where it again enters the boat to supply the engines. The tank capacity gives the boat a cruising radius of about 800 miles. The owner's quarters are forward, and consist of a main saloon, with extension transoms for sleeping accommodations. There is a large toilet room off the main saloon and there is plenty of locker room. Aft the main saloon is the galley, with sufficient accommodations for comfortable cruising. The greater part of the dummy stack takes the odors from the galley and also furnishes a most excellent place for the galley stove-pipe. The stack also furnishes a draft for the engine room, which is just abaft the galley. The crew's quarters are in the after part of the boat. The owner's quarters are finished in mahogany, the galley in pine, and the engine room and crew's quarters in butternut. A break in the cabin trunk forms the steering bridge, the helmsman standing on the plane of the main deck. A signal mast is placed forward of the steering space.

A number of launches are being constructed in the Lawley boat shop. One for Mr. Alfred Douglass, of the Boston Y. C., has been completed. This boat, which was designed by Mr. F. D. Lawley, has a cabin trunk, windowed in the forward part and partly open aft, to give air to the motor. The cabin trunk is raised

Accumulators, or storage batteries, have come into use latterly quite extensively, and as they become better understood will undoubtedly be much more common. The mistake that is made by manufacturers of these different types is that instruction is not properly given to the users and the importance of following out to the letter all suggestions tending to lengthening the life of the battery and preventing too frequent "battery troubles."

Some simple rules could be inclosed with each cell sent from the factory; for instance, something like the following:

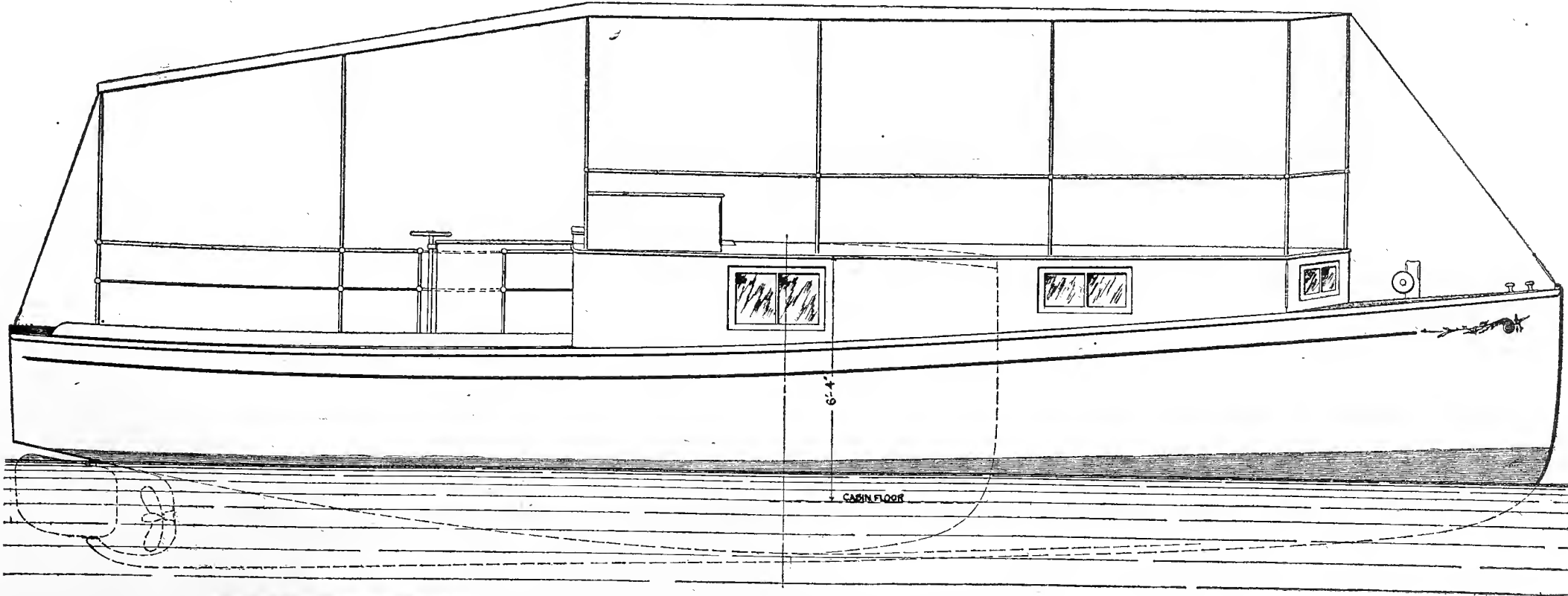
"To avoid trouble and lengthen the life of this battery, it is very essential that the switch must not be left closed when engine is not running, and the contact of the electrodes must be just as short as possible. Keep dry and always remove from the boat when not in use."

Magnetos and electrical generators usually give excellent results. They need careful attention, however, and if they refuse to operate or generate a current recourse will have to be made to the old reliable battery. Salt water is their worst enemy. Magnetos are liable to have their fixed magnets demagnetized and are useless as a result. This is their most common trouble. But they will run in either direction, and range of speed is usually sufficient to run the engine slowly, although it is usually customary to use batteries when slowing down. Batteries are indispensable for use in starting. Magnetos generate alternating electricity, and for that reason are not adapted for jump spark.

There is a form of magneto on the market now which instead of the usual rotary motion, oscillates. By its use an engine can be started by hand as slowly as desired, without the necessity of a battery. Their price is rather high and probably accounts for the few in use. Magnetos or generators are almost absolutely necessary in ignition on closed circuits, for the amount of energy required makes it expensive for batteries if used.

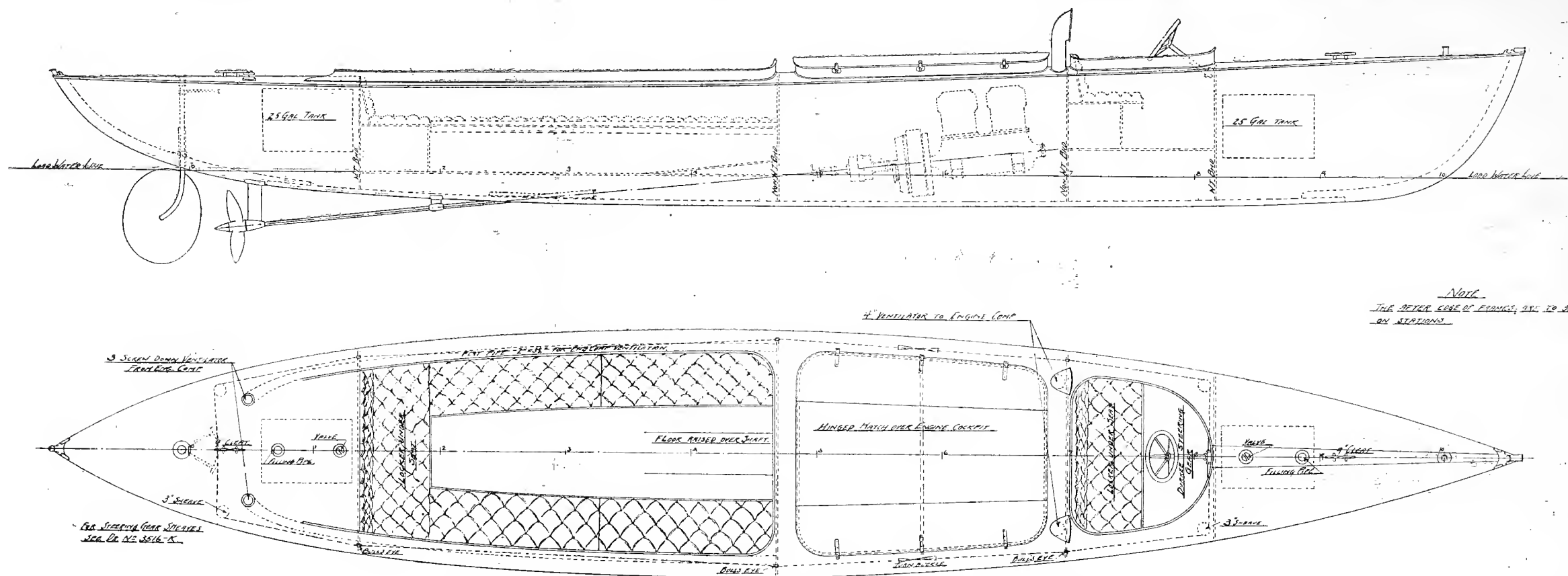
Batteries of all kinds can be used in wipe, make-and-break and jump spark work on open circuit. Storage batteries must never be used on closed circuit. Generators in jump spark ignition must have their armatures specially wound to operate without ruining the coil. In the selection of an induction coil for use in connection with batteries for primary ignition, remember that a heavy 6-inch coil is much easier on your batteries than a light weight 10-inch coil.

CHANGES IN EDITHIA.—Mr. John H. Hanan's Edithia is at Morris Heights to have installed two triple expansion Seabury engines and boilers. The motive power of two large kerosene explosive engines proved unsatisfactory, and the owner being unwilling to use gasolene, the change to steam resulted. Edithia was designed by Gardner & Cox in 1903. When lengthened she will be some 140ft. long over all.



HOUSE-BOAT CLOVER—OUTBOARD PROFILE.

Designed and built by the Gas Engine & Power Co. and Charles L. Seabury & Co., Consolidated. 1904.



OPEN LAUNCH—ARRANGEMENT PLAN AND OUTBOARD PROFILE.
Designed by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane for the Smith & Mabley Co., New York City. 1904.

sufficiently to give full head room and at the same time is not high enough to give the boat a top-heavy appearance, which is noted on many small cabin launches. Mr. Douglass will use the launch as a tender for his 30-footer Shiyessa, and also as a ferry between the Hull and Rowe's wharf anchorages of the Boston Y. C. Another launch in the boat shop is for a Boston yachtsman, who wishes his name withheld for the present. This boat is 36ft. long, open, with torpedo boat stern, and will be driven by a 16 horsepower engine. In the west shop the frames for the new 90ft. schooner for Mr. F. F. Brewster are being trued up. In the east shop the 43ft. schooner for Mr. Bancroft C. Davis is receiving the finishing touches. The cabin work is being finished in the 30-footer for Mr. Albert Stone and an 83ft. twin-screw gasoline yacht is partly planked.

Messrs. Swazey, Raymond and Page have a number of designs of launches under way. One very neat design is of the hunting launch type, but with much more speedy appearance than is usually noted in boats of the type. She is intended for shore cruising, having a saloon forward. The engine is placed abaft the break of the cabin trunk. Chairs are placed about a very roomy standing room. This boat is 30ft. over all, 6ft. 9in. beam, and 21in. draft. The motive power will be a 10 horsepower gasoline engine. This firm has also turned out a 40ft. auxiliary yawl for Mr. Buckley, of Philadelphia. Among others of their design, is a 75ft. launch for western parties. This boat will be twin-screw, with engines of 50 horsepower each.

At Marblehead Messrs. Stearns and McKay are busy on new work and on alterations on yachts stored in the yards during the winter. They have designed a hunting cabin launch, with considerable room under a low trunk, for Mr. Nelson Frank, of Philadelphia. She will be 35ft. over all and 8ft. 6in. beam, with a 12 horsepower engine.

Mr. B. B. Crowninshield has an order for a 27-footer under the proposed new rating rule, for Rochester parties. Mr. Crowninshield is in favor of the general principles of the new system except that he thinks the centerboard boats are likely to be at a disadvantage. A number of sets of plans for new boats are being worked out on the Crowninshield boards.

Messrs. Burgess & Packard are at work upon a fast power launch, which is to compete in the American

Power Boat Association races on the Hudson next season. It is believed that this boat is for Mr. H. L. Bowden, for whom they designed and built Mercedes, U. S. A., last season. They are also designing a 40ft. automobile boat for Mr. William Wallace, which is to have an estimated speed of 28 miles an hour. They are also designing a 38ft. cruising launch for Mr. Wilder.

Mr. W. J. J. Young, who drew the lines for the steam yacht Pantooset, has designed a 21-footer for Dr. E. W. Gahan, of the South Boston Y. C., which Dr. Gahan is now building in his boat shop at Dorchester. This boat will be 27ft. 11in. over all, 20ft. 9in. waterline, 11ft. 4in. beam and 2ft. 9in. draft. She will displace 7,700 pounds with 1,400 pounds outside, and will carry 888 sq. ft. of sail. She will be raced at Halifax and Yarmouth.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Two Designs for Open Launches.

WE are reproducing this week two of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane's creations, designed for the Smith & Mabley Company, New York city. One is a 30ft. high speed launch tender, and the other is a pleasure speed launch 35ft. long. Both will be equipped with 30 horsepower Smith & Mabley "Simplex" 30 horsepower engines of four cylinders, each $4\frac{1}{2}$ by $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

The tender is of the usual oak keel and frame construction, with $\frac{1}{2}$ in. Honduras mahogany planking of the riband carvel type. Inside finish, deck, grating, etc., are also of the same material. Deck has considerable crown, but not as much as the usual turtle-back. Chairs and an upholstered after seat are shown, but if desired slatted folding seats can be had in addition. Stem is slightly retreating, and stern square with the usual balanced outside rudder.

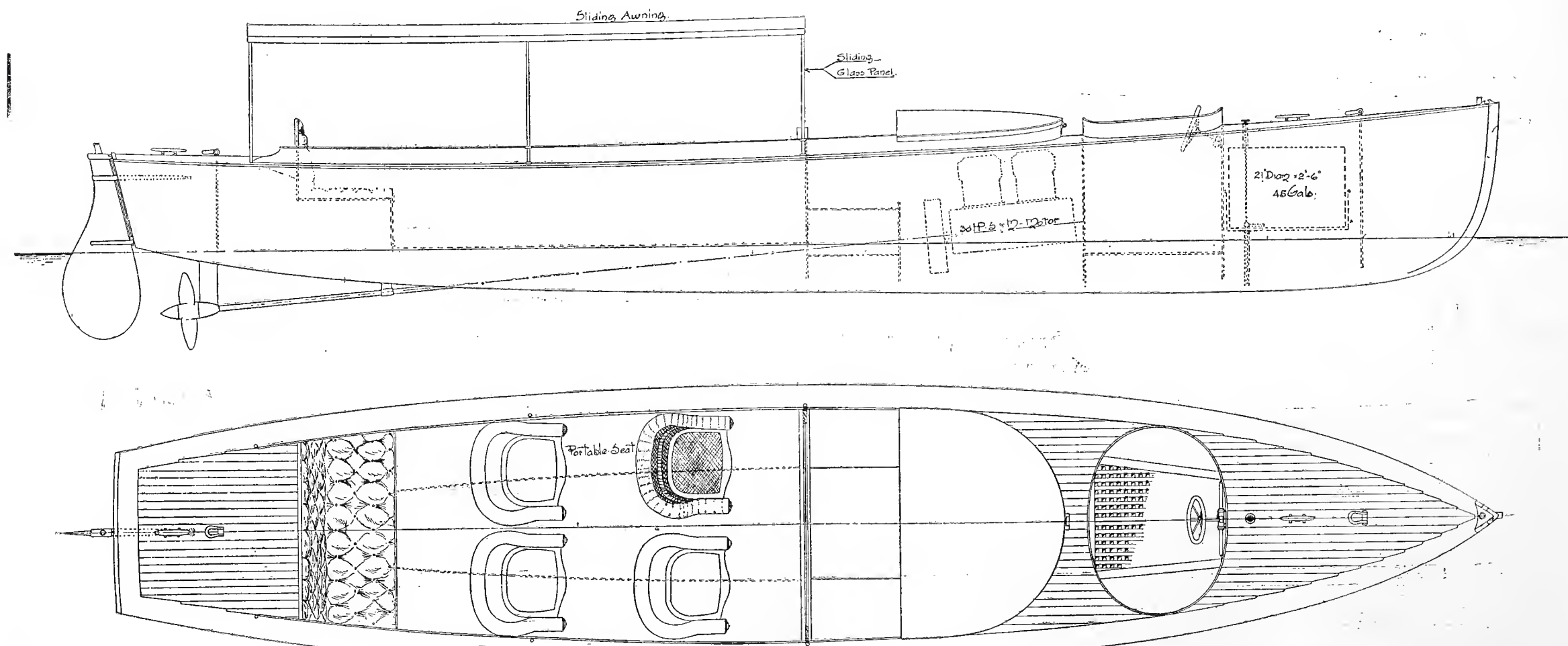
A collapsible canopy top canvas hood with sliding glass front is provided to protect the after cockpit in rough water or wet weather. Directly aft of the steering and operating cockpit is a canvas-covered hatch effectively protecting the engine from water. Eyebolts for hoisting on davits are provided, of course. Total weight, including two men and 50 gallons of gasoline, will be under 3,000 pounds. Passenger capacity is from 6 to 12, with a guaranteed speed of 15 miles per hour, and fuel capacity sufficient for 12 to 15 hours' running at full speed.

The dimensions are as follows:

Length—	
Over all	30ft.
L.W.L.	28ft. 6in.
Overhang—	
Forward	11in.
Aft	7in.
Breadth—	
Deck	6ft. 1in.
Transom	3ft. 5in.
Draft—	
Hull	1ft. 1in.
At wheel	2ft. 1in.
Freeboard—	
Forward	2ft. 11in.
Least	1ft. 9in.
Aft	2ft.

The semi-speed launch is better adapted for running in Long Island Sound or similar stretches of water, and is a much more commodious and comfortable craft. The motor and boat can be handled from either cockpit, and the launch is guaranteed a speed of at least 14 miles at 850 revolutions per minute maximum, or 6 miles minimum at 300 revolutions per minute. The exhaust is as thoroughly muffled as in a high-class automobile, and is above the waterline. An innovation is the adoption of a small metallic clutch instead of the more common leather-faced cone. Reversing is by means of planetary gearing with thrusts both forward and aft the gear casing. The hull of this boat is of cedar, while the interior is of Spanish cedar throughout. Fittings are all well appointed, and upholstering to order. Passenger capacity is from 10 to 15 comfortably. The dimensions are as follows:

Length—	
Over all	35ft. 3in.
L.W.L.	30ft.
Overhang—	
Forward	1ft. 11in.
Aft	3ft. 4in.
Breadth—	
At deck	5ft. 11in.
Draft—	
Of hull	9in.
Of wheel	2ft. 2in.
Freeboard—	
Forward	3ft.
Least	2ft. $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Aft	2ft. 3in.



LAUNCH TENDER—ARRANGEMENT PLAN AND OUTBOARD PROFILE.
Designed by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane for the Smith & Mabley Co., New York City. 1904.

II. The Horsepower Question.

From The Yachtsman.

HAVING expressed an opinion on any given subject, it is always a matter for self-congratulation to find that opinion indorsed by the voice of unquestionable authority. We have always considered the method of rating horsepower one of the weakest points in our own or any other rating rule, and, further, we have consistently given tongue to our opinion. In our issue of July 28 we published an article on the present status of the M.M.A., which concluded with the following words: "The weakest point in the present system (of rating) is the method employed for estimating 'horsepower.' It is unsatisfactory, and can never be anything else. There can only be one satisfactory way, a way that will measure the actual output of the motor in foot pounds per hour, and, until such a method can be applied in a simple manner, horsepower had better be left entirely out of any rating formula."

Now we have just received Vol. III. of Prof. Rankin Kennedy's latest work, "Modern Engines and Power Generators," and in the sub-section dealing with petrol motor boats he speaks thusly on horsepower:

"Hitherto, engineers have used the foot pound per second or per minute—33,000 foot pounds per minute as a horsepower, the watt (= 44.2 foot pounds per minute), the kilowatt, the C.G.S., the kilogrammeter, and have found these units ample for all purposes."

"The ancients used a unit called a nominal horsepower. Its origin is obscure and its meaning more so. The Marine Motor Association have introduced a somewhat similar arbitrary unit called a motor-power—M.P. for short. It is to be hoped it will never become common in use. Such meaningless terms only lead to confusion. There is only one set of units admissible in engineering—those based on the laws of nature—and engines can only be rated at the accepted horsepowers each of 33,000 foot pounds per minute on the brake."

"At the present day, there is no difficulty in, and no excuse for, neglecting scientific brake tests of any engine whatever, at any speed, to get an accurate measure of its brake horsepower (B.H.P.), and that is the power of the engine for the actual work to be done."

"The indicated horsepower (I.H.P.) is of scientific interest only, to enable the test to show the power wasted in the engine itself, to demonstrate the action of the valves, and the rise and fall of pressure in the engine cylinders."

"The motor horse (M.P.) can only be a rough approximation to the brake horse, and is arrived at by calculations made from the cylinder dimensions and number of revolutions per minute. It, however, ignores the fact that there is a considerable variation between I.H.P. and B.H.P. in engines built from the same patterns and run at the same speed."

Mr Kennedy then goes on to advise the testing of petrol engines by means of a dynamo-electric apparatus.

This expression of opinion, coming from an undoubted authority in the engineering world, amply bears out the principles we have always insisted upon—that horsepower must either be ignored entirely or else measured accurately by a rational and scientific method.

A brake test cannot conveniently be applied to every motor when fitted in a hull, and if we are to be independent of makers' statements, we must find some other method of estimating correctly the relative performances of motors.

Going straight to the root of the matter, let us put ourselves in the position of a member of the outside public who wishes to purchase a launch. In the first place, we know the seating accommodations we require; therefore, roughly, the dimensions of the hull. Secondly, we know the speed we wish to run at under normal conditions; and, finally, the cost of running must not be excessive. In other words, for any given hull driven at a certain speed, the time rate of fuel consumption must not be excessive. From this we can see that the ideal rating rule need take only three things into account—dimensions of hull, speed attained, and fuel consumption reduced to a suitable basis. Nothing could be simpler. The merits of boats would be judged by their actual performance, and the adoption of such a rule would inevitably tend to the evolution of a more economical kind of motor than we possess at present—a type of motor better fitted for actual commercial use.

Under such a rule it would not matter what the actual or fanciful horsepower of the motor might be—makers would still be at liberty to label them as they choose—but the actual performance of a launch as a hull-engine-propeller combination would be settled beyond the possibility of a doubt.

Such is the logical and scientific rating rule for the cruiser classes. The racers could still be left as they are, their one and only destiny being the attainment of the highest possible speed within their length class. Should a racer wish to show its paces amidst a herd of cruisers, it would be so heavily penalized by the very essence of a consumption rule that it would stand no possible chance.

The purely racing machine does good in its own way; it teaches lessons of incalculable value to the designer, the engine builder, and the propeller maker, but beyond that it has no commercial use. The cruiser classes, on the other hand, are the prototypes of the successful commercial and pleasure boats, and should be judged by different standards.

It may be objected that it is difficult to accurately gauge the consumption of a motor when installed in a launch, but a consumption rule has already been tried in France with a great measure of success, and little or no difficulty was experienced in gauging the quantity used. In the Reliability Trials, too, consumption was measured in the simplest possible manner, and again with fair accuracy. Indeed, should the rule be once adopted, there would be no lack of suggestions for accurately effecting the measurement, and it is to be hoped that such a fanciful difficulty will not prevent its adoption—at the very least, its consideration—at the next general meeting of the Marine Motor Association.

"Forest and Stream" Designing Competition No. IV.

Sixty-foot Waterline Cruising Power Boat.

\$225 in Prizes.

THE three designing competitions previously given by FOREST AND STREAM have been for sailing yachts. In this competition, the fourth, we are to change our subject and give the power boat men an opportunity. The competition is open to amateurs and professionals, except that the designers who received prizes in any of the three previous contests may not compete in this one.

The following prizes will be given:

First prize, \$100.

Second prize, \$60.

Third prize, \$40.

Fourth prize, \$25, offered by Mr. Charles W. Lee for the best cabin arrangement.

Mr. Henry J. Gielow, N.A., has very kindly agreed to act as judge. In addition to making the awards, Mr. Gielow will criticise each of the designs submitted; and the criticisms will be published in these columns.

The designs will be for a cruising launch propelled by either gasoline or kerosene motors, conforming to the following conditions:

I. Not over 60ft. waterline.

II. Not over 4ft. draft.

III. A signalling mast only to be shown.

IV. Cabin houses, if used at all, to be kept as low and narrow as possible.

V. Construction to be of wood, and to be strong, simple, and inexpensive. The cost of the boat complete in every detail must not exceed \$9,000.

VI. The location of tanks and engine or engines to be carefully shown. Either single or twin-screws may be adopted. The power and type of the motor must be specified.

VII. The boat must have a fuel capacity sufficient to give a cruising radius of 700 miles at a rate of 8 miles an hour. The maximum speed shall not be more than 14 miles nor less than 10 miles. The estimated maximum speed must be specified.

VIII. All weights must be carefully figured, and the results of the calculations recorded. A thousand-word description of the boat and a skeleton specification must accompany each design.

The design must be modern in every particular, without containing any extreme or abnormal features. We wish to produce an able, safe, and comfortable cruising boat, one that will have ample accommodations, so that the owner and his wife and two guests, or three or four men, can live aboard, and one that can easily be managed at all times by two or three paid hands in addition to the steward. The draft is restricted to 4ft. in order that the boat may have access to nearly all harbors, canals and rivers North and South, and may thereby widely increase the cruising field. We have in mind a boat that can be used North in the summer and South in the winter, and a craft well able to withstand outside passage along the coast in all seasons of the year.

Special attention must be given to the cabin arrangement. The interiors should be original, but devoid of any impractical features. Arrangements should be made for a direct passage forward and aft without going on deck.

Drawings Required.

I. Sheer plan. Scale, 1/2 in.=1 ft.

II. Half breadth plan. Scale, 1/2 in.=1 ft.

III. Body plan. Scale, 1/2 in.=1 ft.

IV. Cabin plan and inboard profile and at least one cross-section. Scale, 1/2 in.=1 ft.

V. Outboard profile. Scale, 1/2 in.=1 ft.

The drawings should be carefully made and lettered; all drawings should be preferably on tracing cloth or white paper, in black ink. No colored inks or pigments should be used.

The drawings must bear a *nom de plume* only, and no indication must be given of the identity of the designer. *In a sealed envelope, however, the designer must inclose his name and address, together with his nom de plume.*

All designs must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York, not later than February 3, 1905. All drawings will be returned. Return postage should accompany each.

THE FOREST AND STREAM reserves the right to publish any or all the designs.

LARCHMONT Y. C.'s ONE-DESIGN CLASS.—Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane have completed plans for the Larchmont Y. C.'s new one-design class, and Frank Wood, of City Island, has already commenced work on three of the boats. The three already ordered are for Messrs. A. C. Bostwick, A. Bryan Alley, and Clifford V. Brokaw. Probably even more boats will be ordered before the first of the year, so that the class will begin with ten boats. The design shows a beautiful boat, with long ends and easy lines. They are centerboard craft, double planked, 21ft. waterline, 35ft. 6in. over all, 8ft. 6in. breadth and 4ft. draft. The spars are hollow, and they will carry 600 sq. ft. of sail in the mainsail and jib. The boats will be fitted with roomy cockpits and moderate sized cabins.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

National Board Doings.

THE Committee on Legislation of the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice has completed a draft of a bill which will be presented to Congress at the coming session, presumably through the Secretary of War, for the carrying into effect of the plan drawn by the Board in compliance with the act of March 2, 1903. More than a year was consumed in the consideration of the general subject by the National Board, and a most comprehensive plan was at length drafted and has been approved by the Secretary of War. The bill will be entitled "A bill to encourage rifle practice and excellence in marksmanship among citizens of the United States, so as to render them quickly available for efficient service in time of war." The title clearly indicates the purpose of the bill, which is to encourage marksmanship among the citizens, giving them instructions and affording facilities for practice without it being necessary for them to belong to military organizations, although suitable provision will be made for rifle practice by the National Guard, the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps. The Board will ask for an annual appropriation of one million dollars, to be expended under the direction of the Secretary of War, for training in rifle practice such citizens as desire to be efficient marksmen; for the construction and equipment of shooting galleries; for the acquisition, equipment and maintenance of national target ranges, and for the issue of arms and ammunition to schools and clubs, etc. To enable civilians to practice in the shooting galleries and on the national ranges, and to obtain the benefit of the provisions for the issuing of rifles and ammunition, clubs are to be formed of not less than ten members each, and the shooting galleries and ranges will be open to such clubs as well as to the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and National Guard. To reach the schools, both public and private, the age limit of membership to the clubs has been placed at fifteen years. Not exceeding one rifle may be issued to a club for each ten members thereof, together with five hundred rounds of ammunition per piece. After the first year, not exceeding fifty rounds of ammunition for each qualification as marksman may be issued free. All qualified marksmen will receive official badges and their names and addresses are to be filed in the office of the Military Secretary of the Army, so that a complete roster will be on hand of all the men in the United States who are familiar with the handling of the national arm and who are able to use it effectively. Such information would be extremely valuable in case of war.

Reports from nearly all civilized countries as to the work which is being done in those countries in the direction of rifle practice, have been secured containing valuable information which will be presented to Congress in support of the bill. It will be pointed out that in estimating the military efficiency of a soldier in battle, if we consider ten points as a standard of perfection, at least 8½ points are skill in rifle and revolver shooting.

The Board takes the position that "for practical purposes in battle, the man behind the rifle is the military unit, and if he is properly trained to hit what he shoots at, all other units will do good work," and insists that there is no way by which a rifle can be accurately shot at any range "without the individual training of the man who aims it and pulls the trigger."

After pointing out that the United States must depend, in time of war, upon the militia and volunteers for the bulk of the fighting force, the Board says that if the plans proposed in the bill are adopted, it is believed the United States will, within a few years, have more than five hundred thousand men, "who will have, for practical purposes on the line of battle, nearly all of the requirements for the most efficient enlisted men in the world."

Statistics of the existing regular army show that of the 60,000 aggregate, only 24,000 enlisted men of the infantry and 12,000 enlisted of the cavalry, or a total of 36,000 are being trained as marksmen. Of the National Guard forces, amounting to 115,000 approximately only about one-third of the States have ranges or make any pretense of training National Guardsmen as riflemen; the second third have the merest apologies for ranges, and quite a third have no ranges at all. It is therefore estimated that not more than 40,000 or 45,000 of the National Guard have been trained to shoot, which, together with the 36,000 of the regular army, make an aggregate available force of trained marksmen of only about 80,000 men in a country of 80,000,000 inhabitants. The National Guard is only available for services in time of war for a period of nine months, so that volunteer troops drawn from civil life would be required. Of a land force of 400,000 or 500,000 troops, at the very outside, under existing circumstances, only 80,000 or 20 to 25 per cent., would have been trained in the handling of a modern weapon, and in accuracy of shooting. The Board therefore argues: "If then, we must depend so largely on recruits drawn from civil life, they must be trained before the time of their use arrives, and means for their identification provided, in order that the forces enlisted shall be made up in as great measure as possible of soldiers who know how to use their pieces."

A resumé of what the other countries are doing in this direction shows that Great Britain, since the Boer war, is making strenuous efforts to encourage rifle practice. Hundreds of ranges have been built and every inducement is offered for boys and young men to practice. Ten thousand pounds sterling is annually appropriated by Parliament for the encouragement of rifle practice in England, which is augmented by many private donations. The King of England gives one thousand pounds annually for prizes, and Mr. William Waldorf Astor, formerly a citizen of the United States, recently contributed ten thousand pounds toward an endowment fund for the National Rifle Association of England. In 1902 the aggregate prizes at the great Bisley meeting amounted to \$50,000.

Canada, with a population of about seven millions, gives \$10,000 a year for the support of the Dominion Rifle Association, which receives at least as much from private parties. In France, rifle clubs, under the supervision of the Government, are maintained, assisted and encouraged to the utmost extent. In Italy, rifle clubs are formed under the direction of the Government in every community, and a considerable reduction in time of compulsory military service is allowed to those men who have qualified as marksmen. In 1898, Switzerland had 3,446 shooting clubs with 210,000 members, of which 163,000 qualified. Assistance is given by the Netherlands in money, arms and ammunition, while Norway and Sweden, in addition to organizing rifle clubs for adults, are giving special attention to the training of boys in schools from the age of eleven years upwards.

"When the whole world seems to be keenly alive to the importance of civilian rifle practice," says the report, "it seems strange indeed that the United States, the most progressive of the large nations, should have done almost nothing in this direction, although a greater proportion of its soldiery than that of any other country must be drawn from civil life, in case of war."

New York Central Schuetzen Corps.

THE regular practice shoot was held on the Zettler ranges, 159 West Twenty-third street, Nov. 30. Gus Zimmerman and R. Busse created quite a little diversion by their exciting finish on the ring target, Mr. Zimmerman winning by one point on his final target. Scores follow:

Ring target: Gus Zimmerman 236, 242; R. Busse 236, 241; F. Rolfe 235, 239; D. Scharninghausen 232, 233, C. Oltman 227, 226; A. Rohde 221, 229; G. Viemeister 225, 233; A. Ritterhoff 221, 226; W. J. Daniels 221, 227; J. von der Leith 224, 213; B. Eusner 222, 223; C. Gerken 224, 218; C. Tietjen 217, 225; Wessel, Jr., 225, 212; F. Schiller 219, 210; H. von der Leith 216, 209; H. L. Schrader 201, 222; Roffman 212, 212; H. A. Fincke, Jr., 206, 215; F. Bauman 216, 204; J. Eissinger 211, 203; J. C. Brummer 202, 212; D. Wuhrman 196, 207; H. Greverman 199, 200; G. Dielhoff 174, 182.

Bullseye target: Gus Zimmerman 53, R. Busse 81, Wessel, Jr., 95, Roffman 95, D. Wuhrman 105, D. Scharninghausen 107, J. Eissinger 114, B. Eusner 130, C. Oltman 132, F. Rolfe 137, H. Greverman 149, C. Tietjen 162, C. Gerken 165, W. J. Daniels 194, J. C. Brummer 195, J. von der Leith 180, G. Dillhoff 207, A. Rohde 213, H. L. Schroder 233, F. Bauman 264, H. von der Leith 275.

Massachusetts Rifle Club.

At the regular weekly shoot at Walnut Hill the following scores were recorded. Although a tricky 10 o'clock wind was blowing, several members tackled the 1000yd. range. Mr. Daniels succeeded in getting some very creditable scores under the weather conditions:

One thousand yard match: F. Daniels 45, 41, 43, 42; I. James 42; Charles 39; F. Carter 37.

Two hundred yards: R. L. Dale 219, A. Neider 206, F. F. Fitz 205, J. E. Lynch 203, M. Alden 202, S. C. Sampson 201, J. B. Hobbs 201, A. W. Hill 200, H. E. Comey 200, M. T. Day 197.

Standard target: C. A. Combs 84, R. S. Hunter 80, J. E. Lynch 76, M. L. Rose 75, M. T. Day 72, O. Moore 71.

Military revolver: Louis Bell 30, 30; R. L. Dale 28, 28; B. J. Smith 28, 28; M. T. Day 26.

Pistol match: E. E. Patridge 97, T. Anderton 91, Miss Lamb 90, J. B. Hobbs 74.

Zettler Rifle Club.

At the regular weekly shoot the following scores were recorded. Conditions, 50 shots per man on the 25-ring target. Owing to their absence from former practice shoots, several of the members fired 100 shots, to make up their back scores:

One hundred shots: L. C. Buss 2449, George Schlicht 2415, Owen Smith 2412, L. Maurer 2386, H. Fenwirth 2364, A. Begerow 2343.

Fifty shots: W. A. Tewes 1228, R. Gute 1214, C. Zettler, Jr., 1210, B. Zettler 1190, C. G. Zettler 1188, F. J. Herpers 1182, G. J. Bernius 1160.

New York City Schuetzen Corps.

SCORES follow for the practice shoot at headquarters 159 West Twenty-third street, Dec. 1, Capt. Busse being high man on both the ring and bullseye targets:

Ring target: R. Busse 241, 245; A. Kronsberg 241, 245; C. G. Zettler 231, 244; R. Schwaneman 226, 226; H. Radloff 225, 225; G. Schroeter 216, 226; Jos. Keller 221, 206; William Heil 208, 196; J. Metzger 199, 198, A. Wiltz 192, 181.

Bullseye target: R. Busse 65 degrees, A. Kronsberg 94, C. G. Zettler 94, A. Wiltz 96, R. Schwaneman 125½, J. Metzger 146, William Heil 150.

Lady Zettler Rifle Club.

SCORES follow for the second contest of the season on the ranges, 159 West Twenty-third street, all shooting on the 25-ring target, 20 shots per contestant, possible score 500: Miss M. Zimmerman 494, Miss K. Zimmerman 492, Miss B. Ludwig 490, Miss Miller 485, Mrs. Liegibel 483, Mrs. H. Fenwirth 481, Mrs. Schen 480, Mrs. F. Watson 477, Miss Ludwig 477, Mrs. Turbett 474, Miss L. Turbett 473, Miss Eusner 472, Miss Stoltz 470.

Ohio Rifle Notes.

F. Jackson won the November medal of the Twin Valley Rifle Club, West Alexandria, O., by a score of 44 out of 48, four shots, 100yds. offhand.

In the annual rifle shoot of Co. C, Third Regiment, O. N. G., held on the Piqua range, at 200 and 300yds., Corp. R. Fahnestock made high score with 67 out of a possible 100 shots.

Rifle Notes.

A well equipped rifle range has been opened under the supervision of J. A. Hauck, Jr., in the Universal Bowling Academy building, 275 Washington street, Brooklyn, corner of Tillary street. The ease with which this range may be reached should appeal to all lovers of the sport in Brooklyn Borough.

A team match recently shot between members of the U. S. Revolver Association, five men from San Francisco and five men of New York and vicinity, resulted in a victory for the Californians by a margin of several points. Each team shot on their home range, and the results were telegraphed across the continent. The conditions called for 50 shots per man at 50yds. Totals: San Francisco 2198, New York 2185.

Prof. John Loris, the expert fancy shot, was in town last week, having just returned from St. Louis, where he has been giving exhibitions at the Fair. Mr. Loris spent Tuesday evening at the Zettler ranges in Twenty-third street, renewing old acquaintances, it being some time since he has been able to be with us, owing to his extensive engagements abroad.

The Greenville range last Saturday was almost void of shooters. L. Maurer and Dr. W. G. Hudson were the only ones devoting their attention to the rifle. No official scores were kept. Messrs. Silliman and Armstrong, of the Manhattan Club, composed the revolver contingent.

Another out-of-town shooter who made us a flying visit last week was Thomas Anderton, of the Massachusetts Rifle Association. Mr. Anderton, we believe, is about to make New York his permanent home, having accepted the position as armorer of the Seventh Regiment, N. Y.

Harlem Independent Corps.

NINETEEN members participated in the second practice shoot Friday, Dec. 2. Scores are appended:

Ring target: H. Koch 461, G. Thomas 460, A. Fegert 452, J. H. Blumenberg 450, A. Miller 431, W. Mensch 423, H. Behrman 421, A. Olsen 420, Dr. Muller 401, P. Zugner 398, L. Lewinson 395, E. Modersohn 391, C. Wolf 389, S. Bauman 376, E. Hilker 374, J. Holtrieth 346, Ed. Miehlong 322, J. Fey 270, F. Lanzer 161.

Bullseye target: J. H. Blumenberg 34½, G. Thomas 60½, C. Wolf 76½, H. Koch 90, A. Fegert 107, A. Olsen 122, A. Muller 123, Ed. Muehlong 124½, L. Lewinson 169, W. Mensch 182, E. Hilker 252, S. Baumann 267.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Dec. 17.—Lakewood, N. J.—All-day shoot of Mullerite Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.

1905.

Jan. 1.—Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Gun Club annual shoot.
Jan. 17-20.—Hamilton, Can., Gun Club live-bird tournament. J. Hunter, Sec'y.

Jan. 23-28.—Brenham, Tex.—Sunny South Handicap.

Jan. 31-Feb. 2.—Taylor, Tex.—Central Texas Handicap.

Jan. 31-Feb. 2.—Taylor, Tex.—Central Texas Handicap tournament. C. F. Gilstrap, Mgr.

Feb. 6-9.—Houston, Tex.—Len's Grand Southern Handicap. Alf. Gardiner, Mgr.

June 8-9.—Dalton, O., Gun Club annual tournament. Ernest F. Scott, Capt.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Hon. Tom A. Marshall, of Keithsburg, Ill., has completed arrangements for a trip to Panama in the near future.

A ten-man team of the Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club have arranged to visit Poughkeepsie on Saturday of this week, to engage in a team match with a team of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club.

The annual meeting of the Interstate Association is fixed to be held on Thursday of this week. It is quite probable that there will be some strong bidding for the Grand American Handicap.

The Bergen Beach Gun Club have fixed upon Jan. 2 for a New Year's tournament, to be held on the club's grounds, Avenue N and Seventy-first street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Shooting will commence at 10 o'clock.

A match between Messrs. E. Buckwalter and J. Stevens was shot at Point Breeze race track, Philadelphia, on Saturday of last week. The conditions were 25 live birds, \$25 a side. Buckwalter won by a score of 23 to 22.

Dec. 19 has been fixed on by the Florists' Gun Club, of Philadelphia for an all-day target tournament. An interesting feature will be a five-man team contest between teams of the East and West. The members of each team will be from the highest expert professional talent of America. Five will be from the region west of the Mississippi.

The season's trapshooting tournaments at Pinehurst, N. C., will commence on Jan. 17 and continue to April. All the traps, tower, expert and magautrap, will be used in the different events. The dates include a three-day club championship contest. In addition to the regular programme, many informal sweepstakes and other events will be arranged.

The team of the Crescent Athletic Club, at New Haven, Conn., Dec. 3, defeated the Yale team by the score of 298 to 276. The weather was of the winter kind. Snow squalls interfered with the efforts of the shooters. Mr. H. M. Brigham, of the Crescent team, was high man with a score of 43. There were eight men to each team, and each shot at 50 targets. The Yale team entertained the victors at a banquet in the evening.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, secretary-manager of the Interstate Association, arrived in New York on Tuesday of this week, on business pertaining to the annual meeting of his Association. The unprecedented success of the Association tournaments this year is a source of much gratification to him. Besides being the acknowledged champion in tournament management, he is a perfect encyclopedia in knowledge pertaining to shooters and shooting.

The secretary, Mr. H. W. Mallinson, writes us that the Amackassin Heights Gun Club, of Yonkers, N. Y., will hold a tournament on Monday, Jan. 2. The programme provides ten events each day, each of which will have twenty-eight merchandise prizes. This is the first tournament of the club, it being a new organization of thirty members, each of whom will do all in his power to insure a good time and good sport to the visitors. Programmes can be obtained of the secretary.

Mr. Rider Walker, who during several years past has been a talented and industrious business representative of two Western contemporaries, has accepted a position with the U. M. C. Co. as a representative in the West. Mr. Walker's thorough knowledge of the ammunition business and of trapshooting competition, supplemented by untiring industry and suavity, make him a valuable acquisition to the skillful staff of U. M. C. lieutenants.

At the meeting of the Montclair, N. J., Gun Club, on the evening of Dec. 3, officers were elected as follows: President, Mr. W. T. Wallace; Secretary, Mr. Edward Winslow; Treasurer, Mr. S. C. Wheeler; Field Captain, Mr. C. W. Kendall. The treasurer's and secretary's reports showed the club to be in a prosperous condition. Concerning Mr. Winslow, some words of just praise are due for his courteous and constant attention in the matter of sending scores for publication. It is not generally appreciated that much of a club's prosperity or adversity rests on the ability and industry of the secretary.

BERNARD WATERS.

Crescent Athletic Club.

BAY RIDGE, New York, Dec. 3.—There was a light attendance owing to the absence of many of the shooters, who were in attendance at the team match with Yale. Scores:

Trophy shoot, 15 targets, handicap:

Hdp.	Brk.	Tot'l.	Hdp.	Brk.	Tot'l.
H L Kenyon.....1	14	15	W W Marshall.....3	8	11
H B Vanderveer.....2	11	13	F T Bedford, Jr.....1	9	10

Trophy shoot, same conditions:

Bedford.....1	10	11	Kenyon.....1	9	10
Marshall.....3	7	10	Vanderveer.....2	4	6

Trophy shoot, same conditions:

Marshall.....3	11	14	Kenyon.....1	9	10
Bedford.....1	11	12	Vanderveer.....2	8	10

Trophy shoot, 25 targets:

Bedford.....2	18	20	Marshall.....5	13	18
Kenyon.....2	16	18	Vanderveer.....4	12	16

Trophy shoot, 15 targets:

Bedford.....1	13	14	Kenyon.....1	11	12
Vanderveer.....2	12	14	Marshall.....3	6	9

Shoot-off, same conditions:

Bedford.....1	14	15	Vanderveer.....2	11	13
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Trophy shoot, 15 targets:

Bedford.....1	12	13	Marshall.....3	6	9
Kenyon.....1	11	12			

Crescents—Yale.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Dec. 3.—The team contest between the Yale Gun Club and the Crescent Athletic Club was held on the grounds of the Yale Gun Club, near the Yale field. The weather was uncomfortable, and unfavorable for good scoring, there being a raw wind, with snow squalls, and the averages were materially affected in consequence. Mr. H. M. Brigham, of the Crescents, was high with 43. Mr. J. Kineon, of Yale, was high man on his team with 39. The 50 targets per man were shot in strings of 25, and at the end of the first 25, the contest stood a tie. Messrs. Clark and Fox, two of Yale's best shots, were absent, and the Yale team was correspondingly weakened. Scores:

Yale—Kineon 39, Sturgis 36, Thompson 33, Alden 31, Goswell 33, Pugsley 34, King 34, Borden 36; total 276.

Crescent A. C.—Brigham 43, Lott 41, Remsen 39, Bennett 39, Stephenson 38, Southworth 34, Keyes 33, Palmer 31; total 298.

After the shoot the Crescent team was entertained at a banquet at the University Club by the Yale team.

Florists—Clearview.

WISSINOMING, Pa., Dec. 3.—Two of the strongest teams in the Philadelphia Trapshooters' League series, met in a contest here to-day on the grounds of the Florists' Gun Club. The match was a close one, 6 targets being the difference between scores of winners and losers. The Clearview Gun Club took the lead at the start, when their first three men scored 65 to the Florists' 36, made by their first three men. The highest score attained by the high men was 22, and of these there were seven, namely, Sheeler, Sanford, Coleman and Landis, of the Florists' and Davidson, Bell and Fisher, of the Clearviews. Each man shot at 25 targets, and there were ten men on a side. The scores:

Florists—Shew 16, G. C. Bell 20, Sheeler 22, Massey 19, Park 12, Anderson 21, Sanford 22, Coleman 22, Huttenlock 19, Landis 22; total 195.

Clearview—Bell 22, Davidson 22, Springer 21, Ludwig 21, Dr. Charlton 12, Fisher 22, Downs 19, Keithler 14, Elwell 17, Dyer 19; total 189.

Narberth—Hill.

CHESTER, Pa., Dec. 3.—The Narberth Gun Club team defeated the Hill Rod and Gun Club team in a shoot of the League series by a score of 158 to 140. Unpleasant weather was against high scoring. The highest score was 21 and was made by three—Barker, of the Narberths, and Miller and Urian, of the Hill. Scores:

Narberth.	Hill Rod and Gun.
Barker.....21	Miller.....21
Halberstadt.....20	Urian.....21
Duffield.....18	Birney.....19
Sharp.....17	Lambard.....15
Appleton.....16	Cassidy.....14
H Davis.....16	C Birney.....14
Alker.....15	Smith.....13
Dill.....14	McDowell.....12
Zaner.....12	Williams.....9
Belcher.....9-158	Clewon.....2-140

S. S. White—Highland.

GORGAS STATION, Pa.—The Highland Gun Club and the S. S. White Gun Club came in competition in their League match to-day, and the S. S. White team won on a margin of 12, the scores being 199 and 187.

S. S. White.	Highland.
Wilkins.....22	Ballentine.....24
Dr Cotting.....22	Johnson.....21
St. Clair.....22	Doc Wentz.....20
Cantrell.....22	Lutz.....19
Fontain.....20	C Dreakeley.....19
Brenizer.....20	Burn.....18
Hand.....20	Wm Dalton.....18
Beyer.....18	Mehan.....17
Stahr.....18	Meyers.....15
Parry.....17-199	Everett.....14-187

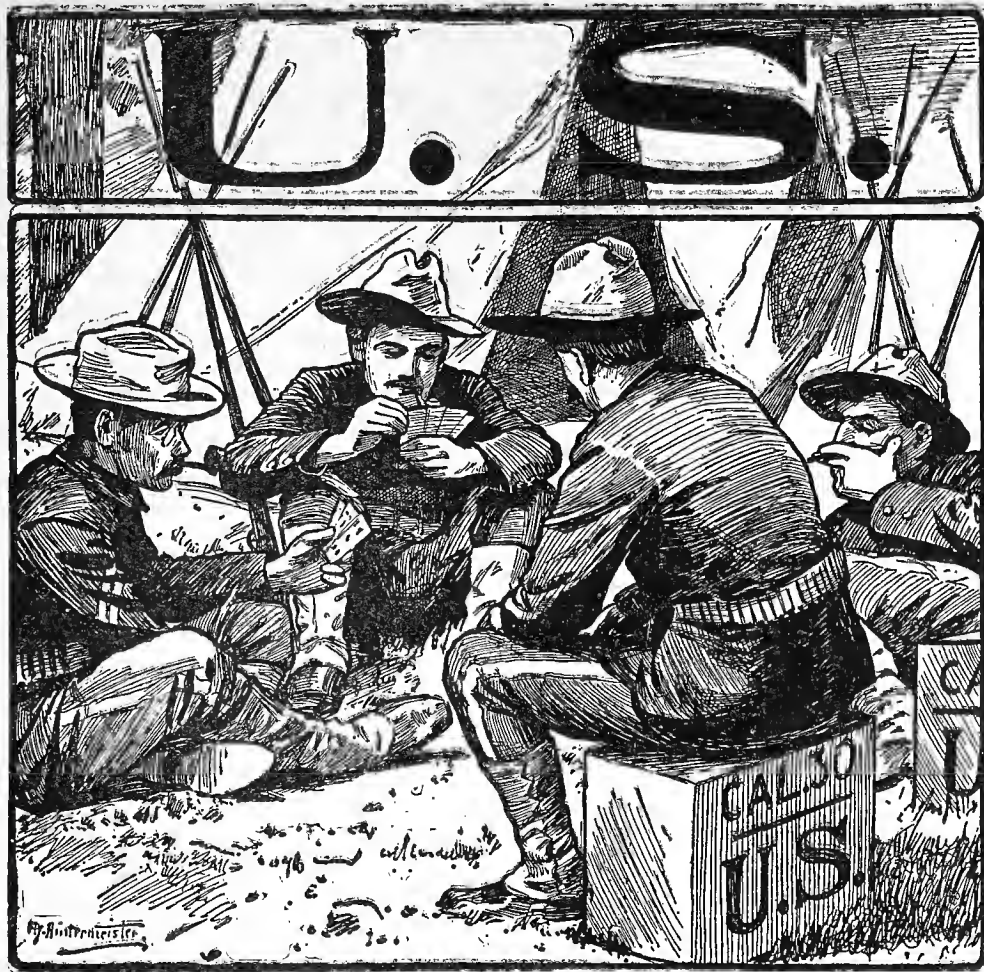
Media—Hillside.

MEDIA, Pa., Dec. 3.—The Media Gun Club and the Hillside Gun Club, of Chestnut Hill, Pa., shot a team match here to-day. Media won by the score of 152 to 154. A steady wind was blowing, which interfered with high scoring. Scores follow:

Media.	Hillside.
Howard.....22	Laurent.....14
Powell.....19	Bisbing.....15
Lee.....18	J Haywood.....14
Bennett.....17	Haywood.....12
Bennington.....15	Clark.....16
S Smedley.....14	R Bisbing.....15
Williamson.....13	Jones.....12
Little.....12	Smith.....12
E Smedley.....11	Brown.....12
McFadden.....11-152	Calvert.....12-134

The Dixon Measure.

AN inquirer asks us concerning the identity of Dixon, of powder and shot measure fame. We regret that we cannot furnish any information concerning the personality of Dixon, or, indeed, whether any Dixon, as associated with powder measures, ever existed. Perhaps some of our readers can furnish the desired information.



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The Missouri League of Trapshooters.

MOBERLY, Mo.—The final tournament of the Missouri League of Trapshooters was held in Kansas City, Nov. 24 and 25, with fine weather the first day, but a cold, chilly wind from the north on the second day. The out-of-town attendance was very good; that of Kansas City very poor, there being only two out the first day and none to shoot the entire two days' programme.

The special feature of the tournament was the settlement as to who was going to win first high average for the year. J. S. Thomas at one time only led Dr. C. P. Clapp for same by one target, Mr. Thomas finally winning. Also the shoot-off for final ownership of the handsome silver cup donated the League by the Peters Cartridge Co. Four gentlemen were eligible to enter this contest by previous qualification, they being J. S. Thomas, C. W. Zufelt, Harve Dixon and Dr. C. B. Clapp. The contest was at 20 targets. Thomas scored 19, Zufelt 15, and Dr. Clapp 20 straight. Mr. Dixon was not present.

The annual business meeting was held on the evening of Nov. 24, at the Midland Hotel. The name of the League was changed to Missouri and Kansas League of Amateur Trapshooters. Membership fee still remains the same, \$1 for life membership.

It was decided to hold four tournaments of two days each during 1905, and that not less than \$50 should be added to each day's programme; also that half of the events shall be divided by the Rose system, and the other half by the per cent. system.

The following officers were elected to serve for 1905: President, Dr. R. L. Hamilton, Richmond, Mo.; Vice-President, Dr. J. W. Hardy, Sumner, Mo.; Secretary and Treasurer, Dr. C. B. Clapp, Moberly, Mo.; Trustees: R. S. Elliott, Kansas City, Mo.; J. S. Thomas, Pleasant Hill, Mo.; Dr. J. A. Patterson, Butler, Mo.; G. W. K. Mackie, Scammon, Kans., and Ed. O'Brien, Florence, Kans.

J. S. Thomas was presented the \$100 grade Parker gun donated the League by Parker Bros., for high average for the year. Dr. C. B. Clapp was presented an order for the \$72 Lefever ejector gun, donated the League by the Lefever Arms Co., for second high average for the year. Dr. J. W. Hardy was presented an order for the 16-gauge Marlin repeating shotgun donated the League by the Marlin Fire Arms Co., for third high average. G. W. K. Mackie was presented an order for the donation made the League by the Stevens Arms & Tool Co., for low average during the year. D. C. B. Clapp was presented the \$72 L. C. Smith ejector donated to the League by the Hunters Arms Co. for making the highest score out of 100 targets shot at in the special event, known as the L. C. Smith gun event, his score being 99. The Doctor was also presented with the silver cup donated by the Peters Cartridge Co. and won by him in the final shoot-off.

Wm. Heer, the gentlemanly trade representative, won first high average both days, while Charlie Spencer easily won second high average.

Gun and sporting goods manufacturers have been loyal to the League this first year of its organization, and all our members fully appreciate what has been done.

We are always glad to see the professional shooter, let him come from where he may. We know he has a great big heart, and, with him, it never fails to be in the right place. Come again, boys, you haven't injured our tournaments, but, on the contrary, always have inspired and stimulated by your good shooting, good jokes and good appetites. We are always glad to see you.

Nov. 24, First Day.

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12	Shot
Targets:	10 15 15 20 15 15 20 15 20 15 25	at. Broke.
Clapp	9 15 13 19 15 11 15 14 11 20 12 23	200 177
Holland	8 15 14 17 10 15 18 12 11 16 13 23	200 171
Hardy	6 13 13 17 12 15 18 13 14 19 12 23	200 175
C. Spencer	10 14 15 19 15 15 19 14 13 20 15 25	200 194
Sanderson	4 11 8	50 23
Zufelt	8 11 11 17 14 13 20 12 14 18 10 21	200 169
O'Brien	7 13 13 15 12 13 16 12 15 18 14 24	200 172
Linderman	6 9 11 15 15 10 18 13 14 .. 13	155 124
J. L. Jones	5 11 13 11 9 12 13 15 12 16 10 23	200 150
Mackie	3 7 10 16 14 13 18 11 12 17 13 20	200 154
Patterson	9 9 10 15 14 13 15 10 14 14 11 21	200 155
Thomas	9 12 13 19 15 15 19 13 13 17 15 25	200 185
Smith	7 14 13 19 11 13 19 12 14 15 13 22	200 172
Henry	5 8 12 13	60 38
Pearce	9 15 14 18 15 15 19 13 13 20 14 22	200 187
Cockrell	8 10 11 13 9 13 15 13 11	140 103
Litherberry	7 13 13 18 12 14 18 .. 15 17 13	160 140
Clayton	9 14 8 17 14 19 15 14 17 14 21	200 176
A. J. Johnson	5 8 7 13 12 13 16 12 13 19 13 20	200 151
W. Heer	9 15 14 20 13 15 20 15 14 20 14 25	200 194
Hamilton	.. 10 11 18 11 12 18 14 14 16 14 ..	165 138
Marshall	.. 8 9 17 10 12 18 11 12 15	150 112
Williams	.. 11 12 16 11 9 16 11 .. 15	135 101
Rafter 11 11 14 .. 10 .. 14	85 60
Vietmeyer 10 .. 17 13 .. 12 12 ..	85 64

Nov. 25, Second Day.

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12	Shot
Targets:	10 15 15 20 15 15 20 15 20 15 25	at. Broke.
Vietmeyer, 16.....	10 8 16 8 10 8 11 13 14 8 12 15	200 133
Heer, 16	14 15 18 15 15 19 14 13 20 12 15 20	200 190

Spencer, 16	14 11 18 15 15 20 15 11 19 13 14 18	200 185
Johnson, 16	11 10 19 10 14 17 11 10 18 10 8 10	200 148
O'Brien, 18	12 11 18 12 12 16 12 12 18 13 19 18	200 174
Pearce, 18	15 12 19 10 11 18 13 14 18 15 15 18	200 178
Anderson, 18	9 13 13 14 11 16 14 13 17 7 12 17	200 166
Thomas, 18	12 13 15 12 12 12 11 13 16 12 14 16	200 158
Clapp, 18	14 12 17 11 10 19 11 12 16 13 12 15	200 162
Linderman, 16	11 11 16 12 13 17 13 17 19 14 12 19	200 168
Zufelt, 16	10 12 14 12 13 16 13 9	130 97
Patterson, 16	11 12 12 9 6 14 10 14 18 14 14 18	200 152
Henry, 16	8 10 16 11 12 8 17 12 12 16	80 57
Mackie, 16	12 13 18 11 12 17 13 8 17 12 12 16	200 161
Jones, 17	8 11 13 11 13 13	100 69
Smith, 17	10 14 13 11 8 18 12 14 11 7 13 15	200 143
Holland, 17	12 12 18 13 13 13 10 15	150 119
Hardy, 17	10 13 16 14 13 15 11 13 16 13 12 16	200 162
Litherberry, 17 ..	12 11 13 5 12 10 13 8 16 13 11 16	200 140
Clayton, 18 13 18 13 11 16 10 10 ..	115 91
Reagen, 17 10 15 .. 6 16	70 47

Mullerite Gun Club.

EDGEWATER, N. J., Nov. 30.—The shoot of the Mullerite Gun Club, held on the North River Gun Club grounds to-day, was well attended.

No. 4 was the Mullerite Handicap, 100 targets, \$4 entrance, divided into four events each, 25 targets. Mr. C. W. Floyd (Jap), with his allowance of 8, scored 99, and was high man. Scores:

Events:	1 2 3 4	Broke.	Hdcp.	Total.
Targets:	25 25 25 25			
Truax	24 19 21 17	81	12	93
Traver	19 21 21 17	78	0	78
Piercy	20 23 22 23	88	10	98
Schorty	22 21 24 21	88	10	98
Richter	20 17 23 20	80	15	95
Appar	20 23 18 18	79	0	79
Fanning	24 23 23 21	91	0	91
Cottrell	17 12 17 ..	46	25	71
Morrison	12 15 15 20	62	15	75
Stever	18 21 23 21	83	15	98
Jap	20 23 24 24	91	8	99
Phillips	13 18 15 14	62	15	77
Hans	17 16 .. 19
Eickhoff	21 17 17 18	73	18	91
Vosselman	.. 15 17
Pearsall	.. 19 17 13
Cooper 17

Events:	1 2 3 4	Events:	1 2 3
Targets:	10 20 20	Targets:	10 20 20
Truax	8 19 18	Morrison	8 15 18
Travers	9 14 13	Stever	7 17 17
Piercy	8 17 17	Brown	8 17 18
Schorty	9 16 17	Pearsall	6 13 14
Richter	6 18 14	Cooper	.. 15 15
Appar	8 18 14	Vosselman	.. 12 10
Fanning	8 15 15	Hans	.. 17
Cottrell	7 15 13	Jap	.. 19

Fulford Memorial Fund.

WILMINGTON, Del., Dec. 1.—Owing to the great number of friends of the late E. D. Fulford, who would like to make contributions to the Fulford Memorial Fund, and who perhaps would not be able to give as much as some others, and not wanting their names to appear alongside of those of others who have contributed larger amounts, the committee in charge of this fund has asked me to hereafter not publish the amounts given by each one, but to simply furnish the names and the total amount, and to keep the amount of the individual donations for the information of the committee only.

I think this a very good idea, and since my last report of subscriptions under date of Nov. 4, when the total aggregated \$80, I have received \$94, making the total to date \$174, the subscribers being as follows: Seneca G. Lewis, Sim Glover, Geo. L. Piercy, A. C. Barrell, E. H. Tripp, T. A. Marshall, H. McMurchy, L. H. Schortemeier, C. L. Kites, H. D. Kirkover, W. H. Heer, John S. Sanders, Everett Smith, Edw. Reinecke, Texas Field and Sportsman, Sportsmen's Review Pub. Co., Buffalo Audubon Gun Club.

Since this fund will be held open by me only until Feb. 1, I hope those who intend to subscribe will kindly send their contributions at the earliest possible date.

JAS. T. SKELLY.

Springfield Shooting Club.

ON Christmas, Dec. 25, the Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club will hold their annual turkey shoot. There will be a programme of eight events, 125 targets in all. Principal event will be the fifth, starting as near 1 o'clock as possible. For this event there will be three turkeys to shoot for. Whether they will all three be put up for three high guns in one event, or have three events, a turkey for each one, will be decided by the number of entries; \$1 entrance, including price of targets. Loaded shells for sale. Nice warm club house. Don't stay away on account of the cold. No sweeps. Hot lunch served at noon. Everybody welcome.

MISFIRE.

WESTERN TRAP.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O.—The weather on Dec. 3 was very disagreeable, being cold, with some rain. The attendance was fairly good, but the conditions prevented the shooters from doing their usual good work, as the scores will show.

Luther Squier was at the grounds, but did no shooting. He starts for the East again on Monday, Dec. 5.

There are ninety-seven entries in the cup race to date. No one has yet tied Faran's score of 25 straight.

In the cash prize event to-day Gambell was high gun with 41. Ahlers, Don Minto and Maynard following in the order named with 40, 39 and 37. The practice shooting was cut short by the weather, and comparatively little was done. The scores:

Cash prize shoot, 50 targets:			
Targets:		Targets:	
	15 15 20		15 15 20
Gambell, 16.....	13 13 15—41	Hesser, 16.....	9 11 14—34
Ahlers, 19	12 10 18—40	Block, 19	11 10 10—31
Don Minto, 16.....	13 12 14—39	Leever, 16	10 8 13—31
Maynard, 19.....	11 11 15—37	Falk, 16	8 8 13—29
Williams, 19.....	10 9 17—36	Andrews, 16.....	7 6 13—26
Practice events: Peters shot at 170, broke 109; Roll 125, 87;			
Gambell 105, 83; Hesser 100, 66; Leever 75, 59; Maynard 75, 52;			
Ahlers 60, 43; Falk 45, 25; Block 45, 25; Williams 30, 23; Andrews			
55, 32; Holmes 20, 16.			

Practice events: Peters shot at 170, broke 109; Roll 125, 87; Gambell 105, 83; Hesser 100, 66; Leever 75, 59; Maynard 75, 52; Ahlers 60, 43; Falk 45, 25; Block 45, 25; Williams 30, 23; Andrews 55, 32; Holmes 30, 16.

Notes.

Dr. Campbell and Jos. Haines, of Greenville, have been hunting in northern Minnesota. They returned home, bringing four moose and several deer. The moose were killed in seven days.

Charlie Becker, of Dayton, proposes to hold an all-day turkey shoot at Englewood on Dec. 20. Rifles and shotguns will be used.

The first half of the match between H. Oswald, of the Rohrer's Island Gun Club, and Wm. I. Spangler, of the Welfare Gun Club, was to have been shot on the latter's grounds, Dec. 3; but as Mr. Oswald is hunting in Mercer county, it was postponed. The last half of the match is scheduled to be shot on the Rohrer's Island grounds on Dec. 17. The match is the result of the challenge recently issued by Mr. Oswald, which was accepted promptly by Mr. Spangler. The conditions are 200 targets, 16yds. rise, \$100 a side. Both men are good shots and have many friends in their respective clubs, who will back their favorite with cash.

A new club is the Champaign Hunting and Fishing Club, which has just been organized at Urbana, O.

Sportsmen of Anglaize county are raising a fund for the purpose of buying and sowing a large quantity of wild rice around St. Mary's reservoir. The reservoir is a favorite place for ducks and geese, but they always leave before daylight. The idea is to provide plenty of good feed, as well as shelter, so that the birds may stop for a while.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, Dec. 3.—The appended scores were made to-day at one of our regular bi-monthly shoots. Events 2 and 3, at 25 clay birds each, distance handicaps, for two prizes donated by Wm. H. Coleman. The first, a cake dish, was won by E. F. Ball, after winning by the toss of a coin from Blandford, who tied with him from 20yds. The second prize was won by J. T. Hyland, with 16 from 16yds. This prize was a fancy clock. The birds were fast and the light bad.

The team of this club, ten men, go to Poughkeepsie on the 5:54, Saturday, 10th inst., for a team match.

E. T. Ball made 21 from 19yds., which was fine work.

Events:	1 2 3 4	Events:	1 2 3 4
Targets:	10 25 25 10	Targets:	10 25 25 10
E. F. Ball, 19.....	8 17 21 ..	C. Emmeluth	2 4
K. R. McAlpin, 16..	3 11 15 ..	H. Orchard	4 2
C. G. Blandford, 20..	7 17 w 7	W. Coleman, 18.....	7 12 13 ..
J. T. Hyland, 16.....	4 11 16 ..	W. S. Smith, 16.....	.. 11 15 ..
		C. G. B.	

Meadow Springs Gun Club.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 3.—At the club shoot of the Meadow Springs Gun Club to-day, Chandler, by virtue of 14 broken and 9 added, was high man with 23. Each man shot at 25 targets. Handicaps, breaks and totals follow:

Hdp. Brk. Tot'l.			Hdp. Brk. Tot'l.		
Chandler	9	14 23	E Hansell	9	10 19
Depew	2	18 20	Seitz	4	14 18
Chadburne	2	17 19	Mann	5	12 17
Christ	7	12 19	J Martin	5	12 17
E Jones	7	12 19			

Sweepstake event No. 1, 25 targets: Chadburne 17, Depew 11, Christ 9, E. Hansell 9, Seitz 10.

Event No. 2, 25 targets: Chambers 20, Thompson 20, Mann 15, Chandler 14, Depew 12, E. Hansell 13.

Event No. 3, 10 targets: Chadburne 9, Seitz 7, Depew 5, Christ 3, Martin 5.

Gun Room Topics.

REMARKABLE it is how a sportsman's love of shooting increases side by side with his increase in skill in the sport, however that increase in skill may have been secured. There are shooters, it is said, who are so devoted to shooting that they read every line that is written on their special subject, even to the dry, technical essays that sometimes adorn the pages of the journals of sport. We have met sportsmen well qualified to tackle the technical side of shooting, and even to enlighten experts themselves on many practical points in the art of using the gun, as well as in the loading of the ammunition used in it. It is evident that they had made a close study of almost all the latest theories and discoveries in ballistics, and had brought them all down to the first principles of the science, which they found of service to them in their daily work in the field. They are, to be sure, by no means a large proportion of gun lovers; on the contrary, they are comparatively few in number, but their spoken word goes far with their brother sportsmen in convincing them in favor of or against a contemplated change in the accessories or in the methods of shooting. Such men are always trying to improve their shooting form, and in many cases it must be admitted it can stand some improvement. Few of them, in truth, are crack shots, despite all the study they have given to the subject; most of them, in fact, strange to say, would be called bad shots, who do not see why they should lag behind if great pains in investigation can produce improvement in shooting skill. Consideration of the fact mentioned would almost lead one to the conclusion that the good shot, like the good poet, is born, not made. And it is perhaps more than partly true. The good shot is born, but he requires development, whereas all the attempts to develop the naturally bad shot only result in making him a little less bad. So with the poet to some extent. Like the shooter, he requires education to do thorough justice to his talent, and without that education he always remains a poet, perhaps, but a poor one. The uneducated poet is as rare as the unpracticed shot, possibly rarer and less to be admired.

In every covert in England, now being exploited by shooting parties, the pheasants are skillfully driven over the guns. The popularity of this method is such that no one nowadays at a big shoot dreams of bringing down his birds in the older manner, now only to be seen in the opening week of the season, when keepers have to kill a few outlying birds. The most marked effect of the advent of almost universal driving in game shooting is the striking change it has necessitated in the construction of the guns, and in the ammunition used in them. To meet the requirements of the driver there have been evolved the driving gun and the driving cartridge. The chief object of manufacture of the former is to avoid the close pattern with either barrel, and that of the latter to do away with objectionable recoil to the shoulder of the shooter. These two ends are gained by taking away all choke from both barrels of the gun, which becomes a plain cylinder in the left as well as the right barrel, both of equal importance and doing equal work in the coverts, and by making a special explosive, of mild recoil, whose best points are brought out at distances round 30 yards from the muzzle of the gun, which is rather over than under the range at which driven pheasants are usually shot. What the pheasant shot wants is a light gun that gives its best killing pattern at 30 yards, and a light load of both powder and shot that, though thoroughly effective at that distance, gives his shoulder no unpleasant feeling of recoil, even when fifty or a hundred cartridges are discharged as quickly as possible at one stand. He wants comfort for himself in shooting, as well as efficiency in his cartridges, and he at the same time wants guns and ammunition that will kill his driven birds without smashing them to rags. And by the skilled efforts of gun-makers and ammunition manufacturers nowadays, he is enabled to get exactly what he requires, guns and cartridges that specially suit his method of shooting, and that only.

What the sportsman understands of recoil in his gun he expresses by the word "kick," or punishment inflicted upon the shooter. But this arises from a very general misconception of the true meaning of the words, which are by no means synonymous terms. The old-fashioned term "kick" is the blow struck upon the shoulder often accompanied by a knock upon the cheek. But these results do not come with increased unpleasantness as recoil increases—rather the contrary—depending chiefly on the suddenness or slowness with which the energy of recoil is developed independent of its measured value in figures. It is the difference between the push and the blow, both, it may be, of equal strength. The quicker the explosion, speaking generally, the greater the "kick," even though the recoil value may be less. But the rule holds good only up to a certain point well known to experts, when "kick" is decreased and recoil increased even to the straining of the gun. The two extremes in sporting explosives are the slow explosion in which the energy is expended as projective force and the "kick" is absent, and the quick explosion in which the "kick" is strong, but a large part of the energy developed is expended in destructive force and the recoil is lessened. In such calculations the weight of the gun plays its part, and the lighter the gun the more the tendency to "kick" is developed, assuming the same components throughout in the cartridges.

The covert shooter, however, requires light guns, and yet less

"kick," and to supply his wants both the gun-maker and the ammunition maker, during the last ten years, have been striving hard. They have succeeded in giving him guns that can be quickly and easily handled in the coverts, owing to their combined lightness and strength; that do not give very close patterns with either barrel at 30 yards, and that are loaded with nitro compounds that give effective results at that average range, and yet have no smoke, blow-back, or unpleasant, or even perceptible "kick" to the shoulders of covert shooters. Attention had to be directed to these points, owing to the quickness and amount of shooting necessary at each stand in the coverts within a comparatively limited time, when the pheasants are streaming thickly overhead, conditions very different indeed from those that prevailed before driving became popular in the shooting of all winged game. Times have changed, and guns and cartridges have changed with them. Close patterns at 40 yards and strong charges of powder and heavy charges of shot have had their day, and have become unfashionable, because unnecessary. Not only have they become unnecessary, but it was seen to be desirable to dispense, if possible, with many of their drawbacks. These, when driving first came in, consisted of gun-headache to the shooters, with continued "kick," inflamed eyes from smoke and blow-back, and frequent misses, due to too close patterns at short distance, of the birds from the gun. Then, again, the distances having been shortened, lighter loads became advisable, less powder and less shot, so that the birds could be clean killed, but not riddled with pellets. All these advantageous changes were only secured by laborious and painstaking experiments with the latest and most efficient apparatus for which the shooter of pheasants has chiefly to thank the manufacturers of both his guns and his ammunition, acting, of course, to some extent under his directions as to the precise description of accessories he required for the changed conditions in pheasant shooting, attributable solely to his own sporting skill and that of his keepers. But the joint efforts of all have succeeded in raising pheasant shooting to the high degree of popularity it enjoys to-day, a popularity that shows no sign of decreasing hereafter, but rather of increasing with the increase of hand-bred pheasants, and of the pleasures now attendant on bringing them down in well organized covert shooting.—Nevis in the County Gentleman.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Montclair Gun Club.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., Dec. 3.—Eight events were run off this afternoon. Events Nos. 1, 7 and 8 were for practice. Events Nos. 2 and 3 were each for a box of shells, miss-and-out. Event No. 2 was won by F. Engle; event No. 3 going to Bush on the fifth round. Event No. 4, 15 targets, all rightquarterers, entrance money to winner, was tied for by Babcock and Kendall, both breaking 11. On the shoot-off, Kendall was the winner.

Event No. 5, 25 targets, unknown angles, handicap, was tied for by Bush and Cockefair, but on the shoot-off the prize, a pearl-handled knife, went to Bush.

Event No. 6, 25 targets, all straightaway, was won by Holloway, he receiving a box of shells.

This evening the club held its annual election and dinner. W. T. Wallace was elected President; Edward Winslow, Secretary; S. C. Wheeler, Treasurer, and C. W. Kendall, Field Captain.

The annual reports showed the club to be in a very prosperous condition.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	25	15	15	25	25	25	25	25
Fred Engle	19	3	0	10	13
C. Babcock	20	1	1	11	17
W. T. Wallace	17	0	1	7	17	15	12	15
E. Winslow	10	0	0	7	15	16
C. W. Kendall	14	0	4	11	19	20	19	16
C. H. Hartshorne	7	17	17
P. H. Cockefair	..	2	3	9	21	20	18	17
C. L. Bush	5	8	21	21	21	16
H. F. Holloway	22	16	..
R. N. Scheffey	16

Handicaps apply only on events 5 and 6.

EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J., Dec. 3.—No. 4 was the handicap event for the Mullerite medal. Three wins are necessary to retain the medal. Two tied for it, Messrs. Truax and Schram. The latter was unable to remain to shoot the tie off.

No. 5 was a handicap event for silver cup won by the club at the Rockland county fair; cup to be won five times by a member of the club before it becomes his property. The first "leg" was won by Mr. Fred Truax, his score being 24, including one added target. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15	15	25	25	20
Eickhoff	1 9	2 14	2 14	3 20	3 19	14
Keynolds	0 12	0 8	0 12	1 16	1 18	..
Truax	0 12	0 10	0 10	1 25	1 24	17
Morrison	1 8	2 6	2 9	3 18	3 18	..
Schram	2 9	2 12	3 10	6 25	6	..

At Pinehurst.

THE full tournament programme of the shooting season at Pinehurst, N. C., from Jan. 17 to April, is as follows:

Jan. 17—Fifty targets, handicap, expert traps; prize, sterling silver cup.

Jan. 31—Fifty targets, handicap, magautrap; sterling silver cup.

Feb. 14—Ten targets, right; 10 left; 10 unknown; 10 overhead; handicap; Tower trap; sterling silver cup.

Feb. 28—Annual team shoot between the Carolina and Holly Inn, 100 singles, magautrap, scratch; shield for winning team.

March 7—Fifty targets, scratch, expert traps; sterling silver cup.

March 21—Ten targets right; 10 left; 10 unknown; 10 overhead; 10 double; handicap; tower trap; sterling silver cup.

March 27, 28, 29—Annual Pinehurst Gun Club championship gold medal tournament; scratch; open to those who have contested in one or more previous tournaments; 50 targets, expert traps; 50 targets, magautrap; 10 targets, right; 10 left; 10 unknown; 10 overhead; tower trap.

There will also be a shoot for the annual Pinehurst championship cup (sterling silver), open to all those who enter the same; one contestant cannot take both prizes.

The entrance fee for all events but the championship is 25 cents.

The trophies are all handsome Gorham cups and Frick medals.

The traps at the gun club grounds are always available for use, an attendant being stationed there most of the time or sent upon request at the general office. Only the usual charge for birds is made, as the club members pay no dues.

At Point Breeze.

At the Point Breeze race track, Philadelphia, on Dec. 3, several matches were shot. The weather was unfavorable for all the shooters, being cold and uncomfortable. Messrs. E. Buckwalter and J. Stevens were the contestants in the main event, the conditions of which were 25 birds, \$25 a side. Buckwalter scored 23 to his opponent's 22, and won. Each lost a bird dead out. The scores:

E. Buckwalter	222222032222*222222222222—23
J. Stevens	22222*22222*22222202222222—22

A sweepstake and other matches were as follows:

Match, 10 birds, \$10 a side: Aiman 9, McShane 7.

Match, 10 birds, \$10 a side: Aiman 8, Murphy 7.

Match, 25 birds, \$10 a side: Aiman 13, Talbot 13. Called at the end of the fifteenth round on account of darkness.

Open sweepstake, 5 live birds, 30yds. rise, \$3 entrance: Murphy 5, Poulson 4, Stevens 4, Williams 4, Buckwalter 3, McShane 3, McAnany 3, Talbot 3, Thomas 3, Jones 3.

SIDE LIGHTS OF TRADE.

The Peters Cartridge Company, Cincinnati, O., have for 1905 issued a calendar which is one of the handsomest ever issued by any ammunition concern. The subject is a field scene entitled "Noon Hour," and portrays two up-to-date sportsmen, with pointer and setter, taking the midday rest by a nook of fence, field and woods. A number of quail, lying on the ground, show that the morning hunt has been a success. The subject, while familiar, is treated in a new way, and the coloring is so well done, that each copy has the effect of an original sketch. The Peters Cartridge Company will furnish this calendar free to any dealer, or will send it to any address on receipt of ten cents.

Iver Johnson Arms & Cycle Works, Fitchburg, Mass., have patented and are manufacturing the Iver Johnson revolver grip, a light and detachable implement which enables the user to hold a revolver firmly, steadily and securely. The manufacturers will be pleased to furnish full description to all applicants.

Messrs. Schoverling & Welles, 2 Murray street, New York, have issued a beautiful calendar for 1905, which they will be pleased to send to the applicants who apply for it. A mallard duck, awing, is the pictorial feature. The coloring is realistic, and the calendar in its entirety is both ornamental and useful.

Spratt's Patent (America), Limited, Newark, N. J., has issued a calendar for 1905 which is illustrated in colors, the themes being of dogs, cats, poultry and game birds. Everything pertaining to them in health and disease is listed in the calendar. It will be sent to applicants who apply early.

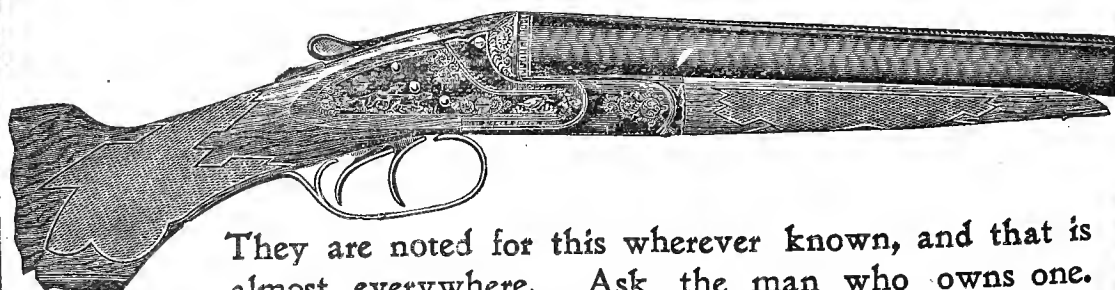
Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

Mr. C. F. Suback, City.—Your letter of Nov. 30 was answered to the address given (New York), but has been returned by the post office as not found. We have a letter awaiting you at this office.

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and are SAFE.



They are noted for this wherever known, and that is almost everywhere. Ask the man who owns one. Fine Trap and Medium Field Grades, \$25.00 to \$200.00 and up. Inquire of your dealer or send for full descriptions.

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A pocket trap score book, containing 50 pages of score sheets and the Interstate Association Rules for target and live bird shooting, and for shooting under the Sergeant System. The cover bears the title "My Trap Scores," and the pages, in number and form, are arranged to make a complete record of the shooter's doings at the traps. The pages are ruled to make a record of the place, date, weather conditions, number of traps, number of shooters, gun and load used, events, etc. The score sheets are ruled for 25 targets. Bound in leather. Price, 50 cents.

FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 346 Broadway, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

THE SHIRAS BILL.

WE reprint the text of the measure introduced in the House by Hon. George Shiras 3d, of Pennsylvania, to put wildfowl under Federal control as to shooting seasons.

The bill has awakened wide interest, as is shown by the comments on it which we print from the pens of State game commissioners and wardens and others. The New York League convention in Syracuse last week indorsed the principle of a Federal wildfowl law. It is probable that other game protective associations will express similar views.

JOSEPH W. COLLINS.

WE record with sorrow the passing away of Joseph W. Collins, Chairman of the Massachusetts Commission of Fisheries and Game. Captain Collins was seized with pneumonia on Monday of last week, and died on the following Friday, December 9.

His death is a public loss. When the direction of the Massachusetts fish culture and protection and the preservation of game was intrusted to Captain Collins, upon his appointment to the Commission five years ago, he brought to the office those rare qualifications for the work which his friends knew meant a new era in the fish and game interests of the Commonwealth. A deep sea fisherman, an expert in naval construction, a student of the life histories of fishes and of fish culture, an administrator of high executive ability, and withal equipped with earnestness, enthusiasm and devotion, and a genius for hard work, he addressed himself to the task set before him, revolutionized the methods of work of the department, impressed upon the entire service his own spirit, commanded for it the public respect and confidence and co-operation, and placed the Massachusetts Commission in the first rank of those which were doing honest, intelligent service and achieving results. His breadth of view, intelligence of perception, and practical common sense methods contributed to a success which was doubly assured because his whole heart was in the work.

The results achieved by the Massachusetts Commission are known to the citizens of the Commonwealth and to a wide public, as manifest in the game and fish conditions now prevailing in such bright contrast with those of five years ago. We have said that the death of Captain Collins means a public loss. It will be difficult to fill the vacant place. Whoever shall assume the duties he has laid down will find the task simpler than the one he undertook; it has been made simple by those five years of upbuilding which entitle him to the grateful memory of the public he has so richly and so permanently benefited.

NOT A DEFEAT.

THE New York Court of Appeals has sustained the Appellate Division in finding for the defendants in the celebrated suit brought by the New York game authorities to recover penalties from the Arctic Freezer Company for the possession of game in close season. The original suit was for penalties aggregating \$1,168,315; but one after another of the counts was dismissed until the sum at issue on final appeal was \$9,960, this amount being the penalty for 100 grouse, 100 quail, 96 woodcock, and 100 ducks, the possession of which in close season by the defendants was assented to by both sides for the purpose of making an agreed issue.

The State has lost its case. But in a larger sense it has not suffered a defeat.

The Court of Appeals has followed its own precedent in the Buffalo fish case by holding that the language of the statute, under which the suit was brought, did not show an intention on the part of the Legislature to make the prohibition of game possession in close season applicable to game which had been imported from without the State. Under such an interpretation, manifestly the

Arctic Freezer Company was not liable for the game birds which it had derived from sources beyond New York.

But while deciding in the specific case before it that the statute did not prohibit the possession of game killed without the State, the Court is extremely careful to say that its finding does not affect the question of the constitutionality of a statute which should forbid the possession of imported game.

So solicitous are the learned Justices lest their decision should be misinterpreted, they have taken occasion to set forth very clearly and convincingly the principle that it is quite within the power of the State to regulate possession both of its own game and of that which has been brought in from other States. There is no uncertainty in the language in which the Court declares as to the power of the Legislature to close the game market to all game:

The right to pass laws for the protection of game being conceded, as in view of the authorities it must be, the method of affording protection is necessarily within the discretion of the Legislature. It may provide a close season for the taking of game, and may prohibit the possession or sale of game during that season. It may close the game market throughout the State during the period of prohibition, in order to remove temptation from poachers and pot-hunters, who are apt not to run the risk of taking game out of season if they cannot sell it. To do this effectively it may be necessary to close the market as to game taken without the State, as well as within, for there are no marks by which birds killed in Michigan can be distinguished from those killed in New York. When enacting a game law, the Legislature may provide for its ready enforcement, not simply by making the possession of game during the close season presumptive evidence of a violation of the statute, but it may go further, and, in order to prevent evasion, fraud and perjury, may prohibit the possession of game in this State during the close season, even if it was taken in another State and brought here during the open season. The action of Congress has taken away all questions of interstate commerce, so that the State can act with entire freedom, and can prevent the shipment of game into or out of its own territory; and if game is imported, it can regulate or prohibit the sale thereof. Such provisions are warranted by the police power, and are not in conflict with either the State or Federal constitution.

Such a reaffirmation of the constitutional authority of the State to control all game within its borders, whether native or imported, alive or dead, is a new victory for game protection.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

IN the President's message, sent to Congress last week, there is not a little that possesses a special interest for sportsmen. One of his recommendations will appeal with great force to the big-game hunters, among whom Mr. Roosevelt himself is such a shining light.

It seems now a good many years since the FOREST AND STREAM first called attention to the great opportunities offered for the preservation of our great game by the forest reservations, and declared that in each of these forest reservations there should be set apart as a refuge for big game a large area, where hunting should be absolutely prohibited, and where such big game might live and increase unmolested. At that time we pointed out that the Yellowstone Park was such a refuge in fact, though not in name, called attention to the great increase there of the large wild animals, and explained that what had happened there might—with proper protection—happen anywhere else in the mountains. Soon after this, the suggestion was taken up by the Executive Committee of the Boone and Crockett Club, who, recognizing its reasonableness, advocated it with great earnestness, and for some years now it has seemed to all big-game hunters a thing that should be done, and done quickly. Public opinion has grown about it, and the time, we believe, is not distant when the necessary action will be taken by Congress.

No one knows better than President Roosevelt how important this matter is, and it is gratifying to be able to quote from his message the following recommendation:

In connection with the work of the forest reserves, I desire again to urge upon the Congress the importance of authorizing the President to set aside certain portions of these reserves or other public lands as game refuges for the preservation of the bison, the wapiti and other large beasts once so abundant in our woods and mountains, and on our great plains and now tending toward extinction. Every support should be given to the authorities of the Yellowstone Park in their successful efforts at preserving the large creatures therein, and at very little expense portions of the public domain in other regions which are wholly unsuited to agricultural settlement could be similarly utilized. We owe it to future generations to keep alive the noble and beautiful creatures which by their presence add such distinctive character to the American wilderness. The limits of the Yellowstone Park should be extended southward. The cañon of the

Colorado should be made a national park, and the national park system should include the Yosemite and as many as possible of the groves of giant trees in California.

Undoubtedly the number of our national parks should be increased, and those which we possess should be enlarged, whenever this can be done without infringing on the rights of people. Besides the parks recommended by the President, may be suggested the main divide of the Rocky Mountains, from the Great Northern Railway north to the Canadian boundary line, and from the western border of the Blackfoot Indian Reservation west over the mountains beyond McDonald Lake and creek. This is the famous St. Mary's country, so well known to many of our readers.

Mr. Roosevelt's remarks about the forest reserves will be indorsed by everyone who has given any study to the subject, and his recommendation—more than once made before—that all Government forest work should be placed in the Department of Agriculture ought at once to be acted on by Congress.

The paragraphs concerning the natural products of Alaska possess also especial interest. We have frequently called attention to the rapid destruction thereof of fish and game since the discovery of gold, and consequent irruption of white settlers, and when we recognize that the lives of the natives—and often of the white immigrants—depend on this food supply, its protection becomes important from the human as well as the sentimental standpoint. The message says:

Salmon hatcheries should be established in many different streams, so as to secure the preservation of this valuable food fish. Salmon fisheries and canneries should be prohibited on certain of the rivers where the mass of those Indians dwell who live almost exclusively on fish.

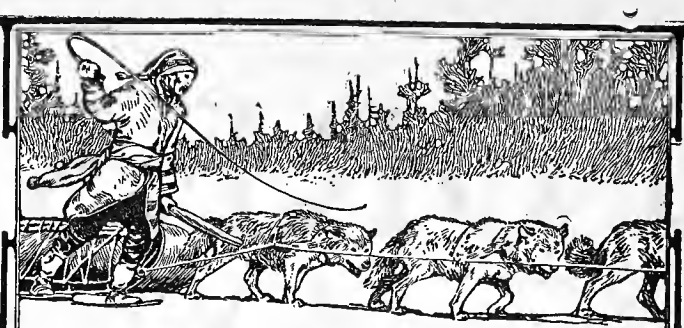
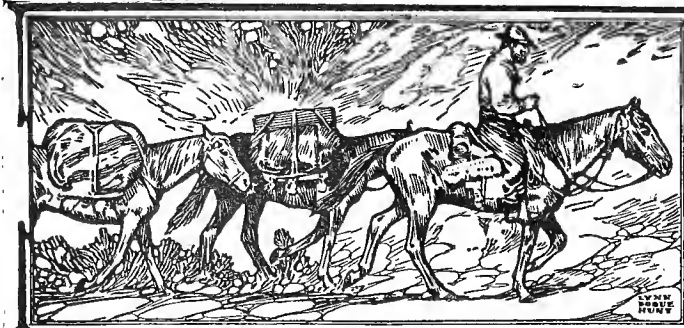
The Alaskan natives are kindly, intelligent, anxious to learn, and willing to work. Those who have come under the influence of civilization, even for a limited period, have proved their capability of becoming self-supporting, self-respecting citizens, and ask only for the just enforcement of law and intelligent instruction and supervision. Others living in more remote regions, primitive, simple hunters and fisher folk, who know only the life of the woods and the waters, are daily being confronted with twentieth century civilization, with all of its complexities. Their country is being overrun by strangers, the game slaughtered and driven away, the streams depleted of fish, and hitherto unknown and fatal diseases brought to them, all of which combine to produce a state of abject poverty and want which must result in their extinction. Action in their interest is demanded by every consideration of justice and humanity.

The salmon canneries as yet are confined to southern Alaska, where they have enormously reduced the supply of fish, and have made some streams absolutely barren. In the northern rivers—to mention only the Kuskokwim and the Yukon—the salmon form almost the sole food supply of the natives, and if this food supply shall be cut off, nothing will remain for these poor people save death by starvation. The erection of canning factories on the shores and streams of northern Alaska should be prohibited.

This we believe to be the opinion held by Mr. Geo. T. Emmons, of the United States Navy, whose long residence in Alaska and careful study of the natural, and later artificial, conditions there, makes him better qualified than almost any other man to speak on this subject.

A FEW years ago the forest fires of Michigan and Wisconsin horrified the public by their destruction of human life. Lumbering towns, saw-mills, and the log cabins of settlers, were swept out of existence, while men, women and children fled to swamps, rivers and lakes, that were not overtaken before reaching such refuges, and those hid themselves beneath the waters, in the effort to escape from the flames.

As settlements have increased in the more remote districts, and as the horrors of fire have become more and more appreciated, people have learned to take greater precautions. Almost all the Western States have laws—more or less well enforced—prohibiting under severe penalties carelessness with regard to outdoor fires. Since cattle became so numerous on the prairies west of the Missouri River, and since the burning over of the range is the greatest misfortune that can happen to a cattleman, every cowboy is a fire guard. Those who have read President Roosevelt's interesting book, "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail," are familiar with some of the expedients to which cowmen resort to extinguish fires that have unluckily started on the range.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Under the Tall Pine Tree.

IF 'tis ever your lot, dear friends, to wander down to sunny Dixie in the bleak and barren snow time of the North, I hope you will chance upon the "happy hunting grounds" in and about Moss Neck, North Carolina, where there seems to be a perpetual evergreenness, and you walk upon pine needles and breathe the life-giving, aromatic odor of the pines. There the noble partridge whirs away from beneath your very feet, and you dream the long days away in a sort of perpetual, glorified October.

There is the Lodge, the dear, bright Lodge, where you are welcomed on the night of your arrival by the courteous General and his charming wife, and as you gaze about you upon the cheery interior with its wide, bright windows, hunting trophies, its many guns and hunting pictures, and best of all, upon its glorious open fires of the famous "light 'ood," dancing up its wide chimneys and sending out its crimson glow upon all around; you register a solemn vow that nothing short of absolute duty will tear you away from this enchanted spot in oh! so long a time—

Are you a sportsman? Then what keen delight to start out bright and early for an all day tramp. To wander through large forests of pines and beautiful bright holly with its glassy leaves and scarlet berries, to hear the whir of the partridge and see large coveys rise before you, on the wings of the winds and off to the thicket—and to see the rabbits scud away from beneath your feet; but last, and best of all, to come home heavily laden with many braces of the noble quail. To come back very late and very tired, but perfectly happy; to tell the deeply interested people of the Lodge all about your mighty prowess, and then to dine on quail and other good things of this earth and to sit around a roaring "fat pine" fire and go over again your day's work—the number of doubles you made and how you killed that last bird as it whirled and flew over your head. All this to the accompaniment of some good old Scuppernong wine, with a "night cap" after (just to take the chill off and to finish up a good day's sport) of a little North Carolina old corn whiskey.

Among the objects of greatest interest about Moss Neck is that mysterious tribe of Indians known as the Croatans. And although it may surprise you much to know that in this noble, free country of ours there are a few people outside of our dusky African brother who are free and equal, and that there are some Indians who do not live on reservations and have not had their land taken away from them—still such is the case. But it was an accident and happened in this fashion:

"Long years ago," as far back as the days of Sir Walter Raleigh, that noble gentleman (if I remember correctly) came with a colony and settled upon Roanoke Island. There they found a race of friendly Indians with whom they lived on amicable terms. After a bit, however, Sir Walter sailed away again, leaving about a hundred settlers and the friendly Indians and promising soon to return. But all things did not turn out as Sir Walter anticipated and he was prevented from returning by some slight inconvenience in the way of having his head chopped off or some other little difference of opinion between himself and the good Queen Bess.

So years passed before anyone again landed on Roanoke Island, and when they did they found it deserted alike by white man and Indian, and the only sign that it had ever been inhabited was a piece of board stuck up on a pole and upon which was written the name Croatan.

Years after this, when they explored further down, they found not far from the coast of North Carolina a race of very civilized, friendly Indians—a seemingly polyglot race, many of whom had English names and spoke English, and yet they lived and looked like Indians, and the name of the tribe was Croatan. And that is the worthy, clean and law-abiding race that you now see in and about Moss Neck. A race strong in their dislikes, but strong in friendship, and if you treat them well your good friends forever and ever.

Should you ever go to Moss Neck or the Lodge, there is one person I want you to meet and that is Diana Hunter. Diana is a good sportswoman, but Diana, like Cæsar, was ambitious. Unlike the noble Roman, however, it did not bring her to an untimely end, but only a partridge died. It was in this fashion: Diana had shot many an unsuspecting bird "settin'" (I believe sitting is the more polite phrase, but not in North Carolina.) Full a score of trusting robins, thinking she looked entirely harmless, sat perfectly still on a comfortable twig, and met an early death. And many an empty shell had Diana nailed, when thrown high in the air for her by some of the young sports at the Lodge. But, as I say, she was ambitious, and kill a bird on the wing she must and would. Twice she went out with the General and with no sport whatever beyond a mild question, after the birds rose and the shots vollied out, of "Did you shoot that time, General?" And the General, being as much like George Washington as Diana like Cæsar, was obliged to answer "I shot, Diana."

But the third time out she made up her mind, and then the quail was as good as dead. After skirting about a stubblefield for a short time good "Jim" made

a stand and good "Guy" backed him. My! what a beautiful covey it was, and the General was so busy making doubles and doing other fine "stunts" that he never knew what Diana was doing off there on his left until he was aroused by a war-whoop that an Indian would have thought undignified, and looking around in amazement he saw Diana jumping up and down in her tracks, regardless of mud and water and yelling, "Oh! I killed one," "I killed one," and so she had! Killed him neat and clean and going straight away like a bullet. After that she killed six more on the wing, and now she is looking for more worlds to conquer. (But I believe that is like Alexander, not Cæsar.) Anyhow, my Diana is like the great ones of this earth.

You need not laugh, Madam! For if you think you can do better than six birds the first season's shooting on the wing, and a new gun to which you are not well used, all I have got to say is, I dare you to try!

And if you are good perhaps Diana will take you with us for a drive to Lumberton, eight miles away—a quaint, flat little Southern town with its cottage-like houses, its old world court house and its many teams of mules and bales of cotton. And the ride there is so beautiful and unusual. Over long echoing bridges that span the creek and the Lumber River, otherwise known as Drowning Creek, on account of its treacherous sands; through tall clumps of oaks and cypress, hung with great bunches of mistletoe and the lovely, feathery, gray Southern moss; through forests of beautiful, brilliant holly upon which the sun seems always to shine as though it said: "I am with you always to cheer you on your way, down here in Dixie."

And last and most, and best of all—the pine tree—the noble, mighty pine, with its long, green "straws," its giant trunk, its beautiful evergreen top, waving and murmuring and shaking its kingly head to the strong breeze, like the sound of many waters.

Verily, "I love these pines because a voice is theirs that ever whispers of the infinite sea." H. M. G.

Floating Down the Mississippi.

A Journey Through the Swamps.

Nor far from Casen's there were several "rag houses" or tents on the west side of the river, and on the opposite side there were some fires built under long sheet-iron boiling pans set in the slope of the river bank. Near each pan were two negroes—man and woman—standing at sink-like tables picking over the contents of the sinks with rapid motion. The pickers merely glanced at me, and then turned to their work. They were engaged in the most exciting sure-thing gambling imaginable, and gambling has charms for the black man above anything else he can do.

They were picking the meat from shells after having boiled them in the vats to kill the mussels. It was "sure-thing" gambling, because the shells were worth \$10 a ton at least, while any one of the shells might contain a pearl worth a thousand dollars. Commonly a negro in the bottoms will stop everything to look at a stranger, but these did not, and they begrudged the time it took to answer the questions I had to ask. They were digging a thousand pounds of shells a day per man—and as they worked 25 days a month, their wages amounted to \$125. In lumber camps they could earn from \$1 to \$2 a day, and the best they could do in the cotton fields picking would be \$2.50. In addition to the shells were found "slugs," or rough pearls, with a market value of \$1.25 per ounce; and pearls which would bring from \$1 to \$5,000.

The negroes were from White River, where the first pearl boom and rush of the lower Mississippi happened some years ago. Now that the hordes of fortune seekers had depleted the White River beds, they were seeking pearls and shells in other streams. Some of them came from the valleys of streams whose sandbars were covered with shells, and now that the White River excitement had died away, they remembered the shells of their home streams, and returned to them with their tongs, frequently to discover valuable beds of button pearl, and even the "priceless pearls."

It was a long time before the St. Francis was "museled," because it was so nearly inaccessible, and its scant population gave few or no recruits to the White River rush. But on the lower reaches the sand-bars were seen to have "dead shells" on them, and these led to the discovery of large beds here and there along the river, and finally to the advance up stream by the more ambitious.

On coming into one eddy—stillwater—I found two negroes in johnboats dredging. It was work similar to digging oysters. Beds are discovered by treading on the river bottom with the tongs back and forth till the crinkling of shells is felt. The tongs are made of two feed-forks bent and jointed by a blacksmith. Above the joint handles are fixed so that when the handles are opened the forks separate. The handles are simply a round pole sawed up the middle, and when they come together, shears-fashion, a good grip is had on the round surface. A bed twelve feet under water can be reached with these. But in deeper water "crow's feet," a gas pipe with a long trail of string and grapples made of twisted telegraph wire, is dragged along the river bottom broadside to, the mussels closing on the grapples. In very shallow water

men waded in with feed forks and pitched the shells into the boat. Of the workers in the South, the pearl hunters were the most eager of any that I saw.

Soon after I saw the negroes, I drifted around a small bend in the river, and there on the sand-bar were wild turkeys—lean, sleek, gourd-shaped birds—with the sun glinting across their backs, and the large-eyedness described so often by hunters. Thirty yards away, feeding and looking nervously about, they allowed my boat to approach much closer. I was in a quandary. I had never killed a wild turkey; my ro-gauge was loaded with BBs, and I even looked along the barrel at one particularly interesting big fellow as they walked into a willow maze toward the woods. But I didn't shoot, for it wasn't worth while to do so merely to kill. I was less scrupulous with ducks, for I needed them to eat, but a turkey is a different proposition, being too fine a bird to take from Arkansas neighbors. A few miles below I came to Parkins, and mailed letters there. Away back there in the swamps, the town looked lonely, more than any place yet seen, but the echoing cry of a locomotive awakened one's hopes. Parkins is one of the three railroad crossings.

Below Parkins, at the railroad bridge, is the house of the St. Francis Club. An old, gray-haired mammy there said none of the members were round, just a visitor from Little Rock. "Not many of the club members comes heah now. They got to lawing and rowing and fussing, and they done fit up and ain't coming no moh." The Arkansas non-resident laws pinch harder in some localities than in others. As I started to go on down the river a man asked would I set him over the river, which I did. But when he saw I was going on down river, he came on with me for half a mile, and pointed out his tent on the bank; he was a pearler, and wouldn't I come in for the night? So I became acquainted with Joe Fondrens.

Fondrens' wife and two children live with him in his big tent. The little tots were rosy-cheeked, plump, and as happy as could be. Under the table were two boxes, one filled with ginger-snaps, the other with soda crackers, and whenever they wanted to, the boy and girl took one or a handful to eat. Their appetites for such were no longer ravenous. They had had enough.

On the far side of the river were two cows, which sometimes swam across to the tent to be milked. When they didn't swim, Fondrens and his wife crossed in the johnboat and milked them. The family drank slightly sour, tainted milk by preference; but there was a plenty of sweet milk for the stranger when we all gathered round for supper. Clear-eyed, open-faced, strong and healthy, Fondrens leaned back in his chair or lounged on the cot easy before the world, able to make a hundred dollars a month without sweating much over it. The cold weather which fringed the edge of the stream with glassy ice did not trouble him—he would go to town after supplies, or sit around and play with the children on such days. With the weather right and the water comfortable, he'd lift his living—a good one—from the bottom of the stream at the foot of the bank.

The ground in the tent was covered with old carpets, and Mrs. Fondrens went over them with a broom just as fussily as though it was in a "frame house and not a tent," the men folks chuckling about it as usual. Two stoves kept the tent more than warm on a cool night, good hackberry furnishing the blaze. When the lights were out the outdoors seemed closely related to the indoors of the tent. I had never slept in an inclosed tent before, save on my boat. It was unlike the lean-to; it was not as if housed in by boards; the stillness, light, sensation of sleeping under the open sky was there, without the chill atmosphere. I slept with both eyes shut.

Fondrens' vat for boiling out holds 500 pounds of shells. The vat rests parallel to the bank, or any way so that under it can be poked sticks and wood to boil the contents. A single length of stove-pipe serves as a chimney. When the water comes to a boil, or near it, the mussels open up, killed. Then they are thrown with a fork to the table—sink—where the musseler plucks out the meat and throws it down the bank, where the hogs eat it, and the shells to the pile, worth \$10 a ton right there, or \$12 on the cars.

They dig one day and cook the next; sometimes, if not too tired, digging and cooking on the same day. In twenty-five days, in addition to the value of the shells, as much as \$75 worth of slugs are picked out, and sometimes a pearl worth from a dollar to—what one's luck is worth. Some men pay little attention to the slugs and pearls—the little things are overlooked and go into the shell heap or down to the swine, perhaps slipping between the cracks of the ill-constructed sink into the mud drips. Fondrens' pardner had such a sink, and "never did have any luck with the pearls."

The pearl of high price is round and radiant—the ball pearl. There is the button pearl, flat, and biscuit, not so flat, and the pear-shaped, the egg-shaped, and capsules; Fondrens' best was pear-shaped and brought \$60. He had one or two little fellows, worth \$20 or \$30, which he showed me.

But mostly the shells yield "slugs." Why such a name was given to pretty trinkets I can't understand. They are of all shapes, some of which have names. A rosebud, for instance, is flat on one side and crinkled on the other, and are worth a dollar to \$50. Many are dog-teeth—long, pointed, and round or grooved.

These slugs are sorted by some of the shellers, and unusually large ones bring as much as a few dollars, and

some only a quarter, while from \$1.25 to \$5 an ounce, if care is taken to assort them. How these slugs are worked over for the market by the jewelers may be imagined by the advertisements of "real" pearls for sale in various papers. A trick of the trade is to take some of the shoulders of mere button shells and from a round knob work out a "perl" with the dull side hidden by the setting. It makes as pretty an ornament as the genuine ball pearl, but is worth only the time spent in working it out.

They find the mussels in beds, usually just below the bend off a sand-bar, and in the deeper water toward the bluff bank. The large shells are down the center of the bed, and toward the edge are the little ones. Dredge out the big ones, and the space is filled in from the sides. The line of mussels is well marked, and the darkies I saw began at the upper end of the bed, worked clear across it, and then back again, a distance of six or seven feet where I saw them. Some beds are as wide as the river. At the edge the tongs sometimes landed on the sand, and then darky just wiggled and walked it along on the bottom till the sound of shells being trod on came up the handles with the feel, whereupon he got the tong maw over a bunch and brought them up. Most of the St. Francis shells are "nigger heads," and are better for button making than the Higginson eyes. Rarely is a Higginson eye caught in the St. Francis, though I saw a couple of the shells there. "Wash-boards" are not much account, and are thrown away, but white clams and butterflies are worth \$40 a ton, and are used in making pistol grips, and such finery. The diggers, so far as I heard, never sort the shells, but get \$10 a ton for them, including the bunch of white clams that often run as high as a hundred pounds to the ton of digging.

I was at Fondren's till the morning of December 16, and then pulled on down the river, and found the banks growing higher as I went further on, as I had been told they would. The woods were of novel appearance because of the vines that now hung conspicuously from the trees, some like ropes clear from the top of a 75-foot branch, causing one to wonder whether they climbed up and then swung clear, or reached down. There were matted tangles and again great trees under which no brush was growing. A look across the bottoms from the top of a bank showed a mass of flat lands, some of it dead level and some rolling gently, and some in almost hummocky roughness. There were ditch-like sloughs leading away with the rims higher than the ground on either side, as if they had really been dug with shovels. Some of these have names, are Horse Shoe Bayous and Big Lake Sloughs. They indicate ancient courses of the St. Francis, or where the mud was softer during the overflow than elsewhere, and oozed away in mucky flood, leaving natural drains and a series of pond holes.

I saw some mallard ducks at intervals, and soon came to associate them with clearings just below the sand-bars where I put them up. They were not very wild, but still kept at long range. Why they choose to rest and feed just above the swamp land farms I could not determine; yet the sand-bars for miles would be barren of this game, and then they would appear when the thinning underbrush, the deadenings, and the straggling fences, with yelping dogs, staring canerooters and slouching humans, indicated the advance of civilization into the "bresh."

On the sand-bars I saw the tracks of a considerable variety of animals—coons, mink, rabbits, wild turkeys, a deer or two, and some wildcats. One might say that it was just a long succession of woods, sand-bars, and clearings marking the miles from end to end of the St. Francis that I saw. It was clearly a "monotonous" region, of the sort that some temperaments find utterly unbearable. There was no "excitement" in the air, a Baltimore oriole giving the loudest yell I heard, and great flocks of undignified, chattering, impudent robins coming down to splash and drink morning and evening were the most of the company I had. The robins did not hold their heads up and hop around as on a northern lawn; but some actually walked and chattered like blackbirds, though not so loud. Sometimes I saw fox squirrels running among the branches, or on the ground, and frequently I saw hawks, and several eagles—big fellows.

Just above Big Bayou I found a little tarred paper and drift-wood cabin boat, with a man of reddish mustache in the doorway, who said his name was Charlie Gunlock, the companion of Mitchell on many trips, and who was glad to hear from his friend. A few days before he had shot at a deer three times "200 yards away," and it didn't move till the last shot, when it jumped sideways and fell dead, all three bullets in its breast, put there in the cold-blooded fashion that German hunters have. He was going to Wynne in the morning with fifteen 'coon hides dressed better than any other hides on the river. At Big Bayou, a few miles below, I was at the mouth of one of the streams coming clear from St. Francis Lake, another outlet of the swamps, but impassable on account of low water and fallen trees.

Port Levesque is the post-office, a couple or three miles out from Wilkinson's Ferry, and the place where Wittsburg's mail goes now, since its post-office was discontinued.

Wittsburg was a steamboat town forty years ago—2,000 inhabitants, and a thriving trade, lots of whiskey and full of life. The houses have all been torn down, and as I floated past in the current, Crawley's Ridge, where the town had been built, presented just a pastoral scene—some forest, farming in what had been the principal streets, and a lone horseman coming down to ford the stream. But the ridge was a welcome sight—an elevation called by the swamp people "our levee," to which they flee when the artificial one along the Mississippi breaks, and to which they swim their cattle, sometimes for ten miles, resting them on the ridges in water knee-deep. Wilkinson, of the ferry at Big Bayou, told of a noted old steer that refused to be driven and escaped the dug-out cowmen to swim without resting for six or seven miles through the woods and over the opens to safety.

"I've seen cattle standing side-deep in the water," Wilkinson said, "and it as cold as ice. They'd just stand there with their noses out, and all of a sudden they'd roll over, and go floating away, with their legs out, chilled and stiff. Yessir. If it hadn't been for people living in a fool's paradise and expecting the levee was going to hold and not driving their cattle over to the ridge, not any cattle would be lost. But them engineers promise the levee'll hold, and people believes them, and then—it breaks;

it always does when the water's a little high, and we get drowned out. If we had any say there wouldn't be no levee. We'd get our land covered over with silt after a time and it would be well fertilized, and by and by we'd be above the water. If the Government's got to spend money shoveling dirt, and paying big money out, why don't they build mounds to put the stock on and for people to go, too—a mound on each plantation, and then everybody would be all right; or why don't they do like Eads said, and build levees crosswise the valley, and check the current and make it drop the sediment? I'll tell you why they don't. They know that if they got the bottoms filled in a hull lot of them levee board grafters'd lose their jobs, or their children would, and then they'd have to think up a new scheme, when the old scheme would do just as well. Why—why?"

And so on. The man back in the bottoms is up on the levee question from his point of view. He keeps a flat-boat lying alongside his house when the river gets up, and he's becoming more and more forehanded, not paying so much attention to Government predictions as he used to as regards the levees holding, but getting his cattle back to the great natural levee known as Crawley's Ridge; as soon as the rise becomes menacing at Cairo, the cattle are rushed to the hills.

Not far below Wittsburg is Crown's Ditch, noted because of a man's efforts to drain a lake back from the river a bit. He spent some thousands of dollars digging, and then the discovery was made that the lake level was about 12 feet below the level of the river, so they stopped digging. Crown Ditch Eddy had a fine bed of shells in it, and many a white clam was taken out there.

Wittsburg was the place to which Old John Pattison came from his home in the brakes fifteen miles away. Pattison was a noted swamp angel. He had a past that kept him in the brakes, and a present that was interesting. One time he swam the river at Wittsburg when it was high and ice was forming. He hit the trail for home, not minding what happened, being in a hilarious condition. His two dogs found a panther in the road and tackled it. Another panther came to the rescue of the first, and a third came, too. Old John awakened to the fact that something was doing in the murk blackness of night, dismounted from his horse and drew his knife. He found a pile of dogs and panthers in the road, a lively, screaming pile, but which he couldn't make out well enough to see what was which. He thought a while, and then noticed that the dogs had different hair from the cats, upon which he took to jabbing the knife into the cat hair hilt deep. In the morning, a neighbor came along and found Old Pattison with his feet on a pile of three dead panthers, and his head on his two sleeping dogs, himself also sleeping, a contented smile on his face, a bloody knife in his hands, and icicles in his long whiskers.

For several days the sun had been gradually fading away in a haze. Along about noon on December 18 I missed the sun altogether, and glancing around saw that the haze was come to be a cloud, covering the sky, while the air was damp and shivery. I began to freshen up on the oars, and hunt some secluded nook in which to pass a rainstorm. It was a long pull, my spirits growing gloomier as the sky came down closer to the tree tops. It seemed as if the rain would not hold off another minute; stray whiffs of mist did come at intervals. I pulled hard on the oars and made good time, but I hit logs once in a while, there not being enough current to indicate their presence.

It was such a day as had seen me swamped on the Mississippi, though much colder. I wanted a little bayou or pocket out of reach of winds, and went searching for one. But the river was much wider now than above Parkins, where numerous bayous come in, and the banks were far higher—thirty feet from the water to the crest of the steep "slip bank." The afternoon waned as I rowed on and on. No pocket presented itself, and the weather grew grayer, moister and gloomier as the twilight closed down.

Not far ahead was L'Anquille River, coming into the St. Francis, but though the name as pronounced by a man whom I hailed at a landing sounded familiar, I could not place the stream, nor tell from which side it came into the St. Francis.

Dusk came, and as I rounded a bend a high ridge of land loomed before me—Crawley's Ridge. I could see a tent or two, some shacks, and partial clearings on the hillside, while before me another stillwater was entered by the St. Francis at right angles. It was a long, wide reach of water, and which way to go was now a question; either way might be up stream, and as far as I could see there was no sheltering place for my boat. It was worse, in fact, than a mile up the St. Francis. But I could not see anything plainly. Suddenly, far to the left, a glimmer of lamp light showed so close to the water's edge that it could mean only one thing—a cabin boat. I had heard stories of St. Francis River shanty boat men, and I recalled the bloody theme of some of these. Nevertheless those clouds dragging among the trees along the back of Crawley's Ridge were more ominous. As the skiff headed toward the light, the wind began to blow, lifting along the eddy and snatching bits of spray from the tops of little waves. A hundred rods further on the waves were rolling a foot high, but I ran under the bow of a steamer-hull model boat, and a little man, bow-legged and crippled, came to the door to see what the stroke of oarlocks meant.

"Come in, come in!" he said, on seeing me. "Come in; the ain't no women folks here to bother you! Come right in, stranger!"

Then the rain began to pour down like a summer shower, and inside with my duffle I was ready to listen; and well I might be, for my host was an Aries Person of the Fire Triplicity.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

Camera Shots at Big Game.

MESSRS. DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & Co. have published a new edition of "Camera Shots at Big Game," by Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Wallihan, with an introduction by President Roosevelt. The volume was described at length in FOREST AND STREAM at the time of the original publication, and we have now only to repeat that it is the best collection of photographs of living wild North American animals that we have ever seen.

The picture of the leaping cougar, which forms the frontispiece, is very wonderful, and could only have been taken by a combination of good luck, good judgment and high photographic skill, such as rarely come together.

The price of this edition, although it contains several new pictures, is but \$5.

In Elephant Land.

How well do I remember my first view of an elephant. The little country village in which I resided had been profusely placarded with the announcement of an exhibition of wax figures, accompanied with that of a living elephant, which was the first that had been exhibited in the burgh. Of course I was on the move early on the morning of the show in company with a majority of the youngsters of the vicinity for the purpose of inspecting the footprints of the animal in the streets. Being the leading feature of the show, it had been driven into the village during the night, as many of the inhabitants had never seen one. When the show was opened in the afternoon I was taken to it by my father, and found it crowded with visitors, a greater portion of whom spent the major portion of their time in front of the animal, keeping its custodian busy answering questions and preventing the constant attempts to annoy it. As I stood and gazed at it, lost in wonder, little did I imagine that I would ever meet the elephant in its native haunts. On one of my first trips up into the interior, after my arrival in Natal, South Africa, my attention was attracted one day by meeting what I first imagined were several gigantic loads of hay. When my team drew near enough to make a close inspection I was amazed to discover that what I supposed was hay was elephant tusks piled up and lashed on to the wagons with thongs of raw hide. The ivory was in transit from a store, well up in the interior, down to the coast for shipment to England. Subsequently, I learned that it was a common practice of the country stores to fit out traders with all the supplies necessary for barter with the natives, to be paid for in ivory at a fixed price per pound.

My first sight of elephants in their native haunts was while I was with a friend, who was prospecting for gold. He had discovered an alluvial deposit near Lydenburg, and received a reward from the Boer Government for his find, which caused him to increase exertions in hopes of making further discoveries. We had passed into the Lourenço Marquez District, and reached the banks of one of the branches of the Crocodile River, when we entered a territory governed by a native chief, who would not allow an elephant to be killed in his kingdom except by his own hunters. During the whole of our stay in his territory we were accompanied by a party of his followers who never suffered us to get out of their sight. Finally, becoming convinced that we had no intention of hunting, beyond killing enough of the various species of antelopes to supply our party with fresh meat, they proffered to show us a herd of elephants which were in our immediate neighborhood. Gladly accepting the proffer, we accompanied them some five or six miles from our camp, when we were placed in concealment on the top of a hill which overlooked a small stream at its foot, and gave a fine view of the rising ground beyond. After remaining hidden some time, the gestures of the native, who was left with us, caused us to turn our eyes toward the uplands in front, when the agitation of the foliage gave warning of the passing of the expected game. In a few minutes the elephants became partially visible through the intervening underwood, and I counted sixty-three, which were plainly perceptible to my astonished gaze, and were evidently but a portion of the entire herd. After the last one had passed out of sight our custodian piloted us back to the camp, and I vowed never to be caught in a similar predicament again. The feeling of having been within a short distance of an animal I had always vehemently wished to kill, and having been prevented from making the attempt, so perturbed me that some time elapsed before I recovered my composure.

My next encounter with them took place on the banks of the Zambesi River while on my way to the Victoria Falls. For several days I had been accompanying a party of Boers, who were on a regular hunt for ivory. Having formed the acquaintance of a portion of them sometime previously, I was generously invited to join the gang, and was furnished with a gun of suitable calibre for large game. We were about breaking up camp one morning when several of the party, who had been on a scout during the preceding night, made their appearance and reported that they had seen indications which plainly demonstrated the presence of a herd of tuskers within a short distance of our quarters. All the preparations for moving were immediately suspended and the hunters promptly arranged for a secret onslaught on the much coveted game. By the scouts we were taken several miles from our camp and distributed in carefully concealed positions, stretched along in a line for a considerable distance, to intercept the progress of the herd, which were reported to be feeding along slowly and not aware of our propinquity. It required a strong effort on my part to follow the instructions given me to remain perfectly quiet and allow the game to advance on me instead of stealthily making my way toward it. Finally my patience was rewarded by catching a glimpse of the tips of a pair of tusks just protruding from a dense mass of foliage about a hundred feet from me. It seemed an age before the head of the animal appeared, when I breathlessly took aim and pulled the trigger. In my confused state I neglected to hold the butt of the huge rifle firmly against my shoulder, and consequently received so sudden a jar that I abruptly sat down with such force that it was some seconds before I recovered consciousness and concluded to remain seated in order to escape any stray bullet fired by others of the party at game in my immediate vicinity. So soon as there was a cessation of the fusillade I resumed an upright position and made my way back to the spot where I had seen the head, and it was with a feeling of inordinate exultation that I cast my eyes upon the body of a huge elephant, whose skull had been perforated by the ball of the gun which had given me such a hasty tumble. In a short time I was joined by the rest of the hunters and congratulated on my good luck. Three other carcasses completed the number which had been killed, and I received the hearty congratulations of the party for having secured next to the finest pair of tusks. They were soon separated from the skull and carried to the camp with those acquired by the others.

Immediately after breakfast camp was broken up, and we proceeded along up the banks of the river without again getting in the vicinity of the thoroughly frightened animals. We camped again about half a mile from the river, and during the night I was awakened by a stir in the camp, and on turning out was informed that there were evidently lions in the vicinity. The warning of their proximity had been given by the oxen, which detected their scent, and immediately rose up, snorting and rattling the traction chains to which they had been tied by bits of rawhide. The Kaffirs hurriedly kindled huge fires, which served to frighten away the intruders, and the camp resumed its usual quiet.

The next morning the Boers prepared to inflict punishment on the midnight marauders, mounting their horses and riding off, guided by the scent of about half a dozen dogs, which were kept purposely for such occasions. Of course I accepted the invitation to accompany the party, as the proceeding was a novelty to me and I was eager to see how success was to be accomplished. We cantered off for about half a mile, when a partially open country was reached. The dogs began to circle and in a comparatively short time they surrounded a small copse and squatted on their haunches, giving vent to sundry growls and barks. The Boers immediately formed a cordon just outside of the canines, which, at a prolonged shout from their masters, advanced toward the edge of the thicket with increased baying. They did not reach its margin before a portion of them turned tail in a hurry, being followed by a huge male lion which was instantly riddled by the bullets of about half a dozen rifles in the hands of the Boers seated on their horses within a short distance of the ferocious animal. The whole affair was brought to an end completely and successfully in so short a time that I was astounded at the shrewdness and dexterity of the human and canine participants.

A few days subsequent Victoria Falls were reached, and after thoroughly examining them we turned our faces southward, bent on securing more ivory. Several days passed before the scouting party, who always kept ahead of us, brought news of having found the trail of quite a large herd. Camp was immediately formed, and the scouts again started to locate the game precisely. Our patience was not severely tried, as within a day they returned, reporting having seen a great many within a comparatively short distance. We immediately left the camp and followed the guides to a spot where they proposed to drive the herd. I was again placed in ambush and succeeded in securing another tusker without the contretemps of my preceding shot. Six was the number which were slaughtered, and my Boer friends seemed pleased at the prospect of securing a good crop of ivory. As their proposed route diverged from the one I intended taking, we parted company, and I wended my way back into the Transvaal without any more exciting incidents. Some time subsequent I happened to meet with some of the party, who informed me that they returned from the hunt with over a hundred tusks.

While connected with the Zoological Garden in Cincinnati I received a letter from Mr. Bailey, manager of the Barnum show, requesting me to call on him during a proposed visit to Cincinnati, as he wished to consult me relative to a female elephant in the collection. On reporting he told me that he wished me to examine the animal and try to ascertain if she was with young. He accompanied me inside the tent and handed me over to the keeper with directions to give me all the information in his possession. After questioning him closely, I got him to stand alongside the animal while I tested her teats, when I discovered that she was bearing milk. Going back to Mr. Bailey I told him that he might expect a calf about the first of the March following. He seemed much astonished and pleased, and acknowledged that there was not a party about the entire establishment who knew the period of gestation of an elephant. On the 10th of the following March I received a telegram from him announcing the birth of the calf, and while passing along the streets I met Uncle John Robinson, an old showman. On showing him the dispatch he burst out in a volley of oaths, asserting that the whole affair was an imposture, and he was surprised that I believed a word of it. As many of the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* may feel some interest in the matter, I append the following data, taken from experiments conducted in India:

Period of gestation of an elephant, about 20½ months; height at birth, 2ft. 11in.; first year, 3ft. 10in.; second year, 4ft. 6in.; third year, 5ft.; fourth year, 5ft. 5in.; fifth year, 5ft. 10in.; sixth year, 6ft. 1½in.; seventh year, 6ft. 4in.

FRANK J. THOMPSON.

Satank's Raid.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

The old Kiowa chief Satank was probably one of the meanest Indians that his tribe has ever produced, and none of his tribe are angels without wings, either.

He had been keeping our Government in hot water and the cavalry chasing after him for years before the Civil War and since then, but had retired now to his reservation at Fort Sill.

Early in the spring of 1871, I think it was, General Sherman started on a visit to all the frontier posts, and in the course of time got up to our post, Fort Richardson, Texas. To get there he had to travel in an ambulance up from Fort Griffin, the next fort south of us, and the old chief somehow found out that he was coming, and conceived the brilliant idea of capturing him. He was not going to kill the General, he afterward told us, only going to make him a prisoner. "And how about the many soldiers General Sherman would have with him, were you going to kill them?" I asked him. He only grunted in reply. Those soldiers would have had a short shift of it with him, had he met them, and they not put him out of business.

Satank got up a big war party of young Kiowas and Comanches, and took as his aides a Kiowa chief Santanta, and a young, good looking Comanche named Big Tree. I had known Big Tree for a number of years now, and

was surprised when I heard of his going. I thought he had more sense than to let this old fraud trail him off with him.

When Satank left his camp, he headed west, the place that he meant to go to was south of him, and a plain wagon road ran right to it, but he had no use for wagon roads just yet; he might need one later on. Going the way he did, he would have to make a big circle to get to where he meant to go. He made the circle too big, and got to the road he expected to meet Sherman on just twenty-four hours after the General had passed. He was in Richardson now. Satank got there in time though to strike a camp of three wagons that were hauling corn up to the post, and, killing three of the men, he tied them to the hind wheels of their wagons with trace chains, built fires in them, then cut the front spokes out of one wheel on each wagon, cut open the sacks, spilling the corn all over the country; then taking the team horses and harness, put out west again.

Two at least of these three men he had burned before they were dead, as I testified when the Indians' trial took place. The shape that these men's bodies were in when we got to them convinced me that they had been burned alive. Why he had not burned these wagons, instead of going to the trouble of disabling them as he did, always was a puzzle to me, and when I asked Big Tree about it years after this, he could not tell me. He did not know.

There had been a citizen traveling with these wagons. After being shot, he got away, and hiding until after dark, then made his way to Richardson, getting in at daylight next morning. A detail of twelve men under a sergeant and myself was sent off right away to bury these men. We went at a fast gallop, and got to the place, twelve miles from the post, in an hour.

This was the worst sight I had ever seen, and I saw that burned battle field in the Wilderness, Virginia, with the dead bodies all over it. The sergeant and I stood looking at these men.

"What do you think of this?" he asked me.

"I'll tell you what I will think after this. Always before this, when we have killed a Kiowa, if I have been there I have stopped our Tonkawas when they began to cut him up. We can't very well stop them from scalping, and I don't try; but hereafter if the Tonkawa does not scalp and cut up the Indians, I'll do it myself."

The most of the men we had here did not want to touch these burned bodies; one young fellow, a mere boy, sat down on a wagon tongue and began to cry.

"Get up and grab a pick," the sergeant said to him, "and go to work. When you have been here as long as we have, you won't mind these things any more than we do."

The sergeant and I, with one or two of these men who had seen too many dead men before this to care much about it now, got the chains off these men, and after straightening them out as well as we could, laid them in the wide grave that the rest of the men had dug, covering them with the empty grain sacks.

"You should be able to repeat the burial service," the sergeant said to me. "Try it."

While the men stood there uncovered, I repeated the Episcopal service, and then the Lord's prayer. Then the grave was covered up.

Just as we were through, General Mackenzie, with all the cavalry at the post, got there. He only halted long enough for us to tell him that we had these men buried and to show him Satank's trail. Then we took the trail after him. We followed the trail for the next two days, and seeing that it headed for Fort Sill now—the Indians had only gone this far out of the way to throw us out—we left their trail and went direct into Fort Sill, but it took us two days more to get in. There we found all three of the chiefs in the guard house; General Sherman had got up here now, and as soon as the Indians had got in, he arrested them.

The officer in command here, a colonel of colored cavalry, told him that if he did anything to their chiefs the Kiowas would go out now.

"Let them go out," Sherman is reported to have said, "and be blessed to them. I have Mackenzie down here at Richardson to help them in again, if you can't do it."

The three chiefs were now turned over to us to be taken to Texas and tried by the civil court. We put handcuffs on all of them, and as a mark of honor, Mackenzie had a pair of leg irons put on Satank; the General knew him. They were put in an army wagon that had no cover on, then three men were put in with them as a guard, and a heavy mounted guard rode on each side of the wagon.

We had not gone a mile—the post of Fort Sill was still in sight—when old Satank made a grab for one of the guard's carbines; he got it, but before he had time to use it, this mounted guard had him full of pistol balls.

His body was thrown out on the road now for his friends to pick up and bury. He had started this row just to get shot. He knew what was waiting for him down in Texas, and wanted to start for the happy hunting grounds from here and take a few soldiers with him. He had to go alone, though.

One of the balls that was fired at the chief flew wide of the mark, going clear through a young Mexican who drove the wagon. We picked him up for dead and sent him to Sill. Four years after I met him again. He was still driving mules, but he drove for a square man now; we soldiers were too ready to shoot, he said.

When we camped that night the two remaining chiefs, Santanta and Big Tree, were taken out of the wagon, laid on the grass, then with a few soft lariats ropes we proceeded to stake them out. I had the job, doing it while the officer of the day, one of our captains, stood there to see it done properly. I tied a rope to each of Santanta's wrists and ankles, then hauling them taut, pinned the other ends down. I did not use any extra care not to hurt him; he was a Kiowa. Next I began on Big Tree, and tried to leave his ropes a little slack; I did not want to hurt him.

"Haul out those ropes," the officer of the day said. "You are not trying to tie that man. What do you want to save him for?"

I hauled them out now, while Big Tree lay looking this captain right in the eye.

"It is lucky for you," I thought, "that this man is going straight to the gallows, or he would hunt you up and have you out if it took him a lifetime to do it."

When we had got to within twenty miles of Jacksboro, the town alongside of Fort Richardson, we camped for a day. Herc Mackenzie was told that about every man in this part of Texas was in town, ready to lynch these Indians. We started early next morning, and when within two miles of town, the Indians were taken out of the wagon, two men in our troop were taken off their horses, the Indians put on them with their legs tied under the horse's belly, the troop formed by fours, and the Indians put right in the center of it. Then we were told to fill our magazines, load, and advance carbines, and we moved on again. When we had got within sight of town, we could see that every street there was packed with men and horses. "If there is as much whiskey there to-day as there generally is, some of you and us will go to sleep in the next hour," I thought. "I won't be one of them, but I don't want to see any of you or us killed."

When we had got to the foot of the main street, the men here crowded back, giving us just room to ride in between them, and closed in behind us as soon as we had passed. I noticed that all were sober, and began to breathe freely. These men were no fools. When sober they would never try to get these Indians. Not a man here said a word; a few of them would just nod to those of us they knew. The cross streets were also packed solid with men and horses; if some half-drunken fool should fire a shot now—that is what I was afraid of—these men would have been shot down by dozens before our officers could stop the firing. We rode to the jail, and here found one of our troops that had come in around us holding both ends of the street; they had cleared it and kept it clear. The Indians were turned over to the sheriff now, and we went home.

I met one of the citizens a few hours after this, and asked, "Where was all your whiskey to-day? I saw none."

"There was none. The marshal closed the barrooms when he heard you were coming," he said. "He did not want a battle fought here over two blanked Indians."

In a few weeks the Indians were given their trial, and I was called as a witness. I was glad of it. I wanted to get into that court room. I was anxious to see how a Texas lawyer would go about defending the Indians. He had been assigned by the court to defend them, and he did it just as I would have done—put the whole of the blame on old Satank. He had so much influence over the young men, he said, that they dared not disobey him. But all the lawyers in Texas could not have saved those Indians. That jury had them convicted long before it had been told to "step into the box." They were sentenced to be hung; then the President commuted it to life imprisonment, and in a few years pardoned them.

Satanta soon after this died; it was said that a squaw had poisoned him; he is buried in the cemetery at Sill, and for years after his death the squaws kept his grave covered with colored glass, broken chinaware, and such stuff. Big Tree got to be a good Indian; he never was a very bad one, and he never gave us any more trouble.

In the winter of 1876 I was out with a band of Comanches all winter hunting buffalo, and one day going on a hunt of my own in company with two Indian boys, we got so far off that we had to camp out. I met Big Tree and his party, and he and I went into camp together. This was the first time I had seen him since he had been pardoned. That night, as we lay on his blanket at the fire, I got him to tell me all about this raid. He began when they had left camp to go on it, and wound up with his life in Huntsville prison; then he said "But why need I tell you all this? You know it; you were there."

"How is that, Big Tree?"

"Why, you were the little chief who tied me down that night when the big chief made you pull my ropes out tight."

"I thought you had forgot that, Big Tree."

"No, I never forget anything. Why did you want to tie me the way you were doing? Did you want me to get away?" I have always thought that you did."

"No, I knew you could not get away. That man at your head, who stood there all night, would have shot you had you tried to get away, and if he did not do it, then I would. We were told to shoot you if you got loose. Had we let you escape, we might have been shot ourselves; but I did not want to hurt you, Big Tree."

This was stretching it, of course. We would not have been shot, but would have been given six months or a year in the guard house and a dishonorable discharge.

"Well, I have looked long and far for that big chief who told you to pull those ropes tight on me. I want to see him, but I never can find him," said Big Tree.

"And you never will find him. He died many moons ago," I replied.

CABIA BLANCO.

[Many of our readers are old enough to recall the trouble with the Kiowas in 1870 and 1871, and the capture and trial of Satank, Santanta and Big Tree; the two former Kiowas and the last a Comanche.

The history of that time—that is to say the old Indian Bureau and Military Reports—together with much other data, have been brought together in Mr. James Mooney's admirable "Kiowa Calendar," published by the Bureau of Ethnology at Washington. These reports differ in minor details from that given by Cabia Blanco, but the testimony which we print to-day is that of an eye witness and a close observer, and so is far better entitled to credence than the general and perfunctory reports made to the different Government departments. In these reports it is intimated, if not distinctly said, that the three Indian prisoners were taken from Fort Sill, each riding in one army wagon, and each accompanied by two guards, and that Satank attacked with a knife the sergeant of the guard who was riding in the wagon with him.

Cabia Blanco, however, tells us that the three prisoners left Fort Sill in one wagon; that he assisted in putting them into the wagon; that Satank had no knife, so far as any of the soldiers knew, and that no one was cut by Satank; moreover, that the sergeant of the guard was not riding in the wagon, but on his horse by the side of the wagon.

Satank, spelled by Mr. Mooney Set-Angya, means Sitting Bear.

Mr. Mooney quotes Mr. Laurie Tatum, at that time agent for the Kiowas, as saying that the prisoners were put into two wagons, Satank being in one, with soldiers, while Santanta and Big Tree rode in another. George

Washington, a Caddo Indian, is said to have ridden alongside of the wagons as they left Fort Sill. Mr. Tatum further states that, "With a butcher knife, which he [Satank] had secreted, he started for the guard in the front part of the wagon, cutting one of the soldiers slightly in the leg. They both jumped out, leaving their guns. Satank picked up one of them and commenced loading it, wanting to kill one more man. Before he got it loaded, he received several shots, and in twenty minutes died." At the time of his death Satank was the chief of the most important Kiowa soldier organization, known as Chief Dogs, and when singing his death song he referred to this band.

He was supposed to have secret powers, and on this account was more or less feared and hated by his tribe.

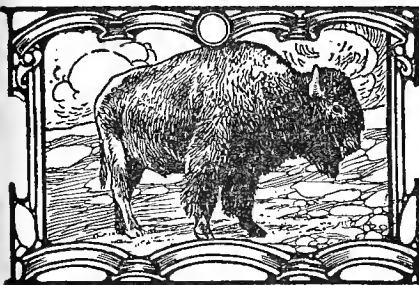
Satank was an old man when he died. He had long been a leader among the Kiowas. He was one of the three men who, about the year 1840, went to meet the Cheyennes to arrange peace preliminaries between that tribe and the Kiowas, Comanches and Apaches, and who, as a peace offering, brought back to the Cheyennes

the scalps of forty-two Cheyenne Bow String soldiers, killed two years before by the Kiowas and Comanches.

The story of Satanta's death Cabia Blanco repeats as it was much later told to him, with accompanying legends, generally believed at the time. As a matter of fact, however, it appears that Satanta, having been released on parole in 1873, was rearrested in 1874 on the ground that he had been mixed up in an outbreak led by Stumbling Bear, and was returned to prison at Huntsville, Tex., where he was confined until 1878, when he committed suicide by throwing himself from the second story window of the prison to the ground. Satanta (White Bear) was a great orator, and was long a prominent man among the Kiowas. According to Mooney, he first earned his title of orator of the plains in connection with events which led to the treaty of Medicine Lodge, in 1867. He was prominent in the councils of his tribe, and was the speaker at all councils held with the white people, and a number of his orations have been reported in part. Mr. Mooney gives a concise statement in regard to his prison life and

tragic death, written by Mr. L. A. Whatley, superintendent of the Texas penitentiaries. He says:

"At the July term of the district court of Jack county, in the year 1871, Satanta was convicted of murder and sentenced to life imprisonment in the Texas State Penitentiary. He was received at the Huntsville prison on the 2d of November, 1871. Upon the recommendation of President U. S. Grant, Governor E. J. Davis, on August 9, 1873, set Satanta at liberty upon parole, i. e., conditioned upon his good behavior. It seems, however, that he violated the parole, for he was arrested and recommitted to the prison at Huntsville by Lieutenant-General Sheridan, on the 8th of November, 1874. On October 11th, 1878, Satanta committed suicide by throwing himself from the second story of the prison hospital, from the effects of which he died within a few hours. He was buried at the prison cemetery, where his grave can be identified to this day. During the period of his incarceration in this prison, Satanta behaved well, but was very reticent and stoical."



NATURAL HISTORY



Maine Wolves.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In Mr. Grinnell's last article on "The Trails of the Pathfinders," he quotes Mr. Gregg as saying of the gray wolf, "I have never known these animals, rapacious as they are, to extend their attacks to man, though they probably would if very hungry, and a favorable opportunity presented itself."

This agrees with all I have ever been able to learn about wolves in Maine. As my father, when I was a child, used to buy a large part of the skins of the wolves killed in eastern Maine, and I used to see the hunters who took them and hear their stories, and when I grew older hunted where wolves were quite plenty, I have had fair opportunities to know something of their habits, but have never known of any authentic instance of anyone ever being attacked by them. I have heard men tell of marvelous escapes from them by outrunning them, and writers of newspaper stories often tell of their uncles or grandfathers being attacked by wolves; but as far as I have ever been able to learn, these stories had no more foundation of truth than the wonderful bear fights which are so common every year in our Maine papers; which fights only occur at desks where there is a man and perhaps a bottle, but never any bear.

Springer, in his "Forest Life and Forest Trees," relates for truth some of the old stock lies which were used to frighten the green men in our lumber camps. He states as follows: "Three teams in the winter of 1844, all in the same neighborhood, were beset by these ravenous animals. Sometimes one, and in another instance three in a most unwelcome manner volunteered their attendance, accompanying the teamster a long distance on his way. They would even jump on the log and ride, and approach very near the oxen. One of them actually jumped upon the sled and down between the bars when the sled was in motion," and he goes on to tell of the teamsters carrying firearms to protect themselves. Now, these stories are all of the same kind as a few years later were told to tenderfeet of attacks of catamounts, ding-weasels, side-winders, and walruses.

The only thing in Mr. Springer's accounts which has a particle of truth in it, is where he tells of a family on Mattawamkeag living in a log house happening to have some poison with which they saturated some meat which they threw out on the ice. "Next morning early the meat was missing, and on making a short search in the vicinity six wolves were found dead as hammers, all within sight of each other." The facts in this case were that Dr. McCaulister, of Amherst, Maine, was the first man who, as far as is known, ever used any strychnine. He killed several wolves with it, and got some for my father. This strychnine he procured from Philadelphia. It was of French manufacture, and was pulverized, put up in oval bottles with a monogram on the seal, and cost \$2.50 a bottle. A Mr. D. P. Wood, of Baskahegan Plantation, was down at Bangor and told my father of how plenty the wolves were near him. My father got a bottle of this strychnine for him. The first night he laid out baits he killed six wolves. It was not laid out by any family nor on the ice, as Mr. Springer states, but in a back pasture. Mr. Wood killed fifteen wolves before spring. He brought the skins to my father. They all had the upper jaw left on the skin for the purpose of obtaining the bounty of \$10 on the nose. I well remember holding the skins on a log for Mr. Wood to cut the upper jaw off. My father had ten of these skins dressed and two robes made of them. One of these robes, although not in use for many years, is still in my carriage house in a good state of preservation, although made over fifty years ago.

Previous to the use of strychnine, some wolves were trapped, and I have seen quite a number which were trapped on Chemo Bay, within sixteen miles of Bangor. I have known but four wolves shot in eastern Maine. After poison began to be commonly used, the wolves began to decrease, although I think fully as much by migration as by being killed. While plenty till the early '50s, there were extremely few left by 1860. In 1857 I carried to Chesuncook a skin which had been sent down to obtain the bounty. In the winter of 1859 Frank and George Fairbanks, who were trapping near the Mooseluck farm on Aroostook, found part of a moose, which they had left on a hand-sled, badly eaten. They set a beaver trap for it, and fastened the trap chain to the sled. On visiting it the next morning, they found a large wolf in it. He had gnawed the sled badly, and would soon have escaped with the trap. This is the last wolf that I have any record of which was either shot, trapped or poisoned; but late in the '70s a very large wolf was found drowned in Union

River above Ellsworth. He had chased a deer into the river where there was shell ice and logs, and was unable to get out. This skin was sold to me and afterward was kept for a show at Bar Harbor by a guide named Nicholas Caman, who got it of me.

In years when beech nuts were abundant, our wolves used to eat a good many, and I have seen where wolves had fed on deer and beech nuts in the same day. I once saw a very large wolf caught in June in a bear trap, whose stomach was filled with green beech leaves. The animal must have been forced to eat them by hunger, which accounted for his getting into a bear trap, as a wolf is about as hard to trap as a fox. I have had one pass close to a bear trap set in a natural opening in a bank of cedar so that it showed no sign of any man's work, and which was baited with all the entrails of a freshly killed deer. I have several times had one come up to the back of a log trap, and with his teeth pull up a part of the boxing from the frozen ground, but in no instance did he touch the bait which was thus exposed.

In conclusion I will say that although wolves made sad havoc among our deer, as well as farmers' sheep, I have never known of a case of their troubling either men or cattle.

M. HARDY.

BREWER, Maine.

The Buffalo.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In your issue of Saturday, October 29, I notice an article entitled "The Tragedy of the Plains," by Romanzo N. Bunn; there is also an article on the same subject by Mr. Allen Kelly; both of these gentlemen are trying to prove that what buffalo were not killed by Col. Bill Cody and Buffalo Jones, perished in a great blizzard.

From the early spring of 1871 to and including the winter of 1875 I killed buffalo for their hides. In all that time I did not earn a single cent in any other way. I speak of that great body of buffalo that roamed between the Platte River on the north and the Arkansas on the south. Buffalo Jones made his appearance on the range about the time that I and many others quit for the want of material to work on. However, there still remained two herds, one in the far north and one on the Staked Plains of Texas. They were small in comparison with the great middle herd, and they did not last long, but certainly went the way of the rest to the tanneries.

The five years I spent killing buffalo were spent not with the object of forcing the Indians on to reservations, nor for the laudable purpose of opening up this vast country for settlement, but for the sole purpose of getting money to spend with the post sutlers and other dealers in troubled water at 25 cents per trouble.

The prime cause of the extermination of the buffalo was brought about mostly by a Kansas City hide dealer named J. N. Dubois, who shipped several bales of buffalo hides to German tanners, who claimed to have a process for making good leather of them. Up to 1871 our American tanners were unable to make leather of them that was suitable for any purpose where spongy leather would not do. However, after the first year of the slaughter which began in 1871 in the neighborhood of Bunker Hill and Russell stations on the Kansas Pacific Railroad, the American tanners discovered the secret, and no more were shipped to Europe. Early in 1871 J. N. Dubois sent out circulars offering to buy at a good price all hides killed at any time of the year. Of course robe hides were always in demand, and buffalo meat was always good in the winter season; but summer hides never had a place in the markets until J. N. Dubois, the Kansas City hide man, opened up the demand. It was also he who introduced the South American hide bug poison that enabled us to preserve summer hides, and he instructed us how to peg out the hides and dry them smooth for shipment. I am not qualified to tell an interesting tale on this subject, but I do know the truth of the buffaloes' disappearing.

Col. Bill Cody is entitled to great praise for the way he has handled himself. Instead of being a drunken hide-hunter, he was smart, and always something of a gentleman; he was handsome, and undoubtedly was a fine shot and a very picturesque hunter, but I have yet to hear of his practicing the methods of still-hunting for hides. He got his great reputation first as a meat-hunter for the Kansas Pacific grading camps, and then from his dashing appearance on horseback for the amusement of wealthy foreign and American visitors to the great American buffalo range.

It has been said that soldiers slaughtered the buffalo. I never knew of their slaughtering much of anything but their rations. In the winter before the Custer massacre I

was a witness to Sitting Bull's efforts in killing thousands of buffalo and drying the meat for the campaign in which so many lost their lives. Sitting Bull came to the headwaters of the Republican River with hundreds of warriors, and sent out soldier Indians or police to notify all hunters that they could kill for meat only, and no more than was needed, while his warriors laid in a tremendous supply. I have often wondered why Buffalo Jones did not notify Uncle Sam of this move of the Indians, and thus prevent that terrible disaster; but come to think of it, Buffalo Jones had not yet made his appearance on the range. I was one of the youngest of the hide-hunters, but I know that dozens yet remain who will verify my statement. They are numerous in the neighborhood of old Fort Wallace; and if there is any real desire for the sake of history to hear the truth, we are the rank and file and not the circus element, and I think can be relied on. Mr. Buffalo Jones and Colonel Bill Cody did really nothing toward exterminating the buffalo. Mr. Jones caught a lot of calves at the wind-up, and thus his real place is as a perpetuator, which is far more to his credit.

One writer has said that the real disaster to the buffalo was a terrible blizzard. I agree with him, but the blizzard began in J. N. Dubois's hide house in Kansas City, then extended to the manufacturers of Sharps sporting rifles in Connecticut, and finally ended on the Great American Desert, where now are so many beautiful towns and happy, contented people.

JOE W. HUTT.

LIGHT, Maries County, Missouri.

The Search for the Loon.

To the man that hopes to start and find the loon's solitary nest, and photograph this shy, elusive bird, my advice is "don't."

For miles through swamp and drowned lands, up rivers and to the head of long, winding creeks, through all the waters of the Atonabee River, with its marshy edges, far and wide in that best of all game lakes, Rice Lake, Canada, on its many islands, closely search its deep bays, where the wild rice and wild cherry, those best of duck foods, grow luxuriantly, the search has led. It is my pleasant business to "snap" the feathered game, small furbearing animals and game fishes in all their various seasons of mating, nesting, rearing, flocking and migrating, but of all the wary ones that breed in these long stretches the loon carries off the prize.

The male bird with an ingenuity that is almost uncanny, frequents all other places but the vicinity of the island on which the nest is placed. To see him slowly swimming around a secluded bay is to decide that the nest is right there. After hours of careful hunting he is next seen haunting the shores of a neighboring island, as if on strict guard. That island is then most thoroughly searched and he is sticking like its shadow to the next one. Then when he has led you far enough afield he dives and is seen no more.

The female all this time is miles away up the lake, making the nest, laying the two big olive green, red and brown spotted eggs and hatching them out, and usually in the dusk of evening she is joined by her far traveled mate; he settles himself for slumber near the nest and tomorrow repeats his deceptive practices. Luckily my work has led me far and wide over the surface of the lake and time solved the riddle and found the nest.

There is a little island far up in the western end of the lake belonging to the Ojibways, unused, seldom visited. Here in the deep tangle of last year's dry undergrowth on Grape Island, while searching for a sandpiper's nest, I heard a great rustle of dry grape vines and then a splash into the lake, fortunately on the lee side. Creeping carefully through the brush I saw the pointed bill and gray head of the female loon show for a second, held flat as a snake's on the water, about a hundred yards out. So at last, by mere accident, the nest was discovered. It was placed near a big granite rock that had been pushed by the spring ice above far in among the trees, a sun searched spot, but far out of the wanderings of trapper, hunter or guide. A circle of dry wild rice straw that had also been pushed in here by the great power of the ice, contained one big egg, no great energy displayed in the building of this nest, but carefully lined with a coating of soft feathers, it made a very consoling picture after the long hunt.

The female sat watching about a quarter of a mile out, and at last, thoroughly alarmed, gave out that weird call that is so fearful on a dark night on a lonesome lake; almost at once he answered, the wooded

shores re-echoing his wild cry. I hastily planted the camera, pointing along the path to the nest, jumped into the canoe and paddled off. As soon as the point of the island hid the craft, I doubled and drew the bass-wood up on the further shore and crept to my well-concealed "hide," knowing from previous experience that he would come ashore if he was sure the enemy had left.

Watching through the vines, I saw him coming closer every dive. Once within gunshot of the shore, he swam along and carefully peeped—no other word will express this clever action—around the corner of the island. Apparently satisfied all was well, he swam back, and from where I crouched I could hear him coming through the dry vines and grasses; straight at me he came until within eight feet of the camera. As the hunter makes a shot straight at his game, so I shot mine, and, truly, gun never gave keener feeling. At the click of the shutter the big bird turned and ran and swam out to his mate, where, with many a low call and loud eerie screech, he told her all.

Not wishing to "snap" the nest until the second egg was laid, with well-filled sail the canoe rapidly sped home, pursued by the maniacal laughter of the two great birds as they rose and fell on the foam-crested waves of the lake.

Several days elapsed before the canoe grated on the pebbles of the little island. The female at once left the

from, and as he had jumped to his feet in a blinding flash with the nerve-racking scream echoing in his half-awakened mind, I did not wonder he thought it was supernatural.

But it is in the fall the strange habits of the great northern diver are best displayed, decoying off the points of the island. Well hidden behind the "bough-house" you will see one of these great birds swimming and diving in mid-lake. After a while it discovers the flock of decoys, and so great is its bump of curiosity, that it is not satisfied until it has visited and found out all about the wooden ducks. By long dives it cautiously approaches the point, when about ten yards outside the flock it stops and, with bill flat on the water and neck stretched out like a snake's, it remains perfectly still, intently eyeing the decoys. Down with a dive so true that hardly a ripple is left behind, it goes and pokes its sharp bill right among the flock. The unnatural stillness awes it for a moment, and then it slowly swims with body still submerged to the nearest duck, with its bright eyes fixed on the counterfeit bird, and every feather on its head erect, it attacks it from behind, picking vigorously at it. The non-resistance seems to alarm it, for down it plunges once more, only to renew the attack on the next bird it approaches; but just stick your head up over the "hide" if you want to cause the visitor to disappear and not return to the surface until it is three or four hundred yards off.

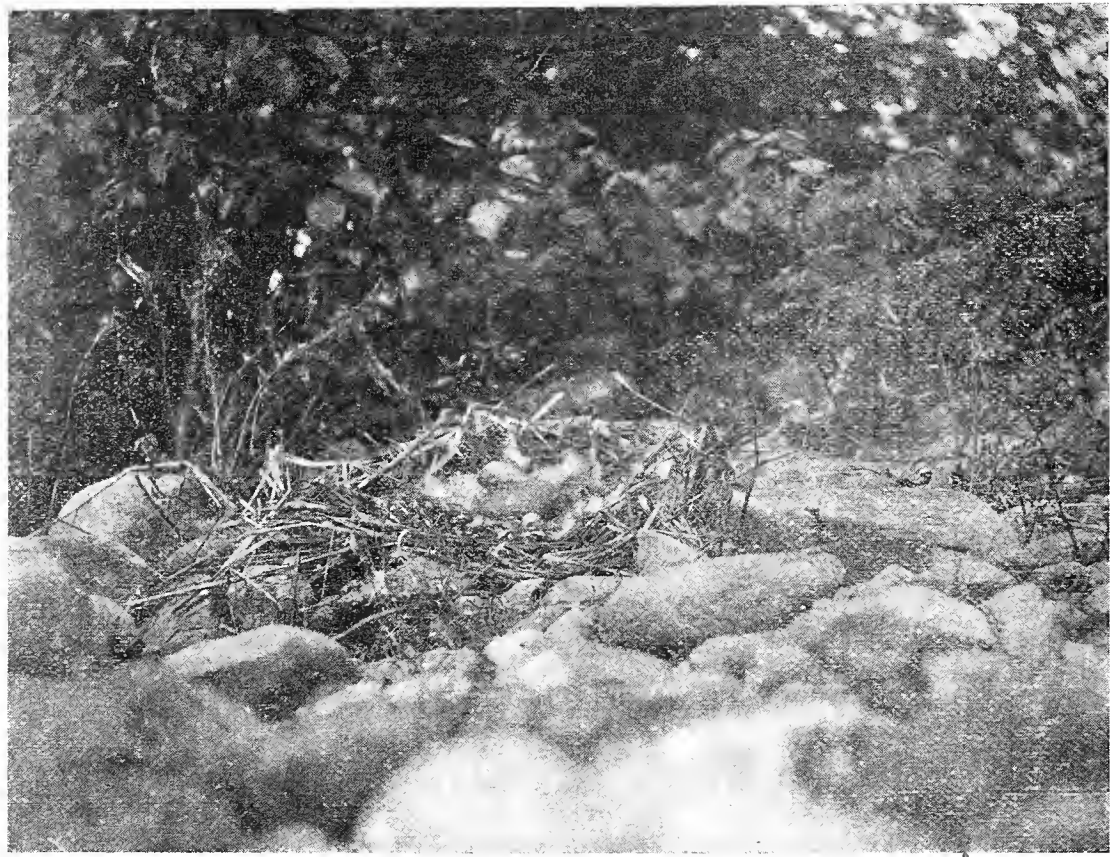
tions occur as little islands throughout the Hudsonian zone, sometimes only a few acres in extent, or again covering several square miles. The plants and mammals tell the story, and even the natives follow the climate of their race. Thus the true Eskimo extend down the coast of Behring Sea to the vicinity of Nushagak, and are represented on the peninsula by Aleuts, while Indians derived from the Athabaskan stock occupy the territory assigned to the Hudsonian. Plate VII. shows a map giving the life zones and distributions of coniferous trees.

Among the specimens collected by Mr. Osgood and his party were a number of species of large game. One of these believed to be now on the point of extinction is Grant's caribou (*Rangifer granti* Allen), of which Mr. Osgood says:

"Signs of caribou were seen at the upper end of Lake Clark, along the Chulitna and Kakhtil rivers, and near Becharof Lake. The animals were formerly very abundant in all this region, but are now much reduced in numbers. Their distribution, however, is undoubtedly continuous from the peninsula to the mainland of Alaska by way of the region of lakes Iliamna and Clark, and the idea that the supposed species *granti* is entirely isolated from the other caribou of Alaska is unquestionably erroneous. The few tracks of caribou seen were those of solitary individuals, or of very small bands of five or six. Several caribou were killed by natives in July, 1902, some twenty miles northwest of Keejik, Lake Clark. One



THE LOON AT HOME.
Photograph by Bonnycastle Dale.



NEST OF THE LOON.
Photograph by Bonnycastle Dale.

nest and swam away from the shore, calling loudly for her mate, as before the cry was answered almost at once. No doubt he had followed the canoe for miles up the lake, and was even now close beside the mother bird, listening to her story of alarm. As the plans of the previous day had worked so well, they were all repeated, and like a rehearsal of a play, he repeated his. Up the little path, with body held erect on his clumsy feet set so far behind, he waddled, every moment glancing suspiciously from side to side. At last he was just where I wanted him, and if he couldn't hear my heart beat he was stone deaf. At the metallic click of the shutter he threw his head up, looked a moment, and then rapidly waddled back to the water, to join his lady and again tell her of that unusual noise.

As there was still only one egg, it looked as if she was an old bird and would only lay one, or, for some reason completely beyond me, one was to be the total of this hatch; so taking advantage of a vagrant shaft of sunlight, the camera "clicked" once more, and my Grape Island work was done, for it seemed the female would not approach the nest until assured by the male that all was well.

One month later, before a brisk south wind, the canoe flew around the north point of Grape, and now there were three loons in the water, one, the size of a sandpiper, instantly dived with never a ripple; the beautifully marked male, with his black and white throat band and dark green head, threw his bill up and, with a short screech, dived beneath; the female, a handsome big bird, came straight at the canoe, fluttering and diving, and once she came up within a paddle length. I was making heroic endeavors to get the sail down and the camera ready, but by this time canoe, birds and all had drifted into rough water, and the loons were completely lost to sight. The young one was as graceful a little bird on the water as a teal, and its dives were literally clean out of sight.

On all these northern lakes a pair or two of these interesting birds bring forth their young, their wild, shy habits keeping them almost unseen. All through the summer the long wild cry is heard. One night, returning from a concert at Hiawatha (Ojibway Village) before a fair wind, but under a sky black and gloomy with heavy thunder clouds, the canoe ran full tilt into one of these big birds, evidently asleep on the lake. With a mighty splash and a cry so full of throbbing terror, it disappeared in the darkness, and only involuntary balance on my part saved the canoe from upsetting. As my chum, asleep in the bow, rose at the wild cry and stood erect in the bounding craft, my nerves were tingling, and a vivid flash of lightning disclosed our pallid faces to one another. He sank back into his place, asking what it was, and, although I knew, I could not tell him, so badly had it upset me. The storm struck us with full force, and it took all I knew and a little more—which is luck—to guide the darting canoe safely over those wild miles to the sheltered bay at camp. Here, in the darkness, paddling under the great pines, he asked me where the cry came

One of these clever divers got the anchor line of one of my decoys tangled around its wing through over zealous examination of the flock. I watched the fight with interest, and as the big whistle-wing was made of cedar and very light, it acted as a sort of life preserver to the thoroughly exasperated bird. Every time the loon came up the decoy popped up beside in a truly maddening manner. I have always thought the loon mistook it for a fair up and down fight now, for the way it let into that wooden shape with bill and wings was a caution. To add to its alarm, I stood up at this point of the conflict, intent on rescuing the decoy before it was too far out in the lake. The canoe afloat, a few strokes put me right in the battle, the bird, encumbered as it was, could still dive a few yards. Standing up, the tell-tale bubbles showed me the way; but the line was passing around the wing until the bird and decoy were separated by its full length. At last a mighty struggle, and the piece of lead was lost; the end of the line slipped through and the bird escaped, although I had once touched its back as it dived.

Many are the odd experiences with these birds told around the "shanty" fire, when the nipping November winds are blowing. It is possible for three good paddlers in three canoes to tire one of these great swimmers out; but as we never shoot them, they are seldom caught. With guns and three canoes it would simply be slaughter, as they cannot take wing unless a fairly strong wind is blowing. The best way to hunt them is with a 4x5 Bullet—truly the camera is mightier than the gun.

BONNYCASTLE DALE.

Some Life of the Alaska Peninsula.

NUMBER twenty-four of North American Fauna, the publication of the Biological Survey, under the charge of Dr. C. Hart Merriam, contains an interesting paper on Alaska. It is by Mr. Wilfred H. Osgood, an assistant in the Biological Survey, whose previous experience in northern explorations have especially fitted him to do work such as this.

The present paper contains an account of a trip made during the latter part of the summer and the fall of 1902 to the base of the Alaska Peninsula. This was crossed, work was done on both coasts—that is to say, on the north Pacific coast and that of Behring Sea, as well as some work in the interior. Travel was chiefly by canoe, but the weather being bad less ground was covered than had been hoped. The route, as shown in the sketch map given on Plate I, from Cook Inlet to Lake Iliamna, down the Nushagak River to Bristol, across the peninsula and Shellikoff Straits to Karluk and Kadiak, and then to the Kenai Peninsula and home.

A full account of the region traversed, and many photographs, give a capital idea of the country, much of which is bald and treeless, though in the eastern portion there are white spruces, many of which are fifty feet high and a foot and a half in diameter. The Hudsonian and Arctic life zones here meet and overlap. Tundra condi-

was also killed in July by a prospector about fifteen miles northeast of Cold Bay. During the winter of 1901 a herd of twenty was seen by natives between Becharof and Ugashik lakes, and several were killed, and in the winter of 1902-3, seven were killed on Becharof Lake near Smoky Mountain. Two skulls, labeled 'Nushagak,' secured by McKay in 1882, are in the National Museum. They were doubtless procured by natives at some distance from Nushagak. A party of natives, encamped near us at the mouth of Becharof Lake, were engaged, in the latter part of September, in a caribou hunt. During two weeks of steady work six hunters succeeded in killing a total of six animals. Their method is a lazy one, but with unlimited time gives a fair degree of success. They build a small, innocent-looking cairn of rocks on the summit of a hill a few hundred yards from their camp, to which one of them would go every hour or two and scan the surrounding country. In case a caribou was sighted, the whole party would then go out to stalk it. The animals are very light-colored at this season, and are easily seen at a long distance.

"The large herds which occur further west on the peninsula do not, as a rule, come as far east as Becharof Lake, although small herds are scattered all along. These herds are being rapidly killed off both by white men and natives, and at the present rate the caribou of the Alaska Peninsula bid fair to be exterminated in a comparatively short time. Nearly the year round they are brought in regularly to all the mining and fishing camps along the peninsula, being hunted not only for their flesh, but also for their skins, which are in great demand. The mail steamer which runs along the south side of the peninsula takes on a supply of caribou meat on nearly every trip. The animals are usually killed in the Port Moller region, and the carcasses taken to the mining village of Unga, where the steamer makes regular stops. On the October run, when I was a passenger, caribou chops, roasts, and stews were a feature of the bill of fare. On each trip since then a good supply has been on board. On the December run, nine carcasses were secured at Unga for consumption on the vessel, and in January about the same number were consumed, as I am informed from reliable sources..

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Monarch, the Big Bear."

DETROIT, Dec. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:*—There can be no doubt of Dr. Robert T. Morris's ability to make good his invitation to Messrs. Seton, Brown and Kelly to dine with him—provided all hands accept. Possibly the Doctor thinks it would be great fun to get those men together and see how they would manage to avoid bears as a topic of conversation. It would be another triumph of tact for him to keep them away from the matter which offered an excuse for bringing them together.

I thank the Doctor for his hospitable invitation, but fear I may not find it convenient to be present.

ALLEN KELLY.



GAME BAG AND GUN



Big-Game Refuges.

From "American Big Game in Its Haunts," The Book of the Boone and Crockett Club, 1904.

THE buffalo (in 1888) had already been swept away. Since that date two species of elk have practically disappeared from the land, one being still represented by a few individuals which for some years have been preserved from destruction by a California cattle company; the other, found only in the Southwest, in territory now included within the Black Mesa forest reservation, may be, perhaps, without a single living representative. Over a vast extent of the territory which the antelope once inhabited, it has ceased to exist; and so speedy and so wholesale has been its disappearance that most of the Western States, slow as they always are to interfere with the privileges of their citizens to kill and destroy at will, have passed laws either wholly protecting it or, at least, limiting the number to be killed in a season to one, two or three. In 1888 no one could have conceived that the diminution of the native large game of America would be what it has proved to be within the past fifteen years.

That the game stock may re-establish itself in certain localities, the Club has advocated the establishment in the various forest reserves of game refuges, where absolutely no hunting shall be permitted.

Through the influence of William Hallett Phillips, a deceased member of the Club, a few lines inserted in an act passed by Congress March 3, 1891, permitted the establishment of forest reserves, and Hon. John W. Noble, then Secretary of the Interior, at once recommended the application of the law to a number of forest tracts, which were forthwith set aside by Presidential proclamation. Since then, more and more forest reserves have been created, and, thanks to the wisdom and courage of the Chief Magistrates of the Nation within the past twelve years, we now have more than sixty millions of acres of such reservations. These consist largely of rough, timbered mountain lands, unfit for cultivation or settlement. They are of enormous value to the arid West, as affording an unending water supply to much of that region, and in a less degree they are valuable as timber reserves, from which hereafter may be harvested crops which will greatly benefit the country adjacent to them.

It is obvious that effectively to protect the big game at large there must be localities where hunting shall be absolutely forbidden. That any species of big game will rapidly increase if absolutely protected is perfectly well known; and in the Yellowstone Park we have ever before us an object lesson, which shows precisely what effective protection of game can do.

It is little more than twenty years since the first efforts were made to prevent the killing of game within the National Reservation, and only about ten years since Congress provided an effective method for preventing such killing. He must be dull indeed who does not realize what that game refuge has done for a great territory, and of how much actual money value its protection has been to the adjoining States of Montana and Idaho, and especially of Wyoming. The visit of President Roosevelt to the National Park last spring made these conditions plain to the whole nation. At that time every newspaper in the land gave long accounts of what the President saw and did there, and told of the hordes of game that he viewed and counted. He saw nothing that he had not before known of, nothing that was not well known to all the members of the Boone and Crockett Club; but it was largely through the President's visit, and the accounts of what he saw in the Yellowstone Park, that the public has come to know what rigid protection can do and has done for our great game.

Since such a refuge can bring about such results, it is high time that we had more of these refuges, in order that like results may follow in different sections of the West, and for different species of wild game; as well for the benefit of other localities and their residents, as for that wider public which will hereafter visit them in ever increasing numbers.

A bill introduced at the last session of Congress authorized the President, when in his judgment it should seem desirable, to set aside portions of forest reserves as game refuges, where no hunting should be allowed. The bill passed the Senate, but failed in the House, largely through lack of time, yet some opposition was manifested to it by members of Congress from the States in which the forest reserves are located, who seemed to feel that such a law would in some way abridge the rights and privileges of their constituents. This is a narrow view, and one not justified by the experience of persons dwelling in the vicinity of the Yellowstone National Park.

If such members of Congress will consider, for example, the effect on the State of Wyoming, of the protection of the Yellowstone Park, it seems impossible to believe that they will oppose the measure. Each non-resident sportsman going into Wyoming to hunt the game—much of which spends the summer in the Yellowstone Park, and each autumn overflows into the adjacent territory—pays to the State the sum of forty dollars, and is obliged by law to hire a guide, for whose license he must pay ten dollars additional; besides that, he hires guides, saddle and pack animals, pays railroad and stage fare, and purchases provisions to last him for his hunt. In other words, at a modest calculation, each man who spends from two weeks to a month hunting in Wyoming pays to the State and its citizens not less than one hundred and fifty dollars. Statistics as to the number of hunters who visit Wyoming are not accessible; but if we assume that they are only two hundred in number, this means an actual

contribution to the State of thirty thousand dollars in cash. Besides this, the protection of the game in such a refuge insures a never-failing supply of meat to the settlers living in the adjacent country, and offers them work for themselves and their horses at a time when, ranch work for the season being over, they have no paying occupation.

The value of a few skins taken by local hunters is very inconsiderable when compared with such a substantial inflow of actual cash to the State and the residents of the territory neighboring to such a refuge. Moreover, it must be remembered that, failing to put in operation some plan of this kind, which shall absolutely protect the game and enable it to re-establish itself, the supply of meat and skins, now naturally enough regarded as their own peculiar possession by the settlers living where such a refuge might be established, will inevitably grow less and less as time goes on; and, as it grows less, the contributions to State and local resources from the non-resident tax will also grow less. Thirty years ago the buffalo skinner declared that the millions of buffalo could never be exterminated; yet the buffalo disappeared, and after them one species of big game after another vanished over much of the country. The future can be judged only by the past. Thirty years ago there were elk all over the plains, from the Missouri River westward to the Rocky Mountains; now there are no elk on the plains, and, except in winter, when driven down from their summer range by the snows, they are found only in the timbered mountains. What has been so thoroughly accomplished will be sure to continue; and, unless the suggested refuges shall be established, there will soon be no game to protect—a real loss to the country.

The Cold Storage Case.

Text of the Decision of the Court of Appeals, Dec. 6, 1904. The People of the State of New York, Appellant, v. Jacob V. Bootman et al., Respondents.

Appeal from a judgment of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court in the first judicial department affirming a judgment rendered by the Trial Term dismissing the complaint. Also appeal from an order affirming an order which made an extra allowance to the defendant.

Frank S. Black and Henderson Peck for appellant. Louis Marshall and Julius Offenbach for respondents.

VANN, J. This action was brought to recover penalties to the amount of \$1,168,315 for alleged violations of the Forest, Fish and Game Law in that during the close season of 1901 the defendants had in their possession 7,560 grouse; 4,835 quail; 1,776 ducks; 8,848 plover; 7,108 snipe; 8,328 snow-buntings; 1,008 redbirds; 7,607 sandpipers; 788 yellow-legs and 96 woodcock.

Six out of the nineteen counts of the complaint were disposed of by demurrer, which reduced the amount involved to about \$325,000 (40 Misc. Rep. 27; 72 App. Div. 619; 173 N. Y. 622); and this sum was reduced by concession to about \$9,960. The facts as settled by stipulation are as follows: Between May 22 and June 2, 1901, the defendants, as co-partners, and in their possession at the city and county of New York one hundred grouse, one hundred quail, ninety-six woodcock and one hundred ducks, "being of the same grouse, quail, woodcock and ducks mentioned and described in the first thirteen counts of the complaint." Said game birds were not killed in the State of New York but in other States of the Union, where they were purchased by the defendants. They were brought into this State in the month of November, 1900, when it was lawful to possess them here and the defendants kept them on storage in the State of New York until the commencement of this action. After their purchase by the defendants outside of the State, they "were exported from States in which they were purchased to and received by them in this State by means of transportation agencies engaged in inter-State commerce and in the original packages in which they were packed by the shippers thereof." It was further stipulated that they were of the fair market value of \$5,000 and that the action was duly brought on the order of the chief game protector of this State.

Upon the trial said stipulation was read in evidence and both sides rested, whereupon the trial judge dismissed the complaint and the plaintiff excepted. The Appellate Division, by a divided vote, affirmed the judgment entered accordingly and the plaintiff appealed to this court.

The Forest, Fish and Game Law, as in force when it is alleged that the penalties in question were incurred, became a law on the 19th of February, 1900. (L. 1900, ch. 20, General Laws, ch. 31.) It is to some extent a revision but chiefly a re-enactment of the Game Law of 1892 and the Fisheries, Game and Forest Law of 1895, as amended at various times. (L. 1892, ch. 488; L. 1895, ch. 395.) So far as the questions presented by this appeal are concerned, it is the same in substance as the acts considered by the court in *People v. Buffalo Fish Company* (164 N. Y. 93), where it was held that the Fisheries, Game and Forest Law, as amended, applied only to such fish as were taken from the waters of this State, and not to those imported from a foreign country. This conclusion was based upon the ground that the Legislature did not intend by the general language used in a statute so highly penal in character to include fish caught outside of the State. While three judges dissented from that conclusion and three others who sit in this case but did not sit in that, might also have reached a different conclusion had the subject been before them for judicial action, we all feel bound by the rule of *stare decisis* to recognize that decision as settling the meaning of the act then under consideration so far as it was involved in the question at that time before the court.

As the language used in that act in relation to fish does not differ in substance from the language used in the act now before us in relation to game, we are required by the same rule to hold that the Legislature in enacting the Forest, Fish and Game Law, as it stood when the defendants are alleged to have violated it, did not intend to make penal and criminal the possession in this State during the close season of game killed without the State and brought here during the open season.

It is claimed, however, that the passage by Congress of a statute known as the "Lacy Act," removed an obstacle which had previously prevented the application of our game laws to the possession of imported game, and that the operation and effect thereof were expanded accordingly. That act provides in substance that foreign game when transported into any State shall be subjected to the laws of that State, enacted in the exercise of its police powers, to the same extent as if such game had been produced in such State, and shall not be exempt therefrom by reason of importation in original packages. (31 U. S. Stat. at Large, ch. 553.) It became a law by the approval of the President on the 25th of May, 1900, nearly three months after the passage of the Forest, Fish and Game Law. If the Federal statute had been passed first it would not be unreasonable to believe that the Legislature intended to so expand the meaning of our game laws as to forbid the possession of imported game during the close season. It was not passed, however, until after the enactment of the State law, and hence can have no effect upon its meaning as declared by this court in the *Buffalo Fish Co. case*. The defendants had a right to act on that decision as a correct interpretation of the statute and to purchase and possess the game in question at the time and in the manner admitted by the stipulation. A statute which not only imposes heavy penalties but also makes a violation thereof a misdemeanor should not receive a forced construction but should be construed strictly as required by the general rule governing the subject.

While the Legislature did not act in time to affect this action, it has since removed all doubt as to its present intention and has thrown some light on its previous intention, by so amending the Forest, Fish and Game Law as to provide that "wherever in this act the possession of fish or game, or the flesh of any animal, bird or fish, is prohibited, reference is had equally to such fish, game or flesh coming from without the State as to that taken within the State." (L. 1902, ch. 194.) That amendment when read in connection with the Lacy Act, and the decisions of the Federal courts, made thereunder, removes from the region of discussion the questions considered in the *Buffalo Fish Co. case* in relation to the application of the Forest, Fish and Game Law to imported game, which was decided, and the effect of the commerce clause of the Federal Constitution, which, although discussed, was not decided. (Matter of Rahrer, 140 U. S. 545; Vance v. Vandercook Co., 170 U. S. 438.)

It was held by a majority of the learned justices of the Appellate Division that the Legislature has no power to make the possession of imported game unlawful, as it would violate the provisions of our State Constitution relating to the protection of property. We do not assent to this proposition. For time out of mind and in all jurisdictions, laws passed for the protection of fish and game have been regarded as sanctioned by the police power which belongs to every sovereign State. The game and the fish within the boundaries of the State belong to the people in their unorganized capacity and may be taken by any citizen without fee or license at any time during the open season. It is to the interest of the State that neither should be wasted or destroyed and that both should be carefully protected, especially during the breeding season. Without protection the fish and game will soon disappear and the people thus be deprived of an important source of food supply, as well as a delightful recreation which promotes health and prolongs life. The protection of game falls within the legitimate exercise of the police power, because it is directly connected with the public welfare, which is promoted by the preservation and injured by the destruction of so useful an article of food, free at the proper time to all the people of the State. Laws passed for this purpose do not interfere with private property, for there is no property in living wild animals and only as the law permits their capture is there property in wild animals after they are caught or killed.

It was lately declared by the Supreme Court of the United States, when affirming a judgment of this court, that "the preservation of game and fish has always been treated as within the proper domain of the police power, and limiting the season within which birds and wild animals may be killed or exposed for sale, and prescribing the time and manner in which fish may be caught, have been repeatedly upheld by the courts." * * * The taking and selling of certain kinds of fish and game at certain seasons of the year tend to the destruction of the privilege or right by the destruction consequent upon the unrestrained exercise of the right. This is regarded as injurious to the community, and, therefore, it is within the authority of the Legislature to impose restriction and limitation upon the time and manner of taking fish and game, considered valuable as articles of food or merchandise. For this purpose fish and game laws are enacted. The power to enact such laws has long been exercised, and so beneficially for the public that it ought not now to be called into question." (Lawton v. Steele, 119 N. Y. 226, 152, U. S. 133, 138; citing *State v. Roberts*, 59 N. H. 256; *Commonwealth v. Chapin*, 5 Pick. 199; *McCready v. Virginia*, 94 U. S. 391; *Vinton v. Welch*, 9 Pick. 87, 92;

Commonwealth v. Essex Co., 13 Gray, 239, 248; Phelps v. Racey, 60 N. Y. 10; Holvake Co. v. Lyman, 15 Wall, 500; Gentile v. State, 29 Ind. 409; State v. Lewis, 33 N. E. Rep. 1024.)

In a more recent case it was said by that high court: "From the earliest traditions the right to reduce animals *feræ naturæ* to possession has been subject to the control of the law-giving power. * * * In most of the States laws have been passed for the protection and preservation of game. We have been referred to no case where the power to so legislate has been questioned, although the books contain cases involving controversies as to the meaning of some of the statutes. * * * The adjudicated cases recognizing the right of the States to control and regulate the common property in game are numerous. * * * The wild game within a State belongs to the people in their collective sovereign capacity. It is not the subject of private ownership except in so far as the people may elect to make it so, and they may, if they see fit, absolutely prohibit the taking of it, or traffic or commerce in it, if it is deemed necessary for the protection or preservation of the public good." * * * The right to preserve game flows from an undoubted existence in the State of a police power to that end, which may be none the less efficiently called into play, because, by doing so, interstate commerce may be remotely and indirectly affected. Indeed, the source of the police power as to game birds flows from the duty of the State to preserve for its people a valuable food supply." (Geer v. Connecticut, 161 U. S. 519.)

The right to pass laws for the protection of game being conceded, as in view of the authorities it must be, the method of affording protection is necessarily within the discretion of the Legislature. It may provide a close season for the taking of game, and may prohibit the possession or sale of game during that season. It may close the game market throughout the State during the period of prohibition, in order to remove temptation from poachers and pot-hunters, who are apt not to run the risk of taking game out of season if they cannot sell it. To do this effectively it may be necessary to close the market as to game taken without the State, as well as within, for there are no marks by which birds killed in Michigan can be distinguished from those killed in New York. When enacting a game law the Legislature may provide for its ready enforcement, not simply by making the possession of game during the close season presumptive evidence of a violation of the statute, but it may go farther and, in order to prevent evasion, fraud and perjury, may prohibit the possession of game in this State during the close season, even if it was taken in another State and brought here during the open season. The action of Congress has taken away all questions of interstate commerce, so that the State can act with entire freedom and can prevent the shipment of game into or out of its own territory; and if game is imported, it can regulate or prohibit the sale thereof. Such provisions are warranted by the police power, and are not in conflict with either the State or Federal Constitution. This appears from the authorities already cited, to which we add the following: Smith v. Maryland (59 U. S. 71); State v. Randolph (1 Mo. App. 15); Haggerty v. I. M. & S. Co. (143 Mo. 238); Roth v. State (51 Ohio St. 209); Wagner v. State (97 Ill. 320); Ex parte Maier (113 Cal. 476); Smith v. State (155 Ind. 611); State v. Rodman (58 Minn. 293); Commonwealth v. Savage (155 Mass. 393); Organ v. State (56 Ark. 270); Allen v. Wyckoff (48 N. J. Law, 90, 93); People v. Gerber (92 Hun, 554); Association for Protection of Game v. Durham (19 J. & S. 306).

While it is our duty to affirm the judgment of the Appellate Division, we have felt constrained to consider the constitutional question discussed by that learned court, lest the conclusion announced should be regarded as a precedent and result in evil. We do not affirm because, as held below, the statute would be unconstitutional, if construed according to the claim of the plaintiff, but because it should be construed in accordance with our prior decision.

The order granting an additional allowance, of \$2,000 should also be affirmed, because the court had power to make it, inasmuch as the action was difficult, owing to the number of statutes to be construed and authorities to be examined, and extraordinary, as it originally involved over one million dollars and required unusual care in preparing for trial. While the demurrers reduced the amount claimed to about \$325,000, the stipulation making the final reduction is dated but two days before the trial began. An extra allowance is made to reimburse the successful party in a difficult and extraordinary case for the expense of the litigation, which depends to some extent upon the amount claimed. The plaintiffs could not allow the defendants to prepare for trial on the theory that a large sum was involved and then subvert the power of the court to make an allowance accordingly by stipulating to reduce their demand, after substantially all the preparation had been made. If this could be done two days before the trial, we do not see why it could not be done after the trial had commenced and the entire preparation made. As the power to make the allowance existed, the amount thereof, subject to the limitation of the statute which was not exceeded, was within the discretion of the courts below, and beyond our power to review.

The judgment and order should be affirmed, with costs.

Cullen, Ch. J., Gray, O'Brien, Bartlett, Haight and Werner, JJ., concur.
Judgment and order affirmed.

The Catcher Caught.

WHITESVILLE, MISSOURI.—While duck hunting with a companion upon Rice Lake in Minnesota this fall, a bird along the beach was noticed making ineffectual efforts to fly. It could hardly raise its head from the ground, and from a distance seemed to be all bill. We rowed toward it, and upon investigation found a mud-hen or "blue-peter," with a large clam hanging to its beak. The bird had evidently intended making a meal upon the clam, and was not quick enough to get away from the snap of the powerful shell. The lower part of the bill was broken, and the bird could neither fly nor swim. J. F. CASE.

A Colorado Lion Hunt.

(Concluded from page 468.)

For some time the lion savagely snapped at the stones we dropped on him, much to our diversion. The dogs crowded one another near the edge of the precipice in their eagerness to see the lion and occasionally crowded me. As I got on my knees to lean over and drop a stone on the lion's tail a big dog planted his fore-feet on my shoulders. Perhaps he did this to get a better view, or it may have been because he was not able to say "down in front," he adopted this method of giving me a gentle hint that I was obstructing his view. The action was not pleasant to me. I did not relish the idea of being shoved over the precipice and dashed to pieces below, with the possible alternative of landing on the ledge where the lion was located. Our efforts at last resulted in causing the tormented beast to seek refuge elsewhere. After abandoning the ledge he ran upon the top of the precipice and came so close to me that I could have touched him—but I didn't. A little foxhound nearly ventured too close and his impertinence was rewarded by a snap from the lion which grazed the dog's head and slit his ear in twain. Instead of taking to a tree, as we had vainly hoped he would, the lion discovered a way of getting down upon another ledge of the precipice, more inaccessible than the first, and became concealed from view. It became evident that we were taking too many chances, so the guide and myself found a way, very steep and rough, below the lion's last resort, where it was just possible to see, several hundred feet away, the head and neck of the animal. I took careful aim and fired. The bullet went a little higher than I intended, breaking the lower jaw. I wished to preserve the skull entire for a mount, but the character of the wound inflicted made this impossible. In spite of the injury received the tawny form glided along the almost perpendicular side of the precipice, picking out here and there a foot-rest to aid in its ascent. I fired another shot which struck behind the shoulder but did not stop the animal from reaching the top of the precipice, where the dogs soon discovered him. I was not too late to see some of the fight. In the scrimmage the lion got Turk's head partly in his mouth, and for a moment I felt alarmed on account of the dog. Fortunately, the lion's lower jaw, being broken, refused to work, and Turk got off with light punishment—merely a scalp wound, from which the blood flowed freely.

I began to arrange my camera, intending to take a snap-shot of the melee, but the shade of the trees made the light bad for an instantaneous photograph, which was the only one that could be taken of a moving scene; the guide, seeing my dilemma, caught hold of the lion's tail, while still fighting the dogs, and dragged the tangled bunch a few yards down the side of the hill into the sunlight. When this was done the lion was dead, and I was not able to accomplish my purpose. As I surveyed my first lion trophy I could not help admiring the game fight it had put up against hopeless odds. There could be no skepticism respecting the execution of its terrible teeth, because not a few wounds were inflicted on the dogs. It must have weighed 170 to 180 pounds and its skin was in fine condition, but, unfortunately, the skull was ruined, although I still had hopes of saving it.

After hard hunting for about a week the dogs were on a fresh scent and in a short time they treed a small lion which the guide called a "kitten," because it was not full grown. The branches of the tree were quite close together and near the ground. One of the dogs managed to climb a considerable ways up the tree by the aid of the easy support the branches afforded and was in some peril. The report of my rifle helped to swell the chorus of the dogs which only abated when their jaws were employed to a better purpose on the struggling "kitten." The poor beast which had climbed the tree remained a disappointed spectator of the fight, being unable to take part. Afterwards I helped him down from his ridiculous although somewhat dangerous position.

Upon a number of occasions the dogs have climbed trees for a considerable distance above the ground. The piñon trees, where the lions frequently take refuge, are supplied with branches which begin to sprout out near the base, rendering the feat easier of accomplishment, but, nevertheless, it is a remarkable sight to see a dog up a tree, sometimes furnishing an unwilling subject for a camera. Anyone wishing to obtain some impression of how a dog would look in such an attitude can have his curiosity satisfied by examining the photographs of wild animals in Mr. Wallihan's remarkable book, where snap-shots were taken of some of the dogs which were in the pack I hunted with.

We had barely skinned the "kitten" when we heard the pack at some distance, baying another animal. We rode as rapidly as possible in the direction we heard the noise. We soon arrived at the edge of the valley, which lay some five or six hundred feet below. The chorus broke upon our hearing with great distinctness. The country beneath was free from big timber, being dotted profusely with piñon trees and smaller growth, with here and there great pillars of red sandstone fashioned into mushroom shapes by the erosion of the elements through countless ages. In the clear, bright sunshine every object stood out with great distinctness, producing a curious and beautiful effect.

It was an attractive sight to watch the pack as it swiftly coursed about in the valley. It finally disappeared around the base of the mountain. We took a short cut across the spur of the mountain and soon caught the steady baying of the dogs and I knew that something was treed or cornered. On the side of a steep slope, which extended hundreds of feet down to the valley, stood a piñon tree with a fine, large lion perched in its branches—a more beautiful pose for a photograph I could hardly imagine. The light was good and the surroundings all that could be desired to produce the proper effect. The guide suggested a doubt in regard to the lion's remaining in his present position very long and that one of us should cover him with a rifle while the other used the camera. My love of sport is not so platonic that I could readily

forget the deadly part of the pastime for the æsthetic. So I held the rifle carefully pointed at a vital spot, and after a little space the animal quivered as though just about in the act of taking a spring out of the tree, which, had he effected, would have sent him down the slope at a speed that would have distanced the dogs; once at large in the rough country which spread through the valley he would have given us another long and fatiguing chase with a good chance of losing him. Before the trembling limbs could launch into space a bullet pierced his heart and he tumbled from his perch and rolled nearly a hundred feet down the mountain side, where his further descent was arrested by the dogs in no gentle fashion. The struggle with the lion was brief. The guide and myself had more of a struggle with the dogs in driving them away from the carcass.

I was disappointed to learn that the guide had not succeeded in getting a photo. If I could have had a snap-shot with the camera at the lion close by, while in the act of springing, with satisfactory results, I would have had something of more value than the animal's skin.

I added a few more trophies to my collection before finishing my hunt for that season. My experience, however, had convinced me that the best reminiscences of a hunting trip are good photographs of wild animals in their natural state. The ease with which trophies can often be secured, so far as the question of skill is concerned, has somewhat taken the keen edge off of my desire to kill. Securing a good trophy is quite as often a question of time and patience as skill. Coolness is also required, for frequently easy shots are missed through being over anxious.

EDGAR F. RANDOLPH.

MORRISTOWN, N. J.

The New York League.

THE New York State Fish, Game and Forest League has placed itself on record as looking forward to the strict enforcement of the present game laws, and favoring the appointment of ten additional State game protectors. The League held its annual convention at the Yates Hotel in Syracuse on Thursday, Dec. 8, and the attendance was very large, upward of forty different organizations of sportsmen from various parts of the State being represented. The principal business of the meeting was the consideration of proposed amendments to the game laws and the adoption of a number of recommendations along that line. Charles H. Mowry, of Syracuse, chairman of the legislative and law committee, presented a report which formed the basis of interesting and friendly discussions on the matters treated. Among other things, Mr. Mowry said: "The question is asked down at Albany, often, if we are not pretty well satisfied with the game laws at present? We have been forced to acknowledge that we have secured almost everything, but we are not yet satisfied. With scarcely an exception, it is the feeling of the Assemblymen that we ought to look toward the enforcement of the game laws now in effect, to observe what we have instead of looking ahead to still more restrictive laws. Well, we have succeeded in holding what we fought for, particularly the bill prohibiting the sale of certain kinds of game; and I tell you that the result has been beyond our expectations. There were never so many birds before as were left in the thickets this fall."

The recommendations submitted by the legislative and law committee were substantially as follows:

First—That hunting of deer in this State be permitted only under a license, the same to be on sale by the county clerk of each county. That a fee of \$25 be charged to non-residents of the State, and 75 cents to residents. That to the license be attached two coupons to be fastened to the carcass of the deer as they are killed.

Second—That special protectors in the employ of regularly incorporated game associations or boards of supervisors have the same right of search as the State game protectors have.

Third—That maskinongé shall not be taken less than twenty inches in length.

Fourth—That trout and game birds shall not be sold or exposed for sale until five days after the open season.

Fifth—That the League looks forward toward the strict enforcement of the present game laws.

The above recommendations were taken up separately, and, after being duly considered, all were adopted. Mr. Mowry then read a number of letters from sportsmen advocating such new measures as the committee had decided upon. Some of these communications stated that there were open violations of the game laws in their part of the State. The eastern Adirondacks came in for special criticism, because of the methods used there in running game to earth. The chairman emphasized the fact, that perfect protection to game would not be possible unless every member of the League "camped on the coat tail," as he expressed it, of the members of the Legislature in his respective district.

The resolution on deer hunting provides that a bill be drawn and presented to the Legislature providing that all non-resident and unnaturalized deer hunters be made to secure a license costing \$25, to allow them to hunt deer in this State, or a license costing \$10, to permit them to hunt other animals or game birds. This was the substance of the resolutions presented by Mr. Fanning. Chairman Mowry later said that the bill would also include a tax of \$1 on all resident hunters, the licenses themselves to have two tags attached, these to be placed upon the deer when shot.

A motion to prohibit the taking of trout of less than eight inches evoked considerable discussion, and was voted down.

An attempt was made to have the time limit of five days in regard to the sale of trout and game birds, as provided in the recommendation above referred to, reduced to twenty-four hours; but the majority of the delegates believed that under such an arrangement the law breakers would have as much of a chance for activity as ever. Hence the resolution was not changed.

A motion looking toward an open season of five

days for pheasant was promptly squelched.

Robert B. Lawrence, of New York, called the attention of the meeting to the bill in Congress, to place all migratory wildfowl under Federal protection. The subject was discussed at some length, and the League agreed upon the following recommendation: "While not admitting that the bill introduced by Mr. Shiras is the best means possible, the New York State League herewith commends the general principles of the bill that migratory birds should be placed under Federal protection."

The members of the League in the recommendation to Congress wish to have it emphasized that they favor the protection of all birds and not alone of game birds. It was the sentiment of the meeting that the infraction of the game laws in the south ought to be curbed in some way, and national legislation was the only thing that suggested itself as a remedy.

R. P. Grant, of Clayton, asked the moral support of the League in behalf of a plea, which the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River will make to the Legislature; namely, that a steam yacht to cost at least \$5,000 be purchased for the use of the protector in charge of the lower Ontario and Island region of the St. Lawrence, that he may better perform his duties, which include not only the protection of game and fish, but the keeping in order of the State parks at the islands.

Hon. Charles R. Skinner also spoke in favor of this measure, and pointed out that it was backed by Mayor George Hall, of Ogdensburg and would have a friend in Senator George Malby, if the latter, as expected, is made chairman of the Senate Finance Committee.

This request awakened western delegates, and they promptly put in a bid that such a steam yacht be also placed at the disposal of the Niagara River protector, and although the northern delegates wanted their request to go through unaccompanied, an amendment by Mr. Hoover was also passed. It was said that the expense of maintaining such a yacht on the St. Lawrence would amount to about \$2,000 a year, at least; but Mr. Skinner said that the "proud State of New York ought to be willing to pay that," and stated that at present the protector there has only his own rowboat in which to cover an area of many square miles.

A resolution, offered by E. A. Bowman, was adopted to the effect, that a bill providing for the appointment of ten additional State fish and game protectors, to be located one each in the counties of Albany, Orleans, Niagara, Ontario, Genesee, Broome and Chenango and the others as directed by the Legislature, be presented to the latter body.

A spirited discussion arose at one stage, regarding the present law preventing the hunting of wildfowl in the spring. Delegates from the north were in favor of its repeal, but after lengthy arguments, it was decided to let the present laws remain as they are.

By a unanimous vote on the report of the nominating committee, which consisted of E. A. Bowman, John D. Whish and Henry Killick, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, H. S. Wicker, Lockport; Vice-President, W. S. Gavitt, Lyons; Secretary, Ernest G. Gould, Seneca Falls; Treasurer, A. C. Cornwall, Alexandria Bay. Organization Committee—Robert B. Lawrence, New York; J. H. Forey, Syracuse; W. E. Wolcott, Utica; E. A. Bowman, Medina; Melson C. Smith, Geneva. Legislative and Law Committee—Charles H. Mowry, Syracuse; R. H. McCormick, Albany; W. S. Gavitt, Lyons; R. P. Grant, Clayton; John R. Fanning, Rochester. Auditing Committee—Aaron Mather, Bridgewater; C. W. Hatch, J. R. McLaren. Biological Committee—James Annin, Jr., Andrew Irving, Heary Killick. Messrs. Smith, McCormick and Fanning are the only new officers.

The report of Treasurer Cornwall showed that the League had about \$170 in the treasury. It was decided that President Wicker should appoint additional members of the organization committee, and that an effort should be made to strengthen the League by the addition of more clubs in all parts of the State.

W. E. WOLCOTT.

UTICA, N. Y., December 10.

Our Big Game.

MR. DWIGHT W. HUNTINGTON, the artist, author of "Our Feathered Game," has written a new volume, uniform with that one, entitled, "Our Big Game," also published by Chas. Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Huntington's experience goes back to the days when the buffalo still roamed the plains, and when elk, deer and antelope also inhabited those wide regions, which then were without settlers, and into which the cattle had scarcely begun to penetrate. These prairies are now occupied; farms are found wherever there is water, wire fences bar the traveler's way, and the game has almost wholly disappeared. Of buffalo there remain wild but a handful in the National Park, and a few in the Northwest Territories on the eastern flanks of the Rocky Mountains. The elk have retreated to the timbered mountains; the antelope, extinct in many places, are found now only on the high, dry plateaus where the lack of water makes settlement impossible.

The decrease of big game is due almost as much to the settling up of the country as to the killing off of the animals. The greater part of the game was killed by skin-hunters, and the settlement of the country prevented any subsequent increase. As soon as railroads penetrated any game country and furnished an easy method of getting the hides to the market, the skin-hunters came in and slaughtered the game as rapidly as possible. In old times one might often see, even at a distance from the railroad, great wagons built like hay-ricks on which were piled the dried hides of elk, antelope, deer, and mountain sheep, so high as to make it difficult for the four horses to pull the heavy load. As settlers came into the country, the few animals left by the skin-hunters had no opportunity to reproduce their kind unmolested, and gradually, as people became more numerous, the wild things wholly disappeared.

It seems evident that the pendulum has now swung as far as it can in the direction of killing, and that a better

spirit is rapidly growing up. Many men and many associations formerly altogether devoted to the destruction and capture of game are now giving far more consideration to its preservation, and it is gratifying to note that Mr. Huntington also takes this ground.

It is not many years ago that the FOREST AND STREAM first urged the establishment in the various forest reserves of the West of certain game refuges where no hunting should be allowed, but where the game should be absolutely protected. We have seen the result of such absolute protection in the Yellowstone National Park, where game of all kinds native to the region is very abundant. Even the wild buffalo, although for years they have wintered in a most inclement region at the head of Pelican Creek where the snows are so deep as to cover all vegetation, are beginning slowly to increase in numbers, while the tame herd, under fence, fed and properly guarded, has doubled in the last three years.

Mr. Huntington evidently has the idea of these game refuges in mind, but appears to be unaware that hunting is still permitted in the forest reservations where, as a matter of fact, it ought to be forbidden. If a large area in each forest reservation were absolutely protected, the big game of the West would not only hold its own, but would very rapidly increase; and, in the neighborhood of each forest reservation so protected, there would be hunting such as travelers in the West used to know thirty years ago. Private game preserves such as the Austin Corbin Park, the late Mr. Whitney's October Mountain preserve, and some others, are useful and interesting, but can do little more than increase stocks of game, which may be used later to stock public preserves.

Mr. Huntington's volume is divided into Four Books. The first, covering 122 pages, treats of the deer family, including wapiti, moose, mule deer, black-tail deer, Virginia deer, and woodland and barren ground caribou. Book second, 61 pages, deals with the ox family—the bison, muskox, mountain sheep, white goat and antelope. The bear family is considered in book three, occupying about 40 pages, and the cat family in book four in 15 pages. An appendix gives the Latin names and brief descriptions of a number of the chief species of large game.

Mr. Huntington's volume is a very convenient general manual, which will interest most game hunters and is a capital book to put into the hands of boys. It is excellently illustrated by 16 half-tone plates from photographs, of which those of the moose, the elk and the mule deer are extremely interesting. It has a full index and is well worth reading.

A Federal Game Law.*

An Act to Protect Migratory Game Birds of the United States.

WHEREAS, experience has shown that laws passed by the States and Territories of the United States to protect game birds within their respective limits have proved insufficient to protect those kinds and classes of said birds which are migratory in their habits, and which nest and hatch their young in States other than those in which they pass the usual hunting season, and in some cases breed beyond the boundaries of the United States;

And whereas such local laws are also inapplicable and insufficient to protect such game birds as, in their migrations, are found in the public waters of the United States, outside the limits and jurisdiction of the several States and Territories;

And whereas the absence of uniform and effective laws and regulations in such cases has resulted in the wholesale destruction and the threatened extermination of many valuable species of said game birds, which cannot be practically restored or re-stocked under State laws applicable in the case of game birds having their permanent habitat within the respective States and Territories, therefore,

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,

Section 1. That all wild geese, wild swans, brant, wild ducks, snipe, plover, woodcock, rail, wild pigeons and all other migratory game birds which in their northern and southern migrations pass through or do not remain permanently the entire year within the borders of any State or Territory shall hereafter be deemed to be within the custody and protection of the Government of the United States, and shall not be destroyed or taken contrary to regulation hereinafter provided for.

Sec. 2. That the Department of Agriculture is hereby authorized to adopt suitable regulations to give effect to the previous section by prescribing and fixing closed seasons, having due regard to the zones of temperature, breeding habits and times and line of migratory flight, thereby enabling the Department to select and designate suitable districts for different portions of the country within which said closed seasons it shall not be lawful to shoot or by any device kill or seize and capture migratory birds within the protection of this law, and by declaring penalties by fine or imprisonment, or both, for violations of such regulations.

Sec. 3. That the Department of Agriculture, after the preparation of said regulations, shall cause the same to be made public, and shall allow a period of three months, in which said regulations may be examined and considered, before final adoption, permitting, when deemed

*House Bill No. 15601, introduced Dec. 5 by Hon. George Shiras 3d, of Pennsylvania, and referred to the Committee on Agriculture, Hon. Jas. W. Wadsworth, of New York, Chairman.

proper, public hearings thereon, and after final adoption to cause same to be engrossed and submitted to the President of the United States for approval.

Provided, however, that nothing herein contained shall be deemed to affect or interfere with the local laws of the States and Territories for the protection of game localized within their borders, nor to prevent the States and Territories from enacting laws and regulations to promote and render efficient the regulations of the Department of Agriculture provided under this statute.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
FOREST, FISH AND GAME COMMISSION,

ALBANY, N. Y., Dec. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am in receipt of your letter of the 9th inst. inclosing the text of a bill introduced in the House by Hon. George Shiras 3d to give Federal protection to wildfowl.

I certainly favor this measure. It may be the only one that will prevent the total extinction of many species.
D. C. MIDDLETON, Commissioner.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
FOREST, FISH AND GAME COMMISSION,

ALBANY, N. Y., Dec. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In answer to your letter of the 8th, with copy of proposed legislation by Representative George Shiras 3d, of Pennsylvania, I would say that if a law could be enacted by the general government that would furnish more adequate protection to migratory birds and which would be constitutional, the general public would be more than delighted. This surely would bring to the assistance of each State department Federal support, and as no State in the Union is doing what it should in the way of an adequate police force for the protection of game, it must be an improvement over the present system.

I will not attempt to raise a question as to the constitutionality of such a measure; but a previous act by Congress known as the Lacey Act, that went into effect May 25, 1900, and which provides that "all dead bodies or parts thereof of any foreign game animals or game or song birds transported into any State or Territory, or remaining therein for consumption, sale or storage, shall, upon arrival in such State or Territory, be subject to the laws of such State or Territory," is doubtless as far as Congress felt they had power to act, and that any attempted legislation must necessarily be subject to the laws of this or other States; but be that as it may, the masses who are interested in the protection of game, song and insectivorous birds, will feel like embracing any opportunity that will prevent said birds from becoming exterminated.

This matter was brought up yesterday at the annual meeting of the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League, and while it was a new idea to all, and there was not ample time to go into the matter exhaustively, the League passed a resolution approving a measure of this kind if the zones referred to in section 2 of the Shiras bill would not make two dates in this State, and we also asked that the measure extend to all migratory birds that are now protected by the law of this State. Doubtless the Law and Legislative Committee of the League will confer with the representatives of this State in Congress, urging that they favor this measure as amended by the resolution passed by the League.

As the provisions of the act are such that it shall be generally published and distributed and an opportunity given for hearings before final adoption, the public will have an opportunity to fairly consider and doubtless learn what the intent of the Department of Agriculture is as to legislation and fully determine whether it is advisable to urge its passage.
J. W. POND.

STATE OF OHIO
FISH AND GAME COMMISSION.

COLUMBUS, O., Dec. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Replying to your favor of the 9th inst., permit me to say that I have read carefully the bill introduced by Hon. George Shiras 3d, of Pennsylvania, in the House of Representatives, and individually can express my entire approval of its intent, purpose and plan. Such a Federal law would unquestionably do more good than all the local laws applying to migratory game. It would mean the preservation of wildfowl for succeeding generations, whereas under the conditions of the present there is hardly the promise of adequate supply for this generation. I am sure that my associates upon the Ohio Fish and Game Commission will take the same view of the matter, and in anticipation of that, it gives me great pleasure to offer the foregoing.
J. L. RODGERS,
President.

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA,
Office of
GAME AND FISH WARDEN.

HINTON, W. Va., Dec. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am in hearty accord with the measure of Hon. George Shiras 3d, to protect migratory game birds by Federal laws. It is a wide step in the right direction, and will receive the support of this department in this State.
FRANK LIVELY, State Warden.

COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA,
Office of the
BOARD OF GAME COMMISSIONERS.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Dec. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I most heartily indorse the effort that is being made to give Federal protection to our migratory birds, and am ready to do all in my power to secure legislation of this kind. I want to say, though, that I favor the adoption of a measure that will meet the necessities of the occasion, and not a collection of meaningless words and phrases, such as what is now known as the Lacey Bill.

JOSEPH KALBFUS,
Secretary of the Game Commission.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In response to your request for an expression of my opinion on the proposition of Mr. Shiras in a bill entitled, "An Act to Protect Migratory Game Birds of the United States," I assume that you are not seeking my opinion as to the legality of a measure which departs so

radically from past interpretations of the common law upon which all protective legislation at the present time vested in the various State governments is based. Certainly the reasons for national legislation on the subject are well set forth in the preamble of the bill, and should appeal to all the sportsmen of the country. I sincerely hope the measure will pass, and that its constitutionality will be quickly demonstrated. It should meet with the indorsement of all State Legislatures which are enacting laws for the protection of game birds. I see no other way to save the woodcock, the extermination of which within a stated number of years is prophesied by the best authorities on the subject. If the measure proves to be a good law, why not have a similar law for the protection of migratory fishes, and thus avoid the wanton slaughter which sometimes occurs through conflicting laws or conflict of authorities of adjacent States? Take for illustration the slaughter of salmon in the Columbia River during the past closed season, permitted by the game wardens of both Washington and Oregon, and as a result of which it has been impossible to obtain for either State or national hatcheries the customary quota of eggs for purposes of propagation. These are my personal expressions on the subject.

JOHN W. TITCOMB.

SAGINAW, Mich., Dec. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have yours of the 8th inclosing notice of the Federal game law. I had already written to Congressman Fordney, Representative from our district, bringing this matter to his favorable consideration. He is a sportsman, and I know he will do what he can. This is certainly a move in the right direction. If the people really desire to protect game, and if they really wish to prevent our bird life becoming extinct, then here is a chance for them to show it, for this is the only practicable solution of the problem.

W. B. MERSHON.

STATE OF MINNESOTA,
BOARD OF GAME AND FISH COMMISSIONERS.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Dec. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Yours of the 8th inst. at hand and contents noted. You can rest assured that I am in hearty sympathy with the bill introduced by Hon. Geo. Shiras 3d, of Pennsylvania, and the bill, in my estimation, fills a long felt want, something that ought to have been out a long time ago, and it certainly deserves the active support of every game protector in the United States.

It is a fact that the different States have tried to protect the ducks, especially in the spring when they are mating or in their flight to their breeding grounds north. While States like Minnesota have been consistent in the enforcement of our laws in regard to spring shooting, other States all around us have allowed it, and the consequence is that our law has been nullified to a certain extent; but if this Federal law can be passed, it will do away with that and place every State on the level, and will do more to protect the aquatic fowl of the United States than anything that could be devised by the different States.

We see in Minnesota the benefits of stopping spring shooting, and I have no fear of the results if this bill of Mr. Shiras is adopted and becomes a law.

I have taken the liberty of writing to the Senators and each of our Representatives in Washington, and have requested that if consistent, I hope they will support this measure. It is a just one and ought to become a law.

SAM. F. FULLERTON, Executive Agent.

Newfoundland Notes.

EFFORTS are being made to induce the Government or the Reid Newfoundland Company to send an exhibit to the New York Sportsmen's Show. We ought to be able to send one of the very best exhibits possible. Our seal, bear, caribou, grouse and sea bird specimens would interest sportsmen the world over; and as for our salmon, sea trout, grilse, and brook trout, we ought to be able to furnish the very best specimens in America.

I send you a clipping from a late local paper giving a graphic description of a fight between a bear and wolf. It will not be an uninteresting addition to the discussion of "Bears I Have Met." The story is told by a trapper from the upper reaches of Grand Lake, whose letter to a friend in the city reached him by Saturday's mail. He gives an interesting experience of his sojourn in the wilds of the country. "I am alone," he said, "and I wish to be. I am a recluse of the forest; I have been trapping for thirty years, and the life is a pleasant one. Early in September, with some others, I canoed up this splendid lake, and after enjoying a good time with them, a rough crew, many of them loggers, some sportsmen, and others tourists, started on my work in the interior. I had a small canoe which could be paddled only by one, and I gave some people an opportunity to try their skill, but they came to grief, and I often laughed heartily at their expense. Deer were seen and shot, and some of the Americans marveled at my skill as a deer stalker and salmon catcher. Splendid antlers were secured, and the products of the lake and its tributaries often afforded savory meals of salmon, trout and venison. The visitors when leaving said the country was an El Dorado for sportsmen, and parted from me with many regrets. But I was after game which would bring me in gold. Inured to hardship, I determined to face further inland than ever before, and often waded weary portages with canoe on back, but pitching camp after a hard day's traveling enjoyed the rest which my labors had earned. The scenery was beautiful, and the forest denizens were my companions. I trusted to my good rifle to repel any incursions which beasts might make to my camp. On October 15 snow began to fall. It was quite calm, and the big flakes descended noiselessly, changing the landscape, and the trees bent with their burden of crystals. Rabbits were snared or shot, and I feasted royally. Fox, lynx, muskrat and other skins were taken by day, but one night quite an adventure occurred. Rabbits were plentiful, and from the camp the bones were thrown around. For days I had seen the tracks of animals that showed big game to be about, and was on the alert each morning tracing the tracks through the forest. Guessing that bears or wolves were about on the night of the 21st, a brace of dead rabbits was left a few yards from the camp, and I tracked for hours for my quarry. The weather had become mild, and as nothing occurred, I rolled myself in my blanket and fell asleep, when suddenly something hit the place, and the

canvas covering came down with a bang. Crawling as best I could from underneath my shelter, rifle in hand, I ran to a tree, up which I climbed, and saw two animals in deadly combat. The night had become clear, and the moon shone full on the scene. The fight was a deadly one. A full-grown wolf had captured the rabbits and was tearing them with his fangs when a black bear, which evidently had visited the place before, came upon the beast. The latter turned on bruin, dropping his meal and avoiding the blow aimed at him, fastened his teeth in the bear's flanks, bringing bruin to earth, and both rolled over and over. The bear several times shook the wolf off and ran for the rabbits, but the wolf disputed his right, and once, grasping one of his forepaws, bit it through, crippling it. Bruin vainly thought to hug him with the other. The member, however, did good work in the struggle, as it tore the wolf down, and the fur and blood flew in all directions. Maddened with pain, the wolf fastened on the bear's neck, and over and over they fought, flattening the canvas of the tent and destroying everything inside. Big tufts of hair and flesh fell from the bear, who was getting decidedly the worst of the encounter with his broken paw, when I drew a bead on him and my rifle woke the echoes, shooting bruin through the heart. As he rolled over, the wolf painfully emerged, but ran to take the rabbits, when another shot brought him down. This only hamstrung the beast, which lay growling with his prey in his mouth, but another well-directed and deliberate shot gave him his conge. I secured two fine skins. I will remain up country till March, and will write out any further incidents of note."

From Massachusetts.

BOSTON, Dec. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your readers have all heard of the Rev. H. K. Job, who has delivered illustrated lectures on birds in many cities and towns. In the lecture at Cambridge last week he showed on the screen many pictures of egrets. He said for the life of him he would not tell where the extensive rookery, discovered by him, was located, for if he did, "there'd be an army of millinery gunners organized for their extermination."

The lecturer also showed blue herons in the everglades; buzzards in Southern cities; shore birds along the coast; pelicans, red-backed sandpipers, curlew, on the beaches; plover, their nests, eggs and young, and other species of game birds. He gave a graphic account of his visit to the Magdalen Islands, showing numerous sea fowl, black ducks, bittern nests, with young. Wilson's snipe on her nest, razor-billed ducks, gulls and terns. At the close he explained that his first interest in bird life was developed by his experience as a sportsman, and urged his hearers to give them the "right hand of fellowship." Members of Audubon societies, he said, should welcome their assistance in efforts to protect birds and animals.

On Tuesday evening a goodly number of members of the State Association met at the Copley Square Hotel for dinner, and were pleasantly entertained by an account of recent moose hunting trips by the president, Dr. M. A. Morris, and Mr. George Perry, all of whom have had successful trips this fall. Dr. A. R. Brown conducted the musical part of the entertainment, assisted by Mr. Bruce Belmore as pianist. On Thursday evening the board of management took action looking to the renewal of the work of last spring in restocking with quail. The committee appointed in November to present a list of officers for next year presented a report. The election will be held the second Wednesday of January. The president was authorized to appoint a committee to arrange for the annual dinner. Reports from northern New Hampshire show the killing of a large number of deer this season, and in the southern part of the State, where they have no open season, they are rapidly multiplying, having been seen in groups of from four to eight in several towns just over the border of Massachusetts.

Yesterday I met Mr. Farley, of Boston, who has just returned from a trip of several weeks duration in the Ox Bow region of Aroostook county, Maine, where he found game surprisingly plenty. He had the fortune to secure a moose and a good buck. He says he could have shot a dozen deer but for legal restrictions and had he been so disposed. There is some discrepancy between the reports from Bangor of the number of moose killed this season, as shown by the number tagged there, one giving it as 208, the other 198. At any rate, there is no doubt of a slight falling off this year, as compared with 1903, when there were 215 shipped. The season closed at midnight of Nov. 30. Deer shipments to Friday noon show a footing of 4,008, as against 4,274 to the same time in 1903. The decrease in the number of moose has been a surprise, for they have been reported all along as very numerous; "many moose seen," has been the report of visitors during the summer and fall. In the number of bears killed there has been an increase of twenty-two, as reported. In a very few days the deer record will be completed, the season ending at midnight of Dec. 15.

A hunter from the Hoosier State claims the honor of getting the largest moose secured in Maine this year. The animal is said to have weighed 1,400 (?) pounds—the largest on record for several years. It was killed in the Chesuncook region. The head was out of the ordinary, but a good one. On the left was a treble web with seventeen points; on the right were twelve points; spread 56 inches.

Mr. E. C. Frost, of S. Framingham, as the result of a few days' trip, brought from the Rangeley region two fine bucks. After a month in camp a party of four Fitchburg sportsmen has returned with four deer.

Since I wrote you last week the sportsmen of our State have met with a great loss in the death of Capt. J. W. Collins, for the past five years chairman of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Commission. Your correspondent is not alone in regarding this event as a great calamity to the State. The Captain was taken with pneumonia on Monday, and passed away at his home in Brighton on Friday. Funeral services will be held at the house on Monday at 10 o'clock. In a future letter I hope to present to your readers a resumé of the work accomplished by the board since Capt. Collins took the helm in 1899.

CENTRAL.

Two Guides for Sale.

JERSEY CITY, Dec. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your editorial, "He Pays His Fine," reminds me of a visit I received from a certain guide coming from Montana, early in August, 1903. He wanted to know the camp address of a guide in New Brunswick; he had written to his home address, but had received no reply; it was a matter of importance, could I give him the camp address?

He then showed me the letter that must be answered. It was from our New Brunswick friend, in which he had agreed to take our friend from Montana and his two friends to kill moose in the close season. The sum and substance of the letter was that it would be all right for him to come in with his two "sports," but to come in as trout fishermen; the Montana man could not act as guide, but he could pole a canoe, thereby saving a dollar a day. They were to arrive in the moose country in the latter part of August, and be out before the opening day, September 15. They were to bring trout-rods, not rifles; he would supply the rifles. His charges per day would be the same as all of his parties pay in open season, with the proviso that in the event of their killing moose he would have to charge them extra for the risk he was taking. It gave other valuable advice to our Montana friend.

I left New York September 14 that same year to hunt moose. In order to reach my country I had to pass through this man's country. I learned on my way in that he had two men in in August, and that they had left early in September, before the opening day. In passing through this man's country I met him and one of his "sports." He had three sportsmen in for the opening season. They had seen nothing. On my way out three weeks later, I met him again; his first party had left; they had seen no moose, and only succeeded in killing a cow caribou or two. Three weeks in one of the best moose countries in New Brunswick, and the opening weeks at that, and no moose. Perhaps our trout fishermen can tell why!

To get back to our Montana friend. After reading the letter we left the office and I questioned him in regard to shooting in his country. He gave all the information asked; told me my chances for game were good, and finished by saying he had just returned from a two months' trip through his country with a "sport" from New York (the name is connected with one of New York's leading papers), in which they had killed mountain sheep, elk and deer. They went down the Missonri in a house-boat, I believe he said, and for which trip, where the killing must have been done in June and July, he said he received \$1,500.

What are the chances for sportsmen in the country of either of these gentlemen for securing game after living up to the letter of the law and coming in in the open season?

Such is the reputation of "two leading guides" as I know it from the lips of one and the pen of the other. Perhaps your editorial, "He Pays His Fine," is the outcome of the one's dirty work; then again my man may be still another, for no doubt there are others.

OTTO KEIM.

Shooting a Sitting Duck.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Comfortably located in a blind or club shooting box, perhaps heated with an oil stove, with an attendant to pick up dead birds, arrange decoys, etc., it is an easy matter to criticise those who, under entirely different circumstances, may elect to "pot" a dusky mallard. But how about him who marks down one of these wary birds in a pond hole with little or no cover and makes a stalk of perhaps half a mile, the greater part of which is on hands and knees and through mud, only to find his quarry a long gunshot away; must he forthwith arise and say "Shoo!" before shooting? I have never heard of yelling at a deer to get it in motion under like circumstances.

A certain Blunt Old Man, more or less well-known, himself an ardent duck shooter as well as fisherman, has recently in public print mildly ridiculed the class of "exclusive sportsmen" who refuse to partake of nicely-cooked trout unless assured that they were taken on the fly. I am not sure but some of the same argument may be applied in other directions.

I recall an occasion near the end of a highly unsuccessful ducking trip, when a few birds for the friends at home were almost a necessity. Seated in mud and water at the edge of a small pond, I anxiously watched the flight of seven dusky mallards, and when I saw they were about to pay me a visit no fears of wet clothes kept me from sinking lower and lower into the mud. As the leader was about 1/16 of an inch from a sitting position in the water, and his followers 1/8, 2/8, 3/4, etc., inches (estimated) from the same position, I fired. As the survivors made a frightened leap in the air, two drew together and came down at the crack of the second barrel. As I gathered five plump birds I did not at that time realize by what a narrow margin I escaped being a social outcast. I do now. As the meeting comes to order I will take a seat with M. Hardy.

OCEAN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Blunt Old Man seems to be in for a scoring now from correspondents, on account of his ideas about hunting. But circumstances alter cases. I have been busy for the last few weeks looking up all the proverbs in the English language in an attempt to win \$250 a Pittsburg paper offers, and I am filled up with proverbs now. I would not crawl up on a flock of quail and shoot into them while they were sunning themselves. I can once in a while hit one or more of them when they fly; and if they were slow about flying, I would kick a clod in among them and make them fly. But in the case of the duck, if he will not fly, what are you to do? I met a duck of that kind early this fall, the only one, by the way, I had a chance to get. They were late in coming in here, and when they did come, the weather was too cold. I had already laid my boat up and had quit; I can't stand cold weather as well now as I could forty years ago.

The Union Arms Company, of Toledo, sent me a new gun this fall, and I was anxious to try it just as soon as the law was off the ducks; the law came off at the proper time, but the ducks did not arrive. I took the gun across

to the Peninsula one afternoon, and tramped around among the swamps where the ducks ought to be, because there is plenty of wild rice there for them; but they had not come to get it yet; and not finding anything else except squirrels to shoot at, and not wanting the squirrels, I set up a board to try the gun for pattern, and found the pattern to be all right, then started for home.

There is a wide mud flat here between the channel and the city; and just inside of this channel, paddling around on the mud flat, I saw a lone duck busy feeding. He let me pull to within a hundred yards of him without noticing me, and taking in the oars I let the boat drift and got ready to shoot when he would fly. But he was not doing any flying. He no doubt had been one of those ducks that had put in the summer here; and we had not tried to shoot him for so many months now that he probably thought we had quit shooting ducks. I was within 60 yards of him, and yelled at him to get out of that; but he kept on fishing. "Then take it sitting," I told him. I did not stop to think then that I was putting myself in Blunt Old Man's class, and I sent him a charge out of the new gun. I had promised to tell the company that made this gun whether or not I could kill ducks with it. It killed this one. He must have got about all of the charge of No. 5 that I sent him. When I had picked him up I found him to be a fine redhead, one of the largest I have ever shot here. I could not use him after getting him, so I gave him away.

CABIA BLANCO.

ERIE, Pa.

Views of a Blunt Old Man.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Dec. 10, Mr. L. F. Brown characterizes as pot-hunters men who shoot wild ducks sitting at rest. Then he says:

"If one of these pot-hunters were a guest at the club house of almost any shooting club, and should fire at ducks when they were at rest or asleep, he would have a very uncomfortable experience furnished to him by almost any club member who saw him. Many clubs punish such shooting by a fine, or even by expulsion for a new offense after admonishment."

Your correspondent doubtless sincerely believes that this is true. Just as sincerely I believe that it is untrue. My acquaintance with duck shooters and my observance of their shooting ways tell me that they entertain no such finicky notions about killing a duck on the water. Mr. Brown says that for doing this a guest at a club would be censured. This is mere assertion. I dispute it and challenge him to prove it. The burden of proof is on him. Let him substantiate the statement by actual, definite citation of the clubs where shooting at sitting ducks entails fines and expulsions. I do not believe that there are such clubs. Mr. Brown says there are; it is up to him to give us their names.

Your usually intelligent contributor, Charles Cristadoro, is all at sea in his remarks on this subject. I did not defend shooting a sitting grouse or running quail, nor advocate trout dynamiting. It is not necessary to do all these things simply because one shoots ducks sitting. To put it technically, the approval and practice of water-swatting ducks does not involve, nor necessarily imply, the approval and practice of the ground-swatting of quail. If Mr. Cristadoro will inquire around among his duck shooting friends, he probably will find that the majority of them are scrupulous about contending for shooting flying on upland game, but advocate and practice taking a duck any old way. Let him institute the inquiry and report results in FOREST AND STREAM.

One thing at a time. When we have settled about the sitting duck, I shall be glad to converse with Mr. Cristadoro about the ground shooting of quail. I believe that I can show him that his shooting-on-the-fly man does not have all the argument of sportsmanship on his side. But we will let this pass until after Mr. Brown has given us something to back up his ducking proposition.

Mr. Brown wants my name. Why? We are discussing principles, not men. It does not matter who I am. Mr. Brown might not recognize my name as that of one whose dictum on duck shooting would be received as final. Nor is his inviting me to "come out" any answer whatever to the contentions which express the sincere convictions of

A BLUNT OLD MAN.

German Forests.

NEARLY one-fourth of the surface of the entire German Empire is covered with forests (about 48,000 square miles), more than one-sixth (38,000 square miles) being occupied by what the Germans call "hochwald," that is, forests of full-grown trees.

The area occupied by trees of the pine family is more than three times as great as that occupied by all the varieties of deciduous trees combined. Of the 5,658,000 acres of deciduous trees, 1,172,000 acres are oak, 467,000 acres are birch, alder, and aspen, and 4,019,000 acres are beech, etc. Of the 18,495,000 acres of needle-leaved trees, 1,327,000 acres are pine, 29,000 acres are larch, 5,482,000 acres are red fir, and 657,000 acres are white fir.

About 2½ per cent. of this "hochwald" is owned by the Crown, nearly 40 per cent. by the State, 15 per cent. by municipal governments, and about 40 per cent. by private persons.

The entire area devoted to forests is to-day nearly 20,000 acres greater than it was twenty years ago. Between 1883 and 1900 the decrease in the area of forests of deciduous trees amounted to 567,000 acres, while the gain in the extent of the forests of pines, larches, and firs was 76,000 acres.

GEORGE H. MURPHY,

Vice and Deputy Consul-General.

LANKFORT, Germany, Oct. 21.

Deer Hunting in Ontario.

ILTON, Dec. 5.—So far I have seen no estimate from the chief game warden of the number of deer killed in Ontario during the season which ended on November 15 last, nor any report of number handled by the express companies. I hunted in the Magnetawan section of the Parry Sound district, from which more deer are shipped annually than from any other. On my way to camp I was told by settlers that there were not

so many deer as usual, and that a large number had starved to death last winter on account of the great depth of the snow, and a strong crust which remained on it for a long time. Judging from what I saw in the woods in the way of tracks and other signs, there were about half as many deer where I hunted as there were in 1903. Hunters and hounds, however, were more numerous than ever. On my way home I was told by express agents that the number of deer passing through their hands was much smaller than usual. I saw few bucks and a great many fawns. One party had seven deer, the total weight of which was a little over 500 pounds. The weather throughout the season was exceptionally fine. There was no rain or snow, and dogs could be run daily. As very few hunters were without dogs, there seems to be no doubt that the deer were scarcer than usual.

In my opinion the time has come for a change in the game act as far as deer are concerned. Though hounds are always used in my party, six out of its eight members are in favor of the prohibition of hounding. I would go further. I would like to see the killing of does and fawns prohibited. In my party there is a rule that all fawns must be spared; but I do not know of any other party which has a similar rule.

W. P.

British Columbia Game Law Amendments.

VICTORIA, B. C., Nov. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I think you will be interested to learn that Mr. Hawthornthwaite, member of the Provincial Parliament, has promised at the next session of the local Legislature to introduce the amendments to the game act advocated by the Victoria Fish and Game Club.

Of these amendments the most important is one prohibiting the sale of blue, or dusky, grouse, a bird which is in considerable demand in the markets, and for this cause is rapidly being exterminated.

It is hoped that other changes to make the game act more effective may be introduced. The efforts to prohibit the sale of game have not so far proved altogether successful; but it is hoped amendments may be made which, in the future, will make such sales practically impossible.

J. M.

A Club in the South.

NEW YORK, Nov. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I would like to inquire through the medium of your paper if ten or a dozen companionable gentlemen cannot be found who would like to form a club in a most desirable location I know of in South Carolina.

It is becoming more and more difficult to find large tracts of land that can be leased or even purchased. They are being taken up rapidly. It is only a question of a very few years when no large consecutive bodies of land can be controlled in this way. I would like to hear from anyone whom this letter interests, or who thinks favorably of joining a club.

COURTLANDT BABCOCK.

Alligator Lake.

CHARLES E. WHIPPLE returned Thursday from a stay of three weeks at John F. Haynes's island camp in Alligator Lake, Hancock county, Me. His cousin, Frank Howard, of Pittsfield, and F. H. Eastman, of West Springfield, left this city with him on November 8, and returned after a stay of two weeks, bringing three of the four deer which the party killed. On their way into camp they saw a large bull moose, which had been shot a few days previously, about three miles from Alligator Lake, and which was being hauled to Bangor. There was considerable snow in the woods during their stay there, and they saw many deer, partridges and rabbits, and plenty of moose signs, but no moose except the one referred to above. Two local parties have already made engagements for Mr. Haynes's camp next summer and fall.—Springfield Republican, Dec. 4.

The Only Medium.

MESSRS. E. A. BUCK & Co., the well-known and reliable manufacturers of still-hunting shoes, write to the FOREST AND STREAM as follows:

BANGOR, Me., Dec. 6.—Please continue our advertisement as heretofore, as we consider the FOREST AND STREAM the only medium for reaching the best patrons of outdoor sports. We have orders from England, South Africa, Germany, North Wales, British Columbia, Alaska, and other foreign places, and many of these orders we can trace directly to our advertising in the FOREST AND STREAM.

E. A. BUCK & Co.

A Dog's Ruse.

In a recent number of London Nature, a correspondent tells a very good dog story as follows:

"A friend of mine, Mr. W., owns a Manchester terrier of which he is very fond, and for that reason receives more than doggy attention. The dog passes most of his time in the library, where a basket and rug are provided for him, but he prefers, when it is possible, to take possession of his master's easy chair. A short time ago I had occasion to call on Mr. W., and the dog was, as usual, occupying the chair, from which he was removed to his basket. He showed his resentment of this disturbance of his slumbers by becoming very restless. Presently he trotted over to the door, which he rattled by pushing with his nose, his usual method of attracting attention when he wished to go out. His master immediately rose and opened the door, but instead of the dog going out, he rushed back and jumped into the chair his master had just vacated! The rapid wagging of his tail and the expression of his face showed the dog to be very pleased with the result of his ruse. The dog has repeated the joke once or twice since, with much evident delight of himself."

This would seem to be a variant of a not unfamiliar dog habit. We have been told of occasions when two or more dogs were feeding together and one would run off a little distance and bark furiously, thus inducing the others to leave their food in order to learn what the dog was barking at, when the barking dog would slip back and eat as rapidly as possible, thus getting more than his share of the food.

Cabia Blanco's Indian Story.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When reading this controversy as to whether Captain Kelly or Ernest Thompson Seton should be given the credit for these bear stories (I would give the credit to Captain Kelly; but let him and Seton settle that to suit themselves), I have thought of another way in which authors (?) sometimes get the credit that belongs to someone else. One of these "authors" once took credit, without making any bones about it, either, to a story of mine. He is welcome to it.

I was at a small post in New Mexico in 1882, and having nothing to do except carry a mail, which I did for the most part after night, and take charge of a small library that my troop had, and shoot rattlesnakes—they were about all we could find there to shoot—I tried to kill the time then, as I often do now, by writing boys' stories.

I happened to get hold of a boys' paper that had lately been started in New York and was running a serial story telling the boys all about Indians, buffalo, and the Rocky Mountains; and thinking that I knew nearly as much about those things as the writer of the story did (what he did not seem to know about any of them would fill a good sized volume), I went to work and ground out a story for the paper, meaning to make the paper a present of it.

Starting my boy hero off from his home in Philadelphia with his pocket handkerchief full of supplies that he had stolen out of his aunt's kitchen, I took him clear across the continent to California, finding him plenty of Indians, of course, for him to fight on his way there. My Indians acted more like real ones than this other author's did. Then, after giving the boy about all the adventures he could take care of, I next had him find a gold mine—he could not go to California and not find one, of course; then I brought him home. The postage on this was about \$1; postage then was 3 cents, and as I did not care to pay another dollar to get this valuable production back again, I told the editor that if he did not want it, to destroy it.

I did not hear from him or the story again for the next ten years, and in the meantime his paper died a natural death.

In 1892 I happened to pick up a boys' paper which is still living, and here found my story with another man's name signed to it. All the change he had made in the story was to give it a new title. I wrote to the editor, claiming the story as being mine, but telling him he was welcome to it and to about half a ton of others that I had, if he wanted them. He did not want them then, and has not wanted them since. I have tried him or his successor twice since then, only to be told that they had a supply of boys' stories on hand. But he wanted that one bad enough to cause him to republish it about once in every ten years since then, or as often as the boys who have last read it have grown up; and their brothers now read this story as a new one.

CABIA BLANCO.

Forestry Quarterly.

THE Forestry Quarterly, published at Ithaca, N. Y., under the editorship of Dr. B. E. Fernow, claims to be the first and only professional forestry journal in the United States. Its purposes are to aid in the establishment of rational forest management; to offer an organ for the publication of technical papers of interest to professional foresters in America; to keep the profession in touch with the current technical literature and with the forestry movement in the United States. The first volume was published under the auspices of the New York State College of Forestry by the students, alumni and faculty of that institution. With its second volume, owing to the discontinuance of the college, the journal enters upon an independent career, being conducted by a board of editors identified with the profession and coming from the various centers of professional forestry work.

While the aims and scope of the Quarterly will remain the same as heretofore, a more generally representative board of editors is expected to give greater professional interest, render its pages more authoritative, and increase its serviceability generally. It is expected to make the journal of interest not only to students and practitioners of forestry, but also to all who are interested more or less directly in the management of woodlands, especially lumbermen and those charged with the forest policies and interests of the various States.

Copies of the first volume, containing 176 pages, may be obtained on payment of \$1.

Subscriptions to Volume II, are invited.

The yearly subscription price is \$1, and single numbers are 25 cents each.

Life of Father De Smet.

MR. FRANCIS P. HARPER announces a very important work on early Western travel, dealing largely with the American Indians. It is "The Life and Writings of Father Pierre-Jean De Smet," who relates his experiences and observations made while traveling 180,000 miles, from the years 1801 to 1873.

The set of four noble volumes of over 1,600 pages is made up from the original unpublished manuscript journals and letter books kept by Father De Smet, and from his printed works. It is edited by Major Hiram M. Chittenden, U. S. E., and Mr. Alfred Talbot Richardson, with historical, geographical, ethnological and other notes, to which is added a life of Father De Smet.

The History of the Native Races of North America can never be fully written without consulting these writings, as they give minute and accurate descriptions of Indian villages, their lodges, customs, mode of warfare, hunting, games, superstitions, Indian tortures of captives, legends and traditions. One-half the material is now for the first time printed. The set is illustrated with portraits, views of old trading posts, scenery, etc., and a large folding map, showing posts, trails, waterways, Indian tribes, etc., in great detail, on which is marked in red the route of Father De Smet. The set is uniform with Dr. Coues' edition of "Pike Expeditions," and Major Chittenden's "American Fur Trade of the Far West." The published price is \$15 net for the four volumes.

Book of Clever Beasts.

READERS of FOREST AND STREAM who have followed with interest the various discussions in its columns within the past few months concerning the writings of Messrs. John Burroughs, Ernest Thompson Seton, W. J. Long and other writers on popular history, will do well to purchase a copy of Miss Myrtle Reed's very clever "Book of Clever Beasts." It will well repay reading. It is full of humor of a most kindly, but telling, quality, and we have read it with very great pleasure.

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.

All the game laws and fish laws of the United States and Canada are given in the "Game Laws in Brief."



SEA AND RIVER FISHING



An American Angler Abroad.

In telling of some recent experience while visiting England, the desire uppermost in my mind is to give to my brother anglers at home some notion of the interesting and charming personalities whom I met there, as well as the delightful things that I saw. I must begin by saying, that as an angler, I felt at all times like the child visiting the parent.

Mr. R. B. Marston.

It was my great good fortune soon after reaching London to meet Mr. R. B. Marston, the editor of The Fishing Gazette—the paper recognized everywhere as the encyclopedia on fishing in British waters. And I believe that the strongest credentials that I carried into Mr. Marston's office, were my love of fishing and my warm sympathy with all members of the angling craft wherever they may be. I have many times in life heard it said of successful men, that "the principal reasons of their success in life, is the love of their work." I have never seen the man to whom this saying applies so aptly as in the case of Mr. Marston. He loves his work and his friends, and he has more of both than is the good fortune of some of us.

Through Mr. Marston's courtesies to me, I was introduced at the Fly-Fishers' Club, where I met many of the club members, and I was shown through the various rooms used by men who are certainly born anglers. Many specimens of fish adorn the walls, all being contributions by the members. Nor are the specimens confined to fish taken in English waters, but there are fish from many parts of the world; over the fire-place in the main saloon is one of the finest specimens of the tarpon I have ever seen.

To me the most interesting room in the Fly-Fishers' Club is the work room. In this room, at odd hours, the members make their own flies, and in doing so, they have at their command a study from nature to imitate. This nature study consists of a cabinet of many shallow drawers; these drawers are divided into squares, probably two inches, lined with metal, and in each one of these small sections is a natural fly carefully preserved in liquid the color of water; over this is glass; the case is hermetically sealed, and the fly floats so that it rests in the center of its compartment and against the glass. In many instances the male and female flies of the same species are together; and every species of the flies known in Great Britain is here preserved. From this vast collection of the "real thing" flies, the fishermen make the copied artificial fly. On the same table with this cabinet is another cabinet containing all kinds of feathers, hooks, silk, tools and snells—all club property, and all for the use of the members of the Fly-Fishers' Club. Many of the members would as soon take a salmon or brown trout with a chub, as to take one with flies not of their own handiwork. They are born anglers every one of them; they match their own genius with a nature shy indeed, thus reaping the joy of a victory just sweet enough to tell about.

The Piscatorial Society.

I shall ever deem it a piece of good fortune to have visited England at the time of the annual supper of the famous Piscatorial Society. The club rooms of the society are open to the members and their friends every Monday evening after 6 o'clock; and once a year the club gives a supper and entertainment. And from the members I met there and the things I heard and saw, I can easily understand Vice-Chairman Walker's suggestion on this occasion, that these suppers should be held oftener, either quarterly or semi-annually, for a more delightful gathering of congenial spirits I have never met. I use the term congenial spirits, as it seems best to describe the close relationship existing among the various members of the society. In referring again to congenial spirits, I am thinking of the pictures that adorn the walls of the reception saloon. All around this room close together hang cartoons of each and every member of this club. The head and face of each man is an exact reproduction of a photograph; the body and legs of each have been produced from descriptions given a very clever artist of some particular hobby of the original. One, for instance, pictures a prominent member on an old-fashioned high-wheel bicycle, riding into a stream at high speed while bait-casting for fish. Another shows a member sitting in a boat fishing, with fish piled up to his arm pits, and the boat sinking, but the man still fishing on; and a hundred and more others are quite as interesting. In the main saloon, there is probably the finest collection of big game fishes in the world. The walls of the vast room are covered with them from four feet above the floor to the ceiling, all mounted behind oval glass and completely inclosed. The specimens of salmon are magnificent, and so are the brown trout, pike, chub, grayling and others. In one end of the room I found a fine specimen of the American small-mouth black bass. Mr. Marston was keenly interested in my description of this fish and his fighting ability.

At the supper there were probably one hundred and fifty members and their friends, and the good fellowship existing between them was manifest at all times. President H. H. Brown, as toastmaster, was heartily responded to by the Hon. Secretary Mr. T. Farnsford, Col. Graham Gordan, Vice-Chairman Walker, R. B. Marston, Sub-Committee Blundell, and others. And true to the letter and the spirit of the sympathy and love existing between anglers wherever they may be found, the American angler abroad was most cordially welcomed by all, and the keen affection of relationship best shown by Col. Graham Gordan,

leaving his seat at the table and going to the piano and playing the "Star Spangled Banner," which every member joined in singing as fervently as though they had been born under its starry protection.

My next interesting visit was in the private library of Mr. Marston, where I had the pleasure of seeing and examining many precious old volumes of rare books—among them original editions of Izaak Walton, printed early in the seventeenth century, and a book of nature, published nearly a century before in German, from which Walton gathered much data for his writings. I regret that my time in this library was so limited—it was like a five-minute stop for dinner to the hungry traveler with a rare meal before him.

W. Baden Powell.

There is probably no man in England or, in fact, anywhere else, who is more entitled to the term "natural sportsman" than W. Baden Powell; a yachtsman of national fame; a hunter of all kinds of game, and an angler whose advice is often sought and diligently followed. I had the pleasure of an evening with him, and the evening was entirely too short. In his collection of sportsman's accessories, I saw a rare pair of guns, recently made from his own ideas—the only pair of its kind in existence. The forearms of these guns are so constructed, that the thumb and finger slide in a groove on the sides, so that in swinging from right to left or left to right, the position of the gun is not altered either on the shoulder or before the eye.

Of his rods much might be written that would be of interest. They have all been constructed on scientific lines from Mr. Powell's own specifications. The work bench, where he makes his own salmon and trout flies, proves an interesting corner to the visiting angler, as well as to the owner.

Dragnet.

I had read many of "Dragnet's" clever witticisms in times gone by, and was anxious to meet face to face this wielder of the rod and pen. I had this pleasure at the Piscatorial Society supper. His genial smile and abundant welcome are with me still, and will remain. Dragnet is infectious, and this is true of them all.

I didn't need the streams and lakes and rivers in England to impress me best with English anglers. It was behind the pipe in cozy places that I learned many things about angling and formed a sweeter regard for my fellow man.

T. E. BATTEN.

The Log of a Sea Angler.

BY CHARLES F. HOLDER, AUTHOR OF "ANGLING," "BIG GAME FISHES," ETC.

I.—Crab Camp.

ONE glides gently from the snows of winter into the lap of spring in going down the Atlantic Coast in the former season. We are menaced with ice fields off Delaware Bay. The next day something undefined has happened, and a day or two later a butterfly comes fluttering aboard, blown off shore with the odors of verdure from low-lying Florida to tell us the story of summer and the fountain of youth. It is then that we take out the rods and talk over the fishing with a sympathetic disciple of Ananias, who is also on the trail of the tarpon or something else at Pass Cristian or somewhere along the shores of the delight makers.

While we were wrangling over the height of kingfish jumps a large shark came alongside. He had a pronounced notch in his dorsal fin, and our skipper informed us that the same man-eater had followed him for several months. This is serious, as one of the crew had shot away the dorsal, and it was supposed that the great creature was on his trail.

Key West rose out of the silver sea last night, and I am in the center of a cocoanut grove, where the soft wind plays upon a thousand æolian harps, and the musical rustle sounds like gentle rain. The air is like velvet on the cheek, and filled with the perfume of innumerable flowers. Surely the fountain of youth is not far away in the grove, where the mockingbird sings the night long. Some time during the night the boys from C's plantation serenaded me, and when they came in to drink my health, I noticed that they had scarlet passion vine blossoms wound about their heads. Their soft voices, the tinkling of guitars, banjos and triangles, the deep bass of a conch shell carried me far away.

Outfitted and sailed on a little steamer for Garden Key, where they welcome strangers. That night S. took me down to the "quarters" to look up boatmen, and found there Long John, Bob Rand and Chief, playing seven-up by the light of a single candle. Between them was a pitcher of water and a small bottle of well-known and patent pain killer, which served as the not over-joyous tipple. Bob, with true politeness, pushed the latter toward me, but I declined; self-preservation is the first law of nature. They each poured out a large spoonful, filled up the glass with as much water as their conscience permitted, and drank our health. The trouble was obvious: there was no whiskey on the key; and I understood that cologne would not be safe at times.

These three men are characters, and doubtless live here for reasons best known to themselves. Long John is six and a half feet in his stockings, which he never wears; is thin beyond understanding; his face is red as a beet; even his little eyes look burned by the pain-killer. John's hair is dyed black, or rather green. Bob is also red as a beet, but shorter; and Chief would be, but he is a Seminole of a pure type; not the stoical, morose Indian you read of, but a good-natured jolly fellow, always laughing.

How a man can look so pleasant on an habitual diet of pain killer is one of the unsolved mysteries of the reef.

I intended to engage one man, but took them all, as they are partners in a sailboat called the Bull Pup, and she looks it. The men are to hunt up fishing grounds, take me out, and do the cooking in camp on the various keys.

Took a survey of the ground in a rowboat—a perfect fishing ground. Garden Key is thirteen acres in extent, and lies in the center of a growing atoll. A deep blue channel surrounds it, and the navies of the world could float here if the channel was wide enough to swing them—a perfect harbor for vessels transport size. To the west three miles is Loggerhead; to the southwest, Bird Key; to the northeast, East Key; then Middle and Sand keys, all capped with mangrove and bay cedars, lying like gems *en cabuchon* in a setting of turquoise.

Sailed for East Key early in the morning; reached it after a two hours' run. The Bull Pup is well named. She wrestles with every wave and fights it out. Wish I had increased my insurance before I left the mainland. She is about 20ft. long, with a full square bow, a small cabin aft that has more smells than anything I have ever met. At first I thought it was one smell, old bilge, but I believe I counted fifty, then gave it up. Amidship is a large well into which we toss our fish, so none are wasted. Ran up into the lee of East Key at noon; hot, but pleasant. The island has about five acres, and the brush comes down to within one hundred feet of the water, affording a good sandy beach as white as snow, and made up of ground coral and the secretion of a seaweed. It is filled with crab holes—spirit crabs, so white that at first I could not distinguish them. When I laid down and kept perfectly quiet they came out by hundreds, and eyed me for a while, then began to move, climbing upon my legs; but the moment I stirred, they disappeared like magic.

The men pushed into the hot bush, I following, and finally found a clearing near some cactus. Here we pitched the tents while Chief cut a quantity of branches which he thrust into the ground, forming what he called a summer house, a *ramada*. By night we were in shipshape, the Bull Pup anchored offshore, and the dinghy hauled up on the beach. I doubt if I can get used to the birds. The moment we landed they rose in such numbers that I could hardly see through them, each screaming at the top of its voice, floating over us with a particularly graceful motion, with bill pointed downward. Many of them are terns, a few noddies, dark with white heads. The terns nest in the sand anywhere, while the noddies build a rude nest like that of a dove. Its egg is nearly white, while that of the tern is very speckled. There is no water on the island, but Bob, after taking his bearing, dug up a five-gallon keg from the sand where he had planted it some time before. We used that, and when we left filled it from our supply. Bob said he kept it there as one time he was caught offshore in a hurricane and blown on to East Key. He got ashore, but nearly perished for want of water before he was found. Ever since water has been kept here and all the men have the bearings. The eggs are so thick that it is impossible to walk in the bush without stepping on them; there must be tens of thousands. At night the birds settled down and the only sounds were the peculiar ringing of the water on the sand hard by and the boom and crash of the sea on the neighboring shore, a melody that soothed me to sleep on my bed of sweet-smelling bay-cedar boughs.

How long I slept I don't know, but I was awakened by Chief stumbling over the tin plates and his artistic swearing in Seminole. The men were trying to get off without disturbing me to turn a turtle for breakfast.

"Green turtle mighty nice," said Chief.

"Turtle balls a doggone sight better," put in John.

"Calipie for me," said Bob.

As for me, why, the turning of a turtle was what I came there for; so I shook the soldier crabs out of my clothes, and we filed out of the bush and headed for the beach. Chief led the way, and went directly down to the water's edge, where the ripple of the waves made music and sent millions of phosphorescent lights darting here and there, or stranded some large dazzling light on the beach. We walked along silently in single file, splashing our bare feet in the water, wading in the shallows for nearly half a mile, when suddenly Chief stopped, and I saw, leading up from the water over the gleaming sands, a double mark, as though someone had lain flat and with a swinging motion attempted to make a trail up the beach. We followed this up, and not ten feet from the jush came upon a big green turtle which must have weighed 150 or 200 pounds. She did not move or pay any attention to us, and was laying her eggs in a hole about two feet in depth, occasionally scraping in sand. We stood watching her, when suddenly she made a rush for the water, her flippers flying like windmills. Not being *en rapport* with such work, I got on the wrong side and had my eyes and mouth filled with sand, and fell upon the reptile's back, which would have carried me along easily; then Bob and Chief grasped her on the same side and lifted, and I gave her the congé, turning her over when she beat her breast with sturdy blows, as a gorilla is said to do when perceiving its prey or enemy. Bob quickly slit the flippers with his knife, making a small orifice with a piece of rope yarn tied the pairs so they could not move. A more helpless object than the turned turtle does not exist; its solid back, so good a protection from some enemies, here prevented it from turning.

Leaving our game, we returned to the water and took up our march again, just at the edge. The moon was half full, and light clouds were moving from the west arly clouding it—an ideal condition of things for turtleturning, as on a clear night a turtle can see a man two hundred yards off, so brilliant is the star and moonlight here. As a test, I found I could read the large print in paper

by the light of the moon; and one night I improvised a better light yet. I caught a large jelly-like creature called pyrosoma, a marvelous light-giver, and placing it in a tall jar, Bob stirred it with a twig while I held the book, and I may say that I have read by the light of a jellyfish, which reminds me that some years ago Dr. DuBoise sent me a photograph which he had taken by the light of one of the phosphorescent insects.

We had gone about an eighth of a mile when Chief, who was in the lead, stopped and lifted his hand for us to also stop. The peculiar musical trill or tinkling of the water as it gleamed about our feet, the distant cry of some far-away bird, the occasional crash of some great fish a long way off, were the only sounds. But peering over Chief's shoulder I made out an indistinct object standing in the phosphorescence, not one hundred feet away; then I heard a distinct hiss, like escaping steam. Not a move was made. That the turtle was suspicious and had stopped at the water's edge was evident, and it would turn and make off at the slightest alarm. So we stood and literally held our breath.

Suddenly I had an uncontrollable desire to sneeze. I smothered myself as best I could, but the quiet was disturbed, we saw the dim shape turning, and as one man rushed ahead. The animal had completely turned, and was in about a foot of water when I tripped over its broad back and fell sprawling upon it, the fore flippers striking the water like the flails of a windmill, while the men tried to seize them. In its struggles it moved ahead rapidly, and as the water deepened suddenly, I found myself drenched, and received several blows in the face, which threw me off. Chief now fell upon the turtle and grasped it at the back of the neck, and endeavored to lift it so that John and Bob could get hold of the flippers; but the big creature seemed twice as heavy as the other turtle, was indeed a loggerhead. Chief called to me to keep away from its head, as it would bite, so I slipped behind. At that instant the turtle made a vicious rush, and we all stepped into a deep place over our heads; the turtle diving took Chief under and disappeared, the latter coming up immediately and swimming back.

I had heard that turtles were stupid, but my observations do not carry this out, and I have watched them many a night. A green turtle when it came up to breathe, thirty feet offshore, first stopped and looked around. Seeing the coast clear, she swam in and grounded; then again looked around and came out of the water and listened. At least this is what I assumed was the mental process. I was lying not fifteen feet from her; she must have seen me; but doubtless thought I was a bunch of weed, for after apparently listening she moved up the beach, a hard and laborious process. She stopped about twenty feet above high-water mark, then moved along the brush ten feet or so, then in part of a circle, then facing the sea she began to scrape up the sand with her hind flippers. The operation of laying fifty eggs occupied about twenty minutes, and she was out of the water three-quarters of an hour. When she had finished, she moved around clumsily, and appeared to push the sand over the eggs, then wheeled about over the spot so that every trace of her presence was destroyed; then instead of going directly down from the nest she clambered along the sand for a distance of thirty or forty feet, and I went with her, but lower down, when she turned and made for the water quicker than I would have believed. Half way down she met me; I sprang upon her broad back, and she carried me to the water's edge with ease; there I let her go. I hunted up the eggs and had difficulty in finding them, though I had seen them laid. Turtle eggs are an acquired taste, and I am confident I shall never acquire it. The men ate them raw with relish.

Reached camp at 4:30, and having cut up the turtle and taken my first lesson in dissecting one, I brought home about ten pounds of meat as my share, and Bob began to cook calipic, Chief to make turtle balls—a sort of hash—and Long John prepared a steak. It was every man for himself, and I compromised on some of all. Our breakfast, considering that we were at the jumping-off place, one hundred and fifty miles from anywhere, was worth remembering. Friend grunts, taken alive from the well of the Bull Pup, roasted young crayfish, green turtle steak, green turtle balls, green turtle calipic, hoe cake, with plenty of "hoe" to it, coffee, "Long John's special" fried potatoes, snipe roasted over the coals.

Our camp was primitive. A tent for myself, bed of bay cedar boughs; the men preferred the ramada. We had rubber blankets, in case of rain, an old stove, or the top of one, dug up out of the sand where Bob had cached it some time in the past; so we had some of, if not all, the comforts of home. I was surprised at the knowledge the men had of the island. They knew where every cactus patch was. I discovered this when we were crossing it. I would enter what appeared to be a lead, and Bob would say, "This leads into a patch of cactus," and it did. I learned later that they knew it so well because they had dug about every foot of it over for Spanish booty that is supposed to have been buried here. On the east side a big galleon was wrecked some years ago when galleons sailed the Spanish main, and an old sea captain, whom I later met, found a thousand dollars on the beach; so once a year Bob retired to East Key, fortified himself, and dug.

At the first sign of sunrise, and it came up through vermillion skies, on a sea of glass, the birds began their cries, and discovering our presence it became a roar beyond belief in its intensity, and at times maddening. Yet it was possible to stop it for a second or two. Shouting at the top of my voice, every bird became silent, and with one accord the vast swarm swooped down several feet, then rose again to continue the babel of sounds. There was one revenge—their eggs were excellent, and we ate them in every style. They were also a ludicrous source of danger when walking through the bush with hundreds of terns struggling upward. Many dropped their eggs in midair, and Long John received one of these missiles fairly on the top of his head. The glittering generalities in which he indulged need not be recorded. Long John had a superior air, but it did him an injustice; he was just a plain man.

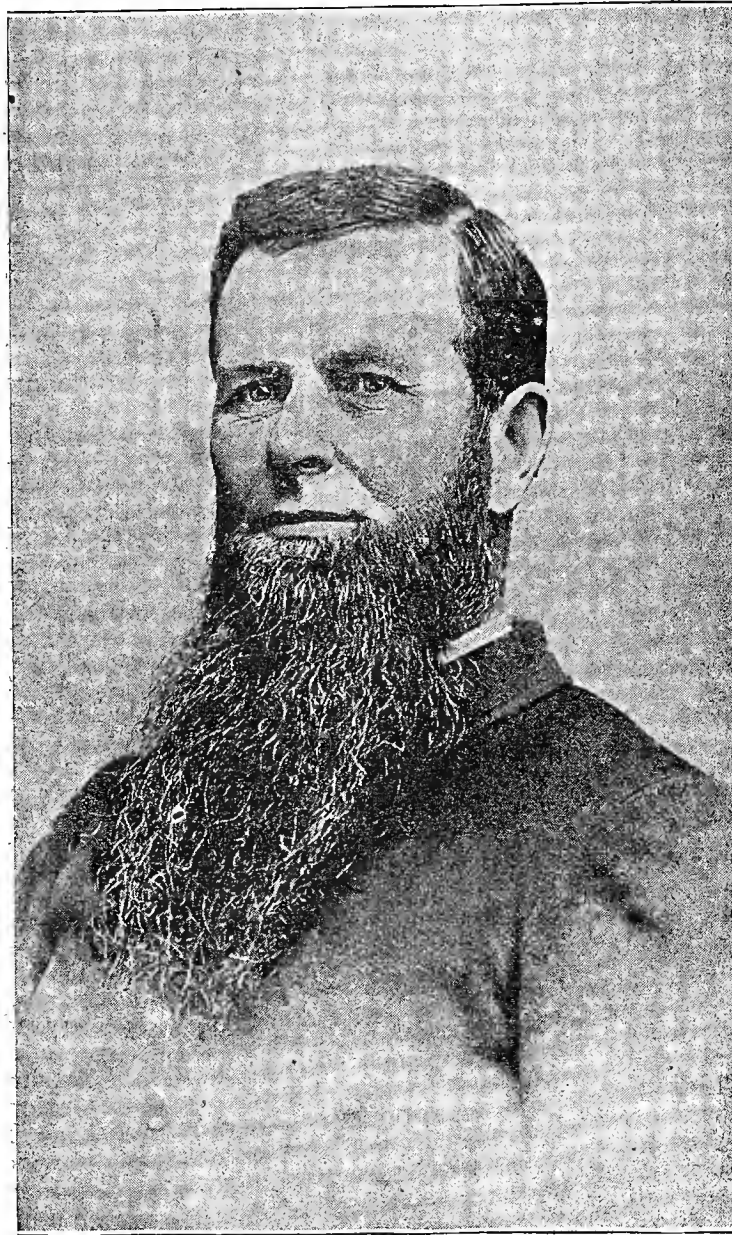
All communications for FOREST AND STREAM must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.

New Hampshire Commissioners.

THE Fish and Game Commissioners have done some good work in New Hampshire during the past year, in enforcing the laws placed in their charge. The Concord Patriot published a complete list of the names and residences of the parties against whom the laws have been enforced; from which it appears that \$5,475 in fines have been collected; beside that Timothy Chauncey, of Albany, for killing a deer in the close season, was given six months in jail; Augustus and William L. Evans, of Stewartstown, illegal fishing, 60 days in jail; Philosse Auger, killing deer, six months in jail; Leslic Merrow, Conway, dogging deer, 60 days in jail.

The offenses for which fines were collected were, fishing in closed waters; killing fawn; dogs killing deer; killing deer in closed season; dog chasing deer, second offense; illegal fishing; killing raccoon in closed season; hunting deer in closed season; hunting deer without license; killing fawn without license; killing otter in closed season; hunting with a ferret; lobster car not marked; short lobsters; killing song birds; taking partridge out of the State; using gill net; catching short trout; chasing deer with a boat; selling trout; short bass; putting sawdust in waters; killing woodcock in closed season; snaring partridge; shipping partridge out of the State; short fish.

The above shows that the office of Fish and Game



JOSEPH W. COLLINS.
From a Photograph in 1893.

Commissioner is not a sinecure position by any manner of means. It requires pretty sharp eyes and vigilant attention to catch violators of the law whose scene of operations is largely in the woods, ponds and brooks over such an extended territory. Of course the commissioners are not responsible for the hedgehog business, which did not come under their supervision.

Three Pounds in Three Hours.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of December 10, Mr. Henry Stewart has an article entitled, "The Rainbow Trout," in which he says: "A 3-pounder hooked by me in one of the ponds from a boat, near dusk one evening, occupied all my attention for three hours, when he kindly leaped into the boat."

I have told a good many stories in your columns, and have had such kind treatment from the angling fraternity, as to make me hesitate to express any doubt of any fish story; but I cannot refrain from saying that it is difficult to believe that the stop-watch used in recording the time consumed by this remarkable fish was perfectly accurate.

I have caught many rainbow and black-spotted trout, some pretty nearly equalling the weight of Mr. Stewart's old and long-attached friend, and even in swift water have never known the largest of them able to make any resistance after ten minutes' play or so. I have taken *fontinalis* and grise of three pounds and considerably over very many times on light tackle and in the most favorable water for them, and while I used no method of timing the fight, I am convinced that the strongest and biggest of them all, in the swiftest water, was landed within twenty minutes at most, and probably less.

The *fontinalis* in the North Carolina mountains are decidedly less vigorous and strong, weight for weight, than those found in more northern waters, and trout taken in a pond ought to be landed considerably sooner than those of the same weight in running streams.

I hope that the remaining statements in Mr. Stewart's extended article are less likely to incur the reproach of inaccuracy than the one I have quoted.

A. ST. J. NEWBERRY.

CLEVELAND, O., Dec. 10.

Lake Champlain Fishing.

THE committee appointed by the Senate and Assembly at their last session to take up matters with a like committee from Vermont and the Parliaments of Ontario and Quebec, consisting of Senators S. G. Prime and T. H. Cullen, and Assemblymen Willis A. Reeve and H. W. Knapp, together with a representative of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission, who is to act with said committee, met at the office of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission on the 29th of November and organized by the election as chairman of Chief Game Protector J. W. Pond, who had been previously designated to represent the Forest, Fish and Game Commission. One of the main objects of this committee is to secure the repeal by the Parliament of Quebec of a law which now permits the wholesale netting of fish in that portion of Lake Champlain lying within the Dominion of Canada during the early part of the season when pike, pickerel and bass are on their spawning beds. The committee above referred to have been recently advised that resolutions had been offered in the Vermont Legislature with a view of appointing a committee and that the Legislature of Vermont are enacting measures in the interest of fish protection in Lake Champlain which pleases very much the entire population of this State where it borders Lake Champlain, and the numerous anglers and tourists who visit that beautiful summer resort from Albany and vicinity. The committee's work with the Province of Ontario will be confined to recommending legislation for uniform laws along the Niagara and St. Lawrence rivers, also Lake Ontario.

A Tarpon Fishers' Club.

MR. GEO. R. COLLINS, of Kansas City, Mo., who has fished for tarpon in Florida waters for the last ten years, wishes to get in correspondence with persons and associations interested in fishing and hunting, for the purpose of organizing a tarpon fishing club. His further idea is to build a club house on an island in Charlotte Harbor, and to build up a tarpon club that will equal the Tuna Club of California. Mr. Collins writes that he owns several available islands in this region, and that he will donate one to the proposed club.

The Kennel.

Death of Mr. R. H. Moore.

THE death of our esteemed old friend, Mr. R. H. Moore, the well-known artist in black and white, has removed a very prominent figure from the dog world. Mr. Moore, as a delineator of prize dogs in pen and ink, stood without a rival. Although not doggy himself, he had a remarkable grasp of the features of the classical canine, and whether it was an imposing St. Bernard, a bulldog, Chow Chow, or a diminutive toy, his pencil seemed to traverse the necessary lines as faithfully as if the artist had been a born specialist of each variety. There can be no doubt that Mr. Moore's sketches of up-to-date canine life have been one of the great factors in the education of the kennel public, and will be handed down to posterity as marking the position and progress of dog breeding during the latter half of the 19th and beginning of the 20th century.

Mr. Moore was specially retained to contribute to our contemporary, *The Stock-Keeper*, when it came to London now twenty years ago, and has been its faithful illustrator up to the time of his death. Indeed, so recently as a week ago he was busy drawing sketches for this paper, laying down his pencil never to take it up again.

A genial soul, who took life philosophically, and never made an enemy if he could help it, the late Mr. Moore was a gentleman who will be greatly missed, and whose position it will be difficult, if not impossible, to fill. His death took place on the 27th ult., as the result of bronchitis, at the age of about 60 years.—Our Dogs.

The Rescue.

Adown the lane on frenzied feet
Fled like a wind the maiden sweet;
A large dog followed on her trail
With open mouth and truncate tail.
Shriek after shriek the maiden gave;
And would no hero run to save?
Well, we should smile! For at her cry
The hero came in quick reply.
With resolution naught could clog
He fiercely whistled to the dog!
And at his master's note the chase
The dog forsook with perfect grace!

* * * * *
They married? Ah, ca va sans dire!
Elsewise 'twould be a case most queer.
But oftimes, when the lady sleeps,
The husband wakes and weeps and weeps,
And drones, as if he'd slipped a cog,
"Why did I interrupt the dog?"

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

At Home with the Flamingos.

EVERY ornithologist, every lover of nature, and every lover of beauty, ought to read Mr. Frank Chapman's very remarkable article in the current *Century Magazine*.

Mr. Chapman is well known as an experienced naturalist, and one who has done much hard work. It is for that reason that he has attained his present eminence. What he did in the case of the flamingos was to discover, after years of inquiry, the breeding place of a great colony of birds, to visit that colony, to take up his quarters in a blind, at first at the border of the colony, and then literally in its center, where he observed the life habits of the birds and took twelve dozen photographs of them at the shortest possible range. Such work we fancy has never been done in the case of any other bird, and certainly not in the case of any large and rare wild bird. Mr. Chapman's article is most interesting; his pictures are admirable, and the *Century Company* has done its part in bringing them out in a series of beautifully colored plates. Author and publisher alike are to be congratulated on this extraordinary and interesting production.



YACHTING



Horsepower Rating.

BY A. E. POTTER.

THE recent adoption by the English Marine Motor Association of the rule that all horsepower rating shall be based on actual fuel consumption, marks a decidedly important step in the development of carburation and other important points in design, construction and operation of marine gasoline engines. One pint of gasoline consumed in one hour, constitutes one horsepower. This is their new rule.

The recent ruling of the American Power Boat Association that all engines should have a speedometer attached, was evidence of the unsatisfactory rule for horsepower rating employed here last summer.

The average American-built marine gasoline engine does not use gasoline as economically as it ought. This is well known throughout the trade. Some engines are designed to secure favorable ratings by means of different proportions and speeds, without reference to the amount of fuel used.

The great advantage of a consumption of fuel rating would lie in its relation to the perfection of carbureting apparatus. When we come to study the catalogues of various engines of both types, we find the consumption of fuel per horsepower is often entirely ignored, and in some cases grossly exaggerated. For instance, one manufacturer may claim that his engine will develop a certain horsepower at a consumption of less than one pint per hour. It may be true that their engines have been operated honestly at a certain speed within a limit of one pint, while at an increased or decreased speed the variation would be considerable either way. When I say honestly, I refer to a brake test conducted in a strictly practical and intelligent manner, the speed of the engine being known, not guessed at. A case in point: An engine is run at 650 r. p. m., and has a net pull on a 5 ft. brake beam of 18 lbs. The brake horsepower would figure 11.1384. In case the speed was estimated at 800—and it is a very hard matter for any one to estimate accurately at any such speed—the horsepower would figure 13.7088.

This same engine would probably not show the same fuel consumption per horsepower at different speeds, depending, among other things, on the amount of power absorbed by the engine and cooling water, increased or decreased volume of each charge in turn depending on the temperature of incoming gas, the frictional resistance at both inlet and exhaust, muffling, leaks in valves and past the rings, tension of valve springs, lift of valves, timing of opening and closing, perfection in carburation, regularity, speed, etc.

It will be an incentive to the modern student to carefully go over his work comparatively with that of other designers, proving his work and ideas in obtaining best results. It will weed out the dreamer, the bungler, the follower and crank, and give due credit to the man who can demonstrate his ability to furnish a superior article in the line of marine gasoline engines. Scientifically and practically, it ought to tend to perfect gas engine design and construction fully equal with that attained by the steam engine.

There is a class who continually harp that no improvements can be made in the four-cycle engine, that all theories have been carefully worked out and proven. It is my opinion, based upon a long study of the explosive engine, that the next few years will prove conclusively that absolute perfection in the explosive engine will probably never be reached.

With the increased consumption of gasoline from the use of the gas engine, its price must steadily advance. While at present we seem to care little for the expense of operation, in countries such as Australia, where the price is 75 cents, they "count the cost."

Queries on Marine Motors.

J. A. B., Southampton, Eng.—Have just received FOREST AND STREAM dated Nov. 12, and wish to avail myself of your inquiry department. What carbureting system is considered the most economical for two-stroke engines? My engine uses at least 50 per cent. more petrol than a neighbor's, both engines made by the same manufacturer and same dimensions. Is this not unusual?

Ans.—It is usually considered that float feed carburetors are more economical than vaporizing valves, but comparative economy tests will show great variation. Sufficient attention is not paid to fuel consumption. At five times the price, it would stand one in hand to watch out. 2. It is not unusual for two different makes of same sized two-stroke, or, as they are called, two-cycle engines to show marked difference in consumption; but for the same make to show such a vast difference would lead one to suppose that from defect in construction, variation in the location and size of ports, imperfect carburation, difference in amount of muffling, leaking, rings, etc., one engine was not doing so much work as the other, and the other was wasting fuel.

M. M. R., Baltimore, Md.—My engine is a double cylinder of 16 horsepower. When I start I close the auxiliary air valve and then gradually open it to perfect the mixture. If I open it a little too much the speed increases perceptibly for a few revolutions, and then the engine slows down, begins to "back fire" and stops. What is the cause, and how can I remedy it?

Ans.—Your engine does just the same as all engines using similar method of carburation. It goes to show that, in order to run without stopping, the mixture must be a little too rich in gasoline to make up for uneven proportions. If your forward cylinder ignites first, the after one usually gets the richer mixture. In some cases changing the exhaust cam and ignition so that the after cylinder ignites first will help matters. If

you will take notice you will find that the after cylinder is the one that misses explosions, rather than the forward, when mixture is bad.

A. B. S., Troy, N. Y.—I wish to paint my engine. Aluminum does not seem to look well when in contact with grease. What would you advise using?

Ans.—Clean the engine carefully with kerosene, then naphtha, and wipe dry, removing all bright parts, which can be polished with emery cloth and oil. With fine sandpaper smooth all rough parts, and give it a coat of good, ready-mixed gloss carriage paint. This will be found to last longer than enamel paint, and will stand heat and wet better.

B. B. J., Portland, Ore.—How much power ought it to take to drive a 24-inch, two-bladed propeller? My engine is a double-cylinder, 12 horsepower, and I think cylinders are 6½ in. diameter and stroke 5½ in. 2. The propeller that came with the engine, 24 in. diameter, drove the boat 6½ miles, with engine running 340. Next one, 22 in. diameter, at 318 r. p. m. showed speed of over 7 miles, while one I designed myself, 24 in. diameter, two-bladed, allowed the engine to run over 400 r. p. m. and the boat did not make 5½ miles. I am not going into the propeller wheel business, but would like your views on the results obtained.

Ans.—The diameter of a propeller wheel does not enter so much into power computation as pitch, amount of blade surface, speed, regularity of the blades, one to another, frictional resistance in the water and submergence. Providing your boat was not too heavy and of fairly easy lines, your engine ought to drive a 24 in. diameter wheel, 30 or 32 in. pitch, provided the blades were 8 to 10 in. wide, 350 r. p. m. at a wharf trial, provided the wheel could be kept submerged. We think, however, that probably your engine diameter is 5½ in. and stroke 6½ in., for it is not the usual custom among Americans to use a stroke shorter than the bore. Some modern English manufacturers have adopted the short stroke, one in particular making his cylinders 5 in. diameter, 3 in. stroke. 2. In a comparison of your three wheels, you should look to the engine speed as well as the speed of the boat. The 22 in. diameter wheel was better proportioned than either of the others, for it took less power to drive the boat 7 miles than to drive her 6½, or even 5½ miles at higher engine speed. If your engine did not have too much vibration at 400 r. p. m., a wheel of the same general design as the 22 in. diameter, but with 12½ to 15 per cent. less pitch, ought to give you even better than 7 miles per hour. It would seem that the two 24 in. wheels both had excessive pitch and too little blade surface. Pitch probably was irregular, and the blades not true with each other.

Ocean-Going Motor Boats.

MR. W. E. H. HUMPHRIES, a Cambridge science graduate who has devoted himself to the study of the use of high-power internal combustion engines for submarine vessels and is a practical motorist of wide experience, writing on motor boat building in the publication To-day, says that the folly of those makers who propose competing in the Atlantic motor boat race with 40 ft. boats furnished with 100 horsepower motors should be apparent when he states that they would require for the journey 15 tons of fuel, which would occupy more than the whole cubic space of the hull. Mr. Humphries fears that many of the competitors in the trans-Atlantic race will fall into the mistake of throwing any handy big engine into any convenient boat without regard to the question of design, proper engine bed, distribution of weight, etc. The motor boats which crossed the English Channel, "excellent as they were for their own particular purposes, were more or less freak boats," because in design they fell away from the lines normally maintained in marine practice. In yacht designing "the highest ambition of those who aim at speed is to exceed a speed in knots greater than the square root and a quarter of the vessel's length. The Atlantic liners cannot do it; motor boats and the torpedo boat destroyer can, but such speed is only attainable at enormous extravagance and by making the vessels mere receptacles of vibrating machinery and limiting their range."

Writing on this subject for the Pall Mall Gazette, he expresses the opinion that to cross the ocean in a manner to fulfill the published details a boat must be nearer 400 ft. than 40 ft. The conditions of the race are that the boats shall be able to travel at a speed of at least 15 knots, shall carry all their own fuel, lubricating oil, and spare parts, and shall start with at least six persons on board. This at once rules out of the contest all small racing craft, for, apart from questions of accommodation and seaworthiness, they could not carry the fuel to feed their engines. The normal consumption of a petrol engine may be regarded as one pint per horsepower per hour, which means that for every 100 horsepower of the engine there is consumed approximately 300 gallons per day. With a 15 knot boat the passage from Havre to New York might be expected to occupy from twelve to fifteen days. Hence for every 100 horsepower of the engine it will be necessary to carry 4,500 gallons of fuel, occupying approximately 723 cubic feet of space and weighing 15 tons, or more, if fuels heavier and less efficient than petrol be employed. To complete the absurdity, the Calais-Dover racer would require, to enable it to cross the Atlantic, a bulk of petrol of greater weight and greater displacement than the boat itself. Seemingly nothing smaller than a torpedo boat destroyer could attempt to fulfill the conditions laid down, and for a vessel of these dimensions an engine of 500 horsepower would not be excessive.

MARSHALL HALSTEAD, Consul.

BIRMINGHAM, Eng., Oct.

Design for an Open Launch.

WE are publishing this week, through the courtesy of Messrs. Small Bros., the designers, the complete plans of an open cruising launch. The boat was designed for Mr. H. W. Hornthal, of Norfolk, Va. As a comfortable, roomy boat for general day use, she has given the greatest satisfaction to her owner. She develops a speed of about 12 miles under favorable conditions.

The dimensions are as follows:

Length—	
On deck	31ft. 9in.
Greatest	34ft.
L.W.L.	32ft. 6in.
Overhang—	
Forward	9in.
Aft	9in.
Breadth—	
Extreme	7ft.
L.W.L.	6ft. 1in.
Draft—	
To rabbet	1ft. 8in.
Extreme	2ft. 4in.
Freeboard—	
Forward	3ft. 9in.
Least	2ft. 1in.
Aft	2ft. 4in.

The forward cockpit is 8 ft. long and the after cockpit is 9 ft. long. Between the two there is a deck space of 3 ft. 9 in., giving great transverse strength. Under this deck space the engine is placed well out of the way, yet can be easily reached.

The Société Nautique of Geneva.

BY JOHN F. REVILLIOD, VICE-PRESIDENT.

THE Société Nautique, of Geneva, Switzerland, was established in 1872. It is the only yacht club in that place, and since it was organized its growth has been steady. To-day it has many members and quite a number of native-built boats enrolled. The club has always been managed in the ablest and most conservative way by the various gentlemen who have held office from the time of Dr. Vincent, the first president.

Aside from the natural beauties of the Lake of Geneva, which are incomparable, the lake is of such a shape that a regatta may be witnessed from any point along the shore.

It has now 350 members, at the head of which every year a committee of eleven members is elected. The members of the committee for 1904 are: President, E. de Royer; Vice-Presidents, Felix Warner, John F. Revilliod; Secretaries, Philip Serex, Jean Mirabaud; Treasurers, Armand Martin, Henri Orange; Trustees, Eugene Corte, Charles Serex, Frederic Seylaz; Training Chief, Oscar Hunziker. The committee looks after the organization of the regattas of the year and fixes the dates thereof; it publishes a report of the regattas of the past year. It sometimes happens that members of the club go to the Mediterranean during the winter season and take part in the various regattas. The club has members that are exceedingly keen on yachting. M. Godinet, the naval engineer, is a member, and many of the boats sailing on the lake were built from his designs. He was of assistance in getting the new formula for measuring and classifying sailing yachts. The society has on one of the prettiest quays of the town of Geneva a club house, which is more comfortable than luxurious, and is built in the shape of a U; in the center part is a club room and reading room; and in the two wings the rowing boats are stowed away. A jetty on the north side enables the sailing boats and launches to be safely anchored.

A good many of our members live on the shores of the lake in charming country places, and on regatta days in the morning one can see the coast full of white dots—the sails of their boats being put in shape for the regatta. The race committee can almost tell beforehand how many boats will take part in the regatta of the afternoon.

In the Société Nautique of Geneva boats are divided into three sections—sailing, rowing, and motor launches. The sailing yachts are divided into eight classes: Fifth class for yachts over 5 tons; fourth class for yachts from 3 to 5 tons; third class for yachts from 2 to 3 tons; second class for yachts from 1 to 2 tons; first class for yacht up to 1 ton; one-design class, ¾ ton. Series A for small boats with 20 square meters of canvas; series B for small boats with 15 square meters of canvas, measured according to the following formula:

$$T = \left(\frac{L - \frac{P}{4}}{4} \right) \times P \times \sqrt{S}$$

180

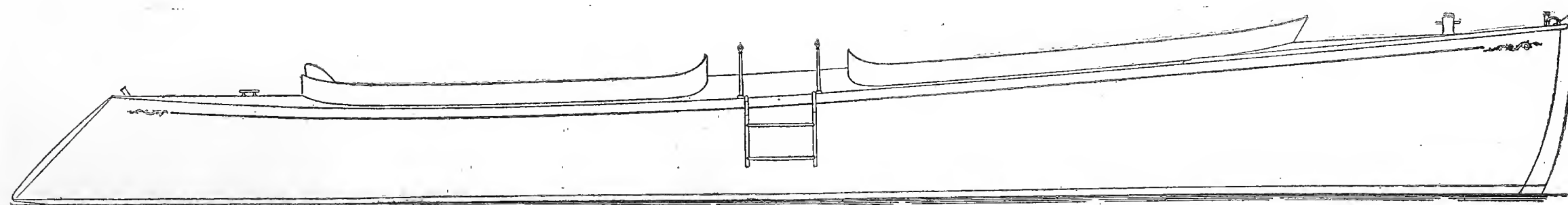
L=Length.

P=Perimeter in meters.

S=Sail area in meters.

The sailing section came into existence in 1903. It was founded by several members owning sailing yacht and besides the general subscription to the society, they pay an annual fee of \$50, the whole amount of which is given in prizes. The members of this section have regattas of their own besides those of the society. There are about fourteen regattas during the season, and they are sailed on Sunday. The society gives generally a medal for three yachts racing together in one class, two medals for four, and three medals for seven yachts. Besides these medals the sailing section usually gives one or two prizes, either silver plate or something else.

The regattas take place on Sunday. The course is generally laid off in triangular shape; if the wind is strong enough the course is sailed twice over. There are some challenge cups, and the late Dr. W. Mareet gave



OPEN LAUNCH—LINES, SECTIONS, OUTBOARD AND INBOARD PROFILES AND ARRANGEMENT PLANS.
Designed by Small Bros. for H. W. Hornthal.

three big silver flower-stands as perpetual challenge cups for the big, medium, and small sailing yachts. The one-design boats race in one class.

Rowing Section.—At all times some rowing has been going on in the society, so those who like that sport have founded the rowing section. There are some good teams, who often won the national championship. One training chief and two commissaries manage this section.

Motor Launch Section.—There are about 20 motor launches besides the steam launches. The first motor launch regatta took place in 1901, but no classification was adopted but the number of horsepower and the length; the 4 horsepower boat had to race against the 6 horsepower craft, etc. This was not satisfactory, and a commission of several members tried to solve this difficult question. Now they have adopted the formula of the American Power Boat Association.

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Dec. 11.—Whatever may be done by the clubs of Massachusetts Bay, in regard to accepting the proposed new rating rule, it is quite certain that there will be no new developments, so far as building is concerned, except in the classes that have already been formed here and raced, chiefly 22-footers, 18-footers and 15-footers. There may be more or less racing of handicap classes, which form of competition became somewhat popular among the older yachts last season, the allowances being arranged upon a percentage basis. In some cases the remedy of one-design classes has been applied where restrictions have been believed to have been weak; but it is not at all likely that one-design classes will ever become very popular in Massachusetts Bay.

The greatest development will be found in the 22ft. class, in which it is believed that there are as many as six boats already ordered, with more to follow. Messrs. Small Bros. have designed two of these boats, one being for Mr. H. H. White and the other for Mr. H. L. Bowden. Mr. H. H. White is also to have another 22-footer designed by Mr. E. A. Boardman, so that he will have two types from which to choose the faster boat for championship honors—that is, if both of the designs should be built to. Under the rules, only one boat can compete in the same class entered by one owner, and so Mr. White's search for championship honors may prove doubly expensive. Mr. B. B. Crowninshield will have one of his designs in the 22ft. class for the first time next season. Mr. Crowninshield will not state for whom he is designing the boat, but it is believed that she will be for Mr. W. H. Joyce, who owns the 22-footer Tayac. Mr. E. A. Boardman may have another boat in the 22ft. class. It is said that he has already designed the boat for a member of the Eastern Y. C., and that the order for building her has been given to the Lawleys, but Mr. Boardman denies any knowledge of such a craft. It is strange that in Massachusetts Bay, where there has been so much development in small classes, that those intending to build give orders to the designers to maintain the strictest secrecy. It does not avail much, as a rule, and is more likely than anything else to keep yachtsmen out of classes in which they would build if they had some idea of how many yachts were coming out and who the owners would be.

Mr. C. C. Hanley, who built Genesee, and who has turned out many champions in the Massachusetts Bay classes, is to try a hand in the 22ft. class. He is to design and build a keel boat for Mr. A. C. Jones. Mr. Hanley feels confident of being up with the leaders with this boat, and his record in the past in small boats would lead one to believe that he has considerable ground for this confidence. It was confidently expected that Mr. George Lee would be in the game with a new boat of Boardman design, but he has changed his mind and will race one of the older boats; and thereby hangs a tale. It seems that Mr. Lee, who is the owner of Peri II., has been watching Medric, owned by Mr. H. H. White during the past season and when, in an exchange of skippers in a scrub race at Provincetown Mr. Lee sailed Medric and beat Peri II., he became all the more impressed with her ability. So, instead of building a new boat, he purchased Medric from Mr. White, through Messrs Small Bros. Dr. Morton Prince, who has become an enthusiast in racing, has purchased Mr. Lee's Peri II. through Mr. E. A. Boardman. Dr. Prince has commissioned Mr. Boardman to make such alterations as will improve Peri II., and she will be raced constantly next season. It is thought that there will be other new 22-footers before the spring. It would not be surprising if Messrs. Burgess & Packard should get an order for one before very long. No new boat has been heard from yet for Mr. Summer H. Foster, the sponsor of the 22ft. class, but it is believed that he will be out with one when the season opens.

Messrs. Burgess & Packard have received an order for a racing 30-footer, but who the yacht is to be for has not been announced. They have also received the order for the new floating hospital ship for the city of Boston. They have orders for two 15-footers whose owners' names are withheld. They are at work on the lines of a 25ft. and a 23ft. launch.

Ten one-design 17-footers are being built at Lawley's, from designs of Mr. E. A. Boardman, for members of the Cohasset Y. C. It is understood that it was not the desire of the members to have the boats conform to the restrictions of the Massachusetts Eighteen-Foot Knockabout Association, although they could have done so easily enough, and in this resolve a compliment is paid indirectly to the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts, as well as to the Massachusetts Eighteen-Foot Knockabout Association. The reason is said to be because it was feared that if the boats conformed to the association restrictions, they would not stay at home, but would be out chasing the Y. R. A. of Massachusetts circuits. Mr. Boardman last week received an order for a Seawanahaka Cup challenger from a syndicate of Manchester Y. C. members headed by Mr. A. Henry Higginson. It has been stated that Mr. Boardman has received two orders for Seawanahaka boats, but this is really the first one. It is expected, however, that he will receive an order for a second boat. This designer has turned

out the lines for a fleet of one-design 14ft. sailing tenders, which will be raced at Manchester.

Col. W. R. Nelson, of Kansas City, Mo., who has been for some years a summer resident of Gloucester, has sold his cruising schooner Hoosier to Mr. Edgar Harding, of the Eastern Y. C. The Hoosier is a fine type of cruising yacht, 125ft. over all, 104ft. waterline, 25ft. 2in. beam and 12ft. 5in. draft. She was designed by Mr. Isaac Mills, and was built on the molds of the Burgess fishing schooner Fredonia by Mr. John Bishop, of Gloucester.

Mr. Alanson Bigelow, Jr., is to have a fast cruising gasoline launch from plans of Messrs. Swasey, Raymond & Page. She will be used by Mr. Bigelow as a ferry between Boston and Scituate. The new boat will be 65ft. over all, 60ft. waterline and 8ft. 8in. beam. She will have a 75 horsepower engine. Messrs. Swasey, Raymond & Page have orders for two 40ft. cruising launches; a 35ft. auxiliary yawl; a 36ft. auxiliary yawl; three 30ft. cabin launches, and one 30ft. speed launch.

At the annual meeting of the Beverly Y. C., held in the committee room, 322 Exchange building, Boston, on Friday, Dec. 9, the following officers were elected: Com., Lewis S. Dabney; Vice-Com., W. E. C. Eustis; Sec'y, F. A. Eustis; Treas., Lawrence Whitcomb; Meas., F. E. Cabot. Members of Council at Large—E. M. Farnsworth and N. H. Emmons. Regatta Committee—Howard Stockton, Charles Whittemore, F. E. Cabot, Chas. H. Taylor, Jr., Joshua Crane, Jr., R. W. Emmons 2d and F. A. Eustis. House Committee—Dr. E. S. Wood, W. E. C. Eustis, N. H. Emmons, Lawrence Whitcomb and Louis Bacon. Admission Committee—F. L. Dabney, F. A. Eustis, F. W. Sargent, John Parkinson, Jr., and David Rice. A committee, consisting of David Rice, J. L. Stackpole and R. W. Emmons 2d, was appointed to report to the club, as soon as possible, recommendations for revising the rules of the restricted classes of the club and also to recommend restrictions for a new 15ft. class. The reports of the secretary and the treasurer showed the club to be in good condition.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

British Letter.

SOME few weeks ago there was considerable discussion in the yachting papers of this country upon the subject of yacht sailors and their racing money, and indirectly the subject of their wages was brought in. The contention of many owners was that the prize money which it is usual to allot to the crew of a winning yacht is out of all proportion to the value of the prize won, especially in view of the fact that the men are paid a very good weekly wage for their services, and are supplied with clothes and grub money when racing. There is no question but that the cost of yacht racing has increased enormously of late years, owing to the development of the modern type of vessel with her heavy lead keel and immense spars and sails. It is also equally beyond doubt that the value of the prizes offered has not increased, but rather diminished, so that a considerable amount of extra expense falls on the back of the owner. Add to this the fact that the life of racing yachts, however successful, rarely lasts more than two seasons, and that when done with as racers they are very difficult to dispose of; and it will be seen that the owner of a modern racing yacht is severely handicapped as compared with racing men of twenty years back, and it behooves them to do all they can in the way of proper economy.

It has been the custom for many years to give the crew one pound apiece for every first prize won; ten shillings for any other prize, and five shillings per man for each race when no prize is won. Some owners consider this excessive, and there can be little doubt that they are right. The mate gets a regular wage of thirty-two shillings a week—more in some cases—and the crew twenty-six shillings a man, besides which various sums from one shilling six pence to two shillings six pence a man are allowed for grub money on race days. For owners who pay their men so liberally as this and also provide them with clothes, shoes, caps, oilskins and sou'westers, to be saddled with prize money in the ratio quoted above, seems, to say the least of it, unjust.

A meeting of owners was held at the Royal Thames Y. C. on Nov. 1, to consider the question of prize money, and it was understood that an agreement was come to that prize money should bear a certain proportion to the value of the prizes won. What that proportion was to be was, however, not fixed, but was left for a future meeting to decide.

It is a healthy sign to see the matter taken up by a club, but it would be far more satisfactory to find the attention of the only body that is capable of dealing with such a subject directed to it. That body is, of course, the Yacht Racing Association, but it is to be feared that it will not make any move in the matter, seeing that it will do nothing to improve its rating rule or to bring in tables of scantlings to insure yachts being solidly and substantially built. The Y. R. A. is invariably afraid to make a move in times of stress, and we have in consequence the unpleasant spectacle of the ruling body in yachting matters, refusing to take up anything in the way of reform. Nobody wishes to give the professional yachtsman less than his due; but it is quite certain that the majority of owners cannot afford to pay them more than they deserve, and when it is considered how these same men make a living during the winter months—some in fishing smacks, some in coasters and nearly all working hard during the cold, bitter months when the sea is a very different place to what it is in the sunny summer months—it is felt that a reasonable reduction and rearrangement of prize money will be no injustice to them. The Y. R. A. ought certainly to take the matter up and settle it at once, so that the next season may be begun with a clear understanding between owners and crew.

Following on the news that we are to have a Herreshoff 52-footer in competition with our boats next season, comes the equally welcome intelligence that Mr. W. P. Burton, one of our most ardent amateur helmsmen and keenest of yachtsmen, is going to replace his Fife boat Lucida with a 52-footer from the

board of the young Glasgow designer Mylne, a former pupil of the late Mr. G. L. Watson. Mylne is already represented in the class by Moyana, which was last year's crack and very little inferior to this year's champion Maymon. Mr. Burton had thoughts of getting a boat from Herreshoff, but in view of the fact that one has already been ordered by Mrs. Turner Farley, who will be a newcomer to the class, he thought it more in the interest of the sport if he went to a British designer. He has made a wise choice, for Mylne has had a most successful record for some years past, and at the present moment he leads the list of Clyde winners in no fewer than five classes out of eight. Moyana is a beautifully proportioned boat; but Mylne will have no difficulty in improving upon her, as she is only the second 52-footer he has designed, and Mr. Burton may be sure of having a very fast boat. The building of two new vessels for this class assures its success for another year.

E. H. KELLY.

"Forest and Stream" Designing Competition No. IV.

Sixty-foot Waterline Cruising Power Boat.

\$225 in Prizes.

THE three designing competitions previously given by FOREST AND STREAM have been for sailing yachts. In this competition, the fourth, we are to change our subject and give the power boat men an opportunity. The competition is open to amateurs and professionals, except that the designers who received prizes in any of the three previous contests may not compete in this one.

The following prizes will be given:

First prize, \$100.

Second prize, \$60.

Third prize, \$40.

Fourth prize, \$25, offered by Mr. Charles W. Lee for the best cabin arrangement.

Mr. Henry J. Gielow, N.A., has very kindly agreed to act as judge. In addition to making the awards, Mr. Gielow will criticise each of the designs submitted; and the criticisms will be published in these columns.

The designs will be for a cruising launch propelled by either gasoline or kerosene motors, conforming to the following conditions:

I. Not over 60ft. waterline.

II. Not over 4ft. draft.

III. A signalling mast only to be shown.

IV. Cabin houses, if used at all, to be kept as low and narrow as possible.

V. Construction to be of wood, and to be strong, simple, and inexpensive. The cost of the boat complete in every detail must not exceed \$9,000.

VI. The location of tanks and engine or engines to be carefully shown. Either single or twin-screws may be adopted. The power and type of the motor must be specified.

VII. The boat must have a fuel capacity sufficient to give a cruising radius of 700 miles at a rate of 8 miles an hour. The maximum speed shall not be more than 14 miles nor less than 10 miles. The estimated maximum speed must be specified.

VIII. All weights must be carefully figured, and the results of the calculations recorded. A thousand-word description of the boat and a skeleton specification must accompany each design.

The design must be modern in every particular, without containing any extreme or abnormal features. We wish to produce an able, safe, and comfortable cruising boat, one that will have ample accommodations, so that the owner and his wife and two guests, or three or four men, can live aboard, and one that can easily be managed at all times by two or three paid hands in addition to the steward. The draft is restricted to 4ft. in order that the boat may have access to nearly all harbors, canals and rivers North and South, and may thereby widely increase the cruising field. We have in mind a boat that can be used North in the summer and South in the winter, and a craft well able to withstand outside passage along the coast in all seasons of the year.

Special attention must be given to the cabin arrangement. The interiors should be original, but devoid of any impractical features. Arrangements should be made for a direct passage forward and aft without going on deck.

Drawings Required.

I. Sheer plan. Scale, 1/2in.=1ft.

II. Half breadth plan. Scale, 1/2in.=1ft.

III. Body plan. Scale, 1/2in.=1ft.

IV. Cabin plan and inboard profile and at least one cross-section. Scale, 1/2in.=1ft.

V. Outboard profile. Scale, 1/2in.=1ft.

The drawings should be carefully made and lettered; all drawings should be preferably on tracing cloth or white paper, in black ink. No colored inks or pigments should be used.

The drawings must bear a *nom de plume* only, and no indication must be given of the identity of the designer. In a sealed envelope, however, the designer must inclose his name and address, together with his *nom de plume*.

All designs must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York, not later than February 3, 1905. All drawings will be returned. Return postage should accompany each.

The FOREST AND STREAM reserves the right to publish any or all the designs.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

LAKE YACHTSMEN MEET AT DETROIT.—Many freshwater yachtsmen went to Detroit on December 3 to attend the meetings of the Interlake Yachting Association and the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes, held at the Russell House. The Yacht Racing Union elected Mr. Thomas B. Pritchard, of Rochester, chairman, and Mr. J. D. Rutherford, of Toronto, secretary. The Y. R. U. does not at present recognize boats of less than 25ft. in length. It was moved that this length be reduced so that smaller boats might be recognized, but no action was taken. The Yacht Racing Union is a federation embracing the Lake Yacht Racing Association of Lake Ontario, the Interlake Yachting Association of lakes Huron and Erie, and the Lake Michigan Yachting Association.

The Interlake Yachting Association elected the following officers: Com., George H. Worthington, Cleveland; Vice-Com., Franklin H. Walker, Detroit; Rear-Com., John F. Craig, Toledo; Sec'y-Treas., Warren J. Brodie, Cleveland; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. J. P. McInnis, Toledo.

New rules were adopted by the Interlake Y. A. covering the 16ft., 18ft. and 20ft. classes. The new rules call for cabins on all boats except those of the 16ft. class.

ANOTHER 52-FOOTER ORDERED.—Only a fortnight has passed since we published the welcome news that Mrs. Turner Farley had ordered a 52ft. rater from Herreshoff for racing in British waters next season. Now comes the equally welcome intelligence that Mr. W. P. Burton, owner of Lucida, has commissioned Mylne to turn him out a new boat for the same class. Mr. Burton announced the fact at the dinner of the Orwell Corinthian Y. C. on November 19, when he stated that he, too, had been in correspondence with Herreshoff, but had made up his mind that it would be more in the interests of the class if he went to a British designer. We congratulate him on his choice. It is true that Mylne during his short career has only been responsible for two of the class—Forsa and Moyana—but the clever young designer has shown conspicuous ability in dealing with the Clyde 20-ton one-design class and the South Coast one-design class, and the Clyde carries on its bosom during the summer months a whole fleet of smaller boats of his creation which bring him into direct competition with Fife, of Fairlie, with results eminently satisfactory to the former pupil of the late Mr. G. L. Watson. Forsa was not quite a success, but Moyana, in spite of continuous bad luck, was the crack boat of last year, and is very little inferior to this year's champion, Maymon.

If Mylne's new boat should prove a great advance upon Moyana, Herreshoff will have a hard nut to crack, for Mr. Burton does not give much away in the handling of his vessels, and he is as keen a yachtsman as is to be found anywhere round the coast. The interest in the 52ft. class for 1905 may be said to be assured. What most people will be curious to know is how the American designer will tackle the English rating rule, and whether he will make any considerable departure from the form of body which has been adopted by our designers, with little modification, since the rule came into being in 1901.—London Field.

MOTOR BOAT RACES ON LAKE WORTH.—The Palm Beach Power Boat Association will give races for motor boats on Lake Worth. The races will take place on February 1-3, and there will be four events each day. Mr. Henry M. Flagler is president and Mr. Fred. Sterry is secretary and treasurer of the Palm Beach Power Boat Association.

TWO FISHING SCHOONERS IN OCEAN RACE.—The fishing schooners Independence II. and Ingomar left Gloucester, Mass., on November 29 and raced from that port to Bay of Islands, N. F. Ingomar won, reaching her destination on December 2, after the fast run of four days. The race was arranged between the captains of the two vessels, and the stake was a fur coat. Heavy N.W. winds were encountered, and the weather was decidedly sloppy. The nasty weather conditions did not prevent the captains from cracking on all sail, and as the two schooners kept well together until Cape Breton was reached, it may be imagined that the race was an exciting one.

TURBINE STEAM YACHT ALBION.—The triple-screw turbine-engined steam yacht Albion, launched on November 24, has been built for Sir George Newnes, Bart., M. P., by Messrs. Swan, Hunter & Wigham Richardson, at their Neptune Works, Newcastle-on-Tyne, from the designs of Sir William White, K.C.B. The steam turbines and main propelling machinery have been designed by Hon. Charles A. Parsons, C.B., and manufactured at the Turbinia Works, Wallsend-on-Tyne.

The principal dimensions of the Albion are: Length over all, 270ft.; breadth, 34ft.; moulded depth, 20ft.; tonnage (yacht measurement), about 1,260 tons.

A fundamental idea in the design is the adoption of moderate speed, and the utilization of the relatively large dimensions in the best possible accommodation. On the contract trial the maximum speed contemplated is 15 knots, and for this speed ample power has been provided. In the design of the turbines it has been laid down that there shall be unprecedented economy of coal at cruising speeds; which involves a new departure as compared with other turbine-propelled yachts.

Very large bunker capacity has been provided; sufficient, indeed, to enable the Albion to perform the longest ocean passages, and to undertake a voyage round the world if required. At present coal is to be used, but the bunkers have been built so as to be suitable for oil fuel, and the cylindrical boilers can be readily adapted for burning oil. The bunkers are so placed as to minimize the labor on coal trimming, while the consumption of fuel will simply lighten the draft of water, leaving the trim of the yacht and her stability practically unchanged.

There will be three masts, but only steadying sail, steam power alone being depended upon for propulsion. The three shafts and three propellers will give practical security against breakdown, and the reversing and maneuvering power is very large.

The provision for accommodation is exceptional in extent. The drawing and dining rooms, as well as the owner's apartments—including two sleeping cabins, a writing room, bath-room, etc.—are placed in a long deck-house and connected by a broad longitudinal corridor. All these rooms are of large size, with ample provision for light and air, while they are high above water. Above this deck-house is a promenade deck, extending about two-thirds the length of the yacht.

The fore end forms the principal navigating station, with chart houses and all necessary fittings, and an upper bridge is also fitted. A spacious smoking room is built on the promenade deck. Arrangements are made by which a portion of the upper deck, immediately before the drawing room, can be screened off by shutters extending down from the promenade deck to the bulwarks, and used as a supplementary lounge, or "sitting out" place. In the tropics this space would afford excellent sleeping quarters.

On the lower deck forward there are seven staterooms and three bath-rooms, with a central corridor 5ft. wide, at the after end of which a broad and easy staircase leads to the deck-house, sheltering the access from the upper deck. Besides the staterooms in this forward compartment, there are a large writing room and a separate ladies' sitting room; abaft the engine room there are five staterooms with bath-rooms for gentlemen, and one of these rooms is fitted for photographic work.

There are eight transverse water-tight bulkheads, and, in addition, there is a water-tight steel lower deck extending throughout the length, except in the region of the boiler room. The boiler room, engine room, and coal bunker each form a separate compartment.

Electric power is to be used for nearly all auxiliary purposes—steering, cable work, warping, boat-hoisting, ventilation, lighting and heating—a very powerful installation, with turbo-generators, has been provided. Among the special features of equipment may be mentioned a powerful oil motor launch 36ft. in length, a sailing boat of large size and arrangement for lifting and stowing a motor car.—The Yachtsman.

SMALL ONE-DESIGN CLASS FOR SEACLIFF Y. C.—Nine members of the Seaclyff Y. C. have ordered one-design boats which are being built at the Greenwich Yacht Yard, Greenwich, Conn. The boats are small craft of the type known as Larks.

CHANGES ON GERMAN EMPEROR'S SCHOONER METEOR.—For some time past Messrs. A. Cary Smith & Ferris have been corresponding with a representative of the German Emperor regarding changes on the schooner Meteor. It has been definitely decided what alterations will be made, and plans have been drawn by the designers which cover all the changes. More rake will be given the stern post, and changes will be made in her sections forward. Some twenty tons on inside weight will be removed, and the equivalent in lead will be placed on her keel. It is believed that these changes will make the boat faster and also reduce her rating so that less time will be given to competitors in the future.

"RECENT DESIGNS."—Messrs. Gardner & Cox have issued an interesting little brochure entitled "Recent Designs." The pamphlet is well illustrated by numerous photographs of this firm's many successful boats. The reading matter describes some of their recent productions. A copy may be had by writing to Messrs. Gardner & Cox.

THE HISTORY OF YACHTING, 1600 TO 1815.—Captain Arthur H. Clark's book, "The History of Yachting, 1600 to 1815," published under the direction of the New York Y. C., has been distributed to the subscribers. The work is a beautiful example of book-making, and it will be reviewed in these columns in an early issue.

Canoeing.

Officers of A. C. A., 1905.

Commodore—C. F. Wolters, 14 Main St., East Rochester, N. Y.
Secretary—H. M. Stewart, 85 Main St., East Rochester, N. Y.
Treasurer—F. G. Mather, 30 Elk St., Albany, N. Y.

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Rear-Commodore—F. C. Hoyt, 57 Broadway, New York.
Purser—C. W. Stark, 118 N. Montgomery St., Trenton, N. J.
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Racing Board—H. L. Quick, Yonkers, N. Y.

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Purser—W. S. Stanwood, Wellesley, Mass.
Executive Committee—Wm. J. Ladd, 18 Glen Road, Winchester, Mass.; F. W. Notman, Box 2344, Boston, Mass.; O. C. Cunningham, care E. Teel & Co., Medford, Mass.; Edw. B. Stearns, Box 63, Manchester, N. H.
Racing Board—Paul Butler, U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.; H. D. Murphy, alternate.

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Rear-Commodore—J. W. Sparrow, Toronto, Canada.
Purser—J. V. Nutter, Montreal, Canada.
Executive Committee—C. E. Britton, Gananoque, Ont.; Harry Page, Toronto, Ont.
Board of Governors—J. N. MacKendrick, Galt, Ont.
Racing Board—E. J. Minett, Montreal, Canada.

WESTERN DIVISION.

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Rear-Commodore—Charles J. Stedman, National Lafayette Bank, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Purser—George A. Hall, care of Bank of Commerce, Cleveland, O.
Executive Committee—Thomas P. Eckert, 31 West Court St., Cincinnati, O.; Dr. H. L. Frost, 10 Howard St., Cleveland, O.
Board of Governors—Henry C. Morse, Peoria, Ill.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Jan. 16-20.—Pittsburg, Pa.—First annual tournament of the Iroquois Rifle Club.

New York City Schuetzen Corps.

It is a keen pleasure to note the large attendance at the gallery practice shoots of the above society. Over 75 per cent. of the members appear regularly at each shoot, always eager for the fray, always looking forward to the evening when they again meet, knowing well the good fellowship extended to all and for which this club is noted. Under the leadership of Capt. J. H. Hainhorst, and with such men as ex-Sheriff Wm. F. Grell, Capt. J. G. Tholke and others taking an active interest in the contest, it is not to be wondered at when one exclaims at the large attendance. Popular leaders make popular clubs. Scores:

R. Gute 243, 243; G. Ludwig 237, 241; B. Zettler 235, 237; C. Meyer 239, 228; J. C. Bonn 237, 226; J. N. Herriman 232, 230; C. Schmitz 231, 226; O. Schwaneman 223, 233; J. Von Ronn 227, 228; G. Thomas 218, 235; F. Facompre 226, 227; D. Peper 224, 229; Capt. J. H. Hainhorst 221, 232; H. B. Michaelson 224, 215; G. W. Offerman 221, 228; J. H. Meyer 229, 220; H. Haase 230, 219; J. Facklamm 224, 224; H. Beckman 223, 224; H. Lohden 214, 231; N. C. L. Beverstein 219, 225; H. Nordbruch 223, 220; C. Sievers 231, 211; H. Offerman 220, 220; W. Dahl 221, 218; A. D. Beckman 223, 214; C. J. Brinkama 220, 217; H. Kroeger 219, 217; J. Willenbrock 221, 214; A. W. Lemcke 221, 213; H. Gobber 221, 213; J. G. Voss 220, 213; Dr. C. Grosch 217, 215; C. Mann 223, 208; G. H. Wehrenberg 217, 213; H. D. Meyer 205, 225; H. Hesse 216, 212; J. Jantzen 217, 218; H. Martens 225, 200; M. J. Then 215, 210; A. Evers 210, 214; H. Quaal 209, 214; H. C. Hainhorst 218, 204; R. Ohms 210, 211; C. Roffman 208, 213; ex-Capt. J. G. Tholke 213, 207; L. C. Hagenah 210, 208; J. Paradies 213, 205; J. Bradley 207, 207; G. H. Fixen 205, 207; H. Kahrs 189, 222; H. Decker 207, 201; J. C. Brinckman 195, 212; A. Giebelhaus 198, 210; Von Der Leith 216, 186; M. V. Dwingels 186, 215; C. Konig 206, 195; W. F. Grell 187, 213; Aug. Beckmann 198, 202; W. Ulrich 188, 210; H. Koster 211, 187; W. J. Behrens 216, 179; N. W. Haaren 211, 183; H. Hoenisch 194, 200; L. N. Goldstein 188, 200; F. Lamkna 191, 193; W. Schaefer 191, 190; A. Lederhaus 197, 184; H. Leopold 181, 198; A. Sibbers 202, 177; J. F. R. Ernest 193, 172; F. Schulz 185, 174; B. Kumm 166, 169; G. Bohlken 142, 189; F. Gobber 169, 144.

Bullseye target: G. Ludwig 25½ degrees, F. Gobber 46½, H. Kahrs 47½, J. H. Meyer 49, N. C. L. Beverstein 53, A. J. F. Sibbers 58, W. J. Behrens 60, A. W. Lemcke 90½, H. Quaal 93, J. G. Tholke 93, A. Beckman 93½, J. Facklamm 94, R. Gute 94½, C. J. Brinkama 97, C. Mann 99.

New York Independent Corps.

The following scores were recorded at headquarters, 159 West Twenty-third street, Thursday evening, Dec. 8. Capt. Gus Zimmerman led the race for high scores with a total of 490 out of a possible 500 for his 20 shots. Scores: Gus Zimmerman 244, 246; Lambert Schmidt 244, 244; A. Begerow 236, 243; F. Liegibel 237, 229; F. A. Young 236, 235; Geo. Zimmerman 236, 231; H. Koch 233, 232; J. Billschier 225, 239; E. Kiefer 228, 230; B. Eusner 224, 232; J. Schmid 227, 229; J. Facklamm 223, 224; H. J. Behrens 226, 214; E. Gartner 217, 211; F. C. Halbe 187, 197.

Zettler Rifle Club.

SEVERAL high scores were recorded at the regular weekly practice shoot, held Dec. 6. L. C. Buss was again high man, with R. Gute and W. A. Tewes close seconds. Scores: Louis C. Buss 1229, W. A. Tewes 1223, R. Gute 1223, Owen Smith 1213, C. Zettler, Jr., 1209, H. C. Zettler 1201, A. Begerow 1198, C. G. Zettler 1196, L. Maurer 1187, T. H. Keller 1178, F. J. Herpers 1177, B. Zettler 1168, H. Fenwirth 1158, G. J. Bernius 1153.

Italian Rifle Club.

AN even dozen shooters faced the targets in the opening practice shoot of the above club, Dec. 5. Ten-shot scores follow on the 25-ring target, all shooting offhand, 75ft.: Selvaggi 241, Olbieri 234, Branchi 233, De Fellice 229, Cassetti 229, Muzzi 228, Ramondi 227, Minervini 226, Stoebili 219, Gaglione 212, Corbions 210, D'Angelo 206.

Ohio Rifle Notes.

Capt. O. O. Fisher, of Co. L., O. N. G., led the scores at target practice on the Sidney range, with 42 out of a possible 50.

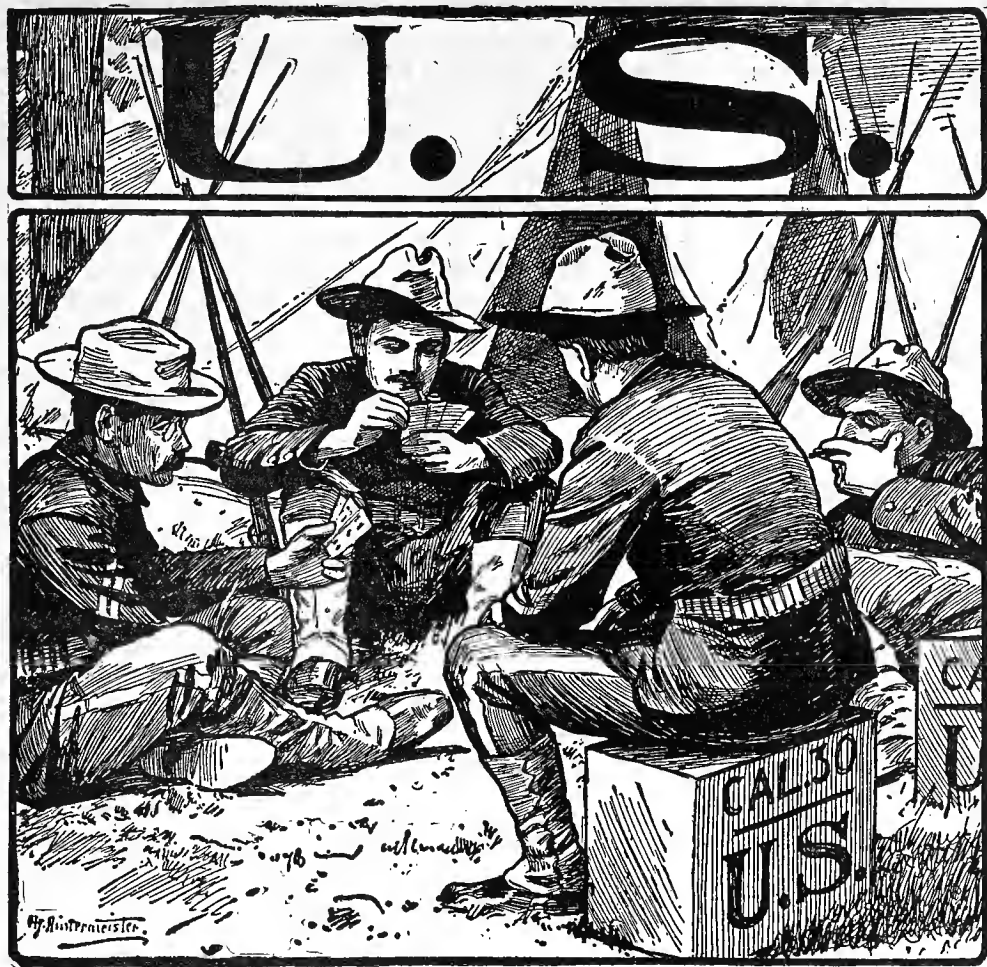
An effort will be made by parties interested to secure the location of the proposed government rifle range for the militia at some point convenient for Co. M, of Greenville, and Co. 1, of Union City.

Rifle Notes.

A Philadelphia firm has secured the contract for the manufacture of the telescope sights to be mounted on the large guns on the new battleships now building for the U. S. Navy. We all know that the Government is rather tardy about accepting anything that is new, without an exhaustive trial, therefore, the letting of this contract is proof positive of the superiority of the telescopic sight.

Frank A. Foster, for many years connected with a firearms company, died recently at his home, Norwich, Conn., after a brief illness.

The following is taken from the Brooklyn Eagle: "Washington, Dec. 7.—Charles H. Laird, an expert rifle shot and winner of the international championship in 1879, is dead here as the result of a stroke of paralysis. He was born in Columbus, O., in 1847, and had been employed in the Post Office Department for twenty-five years. In 1879, he won the Wimbledon cup in New York, which gained him the title of international champion, and he was a member of the National Guard team of the District of Columbia, which won the \$5,000 Hilton trophy four consecutive years. He was one of the twelve men of the National Rifle Club which went to Dublin in 1880 to shoot against the Irish team, and won a cup, his score being thirteen consecutive bullseyes at 800yds. In the National Guard shoot at Bennings, D. C., in 1884, he scored fifteen consecutive bullseyes out of a possible fifteen, making a total score of 541 out of a possible 675 at 1000yds. He thrice won the Gittings diamond trophy, and had a large collection of other medals."



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The Interstate Association's Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Interstate Association was held at Oakland, N. J., on the morning of Dec. 8 last, but was adjourned later to the offices of the Laffin & Rand Powder Co., 99 Cedar street, New York, where the meeting was again called to order at 1:50 P. M., with President Irby Bennett in the chair. Every company that is a stockholder in the Association was represented at the meeting, among those present being Mr. Irby Bennett, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; Mr. Thomas Hunter, of the Hunter Arms Co.; Mr. J. Howard Marlin, of the Marlin Fire Arms Co.; Mr. A. C. Barrell, of the Union Metallic Cartridge Co.; Mr. T. H. Keller, of the Peters Cartridge Co.; Mr. Paul North, of the Chamberlin Cartridge & Target Co.; Messrs. Louis and W. F. Parker, of Parker Bros.; Mr. Charles Tatham, of Tatham & Bros.; Mr. J. T. Skelly, of the E. I. duPont Company, and Mr. A. W. Higgins, of the Laffin & Rand Powder Co. The Hoyt Metal Co., the American E. C. & Schultze Gunpowder Co., Ltd., the Hazard Powder Co., and the Remington Arms Co. were all represented by proxy. Mr. B. Waters of FOREST AND STREAM; Mr. Will K. Park, of Sporting Life; Mr. W. R. Hobart, of the American Field, and Mr. M. Herrington, of Shooting and Fishing; honorary members of the Association, were also present, as was Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, secretary-manager of the Association.

The minutes of the special meeting, held Jan. 2, were read and approved.

After the general routine business, the report of Mr. A. W. Higgins, treasurer, was presented for the year ending this date. The report showed that the Association was in good financial standing, there being a substantial credit to the account of the Association. Upon motion, the report was received, approved and filed, and a vote of thanks tendered the treasurer.

The report of the secretary-manager was then read by Mr. Shaner, the report being subjoined:

PITTSBURG, Pa., Dec. 3, 1904.

To the President, Officers and Members of the Interstate Assn.

Gentlemen: In submitting my twelfth annual report of transactions of the Secretary-Manager's office, I might condense the work, like Cæsar, by saying that as usual we came, saw and conquered, were it not that the public interest in the one sport that shows no signs of ever growing stale, is unflagging, and demands at least a cursory review, as in its third lustrum since my connection it continues to absorb interest, growing by what it feeds upon, and I must again repeat that the season was unquestionably the most successful in its history—more contestants participating, more targets being trapped, and more money divided in purses than during any previous year.

The records of this office show that the sport of trapshooting is yearly growing stronger, and it will continue to do so while the public appreciate the fact that our nation's safety rests in the ability to shoot. To a company of marksmen, President Roosevelt said: "You may put a uniform on a man and a rifle in his hand, and then drill him, but if you do not educate him how to shoot to hit, another man can come along with a club and put him out of business." And ex-Secretary of War Root says: "I know of nothing more important in the way of preparation for war than teaching the young men of the country to shoot straight." When to this we can add that it is almost the only competitive sport remaining unvitiated by dishonesty, we can plume ourselves without fear of invidious criticism. In scanning the interim between 1893 and 1904 we have seen how "tall oaks from little acorns grow," and how the Interstate Association has grown to be the parent organization of its kind until its branches overshadow all the land.

The wisdom of the decision to confine our work during the year to the South, Southwest, Middle West and Northwest has been abundantly justified, for by it trapshooting has received an impetus that is patent to all observers. Westward the star of empire still takes its way, as well as in Bishop Berkeley's time.

Tournaments.

The first tournament of the season was held in Bristol, Tenn., April 6 and 7, on the grounds of the Bristol Gun Club. Though it rained almost continuously during the first day, promising May flowers galore, the contestants were not much edified thereby. The shooting, however, was exceptionally good, twenty-six contestants making a slight fraction under 90 per cent. for the entire day. The second day's shooting maintained the credit of the first, and the best of humor prevailed, and a large attendance of ladies lent interest to the work.

The second tournament was held under the wing of the Americus Gun Club, of Americus, Ga., April 27 and 28. The only thing complained of was the high wind, which had to be endured, as Old Probabilities could not be called to account. Magnolia Dell, where the tournament was held, had charms sufficient to neutralize the discomfort caused by fractious Æolus. Everything in

the way of creative comfort was at elbow, and the shooting was superb, both by amateurs and manufacturers' agents.

The third tournament was held at Nashville, Tenn., May 4 and 5, under the auspices of the Cumberland Park Driving Club, and the attendance was larger than anticipated, all sections of the country being represented. The weather was ideal, and the mockingbirds sang in sympathy with the general feeling. The shooting was good, and there was sufficient enthusiasm left from the first day to last until the close of the second.

Of course the fifth annual Grand American Handicap target tournament, held at Indianapolis, Ind., June 21 to 24, was the event of the season. It was held on the grounds of the Indianapolis Gun Club, and its assistance to make the meet perfect, I wish to specially acknowledge. Aided by all that up-to-date science in this line could devise, the enormous number of 155,300 targets were trapped during the tournament. The plan previously outlined of dividing contestants into five sections proved all that had been claimed in its favor. It established perfect equity as to weather, lights, waits, time of day, etc. Much time was saved and all the traps kept at work from start to finish. All who had shot under the old system unanimously gave adhesion to the new. Though preparation kept the manager and his assistants at work most of the preceding night, the result justified the outlay of effort. The event was characterized by the chivalrous demeanor of contestants and spectators, many of the latter ladies, and all "went merry as a marriage bell." Owing to the sizes of the event, it was necessary to its successful handling that the rules should be rigidly enforced, and they were, contestants yielding cheerful accord. The plan was made to be enforced, and contestants were required to conform. On the whole, the result justified the pains necessary to organize successful management. No readjustment nor afterthoughts were necessary, and as one contestant expressed it, "The whole thing ran only a little less smoothly than the Solar system." To enlarge further on the Indianapolis success would be painting the lily. It points the way to a limitless series of triumphs.

From Tennessee to Minnesota is a far cry, but our regular meet at Winona, Minn., July 4, 5 and 6, showed that Old Sol's progress north had warmed the veins of the Minnesotans to culmination, and the affair was well sustained for two days. Though the third day's attendance fell off, the result was sufficient to show that interest was awakened in southern Minnesota, and considerable eclat was generated by the Winona team capturing the La Cross Chronicle cup. The affair was under the patronage of the Winona Sportsmen's Club, and it left nothing to be desired.

At Grand Forks, N. D., we found everything that sportsman's heart could desire, on July 27 and 28. The Grand Forks Gun Club did nothing by halves when it took a long lease on its grounds; it intends to be a permanency, and like all organizations in its section, knows no such word as "fail." The event was one that would have caused the Hudson Bay Company's ancient hardy navigators of the Red River of the North to unbutton their eyes, could they have contemplated the future. Some of the foremost trapshooters, amateur and professional, were present, and good scores were the rule.

The seventh tournament of the season was given at Hot Springs, S. D., Aug. 24 and 25, under the fostering care of the Hot Springs Gun Club, and it was a good one—one necessary to draw visitors' attention from the fascinations of the most wonderful of nature's works—in close proximity to the wind cave, and also to the mausoleums of the diplodocus and other wonderful animals of pre-Adamite time. Though the background is not favorable for high scores, creditable records were made. A high wind marred the first day's work to some extent, but the second day's weather was better, and interest was unflagging to the close.

Whether attributable to politics, petroleum or other cause, the tournament at Huntington, W. Va., Sept. 7 and 8, was a frost. The first day's scores were good enough, but the patronage was so inadequate that it was deemed advisable to declare the second day's events off, to the disgust of all lovers of the sport, and especially to the Huntington Gun Club.

The wind-up for the season was held at Concordia, Kans., Sept. 28 and 29, where everything was in concord, except the weather. The tournament was under the auspices of the Concordia Blue Ribbon Gun Club. Whether the name had significance or otherwise, certain it is that the first day's weather was "very moist." Though Juliet said there was nothing in a name, yet the term "Blue Ribbon" is generally suggestive of the cold water adherents. Scores made were as good as could be expected, if not better, and the weather of the second day was so fine as to cause forgetfulness of the first day's discomfort.

Looking Forward.

While to some it may appear supererogatory to say more than has been said eulogistic of trapshooting, a few suggestions may not be inopportune. On the field of action trickery is out of the question, and is little to be apprehended in general, as the quali-

ties necessary to make a good trapshooter also, generally speaking, make him an honest man and too self-respecting to descend to chicanery. But, notwithstanding, the ounce of prevention prescribed in our rule as to manufacturers' representatives was timely and tends to prevent friction, while the parties proscribed are generous enough to admit its justice. In this connection I cannot forbear to suggest that some similar discrimination against expert amateurs might be healthful, and I have no doubt that most of them are sufficiently broad-minded to admit of its justice. The continued success of our organization depends on fostering a love of the sport among those who have not attained, but are desirous of acquiring, proficiency as marksmen, and their ardor should not be dampened by pitting them on even terms against expert amateurs, who are frequently equally expert with the most noted manufacturers' representative. As in horse racing and other sports, incumbrances are imposed to equalize, so I respectfully suggest some remedy equivalent. I am sorry to say that there is a widespread suspicion in the minds of the trapshooting fraternity that some in the category mentioned procure concessions from the manufacturer, which give them an undeserved advantage over the rank and file. Such discrimination cannot fail to be deleterious to the interest of clean sport, and, if possible, should be provided against and such forced from under cover as far as possible. Though the Interstate Association's well-earned character defends it, yet, like Cæsar's wife, it should be above the suspicion that may harbor in some tender minds. I have done all in my power to mitigate the evil, and respectfully solicit any assistance that can be afforded.

I think it will be well to confine our work for 1905 to virtually the same territory as in 1904, and it might be judicious to extend our work even further west, as the Occident is very appreciative.

The Grand American Handicap at Targets for 1905.

We have applications from a number of cities, and the place selected for holding it in 1905 demands careful consideration. We should select the place that promises the greatest good for the greatest number. All will agree that the Grand American Handicap cannot continue to grow indefinitely. It must inevitably reach a limit. In fact, I question the advisability of allowing indefinite growth. It has already reached proportions that put it almost, if not quite, beyond the power of humans to handle it successfully and maintain a true equity. Only those in immediate contact with the situation appreciate the magnitude of the work in connection with the Grand American Handicap, the major part not being visible from the surface. The detail, which is immense in amount, and which must be mastered prior to the actual time for holding the tournament, makes the work of conducting it appear comparatively easy during its few days' continuance; but all who have taken active part in it, know that it is sufficiently nerve-racking to satisfy the most strenuous, compelling much consumption of midnight oil and headache.

Miscellaneous Mention.

The work of the Secretary-Manager's office has reached such proportion as to virtually absorb all my time. Correspondence during the year now closing has been larger than ever before, and its growth during years past has not been spasmodic, but regular, making night work obligatory much of the time during the tournament season.

The properties of the Association are stored in Pittsburg, and fully covered by insurance.

In Conclusion.

I wish to repeat my thanks to our members for continued earnest support and uniformly generous treatment, and in this connection, the sportsmen's journals for their undeviating support and catholic comprehension of the situation and its requirements. Very respectfully submitted,

ELMER E. SHANER, Sec'y-Mgr.

The secretary read an application for membership from the Lefever Arms Company, the same being passed upon favorably.

The secretary also read letters from the Hazard Powder Company and from the American E. C. & Schultze Gunpowder Co., Ltd., withdrawing their memberships from the Association, the resignations being accepted.

A list of applications for tournaments during 1905 was read and referred to the Tournament Committee, as were the six applications for the Grand American Handicap of 1905.

Before adjourning, the stockholders of the Association elected a board of five directors, who in turn elected the officers for 1905. The five directors were: Messrs. Bennett, Bruff, Higgins, duPont and Parker.

The following officers were then elected: President, Irby Bennett; Vice-President, W. J. Bruff; Treasurer, A. W. Higgins. Mr. Elmer E. Shaner was unanimously elected to fill the office of Secretary-Manager.

The following committees were then appointed:

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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BUFFALO RELICS.

THE note on buffalo wallows, printed in another column, brings up many memories of a feature of the old West that is fast disappearing. Much has been printed about the buffalo trail, the buffalo wallow, the buffalo chip, and the buffalo rubbing stone—all of them, except the last, rapidly passing out of memory, and never again to be studied. All that is known about such relics left by America's greatest modern mammal should be set down. How valuable would be any observations—if we had them—concerning the ways of certain creatures that used to be, but are no more! Suppose that a naturalist like Mr. Chapman had spent a few weeks in the home of the great auk, or the dodo or Steller's sea cow, studying the habits of either of these; how great would have been the value of his observations to science.

As suggested by our correspondent, some buffalo wallows remain which to the present day bear no vegetation in the center, while others contain a growth of grass and weeds much more luxuriant than that of the surrounding soil, presumably on account of the water caught and held in the wallows. We are disposed to attribute this difference to the amount of use that the wallow has had; one used infrequently, or for a comparatively few years, still retaining the seeds and soil needed to produce the grass and weeds common on the prairie. A wallow which had been used for many years, however, would eventually be without seeds for germinating. The rolling and rubbing of the great beasts would grind up and destroy a certain proportion of the seeds, while a far greater proportion, mixed up with the mud of the wallow, would be carried away on the backs and sides of the animals that used the wallow for a bath. The tramping through the concavity and the rolling and spinning about of the buffalos would gradually wear through the loam or soil lying on the top of the prairie, turning it into mud which would be so carried away, and the gravel or hardpan beneath would at length be reached.

In time the buffalo, using the wallow in wet weather or when it contained water, would have carried away not only the seeds which would produce the grass and weeds, but also the soil necessary for the germination of seeds. After the soil had been removed, the chance that grass would sprout and grow on the hardpan, gravel or rock at the bottom of the wallow would be very slight, for are we not told of seed falling upon a rock that "as soon as it was sprung up, it withered away because it lacked moisture?" These reasons seem to afford satisfactory explanation of the lack of vegetation in some of the old buffalo wallows.

In the old buffalo trails the situation is somewhat different. Here the soil, ground up by the passage of countless feet for many generations, was blown away in fine dust by the constant winds of the prairie, but only the lightest of it was carried away, and many of the seeds would remain, sinking down lower and lower as the trail was deepened.

Another set of conditions prevailed in the old paths which still form trenches close about the rubbing stones in the buffalo ranges of the north. These trenches now hold only gravel and large stones, for the soil and the seeds, triturated against the stones and the gravel by the hoofs of the animals which walked about the rubbing stone, have been blown away. Here again there remain neither seeds to germinate nor soil to support them if they did germinate.

In many portions of the West, especially on the more unsettled northern plains, within the former range of the buffalo, the old trails may still frequently be seen, leading over the hills in different directions down to watering or crossing places that the buffalo once used. These trails are usually greener than the surrounding prairie. In them there has been no lack of seeds to germinate. Not only

have they held the seeds of the past, but the seeds of recent times have blown into them and grown, and now, nourished by the richer soil of the trail, they show up brightly, green long after the remaining prairie has turned brown.

And the buffalo bird is still in the land! Not so noticeable as in old days, yet still frequently seen, perching calmly on the back of horses or cattle, or walking on the ground among their feet. There was a time—but it is many years ago—when a flock of buffalo birds accompanied each little bunch of buffalo—almost each lonely old bull that fed on the prairie. But his name has recently been so far forgotten that it is only in 1900 that a student of birds in a printed paper said of the buffalo bird that it would be interesting to know if it formerly associated with the buffalo!

This species has been seen with buffalo, cattle, horses, and elk, and may very well have accompanied other species of large game.

SOMETHING ABOUT FURS.

VERY few people, except those connected with the fur trade, or who have had their attention directed to it, have any notion of the enormous destruction of animal life which takes place each year among fur-bearing animals, or of the very extraordinary way in which the supply of these animals appears to keep up. Even individuals in the fur trade, unless their attention is especially called to it, have little information on this point, and for the outsider the only way to gain any comprehension of it is to study the catalogues of the great fur dealers of England and the Continent.

There are only a few species which seem to be verging toward extinction; such are the sea otter, the beaver, over large tracts of country, certain sorts of fur seals, and a West African monkey. Northern Asia and northern North America still produce vast quantities of fur, and will long continue to do so.

Perhaps the most valuable fur in the world is that of the sea otter, formerly abundant on the shores of the Pacific Ocean in northern Asia and North America, but now in great danger of extermination, unless it shall soon be efficiently protected. Between 1772 and 1774 about 10,000 skins of the sea otter were taken in the Aleutian Islands, and the fur was so eagerly sought after that at the end of the eighteenth century 120,000 skins were taken each year. The results of such destruction could not be doubtful. The number killed soon fell to 15,000 each year, and in 1867, when Alaska was sold to the United States, it was 700. In 1901 it was 406, while in 1903 Messrs. Lampson & Co., of London, sold 463 skins, but they had none in January, 1904, and none in October. It is not unusual for a sea otter skin to sell for \$500, while remarkably good skins may bring two, three, or five times that price.

The only skin which approaches the sea otter in value is that of the black or silver fox. It is said that good skins of the black fox have been sold in St. Petersburg at from \$1,500 to \$4,000. A pair of silver skins in London sold for \$2,400, while a single skin is said to have brought \$1,000.

The Arctic foxes, known as white fox and blue fox, are in great demand. In 1903 Lampson & Co. sold more than 20,000 white skins and nearly 3,700 blue ones. Both these skins seem to be increasing in value. It is not long ago since the price of white fox skins ranged from \$1 to \$4. They are now said to be worth from \$16 to \$25, while the price of the blue fox skins runs from \$50 to \$75.

Almost 50,000 wolverine skins were sold in London last year, at prices ranging from \$4 to \$8 for good skins. Of Russian sable, nearly 30,000 were sold, or three times as many as were sold in all London in 1891. These expensive furs run from \$2.50 to \$75 in price, but occasionally skins are found which bring from \$250 to \$350 each. The Siberian sable, which is much more abundant, more than 470,000 skins having been sold last year, is an inexpensive fur, worth only about 50 cents apiece.

Mink and marten are cheap furs, and bring low prices, but the best pine marten bring from \$7.50 to \$12.50.

Otter skins again are costly, as are beaver, the supply of which, as has been said, seems to be failing.

Passing over a multitude of smaller and less well-known skins, it is to be noted that in the March sale of 1903, no less than 403 musk-ox skins were sold, as against

practically none at previous sales. These are valuable for robes, but the surprising increase in the number leads one to imagine that there is great danger of the extermination of this ancient species.

The Alaska seal catch this year was small, only 13,000 skins, against 19,000 last year. The skins taken at the Commander Islands appear to have been lost by the foundering of the ship that was bringing them. There are a multitude of other pelts used for different purposes, but hardly known to most readers, of which we need not speak, further than to say that last year nearly 1,000,000 skunk skins were sold at prices ranging from 25 cents to \$1.75.

WHITE MOUNTAIN FOREST RESERVE.

LAST week Senator Burnham, of New Hampshire, presented to the Senate a favorable report of the Committee on Forest Reservations on a bill to establish a White Mountain Forest Reserve. The report presents strong reasons in support of the measure; for careful investigation shows that the attacks on the forests of New Hampshire are to-day more severe than in any other part of the country.

The bill provides for the appropriation of \$5,000,000, of which \$1,000,000 shall be made immediately available, for the purpose of establishing in the White Mountain region a forest reserve, not to exceed 1,000,000 acres. It is pointed out that New Hampshire cannot afford to do this by herself, nor should she be asked to when the question is largely one of regulation of streams, which is of importance to Massachusetts more than to New Hampshire. No less than five rivers passing through Massachusetts have their sources in the White Mountains.

It is well recognized that the growth of timber is slow, and that the reforestation of areas cut over is a matter of from 60 to 100 years in the case of many species of trees. It can hardly be expected that private owners will look ahead far enough to conserve their forests for so distant a crop, and the Government should step in. The White Mountains have been for many years a health and pleasure resort visited by many eastern people, and only through the preservation of the forests can this aspect of the section be preserved.

IN the County Court of Malone county, N. Y., the suit of William G. Rockefeller against Oliver Lamora for trespass has been decided in favor of the plaintiff, and Mr. Rockefeller has been awarded 18 cents damages. The suit was a test case to determine Mr. Rockefeller's right to exclude the public from his Adirondack property. It was contended on behalf of the defendant that certain trails through the Rockefeller lands having been used for more than twenty years were public ways from which the people could not be shut out; and that the waters had been stocked from the State hatcheries and were in consequence free to the public for fishing. Both of these contentions were overruled. This prolonged fight between the two opposing interests has aroused much feeling in the vicinity and through the Adirondacks, where the old residents are naturally jealous of their rights, real or fancied, and the newcomers are impatient of interference with their estate-forming schemes. Local sentiment is illustrated by the fact that while Lamora had no personal means to fight his legal battles, funds were promptly forthcoming by popular subscription. The result of the present contest will probably not change local feeling; the men who have fished all their lives in Adirondack waters will still consider that they should enjoy the privilege perpetually.

WE have read with regret and sympathy the report of the affliction of Dr. J. H. Long, who has been suddenly, and it is feared permanently, bereft of sight. The same feelings must be shared by everyone; we can conceive of no other sentiment being entertained, not even by the harshest critic of Dr. Long's animal stories. In the absence of any authorized information which would indicate that this author's misfortune has resulted from criticisms of his nature writings, it should not be assumed that the criticisms have had anything to do with it. Certainly such a charge as a correspondent makes to this effect in another column should be sustained by something more substantial than mere sympathetic surmise; and until enlightened to the contrary, we shall cherish a belief that it has no other basis.

For Christmas Reading.

The Old-Fashioned Skate.

THE skating this Christmastide is fine, and Joe and I have spent two hours on the pond in delightful exercise. It has been a good many years since I had a skate on my foot, yet, save getting used to these modern machines, I would not think it had been a year; for the cunning was still there, and Joe could hardly keep pace with me, though I am sixty-five years old. Ah, but we could skate in those old days, and we had skates! It seemed to-day as if I were hustling over the ice with nothing on my feet, so irresponsible are those things they now call skates. To be sure, there was a kind of dead weight clinging to the soles of my shoes, but nothing that reminded me of skates. But there was nothing on my foot to tie a skate to, for with the old skate has passed the old boot. You cannot skate in shoes. So, as Joe and I glided over the ice, old memories came thronging back thick and fast. I thought how I would like to try my old skates with their long, low irons turned up over the toes, brass thimbles on the ends, heel-strap, toe-strap, and strings run out of leather cut from last year's boot-leg.

"What do I mean by run? I might have known you would not understand that word. Well, to 'run' a string, you took the best part of your last year's boot-leg, cut it into a square, stuck a pegging awl through the center, pinning it to a piece of board; then you stuck your jack-knife into the board at the edge of the leather, where, by turning the leather once round, you made it circular—your knife must be sharp—then you started your string the right size, made a gauge of a bit of wood, put it against the edge of your knife holding the leather down and gauging the size of your string; then you pulled the awl out and, holding the gauge in the left hand, you pulled away on the string with your right until the old boot-leg was all string. Don't you remember how Dido cheated the Africans? She run that bull's hide into a string. Leather strings were better for skates because a bit elastic, not so unsympathetic and cold as the 'cod-line,' and your feet would get numb.

"Don't know how skates were tied on? Why, you run this string through holes in the toe-straps, across the toe of your boot, passed the ends inside the heel-strap—that was an endless strap passing through the wood of your skate and round the counter of your boot—then you crossed the strings over the instep, passed the ends under the strings on the side of your boot, brought them together and tied fast, and you knew there was something on your feet.

"Why don't I get my old skates out and use them?

"Ah, distance lends enchantment! Illusions are sweet! And when you run the risk of dispelling them, and, at best, gaining nothing instead, you would better let the past be past. Besides one cannot take 'gone bys' out of the old days in which they had their natural setting and not sacrifice their charm. No, my old skates are hanging just where I want them to hang, in the old shed loft, where they have hung and rusted, straps, strings and all, these forty-five years. I go and take them down whenever I visit the old home, which is seldom enough now, and sometimes, when no one is near, I put them on; but the straps and strings are brittle, and I like not to strain them. But, oh, what throngs of memories they bring back! The old brook where we boys learned to skate, the old river, the dear, old anxious mother, and the old romance of a boy's life.

"It was on the river we had our best times, for there the numbers were increased, and we met our fate in the dark eyes, sweet face, and long curls of a little girl a few years younger than ourself, and with whom, on frosty evenings, hand in hand, we glided up and down the river. But others met her, and skated with her also. It was a strife between three of us who should draw Jeanie on his sled, or help her to skate. Bashful boys, all of us, yet in our awkward way we managed to monopolize her."

"Which got her?"

"Wait and see.

"We all met her at about the same time, and all three instantly became slaves. She lived on the other side of the river, where, winsome and bonnie, she reigned the belle of the district, and it was a great triumph for us, coming from afar, to win her from her own school chums. But nothing was too much trouble for either of us, if only it won the smile of Jeanie. Then we each tried to get ahead of the other, but never with any degree of success. We could hoodwink John and Foss, and all the rest, but not one another.

"One clear Christmas evening, when the first twenty-one years had slipped away, I took my skates and hastened to the old trysting place on the river, and living nearest the skating place, reached the gravel head first, and was rewarded by the privilege to strap Jeanie's skates on for her—girl's skates were strapped on. I eagerly performed the task, and hurriedly, for there were other things I wanted to say, and the skaters were coming. So abruptly, almost desperately, I said:

"I'm twenty-one to-day, Jeanie, and I can earn two dollars a day in the shipyard, and I have a house lot now. Won't you be my wife? The others are coming—answer quick!"

"I'll tell you to-morrow."

"I'd got in ahead, but somehow Dan and Fred, each managed that same evening to get her ear for a similar message, and received a similar answer. Now the problem was to get in ahead to-morrow. We went home together, Dan and Fred, and I, and on the way arranged to hunt rabbits in the morning, appointing the old rye field as the meeting place. I thought I had them then sure, for while they were going to the old field I would slip across the river and get my answer. So, promptly at 9 o'clock, I was in front of her home, and just as promptly Dan and Fred, were there, too. It was the old result, obtained over and over again, each succeeded in deceiving himself, but neither could deceive the other.

"But Jeanie had promised me an answer to-day, and of

course she would give it, only I must find the opportunity, and find it first. That evening we were all on the river again prompt as the three wise men from the East, and following as patiently our star. She did not allow any one of us to be alone with her, and neither of us allowed her to be alone with the other. There was no moon, but the stars were bright, and, though not much in detail, one could see fairly well. Fred, seemed to have a good deal of trouble getting his skates to tie right, so Jeanie offered to assist him. He was willing to have her do it. When she had finished, Dan suggested that she tie his, and then, of course, she must tie mine. So she tied them all, and then, edging away without any apparent purpose until some ten yards in advance of us, she suddenly darted down stream, challenging us to follow. We followed. It was a race for more than life. We were about equally matched as skaters, and neither gaining any advantage, we simply flew over that ice, following only a dim outline of flowing dress, or now a clear view of a flying form, gaining steadily, but as one, and likely to capture her at the same time, when instantly Fred, who had shot ahead, went sprawling on the ice, and Dan, one foot skateless, followed suit, while I sped on and—caught her. No, I didn't; when my hand was sure of the prize I, too, saw a million stars flashing indescrutable rays about me, and suddenly sat down on the ice with only one skate on."

"How strange that one skate from each of your feet came off!"

"We thought so for a minute, as we tied on our skates, or tried to, but when we got home—and we went direct home from the mishap—it all stood out plain. In tightening our skates she had half cut the strings so that in any extra strain they were sure to break. She made sure of victory before she challenged us.

"I went home that night and hung up my skates in the old shed loft, and there they hang to-day.

"Why didn't I go the next day and ask her?

"Ah, that rasc was her answer to us all!"

JOSEPH WOODBURY STOUT.

The Recapture of Black Jack.

SOJOURNING for a season in the lowlands of Mississippi, I had been for days fishing in a bayou of Pearl River.

The sport was good and I had a fairly heavy string of fish, most of which had been taken early in the day, when a breeze was stirring, and the sun had not burned out enthusiasm.

By mid-afternoon the heat had driven me to shelter under the shade of overhanging cypress trees, where I lay in the boat for several hours enjoying the perfect quiet, and waiting until the air cooled sufficiently to make the walk home pleasant.

Finally getting under way while the sun was an hour or so above the horizon, I welcomed the sight of Uncle Eph's cool looking vine-covered cabin, to which I came shortly after leaving the shelter of the woods.

The old man and I had first met on the bank of the bayou where I had found him fishing on my first trip there, and the acquaintance had continued and extended to his wife, Mandy.

I now frequently stopped at their cabin for a rest or drink of water, and often carried away a bunch of sweet, old-fashioned flowers from their garden.

As I drew near the old man stepped out on to the little porch, where he stood rubbing his head with a red bandana.

"Howdy, suh!" he shouted, upon catching sight of me. "Been fishin' is you? Yas, suh, an' catchin' um, too. Dat is a right peart string of bre'ms you is got."

"Now, I know dat a gowd of cold watah ain' goin' miss de spot wid you, an' Mandy dis lit out foh de spring as I come in 'cause I been in de gyardin fi'tin' weeds evah since dinnah, an' I low you know hit none too cool settin' in de shade of a cypress tree to-day. Come in an' set down, suh, an' res' a little, an' de watah be yere in less'n no time."

A drink of fresh water was acceptable, and the comfortable chair offered a welcome rest from the hard boat seat; so dropping my fish into the cool depths of a vine, I mounted to the shady porch, thanking the old man for his proffered hospitality.

"Dat all right, suh," was his cordial response, "I is proud to see you. My wuk is done, an' it good to have sombody to talk wid."

His wife now appeared with a bucket of fresh water. "Howdy, suh; how is you? I thought I hear the old man talkin' wid sombody, but he do talk some time w'en dey ain' noboddy 'round 'tall, so I did'n know foh shuah if anybody was wid him or not."

"Des wait a minnit en I git you a glass to drink out of; dis ain' nothin' but a old gowd, an' it gittin' a little punky besides. It ain' fitten foh you to use."

Assuring her that I preferred the gourd to a glass, I persuaded her to allow me to use it, and greatly enjoyed the novelty and peculiar taste thereof. By some yet to be explained property in the gourd, when used as a drinking vessel, it has the power of making bad water fairly good, and good water better.

After the old man had twice emptied the gourd, which held something over a pint, he settled back against the post by which he sat on the steps, with a deep sigh of contentment.

"I tell you dey ain' nothin' so good as watah w'en you is needin' it—bring me my pipe an' tobacker, Mandy—an' I has seen de time w'en I would giv' all de watah millyuns, an' 'possums, an' taters dat wuz evah growed or ketched fo' dis one gowd full of watah."

"You git hongry an' dey is so much to eat dat you kin scattah yo' trouble by thinkin' of fus one and den de yudder thing, but if you is thusty it is des watah, watah, an' nuthin' else. Milk, liminade, an' even lickin' don' 'pear to make no 'pression on yo' min'; it des digs away all de time on cold watah, an' you will resk ennything to git it."

Here the old man paused to fill and light the pipe his

wife had brought him, and when it was going good he proceeded to relate an experience to illustrate the force of his observations on the moving power of a real thirst.

"When I was in de wah wid Marse Bicknell, we was of'en hongry, wet, an' ti'ed, but w'en we got in a dry country, an' could'n git watah w'en we want it to drink, den it 'pear'd like de real trouble had come. W'y, suh, a man will fight hardah, an' take moh resks fo' a drink of watah dat he is wantin' bad, den he will fo' all de money my old mewl kin tote."

"Dat time we lose Black Jack was on 'count of takin' chances fo' to git watah w'en we was mos' daid wid de thust, but I done tol' you 'bout dat befo', ain' I? I ain'?" he exclaimed in surprise, when I shook my head, "Well, I will right now wile we is restin' an' it gitten eobol 'nough foh you to walk home, if you like to heah 'bout it."

"I ain' des certain wheah we was at, whedder in Fur-ginny or No'th Ca'liny, but it was in a plum dry lan', an' de summer heat had dried de springs an' wheah de ericks an' branches had been dey wan nothin' but a 'casional mud hole."

"It suttinly was de wust of all de hawd times we had, caus' we was scoutin' an' lookin' to run on de Yankees any minnit, 'sides bein' hongry an' mos daid fo' watah."

"One mawnin' w'en we had'n had no brexfus, an' pow'ful little suppah de night befo', an' de sun was shinin' fit to blistah de skin on a nigga's heel, Marse Bicknell an' me had done gone on ahead of de yudder sojers, an' bimeby Marse Bicknell tu'n roun', an' des fahly spitten out de wuds, he say: 'Eph, put de bud to dat old mewl of you'n an' le's git 'long to some place wheah dey is shade an' watah. I is mos' daid fo' a drink'."

"Dat suit me esactly, but I ain' like de way Marse Bicknell talk 'bout my wah hoss, if hit was a mewl, an' I made my min' up to make his hoss jump w'en it come to de hurryin', 'cause I knew plum well my mewl could run. I ain' sayin' nothin' 'bout it, fo' he wan' de kin' of man you goin' talk back at much, even w'en well fed an' watahed."

"I see timbah ahead, suh, long down de road," I say, 'an' dey may be watah dah, too.' He 'low it may be so, an' we light out."

"Now, if I ain' tell you 'bout it befo', you don' know 'bout dat hoss of Marse Bicknell's w'at he rode endurin' of de wah, an' w'at he call Black Jack."

"Suh, dat was a hoss. I ain' nevah see annudder like him befo' or since. 'Bout sixteen han's high; nary a flaw on him; black as a crow wing, an' putty as a pictah was de way you would tell 'bout him, but it soun' col' talk w'en you think of de hoss as he was."

"An' go! Man, suh, he could out-run, an' out-jump any hoss in de reg'mint!"

"Marse Bicknell was fon' of me, an' he love his pa an' his ma, an' all his folks, but dat hoss, Black Jack, was w'at he love mo' den all de res' of us put togedda. He didn't nevah seem to real'y cah when he was hongry, or thusty, col' or ti'ed, des so his hoss was'n suffin' none; an' de hoss seem to know how de man love him, an' 'spond back, he did. Dey wan' nothin' dat Black Jack wouldn't do foh Marse Bicknell, dat a hoss could do, ceptin' one thing, an' dat was go clost to a beah. He was dat skeered of a beah look like he sho' die if he git clost to one, an' Marse Bicknell hatter quit ridin' him beah huntin' 'cause he 'fraid he break his neck gitten skeered an' jumpin' so. He fahly thow'd him befo' he done it though, an' he de only hoss dat evah thow'd Marse Bicknell, an' de only time he evah tried to do it."

"It hap'n dis way: We was huntin' in de canebrake, an' de dogs was clost on de beah an' me an' Marse Bicknell was ridin' hawd to git to a open place 'long 'head of dem, w'en de beah tu'n quick an' bus' out of de cane right 'long side of us, an' 'bout ten feet from Black Jack, an' you oughter see dat hoss! Ain' no wonder Marse Bicknell didn't stay on him. Ain' noboddy goin' stay on a hoss w'at doin' like he doin'. Look like he goin' git in a tree foh to git away from de beah, an' he ain' goin' clim' de tree, neider; des goin' jump up in it, an' way up high, too."

"It skeered me so, wid de beah, too, dat I did'n know des w'at happen, but w'en my hoss quit r'arin' an' de beah run off out er sight, Marse Bicknell was in de limbs of a live oak tree, his saddle was in de top of a saplin', an' his hoss plum gone out of sight an' yearin'. He ride my hoss home, an' he ain' nevah ride Black Jack beah huntin' no moah."

"W'en we 'gin to move right peart towa'ds de timbah wheah we was hopin' to fin' watah, dat mownin' w'at I was tellin' you 'bout, I see Marse Bicknell was lettin' his hoss go, an' so I grab off my hat an' go to fannin' my mewl wid it, an' de mewl sho' did 'spond. We kep' goin' little fastah, an' little fastah, 'til we was des a flyin', but de mewl was dah, too. Time or two I see Marse Bicknell lookin' 'roun' out de tail of his eye, an' fin'ly he tu'n roun' an' take a fah look, but he ain' say nothin'. I knowed it was makin' him mad to see a mewl keepin' so neah Black Jack, w'en he mos' doin' his bes'; but dat mewl could sho' run."

"We wan' long gitten to de trees, an' w'en we pull up 'long wheah dey was some fence lef', it do look like we was goin' to git watah, an' good, too. Down 'bout two hund'ed ya'ds in de woods was some big rocks, an' watah was suttinly runnin' out from somewas dah 'bout."

"Hit a spring," says Marse Bicknell. "You hol' my hoss," an' off he light, ovah de fence he jump, an' down th'ough de woods he run like he half wil'. I watch him go to wheah we 'low de spring is, an' wish I was wid him w'en he pitch down on his han's an' knees an' I see he drinkin'. He drink an' drink 'til I 'fraid he bus' hisself, an' den rais' up an' res' a minnit, an' went at it ag'in."

"He sho' goin' drink all de watah dey is, I think, wid me sittin' heah mos' daid; but 'bout dat time I heah sompin like sombody comin', an' lookin' roun' I see a sight w'at make me forgit dat I evah was thusty. Comin' long down de road, an' mos' to wheah I was settin' on my mewl, was 'bout a dozen Yankee sojers. Dey had been ridin' 'long on de grass side de road, so I ain' heah dem 'til dey got close up an' saw me lookin', an' now dey was comin' lickety-split."

"I was too skeered to move, but I sho' did holler. De fus yell I fetch snatch Marse Bicknell out dat watah like a snaik bit him. He stan' up to git a good look, an' den give his o'dahs:

"Git off dat mawl," he holler, 'git on my horse, jump de fence an' come yo' level bes,' den he lit out runnin' hisself.

"Did'n look to me like it was any time to be swoppin' hosses, if I goin' to git away f'om dem Yankees; but I mo' 'fraid of Marse Bicknell dan I was of dem, so I tu'n my mawl roun' right sudden an' grab at Black Jack's bridle, wheah I don' tied him to a bush so I be ready to go quick when my tu'n com' fo' de watah. I des grab de bridle an' giv' one juck, w'en bang! went a gun an' a bullet—look like it big as a watah bucket—wen' singin' by my head so clos' 'pear like I smell de powdah.

"Dat settle it; I des made up my min' I was wuth mo' den a hoss, an' slappin' wid my hat, poundin' wid my heels, an' hollen at my mawl loud as I kin, I put him at de fence hopin' he would jump it so I kin foller Marse Bicknell and git away.

"But co'se he wouldn't jump de fence—mawl nevah will jump w'en you want him to. He dis run 'gin de fence, bim! wid his fo' feet slidin' undah de bottom rail. He stop so sudden dat I keep goin' on, an' light 'bout twenty feet ovah in de woods on my haid. Any othah time I would a bin mos' killed, but des as I lit, look like all dem Yankees 'gin shootin' at me at once, an' de bullits fahly buzz 'roun' me lik' bees 'round a hon'y suckle, so I don' stop to fin' out I hu't, but scramble up an' light out down thru de woods aftah Marse Bicknell, ha'd as I kin run. Des long as I was in sight dem Yankees keep shootin' at me, an' I don' know why dey ain' kill me, less I run so fas' de bullits couldn' ketch up wid me. W'en I out of bref an' don' heah de Yankees no mo', I crawl unda a big log an' lay still lis'nin. Putty soon I heah Marse Bicknell call'n me, an' crope out an' go runnin' to wheah he is.

"He sho' cuss me scanlus w'en I tell him why I ain' min' him 'bout de hoss, an' say he been back to de road watchin' de Yankees, an' see dem take ouh hosses an' go wid um, an' how we got to git his hoss back som' way, caus' he don' 'low to leave Black Jack wid no Yankees, less dey got him, too. Den we wen' back up to de road, an' dey wan' noboddy in sight up ner down.

"Marse Bicknell show me w'ich way dey gone wid ouh hosses, an' he say he goin' sen' me aftah dem, soon as he study out de bes' plan, to see if de Yankee camp is anywheah clost by. Did'n 'pear to me lik' it de bes' way foh me to go foll'n dem shootin' Yankees, by myse'f, but he ain' ask my 'vice, an' I ain' sayin' nothin'. He stan' roun' studyin' a little w'ile, den he walk away right fas' up through de trees to wheah dey was a ol' stable, an' in a minit com' back wid somfin in his hat.

"Heah," he says, 'is som' aigs. Han'le dem kerful, 'cause I ain' know how long dey is been sit on. I took dem f'om a ol' hen w'at bin ovahlooked settin' in de lof. Git out'n yo' coat, an' put de aigs in yo' hat, den go down de road foh a mil' or two, an' see if you kin git any news of my hoss. 'Ten' like yo' wan' sell de aigs to any sojers you see in blue uniforms, an' if you see any of ouh men tell dem whah I is, an' w'at trouble we is in. Don't talk much if you fin's de Yankees, an' if you heah news of my hoss git back as quick as you kin, widout makin' dem 'spicious. I wait right heah foh you, in 'mongst de trees."

"I ain' honin' after dat walk, but I 'low I going' do my bes', 'caus' Marse Bicknell sho' suffer in his min' an' body if he los' dat hoss. Dey was a little rise in de road, 'bout half mile away, den a deep holler wheah it cross a dry crik bed, den it tu'n sha'p to de lef'. I got 'long all right 'til I come to de tu'n, an' ain' see noboddy, but des as I com' tippin' 'roun' de ben' a big Yankee, w'at was standin' 'hin' a tree wid a long gun on his sholdah, stepped out, an' p'intin' de gun straight at me, hollered: 'Halt! Who is you, an' wha' you goin' to?'

"If I had been 'spectin' him it would n' a skeered me so bad, but bein' so unexpected it sho' made me turn sick, an' I come nigh drappin' all de aigs right dah. I try my bes' to say w'at my name is, an' w'at I doin', but it seem like I can' think 'bout nothin' wid dat gun p'intin' at me, so I holler out, 'Stop p'intin' dat gun at me, Mistah, an' I tell you anything you wan' know."

"De man bus' out laffin, an' drap de muzzle of de gun so it p'int at de groun'. Den I sortah git my bref, an' say: 'My name Eph, an' I des com' ovah to see if I cain' sell you all som' aigs."

"'Wha' you live?' he say, right quick an' sho't.

"I tell him dat I live back off de big road 'bout a mile, an' w'ich I did down home in old Miss'ipi.

"He ask me how many aigs I got, an' is dey fresh; an' I tell him I got nine, an' dey boun' to be fresh, caus' de sojers com' roun' so frequent dat don' nothin' w'at kin be eat git a chanst to git old.

"He say how much do I want foh de aigs, an' den I hatter stop an' studdy a minit. I don' wanter sell de aigs to him, 'cause I had seen de camp on down de road, an' I had to have de aigs foh a 'scuse to go dah. 'You don' wan' buy no aigs duz you?' I say.

"'It 'pends on yo' price,' he say.

"'Aigs is mighty sca'ce an' high,' I says, an' dese is pow'ful nice. I reckon de is wuth 'bout a dollah an' six bits."

"'Dollar an' w'at?' he rip out. 'W'at you reckon I goin' do wid aigs w'at I pay dat much for? Dey ain' no good foh jewl'ry, an' ain' noboddy goin' eat um w'en dey cos' dat, erless dey stahvin'. W'at is bits, ennyhow?'

"Now w'at you think of dat? A grow'd up w'ite man an' didn't know w'at bits was! I didn't wan' to splain it to him, but he look like a man w'at would'n be ha'd to mak' mad, an' I ain' wan' stop foh no fuss, so I tell him bits is money. Two bits, a quatah; foah bits, a half dollah; an' six bits, seventy-five cents. An' he say: 'Oh, yas! Why ain' you call 'em shillin's if you mean shillin's?' An' I say, 'Ya-as, suh, like I ain' know des w'at he talkin' 'bout, an' I didn't needah, fo' I ain' nevah heah noboddy call money shillin's befo'."

"'You kin go on down to de camp, if you wanter,' he say den, 'an' I spect you kin git shet of dem aigs. Wouldn't hu't you none if you lef' one or two of dem heah wid me to pay me if I git put in gyard hous' foh lettin' you go down dah pestahin' de orsifers."

"I was so glad he goin' let me go dat I come nigh givin' him all de aigs, but des in time I 'membered w'at

a fool trick dat would be, leavin' me nothin' 't all to go to de camp wid, so I reach in de hat, an' right slow—like I hate pow'ful bad to do it—I pull out one aig an' han' it to him. He wait a minnit, an' look hawd at de hat, but w'en he see I ain' gitten out no moah, he say:

"'Go on, now, if you goin', but w'en you com' 'long back you bettah be redly to giv' me som' of dem bits you goin' git foh de res' dem aigs; caus' my gun mighty easy on trigga w'en I git mad, an' it always mak' me mad to see a nigger wid mo' money den I got."

"I try to look sca'd an' went steppin' light down de road towa'ds de camp, slippin' long 'mongst de trees on side of de road, an' w'en I peep back de man was laffin' like he bus' hisself at de way he skeer me.

"W'en I got clost to de camp, an' dey ain' see me yit, I stop behin' a big tree to see how many dey is, an' look roun' a little. I was hopin' dat dey was'n none of dem dah w'at had been shootin' at me, an' would know me ergin w'en dey see me. Didn't seem to be moh den 'bout twenty of um, an' dey was layin' 'roun' takin' it mighty easy, an' look like dey des done eatin'. De hosses was tied 'mong de trees little way beyon', an' I 'cluded to spy 'roun' des long as I kin, to see if I fin' Black Jack, an' w'en dey see me, go to sellin' aigs.

"Stoopin' low, an' 'casionaly gittin down an' crawlin', I wuk roun' to wheah I kin see de hosses, an' my mawl was de fus one I git my eyes on. 'Dat good,' I say to myself, 'I reckon I goin' see Marse Bicknell's hoss in a minnit,' an' w'en I go little furda, sho nuff, dah he was, wid ev'e'y'ing on des lik' w'en dey took him from we all little w'ile 'go; had'n so much as took de pistils out de holstahs, or Marse Bicknell's raincoat off de back of de saddle. W'en I see dat, an' de bridle des hooked ovah de eind of broken lim' of de tree, I say to myse'f dat if I kin make out to creep up clost' nuff to jump on Black Jack befo' dey kin shoot me, dat I des pintedly goin' out of de aig business, an' goin' tu'n race hoss ridah, like w'en I was a chap. Den I go to creepin' ergin, 'roun' to wheah de hosses is, but I ain' let go my aigs, 'caus' I didn't know but w'at I might need dem aigs any minnit.

"I sho' had good luck 'bout not gittin' seen, an' in a little bit was so clos' to Black Jack dat I lay my aigs down an' git ready to run foh him. Dey was'n no use to try to git plum to him, widout bein' seen, an' I made my min' up to try to git on de hoss, an' git stahted befo' dey could git to shootin', an' den git away so fas' dey couldn't hit me; but des as I rais' up to run to de hoss, heah come a man walkin' up to de tree wha' he tied, an' he reach up foh de bridle, like he goin' git on an' ride away, an' it sho' seem like I in a fix, caus' de road run right 'long wheah I at.

"Des as de man put his foot in de sturp to git on de hoss, annuder man holler at him an' ast him wheah he goin'. He say he goin' to headquatahs, an' p'int wid his han' out de road towa'ds wheah I was; an' de othah man say foh him to hol' on a minnit, an' com' up an' go to talkin' wid him, an' I sneak 'way des fas' as I kin 'til I git wheah dey was a ben' in de road, an' den I up an' run my level bes'. I ain' know w'at I goin' to do, but de fus' thing was to git away f'om de camp, an' long down de road, wheah de man comin' ridin' Black Jack, an' try to fin' som' 'scuse foh talkin' wid him, to fin' out wheah he goin' take de hoss. I run my bes' foh 'bout half mile, lis'nin' to see if I heah him comin'; but I ain' heah nothin'. I stop wheah de trees mighty thick, an' de ondah-bresh growed to de aidge of de road like a cane brak'. 'Dis look like old Mis'sippi country,' I say to myse'f, an' I got homesick in a minnit studyin' 'bout de old home an' de good times we all been havin' 'till de wah com'; but I drap dat mighty sudden w'en I 'membered dat a man was comin' 'long in a minnit wid a gun an' pistils, w'at I des hatter think up sompin to say to fo' he upan' shoot me.

"I had don' lef' my aigs an' hat, too, w'en I run, an' had'n nothin' to fight wid 'cept a old broken blade bahlow knife; an' all my close was a shut—old an' dutty—pants, mos' woh out, an' brogan shoes. I kep' studyin' an' lis'nin' fo' de soun' of de hoss, an' des as I think I heah him comin', I 'clude to mak' out like I a run'way nigger, tryin' to git tu de Yankees, an' ax de man to tell me wha' dey is at, an' dat way fin' out wheah he goin' wid Black Jack. Soon as I come to dat 'clusion, I scramble back in 'mong de thick bresh on de side of de road an' set down to pull off my shoes, 'cause run'way niggers didn' gene'ly hav' shoes on dey feet in wah times.

"'It look like beah country,' I say to myse'f, as I crawl undah de thick bushes, 'an' I wish it was, an' dat a 'ig beah would com' 'long an' 'skeer Black Jack so he th'ow dat Yankee off, like he done Marse Bicknell dat time, so I git him an' go; an' dis den it 'cur to me, why cain' I be de beah an' jump out an' skeer de hoss. I 'membah how I done skeer Marse Bicknell an' de little boys w'at com' to play wid him, many time by gitten in de bushes an' growlin' like a beah, an' I dis 'lowed I sho' try it, an' if it didn't wuk, I could run back in de woods, wheah de hoss couldn' foller me, if de man ain' shoot me. I reckon I'd chan'ce my min' 'bout doin' such a resky thing if I'd had mo' time to think 'bout it, but de plan was'n ha'dly made 'til long come de man settin' up straight, an' ridin' like he know he on de bes' hoss in de lan'. He was a big, good-lookin' man, an' had on a orsifer's nu-niform.

"I was peepin' out watchin' him, an' des as he got 'long mos' to wheah I was, I git down on my han's an' knees, tuck my haid down, an' com' bustin' out thru de bushes growlin' an' sno'tin', des as much like a beah as I kin, an' lit fahly undah wheah de hoss was going' step nex' time, but bless goodness, he don' gone!

"I sho' did fool him, an' sca'ded him putty nigh to deff, an' he do was foh a minnit den he don' de time I was tellin' you 'bout, w'en he th'owed Marse Bicknell. Yas, suh, it a fac'. I sca'ded him wus den de sho' 'nuff beah did.

"De fus jump did the business foh de Yankee orsifer, an' he lef' de hoss an' wen' sailin' thu de aih like a bu'd, an' com' down tu'nin' ovah an' ovah.

"I holler, 'Wo, Black Jack! Wo, suh!' an' he know me, an' stop in a minnit. He sho' had sense, dat hoss did.

"De man come down in de road an' lit on de back of his head, an' a good thing it was foh me, caus' it bus' him up so he was a little slow gittin' to his pistil, an' des as he re'ch it, I jump on him an' grab his th'out wid one han' an' de wris' of de han' w'at reachin' foh de pistil wid de otha, an' I sho' did twis' an' choke him.

"I ain' no beah,' I say to him, 'but I is a dange'ous man, an' I sho' will kill you if you holler or don' hol' still."

"He look at me wicked as a rattlesnake, but he hol'

still like I tell him to, an' he can' holler caus' I don' choke him mos' black in de face. I make him leggo de pistil an' tu'n ovah, an' I take his belt off, an' tie his han's behin' his back; den I drag him out de road an' take his hank-chuff an' tie it tight ovah his mouf so he can' holler ner call noboddy to he'p him. Den I run to Black Jack, who has 'gun to pick grass on de roadside like nothin' de mattah, an' in 'bout a minnit moah, we was slippin' long out in de woods by de camp, on de way back to Marse Bicknell.

"We sho' had good luck, an' didn't see noboddy nor nothin', an' got back in de big road pas' de feller w'at stop me fus, an' den we lit out.

"Marse Bicknell heah us comin' an' run out in de road, an' suh, he sho' was pleased. He pull me off de hoss an' fahly hug me, an' den he grab de hoss 'roun' de neck an' look like he sho' goin' squeeze his head plum off.

"I ain' mo' den tol' him how many Yankees dey was, an' wheah dey was at, w'en up de road com' ridin' de res' of de scoutin' pahty w'at we was wid. Dey was wil' when Marse Bicknell tol' de news, an' 'way dey all went to have a rippit wid de Yankess, Marse Bicknell tellin' me to stay dah till he come back.

"I 'low dey was goin' to be a scatterin' of Yankees, an' some might come 'long de road, so I wen' down to de spring an' sat down 'hin' a big tree. In a little whil' I heah dem at it, shootin' an' holl'in', an' sho' did wish I was 'long wid um to take cah of Marse Bicknell. I sit an' lis'en foh a whil', an' den I git so oneasy I cain set still, so I go up to de road to watch foh some signs of how de fight was goin'. Bimeby I see a hoss comin' f'om de direcshun of de fightin', an' he sho' was bu'nin' de win'. Man on him didn' have no hat, nur no gun, an' he was beatin' de hoss scan'lus wid a big stick, w'en if he had'n been skeered mos' to def, he could have seen de hoss doin' his level bes'. I drap down an watch him thru de fence till he git clost' 'nough to see plain, w'en, lan' of goodness, if it ain' my mawl he runnin' an' beaten dat way, an' I was plum mad in a minnit.

"He ain' got no gun, an' I ain' see no pistil on him, so I grab up a long stick an' jump ovah de fence, an' p'intin' it at him like a gun, I holler out loud as I kin, 'Halt!'

"De man look like he mos' sca'ded to def, w'en he see me, an' he des let go all holts an' fell off de mawl like I don' shot him sho' 'nuff. W'en he stop bouncin' an' rollin' he lay still, an' I lef' him w'ile I run ketch my mawl an' tie him to de fence. Den I wen' to see 'bout de man. He was layin' on his face, an' dey was blood on de back of his head, but he mo' skeered dan hu't, foh w'en I tu'n him ovah he soon come to, an' 'gin to beg me not to kill him, an' I say I won't if he behav' like I tell him. He say I kin take de foh dollahs he got in his pocket, 'sides his pistil, if I des spah his life, an' I sho' did hustle 'roun' aftah de pistil, foh I was needin' a weepin bad.

"I mounted gyard ovah my prisnah wid de pistil he gimme, an' in little whil' Marse Bicknell an' de yuthers com' ridin' 'long back.

"Dey had got close to de camp an' cha'ged in on de Yankees w'en dey wa'n spectin' it, killed some, run some 'way, an' took some prisnahs; 'sides some hosses an' lot of grub. 'Mongst de prisnahs was de orsifer w'at I took Black Jack from, an' w'en Marse Bicknell make me tell all about it, he say it so, an' he cuss me, an' laff at me bofe at de same time. W'en dey see I got my mawl back, too, an' heah how dat was dey all tell Marse Bicknell dat he got de smahtest nigger in de ahmy, an he say, 'Dat right, boys, an' de best one, too."

"Marse Bicknell bring me back a fine coat from de fight, all trimmed in brass buttons, an' gol' braid, but w'en I foun' out dey had let de man w'at owned it out thu a little roun' hole in de lef' side, I ain' like to weah it very much. But I sho' did feel fin' dressed up in his best pah of breeches w'at he giv' me w'en we got back to camp dat night.

"An' now you know sompin 'bout Black Jack; but dat ain't all, an' I hope you come by ag'in an' heah som' moah 'bout him, an' my young marster. We was togedda f'om de beginnin' to de eind of de wah, an' all com' home 'cept a ahm an' piece of one foot, w'at Marse Bicknell lef' at Get's'bu'g."

LEWIS HOPKINS.

David S. Libby.

Of fatalities resulting from the reckless use of firearms and shooting accidents during the past autumn, one of the saddest cases was that of David S. Libby, of Newport, Me., who was killed by a hunter who presumably mistook the man for a deer. Mr. Libby was camping with a son and grandson and others in a camp built by him about seven miles from Lincoln, a district in which he had hunted for many years. He left camp one morning to hunt, and did not return that night. The men in camp fired signal guns all night, and in the morning made a search for their missing companion. The lifeless body was found in some bushes just off from a woods road. A bullet hole through the breast showed that death must have been instantaneous. The story told by the snow showed that Mr. Libby had been about to step out into the road, and that two steps more would have taken him into plain view of the person who had fired the shot, and who at the time, as the snow also recorded, had stood not more than thirty feet away. After the firing the shooter had run to the spot where his victim had fallen, and then had taken flight. This heartless conduct aroused the greatest indignation, and it is said that while a conviction for shooting a human being by mistake for game has never yet been had in Maine, the public feeling in this case is so intense that it would go hard with the perpetrator of the deed could his identity be discovered.

Mr. Libby, who had reached the age of 76, was one of the most experienced and most skillful hunters in Maine; and one whose vast information in the field of woodcraft was most highly respected by all who were conversant with it. As a writer over the signature of Penobscot, he was for many years a valued contributor to the columns of this journal. There was perhaps in the entire State of Maine no one who in the wilderness was more cautious than he, more circumspect to avoid danger, or better fitted to take care of himself in any ordinary emergency. It is the mockery of fate that such a man should fall victim to that criminal heedlessness against which no experience, no provident forethought, nothing can avail to secure protection.

The Pot-Hunter,

Or the Strange Fate of Lonesome Sam.

BY FRANCIS MOONAN.

THE locust had ceased its drowsy sibilation in the trees, and the cricket had commenced its death song in the withered grass. Among the crisp leaves of the oak not a rustle was heard, nor yet a sigh among the tops of the pines. A belated bee droned monotonously about a bed of goldenrod, and its droning could be heard at the distance of a hundred yards. The occasional tapping of a woodpecker on the tree trunks in the forest sounded like the beating of a hammer. A light amber mist hung upon the mountains, and the lake was undisturbed by a ripple. All was peace—the peace of the beautiful Indian summer.

How often Lonesome Sam, the pot-hunter, had contemplated this scene with joy; not so much because it appealed to any æsthetic sense in him, as because it heralded the glorious season of hunting. But to-day as he sat on a ledge of rock over the lake, he contemplated it with a dull, lack-lustre eye.

Lonesome Sam, or, to give him his full name, Samuel Adams Gimble, was born of decent parents in the little village that nestled beneath the mountains at the further end of the lake. He was brought up in his father's trade, which was that of a carpenter and general handy man. From his earliest years he had, like most country boys, a taste for fishing and hunting, and as he grew older this taste developed into a positive passion. However, he continued to ply his trade as long as his father lived; but after the old man had passed away, Sam, by degrees, dropped the use of his tools and took to roaming the woods all day with his dog and gun.

Nobody in the village cared—nobody, at least, but one, and that was a bright-eyed young girl, Susan Hager, who was in love with Sam. She thought, and with reason, that the object of her affections was playing nine-pins with his chances in life; and, in fact, as she expressed it, was making a bee-line for the county jail. On the first favorable opportunity she imparted her thoughts to him, and Sam, being a few-worded, good-natured sort, listened to her in silence. Finally, as he made no reply, Susan put her apron to her eyes and began to cry. This was too much for Sam. His hang-dog air deserted him in a moment, and moving closer to Susan he threw his arm about her waist and cried:

"Don't little girl, don't!"

"You're breaking my heart," wailed Susan.

"I'll do anything you like," declared Sam, desperately, "if—if—"

"If what, Sam?" asked Susan, looking up through her tears, her lips parted in a pathetic smile.

"If you'll marry me," answered Sam, stoutly.

"Oh, Sam!"

So they were married, and Sam hung up the fiddle and the bow, and took down the shovel and the hoe, so to speak. But, alas! how often a reformation which begins with marriage is doomed to failure! Six months had hardly elapsed when Sam felt an uncontrollable desire to handle his gun one idle day while his wife was absent visiting her mother. So he sought it out in the lumber room, where it had been put away out of his sight. No sooner was the beloved weapon in his hands than his old passion awoke. He saw the vistas through the woods; heard the patter of feet or the whirr of wings; recalled passed moments of intoxicating excitement or triumph. His face flushed and his eyes shone. He raised the gun to his lips and kissed it. Then a thought of his wife and his solemn promise to her flashed across his mind, and he hung his head in shame. But he clung to the gun, and presently, having provided himself with some ammunition which had remained hidden in his trunk, he rushed from the house and was off to the woods.

When his wife came home and didn't find him, her feminine instinct told her that something was wrong. She went at once to the lumber room, and not seeing the gun, sank down on an old dusty settee and covered her face with her hands.

Sad is the lot of the reforming wife.

A year after this, Sam having served three months in the county jail, which experience only seemed to whet his appetite for pot-hunting, Mrs. Gimble abandoned her task in despair and went home to her mother.

The double disgrace of imprisonment and wife desertion which had befallen Sam turned all his neighbors against him, and he began to feel like a pariah in the village. He made a brief attempt to rehabilitate himself, but though possessed of plenty of physical courage, he lacked the moral almost completely. And as the drunkard hungers for his glass, so he hungered for his gun. The issue, therefore, was foregone, and we find Sam stealing away one night with his gun under his arm, a big bundle slung over his shoulder, and his dog Scout (a great half-breed hound) trotting at his heels.

Entering the woods he took an old unused Indian trail and traveling all night left the slumbering village far behind. At daybreak he found himself at the upper end of the lake. Here all was solitude. Selecting a little glade, Sam threw down his bundle and his gun, and there decided to pitch his tent. "I guess," he said, "I'll be quiet enough here. Leastways I'll be free from the gossips," he added, a little bitterly.

The season being summer, the ground was dry, so he lay down and had a good sleep. When he awoke he undid his bundle and had a meal of biscuit and cold pork. Then, without a moment's delay, he set to work to erect himself a dwelling, and being a carpenter by trade and provided with tools (for he had not left these behind), he made rapid progress. Within a week a very decent log cabin stood under the lee of the woods, about twenty yards back from the lake.

At first the cabin was furnished with a bed of balsam boughs merely, but as time went on a rude table and chair and several furs of wild animals were added. It will appear from this that Lonesome Sam (as he now began to be known) was not idle with his gun; but, in addition to providing for his own wants, he was able to send not a little game to the village, where he had, through an intermediary, opened communications in due course. The proceeds of the game kept him in ammunition and necessary domestic supplies.

Instead of growing tired of his mode of life, he only grew more infatuated with it. Sometimes, indeed, during

the long winter evenings he would experience a yearning for human companionship, but he never felt tempted to return to the village. No, not even on Susan's account. Yet he had not ceased to entertain a regard for her; but he felt that she was better off without him. "She'll get a divorce after a while," he used to tell himself, "and marry again."

But poor Susan didn't get a divorce—unless, indeed, that death can be considered one. She had secretly hoped that her desertion of Sam might cause him to look into himself and abandon his vagabond ways; but when she heard that he had left the village, the measure of her disappointment was full, and she pined away and died within a year. The news reached Sam through his intermediary with the game dealer, and made him feel very remorseful for a while. And being naturally of a superstitious nature, as nearly all moody, solitary men are, he rather apprehended bad luck in some shape or form.

However, the years passed and no especial bad luck befell him. He continued to dwell in his little cabin and hunt and fish with varying success. Game laws he set at defiance, and, singular to relate, he never fell into the hands of the law except that once in his callow days. His health was almost invariably good, and he felt perfectly satisfied and in a manner even happy. Certainly, as he realized, it did not seem as if Fate had any grudge against him.

But one evening he received a rude shock. Coming home at twilight, after a rather unlucky day, he found his cabin burned to the ground. He stood for a while in an attitude of extreme surprise; then walked up to the smoldering embers and surveyed them all round about. The weather was warm (it was the latter end of May), and he had left no fire burning when starting on his hunt; neither had there been a thunderstorm. Matches he never used (a flint and steel and touchwood were his means of making fire), and as it happened he had taken his last supply of ammunition in his pocket. Evidently the destruction had been malicious. But who had raised his hand against him thus? Whom had he offended? Certainly nobody since he left the village. Then he thought of his wife; but she had been dead five years, and if anyone connected with her had felt disposed to be revenged upon him he would not have waited so long. Nevertheless the idea clung to him that it was the part he had played toward poor Susan that brought this trouble upon him somehow. And a vague fear, springing from his innate superstition, took possession of him.

What to do he didn't know. At one moment he was for flying from the spot, and the next tears ran down his cheeks at the idea of severing his connection with all his beloved haunts. He was strangely moved and agitated. Night had fallen, and he finally resolved to wait until morning for direction as to his future course. So he lay down supperless near the ruins of his cabin. But not to sleep. Even if his thoughts or feelings had been of a nature to predispose him to it, the dismal whining of the dog Scout, kept up intermittently all night, would have made sleep impossible. It was in truth a lugubrious night for Lonesome Sam, and the sight of breaking day afforded him infinite relief.

One of the first things he heard was the drumming of a ruffed grouse in the woods. Seizing his gun, he made off in the direction of the sound, and returned in half an hour bearing the trophy of his skill. He lit a fire and cooked the bird, which he ate with the appetite of one who had not broken his fast for over twenty-four hours. The morning was fresh and beautiful, and what with this and his hearty meal he began to feel more serene and hopeful. What if, after all, the fire had been caused by some tramp who had wandered out of his way? He jumped at the idea, and it decided him not to move from his present location. He determined, however, that he should not be burned out a second time. Henceforth he would live in a cave, and this was ready at hand, or would be after not very much labor, beneath a ledge of rocks. He was for starting on the making of his new home at once, but recollected that he had an appointment with the game dealer's agent that very day to get ammunition and domestic supplies. This circumstance he deemed extremely fortunate, and it instilled fresh hope into him.

"Things ain't never so bad as they seem at first," he said, as he hurried off to keep his appointment.

He returned late in the afternoon well laden down and tired, so he postponed beginning his new operations until the morrow. All day his mind had been busy with the tramp idea. It was plausible, but not quite satisfactory, and the superstitious notions began again to flit, bat-like, in the recesses of his mind. However, he was decided to remain where he was at all hazards, and set to work at his cave the following morning. As we have intimated, the rocks overhung so that there was almost a natural cave, and it required only some hollowing out to make quite commodious quarters. Working steadily, therefore, Lonesome Sam was able to stand erect and measure his full length upon the ground before nightfall. But it was several days before he took formal possession of his new home, so to speak. Meanwhile he slept in the open, which was a thing that came very natural to him. His slumbers were greatly troubled with dreams, chiefly of times long gone by, and he often saw Susan's pale, anxious face watching him or gazing reproachfully at him. This, he thought, could only have one significance, and put him more and more out of conceit with the tramp explanation of the fire, and more and more upon brooding.

The summer waned slowly. He spent his days listlessly fishing in the lake or moping about the forest. Solitude had become such a habit with him that he never desired human companionship any more. Scout (now grown rather old, but still active) sufficed him for company. And it is to be noted that in these days of mental tribulation, he grew evidently fonder of the dog—used to caress and converse with him more. Indeed, it may be said that he was his only consolation.

It will be readily imagined, then, into what a state of mind he was thrown when he awoke one morning and found Scout missing. He (Lonesome Sam, that is) had slept in his cave, for the season was late September, and the nights had commenced to get chill. For nearly ten years he had been used to awake to receive Scout's caresses. When he didn't see him sitting expectantly by his pallet as usual, he received a shock, which presently turned into consternation after he had whistled and called in vain. He rushed from the cave and went scouring in this direc-

tion and that, whistling and calling like a man half distracted. But Scout appeared not. At length he threw himself flat upon the ground and gave way to his feelings in a fit of lamentation. Even if the dog had disappeared under ordinary circumstances, Lonesome Sam would have been deeply affected, but now to his grief was added an access of superstitious fear and panic. Recovering from his fit, he returned to his cave and sat there the whole afternoon, hoping, though faintly, that the dog might return. It was just barely possible that he had been lured off on some hunt during the night. Foxes, and occasionally a bear, were in the habit of prowling around, but though on these occasions Scout would give tongue, he had never, so far as Lonesome Sam knew, gone in pursuit, at least for any distance. Still, dogs, like men, do not always act in the same way, and are apt to be guided by circumstances.

However, the day passed, and the beloved friend and companion did not return. Lonesome Sam slept none that night, nor for two nights following. He went wandering around, even in the darkness, like a restless spirit. Sometimes he would put his fingers in his mouth and whistle and whistle, and then he would call Scout by name till he was hoarse. For all answer he heard the lonely sighing of the wind among the pines.

Naturally a lover of nature in his rude way, the sounds or voices of the forest were dear to him, but now they began to strike harsh and discordant on his ears. At the quavering of the owl at nightfall, he would shiver from head to foot. His whole environment, in fact, became terribly oppressive to him. Every depth or aisle of the forest, every thicket, seemed to hide some mysterious foe, and the very air seemed pregnant with impending doom. He longed to flee, and yet could not. He felt, as it were, in the clutch of an avenging fate.

The third night exhausted nature came to his aid and he slept. It was on the morning after this that we find him seated on a rock above the lake, lost in melancholy reveries. His appearance was sufficiently woeful. His tall frame was wasted away to mere skin and bone; his long hair and beard were matted and unkempt, and his brow was furrowed with premature old age. From his eyes looked out a spirit obsessed by years of solitude and now by phantom-like misfortune and superstitious dread. His clothes, for the most part, were skins of wild animals, kept in place with thongs instead of buttons. Evidently they were worn night and day. Altogether he presented a picture at once wild and pathetic in the extreme. He remained seated till well on in the afternoon, when he suddenly roused himself, clenched his hands, and broke into a bitter invective against his enemy or enemies. Then, swearing they should not down him, he picked up his gun and set off on one of his hunting trails.

But the revival of courage did not last long. Besides, he soon realized that without Scout his hunting would not amount to much. He raised nothing of more importance than a rabbit, which he missed. At length, staggering almost with weakness (for he had eaten practically nothing since the disappearance of Scout), he sat down on a sunny slope at the edge of the forest, and, reeling his head on his hand, soon fell asleep.

When he awoke it was late evening. The sun had set, and a dark bluish atmosphere enveloped the lake and mountains. Everything looked bleak and cold. The wind was rising, and withered leaves rustled about, while the big trees of the forest began to boom in that solemn, melancholy fashion of theirs. Alarmed by the approach of the storm, the bluejays and woodpeckers set up a wild distressful crying. These things impressed themselves upon the sensitive soul of the poor hermit hunter, dissipating whatever calming influence his sleep had had upon him. He yawned and stretched his arms wearily, then looked about him for his gun. But the gun was not there. With a lightning-like motion of the head he looked on the other side. Neither was what he looked for there. The gun had disappeared!

For a moment Lonesome Sam appeared as if petrified; then, clapping his hands to his head, while his eyes bulged from their sockets, he jumped to his feet, and with a cry of terror, fled into the forest.

A month later a tall, grave-looking individual was making his way through those gloomy wilds. Though he carried a rifle, it was evident from the way he kept his eyes about him—peering here and there and observing all the ground—that hunting was not his only object. Presently he came to a halt, let his rifle fall, and threw up his hands with an exclamation of pain. Before him, doubled up alongside of a fallen log, lay the body of Lonesome Sam. It was badly decomposed, and eaten in parts by birds and animals, and presented a piteous spectacle. For a while the finder stood gazing upon it with a mournful countenance and tear-dimmed eyes.

"Poor Sam!" he said at length. "I had not intended that it should end like this. I only thought to drive him from his wild, savage way of life."

He covered the body with leaves, took an observation, then walked sadly away. The following day he returned with two men and they buried decently all that remained of poor Lonesome Sam.

The Indian Shoulder-Basket.

From the Trappers' Guide.

ONE of the most satisfactory arrangements we have ever made for carrying luggage on the back is the Indian shoulder-basket. They are made nearly square, or about ten inches by twelve, at the bottom, and twelve or fourteen inches high. One side is flat, the others are rounded and drawn in toward the top, making the mouth of the basket only about half the size of the bottom. Over the mouth, and extending some distance down the sides, a cover of rubber or enamel-cloth should be fitted. On the flat side of the basket shoulder-straps are fastened, crossing each other in the form of an X. These straps should be made of two thicknesses of strong cotton cloth, sewed together and stuffed with cotton. The great advantages of this basket are, that it is light, easily managed, fits the back well, bringing the load just where it is wanted, does not get out of place, and does not heat the back like a close-fitting knapsack. Combined with the basket the trapper needs a small enamel-cloth haversack such as is worn by soldiers.

Trails of the Pathfinders.—XXIII.

The Rambler in North America.

IN the years 1832 and '33, Charles J. Latrobe, an Englishman, made extensive travels in the United States, of which he has left an account in two volumes entitled "The Rambler in North America." Latrobe was a natural traveler; observant, eager for information, appreciative of the beautiful, and sufficiently experienced to take the rough with the smooth with great good nature. He was also a thorough Englishman, critical of the people with whom he was brought in contact, inquisitive as a Yankee, yet quite unconscious of the curiosity which he himself possessed and constantly displayed, and entirely disposed to make fun of the Yankees for theirs.

He reached New York in the latter part of May, 1832, and is enthusiastic about the beauties of the bay of New York, which he describes in language that will seem curious to those who, in these days, have looked at the city from the water, and considered what is now termed New York's sky-line. He says: "You see a long line of level wharves and slips crowded by endless tiers of shipping, and tall brick warehouses peering over them; a few uninteresting church-spires rearing themselves from the central parts of the city, which rises so gradual from the water's edge, that, at a distance, it seems to be built on a dead flat. There is neither beauty nor sublimity in such an object. Then the adjacent shores of Long Island and New Jersey opposite, though well wooded, are not particularly bold; the small low islands scattered over the nearer portions of the bay, are far from being either well clothed, or dignified by handsome structures; the swelling back of Staten Island, is too distant to form a prominent object in the landscape; still, come from what quarter you may, you are struck with the air of beauty.

"Much is doubtless to be attributed to the extreme mellowness and transparency of the atmosphere, which gives color to every object on land or water. In this, the climate of New York is truly Italian. There is a freshness in the verdure that covers the sloping and gentle shores, a harmony in the outlines—and above all, there is a life in the aquatic scenery, which I never witnessed elsewhere in an equal degree. An air of gaiety and festal enjoyment which contrasts singularly with the unholiday appearance of men and things in the interior of the country, reigns on the waters of the bays and rivers, in the vicinity of the cities to a surprising degree."

Latrobe's reference to the Yankees has been mentioned; let us give his own words about them, the picture which he paints of the New Englander: "The manners and habits of this great eastern division of the American people are strikingly distinct from those of their fellow citizens to the southward. * * * They are speculative, at the same time that their caution, clearheadedness, and indomitable perseverance, generally insure success. In politics, their practical conduct is strikingly opposed to the theoretical vagaries of the south. They have often, and not without reason, been compared to the northern inhabitants of our own island: but, I think, the New Englanders have all the steadiness and prudence of the Scotch, with a yet greater degree of ingenuity. Like the Scotch, they foster education; like the Scotch, they are inclined to the more severe forms of religious discipline and worship; like the Scotch, they are fearfully long-winded; like them they are gadders abroad, loving to turn their faces southward and westward, pushing their fortunes wherever fortunes are to be pushed, and often in places and by shifts where no one ever dreamed that fortunes were to be gained. They may be found supplanting the less energetic possessor of land and property in every State of the Union. They have a finger upon the rim of every man's dish, and a toe at every man's heel. They are the peddlers and schoolmasters of the whole country; and, though careless of good living abroad, when at home and at ease, they are fond of 'creature comforts.'" From this description it may be seen that Latrobe was keen to see, and wielded a trenchant pen to describe the characteristics of our ancestors. Yet he does this universally with good nature, and one sees no phase of carping, spite or snappishness in all his volumes.

Continuing through New England, the author passed up into Concord, saw the great falls, and at Buffalo the little party, made up of the author, Washington Irving, and M. de Pourtales, was threatened with dispersal. Just as they were about to leave for Detroit—Mr. Irving having planned to leave them on the way to return to New York—word came to them that the Government was about to send a commission to negotiate with the Indians on the western frontier. This commission was to be stationed at Fort Gibson, on the Arkansas River, and it was one of the three commissioners who gave the author and his party this information. He invited Mr. Irving to attach himself to the commission, and promised a hearty welcome to the other members of the party. All accepted promptly, and in a short time they were on their way to what was then the far west. They went to Ashtabula, and thence, by way of Cleveland, Newark, Columbus and Cincinnati, to Louisville, Ky., and from there by steamboat down the Ohio to St. Louis.

By this time steamboat traffic was well established on the Ohio and lower Mississippi. It was in 1811, more than twenty years before, that the first steamboat was launched on the Ohio, at Pittsburgh. The building of this boat followed a survey of the river by a certain Mr. Roosevelt, of New York, who did the work pursuant to an agreement with Chancellor Livingston and Mr. Fulton, whose experiments with steam navigation made on the Hudson River, prior to the year 1809, had been so successful as to make them look for "other worlds to conquer." It will be remembered that the appearance of this vessel, and the great speed with which it passed along down the river, excited a feeling of mingled astonishment and terror among the settlers on its banks, most of whom had never heard of so monstrous a thing as a steamboat. It was during this voyage that the earthquake of 1811, '12 convulsed the valley of the Ohio.

The sights seen by Latrobe and his party as they passed down the river were of things that have long since passed away. Among other things, he says: "Though greatly diminished in number, you still meet many an ark, for the transport of goods, built as a broad flat-boat, with a deck of two or three feet elevation above the level of the water. They have generally a small window fore and aft, and a door in the middle, a peep into which will show you a goodly store of pots, pans, or flour barrels. A narrow ledge runs round them for the convenience of poling. A small chimney rises above; racoon and deer-skins, the produce of the hours spent on shore, are nailed on the sides to dry. The larger are generally propelled by four oars, and I have occasionally seen them surmounted by a crooked mast and topmast. Here you will meet one fitted up as a floating tin-shop, gleaning many a bright dollar from the settlers. Others again are of a still more simple construction, and have merely a temporary deck supported upon rails, through which the sheep and other live stock may be described. Hay for their consumption will be piled above, and cargoes stowed away in the compartment behind.

"Of the large barge, upon which the greater part of the valuable goods in request on the river were formerly transported, few are now seen in the lower waters. They required twenty hands to warp them up against the current at the rate of six or seven miles a day, and were frequently of one hundred tons burden."

At St. Louis the members of the commission who were bound for Fort Gibson determined to await the passage of the steamer up the Missouri, which should take them to the town of Independence, then the starting point for much of the western travel; but Mr. Irving, Mr. de Pourtales and Latrobe determined to go overland, camping on the way. For such a journey it was necessary to hire servants and purchase a camp outfit, and after this had been done, they started into the new land. Shortly before reaching Lexington they met a party of seventy trappers returning from the Rocky Mountains and Santa Fé. Latrobe speaks of them as "men worn with toil and travel, bearing in their garb and on their persons evident marks of the adventurous passage of those immense prairies which lie to the westward. Seven of their numbers had fallen in combat with the Indians on their return.

Independence reached, it was found that the steamer had not yet been heard of, and the party settled themselves down to wait for it, and in the meantime to learn what they could of the surrounding country. Latrobe paints an interesting picture of some phases of the life of the new settler in a country that was then being first cleared for the plow. Here the author was appointed by his two companions, quartermaster and commissary to the mess, and upon him fell the toil of purchasing provisions and other supplies, hiring servants and selecting horses. All this he did, and no doubt to the satisfaction of his friends, if not altogether to his own; but he tells the story of his trials in a humorous light-hearted way which is very attractive.

After the members of the commission and their companions left Independence for Fort Gibson, the author shows us the party just going into camp at the close of a long day's march. "The broken line of the cavalcade, the great intervals between the horsemen, the wagons toiling far in the rear, and the difficulty of keeping the spare horses on the track, as they seize upon every opportunity to diverge from it, to feed upon the rank grass, all betoken the propriety of making choice of our night-quarters.

"The streams and creeks, meandering among these vast prairies, are generally deeply sunk, and bordered by a belt of rich forest, of greater or less breadth, and upon such our choice always fell, as we had here wood, water, shelter and fodder for our steeds. If possible, we halt before the sun is down, that we may get everything comfortably settled before night-fall, choosing an open space among the trees, within a stone's throw of the water.

"The spot being fixed upon, we drive and ride in among the tall grass and dismount; each unsaddles his steed, hobbles it, as the term is, by tying the two forefeet close together, and sends it hopping into the forest like a kangaroo, crashing and scrambling through the gigantic and entangled brushwood which arises under the heavier timber. Here, at this season, they feed upon the pea-vine, a very nutritious plant which abounds in all the wooded alluvial grounds or, 'bottoms' of the Western Prairies. * * *

At length the Colonel's sonorous voice is heard announced supper, "and each rousing himself to the willing toil, contrives a seat around a tent cloth, and partakes of the banquet. And banquet it was; for we lived at this time like princes, as coffee, biscuit, and bread were plentiful in the camp, in addition to our other luxuries, among which I would recount that despised dish, fried pumpkins. * *

"The table withdrawn, we sit half an hour round the fire, listen to each other's tales, and, between whiles, to the distant howl of the prairie wolf, the shriek of the owl, the chirp of innumerable grasshoppers and crickets, the cry of the bustards going to sleep in the neighboring marsh, or speculate upon some odd nondescript out-of-the-way noise in the deep forest; till in fine, growing gradually sleepy, we steal off to rest.

"I cannot say that silence always held her sceptre over us, even when sound asleep, for little Prevot and the black snored so loud that the dogs would sit up and bark at the noise."

Journeying westward from Independence, the travelers for several days skirted the limit of the treeless plains, of which Latrobe wrote, they "know no settled inhabitants, and over the other extremity of which, at five or six hundred miles distance, the gigantic summit of Mount Pike serves as a land-mark to the scouting Indian or trapper."

At Harmony, a missionary establishment on the banks of the Osage River, they saw their first Indians, Piankashaws, and a few days later met some Osages, people with shaved heads, tall, straight and upright, and, in a certain degree, martial in gait and bearing; and of all the tribes which Latrobe saw during his stay in America, the Osage came nearest to his ideal of the North

American Indian. And this is but natural, since in the Osage he saw more nearly the primitive type than among any others to the east.

It had been the purpose of Latrobe and his friend Pourtales to attach themselves for a time to one of the two great bands of the Osage tribe, but this proved impracticable. However, they were invited to accompany an armed expedition to the westward, which had just been sent out, and a runner had been sent forward after the rangers, with orders to the officers to await the commissioner and his friends. They were believed to be in camp fifty or sixty miles to the westward, and, in fact, a few days later, Latrobe and his party overtook them. They were commanded by a captain, who was an experienced backwoodsman, and he had as assistant two or three lieutenants of like qualifications and credit. The men themselves numbered eighty," in the pay of the Government, enlisted for the service of the frontier, among the young backwoodsmen of Missouri and Arkansas, for a given time; each providing, however, his own horse, rifle and clothing. Food and ammunition were furnished to them; the nature of the service being of the roughest, uniforms were dispensed with, and each appeared as his fancy or finances dictated. * * * The men carried rations for a certain number of days, after which it was expected that we should come within the buffalo range, and amply provide ourselves there with the necessary food."

Marching westward, the way was full of novel experiences for our Englishman, yet he seems to have fallen in well with the ways of the country. Game was plenty enough; elk, deer and bear, with abundance of turkeys furnished the company with abundance of fresh provisions.

Except when marching, the men of the rangers had little to do, and much of their time was occupied in "swopping," or trading with one another, horses, saddles, rifles and clothes of every kind. Of course the materials for this trading were limited to what they had with them, and articles made the rounds, sometimes coming back into the possession of the original owner. The author tells of a certain man who was continually swopping his horses, and who, on the return to Fort Gibson, possessed the very animal that he had started with, and sixty dollars into the bargain.

The travelers of our party had amusement and excitement enough without swopping. At the outset of the trip they had agreed that each man should care for his own saddle horse, "unsaddling and hobbling him in the first instance, and when brought into camp on the following morning, taking off the vile hobbles, and preparing him for the start. There was no hardship in this, if I except unhobbling, as the knot with which the feet were strongly secured, during the course of a long night spent in hopping through the damp grass, became often hard as iron, and as wet as a sponge; and many a time have I begun to lose my equanimity, and been on the point of using my knife, after five minutes were thrown away with alternate applications of teeth and fingers, vainly attempting to unloose the Gordian tie. For the rest, all seemed to inspire pleasure; and when we subsequently met in the gay saloons of the eastern cities, we often recalled those days of adventure and light-heartedness. * * * Here, alone, in the midst of the great wilderness, we moved day by day; lay down at night and rose in the morning in peace and quiet. We were like a vessel moored in a sheltered haven, within the breakers, and out of the reach of the tempest raging in the open sea. Those who have never moved out of the narrow sphere in which all is artificial; where the possession of much makes the attainment of more an absolute necessity; where luxuries appear to be necessities, can hardly conceive how little is in reality essential, not only for existence, but for contentment; or what a pliant and easily moulded mind any body we possess. Get only over your prejudice and try, and there are thousands of so-called comforts that you can do without—and of things which you can do for yourselves." Indeed, Latrobe speaks with much real feeling, and at some length of the beauties of the country through which he was passing and of the charm of this independent life.

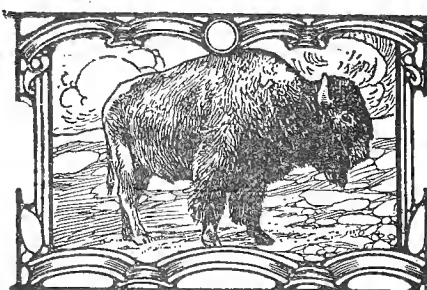
And now, the party were advancing further into the country beyond the Arkansas, and were beginning to look out for buffalo. They were also beginning to watch for signs of the Pawnees, those people of the southern central plains whose expertness in horse taking, and whose daring in war made them, to the travelers in the south, as terrible as the Blackfeet of the Saskatchewan and the Upper Missouri were to the trappers and traders of the north country. The Pawnee, according to our author, was the Arab of the West, whose hand was against every one; and they and the Comanches were alike dreaded.

As yet the buffalo were still beyond them. These, like the Indian, had been obliged to forsake their original domains, and retired into the wilderness. Sixty years before this time, the rich forests and cane-brakes of Kentucky and Tennessee had swarmed with them, but Latrobe says: "There is not one to be found east of the Mississippi: and as man has penetrated, year by year, hundreds of miles to the westward, so the bison has fled his presence, and yearly interposes a good hundred miles between its pathway and the nearest settlements. * * * A few years back and the bison might be met with and killed in the center of the Arkansas territory; but we had now advanced a hundred miles beyond its remotest limit, and had not yet met with them."

At last, however, they reached a country where buffalo sign was plenty, and with it also the sign of hostile Indians. After these tracks were seen, the company traveled a little closer together, and at night the horses were tied up, instead of being allowed to wander as usual. Now, too, wild horses were seen, and here a half-breed guide caught one with his rope, brought it into camp, and the next day it was humbly carrying a pack with the rest of the animals. Shortly after crossing the Red Fork of the Arkansas, the rangers turned southward, and while traveling along near the cross timbers, saw their first buffalo. Here they had their first Indian scare.

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



NATURAL HISTORY



Some Life of the Alaska Peninsula.

(Concluded from page 310.)

"In September, 1902, a trading post was established at Unangashik, east of Port Moller, on the north side of the peninsula, for the express purpose of trading for caribou skins. A stock of goods representing an investment of about \$1,000 was put in, and a man placed in charge. One of the employees of the proprietor of this station informed me that the receipt of about 1,000 caribou skins was confidently expected during the following year. Since then I have learned that approximately 500 caribou were killed by the natives of Unangashik between October 1, 1902, and May 1, 1903, and the skins disposed of to the trader. These skins are not shipped out of the country, so the traffic in them is only locally known. The trader pays about \$1 in trade for a skin, which is worth to him from \$2 to \$5. The skin of the body is widely used for clothing and bedding material. The short-haired skin of the legs is especially desired for making the tops of the skin boots which are very extensively used by natives and whites alike. This traffic is carried on openly. The occasional killing of caribou out of season by natives and prospecting parties cannot be stopped, nor does it seem necessary that it should be. If the wholesale traffic in meat and hides, however, is not checked, the animals are surely doomed to a speedy extinction.

"Moose are more or less common throughout the region traversed, and are killed in considerable numbers by the natives. It is thought that their westward range is governed by the limit of the birch, which they eat. On the peninsula the birch extends westward beyond the limit of the spruce, but the limit of the birch is practically the moose's limit."

Mr. Osgood took some white sheep in the mountains between Lake Clark and Cook Inlet, and is inclined to think they do not occur further west than the vicinity of Lake Clark. The specimens here found appear to be referable to *Ovis dalli kenaiensis*.

It is in this neighborhood that bears were formerly extremely abundant. They are so no longer, nor are the bears as large as they used to be.

The Indians of Iliamna Village say that according to the tradition a few black bears were formerly found in the mountains northeast from there, but that in recent years none have been seen. As far as we could learn they do not occur elsewhere in the region. Their westward limit on the Pacific side of the peninsula is about coincident with that of the coniferous trees, which cease a short distance east of Iliamna Bay. The westernmost records of the black bear known to the writer are those of two killed at Chinitna Bay in 1901 by the party of J. H. Kidder, of Boston, Mass. Two specimens of small cubs secured by McKay from the Kokwok Indians in 1882 were questionably referred to *Ursus americanus* by True. These may, however, have been the young of the large brown bear.

The Kenai Indians call the black bear Yerdeeshlah. Of *Ursus kiddlei* Merriam, Kidder bear, and *Ursus dalli gyas* Merriam, peninsula brown bear, Mr. Osgood says:

"Brown bears were formerly abundant in much of the country through which we passed, but the persistent hunting by the natives since the introduction of modern repeating rifles has reduced their numbers greatly. They still occur in many localities, but have become extremely shy, and are seldom obtained unless a special campaign for them is conducted. In the course of our entire trip we saw remarkably few signs of bears. In fact, the only really fresh tracks seen were those of a medium-sized one which had been fishing along a small stream emptying into Lake Iliamna near the Noghelung portage. This region about Lake Iliamna was formerly a favorite hunting ground for the natives. Chief Michaluf, of the small remaining village known as Iliamna Village, enjoys the reputation of being the greatest bear hunter of his generation, having, according to local report, scores of bears to his credit. There are yet a good many bears in the vicinity of this big lake, and a few have been killed each season in recent years. Several old bear trails were found on the mountains near the head of Lake Clark. In following them we noticed a few 'bear trees' with the bark torn off and the trunks scored with claw marks. The highest scratches were found to be only 7 feet 9 inches from the nearest place where a bear might stand, indicating that no very huge individuals had passed that way. In all cases the trees marked in this manner were white spruce. Considerable old 'sign' of bears was seen along the Kakhtul and Nushagak rivers, but the fishing season was over, and the big fellows presumably retired to the mountains, though no traces of them were found during the limited trips we made away from the water courses. We saw very little 'sign' along the Ugaguk River and Becharof Lake. The natives say that this is not a good place for bears, though they are quite common about the Ugashik lakes near there.

"The following notes on the habits of the brown bears of the Alaska Peninsula are largely such as have been derived from old native hunters. Most of the statements have been corroborated to a certain degree by independent discussion of the same subjects at different times with different individuals. As to the former great abundance of these bears there can be no doubt. The records of the fur traders do not fairly indicate this, for bear skins have usually been comparatively low priced, and the natives have been urged to secure the smaller, more valuable, and more easily handled furs. Not more than fifteen years ago it was not uncommon to see from eight to fifteen bears scattered about on one mountain side. Those natives who have had an opportunity to see cattle feeding on the hills of Kodiak Island invariably compare them to the bears they saw in their younger days. Pioneer white men also say the same of the great abundance of

the animal in the not very distant past. The season of activity of the bears varies, but is usually from the latter part of March or early April to the early part of November. They are not particularly averse to snow, and their tracks are often seen in it, but the date of their retirement in the fall and of their reappearance in the spring depends upon the severity of the season, so that sometimes they may go in as early as October and not come out until April. Sometimes, when disturbed, they come out for a short while in midwinter. Their dens are chosen in rocky remote places in the mountains, to which they are sometimes tracked by the natives, both with and without the aid of dogs. The young are always born before the female comes out of her winter quarters. The date of birth is ordinarily some time in January, doubtless varying considerably in individual cases, for during the summer cubs of different sizes may be seen on the same date. At birth the young are blind, naked, and helpless; they vary in number from one to four. Two is the usual number, there is not very uncommon, while four is quite rare. They follow the mother until the end of the second summer, when they are often nearly as large as she is.

"Although numbers of the adults frequent some localities, it is generally safe to assume that three or four bears found together constitute one family. The cubs are mischievous and playful, and receive many a stern reproving cuff from their mother. The brown bears avail themselves of everything the country affords in the way of food, including fish, flesh, fruit, roots and grass, a variety that was scarcely exceeded by the natives when under aboriginal conditions. When they first come out in the spring, they eat young grass, herbage, and roots, and if they are near the coast take a little kelp. In securing and handling these, as well as their other food, they display much dexterity and a control of their foreclaws seldom accredited to their kind. In the spring they also enjoy, now and then, a meal on a ground squirrel (*Citellus*). Hunting these squirrels and digging them out seems to be a combination of business and pleasure for the bears, and the antics they go through are very interesting to the onlooker. The bear is usually so intent on the game that he himself is easily approached. Sometimes he slips along a hillside and tries to catch the squirrel by a sudden pounce, but this usually fails. When the squirrel dodges into its near-by burrow, new tactics are adopted. The bear immediately begins to dig, throwing out big turfs and clods at each stroke, using the left hand chiefly and watching the hole intently all the time. While this is going on, the squirrel sometimes runs out between the legs of the bear and makes for another hole. Possibly he is caught by a quick pounce. If he escapes, excavations begin immediately at the new hole. The bear digs for a few strokes, and then stops to poke his nose into the hole and sniff. Finally his efforts are successful, and the luckless squirrel is devoured.

As soon as the salmon begin to enter the streams, bruin makes fishing his chief business. He varies his diet somewhat, however, and occasionally leaves the stream for the mountain sides, but in a short time returns again to fish. The fish in large numbers usually ascend the streams for the entire summer, and the supply is practically unlimited. In fishing, the bears do not get all their prey in shallow water or on bars and riffles in small streams, as is generally supposed, but often go into comparatively deep water in large streams. Practically all the fishing is done at night or very early in the morning, though their habits in this respect have doubtless changed in recent decades, since they have been hunted so much. It is most interesting to watch an old she bear with cubs. The cubs do not attempt to fish, but stay on the bank and receive contributions. The old she bear stands upright and wades in water up to her neck, going very slowly with the current, watching the water and scarcely making a ripple in it. She holds her arms down at her sides with her hands spread, and when she feels a salmon coming against her, clutches it with her claws and throws it out on the bank to the expectant cubs. Often she stands perfectly motionless for a considerable time, and when she moves it is with extreme deliberation and caution. After supplying the cubs she puts the next fish in her mouth and goes ashore to eat it. If salmon are plentiful or easily obtained, the two sides of fish are all that she will eat; sometimes she even scorns these, and fastidiously crunches the head and leaves the rest. The gills are never eaten. The cubs are not so particular, but chew their portions haphazard. In case they have any difficulty among themselves in apportioning the tidbits, they are promptly cuffed by the parent.

"When fishing in shallow water the bear walks slowly on all fours as silently as possible, and when a fish appears in a riffle, deals it a sharp blow on the head. During the fishing season the bears make deep trails in the grass along the bank, where at short intervals bones and other remnants of salmon in large quantities testify to bruin's ability as a piscatorial sportsman. Occasionally by following some of the branches of these trails, one may discover the midday resting place of the nocturnal fishers. One that I saw on the Kakhtul River was an ideal retreat. A soft bed was made in the grass and moss under the thick, shelving branches of a small spruce. Around this small alders and willows formed a sort of inclosure, which opened on one side and gave an outlook upon the river. The whole place had an air of coziness which would appeal to anyone accustomed to selecting camping sites. In the fall, toward the end of the salmon run, when fishing becomes unprofitable, most of the bears retire to the hills, where they feed on berries and put on fat during the last weeks preceding hibernation. The black crowberry (*Empetrum nigrum*) is eaten in great quantities, and various species of *Vaccinium* which abound are also taken. In moving up and down the mountains the bears usually follow the ridges, as shown by their trails, which often indicate years of use. These old trails do not resemble or-

inary game trails, which are merely paths, but each consists of a succession of distinct, irregular oblong indentations in the turf, alternating from side to side, a sort of composite of the prints that have been made by many feet during many seasons. These depressions become nearly 18 inches in length by 10 inches in width and from two to four inches in depth. They are often quite conspicuous, and can be seen for a considerable distance.

"The two types of coloration commonly shown by these species of bears, the dark brown and the light brown or even creamy, do not seem to be anything more than color phases or individual variations. I have examined numbers of skins, and, in lots exceeding a half dozen, both phases, or modifications of both, were represented. Moreover, the natives tell me that they have often seen a light and a dark cub following the same mother. A certain amount of this difference in color among the adults may be seasonal, but it does not seem probable that it is entirely so, for skins of both general types are frequently seen in the same apparent condition, and are alleged to have been secured at the same season.

"The geographic distribution of the various forms of the Alaska brown bears is still imperfectly known. Even the range of the group as a whole is not thoroughly understood, owing to the impossibility of distinguishing them from grizzlies in reports which come from localities not represented by specimens. *U. dalli gyas* extends westward at least from Cook Inlet to and including Unimak Island; large bears are found also on Nunivak Island and on the coast of Behring Sea from Bristol Bay northward, and probably range over much of the northern and western part of Alaska. To what extent the group ranges into the interior of the Territory is not known, and specimens with good skulls and reliable data from any point in the interior are greatly desired."

Big-game hunters—especially those who contemplate visiting the north—may very profitably study Mr. Osgood's interesting report.

Do Birds Reason?

WILD ducks by the thousands come to feed and rest in the ponds in Middlesex Fells, a State reservation a few miles from Boston, where no gunner is allowed to disturb them, and occasionally a few wild geese are with them. Before State protection obtained they were few in numbers and very wild. On the beaches of the islands in the harbor, where State protection prevails, the shore birds that frequent them are much less timid than when no protection was afforded them. They seemed to have learned that they were safe from the gunner in these localities.

If reason is prompted by instruction, experience, and reflection, as it is said to be, while instinct is simply natural impulse, it certainly seems that their movements are governed by reason, and they have been instructed by past experience what protection means.

This State has done a great deal for the protection of fish and game in the last few years under the direction of Capt. J. W. Collins, chairman of the Fish and Game Commission, a man of rare talent and great executive ability, and one who made friends of all who were brought in contact with him. He will be sadly missed by all who knew him, and it will be hard indeed to find anyone to fill his place. Others who knew him better will write more of him, but not too much in his praise.

GEO. L. BROWN.

[As we have many times pointed out, wild animals and wild birds very soon learn whether man is a friendly or a hostile animal, and they would always rather treat him as a friend than as an enemy. Wild animals, in situations where they are never molested by man, become absurdly tame, as is shown by the actions of the wild beasts in the Yellowstone National Park, where sheep, deer, elk, bears, and other animals pay little regard to the presence of human beings. On this point it would be well to read President Roosevelt's article, "Wilderness Reserves" ("American Big Game in Its Haunts," p. 23). Similarly there are not a few wildfowl preserves where the birds are very tame; one in Florida, we believe, where the wild ducks (little blackheads) commonly feed out of the hands of certain persons whom they have learned to know, just as the bears of the Yellowstone Park will take a piece of pie from the hands of certain employees whom they know. It is experience and not instinct that makes wild animals afraid of man. That has been known ever since long before the days of Alexander Selkirk.]

The Wallows Are Still There.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A correspondent of the Chicago Inter-Ocean, writing from the west, notices the buffalo wallows that used to be familiar to every old plainsman. He says that though they have not been used by buffalo now for thirty years, and cattle do not use them, the wallows look exactly the same to-day as they did when the last buffalo left them, or as they probably did 20 years ago.

It might be supposed that by this time these depressions would have been covered with grass, but they are as bare of grass to-day as they ever were.

In the spring they stand full of water; this may account in part for the absence of grass in them; but the water would soon evaporate; a heavy rain would fill them again for a day or two, but it would not remain in them long. Something else besides water must be the cause of their remaining still bare of grass.

Another thing he notices is the buffalo bird. There are no longer any buffalo for the bird, so he has transferred his attention to the steer, which has replaced his buffalo. He picks the insects off the backs of the cattle now. As many as twenty of the birds may be seen at times on the back of a single steer, which does not seem to notice him.

CABIA BLANCO.



GAME BAG AND GUN



The Ways of Duck Shooters.

EAST WAREHAM, Mass., Dec. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Since our return from the far West we have been trying to catch up by reading the accumulated back numbers. The dusky duck lore that has lately appeared is very amusing. No man on this continent has devoted as much time and patience to the pursuit of these birds and killed so few, as the writer. He has watched them for many hours at a time, both day and night, just for the pleasure of observing them; to him, they are the duck par excellence for wildness, keenness of sight and hearing, and for the table. The mallard, pintail, widgeon and gadwall are keen ducks, but slow when compared to *Anas obscura*. Of course gourmets, epicures, and that ilk will not allow me to class him with the canvasback, but the latter is at his best in only a few localities. On the seacoast and on the Pacific, when fed on widgeon weed and shell fish, he is no better than a bluebill—rank and coarse.

The dusky duck is a fine feeder till starvation times come and drive him to catching minnows in springs and ditches that zero weather does not close. Then, and then only, does he take a back seat. Thanks to a beneficent law, we have this beautiful bird with us throughout the year. For the sportsman's interest, for human reasons, and for those who are to come after us, another month should be given this duck, and February added to the close season. By the last of January the weather is so severe they cannot get food and afford sport at the same time.

This bird is almost strictly nocturnal in its feeding, and entirely so when persistently hunted. While a man in very stormy weather may get a few shots at birds that are seeking shelter in the daytime, night is the only time to shoot with any success. Steady pursuit has taught them to lie wide off on the bays, bars and ice until it is fully dark.

Many people are strongly opposed to night shooting; they do not shoot in Barnstable county, and would not get many dusky ducks in southeastern Massachusetts. A law prohibiting night shooting would protect the ducks as effectually as a law prohibiting the digging of clams at low tide would protect the shell fish.

This duck's keenness of smell is not developed sufficiently to be of any service to it as a safeguard from harm. A smoke would be likely to alarm them, but smelling in the sense applied to deer and dogs does not obtain with them, and is imagined by hunters who do not conduct their approach quietly enough.

To screen himself from these birds, the writer has built wall enough on various rocky shores to fence quite a field, for the same purpose he has lugged and piled cakes of ice enough to fill an ice-house, and stocked up a great amount of seaweed and brush. From behind these structures he has watched the ducks for hours at a time, and when they showed alarm it was because they either saw or heard something.

The writer has repeatedly slept in a blanket beside a pond of less than half an acre in extent, upon which from three to fifty ducks disported and fed all night. He has sat in a gunning boat and had ducks swim down the creek within ten feet, feeding right along as they went by and paying no attention whatever to him. At the same time, he has had a big blue heron walk to his boat and stand on the mud within arm's reach and peer intently at him, first with one eye, then the other, turning his head in a comical manner while trying to make out what was sitting there. He has also had an Indian paddle his canoe by at six feet distance, and the red man did not suspect the white man's presence. The gunning boat was covered with a burlap coat that fitted the deck and reached into the water or down to the mud on all sides. His gunning coat and cap harmonized with the burlap in color, and being under, and against a bank, the whole outfit looked like a lump of mud.

For the benefit of those who wish proof, be it known that the writer has kept an accurate record of everything he has ever shot, a diary of all his shooting, and a daily journal since 1875. He has used a variety of firearms, some of them antiquated, and, last, but not least, he is armed with a field glass of power strong enough to see the moons of Jupiter. He is aware that this is not much, for there have been men who could see the moons with their unaided eyes. Such were competent to observe ducks, to which we will now return.

In your issue of Dec. 10, L. F. B. jumps on to some parties who shot at two sleeping ducks that were on an ice field or floe. Now it is quite likely that those ducks were approached with such difficulty, that the hunters had to assume positions in their boat so cramped that they could not swing a gun to shoot flying. He makes some remarks on shooting quail that are sunning themselves. To come upon quail sunning themselves when one has a gun, is certainly a rare event, so rare that we have never done it. To shoot quail is a transgression in the writer's opinion—and he has to plead guilty to having lately done so, but it was in California, and only six there; he would not shoot one in Massachusetts.

Having just read the "Views of a Blunt Old Man" in *FOREST AND STREAM* for Dec. 3, we do not think him a game butcher, doubt if he is, or ever was a market hunter, he may have sold some ducks; and, on a snapshot judgment, we would trust him with a gun around our premises. We agree with him that in the main ethics are a thing apart, and have but little to do with a sportsman's existence. Anyhow, at the Judgment Day we'd take our chance with him 'gainst many an ethical sportsman "who wouldn't shake hands with him." Save for a very select few, who write for the best sportsman's paper in this or any other country, and who are

the very elect, before whom the rest of us stand in awe, the men who go out to shoot ducks, let them have it as quick and often as they can. All of us know that a flying duck presents a better mark than a sitting one.

The circumstances under which game is secured should be considered before condemning the method. The writer has pushed his gun through a crevice in the stone wall which served for a blind, and then had to lie flat on his stomach until some ducks he was watching were pleased to come near enough. Before one could back out of that position, the ducks would have been far away. In the State of Virginia, we have seen a blind built on a gentleman's preserve, for the purpose of shooting dusky and other ducks in a small pond. It was really a tiny log house with tight roof, and provided with a stove for warmth; the shooting was done through a slit, made by leaving out a section of log about three feet long and four inches high. Very little wing shooting could be done, and none was intended, for the owner and proprietor well knew that firing at ducks as they rose to fly would drive them away for good. We noticed other blinds in Virginia built on the same principle, but intended for shooting ducks at baited ground.

The method was to stick a stake out in the water about thirty yards from the blind, and then drop a bushel of corn and wheat around it. A few days were allowed for the ducks to get "using," then the shooter took his stand inside and thrust his gun through a hole cut to command the stake, at the proper time he fired.

As no shots were fired at the birds while on the wing, they continued "using" until used up. The fact that fowl are more alarmed by shooting into them after they are in the air, was taught the writer more than forty years ago by old gunners who began when percussion caps were first used. The first dusky duck he ever shot was killed while with one of these old-timers. We had crawled with great care and circumspection as near as we could get behind some small cedars and a tumbled-down wall. As the old man cocked his muzzleloader, he cautioned the writer to fire only one barrel; to reserve the other for possible cripples, and on no account to shoot at them flying, for they would never come back there. As the ducks were on the broad shore the wisdom of reserving a shot in muzzleloaders was demonstrated then and there, for we stopped four, two of which had to be quickly shot over before they swam beyond our reach. Had we allowed these birds to rise in the first place, the writer would have scored a miss and the old man could not have retrieved any he might have killed. Omitting these details, the story would sound like pot-shooting.

The writer has hunted ducks for a living, when it was "root, hog, or die," and no choice, and a harder and more unsatisfactory and thankless mode of making a living he never heard of. During this period of market shooting he met a good many sportsmen, men no better and no worse than L. F. B. Some of these men were personal friends of ours, who often went on shooting trips with us; some of them were good customers, and all knew we were shooting for the market. The steward of a certain club was another good customer, and the members of that club were good judges of game; and some of them good shots at it.

A few incidents will illustrate a point. We always built our own gunning boats and made our decoys; half of the sport of gunning is in the preparation and the rest in getting near enough to the birds and rehearsing the incidents after the day is over. Killing is not the part that gives pleasure.

On a number of occasions we have had our rig stalked by sportsmen, and we have had it shot at a few times. We always put our live decoys where they could not be pot-shotted unawares. Neglect of this caution would entail the loss of our ducks, because the majority of sportsmen are after something, and very few wait for feathers to fly. It is nice to write "ethics" in *FOREST AND STREAM*, but, like Lady Bellaston's opinions of virtue, who ever heard of a lady's practicing them in the field. Of course, there are exceptions; the lady found one in Joseph Andrews, and *FOREST AND STREAM* finds some among its contributors.

Apropos of sleeping ducks, who shall decide that a duck is asleep? When we see a bird sitting with closed eyes, head turned over its shoulder and bill thrust among its feathers, we consider it asleep.

On Oct. 28, 1880, the writer's father and himself rowed out to Little Bird Island to look for ducks. This islet is very small and nearly covered at high tide. After landing without making any sound, we carefully rose to a standing position and saw two dusky ducks asleep. Understanding each other perfectly, nothing was said until after the birds had flown and fallen again. One of the charms of companionship is that intuitive knowledge of what to do, which comes with years of shooting together.

On Dec. 6, 1882, the writer was on West Island after dusky ducks. It was a cold, blustering day and the birds were seeking shelter. We could see them sitting about in unapproachable places on the open marsh; some were sleeping, and we made a tedious crawl up to five that were on a bare spot. Letting them sleep on, we fussed for more than an hour with a piece of smoked glass, trying to see a transit of Venus that was to be pulled off that day. Venus does not line up for transits very often, and we wanted to see one while our eyes were good; she did the trick all right, and will again somewhere around 2002. After the transit we tried the five ducks and could not get quite near enough to shoot, but studied them a good bit. They sat in a very exposed place, where the cold wind had full sweep. Now and then one would shift his head to take the

kink out of his neck, or pull his feet up into his feathers. There did not seem to be a sentinel, perhaps they relied on the gulls which were steadily circling about. Ducks can read the signs made by gulls and crows, as many a gunner has found to his exasperation. We could do nothing with them and went back to our boat.

The two following incidents were related to the writer many years ago. As men rarely tell of wrong doings that never happen, we may consider these stories true. The first was told us by a gentleman (long since gathered to his fathers) as a happening of his boyhood. He had a half holiday, not from school, but from farm labor, and being provided with ammunition and a single gun of the old Queen Anne style, he got a boat and rowed out to Little Bird Island. After putting his boat as much out of sight as possible, he built a blind of loose stones—repaired an old one, probably—and sat down to wait. He watched and waited through the afternoon into almost evening without getting a shot. Then he saw away up toward Long Beach three birds flying direct for the island. They swung around to leeward and came up and settled with that delightful swish we so love to hear. The ducks, in single file, came to land and prepared to rest. When it was all over, he looked, and lo! three more ducks; again the delightful swish and the unsuspecting birds land as before. After the smoke cleared away, and calm reigned again, through the approaching twilight another devoted trio came. History repeated itself, and a happy boy rowed homeward with never a thought of ethics. That we have heard the old gentleman tell this incident as luck with ducks at one time and sheldrake another, does not affect the moral. Those birds were done feeding and were coming to the island to roost.

The shooting in the second case was done by an older man, but in more recent years. A resident of Half Way Pond, he left his house one morning, intending to walk to North Sandwich—now Bourneville—and have Seth Holoway relay an ax. Putting the ax head in his pocket, he took his single-bore gun and started. He had some eight miles to walk, and when about half the way, turned aside to look into Moulton's Pond for black ducks—dusky ducks. This pond is small, grassy and not given on maps; like many others in Plymouth woods, it was usually low in the fall. He saw some ducks sleeping (?) on a sandbar; they most likely had been "using" there for some time and were unsuspecting. The old man fetched a compass around through the woods so carefully that the birds did not hear him. His shot was so well timed that five were killed and one or two winged—these got into the grass before he could reload. Not liking to leave his game in the woods, and unwilling to carry the extra weights to Holoway's and back, he returned home and postponed his trip till the next day. On the following morning he started out again, taking the gun and ax as before. On reaching the pond he repeated his previous performance and went home. The next day, having all the ducks he could use, the gun was left behind and the trip made without any incident. In extenuation, it can be truthfully said, that the old gentleman lived out his simple life without knowing (or dreaming even) that he had committed an unworthy act.

Such old-time gunners as used to gather on snowy days in Fearing's Tavern, and Daniel Weston's store, were fond of telling the remarkable shots they had made or missed. On a stormy day, back in the early '40s, we can see around the genial fire a little coterie of choice spirits, among whom might be Seth Sturtevant, Peter Holmes, Micah Gibbs, Charles Hamolin, Seth Besse and Stephen Wright. The door opens and in comes Nat. Hamblin. After stamping off the snow, loosening up his great coat and finding a seat, he tells the following story:

"I was down to Barney's Point the other day and saw a great raft of bluebills. They were out in Crab Cove, and I was wondering how I could toll them in. I got down as near the shore as I could, and all at once they began to swim right for me. I was surprised, and could not understand it, till happening to look down the bank in front of me, I saw a fox lying in the seaweed windrow. His head was pointed toward the birds, and they could see nothing except the tip of his tail, which he was waving to toll them in. I got all ready, and when the coming birds ranged with the top of the fox's head, I let her go."

"Well, how many?" said several.

"She missed fire."

This statement relieved the tension, and was better, perhaps, for the narrator's reputation for strict veracity. We think it was told of Peter Holmes, that once he was watching a bunch of five or six ducks in Red Brook, and saw an otter swimming down stream toward the birds, which were within range; timing his shot, he killed the whole business—six ducks and an otter.

What does constitute a true sportsman? "He is sitting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat." Shall we sift out all the old-timers? Hardly. The clean grain that is left would not seed the country. We have read *FOREST AND STREAM* from the very first, the cream of the shooting world. Write and subscribe for this paper; no sportsman could fail to find a jury of his peers among its correspondents.

The two most popular men in their respective countries are sportsmen.

How
Much I am like Theodore,
And Theodore like me,
I am, in fact (this might not be
A bad thing to suggest),
The Theodore of the East, and he
The Wilhelm of the West."

But customs vary so, that what is a right and proper way for the Eastern Theodore to take his stags, bears, boars, rabbits and other game would be a very distasteful way for the Wilhelm of the West. Merely a different point of view.

The late Sir Samuel Baker was a sportsman of sportsmen, and shot for sport only; he had a very proper appreciation of the right thing. So filled was he with this spirit on one occasion, that, snatching a gun from a bearer, he ran up alongside a fleeing elephant and fired a charge of snipe shot behind her ear; she got away. Another time, being out of ball, he fired a charge of shillings and sixpences at a buffalo; if that was not a refutation of shooting for money, let some one speak.

And yet, he shot lots of large game in tanks and lakes, where it had to lie and decay. Taken all in all, he was a very destructive man. It may be urged that he was clearing a country of dangerous and unnecessary animals.

As for present sportsmanship, the writer would respectfully move, that the gentleman who represents Brewer, Maine, be considered a true sportsman. In ancient times men were named for their characteristics, and we know of no one more happily christened than Mr. Hardy, or more deserving of distinction as a sportsman; to achieve success in this line, one must be manly, and to follow the chase one must be hardy.

Coming back to ethics, we have a difficult subject; what are they? To the elect, they represent the principles to which all true sportsmen subscribe, and from which, the old-time gunner (who shot for meat and fun both), the ground and sitting shot, the market hunter, the game butcher (not always a market hunter) and miscreants in general have no appeal. Where did these ethics come from? Everything had its origin at some time, but, the origin of many things is hid in obscurity. Of course there are many kinds of ethics, but we are dealing with those of hunting.

It is evident that it is useless to search outside the back tracks of civilization, for savages had none so far as we can learn, and if they did have any, they were of a different breed and not worth considering. Savages take pot shots whenever they can; yet, strange to say, savages and game exist together, the supply holding its own against a non-ethical pursuit. Pursuing our subject, we can trace ethics back along those roads all of which led to Rome, further yet we follow them to Greece, where much that is noble, good and pure had its origins. As near as we can find out, the ethical halo which surrounds the true sportsman is a remnant of the luster and glory which surrounded Diana, and was by her bequeathed to all sporting, or, more properly, hunting people of the earth, without reservation, and of late years has been arrogated to themselves by a certain class. We should like to say the mantle of Diana had fallen upon the hunters, but the contemplation of a great painting by a renowned artist, showing the goddess with all her attendants in pursuit of a stag, constrains us to the belief that mantles were unknown, or, at least, unpopular in those days.

When it comes to application, the foregoing principles are often honored in the breach. One of our correspondents would take a rising vote on a difference of opinion between himself and Blunt Old Man. Recently in one of our neighboring towns, a gentleman sought an office, the gift of which was vested in his townsmen. He canvassed the town thoroughly and got a yes or no answer from enough voters to find by comparison with the check list, that he would have a majority of sixty if all the others voted against him. He was defeated by forty votes, and when questioned about the defection among his constituents, declared he had found a hundred liars.

Some thirty-five years ago the writer was out with his father and brothers shooting partridges (ruffed grouse). The old gentleman had just made a neat double on two birds which sprang up in a swamp and took opposite directions; our dog had just brought the second bird to hand, when a genuine sportsman appeared. He had heard the shooting and hastened up. He wanted the two birds badly. It seemed that he had gone out on his own hook, and left a party of friends, who took another direction. He had seen no birds, and had a wager with Peleg Hackett, that he could and would kill a partridge. The price of a supper at Hackett's depended on his skill; two boys were richer each by fifty cents, and it was up to Hackett. This was all right, only, had Cale Loring been present he could have amended his celebrated adage to include sportsmen with fishermen.

Again, we were on Sandy Neck, our live decoys were sunning themselves on the bank by their coop near the shanty. Three sportsmen came around the point; the ducks flew off the bank, and one of the men fired both barrels at them. His companions laughed at and chaffed him considerably; he offered to pay damages, but, as we could not see that he had hit anything none were assessed.

Another time we had our rig set in the mouth of Cow Creek. Some twenty-five wooden decoys were floating so artistically, that they were mistaken for the real by a sportsman who was being propelled that way by his boatman. Our live decoys were sleeping on the bank, for it was warm and sunny, and nothing doing. Being out of possible range, we watched with interest the skill of the boatman as he slowly brought his craft up to the flock. The sportsman, well down in the bow, with his gun projecting like the bill of an immense snipe, was making ready for a ripping pot shot when the eye of the experienced guide discovered the illusion. The sportsman's disappointment was almost pathetic; but, just then he caught sight of the live decoys, and in an audible whisper, said, "There are some ducks," and brought his gun to bear on them. At this we called out that he need not shoot, as the ducks were tied. He was the Simon-pure, no meat hunter, market hunter, game hog or other outlaw, but a well-to-do, elderly good citizen, of whom no ill could be said.

Again we were sitting on our boat below the bank, at the mouth of Mission Creek; our rig was floating idly in a little pool. Of a sudden the monotony was broken by the bang of a gun and the whiz of shot over

our head and among the decoys. We lay low for the second barrel, but nothing coming, peeked over the bank, and saw a sportsman, still seventy or more yards off, making his way across the bog in our direction. He had on boots that laced on each side of the leg below the knee, and as they flared at the top, while he went over their depth at every step, each withdrawal took up an aggregation of mud and made progression almost impossible. He finally came up out of breath, puffing and blowing, and the following was said:

"You have a good gun there."

"Did I cover them well?"

"Couldn't say; but you shot an awful distance."

He complimented our stools and passed on.

Shortly after this and on the same creek, a gunner was putting out his rig and standing in his boat among the flock. It was in the morning twilight and he saw two men rowing up toward him, but did not give them any attention. One of these men caught sight of the decoys, and, snatching his gun, fired; a glancing shot struck the gunner under one eye, making a wound so painful that the others had to pick up his rig and carry him to the city.

These anecdotes prove nothing, except that on the spur of sighting game the ethical shoot quickly.

We have never had a market hunter shoot at our rig, or at ourselves; we have had an old-fashioned gunner stalk our decoys, and have had an Indian put a rifle ball through one. We once lost a shot at some dusky ducks because we could not determine whether they were the real thing, or another's rig, until they had flown off.

WALTER B. SAVARY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

True sport often needs protection from men who are offended when told they are not real sportsmen, but masked pot-hunters posing as sportsmen.

Is it not very seriously true that what some "critics" of the "blunt old age" school can do to worry and weaken the courage, hopefulness and nerve-force, and to chill and undermine the enthusiastic and future usefulness of one whose young name and fame are world-wide among naturalists and sportsmen, is evidenced by the collapse, blindness, and possibly ended career of Mr. W. J. Long? Does it not seem probable that, as a sad result of the severe strain that "critics" have placed upon him, he now sits in a dark room at Stamford, Conn., his young wife and child beside him? Worse, where are the published expressions of even slightest regret from the men who, I believe, have shortened his life through years of persistently published "criticism," urged home with their utmost power of separate and concerted ridicule and denial—attacks that I am told continue?

Of course the above will also be contradicted; but meanwhile, no doubt, guilty gentlemen will be satisfied with results; and readers here are sure to judge for themselves. I leave it with them to say whether those who have watched the course of the controversies believe that the above conclusions are the result of proper reasoning and warranted, or are far-fetched. The matter will not be mentioned again by me. Mr. Long has proved able to take care of himself, and no doubt will be again, if, happily, he shall recover. As to the persistent character of the disputes and denials, and whether the tension of them caused Mr. Long's collapse, it should be remembered that all the facts needed to really form a conclusion already exist or continue in the issues of various publications. The public will be the real judge accordingly on its own knowledge, and not by reason of merely reading published opinions or statements of any writer, or those printed by the management of any newspaper or magazine.

When, to strengthen one of his many attacks on what he has seen fit to call the "modern school" of naturalists, Mr. John Burroughs absurdly stated in *Outing* last July that his mere reaching while concealed, for a gun to shoot at "sleeping" dusky mallards on the Hudson one spring, instantly waked them "time and again" by "duck-and-man-telepathy," he was promptly admonished here that before assuming to criticize others and styling them "romancers," he should first cease "romancing" himself, and stop such unsportsmanlike conduct as shooting at dusky mallards "all sound asleep!"

This counter-attack was just and unanswerable. It has been most amusing to note how its force is sought to be broken by denials, side-tracking, and attempts by others to create other issues.

Our new national law to protect wildfowls will, I am advised, prohibit under heavy penalties, the shooting of all ducks unless they are flying when fired at. This shows how the public regards pot-hunters.

However, it is interesting to note the familiar line-up of apologists. One hails from sleepy Philadelphia, and dons the very large mask of Ocean! Another, said to be a student of bear trails, imported camels, etc., uses a Spanish quill-name while mentioning that a single red-head duck, probably asleep by himself, did not fly, and was potted and given away! If he had been starving it would have been different, but not sport.

A third unlocated, ancient coadjutor sits in some easy chair of a presumably remote room, loads a rusty fowling piece with wads, and contentedly fires from behind the triple mask not only of anonymity, but also of paraded "bluntness" and alleged experience. He claims credence, extra reverence and authority, and special consideration because he says he is "blunt," and asserts he is an "old man." He assumes that all this masking somehow confers on him what will be gladly recognized as a specially honorable jurisdiction to teach, rebuke, and instruct and order others to comply with what will meet his own very manifest wishes. Worse, he refuses to disclose his identity!

These gentlemen should not love darkness, the refuge of those afraid of light. When they give their real names and addresses, and the times, durations and locations of their actual duck shooting experiences and acquaintances for verification, and also show that they are not thinly disguised members of the sore little band of senior wranglers, some of whom have been glad, for years, to maul everything asserted here out of their own narrow spheres of sport, then it will be time enough to get some real duck shooters, and members or officers of a few actual sporting clubs on the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts

and the Great Lakes, as well as in the British Northwest and the Mississippi, Missouri and St. Lawrence valleys, to state here that to fire at dusky mallards "sound asleep" is forbidden by their club or hunting usages and rules, is never sanctioned, and is recognized as a proper cause for reprimand, admonishment, and final expulsion if persisted in. To these testimonials it will be easy to quote earnest pleadings from the real naturalists, like Elliott, for mercy to just these wildfowls.

Readers have already passed adverse judgment on shooters at sleeping ducks. Yet "of the same opinion still," no matter what may be the public verdict in favor of these beautiful and fast disappearing birds (see Elliott, "Wildfowl"), "argument" would go on forever, as apologetics would be driven from cover to cover, and final refuge found in such sophistry as claiming there were really no ducks, guns, powder, shot, water, world, sportsmen or laws, nor any publications in which to air their "views."

L. F. B.

ELMIRA, N. Y., Dec. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I thoroughly agree with M. Hardy, who writes in the December 10 *FOREST AND STREAM* about who are the true sportsmen. I am another sportsman who has shot grouse, quail and woodcock for forty years, and I have owned but two dogs. One was a cocker spaniel, which, when it got aged, would work up on a bird and then wait for me, giving me a good shot on the wing. The other a black setter, bought of Mr. Charles Haley, of Bath, N. Y., which I could not keep long. (Another shooter wanted her for more money than I could afford to wrap up in dog skin.)

My father, being an enthusiastic wing shot and trout fisherman, was to blame, I suppose, for my taking to the gun and rod. I also commenced shooting in the Adirondacks with a double muzzleloading rifle that had one bad fault of missing fire—especially if what I was trying to shoot at was a nice buck standing broadside on. My next gun was a Frank Wesson .44 R. T. tip up single shot that never missed fire. I remember one of the boys picking up one of the cartridges in the spring that had lain out all winter and it went on first trial in the gun and seemed to have all the force a fresh cartridge would have.

Mr. Hardy's friends must use poor judgment in loading their shells if they use 12 grains with $1\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ ounces of shot. Our shooters here use $1\frac{1}{8}$ and a number only 1 ounce of shot.

I would laugh some, I think, to see anyone try to still-hunt our wary old grouse. I haven't seen one in a tree or on the ground in ten years about here, and I shoot some. I have many friends who have dogs that I gun with, and being away from home most of the time I keep none. My friends always get the cream of the shooting, however, and most of the game; still I get a heap of satisfaction in once in a while closing up the wings of a swift-flying grouse or quail that has got away from the chap with the dog, and had not counted on the old man on the side. And, by the way, take the dog out of the question and the game would more than hold its own with all the shooters.

Did you ever nearly step on one of our cotton-tail rabbits in the high grass and see how easily he could sidestep a load from each barrel of your gun? Great work.

My idea of a true sportsman is one who can refrain from potting a bunch of quail when he runs on to them when alone; who is always willing to help out his friends with information of where to go; who does no shooting or fishing out of season or unlawfully; who, if he comes home with an empty bag, can tell his friends just what he got; who obeys the game laws, tries to get his friends to do the same, and pays 100 cents on a dollar, who is satisfied with a moderate bag, and has a good time if the bag is empty. If he is this kind of a man he can use dogs or not and I think he would suit Brother Hardy.

E. H. K.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Blunt Old Man refers to me as a (quondam) "usually intelligent" contributor. I've been thrown out of a jury box by the learned counsel because (he said) I was "unusually intelligent." I've always said our jury system needed reforming. So now where am I at?

Now, I don't worry how Blunt Old Man or any other kind of an old man "swats" his ducks. I'm not the duck, so what care I?

After Blunt Old Man downs Brown (if he does), I'm ready to take my dressing-down with humiliation and repentance for condemning the "swatting" of a bevy of quail all together asleep at the same time in a cosy fence corner enjoying the invigorating rays of the noonday sun.

But my dear old fellow-contributor, Cobia Blanco, swatting a duck sitting. *Et tu Brute! O tempora! O mores!*

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Dec. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If I were to take sides with either the Blunt Old Man or Charles Cristadoro on the question started by Mr. L. F. Brown when he condemned Manly Hardy for shooting a duck sitting, I would have to take sides with the former to the extent that it has been, and still is, a common practice with duck hunters to shoot them sitting under certain conditions. There are many conditions under which, if a gunner were to shoot at swimming ducks, he could undoubtedly be called a pot-hunter; there are also times when people well known for their sportsmanlike qualities have shot swimming ducks and gone on record over their own signatures. For instance, Mr. Grinnell in his book on "American Duck Shooting," page 334, quotes the well-known sportsman, Mr. E. Hough, from an article he wrote for the *FOREST AND STREAM* about river shooting. Mr. Hough says: "We had learned to believe it as honorable to shoot a duck diving as one flying." The ducks in question were hard to get on the wing, so they took them the other way. But we believe Mr. Brown and Mr. Cristadoro made no distinctions, but condemned anyone who would shoot a duck other than on the wing. I think all will agree that Mr. Hough has a secure position in the sportsman's world.

Now, I think it a great deal more sportsmanlike to shoot a single duck on the water than to shoot into a thick bunch coming in to the decoys, and that at the most opportune time for bagging the greatest

number. If these ethical writers will hold up their right hand and say they pick out the single ones and do not shoot into a bunch, they are the Simon-pure article. I cannot put my finger on anyone who does do that. They shoot into a bunch, when they get the chance, to lessen the chance of a miss and to bag all they can at one shot.

See what Mr. Bishop says in the "American Sportsman's Library," in the book on "The Water Fowl Family." Speaking of the gunners on the Massachusetts coast, he says: "In Massachusetts ducks are not only permitted to alight, but are also persuaded to huddle up and get their heads together, with the result that often not a single begrudged bird escapes the fusillade—a shooting custom excused on the ground that ducks are few and far between." This is very bad, but it helps to bear out the Blunt Old Man in his remarks about duck hunters.

In this book Mr. Bishop mentions shooting at a club in Currituck Sound, and he says they wound up the day on three ducks which had swum in to the decoys, and that the shot was the sunset gun. It reads very much as though these ducks took theirs on the water. The shooting was made from a club there which he mentions. DIXMONT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Joe W. Hutt in the current number gives his opinion as to what was the cause of the buffalo leaving us. He and I agree exactly as to the cause. Blizzards had nothing to do with it. Those buffalo had been in the country for hundreds, maybe thousands of years, and so had the blizzards; still the buffalo, or a part of them, lived through each blizzard. In our time they were only found west of the Mississippi. It may not be known by every one, but it is a fact that they once roamed clear from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains. I have never seen any evidence of their being west of these mountains, but they were at one time in all the eastern country south of New York State. It was no blizzard that killed them off. The Sharps buffalo gun in the hands of the skin-hunter did it.

I don't want to call Mr. Hutt down on account of his opinion in regard to the soldiers; he at least does not think that we killed off all the buffalo; we helped to do it; but the soldiers, when I was one, sometimes found other things besides their rations to destroy, and very often some of us at times did not destroy a great amount of rations, unless we drew our rations from the buffalo while we were trying to destroy hostile Indians. The want of these rations could not be blamed on the Government, though; they had plenty for us whenever we could get within striking distance of them.

Captain Kelly said in his account of how the buffalo came to be missing, that our general officers wanted them killed off; and he gave Buffalo Bill and Buffalo Jones as his authority. I would accept Mr. Jones's word on any subject; I have known both him and Cody; but I never knew of either the Generals or their subordinate officers advocating the killing off of the buffalo by us in order to exterminate them. These officers believed, as we did—those of us at least who took the trouble to give these things any thought—that as long as we had the buffalo we never could keep the Indians on a reservation; but they did not advocate the killing off of the buffalo by us. On the contrary, we were not allowed to kill one that we could not use. I have been told, time and again, not to kill them, nor let other men kill them, when we did not need them.

Captain Kelly, I think it was, made the statement that both Sheridan and Sherman had ordered guns to be given to friendly Indians to kill off buffalo. The last time I ever saw General Sherman before he retired (I saw and talked with him after that in Chicago), I acted as his orderly when he paid our post a visit. He asked me then if we still could get plenty of buffalo. They were still plentiful then. Only a short time before this I had been out with an English officer hunting them, and he had told me that probably I would live to see the last of them killed. I told General Sherman this, and his reply was, "Well, I am afraid he is right." Then, after a moment's study, he said: "And it is a pity, too, is it not? We will miss them." He would not be likely to furnish guns so that we would miss them sooner.

It took us less than twenty-five years to kill off the last of the buffalo. In May, 1866, I stood behind a butte on the Laramie plains, holding on to the heads of my team horses while a herd of buffalo that our men had estimated to contain 250,000 passed us on the run. This was the largest herd I have ever seen. In November, 1879, a Comanche chief and I killed the last one that has ever been seen on the Texas Panhandle, and the last one I have ever seen anywhere. CABIA BLANCO.

A National Game Reserve.

THE bill designated H. R. 11584, introduced by Hon. John F. Lacey, of Iowa, to authorize the setting apart of areas of the Wichita Forest Reserve as a game preserve, was passed by the House unanimously on December 13. The measure provides:

"That the President of the United States is hereby authorized to designate such areas in the Wichita Forest Reserve as should, in his opinion, be set aside for the protection of game animals and birds, and be recognized as a breeding place therefor.

"Sec. 2. That when such areas have been designated as provided for in Section 1 of this act, hunting, trapping, killing or capturing of game animals and birds upon the lands of the United States within the limits of said areas shall be unlawful, except under such regulations as may be prescribed from time to time by the Secretary of Agriculture; and any person violating such regulations or the provisions of this act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall, upon conviction in any United States court of competent jurisdiction, be fined in a sum not exceeding one thousand dollars or be imprisoned for a period not exceeding one year, or shall suffer both fine and imprisonment, in the discretion of the court.

"Sec. 3. That it is the purpose of this act to protect from trespass the public lands of the United States and the game animals and birds which may be thereon, and not to interfere with the operations of the local game laws as affecting private, State, or Territorial lands."

The report of the Committee on the Public Lands to

whom the bill had been referred ran as follows:

"The Committee on the Public Lands, to whom was referred the bill (H. R. 11584) for the protection of wild animals and birds in the Wichita Forest Reserve, having had under consideration said bill, would respectfully submit the following report and recommend that said bill do pass without amendment:

"The Wichita Forest Reserve has been set apart in the Wichita Mountains in Oklahoma. This mountainous tract of land is surrounded on all sides with farming lands, and has been reserved as a permanent timber reserve. The bill proposes to permit the President of the United States to designate such part of the said reserve as in his opinion may be proper also as a game preserve for animals and birds. The President in one of his messages has asked that this authority be given as to all the forest reserves in the United States. He recommended that the Executive be permitted to designate portions thereof as havens of refuge for the small remaining portion of our game and birds. Congress thus far has not favorably acted upon any such a general law.

"This bill applies to one particular reserve, and many people in Oklahoma Territory have expressed their desire that this action be taken, and no opposition thereto has been expressed from the country affected thereby.

"Oklahoma and Indian Territory are the favorite breeding grounds for quail and grouse, and there has been a great desire expressed from all parts of the country that some suitable portion of that region be protected from hunting so as to be used as a breeding ground. The game birds from this reserve would migrate to other parts of Indian Territory and Oklahoma, and thus provide a supply for all parts of the surrounding country. This land is all public land, is now in a state of reserve, and is protected by Federal custodians. To protect the animals and birds in this forest, as well as the forest itself, would therefore not involve additional expense.

"It would be an advantage to all the people of that Territory and in no wise interfere with the use of the forest reserve. The Department of Agriculture could also obtain supplies there for purposes of propagation in other parts of the country.

"The President in his message to Congress called attention to the propriety of making some havens of refuge for the surviving wild birds, game, and fish within these reserves."

Massachusetts Quail.

BOSTON, Dec. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reply to requests sent out by the secretary of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, several of those who liberated quail have reported the results of their observations of the birds, and, in the main, these are similar to that of Mr. Taft, of Whitinsville, mentioned some weeks since. In several instances the reports show conclusively that the quail put out have raised good sized broods this year. So encouraging are the results of its efforts last spring that steps have already been taken by the State Association for continuing that branch of its work the coming winter and spring. There will also be systematic efforts to provide food for the remnant now left in our covers.

Our sportsmen friends in Middleboro have already renewed their efforts to feed the birds. They did a grand work in this line last winter. Among the active men of the club are two members of the State Association, Dr. W. C. Woodward and Mr. Samuel Shaw. Another name familiar to your dog-loving readers is that of Mr. George W. Lovell. The plan adopted in Stoneham at the suggestion of the well-known writer on natural history subjects, Mr. E. Harold Baynes, is an admirable one, not only for its immediate effect in saving the birds, but remotely in an educational point of view. He was able to interest the school officials and teachers in the High School, and through them induced the boys to take food out into the fields and on the borders of the wood lots, clear away the snow and deposit it in partially sheltered places where it could be found by the birds. The lad who engages in work of that kind is well started on the road to intelligent sportsmanship; and the spectacle afforded by a group of school boys loaded down with bags of grain and tramping through the snow to rescue "our feathered friends" when on the verge of starvation, cannot fail to awaken the interest of the community in general. As food for wild birds, wheat, buckwheat, cracked corn and barley are excellent, and there is nothing the quail relish more than the sweepings of hay-lofts and barn floors. In winter, when the ground is mostly bare, they will commonly find seeds of one kind and another sufficient to sustain life. But when these are buried beneath the deep snow the bird has small chance.

It is the opinion of sportsmen with whom I converse that our gunners will never again see live quail so numerous as they were in the fall of 1903, unless strenuous efforts are made to save what we now have from starvation and to plant as many as can be obtained from outside the State. By the way, I have lately seen a report that the sportsmen of the Province of Ontario are circulating a petition to the Government for an appropriation for the purchase of quail to restock their covers.

One of the newly organized clubs in our State is known as the "Sportsmen's Protective Association of Eastern Massachusetts." The first fox hunt of the club occurred on Thursday the 15th. Some 75 members in khaki and well armed followed the pack of about thirty hounds. Old hunters called it a "poor day"—too cold, and the footprints of the fox were quickly filled with the dry snow, and did not hold the scent. However, one fox was killed, the fortunate hunter being my friend Dr. A. E. Merrill, of Somerville. The scene of his triumph was the westerly part of Wilmington. Another was wounded after a two hours' chase by Mr. Sidney Buck, of Wilmington. About 3 P. M. the party rounded up at Masonic Hall, where dinner was served. Many towns of eastern Middlesex and western Essex are represented in the club, and at this meet were men from a dozen or more towns and cities. Most of the members are enthusiastic sportsmen of various types; but several are expert quail and partridge hunters. To such the destruction even of one fox was a happy occurrence.

The Fish and Game Department of Maine is constantly adding to the exhibit of trophies at Augusta. A bear caught by Warden Durgin near the forks of the Kenne-

bec is a recent acquisition. Another is a big landlocked salmon, taken at Square Lake, which weighed 18 pounds and was 32 inches in length.

Mr. C. S. Smith, of Goodwin's Mills, has shot a pure white albino deer in the eastern part of the State, said to be the only one killed in that section for many years.

Two successful women hunters recently returned from Norcross to their home in Bangor with one and two deer respectively. Another brought out one from Moosehead. Miss Mabel Winslow, of Beverly, Mass., and Miss Marion Ashley, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., each secured a moose this week. At midnight Thursday the Maine hunting season closed. Moose shipments have been 220 this year, as against 217 last year. Total of deer 4,271 this year, 4,609 last year. So far as the providing of funds for the enforcement of the game laws is concerned, the friends of the non-resident license law pronounce it a success.

A caribou was killed by Mrs. Avery Morehouse, who was hunting with her husband of Zealand Station, N. B., on the Keswick waters. Mr. Morehouse killed a monster bull moose with antlers spreading more than 50 inches.

CENTRAL.

The Shiras Pill.

OKLAHOMA, O. T., Dec. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am strongly in favor of House Bill No. 15601 for the protection of migratory birds, as printed in issue of FOREST AND STREAM December 10. The preliminary clauses of the bill express in the best possible language the reasons why such a law is necessary, and I hope the bill may become a law. J. C. CLARK, Territorial Game and Fish Warden.

THE DELAWARE GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION. A. D. POOLE, J. DANFORTH BUSH, President. Sec'y and Treas.

WILMINGTON, Del., Dec. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I duly received your letter of the 8th inst., and I have carefully read the proposed Federal game law (House Bill No. 15601).

Doubtless the framers of this law have looked into the legal aspects of it and have satisfied themselves that the Federal Government can assume custody of migratory birds and pass laws for their protection, but this is a point upon which I fear litigation would ensue. Assuming, however, that this can be sustained, I think the law a very good one, and should be productive of much benefit if the Department of Agriculture can enforce the regulations which by the act it is authorized to adopt. In my experience it is quite useless to pass laws for the protection of game without at the same time providing for their enforcement, and if the Department can undertake to do this, then by all means let us have the law.

It would, in my opinion, be better if Section 1 were made more specific, giving the scientific names of the birds it is intended to protect, as is done in the model bill of the American Ornithologists' Union protecting non-game birds, as it is well known that the common names change in different localities; for instance, in some parts of this State woodcock are known as "snipe."

A. D. POOLE, President.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Dec. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your favor of the 9th at hand and noted. I am heartily in accord with the bill introduced in the House by Hon. George Shiras 3d, to give Federal protection to wildfowl. I have felt for years that unless some protection was afforded migratory birds, and all spring shooting stopped, that it would be but a very short time until they were exterminated.

I will take pleasure in doing everything in my power to help this bill along. W. M. KENNEDY.

GRAND FORKS, N. D., Dec. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have your favor of the 9th requesting my views on the proposed Shiras bill for Federal protection to migratory game birds of the United States. I am in sympathy with this or any other measure in the interest of game protection; but I think the bill in question should stipulate and absolutely prohibit spring shooting, and give each State the right and power to fix the open season during the fall, as conditions and dates of maturity of the different game birds vary materially in the different States, and those interested, being residents of a State, are in a better position to designate by law the open season than would be a Federal officer.

CLARENCE A. HALE.

BROOKLINE, Mass., Dec. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Without doubt a Federal law for the protection of migratory game birds, by prescribing uniform close seasons for certain fixed zones of territory, and containing practical regulations for its enforcement, would be a grand good thing.

My first thought is, would such a law be held to be constitutional? But that is a question for lawyers, not for laymen. If Mr. Shiras has solved the problem, he deserves the support of all sportsmen.

The next question is, Could such a law be enforced? It is not enough to say, "It shall not be lawful to shoot," etc., or to declare "penalties by fine or imprisonment." That is the common wording of many of our present State laws, a majority of which would be good enough if they were really enforced. What is needed is clear, practical provisions for the constant watch for and detection of violations, and the wherewithal to keep such machinery in constant motion. We pass laws to preserve order in the streets, to prevent thieving, murder, and other crimes, and then we put our hands in our pockets and pay our taxes to keep policemen continually on the watch that such laws shall not be broken. If we want effective game laws, we must similarly provide for their enforcement. No better provision can be made than by the imposition of a game license tax; the money so secured to be kept as a separate fund, and used for the permanent employment of efficient game wardens.

If Section 2 of the proposed bill could be thus amended, the bill would be strengthened, though I confess I do not see how a Federal bill could contain provisions for the uniform imposition of gun license taxes. Such taxation probably belongs wholly to the States. This is the

weak point of the plan. Even if Federal game legislation be constitutional, it would be of little use if the means of enforcement were left to the several States. Some would do something, some more, some less. There would be the same confusion as to means of enforcement as there now is to close seasons. To hope that Congress would appropriate money for game protection is visionary. It is doubtful if the people at large care much for game protection; they don't yet realize it pays—that it brings in money to the community; therefore they certainly will ask that sportsmen themselves furnish the money needed. There is no practical way for sportsmen to contribute the necessary funds other than gun license fees.

So I fear that even if we should get a Federal game law, it would not accomplish all we hope. The situation, though, would be better than it is now; and that would be something gained.

F. S. MEAD.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was very glad to see the other day that there are beginning to be some results from my long letter published in *FOREST AND STREAM* last summer on the subject of protecting wildfowl by Congressional legislation, which would be enforced uniformly in all the States. In that letter I expressed some doubts as to whether Congress had the constitutional power to protect wildfowl in all the States and enforce its protection by fine and imprisonment. But in your issue of last Saturday you describe a bill which has been introduced into Congress by Mr. George Shiras 3d, of Pennsylvania, to accomplish wildfowl protection and put the matter under the control of the Department of Agriculture. Mr. Shiras evidently thinks that this bill is constitutional, and the ground it takes that the migratory wildfowl are, so to speak, interstate birds, belonging to all the people and not to any one State, is very interesting, and I hope it will prove to be legally sound.

We can never accomplish very much in wildfowl protection until we have the whole force of the National Government on our side. Let us give every encouragement to Mr. Shiras and his friends in their praiseworthy efforts. A beginning has now been made, and it was some sort of beginning which I have always longed for, and which I advocated in my letter. We can now move forward, put the question through its regular stages, and feel our way to some satisfactory result. I am convinced that all that is required to bring back the wildfowl to the numbers they were sixty or seventy years ago is merely a little ordinary thrift and common sense in the protection of them, administered by laws which can be enforced without fear or favor. I feel sure that *FOREST AND STREAM* will not be behind hand in backing up Mr. Shiras.

SYDNEY G. FISHER.

From the Bay City (Mich.) Tribune.

CONGRESSMAN SHIRAS, of Pennsylvania, has introduced a bill to protect migratory game birds of the United States. The ground taken as the motive for the introduction of this bill is that it has been demonstrated by experience that laws passed in the States and Territories to protect game birds within their respective limits have proved insufficient to protect migratory birds, and the extermination of many valuable species of the same is threatened.

The measure is cordially supported by *FOREST AND STREAM*, which contends that in practice the protection of

wildfowl by the States has proved ineffectual, and if the migratory species are to be preserved from utter extermination in a short period of time they must have the protection which only the Federal Government can give.

It contends, further, that the thoughtful sportsmen of the country will indorse the bill in question as the only solution of the vexed problem of protection to migratory birds yet suggested. It calls on sportsmen, as individuals and in association as clubs and game protective societies, to declare for this bill and give it their cordial and unreserved support. It is to be borne in mind that the only species of fowl aimed at in the proposed legislation is the migratory birds which breed in districts beyond the State boundaries in the north and pass, after a temporary stay, into other districts and out of the State boundaries to the south, and being only temporarily and transiently in the limits of the State they are not properly under its jurisdiction, nor may they be efficiently protected by it.

Many of the most intelligent men of Michigan have expressed satisfaction with the Shiras bill, and promise to lend their influence in getting for it the recognition to which they believe it is to be entitled, as the only practicable method by which migratory birds can be protected

Editor Forest and Stream:

I had intended to write a few lines commendatory of the measure for national game protection, but, in lieu of same, I will inclose a clipping from the *Pioneer Press*, giving Mr. Fullerton's view upon the bill, which will certainly carry more weight than anything I might say. Who will oppose this bill when it comes up, I cannot imagine, nor can I conjure up any reasons that may be given for its "killing," unless some "Blunt Old Man" should arise in his wrath and object to any law that would prevent his killing a duck standing or waddling, asleep or awake, swimming or flying, in winter or in summer, or in spring, or in autumn.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

S. F. Fullerton, Executive Agent of the State, Fish and Game Commission, has written to Senators Nelson and Clapp and the Minnesota Congressman, urging them to support the Federal game bill which is to come up in Congress at the short session.

The bill was introduced by Congressman Shiras, of Pennsylvania, and it is endorsed by the game wardens of the States and sportsmen throughout the country. The bill provides especially for the protection of migratory game birds.

"It is time that some such law is passed by Congress," said Mr. Fullerton. "Few of the Northwestern States have laws against spring shooting of game birds. Minnesota has such a law and some of the other States have imperfect laws, which do not protect the game bird as it should be protected. From the time the birds leave this State to winter in the south until they return in the nesting time in spring, they are 'pounded' all along the route. It ought to be a crime for any one to shoot game birds during the nesting season, and yet this is just what is done from the border to the gulf. To do this is like killing the goose that lays the golden eggs."

"I know that the bill which is to come up for discussion at this session of Congress will have the approval of every sportsman in the United States. Special laws to achieve the same end are being agitated in nearly

every State in the Union, but I think a Federal law enforced by officers especially appointed for the purpose, would be more effective than a mass of conflicting laws."

The law contains features that have been aggregated by sportsmen for many years. Advocates of the bill say that extermination of game birds is threatened. The valuable species which are destroyed by the wholesale, it is said, cannot be restored under State laws. Mr. Fullerton says that if the bill is passed this winter to go into effect next spring, by the time the game bird season opens in Minnesota in the fall, the increase will be very great.

In West Virginia.

MORGANTOWN, W. VA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The mountains of West Virginia still afford some sport for the gunners. Recently one of our fellow townsmen, Glenn Hunter, went up into the mountains about fifteen miles for a few days' hunt, and killed two fine wild turkey gobblers, each weighing 19 pounds. As a result a few of his favored friends were treated to a turkey dinner. I was among them, and can testify that wild turkey fattened on nuts, as in this case, is of delicious flavor. May the noble bird multiply and wax fat, and never cease to exist in our mountain State. Mr. Hunter reports them in considerable numbers, and seemingly very little hunted. Small game of all kinds is scarce this season. A letter from a friend in Randolph county says he secured a fine buck October 19. The morning he left the woods—October 21—there was a little tracking snow, and they tracked five different bears, which would indicate that they are quite plentiful.

On the 8th inst., a six-year-old child of Horace Baker, in Logan county, was attacked by a black bear while playing near the edge of a clearing 300 yards from the house. Before help could reach her she was badly crushed and bruised, and the clothing was torn from her body. Her recovery is doubtful. She was rescued by her sixteen-year-old brother, who killed the bear with his father's rifle. It weighed 300 pounds. This is unusual, but the report seems well founded. There is now a movement on foot to enact a law to protect the bear in West Virginia, and put him on the list of game animals, to be killed only at certain seasons of the year. Reports come in from time to time of deer being killed in different parts of the State.

There are prospects of a lively hustle among aspirants for the office of State Game Warden, and it is hoped that some energetic person who has the interests of game protection at heart may be appointed, for it is well known that game laws are violated without interference in some parts of the State.

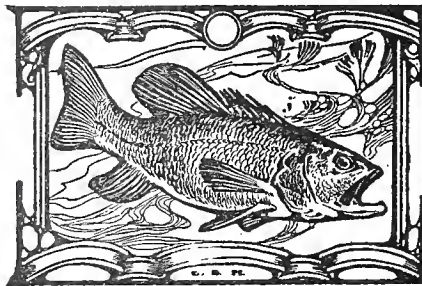
EMERSON CARNEY.

A Long Memory for a Sight.

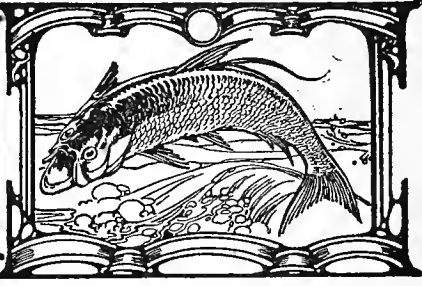
TORONTO, Canada, Dec. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have looked over a lot of files of *FOREST AND STREAM*, but cannot find the address of the seller of the "Barger sight" for shotguns. It was advertised with a plate. Can you help me out by sending me the address, and oblige an old subscriber.

W. B. P.

[Our correspondent has a good memory. The sight in question was advertised for about six months in 1900 by Gray & Barger, 309 Broadway, New York. We have not heard of it lately, and do not know that it is still made.]



SEA AND RIVER FISHING



Fish and Fishing.

A Fifty Thousand Acre Preserve.

THE Canadian Camp of New York, which has now over five hundred members, is contemplating the purchase of a large hunting and fishing preserve in northern Canada. It is understood that the committee charged with the necessary arrangements has secured an option upon a very desirable territory of some 50,000 acres in extent, situated to the north of Lake Huron in the Province of Ontario. Through the middle of this territory runs the Mississaga River, which rises close to the height of land that separates the waters running into Hudson Bay from those falling into the great lakes. The river is navigable for about 250 miles, and I have it from one who has canoed many of its connecting waters, that its lake expansions and tributary streams afford some of the most picturesque and gorgeous landscapes of the continent. The Mississaga rises some few miles south of Biscotasing and Winnebago, which are on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, between Sudbury and Chapleau, and empties into Georgian Bay near Blind River, a station on another branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Throughout the entire length of the river there are, running into it, from the east and west, many lakes and streams affording good fishing. These streams and many of the lakes are well stocked with speckled trout and bass, and a number of the larger lakes offer excellent muskellunge and lake trout fishing. Catches of bass ranging from three to six pounds, and of brook trout weighing from two to five pounds have been reported from some of these waters, so that the lines of the campers bid fair to fall in pleasant places, and to be cast in waters well supplied with fish.

A Charming Letter Writer.

A few days ago the mail brought me a delightful letter from that charming writer, Mr. Charles Hallock, whose sayings and doings for the last third of a century

and more, have been closely followed, not only by successive generations of American sportsmen on the south of the international boundary line, but also by a group of devoted personal, literary and angling friends in Quebec, of whom the following, among others, besides the present writer, still survive: Sir James M. LeMoine, J. U. Gregory, Geo. M. Fairchild, Dr. Geo. Stewart and William C. Hall. Sir James no longer goes a-fishing, but all the others are still in the ring. And though Mr. Hallock wrote me some time ago that he had probably killed his last salmon and sold his rods, there are anglers in Canada, including the undersigned, who still hope to be able to tempt the veteran founder of *FOREST AND STREAM* to again cast the fly for trout in some of the many beautiful lakes or streams within easy distance of the city of Quebec. And that the hope is a very moderate one after all, will be at once admitted when it is recalled how that sprightly Boston youth of over eighty summers—Mr. Walter Brackett—with the brightness of the springtime in his eyes, despite the snows of many winters upon his head, still does battle to the death with the valiant salmon of the Marguerite, sometimes, according to the stories told by his guides, insisting upon standing up in the canoe while following a well-hooked, freshly run fish through the rapids.

But the Marguerite is far away from Mr. Hallock and his letter, and I must return to the latter, from which the following is a question of interest to the readers of "Fish and Fishing":

"In your article on the sea trout in *FOREST AND STREAM*, of Nov. 19, you have summarized all that is essential in order to establish this fish's identity. I will not name the word 'species' or even 'variety,' in the same breath; for so long as bone structure is accepted by scientists as the basis for differentiation or classification, their contention that the marine and fluvial trout are the same, will stand. But as distinct types they are as different as two fishes can well be, and anglers and commercial fishers so recognize them. This is necessary, for practical purposes. Exact science is exact truth, but pseudo-philosophy is an attempt to

dislodge the truth. If we despise the truth we catch no fish."

Whether or not it be at all times true that if we despise the truth we catch no fish, there is no doubt that it has frequently been charged against anglers—though most unjustly so, no doubt—that when they catch no fish they are apt to despise the truth.

We certainly do not necessarily despise the truth when we employ, as a lure, the gay deceit of the artificial fly tyer, for all our angling skill and entomological science are drawn upon to enable us the better to deceive the fish into the erroneous belief that the bunch of feather, tinsel and silk or wool upon the shank of the hook is a fluttering insect, skipping over the surface of the water; so true to nature must we necessarily be in our dressing and in our casting of the artificial fly, in order to catch fish. This is our idea of truth. What the hooked trout thinks of it, as with hollow voice he cries

"Dear mother, had I minded you,
I need not now have died,"

is altogether another story. Nevertheless, if we had despised the truth—the true principles of the science of correct angling—we should, in all probability, as Mr. Hallock has said, have caught no fish.

It is most gratifying to those who have recognized what the ichthyologists call for as establishing the differentiation of species and varieties, to have from so eminent an authority as Mr. Hallock, the admission that the marine and fluvial trout are the same, but it is only what was to have been expected of so careful an observer, and more than thirty years ago he had declared in "The Fishing Tourist," that it is the "varying marks on the body and tints of flesh, produced by extraneous causes, that so greatly confuse the attempts to determine and classify the apparent varieties of the *Salmo* family." Hence the many distinct types of fish to be found in the same trout stream or pond. I know more than one spot in a small trout stream, and have no doubt that almost every one of my readers can think of just such another vantage ground, where it is quite possible to stand and catch two distinct types of *Salvelinus fontinalis*. On the one side is a rapid running

over bright golden sands, where the fish are as brilliant as coin fresh from the mint. On the other is deep still water under the shadow of an overhanging tree, containing fish so much darker in their markings and tints that the uninitiated would be apt to declare them a distinct variety from the first. When the differences are so marked as this in the external appearances of fish inhabiting the same water, it is surely not to be wondered at that, as Mr. Hallock points out, the marine and fluvial trout, though identical in both species and variety, should constitute two distinct types. Differences in coloring, as we all know, cannot constitute distinct varieties, and the sea and river trout are identical, not only in bone structure, but also in rays, in the number of pyloric appendages and in the arrangement of teeth upon the vomer, which are all taken into consideration by scientists, in their study of what is known as comparative zoölogy.

Mr. Samuels, and The Old Angler.

Thus far had I got, and no farther, when my New York mail arrived, bringing me the issue of FOREST AND STREAM for Dec. 10. I had terminated all that I expected to have to say about the sea trout, when upon opening my paper I was startled to find that the references of nearly a month ago, to my late experiences with the so-called sea trout of the Saguenay had drawn out length commentaries from both The Old Angler and Mr. Samuels. The latter appears to be singularly unfortunate with the printers. Immediately after having explained away one mis-statement which apparently arose from a misprint, he is made to appear responsible for another. At least this is the only explanation which seems possible for his statement that, "In FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 19, Mr. Chambers has something in relation to the silvery beauties, which, although written in a most interesting manner, is not entirely free from error, or which will not, at any rate, excite some discussion," for that it has excited discussion requires no better proof than the very letter which Mr. Samuels was then engaged in writing. Nothing would probably be gained by a further discussion of the relative amount of truth and error to be found in the personal views expressed by the artistic author of "With Fly-Rod and Camera," for after all, who shall be the judge between us as to what constitutes truth and what is error? With due apologies to Mr. Hallock, of course, we can neither of us afford to despise the truth if we would catch any fish next summer, but in this age of bustle and hurry, and especially at this season of the year when everybody is rushing to get ready for Christmas, it would probably be idle to convince anybody what is truth and what is error concerning the sea trout. Even nearly 1,900 years ago, to quote Lord Bacon, "What is truth?" asked Pilate, and would not wait for an answer.

And after all, if there be error in the article from my pen, to which Mr. Samuels refers, apart from what I have quoted from others, he has not indicated it. On the contrary, we appear to hold very similar views. Mr. Perley's statements were unfortunately not credited to that gentleman, because, for the moment, when copying them from the memo, which I had made of them from his original report, some months ago, I was unable to recall their source. I have to thank Mr. Samuels for the generally courteous appreciation of the sketch, and have no reply to make at the present time to his criticism of some of Mr. Perley's statements, farther than to say that the contents of that gentleman's reports have usually been accepted as authoritative, and that my reason for quoting from them in regard to the waters of Prince Edward Island, is that these latter are about the only accessible ones in Eastern Canada with which I am not personally acquainted. In common with all readers of Mr. Samuels' writings, I shall look forward with no small interest to the appearance of his promised monograph on the sea trout, which may inaugurate a new era of the present discussion.

If, instead of telling a little side experience of my own with sea trout in the Saguenay, and quoting from Perley as to his in other waters, I had plunged headlong into the controversy between The Old Angler and others, taking sides, and asserting my own personal views as to the identity of the so-called sea trout, bolstering them up, moreover, with boastful recapitulation of all the waters in which I had fought and killed it, I should probably have escaped all the misrepresentation with which The Old Angler favors me in FOREST AND STREAM. How amusing will his reference to my "single season's study" of the sea trout appear to the elder Hovingtons and the other Tadoussac guides, with whom I angled for the fish in the lower Saguenay more than a quarter of a century ago, as well as to the guides and angling companions with whom I have killed the silvery beauties in various streams of Newfoundland, and in many of those flowing into the Baie des Chaleurs and through the interior of Labrador into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. And upon what has The Old Angler based his gratuitous assumption? "There is nothing," he says, "in the article to indicate that Mr. Chambers ever saw these sea trout except in the Saguenay and some of its tributaries." There is absolutely nothing in the context to lead one to conclude that "last summer was the only time" I had seen them. There is nothing in the article to show that I ever went to school, that I was ever in Europe, or ever visited New York. Then, I suppose, that I could never have been there!

Similarly, as to the scope of the article in question, The Old Angler simply assumes what he imagines that it implies, namely that these sea-run trout are denizens of the sea, etc. Now it implies nothing of the kind. I have no objection whatever to be judge and criticised for what I write. It is nothing but right that I should be. But I do strenuously object to be held responsible for what I have neither said nor implied, nor yet intended to imply. And I most sincerely regret the unwarranted assumptions which have been drawn from what I have purposely omitted to say, because I am now compelled to express opinions as to the recent controversy, which I have carefully avoided up to the present time, believing that it was not the part of modesty to intervene, and that neither my own ipse

dixit nor yet that of Mr. Hallock or Mr. Samuels, or of The Old Angler would have any weight in settling the matter, or could possibly be accepted as final or authoritative, in view of the positive findings of those who occupy the seats of the mighty in piscicultural lore and who speak with the recognized authority of science. Silence as to my own views, now, would simply mean assent to the opinions which have been gratuitously and wrongly attributed to me, and which are exactly the opposite of what I really hold.

Unlike those of Mr. Samuels, my opinions on the sea trout question, though differing but little, if at all, from his own, have never changed except to become more and more decided. Eight years ago I published what I had then held to be the truth on the subject for nearly a quarter of a century. No controversy was being publicly waged on the sea trout question at that time, so far as I can remember at present, and so my expression of opinion simply passed without comment for what little it was worth. At page 245 of "The Ouananiche and Its Canadian Environment," I wrote, in 1886: "These fish go down to the sea in great shoals, and, after seeing and fattening upon the wonders of the deep, reascend to fresh water, to spawn, most gorgeous in their freshly burnished liveries of silver and olive and purple and crimson and gold." This surely does not look as if I considered them to be denizens of the sea. And after speaking of the fabled specimens of which I had been told, but had never seen, and which, by the way, I never expect to see—described, as they are, to differ from *fontinalis* in more respects than the immaterial one of coloring—I added: "But for this, and sometimes even in spite of it, I am tempted to doubt the existence of any distinction but that of anadromy, between these gorgeous sea trout of the estuaries of rivers flowing into the gulf and the brook trout of our inland waters. In other words, are they not to these latter what the sea salmon is to the ouananiche—a fresh-water species that has acquired the sea-going habit?"

Years ago I had made simple comparative anatomical studies of the marine and fluvial types of *fontinalis*, as Mr. Hallock has happily termed them, and had become convinced myself that they were identical in structure. Last summer, I was tempted by the late controversy to pay rather closer attention to the fish and its habits of feeding and fighting than on former visits to the Saguenay, and hence the few rather unconnected notes, which have been the innocent cause of so much discussion. Into the merits of the controversy I had never any intention of entering.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Labrax and Striped Bass.

NEWPORT, R. I., Dec. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reading "Forest, Lake and River; the Fishes of New England and Eastern Canada. By Frank M. Johnson. Two volumes. Boston. Printed for subscribers, 1902," I was struck by two errors in an article on the striped bass by Dr. Heber Bishop. He says: "As far back as the days of the ancient Greeks, Archetratus speaks of this fish (the striped bass) as an 'offspring of the gods.'"

There is no such person as Archetratus. Arcestratus was a Greek poet of Sicily of the third century B. C. He is chiefly known from a poem on cookery, which has come down to us in fragments, and is quoted chiefly by Athenæus.

The passage in question is found in Athenæus VII., p. 311a. In this the poet says: "Whenever you go to Miletus, get the Labrax, the child of the gods." (*τον Δεόπαιδα λάβρανα*.) That is unimportant, the omission of the "s" being perhaps a printer's error.

The second I cannot understand. Liddell & Scott's Lexicon says that the *λάβραξ* is "a ravenous sea fish, perhaps the loup-de-mer bass." Century Dictionary gives the bass of the Greeks and Romans as *Labrax lupus*. Jordan, in his "Catalogue of the Fishes of Greece," p. 259, says that the *Labrax* is the *Dicentrarchus labrax* of the Serranidae family.

To call the fish spoken of by Arcestratus the striped bass is absolutely incorrect. The striped bass (*Roccus lineatus*, Bloch), is entirely unknown in European waters, and even the specimen described by Bloch is an American one in an ichthyological collection. To make assurance on this part doubly sure, I wrote to the United States Bureau of Fisheries in Washington on the subject, and they assured me I was entirely correct in my statement that the "striped bass was unknown in European waters."

I was astonished to see such a statement in a book published in a limited edition at a great cost, and purporting to be the latest authority on each fish described.

Having been a fisherman of the striped bass for over thirty years and a devoted admirer of his, I can not refrain from drawing attention to this misstatement of fact.

DANIEL B. FEARING.

New York Fishculture.

FIGURES from the forthcoming report of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission, which is now being compiled by the secretary, Mr. John D. Whish, show that the total output of game fish during the season of 1904 was 5,045,914. This is an increase of 583,459 over the output of the previous year, which was considered high-water mark in the hatchery work. The game fish distributed included 2,857,415 brook trout, 1,519,389 brown trout, 416,062 lake trout, and 251,922 rainbow trout. There were saved from failing waters a total of 4,450 game fish, mostly black bass, which were distributed near the localities where they were taken.

Over 34 per cent. of the game fish distributed were sent out in the fingerling stage, which is that most favored by the Commission. About 8 per cent. were distributed as yearlings, which went for the most part to the larger bodies of water. The Commission as a rule does not furnish yearling fish, as the hatchery output is taken by the fingerling applications, but the sudden coming of cold weather last fall made it necessary to carry over many of the trout until spring. Next season's output will be

almost entirely fingerling fish, and but few fry will be sent out, as additional accommodations have been provided at the hatcheries to hold the fish until the fingerling stage is reached. The capacity of the Catskill Mountain hatchery at Margaretville has been almost doubled in order to meet the requirements of that region, which is difficult to reach from other sections of the State.

The Commission hopes that another season will see the beginning of black bass culture, as rearing ponds are now being built at Constantia for this purpose. The total cost of running the State hatchery system is about \$50,000 yearly.

"Forest and Stream" Designing Competition No. IV.

Sixty-foot Waterline Cruising Power Boat.

\$225 in Prizes.

THE three designing competitions previously given by FOREST AND STREAM have been for sailing yachts. In this competition, the fourth, we are to change our subject and give the power boat men an opportunity. The competition is open to amateurs and professionals, except that the designers who received prizes in any of the three previous contests may not compete in this one.

The following prizes will be given:

First prize, \$100.

Second prize, \$60.

Third prize, \$40.

Fourth prize, \$25, offered by Mr. Charles W. Lee for the best cabin arrangement.

Mr. Henry J. Gielow, N.A., has very kindly agreed to act as judge. In addition to making the awards, Mr. Gielow will criticise each of the designs submitted; and the criticisms will be published in these columns.

The designs will be for a cruising launch propelled by either gasoline or kerosene motors, conforming to the following conditions:

I. Not over 60ft. waterline.

II. Not over 4ft. draft.

III. A signalling mast only to be shown.

IV. Cabin houses, if used at all, to be kept as low and narrow as possible.

V. Construction to be of wood, and to be strong, simple, and inexpensive. The cost of the boat complete in every detail must not exceed \$9,000.

VI. The location of tanks and engine or engines to be carefully shown. Either single or twin-screws may be adopted. The power and type of the motor must be specified.

VII. The boat must have a fuel capacity sufficient to give a cruising radius of 700 miles at a rate of 8 miles an hour. The maximum speed shall not be more than 14 miles nor less than 10 miles. The estimated maximum speed must be specified.

VIII. All weights must be carefully figured, and the results of the calculations recorded. A thousand-word description of the boat and a skeleton specification must accompany each design.

The design must be modern in every particular, without containing any extreme or abnormal features. We wish to produce an able, safe, and comfortable cruising boat, one that will have ample accommodations, so that the owner and his wife and two guests, or three or four men, can live aboard, and one that can easily be managed at all times by two or three paid hands in addition to the steward. The draft is restricted to 4ft. in order that the boat may have access to nearly all harbors, canals and rivers North and South, and may thereby widely increase the cruising field. We have in mind a boat that can be used North in the summer and South in the winter, and a craft well able to withstand outside passage along the coast in all seasons of the year.

Special attention must be given to the cabin arrangement. The interiors should be original, but devoid of any impractical features. Arrangements should be made for a direct passage forward and aft without going on deck.

Drawings Required.

I. Sheer plan. Scale, 1/2in.=1ft.

II. Half breadth plan. Scale, 1/2in.=1ft.

III. Body plan. Scale, 1/2in.=1ft.

IV. Cabin plan and inboard profile and at least one cross-section. Scale, 1/2in.=1ft.

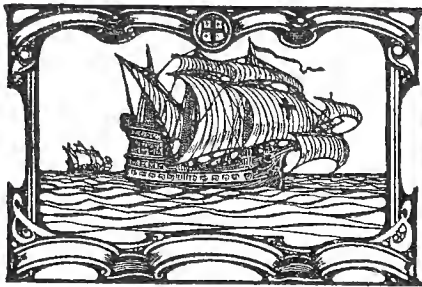
V. Outboard profile. Scale, 1/2in.=1ft.

The drawings should be carefully made and lettered; all drawings should be preferably on tracing cloth or white paper, in black ink. No colored inks or pigments should be used.

The drawings must bear a *nom de plume* only, and no indication must be given of the identity of the designer. In a sealed envelope, however, the designer must inclose his name and address, together with his *nom de plume*.

All designs must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York, not later than February 3, 1905. All drawings will be returned. Return postage should accompany each.

The FOREST AND STREAM reserves the right to publish any or all the designs.

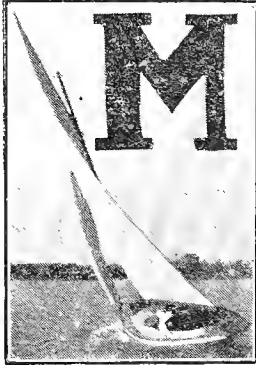


YACHTING



LITTLE CRUISES AROUND BOSTON.

By William Lambert Barnard.



MOST of us are victims of circumstances, and those which controlled my goings and comings last summer prevented my taking, with one exception, anything more extended than mere "week-end" cruises. I have, however, long thought that a description of a few of the short runs open to Boston yachtsmen might prove of interest, not only to those unfamiliar with the home waters of America's greatest small boat fleet, but even (as recalling the scenes of so many of their most pleasant memories) to my fellow Bostonians. Let this idea, then, be my apology, if you conclude that one is due you, for writing of these runs, so short as to scarcely deserve the name of cruises.

Sassoon is a keel knockabout, was designed by Messrs. Stewart & Binney, built at Quincy by McIntyre & Kirk in 1894 for Mr. T. W. King, and was originally known

as Hobo. She is 20ft. 5in. on the waterline and 29ft. 6in. over all. Her extreme breadth is 7ft. 4in., and her draft but 4ft. 3in. Despite this moderate draft she goes out to windward in a sea and blow with as little leeway as any boat on which I have ever sailed. So well turned and fair is her design, that although her displacement is seven thousand pounds, she will slip along with astonishing zeal in the least chill of a breeze. Her ballast, which was originally of iron, is now lead (3,500 pounds, all outside), and keeps her on her feet long after she should, from motives of comfort, have been reefed. I must confess that she is very lively in a short sea, and would be improved were a third of her ballast well distributed inside.

Her mainsail and jib contain approximately 520 square feet of canvas. The mainsail has one objectionable feature, in that the foot is not cut up enough, the boom swinging at right angles to the mast, and as it extends some three feet over the taffrail, has to be topped up a bit when running in a seaway.

Her ends are sharp—the stern overhang surprisingly so; add to this the fact that her midship section has great deadrise, so that her garboards are low and well filled out, and you have the secret of her clever performances in the shortest and steepest seas.

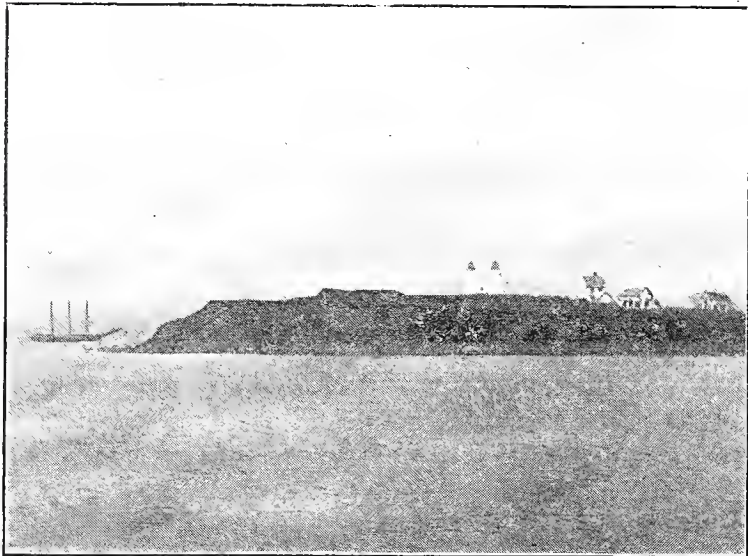
I.—Cape Cod Bay Way.

Saturday, June 18.—With my wife at the tiller, Sassoon left her moorings in Hingham harbor at 2:30 P. M. under No. 1 jib and single reefed mainsail. The W.-N.W. wind was fresh and gusty, and the sky full of clouds. Hing-

wrecked steamer Kiowa well to port. She was sunk last February in a howling snowstorm by colliding with another steam vessel.

Before reaching Minot's Light, we met the steamers Cape Cod and Old Colony returning from their daily jaunts to Provincetown and Plymouth respectively. We stood beyond Minot's to the Davis Rock can buoy, and then made the course S. by E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. for Scituate. Inshore of us was an 18ft. knockabout running along the beach with balloon jib set. She had more of a southerly air than we were getting outside, but as we drew in toward the beach we began to get the wind off the land, about W.-S.W.

Dusk was fast approaching as we ran beyond the old light tower and northerly breakwater until the entrance bore W. by N., when we stood in close-hauled against a strong ebb tide. (A red lantern is displayed from a post on the breakwater at night.) We could not fetch clean up the channel, and made several little tacks, hardly gaining a foot against the tide in a dying breeze. Finally, in a desperate attempt to cheat the current, I stood just too far, and Sassoon gently slid upon the mud on the north



GURNET, PLYMOUTH.
Photo by N. L. Stebbins.



SASSOON.
Photo by W. L. Barnard.



LONG POINT, PROVINCETOWN.
Photo by N. L. Stebbins.

ham harbor's mouth is blocked by three islands long ago named for a prominent character in the town's history, i. e., Ragged Sarah Langley. The stern realists of the United States hydrographic office have, however, charted the middle island as "Sailor." Passing between Sarah and Langley islands we could fetch Hull Gut easily, and were fairly off for our little holiday.

Tearing through the Gut with a fair tide, we eased off our sheets, and passing friends in the neat sailing dory Inch Bug, settled into our stride. Finding the wind steadier and lighter than in the harbor, we shook out our reef at 3:50, a moment or two after passing the Allerton beacon buoy. We then swung off dead before it for Harding's Ledge gas buoy, leaving the masts of the

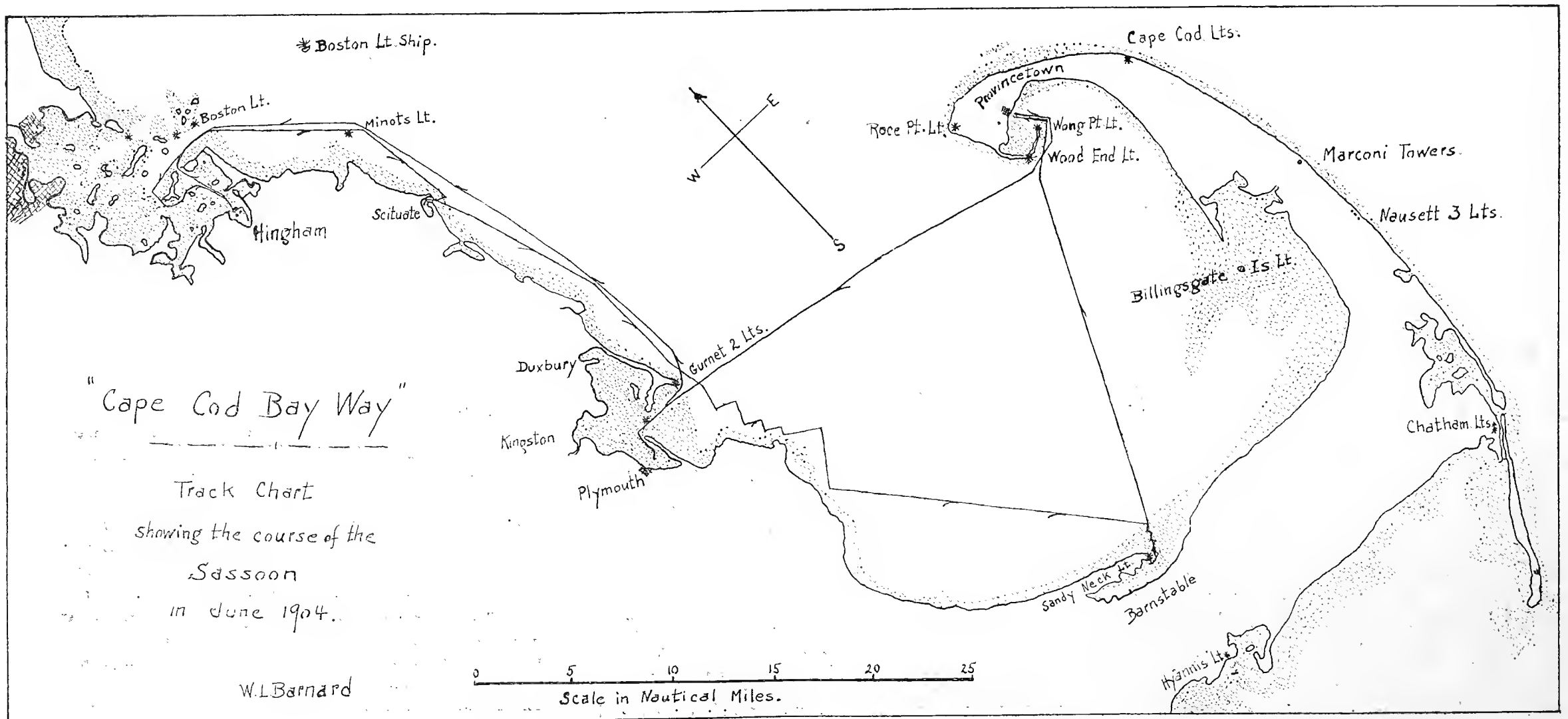
side of the channel. I tried towing and kedging without effect; I pulled the 25-pound anchor and its 30 fathoms of rope right through the mud back to the boat.

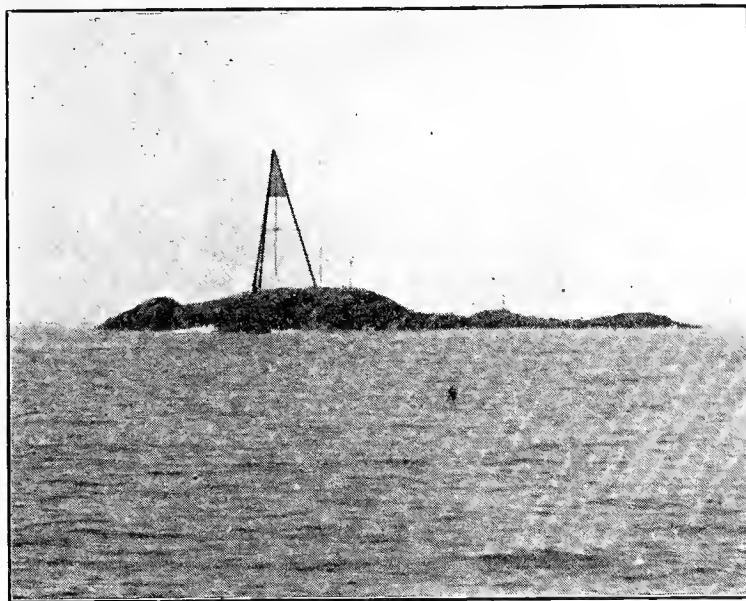
As the ebb tide had about two hours to run when we grounded, we had to compose ourselves for a long wait, so shoved the main boom (the sail was lowered) way out to starboard and listed Sassoon well over on that (the shoal) side, so that she couldn't dive into the channel deck first. Then tilted the stoves into an erect position and cooked supper, telling my better half that it was a very English situation, and so presumably fashionable. But for once I found a woman who did not care to follow the fashions.

Well, at dead low tide we were in ten inches of water (mostly grass at that), and so far laid out that our rail was two or three inches under water. A plumb-line from the port side of the companionway hatch would

Old "Bill" Smith, of Quincy, built on a cabin house some years after she was launched. It is low, with a beautifully flat top, and gives 4ft. 4in. head room—4ft. 8in. under the slide.

Her mainsail and jib contain approximately 520 square





DRY SALVAGES—OFF CAPE ANN.
Photo by N. L. Stebbins.

have struck the sheathing back of the starboard transom. Mrs. B. went to sleep on the cabin sheathing while I took a series of naps in the open air on the port side (literally) of the cabin house.

I had no idea how Sassoon would behave when the tide flooded, so at the first sign of its doing so, got the mainsail as far to port as possible and put all our heavy dunnage well up "to windward." The water crept up the deck to the coaming, then Sassoon slowly and gently began to rise, the water receded, and inch by inch we assumed a more perpendicular position. At 10:45 P. M. we floated and warped out into the channel. Then I took a line and by the light of the moon began towing up the harbor. We got hung up again twice for a moment or two each time, but the flood lifted us right off, and we finally anchored at 11:30 in 9 ft. of water.

Sunday, June 19.—We were up at 4:40, and hurried through breakfast. The harbor looked very pretty, but we had nothing but black words for it, so cleared at 5:35 in a gentle N.-N.W. wind. Once outside we made the course S.-S.E., and cleaned up the devastation wrought by breakfast and its attendant dirty dishes. The wind was very light as we ran down by the Scituate Cliffs (a series of four steep bluffs known as "first," "second," etc., and numbered from Scituate toward Brant Rock). We gradually shifted our course to S. by E. as we seemed to be getting rather far offshore.

About nine o'clock the wind dropped flat, leaving a faint breeze along the beach, so I took the tender and

beach. This was to leeward of our course, but I looked to see the wind shift to its familiar S. W. quarter, which it did at 3:11, and piped up very stiff. Coming about (we were at that time between Indian Hill and Center Hill Bluff), we could just lay a course calculated to land us at the Barnstable sea buoy. Barnstable is a discouraging place to approach, as you cannot see the town from the water, it being lost among the trees of its single long street, and the lighthouse, of white on a long, white sand spit, does not show up at all. The sea buoy is two miles offshore, and the chart bears this encouraging legend: "Barnstable bar shifting, buoys unreliable." The bar has a vast expanse marked one foot while the channel is narrow and shoal.

We finally raised the buoy dead ahead, and leaving it to starboard, started a dead beat against a gusty S. W. wind and strong ebb. With my wife forward to look for shoal water, and the hand lead going constantly, we worked our way in. We found the channel exactly as given on the chart—practically a straight line from the sea buoy in to Sandy Neck Light, and then curving along the back of the neck with a sharp turn around the point. There is a black buoy about half-way between the sea buoy and the lighthouse, and that, too, was in its correct position. We concluded that the chart makers were altogether too modest.

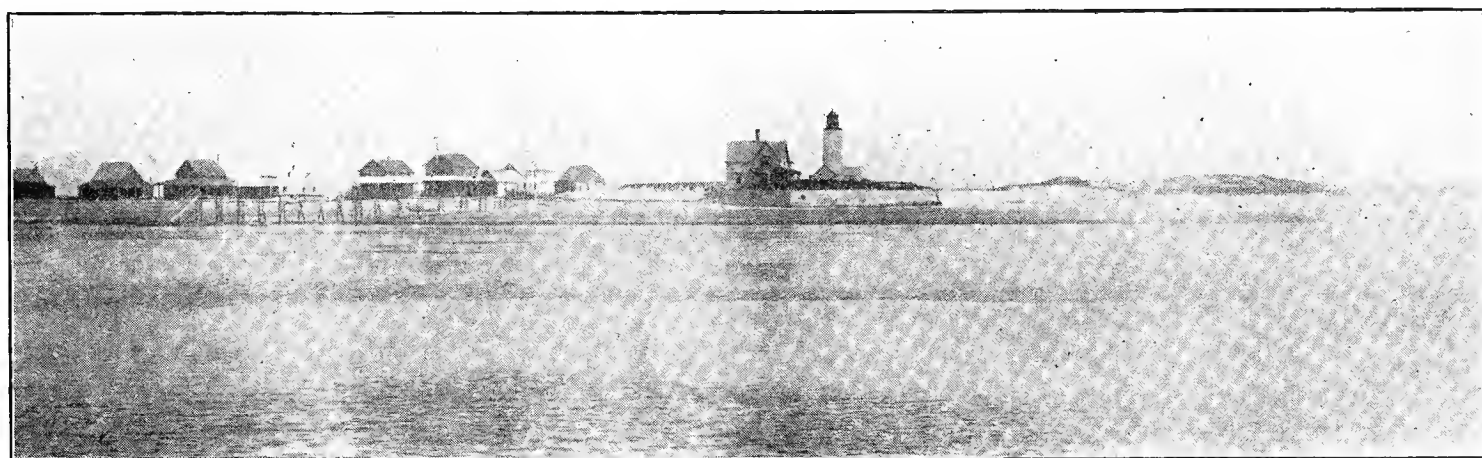
It was a hard rub to buck the tide at the hook of the point, but after several fruitless tacks we managed to get a lay that gave us a lee bow tide, and then our troubles were over. We dropped anchor just above the inner black spar buoy at 6:45 P. M., fourteen feet of water by the lead, tide two-thirds gone. After getting snugged up, we had supper, our fourth meal for the day, and voted 13 hours and 10 minutes a good day's work.

Monday, June 20.—A beautiful day, with a light N. W.

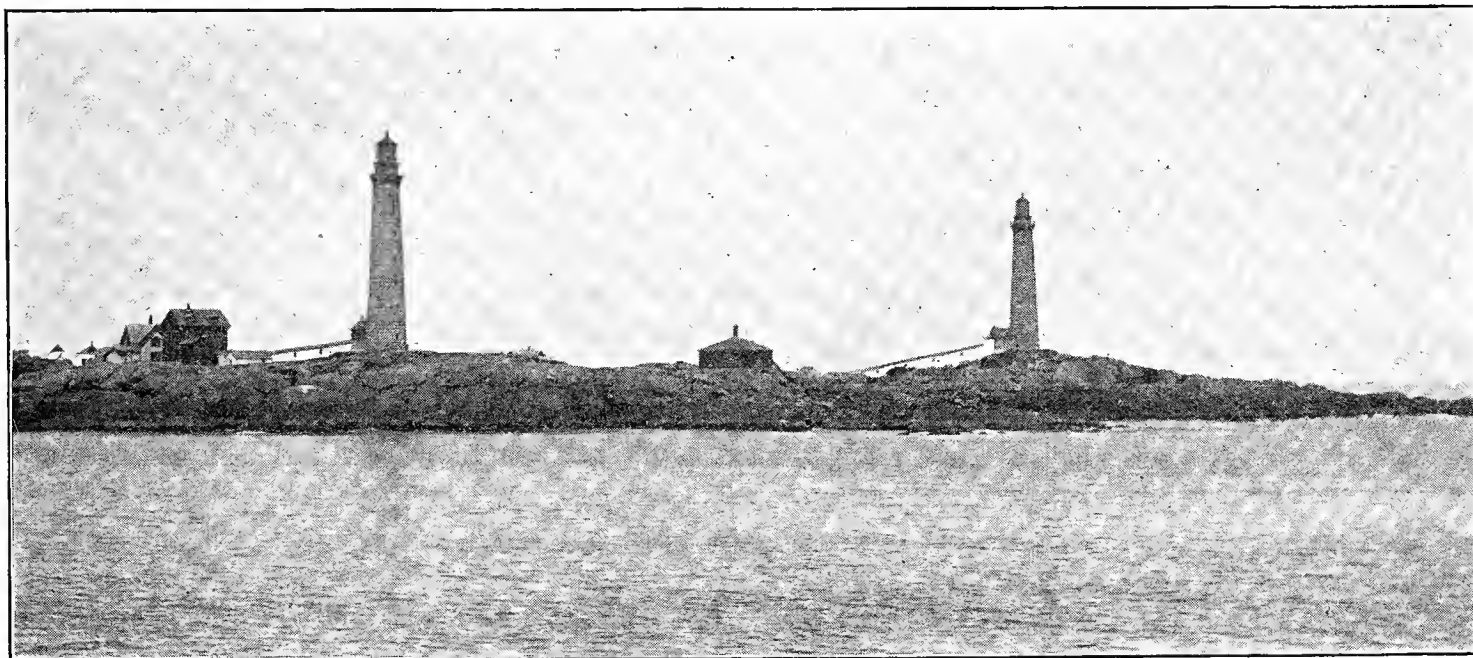


TEN-POUND ISLAND, GLOUCESTER.
Photo by N. L. Stebbins.

more sail, until at 9. A. M. we had everything set. Soon after this we made out the Marconi tower, which are situated, you know, on the further side of the Cape. Last year, in writing of a trip on the Ayaya, I remarked that the location of these towers ought to be shown on the chart, and lo! this year they were. If I were a newspaper editor, I suppose I would boldly proclaim that it was all due to my "exclusive exposé."



SANDY POINT, BARNSTABLE.
Photo by W. L. Barnard.



CAPE ANN, THATCHER'S ISLAND.
Photo by N. L. Stebbins.

towed Sassoon inshore to get the air, "but when she got there the cupboard was bare, and so the poor boat had none." It finally came light E. by S. at 10:10, and at 11 A. M. we were off the Gurnet's twin lights. As we stood across for Manomet, the wind hauled ahead until we were plugging away with sheets pinned in flat.

We came up with Manomet Point at 1:25 after a slow pull against the tide flooding into Plymouth. Once around the point we made a long board parallel to the

wind in the morning, hauling later to S. E., and finally settling in the S. W. After spending nearly two hours in going over Sassoon with ivory soap and water while the wife cleaned up the cabin and stowed things neatly, we started for shore at 9:50. The harbor is long and narrow, with wide flats at the edges and an intricate channel winding up through a maze of shoals. I should consider it very foolish to endeavor to take a keel boat up to the town. We started on the last of the ebb and could not find a chance to land anywhere until we reached Beale's float (the only wharf). It took me just an hour to row the 13/4 miles against the tide, and it was a hard grind all the way.

Took the train across the Cape to Hyannisport, where we lunched with relatives, returning by train in the afternoon. After filling our four-gallon water jug, we returned, covering the distance with a fair tide and wind in 20 minutes, an agreeable change.

To prevent swinging around the anchor with the tide, and so possibly dragging, I ran out our spare anchor straight astern. This afforded an opportunity to keep the tender offside in a way I had never before heard of, namely, by making it fast well out on warp, with a light line from her stern to that of Sassoon, so that she could be hauled in without touching the warp. The S.W. wind blew very fresh during the night, and raised quite a chop on the flood.

Tuesday, June 21.—Strong S.W. wind and fog, but at 5 A. M. the sun appeared and began to burn off the fog. Rain set in at 6:30, however, and things looked dismal enough. We got under way at 7 (we found it took about two hours to get breakfast, clean up, wash down decks, restow everything, and make sail). Under double reefed mainsail and small jib we ran out of the harbor very quickly on the strong ebb tide. Passing out by the sea buoy at 7:23 we made the course N.E. by N. for the buoy off Long Point Light (Provincetown).

Offshore the wind lightened, and we gradually made

Provincetown water tower was the first landmark we raised; then Wood End Light appeared almost directly under it. We had the latter abeam at 11:14 and rounded the Long Point buoy fifteen minutes later. Standing across the harbor we found that the wind had freshened materially, so that the catboats were all tying in two reefs. We anchored in my favorite locality, just north of the end of the railroad wharf at 11:45, and had a hard time to get the mainsail down, as the peak halliard would not render, but the peak vang came to the rescue and brought her down.

The wind was very fresh all day and increased at nightfall, so we ran out our 50-pound anchor, though there was no absolute need for it. The new steam yacht Visitor came in during the afternoon and lay outside of us.

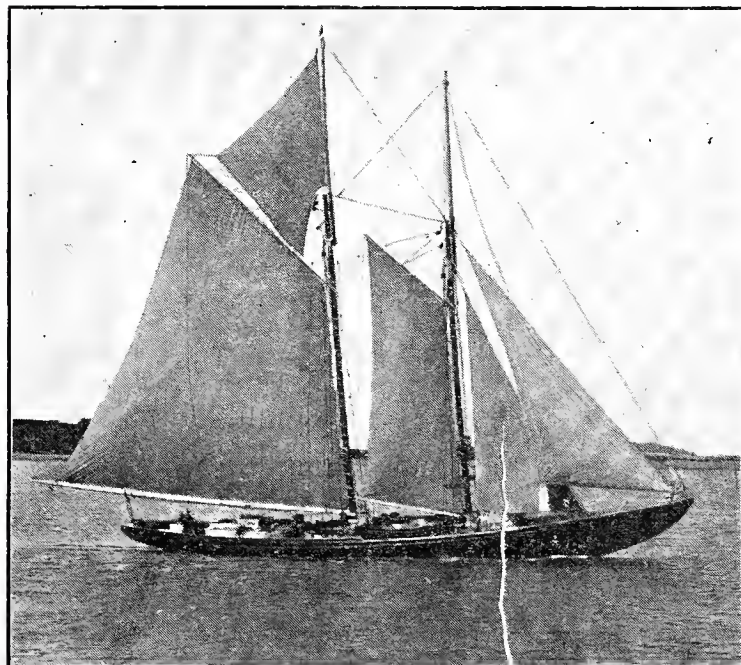
Wednesday, June 22.—Lay at anchor all day. Squall in the afternoon followed by two beautiful rainbows. One large fisherman went out just before the squall made up. She had a big main topmast staysail set, and I watched her across Long Point to see her take it in, but she disappeared in the middle of the squall without starting a halliard.

During the evening we had three different squalls on at one and the same time; one in the N.W., another in the S.W., and the third and worst in the S.E. There was a magnificent display of rose-colored lightning. Ran out big anchor once more.

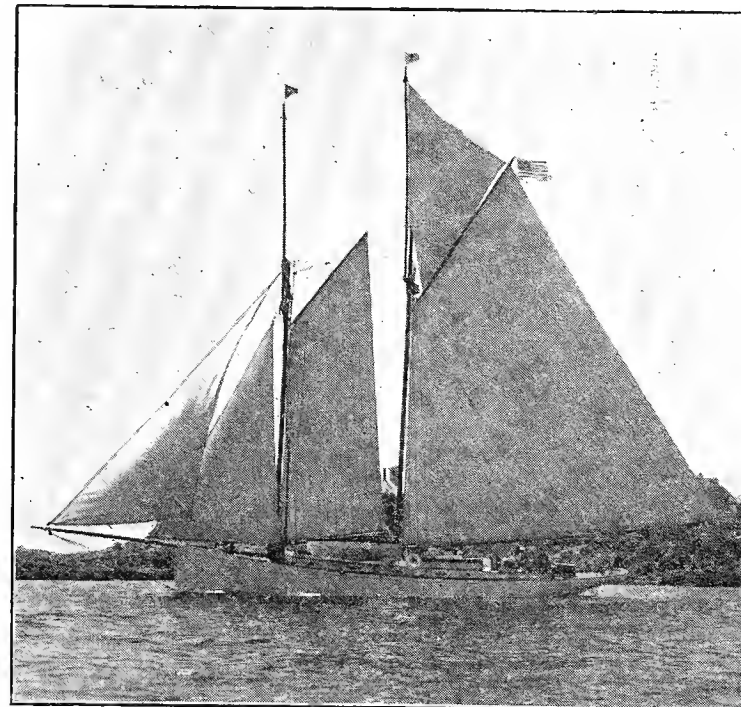
Thursday, June 23.—Up at five in the morning to find a strong N.E. wind and wonderfully clear sky. Under way at 7:15 with one reef tucked in the mainsail. I confess I am a great hand to put in a reef on many occasions when other people would not hear of such a thing; but I'm out for comfort and not for fast runs.

We passed Long Point Light at 7:29, and when half-way to Wood End made the course W. 3/4 N. for the Gurnet whistler, thinking the ebb from the Bay would about equalize our leeway.

Once out from under the land we found the wind due



KNOCKABOUT FISHERMAN HELEN B. THOMAS.
Photo by N. L. Stebbins.



MONATAKA.
Photo by N. L. Stebbins.

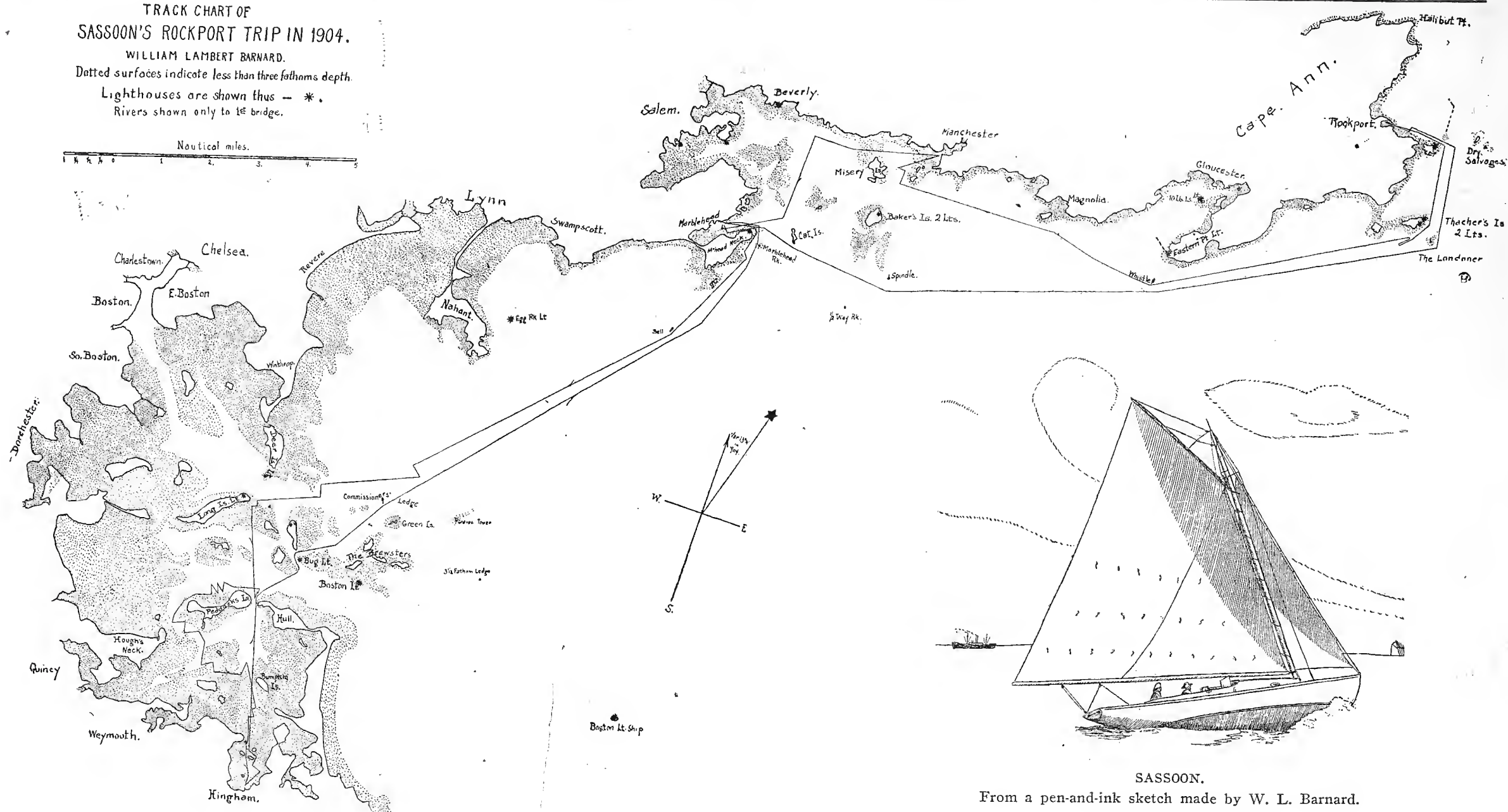
TRACK CHART OF SASSOON'S ROCKPORT TRIP IN 1904.

WILLIAM LAMBERT BARNARD.

Dotted surfaces indicate less than three fathoms depth.

Lighthouses are shown thus — *.

Rivers shown only to the bridge.



SASSOON.

From a pen-and-ink sketch made by W. L. Barnard.

N. and a bit gusty. Reefed sail very comfortable—rail about three inches out.

We had a beautiful sail across the Bay in a nice 3-foot sea, raising the Gurnet Lights just as we lost the Marconi towers, but half an hour before the water-tower disappeared. The tide was evidently stronger than our leeway was great, so made course west.

We reached the Gurnet whistler at 11:12, and then had a battle royal with the ebb tide as we ran up between the numerous buoys. A story is told of a man who thought red buoys should be left to port and black ones to starboard; it took him a week (fourteen high tides) to get up to the Plymouth docks. There is certainly some basis for this yarn, as at low tide the channel inside the harbor is the only water in sight. After passing the Duxbury Light at 12:06, we found that the tide set diagonally across the channel (this at two-thirds ebb) until well inside of the Plymouth beach.

After passing the last black buoy (S. No. 13), we held S. by W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. up a narrow channel running off the steamboat channel and anchored at 1:15 P. M. in 8 ft. of water where the chart called for 13 ft. I have heard that the heavy ice of the winter of 1903-1904 in settling on the mud flats caused the mud to work out into the channel, and from what I have seen this summer at Hingham, Scituate and Plymouth, I am inclined to believe this theory. We had to have bow and stern anchors out to keep us in the channel.

Friday, June 24.—Under way at 8:11, just after high

Once up with the Allerton buoy, we made slow work bucking the ebb. We passed Hull Gut and kept on for the West Way, when we got knocked down to the cabin house by the S.W. wind which jumped to a two-reef blow without any warning whatever. We "babied" her along until well into Hingham (best known as Hull) Bay, where we anchored, tied in two reefs and shifted jibs. We then jogged up and down the Bay waiting for the tide to serve enough for us to get into Hingham, but as the breeze continued to freshen, we beat up as far as Crow Point, and anchored in three fathoms at 4:45. Put out stern anchor on account of the tide, which runs like a mill-race, but it started the stern anchor until we had swung around stern to wind. I shifted the warp forward, and there we lay, bow to tide, port quarter to a three-reef breeze, and both anchor warps trailing off aft from the bow chocks.

After supper we felt too lazy to shift, so lay there all night.

Saturday, June 25.—Under way at 8:20 on the last of the flood and under one-reef beat up to our moorings, and made fast at 8:45.

II.—To Marblehead.

Sunday, July 3.—After sleeping aboard Sassoon while at her moorings, I was up at 3:45 and hurrying through an *al fresco* breakfast, made sail at 4:20 in a light

When abreast of Egg Rock, the wind backed a bit, so that we eased our sheets slightly and made better progress in the longer sea. On reaching Marblehead we found the breeze more moderate, and running up to the head of the harbor anchored in 15 ft. by the lead at 1:01 P. M. Tide two-thirds flood.

In the afternoon we took friends out for a short spin under whole sail. On returning to the anchorage, Prescott Keyes came alongside with Scapegoat for a short talk.

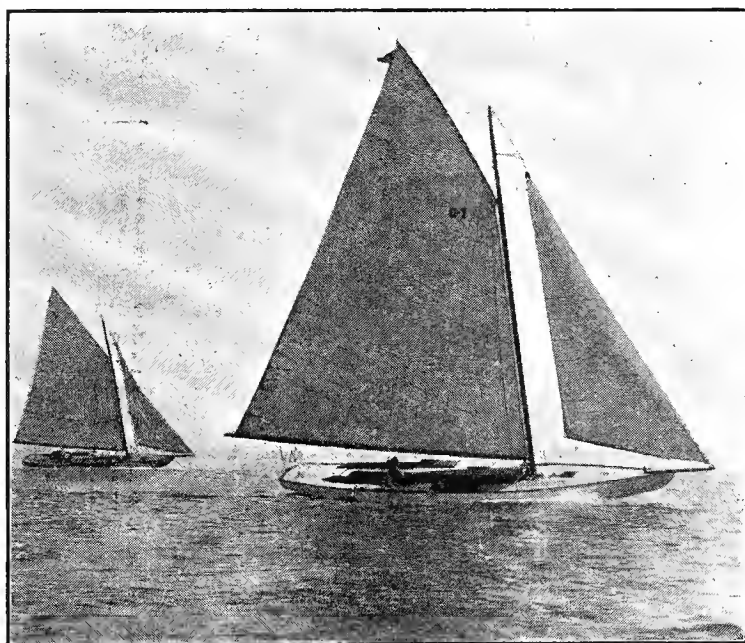
Monday, July 4.—The early morning was calm and hazy. We cleared just before ten o'clock in a light S.W. air that proved to be S.E. when we got outside. The Corinthian Y. C. was starting its morning races as we passed out, and the scene was most animated.

Beating out around "the Rock," we settled down to a long tack to the southward to pass outside of "the Brewsters." The thirty-footers passed close to windward of us on this leg, with Chewink IV. leading, but to leeward. However, she crossed Sauquoit's bow soon after the accompanying photograph was taken.

We held along S. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. until noon, at which time we heard the Boston forts firing the national salute. On sighting "three and a half fathom buoy" (N. No. 2), we found we could ease off a bit, so did so, and made for the harbor entrance with a fair tide under our keel. We observed the boats inside the harbor sailing in a strong S.W. wind, while outside there was a fine little south-easter. At 12:25 we shot from one breeze into the other without slowing up, and then beat in to the Gut in long tacks.



WOOD END, CAPE COD.
Photo by N. L. Stebbins.



CHEWINK AND SAUQUOIT.
Photo by W. L. Barnard.



BAKER'S ISLAND, SALEM BAY.
Photo by N. L. Stebbins.

water. Two reefs and small jib on account of a strong S.W. wind with vicious puffs. We passed the knock-about fisherman, Helen B. Thomas, at anchor in the Gurnet Roads, and photographed her; but alas! we did the same thing by another boat on the same film.

Reaching the Gurnet Rock buoy, we cut inside of the whistler and made for the High Pine buoy. After passing the latter, we set whole sail and carried it nicely, despite some rather severe puffs off Brant Rock and the Scituate Cliffs. Nearing Davis Rock buoy, we met a flying fisherman with every rag set. His main topmast staysail was a beautiful sight—it looked as though chiseled from marble.

We reached from Minot's Light to the Harding's Ledge gas buoy in 52 minutes, and had a close call from a three-masted schooner bound out in ballast. She was wallowing all over the road. I wondered why until, as she shot by, about forty feet from us, I saw one man busy on the fore-castle deck, two at the mizzen-top, and "the old man" pacing the quarter-deck with no one at the wheel.

W.-N.W. wind. On reaching Crow Point, I anchored to await the coming of "the stewardess." There was a curious little swell working straight in up the channel for which I could see no reason. Turned in at 5:30 for another hour of sleep.

Under way again at 8:45 with double reefed mainsail and small jib, the wind having hauled to the N.W. and become very fresh. Beating down the narrow channel in short tacks at low water, we were uncomfortably crowded by the Boston steamer until she drew ahead.

Passing out through the Gut at 9:30, we beat over to the Narrows, and rounding the "Bug" Light looked down through Black Rock channel against a strong flood tide. We left Half Tide Rocks buoy well to starboard—the rocks being jam up against the buoy—and Commissioners' Ledge can to port. Close-hauled on the port tack, we could just lay for Marblehead Light, and had an exhilarating sail in a steep, hollow, three-foot sea. She took it very nicely, although occasionally an over mobile crest swept aboard.

Passing in under Peddocks Island at 1:27, we had to encounter a hard series of flaws, but having a better acquaintance with our boat than earlier in the season, took them all without huffing or easing her. The rest of the way to Hingham was sailed with the lee deck well in and a smother of foam at the port shroud. Going in we followed all the devious windings of the channel up to our moorings, which were picked up at 2:12 P. M.

III.—To Rockport.

Saturday, Aug. 13.—The first mate being away, I had for crew two old college mates. They were aboard and waiting with mainsail set and clam chowder just cooked when I arrived from Boston. Breaking out the jib at once, we were off at 2:15. Wind moderate E. by S. We demolished the chowder while running out by Crow Point, and when passing Hull saw the special races in full swing.

Reaching across from the Gut to Bug Light, we swung

into Black Rock channel for a close fetch down to Half Tide Rocks. It is best to give the light a good berth and keep much nearer Lovell's Island here on account of shoal water. On an ebb tide watch your course sharply, for the current breaks across from the Narrows and out the B. R. channel with force. This Black Rock channel is very attractive, as it runs along close inside of the group of Brewster islands, and gives a good view of some charming summer places.

After passing Green Island, we found the wind E.-S.E., and started our sheets for a fast but uneventful run to Marblehead. Spatters of rain drove us into oilers. We passed in by the skeleton light at 5:20 (three hours five minutes, eighteen knots, in a moderate air), and spent an hour sailing around through the fleet, eventually anchoring off the Boston Y. C. station.

Sunday, Aug. 14.—Rain fell heavily during the early morning, and there was little wind. We got our anchor on board at 10:40, and were off in a faint S.E. air. Creeping along in a series of chills and a loup of a sea, we passed Monomoy, Chicadee, and all the boats near us, finally meeting a nice little S.-S.W. wind when nearly over to Cat Island. Taking the outside course, we left Cat and Baker's islands to port, and made for the buoy inside of Half-Way Rock. When up with that buoy, we squared away for the Eastern Point whistler, and had hot coffee, with apple sauce and gingerbread, as we ran down the wind.

Passing the whistler at 1:15 P. M. in a good whole sail breeze, we held on for "the Londoner," a spindle off Thatcher's Island, and gybed around that at 2:28. Here we encountered a steep bobble, caused by the weather-bound tide, that necessitated topping up the boom and giving the tender's painter more scope. We ran down between the Dry Salvages and Straitsmouth Light, then beat up Sandy Bay into the small stone harbor at Rockport. The big Government breakwater at Sandy Bay is still incomplete—being awash at low tide. It is marked by several spar buoys. You would not expect to find a lot of ugly rocks inside of an artificial harbor, but there are many of them there, and it is well to keep toward the port side of the harbor in going in. We anchored at 3:25 P. M. in the center of the outer basin, where there are 11ft. at mean low water. It is a charming little "old world" spot, but no place to be caught in a N.E. gale, despite the excellent holding ground.

Monday, Aug. 15.—Up at 4:30 to find an ideal morning. Before we got under way two large schooners kedged out. They took their anchors down to the harbor's very mouth, then started their steam winches, tripped the anchors as they passed over them, and got enough way on to shoot nearly a half mile across the placid waters. We drifted down to the light on the ebb, and then caught a gentle N.W. breeze. We cut inside of "the Londoner," rounding Thatcher's Island close in under the two towering lights, and then met the 25ft. sloop *Hermes*. She was a beautiful sight, with a big balloonier drawing like the wing of an enormous gull. I pulled out the camera, but just as I got it she lowered away the jib. Hard luck! Having the camera out, I jumped into the tender and had Sassoon sailed past me a few times so that I could take a couple of photographs of her under sail.

The wind now swept offshore in fresh gusts, and we held along close in to get the full benefit of it. Hauled on the wind at the Eastern Point whistler at 8:10, and stood across under the Magnolia shore as the wind looked light offshore. We got some rattling puffs. "Fine!" Loping along by Kettle Island, we passed in between House and Misery islands. On the latter was the wreck of the old steamer *Monohansett*, which broke her back last July in a sporty attempt, one foggy afternoon, to leap across the lower portion of the island.

We beat well up the river in toward West Manchester to have a look at the elegant estates located there on the waterfront, then ran out again, taking a good squint at the Binney-designed schooner *Savarona*, the handsomest auxiliary on our coast. Holding along the shore up to Beverly, we then squared off for Cat Island. As we ran along we heard sounds like the whirring of forty thousand mowing machines all in one field, and the motor boats *Autowin* and *Naughty Girl* sped by us, five feet to our one, and we doing a good four knots. They were having a match race, which was about as exciting to watch as a game of cricket.

We sailed into the Marblehead harbor and jogged up and down it until the light began to fade, when we anchored as before off the Boston Y. C. That was at 12:30 P. M., and the rest of the day there was a flat calm.

After dinner we took the mainsail ashore for repairs, the bolt rope having parted on each side of the throat.

Tuesday, Aug. 16.—The sailmakers had the sail ready at the promised hour, but we could not get away until 11:06, when a light S.E. wind sprang up. Secretary of the Navy Morton was then leaving the dispatch boat *Dolphin* amid the racket of eighteen guns. After passing buoy No. 3, the wind was very light, so I took a try at a white ash breeze in the tender. Half-way to Tinker's Island we connected with a delightful easterly which hauled to S.E. and pricked on so hard as to nearly ruin a fine fish chowder that was brewing.

After passing the bell buoy, we began to think of reefing, but pondered on it longer than the breeze lasted. Reaching Broad Sound, we encountered a faint S.W. air and stood up to Deer Island Light against the first of the ebb. Then beat through Long Island gut and went through Nantasket roads to Hull Gut. Two attempts to stem the tide in a sickly breeze were enough, and we started a drift up the back of Peddock's in a series of little showers. Passed through the West Way at 6:30. Then another calm. Then another light east wind which dropped to nothing when we reached Bumpkin Island. Set our side lights for the first time and drifted backward for awhile, but finally beat up the channel in a S.-S.W. chill (the course was S. $\frac{1}{2}$ E.), with the lead going constantly. The channel shoals quickly from three fathoms to four feet, so the use of the lead was essential. We finally anchored at dead low water (9:20 P. M.) in $3\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms just south of the Crow Point wharf.

Wednesday, Aug. 17.—Under way at 5:05 A. M. with light W. wind and ebb tide. Picked up moorings at 5:28, and gave the ship a good cleaning up before going ashore.

IV.—To Gloucester.

Saturday, Sept. 3.—After having slept aboard, I got under way at 6:13 A. M. in a moderate S.W. breeze, and running out between Ragged and Sailor islands was soon at Hull, where I picked up a mooring off the Boston Y. C. station at 7:03.

Under way again at 2:05 P. M. with my wife and our friends, Mr. and Mrs. B., on board. In a strong S.-S.W. wind that was all we could swing whole sail to, we ran out the old familiar Black Rock Channel against the flood tide. After passing the huge tower, nearly completed, on the Graves, we met with quite a rolling sea, but swung along at a good pace in the usual large Saturday afternoon Marblehead-bound fleet. One small craft of about 18ft. waterline length with full cutter rig crossed our bow near Tinker's Island, and, as we overhauled her, crowded into our course. She would not give way, and as I would not either a scant five feet separated the two hulls (the booms were on opposite sides) as we shot by. It was evident from the remarks of her crew that they thought they could frighten the feminine members of our party, but they did not succeed.

Once inside the harbor, we sailed about through the fleet to give our guests a good view of the various craft, and then anchored off Tucker's ferry at 6:05.

Sunday, Sept. 4, was calm and hot after a few showers and some fog, so that we did not start until 10:12, although our guests had hurried off from their hotel in time to breakfast on board.

We took the inside passage to Gloucester, leaving Cat Island, Bowditch's Ledge and Baker Island to starboard. Once out by Baker's Island Lights, which, by the way, so confused two of the contestants in the Sandy Hook to Marblehead race last July, we made slow work of it in a long roll, very faint following breeze and hot sun. The 50ft. schooner yacht *Monataka* passed us off Manchester, and I took two beautiful pictures of her, both on one film, a pet mistake of mine. Then a fine little puff sent us ahead, much to the chagrin and mystification of her sailing master.

We had thought of trying for Rockport, but the breeze was so light we slowly ran into Gloucester, where we anchored under Ten-Pound Light. Here our guests left us.

Monday, Sept. 5.—Another calm morning. The *Hersheff* 15-footer *Little Robin* had come in during the night, so we rowed over and had a look at her. She is a beautiful little ship, beautifully kept up.

Getting under way soon after nine o'clock, we beat out of the harbor on the ebb tide. Off Norman's Woe we were overtaken and easily passed by the *Little Robin*. I had had quite a conversation with her owner while we were within talking distance. It was Mrs. B.'s first glimpse into the free masonry of the sea, and she was very much surprised at my talking to an utter stranger.

We retraced our steps of the day before, passing inside of Baker's Island. The two lighthouses are of different height, which is one means of distinguishing them from those on Thatcher's Island.

The wind was very paltry, and when we reached Cat Island we saw no signs of improvement, so went into Marblehead harbor and anchored at 2:05, well up toward the head of the harbor.

Tuesday, Sept. 6.—There was a splendid breeze from the N.W. in the early morning, but we delayed our departure until 10:10 in order to take a friend along with us. By the time we started the wind had hauled to N.-N.E. Beating out of the harbor with one reef tied down in the mainsail, we had a very lively time in the puffs from the town shore. Once outside we squared away for a delightful run. We did not make very fast time, however, because after reaching Nahant we had to fight the ebb sweeping out from Boston. Shook out our reef, as the wind had taken off a bit.

At the entrance to the Sound we found a very steep sea, about four to five feet high, which caused our skiff to go mad. She would shoot up alongside of us, then sheer around broadside to the sea and then straighten out with a wild jerk when her painter came taut. The old, old story!

Once in by Half Tide Rocks, however, we found the sea smooth enough, and boiled away up the old Black Rock channel, across the Narrows, and up to the Gut. Hauling on the wind we stood in to Hull Bay and picked up a mooring off the Boston Y. C. station at 2:05, the third successive day that we had quit at that hour and minute.

After luncheon we put our guest ashore and sailed about in the Bay until the tide had flooded enough for us to get up to our home mooring, to which we made fast at quarter after five o'clock. And so to shore and dinner.

PAVONIA Y. C. OFFICERS.—The Pavonia Y. C. held its annual meeting a few days ago at Jersey City, and the following officers were elected: Com., E. H. Moore; Vice-Com., W. E. Throne; Fleet Captain, D. C. N. Collins; Finan. Sec'y, W. F. Tobin; Cor. Sec'y, H. Smith; Treas., Charles F. Crane; Meas., R. S. Morton; Fleet Surgeon, W. J. Parker, M.D.

The club has sold its Atlantic Highlands property to advantage. The club's annual dinner will take place on New Year's Day.

STEAM YACHT RIVIERA SOLD.—Mr. Frederic Gallatin has purchased through Messrs. Tames, Lemoine & Crane the steam yacht *Riviera*, ex-Katoomba, from Mr. Pliny Fish.

YAWL NERINE SOLD.—Mr. Stanley M. Seaman has made the following sales through his agency: 30ft. yawl *Nerine*, by Mr. F. W. Etherington, to Mr. George A. Enell; knockabout *Cyma*, by Mr. W. M. Bieling, to Mr. David Raib, Jr.; and the cruising launch *Roma*, by Mr. James Golden, to Dr. Horace J. Parker.

GEORGE G. TYSON DIES.—George G. Tyson, commodore of the *Riverside Y. C.*, died at his home in Greenwich, Conn., on December 13, from a hemorrhage of the lungs. He was forty years old and had been in poor health for some time.

Iceboating on North Shrewsbury.

RED BANK, N. J., Dec. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The early coming of cold weather has hastened the preparations for iceboating on the North Shrewsbury River. The third class, which includes most of the racing boats, will this winter number sixteen. New third class boats, under 350 sq. ft. of sail area, are being made ready by several members of the ice yacht club.

R. D. Chandler has built a sloop-rigged boat for Raymond Hoagland; William White is building a new *Mistral*, jib and mainsail; Edward Asay and Ivins Hance have altered their boats, *Daisy* and *Northwest*, from lateen to jib and mainsail rig. Dr. Brewster has rebuilt the steel boat and will sail her as a sloop this season. Edward Willis and Charles Burd, professional yachtsmen, have joined forces, and are turning out a jib and mainsail boat of the third class for their winter's amusement.

There has been a drift away from the lateen rig, and there will consequently be comparatively few of them in the racing class. *Wizard*, owned by George Gillig; *Georgic II.*, by Chas. P. Irwin; *Tyro*, by Grant & Morford, and *Torment*, by Charles Burd, are the fastest lateens that will be out. It remains to be seen whether they will be as decisively beaten by the sloops as they were last season.

January and February, 1904, furnished more iceboating than has been seen in years. The North Shrewsbury Ice Yacht Club went over to Branchport and captured the challenge pennant of the North and South Shrewsbury rivers from the South River Club. They successfully defended the pennant of America against the *Pleasure Bay Club*, and lost it to the Branchport Club. They also held



the first mentioned pennant against the Branchport Club on the river at Red Bank. All of these matches were best two in three, two boats to a club, over a 20-mile course in a fast time limit.

There were also special races for cups and trophies, and an interesting series of point races for the season's performance. *Georgie I.* proved to be the fastest. *Atalanta*, also a sloop, was second, and *Tyro* earned the third place.

Irwin's *Georgie*, a little boat of 13ft. spread and some 320ft. of sail, supplied the sensational sailing of the season in light and medium winds. *Atalanta* did best in heavy weather. The problem for the other owners is to produce something to displace them.

An interesting feature of the coming season is the restoration of *Wizard*, champion in 1902 and 1903, to her old trim and first-class condition. Sailed by her most successful skipper, it is a matter of speculation as to her performance this winter compared with some of the newer jib and mainsail ice yachts.

It had been the opinion here until last winter that the lateen rig gave the best results to windward, but the contrary proved to be the case. *Georgie* outpointed and out-footed everything. The rougher the ice became, the more she beat the lateens and the heavy jib and mainsail boats.

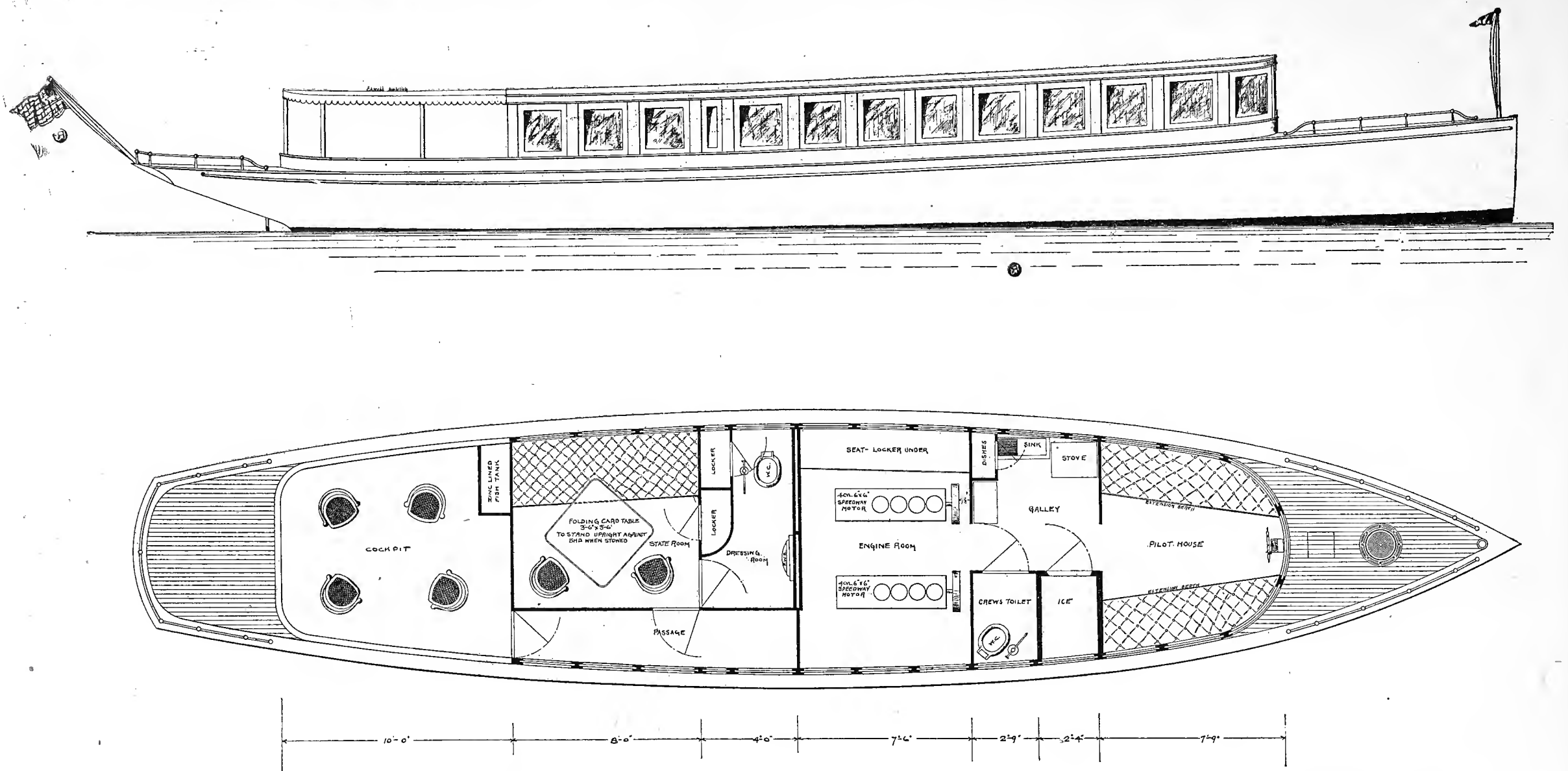
A feature of last season's racing was the large amount of lead carried, amounting in some cases to 600 pounds, in addition to two men. The boats track from 13ft. to 18ft. in third class, there being no limit except sail area.

Besides the above mentioned boats there are here at Red Bank a full dozen of first, second, and fourth class boats, and probably fifty or more of lesser size. When there is good ice-yachting the river presents a scene of life and animation that would well repay one for making a trip out from New York to see. There are comfortable hotels here, and the ice yachtsmen are usually attentive to visitors if they make themselves known. S. W. Morford is the commodore, and Charles Foxwell the secretary of the club.

T. H. GRANT.

DEATH OF WELL-KNOWN YACHT SKIPPER.—Charles H. Wells, well known in yachting circles as a crack boat sailor, died at Greenport, L. I., on December 14. He was 73 years old. Captain Wells commanded upward of twenty-five different vessels with great success. He was a cautious man, and never met with any accident. In 1876 he was in charge of the schooner *Madeline* when she defeated *Countess of Dufferin*. For fifteen years Captain Wells was employed by John S. Dickerson as sailing master of his yacht. The last yacht in which he was in command was the famous *Wizard*.

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.



SIXTY-FOOT CRUISING LAUNCH—DESIGNED AND BUILT BY THE GAS ENGINE & POWER CO. & CHAS. L. SEABURY & CO., CONSOLIDATED.

Gas Engine Experts.

BY A. E. POTTER.

THERE is no doubt but that valuable marine gasoline engines have been all but ruined in some cases, and too often has their efficiency been impaired by a certain class of people with no mechanical training whatever, and an extremely limited amount of actual experience in operating this class of motors. As for design, manufacture and repair they know nothing; yet on the very first sign of trouble they "get busy," usually with disastrous results.

Were they to confine their operations to their own property there would be no great harm done, except what they ought to make good themselves instead of expecting the manufacturer to replace broken or ruined parts.

There is another class of men who are continually offering their services to owners of power boats usually gratis, and whose memory frequently lingers with the ignorant and unsuspecting owner after he realizes the harm that has been done.

I maintain that anyone who owns a marine gasoline engine has a perfect right to do with it as he likes, so long as he does not jeopardize the lives of others; but no one should be allowed to tinker with a marine gasoline engine belonging to someone else unless he thoroughly understands the function of the engine and the mechanism on which he is to work.

One day last summer at Canarsie I saw two men in a launch trying in vain to start their engine. The usual crowd of interested spectators gathered, and among them was one extremely "previous" chap who vouchsafed some startling suggestions. His apparent knowledge of gasoline engines seemed to appeal to the owners of the craft, and he was invited to take a hand. Oh, yes! He could start it all right! Loosening a nut here, tightening one there, making several false passes, he turned the flywheel several times, but the engine did not start.

Intuitively, perhaps, suspecting that the engine was "flooded," he opened the relief cock, closed the gasoline valve, and proceeded to "work the gasoline out of her," as he expressed it. At about the twentieth revolution he got an explosion. Closing the relief, he attempted to turn the flywheel over, but the compression was good, and he could not quite do the trick, when something happened. At the time he thought the engine hit him, as, rubbing his arm, he picked himself up from under the seat. With a sickly laugh he remarked that was just what he expected. It might have been at that.

The observing crowd offered its encouragement. He informed the owners in tones loud enough and with all the sincerity he could command, that the ignition had occurred too early and then he screwed the firing-pin down about three threads, turned the engine over once, broke off the end of the rocker shaft, suddenly realized an important engagement, and taking his coat, vest, and collar, hot, dirty, disgusted, but not discouraged, he disappeared while the owners sadly tied the boat back at her moorings and spent the afternoon no doubt in endeavoring to frame a request reasonable enough to get a new rocker shaft from the manufacturer without charge to replace an "imperfect" part.

This is the much-despised, so-called gas engine expert, who hangs about looking for trouble. He can be found around the wharves, on club house floats, and in similar places. Owners of motor boats, after their patience has been severely tried and pocket-books flattened, begin to suspect that there is no one who can repair or adjust their engines unless he comes from the particular factory where the engine was built. He finds this an expensive matter, and the result is he studies his engine, follows up all the publications bearing on motor boats and engines, makes his own repairs, enjoys it, becomes independent, and if he is wise, does not offer his services and knowledge to strangers.

But then you may ask whether or not there are any gas engine experts. To be sure there are, but they cannot be engaged to do slight repairs for the usual wages engine owners think they can afford to pay. They will

be found frequently engaged in selling engines, in the designing and mechanical departments of manufacturing establishments, where they get salaries frequently surprisingly high, but seldom on the lookout for an hour or two's work on repairs for 40 to 50 cents an hour or less.

The more true gas experts we have the less gas engine troubles will be experienced from the development of the art of design and perfected construction, but the faking imposter posing as a gas engine expert, possibly unknowingly or unconsciously, is decidedly too much in evidence.

Queries on Marine Motors.

J. M. M., Montreal.—What advantage, if any, would there be in putting a standpipe in the gasoline piping from the tank to the engine, outside of collecting light particles of dirt, which might get into the tank?

Ans.—A stand-pipe such as you describe could only have one advantage that we can see. It might make the flow a little more regular, providing you were using two or three different vaporizers on a multi-cylinder two-cycle engine. We don't see how any particles lighter than water would be likely to get to the bottom of a tank and get into the piping, as they usually float on top.

J. H. B., Philadelphia, Pa.—1. What is the maximum power possible with an eight-cylinder, four-cycle 3½ in. diameter, 4 in. stroke engine at 720 r. p. m.? 2. Do you consider it possible to develop 40 B. H. P.?

Ans.—Basing the mean effective pressure at 66 pounds to the square inch, with the usual formula

$$\text{PLAN} \\ \text{I.H.P.} = \frac{\text{PLAN}}{33,000} \text{ where}$$

P=Mean effective pressure.

L=Length of stroke in feet.

A=Area of piston.

N=Number of explosions,

the horsepower would figure but 18.47. With P. at 75 pounds, a very high rating, the engine would figure 20.99.

2. In order for this engine to develop 40 B.H.P., it would have to show an unheard of M.E.P. of nearly 143 pounds. We do not consider it possible or even probable.

C. E. H., Crisfield, Md.—What makes so much blowing back in my four-cycle engine at the air inlet in the float feed carburetor?

Inlet valve is perfectly ground into its casing, which is removable and held by a clamp. Inlet valve is located above the exhaust valve.

Ans.—Blowing back of pressure could only occur through leaky inlet valve, too weak inlet valve spring, or leak under the valve caging. In that particular construction it is a very hard problem to machine the two surfaces where the joint is made without "grinding" them together. Sometimes gaskets are used, and in some cases even copper gaskets will not stand. In that case, the surfaces will have to be remachined and ground until they are true with each other.

B. J. M., Patchogue, N. Y.—1. How many different causes are there for an engine using make-and-break to occasionally miss explosions? 2. Are there any more causes for such irregularity in jump spark ignition?

Ans.—Missed explosions in make-and-break ignition could be caused by any of the following: Loose battery or wire connections, oxydization of engine, battery or switch terminals; insufficient battery, wet spark coil, sticking of the rocker shaft, too short contact, failure to trip, insufficient pressure of electrodes, too rich or too poor a mixture, loose insulation, water on the electrodes or in the mica, carbon on the mica insulation, imperfect ground connection, too much cylinder oil, a drop of water or dirt in the needle valve of the vaporizer or carburetor, broken wires with ends occasionally separating, igniter set too late, or probably a few dozen others.

2. In jump spark, causes would probably be less, as some of the above could not be present. Broken porcelain, too much opening at the plug, wet, secondary wiring, insufficient secondary insulation, poor trembler or vibrator contacts, perforated tin-foil in the condenser, broken or weak spring in commutator, etc. Usually jump spark troubles can be more easily located than make-and-break.

B. B. B., Bernardsville, N. J.—I have a double opposed four-cycle automobile engine, set horizontally in a launch. Water-jackets are of copper. I am bothered with water in one cylinder. How can it get in if not at the upper end of the cylinder beneath the copper jacket?

Ans.—Examine carefully the relief cock on the underside of the cylinder. It probably does not fit into the cylinder as it ought, or you may possibly have a blow-hole in the cylinder. Be sure the water does not come in from the exhaust-pipe. To prove whether or not there is a leak under the copper jacket, draw off all the water and start the engine, after disconnecting the water pipe from the jacket. If at each explosion steam or smoke puffs out of the water discharge at the cylinder, you can be quite sure that there is a leak under the copper jacket.

Sixty-Foot Cruising Launch.

THE Gas Engine and Power Company and Chas. L. Seabury & Co., Consolidated, have begun the construction of a day launch for Mr. H. L. Terrell, of New York city. We reproduce this week both the cabin plans and outboard profile of the boat.

Her construction is of the most approved type, and, like every boat turned out by this firm, shows novelty in many respects in keeping with their reputation for modern design and detail. She is 60 ft. over all, bent oak frame, spaced 9 in. centers in the wake of the engines, and 12 in. elsewhere. Long tapered keelsons also add materially to her strength. Planking is of 1 in. southern cedar. She is built carvel style, with butt blocks copper fastened throughout. Standing roof is of light construction canvas-covered. Interior finish is of paneled mahogany. All outside hard wood is bright finished. Hand rails and outside fittings are finished either bright or oxidized. A canvas awning covers the after part of the cockpit; floors are covered with linoleum and Wilton carpets. For lighting provision has been made for cylinders to hold 200 ft. compressed acetylene gas. Whistle is operated from cylinder compression. The power equipment is to consist of two four-cylinder 6 in. by 6 in. Speedway model A motors, giving an estimated speed of 12 miles with a fuel capacity sufficient for 30 to 40 hours' running. Speed of the engine will not exceed 600 revolutions per minute, and this comparatively low speed ought to materially increase the life of the engine. In the tank compartment forward below and underneath the tank, the space is filled with cork flooded with asphaltum to reduce the weight and space usually occupied by water when a free circulation about the tank is permitted for reason of safety. This launch will be used extensively on the Shrewsbury and in the lower bay.

Ocean Race for German Emperor's Cup.

THE race across the Atlantic Ocean for the German Emperor's Cup has been discussed for over two years. The matter has now taken definite shape, and the race will be held next May, provided three vessels start.

Commander Hebbinghaus, naval attaché of the German Embassy at Washington, has acted for Emperor William, and this gentleman has conferred with Mr. Allison V. Armour and Mr. C. L. F. Robinson—two members of the New York Y. C. who are greatly interested in the project. These gentlemen have taken part in regattas held in German waters, and are members of the Kaiserlicher Y. C.

As a result of the conferences between the German representative and the New York Y. C., all arrangements have been made, and the following conditions, governing the contest, have been given out:

Kaiserlicher Y. C., 1905.—The ocean cup presented by H. I. M. the German Emperor.

The race in detail to be arranged by the Imperial Y. C. at Kiel. Open to cruising yachts of all nations and enrolled in recognized yacht clubs.

Yachts must be of 100 tons, American Custom House measurement, or of 200 tons, Thames yacht measurement, and upward. Auxiliary vessels are eligible, but before starting must remove their propellers from the shafts.

The race to be sailed on May 15, 1905, and to be from Sandy

Hook Lightship to the Lizard lighthouse. The start will be at 2 o'clock on the afternoon of that date.

Three yachts to start or no race. The race will be sailed according to the international rules of the road at sea.

The owner, or his representative, to be a member of a recognized yacht club, and must be on board.

Entries will close at midnight of April 1, 1905, and must be addressed to the sub-committee of the Imperial Y. C., Naval Attaché, German Embassy, Washington, D. C.

The sub-committee will decide if the vessels entered are of the cruising type, as required, and from its decision there shall be no appeal.

No entrance fee is required, and there will be no time allowance. The ocean cup will be given by H. I. M. the German Emperor, personally, to the owner of the winning yacht at Kiel at the beginning of the Kiel week.

His Imperial Majesty will give additional prizes on the basis of one prize for every three starters.

The race will be left entirely in the hands of the Kaiserlicher Y. C. Commander Hebbinghaus and Messrs. Allison V. Armour and C. L. F. Robinson will look after all matters relating to the race on this side, and they will also start the boats.

The Race Committee of the Kaiserlicher Y. C. will be assisted by a committee selected from members of the Kiel Y. C.

Boston Letter.

Boston, Dec. 19.—Mr. B. B. Crowninshield has received an order for an automobile boat, which is expected to compete in all of the prominent American events next season. The boat is to be built for a Boston man, whose name is withheld for the present. It may be said that he is a very enthusiastic automobilist, having had three cars during the present year. That he will race the boat to the limit is not doubted. At this time also it is impossible to give the name of the motor to be used. The firm manufacturing the motor has long been prominently identified with automobile motors, and while it has experimented with marine engines, this will be its first great effort. The boat will probably be about 40ft. long, and while nothing definite has yet been drawn, it is likely that her beam will be about one-tenth of the length. The matter of horsepower is another one that has not yet been settled, but Mr. Crowninshield is of the opinion that at least 100 horsepower will be used. The power may be even greater than that, but this will depend upon the amount of weight that a boat of naturally small displacement and buoyancy will stand. Mr. Crowninshield makes no estimate of the speed he hopes to get out of his model, but he will get all he can out of the amount of horsepower available.

Mr. Crowninshield has designed a yacht for Mr. P. Pavloff, of St. Petersburg, Russia, under a rating rule that figures up about the same as the proposed new rating rule for American yachts. This yacht is 42ft. 6in. over all, 28ft. 6in. waterline, 10ft. beam and 6ft. 4in. draft. Her rating figures out the same as her waterline length. The plans show a very nicely lined craft, with a clean, rather slim entrance and a fair amount of breadth at the quarters. She has a beautiful sheer, from which nothing is taken by the cabin trunk of normal height. Her sail plan is moderate and is well proportioned, and it is thought that she will prove a very dangerous competitor in light to moderate breezes with a lump of a sea. Another craft by the same designer is for a yachtsman of Hamburg, Germany. She is designed under the German cruising restrictions, and will rate in the same class as Uncle Sam, which Mr. Crowninshield designed two years ago. This boat will be 34ft. over all, 21ft. waterline and 7ft. 6in. beam. She will be built by Graves, of Marblehead.

Mr. F. B. Chesbro, of Bay City, Mich., visited Boston last week to inspect the preliminary plans of his 75ft. twin-screw gasoline yacht, just completed by Messrs. Swasey, Raymond & Page. He was very much pleased with the plans of the boat, and left an order with the same designers for an open launch.

A very severe test of a gasoline engine was shown in the 25ft. open launch, Minnie T., owned by Mrs. J. N. Taylor, of Dorchester, in a trip from City Point to Hallowell, Me., last season. The boat, which was equipped with a brand new 5-horsepower Murray & Tregurtha engine, left the yard of the builders one Saturday afternoon at 5 o'clock, and reached Hallowell at 8 o'clock the next evening, having covered the 165 miles in 27 hours, or at the rate of 6.11 knots an hour. Throughout the trip, which was made without a stop, a dinghy, which contained extra dunnage, was towed astern, and this dinghy was half full of water from the entrance to the Kennebec to Hallowell, by reason of a nasty sea off Seguin Island. The only trouble experienced was off Boone Island, when the magneto wheel did not make a good contact; but this was because of no fault of the machinery, but on account of the gathering of oil, in which the engine had been packed, upon the flywheel. The engine was run along on the batteries, while the flywheel and the magneto wheel were cleaned, and when the switch was thrown over again, there was no trouble during the rest of the trip.

Mr. E. A. Boardman has designed a 30-footer for Mr. H. H. Walker, who owns the 22-footer Athlon. This yacht will not conform to the restrictions of the 30ft. class which was formed last spring, but will undoubtedly race with the boats of that class in races next season. The lines show a beautifully turned craft, much more wholesome to look upon than the 30-footers of the past season. She is much heavier than those yachts which raced in the restricted class last season, having about 20,000 to 22,000 pounds displacement, but Mr. Boardman feels confident that she will give any of the yachts of her length a good rub, especially in rough water. The boat will be fitted up luxuriously below decks, with every accommodation for cruising.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

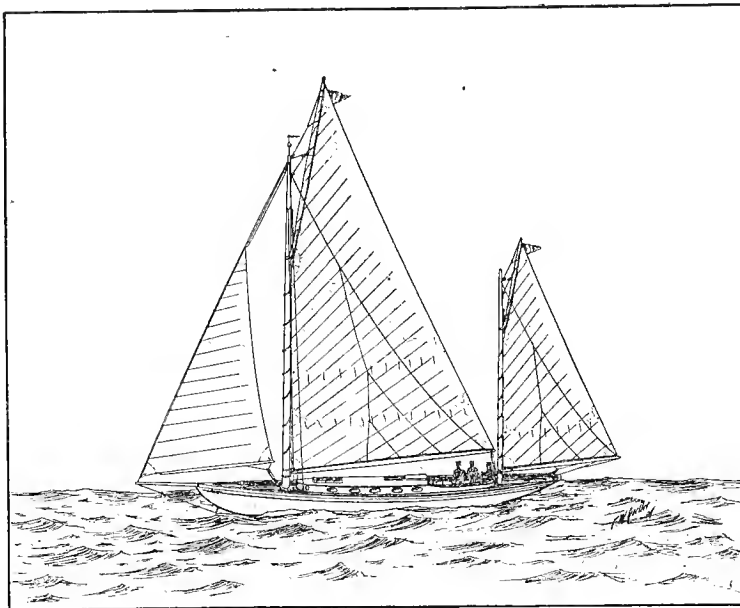
INDEPENDENT Y. C. INCORPORATED.—Articles of incorporation have been filed by the directors of the newly formed Independent Y. C. with the Secretary of New York State. The club will make its headquarters on Jamaica Bay, and it will hold its races off Sandy Bay Point, Canarsie. The directors are Messrs. Arthur G. Morris, George S. Harvey, Charles S. Frampton, George Vincent, Paul J. Honer, William F. Wagner, and Frederick Frampton, all of Brooklyn.

New Auxiliary Cruising Yawl.

WE are publishing herewith a sketch of an auxiliary cruising yawl, recently ordered from Messrs. MacConnell & Cook by Mr. H. A. LaChicotte, of Brooklyn.

The design is developed to give a roomy, comfortable cruiser, with draft suitable for southern waters. The sail plan is moderate and can be handled on long cruises by the owner and one paid hand. The 18-horsepower engine is exceptionally large for a boat of this size, and almost places the sails in the position of the auxiliary; in fact, the owner has expressed his intention of handling the yacht the greater part of the time under power alone, and using the sails when necessary on long runs down the coast.

The yawl is 46ft. over all, 31ft. waterline, 12ft. breadth, and 22,000 pounds displacement on a draft of 3ft. 6in. The overhangs are of moderate length, sufficient to give a pleasing appearance, but so moulded to avoid pound-



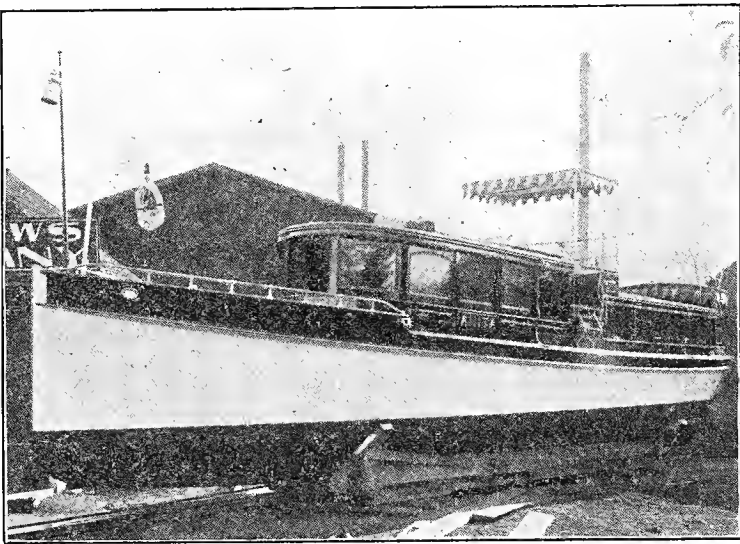
ing in a seaway. The freeboard is quite high, and the rounded sheer gives a distinct individuality and deep sea appearance to the whole.

The accommodations consist of a main cabin with two berths, extension transoms, folding table, lockers, and buffet; aft of the cabin on the starboard side is a large wardrobe, and on the port side an inclosed berth with standing room. On the starboard side forward of cabin is a large stateroom with double berth, locker, mirror and medicine case. On the port side is toilet room with folding lavatory, and forward of this the galley with ice-box, sink, racks and stove. In the fore-castle are accommodations for man, together with locker and storage space.

The construction is developed along the lines required by Lloyds Register with such deviations as the careful analysis, by the designers, of the conditions warranted. The keel, stem, stern, and framing are of selected white oak; the planking, clamps, stringers, etc., of selected Georgia pine, and the decking of white pine. The interior finish is in chamfered mahogany staving throughout, and all fixtures in bronze. The curtains, carpets, upholstery, etc., are in a harmonious shade of hunter green, and the effect of the whole is so pleasing that the craft promises to be of the most attractive of her size.

The Launch Anita.

THE accompanying half-tone shows the 51ft. cruising launch Anita on a flat car, the first step of her journey to Florida via the Mississippi River, where she will be used for cruising by her owner, Mr. D. Fleming, Jr., of



Philadelphia. The boat was built by the Matthews Boat Company, Bascom, Ohio. She is equipped with a 25 horsepower Globe engine, which drives her at a speed of 12 miles. Anita has accommodations for eight guests and the owner.

Naphtha vs. Kerosene.

THE English M. M. A. are still struggling with the rating of engines using gasoline and kerosene. While the past season with us did not develop much in the line of high powered kerosene propelled boats, the A. P. B. Association were not called upon to decide upon the relative power of the two fuels. Something may be gained from the results of their deliberations from which we may be better enabled to make intelligent rules when the necessity arises.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

NEW YORK Y. C. MEETING.—The sixth general meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on Thursday evening, December 15, and Commodore Frederick G. Bourne presided. The meeting was a large one, there being forty-

one yacht owners and upward of 150 non-yacht owners present.

The several committees reported, and in each case progress had been made since the last meeting.

The committee in charge of the new one-design 30ft. class reported that sixteen members had agreed to build and that four or five others are still undecided.

At the next meeting, to be held on January 1, the committee appointed to revise the racing rules, etc., will submit their report.

A committee was appointed to revise the club's routine and signal code. The following officers and committees were elected:

Com., Frederick G. Bourne, steamer Delaware; Vice-Com., Henry Walters, steamer Narada; Rear-Com., Cornelius Vanderbilt, steamer North Star; Sec'y, G. A. Cormack; Treas., Tarrant Putnam; Regatta Committee—Oliver E. Cromwell, H. De B. Parsons, C. L. F. Robinson; Meas., Francis Wykoff Belknap; Committee on Admissions—Henry C. Ward, Frederic Gallatin, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Tracy Dows, John Jacob Astor; House Committee—Thomas A. Bronson, John M. Goetchius, W. H. H. Beebe; Library Committee—T. O'Connor Sloane, Charles Soosmith, John H. Cole; Model Committee—Theodore C. Zerega, Robert Golet, John Rutherford Buchan; Committee on Club Stations—No. 1, William H. Thomas; No. 2, Henry H. Rogers; No. 3, Cord Meyer; No. 4, Augustus C. Tyler; No. 5, Charles Lane Poor; No. 6, Maximilian Agassiz; No. 7, W. Frazier Harrison; No. 8, Henry C. Ward; No. 9, William Lanman Bull; No. 10, Edward R. Ladew.

The flag officers remain unchanged, but some important changes take place on some of the committees. Commodore Kane, who has served the club in various capacities for the past thirty years, retires as chairman of the Regatta Committee, and his place is taken by one of his old associates, Oliver E. Cromwell. Mr. N. D. Lawton also retires from the Race Committee. Mr. Francis Wykoff Belknap succeeds Mr. Charles D. Mower as measurer. Minor changes were made on some of the other committees.

A new committee has been established, known as the Model Committee. These gentlemen will be in charge of the club's collection of yacht models, which is the finest in the world. Mr. Buchan is particularly well equipped to serve on this committee, as he has given the subject great study, and was in charge of all the models shown by the United States at the Paris Exposition. Mr. Zerega, who has served on various committees, will also prove of help in this undertaking.

The annual meeting has in previous years been held in February, but the by-laws were changed making it regular to hold the meeting in December. The new officers will take office on January 1.

Canoeing.

Officers of A. C. A., 1905.

Commodore—C. F. Wolters, 14 Main St., East Rochester, N. Y.
Secretary—H. M. Stewart, 85 Main St., East Rochester, N. Y.
Treasurer—F. G. Mather, 30 Elk St., Albany, N. Y.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—W. A. Furman, 846 Berkeley Ave., Trenton, N. J.
Rear-Commodore—F. C. Hoyt, 57 Broadway, New York.
Purser—C. W. Stark, 118 N. Montgomery St., Trenton, N. J.
Executive Committee—J. C. Macclister, U. G. I. Building, Philadelphia, Pa.; L. C. Kretzmer, L. C. Schepp Building, New York; E. M. Underhill, Box 262, Yonkers, N. Y.
Board of Governors—R. J. Wilkin, 26 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Racing Board—H. L. Quick, Yonkers, N. Y.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Lyman T. Coppins, 691 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Rear-Commodore—Frank C. Denmler, 526 Smithfield St., Pittsburgh.
Purser—J. C. Milsom, 736 Mooney Brisbane Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.
Executive Committee—F. G. Mather, 30 Elk St., Albany, N. Y.; H. W. Breitenstein, 511 Market St., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Jesse J. Armstrong, Rome, N. Y.
Board of Governors—C. P. Forbush, Buffalo, N. Y.
Racing Board—Harry M. Stewart, 85 Main St., East Rochester, N. Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—D. S. Pratt, Jr., 178 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.
Rear-Commodore—Wm. W. Crosby, 8 Court St., Woburn, Mass.
Purser—W. S. Stanwood, Wellesley, Mass.
Executive Committee—Wm. J. Ladd, 18 Glen Road, Winchester, Mass.; F. W. Notman, Box 2344, Boston, Mass.; O. C. Cunningham, care E. Teel & Co., Medford, Mass.; Edw. B. Stearns, Box 63, Manchester, N. H.
Racing Board—Paul Butler, U. S. Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.; H. D. Murphy, alternate.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Commodore—Chas. W. McLean, 303 James St., Montreal, Can.
Rear-Commodore—J. W. Sparrow, Toronto, Canada.
Purser—J. V. Nutter, Montreal, Canada.
Executive Committee—C. E. Britton, Gananoque, Ont.; Harry Page, Toronto, Ont.
Board of Governors—J. N. MacKendrick, Galt, Ont.
Racing Board—E. J. Minett, Montreal, Canada.

WESTERN DIVISION.

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Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Jan. 16-20.—Pittsburg, Pa.—First annual tournament of the Iroquois Rifle Club.

Rifle in the Netherlands.

AN interesting statement has been received by the National Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice concerning rifle practice in the Netherlands. Considerable interest is taken in this subject by the Government of the Netherlands, and much encouragement is given to the formation of the clubs and to the practice with the military weapon of that country. The Government takes the ground that the object of such rifle practice is to awaken an interest in the subject; to promote skill in the handling of the rifle among soldiers on furlough and the reserve; for the training of

serviceable riflemen from persons outside the military service, and to enable good riflemen to keep themselves in form. In every garrison, opportunity is afforded for practice, and in all communities in which there are serviceable and available shooting ranges, and wherever there are private shooting ranges in the vicinity of any garrison, endeavors are made to obtain the use of the same. To those communities and associations for the voluntary use of arms, whose regulations have been recognized by the royal decree, a subsidy is accorded toward the erection, maintenance, and for the improvement of the shooting ranges; under the direction of the Minister of War. To obtain such subsidy the community or association must lay out or improve its shooting ranges, and bind themselves to utilize the same in the interest of the defense of their country. The amount of the subsidy is determined by the Minister of War.

Rifle practice is carried on under the superintendence of military men. The Government provides the rifles and ammunition. The course of practice is the same as that prescribed for the army corps. The distances at which the practice takes place vary from one hundred to seven hundred meters. Whenever, either because of the great distances at which the shooting ranges are situated or on account of any special circumstances, as, for instance, bad weather, it may be deemed best that the practice be made with cartridges adapted to the short distances, such a change is allowed. Every rifleman is permitted to fire five cartridges each drill day, with this proviso, that in the case of a limited number of participants in proportion to the number of ranges and the time available, more cartridges may be used, provided the number does not exceed fifteen.

The practice takes place every year between the first of May and the first of December, and on at least one afternoon each week in those places where there are ten riflemen to practice. The Government directs that the numbers of ranges placed at their disposal must be, as far as possible, in accordance with the demand, and that participation shall be promoted as much as possible, both by proper announcement and by the regulation of the practice itself. Prizes are offered, and in the year of 1902 the Crown gave a medal of an elaborate description to be awarded to such persons as became eligible in accordance with the regulations of the Minister of War, and the granting was made by royal order. There are other prizes or badges for those distinguished in communal, provincial and national competitions, of medals of silver, silver gilt, and gold. The communal competitions are held annually, and the provincial and national every three years.

Providence (R. I.) Revolver Club.

STILL alive and growing slowly. We have graduated from the shooting gallery 15yd. range, hired an old drill hall for one night a week, and increasing the shooting interests about here. Our pistol team is still resting on past laurels, and the men have not taken up much practice as yet; but we hope to wake them up eventually.

W. H. Freeman, our top-notch man, has done no shooting since the last match with the Miles Standish Club.

Capt. Bowen left off pistol shooting to practice for the State team work in connection with the Fort Riley match. Sergt. Bulard also kept at the Krag all summer, disposed of his pistol and revolver, and is now interested in the match rifle. In fact, many of the regulars of last winter have done very little work of late; but, under the club's new plan and place for practice, they will no doubt get the fever again and take up the work.

The facilities for small-bore rifle shooting at 25yds. has created quite a little interest among a number of shooters here, and most of our new members are composed of that class. There is quite a variety of weapons brought down for practice.

Albert Coulters, with his .22 target rifle, is kingpin in that line in this locality at present, and W. Bert Gardiner holds him a close second.

Mr. L. A. Jordan, of Saylesville, has just commenced practice, using a .22 repeater with Lyman sights, and considering the disadvantages under which he labors in indoor work, puts up some very good scores.

Down in Portsmouth and Newport there are quite a number of shooters, both of rifle, pistol and revolver, and plans are being made for the reorganization of the revolver club, combining such of those men as care to come in under a satisfactory arrangement.

Mr. William Almy, one of the old Portsmouth Rifle Club pushers, is doing fine work with the pistol, and the general revival in shooting matters will no doubt bring about some good scoring this coming season out of doors.

Following are the scores made at our shoot, Dec. 15, 20yds., Standard American target; revolver practice: A. C. Hurlburt, 88, 77, 80; Arno Argus, 83, 73, 79, 79; W. Bosworth, at 12yds., on 20yd. target, with .38 pocket arm, 73, 70; D. L. Craig, .38, on Creedmoor count, 36, 33, 38—possible 50.

Twenty-five yard German ring, rifle practice: A. B. Coulters, 231, 235, 231; W. Bert Gardiner, 222, 223, 235; L. A. Jordan, 220, 234; Wm. T. Bullard, 218, 223.

Our old friends, the Portland boys, have suggested a rifle match in order that they may get even for our success of last winter, and we are going to let them shoot out their revenge if we can scrape up the necessary men.

All things considered, we believe "business is looking up," and feel rather encouraged at the prospects here, even though it seems like pulling teeth to get the shooters into line.

A. C. HURLBURT, Sec'y.

Zettler Rifle Club.

At the weekly shoot of this club only eleven members were on hand to take part in the competition for high scores. The approach of the holidays, apparently, is the only reason for this lapse in the attendance, which usually increases steadily after the new year has begun. Scores: R. Gute 1219, O. Smith 1211, C. Zettler, Jr., 1210, L. Maurer 1201, G. Schlicht 1196, C. G. Zettler 1193, A. Begerow 1192, F. J. Herpers 1183, B. Zettler 1183, H. C. Zettler 1179, George Bernius 1144.

Lady Zettler Rifle Club.

SATURDAY evening was ladies' night on the Zettler ranges. Scores follow: Miss Zimmerman, 246, 248; Miss M. Zimmerman 245, 248; Mrs. H. Fenwirth, 245, 243; Miss Eusner, 242, 246; Miss Ludwig, 244, 243; Miss B. Ludwig, 244, 239; Mrs. H. Turbett 241, 235; Mrs. F. Liegibel, 231, 245; Miss Stoltz, 234, 236; Mrs. F. Watson 227, 231; Mrs. B. Zettler 226, 225.

Italian Rifle Club.

APPENDED are the scores for the practice shoot held Monday, Dec. 12: Selvaggi 239, De Felice 237, Muzio 235, Borrour 228, Bianchi 227, Orsenigo 221, Mandelle 217, Clemente 211, Gaglione 210, Biancorosso 209, Lampagnaur 207, Moglion 206, Cassetti 203, D. Amato 191, Scognamoglio 175.

New York Schuetzen Corps.

SCORES follow for the regular practice shoot of Dec. 15:

Ring target: R. Busse, 246, 246; A. Kronsberg, 239, 246; O. Schwaneman, 239, 236; C. G. Zettler, 232, 234; H. Radloff, 232, 233; G. Schroeter, 221, 233; H. Metzger, 211, 217; J. Keller, 209, 219; W. Heil, 200, 216; A. Wiltz, 190, 192.

Bullseye target: C. G. Zettler, 35 degrees, O. Schwaneman 37½, J. Facklam 55, A. Kronsberg (9), R. Busse 133, A. Wiltz 135, C. Wagner 136, W. Heil 140, J. Metzger 194.

Rifle Notes.

The Iroquois Rifle Club, of Pittsburg, have about completed the programme for the large shoot to be held on its ranges, Jan. 16 to 20, inclusive. In the championship match there will be twenty prizes, starting at \$100 for first, \$75, \$60, \$50, and so on down the line. A medal, valued at \$50, will also go to high man, in addition to the \$109 cash. On the ring target thirty-two prizes will be distributed, ranging from \$75 for first, \$60 to second, \$5 to third, etc. About thirty prizes in merchandise will be placed on the bullseye target, in value from \$50 down. The conditions: Any .22cal. rifle, any sights; entrance fees: 100 shot championship match, \$10; ring target, 50 cents per ticket, and bullseye tickets, 35 cents, or three for \$1. The amount of cash placed on the different targets should insure a goodly attendance of the New York crack shots. The official programme will be issued shortly.

Gus Nowak, the veteran marksman, died of pneumonia Wednesday, Dec. 14, at Throgg's Neck, Westchester, N. Y., after a brief illness. Mr. Nowak at one time was a member of that famous group of experts, the Zettler Rifle Club, New York, acting for several years in the capacity of secretary.

The St. Louis Central Sharpshooters' Association held its annual election of officers recently, with the following results: E. H. Kessler, President; August Fick, Vice-President; Adam Felhauer, Secretary; Capt. E. P. Creacy, Financial Secretary; J. Green, Treasurer; N. Matheis, Trustee, and J. Stumpf, Captain.

A number of army officers from Fort Thomas, Ky., visited Middletown, O., last week to inspect the proposed site for a Government rifle range for the use of troops at Columbus and Ft. Thomas. The range will also be used by the Ohio National Guard.

The Jackson Township Rifle Club held their December shoot on the 10th. The medal was won by Jesse Johnson, with a score of 46 out of a possible 48. Four shots, 100yds., offhand.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Dec. 26.—Springfield, Mass., Shooting Club turkey shoot. C. L. Kites, Sec'y.
Dec. 26.—Ossining, N. Y., Gun Club merchandise club shoot. C. G. Blandford, Capt.
Dec. 29.—North Branch, N. J., Gun Club first annual midwinter shoot. H. B. Ten Eyck, Sec'y.

1905.

Jan. 2.—Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Gun Club annual shoot.
Jan. 2.—Brooklyn, N. Y.—New Year's shoot of the Bergen Beach Gun Club. L. H. Schortemeier, Mgr.
Jan. 17.—Hamilton, Can., Gun Club live-bird tournament. J. Hunter, Sec'y.
Jan. 20.—Middletown, N. Y.—All-day shoot of Mullerite Gun Club, on grounds of the Orange County Gun Club. Albert A. Schoverling and O. H. Brown, Mgrs.
Jan. 23.—Brenham, Tex.—Sunny South Handicap.
Jan. 31-Feb. 2.—Taylor, Tex.—Central Texas Handicap.
Jan. 31-Feb. 2.—Taylor, Tex.—Central Texas Handicap tournament. C. F. Gilstrap, Mgr.
Feb. 6.—Houston, Tex.—Sen's Grand Southern Handicap. Alf. Gardiner, Mgr.
Feb. 11.—Phillipsburg, N. J., Opposite Easton, Pa.—Alert Gun Club first annual tournament. Ed. F. Markley, Mgr.
Feb. 15.—Detroit, Mich.—Jacob Klein's tournament on Rusch House grounds, under auspices of Tri-State Automobile and Sporting Goods Association.
May 2-5.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of the Herron Hill Gun Club. Thos. D. Bell, Ass't Sec'y.
June 8-9.—Dalton, O., Gun Club annual tournament. Ernest F. Scott, Capt.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Gloucester City gun clubs have arranged special programmes for Christmas trapshooting competition.

An all-day shoot of the Mullerite Gun Club will be held on the grounds of the Orange County Gun Club, at Middletown, N. Y., on Jan. 20, 1905. The managers are Albert A. Schoverling, 2 Murray street, New York city, and O. H. Brown, Middletown, N. Y. Programmes later.

In the Philadelphia Trapshooters' League contests last Saturday, the Florists defeated the Highlands by a score of 186 to 122; S. S. White defeated Camden by a score of 206 to 196; Hillsides defeated Narberth by a score of 123 to 107; Meadow Spring lost to Clearview; scores 206 to 207. There were ten men to a team, 25 targets per man.

The Carteret resumed shooting last Saturday at their old Long Island grounds. The club house has been moved across the railroad, where no annoyance will be caused to the neighborhood residents. The opening day cup, at 15 targets, was won by W. P. Norton. W. S. Hoyt presented a cup, to be shot for on alternate Saturdays, and each contestant is to shoot at 25 targets. The first leg on this trophy was won yesterday by George S. McAlpin. Three wins are essential to ownership. The Garden City cup, a handicap at 15 targets, was won by D. I. Bradley. The amateur championship will this year be decided on the grounds of the Philadelphia Gun Club some time in January.

Capt. C. G. Blandford writes us that the next shoot of the Ossining, N. Y. Gun Club will be held on Christmas afternoon, Monday, 26th inst. Shooting will start at 1:30 sharp. The programme will consist of ten 10-target events for ten prizes offered by the president of the club, Col. Franklin Brandreth. The events will be distance handicaps, and no shooter may win more than one prize, though all can shoot along in the optional sweeps. After the winners of all the events are decided, they will draw for first choice of prizes. This is a club shoot, and members should turn out in good numbers. Any member may invite one friend to compete.

Mr. Edward F. Markley, Chairman of the Tournament Committee, writes us as follows: "The Alert Gun Club, of Phillipsburg, N. J., opposite Easton, Pa., will hold their first annual target tournament on their grounds, Feb. 11. The programme will consist of 180 targets and eleven events. The programme in full will be mailed to you later."

Mr. W. T. Irwin, commonly and endearingly known among his familiars as "Tramp" Irwin, is now a traveling representative of the U. M. C. Co., and at present is visiting tournaments in Illinois. He is a hard worker, can fill any position in connection with trapshooting interests, whether as contestant, manager, reporter, cashier, etc. His experience is measured by trapshooting from its beginning to the present time. As showing that he was a valiant opponent, it may be mentioned that he contested a series of matches with the renowned Bogardus, and won nearly all of them. Our recollection is that he won five out of seven contests. Mr. Irwin is popular with the members of the trapshooting fraternity, and is a valuable addition to the U. M. C. force.

The London Field mentions that the shooting season began on Dec. 12 at Monte Carlo, and closes on April 8. After the first week in January there will be shooting on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays for sweepstakes, after which date there will be no prize with less than £40 added on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays up to the end of January. The Grand Prix du Casino will begin on Monday, Feb. 6, and three following days, so that there is no risk of the delay which occurred last year through insufficient time. The Grand Prix is to be followed by the Monte Carlo Handicap of £160 on Feb. 10, and there will be shooting on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays for prizes of £40 and £120 throughout March, the Grand Prix du Littoral of £400 being shot for on March 27-29.

The North Branch, N. J., Gun Club announces the programme of their first annual midwinter shoot. The date fixed upon is Dec. 29. Twelve events are provided, of which ten are at 15 and two at 25 targets; entrance 80 cents and \$1. Totals, 200 targets, \$10. "Fifteen dollars for amateur's average shooting, entire programme 50, 30, 20. Class shooting, three moneys; twelve or over, four moneys; prize for high professional or paid representatives. Loaded shells for sale on the ground. No postponement on account of weather, as shooters are fully protected. Take main line of N. J. C. R. R. direct to North Branch. Two cents will be charged for targets, included in entrance. Guns and shells sent prepaid to M. H. Rupell will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. Goose dinner at hotel, 12 o'clock. H. B. Ten Eyck, Sec'y; M. H. Rupell, Capt."

BERNARD WATERS.

Florists Gun Club.

ON Monday, Dec. 19, the two teams of experts were given an all-day shoot by the Florists' Gun Club, of Philadelphia at Wisnoming, the home club entering a team out of courtesy to the visitors. The scores were:

Targets:	10	15	20	10	15	20	15	20	Total.
Marshall	9	14	17	40
F. Coleman	9	14	18	9	14	20	14	17	115
Heer	10	15	20	45
Torpey	5	11	12	6	13	14	13	13	87
Fisher	8	11	17	8	11	16	12	15	98
Riehl	8	14	17	39
Budd	9	15	19	43
Finletter	6	10	14	10	13	16	12	..	81
Hubby	9	13	20	42
Harrison	9	12	16	8	9	17	14	..	85
Butler	4	14	19	9	11	18	75
Anthony	10	10	20	40
Huttenlock	8	15	16	10	13	18	80
Bell	9	13	16	7	8	15	68
Heikes	9	14	19	42
Powell	8	13	17	6	13	18	12	13	100
Howard	7	14	18	8	14	18	11	14	104
Anmack	6	7	17	8	12	50
Buckwalter	10	13	18	10	14	18	13	..	96
S. J. C.	8	12	11	10	11	52
Newcomb	8	14	19	7	14	16	80
Wiley	7	11	18	7	11	15	69
Pratt	8	11	15	7	12	16	69
Morrison	8	15	20	43
Adams	9	15	19	43
E. T. Coleman	15	18	9	12	54
Gange	10	13	23
George	13	17	9	15	18	72
Mrs. Park	12	14	6	..	17	49
W. K. Park	10	17	10	11	17	65
Watson	15	15
Landis	20	10	13	18	61
Shew	17	10	11	18	9	65
G. Parker	13	10	23
Wright	18	6	13	14	51
Coyte	12	9	12	18	51
W. L. Clark	17	10	12	39
Aiman	7	11	18
Daudt	7	11	13	31
Pennington	10	12	18	40
Gage	9	12	21
Harris	8	8
Barrett	13	13
Anderson	14	14

Team exhibition, 500 targets per team.

Western Team.					Total.
1st 25.	2d 25.	3d 25.	4th 25.	5th 25.	
Budd	22	23	25	21	91
Adams	24	22	24	23	93
Hubby	25	22	23	23	93
Heer	24	24	25	25	98
Morrison	23	24	24	25	96—471
Eastern Team.					Total.
1st 25.	2d 25.	3d 25.	4th 25.	5th 25.	
Marshall	22	23	22	21	88
Heikes	24	21	20	23	88
Anthony	24	20	23	25	92
Riehl	24	21	23	23	91
Watson	21	22	24	25	92—451
Florists' Club.					Total.
1st 25.	2d 25.	3d 25.	4th 25.	5th 25.	
Coleman	18	22	23	23	86
Huttenlock	20	16	19	21	76
Landis	22	17	23	23	85
Anderson	17	19	22	21	79
Sanford	20	22	25	24	91—417

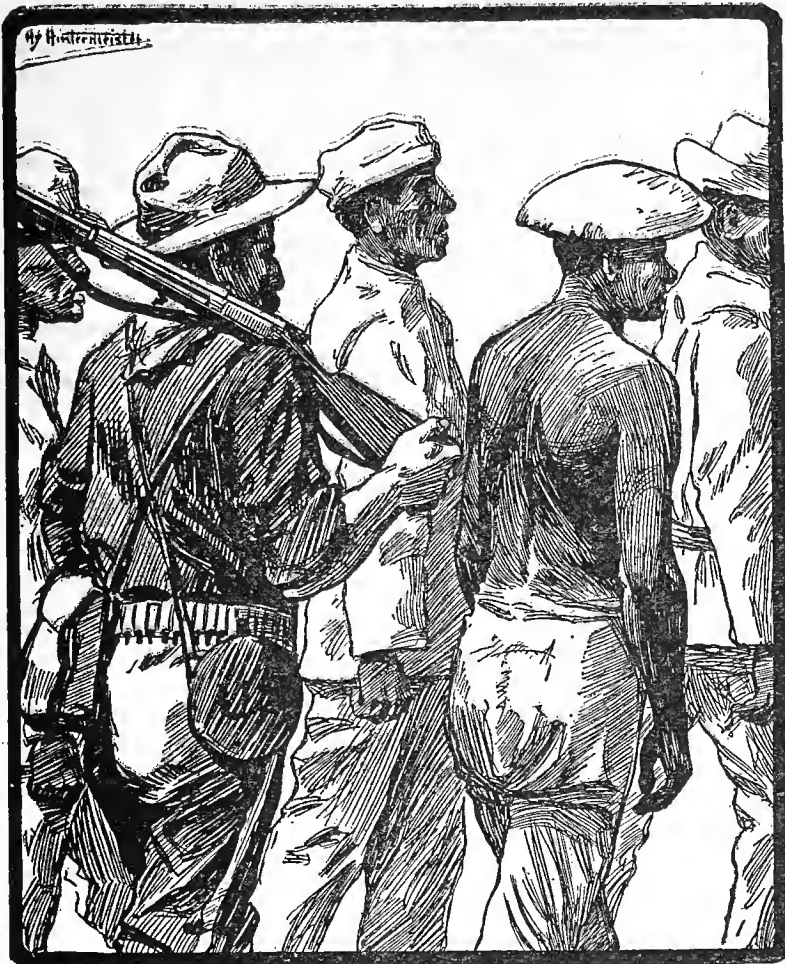
Trap at Tietjens.

MOONACHIE, N. Y.—An enjoyable gathering made good fellowship and competition at the traps on Dec. 8. The scores follow:

Poultry shoot, 25 targets, handicap allowances:
G. R. Schneider, 0.....111111111100111111111111—22
T. Wahlers, 12.....000011000001000001001010—17
Geo. Zitzler, 12.....000011000010001000000000—16
Louis Zitzler, 10.....110110010010000000000000—17
Louis Gille, 2.....10110111110001010101010101—17
S. Von Baust, 6.....0001010000110101001001000—14
C. Von Lengerke, 0.....11001101100111111111010101—17
R. Tietjen, 0.....1111110111111111110101111—22

Same conditions: A. Von Baust (12) 22, G. R. Schneider (0) 21, George Zitzler (16) 21, Louis Gille (5) 20, Carl Von Lengerke (3) 17.

Same: G. R. Schneider (0) 22, George Zitzler (17) 21, A. Von Baust (10) 21, Louis Gille (4) 21, T. Wahlers (16) 21, Louis Zitzler (15) 21, R. Tietjen (5) 21, C. Von Lengerke (2) 21.



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WESTERN TRAP.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

OWING to the weather, the attendance on Dec. 17 was small. The day was very disagreeable, with snow and rain, and shooting conditions were hard. In the cash prize shoot there were nine entries, Don Minto being high with 45 out of 50; Gambell second with 42; Block and Williams third with 41 each, and Maynard fourth with 40.

Only seven men did any practice shooting, the best score being made by Maynard, who broke 63 out of 75. Williams also did some good work, breaking 24 out of 25 in one event.

Captain has not been at the club for some time. Owing to poor health, he was obliged to go to Florida, where he is enjoying some good shooting and getting better.

Ackley is slightly more comfortable than last week. Peters and Barker went to Dayton to-day to show the boys there how to shoot. If they do as well as they know how, they will lead the Daytonians a chase.

Del Gross has recovered from his recent illness, and was in the city this week, preparatory to a trip on the road. We may expect to read of some big scores when he gets the hang of his new gun.

Arthur Gambell and H. Osterfeldt have got their grips packed, and are only awaiting a telegram from Dick Porter, of Chattanooga, Tenn., to start for Grace, near Vicksburg, Miss., for a few days' hunting. Mr. Porter writes that wild turkeys, quail and other game are abundant, and he is only waiting for the flight of ducks to begin. No cup races have been shot for some time. It looks like Faran would get the trophy.

Cash prize shoot: Don Minto (16) 45, Gambell (16) 42, Block (19) 41, Williams (19) 41, Maynard (19) 40, Falk (16) 38, Herman (19) 35, Roll (20) 32, Pohlar (19) 28.

Springfield (O.) Gun Club.

The members of the Springfield (O.) Gun Club held a shoot on Dec. 10, which was well attended, sixteen men taking part in the various events. Twelve events were shot; one at 25, one at 20, three at 5 and seven at 10 targets. In each of events 3, 5, 6, 7 and 8 a duck was offered to the winner. In No. 4 a turkey, and in each of events 9, 10 and 11, a chicken. In the shooting for the day Foley was high man with 96 out of 105. Poole and Young tied for second on 88, the former shooting at 105 and the latter at 95. Henderson, third with 83 out of 95. The only straight score in the first event, at 25 targets, was made by Ernest, who defeated Young by 1 target and finished fourth for the day, with 68 out of 75. Other scores were: Snyder (80) 66, Rex (65) 56, Oats (50) 39, Hensell and Halbert each 33 out of 60, Thompson (65) 31, F. Henderson (35) 24, Musselman (30) 23, Morningston (25) 13, Swigert (15) 11, Geo. Oats (10) 7. The prize winners were Foley, a duck, in event 3, after shooting off a tie on 10 straight with Snyder. In event 4, Foley, Snyder, Henderson and Ernest tied on 9 out of 10, and the former won the shoot-off and turkey. Young shot for targets in this event and broke 9. Rex and Foley tied on 10 straight in No. 5, and the former won the duck in the shoot-off. Young also broke 10, but was shooting for targets. In event 6, Foley and Ernest tied on 10 straight, the former winning the duck in the shoot-off. In event 7, Henderson, Snyder and Foley tied on 9 out of 10, and the latter won in the shoot-off and got the duck. In event 8, Geo. Oats, F. Oats and F. Henderson each broke 7 out of 10, the duck being won by Geo. Oats in the shoot-off. Event 9 was at 5 targets, and Oats won the chicken with 4 breaks. In event 10 Oats and Swigert tied on 4 out of 5, and the former won the chicken in the shoot-off. In event 11, Oats, F. Henderson and Swigert tied on 5 straight, the latter winning the chicken in the shoot-off.

Greenville Gun Club.

Seven members of the Greenville, O., Gun Club took advantage of a pleasant afternoon the other day and spent the time in smashing a few clay birds over the traps. H. A. McCaughey was high man with 83 out of 100. Baker shot at 105 and broke 77. Fouts third with 50 out of 100. Ross fourth, 35 out of 80. Lockwood fifth, 30 out of 60. Jenkinson sixth, 16 out of 30, and Brawley, seventh, 14 out of 50.

Palestine Club.

A new gun club was organized this week at Palestine, O., with the following officers: Norman Teaford, President; Joe Ross, Vice-President; Hershel Jeffries, Secretary; I. von Saylor, Treasurer. The club will hold a turkey shoot during the holiday season, and propose to let the shooters of this vicinity know they're alive when the season opens next spring.

A new gun club has been organized at Bradford, O., with fifteen members. Regular shoots will be held during the coming

season. At the first shoot on Dec. 10, A. R. Zimmerman made high score, 19 out of 21, H. Q. Kitmer 18, J. Miller 14.

Ohio Notes.

All trapshooters are invited to attend an all-day shoot on the Dayton Gun Club grounds on Thursday, Dec. 29. Turkeys, ducks and chickens will be offered as prizes.

At the turkey shoot held at Salem on Dec. 15, Harry Oswald was high gun with 89 out of 100, Rike 84, Kette 80, Schwind 79. Oswald won six turkeys and a chicken; Rike five turkeys; Mack three turkeys; Staup two turkeys and a chicken; Schwind two turkeys and a chicken; Barnes two turkeys; Craig one turkey and a duck; Teddy one turkey and a duck; Ike a duck; Miller, Clark, Hook and Evans, one turkey each.

Mallory—DuPont.

THE following interesting recountal of a team shoot held on Dec. 10, is taken from the Morning News, Wilmington, Del.:

The weather on Saturday afternoon was fierce enough to lower the scores made over the Country Club traps, but could not keep the shooters from carrying out the programme of a team race between the well known "Mallory Squad," of Parkersburg, W. Va., and Bradford, Pa., and the equally well known "duPont Squad," of this city. The Mallory squad was as follows: Messrs. F. E. and S. T. and J. F. Mallory, of Parkersburg, and L. E., Sr., and L. E. Mallory, Jr., of Bradford, Pa. They were accompanied by Mr. Standcliff, of Parkersburg, and Pringle, of Bradford, this party of seven being on their way to their club house and shooting preserve at Revels Island, Accomac county, Virginia. The duPont Squad was, as usual, Eugene, Alexis I., Eugene E., Victor, Jr., and Victor 3d, all of Wilmington. Drifts of snow had to be waded in order to get to the shooting house and platform, while a blinding snowstorm and a biting 20-mile-an-hour nor'wester made target shooting a strenuous sport. So cold was it that referee and scorer had to be changed many times during the progress of the team race, Elmer E. Shaner, of Pittsburg, Pa., secretary and manager of the Interstate Association, the official referee, being assisted by Luther J. Squier and other local shooters.

Seldom, if ever, was a target team race shot off under more severe conditions, yet J. F. Mallory and L. E. Mallory, Jr., scored 48 and 45 out of 50 respectively, scores which were really phenomenal under the conditions, and which undoubtedly won the match for their team. It will be a long time before Messrs. F. E. and S. T. Mallory forget their scores of 30 out of 50, for both of them are under ordinary circumstances good for 47 or 48. While the duPont Squad was beaten, it was by no means disgraced, as the score given below will show, for to be defeated by only 15 targets out of 250 shot at by each team is but a small margin, particularly when the high class form of their opponents is taken into consideration. The race was shot in three events of 15, 15 and 20 targets each respectively, and the scores were as follows:

Mallory Squad—J. F. Mallory 48, L. E. Mallory, Jr., 45, L. E. Mallory, Sr., 31, F. E. Mallory 30, S. T. Mallory 30; total 184.

duPont Squad—Eugene duPont 36, Alexis I. duPont, Jr., 36, Eugene E. duPont 35, Victor duPont, Jr., 32, Victor duPont 3d, 30; total 169.

Prior to the shoot Messrs. Mallory and Messrs. Pringle and Standcliff were entertained at lunch at the Wilmington Club, and were later driven out to the Country Club's grounds, where the shoot was held. After the shoot a dinner was given at the club house by the duPont Squad in honor of their guests, covers being laid for sixteen, there being present, in addition to the party of seven from Parkersburg and Bradford mentioned above, the following: Elmer E. Shaner, of Pittsburg, Pa.; Messrs. Eugene and Alexis I. duPont, and Messrs. J. T. Skelly, W. M. Foord, Luther J. Squier, Duncan Bruce, Edward Banks and Lieut. Jere G. Ewing, the latter most capably filling the difficult position of toastmaster. After dinner the party returned to the city in a sleigh carryall, the Messrs. Mallory and party, accompanied by Messrs. Eugene duPont, Skelly and Squier, leaving on the 11:50 P. M. train for Keller station on the N. Y., P. & N. R. R., the station from which they reach their club house on Revels Island. As geese, brant and ducks are reported to be very plentiful on the club's waters, and as each member of the party is a skilled wild-fowl shooter, a thoroughly good time is assured.

In connection with the visit of the Mallory Squad to the Country Club's grounds, the members of the duPont Squad presented a handsome stein to be competed for by members of the Mallory Squad under handicap conditions, the Messrs. Mallory to handicap themselves. J. F. Mallory's magnificent total of 48 out of 50, made under such extremely hard conditions, deservedly won for him the souvenir of his first visit to Wilmington, but L. E. Mallory, Jr., was a very close second, owing to his almost equally great total of 45.

Fairbury Tournament.

FAIRBURY, Ill.—On Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 14 and 15, there was a two-day tournament held by the Fairbury, Ill., Gun Club, on their grounds, which are situated south of the city, in the well appointed fair grounds.

The visitor arriving at the club house is well pleased with the surroundings. Though the club is small, it is active and enterprising, as shown by the neat club house, in which was found a red-hot stove. After a deposit of shells and guns, for which racks are provided, a look outside revealed a new trap house, in which a brand new trap was set up ready oiled and conditional to please all with its regular delivery of a 45yd. target. The grounds are level and face southeast. This was hard on the shooters on this particular day, as the sun's reflection on the snow was rather severe; yet most all made fairly good scores.

The weather was cold in the early mornings, yet warmed up during the day; especially was this the case on the second day, when a large delegation of townspeople were out on pleasure bent to enjoy the sport of seeing targets busted while flying in the air.

Dr. D. Brewer, the president, was present part of the time. Though he is a game shooter, and claims to be, like some other "has beens," so far as the target game goes, yet he takes his annual game hunt with the same energetic spirit as of old.

T. D. Karnes, the secretary, handled the cash and kept the inside work in the best of order, using the Shrogen score sheet, which was hung on the wall, where all could see their scores, total misses, money won in each event, and total money coming, as each event was added together as fast as shot.

I. C. Harris, one of Illinois' well-known shooters, was doing all he could to entertain his friends. A. Brown was the man with the "heagle eye," who attended faithfully to the refereeing. When he called "Broke" or "Lost," there was no disputing the same, as he wore a suit of blue and on his coat a large star was conspicuous. F. J. Moran is another active member, though he did not shoot in all the events.

The attendance was disappointing to the management, who had provided a good programme. There were 200 targets each day, with seven events of 10 each, to suit the amateur. They were also catered to by a provision for a handicap from 15 to 18yds. The best shot was provided for by high average money for each day, and also for both days. Good lunch was provided and served in a tent, where the hot coffee was a sure enough "foot warmer."

The weather was cold, with an inch of snow on the ground, and that caused some to stay away. Another "good bunch" came late the second day, having got mixed in the dates, hence the town made famous by Ide Harris, did not come up to expectations, as to numbers. Yet those present had a good time, and will be glad to return when the weather is more favorable.

The profession were out in force. H. H. Vietmeyer's score of 180 was very fine, considering the snow handicap. Fred Lord was driving 'em out very consistently. Our old friend "Cad" was having some trouble with an excessive load of powder in his new shells, and, besides, he had a very bad cold. He is handicapped in his shotgun shooting by the amount of expert rifle shooting that he is constantly doing. Chris. Keck was going a great clip when he won out the high expert average on the first day, so that his employers have reason to be pleased with his work. His "one arm only" does not hinder him being a good fellow among the "boys." The young man, Standish, was especially invited, and named in the programme as the cashier, but he had business elsewhere. In his stead there appeared on the ground another "feller." While it was his maiden effort as a representative, he is well known to every shooter in Illinois, or the United States, for that matter. You will be surprised to read herein his name, as was the writer and all present, for he was the well-known Tramp Irwin, whom you all know. "Nuff said."

For the first day the one-armed gun pointer was the top man for the experts, with Lord second and Vietmeyer third. For the amateurs it was Blumershire, of Washington, Ill., first; Fagot, of Benson, second, and Ferris, of Chatsworth, third.

The second day was a fine one, though cold in morning. While some of the shooters present first day did not return, there were others who came in, and there were more present on the second than on the first day—a rare thing in the shooting line. There was a reversal of form on this day, as Vietmeyer and Lord had a hot time of it, and they finally tied on 180. Ide Harris was high for amateurs, with the low score of 166. Fagot, second, 158, and Toss third, with 157.

During the day the target throwing question was discussed, and it was the general opinion that targets should never be thrown over 45yds.

Those present as traveling representatives, were Fred Lord, Chris Keck and W. H. Vietmeyer, of Chicago. Amateurs: Ide Harris, Fairbury; P. J. Fagot, Benson; D. J. Moran, Fairbury; H. Blumershire, Washington; A. Ferris, Chatsworth; Clark Harris, Fairbury; E. P. Beebes, El Paso; De Moss Boyd, Fairbury; H. Rosalus, Gilman; W. S. Holmes, Pontiac; George Reits,

Walter Snyder and R. M. Frisby, Gilman; Dr. De Brewer, T. D. Karnes and A. Brown, Fairbury, Ill. The scores:

Dec. 14, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	Shot	Broke.
Targets:	10	10	15	10	15	20	15	10	15	10	20	15	10	15	15	200	159
Vietmeyer	10	6	14	8	10	17	12	8	11	9	7	18	12	6	11	200	163
Lord	8	9	12	5	13	16	15	10	12	7	7	19	13	5	12	200	147
Cadwallader	8	8	11	7	9	17	7	4	12	8	9	19	11	6	13	200	165
Keck	8	7	15	7	13	12	14	7	14	9	7	18	13	8	13	200	151
Toss	8	8	14	7	12	17	13	8	11	8	8	11	9	9	8	200	166
Harris	8	9	11	9	14	18	10	9	12	9	9	15	13	8	12	200	174
Fagot	9	6	13	9	13	18	12	8	14	9	9	18	14	10	12	105	67
Moran	7	8	11	7	9	11	9	5	200	175
Blumshine	8	7	15	8	14	18	15	7	12	9	9	18	12	9	14	200	166
Ferris	8	7	10	14	10	12	19	11	9	12	8	7	12	15	8	105	84
Clark	8	6	15	9	12	17	10	7	80	60
Beebes	7	5	12	7	12	17	65	39
De Moss

Dec. 15, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	Shot	Broke.
Targets:	10	10	15	10	15	20	15	10	15	10	20	15	10	15	15	200	180
Vietmeyer	10	10	15	10	15	20	15	10	15	10	20	15	10	15	15	200	180
Lord	9	9	14	10	13	19	12	9	13	10	19	13	7	13	7	200	153
Cadwallader	9	7	9	8	12	15	13	8	11	8	9	17	11	5	11	200	166
Keck	8	6	12	7	13	18	13	8	10	9	6	17	15	8	15	200	157
Toss	8	7	14	9	11	18	11	8	8	9	8	15	10	8	12	200	166
Harris	9	7	13	10	13	17	12	8	13	8	6	15	13	8	14	200	158
Fagot	10	7	8	8	11	18	12	6	10	9	9	17	13	6	13	150	97
Moran	6	7	8	7	8	7	9	9	7	16	6	5	10	20	13
Karnes	100	75
Holmes	70	60
De Moss	8	7	70	47
Snyder	7	5	70	48
Rosalers	9	10	100	88
Frisby	9	10	100	74
Reitz	8	9	30	12
C Harris	2	7	100	77
Ferris	9	8

Philadelphia Trapshooters' League.

Meadow Springs—Clearview.

On the grounds of the Meadow Springs Gun Club, Dec. 17, the home team was defeated as follows:

Meadow Springs—Roberts 23, G. Smith 23, Pepper 19, Mardin 21, W. Hansell 18, Franklin 20, Henry 19, Bush 20, Coyle 23, Hall 21; total 206.

Clearview—Light 22, W. Charlton 23, Davison 19, M. Smith 19, Ludwig 22, Springer 21, Bivens 16, Fisher 22, Downs 21, Huber 22; total 207.

Meadow Springs weekly club shoot, 25 targets: Chandler 1, Christ 6, Heathcote 19, Martin 19, Woodward 4, E. Hansell 13, Hall 22, Coyle 21, Frey 17, Garrett 21.

Sweepstake event No. 1, 10 targets: Coyle 9, Bush 7, Meyers 4, Jackson 7, Snyder 8, Martin 7.

Event No. 2, 15 targets: Bush 10, Coyle 12, Martin 12, Jackson 10, Schneider 12.

Event No. 3, 10 targets: Roberts 9, Leicht 10, Coyle 9, G. Smith 10, Henry 8, Hunt 2, W. Hansell 9, Harvey 9, M. Smith 10, Hall 8.

Event No. 4, 15 targets: Ludwig 11, Fisher 11, Springer 11, Charlton 13, Hall 8, Roberts 13, Myers 13, Bivens 13, Martin 12, Golthart 10, Huber 13, Frey 14.

Florists—Highlands.

At Gorgas Station, Dec. 17, the visiting team won, as follows:

Florists—Sanford 20, Westcott 11, E. Coleman 21, Park 19, Huttenlock 21, Massey 15, Bell 14, Landis 19, Anderson 23, F. Coleman 23; total 186.

Highland—M. Wentz 21, Ringgold 4, Denham 12, Dalton 11, A. Ballentine 23, Meehan 9, T. Ballentine 10, Everett 11, J. Burns 11, E. Wentz 10; total 122.

Sweepstake event No. 1, 10 targets: Sanford 10, Landis 9, Bell 8, Shew 6, Ringgold 5, Nixon 4.

Event No. 2, 10 targets: Parker 8, Westcott 8, Huttenlock 5, Everett 3, Hammil 2, Pinkerton 1.

Event No. 3, 10 targets: Whitaker 7, Massey 6, Crooks 5, Sheeler 4, Ringgold 4.

Event No. 4, 25 targets: Buckwalter 23, Sheeler 20, Whitaker 19, Shew 17, Nixon 11, Green 8.

Event No. 5, 15 targets: E. Coleman 12, Landis 12, Dalton 10, Anderson 9, Nixon 3.

Event No. 6, 15 targets: Huttenlock 14, Anderson 13, Parker 12, E. Coleman 11, Park 10, Hammil 7.

Event No. 7, 15 targets: W. Wentz 12, A. Ballentine 12, Whitaker 10, Massey 8, Crooks 8, Sheeler 7.

Event No. 8, 20 targets: Nixon 19, Buckwalter 18, Anderson 18, Crooks 14, Huttenlock 11.

Event No. 9, 25 targets: Buckwalter 23, Sheeler 20, Whitaker 19, Shew 18, Nixon 11, Green 8.

S. S. White—Camden.

Dec. 17 on the grounds of the Camden Gun Club, the S. S. White team was victorious by a score of 206 to 196. Watson Harper scored 25 straight, notwithstanding the snowstorm, which interfered with high scores.

S. S. White—Harper 25, Dr. Cotting 23, H. Stahr 23, Hand 22, Fountain 20, Parry 20, Reade 19, St. Clair 18, Hinkson 18, Brenizer 18; total 206.

North Camden—Bryan 23, Tilton 22, H. White 20, Stratton 20, Bray 20, Cavalier 20, Bateman 20, A. Sharp 19, Garrigues 18, Grant 14; total 196.

Special prize shoot, 10 targets, 50 cents entrance: Dr. Cotting 10, Bryan 9, H. White 8, L. White 8, Tilton 8, Fountain 7, Sharp 7, Hand 7.

The open sweepstake events were at 10 targets, and scores were as follows:

First event: St. Clair 9, Brenizer 8, Hinkson 8, Hand 7, Stahr 7, White 6, Tilton 6, Cavalier 6.

Second event: St. Clair 10, Hand 9, Stahr 8, Bray 8, Reade 8, Brenizer 7, Harper 7, Heite 6, Fleming 5.

Third event: Harper 9, Parry 8, Fountain 7, Garrigues 7, Reade 6, Heite 6, Hinkson 5, Stratton 5.

Fourth event: Silver 9, Dr. Cotting 9, Hand 9, Stratton 8, Fountain 8, Wilkes 7, Brenizer 7, Heite 6, Hinkson 6.

Hillside—Narberth.

At Narberth, Dec. 17, the Hillside team defeated Narberth. Hillside had only five members present, and according to the rule, were allowed a score of 12 breaks for the absentees.

Hillside—Laurent 14, M. Bisbing 15, Clark 9, Haywood 14, Parsons 11, and five absentees at 12 each; total 123.

Narberth—Davis 12, Halberstadt 8, Sharp 11, Duffield 13, Appleton 10, Dill 7, Alker 10, Fryer 7, Barker 16, Humphries 13; total 107.

Sweepstake, 10 targets: Davis 7, Haywood 6, Halberstadt 5, Dill 5, Alker 4, Humphries 4, Fryer 4, Laurent 3.

Sweepstake, 10 targets: Titlow, 7, Duffield 7, Alker 7, Dill 6, Sharp 5, Fryer 4, Laurent 4, Halberstadt 4, Emerson 2, Dill 2.

Sweepstake, 10 targets: Appleton 5, Parson 4, Laurent 4, Halberstadt 3, Laurent 2.

Crescent Athletic Club.

BAY RIDGE, L. I., Dec. 17.—There was a good attendance of members, notwithstanding the heavy snowstorm. The chief feature of interest was the trapshooting competition of the trade experts, who were the club guests. The experts were of the highest skill, and each had records indicative of valiant doings in tournaments everywhere. They were Messrs. J. A. R. Elliott, R. O. Heikes, Alexis duPont, Hood Waters, Fred Gilbert, Jack Fanning, James T. Skelly, T. A. Marshall, G. W. Huff and Luther J. Squier. The first contest was a team match, 100 targets per man, six men on a team. A sterling silver trophy rewarded the expert who made the highest score. Gilbert proved to be the winner, with the excellent snowstorm score of 91.

Marshall's Team.

	1st 25.	2d 25.	3d 25.	4th 25.	Total.
Marshall	23	20	21	22	86
Heikes	20	23	24	24	90
Elliott	22	23	23	20	86
Huff	20	18	22	17	77
Squier	20	16	19	20	75
Money	18	19	17	19	73—487

Skelly's Team.

	1st 25.	2d 25.	3d 25.	4th 25.	Total.
Skelly	20	14	13	23	70
Gilbert	24	24	23	23	91
Fanning	18	23	20	21	82
Le Compte	22	20	19	18	79
Waters	20	19	20	22	81
Morrison	20	22	19	21	82—485

Match, 50 targets:

	1st 25.	2d 25.	Total.
Gilbert	23	21	44
Fanning	23	21	44
Le Compte	20	24	44
Skelly	19	14	33
Waters	22	23	45
Elliott	21	24	45
Huff	16	17	33
Squier	17	18	35
	324		319

Shoot for December cup, 25 targets, handicap:

	1st 25.	2d 25.	Total.
H B Vanderveer	4	20	24
L M Palmer, Jr.	0	25	25
Dr Keyes	2	20	22
A G Southworth	0	20	20
W W Marshall	5	15	20
F B Stephenson	1	19	20
Dr S P Hopkins	4	14	18
L C Hopkins	2	15	17
H M Brigham	0	17	17
O C Grinnell, Jr.	3	13	16

Trophy shoot, 25 targets:

	1st 25.	2d 25.	Total.
Southworth	0	22	22
Palmer	0	21	21
Vanderveer	4	17	21
Brigham	0	20	20
Grinnell	3	17	20
F B Stephenson	1	19	20
Marshall	5	14	19
S P Hopkins	4	13	17
Chapman	7	7	14

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at Four-Mile House, Reading road, Dec. 4. Conditions: 200yds., offhand, at the 25-ring target. Payne was declared champion for the day with the good score of 230. Nestler was high on the honor target with 70 points. Mr. John W. Coleman, whose application was formally announced in our previous report, was duly elected to active membership, and we wish him many good scores. The scores:

Payne	230	221	217	216	215
Nestler	225	219	217	216	213
Odell	221	212	212	209	175
Hasenzahl	220	217	209	207	...
Bruns	220	215	205	204	204
Hofer	214	199	194
Roberts	211	209	204	204	197
Drube	204
Freitag	202	201	196	194	188
Hofman	197	196
Coleman	191	174	167	157	...

Bergen Beach Gun Club.

THE Bergen Beach Gun Club will hold a shoot at targets on New Year's Day, Monday, Jan. 2, 1905, beginning at 10 A. M., on their grounds, situated at Avenue N and Seventy-first street.

The programme will consist of 170 targets, 120 of which will be at eight 15-bird sweeps. Entrance \$1.25 each, including targets; sliding distance handicap; four moneys, divided Rose system, 5, 3, 2, 1. A contestant getting into first money will shoot at 20yds. rise; one getting second money at 19yds., third money 18yds., fourth money 17yds., out of the money 16yds. in the successive event.

The main event will be at 50 targets, distance handicap, 16 to 21yds. rise for at least twelve merchandise prizes of value to shooters. Entrance, \$2.50, including targets. Highest score, first choice; second high or ties, next choice, and so on until all the prizes are distributed in this event. Entries close approximately 3 o'clock P. M. Handicaps by Harry Bergen, Capt. Dreyer and the manager.

Shooters may shoot for targets in the 15-bird events at a price of 25 cents for the 15 targets.

Two dollars for two highest averages in entire programme; \$2 each for two lowest averages in entire programme of 170 targets.

Paid experts may shoot for targets only. Lunch and refreshments for shooters and their friends by the courtesy of the club.

Flatbush avenue Bergen Beach trolley from New York City Hall, Brooklyn Bridge entrance, direct to the grounds, for 5 cents.

L. H. SCHORTEMEIER, Mgr.

Trap at Point Breeze.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 17.—The snowstorm was a hindrance to good scoring at the live-bird shoot held on the Point Breeze grounds to-day. Two matches were shot. In the first, S. C. Aiman scored 9 to J. McShane's 7, each shooting at 10. Aiman stood at 31yds., McShane at 28.

In the second contest the principals of which were A. J. Miller and A. A. Felix, 25 live birds each; Miller won by a score of 22 to 18.

Match shoot, 10 live birds, \$25 a side:

S C Aiman, 31....2222222222—9 J McShane, 28.....122200*12—7

Match shoot, 25 birds, \$50 a side:

A J Miller.....*2222222222*202222222222—22

A A Felix.....2*22222220*222202020222222—18

Open sweepstake, 5 birds, \$3 entrance: Aiman 5, Murphy 5, Felix 4, Harrison 4, Rivel 4, Talbot 3, Martin 3, McShane 2.

Open sweepstake, 5 live birds, \$3 entrance: Harrison 4, Murphy 4, Shettsline 4, Miller 3, Talbot 2, Felix 2, Martin 2, McShane 0.

Match shoot, 5 live birds, \$10 a side—Martin 5, McShane 4.

Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Dec. 15.—Kindly announce to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM that the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association tournament for 1905 will be held at Pittsburgh, Pa., May 2, 3, 4 and 5, under the auspices of the Herron Hill Gun Club. One thousand or more in cash will be added to the purses. The committee that will have immediate charge of the tournament is composed of Messrs. Louis Lautenslager, Chas. G. Grubb and Elmer E. Shaner. The personnel of this committee is sufficient guarantee that the tournament

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Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

A WELL OF THE DESERT.

THOSE of us who were brought up on the literature provided by Mayne Reid, no doubt remember that some of his heroes, when traveling over the desert, were saved from death by thirst by opening the stems or fruit of the cactus and drinking the water which they contained. For many years this has been regarded as a mere traveler's tale; yet those who live in the desert know well that the story is true. Only the white man who goes around with his eyes shut has been ignorant of this. There is water in the desert, and those who dwell there know how to find it.

Some years ago, in his interesting article entitled, "The Gulf of Cortez," published in one of the Boone and Crockett books, Mr. Geo. H. Gould described how, on a barren mountain side in Lower California, he found the stems of cactus with the hard rind broken in and the moist interior gnawed away. His Cocopah Indian guide told him that this was done by the wild sheep, which broke the hard spiny rinds with their horns and ate the soft contents.

It is well known that animals inhabiting the desert often go a long time without water, and there are people who maintain that they never drink at all. The camel has long been famous for the length of time during which he could abstain from water, and has been credited with carrying around with him an extra supply, on which he may draw if ever he really becomes thirsty. An extraordinary statement concerning this beast is that made by D. W. Carnegie, who tells that, while traveling in the desert of Southwestern Australia, his nine camels went without water for a period of twelve days, at the end of this time drinking each about seventeen gallons. Again, a little later, two camels traveled for thirty-seven days on thirteen gallons of water each, distributed in three drinks.

But our own animals, such as peccaries, deer, various mice and other rodents, appear to get along without water, and in a recent paper on this topic, Mr. F. V. Coville has brought together a number of interesting facts on this general subject. Some of these rodents do not appear to know what water is, certainly as it is offered them; but it will be remembered that nearly 100 years ago Audubon the naturalist, when making experiments to learn whether a prairie chicken would drink or not, discovered that while the bird would not notice water offered to it in a dish, it eagerly sipped from the bars of its cage drops of water that had been spilt and clung to them.

As we have said, the Indians and the animals of the desert recognize very well that some of the great cactuses which grow in their home contain water and in abundance. Chief among these are certain plants—locally called bisnaga—belonging to the genus *Echinocactus*, the juice of which is sweet and pleasant. The plants stand up three or four feet high and 18 or 20 inches thick, looking at a distance like tremendously stout posts. If the top be sliced off horizontally, the white soft flesh of the interior of the plant is seen, but water will not flow from it of itself; there is merely a moist surface. If, however, a club or pestle be used to crush this white flesh lying within the outer rind, a bowl will be formed in the top of the cactus, partly filled with wet pulp, and from this pulp water may be squeezed back into the bowl. In a case witnessed by Mr. Coville, the crushing proceeded until a bowl had been made about 8 inches deep, and in this bowl were about three quarts of very pleasant water. It was slightly salty to the taste, but good enough water for any thirsty man.

There is another form of bisnaga, approximately spherical in form, which is said by the Indians to furnish a better water than the upright one. This, if we recollect

aright, is the sort described by Mayne Reid in those stories of many years ago.

This water is commonly drunk by the Indians, is used to mix with flour to make bread, and is commonly devoted to any camp use.

There are other very large cactuses—those, for example, known as the saguaro, the pitahaya and the sina—which do not provide good drinking water because their juice is very bitter and even nauseating; and it is interesting to note that these cactuses, so unpleasant to the taste, are but slightly protected by spines, while on the other hand the visnaga and their agreeable tasting allies possess an almost impenetrable armor of hooked and rigid spines.

A NATIONAL AUDUBON SOCIETY.

AS EARLIER stated in the FOREST AND STREAM, it is proposed immediately to incorporate a National Association of Audubon Societies, the purpose of which is to do work similar to, but broader than, that undertaken by the State Audubon societies, and whose membership shall cover the whole country.

It is nearly twenty years since the Audubon idea was first formulated by FOREST AND STREAM, and the first Audubon work undertaken and for several years carried on at its own expense by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. Of recent years that work in other hands has grown and strengthened, and largely through the energy of Mr. William Dutcher, of this city, with the co-operation of the American Ornithologists' Union, has done great good. The time has now come to extend the Audubon work so as to make it cover more than the protection of birds. Moreover it is time, we believe, that more emphasis should be given to the economic importance of the work while the sentimental side should have less prominence. If the management of the National Association of Audubon Societies should share this view, the new association would have as a part of its work the protection of birds, the protection of mammals, the protection of forests, and generally, so far as possible, the protection of the natural things of the land.

The proposed association will be incorporated in such form that it may hold property, and may legally receive gifts and bequests for carrying on its work. Large sums annually are already contributed to the purposes of the various Audubon societies, and we have recently been told that a New York man, whose name is not given, has made a bequest of \$100,000 for the uses of such a National Association. With this as a nucleus, efforts will be made to raise from people interested the sum of \$1,000,000, the income of which should be used for wild bird and animal protection in North America.

It is understood that the management of the prospective association has made arrangements to secure the services of Mr. T. Gilbert Pearson, of North Carolina, to explain by talk and public discussion the objects of the new society. Mr. Pearson, in his work in North Carolina, has shown great enthusiasm and capacity, and the selection made seems a very wise one.

MONOLOGUES OF KIAH.

THE sun glowed in gorgeous colors through the soft haze, and the air was in a state of perfect calm. The day was Sunday, and the hour was late morning. The morning meal had been leisurely eaten, after which the dishes had been hurriedly and scantily washed after the peculiar manner of men who, without wetting or soiling their fingers, assume to be expert cooks and scullions. Each had breakfasted according to his best judgment or his cubic capacity, therefore repose and contentment pervaded the camp. All was inaction in observance of the day. The impressive mellow peals of a far away church bell could be faintly heard carrying its message through the still air to a militant people. The expression of each camper's face indicated that the mind of each was far away in other associations, or dwelling on retrospections. Impressed by the spirit of the moment, Ruben gently remarked: "A good man, in good luck and striving for the public weal can confer inestimable benisons upon a people by heart-to-heart—" "Just the idea I had in mind this very moment," KIAH exclaimed eagerly, "and if all people would but recognize that fact more patiently and responsively, with a devout purpose to humanely know themselves and their fellows, a only heart-to-

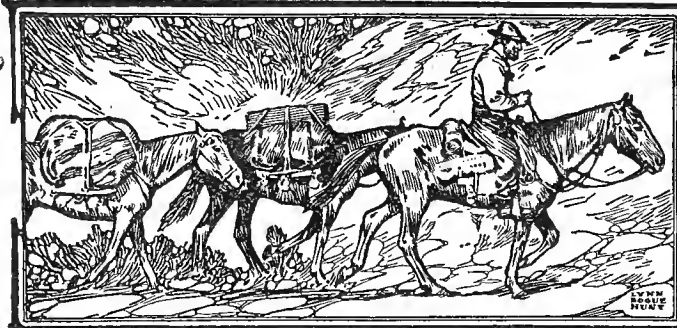
heart talks will reveal, they would discover inexhaustible mines of goodness and nobility of which they now are in profound ignorance. You, Ruben, find everyone repellant because you meet them in a saturnine way, while I, on the contrary, sunny and cheery, treat them so sweetly that their hearts then beat with pleasure if they were ever so heavy and sombre. You attribute much to luck when it is not luck at all. It is a clear case of cause and effect in nine cases out of ten whether we hunt or fish, or work or play. Now, I can catch more fish than you can, and I can shoot birds better and in greater quantity than you can, or than you can reasonably hope ever to equal. You always urge that it's pure luck. I make friends right and left wherever I go, and you say I am lucky. Luck is a term more misused and abused than any other of the language. Even in our sports it holds a conspicuous place. You prow around all day with rod and gun and return empty-handed many times. When I can break away from the popular assignment to do the camp work while my good friends enjoy themselves, I sally forth and return with game in plenty. That, too, is a case of cause and effect. It is not luck at all. The results are consequent to industry and intelligence. When seeking, I am constantly alert. I note every little sign which may be appropriated to my advantage. Within my field of vision, every object is scrutinized carefully. You, Ruben, poke along with about the same alertness that you would display if you were really made of wood. You always have a crop of excuses. All these things are consequent to your taciturn disposition. I know that you say a lecture is not a heart-to-heart talk, but I judge you charitably in the many things which you do not understand. No man should be derided because some ideas are beyond his mental grasp. If you would engage in heart-to-heart talks oftener, the results would be much to your advantage. I am sure you will agree with me in this, will you not? Hey, Ruben, I said you would agree with me in that, will you not?" "Agree with you in what?" queried Ruben, sleepily. "Why, in what I just said," KIAH replied wonderingly. "Excuse me," Ruben answered, "I have not been listening. Would you mind repeating it again?"

THE SHIRAS BILL.

WE have printed letters from almost all the game commissioners of the United States in comment on the measure introduced in Congress by Hon. George Shiras 3d to put wildfowl under Federal control in so far as the shooting season is concerned. The plan has been received with approval which is practically unanimous. No one reading these communications can doubt that Mr. Shiras has with him the support of the game protectors of the country. We believe that individual sportsmen are alike a unit in the indorsement of the bill. As we have said, there are details in the several sections of the measure which may be subject to suggested change, but the general proposition, that the Federal authorities shall prescribe the close season and enforce the law, is a step of such advantage that criticism of it must be restricted only to a consideration of the technical principles involved; that is to say, as to the jurisdiction of Congress in the matter. This is the one point which in the past has restrained action at Washington; but it is a point which Mr. Shiras has considered, and which, he has said, is not an insuperable obstacle in the way of attaining the law, provided only, and provided always, that the sportsmen of the country want such a law.

We are convinced that they do; and we shall watch with very earnest interest the progress of the Shiras bill in the House.

THE pros and cons of the merits of shooting sitting ducks have had more extended consideration than was anticipated when the subject was first brought up. It has given a new illustration of the many-mindedness of those who call themselves sportsmen, and who profess to practice only such methods as are sanctioned by the approval of sportsmen in general. However diverse may be the views held, and however earnest the expression of opinion and belief and disbelief, so long as good nature prevails the discussion cannot be otherwise than entertaining and more or less profitable. It would perhaps be unreasonable to expect all men to agree on such subjects, when it is a common thing for disagreements to be on points far weightier.



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Seth Muzzy's Pluck.

BY GEORGE STORY HUDSON.

"ARE the doughnuts aboard, dad?" asked Seth, doubtfully, poisoning the uplifted oars.

"That they are," replied Deacon Obed, "safe and snug in the earthen crock, with ma's blueberry cake and pies."

And the deacon, sitting in the stern of the leaky skiff, hunched up his knees to draw his feet above the sloshing pool.

Seth resumed rowing. They passed down the narrow channel between level, oozy flats toward the harbor, where a schooner swung at anchor.

"Bound to risk it, be ye?" piped a venerable acquaintance who leaned on his scythe at the edge of the thatchy bank.

"We're off next tide, weather willing," was the deacon's curt reply.

The schooner wallowed deep under a ponderous deckload of lumber. She was decrepit, weather-beaten and untidy. Dingy sails, patched and pinholed, lay unfurled. Ropes and other gear littered her cabin top in lubberly disorder.

She was a typical down-easter of ancient vintage and uncertain mould. Emblazoned on her squat stern was "Success" in rusty white letters. Beneath the name appeared a mystic square and compass.

Deacon Obed Muzzy was a typical farmer who knew little of the sea. He had taken the vessel for debt and claimed she was eating her head off lying idle. So he conceived a scheme to make her pay and had brought it into action, totally disregarding the warnings of his neighbors and the pleadings of his wife.

The deacon was noted for his stubborn characteristics, and when he declared he would load the Success with lumber from his wood-lot and freight it to market with the aid of his sixteen-year-old son, Seth, the wiser ones said, simply, "Wait and we'll see."

The Success was ready, so far as cargo was concerned. Her hold was jammed full of spruce boards, and a monster pile of 60-foot logs lay upon her deck, reaching from a point just forward of her cabin house to the windlass in her apple-shaped bows.

On the cabin roof was stowed a crate or pen. Within the slats was a flock of garrulous hens, perhaps fifty of them, destined as a present for the deacon's married daughter just settled in a faraway home.

Tall and spare was Deacon Obed. His grizzled head, set on a gaunt, bandanna-swathed neck, was topped with a battered straw hat of generous brim. Climbing up the seamy side of the old Success, he fell to work at the clanking, spluttering pump.

Seth was supremely happy. Boy-fashion he skipped about the deckload, whirled the creaking wheel and strutted to and fro along the counter. He looked forward to the outing as a bright spot in his life. He had sailed a punt in the river, and why couldn't he steer the schooner and mind the sails? he thought.

A tearful mother watched the boy from the vine-shaded porch on the hill. The tide soon began to make, and the bar across the harbor mouth disappeared; the low monotone of the surf against the flinty barrier was stilled.

"Up with the anchor, Seth boy," cried the deacon, and they bended to the work with zeal.

"We'll show 'em how to go coasting in the lumber trade," he continued, cheerily, as the mud-hood was at last made secure.

Then he let her go, all sail set, bound down Boston way. The breeze was fair, and there was nothing to do save steer and jiggle the pumps.

Presently the wind shifted and came in, puffy, from the eastward, dead ahead. They flattened in the sails and hammered away for Crooked Point, expecting to find smooth water beyond.

A thin haze crept above the wavering sea-line. Between the point and the schooner were strewn rocky ledges, where the surf foamed like milk. The coast line, to leeward, loomed solid granite without beach enough for a gull to find decent foothold.

Home Harbor, entered by a dangerous channed, and a little more than a bottle-shaped cove was eight miles away behind the frowning cliff. It proved tiresome work bucking into the rising sea. The Success never was much of a sailer to windward. She sagged and sulked and would not fetch where Deacon Obed pointed her.

The outer rock on Crooked Point gradually faded from view as fog enshrouded the horizon. In a short time the ashy pall, dense and dank, swept over the laboring vessel. Foaming along an unseen course, the Success was utterly lost.

Deacon Obed heard the breakers boom against the cruel ledges close under his lee. He gripped the wheel anew and sought a rift in the great gray blanket. It had now freshened in hardening squalls to a whole gale. The schooner rolled and pitched and groaned in every fibre. There was no time to shorten sail, and she needed every rag to fetch her clear. The old man, hatless and drenched, crouched over the wheel to ease her in the furious blasts that tortured masts and sails. Rain swished across the desolate waste. Seth—poor little chap—clung to the forward rigging, where the sting of driving spume was keenest.

Suddenly a fog horn bellowed close aboard. The dismal note came from a steamer fleeing the deadly coast. It boomed again, louder, nearer. Deacon Obed determined to take no chances. Peril was imminent. He threw the schooner into the eye of the wind. The Success, obedient to the helm, climbed over the heaving ridges and settled into the yawning valleys, her headway deadened. Then father and son waited, nerves keyed to bursting tension, to catch the position of the unseen stranger.

Up! up! a black hull rose upon a mass of foam, towering high above them, and not 100 feet off their starboard beam. Straight for the laboring vessel the mass of metal rushed. The Success, unmanageable, lay athwart her course.

Bells jangled from the lofty bridge! Steam roared out of deep-throated pipes. The steamer had reversed. Men, somewhere in the foggy distance, shouted orders in frenzied haste.

"Shift your helm," shrieked Deacon Obed. "You'll run us down, you heartless bully. We're here by right of way," he yelled in terror-stricken rage.

Crash! the ship catapulted into the Success with awful impact. Logs pitched and leaped into the hissing sea as the sharp stem cleft its path through stubborn wood and metal. The ship passed on; the dismal minor melody of her siren seemed to say she'd stand by and lower boats to aid.

Seth was hurled into the mainsail as it burst from its roping and blew in swelling folds against the mast. Grasping a halliard he clung there; then dropped to the deckload, dazed and bruised. Out of the shattered hen-coop flew a bunch of cackling fowl. Out into the bewildering fog they slowly winged. The boisterous wind beat them down in scattering flight. A few just cleared the seething crests.

Deacon Obed emerged from the cabin, where he had sought shelter from the shock. He was unhurt, yet severely shaken in nerve. A hen hurtled past his head. He forgot the peril of the situation and, with wildly swinging arms, tried to keep the remaining fowl within the slatted crate, though the schooner, almost submerged, maintained a frightful list.

A breaching wave poured tons of water upon the helpless craft. The coop, wrenched free, overturned and fell upon the deacon. A shifting log wedged the contrivance firmly and held him fast. Still unhurt, yet frenzied with rage at the peculiar predicament, the old man might have been mistaken for a wild man in captivity.

The sea sluiced through a yawning wound in the schooner's side. Had the Success been loaded with almost any other cargo, she would have sunk like lead. But the lumber within her hull kept her afloat.

"Roll the coop off me, Seth boy," implored the deacon. "She's settling fast and I'll drown like a rat," he cried.

Grasping an ax, Seth tried to jettison the deckload. The binding stakes, once severed, would permit the unwieldy log to roll into the sea. With one hand clinging to a crevice, his feet touching the slippery rail, the boy fought to the last ounce of his strength for his father's life. At last the stakes were cut; they creaked and threatened to give way and hurl the great log down upon him. A timber yielded, spun around and plunged overboard, barely missing Seth's head. The lad regained the deck. With a crow-bar he pried and wrenched at the logs across the coop.

"Hurry, hurry, Seth, I'm drowning!" cried the deacon despairingly.

Seth, horrified, saw water sluicing almost level with his father's pallid face.

"Why don't the steamer come back and help me," moaned the boy. "They can't have left my father to die out here like this."

Foam spurted up through the crevices in the upheaving deck. A foam-capped comber thundered over the vessel's stern and well-nigh buried her. It seemed she must founder.

Seth's active brain now seized on a forlorn chance to cheat the riotous ocean of its prey. He knew another toppling sea might crush out his father's life. Could he steer her against such odds? Hope leaped into his heart as he laboriously trimmed the flaunting remnant of canvas to swing the vessel before the wind, and so lessen the battering power of the seas.

Gradually the Success gained headway. Seth crawled back across the charging logs and grasped the wheel to hold her steady before the gale. A pursuing comber reared its hoary front and fell short. The schooner was now outrunning the sea, and the deck began to free itself of water.

Deacon Obed drew himself to a sitting posture and wrenched feebly at the slats of the pen. His thin lips quivered with cold and fright. "Keep her going, sonny," was the old man's encouraging cry; "you may save the vessel and us. I'm too weak to bear a hand just now."

The sky brightened, and Seth's manly heart quickened with joy. A ray of sunshine touched dashing sprays in rainbow beauty. The murky sea changed to dazzling blue and lost its destroying power. A foaming reef was cleared with nothing to spare as the Success fled on. She touched the shelving surface of a rock, careened, then grated over the jagged fangs and slid

to freedom. A section of her keel washed up under the stern and sped astern in the frothy wake.

A swaying buoy emerged from the dissolving mist. Seth saw it and shifted his course to fetch the welcome beacon.

"It's the Home Harbor mark!" he cried exultingly. The pursuing billows flattened as he swung the schooner head to wind behind a sheltering head land and let her drift. Seth, exhausted, cold and sobbing, dropped to the slippery deck. He had swooned.

Fishermen ran down to the beach from their huts, put off to the Success and let go her anchor. Deacon Obed was soon released. Father and plucky little son were lowered into the rescuer's boat and taken ashore, where they soon completely recovered from the dreadful experience.

Yet the deacon's neighbors continue to wink and say: "I told you so."

Trails of the Pathfinders.—XXIV.

The Rambler in North America.

(Concluded from page 329.)

Here, too, they found bears very plenty and very fat, feeding full upon the acorns. Latrobe complains, however, that "they were a cowardly set, and never waited to be killed, but slunk away among the entangled brush-wood till out of sight, and then shambled off with their ungainly gallop, so that we had no chance of another feast of bear's venison." Extraordinary bears!

Late in October they began to be among the buffalo, and it was now that Latrobe had his first chase. He was mounted on a good horse, and seems to have had little difficulty in overtaking his bull, but he very honestly explains that "there was something in the immense shaggy head, mane and beard of my game—the deep eye that gleamed like a coal of fire from beneath the curls, and his unwieldy bulk, that made me rein in, and rather follow than hunt him—nay, as often as, shambling on, he turned his head and glanced revengefully on me, I thought it might be more convenient to be off, lest he might take it into that capacious head of his to hunt me. However, my blood was excited and I followed him, to watch the effect on the horse, who, in fact, showed that he entered into the chase with all his heart; till the bison tumbled head over heels into a deep, red, muddy creek, and waddled through; when I thought I might leave him without compromising my valor."

The second chase was equally successful; and after a headlong ride "up one swell and down another, over broken ground, and through hollows filled with water and deep red clay, into which my unwieldy quarry precipitately plunged with such unhesitating goodwill, that I could not but imitate his example, however little I should have fancied it at another moment—he led me into a deep marsh, where, spent and breathless, he was brought to bay, and turned upon me. Here we bothered one another a good deal by our several maneuvers for attack and defense, and though I did my best to kill him, I failed to do so. Two of my balls had struck him on the hind-quarters as he ran, but seemed only to act as a spur, for he merely gave his tail a flourish, glanced around at me, and scampered on. Unless you strike the animal at a given spot, below the hump and behind the shoulder, or on the spine, such is the toughness of the skin and the elasticity of the muscles, that the ball seems to be thrown away; and so all mine appeared to be. I was annoyed with my non-success thus far, and with the idea of the clumsy piece of butchery I was attempting; and in fine, extricating myself from the marsh, left him to his fate."

A little later another buffalo chase was had, when Mr. Irving and Mr. Latrobe brought down each a bull, and halted, Mr. Pourtales continuing the chase with unabated perseverance. The author alighted, to take the tongue from his bull. "To the trample and rush a dead silence had succeeded, and I was occupied in my labors, when a slight yelp drew my attention, and, raising my eyes, I saw at a few hundred feet distance, the head of a gray wolf pushing cautiously upward through the grass. This apparition was followed in the course of a quarter of an hour by as many as half a dozen of similar character, appearing, as though by magic, on the verge of a circle which they formed around me; till, having secured my trophy, and being convinced that assistance from the camp was out of the question, and that I must leave my prey where it had fallen, I rode off. I then could see them stealing forward cautiously to their meal. The hunter is the wolf's and vulture's provider on these great plains; and they know it, and follow his trail on the buffalo range, with the certainty of having their share of the spoil."

There was much hunting that day, and plenty of meat had been brought into the camp; but Mr. Pourtales did not come in. The next day they sent out scouts for him, and met him on his way back to camp. He had followed the buffalo so far that he was unable to find his way back again, and when night came, had hobbled his horse, and climbing into the forks of a tree had spent the night there; sleeping peacefully, he declined, notwithstanding the cold and the howling of the wolves. It was soon after that that they turned about and re-

traced their steps to Fort Gibson, where the commissioners remained, while Latrobe and Pourtales returned to the Osage agency.

A little later, in November, Latrobe notes the interesting packing of the prairie fowl. Indian summer had set in. The squirrels were at work among the dead leaves at the foot of the hickory and pecan trees; and the "countless bands of water-fowl and flights of pigeons, which had been constantly observed passing to the southward during the prevalence of the cold wind, ceased to attract the attention.

"The prairie-fowls had now completely thrown aside their summer habits. Instead of keeping apart in distinct families scattered over a vast extent of country, like our grouse at an earlier season, they now appeared congregated in immense flocks in the immediate vicinity of the farms. I had plenty of opportunity of studying their habits, but to shoot a few brace, as they were extremely wild, required frequently hours of patient and wary exertion; whereas, at an earlier season, a sportsman, if aided by a dog, might bag any quantity, from the pertinacity with which they will lie close till forced to fly."

"It appeared that at this time of the year all the birds within an area of three or four miles square, congregated together by consent at sundown on a given spot in the rank dry grass of the unburnt prairie, to sleep. Many a time have I seen them coming at sunset from every point of the compass, with their remarkably level and even flight over the swells of the prairie, toward the place of rendezvous, which a few days' observation enabled me to determine upon within a quarter of a mile, and twice I was on the prairie early enough to hear and see them rise, and the sight was such as might make an English sportsman's mouth water. The number must have amounted to many thousands, and the sound of their wings might be heard at a very great distance. After rising, for about half an hour, they crowd the scattered trees on the edge of the prairie by hundreds at a time, after which they disperse. Their wariness at this time is extreme; and the slightest indication of the approach of man, even at a great distance, is noticed by the cock, who, perched on the topmost twig, elongates his neck, and peeps first on one side, and then on another, with the most provoking caution. How often have I been foiled, when, after the most cautious approach, either in serpent-fashion, like the Indian, dragging myself through the grass inch by inch, or in an upright position, striving to counterfeit a tree stump; never stirring till the sentinel looked another way, and then by imperceptible approaches, and five more feet and five more minutes would have brought the tree within range—the careful bird began to grow more and more doubtful and restless, and finally set up that clear tremulous crow, which said: 'There's a rogue with a gun almost within shot!' as plainly as though he had spoken English. The instant and complete dispersion of the whole covey to a great distance would be the immediate consequence."

After much pleasant loitering about Fort Gibson, waiting in vain for a steamboat, which should enable them to follow Mr. Irving, who had already gone, the travelers determined to go down the river by canoe. This was purchased, and two discharged soldiers were hired, to make the trip with them.

The journey was not long, and with paddles and poles they glided down the river. Sometimes they camped upon the bank, sometimes stopped at the farm of some half-breed or Frenchman, passing through a region which Latrobe compares to the "back parts" of Kentucky some fifty years ago, and "the Mexican province of Texas," at the time when he wrote. He tells of the curious mixture of population seen along the stream; of the gradually more numerous settlements through which they passed, until they reached Little Rock.

Here ended, for the time, their travels in the far West, for at Little Rock they took a steamer bound for New Orleans, leaving it again, however, at Point Montgomery, to await one going up the river. This came along a little later, and two weeks after this they landed at Wheeling, Va., and continued their way over the Alleghanies to Baltimore by land.

GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

Floating Down the Mississippi.

A Journey Through the Swamps.

THE interior of Robertson's model-hull boat was all a-tangle. There were two single beds, a cook stove and a table that loomed up amid piles of tents, boards, bed springs, poles and fire wood. Under the table where he ate was a pile of food remnants six inches high, kept there in order that the cat might always have food handy. Robertson swept frequently, always toward this pile; and when the pile became too high, he carefully poked out the bones and eatables in order to shovel up the dust, or mud, depending on the weather. Judging from what was on and under the table, the old man had fresh meat, cake, biscuit and light bread at frequent intervals. He also had jellies and apples and jams, besides, condensed milk for his coffee—"plenty to eat for sartin."

Night came down out of the clouds in layers, closing in like the sides of the room in Poe's tale, the rain sheeting along the roof and the wind swishing. We sat by the stove, Robertson discoursing on his horse: "Proudest, gaudiest horse you ever saw, stranger. Holds his head up gay. Just as fat as butter, round and slick, too. Of course he don't look very well now, in this rain; but when he gets dried off and you look at him from the left side, he's as pretty as a picture—yessir, as handsome as a drawing—"

"Why the left side?" I asked.

"Well—um—you see he ain't got but one eye.

"I s'pose it's because I come of a good family that they takes to me so round here. But 'tain't that alone. I asked Mr. Horton one day how come it was he took to me so, me not being much account since my legs got crippled up. 'Well,' says he, 'I'll tell you. It's cause you're 'bout the oldest citizen we has round here, and we plumb like your ways.' One time there was two

men come down here from St. Louis with the finest guns you ever saw, yessir, and they had me with them for quite a time; and I never did know their names rightly, but one called hisself the Unknown, and t'other was Knowing Jack. Rich, they must of been, and they did like me for sartin—seemed plumb interested in me. They was hunting, too.

"I s'pose you've hearn of Barney Mitchell, ain't you? Well, I cooked for him once for nine months, when he was scouting. I seen him kill a man at Neeley's Ferry. He wasn't a desperader, but was just evading the officers of the laws, so's they wouldn't hang him. He just hated the name of killing anybody, and used to cry when anybody spoke of his shooting anybody. I seen him cry lots of times when I'd talk to him kind and Christian-like. The only time he ever cussed me, was at Neeley's Ferry. Barney—his real name was Martin—was shooting at Thomas Ball, who was in a skiff, and Charley Brison was shooting at Mitchell, and I was into the way of Mitchell, who was about seventy yards away and couldn't shoot Brison without hitting me, and he cussed me for that; and Brison cussed me for not telling where Mitchell was at, and Ball, he just riz up and fell out of his skiff, and Mitchell, he—"

Bang! Thunder and lightning came ripping through the gray clouds that had been hanging over the boat all day. There was a swish of the wind, and a chill blast swept through the boat, while limbs from the big deadened trees on the bank clattered down on the tarred roof of the boat loud and startling, after the hours of wearying rain patter.

In the morning it was clear and middling cold, but such a day as makes river traveling delightful. I pulled out and headed along the Crawley's Ridge on my way toward Madison. It was Sunday, quiet, pleasant and as many miles before me as I could make—nine miles to Madison, so I was told. But miles in the Bottoms are of the more-or-less type, and mostly more.

It was about noon when I came to the town, with its church-bell silence—big sawmills without steam, smoke or sound, a couple or three cabin boats, a big dark railroad drawbridge, rolling banks of dark red sawdust, caving into the water, and a trim little Government boat, laid up by low water, and a fish dock with a tawny-colored man—skin, hair, clothes—was in hailing distance of me.

By and by I came to a forest which closed around me, the river not showing its course far ahead at any time. I said howdy to some men on the bank in a couple hours or so, and then rowed on for hours and miles and stopped at a lumber camp—tents. A familiar face greeted me: "Why yes, you saw me over here a mile and a quarter. Yes, you come eight or ten miles round getting here. Won't you spend the night with me? Be glad to have you—like enough you never was in a log camp."

The invitation was from the camp boss, Crippen, and to any one passing through the Mississippi Bottoms, a look at the lumber camps is a matter of prime importance. The lumbering in the Mississippi Bottoms is being carried on in a fashion that means much to the future of that region. The forests, which formerly stood in the way of the settler because of the difficulty of getting rid of the gigantic trunks, now are a profit and encouragement to the man who wishes to make a home in the Bottoms. Casen, the yellow-man, of whom Robertson told, and countless others are dependent on the sawmills at Helena, Memphis, above New Orleans, etc., for their start in life.

The foreman of the camp was not a large man—fair, reddish mustache, agile. Only a malarial headache had him, and that takes the tucker out of the best, for the time at least. He was different from the typical boss of a woods crew. Undoubtedly he was "a bad man when you git him going," but the fact was not written on his features, save in a kind of set of his jaw that drew a deep line clear across his chin. The type of the lumber-camp boss is medium height, broad-shouldered, heavy-featured with a jaw that reaches from ear to ear, a big wrinkled forehead with the fact that he's the best man thereabouts, showing in his tone of voice and his movements—a trifle of the bully in him, that is to say. Doubtless Crippen knew his job as well, if not better, than the typical boss, but he did not grow impatient when asked to explain things "anybody ought to know." The new hand under the type gets his knowledge hammered into him, while under Crippen matters are patiently explained. It's a question among handlers of negroes, whether, in lumber, or log, or levee camps, the explaining or the thumping process brings about the best results. If Crippen carries a gun, I didn't learn of it; but Marshall, a boss I met down in Mississippi, jerked a Forty-five out of his pocket at the question, "Do your hands ever bother you?" It was sufficient answer.

"This yere is plumb amusement for you, ain't it?" a ducky said to me, as I looked around the camp of which Crippen was foreman. There were half a dozen tents, staked amid tall green cane, with big trees standing thickly in a forest, where the vines grow up over the low brush in hummocks like haycocks, and almost as dense. One walked along the road, as if between two walls in those places where the vines were thickest. High overhead were the treetops—little tufts of gnarly, brittle branches, seemingly small in proportion to the magnificent columns that supported them.

The work in the camps begins in September and ends by the first of May, usually. From late April to early September "worms" eat up the logs on the dumps and render them useless for lumber in so short a time that summer operations are impossible.

Crippen was cutting gum mostly; but the woods contained elm, ash, oak and cottonwoods, to be cut later. One man had eight or ten thousand feet of persimmon logs—one big one, thirty-four inches in diameter—which he was selling in Memphis to become golf sticks. But Crippen's job was getting out "export lumber." "Export" is the highest grade, and it is sent in barges to the seaport, thence transferred to an ocean-goer's hold, for a sea trip to Liverpool, to be used there in veneering, and other fancy work.

The contract called for 800,000 timber feet, and 200,000 more if both parties desired, at \$5 a thousand—a dollar more than usual—but it was selected timber in

time of booming market, and the scaler for the buyer could throw out any logs he saw fit—"goose-egg it." In the Adirondacks it is alleged ten inches is the minimum size for spruce pulp logs, butt measure at that. Here twenty-four inches was the least, and measured at the top of the butt piece. "A perfect gum" log measures from the center, fifteen inches "heart" and three and one-half inches sap—thirty-seven inches in all—at the small end, and from twelve to fourteen feet long. It is called a gum tree, Crippen thought, because when the tree is "belted," "girdled" or "deadened" a sap oozes out, which is hard enough to chew in six or eight months. "It tastes like—well, you know how cherry tastes? Well, this is just like that, only it has the gum flavor, instead of the cherry."

Swamp loggers hunt up sections of land to cut over; camps are located, tents put up, crews and mules brought in and work goes on with much the same regularity of an Adirondack camp, but, of course, the heavy timber, the level lands and the nature of the region makes every operation different in some, or all particulars. The large trees are more apt to have "wind shakes" or splits, and rot, than the small ones in the northern and healthier wilderness.

Half a hundred trees are first felled, then logged off and toted to the dump, where they are made into rafts or hoisted on barges. The negroes use a teetering stroke, much different from the straight drive of most white sawyers, and when they put in the 3½-pound ozark stave wedges to keep the saw from binding, the ducky hits a hard drive, then a little tap, with his ro-pound sledge, getting much satisfaction out of the little useless stroke. As they saw, the negroes wail, sometimes without words, again: "Oh-h-h—w-o-e—oh-h-o-h!"

"Sweet Georgia Lee-e-e
Shot a light on me-e-e,
But the Katie won't land-d-d
A-around Flower Lake,
Not until next pa-a-y-d-a-a-y—
Oh-h-h—w-o-o-e-e—oh-h-h!"

Singing that sounds for all the world as if the men at it were suffering from a soul or stomach ache—only there is music in it, a kind of rhythm, which jibes with the whizz of wind through the treetops, or the wash of the river current along the caving bank.

I timed two crews; one sent the saw back and forth across the middle of the log—32-inch gum—at the rate of eighty double strokes in 110 seconds, while the other sawyers cut thirty strokes in thirty seconds—about 35-inch strokes—seventy inches of fist thrust and recover a second; but it was the rocking stroke, which is probably best for such large logs, and not the level drive of the eastern woodsmen which cuts with every tooth inside the bark. Thirty-five logs is a crew's day's work, as against 150 to 200 a day in the softer and smaller timber in the northeast.

These logs were to be taken out on barges when the water comes up in the spring, so it was unnecessary that they should float. Only one of twelve gums will float, running about thirteen pounds to the lumber foot, board measure, as a rule. The average log contains 700 feet, hence a weight of 9,100 pounds, and the transportation of such logs from the stump to the river bank involves methods not found in hillside spruce timber with several feet of snow, sprinkled and icy, and sleds to travel on.

Where there is no underbrush it is delightful walking under the trees of the Bottoms—soft, still and moist, but with a little too much moisture. One's heel goes down through the brittle leaves and comes up mud-laden. The transportation of 5,000 tons of logs over half a mile or so of level, gummy soil requires different sets of ideas from the steep sidehills of Pennsylvania, where hemlock grows, or the hummocks of an Adirondack spruce chopping. There is no question of setting the brakes—no rolling the logs half way, or clear down a mountain, no slides or whoop hurrah of logs jumping end over end as they whirl down sidehills. The wagon bolsters are four feet above the ground, and there are four tons in a chunk to load—a dead lift.

They say in the camps, that they serve one meal a day and two at night. We were up, through with our hominy and pork and hot bread before dawn, and then warmed by the heat of a fire which one of the men built in the boss's tent for him. When a haze of daylight appeared, Crippen went through the tent-flap, calling, "All out!" It was a command, not the "Let's turn out" of an Adirondack boss.

The crew appeared. There were four sawyers, to log off, and their marker—the one who measures logs, files saws, cleans away the brush so the sawyers can get at the logs, and leads the way particularly. The yellow cook looked out, the boss looked over the gang, speaking to the white swamper—road maker—in regard to the work to be done. Then five mules appeared, each harnessed, but each free to take his own gait to the wagon—that was the "team," two wheelers and three leaders. The driver was a very black, hanging-lip negro, who bossed the mules around into place, except one. This mule went on the run around back of the wagon and eight or ten rods into the cane.

"Come back heah, Juke!" the driver yelled. "Back hay-hay! Who-hoo, hoo high! I'll just kill yo' this mohnin!"

Juke wiggled all over, turned around and trotted back, stopping on the way to kick both hind hoofs far out in the cane, then ran into his proper place on the off-wheel side and looked around at the driver, tilting his nose up till it was nearly horizontal, the long ears coming together at the tips and sawing back and forth, a cheerful, well-fed mule.

To go over the soft soil, the wagon had a wide tread—five inches—and the wheels were "boxed in." Two-inch boards were bolted on the sides of the wheels, so that the tread was increased to nine inches. The boxing was worn on the edge from the tire, till it was rounded. When the weight came down on the dirt, it did not cut in like a shear blade, but bent the matting of dead leaves, vines and surface rootlets. Where the sharp tire would have cut through the dry surface soil to the muck a few inches beneath, this bending would save much hard hauling—would keep the road good even in damp weather.

The five mules, with the driver in a saddle on the

nigh wheeler, started away along the road soon after the sawyers had gone to their work. It was a fine woods' road—level, dry, and there had been little cutting of roots and small trees necessary, for it was easy to drive, winding and dodging among the trees.

The mules were fast walkers, and were guided by bridles and the voice. If anything was in the way the wheels hit it with a crash and climbed over the top, or slid off to one side in a fashion that would have racked an Adirondack wagon from axle to tongue. The swamper followed after with an ax and a swamp hook. There quarters of a mile back the wagon turned into some cane, and here was a tree, cut into three logs, and opposite the butt piece, ten feet from it, the wagon was stopped.

It was a five-ton log, flat on the ground; but five tons was only a circumstance to the swamp woodsman. The swamper had an iron hook, which he hooked low on the big log on the side from the wagon. The mule driver unhooked his three leaders and drew them up opposite the log on the far side of the wagon. With a "cross-haul chain" the log was started up two big skids, running at a steep angle from the nigh side of the log to the wagon bolsters. The bed chains, one to each bolster, were drawn under the log by the swamper, and then the log was allowed to roll back on them to the ground. Sometimes the swamp hook slips when the swamper is reaching for the bed chains, and his arm and shoulder are crushed into the ground. A pulley block was then hooked to the crossed bed chains, and the mules were hitched to one end of the 1¼-inch rope with which the block was threaded.

"Gee up, Juke—gee yup!" the darkey said. And in ten seconds the mules had rolled the log up the skids to the middle of the bolsters and made fast. An Adirondack woodsman would have built a skidway four rods long and rolled the log up on the wagon by hand, till he learned, or contrived better. On the other hand, the swamp woodsman loads a ten-inch persimmon log with his three mules, though an Adirondack hick would lift the log in his arms before going to that trouble.

The logs were got together at the river bank, in order to load them on a barge reputed to carry 400,000 feet of logs—say 20,000 tons. Had the logs been destined for rafts, it would have been necessary to skid them clear of the ground, otherwise they would sink from the weight of the moisture acquired by contact with the ground, which would exceed the evaporation. One tree in twelve of gum floats, the others sink, unless dried from thirty to sixty days. The logs are loaded on the barge with a derrick.

They have a fashion of logging in the Bottoms during the overflow that has no analogy with logging in the deep snow. It leaves high stumps, according to the stage of the water when the logging is done, but here the resemblance ceases. Instead of going to the trees on snowshoes, dugout canoes are used, and one can't stamp a hard place in the water, as in the snow, for standing on. The dugout is what the chopper stands in. He runs the canoe among the trees, sinking his ax blade into the likely ones, sounding them for shakes and cutting out chips, which, if they float, indicate that the tree will float, too. He fells the tree and cuts it up into long logs. These are run to a "right of way" or "float road," twelve feet wide, cut through from the section to be lumbered to the bayou or river, where the raft is to be made. The right of way is similar to a winter road, in that it is made in fall or summer for another season of the year. In the bottoms water covers the ground as snow does in the mountains. The right of way is straight, with stumps carefully cleared away on the cane ridges, lest the overflow happens to be a low one. The logs are poled into the right of way and there spliced four abreast and run end on along the right of way, other logs being hitched to them till perhaps a mile of logs are "cribbed and tailed"—cross binders and sticks being spiked to logs to hold them end to end, and fenders outside if the float road is crooked, or pretty narrow.

The tiers are poled and run out to the rafting place and the tiers cut loose from each other and laid side by side till a block of fifty logs is formed. On the St. Francis these blocks are turned loose with the current and picked up at the sawmills as they come along by little gasoline boats. Some rafts are taken down with sweeps on them—some small logger having a bunch to sell—and then sweeps are used to steer it through.

Wooden pins, fitting loose in the sapling-tree splice and tight in the log, are used to bind the logs together, unless iron spikes or chain dogs are used—the latter methods being modern and quicker.

When the mud gets deep, and there is no water to float the logs, a lizard is used to drag the logs out—a Y-fork of a tree, nine feet long, with a cross-bar on the V part to hold the log. A yoke of cattle are hitched to the tail, a log rolled on the lizard and chained there, and away it goes. The way the lizard plunges down into mud holes, following the oxen, "the log plumb under sometimes," would be a sight for those drivers who think they know mud from an axle-deep experience. The lizard is the last resort of bad weather. In between are mud-sleds—bob-sleds, hewed out of bent sticks. Most remarkable of all, however, were the "carry-logs"—sulkies with wheels twelve feet in diameter—which were backed over the stump to get to the log, if that was handiest; and standing astride the log, chains were rigged and a lever applied, by which one end of the log was lifted clear of the ground, whereupon the ten or twelve oxen walked away with it—a spectacle growing more and more rare, and very seldom seen now in the bottoms.

I went out to see the sawyers at work, the boss indicating the direction so well, by means of a fence corner, a path and a "neighborhood road," that I found them without difficulty, and watched them at work. I noted, among other things, that they carried a wooden water keg, from which they drank from the side through a little hole that was corked, and an air-hole also corked till the thirsty came around, as indicated by the washed place three inches across the center of the bung.

It was about three-quarters of a mile from the sawyers to the camp, and I left them about 11 o'clock to return. "The path yonder is the way to camp," one of the

sawyers indicated, and I found a path which led in the direction that it seemed right to go.

It was an interesting chopping to me—the smallest stumps were larger than the largest I had ever seen in the Adirondacks. The new wood, log-ends and stumps-tops could be seen far among the trees. The trees still standing were monsters, with black hollows in them, and branches two feet through, broken off and lying on the ground. I looked up and looked down—saw a red squirrel big as a small dog, and half a hundred hogs rooting around. A great bird, standing lengthwise on a sapling that sagged beneath its weight—curved bill, white head and dark mottled plumage, underneath light-colored, an eagle—attracted my attention, and I sneaked around in an effort to get its picture.

I came to where logs had been hauled, noted that the wide wagon tires make but faint impression on the ground and left the road where the path did and directly came to a canebrake, with cane twelve feet high, into which the path led. In time I came to a bayou that was dry, and crossed it into another canebrake, finding a narrow-tired wagon track at the far side of the bayou, and this was going the wrong way from my direction, and so I left it and followed a cow-path, having missed my path just a little way back, right where I knew it was. Directly my cow-path forked, and I took the biggest one, and this forked, and the one I took landed me in a canebrake, so I turned and went back and took the other one, which disintegrated in some nice open woods. I had the sun and my watch to go by, so I started east, being on the west side of the river, and went a few hundred yards, coming to low ground, which must be the river of course. It didn't look quite right. I hadn't seen any such place as I came down the river, so probably I was below camp; but I would go over and take a look at the river anyhow, to make sure. I went and took the look, first traveling a hundred yards through some cypress undergrowth and the peculiar root-growths, called cypress "knees."

They were from thumb-high to waist-high; but I finally got to a place where I could look beyond. I didn't see the river. It was a lake with a shore on the other side much further away than the length of a still-water. I took a careless look at the features, and examined the ground to see if I had left a visible back-track. I hadn't. I had started in time for dinner. It was now considerably after dinner time—12:30 o'clock.

I concluded I'd better go back. I went west, according to the sun, and found some browsing mules. I sat down and looked at them, and wondered how long it would be before they'd make up their minds to go home.

They looked at me, wiggled their ears and looked at each other. I had seen cows go home when yelled at. I started to yell, but changed my mind. They don't use the same sounds in driving mules that they do cows, or even horses. Mules are knowing, and I wouldn't make myself ridiculous trying to drive ten or fifteen mules toward somewhere I didn't know where. I walked around the mules, found a little path which they'd evidently followed through some cane.

Cane grows tall like grass. It is from the size of pipe stems, for which switch cane is used, to the size of a linen thread spool. I felt like a mouse in a hay-field. Never had I been in such a thicket. The mule tracks left the trail I was trying to follow, and soon I came to a place where there wasn't any trail. The mules had come into the cane to browse on the switches. But I kept on straight ahead, for that seemed the right direction to go, only to find myself in taller cane—cane that was so high as to cast a deep, well-like shadow around me. When I finally turned to go back, I found that the cane had closed in around me, and go which way I would. A glance skyward showed a circular hole, round which the cane gathered in long-leaved stems; when I walked, the opening moved hither with me.

Then, curiously enough, a kind of panic struck me. There was something awful in being closed in by yielding green bars. I tried to bull through—anyway to get out of that cell. For a time I made fair progress, and then little green, briared vines coiled around my legs and seized my coat with a spiny clutch. I tripped, plunged headlong, but did not fall. The masses of cane would neither let me stand up or fall down. A few yards of travel sapped my strength, and for a little while I wondered how long it would take me to get out of that brake.

It was a needless fear which I experienced in the cane. The sun was shining, and I was enough of a swampman by this time to recognize that this wasn't a large canebrake from the look of the forest. It was only a few hundred yards long and a hundred wide at the most, but it was quite large enough to be satisfactory to one who didn't know where he would be even if out of the cane. There was one especially bad place in the brake, where the wind had full sweep at it along the back of the ridge. Here the cane was laid like a wheat field. It was utterly impossible to force my way across the leaning stalks. I turned back, took a course by the sun, and in a few minutes came into switch cane, where I could see over the tops of the stalk heads.

For the first time I was in strange woods without my compass, so it was necessary to put into practice some of the hints in regard to finding directions by means of my watch. Somewhere to the west was a faint wagon track, and toward this I made my way through the open forest, careful to not overrun the track. I found it, and with some difficulty followed it to the left, for I was hopelessly confused as to the direction of camp. I had gone perhaps half a mile, when I heard the tread of a heavy animal behind me. It proved to be a youth on muleback. The youth and mule looked at me with undisguised interest, and I at them gratefully.

"Howdy?" the youth asked. "Feeling bad," I answered. "I lost a lumber camp somewhere—Wheeler's camp. Which way is it from here?"

The rider turned half way round in his saddle, and looked along his back trail for a full half minute, and then turned to look at me again. Then, settled in his saddle once more, he said:

"You say you lost Wheeler's camp? Well, paw and me hauled two logs right to it this mornin'. We had a narrow-tired wagon—see these tracks?"

"I see them—had my eye on them for 'most a mile." "So-o! Had yo' eye on them, eh? Well, you was piking the wrong way, strange, yassah. Yo' follow them back. They cross a byoo yonway, and there's big wagon tracks theh. Yo' want to keep the narrow ones, though. They'll take yo' right to camp."

"You say they will?" "Yassah, they shore will."

"I'm a heap obliged to you. Reckon I won't lose them tracks—no sir!"

"I reckon not."

"Good-by."

"Good-by."

Beyond the dry bayou I found the wide-tired tracks, but didn't lose the narrow ones. I came into the camp late in the afternoon, and made a handsome meal from the biscuits, hominy, coffee, etc., of the cold dinner. I split some wood for the tent stove, and as it grew dark listened to one of the darkies who was coming with a song on his lips as he walked along the camp trail. The very best thing that can be said of a negro is that he sings at the end of a hard day's work.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

An Historic Letter.

A MUCH-TRAVELED sportsman and engineer on the Trans-Baikal, at the village of Bolcherinskoe, named Kpylekebich, received me very kindly one black Sunday night in August—so black that my white costume appeared ghost-like as I walked down the middle of the solitary straggling village street, and the leading horses of a passing caravan shied at the sight, and completely overturned his telega and its half ton of freight. It is said that some human eyes can see in the dark—after getting accustomed to it—as in the day, but this is fiction. A rapidly approaching storm-cloud was, a minute later, moving through the sky directly over the village, and this made things oh, so black! My eyes—habituated already to the dark for a couple of hours—could not penetrate that. Still, I continued cautiously along for fear of walking into the ditch lining each side of the roadway. All the village shutters were closed, so not a light was visible. I thought I heard on one side a low whispering, and approached a couple of paces toward whence the sound proceeded to inquire for a friend's house, when suddenly there was a sound as of the sudden flight of a startled covey—a score of boys had leaped up and darted helter-skelter away, paying no heed to the question I sent after them. I shall never forget that humorous incident.

Next moment a blizzard seemed to strike the village; I closed my eyes instinctively during a few steps to keep out the whirlwind of blinding—as I thought—dust; opened them, when lo! all was light (comparatively). I could, for the rest of the walk, see everything, even to, in the distance, the two-storied log-house of my host—the only one in the place. What do you suppose had happened? That swiftly-moving cloud had shed a thin layer of snow over the village, and the reflection rendered all visible. The utility of snow! Never in my life did I realize so much the illuminative effects of snow. For, though this was late August, you occasionally get snow this early in Cibiria—with ice an inch thick by the morning. More to the north you will even have, sometimes, quickly-melting snow in July.

Arrived at the house of Kpylekebich, I presented my circular letter, which was scarcely necessary, as a Polak is the hospitality of the Slav race; and, on the morrow, received from him an introductory letter for his cousin at Warszawa—about 8,000 verst (over 5,000 miles) distant. This was a Pan Shrynecki. It took me eighteen months to deliver that letter! And yet it was traveling to its destination little by little almost every day, as the survey slowly proceeded with its work from the Pacific to the Atlantic. That little historic letter went through one Cibirian and one Russian winter, crossed three mountain ranges, journeyed over 3,000 miles of snow-covered step, crossed rivers "too numerous to mention," and all the time snugly maintained at about even temperature in my pocketbook.

The carriage was with it! When finally it was delivered, one and one-half years after date, its recipient had to think out about a letter he had received from his cousin, by post, nearly eighteen months previously, notifying him the missive was en route. He had almost forgotten the incident, having about concluded it would never reach reach him. However, that billet secured for me a cordial reception and a platonic friendship which has been a consolation ever since.

Another letter I had from the Ycypi River, beyond the Amur, to Peterburg, took 19 months to deliver; but it did not go through the travel vicissitudes of the Kpylekebich-Shrynecki letter. One introductory missive I carried from Gospodin Hikolaef, of Telma, near Ipkytck, to Kniaz (Prince) Tpybitckoi, of Tomck, about 1,000 miles, was a disappointment. I had arrived in Tomck on a Saturday; made purchases while all the places were open, and on Sunday morning left the hotel to deliver the letter to the Kniaz. It was an icy January morning, and I walked five verst over the snowed roads on the hunt for the Tpybitckoi domicile. He received me, "alright." We had a little chat, asked what he could do for me, to which I replied in the negative, and offered me—a glass of cold water! And I had to ask for that, even! For the intensely dry winter climate of Cibiria (like the drying-up winter weather of Manhattan) sometimes gives one an acute thirst.

Of course a letter of introduction gives you no right to expect it means table hospitality. It would be preposterous to put such a construction on it. But, as a matter of usage in isolated country regions, it is generally supposed to mean a little "warmer" reception than can be got out of a glass of cold water on a 20-below-zero wintry morning. However, as a philosopher, I have no fault to find with the Kniaz. All these actions are interesting traits of human character.

So I hied me back to the hotel, had the steaming samovar brought in, and put in the rest of the day going

through three months' of accumulated mail. This had been piling up at the Tomck post-office, and required a sledge to haul it to the hotel. There were over a hundred letters and about 300 journals, catalogues, etc. Most of the printed matter my time was too limited even to glance at. It must have proved a good waste-paper perquisite for some one of the hotel help—for paper has a value in remote Asiatic regions unknown to the American townsman.

There is a well-known outing periodical published in Paris which has a unique feature, in that it publishes a list of professional sportsmen always on long-distance touring, the regions they are covering, and addresses for mail matter. The result is the enterprising French tourist supplies depots keep these parties supplied with their catalogues; and my name somehow having got into that list, I found myself well supplied with sporting goods catalogues and circulars. But all this is a mistake. The true sportsman needs to know not what to buy, but what to be able to do without. The secret is, to know how to be able to take too little and yet enough. Any fool can "take plenty." True woodcraftness consists in knowing how to be able to make use of the things around you,

and not to lug around a 20-pound cooking stove when a hole in the ground and a few stripped boughs will do as a makeshift.

L. LODIAN.

A Dinner to Mr. Lee.

WHILE not an invited guest, yet I sincerely regret that the Morris-Brown-Kelly-Seaton Metropolitan Club dinner has been abandoned. And this reminds me of a dinner that was not eaten (although prepared) and the guests all assembled, which took place over thirty years ago in New York.

Mr. Lee, a noted English clubman, and husband of the much lamented artiste, Adelaide Neilson, was on a visit to New York. It was his first visit. In a spirit of mischief, Dan Bryant, the minstrel, conceived the idea of inviting Mr. Lee to dinner, there to meet some of the most prominent Americans of the day. And the invitation was sent to Mr. Lee, and until the day of the dinner he flattered himself that he was to meet such prominent men as William Cullen Bryant, Horatio (actually Nelse) Seymour, and a number of other minstrels carrying

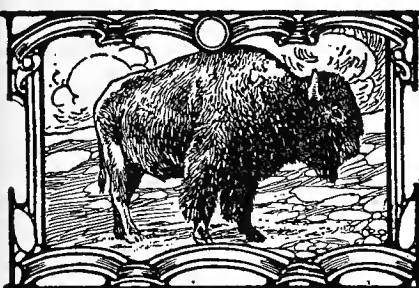
names, stage or otherwise, of some of our most celebrated citizens.

The evening arrived, and Mr. Lee, monocled and expectant, was in turn gravely introduced to William Cullen Bryant, Honorable Horatio Seymour, and others of note, when dinner was announced and the guests filed in to their seats, Dan Bryant taking the seat of honor with Mr. Lee on his right.

The practical joke was one that would not stand much drawing out. So the moment they were seated Dan Bryant raised his plate of Blue Points to his nose, and, giving a whew! of disgust, passed it across the table and grabbed that of Nelse Seymour. Instantly Seymour, kicking his chair back, arose to his full length, drawing at the same time an immense old-fashioned Colt's revolver from his hip pocket. Dan Bryant retaliated by drawing an old-time bowie knife from his waistband, and the rest taking the cue, turmoil resulted, and Mr. Lee made his way from the dining room with all speed, undoubtedly with some queer ideas of American men and customs.

So what might have happened at the Morris-Kelly-Brown-Seaton banquet the writer does not pretend to foretell or imagine.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.



NATURAL HISTORY



Save the American Bison.

THE "passing" of a great and noble animal is a calamity which every intelligent person should seek to avert. It is a loss to the world which can never be repaired, since an animal once extinct has gone forever. At this time we are called upon to prevent a loss of this kind; I refer to the threatened extinction of the American bison. I cannot think of this magnificent creature which for untold thousands of years nature has gradually been molding until it is one of the grandest on the earth—I cannot watch its fast-approaching end without making another earnest appeal to the people of the United States to take their last chance to save it.

The importance of an immediate and active movement to preserve the last remaining buffaloes is recognized, not only by the press, which is devoting all necessary space to the subject, but by every natural history society, every institution of learning, every individual to whom I have written on the matter.

President Roosevelt, in his annual message, says:

"I desire again to urge upon Congress the importance of authorizing the President to set aside certain portions of the reserves or other public lands as game refuges for the preservation of the bison, the wapiti, and other large beasts once so abundant in our woods and mountains and on our great plains, and now tending toward extinction."

And a little further on he says:

"We owe it to future generations to keep alive the noble and beautiful creatures which by their presence add such distinctive character to the American wilderness."

And surely no other animal appeals to the American people from so many points of view as this one does. An adult buffalo bull is a creature of imposing grandeur. If you are an American, no doubt you take some pride in the fact that one of the grandest animals of all time is a native of this country; I urge you to let your pride in this matter prompt you to do some act, however small, tending to save this animal for future generations of Americans. If you have no time to do more, will you not write me ever so brief a note expressing approval of a definite plan to preserve the buffalo, and I will see that your views are brought to the attention of the Government. Your letter will be in good company, and will be filed with letters from many of the leading men in the United States, including President Roosevelt himself.

If you are a lover of animals, then you must be doubly interested in the fate of the bison—sufficiently interested, I feel sure, to raise a hand to help in a reasonable movement for his preservation. It is a good thing to be in favor of having desirable ends accomplished, but it is not quite enough. The desirable ends are never accomplished until somebody actually does something toward their accomplishment, and where all are interested, all should help, at least a little. If you desire a thing, surely it should not be too much trouble to ask for it.

If you are a naturalist, no argument is necessary; you know only too well that the passing of the bison would be an irreparable loss to the fauna of this country. Your assistance in this movement is most earnestly solicited, for it is to you and your brethren that the country looks for advice in matters of this kind. Perchance you are a member of some natural history society; if so can you not bring this matter before the members at some meeting in the near future, and if possible urge them to pass a set of resolutions setting forth the necessity of saving the bison, and expressing their sympathy with the present movement to save him. If you are a writer, do not fail to write some letters or articles in favor of the preservation of the buffalo, and if you need illustrations, come to me, and for this purpose I will give you what I can spare. If you lecture, you can help by giving, at the end, a five-minute talk in favor of the preservation of the bison, and if you need a few lantern slides, perhaps I can put you in the way of getting them.

If you are interested in educational matters, take the first opportunity to see a fine specimen of a living buffalo, give him five minutes' thoughtful attention, and then ask yourself if he is worth saving. As you look upon his mighty frame, you will read intelligently long chapters from the early history of our country. Perhaps for the first time you will get the real flavor of the life of the Indian—a life inseparable from the life of the great creature before you. This was the animal he hunted on his wild little pony; this is the animal which supplied his every want. That grim, burly head was the mask he used in the "buffalo" dance; that splendid hide served him as a robe, as a blanket, as a covering for his tepee, and for

a score of other purposes. That flesh, dried or cooked, served him for food; from those sinews he made strings for his bows and thread to sew his clothing. From the long hair on the fore part of the body he made ropes and halters and lariats; in fact, there was no part of the buffalo for which the Indian did not find some very good use. Shall the teachers of the future and the children they teach, be deprived of this striking object-lesson in American history, or will you do your little share toward his permanent preservation?

If you look at the matter from a purely utilitarian point of view, you will at least admit that for many purposes a buffalo skin has no equal. To-day a buffalo robe can scarcely be bought for money; yet within a comparatively few years this article might again be on the market at a reasonable price, if the buffaloes now living were taken up by the Government and maintained in suitable reservations. By the experiments carried on at Corbin Park and elsewhere, it has been proved that buffaloes multiply rapidly under proper conditions, and that they are easy and inexpensive to rear. But they should no longer be left in the hands of private individuals, who are liable at any time to sell the last survivors for their hides and heads.

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES.

Some Bird Names.

I.—The Song Birds.

AN entertaining side-study in ornithology is into the history of birds' names. It teaches us how the same little creatures in which we delight presented themselves to our forefathers or to other races; and it reveals many an accurate observation as well as many a queer old error, preserved by the single symbol of a name—sometimes so disguised as to be unintelligible to modern ears.

We say "we call a spade a spade." We can trace that word back in history and find that the early Englishmen, the Romans, perhaps the people who talked Sanscrit, all uttered a sound something like it when they meant the implement in question; but why that particular sound, rather than some other, should stand for spade, is left wholly to conjecture. It is not so in most cases with the names of animals, and hence there is the satisfaction, in this department of etymology, of arriving somewhere at last. No one who has heard the shrill scream of a shrike, for an instance, needs speculate over the origin of that name-word.

The popular designations of the great majority of birds are either descriptive* (1) of their voice, (2) of their appearance (color), (3) of some striking habit, (4) of the favorite food, (5) of some customary haunt, or else they are words indicating a human sympathy or affectionate regard, or some fanciful attribute, frequently of a mythological kind. I am speaking now of generic terms—names of classes of birds—to which the specific appellations attach themselves as sub-titles embodying some individually distinctive point.

This may seem a very rudimentary and matter-of-course kind of information, which nobody is disposed to dispute about; but how circumstantially the law is supported would scarcely be suspected by one who has not studied the matter and looked behind the disguises that the progress of changeable time and spelling have thrown over the original vocal expression in the case of most of our modern bird names. Take, for example, the word "crow." That does not seem onomatopoeic, nor is it in its present form; but we know it to be a change (by transposition of the "r" and "o," according to Grimm's law) from the Latin *corvus* (Sanskrit *kara-va*, Greek *korax*); and if you will take the trouble to pronounce that slowly, you will see at once that it contains the familiar *kaw* of this bird, quite as well as does the *kah-kah* of the Iroquois tongue.

Although this one is hardly an instance in point, it is a fact worthy of note that the outcome of this process has fortunately resulted in a series of words that are, upon the whole, singularly euphonious, and thus add to the delight with which we regard these most lovely and lovable

*The learned compilers of The New English Dictionary (Dr. Murray's) say that the word bird is English alone—no corresponding form appearing in any other Teutonic language, and that its etymology is unknown; the earlier spellings put the r before, instead of after, the vowel, and the primitive application seems to have been as a general name for the young of the feathered tribes. Skeat (Etym. Dict.) hints that *bird* is allied to "brood," and hence is finely descriptive—the creature that broods; or, to go a little deeper into the analysis, both of word and fact, the creature that brings forth its young by means of warmth.

of animals. The mere sound of such words as bobolink, blackbird, orchard oriole, petrel, killdeer, whippoorwill, robin redbreast, meadowlark, goldfinch, longspur, che-wink, song-sparrow, vireo, summer warbler, brown thrasher, winter wren, tufted tit, wood-thrush, chickadee, bluebird, and others, is pleasing in itself, as well as delightfully suggestive of the green fields and murmuring woods and breezy waters where these gentle and beautiful little creatures disport themselves. They are all—or nearly all—good Saxon words, too, and positively enrich our language to the ear as well as in the written vocabulary.

Let us glance over a catalogue of our North American birds and see what curiosities of this kind are hidden in their common names, which in most cases have been imported from the old world, though often with a different application.

The word "thrush" is very old, appearing in substantially the same shape—the *u* sound having superseded an older *y* or *ö*—in the Icelandic and early English speech. I believe that the original word had a reference to the throat, which swells and moves visibly when the bird is singing; or, in other words, to the singing powers of this family, whose musical voice is probably its most notable trait. The thrushes are, par excellence, the singing birds of Europe and America. This view is strengthened when one recalls that the old German word *drossa*, coming from the same root as our English word "throat," gives *drossel* in modern German as the word for "throat" or "throttle," and also for "thrush" (a disease of this organ is still known as thrush). In England the finest songster of the family is the thrush or threstel (old spelling), and a similar bird of our own is the "thrasher" or "thrasher" (*H. rufus*). In the dialect of the Germans of Pennsylvania this species is called the *omshel*, which is their rendering of the German *amsel*, the parent of another old English word for "thrush" preserved among us in the name of the water ouzel of the Pacific slope.

"Bluebird" requires no further space than merely to mention that it is "blue robin" in Rhode Island, which is much nearer the European original than when that name (which means Little Robert) was given to our migratory thrush by the Massachusetts colonists, simply because he had a red breast.

Next come the Paridae. "Tit" originally signified something small; we have it in such expressions as "tit-for-tat," and in the word tittle. A kind of pony used to be called a tit; and so did a kind of woman—small, but vicious. Among birds it appears in *titling* for sparrow (Iceland), in *titlark* and *titmouse*. Of the former we have one representative, and of the latter several; but though the titmouses are partly gray in plumage, the latter half of the word has nothing to do with "mouse," the name of an animal, which is traced back to the Sanskrit root *mus*, "to steal." On the contrary, it comes from an ancient English name, *mase*, which belonged to several kinds of diminutive birds, and refers to their small size. The plural, therefore, in spite of our dictionaries, should not be *titnice*, but *titmouses*.

The local names of the American titmouses call for only brief mention. "Tom-tit" is alliterative. The crested southern species is the "peto" or "peterbird" on account of its note; a Texan variety has won the name "fat-eater" by its yellow-daubed head, while the Mexicans seek to imitate its voice in *pétachoché*. No explanation is required for chickadee, belonging to several species, after one has heard its

"Saucy note

Out of sound heart and merry throat."

The nuthatch is the nut-"hacker," and "ovenbird" refers to the domed nest of the *Seiurus*. "Wren" descends from an ancient *wrin*, whence, we are told, came many words in the old Teutonic languages, meaning to neigh (as a stallion), squeal (as a boar), or chirp (as a cock-sparrow). So far "wren" is an imitative word, and it is still used in the Scandinavian tongues to express a whine or squeal; but a further notion of masculinity was carried, so that the wren's name implies that, in the opinion of our ancestors, he had wanton manners—was a bold, bad little bird. This does not seem to me so much deserved by our American species, at least, as by our sparrows.

"The Frenchmen in Louisiana," as I once wrote in the Nuttall Ornithological Club's Bulletin (viii, 1883, p. 77), "in the early days gave to their familiar wren (probably the great Carolina or mocking wren) the name 'roitelet,' or little king. This was a direct importation from Europe, and perpetuated a bit of folk-lore, which tells that

the wren is the superior of the eagle, and hence king of birds, but a diminutive king—hence kinglet or *roitelet*. This supremacy was attained by the trial of the birds, in congress assembled, as to which had the greatest powers of flight. The eagle, soaring above all the rest, thought himself *facile princeps*, when an impudent little beggar of a wren that had slyly perched upon the eagle's broad back, rose gayly over his head, repeating the maneuver as often as the baffled 'king' attempted to get above him. Ever afterward the eagle was properly respectful in the presence of the mite of a wren that had outwitted his majesty. Many forms of this myth appear, and sometimes the statements are given as facts. Thus it is hard to tell whether or not Du Pratz believes the story he tells in his 'History of Louisiana' (1763) to account for the kingship of Le Roitelet in Louisiana. In America we do not regard the wren with special kindness; but in Great Britain it is scarcely ever spoken of without some gentle, loving epithet; and the adjective poor, little, tiny or dear, is constantly joined to the prefix Jenny, Kitty, Titty (*cf. anté Tit*), Jintie or Chitty, when naming it."

"He that hurts robin or wren,
Will never prosper, boy nor man."

says an old English proverb.

The different "kinglets" (*Regulus*) of the northern half of this continent are so called, however, because of the scarlet and golden coronet of feathers worn on the crown of the head; yet it is also a fact that they steal a ride now and then as they go to and from their semi-arctic breeding places on the backs of the swans and geese.

"Lark" is a condensation of two ancient words in Anglo-Saxon (*lær*, "craft," and *werca*, "a worker"), which meant a worker of guile; and the etymologists tell us "the name points to some superstition which regarded the bird as of ill-omen." The well-known cunning of the mother bird, in trying to distract attention from its nest, and other evidences of wisdom, such as are celebrated in Esop's fables, seem to me a more natural rendering of the fact, however. In the Scotch form *laverock* (the skylark an Icelandic-like variant is seen. Our "titlark" is copied from England, as also is our "shylark" (of the upper Missouri); while our icterine "meadowlark" is not a lark at all, but takes the name from being the only one of our eastern field birds which sings while soaring, except the bobolink, whose characteristics are far more noticeable.

"Warbler" explains itself, as does "chat," to anyone who has heard the voluble chatter of this ecstatic songster. The latter was the "ghost-bird" of the Delaware Indians, due to its singing a great deal during the night, and often in a mournful way. The name of a more widely familiar warbler, "redstart," is German for "red-tail." "Tanager" is the Anglicized form of the name for this kind of bird in French Guiana, whence the first specimens were introduced to European notice; ours differ only generically from the South American.

"Swallow" has no relation to the similar verb—or at best an exceedingly remote one—but, according to Dr. Skeat, signifies "the tosser," which moves to and fro in its undulatory flight like the swell of the sea. The bird is a *svala* all around the Baltic, and in Bowden's "Naturalist in Norway" is related a Swedish legend in

point: "When our Saviour was crucified, a little bird came and perched upon the cross, peered sorrowfully down upon the sufferer, and twitted 'Hugsvala, svala, svala, Honom,' that is, 'Console, console, console Him,' and hence it obtained the name of swallow." This is pretty, but hardly scientific. A number of species, of which our large "purple martin" and the "sand martins" are American examples, were named by the French after St. Martin, presumably on account of their nesting in holes. St. Martin was the holy grave digger of old legends, and the kingfisher, several woodpeckers, and some other birds that burrow out their homes, are dedicated to him, as well as the funeral crow and the robin-rebreasts (European), who brought leaves to bury the Babes in the Woods. In his "Fur-Bearing Animals," pp. 23-24, and in his "Birds of the Colorado Valley," p. 369, Dr. Elliott Coues has compiled much curious information on the names swallow and martin.

"Waxwing" refers to the cereous tips of the quills borne by the great northern waxwing, and by our more common *Ampelis cedrorum*. My long lists of American local names of birds show a great variety of appellatives belonging to the latter, none obscure except "coppie-crown" (Rhode Island), which indicates the bird's pretty crest, and is also the name of a prominent hill near the southern end of Lake Winnepesaukee. Here we have preserved an old derivative from that fertile root which gives us cap, cope, and so on. In old English the verb "to coppie" meant to rise into a conical but not very high form. Thus a "coppie-crown" means a top-knot of feathers; but I doubt that it is heard anywhere else in America, except as applied to the hill I have mentioned, unless it is when a farmer's wife addresses her crested hen as Toppy.

Vireo was the Latin name for the greenfinch, but has been applied to our "greenlets" on account of their color. In the West Indies they receive note-names, like "whip-tom-kelly" and "sewy-sewy." One rather rare species was named by Cassin *Vireo philadelphia*; this referred to the city, but is generally written in the books as "brotherly-love vireo," which is absurd. All of them sometimes share the name "hangnest" with the orioles, on account of their suspended, hammock-like homes, and become, in the tropics, "ficedulas," or fig-tree birds.

ERNEST INGERSOLL.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

How Should Bedsteads be Placed in Reference to Compass?

PARIS MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Dec. 13.—Some persons think, or think they think, that they sleep better if their bed is so placed that the head points to the north and the feet to the south. Others say that the head should be east and the feet west. And others still—the majority, I suppose—do not trouble themselves about the direction of their bed, being only thankful to have one wherein to retire and repose when the day's work is over. Readers having opinions on the matter, and having observations to adduce, might perhaps help to solve the problem by giving the result of their experience. It might be interesting also to know whether animals seem to have any preference for one direction or another during their sleep.

HENRY DE VARIGNY.

Suspended Animation.

THE question raised recently in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM concerning the possibility for frozen fish "coming to"—of recovering when slowly thawed out—have been often discussed by biologists. The recovery was thought possible by the well-known John Hunter, who went so far as to imagine that some degree of immortality was thus rendered accessible to mankind. If a man can be frozen, and after some years thawed out, he can live some thousand years easily; granted, of course, that he spends by far the largest part of the time in the lethargy of cold. Thus reasoned John Hunter. But before proceeding to experiment on his congeners, he tried the process with a carp. And the result disgusted him, as the carp obstinately refused to "come to." Others succeeded better. Isidore Geoffroy Saint Hilaire, the pioneer of modern biology, says that toads may be entirely frozen, so entirely as to become brittle; but if slowly thawed they may come back to life. Sir John Franklin and Lerry Coste testify to having seen frozen fish revive. And in recent experiments, a German biologist, Karl Knauth, who is not in favor of the general opinion (he says that his frozen fishes "crepirten alle," that is, died) observes, however, that he has seen the heart of thawed fishes begin to beat anew.

It is very difficult to obtain a conclusion on the matter. Certain it is, however, that much depends upon the way in which the fish is frozen. If you freeze it when dead, no thawing can revive it, of course. But then, how must one manage to freeze the animal during life? Should the fish be kept in the water, or should it be taken out of it? The matter needs an investigation. Observers may be easily mistaken if not attentive enough. Some years ago some tadpoles got imbedded in the ice which was the result of a cold snap. I cut some of the ice out and noticed the tadpoles. There was an opportunity for an observation. I made the most of it, and the result was that, upon close examination, the tadpoles were found to be quite living, and not at all frozen. In fact, each tadpole was in a sort of little cavity in the ice full of water, and exactly of the form of the animal. At first sight the tadpoles could be supposed to be frozen in the solid ice; on careful examination they were found to be included in small water cavities in the ice, their movements, no doubt, and the slight heat produced by them having been enough to prevent the water immediately surrounding them from freezing. Of course the tadpoles were not very lively on coming out of the ice, but in a short time, being put in water at some 8 or 10 degrees above zero, they became quite normal, and acted very tadpole-ly.

To conclude, it does not seem that the question has been definitely settled. Further experiments are required. I am sorry I cannot give more precise information in answer to Mr. Charles Cristadoro's interesting question. But some other reader of FOREST AND STREAM may be better posted, and I shall have pleasure in hearing what he has to say.

HENRY DE VARIGNY.

PARIS MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Dec. 13, 1904.

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GAME BAG AND GUN



North Carolina Shooting.

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA.—Beyond any question the most striking sportsman in North Carolina is Rev. Dr. R. T. Vann, who is the President of the Baptist University for Women at Raleigh. When he was under ten years of age he lost both arms in one of the wooden mills which used to be used in squeezing the juice from the sorghum cane. He was feeding a cane into the mill, when one hand was caught between the rollers, and in his agony he reached out with the other hand, this also being caught. He was a wonderfully smart boy, and his bravery and his determination to make a man of himself brought to him the most generous sympathy and aid. He made his way through school, and then through Wake Forest College, where he graduated with very high honors. He had from his boyhood a great love of field sports, and determined to enjoy shooting in spite of the loss of his arms, one of which was cut off several inches above the elbow, while the other was cut off two inches below the elbow. His ingenuity came to his aid, and he rigged up an ordinary double-barrel shotgun in such a way that he became, if not an expert shot, one who could count upon getting an average of a partridge for every two shots, which is by no means bad. The way he rigged his gun was by fixing a strap around his neck in such a way that he could sling the gun and steady the breech against his shoulder. To each trigger he attached a leather strap, at the ends of these straps being a little button of wood. When hunting birds, as soon as the dogs made a point, he arranged his gun, with a remarkable quickness, and then cocked the piece with the stump of the right arm. The leather straps lay handy to his mouth, and on the rise of the birds he never failed to get in his work on them with both barrels, firing with great quickness. Dr. Vann has never lost his love for shooting, and this winter killed three turkeys one morning. He was in a blind and showed his skill as a shot by waiting until the turkeys crossed, when he fired and brought down two, knocking over the third as it was in the act of springing from the ground to fly, these birds having to make a little run before rising. Rev. Dr. Vann has shot in many parts of this State, sometimes with prominent sportsmen, and every one with whom he has been in the field admires his shooting and also his fine

instincts as a sportsman. He is the president of one of the largest institutions in this State, and is always a very busy man; yet he finds time to get out in the field several times each season. His chief delight is partridge shooting. He uses an ordinary gun, and not one built for him, and keeps it always rigged ready for use. An effort has been made to obtain a picture of him in the hunting field, but so far has failed, though later in the year the writer expects to get out with him and take an artist friend along to get some snap-shots, as these are really worthy of preservation to show what a practically armless man can do with the gun. Dr. Vann is a remarkable man anyway. For example, he plays croquet and a number of other games—tennis, for example—and plays them well. He can do so many things, in fact, that a lot of people believe he can do almost anything. Last year his young son Harvey was terribly injured while hunting, his gun having been accidentally discharged, the load passing through his chin from underneath. He has undergone several operations in a hospital, and is at present under treatment in one.

The writer has told the story about the hunt with the pack of hounds from this county owned by Mr. Otho K. Holding, which was taken over to Chase City, Virginia, and which pursued a deer which crossed a fox trail. Some of the dogs, as was stated, returned, but eight failed to do so. These dogs were out several days, but all except one have been found and brought home. They chased the deer about 75 miles, as nearly as can be estimated, the animal having crossed the Roanoke River into North Carolina, and having then recrossed and gone back into Virginia. It seems that after all the dogs caught this deer. It was the second deer they had ever seen. They caught the first one after a chase of only about an hour. Deer are certainly unusually abundant just across the Virginia border.

There has been snow during the past few days over a good deal of North Carolina, the depth in the central section of the State being from 3 to 7 inches, and the weather has been quite cold for this climate, the ground being frozen every night for nearly a week. The snow does not seem to have injured partridges at all, as there is a very large food supply for the birds everywhere, this being one of the things which has made the country people say this would be a severe winter.

Great numbers of rabbits have been caught during the snow. It is said that Siler City, a little station in Chatham county, is the leading place in the United States in the rabbit trade. From that village no less than 3,000 to 5,000 rabbits are shipped daily during the season. They go to all parts of this State, and also to the north in great numbers. It seems that there is a large demand for rabbits in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington and other places. The skins are sold to the furriers. In nearly all cases the rabbits are shipped dressed. One day the sales reached 8,000 from Siler City, this shipment about filling a car. Chatham county is simply a storehouse for rabbits. Some years ago the writer was hunting partridges there with a friend, and as the rabbits popped up we began to shoot them. A native of the county who was with us laughed and said we would not keep that up long, and he certainly told the truth, for we had half a large bag full in less than an hour. They were given to a darkey, and after that we left them alone. I believe I have mentioned the fact that up in Chatham the rabbit is known as the "sand horse" because he plays in the sandy places.

Sportsmen from the North are beginning to show up at Pinehurst, and are enjoying a shooting in that very open country, where there are only scattered pines, the remnants of a once vast forest, these trees rising from a regular mat of grass, which in the cold weather is brown and stringy, almost like pine needles, scrubby bushes standing here and there, and there being runs of water at the foot of the hills, the country being very rolling. It is a very singular country to shoot in, and of this land the Pinehurst people have no less than 60,000 acres leased. They have planted cornfield peas in about sixty localities, besides getting the use of pea fields planted by farmers, and they have turned loose about 4,000 birds during the past twelve months. The soil is pure sand. It is, in fact, a vast sand region. There is all sorts of trap-shooting at Pinehurst, and there is one of the few tower traps in the country. It was built by a man who had seen one in southern France. There is a good deal of pistol shooting going on. In fact, Pinehurst is a great place for sport, and between the hunting, pistol matches, golf, etc., there isn't a dull day at the place, unless it be a rainy one, and even then there is always something doing indoors.

FRED. A. OLDS.

The Shiras Bill.

STATE GAME COMMISSIONER,
STATE OF ILLINOIS.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Dec. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am pleased to acknowledge receipt of a copy of House Bill No. 15601, introduced December 5 by Honorable George Shiras, of Pennsylvania, entitled, "An Act to Protect Migratory Game Birds of the United States." I also note with pleasure the editorial comment of the FOREST AND STREAM under date of December 10, and a number of letters from various sections of the country published in your issue of the 17th, all of which meet with my unqualified approval and hearty co-operation. The sportsmen of Illinois have long been anxious to find a solution of this question, and to assist in a movement to protect migratory wildfowl by the Federal Government.

The real sportsmen of the country will not raise the difficulty of State rights or constitutionality if the bill is passed and rigidly enforced and the game protected. I think, however, they will insist that they should be consulted, or permitted to have a representative in the committee created by the Department of Agriculture for the purpose of establishing the open and closed seasons in the different zones covered by the flight of ducks, geese, brant, and other migratory game birds; which open and closed seasons can only be properly fixed by practical sportsmen, and those personally interested in the protection of the game for legitimate sport and home consumption, and Congress should specify this in the passing of the bill.

There is now such a wide difference in the game laws of the States through which wildfowl travel from north to south in the fall, and from south to north in the spring, and so many States have failed to provide the funds and system of paid wardens with which to enforce their laws, while others have used the department almost entirely for political purposes, and not for game protection, as their Legislatures intended, that it is time the Federal Government was stepping in, as it did in the passage of the Lacey law, and make a provision for better protection of such game, and more rigid enforcement of the act.

I have taken the trouble to write the twenty-three Congressmen of the State of Illinois and the two United States Senators, urging their co-operation in the passage of this bill, and if the sportsmen of the country think best, shall be glad to send a representative or go personally to a meeting of the game commissioners and sportsmen of the various States, which could be held at Washington for the purpose of united action in this matter.

I trust you will not lose sight of the importance of asking the Department of Agriculture, should the bill be passed, to consult fully with the various game commissioners and representative sportsmen of all the States as to the open and closed seasons, as stated above, for this is of vital importance to the different territories within the flight of the waterfowl. As, for instance, Illinois sportsmen are entirely satisfied with the open season on water fowl in this State, which is from September 1 to April 15, although they would be willing to have it from September 15 to April 1, and are not willing to give up spring shooting; yet you will find them not unreasonable, and they will submit cheerfully to the will of a majority. Other States have prohibited spring shooting, while others still believe in the marketing of game, and the Southern States are extremely slow to pass any kind of a bill for the protection of water fowl, and very few of them provide any money or organization to enforce the law, and I believe that only the sportsmen and men personally interested can solve this problem.

JOHN A. WHEELER,
State Game Commissioner.

DENVER, Colo., Dec. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of December 10, you print and comment favorably on a bill recently introduced in Congress by Hon. George Shiras, of Pennsylvania, by which it is proposed to extend Federal jurisdiction to the protection of migratory game birds.

The question of Federal protection of game has been much discussed for several years, mostly by laymen, and such protection urged as the only hope for the game.

Lawyers generally are of the opinion that it cannot be done, except through a constitutional amendment to which the consent of Congress cannot be obtained, and that the validity of such an amendment, even if secured, would be doubtful.

The Shiras bill, by a number of whereases reciting facts showing the inefficiency of State laws, undertakes to construct a foundation for Federal control.

It seems obvious that such a foundation is of sand, and that further inquiry into its merits is scarcely necessary.

But the bill in Section 1 provides that all wild geese * * * and other migratory game birds, "which in their northern and southern migrations pass through or do not remain permanently the entire year within the borders of any State or Territory," shall be under the protection of the Federal Government.

The words above quoted, which were no doubt intended as a definition of the word "migratory," are not only unnecessary, but weaken the whole section, in that their effect is to limit its application to such individual birds as do not, in fact, remain the entire year in any State or Territory. This is not the meaning of the word, as used there, or as ordinarily used. It applies to a class and includes every bird of the class, regardless of whether such bird remains permanently in one region or State, or migrates as his fellows ordinarily do. It is well known that here, and in many other States, some ducks do remain the entire year and breed in the same region.

Under the rule requiring criminal laws to be strictly construed, the prosecution under this act would be bound to prove that the particular bird or birds, the killing of which was charged, did not remain during the year in the State or Territory where they were killed.

The bill further provides that the "Department of Agriculture" shall make regulations as to closed seasons, etc., and provide fines and imprisonment for their violation.

The "Department of Agriculture" consists of a secretary, assistant secretary, a chief clerk, superintendents,

chemists, etc., down to a carpenter. The bill in question attempts to confer the proposed power on these persons—some twenty in all—to make these regulations.

This doubtless was not intended. What probably was intended was to give the power to the Secretary of Agriculture. But that would not cure the principal vice in the bill in this respect.

Congress has no power to confer authority on a department of its secretary to enact rules, the violation of which shall constitute crimes, and also prescribe penalties of fine and imprisonment for such violation. U. S. vs. Eaton, 144 U. S., 677. Dent vs. U. S. (Arizona), 71 Pac., 920, and cases cited.

There are other minor objections to the bill, and I venture the prediction that it will be shot full of holes before it gets out of the committee room, if it ever does.

I do not believe that any law can be devised for protection by the Federal Government of game on private lands; but I do believe it can be done on public lands, and this would, in the West, embrace substantially all the big game.

There is no doubt of the power of the Federal Government to control the occupancy and use of its public lands wherever situated, and hence little, if any, doubt of the power of Congress to prohibit by law hunting upon the public lands at any time or in any manner except as permitted by the laws of the States in which such lands lie.

I do not intend to give here the proper form of such a law, but the idea merely.

It is possible that it may also be extended to birds on public waters, but that question I have not examined.

D. C. BEAMAN.

STATE OF WISCONSIN,
DEPARTMENT FOR THE PROTECTION
OF FISH AND GAME.

MADISON, Wis., Dec. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am in receipt of your favor of December 9, inclosing copy of bill introduced in the House by Hon. George Shiras 3d to give Federal protection to wildfowl, and asking for an expression of opinion on the bill.

In my opinion it is the only effective way to protect migratory birds, as there is always a clash of interests between adjoining States. In this State, for instance, spring shooting was prohibited for a few years, but at the last session of the Legislature repeal of the law was made possible because some of our neighboring States allowed shooting of ducks in the spring.

I think the bill should pass in spite of possible clash of State and Federal jurisdiction, as with such a Federal law as a guide, it would unquestionably be enacted into statute law in every State interested in the protection of wildfowl. I sincerely hope the bill will pass.

HENRY OVERBECK, JR., State Warden.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND,
COMMISSIONERS OF BIRDS.

WESTERLY, R. I., Dec. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I believe that if the Shiras bill can be passed, it will afford our migratory game birds such protection as cannot be obtained by State legislation. I cannot see how any fair-minded person can oppose so worthy a measure.

EDWIN R. LEWIS.

TERRITORY OF NEW MEXICO,
DEPARTMENT OF GAME AND FISH.

SANTE FE, N. M., Dec. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Yours of the 12th inst. duly received. I have read with a great deal of interest text of the bill to protect migratory game birds and consider it a most wise measure. Its effect on our Territory may or may not be felt, as there are no breeding grounds here, and the birds are not killed to any great amount during their migrations. Our Territory has for the past seven years been laboring under its first game law, with a means of enforcing same, and there is no provision whatever for the protection of water fowl. However, in my last report to the Executive (December 15, 1904), I have strongly recommended such an amendment to the present law, and should I be in position to do so, will see that the law is enforced. We consider it best to prohibit the sale of all such birds, at least for a time.

STATE OF TENNESSEE,
DEPARTMENT OF GAME.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Dec. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of December 9 inclosing a bill introduced by Hon. George Shiras to protect migratory game birds, etc.

I heartily approve the idea of this measure; though, to be entirely frank, I fear the courts will not hold it to be constitutional.

J. H. ACKLEN,
State Game Warden.

OFFICE OF J. W. BAKER,
STATE GAME AND FOREST WARDEN.

COTTAGE GROVE, Ore., Dec. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The bill introduced in Congress by Hon. George Shiras, of Pennsylvania, entitled, "An Act for the protection of migratory game birds of the United States" is, in my opinion, a good act. It should have the support of all true sportsmen. This is the first time my attention has been called to the question. I am strongly in favor of a measure of that nature.

J. W. BAKER,
State Game Warden for Oregon.

OFFICE OF JOHN SHARP,
STATE FISH AND GAME COMMISSIONER.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, Dec. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I joyfully acknowledge receipt of yours of the 9th inst. inclosing draft of House Bill No. 15601 for the Federal protection of wildfowl and other migratory game birds, introduced by Hon. George Shiras 3d, of Pennsylvania, and requesting an expression on it for publication. I will say frankly that nothing has given me more pleasure for some time than this knowledge that your letter brings of steps to be taken by the Federal Government for the preservation of our wild water fowl. The measure has my most warm indorsement and unqualified approval and support, and I sincerely hope that the measure will soon become a law, and that the Department of Agriculture will be "wise in its generation" and speedily make regulations to abolish the barbarous

practice of spring shooting, limit the bag to a reasonable kill per day, and forever kill the commercial traffic and sale of wild game, which is, and always has been, the bane and wrecking stone of our once limitless supply of wild game and birds. I look upon the wild game and birds of our country as a natural resource and product that belongs to all the people alike now living, as well as generations to come, which should be reserved and protected for the people to take and kill for food, pleasure, and recreation under or subject to reasonable and equitable laws and regulations, but not to be made a source of traffic for money-getting to the market-hunter and dealer to supply the endless demands of the opulent.

I trust that before long all the other game birds and game animals will come under the same national wing of protection. I have advocated Federal protection for our game animals and birds for some years, and which is the only salvation from complete extinction that I can see. The big game animals especially require immediate and thorough care before they are all gone the way of the bison and wild pigeon.

JOHN SHARP, Commissioner.

THE STATE OF WYOMING,
Office of
STATE GAME WARDEN.

LANDER, Wyo., Dec. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have your favor of 7th inst. inclosing a copy of Mr. Shiras' bill for the protection of migratory birds. Some such legislation is certainly necessary; and a careful examination of the bill referred to, convinces me that it is a meritorious measure, and ought to become a law.

D. C. NOWLIN,
State Game Warden.

BOSTON, Dec. 10.—In view of the benefits that have resulted from previous conferences of sportsmen and others interested in the propagation and protection of fish and game in Massachusetts, the State Association has instructed the secretary to extend an invitation to all sportsmen's clubs and organizations throughout the State to send delegates to a conference to be held at the Copley Square Hotel, Boston, at 2 P. M., on Thursday, December 29. Dinner at 6 P. M. Delegates and others (not members of the Association) invited will be welcome at dinner as guests of the Association. Every one will be free to speak upon existing conditions, and suggest means for their improvement.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF AUDUBON SOCIETIES
FOR PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

NEW YORK CITY, Dec. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose you herewith a series of preambles and resolutions which were unanimously carried at the last meeting of the Board of Directors of the Audubon Society of the State of New York, which was held on the 15th inst.

You will note that the Society not only approves the Shiras bill, but also suggests most emphatically that the bill be amended so as to include all of the migratory birds of the country.

WM. DUTCHER,
Chairman Law Com. N. Y. Aud. Soc.

WHEREAS, The Board of Directors of the Audubon Society of the State of New York approves most heartily the important legislation proposed by the Hon. George Shiras 3d, of Pennsylvania, in H. B. No. 15601, lately introduced in Congress, and

WHEREAS, This board earnestly believes that the absence of uniform and effective State laws and regulations for the protection of migratory game birds is a great evil, and

WHEREAS, It also believes that the present tangle of contradictory State statutes covering the migratory game birds will be effectually remedied by the passage of H. B. No. 15601, therefore be it

Resolved, That the Honorable Members of Congress from the State of New York are earnestly requested to give their support to this important economic but non-political measure; and be it further

Resolved, That this board believes that the said beneficial legislation should be extended to cover all the migratory birds of the country, inasmuch as eighty per cent. of the said birds do not belong to the class known as game birds, but are largely insectivorous, and as such they are of the greatest economic value in their relation to the agricultural interests of the country, and therefore they should also be placed under the care of the Federal Government.

STATE OF VERMONT
DEPARTMENT OF FISHERIES AND GAME.

STOWE, Vt., Dec. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In answer to your communication of the 9th, in regard to giving my opinion in relation to Federal protection of migratory game birds of the United States, I have carefully looked over the synopsis of the same, and it seems to me that such a law enacted by Congress would be of greater value than our present State laws, if the Federal Government will be to the expense of seeing them enforced. Under our system of wardenship in Vermont, it is absolutely impossible to enforce the laws in killing game birds, especially in the waters of Lake Champlain. During the open season the limit for taking ducks is twenty in any one day for each person or hunter. You readily understand that three persons in a boat will take sixty ducks, and the chances are that one or two persons get the majority of them.

Parties owning certain sections of territory on the borders of Lake Champlain, where ducks breed numerously, have made these grounds private preserves. I do not see their rights in closing certain large territories and preventing others from hunting on these grounds for migratory birds, and there should be such a law enacted by the Federal Government to prevent this, and perhaps Mr. Shiras' bill covers the ground.

I do not think any party can lawfully, even if he owns the grounds, assume the only and whole privilege of taking migratory birds, even if they do breed on his grounds.

However, any wholesome law that will regulate the taking of these birds and preserve them from becoming extinct, will certainly improve present conditions and be a blessing to mankind.

H. G. THOMAS,
Commissioner.

Wisconsin.

HERE we are once more domesticated in the old Badger State, after an absence of some forty-six years. And what a change has come over the landscape in those years! Where are the heavily wooded groves, the home of the deer? The swales full of mallard and teal? The coveys alive with Bob White, not to mention enough of the pinnated grouse to satisfy any genuine sportsman? Now the large timber is all cut off, and fields of grain for miles and miles in extent take their place, and the game, at least in this the lower part of the State, is gone never to return. There are no prairie chickens, very few quail, and but a small amount of ducks compared with what there "used to be." We have to put up now with the fox and gray squirrel and the Mollie cotton-tails. The upper part of the State, I am told, still holds its paradise for the sportsman. Many deer have been brought down to market thus far this season. I was fortunate in the years '56 and '57 to be employed as one of the examiners of the Fox and Wisconsin Land Improvement Company, who owned land (some 7,000,000 acres) scattered in twenty-eight of the counties of the State, and roamed with pick and gun throughout its wide domain, some of the northern part densely wooded, and I found a large variety of fur, fin and feather. The glory of the sportsman has departed from this section; but the fishing near-by at Rock Lake and Mud Lake is often quite good; bass of 4 to 5 pounds, and pickerel of 12 pounds are quite common. Mud Lake used to be a grand place for ducks, especially in the fall, as its shores were lined with acres of wild rice and the fowl tarried in large varieties to fatten on the luscious seed. But some scoundrel—or more like egregious lunatic—put a quantity of the detestable carp in the lakes, and they multiplied exceedingly, and of course tore up and destroyed the roots of rice and other plants so dear to the ducks, and now not a spear of any kind is to be seen in all the surrounding acres—nothing but mud, mud. It is too bad, and the miserable soft "poor man's food," as they were first called, cannot now be eradicated.

In this pleasant village—or city, as they like to denominate it—of some 2,000 inhabitants, I have found some congenial souls, disciples of the steel tubes and bamboo joints, to whom we "cottoned" at once. Among the first of these is Julius Wolfed, one of the business men of the community, one of the right kind, a reliable companion, a good shot, and a most indefatigable tramp. I have had several days with him, and always with renewed pleasure, if not at all times with as full bag as we might wish, of snipe (they call them jacks here) or squirrels (both fox and gray), and the everywhere plentiful Mollie cotton-tails. Quail are protected until 1905. But last week we had a new experience in the way of hunting the longears. Mr. W. has two beagle hounds, little, short-legged fellows, and especially the bitch, black and tan, is a daisy. She will not weigh over 15 or 20 pounds, but is staunch and true, runs the game slowly but surely, and, unless it be holed, will bring it around to the starting point. But there are a good many holes around the country, supposed at some time to have been the residences of badgers, woodchucks or skunks. Into these receptacles Mollie will dive when she takes a notion—and she often takes the notion—and the hunter must seek another track. We were out last week and had some luck, having potted three or four Mollies and quite a number having disappeared in the earth. We were joined by Mr. Laskax, a successful veterinary surgeon of the county, a genial and enthusiastic sportsman. He had no gun, but carried a small box under his arm. He was warmly welcomed by Mr. W. and the other hunters. "Now, Judge," said W. to the undersigned, "you will see some fun, and if you can kill the first one you will do remarkably well."

I did not understand what he meant, and the following occurred. The next time Mollie went to earth, the Doctor took from his box a long, brown little thing with bright, beady eyes and a sharp peaked nose. Just back of its forelegs was attached a strong strap. Now, there are always two holes opening to the same earthly domicile. Mr. W. stationed us near one of them, and told us to keep our eyes peeled. The Doctor carefully put the animal (bird they call it) head first down in the ground. Almost instantly there shot out a streak of fur lightning with a white knob on end, and was forty yards away before your humble servants could gather our wits about us or our guns to our shoulders. Of course we shot behind him; and the next one also, for that matter.

Now I am aware that there may be a big cry against Jacobstaff for this very unsportsmanlike way of bagging game; and he was at first rather ashamed of it; but they claim here that it is no more unsportsmanlike to shoot Mollie (they always shoot her) jumping like the wind from the earth as to do so when on the track.

In Jersey there is a law in regard to the use of the ferret, as the dagoes come over from New York carrying no gun, but instead a bag, and silently get away with innumerable of the little hares. There a sportsman will likely shoot the Italian meat-hunter and the ferret before they will the rabbit.

While we stood around a couple of holes debating the existence of a hare being therein, we happened to glance upward, and saw a bunch of leaves that resembled a squirrel's nest. Knowing the propensity of these little animals to take their siesta as they feel so disposed, we casually let drive at it, and, rather to our astonishment, out popped a big gray, which was at once added to our bag. Now, six or eight full-grown rabbits in one's game pocket make quite a load to carry around very far; and some of our high-toned sportsmen friends will sneer, and say it is small business for such an old hunter as Jacobstaff claims to have been. Let them laugh. There is some fun in it in lieu of better, and threescore and twelve years is not as strenuous as he was; he cannot "follow the stag to his slippery crag," nor climb the rough mountain side for the lordly grouse; but may perchance renew his boyhood days with the innocent bunnies—and they do make good pies.

What a lot of talk you are having about the sleeping dusky duck. Of course they sleep; not perhaps whole flocks at a time, but, like crows, some are always on the watch. And a grouse does not strike the log or hole or even breast with its wings when drumming, no more than the hummingbird when it hums or the woodcock

when it whistles. That is done with the rapid oscillation of the wings in each instance. So much for so much.

JACOBSTAFF.

Duck Shooting.

PORT RICHMOND, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Write me down in italics as siding with that Blunt Old Man in the duck argument that's called into more prominent notice some of FOREST AND STREAM's "fine old educational mastodons." And I've killed some ducks, too, although I'm quite a fresh young man.

"Ducks is ducks," and it's lawful and moral to take them flying, sitting, swimming or sleeping, high, low, jack and the game.

To my olfactories Charles Cristadoro smells of law-calf, buckram and mucilage, but he should use a better brand of logic in his business than the sample offered last week by the application of which he steps easily from sitting duck slaughter to fish dynamiting.

In the words of the lamented Artemus Ward, "This is 2 mutch."

There's an awful lot of good space goes to waste in your columns (maybe some is going now). Too many of these sea-lawyers arguing over ghosts that will not lay.

Instance: FOREST AND STREAM comes by the post, and I hurry to open it for an evening's unalloyed pleasure, when what to my horrified eye doth appear but "How does a drumming grouse do his drumming? On the log, over the log, on his breast, on his back?" and so on.

Or another inquiry: "I killed a 7-point buck yesterday. Is each point a year or two years or six months, or twenty days or \$10?"

Never mind the rest—let sleeping ducks lie.

Then after the inquiries—bedlam! Fossilized Nimrods, whose ideas no Presto could change, rattle into the fray, other wiseacres rally to the war-cry, and then to pot go three or four columns of the best sportsman's paper in our U-nited States.

Let me modestly suggest a remedy: Have an "Anxious Inquirers' Column." Subordinate everything to it, even the editorial notes, and in this column print the latest accepted conclusions regarding these mooted questions, and have the grouse business first and last also for fear "Anxious" overlooks it.

I hope you get my point. I'm for enlightenment and progress, but I am opposed to the sort of argument that rather seeks the conservation of opinions than the saving of truth. There are too many quidnuncs, closet-observers, semi-amateur naturalists on the ink-path. Mixed up with the mouse trails there may be the track of some larger deer; but one gets so irritated by the petty meanderings that he leaves the hunt in disgust.

None of this refers to men like Cabia Blanco, whose writings bear the stamp "Genuine."

I look for his contributions at once. There is a charm about his unaffected style that pleases me, and if he has ever published a book or a collection of stories, I want to know it, so that I can get it. SIDNEY EDWARDS.

EAST WAREHAM, MASS., Dec. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your current issue I seem to have fallen into a pit of my own digging, and unless something is quickly done will be buried by the indignant sportswomen. For I am made to say that ladies do not practice ethics in the field. I intended nothing of the kind; their ethics are all right. The allusion to Lady Bellaston and her vigorous expression was to make a parallel illustration. Her footman, finding himself on slippery ground, took refuge behind his virtue, whereat the lady scornfully exclaimed: "A man's virtue! Ministers preach of virtue, but who ever heard of one's practicing it?" Likewise sportsmen preach of "ethics," but whoever caught one putting them into practice?

Personally I have no doubt that many readers of FOREST AND STREAM, and correspondents also, are all that they pretend to be, and would not shoot anything sitting or sleeping. But in forty years with a gun north and south on both sides of the continent, I have never met one of them. I have known some fine men, too. One of these, a gentleman by name of Piercy, who lived on the west side of Elk River in Maryland, told me of a shot which he always regretted. He was walking with gun in hand down to a pasture to drive up some cattle at evening. At their watering place he saw a quail run to the spring and stop; he fired quickly, without any consideration, and picked up nine birds that were all drinking at the sunken barrel. He shamefully related the facts to his father, and was reprimanded. On the other side of the river lived a man named Davis. I was up to his place one day in the bitter December of '76, and he related a partridge shooting without any compunction; he "nursed" them through the snow till they were under a cedar; the result was greater even than Piercy's. Though they did practically the same thing, there was a difference greater than a river between the two men.

In another place your types make me say, "We have read the FOREST AND STREAM from the very first, the cream of the shooting world." "Write and subscribe," etc., should be in the same sentence. I meant the cream of the shooting wrote for, etc. WALTER B. SAVARY.

AITKEN, MINN.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If some of the critics who have spoken so harshly of Manly Hardy and a Blunt Old Man for shooting birds sitting, would examine the subject a little, they might find something out that would throw some light on it. There are always two sides.

I once had experience with a man who prided himself on being a true sportsman, and who scorned to shoot at anything sitting. Time and again I have seen him order a bird flushed, and then, after his three to five shots with a repeater, I have seen the bird go wabbling off with broken legs or otherwise maimed, to die by inches in an unknown spot. After a few hundred such exhibitions I remonstrated and pointed out the evil results. It did not mend the matter in any degree; but I lost a good deal of prestige. It would be no sport whatever to hunt squirrels or rabbits with a shotgun, for mostly they must be shot sitting, hence we use a rifle. When we hunt birds, we use the shotgun because their natural means of escape is by flying; yet if the birds are scarce and wild, we should shoot them on the ground, in a tree, or

wherever an opportunity offers, for the reason that the distance the bird would fly while the shooter is taking aim would likely take it into debatable range, and a crippled bird would be the result. If the bird be at close range and in the open, one may as well flush it, as the shot is equally sure by the ordinary shooter; but don't make any virtue of giving the bird a chance, as it weakens the standard of sport. We want the bird, rather than simply to gamble with it for its life. If one be a poor shot, there is all the more reason for shooting on the ground. The origin of hunting was the desire to possess the game. If we do not want the game, it is pure wantonness to hunt it. The manliest set of men I have ever met was among sportsmen on the field at a trap-shooting contest, or by the camp-fire. There was never any bickering among them as to who was the true sportsman. The best man among them was the one who won the big prize or brought in the big buck. Whenever I hear or read of disputes as to what is the standard, I can't help but think it is caused by the introduction of alien elements.

The Kelly-Seton controversy going on of late, puts me in mind of an incident that happened on a tenting trip two or three weeks ago. One day I found the fragments of an old gun in the woods. I was quite busy just then with a covey of partridges and laid the fragments across the portage trail between two lakes. Diverted by the chase, I continued on to camp. On the way I fell to speculating on the romance that might be connected with that old gun. That evening in camp I started twenty-seven different times to tell about the gun; but each time some other member broke in with something that just came to his mind, and I was silenced. After that the gun incident passed out of my mind for the evening. The next day, coming in over the portage trail, one of the boys picked up the gun, and the way he rung the changes on the gun and its possibilities kept us all in a fever all evening. I had found the gun, but the other fellow got in all the "guff," and did reap all the glory. The man who can talk loudest and fastest wins the argument regardless of any right of discovery or merit in the text. E. P. JAKUES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am only a blunt old man, something of a duck shooter (if I do say it myself), but no arguer. I have no controversial equipment which fits me to debate with Mr. Brown, nor indeed have I entertained any purpose of carrying on a controversy with him over this question of shooting ducks on the sit. That, and that only, is the point under discussion, though I confess that when reading Mr. Brown's letter in your current issue I forgot for the moment just what it was we were arguing about. Mr. Brown has a lot to say about how John Burroughs telepathized a sleeping duck (which J. B. hadn't ought to have done), and how the harsh criticisms of a writer of animal stories have brought blindness upon him (which I believe they did not do), and how the Shiras bill was going to forbid the shooting of sitting ducks (which of course it is not going to do), and how I am old (which I am) and sit back in an easy chair (which I do do), and how I wouldn't give my name (which I won't do), and how therefore he wouldn't give us those club names (which I think he should do). It was all good reading, and I enjoyed it; but, as I said before, I am no arguer, and shall not attempt to take up these extraneous considerations. One thing I will say—I can see a point when the point is there. And another thing I will say—I can stick to the point when it is there, and can hang to it through thick and thin, sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish. (P. Henry.) A third thing I will say—if we are ever to get anywhere in this discussion, Mr. Brown ought to stick to the point, too. I mean that he shall; or at least I mean not to let him forget or evade the point. And the one sole, solitary, single, particular individual and only point now before the meeting is this, namely:

Mr. Brown has said that for shooting a duck on the water, a member of a ducking club would for the first offense be reprimanded and expelled for a repetition.

I questioned this statement, and called upon Mr. Brown to name the clubs where such a course of procedure could possibly happen. I said that it was up to him to prove his extraordinary assertion by adducing some corroborative proof, and that the names of clubs which would expel members for killing ducks on the water would supply the proof.

Mr. Brown refuses to do this. I believe that his refusal is due to his inability to name the clubs. I think I am perfectly safe in saying that he will not give us any names of clubs which would expel their members for shooting ducks on the water, for the simple reason that he cannot. I don't believe that there are any such clubs.

However, I may be mistaken. I am not always dead right. I don't know it all; and a certain woman is fond of saying to me, "There is no fool like an old fool." On the other hand, old as I am, I am not beyond learning something from those who know more than I do, and I would be grateful if any of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM would tell me the names of ducking clubs which would expel a member for having shot ducks on the water. We are none of us too old to learn, not even

A BLUNT OLD MAN.

Wildfowl at Currituck Sound.

POPLAR BRANCH, Currituck Co., N. C., Dec. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For the past two months the duck shooting here has been very "spotty." There have been multitudes of fowl, but, on the other hand, we have had much mild and pleasant weather during which ducks do not fly, and of course offer no shooting. Southerly breezes have piled up the water in the upper end of the Sound, and perhaps this has something to do with the absence of birds. Last week there were a good many ducks here, the weather was rough, and there was some good shooting, and two men shooting together for five days averaged about thirty birds daily or fifteen to the gun.

There are great quantities of geese here, and many swans; but as yet no canvasback have been shot, for the weather has not been cold or rough enough to bring them to the decoys. A little later we hope for better weather.

SNOWDEN.

Muskrat Hunting.

BY HENRY THACKER.
From "The Trappers' Guide."

In the winter of 1844-5, I made two or three excursions from the city of Chicago into the neighboring wild regions for the purpose of spearing and trapping muskrats. At this distance of time I shall hardly be able to give from memory a very accurate account of those excursions; but I enjoyed them so well, and they made such vivid impressions on my mind, that I can at least give an outline of them, and shall recall as I proceed many interesting incidents.

The first thing I did, by way of preparation for the campaign, was to procure a suitable spear, which was simply a rod of round steel, three-eighths of an inch in diameter, and three feet long, nicely pointed and polished at one end, and at the other driven firmly into a ferruled wooden handle, also about three feet long. The next thing (and a very important one) was to provide a pair of muffers, made of old carpeting, to be drawn on over my boots. Lastly I harnessed myself into a knapsack suitable for carrying provisions, game, etc. Thus equipped, I put on my skates one morning, as soon as I found the ice strong enough to bear me, and started up the north branch of the Chicago River for Mud Lake, a small sheet of water about twelve miles distant, surrounded by extensive marshes, a noted place, not only for the habitation of the muskrat and mink, but for the gathering in the spring and fall of the year of multitudes of almost every variety of wild ducks, geese, and other water fowl.

Here let me describe the character and situation of this marsh and lake. The lake proper is a narrow sheet of water, from ten to twenty-five rods wide, and two or three miles in length. The water is from three to ten feet deep, and the soft mud at the bottom probably a great deal deeper. This lake seems to have two outlets flowing in opposite directions; one toward Chicago being the principal headwaters of the south branch of the river which forms the harbor of Chicago; the other in the opposite direction, emptying into the Auxplains River, which is among the headwaters of the Illinois River. I was told that at the time of the high water in June of that year (1844), schooners from Lake Michigan could easily have passed through this lake and marsh into the Auxplains, and so down the Illinois River to the Mississippi.

But to return to my story. On arriving at the marsh, I found the ice strong enough to bear my weight, and quite transparent. A sight was here presented that I had never seen before. I cannot describe the view better than by likening it to a large meadow covered with hay-cocks, so thickly was the marsh before me studded with muskrat houses.

These structures are built up of flag-tops, roots, mud, and sea-weed or water grass, to the height and size of a hay-cock; and in them the muskrats live through the winter and spring. They generally commence their houses on a place where the water is one or two feet deep, and build it up entirely solid, to the height of three, to five feet above the water, cutting out channels diverging in different directions from the house, and using the materials thus displaced in strengthening the foundation of the house. These channels are used as runways by the rats in going back and forth between the house and their feeding beds during winter. After the superstructure is finished a hole is cut from underneath up into the center of the house, forming a nest just above the water, leaving ample room for a second story in case of a flood.

I now made preparation to enter upon the business of my excursion, that of spearing muskrats. I was not long in putting on my muffers and getting ready for the onslaught; and, as this was my first attempt at spearing, I was full of enthusiasm. With feelings of interest and excitement, I marched up to a large house very cautiously (for, with the least jar or crack of the ice, away goes your game), and, with uplifted spear, made ready for a thrust. I hesitated. There was a difficulty I had not taken into account—I knew not where to strike. The chances of missing the game were apparent, but there was no time to be lost; so bang! went the spear into a hard, frozen mass, penetrating it not more than three or four inches, and away went the game in every direction. With feelings of some chagrin I withdrew my spear, and began feeling about for a more vulnerable spot, which I was not long in detecting. It being a cold, freezing day, I discovered an accumulation of white frost on a certain spot of the house, and putting my spear on the place I found it readily entered. The mystery was solved at once; this frost on the outside of the house was caused by the breath and heat of the animals immediately beneath it, and it was generally on the southeast side of the center of the house, this being the warmest side. Acting on these discoveries, I made another trial, and was successful; and now the sport began in good earnest. Whenever I made a successful thrust, I would cut a hole through the wall of the house with my hatchet and take out the game, close up the hole, and start for another house. The remaining members of the family would soon return and immediately set about repairing the breach. I sometimes succeeded in pinning two rats at one thrust. I also became quite expert in taking game in another way, as follows: Whenever I made an unsuccessful thrust into a house, the rats would dive into the water through their paths or runways, and disappear in all directions. I now found I could easily drive my one-tined spear through the ice two inches thick and pin a rat with considerable certainty, which very much increased the sport, and I was not long in securing a pile of fifteen or twenty rats.

Here I made a discovery of what, until now, had been a mystery to me, namely, how a muskrat managed to remain so long a time in the water under the ice without drowning. The muskrat, I perceived, on leaving his house inhaled a full breath, and would then stay under water as long as he could without breathing; when he would rise up with his nose against the ice and breathe out his breath, which seemed to displace the water, forming a bubble. I could distinctly see him breathe this bubble in and out several times, and then dive again. In this way I have chased them about under the ice for some time before capturing them. I do not know how long the muskrat could live under the ice, but I have

heard of their having been seen crossing large bays and rivers under the ice five miles from shore. I saw a man in Illinois who told me he chased two otters under the ice for three-quarters of an hour, trying to kill them with his ax, and finally lost them; which goes to show that these animals, as well as the muskrat, can live under the ice a long time.

As I frequently speared the muskrat on his feeding bed, and subsequently found it to be the best and surest place to set a trap for him, I will, for the benefit of the novice, undertake to describe one as found in the marshes. A feeding bed is a place where the muskrat goes to feed, generally at night, and is frequently many rods from his house. Here he selects a place where his food is convenient, and by the aid of the refuse material of the roots, etc., which he carries here for food, he elevates himself partly out of water, in a sort of hut. Here he sits and eats his food, and at the slightest noise, or least appearance of danger, disappears in an instant under water. In the winter these feeding places are readily discovered by a bunch of wadded grass, flag, or some other material about the size of a man's hat protruding above the ice. This little mound is hollow, and is only large enough for a single rat, where he sits and eats his food, with his lower parts in the water. When the rats were disturbed in their house, I found they generally fled to these feeding huts, where they were almost a certain mark for the spearman.

Finding I had taken as many rats as I could conveniently strip before they became frozen, I set about the work of skinning, and after an hour and a half of pretty cold work I bagged my skins, put on my skates, and started for the city, well satisfied with my first day's excursion.

In my next excursion, not many days after, to the same place, I had still better success. As the ice had now become too thick to be easily penetrated by my spear, I adopted, in part, a different mode of taking the game. This time I carried with me, in addition to my spear, two dozen steel traps and a bundle of willow sticks (cut on the way) about three feet long. On arriving at the hunting grounds I prepared myself for the day's sport by putting on my muffers, and with traps and willow sticks slung upon my back began the work by driving my spear into the first house I came to. I could not now see the rats as they fled from the house on account of the thickness of the ice and a slight snow that lay upon it. Consequently the sport of spearing them through the ice was cut off. But as often as I had occasion to cut through the walls of the house to take out my game, I set a steel trap in the nest, slipped a willow stick through the ring of the chain, laid it across the hole, slightly stopped it up, and then passed on to the next house; and so on, until my traps were all gone. I then started back to the place of beginning, driving my spear into every feeding hut in my course, and killing many rats. Finally I began going over the ground again, first driving my spear into a house, then examining the trap, taking out the game, and re-setting the trap. In this course I was quite successful. I found by setting the trap in the right place, near the edge, and a little under the water, I was almost certain to take the first rat that returned. In making two or three rounds in this way, I found the rats became somewhat disturbed, and sought temporary shelter elsewhere; when I would move to a new place, giving them time to recover from their fright.

I think this a very profitable method of trapping the muskrat, especially in an open winter. It very much lengthens the season of trapping, which is quite an important consideration with the trapper. Another consideration is, the trapper may set his traps and allow them to remain many days, if not convenient to go to them, and be sure his fur will take no harm; as the rat on being caught in the trap dives into the water, and is soon drowned, and will not spoil for a long time at this season of the year, and is also secure from frost.

I will here state that I found a muskrat house to contain from four to nine rats. I have caught as many as nine from one house. Possibly some may contain a greater number than this. I concluded that these colonies must be the progeny of a single rat in one season, or, for aught I know, at a single litter.

In these winter excursions I sometimes captured several minks, which I found somewhat different from the mink of the Eastern States, being much larger, and of a lighter brown color and coarser fur. I sometimes found them occupying muskrat houses, from which they had driven or destroyed the muskrats, of the flesh of which they are very fond. They are a gross feeding, carnivorous animal. I have found stored up in muskrat houses which they inhabited, from a peck to half a bushel of fish in all stages of decay, and some freshly caught and alive; which is good evidence that they are not only gross feeders, but good fishers also. I was most successful in taking the mink in steel traps, baiting with muskrat flesh or fish, and setting my traps about the marshes and along the banks of streams and rivers. A mink will seldom pass a bait without taking or smelling at it; and by placing the bait a little beyond the trap, in such a position that he must pass over the trap in order to reach it, you are pretty sure of him. I also caught them by setting the trap in the mouth of their dens and in hollow logs, and sometimes enjoyed the sport of digging them out of the river bank.

In setting my traps for mink and raccoon, I was somewhat annoyed by the prairie wolf taking the bait, but still more by the skunks getting into the traps. The country at this time abounded with these animals. They seemed to be nearly as plenty as the minks. I have sometimes found as many as two or three in my traps on a morning. It was an easy matter enough to dispatch one, but to do it and not get my trap scented was not so easy. (Here let me say I never knew one caught in a trap to discharge at all until disturbed by the approach of man.) After trying several unsuccessful plans, I hit upon one that I thought would do the business. Putting a tremendous charge of powder and ball into my rifle, I approached my antagonist as near as I could without drawing his fire, and placing the muzzle of my rifle within three feet of his head, blazed away, and blew his head clean off. I approached the carcass for the purpose of taking off my trap (congratulating myself on my good

success), when he made a sudden convulsive movement, and oh, horror! such a discharge of the genuine article no man ever saw or smelt! However, by a quick movement I escaped the charge myself, but my trap, as usual, was thoroughly perfumed. I soon had an opportunity to try again, and this time I succeeded, by the following device: Watching my opportunity when the skunk turned his eyes from me, I dealt him a heavy blow across the back with a long club, and immediately loosened the trap from off his leg. In this way I ever after managed to keep clear from scent, with a single exception, which occurred as follows:

In one of my excursions, accompanied by another person, the dog scented something under the floor of an old shanty, which we concluded must be a mink; so at it we went, tearing up the floor to give the dog a chance to get at the animal. Up came one plank after another in quick succession, when all at once the dog made a tremendous lunge right into the midst of a nest of seven nearly full grown skunks. In less than a minute the atmosphere was blue with the most horrible stench ever encountered by human olfactories. The dog was soon nearly choked and blinded by the showers of stifling spray that met him at every charge, and, for the time being, all were obliged to beat a hasty retreat into the open air. But as we were all now fairly in for it, we concluded to make another charge and finish up the work we had so enthusiastically begun; and, armed each with a long club, we returned to the fray, and, with the help of the dog, soon despatched the foe, and retreated to the windward to get clear of the stench. But it was of no use. I seemed to be scented through and through; my very breath seemed to be hot with the terrible miasma, and for several days I could scarcely taste or smell anything but skunk. This was my most serious encounter with the skunk family, though I continued to be annoyed by their getting into my traps; and once, at the suggestion of a fur dealer that their skins were worth fifty cents apiece, undertook the job of saving a lot; but after skinning five, gave up the business in disgust.

My next excursion was a short but rather exciting one. In consequence of a slight thaw a day or two previous to my setting out, the skating on the river was nearly spoiled. I was therefore obliged to travel most of the way on land, and on foot, taking nearly all day to get to my place of destination. I put up for the night at a tavern a mile or two from the part of marsh where I intended to trap, which was at the end opposite to the theatre of my previous excursions, and near the Auxplains River. The next morning after breakfast I started out for the hunt, and, on arriving at the marsh, to my surprise not a muskrat house could be seen, with the exception of the very tops of three or four. The rest were all under water and the water frozen over. At first I was unable to divine the cause of this unusual rise in the water; but subsequently ascertained that an ice dam had formed in the river three-fourths of a mile below, in consequence of the breaking up of the ice above, and had set the water back over this part of the marsh to the depth of nearly four feet. The muskrats were completely drowned out, and I now saw them huddled together in numerous squads upon the newly formed ice all over the marsh, having already brought up portions of their submerged dwellings, with which they had built up slight walls to shelter themselves from the cold northwest wind.

This was an exciting scene to the trapper—a multitude of his game in full view! I became almost nervous with excitement. But how to get at them was the question. On going down to the water, I found it scarcely frozen along the shore, though it looked firmer further out. To be sure, I could reach many of the muskrats with my rifle; but what was the use if I could not get them after I had killed them? However, something must be done. I couldn't stand this sight anyhow. I set about devising some plan by which I might reach the game in person. A half dozen plans were presented to my mind in as many minutes. One plan was to place a board on the ice, get on it, and shove myself along by placing the point of my sharp spear on the ice; but, on further consideration, I concluded this would be too slow an operation. If I succeeded in getting out on the ice, the rats could easily keep out of my way, as I should not be able to leave my board. Another plan was to fasten a piece of board a foot square to each foot; but, on further thought, this plan was also abandoned as being unsafe. Although the water did not exceed four feet in depth down to the old ice, yet, in case I broke through, the boards might operate to keep my heels up and my head down. I now determined to test the real strength of the ice; and, procuring a piece of slab twelve or fourteen feet long, I shoved it off on the ice. Leaving one end resting on the shore and walking on this, I stepped off upon the ice. It barely held my weight, and soon began to settle, so that the water came upon the ice. However, I came to the conclusion that if I could get upon the ice with my skates on, and keep constantly under pretty good headway, it would hold me up. Stripping off all extra clothing, and laying aside every unnecessary weight, I strapped on my skates, and, with spear in hand, launched forth in pursuit of the game. The ice bent and waved before me, but I glided swiftly on, and in less than a minute was among the muskrats.

I now discovered that the rats kept a hole open through the ice, right above their house, and before I got within striking distance they dove into the water and disappeared. I could hear them snuffing up against the ice, but could not see them on account of a slight sprinkling of snow which covered the ice. As soon as I left for another place, they would come up again through the holes on the ice. I saw that, in order to get a chance to strike them, I must wait at the holes for them to return for a fresh supply of air. This I found rather tedious, as I was obliged to keep constantly in motion, running in a circuit around the hole, on account of the weakness of the ice. In this way I would have to wait several minutes, and, when one did return to breathe, he was so very quick I found it difficult to hit him; and I also found, where the holes were not a great way apart, that when I went to one hole the rats would dive and swim to another. This would not do. I must try another expedient; and, returning to the shore, I took from my knapsack a dozen steel traps and a handful of willow sticks, threw them on the ice, and then started back. Picking up in

my course as many traps and sticks as I could carry without increasing my weight too much, I distributed them around the holes. And now lively work commenced. Taking a trap and stick in my hand, while under headway, I set the trap, slipped the willow stick through the ring of the chain, dropped it on the ice, placed the trap in the little cuddly where the rats huddled together, and passed on to the next, scarcely making a stop. This plan was a successful one. Frequently, before I reached the next hole, a rat would be caught in the trap I had just left, and, diving into the water, would be brought up at the length of the chain by the stick sliding across the hole, and in this condition would soon drown himself. I now had as much business as I could attend to, taking out the game, re-setting my dozen traps, carrying the game to the land, etc. You may be sure I played back and forth in a lively manner. I, however, discovered that the ice became much weakened by passing over it several times. Consequently I was under the necessity of moving to new places occasionally, to avoid breaking through. In fact, I found there was only a small part of the marsh where the ice was sufficiently strong to hold me up at all; and the weather, moderating after the middle of the day, weakened the ice so much that I fell through several times, getting my clothes wet and boots full of water; which so much increased my weight that I was soon obliged to abandon the field altogether. I had, however, by this time secured a good pile of rats, and, on the whole, had had one of the most exciting day's sport I ever enjoyed.

The weather now continued to moderate, and there were evident signs of the breaking up of winter, and the opening of spring. In two or three days from this time, wild ducks and geese began to gather about the marshes. I now began active preparations for a spring's campaign of trapping. During the winter two small trapping boats had been made, and a tent, camp kettles, and other "fixings" had been got in readiness; and on about the twentieth of February, in company with E., I set out. We launched our little crafts and commenced the campaign by scattering over the marsh one hundred and ten steel traps, with open jaws, ready for the fur-clad inhabitants. The weather being favorable and the water steady, we made havoc among the muskrats and minks; and as this was a noted place for game, especially for muskrat, mink, and raccoon, we soon had competition in the business. In the course of three or four days three other trappers stopped in the same vicinity, and commenced operations. But as they were strangers from a distance, we had decidedly the advantage, as we understood the ground, having previously pretty thoroughly reconnoitered the marshes in this section. The game being plenty, we found work enough to keep us busy, and for several succeeding days caught more rats than we could find time through the day to skin.

However, our good success was of comparatively short duration. In the course of ten or fifteen days we found ourselves confronted by a pretty serious difficulty in the way of successful operations. As the previous summer had been remarkable for its long continuous rains and great flood, we now had the opposite state of things—continuous dry weather; and having had scarcely any rain the fall previous, nor snow during the winter, spring found the water in the rivers and marshes unusually low. As the weather continued fair, the March winds dried up the marshes so fast that we soon found it difficult to get around with our boats, and finally were obliged to leave them altogether and take to the rivers in order to continue our sport. We now found our chance for sport much reduced. The high water the previous spring and summer, overflowing the river banks for so long a time, either prevented the rats breeding, or drowned their young, so that we found the game rather scarce. We, however, ascended the Auxplains River some twenty or thirty miles. Our way was to string our traps along the banks, three or four miles at a setting, and then return to camp. The next day we would overhaul and re-set, if we found the game plenty enough to warrant it. If not, we would take up the traps and make another stretch, and so on.

On returning several days subsequently to our old hunting grounds, we found the muskrats had somewhat recovered from the fright we had given them by our sudden and terrible onslaught, and had returned from the inaccessible parts of the marsh to which they had fled for refuge, and we made several more successful sets.

The weather had now become mild, and the marshes literally swarmed with ducks and geese and other water fowl. Anyone not familiar with this section of country can have no idea of the numbers of water fowl that gather about these lakes and marshes in the spring and fall of the year. As we moved about in our little boats

among the tall reeds and flags of the marsh, our firearms were always at hand, ready to bring down a duck or a goose that happened to pass within reach. We fared sumptuously every day. Our daily bill of fare consisted of roast goose, roast duck, prairie chicken, plover, pike, bass, catfish, bullheads, etc., together with coffee, hard biscuit, butter, and occasionally a meal of duck and goose eggs. This was what we called high living; and as we seldom found time for more than two meals a day, we were prepared to dispatch them with a relish that no one but a trapper can realize.

E. did not seem to enter into the business with as much enthusiasm as myself, and having a family in the city, frequently found occasion to go home, and sometimes stayed away two or three days. This made the work not quite so pleasant for me, as I enjoyed the sport much better when we were together. However, I got along very well; and the croaking of frogs, the peeping of lizards, quacking of ducks and geese, crowing of prairie chickens, the loud cries of the great sandhill cranes, and the almost incessant howling and yelping of prairie wolves, were all music to my ears. On the whole, I enjoyed the situation exceedingly.

One day as I was pushing my little boat along through the tall reeds, I saw at a distance something unusual on the top of a muskrat house. As it was lying flat, almost hidden from view, I at first sight took it to be an otter, as we had killed one some time previous near the same place. As usual at the sight of game, my rifle was quick as thought brought to bear, and away sped the bullet, and over tumbled a large wild goose, making a great splashing as she fell into the water. On examination I found she had a nest of seven eggs, all fresh. The goose weighed fourteen pounds and a half. The same day I found another nest with several eggs, and took them to a farmer who was anxious to get them to hatch "at the halves." He placed the eggs under a hen; but a few days before they were ready to hatch, my ever-present enemy, the skunk, ate up the hen, eggs and all, to the great sorrow and indignation of the farmer. He said the young geese would have been worth five dollars a pair.

The weather still continued dry, and as we did not find game very plenty in the rivers, we concluded to wind up the trapping business, after having spent about six weeks in steady employment. We now collected our furs, and found we had caught seven hundred muskrats, sixty minks, a number of raccoons, and one otter; for which we found a ready market at good prices. Thus ended my first and most interesting trapping campaign.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

NEW GLASGOW, N. J., Dec. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of last week a correspondent wrote:

"Long years ago," as far back as the days of Sir Walter Raleigh, that noble gentleman (if I remember correctly) came with a colony and settled upon Roanoke Island. There they found a race of friendly Indians, with whom they lived on amicable terms. After a bit, however, Sir Walter sailed away again, leaving about a hundred settlers and the friendly Indians, and promising soon to return. But all things did not turn out as Sir Walter anticipated, and he was prevented from returning by some slight inconvenience in the way of having his head chopped off or some other little difference of opinion between himself and the good Queen Bess.

"Queen Bess" did not chop the head off Sir Walter Raleigh. The brutal deed was ordered by one of the Stuarts who succeeded her. Raleigh was long kept a prisoner, and during that time daily taught one of the King's sons, a very bright lad, who unfortunately died young, the science of navigation and war. The boy exclaimed to an associate one day: "No man but my father would keep such a man as Sir Walter in a cage." It was done, and Sir Walter executed at the behest of Spain; and I can assure you that British subjects everywhere rejoiced when your country kicked her off this continent forever. JAMES A. FRASER.

Codd's Curious Defenses.

AN interesting book might be written on the subject of "Curious Defenses."

One excellent instance is supplied here in what was known as "Codd's Puzzle." Codd was defending a client accused of stealing a duck. He set up seven defenses: (1) The accused bought the duck and paid for it; (2) he found it; (3) it was given to him; (4) it flew into his garden; (5) it was put in his pocket while he slept; (6) and (7) are not recorded; but an *amicus curiae* suggested that there never was any duck at all. The accused was acquitted, not "because they choose any particular defense, but because they did not know which to choose, and so gave the prisoner the benefit of the doubt."—Spectator.

Maryland Ducking Waters.

STOCKTON, Md., Dec. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The wildfowl shooting at this point has been somewhat disappointing this season. The shooting on the early birds in November was very fair, but the weather has been extremely mild, the birds keeping further north. Lately we have had an extreme change in the shape of a blizzard, and the inland waters are all frozen, making it difficult to get out; however, the large bay is open, and the shoals are covered with myriads of geese, brant, red-heads, broadbills, etc., and the outlook is very good. The redhead shooting is very fine here at times. We have enough geese to furnish shooting for half the United States, but the old fellows are very wary, and few are brought to bag. Mr. O. D. Foulks, who is the only one here who is taking gunners this year, has been booked up full all season, his people meeting with varying success. There has been very little weather suitable for battery work, but both his batteries are in constant demand. Among the prominent sportsmen visiting here this season are Messrs. Nelson, Cantrell, Woolman, Bailey, Laurent, Caie, Clarke, and Dr. Sherbourne Dougherty, of Philadelphia; Mr. Barker, of Milford, Delaware; Messrs. Anderson and Stout, of New York; Col. Ripley, Rutland, Vt.; Mr. Flaccus, Pittsburg, Pa.; Granville Leeds and Mr. Wells, Rancocas, N. J.; Mr. Buzby, Vincentown, N. J.; Mr. Jones, Morristown, N. J. Gentlemen sportsman all, and I think a fair example of the class of men from which the ranks of the sportsmen of America are recruited. We read much about pot-hunting and would-be sportsmen, but our experience here has been more fortunate, and I can safely say, after years of experience, that the average sportsman is a good citizen, an upright gentleman, and a representative American. Long may he live to enjoy the sport that is due him.

W. H. OCKER.

The Okapi.

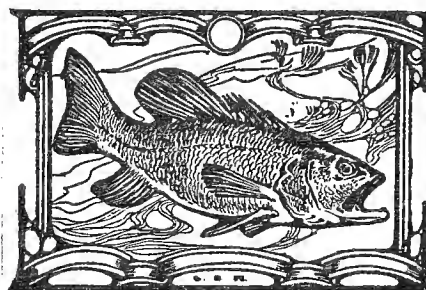
SOME interesting notes have recently been published in the geographical journals of Europe on the explorations of Dr. David in the Congo forests and on the western slope of the Ruwenzori Mountains.

Dr. David appears to have been the first European to have had a good view of the okapi in life, and to have secured one with his own gun. Heretofore our only knowledge of this strange animal has been from specimens brought in by the natives; but Dr. David saw it in life, and we have thus a clear description of its physical characters and general appearance. It is not strange, then, that, according to Dr. David, the specimens of the okapi which have been mounted in Belgium and Great Britain have been incorrectly set up. The effort, if we may judge from the illustration, appears to have been to make them as horse-like as possible, since the stripes suggest the zebra, or else to model them so as to look like antelope.

According to Dr. David, the okapi, although it is a ruminant, resembles in its carriage and manner of walk a tapir, rather than an antelope. The stripes are much narrower than those of the zebra, and are almost all double, the black lying within the white. The back is reddish, the mane erect, and the ears very long. The animal stands as tall as a small horse, say four or five feet. Some specimens of both sexes bear horns, while others are entirely without them, and it is therefore suspected that there are two species.

Tanawadeh Outing Club.

THE ninth annual meeting of the Tanawadeh Outing Club was held at their club house at Pelham Bay Park, New York, December 18. The following officers were elected for the year 1905: President, J. Frank Case; Vice-President, F. James Reilly; Secretary, Harry V. Radford; Treasurer, Joseph B. Hanf. The club during the past two years covered by the able administration of the retiring president, Mr. F. James Reilly, has made the most rapid progress in its history; the most notable event being the erection of a substantial and commodious club house on the shore of the beautiful Pelham Bay. For nine years the members of this organization have encamped each summer in the Adirondacks or some other forested region, and in addition to the summer outings have engaged in numerous side trips exclusively for hunting and fishing. Besides the sports of the wilderness, the club also patronizes canoeing, yachting, snow-shoeing, trapshooting, rifle and pistol practice, and cross-country riding and walking.



SEA AND RIVER FISHING



Fish Chat.

BY EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

Gamy Salt Water Fish.

FOREST AND STREAM for December 10 has just come to hand, and I find it, like all its predecessors, replete with all the good things that sportsmen delight in. In the communications, which are more than ordinarily interesting to me, is that from C. H. Mallory; brief as it is—much too brief, I am sorry to say—it contains in a condensed form fruits of the Captain's experiences in salt-water fishing which would furnish a text for more than one elaborate article for the entertainment of his brother anglers. What a pity it is that Mr. Mallory's business responsibilities are so great that they prevent him from putting on paper stories of the thrilling encounters he

has had with his prime favorite the striped bass or rock-fish. There is hardly another angler living who has followed that fish as long and perseveringly as has the Captain, and no one could write more understandingly and from actual experience than he can; and the barracouta or barracuta! If Mr. Mallory would furnish to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM as entertaining an account of this splendid game fish as he gave me one afternoon last summer, I have no doubt there are many anglers who would "on with a new love," betake themselves to the tackle stores for a suitable outfit, pack their grips, and start for the regions where barracouta abound. And the kingfish also; the Captain can tell us more of that indomitable fighter than any other angler with whom I am acquainted, and I wish very much he would, with pen and ink, tell his fellow-sportsmen such stories as he can, for they would interest them one and all.

More Literature Desired.

Mr. Mallory's complaint that our salt-water game fish do not receive a fair proportion of attention from writers on fish and fishing is, perhaps, well founded. Strong, vigorous and gamy as they are, they have, in a measure, failed to arouse the inspiration which is felt in following the meanderings of the beautiful trout streams through woodlands and meadows, or in casting the fly on the pools of the picturesque mountain rivers in quest of the princely salmon. 'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true' our salt-water game fish have not received the degree of attention from writers they deserve, and I hope that, in these "piping times of peace," when rods, reels and flies are packed away for the winter, our brothers of the angle will fill to overflowing the columns of this paper, and that the Captain will lead them off

with something about the royal fighters he takes such keen delight in encountering.

Strength of Salt Water Game Fish.

The Captain is quite right in his statement concerning the stubborn gaminess and strength of many of the salt water species compared with those qualities in fresh-water fish, such as trout, black bass, etc.; for, taking them pound for pound, there is a vast difference between them, and the illustration he uses of the capture of an 8-pound trout with the fly in the Rangeleys, using tackle so light that it would be instantly destroyed by the mad rush of the bluefish, is an apt one; and he is right, also, in his statement that "This question of game in fish depends a good deal on tackle," as I have proved on many occasions. Of these an incident comes fresh to memory which will serve as a good example. I was fishing for trout in a small lake on Prince Edward Island; the fish were so abundant that at almost every cast I rose and hooked a pair. An interesting fact about that lake is that the trout in the upper end, which is surrounded mostly by a cedar swamp, are dark colored, with dirty gray abdomens, and the inside of their mouths is almost invariably black or very dark. I have always found those fish sluggish to a degree, coming to the fly in the most indolent manner conceivable, and offering no play whatever when they felt the barb of the hook, and coming to the landing-net with hardly a struggle. But at the other end of the lake the fish were bright and full of life, and when they came to the fly they sometimes, in their eagerness, jumped above the surface of the water. In fishing for those spotted beauties, which averaged nearly a pound in weight, I have always used the lightest tackle available, for I hold that the lighter the tackle the keener the sport the angler enjoys. Now as I rose and hooked those beautiful fish and played them with my supple rod, they were as gamy and as plucky fighters as any trout of similar size I ever landed. My rod was so light that for a short time they darted about almost as if the thin casting line was no restraint to them, and sometimes several minutes elapsed before they were encompassed by the landing-net. With this tackle they were in every sense game fish; but mark the difference. Within a very few rods from the point from which I was casting there were two lads of perhaps a dozen years of age who, armed with huge sapling poles, coarse lines and hooks, baited with a bunch of angleworms, were fishing for the trout which were giving me such great sport. At every cast of the bait they made the poles splash in the water, but that did not appear to frighten the fish, for they seized the bait as soon as it touched the surface. But when the lads lifted those heavy poles by an effort that taxed their whole strength, they did not dally with the trout to give them play, but jerked them high in the air and into the bushes behind them as ignominiously as if they were bull pout or suckers. If those trout had any gaminess, the lads jerked it out of them in the most summary manner possible. But even with the same tackle the degree of gaminess in trout varies with the condition of the water. It is possible that the 8-pound trout that Captain Mallory mentions may have been hooked in still, deep water, in which case it would not have put up as stubborn a fight as it would have in the quick water below the Upper Dam, for example. With light tackle in that water so large a fish would give the angler all he would want to attend to; his struggle would not be a brilliant one, measured by the electric energy of a grilse or bluefish, nor leap above the water like a black bass, but he would fight doggedly and with the strength of a trout of his size must possess, and the skill of the angler and fidelity of his tackle would be thoroughly tested before the fish would be saved. I never had the pleasure of killing an 8-pound trout in that pool, which is full of whirling eddies and tortuous currents; but I once hooked and landed a beauty there that weighed 7½ pounds, and when the fight was ended I felt as if I had conquered a game fish such as any angler might be proud to possess.

Yes, the lighter the tackle the more intense the enjoyment the angler feels. In former days an 8-ounce rod was considered a mere wand, but that weight was cut down to six ounces, and it has descended to four ounces and even lighter, and when large fish are hooked it requires no small degree of skill on the part of the angler who uses such delicate tackle to land his prize.

Degrees of Gaminess in Fish.

Now, while Mr. Mallory's statement is true that "game in fish depends a good deal upon the tackle," it may be somewhat qualified, for a great deal depends on the fish themselves. For example, the so-called "sea trout" which in May and early June hover about the estuaries of the rivers on the Canadian coast in pursuit of the myriads of smelts which ascend those streams for the purpose of spawning, in the bright, sparkling water of the bay they rise to the fly or bait with avidity, and when hooked they put up a fight such as only fish which has sojourned in salt water can wage. They are strong and vigorous, make runs of considerable length, and sometimes leap clear of the water; they are then game fish, and in every sense gamy.

Trout Lose their Gaminess.

But in a month or two after they have ascended the rivers and remained in the pools, the water of which has become low and heated, they come to the fly in the most perfunctory way, and no matter how large the pool may be, they make no long runs when hooked, and never rise to the surface until they are drawn to it by the tension of the rod, and when they are landed they almost have the appearance of being glad to "come in out of the wet," so insignificant is the struggle they make, and that on precisely the same tackle as that used with them in the salt water.

Characteristics of the Salmon Vary.

The salmon, fresh-run from the ocean, clad in his silvery armor, if hooked in one of the lower pools of the river, is the grandest fighter with such tackle as is ordinarily used in angling for this superb fish, that can be named. With few exceptions there is no comparison in that respect between it and other fish that is taken with rod and reel. The wild, fierce runs he makes are like those of no other species, and so great is the celerity of his movements, he seems to be in a dozen places in the

pool at once, and in the air almost as much as in the water. He puts up the best fight that can be made in the narrow confines of the pool in which he is obliged to struggle; give him the breadth and depth of water such as the striped bass inhabits, and how would the struggles of the two fish compare?

Yes, it is a glorious battle the salmon wages in that lower pool, but allow him to ascend the river and remain until midsummer in one of the upper pools and then rise, hook, and play him, and that with precisely the same tackle that would be employed with him at the beginning of the season, and what a change has come over him! The fiery dash, the wild rushes and wonderful leaping powers have left him, and he has become a slow-moving, indolent creature with apparently very little of the vigor left that he possessed when just in from the sea, and if you succeed in rising him, something of much more difficult performance than it was in the early season, and play him with the same tackle you would then have used, you will find he is far from being the gamy fish you expected to take. Of course, he is always a stubborn, dogged fighter, but the natural vivacity of his spirits seems to leave him after a long residence in fresh water, and, although reluctantly, he comes to the gaff in much less time than he would have done when clad in the silvery sheen of the salt water sojourner. So that the game qualities of fish do not always depend on the strength of the tackle.

Bluefish with Rod and Reel.

There are some fish, particularly those which live permanently in salt water, which are always gamy, no matter what the tackle may be. The bluefish, for example, is a hard fighter, and an exceedingly powerful one, too; more powerful, pound for pound, than are almost any other species that can be named. Those who have stood on the seashore whirling in the air above their heads the heavy leaded hook which was covered with an eel skin for bait, until sufficient momentum was obtained, and then cast the lure far out into the sea, and then hauling the strong line in rapidly, hand over hand, until it was seized by one of the most voracious fishes that swims, can certify whether or not it is a strong and plucky fighter. Sinewy arms and hard, tough hands are required to land a 15-pounder, and there is sometimes a doubt in the fisherman's mind whether the bluefish will come ashore or he will be pulled into the water. One can conceive of hardly any more primitive or rough tackle than that which is thus used in this method of fishing. With the same tackle trolled behind a sailboat in a fair breeze, one also finds great and exhilarating sport, an eight or ten-pound fish being about as much as the ordinary man, unless his hands are covered with woolen mittens or gloves, cares to haul in. Both these methods of fishing are in no sense scientific, but the fish are as gamy as they would be if the most elaborate outfit were employed. But with rod and reel, as Captain Mallory truly states, the bluefish is one of the most gamy of the finny tribe.

My first experience in this method of angling occurred in the early sixties, when I was invited by Mr. Charles Lovett, who was for a great many years chief clerk in the office of the Secretary of State, Massachusetts, to join him in an outing, with bait-rod, line and reel, among the bluefish at Marion, Mass. I had taken many a good fish long before that time by trolling, and was anxious to enjoy the new sensation which my friend described in glowing terms, and very gladly accepted his invitation. We left Boston for Marion on the afternoon of the next day, and spent the night at the residence of a friend of Mr. Lovett, who had entertained the genial old gentleman on other similar occasions. After breakfast on the following morning our boatman appeared carrying in his hand a minnow pail well filled with large "mum-mychugs," some of them being over four inches in length, and soon we were aboard our boat and speeding with a fair wind to a submerged bar about two miles from the shore, from the edge of which the water deepened rapidly, and when a flood tide was running there was a current of considerable speed swirling by the edge of the shoal. When the anchor was dropped and the sail furled, our hooks, which were strong ones, similar to those now used in fishing for tautog, were baited, each with a good sized minnow, and we "threw in" and awaited the coming of the bluefish.

Our rods were strong lancewood affairs; our lines, which were of heavy linen, braided, were about one hundred yards in length, and our leaders, to which the hooks were affixed, were made of piano wire, the powerful jaws and sharp-cutting teeth of the bluefish rendering the use of any other gaging entirely futile.

A Grand Old Angler.

Mr. Lovett, who was a man of large physique, his weight being about three hundred pounds, occupied the middle seat of our boat. I took a position in the stern, and the boatman, who had his hand-line along with the expectation of pulling up a porgie, or "scup," as it is called in those waters, took his place in the bow.

What a glorious morning that was in early July! There was just breeze enough to make a light ripple on the water, such as all anglers delight to see, and the pure ozone of the sea air, the blue sky and interesting fish stories that my friend regaled me with—he was distinguished as a brilliant conversationalist and raconteur—all combined to make that occasion a most enjoyable one.

Early in the season the bluefish is a bottom feeder seeking its prey low down in the water, but in July it changes its habits and becomes a surface feeder, preying upon menhaden, herring, mackerel, in fact, upon most species inferior to it in size which range near the surface of the water. With this fact in mind, we attached a float to our lines so that the bait might be kept up near the surface, and enough length of line was drawn from our reels to permit the bait and float to be carried by the tide several rods from the boat. The minnows were hooked through the back just below the dorsal fin, which method of impaling is not fatal, but permits them to swim about almost as freely as if they were unencumbered. Ever and anon our rods were lifted, and the line recovered or drawn in, in order that the bait might be kept in motion, for your predatory bluefish always comes quickest to, or darts in pursuit of, the moving lure.

An hour elapsed before either Mr. Lovett or myself got

"a strike," but our colored boatman, who was a well-known character to anglers in those waters, had in his tub near the bow a dozen or more floundering, jumping, flapping scup, which he had inveigled out of the depths with his hand-line and bait of clams.

Slicks.

"Ah, they're coming now!" exclaimed my friend, pointing to several patches of oily scum floating on the water a few rods from the boat. "There's half a dozen 'slicks,' at least, that shows the bluefish are feeding close at hand."

"Slicks," I would say here *en passant*, are composed of an oily fluid which the bluefish occasionally emits when it is gorging its prey.

"Keep your bait well in motion," he added, moving his rod vigorously, "and my word for it you will feel a—"

He did not finish the sentence, for at that moment his reel gave a loud, discordant scream, and at the same time I felt a tug at my own line which was almost strong enough to pull the tip of my rod beneath the surface of the water.

The predatory marine fishes, be they bluefish, striped bass, or the squeteague, have a rushing method of seizing the bait quite different from that of the trout, black bass, and others that live in fresh water. They seize the bait, particularly the bluefish, in a most savage manner, and when old Temnodon takes hold, you receive notice at once that he "means business."

Mr. Lovett's fish was darting about in close proximity to mine, and I began to fear that the two would come together and foul our lines; but, fortunately for me, my fish took a quick and savage run away from the boat on the port side, and I forced every ounce of strain I dared to put on my rod to keep him there.

The runs of the bluefish, which are sometimes quite lengthy, thirty or more yards of line being taken from the reel in a single run, are made as rapidly as are those of the grilse, but the fish is stronger, even, than is a salmon of its own weight. In fact, there are few salt-water game fishes that possess his strength and stubbornness. The striped bass is as quick as he and will take out as long a line in one of his mad runs, but his form is not as robust, and his spread of fins is not as broad as is those of the bluefish, and he, therefore, cannot wage as fierce a battle as can the other.

The tautog has a more robust form than either, but his fight against the rod lacks all the brilliancy of the others'; strong and stubborn he is, and full of crafty expedients to free himself from the hook. He is a powerful but not a lively fighter.

Mr. Lovett's fish was evidently a large one, for it seemed as if it would shake his rod to tatters, so wildly did it dart about.

"Hi, but he's a good one!" exclaimed the old gentleman, rising to his feet and bracing his back against the mast. "He's a good one, and I'm in luck if he does not carry away my line!"

I glanced at his reel and saw that the spool was becoming alarmingly small, and knew that unless the fish changed its course the whole line would soon be exhausted. I was busily engaged with my own fish, which, although it had been hooked nearly ten minutes, showed no signs of yielding, but kept up its wild runs in every direction. But now and then I had an opportunity to glance at my friend, and I was glad to see that he was rapidly making his big multiplying reel perform its allotted work, the bluefish had turned and was coming toward the boat, and the line was saved.

My rod was a heavy one, and I dare say that I put the most severe strain on it that it would stand, much more, probably, than I would nowadays; but at that time I had learned to play my fish only with the rod, instead of on the reel, as I have done in later years. But notwithstanding my most strenuous efforts it was fully a quarter of an hour before the huge dip-net which our boatman had brought along encompassed the glistening prize, and as he was lifted into the boat and killed, I confess I was not sorry the struggle was ended, for the strain on my wrists had been a continuous one without any let up, and it was as severe as it was prolonged.

A few minutes later my friend's fish was lifted into the boat, when the portly old gentleman, uttering a sigh of relief, resumed his seat, and wiping the perspiration from his forehead, exclaimed: "That's a grand fish, and he gave me all I wanted to attend to." Our prizes were weighed, and we found that the fish Mr. Lovett had taken weighed seven and a half pounds, and mine was a pound lighter than his.

"Mr. Samuels," he exclaimed, reaching to the luncheon hamper that was just behind him, "that's the kind of fishing I like! But you remember what the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina?"

"I do," I replied, and we participated.

A High Average.

Our score that day was eleven bluefish, of which one of us took four and the other seven. The combined weight of our catch, exclusive of the "scup" the boatman had hauled up, was fifty-two pounds.

One may find such sport nowadays with rod and reel among the bluefish, which are always gamy in the highest degree, no matter what tackle you use with them; but I doubt very much if you will take eleven fish that will score as high an average as did those which fell to us on that beautiful summer day.

Old Arms.

Boston, Mass., Dec. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the illustrated article, page 274, issue October 1, I would suggest a correction or two.

No. 13 is not the first breechloader used by the United States Army. It never was made at Harper's Ferry Arsenal. In fact, no arms ever were manufactured in the arsenal. The arms made by the Government were fabricated in the armory. This gun, the "Hall," was not manufactured by the United States Government, but for them on an island up the river. The date of the patent is not 1838, but May 26, 1811. The caliber was never .55; was .535.

We all make mistakes in describing arms, but there are too many in this particular case to pass unnoticed.

EDWARD N. BATES.

Obadiah the Fisherman.

OLD man Mooney lived near the school house; his house was the last in the settlement before the road ran into the woods. A tall lank man he could walk faster than any man with whom I have ever tramped. His fame as a bear hunter had traveled far through the country of the East Branch. In fact there is but little doubt that this reputation brought to him the office of Justice of the Peace. He did not hesitate to admit that he knew more about bears than he did about the ways of courts; but he was honest, and that means a good deal in a judge.

Obadiah Mooney, as can be readily guessed, was old man Mooney's son; and if he was not old enough to follow in his father's long strides after bears, he, too, had a bloated reputation. Looking back at this repute from the fair vantage of some years, I can now see that the father's laudation was an important factor in the son's fame. Be this as it may, Obadiah was known all over the valley as a remarkable trout fisher.

We first heard of this youthful prodigy at the time the good Dominie joined us for two weeks of angling. On that trip we boarded with the Miller family, who lived not far from Obadiah's home.

Three constituted our party, and leaving myself out of account—it is proper for an angler to be modest—my friends were certainly very good fishermen. But somehow our luck was poor. The water was low, and this in a measure was the reason for our lack of success; but taking this into account, we could hardly claim to be doing even decent work. Day after day we cast our flies with praiseworthy industry, but the results were meagre and far from satisfactory.

It was certainly hard enough to have such luck, but to come home with but a few smallish fish and hear tales of monsters caught by another, and that other a little, thin-legged boy, was really too much to be patiently borne. Our host would placidly remark after supper, on the porch, where we fishers were resting in a row of disgruntled failure: "Mooney says Obadiah got a big one in the mill-pond to-day;" or, "Obadiah caught a pailful of big trout last night, so Mooney tells me;" or, perhaps, "That big fish Obadiah got on chub bait, his pa says, was thirteen inches long." Was Obadiah a virtuoso with the rod, or were these tales somewhat legendary?

At last my friend confided to me, in the narrow bed we jointly occupied at the top of the Miller farmhouse, "This Obadiah business is getting stale and unprofitable, and I for one am heartily sick of him and his trout."

"What are you going to do about it?" asked I, from under the offside of "Marm" Miller's lumpy comfortable.

"Just this much—I am going to blast that overgrown fame; I am going to shoot an arrow into that bubble of a reputation. We will offer Obadiah, or Obie, as his pa calls him, fair compensation to take us fishing. We will let him choose the day, and I will be near him and see once and for all if he is the wonderful fisherman we have been told or if his pa—" "Don't say it," interrupted I. "All fathers are inclined to exalt the virtues and the abilities of their sons, and I doubt not that when the day comes, we, including the Dominie, will go way back and sit down among the willows."

"I don't believe it," said my bed-fellow. "Rather Obadiah himself will hang his fish-pole on a tree, and hang his head in disgrace below the willows."

The following morning proved to be bright and clear; and strange enough, before breakfast, Obadiah was seen with a boy companion before the house. Fate had sent him fairly into our hands. My friend conducted the negotiations.

"Good morning, Obadiah," said he. "What brings you so early in this direction?"

"Wal, Mister Palmer, you see that pesky old heifer is strollin'; pa allows she ain't below."

"I hear you are catching some big trout, Obie, and that must mean you are an almighty good little fisherman."

"Wal, you see, Mister Palmer, we here fellers livin' along the creek knows where they be."

"Yes, I see, and my friends have been wondering if you would take us fishing; we have not had very good luck this trip; of course we will be glad to pay you for your trouble."

I had been watching the bright-faced little fellow, and did not fail to note the keen look that passed over his face.

"Wal, Mr. Palmer, it's like this: some days trout bite, and some days they don't; to-day is awful poor."

"You shall choose your own day, Obie, and we shall be here until the end of the week."

Again I saw that conscious look on his face: He seemed embarrassed, and turned his bare toes over one another as he directed his eyes to the ground.

"Wal, p'haps I might, and p'haps I mightn't; pa's kinder busy just now." He looked down for a moment and then continued. "It's kinder hard to get chub bait."

"I will ask your father, Obie, and we will provide worms and chub, too, if you wish them."

After Obadiah had made his somewhat troubled departure, I asked my friend if he thought the boy would go with us.

"Not if he can get out of it," he answered. "He is in no hurry to blight his shining reputation."

Old man Mooney, like most of us, needed money, and when it was told him that we would pay what in that country was a liberal price for his boy's services, we saw that he was willing to barter Obadiah's fame for ready cash.

Toward the end of the week a day came with every sign of a good fishing day. Fleecy clouds hanging low over Moon Hill; soft southern breezes snowing the stream with the pollen of the willows, and lifting mists in the valley, all gave token that if you could catch trout you should be at the river side.

My friend ate his breakfast hastily and left us, saying that he was "going below to capture Obie, and would meet us at the bridge."

I was almost willing to wager odds that Obie would evade him, but when Dominie and I arrived at the bridge, Palmer and Obadiah were already there.

From personal observation, I cannot tell much of Obadiah's methods; I let my friend attend the young fisherman, and left them to use my best skill, that Obadiah should have at least one rival.

Fishing up stream, and using small flies, I was fortunate enough to have a fairly successful morning.

An old pine tree down the stream had been fixed as our place of meeting at noontime. As I approached this place I heard excited voices, and the thought passed through my mind, "Obadiah has hold of a big one." But when I came out on the bank of the stream, my friend was guiding a fine fish into the landing-net held by Obie. When the big trout had been landed, and Obadiah did not show over much skill, I asked my friend the result of the morning's experiment.

"Do not say anything to Obie," said he, "he is feeling a little uncomfortable. No, he has not done much, and I fear that his reputation is much blasted."

When I had an opportunity to look into the boy's creel, I saw a few little fingerlings; fish such as we always returned to the water.

The Dominie had gone alone down the stream that morning, not being very much interested in the efforts of the prodigy. When he approached, he showed some fine trout. In fact, when we compared notes, all of us, with the exception of Obadiah, had done very well indeed.

Obadiah ate luncheon with us, but it was with an injured bearing. He partook of some of the best fish, baked under the coals, after the recipe of Thaddeus Norris, but he showed somehow that they were not appreciated. Nor did he seem particularly interested in hearing about the big fellow the Dominie caught on a ginger hackle, nor of my 10-incher that swam under a log. He was a subdued, disgusted, almost morose, little boy.

After his luncheon, he said: "Pa's goin' to mend the chicken yard—maybe he needs me." We paid his fee for showing us how to fish.

As his bare legs disappeared around the bend of the road, my friend remarked: "There goes the youthful wonder; and I tell you now that although old man Mooney is Justice of the Peace; although, doubtless, he is a great bear hunter; although, likely enough, as you say, he can walk faster than a horse can trot; yet with all these honors and excellences he is a colossal old—" "Don't say it," interposed the Dominie. "Surely it is victory enough to know that with only flies we can catch more and much larger trout than the country boy, who has his torn hat, bare feet, freckled face, sapling pole, cotton line, pin hook, and angleworm. Just think of it, man!" continued he, "this morning we have exploded a theory which has been accepted from the time when the first country editor—was he Cicero?—wanted more copy, and threw the now rank old tale into his gaping column. Why, I tell you," shouted he with enthusiasm, "you little know what service we have rendered to fly-fishermen yet in their cradles. As for Obadiah," and here he stopped for a moment to change his dropper fly for a blue dun, "we shall hear on our future visits little enough about his exploits with the rod."

The words of the Dominie proved prophetic. It is many years since the youthful Hector of the East Branch was of necessity made to bow down to the bamboo rod, silken line, and mimic fly. When I last visited that spot, a young country belle informed my wife that old man Mooney said "Obie was the best b'ar hunter on the creek—unless it be I." Later I bought a wildcat skin said to have been shot by Obadiah's rifle. On my fishing trips to that country I hear no more stories of Obie's wonderful skill with the sapling-pole.

But I do hear, occasionally, tales of other little boys and their exploits with the cotton string and angleworm. It is hard to down a pleasing fiction, and the skillful in any art have always their detractors. So I suppose the alleged superiority of the bare-foot country boy and the pin hook will continue to interest the ignorant and delight the critical. But I have done my little to show the matter in its true colors. If I have felt obliged to make public that which Obadiah would have preferred to remain secret, I hope he will excuse me. At all events his reputation is now that of a "b'ar hunter," and he no longer seems to care for fishing.

GARDNER LADD PLUMLEY.

Landlocked Smolts and Restigouche Salmon.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of December 10, your contributor, E. T. D. Chambers, has an *olla podrida* of landlocked smolts, Restigouche salmon and fishculture in Canada, made up of extracts from the Reports of Prof. Prince and the managers of several hatching houses. When Mr. Chambers discourses of matters he understands, there is no more interesting or instructive contributor to your magazine; but when he deals with matters of mere hearsay and incredible fish stories, adopts them as truths, and proceeds to theorize on them, he not only loses his own way, but leads his readers as far astray as he generally gets himself.

The present writer has been familiar with all the lakes around Sussex for over fifty years; for the last fifteen years he has resided within a few miles of them. There is not one that contains trout he has not fished many times. The group of lakes into one of which the salmon fry were dumped by Mr. Sheasgreen, is the source of Big Salmon River, debouching into the Bay of Fundy at St. Martin's. This was, in the writer's youth, the best salmon river east of St. John, and it is yet the resort of a considerable number which spawn in the upper reaches of its waters. Ever since the writer first fished these lakes in 1852, he has caught parr in the streams connecting them, just as they are still caught every season in Trout Brook and Smith's Creek, considerable streams flowing into the Kennebecais, formerly the best salmon river in King's county.

In all his long experience as an angler, the writer never caught a salmon parr or smolt confined in a lake teeming with trout running from half a pound to two pounds in weight, and it is most surprising news to him that in Pleasant Lake, where 25,000 salmon fry are said to have been confined by "an arrangement made to prevent the fish from escaping," the water is so "alive with them" that "one rod caught fifty in a day." For the last five years the writer has been seeking to get a specimen of these young salmon "ten inches in length," but he has not yet succeeded, though he is on intimate terms with

several of the club controlling the waters. Until he sees a smolt taken from this lake, he is forced to believe that Mr. Chambers swallowed a fish story that confutes itself.

Respecting the steady decrease in the stock of Restigouche salmon, which the hatchery men and guardians stoutly deny, and which Mr. Chambers disposes of by saying "that there is no present reason to fear for the future welfare of the salmon fisheries of the Restigouche," the writer would refer to official Reports of the Fisheries Department at Ottawa. That for 1874, the year the hatchery was started, gives the catch in the Restigouche district below and above Dalhousie—that is, on the coast and in the river—as 678,500 pounds; the report for 1903 gives the catch in the same district as 304,000 pounds, considerably less than half. In the interim, 39,486,000 young salmon had been planted in the waters of the district.

Were the decrease confined to the Restigouche alone we might still hope; but the Miramichi, the greatest salmon river in New Brunswick, shows a still more serious falling off in the catch. In 1874, the year the hatchery was started, the catch of salmon in Northumberland county was 1,311,798 pounds; in 1902 it was 373,000 pounds. In the interim 30,390,000 young salmon had been planted in the rivers of the county. In St. John and the counties through which the river runs, the catch in 1874 was 539,200 pounds; in 1902 it was 336,025 pounds. In the interim 59,410,200 young salmon had been planted from the hatchery.

The catch in the whole Province in 1874 was 3,214,182 pounds; in 1902 it was 1,456,175 pounds. In the interim 129,286,200 young salmon had been planted from the three Provincial hatcheries. I will spare Mr. Chambers any comments on these facts and figures; he and your readers will be able to draw their own conclusions.

THE OLD ANGLER.

Fiddlers for Bait.

SPEAKING of fiddler crabs as bait for blackfish or tautog, a well-informed correspondent writes: "There are chinabacks in multitudes. I believe it would be no trouble to catch a bushel in half an hour by making two boards into a V-shaped plow like those used to break rows in the country, put a bag over the small end, and drive them in. They go in armies down there. I have my man catch a lot in early summer and keep them in the boat house, and they breed like rabbits; and such fishing! Why, Japan and Russia are not in it for slaughter, and still the tribe increases. They can clean raw meat from bones better than dogs, and polish them as with an emery cloth. Sure they are the bait for blackfish. The cunner is a nuisance, but must be of some use or there would not be so many of them. Fairly good eating, and have seen them weighing over two pounds each caught on the fishing banks outside Sandy Hook. One thing is sure, they tend to develop patience, for they can steal bait to beat the band, though while developing patience they provoke strenuous expletives."

The same writer says:

"You should take a trip in the early spring on the Harlem branch of the N. Y. N. H. & H. R. R. in the evening. A train comes down just after dark, and one car is about filled with fishermen, who have been after fluke or flat fish, and as everything is fish that bites, they have a great assortment in bags, baskets, nets, etc., and as all are smoking, after a liberal allowance of beer, you can judge something is doing. All try, and do, talk at once. Fish, eels, etc., get out of the overturned baskets or through the nets and slide along the floor; and, take it all in all, it is a great experience. Sunday night is usually the star performance, and it is well worth seeing. This train has been noticed by the daily papers, but I have never seen an article that did it full justice, and it must be seen to be appreciated."

A Wonderful Woman.

THE appearance of a woman competitor in a plowing match in Derbyshire reminds the Sheffield Telegraph of one Phoebe Bown, who died just half a century ago, aged eighty. This extraordinary woman, who lived with her mother in a cottage nearly opposite the High Tor, at Matlock Bath, could walk nearly forty miles a day when young, could lift a hundredweight in each hand, and carry fourteen score. She undertook any kind of manual labor, as holding the plow, driving the team, threshing wheat with the flail, and thatching the stacks. Her chief avocation was breaking horses at a guinea a week. She always rode without saddles, and was considered the best judge of horses and cows in the Peak.

But Phoebe had also a liking for sport and for art. She was a good shot, and carried her gun on her shoulder. She was fond of Milton, Pope, and Shakespeare, and performed on several instruments, including the flute, violin, and harpsichord, and played the bass viol in Matlock Church. She was a carpenter, mason, and smith, and mainly by her own hand labor built another room to the cottage for the reception of a harpsichord which a lady presented to her. At her own request a local clergyman wrote her epitaph, and here it is:

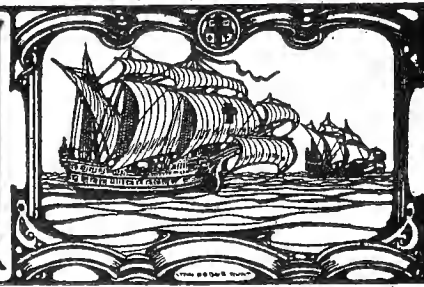
Here lies romantic Phoebe,
Half Ganymede, half Hebe;
A maid of mutable condition,
A jockey, cowherd and musician.

Luminous Eyes.

THE luminous eyes of animals are susceptible of a very simple explanation. The whole secret is reflection. People who have lived years among domestic animals and have never seen their eyes shining may well believe it is only the eyes of panther, bear, or lion that ever shine; but, as a matter of fact, the eyes of a sheep or cow will blaze with just as much intensity as that of the most ferocious of wild beasts. One experiment will prove the statement. When in the presence of domestic animals at night with a lantern, let the experimenter raise it to his shoulder, turning his head to one side to allow the rays of light to pass as near in line with his own eyes as possible, and the eyes of every animal within sight of the lantern will blaze, some of them with the intensity of white-hot coals of fire. The eyes of deer, sheep, dogs, cats, and cattle are of a bluish-white, while those of moose, rabbits, and horses have a reddish glow.—Land and Water.



YACHTING



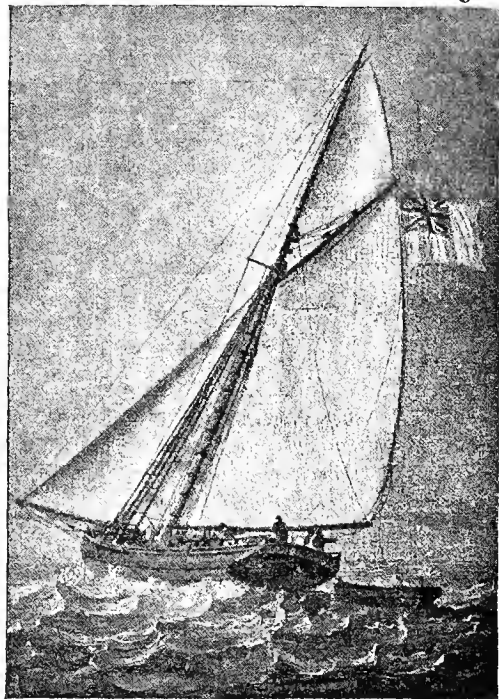
History of Yachting, 1600 to 1815.*

THIS is easily one of the important books of the year; by which we mean that it will in all probability survive and become widely known as a standard work upon the subject to which it relates, partly on account of the admirable manner in which the publishers have produced the volume, and chiefly by reason of the conscientious research and literary ability of the author, who appears to possess in a marked degree the qualities of a historian—conciseness, impartiality, and freedom from egotism. The book deals with an era of yachting history of which, hitherto, very little has been known or written, and it will doubtless surprise most people to learn that yachts were introduced and built in America by the Dutch some fifty years before they were known in Great Britain; also that the first British yacht to cross the Atlantic was the *Industry*, owned by the eminent Quaker, George Fox, who made this cruise during the reign of King Charles II. There are many other new and equally interesting facts related; beginning with the origin of yachts in Holland and following their history for more than two hundred years, until the yacht club, now the Royal Yacht Squadron, was founded in 1815.

There is very little left to the imagination in this book; dates, dimensions of yachts, their builders' and owners' names are all clearly recorded, also interesting particulars of celebrated vessels of war and commerce. Captain Clark has made clear several matters about which there has been much doubt and question; among others, the definition of the word "yacht" at various periods since the term came into use, also the exact period when science was first applied to shipbuilding; likewise the origin and development of various rigs—all handled by the firm hand of an expert.

The author remarks in the opening chapter: "I wish to trace as clearly and completely as possible the early history of yachting, illustrated by the portraits of famous yachts executed by artists no less famous when these

his hands until it was delivered in completed form, Mr. Sparkman took every care that the book should be a per-



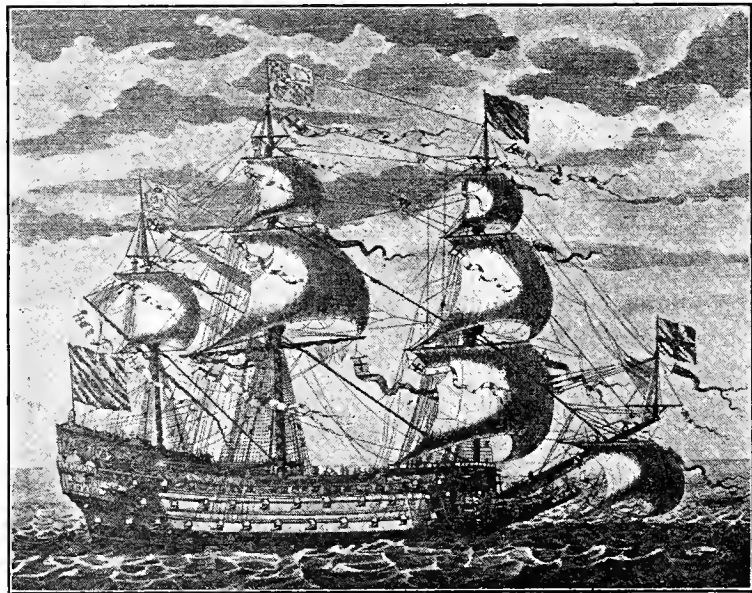
THE CUMBERLAND, 1780.
From "The History of Yachting (1600-1815)."

fect piece of the printing art of the day. As a member of the New York Yacht Club, and one who has long been prominently identified with yachting affairs, he took

NEW YORK, Dec. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Captain Clark, in the preface to his book, remarks on the singularity of the fact, that with so much that has been written on yachting, nothing previous to his effort has appeared which made any attempt to give its history. A very moderate acquaintance with the matter and a little reflection are sufficient to dissipate any apparent strangeness in this lack, and to embrace the value of Captain Clark's undertaking. In this age of systematic design, of professional and amateur designers, of technical literature, popular magazines, organized yacht clubs, blue prints and snap-shot cameras, everything worth preserving is recorded and perpetuated in print; but when none of these existed, or existed only in very small degree, and when the painter or other artist was the means relied upon for delineation and illustration, it is not at all remarkable that little has been commemorated.

That under these conditions Captain Clark has furnished his book with forty-nine pages of illustration and so much of fact, detail, incident and measurements is abundant evidence that the work has not been done in a hurry. On the contrary, it is clear that the work is the result of enthusiasm working with concentrated effort through many years, and seeking its material from many and widely scattered sources. While Captain Clark knows full well and acknowledges that boats of various kinds usually, in part at least, propelled by oars have been used in different parts of the world, from very early periods for State, official, or for purposes of purely personal convenience and pleasure, he apparently, with good warrant, claims a Dutch origin for the favor given to yachting in England, and for the introduction of the chief features of the sloop and cutter rigs there and in this country.

Readers will find in this book the known facts in regard to some questions in yachting history, often recurring, but not so far as I know ever be-



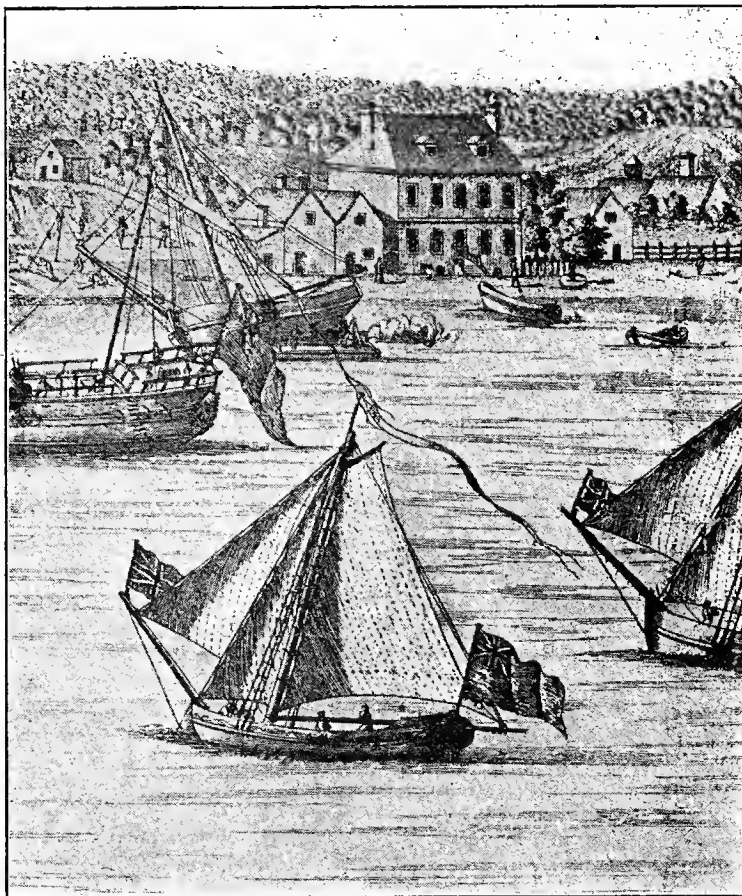
THE SOVEREIGN OF THE SEAS.
Built 1637. From "The History of Yachting (1600-1815)."

vessels were in the zenith of their renown. At various periods I shall notice briefly some of the celebrated vessels of war and commerce, in order to trace more clearly the evolution of the yacht, for she has developed side by side with her more industrious sisters, and at times, especially during the early days of her existence, has shared in the laborious undertakings of both."

This may be taken as the scope of this interesting work, and one is impressed throughout, in reading it, by the enormous amount of labor and research which has been bestowed upon the subject. There are many fine passages in which the author displays his excellent command of language, and nowhere in the book do we find any indication that he permits language to take possession of him; there is also a very refreshing absence of the personal pronoun—worthy of imitation. The book is superbly illustrated throughout in photogravure reproductions of rare and valuable engravings and original portraits of yachts; also of men-of-war and merchant ships; most, in fact we may say very nearly all, of which have never before been published. We have much pleasure in reproducing a number of the illustrations, by permission of the author.

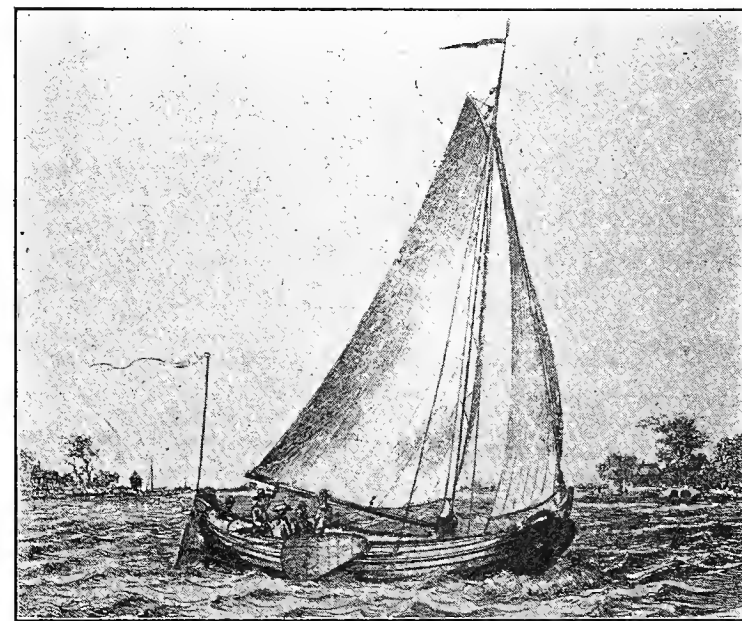
As most yachtsmen are aware, Captain Clark followed the sea for many years, beginning on board the *China* and *California* clippers, and retiring while in command of an *Atlantic Mail Steamship*. This is a rather remarkable instance of a sailor whose love for the sea has converted him into a yachtsman. The introduction is appropriately dated on board of his yacht, the famous *Minerva*. The book is published under the auspices of the New York Y. C., and reflects much credit, not only upon the author, but upon all who have been concerned in its production. Our only regret, in which we think most yachtsmen will share, is that the author has not extended this history to a later date, and we hope that he may be induced to publish a second volume.

It remains only to say that the volume is an example of beautiful book making, and for this the credit is due to the loving care bestowed upon the work by Mr. James D. Sparkman, of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. From the time the manuscript reached



THE YACHT FANCY.
Owned by Colonel Lewis Morris, New York, 1717.
From "The History of Yachting (1600-1815)."

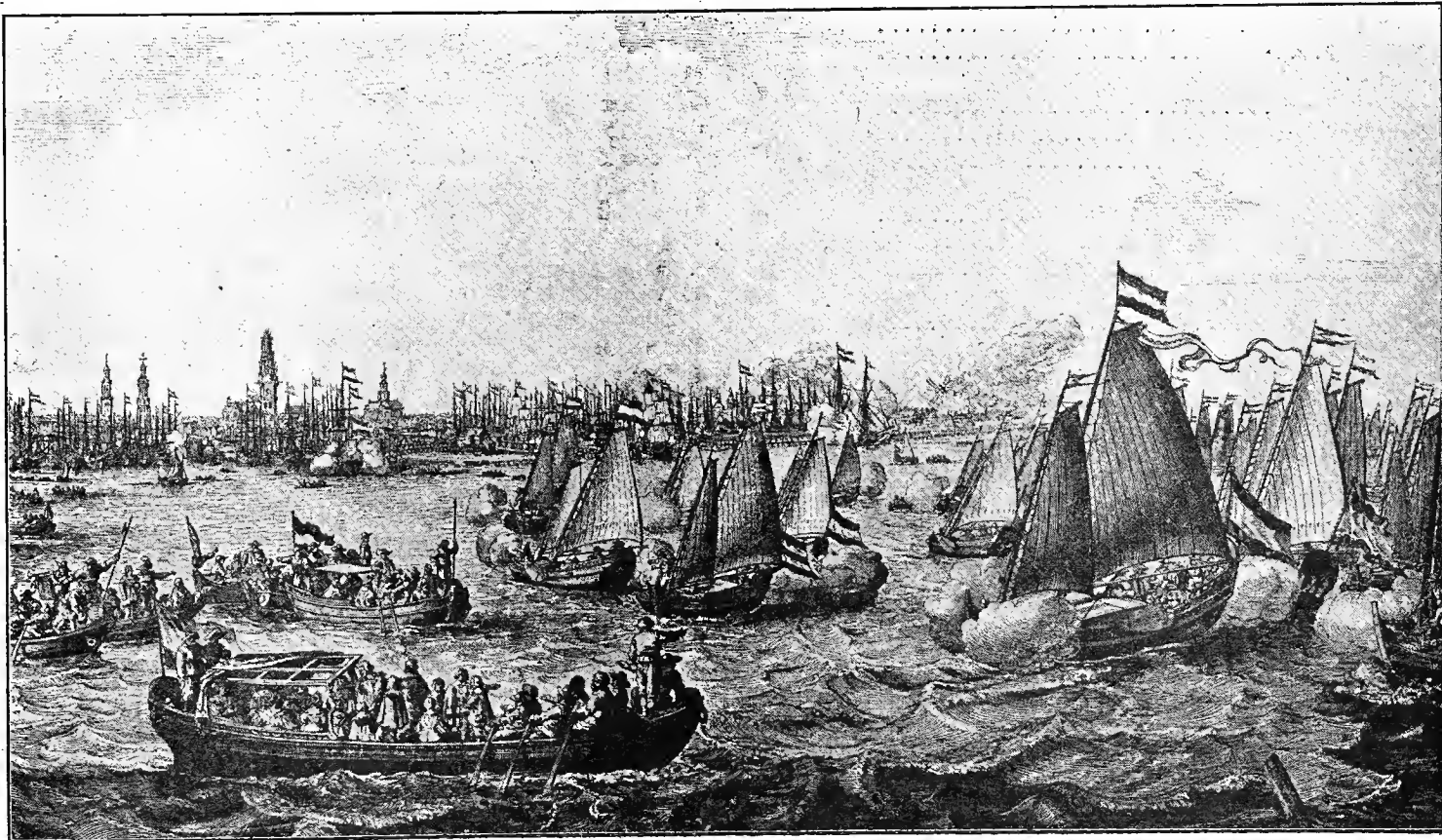
pécular interest in Captain Clark's work; and the club is to be congratulated upon this circumstance, which has produced such a happy result.



A BOEYER OR DUTCH SAILBOAT.
From "The History of Yachting (1600-1815)."

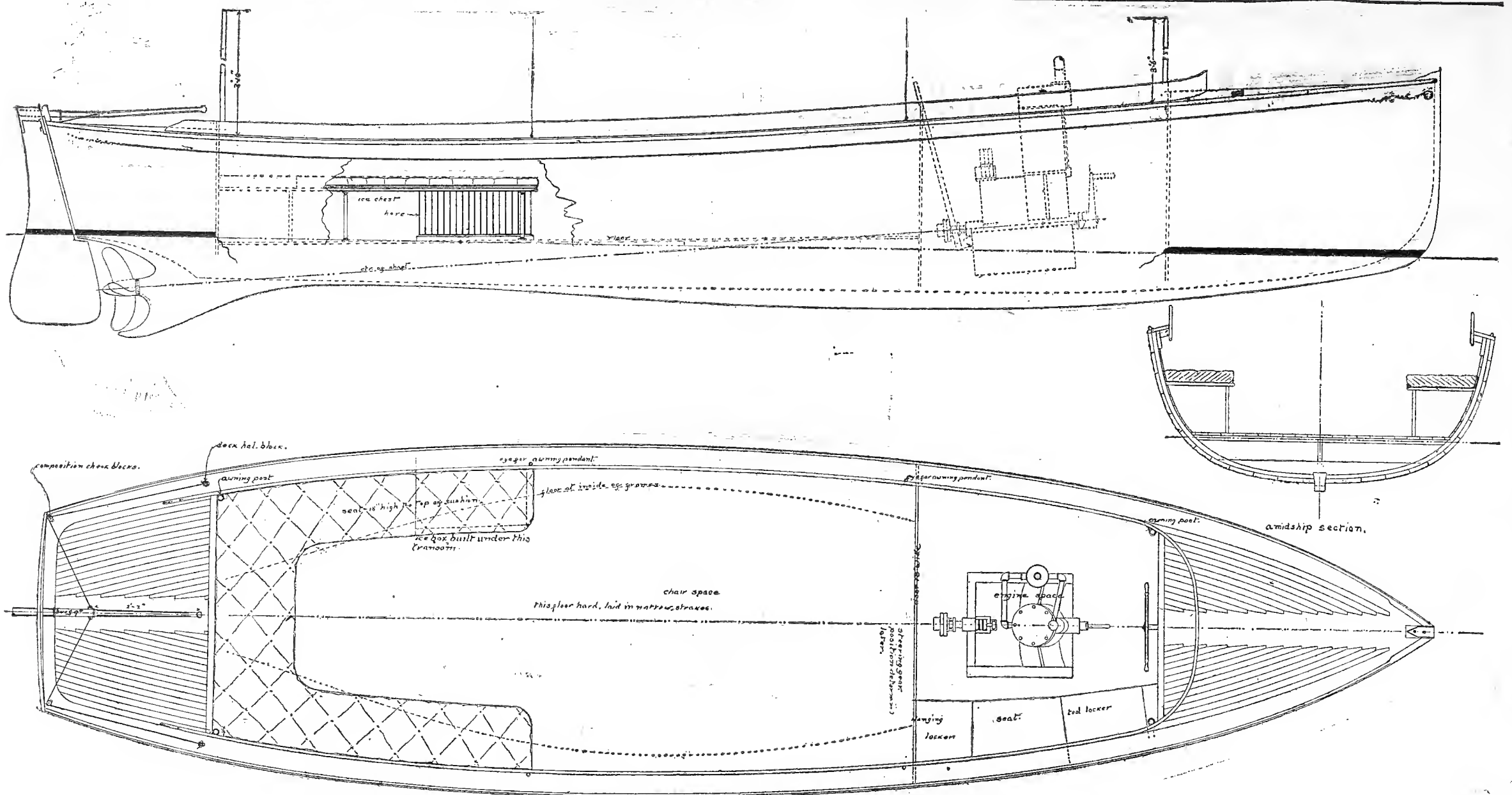
fore discussed in the same volume. Of this class are the origin of the centerboard, the introduction of common use of leeboards on vessels sailing the Hudson River in the early part of last century. Accounts are given of the early contests between yachts antedating the institution of yacht clubs, and of the earliest formation of these, and the subsequent early races.

The book contains much that has no very close relation to yachting, but rather to those interested in it, to marine development, and in a sketchy way to spicy scraps of history, but these chiefly serve to lend



REVIEW OF YACHTS IN HONOR OF QUEEN MARY OF FRANCE, 1638.
From "The History of Yachting (1600-1815)."

*The History of Yachting, 1600 to 1815. By Captain Arthur H. Clark. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.



28-FOOT OPEN LAUNCH DESIGNED BY BURGESS & PACKARD FOR HENRY L. HERBERT.

interest to the volume and are charged with incident interspersed occasionally with amusing anecdote. We find (page 142) that Captain Slocum's lone voyage in the *Spray* was anticipated in 1786 by Captain Shackford in a 15-ton vessel.

The book is printed on good paper, in large type (pica) with wide margins, is well illustrated and has a handsome and durable binding.

It is the only work of the kind that I know of, and supplies easy and entertaining reading. I may be allowed perhaps to express the opinion that any yachtsman's library is incomplete without it.

JOHN HYSLOP.

A Twenty-Eight Foot Open Launch.

WE reproduce herewith the plans of a 28ft. open launch that was designed by Messrs. Burgess & Packard for Mr. Henry L. Herbert. The boat has been used on Lake Winnepesaukee for two seasons, and has proven a very desirable all-around craft. Sudden squalls occur frequently which kick up a lumpy sea, and a boat designed for use on this lake must be a weatherly craft. With a 5-horsepower engine the boat develops over eight miles an hour. The engine is well forward, and can be protected from the weather with a canvas cover.

Amidships there is a space left the full width of the boat for arm chairs. For fishing, it enables one to stand against the side of the boat. There are the usual transom seats aft. A tiller is fitted as an emergency or for use when steering aft in rough weather, with a canvas hood over the forward end of the cockpit. There is also a steering wheel just aft of the engine. The ice-box was built under the after transom, and an awning was fitted the whole length of the cockpit, which could be easily taken down in rough weather or on cold days.

Length—	
Over all.....	28ft.
L.W.L.	27ft.
Overhang—	
Forward	5in.
Aft	7in.
Breadth—	
Extreme	7ft.
L.W.L.	5ft. 7in.
Transom at deck.....	4ft.
Draft—	
To rabbet.....	10in.
To bottom of skag.....	2ft.
Extreme	1ft. 2½in.
Freeboard—	
Forward	3ft. 7in.
Aft	2ft. 3in.
Least	2ft.

Powerboat Clubs.

BY A. E. POTTER.

THE season of 1905 will undoubtedly see the formation, here and abroad, of clubs devoted exclusively to the especial requirements of motorboats and their owners, whose needs and wants are not at present quite met at the various boat and yacht clubs.

Conversation with owners of cruising and pleasure launches elicits the undisputed fact that what they want is a place to store their boats and fittings during the winter, and good sheltered moorings during the open season; a well appointed stock of gasoline batteries lubricating oil standard accessories, etc., at a reasonable price is a necessity. Cheap railway facilities for slight repairs, a small repair shop, a capable man in charge with a force of assistants who are able

to make installations economically, intelligently and safely, would go a long way toward making the enterprise a success. Repairs ought to be made expeditiously of course, and by people who know how, and the saving to the owner in this matter alone, to say nothing of the removal of danger of injury to the engine by some one who is unfamiliar with gasoline engines, would inspire confidence in the boat owner, and be a large and important factor in the development of the project.

There is nothing that the average motorboat owner desires any more than information and instruction. For speed he is not so particular. For pleasure and recreation his vote will ever be cast. He would much rather witness competitive tests for brake horsepower made in a building especially prepared for it, and note the resulting horsepower at different speeds. A thorough competitive test of the quantity of fuel necessary to produce one horsepower in different engines under different conditions would awaken in him a desire for further information. He may have some questions or ideas that he would like answered or worked out, and here would be an excellent opportunity. The matter of lubrication could be thoroughly sifted out and he could see with his own eyes the results obtained from different lubricants, learn their structure, use and abuse.

Various carbureting devices could be exhibited and tested practically and intelligently. Safety devices and changes looking to a safer use of gasoline could be discussed and threshed out. Construction of the boat itself would come in for comment and criticism.

Propeller wheel problems could be worked out. Various wheels could be easily and cheaply tested, and for this purpose would be furnished in all probability by the manufacturer for the purpose. Wheels taken from boats that did not develop the expected speed or power could be tested, measured and changed to better suit requirements.

Engines could be tested to prove whether or not the manufacturers were selling them on honest rating or on misrepresentation. These tests could be made with the engines in the boat, or they could be easily removed for the purpose.

Batteries could be tested out and the amount of their electrical energy be accurately determined.

The result of all this would be that the member of the club would get much more valuable information than he could in any other way, except at the expending of an immense amount of time and money proportionately. He might otherwise not go at the matter in a way to get the best results. He would be able to tell whether his troubles were the result of his own faults or the manufacturer's shortcomings.

Such a club would tend to uplift the motorboat itself, stimulate designers and manufacturers to improve their product, and help the motorboat owner in selecting his power, to get the equipment best suited to his requirements, his pocketbook, and a successful and satisfactory season. There would be the elimination of the trade element and contingent. This would not be an immense exhibition, having for its object the sale of articles from descriptive matter emblazoned with misstatements and incongruities, but a kindergarten and advanced school of instruction for the motorboat owners, which the average manufacturer would do well to carefully follow, if he would perfect his product and cater to the wishes of this, so far as I have learned, first outline of a practical motorboat club.

The cost of such an outfit would not be high, and the dues would not need to be any more than membership in small yacht and boat clubs. In proportion to the length and size of the boats a regular charge could be made for use of railways, storage, etc., and in that way the owner of a small boat would not have to pay so much as his neighbor with a 60-footer. The information and instruction would be equally free for all, and

after the first season there would be no trouble to swell the membership to goodly proportions. Here is a proposition for thinking motorboat enthusiasts, not alone in the vicinity of New York, but where a sufficient number of followers and devotees of the sport could be gathered together. The larger the club, the more prolific in results.

Queries on Marine Motors.

J. H. J., New York.—In an English publication of recent date I note the following results from a test of a 30ft. Cockerill built launch. Can you tell me how the deduction of 11.5 per cent. "slip" is made? Mean speed, 31.77 kw.; mean engine speed, 906 r. p. m.; pitch of propeller, 660 mm.; diameter of propeller, 550 mm.

Ans.—By slip is meant the difference between the actual speed of the boat and the total cutting ahead of the propeller. This is found by multiplying the pitch by the number of revolutions per minute and that product by 60. The result is 35.8776 kw. per hour; the difference between this and the actual speed is 4.1076 kw., which is 11.45 per cent. of the total cutting ahead, or the percentage of slip.

H. O. R., Osterville, Mass.—My two-cycle engine connecting rod shows great wear at both the crank and wrist pin ends. Have had two new ones the past year. The upper end does not seem loose until I disconnect the crank pin end. Can you tell me anything to help me?

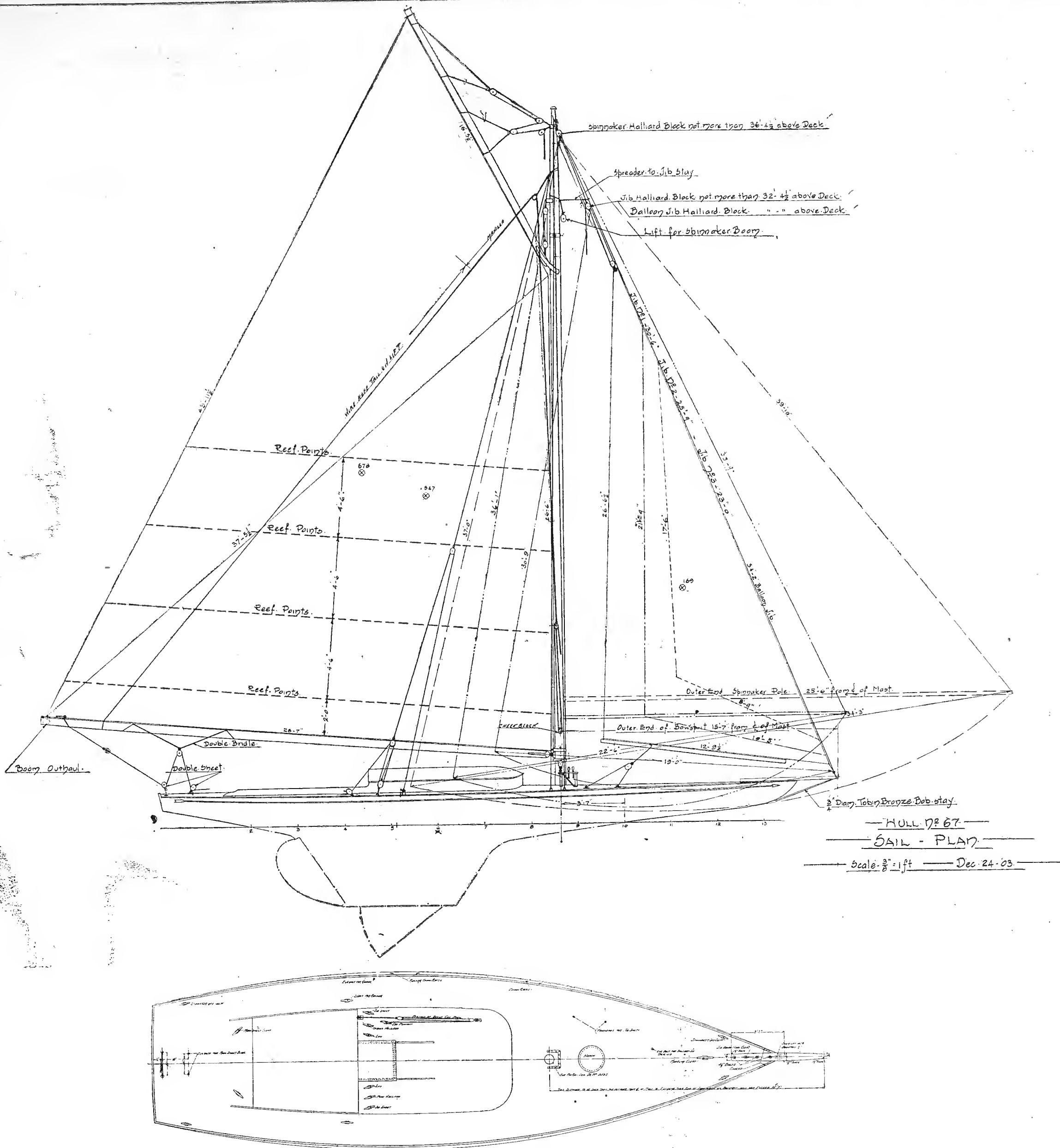
It looks as though the axis of your crank-shaft was not exactly at right angles to that of your cylinder, or that the connecting rod did not "line" exactly. In other words, a perpendicular projected from the center of the wrist-pin would not coincide with one projected toward it from the center of the crank-pin. The crank-shaft may not extend far enough, or too far, into the crank case. If your wear on both ends of the connecting rod shows to be more on the ends than in the middle, or worn "bell-mouthed," you may be reasonably sure that you have located the trouble. Several similar cases have come under the writer's observation. The remedy would be to have someone familiar with the lining up of steam engines examine the engine carefully for this defect, and make the crank and wrist-pin line up as they should.

A. B. H., New Rochelle, N. Y.—Which reversing gears are most in use, and which give the best results, planetary or bevel gearing?

Ans.—Where the bevel gearing is locked together into the caging so that the thrust from the bevels is taken from the crank-shaft and the drive going ahead is not on the teeth of the gears, they usually give good results when properly built and proportioned. Spur gears in planetary form are largely an adaptation from automobile practice. With a thrust bearing abaft the reverse gear, they have one great advantage in common with internal geared reverses, they do not thrust upon the crank-shaft. Internal gearing reduces the number of revolutions of the propeller shaft. This construction costs more than all spur gears.

W. F. G., Palm Beach, Fla.—How can I prevent my two-cycle engine from "flooding"? 2. What is the best cylinder oil to use? 3. Could I use 86° gasoline and get better results than with store gasoline? 4. What is the difference between 74° and 76° naphtha?

Ans.—If you would prevent your engine from "flooding," don't use too much gasoline. Your vaporizer must be kept tight, must be reground very often, and must be renewed after a few weeks' use. A check valve has a tendency to pound the seat down out of round, the wear occurring on the two sides in line with the discharge into the crank case. For this reason it would seem best to have the gasoline enter at the side rather than at the back of the vaporizer. When you have so far progressed in gas engine operation as to be able to overcome this trouble, you will need little else but confidence to operate your engine satisfactorily. 2. The best cylinder oil to use in marine gasoline engines is one not too thick, about equal parts light cylinder stock and high viscosity paraff-



SAINTE CLAIRE—21-FOOT CABIN SLOOP.
Designed by Tams, Lemoine & Crane, for F. H. Walker, Detroit C. C.—Built by B. F. Wood, City Island, 1904.

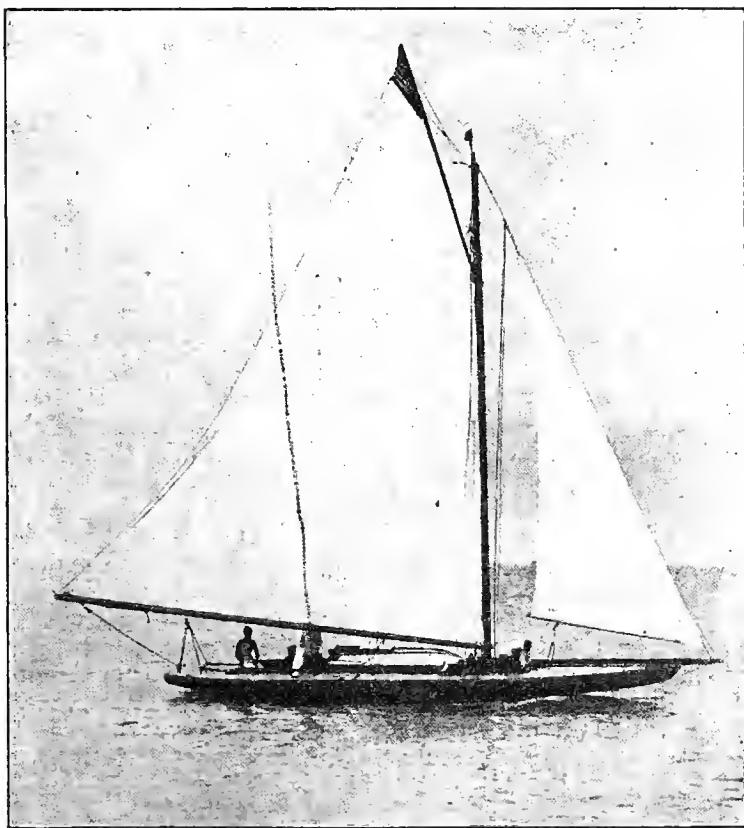
fine oil for summer use, and in winter one-third high cold test cylinder stock and two-thirds zero cold test paraffine oil. 3. Nothing to be gained by using 86-degree gasoline. It is much more volatile, more dangerous, has an unpleasant odor, and costs much more than 74 or 76 degree naphtha. 4. Store gasoline and 74 degree naphtha is usually of a gravity by the Beaumé scale used for measuring liquids lighter than water from 69 to 73 degrees, while what is known as 76 degree runs sometimes as low as 74 degrees.

Sainte Claire.

ONE day last spring there was launched from Wood's yard, City Island, a likely looking little craft. This boat was the 21-footer Sainte Claire, and as she was rather different in some respects from the cabin racing yacht of that size used on Long Island Sound, she attracted some attention, even the workmen of the big shipyard close by remarked her long forward overhang. At that time few realized that this boat was destined to accomplish great things on fresh water later in the season.

Sainte Claire was designed by M1. Clinton H. Crame, of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, for Mr. F. H. Walker, of the Detroit Country Club. She was one of five boats built by members of the Detroit C. C. to compete in the races for the Lipton Cup and the Walker Cup.

In the Lipton Cup races, held on Lake Michigan Aug. 13, 15 and 16, she won two out of three races. There were nine starters. The Lipton Cup is a per-



SAINTE CLAIRE.

petual challenge trophy, and Sainte Claire's owner had the pleasure of bringing this prize to his home club.

In the Walker Cup races, held on Sept. 6, 7 and 8, off Detroit, Sainte Claire was quite as successful as she had been in the earlier event. Again she won the series, taking two first prizes.

Sainte Claire's owner will enter the boat in the coming season's races, and the chances are that she will do better than she did her first season.

Her dimensions are as follows:

Length—	
Over all	35ft. 11in.
L.W.L.	21ft.
Overhang—	
Forward	9ft. 9in.
Aft	5ft. 2in.
Breadth—	
Extreme	10ft. 1in.
Draft—	
Extreme	4ft. 6in.
With board	7ft. 5in.
Freeboard—	
Forward	2ft. 3in.
Least	1ft. 8in.
Aft	1ft. 9in.
Sail Area—	
Mainsail	678 sq. ft.
Jib	169 sq. ft.
Total	847 sq. ft.

The cockpit is 6ft. long, and the cabin house is 8ft. 6in. long. There is a 2ft. waterway around the cockpit and house. The center of the mast is 3ft. 4in. from the waterline forward.

Riverton Y. C.

BY T. HARRY WALNUT, SECRETARY RIVERTON Y. C.

THE Riverton Y. C. is situated just nine and a half miles above Walnut Street Wharf, Philadelphia, upon the Jersey shore of the Delaware, at a point where the river has eaten a deep cove into the land and widens to a breadth of nearly a mile, thereby affording the best expanse of water for sailing to be found anywhere on the upper Delaware. It is in the middle of this cove, about a mile and a half from either point, that the club house has been built. It stands upon the end of a pier which projects out to the edge of the channel.

Although the club has never been a large one—not having numbered at any time over a hundred members—it will always be of interest as marking the spread of the yachting spirit in America, as it stands among the first nine veterans and is patriarch of the organizations of the Delaware valley. It was founded in the summer of 1865, shortly after the close of the Civil War and the assassination of President Lincoln, at a time when patriotism and loyalty to the stars and stripes were at white heat. The committee appointed to select a club emblem chose as most appropriate a design, marked with thirteen stripes and with a blue center set with thirteen stars. The first meeting was held at the home of Edward H. Ogden. Caspar W. Morris was elected Commodore; Jacob G. Morris, Vice-Commodore, and Edward H. Ogden, Secretary and Treasurer. Mr. Ogden was elected Commodore in 1875, which office he held for twenty years, until his resignation in 1895, when Wm. R. Ellison, the present Commodore, was chosen to succeed him.

In 1880 the club house was erected, and a charter from the State Legislature was obtained before the opening of the following season. The second floor of the house is taken up by the assembly room, while the lower floor is given over to members for lockers and as a dressing room. Owing to lack of accommodations, the club has been compelled to depend almost wholly upon local support, and at various times plans have been advanced for the construction of a large building, which should have suitable sleeping apartments for visiting members, but thus far they have all failed of execution.

The club has been exceptionally fortunate in maintaining its activity, and there has never been a season when interest has not been keen in racing. New men and new fleets have always been ready to take the places of the old, and at present the club is more vigorous and the yachting enthusiasm sharper than it has been since the time of organization.

From the point of view of many yachtsmen accustomed to open water sailing, the Delaware, off Riverton, would seem to offer tame sport. At its widest it is a scant mile across, and on the Jersey shore the bank climbs high from the water and is topped with tall trees, which play strange antics with the fragments of southerly and easterly breezes that succeed in working their way through them. For a broad space out from the shore the wind comes in fitful puffs and eddies that keep the sailors on the edge of vigilance, and they appreciate a stiff southwester blowing freely up the river, or a northeaster blowing down. It is not a good place for large craft, although the club has numbered among its fleet several schooners of 60ft. in length and over, but for anything under 25ft., and particularly for little two-men boats 15ft. or 16ft. over all, there is treachery enough in the breezes to give the sharpest sailor excitement and effectually to prevent the limited sea-room from growing monotonous. Sailing is a simpler task on many of the bays and harbors along the coast than it is on this river; and more than one craft that has been looked upon elsewhere as safe and stiff as a church, has been bewildered by the antics of the wind and lost reputation along with its skipper by capsizing. With the breeze likely to shift a quarter of the compass between puffs, it is risky business cleating a sheet rope, for no amount of luffing can save the luckless mariner whose ropes have not full play and are not ready to run.

I remember seeing one of the smaller boats, on a day when the wind was blowing hard out of the south, coming close-hauled from the middle of the river when the breeze was steadier, for the finish, which brought her within the influence of the trees. She was a few yards from the line when a sharp puff struck her full and square, and with three heavy men hanging out to windward, she knocked down till her leeward deck was buried. In a moment the flaw was gone, and with a backward lurch she was over to windward, and her crew were floundering in the water.

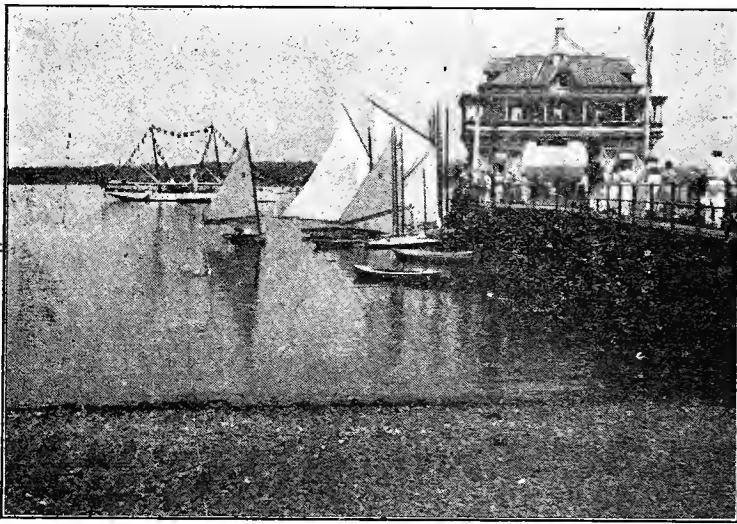
The dominant type of craft in the club has always been the catboat, ranging in size from 18ft. to 28ft. over all. The original fleet was of this rig, and the older members tell how they used to rave when there were no restrictions as to canvas or crew, and ten or fifteen men were wedged elbow to elbow, like crackers in a box, along the gunwales of a knife-like craft that could not stand alone under the weight of its heavy spars, and, how, when the wind flattened, the crew slipped one by one into the water, until there was left only enough to bring the racer home. But broader boats with their greater power and stability gradually pushed the first models out of existence, and for ten or fifteen years these round-bodied plum-stemmed craft held sway and successfully defeated all comers. In fact, they have proved to be a hard proposition for the modern boats to dispose of. Some years ago an up-to-date craft of the skimming-dish variety was brought from Boston to win the championship. She won, but not without a very close contest. Sea Gull, the former champion, hung on with bull-dog persistency, and in the last race of the year, scored an easy victory. Since then the older models have practically disappeared; but Sea Gull, last of the old-timers, is still in commission and can win her share of races. In 1902 she recovered the championship pennant, but during 1903 a boat, built on the dead rise plan, at Atlantic City, carried off the championship by winning nearly every race in which she was entered, and her consistent performances in all weather has made her popular.

For a number of years much interest has centered in a one-design class of mosquito boats, sixteen of which

were imported from Atlantic City in 1893. The boats are 15ft. over all, 5ft. breadth and are rigged with a 23ft. mast, carrying a leg-a-mutton sail with a club at the base. The height of the sail makes them tender on the wind, but, handled well, they will go through a blow that drives the other classes to double reefs, and they will point and foot in a way to bring them home on the heels of the larger boats. Although these craft are strictly one-design, the fleet championship has been held continuously for eleven years by one man. He has won nine of every ten races sailed, and the ambition to beat him has held the fleet almost intact for eleven seasons. This admirable record of consistent interest has led to the building of another one-design class of the dead rise type—modeled after the present champion of the catboat fleet—at Atlantic City. They are 25ft. over all, 18ft. on the waterline, and are rigged with a jib and mainsail. If anticipations are realized, the newcomers will make 1905 the most exciting year in the club's history.

The club members are almost without exception eager for one-design racing. Many of them have at one time sailed in the mosquito fleet and are thoroughly convinced that for maintained interest, mixed class racing is not to be compared with the one-design.

It takes a long while to convince a man that he is not a good enough sailor to lead the procession. He will come to the line for race after race, primed with schemes for outsailing and outwitting the others, and full of the idea that he cannot make the mistake again which lost him the previous race. And nothing can be much better sport than to be in the midst of a fleet of a dozen one-design boats all working every nook and cranny of the shore as they beat against the tide. It is man for man, and he who is most alert to what is going on about him, watches closest the effect of every tack and is quickest to take advantage of each puff of wind and eddy in the water, is the one who works into the lead. The difference which handling makes in the speed is remarkably apparent, for at times with a steady wind blowing and no possibility of



HOME OF THE RIVERTON Y. C.

"flukes," a gap of a mile and more will be opened up between the first and last boats in a 9-mile race.

The selection of the jib and mainsail rig for the new class is largely due to the interest aroused in the last few years by a fleet of that description, which has grown to be very popular. For several years a freak craft, Isit by name, built almost on the lines of a perfect scow, carried off everything in sight with ridiculous ease; but the passage of a new rule, further limiting the number of men to be carried, handicapped her badly, and a little half-rater, named Tadpole, captured first prize in 1903.

The club's racing season opens on May 30 with a Decoration Day regatta, which is followed by races on alternate Saturday afternoons. But the greatest day in the yachting season is Fourth of July, and it has been so for the thirty-eight years of the club's history. The town depends upon the yacht club to provide the patriotism for the occasion.

The racing programmes are made up in four-page booklets, and are cut in triangular shape with a cover designed after the club pennant. They are distributed widely through the town, and a number are kept for distribution in the club house on the morning of the Fourth. It is a misfortune that winds and weather to suit the day cannot always be provided. It is a sad reality that Fourth of July mornings are proverbially with us as hot as the Sahara and as still as death. The picture shows the condition of affairs in 1902. There was just enough wind at times to tempt the committee to start the races, but far from enough to allow the boats finishing them. The course was a triangular one, a mile to a leg, and called for three times around. The faint catspaws carried the fleet round the first buoy and the tide took them up to the second mark, but here the puffs wholly disappeared and the boats started drifting further up stream. The gun from the flagship finally signaled the race off and brought the crews home for dinner. But for launches it was a famous day, and their event quite overshadowed, in interest, the sailing races.

Last year we were more fortunate. A fluky northerly wind, stiff in spots, which shaded off into nothingness as the day wore on, gave the fleet an excellent chance to finish well within the time limit, and left the river in the afternoon as smooth as a mirror to accommodate the canoeists and the swimmers. It fitted the schedule as though cut to order. The crowd that gathers on these occasions throngs the bank and crowds the wharf from rail to rail, and the committee is possessed with the laudable ambition to provide something novel in the way of aquatic sports each year. For two years canoe tournaments or tilting matches were the great feature, and then obstacle swimming races, walking a slippery pole, barrel races and mixed canoe races were the most interesting events. Water carnivals were at one time the rage, but they have not been seen on the programme for several years. The last great performance was when the shad fishermen's long boat was

metamorphosed into the floating image of Cleopatra's barge. From the mast amidships were strung numbers of colored lanterns, and beside each of the twenty rowers was a blazing red-light. On a high throne in the stern sat Cleopatra with Mark Antony at her side. The effect was striking, and in conjunction with the smaller boats fancifully decorated with lanterns, made an interesting spectacle. But after this effort the carnival spirit died out and the fireworks on the pier have since had no rival.

The season closes with Labor Day, when the whole fleet goes up the river to race as the guests of the Beverly Y. C.—a new organization dating from 1900. The feeling between the two clubs is very cordial, and a large proportion of the owners of racing boats at the two places are members of each club, which assures them weekly races, as the schedules are so arranged that the events fall upon alternate Saturdays.

Early in the morning of Labor Day the first detachments of the fleet can be seen working up stream, the boats racing fiercely among themselves, until they disappear from sight behind a heavily wooded point that cuts off the view of the upper river. Toward noon the second detachment, strung out in lines like an uneven picket fence, goes up in two of the various launches—a more expeditious but less interesting method of conveyance. And last of all the commodious steam yacht, loaded with the friends and relatives of the members, leaves the wharf, to arrive in time for the races. The fleet is welcomed by the commodore of the Beverly Y. C. and a lunch served on his lawn is heartily enjoyed. The river bank at Beverly rises almost perpendicularly from the water's edge, which makes the winds even more uncertain and treacherous than at Riverton, but sight-seers can look down on the fleet and follow its movements readily over the whole course. From their point of view the arrangement is ideal. The two fleets make a great showing in the cove, and there is keen rivalry for the honor of carrying off first place. And after the races are over, not the least enjoyable part of the day is the trip down the placid river, in the growing darkness, behind the launches.

This custom originated six years ago, and in that time we had never had a rainy day, and, until 1903, had never been forced to postpone a race for lack of wind.

A return race for the Beverly yachtsmen was inaugurated two years ago, which is held some time in July. The weather helped us the first year, by furnishing a stiff breeze and a clear sky, which induced almost the whole up-river fleet to venture down. In 1903, however, all hopes of good sport were discounted, when the morning opened with a gray sky and a glassy river. The prospect discouraged the invited guests and only a few of their boats appeared. In the afternoon the wind arrived bringing with it plenty of rain, and the races were run off in double quick time among the home fleet.

Before the founding of the Beverly Y. C., Riverton occasionally joined forces with the Corinthian Y. C., which is located at Essington, nearly as far below Philadelphia on the Pennsylvania shore as Riverton is above on the Jersey shore. It was a difficult trip past the city and across the lines of the ferries plying between Philadelphia and Camden, but it gave variety to the season's racing, and there is some talk of renewing the custom this coming season, which, without this feature, however, promises to be one of unequalled activity. The new fleet will insure keen rivalry, and from the 30th of May to the 15th of September there will be, in conjunction with the Beverly Y. C., regular weekly races. Our members are always eager for an opportunity to try out their skill and the speed of their boats, and a visiting yachtsman with a craft that can, by any possibility, fit into a class will be welcomed and given a chance to show what his boat can do in narrow river waters and fluky river winds.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

For advertising relating to this department see pages ii and iii.

KETCH SITARAH SOLD.—The ketch Sitarah, built by the Geo. Lawley Corp., 1903, for Mr. John H. Cromwell, Atlantic Y. C., has been sold to Mr. Russell A. Alger, Jr., of Detroit, Mich., through the agency of Stanley M. Seaman, New York. She is 76ft. over all, 50ft. 6in. waterline, 17ft. beam, 5ft. 7in. draft.

A NEW RACING LAUNCH.—Mr. Alexander Stein, of the Indian Harbor Y. C., expects to have ready for the Memorial Day races and the season of 1905 following, a high speed motor-driven launch, designed with a hope of securing 30 miles per hour. Mr. Henry J. Gielow, who designed the Onontio, has completed the plans, and the Greenwich Yacht Yard, of Greenwich, Conn., has been awarded the contract. She will be modeled something after the Onontio, Com. Harrison B. Moore's 28.36-mile launch, but will have improvements following some original ideas evolved by Mr. Gielow from his previous designs. We are very glad to learn that at least two boats are to be ready for next season's racing which will be in a class by themselves, as it is hardly to be supposed that the A. P. B. Association rules could be so construed as to give Onontio, Challenger, XPDNC, and similar boats time allowances equitable and fair to all. The new boat is to be 56ft. 8in. over all, 7ft. beam, and 3ft. draft, and, like Onontio, will have an 8-cylinder Craig gasoline engine.

AUTOBOAT RACING AT DAYTONA AND HAVANA.—Inquiry from autoboot owners elicits the information that it is hardly likely that there will be much, if any, autoboot racing following or in connection with the automobile meets at Daytona and Cuba. Owners do not take kindly to transportation and risk of injury in transit, but seem perfectly willing to confine their racing and speed trials to northern waters during the summer time.

All communications for FOREST AND STREAM must be directed to Forest and Stream Pub. Co., New York, to receive attention. We have no other office.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Jan. 16-20.—Pittsburg, Pa.—First annual tournament of the Iroquois Rifle Club.

New York Schuetzen Corps.

THE approach of Christmas did not seem in any way to interfere with the attendance at the practice shoot held Friday, Dec. 23, seventy men facing the targets in the race for high scores:

Ring target: R. Gute 242, 245; J. C. Bonn 242, 237; C. Meyer 239, 237; H. Lohden 237, 233; F. V. Roun 233, 235; O. Schwane-man 231, 237; J. Facklamm 240, 226; G. Ludwig 230, 235; F. Facompre 227, 234; J. H. Hainhorst 232, 226; A. W. Lemcke 220, 233; P. Heidelberger 227, 229; N. C. L. Beverstein 225, 229; C. Sievers 227, 227; J. G. Tholke 223, 226; D. Peper 218, 231; H. Mes-loh 227, 229; H. D. Meyn 230, 226; A. B. Michaelson 229, 215; G. W. Offermann 221, 223; C. Schmetz 217, 226; F. W. Dierks 197, 216; F. Schultz 189, 218; H. Hoenisch 204, 200; Aug. Beekman 192, 211; D. Ficken 202, 198; J. H. Grote, Jr., 207, 192; H. Quaal 210, 188; M. J. Then 201, 196; C. Koenig 189, 206; G. H. Fixsen 208, 184; H. Martin 187, 203; A. Giebelhaus 194, 196; L. Goldstein 200, 180; C. Roffman 198, 183; F. Gobber 193, 187; R. Ohms 179, 200; W. J. Behrens 158, 217; F. J. Hetzel 198, 175; N. Jantzen 187, 177; J. F. R. Ernst 180, 159; F. Ehlen 163, 154; H. Beckman 214, 227; C. Grosch 210, 237; W. Dahl 220, 220; H. C. Hainhorst 220, 220; A. J. F. Sibbers 220, 219; C. Mann 215, 222; J. H. Kroeger 213, 223; J. N. Hermann 214, 221; H. Nordbruch 216, 218; L. A. Hagenah 219, 213; A. Backman 217, 215; J. H. Meyer 219, 213; J. Paradies 210, 220; H. Koster 210, 220; H. Haase 209, 221; D. von der Leith 215, 213; H. Decker 217, 210; H. Offerman 212, 212; J. Jantzen 211, 212; G. H. Wehrenberg 219, 204; C. J. Brinkama 219 203; G. Thomas 206, 216; H. Meyn 203, 218; H. Kahrs 211, 208; W. Grell 200 217; H. Hesse 200, 215; D. Dede 200, 214; A. Evers 214, 199.

Bullseye target: M. Johnson 38½, J. C. Bonn 39½, Geo. Lud-wig 49, S. Meyn 55, R. Gute 75, J. H. Hainhorst 75½, G. Fixsen 77½, C. Grosch 81, H. Quaal 87½, O. Schwane-man 89, F. Von Roun 95, J. H. Meyer 97½.

Providence (R. I.) Revolver Club.

At our shoot, Dec. 22, four of our rifle shooters tried their hands at putting up a general average, so that we might see what the prospects were for the coming match with the Miles Standish Club, and the results were very satisfactory and show that we may not be snowed under completely.

Following are the scores recorded. Average, 228; 25yds.; rifles on German ring target:

A B Coulters	241	231	240	235
L A Jordan	232	223
C L Beach	229	219
Wm. T Bullard	210	224	224	220

The members were pleasantly surprised by a visit from Frank L. Corey, one of our most active and best shooters of some months since, but who has not had an opportunity to shoot with the boys for some months. Mr. Corey tried a few strings with his .22 pistol, but was not up to his usual good form, owing to lack of practice, yet put up 80, 80 and 70 (20yds. on standard target).

Two revolver cranks had an interesting time by themselves, and for three strings it was nip and tuck as to who would pose as champion for the evening. The scores running exactly even in reverse order.

Twenty yards revolver practice, standard target:

A C Hurlburt.....	77	83	80	79	86—405
Arno Argus	80	83	77	63	—303

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

THE following scores were made in regular competition, by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at Four-Mile House, Reading road, Dec. 18. Conditions: 200yds., offhand, at the German ring target. Nestler was champion for the day, with the good score of 225; he was shooting in good form throughout the day. Mr. Odell seems to be getting back in his old form again, his shooting to-day comparing well with that previous to his late illness. Mr. Coleman, as a new member, is doing himself proud for one who had laid aside the rifle for a few years. Mr. Hofer set the pace for champion score early in the day, and there was a hot race to beat it by Odell and Nestler, the latter finally beating the score by one point. Payne wasn't in it to-day. Odell was high on the honor with 67. The scores:

Nestler	225	222	220	215	212
Hofer	224	208	206	199	198
Odell	222	220	217	212	211
Payne	219	218	217	213	212
Burns	209	205	196	191	186
Coleman	208	207	203	193	190
Freitag	201	185	181	180	178
Drube	192	183	176	173	...

Harlem Independent Corps.

SCORES follow for the regular gallery practice shoot:

Ring Target—H. Koch, 228, 241; A. Fegert, 230, 231; G. Thomas, 224, 218; H. Behrmann, 215, 218; J. H. Blumenberg, 208, 223; S. Baumann, 221, 208; L. Lewinson, 212, 216; A. Muller, 214, 214; A. Fenninge, 210, 215; S. Bauman, 221, 208; C. Wolf, 209, 202; L. Rokohl, 215, 195; A. Miller, 198, 212; W. Mensch, 204, 195; A. Olsen 200, 195; F. Koch 190, 191; A. Monatsberger 199, 177; E. Miehlung 171, 200; W. Haus 186, 178; F. Horn 177, 182; P. Zugner, 190, 166; E. Hilker, 147, 192; C. P. Hopf, 187, 150; E. Modersohn, 122, 191; L. Schowunel, 138, 172; J. Fey, 143, 120; F. Lanzer, 87, 76.

Bullseye Target—W. Mensch 36½, A. Fegert 39, A. Monats-berger 68, A. Rokohl 79, A. Fenninge 93, Dr. A. Muller 93½, W. Haus 94½, J. H. Blumenberg 127, E. Modersohn 128, F. Horn 145, A. Miller 148, G. Thomas 150, C. Wolf 180, E. Hilker 231, L. Lewinson 253, H. Koch 279.

Zettler Rifle Club.

SCORES are appended for the regular practice shoot held Tues-day evening, Dec. 20:

Ring target: R. Gute 1222, C. Zettler, Jr., 1215, E. H. Van Zandt 1212, O. Smith 1212, C. G. Zettler 1195, B. Zettler 1166, L. Maurer 1163, F. J. Herpers 1153, T. H. Keller 1133.

Bullseye target: H. C. Zettler 17 degrees, T. H. Keller 25½, O. Smith 27, C. Zettler, Jr., 29, C. G. Zettler 31, A. Begerow 31½, R. Gute 32, G. Ludwig 40, B. Zettler 42, F. J. Herpers 42, L. C. Buss 47½, W. A. Tewes 49, L. P. Hansen 51½, L. Maurer 72, George Schlicht 74, Geo. J. Bernius 76, A. Kronsberg 76, H. Fenwirth 98, R. Busse 118, G. H. Wiegman 178.

Rifle at San Francisco.

DEC. 19.—The various rifle clubs are this month closing up their annual medal shoots. At Shell Mound, D. B. Faktor won the champion medal in the German Schuetzen Club—twenty-four scores allowed during the year, best ten to count; score, 2211.

At Schuetzen Park, A. Strecker was the winner in the California club; score, 2247.

The National Guard have for many years done their shooting at Shell Mound Range. As the latter affords no facilities for long-range work, a new location within the city limits has been chosen. It lies south of the high hill, known as Twin Peaks, and affords room for a 1,000yd. range.

ROEEL.

Independent New York Schuetzen Corps.

THE following scores were recorded on the Zettler ranges Thurs-day evening, Dec. 22, by the above society: Gus Zimmermann 246, 248; R. Gute 244, 243; Lambert Schmidt 241, 246; F. Liegibel 241, 237; John Facklamm 235, 237; Geo. Zimmerman 234, 237; L. C. Hammerstein, Jr., 235, 235; F. A. Young 233, 237; H. Koch 234, 231; Jac Billschur 231, 232; Geo. Ludwig 223, 239; Jac Schmid 232, 228; H. J. Behrens 229, 226; Wm. Soll 224, 231; F. C. Halbe 199, 202; A. Rodler 202, 199; H. Zimmer 181, 197.

Italian Rifle Club.

At headquarters, 159 W. 23d street, New York city, Dec. 19, the following scores were recorded. All shooting offhand, at seventy-five feet, on the regular 25-ring target: Selvaggi 243, Minervini 241, Bianchi 234, Reali 233, DeFelice 223, Raimondi 222, Alfieri 217, Cassetti 204.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Dec. 29.—North Branch, N. J., Gun Club first annual midwinter shoot. H. B. Ten Eyck, Sec'y.

1905.

Jan. 2.—Utica, N. Y.—Riverside Gun Club New Year's Day sweep-stake and merchandise shoot. E. J. Loughlin, Sec'y.

Jan. 2.—Utica, N. Y.—New Year's Day shoot of Oneida County Sportsmen's Association. James W. Brown, Sec'y.

Jan. 2.—Carleton, Mich., Gun Club's New Year's Day shoot. Dr. O. J. Fay, Sec'y.

Jan. 2.—Trenton, N. J., Shooting Association's big merchandise shoot. J. R. Taylor, Gen'l Mgr.

Jan. 2.—Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Gun Club annual shoot.

Jan. 2.—Brooklyn, N. Y.—New Year's shoot of the Bergen Beach Gun Club. L. H. Schortemeier, Mgr.

Jan. 17-20.—Hamilton, Can., Gun Club live-bird tournament. J. Hunter, Sec'y.

Jan. 20.—Middletown, N. Y.—All-day shoot of Mullerite Gun Club, on grounds of the Orange County Gun Club. Albert A. Schoverling and O. H. Brown, Mgrs.

Jan. 23-28.—Brenham, Tex.—Sunny South Handicap.

Jan. 31-Feb. 2.—Taylor, Tex.—Central Texas Handicap.

Jan. 31-Feb. 2.—Taylor, Tex.—Central Texas Handicap tourna-ment. C. F. Gistrap, Mgr.

Feb. 6-9.—Houston, Tex.—Sen's Grand Southern Handicap. Alf. Gardiner, Mgr.

Feb. 11.—Phillipsburg, N. J., Opposite Easton, Pa.—Alert Gun Club first annual tournament. Ed. F. Markley, Mgr.

Feb. 15-16.—Detroit, Mich.—Jacob Klein's tournament on Rusch House grounds, under auspices of Tri-State Automobile and Sporting Goods Association.

May 2-5.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under auspices of the Herron Hill Gun Club. Thos. D. Bell, Ass't Sec'y.

June 8-9.—Dalton, O., Gun Club annual tournament. Ernest F. Scott, Capt.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have published. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York. FOREST AND STREAM goes to press on TUES-DAY OF EACH WEEK.

The programme of the Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) Gun Club's New Year's shoot, Jan. 2, provides eight target events, six at 15 targets, \$1.30 entrance, and two at 25 targets, merchandise prizes, \$2 entrance.

In the miss-and-out live-bird event at Point Breeze, Philadel-phia, on Monday of this week, Messrs. Brandt, Trent and Aiman tied on 9 and divided the money. A special programme will be provided for New Year's Day.

Mr. Howard George, of Philadelphia, won two gobblers at the all-day target shoot of the Olney Gun Club at Cedar Grove, on Monday of this week. Messrs. Charles Newcomb, Thomas Tansey and Walter Firth were also winners of the toothsome turkey.

Mr. E. J. Loughlin, Secretary, writes us as follows: "The Riverside Gun Club, of Utica, N. Y., will celebrate New Year's Day on Monday, Jan. 2, with a sweepstake and merchandise shoot, open to amateurs only. Grounds located at foot of Wash-ington street, close to all depots."

The Oklahoma City Gun Club have issued a cordial invitation to shooters to attend their one-day shoot. Jan. 2. Twelve events constitute the programme, of which four are at 20 and eight at 15 targets; entrance \$1.50 and \$2. Rose system, four moneys, will govern. Sliding handicaps. Mr. G. M. Parker is president; M. C. V. Topping is the secretary.

The Trenton Shooting Association announce that they will hold a big merchandise shoot Monday afternoon, Jan. 2. "Shooting begins at 1 o'clock sharp, for cost of targets at 2 cents each. Prizes: One punch bowl with twelve mugs, one berry set (six disks), three orange bowls, four lily bowls, and others; also poultry. Reasonable entrance. Come early and shoot through the programme. J. R. Taylor, Gen. Mgr., Trenton Shooting Asso-ciation, Interstate Fair Ground."

Unlike the Christmas Day shoot, of which high guns won, the New Year's Day shoot of the O. C. S. A., Utica, N. Y., Jan. 2, will be class shooting. There are ten programme events alter-nately 10 and 15 targets, 60 and 90 cents entrance. Total targets, 125; entrance, \$7.50. "Money divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. The proceeds of event 6 will be donated to the E. D. Fulford monument fund. It is no sweepstake event, but a handicap. The prize is a solid gold badge, value \$25. This event is open to any resident New York State shooter. Contestants are welcome to shoot for targets only, except event 6, open. Ten-gauge guns, targets only. Shells sold on the grounds." There will be a meet-ing of this Association at Bagg's Hotel, Friday evening, Dec. 30, 1904, at 7:30 o'clock, to select dates of the New York State shoot.

The Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) Gun Club sends us a communication as follows: "The arrangements for our New Year's tournament on Jan. 2 are complete, and promise to give the shooters present on that day a good time. We will use two traps, starting promptly at 10 A. M., with two squads. In this way we will be able to finish the programme early without rushing, and visitors can take the late afternoon trains home. All work will be in the hands of competent men, and we expect every detail to run off smoothly. From present indications this, the third annual tournament of the Poughkeepsie Gun Club, will be the largest attended and most important tournament held in this section of the State."

The Hamilton (Ont.) Gun Club have issued the programme of their fifteenth annual tournament and grand Canadian handicap, to be held on Jan. 17-20. This tournament is one of the best held in the Dominion, and the programme is exceptionally attractive, as follows: On the first day eight target events are provided, each at 20 targets, \$2 entrance, and of these seven respectively have \$20 guaranteed. The competition begins with a 10-live-bird event, \$5 entrance, birds extra; \$100 guaranteed, Rose system, ratios 5, 3, 2. No. 2 is at 20 birds, \$15 entrance, birds included; \$500 guaranteed; \$100 to high gun; \$400 Rose system, 5, 4, 3; surplus added; handicaps in each event, 26 to 33yds. The pro-gramme of the second and third days is much like that of the first, except that the \$500 guaranteed event is continued. On the fourth day, an event at 10 birds, \$5 entrance, high guns, and target sweeps are provided. A total of \$1,200 is guaranteed. Shooting begins at 9 o'clock. All sweeps and miss-and-outs are subject to handicap, and in target sweeps the handicaps are sliding handicaps. The officers are: President, T. Upton; Vice-President, M. E. Fletcher; Secretary, H. Graham; Treasurer, J. Hunter.

The Carleton, Mich., Gun Club announce a New Year's Day shoot, their fifth amateur tournament at targets and live birds. The date is Jan. 2. Competition begins at 9 o'clock. Cash prizes, over \$80. The target programme consists of ten events, each at 10 targets, \$1 entrance. Rose system, four moneys. Targets, 2 cents. Those who wish may shoot for targets only. Sergeant system. Live bird competition begins at 1 o'clock. Event No. 1, 5 birds, entrance \$2; three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Event No. 2, 7 birds, entrance \$5; Rose system, four moneys, ratio 8, 5, 3, 2. Event No. 3, 10 birds, entrance \$10; four moneys, equitable system of division. Miss-and-out and ad-ditional sweeps, time permitting. You can shoot for price of birds. Traps, five King's pigeon traps. Birds, 15 cents each; all bird moneys deducted from purses. Boundary 50yds. Extra cash target prizes for shooting through programme: For making ten perfect scores, \$25; for making nine perfect scores, \$20; for making eight perfect scores, \$15; for making seven perfect scores, \$10; highest average, \$5; next, \$3; lowest, \$2.50; total, \$80.50. Revised Interstate Association rules. All standard loaded shells for sale on ground. Manufacturers' representatives are cor-dially invited to be present, but can shoot for targets only. Warm dinner served in the Matthews House. All trains on the Pere Marquette & Detroit Southern R. R. stop near the grounds. The shoot is open to all.

BERNARD WATERS.

WESTERN TRAP.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

THE attendance at the Cincinnati Gun Club shoot was small on Dec. 24, owing partly to the weather and partly to the bad con-dition of the road, which makes a trip to the grounds of uncertain length. The day was cold and rainy, and a strong wind, blowing across the traps from the left, made hard targets. By 4 o'clock it was too dark to see, and the boys quit for the day. Not much practice shooting was done. Arthur Gambell, H. Osterfeldt and Geo. Yeager start on the 26th for Grace, Miss., for a couple of weeks' duck shooting, with Dick Pooler, of Chattanooga, Tenn.

Reports from Ackley are encouraging, as he continues to im-prove very slowly.

Williams is not satisfied with being a good trap and field shot, but has lately joined the ranks of the riflemen, and is shooting with the Cincinnati Rifle Association and doing good work. Medico was on hand to-day, and finished fourth with 84. L. Ahlers is in the South, escaping the cold weather and also shoot-ing a little game. Ralph Trimble put in his appearance to-day for the first time in many weeks. As is usually the case, he finished at the top, although he shared high honors with Don Minto, each breaking 93. Don can shoot a little bit when he gets going, and tied Trimble in each of the five 20-target events. The scores follow:

One hundred-target race: Don Minto 93, Trimble 93, Barker 87, Medico 84, Herman 83, Williams 81, Block 80, Maynard 79, Falk 72.

Following are the ten best scores made in the cash prize series to date, by those who have taken part in enough contests to qualify. Gambell and Don Minto have preferred to shoot from 16yds. instead of from 19 and 21, their proper handicaps, and there-fore forfeited their interest in sharing any of the prizes. Don Minto's highest score was 46; his lowest 35. Although twenty-two shooters have taken part in the Class C, only three are able to qualify by having shot the required number of times. The final contest will be held on Feb. 4. A new series of prize contests will begin immediately after, one prize to be shot for every three months:

	Class A	Total
Gambell	46 46 45 45 45 44 44 43 43 43	444
Faran	44 44 44 43 43 43 42 42 42 42	429
Maynard	43 43 43 43 42 41 41 40 40 40	416
Medico	43 42 42 42 42 41 41 41 40 40	414
Peters	46 43 42 41 40 40 40 40 41 40	394
A Sunderbruch	46 43 43 43 42 40 40 39 35 34	405
Don Minto	42 41 41 40 39 38 38 38 37 41	395
Williams	44 41 41 40 40 39 38 38 37 36	394

Class B.	
Dick	46 45 44 43 42 42 42 42 41—420
Harig	45 44 44 42 41 41 40 40 40—417
Roll	44 44 43 42 42 39 38 38 38—406
Block	44 42 42 41 41 40 39 38 37—400
Pohlar	46 43 41 40 40 38 37 34 36—389
Ward	42 39 39 39 38 38 38 37 41—385
Falk	41 41 38 38 37 37 36 36 36—376
Pfeiffer	43 39 38 37 36 36 34 34 33—364
Bullerdick	40 39 38 38 37 36 35 33 33—363
Class C.	
Bleh	46 45 45 43 41 40 38 38 38—410
Herman	45 42 41 41 39 38 37 35 35—387
H. Sunderbruch	46 42 37 37 37 37 37 35 35—378

Commencing Friday, Feb. 10, the week following the conclusion of the present series of cash prizes, something new will be given a trial, and if it proves successful, will be continued throughout the year. A prize will be shot for every three months, instead of yearly. Mr. F. C. Tuttle, on behalf of the Peters Cartridge Co., will present the club with a handsome gold watch fob for the first prize. The following conditions will govern these contests: Contests will be held each week for fifteen weeks. Each contest to be at 100 targets. Members must compete in ten contests to qualify. Added targets will be used for a handicap. The contestant who has the ten best scores, with his handicap, will be declared the winner. Ties will be shot off. The highest possible score will be 100. Members will be allowed any one of three days on which to compete. All contestants stand at 16yds. The handicap committee may change the handicaps at any time. The handicap committee consists of Messrs. Barker, Jergens, Faran, Maynard, Van Ness, Harig and Gambell.

Welfare Gun Club.

The Welfare Gun Club, of Dayton, O., held a shoot on the afternoon of Dec. 17, which was quite well attended and was a success. The day was not an ideal one for shooting, as a strong wind was blowing directly toward the shooters, and snow was falling most of the time. Under such conditions, the scores made were very good. Monbeck lead with 55 out of 60, and broke 48 out of 50 in five events. The event of the afternoon was the team match between Peters and Barker, of Cincinnati, and two of Dayton's cracks, Oswald and Spangler. The match was shot in a driving snowstorm, and was won by the visitors with a score of 84 to 80. Spangler and Peters were high men with 43 each. The visitors from Cincy were highly pleased with their reception, and left for home happy. The Welfare boys propose to pay a visit to Cincinnati, and see if they cannot regain the honors wrested from them. One of the best-natured men in the club is Lee Counsellman. He enters all the events and loses with the same grace that he wins. If he don't break 'em, he only says, "Better luck next time," and never has any fault to find with his gun or ammunition. Oldt is another good loser, and is always sure he'll get the next one when he misses. Breene and Oswald are a couple of good joiners, and the crowd is sure to be good-humored when they are around. Capt. Spangler was squad hustler, and kept the shooters moving, so that there were no delays. There were two events at 25 and seven at 10 targets each, in addition to the team match. Spangler shot at 90 and was high man with 82, Oldt second with 70. Peters third with 71, and Barker fourth with 70. Other scores were: Pheliss (80) 64, Counsellman (85) 63, Kirby (80) 60, Monbeck (60) 55, Oswald (60) 45, Breene (20) 15, Barton (10) 5, Kost (20) 6, Kayburn (10) 6. Following are the scores in the team shoot, two men on a side, 50 targets per man.

Cincinnati		Dayton	
Peters	20 23—43	Spangler	22 21—43
Barker	22 19—41—84	Oswald	18 19—37—80

The Oswald-Spangler match was postponed for the present; this was to have been shot to-day at 100 targets per man, for \$100 a side.

Palestine Club.

The Palestine, O., Gun Club was recently organized with eighteen members. On Dec. 17 a meeting was held, when rules and regulations were adopted, and the first shoot held. Beside members of the club, a number of other shooters were present. Owing to lack of time only 25 targets per man were shot at, Herschell Jeffries being high with 19. Oliver Harter second with 18.

Engelwood (O.) Shoot.

C. Becker, of Englewood, O., gave a very successful all-day tournament on Dec. 20. There was a large attendance, twenty-eight shooters taking part in one or more of the events. Among those who came from Dayton were Messrs. Rike, Craig, Oswald Oldt, Schwind, Lindemuth, Geo. Rohrer, Horace Heikes and W. E. Kette. The weather conditions were hard, a strong wind blowing all day, and being responsible for many lost targets. There were ten 10-target events on the programme, with 50 cents entrance, and turkeys and ducks as prizes in each event. A glance at the list which follows will show that the Dayton boys went home with a good supply of poultry.

Craig and Rike tied for high gun on 81. Schwind was second with 77. Ike third with 72, and Oswald and Oldt fourth with 71 each.

First event: Old and Rike, turkey each; second Rike and Craig, turkey; Ike, duck; third, Rike and Craig, turkey; fourth, Lindemuth, Oswald, H. Heikes, turkey each; fifth, Craig, Ike, Schwind, turkey each; sixth, Craig, Schwind and Mack, turkey each; seventh, Kette, Mark and Oswald each a turkey; eighth, Mack, Rike and Oldt, a turkey each; ninth, E. Keller, Rike and Oswald, turkey each; tenth, Oswald, Rike and Lindemuth, turkey each. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	Broke.
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	at.	
Craig	7	9	8	9	10	9	8	4	7		100	81
Rike	7	10	8	5	7	9	8	8	9		100	81
Oswald	5	7	8	7	5	7	8	7	10		100	71
Oldt	8	9	8	8	5	5	7	7	9		100	71
Ike	6	8	9	6	9	7	7	3	5		100	77
Schwind	8	8	8	6	8	9	7	7	9		100	77
Mack	9	6	7	8	8	8	7	8		80	64
Lindemuth	8	9	8	8	8	7	7	8		80	63
Carr	6	6	5	5	6	8	7	7	5		100	63
Stover	4	6	5	5	6	7	6	7	8		100	62
Wampler	5	5	5	5	6	7	7	6	9		100	62
A. Kellar	6	4	6	8	3	3	6	6	6		100	54
Kette	5	5	7	7	4	4	3	6	6		100	52
Staub	3	7	6	5	7	8	6	5		80	47
Hodapp	5	7	6	1	3	5	4	5	3		100	45
H. Heikes	7	7	3	7	7	6		60	37
Gilbert	4	4	3	2	7	8	5		70	33
E. Kellar	6	6	6	9	3		50	30
Geo. Rohrer	4	5	6	5		40	20
Lewis	4	8	3	3	..		40	18
R. Rohrer	5	4	3	5		40	17
Clemens	5	7	4		30	16
Witmer	6	5		20	11
Null	5	5		20	10
Sheets	5	5		20	10
Butler	6		10	6
Nichols	4		10	4
C. Becker	1		10	1

Buckeye Club.

The Buckeye Gun Club was for a long time one of the most active clubs of Dayton. Some time ago it was consolidated with the new Dayton Gun Club, and finally passed into history on Dec. 22. On the evening of this day a full representation of its membership met at the Phillips House and voted all its assets to the new club. These consisted of a considerable sum of money, club house, traps and other equipments. The meeting was most harmonious, and those present enjoyed a banquet and other pleasant diversions after the business was concluded.

At Toledo.

The Toledo Consolidated Gun Club will hold a New Year's target shoot on Jan. 2, turkeys, ducks and chickens being offered as prizes in each event.

Cardiff-Reddick Tournament.

Cardiff, Ill.—What would have been a largely attended tournament, had the weather been good, was that of the Cardiff and Reddick, Ill., Clubs, united and held at this place Dec. 19. When the opening time, 9 A. M., came it found few present, as a room with a stove was more inviting than a bleak prairie, covered with snow, over which blew a strong south wind.

The grounds used are first-class, level as a table, with north background free from any obstruction. Five live-bird traps and targets are installed. All went well, so far as the trapping was concerned. The absence of a club house, or any fire, or place to lay the guns was quite an inconvenience, yet those present stuck it out until night set in.

The forenoon was a short one, and was all taken up with target shooting. Mr. Mathison, from Wilson, was the best shot up to the last round, where he went to the bad. C. Fortier, the old-timer from Paper City, led the amateurs with 66 out of 80. Chris. Keck, the DuPont man, was high alone as a professional Tramp Irwin was looking on and assisting with a few friendly words of encouragement to those with "cold feet." Those present were: A. W. Feilers, Wing, Ill.; T. J. Fortier, Piper City, Ill.; A. Ferris, Chatsworth, Ill.; C. C. Hess, Mokenca, Ill.; E. Hess, Buckingham, Ill.; Nelson Wells, Mokenca, Ill.; Dr. Smith, Jack Kiley and Tom Riley, Reddick, Ill.; Jim Walsh, George Faulk, and John Alm, Cardiff, Ill.

Scores:	1	2	3	4	5	Shot	Broke.
Events:	15	15	20	15	15	at.	
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15		
N. Wells	9	11	16	50	36
C. Keck	10	14	17	12	14	80	67
Dr. Smith	10	13	17	10	8	80	58
G. Falk	10	9	7	12	..	65	38
C. Hess	7	12	14	50	33
A. Ferris	13	12	16	13	9	80	63
C. Fortier	10	14	16	14	12	80	66
J. Williams	5	7	6	8	..	65	26
M. Mathison	13	15	17	14	6	80	65
E. Hess	10	15	10
J. F. Reiley	6	..	2	..	35	8
T. J. Reiley	11	9	..	30	20
C. Buttler	15	8

After an adjournment for dinner and a warm-up, the live birds were trapped, and three events on the birds with feathers added interest, as such a game was needed to hold the attention of the crowd. Mathison was the only one to get 14, and he took first money in the first event, while second money went to Fortier and Ferris with an unlucky 13. Butler, Smith and Langston tied on 11 for third. In the second event, Fortier and Dr. Smith went straight; and in the miss-and-out it was Mathison and Wells who held out until the last bird in the coop had been trapped. The scores:

Fifteen live birds; \$5 entrance:	
Fortier	112101112121201—13
Ferris	222101112121201—13
Mathison	122102221112121—14
Butler	121000122101212—11
Smith	111010112101201—11
Ten live birds; \$3 entrance:	
Fortier	1112212121—10
Dr. Smith	221111211—10
Madison	1210211210—8
Hess	1100101010—4
Williams	011020012102011—9
Keck	111201101201121—12
Rieley	011001100211211—10
Langston	012220100212211—11

Miss-and-out, live birds; \$1 entrance:	
Mathison	121212
Fortier	122120
Falk	110
Smith	0
Wells	121212
Williams	111220

Mathison and Wells divided.

In Other Places.

On Saturday last the members of the Trenton, O., Gun Club met for practice. At 50 targets Baker made the score of 38; Wirtley, 35; Pfalsgraf, 31; Went, 36; Sickles, 35; H. Keer, out of 30, 21; Sellers, out of 15, 10.

It is time for the live-bird shooters to get busy with their preparations for the tournament, to be held at Detroit, Mich., on Feb. 15 and 16, which has come to be an annual affair, in connection with the Automobile and Sporting Goods Association Show. There will be good added money for the target events, which will be held first day; while the second will be given over to a 25 live-bird handicap, \$25 entrance, being the twelfth shoot for the Gillman & Barnes trophy, the emblem that carries with it the championship of the United States and Canada. Bates, of Canada, has captured it twice and he will be on hand to try a third time win to make it his own personal property. Fred Gilbert will have an eye on the same, as will others, both local and national. The gang will find this shoot an incentive to hasten back from Texas.

A friend writes from Frankfort, S. D., that the gun club at that place has not gone into winter quarters yet, but shoot weekly. A neat club house has been erected, so that a warm stove will add comfort on cold wintry days. The club is in good financial condition and had money in the treasury to pay for the building.

A New Year shoot has been given out by the Kentucky Gun Club, of Louisville, Ky., for Jan. 2, at Fountain Ferry Park. Eight events are scheduled, with a trophy for each. The Kentucky boys have held many good shoots during 1904, and are starting out right for the new year. Louisville is a lively live-bird town.

W. Walsinger, the trapshooting promoter of Ferndale, Ia., held a shoot on Dec. 23. Everybody was made welcome, and a good time was the result.

The Mattoon, Ill., "shotgun cranks" have put their heads together and the result terminated in a newly organized gun club, having eighteen members for a starter. The officers are: J. F. Mallory, President, and George Kaelberer, Secretary.

The regular weekly meeting of the Daniel Boone Rifle Club was held Friday, at their range in Muncie, Ind. Captain Stephens announces that the members are not taking much interest in the shoots.

It is with much interest that we note that gun clubs are being organized in connection with many high schools and colleges.

Learning to shoot straight will fit men for being of use to their country, should occasion arise.

In far away Arizona the trap boys had an interesting meeting Christmas Day, at Tucson, the prizes being turkeys, ducks and chickens. Besides these prizes, several novelties were introduced, which kept up the interest throughout the day. The opening gun was fired at 9 A. M., and during the day the townspeople were delighted spectators.

Fort Smith, Ark., is situated far enough south, so that the cold of the north does not hinder gatherings at the trap during winter months. The shoot held Saturday last was interesting to at least one member, who won the booby prize. Jack Jackson won the same with one target broken out of 25. At same number, H. T. James, 23; T. H. Williamson, 17; H. Omahundro, 19, were the best scores reported.

The Carleton, Mich., Gun Club will hold their fifth amateur tournament on Monday, Jan. 2. There will be liberal rewards offered in cash, and both targets and live birds will be used. Rose system of division of purses, 8, 5, 3 and 2. Twenty-five dollars will be awarded the one who makes ten perfect scores; \$20 for nine; \$15 for eight; \$10 for seven. Under these conditions it is safe to predict that but little money will be required to pay rewards.

The Detroit, Mich., Gun Club has gone into winter quarters—it will come forth when the robins nest again. The officers are Wm. Morris, President; George Stanch, Secretary; Chas. F. Kustling, Treasurer and Captain, and is a hustling captain, who keeps the boys going.

When J. E. Bobb, who runs a lunch room, won a meal ticket at Jacksonville, Ill., put up by a competitor, he was puzzled how to dispose of same.

Will Clark, of Flora, Ind., won out in the first shoot of the Flora Gun Club with a score of 17 out of 20 targets.

The McLean County Gun Club, of Bloomington, Ill., will hold a tournament Feb. 22.

Out in the Northwest, where winds are known to blow cold in the winter, the Helena, Mont., Club will hold weekly shoots. The secretary of the U. M. C. Gun Club, at Guhnrie, O. T., writes that already the club members are getting ready for an active spring campaign against the "festive" targets.

An interesting bit of news crosses the continent to the effect, that the Spokane, Wash., Club will hold a shoot on the first day of the new year. Nothing so good as starting the year properly.

It is stated that the Montana State tournament will be held at Bozeman, in the early summer.

It has been a long time since shooting matches were all the go at Kewanee, Ill., at which time the Mayor of Keitsburg, and the Mayor of Kewanee were in hot competition. So it will be news to many that a shoot at live birds and targets was held there last week.

You may expect to read reports from a new gun club that has been organized at Council Bluffs, Ia.

There is little doing in the shooting line in the West in the winter time as compared with the summer, so that it is a bit of good news, that of the formation of a new club at Crown Point, Ind.

Dan Bray, after an exciting struggle, resulting in a tie on 82, and a shoot-off on 25, lost the Denver Post trophy to Lou Reed, of Ohio, Neb., in the contest last week at Columbus. The shoot was held during a storm, and the score of 25 straight, made by Reed, was an "eye-opener." G. A. Schroeder challenged Reed for the trophy. Gus doesn't like to see it leave Columbus.

Proctor Knott is situated in the north part Minnesota, where the thermometer registers low in the month of December. While it is too cold for target work, it is not too uncomfortable to enjoy a banquet. Some twenty-eight of the club's enthusiasts were banqueted with the assistance of the wives and sweethearts, and it was a list of good things, where wit also "flowed." J. V. Gilbert, H. G. Gilderman and Dr. I. A. Roadman were speakers. C. M. Boucher was presented with the Peters trophy for 1904.

There has been announced an all-day target and live-bird tournament for Jan. 2 at the St. Louis, Mo., DuPont Park. A warm club house, such as has long been in use at this park, makes pigeon shooting enjoyable even in very cold weather.

The Windsor, Ont., boys crossed over to the Lagoon Park and met the Sandwich Gun Club, of Detroit, in a little impromptu live-bird race, and were defeated. At 25 birds, Sandwich made 22 to Windsor's 19. Some additional sweeps were shot, Jack Maroon being high man, making a 10 straight.

Mr. Burr Eaton, of Danville, Ia., held a shoot last week under unfavorable weather conditions. A. Sater broke 104 out of 120; S. Nan, 99; Frost, 83; Saden, 92; Eaton, 89; Stuge, 42 out of 80; C. Sater, 70 out of 100; Huschen, 44 out of 60; Schroeder, 28 out of 50.

McHenry, Ill., has not neglected to fall into line for 1905, and the holiday will be the occasion for a shoot. Ben Stilling is President; J. J. Barbain, Treasurer; Wm. Stoffel, Secretary; Linus Newman, Captain. Good luck to you and your friend Ben.

The Arcola, Ill., shooters are after more suppers. The last shoot resulted in Barnes' team winning, by 93 to 47. The shooters were Dr. Barnes, M. McCafferty, Sam. Cox, P. J. Goggin, O. Harris, Jess Smith, E. Watson, D. Winteringer, J. Winteringer, N. Snyder and Sam Blackwell.

It will be news to the western boys that they are "showing me" in Missouri. A new club was lately organized at Joplin, with the following members: J. J. Gittinger, R. Jordan, W. D. Gorham, J. H. Meyers, W. E. Allen, W. Mannum, J. M. Short, G. A. Shimmings, G. I. Mays. Trapshooting will be boomed, and traps will be installed.

Russell Klein was easily high man at the tournament held last week at Clarion, Ia. With cold and stiff wind he made 155 out of 165; Spencer, 145; McDowell, 132; Howell, 127; Mitchell, 127; Bromeister, 126; Yearn, 124; Meyers, 115. The merchandise prizes put up were the feature of the meeting and much enjoyed. It is reported that all present had something to show for their skill with the shotgun.

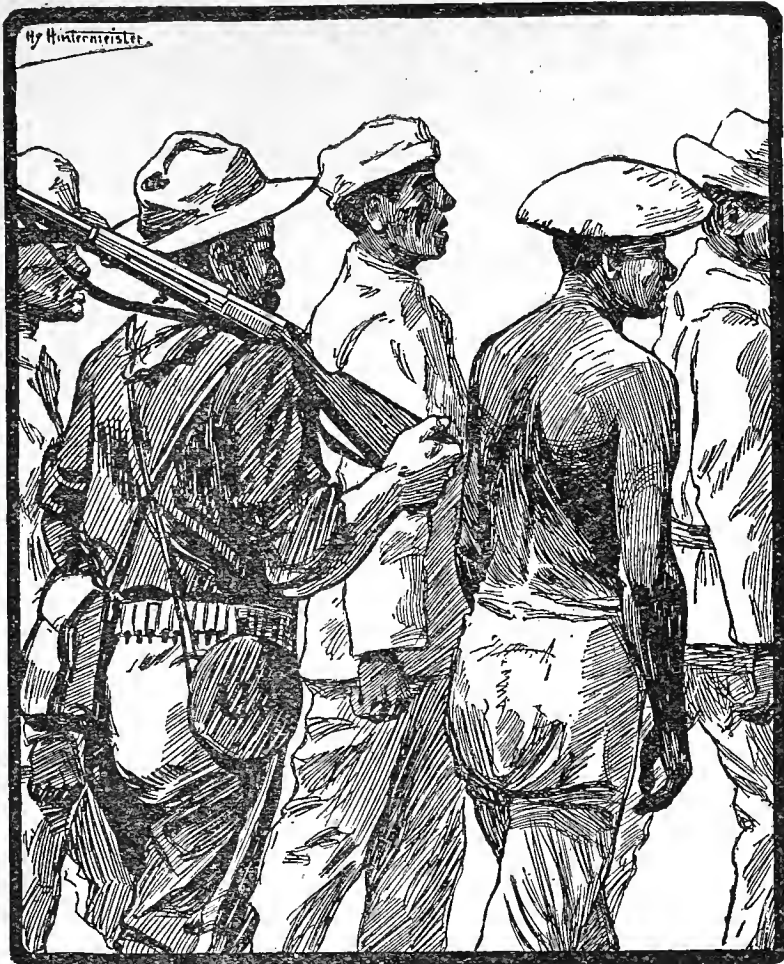
Western shooters are very glad indeed that the next Grand American will be held in Indianapolis. Some would prefer Chicago, others Kansas City, and yet some others Denver. But what was so good last year will be better, if possible, in 1905.

Dr. Lawrence, Lincoln, Ill., president of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, writes that the next State shoot will be held May 23, 24 and 25.

Jack Parker, the well-known Michigan trapshooting promoter, will manage the shoot at Carleton, Mich., Jan. 2, 1905.

The Peters Cartridge Company's representatives will all meet in Cincinnati the first of January. There will be much going on in their line during their stay in that city.

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Expert Doings at Wilmington.

At Wilmington, Del., on the morning of Dec. 20, there was an earnest rallying of trapshooters, both local and out-of-town. All were on the qui vive to a degree which signified that there was something of interest to them far above the ordinary. There was ample cause for the animated bustling, the carrying of guns, and the journeying to the grounds of the Wawaset Gun Club, for there was present a group of the famous experts, whose high performances East, West, North, South, stand up as mountain peaks in the annals of trapshooting.

Several of these experts were members of the All-American team, which, in England a few years ago, demonstrated that one barrel is better than two barrels when man, load and gun are of the best in skill and quality. The professional visitors present were: Hon. Tom A. Marshall, captain of the All-American team aforementioned; winner of the G. A. H. in pairs or nothing; also highest chief of the Indians; in the tribe he bears the distinguished title of Chief Long Talk, an imperfect title in itself until such time as the further name, And Often, is added thereto. Mr. R. O. Heikes, "The Daddy of Them All," Indian name "Chief Bald Eagle," has recovered from his severe illness of last summer, and is shooting as well as ever, at which all his legion of friends heartily rejoice. Mr. C. W. Budd, Chief Dago, good-humored, ruddy, bright of eye, with his erstwhile raven locks lightly nipped by the frosts of a few sharp springtimes, still breaks targets with an ease and regularity which denote that shooting has become with him a confirmed habit. And also there were Mr. F. C. Riehl (Chief Piasa), Scribe of the Indians, who has festooned his belt with many trophies and high averages; Mr. F. E. Butler, shooter, diplomat and humorist; Mr. J. L. D. Morrison, renowned as a valuable contestant, where the competition is hottest; Mr. T. E. Hubby, a shooter of great achievement, chiefly in Texas; Col. J. T. Anthony, mature in years and perfect in skill, his early serious contests being in the debate at arms over some difference of opinion between "the blue" and "the gray"; Mr. Fred Gilbert, a young and rising shooter, known both as Chief Heap Talk and the Wizard of Spirit Lake; Mr. J. S. Fanning, always genial, always modestly endeavoring to do his best, which are the doings of a skillful performer; Mr. Hood Waters, of national fame and popularity, yet at present not in his best form, consequent to eye trouble from which he is convalescing; Mr. C. O. Le Compte, of Kentucky, due to recent illness, was out of form; W. Huff, of Georgia; C. B. Adams, of Iowa; H. W. Watson, of Pennsylvania; W. H. Heer, of Kansas—each and all demonstrated their skill, much to the gratification of the beholders. There were others of great fame and ability—among whom were Messrs. L. J. Squier, J. T. Skelly, the Messrs. duPont, and Ed. Banks and W. Foord, the latter two being recent contestants for the championship of Delaware, now held by Mr. Banks. Among the distinguished visitors was W. Fred Quimby, himself a shooter of skill, and of distinguished ability in business.

The weather was unfavorable for high scores. There was a dull light consequent to an overcast sky. A snowstorm interfered in the afternoon, and a stiff wind, also in the afternoon, made a serious disturbance in scores for about an hour. The Leggett trap also acted badly, as there were several delays on its account, because of readjustments.

Forty-four shooters participated in the different events, the greater part of whom shot through the programme.

Hot coffee and an abundance of lunch was a feature which evoked the hearty appreciation and active attention of the shooters. Mr. W. H. Heer was high, with 156 out of 160. Col. Anthony and Mr. Budd were second with 149. Mr. Heikes was shooting a new gun. He and Mr. Walter Huff scored 158. Mr. Ed. Banks led the home talent with 143. Mr. Skelly was next with 142. Mr. L. D. Thomas broke 23 in a nonchalant way, while it was snowing, and, finding that he could hold his own with the experts, calmly returned to his desk in the duPont office. Col. J. G. Ewing broke 23 out of 25 in two events, which also was some shooting. Mr. Hubby, journeying homeward, had to leave early to catch his train. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Total.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	25	25	25	25	143
R O Heikes.....	15	15	14	14	21	24	21	24	143
T A Marshall.....	12	11	10	15	21	25	25	24	143
W H Heer.....	15	15	14	15	24	25	23	25	156
C W Budd.....	15	14	12	15	20	25	24	25	149
C B Adams.....	14	15	11	12	23	22	23	23	143
F E Butler.....	13	15	13	12	17	20	19	24	133
F C Riehl.....	14	14	12	15	21	24	22	24	146
H W Watson.....	14	13	11	13	24	25	19	25	144
J L D Morrison.....	15	14	15	13	25	22	24	25	133
T E Hubby.....	14	14	52
J T Anthony.....	15	13	10	14	22	22	22	23	141
F Gilbert.....	14	15	13	15	24	23	21	24	149
J S Fanning.....	14	14	10	15	20	22	20	24	141
H Waters.....	13	13	14	15	20	24	22	22	143
C O Le Compte.....	14	15	8	10	24	23	21	23	138
J B McHugh.....	13	14	12	11	20	21	17	20	123
Edmundson.....	10	14	10	13	19	16	22	20	124

Ed. Banks	13	14	12	13	21	22	24	24	143
B Waters	11	13	14	18	18	20	94
E E duPont.....	9	10	8	11	19	18	14	20	109
W Foord	15	12	13	12	23	20	22	17	134
Ludwig	13	14	10	..	22	23	21	24	127
L J Squier	13	11	12	14	13	19	17	25	124
J T Skelly.....	14	14	10	15	23	24	21	21	142
McKelvey	14	13	13	15	22	24	21	21	136
Iratt	12	11	5	13	17	18	16	15	107
Evans	13	12	18	43
W Huff	14	13	12	15	23	24	23	24	148
L D Thomas	12	7	23	42
McColley	12	11	26
Lobb	13	12	13	23	23	11	24	..	119
Roser	7	15	22	14	..	58
Springer	18	21	39
Kirk	8	20	..	15	..	43
England	14	22	..	17	..	53
Alexander	15	15
Melchior	15	19	34
Ball	16	21	18	19	74
J B Ewing.....	11	23	16	23	73
E duPont	9	19	20	48
Young	19	19
Chapelle	6	13	19
King	16	16
Mike	11	10	21

In the evening the Messrs. duPont, in honor of the visiting experts, gave a banquet at the Wilmington Country Club. Hosts and guests, there were twenty-six present. The head and foot of the table was in the form of a T. A profusion of holly on the table gave it a color of Christmastide. Col. J. B. Ewing acted as toastmaster, and from his right around the table to his left the guests were seated in order as follows: Messrs. Alexis I. duPont, Victor duPont, 3d, J. T. Skelly, J. S. Fanning, R. O. Heikes, Frank E. Butler, C. O. Le Compte, C. Budd, Edward Banks, Col. J. T. Anthony, Walter Huff, Eugene duPont, A. C. Barrell, E. E. duPont, W. H. Heer, J. H. Heath, Hood Waters, C. B. Adams, L. J. Squier, H. C. Watson, Fred Gilbert, J. L. D. Morrison, F. C. Riehl, B. Waters and Hon. Tom A. Marshall.

Col. Ewing, as toastmaster, officiated with infinite tact and address. He introduced each toast with a witty story, felicitous personal reference, and happy flow of clear-cut thought, which held his hearer every moment while he addressed them. Mr. Barrell, as ranking officer of the "squad," was called upon first, at a proper juncture, and he made a speech which received the hearty plaudits of the assemblage. Each one in turn was called upon to respond to a toast. Col. Anthony's theme was "The Blue and the Gray," of which he could talk feelingly and knowingly, as one in authority, inasmuch as he was on the firing line, and knew that both parties to the misunderstanding used good powder and the same powder. Mr. James T. Skelly made a very sound speech, and was tactfully useful as an assistant to the toastmaster. Mr. Frank Butler told two or three of his best stories in happy vein. He never tells a dull story, and he never tells one poorly. Mr. Edward Banks delivered an excellent speech. Mr. Hood Waters responded to a toast of the ladies, and he responded in the chivalrous, appreciative manner of a true American. Mr. Tom A. Marshall made a very interesting formal reply to a toast, and several very interesting informal replies in general. Mr. Jack Fanning's remarks were conspicuous for good sense and brevity. Mr. R. O. Heikes gave a good sportsmanlike talk on how he enjoyed himself with dog and gun after quail, as well as at the traps, and that good powder was a joy in both kinds of sport. Mr. Heer concisely proved that brevity is not the soul of wit or common courtesy. Each of the Messrs. duPont said pleasant words, which added more happiness to their guests. Messrs. Le Compte and Huff, in the gracious manner peculiar to the South, said kind words. Mr. F. C. Riehl, in his modest manner, made a short talk, and shortened the pleasure of his hearers correspondingly. A reverential toast was drunk to the absent ones, Col. Courtney, Leroy Woodard and E. D. Fulford. Others spoke in pertinent and happy vein, and without exception each expressed his pleasure in being honored with a place as guest at the enjoyable function. During the day there was nothing to mar the general good feeling, and the visitors closed the evening and wended their ways homeward in good spirits and in hearty chorus of vocal melody.

Bergen Beach Gun Club.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—There was an excellent attendance at the shoot of the Bergen Beach Gun Club, avenue N and Seventy-first street, on Dec. 13. No. 1 was the Fulford Memorial event at 25 targets. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15	25	25	25	25	Targets:	15	15	25	25	25	25
C Cooper.....	14	12	10	14	19	..	Fancher	22	7	11
Montanus	18	5	11	13	19	..	Dondera	13	2	8
Suydam	21	12	11	24	23	20	Kelly	24	24
Baudendistel ..	17	6	6	17	17	..	Voorhis	23	12	12	17	20	..
F Bergen	14	Dreyer	12	15	9	15	16	16
T Short	17	6	9	14	Hitchcock ..	18	18	15	17
S Short	12	11	13	A R Metz.....	18
H Welles	23	9	14	18	F Ryder	21	19	13	..
W Hopkins	22	11	10	19	22	17	H D Bergen...	9
Cottrell	19	12	13	23	22	18	Schorty	21	15	14	23	23	21
Southworth ..	16	12	13	21	22	..							

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., Dec. 17.—The annual live-bird shoot of the Spring Valley Shooting Association of this city, held on the Spring Valley grounds, was a success and was witnessed by a large crowd of sportsmen, friends and guests of the members. Matthias carried off the trophy and the live-bird championship for 1904 by killing 9 out of 10 birds. The birds were a fast lot, and furnished plenty of sport for the men behind the guns. The annual election of officers followed the shoot, after which supper was served in the spacious dining room in the club house, Stewart Lutz having everything in charge.

Live-bird championship, trophy shoot, 10 live birds, 28yds. rise: Augstadt*0*2112122-7 Lutz*2*21022*2-6
Esterly2021**0*22-5 Fink2*2*00212*-5
Matthias212*22222-9 Jas Wertz2121*2*212-8
Hill20**220**2-4 Glass**22102120-6
Hoffert21*2021*21-7 Reishnyder2021020120-6
Harrison212121212*-8 Fett00*02212120-6

Trappe, Pa., Dec. 15.—The attendance at the weekly shoots of the Trappe Gun Club steadily increases and a large field of shooters faced the traps in two live-bird handicap events at 10 birds each this afternoon. The birds were a good lot and the scores creditable. A. P. Geist, of Fegleysville, shot high gun in both events, the best scores of which follow:

First handicap, 7 birds, for purse: Geist 7, Emmers 6, Knipe 5, each 30yds.; Dudley 6, Mack 6, Berth 5, Bean 5, McManus 4, Bradley 5, each 28yds.

Second handicap, 10 birds: Geist 10, Emmers 7, Knipe 6, each 30yds.; Mack 5, Bertz 5, Dudley 6, Bradley 7, Bean 5, Hoops 5, McManus 4.

Pottsville, Pa., Dec. 14.—The shooting match between Dempsey, of Greenberry, and Showers, of Fishbach, which took place at Greenberry, was won by the former, who killed 10 birds, to his opponent's 8, out of 14. The match was for \$50 a side, and each man was to have shot at 15 birds. A big crowd was in attendance and a large sum of money changed hands.

The detailed scores follow:
Dempsey1110101011101-10 Showers11001110011010-8
Allentown, Pa., Dec. 15.—The John F. Weiler Gun Club, one of the leading clubs of the Keystone State, held another interesting shooting contest to-day. The honors of the day were awarded to Charles Kramlich, who was high gun, and who won the club's medal. The scores:

Medal shoot, 25 targets: Kramlich 24, Straub 20, Snyder 17, Schleicher 22, Weiler 16.

Fritztown, Pa., Dec. 15.—The live-bird shoot held at the Farmers' Hotel, here, to-day was well attended by sportsmen from Reading, Sinking Spring, Denver and Wernersville.

Ten birds, 28yds. rise: Coldren 6, Hainly 7, Brendle 8, Sharman 7, Spatz 9, Ream 7, Klever 6, Gring 8.

Oxford, Pa., Dec. 10.—Despite the high winds, some good scores were made at the shoot of the Oxford Gun Club yesterday. Alexander was high gun by a close margin. The scores:

	Shot at.	Broke.		Shot at.	Broke.
Gifford	56	44	Westcott	53	44
Alexander	53	48	Johnson	50	41
Jebbs	54	48	Miller	39	33
England	52	44	Farner	42	35

DUSTER.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Sheepshead Bay Gun Club.

SHEEPSHEAD BAY, L. I., Dec. 15.—There was a good attendance at to-day's shoot of the Sheepshead Bay Gun Club. The Remsen cup, 50 targets, and the club badge event were decided on the first 25 in the 50-target event, as follows:

Targets:	25	25	Broke. T'l.	Targets:	25	25	Broke. T'l.		
Montanus, 8...	16	16	32	40	McKane, 0...	21	18	39	39
Williamson, 9...	14	15	29	38	Welles, 0...	21	20	41	41
Dode, 26...	13	12	25	50	Dreyer, 16...	21	18	39	50
C Cooper, 20...	15	18	33	50	Sch'tmeier, 0...	23	23	46	46

Other events:
Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6
Targets: 25 25 25 25 25 25 Targets: 25 25 25 25 25 25
Cooper

IN NEW JERSEY.

Mullerite Shoot.

LAKEWOOD, N. J., Dec. 17.—The shoot of the Mullerite Gun Club held on the grounds of the Lakewood, N. J., Gun Club to-day, was well attended, and was marked by some excellent scores, as the following will show:

Events:	1	2	3	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	20	20	10	10	10	10	10	10
P Burns	4	15	10	5	7
W Matthews	9	19	16	8	8	10	9	7	9
F Dancer	9	16	19	5	7	5	8	6	5
W Newman	7	18	15	8	8	5	5	6	10
N Apper	9	19	18	10	10	10
B Tilton	9	15	18
T Newman	8	18	17	5	8	6
Hullet	6	2	3	5	4	5	..
F Muldoon	8	20	17	8	9	8	9	9	9
W Wolley	4	9	5	3	3	2	5
E Fisher	10	17	..	9	7	7	6	9	8
P Randolph, Jr.	..	18
P Randolph, Sr.	..	17	6

No. 4, Mullerite Gun Club event, 100 targets, \$3.50 entrance, shot in four events of 25 targets each. Nine merchandise prizes. Scores:

Targets:	25	25	25	25	Broke.	Total.
W Newman, 18	20	19	23	25	87	100
F Dancer, 22	10	15	21	20	66	88
W Matthews, 17	21	22	22	23	88	100
P Randolph, Jr., 35	14	15	18	16	63	98
P Randolph, Sr., 20	20	19	19	17	75	95
B Tilton, 16	23	24	22	23	92	100
P Burns, 25	17	16	19	20	62	87
F Muldoon, 10	16	23	23	22	84	94
J Newman, 18	19	23	24	23	88	100
R Parker, 10	19	21	20	22	82	92

Shoot-off, 25 targets: W. Newman 17, W. Matthews 18, B. Tilton 25, J. Newman 22.

Bound Brook Gun Club.

Bound Brook, N. J., Dec. 17.—Three members were present at the shoot of the Bound Brook Gun Club to-day. Two of these had an old score to settle; this was a tie left from last month between Dr. Bache and F. K. Stelle for the first silver loving cup. It was shot off miss-and-out. The Doctor won this easily, as Stelle missed his second target.

In the regular club race for this month, Dr. Bache won first and Stelle won second cup. Following are the scores:

Dr Bache, 18	11111111010101010101011—25
Stelle, 10	10110001010011000010111—23
Prugh, 12	1100010000101001001110100—22
Goltra, 14	000101010100001000010001—22
Smith, 15	0000010001010101000000001—21
Herring, 9	11010001010001010001111—22
Dr Bache, 18	1111111101010101010101011—25

F. K. STELLE, Sec'y.

Montclair Gun Club.

Montclair, N. J., Dec. 7.—Seven members enjoyed the shoot in the snowstorm this afternoon. Some very fair scores were made.

Event 1, for practice, was won by Bush, with 22 breaks to his credit. Event No. 2, 10 left-quarterers and 15 right-quarterers, was won by Crane, who broke 23, plus a handicap of 2, gave him a total of 25 and a box of shells. Event No. 3, 25 birds, for the December silver cup, went to Winslow, with a score of 24. Event No. 4, for a box of shells, also went to Winslow, with 21 breaks and a handicap of 4; total of 25. Event No. 5, went to Kendall with 25 broken birds to his credit. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25	25	25
Bush	22	17	18	Kendall	19	21	22	21	25
Crane, 2	15	25	23	22	..	Geo. Batten, 3	18	18	19	23	..
Wallace, 5	19	21	22	24	17	Moffett	18	..	18
Winslow, 7	16	19	24	25	..						

Handicaps apply on events 2, 3 and 4 only.

Dec. 24.—This was the third successive snowy Saturday. Nine members of the club showed up and shot through some five events in the face of a strong easterly wind, which, perhaps, in part accounted for only fair scores being made.

Event No. 3 was on the December cup for best scores during the month. Mr. Wallace was high man for the day. Event No. 4 was tied for by Messrs. Wallace and Winslow, the prize, a box of shells. On the shoot-off, miss-and-out, Winslow won.

There will be a merchandise shoot on the morning of Jan. 2.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25	25	25
Wallace, 5	18	19	21	23	16	Geo. Batten, 2	16	15	15
Winslow, 7	13	16	19	23	12	Bush	20	18	18
Cockfair	21	21	18	20	20	Webster, 2	19	21	..
C W Kendall	22	..	19	22	21	Robinson	7
Babcock	..	21	18	20	17						

Handicaps apply on events 3 and 4 only.

Dec. 26.—The attendance at the Christmas Day shoot to-day was very good. Besides considerable preliminary practice, three regular events were run off.

Event No. 1, 25 targets, 25 cents entrance: First money went to Babcock, second to Kendall and Glaister, third to Holloway, and fourth to P. Cockfair.

Event No. 2, 25 targets; prize, silver loving cup for best scores during December: Messrs. Kendall and Webster both scored 24, thus tying Winslow for first place on scores previously made.

Event No. 3, 25 targets, prize a shooting coat, was won by Mr. Holloway, with a score of 23. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25
Webster, 2	18	24	19	Wallace, 5	18	20	21
D Force, 4	18	16	..	Martin, 4	17	20	20
D N Force	..	8	..	Boxall, 2	12	17	17
Hall, 4	14	20	..	A H Cockfair	12	17	..
S Cockfair	18	18	..	Glaister, 2	21	17	17
Babcock	24	20	15	Perley	..	17	19
Winslow, 5	14	22	21	Munoz, 7	..	20	20
P Cockfair	19	20	20	G Batten, 2	..	18	..
C W Kendall	21	24	20	Davenport, 4	..	23	..
W I Soverel, 2	12	17	..	Bissing	23	21	22
Holloway, 5	20	23	23				

Handicaps apply on events 2 and 3 only.

EDWARD WINSLOW, Sec'y.

North River Gun Club.

Edgewater, N. J.—Event 4 was the Mullerite medal contest and was won by Mr. F. Truax, after a shoot-off with Messrs. Eickhoff and Morrison, all of whom tied.

Event 5 was for a silver mug, which was won by Mr. Eickhoff. On Dec. 17 Mr. Truax won the Mullerite medal. Vosselman won the silver mug.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	15	10	25	25	25	Targets:	15	15	10	25	25	25
Eickhoff	11	13	10	23	24	20	H R Williams	13	10	7	17	20	20
Truax	14	13	10	23	24	24	Kellar, Jr.	10	11	9	8
H R Williams	14	10	7	12	20	20	Allison	23

JAMES R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

New York Athletic Club.

TRIVERS ISLAND, Dec. 24.—Six events were shot at the weekly contest of the New York Athletic Club to-day. Mr. E. P. McMurtry and F. W. Perkins were the leaders in the competition and chief winners:

Event No. 1:	Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.	Event No. 2:	Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.
I W Hibbard	15	6	21	G N Huggins	9	7	16
E P McMurtry	20	2	22	F W Perkins	12	5	17

Event No. 3, 50 targets, December cup:	Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.
I W Hibbard	28	12	40
E P McMurtry	39	3	42

Event No. 4:	Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.
E P McMurtry	18	1	19
F W Perkins	20	4	24
J W Hibbard	15	6	21

Event No. 5:	Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.
E P McMurtry	20	0	20
F W Perkins	18	3	21
J W Hibbard	13	6	19

Event No. 6:	Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.
I D Calhoun	14	6	20
E N Huggins	12	7	19
J W Hibbard	16	6	22

Event No. 7:	Brk.	Hdp.	Tot'l.
F W Perkins	20	3	23
E P McMurtry	20	0	20

Dec. 17.—Scores made to-day at the shoot of the New York Athletic Club are appended. Mr. Calhoun won a leg on the December cup:

December cup, 50 targets:	Hdp.	Brk.	Tot'l.
Wm Elias	4	37	41
I W Hibbard	12	33	45
McMurtry	2	37	39
Dr Tood	12	16	28
R Tood, Jr.	14	9	23

Special cup, 25 targets:	Hdp.	Brk.	Tot'l.
G A Greiff	3	20	23
Wm Elias	4	19	23
McMurtry	2	17	19

Shoot-off:	Hdp.	Brk.	Tot'l.
G A Greiff	3	20	23
Wm Elias	4	13	17

Special cup, 25 targets:	Hdp.	Brk.	Tot'l.
Wm Elias	3	14	17
I W Hibbard	5	16	21
McMurtry	2	20	22
Dr Tood	7	8	15
G A Greiff	2	19	21

Special cup, 25 targets:	Hdp.	Brk.	Tot'l.
Wm Elias	4	15	19
I W Hibbard	5	14	19
McMurtry	2	23	25
Dr Tood	7	8	15
S D Miller	6	13	19

Special cup, 25 targets:	Hdp.	Brk.	Tot'l.
Wm Elias	4	15	19
I W Hibbard	5	14	19
McMurtry	2	23	25
Dr Tood	7	8	15
S D Miller	6	13	19

Special cup, 25 targets:	Hdp.	Brk.	Tot'l.
Wm Elias	4	15	19
I W Hibbard	5	14	19
McMurtry	2	23	25
Dr Tood	7	8	15
S D Miller	6	13	19

Special cup, 25 targets:	Hdp.	Brk.	Tot'l.
Wm Elias	4	15	19
I W Hibbard	5	14	19
McMurtry	2	23	25
Dr Tood	7	8	15
S D Miller	6	13	19

Special cup, 25 targets:	Hdp.	Brk.	Tot'l.
Wm Elias	4	15	19
I W Hibbard	5	14	19
McMurtry	2	23	25
Dr Tood	7	8	15
S D Miller	6	13	19

Special cup, 25 targets:	Hdp.	Brk.	Tot'l.
Wm Elias	4	15	19
I W Hibbard	5	14	19
McMurtry	2	23	25
Dr Tood	7	8	15
S D Miller	6	13	19

Special cup, 25 targets:	Hdp.	Brk.	Tot'l.
Wm Elias	4	15	19
I W Hibbard	5	14	19
McMurtry	2	23	25
Dr Tood	7	8	15
S D Miller	6	13	19

Special cup, 25 targets:	Hdp.	Brk.	Tot'l.
Wm Elias	4	15	19
I W Hibbard	5	14	19
McMurtry	2	23	25
Dr Tood	7	8	15
S D Miller	6	13	19

Special cup, 25 targets:	Hdp.	Brk.	Tot'l.
Wm Elias	4	15	19
I W Hibbard	5	14	19
McMurtry	2	23	25
Dr Tood	7	8	15
S D Miller	6	13	19

Special cup, 25 targets:	Hdp.	Brk.	Tot'l.
Wm Elias	4	15	19
I W Hibbard	5	14	19
McMurtry	2	23	25
Dr Tood	7	8	15
S D Miller	6	13	19

Special cup, 25 targets:	Hdp.	Brk.	Tot'l.
Wm Elias	4	15	19
I W Hibbard	5	14	19
McMurtry	2	23	25
Dr Tood	7	8	15
S D Miller	6	13	19

Experts at Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Md., Dec. 21.—From Wilmington, Del., the experts journeyed to Baltimore, to give a final exhibition shoot before separating for the holiday home comings.

The exhibition was held on the grounds of the Baltimore Shooting Association. The main event was at 100 targets, in strings of 25.

The ground was covered with snow; the wind was strong and cold, and the glare was not a good kind of light for eyes intent on shooting.

There was a good attendance of the local shooters, 24 in number. The best scores were made by C. W. Budd, of Iowa, and W. H. Heer, of Kansas City. Each broke 95 out of the possible 100.

C. B. Adams, of Iowa, a topnotcher in trapshooting, was second with 93.

After the professionals had finished, twenty-four Baltimore shooters took part in one 25-target event. Lester German, J. Mowell Hawkins, Capt. James R. Malone and Hood Waters, who shot at a total of 100 targets, made 96 breaks—one better than the highest out-of-town man.

T A Marshall	21	20	21	23	85	R O Heikes	20	19	23	23	85
F C Richl	21	23	19	18	81	J L D Morrison	24	21	22	23	90
Col J Anthony	21	17	20	17	75	C B Adams	21	24	24	24	93
H W Watson	17	19	20	17	73	F E Butler	17	19	18	16	70
C W Budd	25	24	24	22	95						

